# BLACK IS WHITE

## By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

### ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

—12—

He obeyed. "See! There is no one near." He held open the door to the hall. "You must speak quickly. I am to leave this house in an hour. I was given the hour."

"Ah, I can see by your face that you hate him! It is well. That is something. It is but little, I know, after all I have wished for—but it is something for me to treasure—something for me to take back with me to the one sacred little spot in this beastly world of men and women."

"You are the most incomprehensible—"

"Am I not beautiful, Frederic? Tell me!" She came quite close to him.

"You are the most beautiful woman in all the world," he said abjectly.

"And I have wasted all my beauty—I have lent it to unloveliness and it has not been destroyed! It is still with me, is it not? I have not lost it in—"

"You are beautiful beyond words—beyond anything I have ever imagined," said he, suddenly passing his hand over his brow.

"You would have loved me if it had not been for Lydia?"

"I couldn't have helped myself. I—I fear I—faltered in my— Good God, are you still trying to tempt me? Are you still asking me to go away with you?"

A hoarse cry came from the doorway behind them—a cry of pain and anger that struck terror to their souls. They had not heard his approach.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Shot That Failed.

Transfixed, they watched him take two or three steps into the room. As he back was the swarthy Hindu, his eyes gleaming like coals of fire in the shadowy light.

"James!" fell tremulously from the lips of Yvonne. She swayed toward him as Ranjab grasped his arm from behind. Frederick saw the flash of something bright as it passed from the brown hand to the white one. He did not at once comprehend.

"It happened once," came hoarsely from the throat of James Brood. "It shall not happen again. Thank you, Ranjab."

Then Frederic knew! The Hindu had slipped a revolver into his master's hand!

"It gives me great pleasure, Yvonne, to relieve you of that damned, rotten, worthless thing you call your life."

As he raised his arm, Frederic sprang forward with a shout of horror. Scarcely realizing what he did, he hurled Yvonne violently to one side.

It was all over in the twinkling of an eye. There was a flash, the crash of an explosion, a puff of smoke and the smell of burnt powder.

Frederic stood perfectly still for an instant, facing the soft cloud that rose from the pistol barrel, an expression of vague amazement in his face. Then his hand went uncertainly to his breast.

Already James Brood had seen the red blotch that spread with incredible swiftness—blood red against the snowy white of the bread shirt bosom. Glaring with wide-open eyes at the horrid spot, he stood there with the pistol still levelled in a petrified hand.

"Good God, father, you've—why, you're—" struggled from Frederic's writhing lips, and then his knees sagged; an instant later they gave way with a rush and he dropped heavily to the floor.

There was not a sound in the room. Suddenly Brood made a movement quick and spasmodic. At the same instant Ranjab flung himself forward and grasped his master's arm. He had turned the revolver upon himself! The muzzle was almost at his temple when the Hindu seized his hand in a grip of iron.

"Sahib! Sahib!" he hissed. "What would you do?" Wrenching the weapon from the stiff, unresisting fingers, he hurled it across the room.

"My God!" groaned Brood. His tall body swerved forward, but his legs refused to carry him. The Hindu caught him as he was sinking limply to his knees. With a tremendous effort of the will, Brood succeeded in conquering the black unconsciousness that was assailing him. He straightened up to his full height, and with trembling fingers pointed to the prostrate figure on the floor. "The pistol, Ranjab! Where is it? Give it me! Oh, man, can I live after that? I have killed my son—my own son! Quick, man!"

"Sahib!" cried the Hindu, wringing his hands. "I cannot! I cannot!"

"I command you! The pistol!"

Without a word the Hindu, fatalist, slave, pagan that he was, turned to do his master's bidding. It was not for him to say nay, it was not for him to oppose the will of the master, but to obey.

All this time, Yvonne was crouching against the table, her horrified gaze upon the great red blotch that grew to terrible proportions as she watched. She had not moved, she had not breathed, she had not taken her hands from her ears where she had placed them at the sound of the explosion.

"Blood! It is blood!" she moaned, and for the first time since the shot was fired her husband glanced at the one for whom the bullet was intended.

An expression of incredulity leaped into his face, as if he could not believe his senses. She was alive and unhurt! His bullet had not touched her. His brain fumbled for the explanation of this miracle.

"Blood!" she wailed again, a long, shuddering word that came not from her lips but from the very depths of her terror-stricken soul.

Slowly Brood's mind worked out of the maze. His shot had gone straight, but Frederic himself had leaped into its path to save this miserable creature who would have damned his soul if life had been spared to him.

Ranjab crawled to his side, his eyes covered with one arm, the other extended. Blindly the master felt for the pistol, not once removing his eyes from the pallid figure against the table. His fingers closed upon the weapon. Then the Hindu looked up, warned by the strange voice that spoke to him from the mind of his master. He saw the arm slowly extend itself with a sinister hand directed straight at the unconscious figure of the woman. This time Brood was making sure of his aim—so sure that the lithe Hindu had time to spring to his feet and grasp once more the hand that held the weapon.

"Master! Master!" he cried out.

Brood turned to look at his man in sheer bewilderment. What could all this mean? What was the matter with the man?

"Down, Ranjab!" he commanded in a low, cautious tone, as he would have used in speaking to a dog when the game was run to earth.

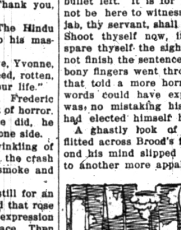
"There is but one bullet left, sahib," cried the man.

"Only one is required," said the master hazily.

"You have killed your son. This bullet is for yourself."

"Yes! Yes!- But—but she! She lives! She—"

The Hindu struck his own breast significantly. "Thy faithful servant remains, sahib. Die, if thou will, but leave her to Ranjab. There is but one bullet left. It is for you. You must not be here to witness the death Ranjab, thy servant, shall inflict upon her. Shoot thyself now, if so be it, but spare thyself the sight of—" He did not finish the sentence, but his strong, bony fingers went through the motion that told a more horrible story than words could have expressed. There was no mistaking his meaning. He had elected himself her executioner. A ghastly look of comprehension flitted across Brood's face. For a second his mind slipped from one dread to another more appalling. He knew



"Sahib! Sahib!" He Hissed.

this man of his. He remembered the story of another killing in the hills of India. His gaze went from the brown fanatic's face to the white, tender, lovely throat of the woman—and a hoarse gasp broke from his lips.

"No! No! Not that!" he cried, and as the words rang out, Yvonne removed her horrified hands from the blotch of red and fixed it upon the face of her husband. She straightened up slowly and her arms fell limply to her sides.

"It was meant for me. Shoot, James!" she said, almost in a whisper.

The Hindu's grasp tightened at the convulsive movement of his master's hand. His fingers were like steel bands.

"Shoot!" she repeated, raising her voice. "Save yourself, for if he is dead I shall kill you with my own hands. This is your chance—shoot!"

Brood's fingers relaxed their grip on the revolver. A fierce, wild hope took all the strength out of his body—he grew faint with it.

"God, he—he can't be dead! I have not killed him. He shall not die—he shall not—" Flinging the Hindu aside he threw himself down beside the body on the floor. The revolver, as it dropped, was caught in the nimble hand of the Hindu, who took two long strides toward the woman who now faced him instead of her husband. There was a great light in his eyes as he stood over her and she saw death staring out upon her.

But she did not quail. She was past all that. She looked straight into his eyes for an instant and then, as if putting him out of her thoughts entirely, turned slowly toward the two men on the floor. The man half raised the pistol, but something stayed his hand —something stronger than any mere physical opposition could have done.

He glared at the half-averted face, confounded by the most extraordinary impression that ever had entered his incomprehensible brain. Something strange and wonderful was transpiring before his very eyes—something so marvellous that even he, mysterious seer of the Ganges, was stunned into complete amazement and unbelief. That strange, uncanny intelligence of his, born of a thousand mysteries, was being put beyond all previous conditions. It was as if he now saw this woman for the first time—as if he had never looked upon her face before. A mist appeared to envelop her and through this veil he saw a face that was new to him—the face of Yvonne and yet not hers at all. Absolute wonder crept into his eyes.

As if impelled by the power of his gaze, she faced him once more. For what seemed hours to him, but in reality only seconds, his seeing, searching eyes looked deep into hers. He saw at last the soul of this woman and it was not the soul he had known as hers up to that tremendous moment. And he came to know that she was no longer afraid of him or his powers. His hand was lowered, his eyes fell and his head moved, but there were no words, for he addressed a spirit. All the venom, all the hatred fled from his soul. His knee bent in sudden submission, and his eyes were raised to hers once more, but now in their somber depths was the fidelity of a dog.

"Go at once," she said, and her voice was as clear as a bell.

He shot a swift glance at the prostrate Frederic and straightened his tall figure as would a soldier under orders. His understanding gaze sought hers again. There was another command in her eyes. He placed the weapon on the table. It had been a distinct command to him.

"One of us will use it," she said monotonously. "Go!"

With incredible swiftness he was gone. The curtains barely moved as he passed between them and the heavy door made no sound in opening and closing. There was no one in the hall. The sound of the shot had not gone beyond the thick walls of that proscribed room on the top floor. Somewhere at the rear of the house an indistinct voice was uttering a jumbled stream of French.

Many minutes passed. There was not a movement in the room. Brood, beside the outstretched figure of his unintended victim, was staring at the graying face with wide, unblinking eyes. He looked at last upon the features that he had searched for in vain through all the sullen years. There was blood on his hands and on his cheek, for he had listened at first for the beat of the heart. Afterward his agonized gaze had gone to the bloodless face. There it was arrested. A dumb wonder possessed his soul. He knelt there petrified by the shock of discovery. In the dim light he no longer saw the features of Matilde, but his own, and his heart was still. In that revealing moment he realized that he had never seen anything in Frederic's countenance save the dark, never-to-be-forgotten eyes—and they were his Matilde's. Now those eyes were closed. He could not see them, and the blindness was struck from his own. He had always looked into the boy's eyes—he had never been able to seek farther than those haunting, inquiring eyes—but now he saw the lean, strong jaw, and the firm chin, the straight nose and the broad forehead—and none of these were Matilde's! These were the features of a man—and of but one man. He was seeing himself as he was when he looked into his mirror at twenty-one!

All these years he had been blind, all these years he had gone on cursing his own image. In that overpowering thought came the realization that it was too late for him to atone. His mind slowly struggled out of the thrall that held it stupefied. He was looking at his own face—dead! He would look like that! Matilde was gone forever—the eyes were closed—but he was there, going grayer and grayer of face all the time.

He had forgotten the woman. She was standing just beyond the body that stretched itself between them. Her hands were clasped against her breast and her eyes were lifted heavenward. She had not moved throughout that age of oblivion.

His mind had suddenly became rigid. Slowly he sank back, his eyes distended, his jaw dropping. He put out a hand and saved himself from falling, but his eyes never left the face of the woman who proposed a whole lifetime of maternal representation of prayer. But it was not Yvonne, his wife, that he saw standing there. It was another—Matilde!

"My God, Matilde—Matilde! Forgive! Forgive!"

Slowly her eyes were lowered until they fell full upon his stricken face.

"Am I going mad?" he whispered hoarsely. As he stared, the delicate wan face of Matilde began to fade and he again saw the brilliant, undimmed features of Yvonne. "God in heaven, it was Matilde! What accursed trick of—"

He sprang to his feet and advanced upon her, actually stepping across the body of his son in his reckless haste. For many seconds they stood with their faces close together, he staring wildly, she with a dull look of agony in her eyes, but unflinching. What he saw caused an icy chill to sweep through his tense body, and a sickness to enter his soul. He shrank back.

"Who—who are you?" he cried out in sudden terror. He felt the presence of Matilde. He could have stretched out his hand and touched her, so real, so vivid was the belief that she was actually there before him. "Matilde was here—I saw her, before God, I saw her. And—and now it is you! She is still here. I can feel her hand touching mine—I can feel—no, again. I—I—"

The cold, lifeless voice of Yvonne was speaking to him, huskier than ever before.

"Matilde has been here. She has always been with him. She is always near you, James Brood."

"What — are — you — saying?" he gasped.

She turned wearily away and pointed to the weapon on the table.

"Who is to use it, you or I?"

He opened his mouth but uttered no sound. His power of speech was gone.

She went on in a deadly monotone. "You intended the bullet for me. It is not too late. Kill me, if you will. I give you the first chance—take it, for if you do not I shall take mine."

"I—I cannot kill you—I cannot kill the woman who stood where you are standing a moment ago. Matilde was there! She was alive, do you hear

"Matilde Had Been There."

me! Alive and—ah!" The exclamation fell from his lips as she suddenly leaned forward, her intense gaze fixed on Frederic's face.

"See! Ah, see! I prayed and I have been answered. See! God in heaven, see!"

He turned. Frederic's eyes were open. He was looking up at them, with a piteous appeal in their depths—an appeal for help, for life, for consciousness.

"He is not dead! Frederic, Frederic, my son—" He dropped to his knees and frantically clutched at the hand that lay stretched out beside the limp figure. The pain-stricken eyes closed slowly.

Someone knelt beside Brood. He saw a slim white hand go out and touch the pallid brow.

"I shall save your soul, James Brood," a voice was saying, but it seemed far away. "He shall not die. Your poor wretched soul may rest secure. I shall keep death away from him. You shall not have to pay for this—no, not for this. The bullet was meant for me. I owe my life to him, you shall owe his to me. But you have yet to pay a greater debt than this can ever become. He is your son. You owe another her life—and you will never be out of her debt, not even in hell, James Brood."

Slowly Frederic's eyes opened again. They wavered from one face to the other and there was in them the unsolvable mystery of divination. As the lids dropped once more, Brood's manner underwent a tremendous change. The stupefaction of horror and doubt fell away in a flash and he was again the clear-headed, indomitable man of action. The blood rushed back into his veins, his eyes flashed with the returning fire of hope, his voice was steady, sharp, commanding.

"The doctor!" he cried in Yvonne's ear, as his strong fingers went out to tear open the red shirt bosom. "Be quick! Send for Hodder. By heaven, we must save him." She did not move. He whirled upon her fiercely. "Do as I tell you. Are you so damned—"

"Doctor Hodder is on the way now," she said dully. His hands ceased their operations as if checked by a sudden paralysis.

"On the way here?" he cried incredulously. "Why—"

"He is coming," she said fiercely. "I sent for him—ages ago. Don't stop now—be quick! You know what to do. Stanch the flow of blood. Do something, man! You have seen men with mortal wounds—and this man must be saved."

He worked swiftly, deftly, for he did know what to do. He had worked over men before with wounds in their breasts—and he had seen them through the shadow of death. But he could not help thinking, as he now worked, that he was never known to miss a shilling at thirty paces.

She was speaking. Her voice was low and husky once more, with a persistent note of accusation in it. "It was an accident, do you understand? You did not shoot to kill—him. The world shall never know the truth—unless he dies, and that is not to happen. You are safe. The law cannot touch you, for I shall never speak. This is between you and me. Do you understand?"

He glanced at her set, rigid face. "Yes. It was an accident. And this is to be the end of it. We shall settle it later on. Now I see you as you are —as Yvonne. God, I—wonder—" His hand shook with a sudden spasm of indecision. He had again caught that baffling look in her dark eyes.

"Attend!" she cried, and he bent to task again. "He is not going to die. It would be too cruel if he were to die now and miss all the joy of victory over you—his life-long foe. He—"

The door opened behind them and they looked up to see the breathless Hindu. He came straight to the woman.

"He comes. Ranjab has obey. I have told him that the revolver was discharge accidentally—by myself, by the unhappy son of a dog. I. It is well, Ranjab is but a dog. He shall die today and his lips be sealed forever. Have no fear. The dead shall be silent—" His voice trailed off into a whisper, for his eyes were looking into hers. "No," he whispered, after a moment—"no, the dead are not silent. One who is dead has spoken to Ranjab."

"Hush!" said the woman. Brood's hands were shaking again, shaking and uncertain. "The doctor? He comes?"

"Even now," said the Hindu, turning toward the door.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Voice of the Wind.

Hours afterward Brood sat alone in the room where the tragedy occurred. Much had transpired in the interim to make these hours seem like separate and distinct years to him, each hour an epoch in which a vital and memorable incident had been added to his already overfull measure of experience. Underneath all was an everpresent sense of insecurity, as if the whole order of life had been suddenly deprived of foundation or support. No matter where he looked, there was not the slightest ray of light in the darkness that enveloped his understanding. Something tremendous had happened, aside from the visible, physical incident that had stunned him temporarily at the outset of the tragic era, something that was beyond comprehension and intangible and which continually loomed up before him as a specter that had neither shape nor substance and yet was as complete and positive as anything else that had transpired. He could account for the shooting, the emotions preceding that unhappy occurrence, the intervention of fate that saved Yvonne from death and laid low the substitute, the sense of horror that ensued, the sudden revelation that came to him as he looked into Frederic's face with its closed eyes, and the agony of suspense that now consumed him, but a cloud still hung over him that his intelligence could not penetrate and his physical being dispel, no matter how hard he struggled to clear a way to the open.

He had seen a vision. Its effect on him had been overpowering. The fortitude of a lifetime had been shattered in a single instant of contact with the influence that had at last forced itself upon him in spirit, that there was an actual identity to the presence that filled his dreams and denied him the boon of forgetfulness for a single instant of the hours when he was awake. He had never tried to banish her from his memory. He wanted to forget her, to put her out of his thoughts altogether, for obvious reasons, but the fact that she remained the dominant figure in his present despite the past was proof, even to him, that she was and always would be the controlling force in the mind if not in his heart.

Now he was ordering himself to face new complexities. He was confronted by the most improbable of hallucinations. It was not an intangible shadow that he now had to contend with but something definite, something that took shape and mocked him. In his bitter indictment against circumstances, he argued that his brain was momentarily unbalanced following the shock caused by the shooting, and that in its disordered state he had pictured things that did not exist. It was only reasonable to assume that he had suffered from the effect of a startling, vivid hallucination, and yet there was a strange, insistent voice somewhere in his clearing mind that persuaded him against his will that he had actually seen the face of Matilde.

Admitting that he had been deceived by a trick of the imagination, there still remained certain indisputable facts to confound him. First of all, the absolute conviction that Yvonne had the power to preserve the life that hung so precariously in the balance. He could not overcome the amazing belief that she, and not the skilled surgeon, would check the sure progress of death. Something told him that she represented a force even mightier than death, and that she would prevail, no matter what betide.

He had refused to see the newspaper men who came. Doctor Hodder wisely had protested against secrecy. "Murder will out," he had said fretfully, little realizing how closely the trite old saying applied to the situation. He had accepted the statements of Yvonne and Ranjab as to the accidental discharge of the weapon, but for some reason had refrained from asking Brood a single question, although he knew him to be a witness to the shooting.

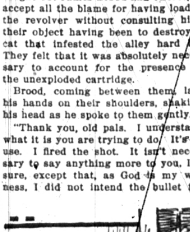
Yvonne saw the reporters and later on an inspector of police. Ranjab told his unhappy story. He had taken the weapon from a hook on the wall for the purpose of cleaning it. It had been hanging there for years, and all the time there had been a single cartridge left in the cylinder unknown to anyone. He had started to remove the cylinder as he left the room. All those years the hammer had been raised; death had been hanging over them all the time that the pistol occupied its insecure position on the wall. Somehow, he could not tell how the hammer fell as he tugged at the cylinder. No, one could have known that the revolver was loaded. That was all that he could say, except to declare that if his master's son died he would end his own miserable, valueless life.

His story was supported by the declarations of Mrs. Brood, who, while completely exonerating her husband's servant, had but little to say in explanation of the affair. She kept her wits about her. Most people would have made the mistake of saying too much. She professed to know nothing except that they were discussing young Mr. Brood's contemplated trip abroad and that her husband had given orders to his servant to pack a revolver in his son's traveling bag when the time came for his departure. She had paid but little attention to the Hindu's movements. All she could say was that it was an accident—a horrible, blighting accident. For the present, it would not be possible for anyone to see the heart-broken father. Doubtless, later on, he would be in the mood to discuss the dreadful catastrophe, but not now, etc., etc. He was crushed with the horror of the thing that had happened.

The house was in a state of subdued excitement. Servants spoke in whispers and tip-toed through the halls. Now and then other people came, old men, shaking as with palsy, roamed about the place, intent only on worming their way into the presence of their friend and supporter to offer consolation and encouragement to him in his hour of tribulation. They shuddered as they looked into each other's faces, and they shook their heads without speaking, for their minds were filled with doubt. They did not question the truth of the story as told, but they had their own opinions. In support to the theory that they did not believe there was anything accidental in the shooting of Frederic it is only necessary to speak of their extraordinary attitude toward Ranjab. They shook hands with him and told him that Allah would reward him! Later on, after they had had time to think it all out for themselves—being somewhat slow of comprehension—they sought out James Brood and offered to accept all the blame for having loaded the revolver without consulting him, their object having been to destroy a cat that infested the alley hard by. They felt that it was absolutely necessary to account for the presence of the unexploded cartridge.

Brood, coming between them, laid his hands on their shoulders, shaking his head as he spoke to them gently.

"Thank you, old pals. I understand what it is you are trying to do. It's no use. I fired the shot. It isn't necessary to say anything more to you, I'm sure, except that, as God is my witness, I did not intend the bullet for



Two Old Men, Shaking as With Palsy, Roamed About the Place.

Frederic. It was an accident in that respect. Thank you for what you would do. It isn't necessary, old pals. The story that Ranjab tells must stand for the time being. Later on—well, I may write my own story and give it to the world."

"Write it!" said Mr. Dawes, and Brood nodded his head slowly, significantly.

"Oh, Jim, you—you mustn't do that!" groaned Mr. Dawes, appalled. "You ain't such a coward as to do that."

"There was one bullet left in the revolver. Ranjab advises me to save it —for myself. He's a thoughtful fellow," said Brood. "It has been removed, of course, but—"

"Jim," said Mr. Riggs, squaring himself, "it's too bad that you didn't hit what you shot at."

"Jim," interrupted Mr. Riggs, ignoring his comrade, "I see she's going to nurse Freddy. Well, sir, if I was you, I'd—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## EXPERT ADVISER ON DRESS

### Woman Has Achieved Success in Occupation That Is Something of a Novelty.

I heard lately of a plan adopted by one young woman that has worked out well with her, and might be of use to someone else, says a writer in the Pittsburgh Dispatch. She lives at home, but must help the family exchequer, and this is how she does it:

Her one talent lay in her good taste in dress. She had an instinctive feeling for what was becoming, not only for herself but her friends, and was often called in to consult over a prospective new gown. So that is what she determined to do professionally. She let her friends know that for a certain sum she would give advice on costumes, helping to arrange a whole wardrobe, and from friends she soon branched out to regular clients.

She goes to the house of her employer and looks over everything the lady has. She gives definite instructions as to what each dress or suit or waist requires to bring it up to par. She advises as to the most becoming styles and colors, and lists what new garments are necessary. Of course she regulates the expenditure according to the purses of her various clients.

She has made a success. Many women do not know what to wear, what suits them best, what to put together for a good total effect. She also saves them a great deal of nervousness in shopping, what looks hopeless. She can also tell where you should go for materials; she has addresses of tailors, dressmakers and sewing women, and knows they can do what they promise. She is thoroughly up in her chosen job, in fact. She also makes a point of attending carefully to the details of a costume, making sure that each item will harmonize. The work is extremely interesting, and it pays both her and her clients.

### Get Your Share of Air.

Breathe all the air you can get, night and day. That's what fresh air is for. The fearsome legend about the baleful influence of "night air" is only another of the carefully nursed insanitary bequests from our ancestors, according to Senior Surgeon Banks of the United States public health service. Whence this superstition arose may only be surmised. Perhaps it is a survival of the primeval cult of sun worship, which led the ancients to classify as evil anything outside the sphere of solar influence. Certainly we were wont to caution their offspring to "be careful about the night air" or children were ordered to "come in out of the night air." It is perhaps fortunate for the children living in the Arctic circle, where the nights are with months long, that the Eskimo mothers do not entertain this crude notion about night air, else their progeny would spend half the year indoors.

### Patience and Despair.

There is no calamity so great that it cannot be made a little lighter by patience, or a great deal heavier by

## MAYONNAISE EASY TO MAKE

### Popular Dressing Has Wrongly Been Considered Too Difficult for the Busy Cook.

The terror of mayonnaise dressing was formerly regarded as a very troublesome affair. Exceptional cooks or housewives, it is true, would assert that it was no trouble, once the knack was acquired; but as a rule it was not a popular dressing with busy cooks. The reasons were not far to seek. In the first place, tradition held that if mayonnaise dressing curdled it must be thrown out and a new mixture started; and, as it often curdles, this was not a cheerful prospect to face when time was short. In the second place, tradition asserted that good mayonnaise could be made only by adding the oil drop by drop—a lengthy and troublesome process.

Tradition in both instances was wrong. If the mayonnaise curdles an egg yolk should be beaten into a clean bowl and beaten thoroughly and the curdled mixture added to this drop by drop, in this way the mayonnaise will be recovered.

The three-minute mixture that saves the tedious drop-by-drop process is made as follows:

Measure out the salt and mustard into a bowl and add a whole egg, both yolk and white. Beat the mixture thoroughly and then add one-third of a cupful of oil, all at once. Beat this until it becomes creamy, then add another third of a cupful of oil. This makes a fairly thin mayonnaise. If a thicker one is desired more oil must be added, making a cupful of oil in all; beat until very stiff, then set the bowl into ice until the dressing is wanted.

Mayonnaise made by this process is less likely to curdle than that made in the old way, and the mixture is quite as good.

A bowl or jar of mayonnaise will keep for some time if put in the refrigerator, and it is very useful to have on hand. It is well to remember, too, that a mayonnaise can be transformed into a tartare sauce by the addition of chopped gherkins and capers. Therefore it is economy in time to plan your menus so that a fish dish served with a tartare sauce is followed the next day by a salad requiring a mayonnaise dressing, or vice versa.

## FOR USE IN THE LAUNDRY

### Best Soap Is That Made of Fat and an Alkali—Excellent for Disinfecting Clothing.

The best laundry soap (made of fat and an alkali) is, during the process of making, kneaded like dough. This admits of its mixing with the soap and causes it to float when hardened. A soap that thus dissolves easily in water and is excellent for disinfecting purposes. The alkali and the salts of the fat acids combine with the water and this solution readily penetrates impurous substances and adheres to solid surfaces, killing any fully developed bacteria that it touches.

Such a soap solution combined with boiling water is invaluable for disinfecting clothing from the sick room, where infection has been an infectious disease. Pour the boiling water and soap solution down the pipes of the kitchen sink and the bathroom connections. Use it once a week at least for cleaning the garbage receptacle. The solution may be used for disinfecting floors. Have one pail of the soap and water and another of clean hot water. Scrub the floor and baseboard with a stiff brush dipped in the soap and water, rinsing the brush carefully in the hot water after each application.—Today's Magazine.

### Strawberries in Jelly.

Make some lemon jelly with one pint of water, six small or four large lemons, ten ounces of sugar, about an ounce of gelatin and one wineglass of sherry wine. Squeeze the juice from the lemons on the sugar, adding the water, and, when dissolved, strain it and add the gelatin which has been dissolved. Pour this into small molds or cups and set on ice to harden. When ready to serve, turn them carefully from the cups and cut out the center, which is to be filled with choice berries and whipped cream.

### Rice Meringue.

Cook half a cupful of rice in one quart of milk until tender, and the yolks of four eggs beaten until light and mixed with half a teaspoonful of salt and half a cupful of sugar; cook two minutes longer, then remove from the fire, flavor with two teaspoonfuls of vanilla and turn into a baking dish. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff, add to them six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, flavor with a few drops of lemon. Spread this over the pudding and brown lightly.

### Strawberry Float.

Crush one-half pint of fresh strawberries with one-half cupful of powdered sugar, add four eggs to stiff froth, add gradually, a gill of sugar, then the strained juice of the berries and beat till it will stand in peaks. Then make a custard with the yolks of the eggs, one pint of milk and one-half cupful of sugar; cook in double boiler until it will coat the spoon. Let it cool and put a layer of strawberries on top of this. Then arrange the frosting on top in peaks.

### Pineapple Tapioca.

Soak one cupful of tapioca over night in the morning pour off the water and add one-half cupful hot water, juice of one can shredded pineapple and one large lemon. Cook until clear. Then add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and let come to boiling point. Add pineapple and the well beaten whites of three eggs. Serve with a custard sauce made from the yolks of the eggs.

### Beef Stew.

Cut cold roast beef in good-sized slices and put them in a stewpan. Add three sliced and parboiled potatoes, one teaspoonful of salt and sufficient water to cover. Cover closely, let simmer for three-quarters of an hour, let the vegetables and meat in hot dish, thicken the stock and add seasoning if necessary.