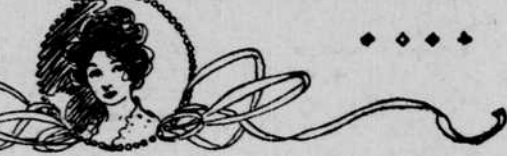


BLACK & WHITE

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood, his son, Frederic, receives a wireless from him. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his fiancée, that the message announces his father's marriage and orders Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, to prepare the house for an immediate home-coming. Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and velvet hostility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood meet in the jade-room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. Mrs. Brood is startled by the appearance of Ranjab, Brood's Hindu servant. She makes changes in the household and gains her husband's consent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia away. She fascinates Frederic. She begins to fear Ranjab in his uncanny appearance and disappears. Frederic, and Frederic's mother, his father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil. Ranjab performs feats of magic for Dawes and Riggs. Frederic's father, jealous, unjustly orders his son from the dinner table as drunk. Brood tells the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. "He killed a woman who was unfaithful to him. Yvonne plays with Frederic's infatuation for her. Her husband warns her that the thing must not go on. She tells him that he still loves his dead wife, whom he drove from his home through her. Yvonne plays with Brood, and Frederic, Lydia as with figures on a chess board. Brood, madly jealous, tells Lydia that Frederic is not his son, and that he has brought him up to kill his happiness at the proper time with this knowledge. Frederic takes Lydia home through a heavy storm and spends the night at her mother's house.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"She was jealous. She admitted it, dear. If I don't mind, why should you incur—"

"Do you really believe she—she loves the governor enough to be as jealous at all that?" he exclaimed, a curious gleam in his eyes—an expression she did not like.

"Of course I think so," she cried emphatically. "What a question! Have you any reason to suspect that she does not love your father?"

"No—certainly not," he said in some confusion. Then, after a moment: "Are you quite sure this headache of yours is real, Lyddy? Isn't it an excuse to stay away from—from Yvonne, after what happened last night? Be honest, dear."

She was silent for a long time, weighing her answer. Was it best to be honest with him? "I confess that it has something to do with it," she admitted. Lydia could not be anything but truthful.

"I thought so. It's—it's a rotten shame, Lyddy. That's why I want to talk to her. I want to reason with her. It's all so perfectly silly, this misunderstanding. You've just got to go on as you were before, Lyddy—just as if it hadn't happened. It—"

"I shall complete the work for your father, Freddy," she said quietly. "Two or three days more will see the end. After that, neither my services nor my presence will be required over there."

"You don't mean to say—" he began, unbelievably.

"I can think of them just as well here as anywhere else. No; I sha'n't annoy Mrs. Brood, Freddy." It was on the tip of her tongue to say more, but she thought better of it.

"They're going abroad soon," he ventured. "At least, that's your father's plan. Yvonne isn't so keen about it. She calls this being abroad, you know. Besides," he hurried on in his eagerness to excuse Yvonne, "she's tremendously fond of you. No end of times she's said you were the finest—" Her smile—an odd one, such as he had never seen on her lips before—checked his eager speech. He bridled. "Of course, if you don't choose to believe me, there's nothing more to be said. She meant it, however."

"I am sure she said it, Freddy," she hastened to declare. "Will she be pleased with our—our marriage?" It required a great deal of courage on her part to utter these words, but she was determined to bring the true situation home to him.

He did not even hesitate, and there was conviction in his voice as he replied. "It doesn't matter whether she's pleased or displeased. We're pleasing ourselves, are we not? There's no one else to consider, dear."

Her eyes were full upon his, and there was wonder in them. "Thank you—thank you, Freddy," she cried. "I—I knew you'd—" The sentence remained unfinished.

"Has there ever been a doubt in your mind?" he asked, uneasily, after a moment. He knew there had been misgivings and he was ready, in his self-abasement, to resent them if given the slightest opening. Guilt made him arrogant.

"No," she answered simply.

The answer was not what he expected. He flushed faintly.

"I—I thought perhaps you'd—you'd got a notion in your head that—" He, too, stopped for want of the right words to express himself without committing the egregious error of letting her see that it had been in his thoughts to accuse her of jealousy.

She waited for a moment. "That I might have got the notion in my head you did not love me any longer? Is that what you started to say?"

"Yes," he confessed, averting his eyes.

"I've been unhappy at times, Freddy, but that is all," she said, steadily. "You see, I know how honest you



"Will You Marry Me Tomorrow?"

there isn't any use in trying to explain the—"

"I think I do understand, dear," she said, quietly, laying her hand on his. "I understand so completely that there isn't any use in your trying to explain. But don't you think you are a bit cowardly?"

"Cowardly?" he gasped, and then the blood rushed to his face.

"Is it quite fair to me—or to yourself?" He was silent. She waited for a moment and then went on resolutely. "I know just what it is that you are afraid of, Freddy. It is that I marry you, of course. I love you more than anything else in all the world. But are you quite fair in asking me to marry you while you are still afraid, dear?"

"Before God, I love no one else but you," he cried, earnestly. "I know what it is you are thinking and I—I don't blame you. But I want you now—good God, you don't know how much I need you now. I want to begin a new life with you. I want to feel that you are with me—just you—strong and brave and enduring. I am adrift. I need you."

"If you insist, I will marry you to-

morow, but you cannot—you will not ask it of me, will you?"

"But you know I love you," he cried. "There isn't any doubt in your mind, Lyddy. There is no one else, I tell you."

"I think I am just beginning to understand men," she remarked enigmatically.

He looked up sharply. "And to wonder why they call women the weaker sex, eh?"

"Yes," she said so seriously that the wry smile died on his lips. "I don't believe there are many women who would ask a man to be sorry for them. That's really what all this amounts to, isn't it, Freddy?"

"By jove!" he exclaimed, wonderingly.

"You are a strong, self-willed, chivalrous man, and yet you think nothing of asking a woman to protect you against yourself. You are afraid to stand alone. Wait. Five minutes—yes, one minute before you asked it of me, Freddy dear, you were floundering in the darkness, uncertain of the things you could not see. You looked for some place in which to hide. The flash of light revealed a haven of refuge. So you asked me to—marry you tomorrow." All through this indictment she had held his hand clasped tightly in both of hers. He was looking at her with a frank acknowledgment growing in his eyes.

"Are you ashamed of me, Lyddy?" he asked. It was confession.

"No," she said, meeting his gaze steadily. "I am a little disappointed, that's all. It is you who are ashamed."

"I am," said he, simply. "It wasn't fair."

"Love will endure. I am content to wait," she said, with a wistful smile. "You will be my wife no matter what happens? You won't let this make any difference?"

"You are not angry with me?"

"Angry? Why should I be angry with you, Lyddy? For shaking some sense into me? For seeing through me with that wonderful, far-sighted brain of yours? Why, I could go down on my knees to you. I could—"

He clasped her in his arms and held her close. "You dear, dear Lyddy!"

Neither spoke for many minutes. It was she who broke the silence.

"You must promise one thing, Frederic. For my sake, avoid a quarrel with your father. I could not bear that. You will promise, dear? You must."

His jaw was set. "I don't intend to quarrel with him, but if I am to remain in his house there has got to be—"

"Promise me you will wait. He is going away in a couple of weeks. When he returns—later on—next fall—"

"Oh, if it really distresses you, Lyddy, I'll—"

"It does distress me. I want your promise."

"I'll do my part," he said, resignedly. "And next fall will see us married, so—"

The telephone bell in the hall was ringing. Frederic released Lydia's hand and sat up rather stiffly, as one who suddenly suspects that he is being spied upon. The significance of the movement did not escape Lydia. She laughed mirthlessly.

"I will see who it is," she said, and arose. Two red spots appeared in his cheeks. Then it was that she realized he had been waiting all along for the bell to ring; he had been expecting a summons.

"If it's for me, please say—er—say I'll—"

He began, somewhat disjointedly, but she interrupted him.

"Will you stay here for luncheon, Frederic? And this afternoon we will go to—"

"Oh, is there a concert or a recital—"

"Yes, I'll stay if you'll let me," he said, wistfully. "We'll find something to do."

She went to the telephone. He heard the polite greetings, the polite assurances that she had not taken two or three laughing rejoinders to what must have been amusing comments on the storm and its effect on timid creatures, and then:

"Yes, Mrs. Brood, I will call him to the phone."



"You and I?" He Asked, After a Moment.

thing else. We are dining out this evening."

"You and I?" he asked after a moment.

"Certainly not. Your father and I. I was about to suggest that you dine with Lydia—or better still, ask her over here to share your dinner with you."

He was scowling. "Where are you going?"

"Going? Oh, dining. I see. Well," slowly, deliberately, "we thought it would be great fun to dine alone at Delmonico's and see a play afterward."

"What play are you going to see?" he cut in. She mentioned a Belasco production. "Well, I hope you enjoy it, Yvonne. By the way, how is the governor today? In a good humor?"

There was no response. He waited for a moment and then called out: "Are you there?"

"Good-by," came back over the wire.

He started as if she had given him a slap in the face. Her voice was cold and forbidding.

When Lydia rejoined him in the sitting-room he was standing at the window, staring across the courtyard far below.

Are you going?" she asked, steadily.

He turned toward her, conscious of the telltale scowl that was passing from his brow. It did not occur to him to resent her abrupt, uncompromising question. As a matter of fact, it seemed quite natural that she should put the question in just that way, flatly, incisively. He considered himself, in a way, to be on trial.

"No, I'm not," he replied. "You did not expect me to forget, did you?" He was uncomfortable under her honest, inquiring gaze. A sudden anger against himself took possession of him. He despised himself for the feeling of loneliness and homesickness that suddenly came over him.

"I thought—" she began, and then her brow cleared. "I have been looking up the recitals in the morning paper. The same orchestra you heard last night is to appear again today at—"

"We will go there, Lyddy," he interrupted, and at once began to hum the gay little air that had so completely charmed him. "Try it again, Lyddy. You'll get it in no time."

After luncheon, like two happy children they rushed off to the concert, and it was not until they were on their way home at five o'clock that his enthusiasm began to wane. She was quick to detect the change. He became moody, preoccupied; his part of the conversation was kept up with an effort that lacked all the spontaneity of his earlier and more engaging flights.

Lydia went far back in her calculations and attributed his mood to the promise she had exacted in regard to his attitude toward his father. It occurred to her that he was smarting under the restraint that his promise involved. She realized now, more than ever before, that there could be no delay, no faltering on her part. She would have to see James Brood at once. She would have to go down on her knees to him.

"I feel rather guilty, Freddy," she said, as they approached the house. "Mr. Brood will think it strange that I should lead a headache and yet run off to a concert and enjoy myself when he is so eager to finish the journal—especially as he is to sail so soon. I ought to see him, don't you think so? Perhaps there is something I can do tonight that will make up for the lost time." She was plainly nervous.

"He'd work you to death if he thought it would serve his purpose," said Frederic, gloomily, and back of that sentence lay the thought that

like not without misgivings. "I should like to believe it," she said, noncommittally.

"Ah, but you doubt it. I see. Well, I do not blame you. I have given you much pain, much distress. When I am far away you will be glad—you will be happy. Is not that so?"

"But you are coming back," said Lydia, with a frank smile, not meant to be unfriendly.

Yvonne's face clouded. "Oh, yes, I shall come back. Why not? Is this not my home?"

"You may call it your home, Mrs. Brood," said Lydia, "but are you quite sure your thoughts always abide here? I mean in the United States, of course."

Yvonne had looked up at her quickly. "Oh, I see. No, I shall never be an American." Then she abruptly changed the subject. "You have had a nice day with Frederic? You have been happy, both of you?"

"Yes—very happy, Mrs. Brood," said the girl, simply.

"I am glad. You must always be happy, you two. It is my greatest wish."

Lydia hesitated for a moment. "Frederic asked me to be his wife—tomorrow," she said, and her heart began to thump queerly. She felt that she was approaching a crisis of some sort.

"Tomorrow?" fell from Yvonne's lips. The word was drawn out as if in one long breath. Then, to Lydia's astonishment, an extraordinary change came over the speaker. "Yes, yes, it should be—it must be tomorrow. Poor boy—poor, poor boy! You will marry yes, and go away at once, ah—e?" Her voice was almost shrill in its intensity her eyes were wide and eager and—

anxious.

"—Oh, Mrs. Brood, is it for the best?" cried Lydia. "Is it the best thing for Frederic to do? I—I feared you might object. I am sure his father will refuse permission—"

"But you love each other—that is enough. Why ask the consent of any one? Yes, yes, it is for the best. I know—oh, you cannot realize how well I know. You must not hesitate." The woman was trembling in her eagerness. Lydia's astonishment gave way to perplexity.

"What do you mean? Why are you so serious—so intent on this—"

"Frederic has no money," pursued Yvonne, as if she had not heard Lydia's words. "But that must not deter you. It must not stand in the way. I shall find a way, yes, I shall find a way. I—"

"Do you mean that you would provide for him—for us?" exclaimed Lydia.

"There is a way, there is a way," said the other, fixing her eyes appealingly on the girl's face, to which the flush of anger was slowly mounting.

"His father will not help him—"

that is what you are counting upon," Mrs. Brood, said the girl coldly.

"I know. He will not help him no."

Lydia started. "What do you know about—that what Mr. Brood said to you?" Her heart was cold with ap-

prehension. "Why are you going away next week? What has happened?"

Brood's wife was regarding her with narrowing eyes. "Oh, I see now. You think that my husband suspects that Frederic is too deeply interested in his beautiful stepmother, is that not so? Poof! It has nothing to do with it. Her eyes were sullen, full of resentment now. She was collecting herself.

The girl's eyes expressed the disdaint that suddenly took the place of apprehension in her thoughts. A sharp retort leaped to her lips, but she suppressed it.

"Mr. Brood does not like Frederic," she said instead, and could have cut off her tongue the instant the words were uttered. Yvonne's eyes were glittering with a light that she had never seen in them before. Afterwards she described it to herself as baleful.

"So! He has spoken ill—evil—of his son to you?" she said, almost in a monotone. "He has hated him for years—is not that so? I am not the original cause, ah—e?" It began long ago—long ago?"

"Oh, I beg of you, Mrs. Brood—"

began Lydia, shrinking back in dismay.

"You are free to speak your thoughts to me. I shall not be offended. What has he said to you about Frederic—and me?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When you feel it coming on plunge at once into some task that will take all your time and energy. It is better to run away from certain things than to let them irritate you. Such martyrdom is usually unnecessary and bad for you all round.

Handed Him One.

Bill—Did you say the father of the girl he wanted to marry handed him one?

Jill—He certainly did. He gave the daughter away at the altar, you know.

EARLY RIVAL OF NEW YORK

Eastern Metropolis of the United States Might Have Been in Staten Island.

We are reminded that New York came mighty near being on Staten Island by the announcement that the famous Cubberly cottage, with all its furnishings, has been donated to the public by its owner, Dr. Nathaniel Britton. The structure is one of the finest examples of the so-called

"colonial" architecture extant, and it is in an excellent state of preservation. It has been satisfactorily determined that it was built not later than 1680, and most of its furnishings antedate that year. It was in all probability a finer rural residence at the time of its completion than any on Manhattan Island. Now it stands at the intersection of New Dorp lane and Cedar Grove avenue. At the time when the builders put on the last coat of paint and told the Cubberlys to move in it was surrounded by

tributary acres constituting a splendid estate, and the Dutch aristocrats of New Amsterdam, across the upper bay, followed the example of the original Cubberly promptly in establishing themselves upon the salubrious and picturesque hills of Staten Island. The Cubberly cottage was in fact the pioneer among many. In fact, as historical records show, the new settlement on Staten Island grew so rapidly at that time that some people thought it might outgrow New Amsterdam. The Cubberly cottage came

into the possession of the Brittons in the year 1695, when it was deeded to Nathaniel Britton, an ancestor of the owner who has given it to the public as a historical relic. The cottage, with all its contents, will be kept open to the public under the charge of the Staten Island Association of Arts and Science.

Run Away From "Nerves."

No one can help feeling nervous at times in this age of rush and racket, but it is quite possible to put on the

brake, as it were, and not let the nerves run away with us.

If people fret you, it is not necessary to be rude to them. Try, instead, to avoid them.

Don't read books that irritate you. Books are plentiful, therefore put away the offending volume and choose another.

If a noise at night worries you, don't let it continue to do so. Get up and see to the matter and put it right. Don't let yourself get into the habit of being bored. It is not worth while.

BELOW THIS STATE

APPROPRIATIONS FOR COLORADO LESS THAN NEBRASKA.

GOVERNOR GATHERS FIGURES

Money Set Apart By Four Adjoining States Shows Nebraska Fared Well.

Lincoln.—Governor Morehead, who has been gathering a few figures on the appropriations of the five states adjoining Nebraska, deems the comparison not wholly unfavorable.

So far as he has heard from four out of the five states, and in but one state, Colorado, has the total of appropriations been less than that of Nebraska. The total Nebraska appropriations, including those for schools, was a little less than \$8,000,000.

Appropriations in Missouri amounted to \$11,120,000, exclusive of schools, for which that state is to spend the additional sum of \$5,550,000. Iowa appropriated \$12,750,000, Kansas \$9,530,044. The Colorado legislature appropriated \$3,374,000, and the governor of that state cut this figure down to \$2,150,000. A per capita rating might change the comparative standing somewhat, however.

As yet South Dakota has not been heard from by the governor.

Governor Must Select Men.

Creation of new offices by the last legislature has set candidates for them afloat over the state, and as a result Governor Morehead has telephone calls, letters and personal visits, which he must sandwich in between attention to other business.

A new district judge must be named in the Ninth district, a public defender in Douglas county and a list of candidates for supreme court commissioner must be prepared from which the high bench may make its selections.

One provision of the bill sets out that 100 cases now pending in the state court shall be given to the commissioner for hearing. Another provision allows the court to list cases with it from time to time as it disposes of litigation.

There are to be three commissioners, with a salary of \$3,000 apiece. The list of possible candidates is to be prepared by Governor Morehead. It is understood that one already favored by the latter is former Attorney General G. G. Martin.

Nebraska Lassie Wins Honor.

According to an official announcement just made, Myrtle Mann, age 12, of Dawes county, won fourth place last season in the national competition of the Boys' and Girls' Gardening club, conducted co-operatively by the United States Department of Agriculture and the extension departments of the different state colleges of agriculture. Myrtle's reports, filed with the state leader of boys' and girls' clubs, at the University Farm, showed that she made a net profit of \$71.40 on a patch slightly larger than half the size of the average city lot.

School Act Faulty.

The bill passed by the last legislature for state aid for consolidated rural schools teaching home economics, agriculture, vocational and industrial training is rendered ineffective by a bit of legislative carelessness, it has been discovered. The measure, introduced by Representative Elmerlund, fails to provide for the appropriation in the title, although the body of the bill provides for the appropriation out of the general fund. The appropriation must be in the title.

Will Remember Billie Burke.

Blessed ever hereafter will be the name and memory of Billie Burke, the actress, among the little crippled children at the state orthopedic hospital at Lincoln. In addition to all the attentions showered upon the children during her stay in the city, came, recently, to the institution a beautiful, shiny-new phonograph, of an expensive make, with a big assortment of records. Moreover, Miss Burke left a standing order with a local music house for three new records each month.

Lincoln School Debaters Win.

Lincoln won in the Lincoln-Omaha high school debate last week, and also gained permanent possession of the Amherst alumni cup, which had been won by each school twice. The subject of the debate was, "Government Ownership and Operation of Railroads," the Lincoln team taking the affirmative. The debate was held in the high school auditorium and a large crowd was in attendance.

Will Readvertise for Bridge.

At a conference between a North Platte delegation and the State Board of Irrigation, it was decided to readvertise for bids for the state aid bridge to be built across the Platte river near North Platte. The contract was originally awarded several weeks ago to the Canton Bridge Co. of Canton, O., for a concrete bridge. The company refused to sign unless the attorney general should guarantee protection on the concrete patents. This he refused to do.

New Motorcycle Numbers.

Secretary of State Pool has received new numbers for motorcycles and expects soon to receive number of automobiles. The motorcycle numbers run from 1 to 700. The owners of motorcycle numbers may retain their old numbers, but if they do they will be obliged to use a plate as large as those used on automobiles and it is thought no one will care to do this. The motorcycle numbers are half the size of the plates used on automobiles. The holders of automobile numbers have the right to their old ones.