BLACK IS WHITE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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SYNOPSIS.

—2—

In the New York home of James Brood Dawes and Riggs, his two old pensioners and comrades, await the coming of Brood's son Frederic to learn the contents of a wireless from Brood, but Frederic, after reading, throws it into the fire and leaves the room without a word. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his fiancee, that the message announces his father's marriage and orders the house prepared for an immediate homecoming.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"It proves that your father has made no mistake in selecting his friends, my dear. My dear husband used to say that he would cheerfully die for James Brood and he knew that James Brood would have died for him just as readily. There is something in friendships of that sort that we can't understand. We have never been able to test our friends, much less ourselves. We—"

"I would die for you, Mrs. Desmond," cried Frederic, a deep flush overspreading his face. "For you and Lydia."

"You come by that naturally," she said, laying her hand upon his arm. "Blood will tell. Thank you, Frederic." She smiled. "I am sure it will not be necessary for you to die for me, however. As for Lydia, you must live, not die for her."

"I'll do both," he cried, impulsively. "Forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," she said, simply. "And now, one word more, Frederic. You must accept this new condition of affairs in the right spirit. Your father has married again, after all these years. It is not likely that he has done so without deliberation. Therefore, it is reasonable to assume that he is bringing home with him a wife of whom he at least is proud, and that should weigh considerably in your summing up of the situation. She will be beautiful, accomplished, refined—and good, Frederic. Of that you may be sure. Let me implore you to withhold judgment until another and later day."

"I do not object to the situation, Mrs. Desmond," said he, the angry light returning to his eyes, "so much as I resent the wording of that telegram. It is always just that way. He loses no chance to humiliate me. He—"

"Hush! You are losing your temper again."

"Well, who wouldn't? And here's another thing—the very worst of all. How is this new condition going to affect you, Mrs. Desmond?"

She was silent for a moment. "Of course I shan't stay on here, Frederic. I shall not be needed now. As soon as Mrs. Brood is settled here I shall go."

"And you expect me to be cheerful and contented!" he cried, bitterly.

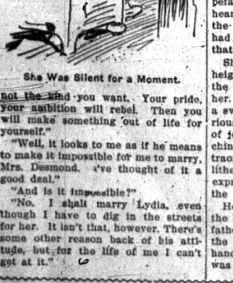
"Something of the sort," she said.

"My father objects to my going into business or taking up a profession. I am dependent on him for everything. But why go into that? We've talked it over a thousand times. I don't understand but perhaps you do. It's a dog's way of living."

"Your father is making a man of you."

"Oh, he is, eh?" with great scorn.

"Yes. He will make you see some day that the kind of life you lead is



She Was Silent for a Moment.

not the kind you want. Your pride, your ambition will rebel. Then you will make something out of life for yourself."

"Well, it looks to me as if he means to make it impossible for me to marry, Mrs. Desmond. I've thought of it a good deal."

"And is it impossible?"

"No. I shall marry Lydia, even though I have to dig in the streets for her. It isn't that, however. There's some other reason back of his attitude, but not the life of me I can't get at it."

"I wouldn't try to get at it, my dear," she said. "Wait and see. Come, you must have your coffee. I am glad you came down early. The old gentlemen are at breakfast now. Come in."

He followed her dejectedly, a perceptible droop to his shoulders.

Mr. Dawes and Mr. Riggs were seated at the table. Lydia, a trifle pale and distrait, was pouring out their third cup of coffee. The old men showed no sign of their midnight experience. They were very wide-awake, clear-eyed and alert, as old men will be who do not count the years of life left in the span appointed for them.

"Good morning, Freddy," said they, almost in one voice, as he passed behind their chairs on his way to Lydia's side, he slapped each of them cordially on the back. They seemed to swell with relief and gratitude. He was not in the habit of slapping them on the back.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said he. Then he lifted Lydia's slim fingers to his lips. "Good morning, dear." She squeezed his fingers tightly and smiled. A look of relief leaped into her eyes; she drew a long breath.

She poured his coffee for him every morning. Her hand shook a little as she lifted the tiny dream pitcher. "I didn't sleep very well," she explained in a few voice. His hand rested on her shoulder for a moment in a gentle caress.

"Poor old Jim!" sighed Mr. Dawes. "He'll probably have to ask us to vamose, too. I imagine she'll insist on making a spare bedroom out of our room, so's she can entertain all of her infernal relations. Jones, will you give me some more bacon and another egg?"

"And I thought it was nothing but a shipwreck," murmured Mr. Riggs, plaintively.

Frederic hurried through breakfast. Lydia followed him into the library.

"Are you going out, dear?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes. I've got to do something. I can't sit still and think of what's going to happen. I'll be back for luncheon."

Half an hour later he was in the small bachelor apartment of two college friends, a few blocks farther uptown, and he was doing the thing he did nearly every day of his life in a surreptitious way. He sat at the cheap, upright piano in their disordered living-room and, unhampered by the presence of young men who preferred music as it is rendered for the masses, played as if his very soul was in his fingers.

CHAPTER III.

The Bride.

Frederic flatly refused to meet the steamer when she docked. As if swayed by his decision, Dawes and Riggs likewise abandoned a plan to greet the returning master and his bride as they came down the gangplank. But for the almost peremptory counsel of Mrs. Desmond, Brood's son would have absented himself from the house on the day of their arrival. Jones and a footman went to the pier with the chauffeur.

It was half-past two in the afternoon when the automobile drew up in front of the house and the fur-coated footman nimbly hopped down and threw open the door.

James Brood, a tall, distinguished-looking man of fifty, stepped out of the limousine. For an instant, before turning to assist his wife from the car, he allowed his keen eyes to sweep the windows on the lower floor. In one of them stood his son, holding the lace curtains apart and smiling a welcome that seemed sincere. He waved his hand to the man on the sidewalk. Brood responded with a swift, almost perfunctory gesture and then held out his hand to the woman who was descending.

Frederic's intense gaze was fixed on the stranger who was coming into his life. At a word from Brood, she glanced up at the window. The smile still lingered on the young man's lips, but his eyes were charged with an expression of acute wonder. He had never looked upon a more beautiful creature in all his life. A kind of stupefaction held him motionless until he heard the door close behind them; in the brief interval, however, a picture had been impressed upon his senses that was to last forever.

She was slightly above the medium height, slender and graceful even in the long, thick coat that enveloped her. She did not wear a veil. He had a swift but enduring glimpse of a curiously pallid, perfectly modeled face, of jet black hair, of a firm, sensitive chin. Somehow he received the extraordinary impression that the slim, lithe body was never cold; that she expressed in some indefinable way the unvarying temperature of youth.

He hurried into the hall, drawn by the latent spur of duty. He heard his father's warm, almost gay response to the greetings of the old men, whose hands he wrung with a fervor that was unmistakable. He heard him present them to the new Mrs. Brood as "the best old boys in all the world," and they were both saying, with spasmodic cackles of pleasure, that she "mustn't believe a word the young rascal said."

He was struck by the calm, serene manner in which she accepted these jocular contributions to the occasion. Her smile was friendly, her handshake cordial, and yet there was an unmistakable air of tolerance, as of one who is accustomed to tribute. She merely smiled and thanked them in simple, commonplace phrases. Her voice was low-pitched and marked by a huskiness that was peculiar in that it was musical, not throaty. Frederic, on first seeing her, had leaped to the conclusion that her English would not be perfect. He was somewhat surprised to discover that she had but the faintest traces of an accent. He awoke suddenly, however, to the realization that he had been looking into his new stepmother's eyes for a long time and that she was returning his gaze with some intensity.

"And this?" she said abruptly breaking in upon one of Danbury's hasty reminiscences, effectually ending it, "this is Frederic?"

She came directly toward the young man, her small, gloved hand extended. Her eyes were looking into his with an intentness that disconcerted him. There was no smile on her lips. It was as if she regarded this moment as a pronounced crisis.

Frederic mumbled something fatuous about being glad to see her, and felt his face burn under her steady gaze. His father came forward.

"Yes, this is Frederic, my dear," he said, without a trace of warmth in his voice. As she withdrew her hand from Frederic's clasp, James Brood extended his. "How are you, Frederic?"

"Quite well, sir."

They shook hands in the most perfunctory manner.

"I need not ask how you are, father," said the son, after an instant's hesitation. "You never looked better, sir."

"Thank you, lad. Am well. Ah, Mrs. Desmond! It is good to be home again with you all. My dear, permit me to introduce Mrs. John Desmond. You have heard me speak of my old comrade and—"

"I have heard you speak of Mr. Desmond a thousand times," said his wife. There may have been a shade of emphasis on the prefix, but it was so slight that no one remarked it save the widow of John Desmond, who had joined the group.

"Will you go to your room at once, Mrs. Brood?" asked Mrs. Desmond. The new mistress of the house had not offered to shake hands with her, as James Brood had done. She had moved closer to Frederic and was smiling in a manner of shy, pleading way, in direct contrast to her manner of the moment before. The smile was for her stepson. She barely glanced at Mrs. Desmond.

"Thank you, no. I see a nice, big fire and—oh, I have been so cold!" She shivered. For the first time she smiled.

"Come!" cried her husband. "That's just the thing." No one spoke as they moved toward the library. "We must try to thaw out," he added dryly, with a faint smile on his lips.

His wife laid her hand on Frederic's arm. "It is cold outside, Frederic," she said, "very cold. I am not accustomed to the cold."

He was prepared to dislike her. He was determined that his hand should be against her in the conflict that was bound to come. And now, in a flash, a strange, new emotion rushed up within him, like a flood. A queer, wistful note of sympathy in her voice had done the trick. Something in the touch of her fingers on his arm completed the mystery. He was conscious of a mighty surge of relief. The horizon cleared for him.

"We shall do our best to keep you warm," he said quite gayly, and was somewhat astonished at himself.

They had preceded the others into the library. James Brood was divesting himself of his coat in the hall, attended by the leech-like old men. Mrs. Desmond stood in the doorway, a detached figure.

"You must love me, Frederic. You must be very, very fond of me, not for your father's sake but for mine. Then we shall be great friends, not antagonists."

He was helping her with her coat. "I confess I looked forward to you with a good deal of animosity," he said.

"But I shall not be a stepmother," she said quickly. Her eyes were serious for an instant, then filled with a luminous smile. "I shall be Yvonne to you, and you Frederic to me. Let it be a good beginning."

"You are splendid," he cried. "It's not going to be at all bad."

"I am sure you will like me," she said composedly.

Brood joined them at the fireside.

"My dear, Mrs. Desmond will show you over the house when you are ready. You will be interested in seeing the old place. Later on I shall take you up to my secret hiding place, as they say in books. Ranjab will have the rooms in order by this evening. Where is your daughter, Mrs. Desmond?"

"She is at work on the catalogue, Mr. Brood, in the jade-room. In your last letter you instructed her to finish that—"

"But this is a holiday, Mrs. Desmond," said he, frowning. "Jones, will you ask Miss Lydia to join us for tea at half-past four?"

"You will adore Lydia," said Frederic to Mrs. Brood.

Apparently she did not hear him, for she gave no sign. She was looking about the room with eyes that seemed to take in everything.

"I am sure I shall be very happy in this dear old house," she said quietly. "Your own mother must have loved it, Frederic."

James Brood started. Unnoticed by the others, his fingers tightened on the gloves he carried in his hand.

"I never knew my mother," said the young man. "She died when I was a baby."

"But of course this was her home, was it not?"

"I don't know," said Frederic, uncomfortably. "I suppose so. I—I came here a few years ago and—"

"But even though you never knew her, there must still be something here that—that—how shall I say it? I mean, you must feel that she and you were here together years and years ago. One may never have seen his mother, yet he can always feel her. There is something—shall I say spiritual—in—"

Her husband broke in upon these unwelcome reflections. His voice was curiously harsh.

"Mrs. Desmond is waiting, Yvonne."

She drew herself up. "Are you in such great haste, Mrs. Desmond?" she asked in a voice that cut like a knife. Instinctively, she glanced at Frederic's face. She saw the muscles of the jaw harden and an angry light leap into his eyes. Instantly her arrogance fell away. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Desmond. I have many bad habits. Now will you kindly show me to my room? I prefer that you and not one of the servants should be my guide. Au revoir, Frederic. Till teatime, James."

Her eyes were sparkling, her husky voice once more full of the appealing quality that could not be denied. The flush of injured pride faded from Mrs. Desmond's face, and a faint look of surprise crept into her eyes. To her further amazement, the younger woman laid a hand upon her arm and gave it a gentle, friendly pressure.

The men watched them in silence as they left the room, side by side. A moment later they heard the soft laughter of the two women as they mounted the stairs together.

Frederic drew a long breath.

"She's splendid, father," he said, impulsively.

Brood's face was still clouded. He did not respond to the eager tribute.

Father and son faced each other. They were a striking pair, each in his way an example of fine, clean

"But I Shall Not Be a Stepmother," She Said, Quickly.

manhood. The father was taller by a couple of inches than the son, and yet Frederic was nearly six feet in his stockings. Both were spare men, erect and gracefully proportioned. Brood gave out the impression of great strength, of steel sinews, of invincible power; Frederic did not suggest physical strength, and yet he was a clean-limbed, well-built fellow. He had a fine head, a slim body whose every movement proclaimed nervous energy, and a face that denoted temperament of the most pronounced character. It was not a strong face, nor was it weak; it represented character without force.

On the other hand, James Brood's lean, handsome face was full of power. His gray eyes were keen, steady, compelling and seldom alight with warmth. His jaw was firm, square, resolute, and the lines that sank heavily into the flesh in his cheeks were put there not by age but by the very vigor of manhood. His hair was quite gray.

Frederic waited for his father to speak. But James Brood had nothing to say. "She is very attractive, father," said the young man at last, almost stubbly. He did not realize it, but he was groping for sympathy. Brood had been in the house for a quarter of an hour, after an absence of nearly a year, yet his greeting had been cold, casual, matter-of-fact. Frederic expected little more than that; still he felt it a vague way that now, if never again, a wide few of reserve might be broken between them if only for a moment. He was ready and willing to do his part.

Brood was studying the young man's face with an intensity that for the moment disconcerted him. He seemed bent on fixing certain features in his mind's eye, as if his memory had once played him false and should not do so again. It was a habit of Brood's, after prolonged separations, to look for something in the boy's face that he wanted to see and yet dreaded, something that might have escaped him when in daily contact with him. Now, at the end of the rather offensive scrutiny, he seemed to shake his head slightly, although one could not have been sure.

"And as charming as she is attractive, Frederic," he said, with a faint flush of the enthusiasm he suppressed.

"Who is she?" asked his son, without resenting the bluntness of his eager question.

"Who is she?" repeated his father, raising his eyebrows slightly. "She is Mrs. James Brood."

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered Frederic. "I didn't mean to put it in that way. Who was she? Where did your meet her and—Oh! I want to know all there is to tell, father. I've heard nothing. I am naturally curious—"

Brood stopped him with a gesture.

"She was Yvonne Lestrange, before we were married—Mademoiselle Lestrange. We met some time ago at the house of a mutual friend in Paris. I assure you, her, references are all that could be desired." His tone was sarcastic.

Frederic flushed. "I'm sorry I asked the questions, sir," he said, stiffly.

Brood suddenly laughed, a quiet laugh that had some trace of humor and a touch of compunction in it. "I beg your pardon, Frederic. Come up to my room and smoke a cigar with me while I'm changing. I'll tell you about her. She is wonderful."

To his own surprise, and to Frederic's astonishment, he linked his arm in the young man's and started toward the hall. Afterward Brood was to wonder even more than he wondered then what it was that created the sudden desire to atone for the hurt look he had brought to the eyes of Matilde's son—and the odd longing to touch his arm gently.

CHAPTER IV.

In the Jade-Room.

Lydia met Brood and Frederic at the top of the stairs. She had received the message through Jones and was on her way to dress for tea. The master of the house greeted her most cordially. He was very fond of this lovely, gentle daughter of John Desmond. Into their association had stolen an intimate note that softened the cold reserve of the man to a marked degree. His chief joy was to chat with her over the work he was doing and to listen to her frank, honest opinions. She regarded herself as his secretary—or his amanuensis, in the strict sense of speaking—but he considered her to be a friend as well, and treated her with a freedom that was not extended to others.

A faint gleam of astonishment lurked in the girl's eyes as she stood before the two men. Never, in her experience, had there been such an exhibition of friendliness between father and son. A curious throb of joy rushed up from her heart and lodged in her throat. For the first time she found it difficult to respond with composure to Brood's lively comments. Tears were lying close to the surface of her eyes—tears of relief and gratitude. The buoyant expression in Frederic's told a new story. Her heart rejoiced.

"Nonsense!" said Brood when she announced that she was going to change her gown. "You never looked so pretty, my dear, as you do at this moment. Come just as you are, to please me."

"A tea party and an autopsy are very much alike, Mr. Brood," said she. "One can learn a lot at either. Still, if you'd like to have Mrs. Brood see me as I really am, I'll appear sans plumage."

"I'd like it," said he promptly. "I am sure you will like each other, Lydia."

"I am glad you did not say we would admire each other," said she quaintly. "You look very happy, Mr. Brood," she went on, her eyes bright.

"I believe I am happy," said he.

"Then we shall all be happy," was her rejoinder.

She returned to the jade-room on the upper floor, where she had been at work on the catalogue. Brood had a very large and valuable collection of jade. The jade-room, so called, was little more than a large closet off the remarkable room which James Brood was pleased to call his "hiding place," or on occasion, his "retreat." No one ventured into either of these rooms except by special permission.

Ranjab, his Indian servant, slept in an adjoining room, and it was whispered about the house that not even James Brood had viewed its interior. This silent, unapproachable man from the interior of India, had locked his door when he entered the room and locked it when he came out. No one, not even the master, thought of entering. Mr. Dawes, in his cups or out of them, was responsible for the impression that the man kept deadly serpents there as a matter of fact, Ranjab was a peaceable fellow and desperately afraid of snakes.

Lydia loved the feel of the cold, oily lumps of jade. There were a few pieces of porcelain of extreme rarity and beauty as well, and several priceless bits of Chinese, but it was the jade she loved. There were two or three hundred objects of various sizes and color and all were what might be called museum pieces.

She had been at work for half an hour or longer when a noise in the outer room attracted her attention. She had the odd feeling that some one was looking at her through the open door, and swiftly turned.

Except when occupied by Brood the room was darkened by means of heavy window hangings, the effect was that produced by the gloaming just before the stars appear. Objects were shadowy, indistinct, mysterious. The light from the jade-room door threw a diverging ray across the full length of the room. In the very center of this bright strip sat a plaid effigy of Buddha that Brood had found in a remote corner of Siam, serenely stolid on top of its thick base of bronze and lacquer, with a shining shrine for a background. In the dim edge of the shadow, near the door of the far end of the room, Lydia made out the motionless, indistinct figure of a woman. The faint outlines of the face were discernible but not so the

A Noise in the Outer Room Attracted Her Attention.

features. For a moment the girl stared at the watcher and then advanced to the door.

"Who is it?" she inquired, peering.

A low, husky voice replied, with a suggestion of laughter in the tones.

"I am exploring the house."

Lydia came forward at once. "Oh, it is Mrs. Brood. I beg your pardon. Shall I switch on the lights?"

"You are Lydia?"

"Yes, Mrs. Brood."

"I have been prowling everywhere. Your good mother deserted me when my maid arrived with Ranjab a short time ago. Isn't this the dreadful blue beard room? Shall I lose my head if I am discovered by the ogre?"

The girl felt the spell stealing over her. The low voice of the woman in the shadow was like a sensuous caress. She experienced a sudden longing to be closer to the speaker, to listen for the very intake of her breath.

"You have already been discovered by the ogre, Mrs. Brood," said Lydia, gayly, "and your head appears to be quite safe."

"Thank you," rather curtly, as if repelling familiarity. It was like a dash of cold water to Lydia's spirits. "You may turn on the lights. I should like to see you, Miss Desmond."

The girl crossed the room, passing close to the stranger in the house. The fragrance of a perfume hitherto unknown to her separated itself from the odor of sandalwood that always filled the room; it was soft, delicate, refreshing. It was like a breath of cool, sweet air filtering into a close, stuffy room. One could not help drawing in a long, full breath, as if the lungs demanded its revivifying qualities.

A soft, red glow began to fill the room as Lydia pulled the cord near the door. As the light grew brighter and brighter the eyes of the stranger swept the room with indisguised wonder in their depths.

"How extraordinary!" she murmured, and then turned swiftly toward the girl. "Where does it come from? I can see no lights. And see! There are no shadows, not even beneath the table yonder. It—it is uncanny—but, oh, how lovely!"

Lydia was staring at her with wide-open eyes, frankly astonished. The eager, excited gleam vanished from Mrs. Brood's lovely eyes. They narrowed ever so slightly.

"Why do you stare at me?" she demanded.

"I—I expected—" began Lydia, and stopped in pretty confusion.

"I see. You expected a middle-aged lady, al—e? And why [illegible] James Brood marry a middle-aged person?"

"I—I don't know. I'm sorry if I have offended you."

Mrs. Brood smiled, a gay, pleased little smile that revealed her small, even teeth. "You haven't offended me, my dear," she said. "You offend my husband by thinking so till of him, that's all." She took the girl in from head to foot with critical eyes. "He said you were very pretty and very lovable. You are lovely. No one wants to be pretty. Yes, you are just what I expected."

Lydia was the taller of the two women; a matter of two inches, perhaps, and yet she had the curious feeling that she was looking upward as she gazed into the other's eyes. It was the way Mrs. Brood held herself. Sending a swift glance around the room, she went on: "My husband delights in having beautiful things about him. He doesn't like the ugly things of this world."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It's a great old world and if there's a better we've never been in it.

MICHIGAN BREVITIES

Ann Arbor.—Wayne county has 871 students at the University of Michigan. Washtenaw is second with 820.

Marlette.—Brown City citizens have voted to raise $35,000 by bonding for a new schoolhouse. Fire destroyed the former building a few weeks ago.

Hillsdale.—The faculty of Hillsdale college has elected Howard Hicks to the University of Michigan scholarship and Miss Grace Cone alternate.

Saugatuck.—The West Michigan pike will be built through Saugatuck. A bond issue of $38,000 has been voted for the purpose by the township.

Bay City.—The police committee of which Mayor Kelson is the head, has issued orders for a rigid enforcement of the liquor law. Saloons must close at midnight, and must remain closed on Sunday.

Ann Arbor.—The Unitarian church celebrated its fifty-fifth anniversary here. Rev. J. T. Sunderland of New York, Judge W. M. Harriman, and Murray White were among the speakers.

Jackson.—Heroic action on the part of employees and promptness of firemen prevented a destructive fire in a garage in the center of the business district. The fire started by an explosion.

Kalamazoo.—The office of license collector was abolished and the work turned over to the city treasurer. This action was taken because of the cut in the city's budget because of the loss of the $40,000 saloon tax.

Jackson.—According to a report made public by the industrial committee of the Chamber of Commerce, Jackson factories are employing 50 per cent more men than they were three months ago.

East Lansing.—J. H. Munch, specialist in bean culture, has an early maturing variety of bean which he is recommending to farmers who wish to avoid loss through diseases affecting bean plants.

Holland.—Advices from the Arcot mission in India announce the death of Rev. John H. Wyckoff, one of the oldest Reformed church missionaries in the Orient. Doctor Wyckoff had been on the mission field for 41 years.

Lansing.—Governor Ferris has designated May 18 as Peace Day. In his proclamation he asks that all patriotic organizations and schools in the state hold exercises tending to promote the blessings of harmony among men.

Coldwater.—Company A, Thirty-second Michigan volunteers will hold its annual reunion here May 21. Gaylord McGurren and Maj. Howard Grabe, under whom the company served in the Spanish-American war, will attend.

Grand Rapids.—Theodore P. Sauder, aged thirty years, of Grand Rapids, was instantly killed at Ionia when he came in contact with a live wire. He was employed by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martin, balloonists, and had climbed a pole to secure a rope.

Saginaw.—Arthur E. Cornwell and Benton Banchett narrowly escaped death when their auto turned turtle near the Genesee avenue bridge. Dr. Bechtel in front of Cornwell A. B. Brow was driving. The latter turned suddenly, forcing Cornwell to turn short.

Ann Arbor.—The following junior medical students of the University of Michigan have been elected to Alpha Omega Alpha, the medical national honor society: Harold Henderson, Detroit; Lyle B. Kinsey, Buchanan; Carl S. Eberbach, Ann Arbor; E. G. Galbraith, Brocksville, Ky., and Warren Vaughan, Ann Arbor.

Jackson.—The Jackson Clearing House association, comprising all the banks of the city, has been organized with the following officers: President, C. M. Spinning; vice-president, F. H. Helmer; secretary-treasurer, W. E. Bullard. The officers, together with A. C. Bloomfield and P. B. Loomis, will constitute the executive committee.

Marquette.—Heavy rains in every part of the upper peninsula have ended for the present danger from brush and forest fires. Owing to the high winds the entire forest fire fighting forces in every county were ordered out. Deputy fire wardens in Houghton, Delta, Dickinson, Marquette, Alger, Luce, Mackinac and Chippewa counties, where the largest fires were burning, have reported that the men were no longer needed. Considerable trenching is being done in Dickinson, Delta and Chippewa counties. A fire that has been burning several days near Rapid river, Delta county, has burned over a district several miles square. The territory is well settled and men were recruited from all around to help the farmers save their homes. A heavy shower aided the fire-fighters at a critical period. The state game and fire warden's department declared that the excellent state organization this year strengthened in every township by local and private forces, held the fires in check as never before.

Alma.—Because he refused to haul down the freshman class colors when ordered to do so by President Blaisdell of Alma college, and Ward Hodge, president of the class, has been suspended.

Charlotte.—Alvarado Carmelo, who shot at his section boss, the bullet passing through the former's cap, was given from five to ten years at Ionia by Judge Curtis.

Port Huron.—Mayor Black announced that in the city appropriations next year could be about $200,000. Of this amount $45,000 is needed for the schools of the city.

Holland.—Donald Lindeze, five years old, narrowly escaped drowning when he fell into seven feet of water in the Kalamazoo river at Saugatuck. Sidney Taylor rescued him.

Harrisville.—Harry Fyne, accused of the murder of his brother Henry, whose body was found on the railroad tracks north of the D. & M. depot here March 8, was discharged.

Kalkaska.—The body of Peter Orton, who was washed up on the beach near the Williams hotel, was identified by a letter in an overcoat pocket and a newspaper dated November 7. He fell from a dock.

SINGER'S RECIPE FOR HEALTH

Mme. Schumann-Heink, Operatic Star, Recommends Housework for American Girls.

My mother was a fine lady. I remember her, with her little fine hands and her little feet. But she never had a maid, and so she had to do everything herself. She thought it did not harm a daughter of a major or a captain to do her own work. From her I learned to sew and darn stockings, and I could patch a pair of officer's trousers so neatly that you could not tell where the patch was. And, what was more difficult still, I could darn a hole near the neckband of a shirt so that you could not tell there had ever been any hole; in fact, it is due to this experience of mine that I have never employed a maid.

And I learned to cook, too. And to this day I love to do it. I do not cook in the American, but in the Austrian style; but everybody who tries my cooking knows it is all right. Very often when visitors come to my house in Chicago I am very sorry; but I cannot see them because I have my apron on and am in the kitchen cooking.

I found that work about the home developed in me a constitution that has been one of my most valuable possessions. There is no work that does more to promote health in a girl. Sweeping, wrestling with a feather bed, or pushing furniture out of the way while she sweeps, develops her back and her bust at the same time, and makes her fit to fight the world. I strongly recommend that kind of work to all American girls.—Mme. Schumann-Heink in the Saturday Evening Post.

What the Troglodyte Is, and Why.

"A troglodyte, my son," said J. Fuller Gloom, "is a mossgrown, stationary gentleman who believes that ambitious nations will live up to treaties because they have signed them, who lives in abject terror of being unconstitutional, who is perfectly satisfied to have every complaint answered by wavings of the gur-rand old fu-lag, who votes for the glorious old party of What's-his-name because his father did, and who is afraid that anything and everything that has not been done before will disturb business. He is the joy of the professional politician and the despair of those eccentric souls who believe that because something ought to be done they ought to try to do it.

"Although indigenous to all localities, he is especially and painfully prevalent in the swamps of Arkansas and the jungles of Wall street."—Kansas City Star.

Tuft Hunters.

Said a society woman at a musicale at her Fifth avenue house: "New York society is less given to lion hunting than London society. There is a countess in London who is such a lion hunter that a man once said of her: "Why, she always has the most fashionable surgeon of the hour to carve her Christmas turkey."