

The Hollow Seorge Barr McCutcheon George Barr McCutcheon George Barr McCutcheon



edly cross about it.

SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrandall is found murdered in a road house near New York, Mrs. Wran-dall is summoned from the city and iden-tifies the body. A young woman who ac-companied Wrandall to the inn and subcan is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrandall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Mrs. Wrandall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding anow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrandall. Peeling that the girl bad done her a service in ridding her of the man who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow. Mrs. Wrandall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrandall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrandall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to teil. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy. Mrs. Sara Wrandall and Hetty rattend the funeral of Challis Wrandall at the home of his parents. Sara Wrandall at the home of his parents. Sara Wrandall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year in Europe. Leslie Wrandall, brother of Challis, makes himself useful to Sara and becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie's infatmation possibility for revenge on the Wrandalls and reparation for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrandall by marrying his murderess into the family. Leslie, in company with his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her country place. Leslie confesses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty. Eara arranges with Booth to paint a picture of Hetty. Booth has a haunting feeling that he has seen Hetty before. Looking through a portfolio of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty Glynn, an English actress, who resembles her very much.

CHAPTER IX.-Continued.

Leslie was coming out on an evening train. Booth, in commenting on this, again remarked a sharp change in Hétty's manner. They had been conversing somewhat bouvantly up to the moment be mentioned Leslie's impending visit. In a flash her manner changed. A quick but unmistakable frown succeeded her smiles, and for some reason she suddenly relapsed into a state of reserve that was little short of sullen. He was puzzled, as he had been before

The day was hot. Sara volunteered to take him home in the motor. An I don't like this portrait painting nonerrand in the village was the excuse she gave for riding over with him. Heretofore she had sent him over alone with the chauffeur.

She looked very handsome, very tempting, as she came down to the

"By Jove," he said to himself, "she is wonderful!"

He handed her into the car with the grace of a courtier, and she smiled apon him serenely, as a princess might bave smiled in the days when knighthood was in flower.

When she sat him down at his little garden gate, he put the question that had been seething in his mind all the way down the shady stretch they had traversed.

the English actress?" Sara was always prepared. She knew

the question would come when least expected.

"Oh, yes," she replied, with interest. "Have you noticed the resemblance? They are as like as two peas in a pod. Isn't it extraordinary?"

He was a bit staggered. "I have never seen Hetty Glynn," he replied.

"Oh? You have seen photographs of her?" she inquired casually.

"What has become of her?" he ask ed, ignoring her question. "Is she still

on the stage?"

"Heaven knows," she replied lightly. 'Miss Castleton and I were speaking of her last night. We were together the last time I saw her. Who knows? She may have married into the nobility by this time. She was a very poor actress, but the loveliest thing in the world-excepting our Hetty, of course."

If he could have seen the troubled look in her eyes as she was whirled off to the village, he might not have gone about the cottage with such a blithesome air. He was happier than he had been in days, and all because of Hetty Glynn!

Leslie Wrandall did not arrive by the evening train. He telephoned late in the afternoon, not to Hetty but to Sara, to say that he was unavoidably detained and would not leave New York until the next morning. Something in his voice, in his manner of speaking, disturbed her. She went to



"It's All Tommy-Rot," He Growled.

bed that night with two sources of uneasiness threatening her peace of mind. She scented peril.

The motor met him at the station end Sara was waiting for him in the cool, awning-covered verandah as he drove up. There was a sullen dissatisfied look in his face. She was stretched out comfortably, lazily, in a great chalse-lounge her black little slippers peeping out at him with perfect aban-

"Hello," he said shortly. She gave him her hand. "Sorry I couldn't get out last night." He shook her hand rather ungraciously.

"We missed you," she said. "Pull up chair. I was never so lazy as now. Dear me, I am airnid I'll get stout and

ting in a hot, stuffy train."

something that, in the correct order of | who shouldn't." things, ought to be plainly visible.

"Please sit down, Leslie. You make We can't go in for half an hour or

"Can't go in?" he demanded, stopping before her. He began to pull at his little moustache. "No. Hetty's posing. They won't

permit even me to disturb them." He glared. With a final, almost dramatic twist he gave over ferking at his moustache, and grabbed up a chair, which he put down beside her with a vehemance that spoke plainer than words.

"I say," he began, scowling in the direction of the doorway, "how long is se going to be at this silly job?" "Silly job? Why, it is to be a mas

erpiece," she cried. "I asked you how long?"

"Oh, how can I tell? Weeks, perhaps. One can't prod a genius."

"It's all tommy-rot," he growled. I suppose I'd better take the next train back to town." "Don't you like talking with me?"

she inquired, with a pout. "Of course I do," he made haste to

say. "But do you mean to say they won't let anybody in where- Oh, I say! This is rich!'

"Spectators upset the muse, or words to that effect."

He stared gloomily at his cigarette case for a moment. Then he carefully selected a cigarette and tapped it on the back of his hand.

"See here, Sara, I'm going to get this off my chest," he said bluntly. "I've been thinking it over all week. sense.

"Dear me! Didn't you suggest it?" she inquired innocently, but all the time her heart was beating violent time to the song of triumph.

He was jealous. It was what she wanted, what she had hoped for all along. Her purpose now was to encourage the ugly flame that tortured him, to fan it into fury, to make it unendurable. She knew him well: His supreme egoism could net withstand an attack upon its complacency. Like all the Wrandalis, he had the habit of thinking too well of himself. He possessed a clearly-defined sense of humor, but it did not begin to include self-sacrifice among its endowments. He had never been able to laugh at Have you ever seen Hetty Glynn, himself for the excellent reason that some things were truly sacred to him. realized laughed at him. He stiffened.

"Don't snicker, Sara," he growled He took time to light his cigarette, and at the same time to consider his answer to her question. "In a way, yes. like that, you know. But not an all- sigh.

summer operation." Sara. "In fact, she is enjoying it. She and Mr. Booth get on famously together."

"She likes him, ch?" "Certainly. Why shouldn't she like

him? He is adorable." He threw his cigarette over the rall-"Comes here every day, I sup-

"My dear Leslie, he is to do me as soon as he has finished with her. I don't like your manner.

"Oh," he said in a dull sort of won-Sara? Have I done anything out of the way?"

"You are very touchy, it seems to

"I'm sore about this confounded por trait monopoly.'

"I'm sorry, Leslie. I suppose you will have to give in, however. We are three to one against you-Hetty, Mr.

"I see," he said, rather blankly. Then he drew his chair closer. "See here, Sara, you know I'm terribly keen about her. I think about her, I dream ning. All that silly rot about-" about her, I- oh, well, here it is in a nutshell: I'm in love with her. Now

do you understand?" "I don't see how you could help being in love with her," she said calmly. girl." 'I believe it is a habit men have where she is concerned."

"You're not surprised?"

himself surprised. "Not in the least."

"I mean to ask her to marry me," e announced with finality. This was ntended to bowl her over completely. wink, as if to say there wasn't any and then shook her head. "I'd like to death." be able to wish you good luck."

He stared. "You don't mean to say she'd be fool enough-" he began inchances," he concluded, with more hu- Henry the Eighth!" mility than she had ever seen him display. "Do you know of any one else?" "No," she said seriously. "She doesn't

confide in me to that extent, I fear. what Vivvy doesn't know about Brit-I've never asked."

back there in England?" He put it convince her she ought to marry the to cling pretty closely to your own in the past tense, so to speak, as if duke. But she's fond of Hetty. She level." there could be no question about the says she's a darling. She's right: present,

"Oh, I dare say."

He was regaining his complacency. "That's neither here nor there," he longue. Extending her hand to him declared. The thing I want you to do, she said, and he was never to forget Sara, is to rush this confounded por- the deep thrill in her voice: trait. I don't like the idea, not a little

"I don't blame you for being afraid of the attractive Mr. Booth," she said, with a significant lifting of her eye-

"I'm going to have it over with be fore I go up to town, my dear girl," he the effect of which was to destroy his announced, in a matter-of-fact way, tranquility for hours.

"Spring fever," he announced. He "I've given the whole situation a the sort, you know, to delay matters said tauntingly. He took a couple of turns across the once my mind's made up. By Jove, porch, his eyes shifting in the eager, Sara. you ought to be pleased. I'm fort. annoyed manner of one who seeks for not such a rotten catch, if I do say it

She was perfectly still for a long time, so still that she did not appear me nervous, tramping about like that. to be breathing. Her eyes grew darker, more mysterious. If he had taken the pains to notice, he would have seen that her fingers were rigid.

"I am pleased," she said, very gently, She could have shricked the words. How she hated all these smug Wran- her. dalls!

"I came to the decision yesterday," he went on, tapping the arm of the chair with his finger tips, as if timing his words with care and precision. "Spoke to daid about it at lunch. I was coming out on the five o'clock, as I'd planned, but he seemed to think His self-esteem was larger than his I'd better talk it over with the mater first. Not toat she would be likely to kick up a row, you know, but-well. for policy's sake. See what I mean? Decent thing to do, you know. She never quite got over the way you and to Hetty, who had lagged behind. Chal stole a march on her. God knows I'm not like Chal."

Her eyes narrowed again. "No," she "Chal was all right, mind you, in mother, after all. See what I mean?"



He Blinked in Astonishment

"She is quite satisfied, then, that you are not throwing yourself away on suggested a tort of portrait, of Miss Castleton," said Sara, with a course. A sketchy thing, something deep breath, which he mistook for a

trust mother to nose into "Oh, "But she doesn't mind," explained things. She knows Miss Castleton's pedigree from the ground up. There's Debrett, you see. What's more, you can't fool her in a pinch. She knows blood when she sees it. Father hasn't the same sense of proportion, however. He says you never can tell."

Sara was startled. "What do you

"Oh, it's nothing to speak of; only a way he has of grinding mother once in a while. He uses you as an example to prove that you never can tell, and mother has to admit that he's der. No one had ever cut him short right. You have upset every one of in just that way before. "What's up, her pet theories. She sees it now, but -whew! She couldn't see it in the old days, could she?"

"I fear not," said she in a low voice. Her eyes smouldered. "It is quite natural that she should not want you to make the mistake your brother made."

"Oh, please don't put it that way, Sara. You make me feel like a confounded prig, because that's what it comes to, with them, don't you know. And yet my attitude has always been clear to them where you're concerned. was strong for you from the begin-

the burst out "Please, please!"

quivering all over. "I beg your pardon," he stammered. You-you know how I mean it, dear

"Please leave me out of it, Leslie," she said, collecting herself. After a moment she went on calmly: "And so you are going to marry my poor little Hetty, and they are all pleased with the arrangement."

"If she'll have me," he said with s She looked at him for an instant, use doubting it. "They're tickled to

"Vivian?" "Viv's a snob. She says Hetty's

much too good for me, blood and bone. credulously, but caught himself up in What business, says she, has a Wrantime. "Of course, I'd have to take my dall aspiring to the descendant of "What!"

"The Murgatroyds go back to old Henry, straight as a plummet. 'Gad, ish aristocracy irn't worth knowing "Do you think there was any one She looked it up the time they tried to Hetty is too good for me."

Sara swished her gown about and rose gracefully from the chaise-"Well, I wish you good luck, Leslie

Don't take no for an answer.' "Lord, if she should say no," he gasped, confronted by the possibility of such stupidity on Hetty's part You don't think she will?"

Her answer was a smile of doubt

"It is time for luncheon. I suppose was plainly out of sorts. "I'll stand, if deuce of a lot of thought, and I've we'll have to interrupt them. Perhaps you don't mind. Beastly tiresome, sit- made up my mind to do it. I'm not it is just as well, for your sake," she find that she was looking out of the He grinned, but it was a sickly ef-

> "You're the one to spoil anything of that sort," he said, with some ascerbity.

"Certainly," he said with so much flectively he rhymed with "pad." meaning in the word that she flushed. Hetty and Booth came into view at that instant. The painter was laying a soft, filmy scarf over the girl's bare fort to take part in it, whether from was! With considerable asperity he shoulders as he followed close behind

"Hello!" be cried, catching sight of Wrandall. "Train late, old chap? struck by the curious pallor of her We've been expecting you for the last hour. How are you?" He came up with a frank, genuine

smile of pleasure on his lips, his hand extended. Leslie rose to the occasion. grievance. He shook Booth's hand heartily, almost exuberantly.

"Didn't want to disturb you, Bran-

dy," he cried, cheerily. "Besides, Sara wouldn't let me." He then passed on Bending low over her hand, he said something commonplace in a very low tone, at the same time looking slyly said, "you are not like your brother." out of the corner of his eye to see if Booth was taking it all in. Finding what he did," he added hastily, noting that his friend was regarding him raththe look. "I would do the same, 'pon er fixedly, he obeyed a sudden impulse my soul I would, if there were any and raised the girl's slim hand to his senseless objections raised in my lips. As suddenly he released her fincase. But, of couse, it was right for gers and straightened up with a look me to talk it over with her, just the of surprise in his eyes; he had dissame. So I stayed in and gave them | tinctly heard the agitated catch in her all the chance to say what they throat. She was staring at her hand thought of me-and, incidentally, of in a stupefied sort of way, holding it Hetty. Quite the decent thing, don't rigid before her eyes for a moment tige of color had gone from the girl's you think? A fellow's mother is his before thrusting it behind her back face. She was listening to Wrandali as if it were a thing to be shielded and replying in monosyllables, but from all scrutiny save her own.

Wrandall," she said in a low, intense stant to be doubted. Suddenly, after voice. Then she passed him by and a quick glance at Sara's face, she hurried up the stairs, without so much as a glance over her shoulder.

He blinked in astonishment. All of a sudden there swept over him the unique sensation of shyness-most overstepped the bounds, and for the first time to be shown his place by a girl. This to him, who had no scruples about boundary lines.

All through luncheon he was volatile and gay. There was a bright spot in his cheek, however, that betrayed him to Sara, who already suspected go on, she wouldn't be rude again. the temper of his thoughts. He talked aeroplaning without cessation, directing most of his conversation to Booth, a word or two. yet thrilled with pleasure each time Hetty laughed at his sallies. He was at, Brandy?" he demanded of his schoolboy in her presence, a most qeplorable state of affairs he had to admit.

"If you hate the trains so much. and your automobile is out of whack, why don't you try volplaning down from the Metropolitan tower?" demanded Booth in response to his lugubrious wail against the beastly luck of having to go about in railway coaches with a lot of red-eyed, noseblowing people who hadn't got used to their spring underwear yet.

"Sinister suggestion, I must say," he exclaimed. "You must be eager to see my life blood scattered all over creation. But, speaking of volplaning, I've had three lessons this week, Next week Bronson says I'll be flying like a gull. 'Gad, it's wonderful. I've had two tumbles, that's all-little ones, of course-net result a barked knee and a peeled elbow."

"Watch out you're not flying like an angel before you get through with | half-afraid to stay there and face Hetit, Les," cautioned the painter. "I see that a well-known society leader in

Chicago was killed yesterday." "Oh, I love the danger there is in it," said Wrandail carelessly. "That's

what gives zest to the sport." "I love it, too," said Hetty, her eyes agleam. "The glorious feel of the wind as you rush through it! And yet one seems to be standing perfectly stfli in the air when one is half a mile high and going fifty miles an hour. Oh, it is wonderful, Mr. Wran-

"I'll take you out in a week or two, Miss Castleton, if you'll trust yourself with me."

"I will go," she announced promptly. Booth frowned. "Better wait a bit," he counseled. "Risky business, Miss Castleton, flying about with fledgelings."

"Oh, come now!" expostulated Wrandall with some heat. "Don't be wet blanket, old man." "I was merely suggesting she'd bet-

ter wait till you've got used to your wings." "Jimmy Van Wickle took his wife

with him the third time up," said Leslie, as if that were the last word in aeroplaning. "It's common report that she keeps

Jimmy level, no matter where she's got him," retorted Booth.
"I dare say Miss Castleton can hold me level," said Leslie, with a profound bow to her. "Can't you, Miss

Castleton? She smiled. "Oh, as for that, Mr. Wrandall, I think we can all trust you

"Rather ambiguous, that," he remarked dubiously. "She means you never get below it Leslie," said Booth, enjoying himself. "That's the one great principle in

aeroplaning," said Wrandall, quick to

recover. "Vivian says I'll break my

a heroic way of doing it, Much nobler than pitching out of an automobile or library. catapulting over a horse's head in Central park." He paused for effect before venturing his next conclusion. "It must be ineffably sublime, being squashed-or is it squshed? after a drop of a mile or so, isn't it

window, quite oblivious to the peril he was in figuratively for her special consideration.

Booth was acutely reminded that the term "prig" as applied to Leslie was a misnomer; he hated the thought of the other word, which re-It occurred to him early in the

course of this one-eided discussion that the hostess was making no eflack of interest or because of its frivolous nature he was, of course unface, and the lack-luster expression gaze from Wrandall's face, and yet there persisted in the observer's impress Murray, who said he thought mind the rather uncanny impression that she did not hear a word her brother-in-law was saying. He, in turn, took to watching her covertly. At no time did her expression change, For reasons of his own, he did not attempt to draw her into the conversation, fascinated as he was by the study of that beautiful, emotionless face. Once he had the queer sensation of feeling, rather than seeing, a haunted look in her eyes, but he put it down to fancy on his part.

And Leslie babbled on in blissful ignorance of, not to say disregard for, this strange ghost at the feast, for, to Booth's mind, the ghost of Challis Wrandall was there.

Turning to Miss Castleton with a significant look in his eyes, meant to to call her attention to Mrs. Wrandall. he was amazed to find that every vesthat she was aware of the other wom-"You must not kies it again, Mr. an's abstraction was not for an inlooked squarely into Booth's eyes, and he saw in hers an expression of actual concern, if not alarm,

Leslie was in the middle of a sentence when Sara laughed aloud, withunique in him. He had never been out excuse or reason. The next inashamed before in all his life. Now stant she was looking from one to the he was curiously conscious of having other in a dazed sort of way, as if coming out of a dream. Wrandall turned scarlet. There had

> been nothing in his remarks to call for a laugh, he was quite sure of that. Flushing elightly, she murmured something about having thought of an amusing story, and begged him to He had little zest for continuing the subject and sullenly disposed of it in

> "What the devil was there to laugh friend after the women had left them together on the porch a few minutes later. Hetty had gone upstairs with Mrs. Wrandall, her arm clasped tight-

ly about the older woman's waist. "I dare say she was thinking about you falling a mile or two," said Booth

pleasantly. But he was perplexed.

CHAPTER X.

Man Proposes.

The young men cooled their heels for an hour before word was brought down to them that Mrs. Wrandall begged to be excused for the afternoon on account of a severe headache. Miss Castleton was with her, but would be down later on. Meanwhile they were to make themselves at home, and so on and so forth.

Booth took his departure, leaving Leslie in sole possession of the porch. He was restless, nervous, excited: ty with the proposal he was determined to make, and wholly afraid to forsake the porch and run the risk of missing her altogether if she came down as signified. Several things disturbed him. One was Hetty's deplorable failure to hang on his words

He looked to see Miss Castleton | as he had fondly expected her to do; wince, and was somewhat dashed to and then there was that very disquieting laugh of Sara's. A hundred times over he repeated to himself that sickening question: "What the devil was there to laugh at?" and no answer suggested itself. He was decid-

Another hour passed. His heels were quite cool by this time, but his blood was boiling. This was a deuce of a way to treat a fellow who had gone to the trouble to come all the way out in a stuffy train, by Jove, it rang for a servant and commanded him to fetch a time table, and to be able to determine. Later, he was quick about it, as there might be a train leaving before he could get back if it took him as long to find it as of her eyes. She seldom removed her it took other people to remember their obligations! His sarcasm failed to



What the Devil Was There to Laugh at, Brandy?"

there was a schedule in Mrs. Wrandall's room, and he'd get it as soon taxpayers pay \$20 to get that dollar! as the way was clear, if Mr. Wrandall didn't mind waiting.

lie, "I wouldn't be here now." As the footman was leaving, Sara's drunkards by act of parliament. True,

"Who is going out, Murray?" he called in surprise. "Miss Castleton, sir. For the air,

cochere.

"The deuce you say!" gasped the harassed Mr. Wrandall. It was a pretty kettle of fish!

attired for motoring. "Oh, there you are," she said, espying him. "I am going for a spin. muscles of this Dominion?" Want to come along?"

He swallowed hard. The ends of horizontal exclamation solutely "If you don't mind being enpoints. cumbered," he remarked sourly. "I don't in the least mind," said she

"Where are you going?" he asked without much enthusiasm. He wasn't to be caught appearing eager, not he. Besides, it wasn't anything to be flip-

pant about. "Yonder," she said, with a liberal sweep of her arm, taking in the whole landscape. "And be home in time to dress for dinner," she added, as if to

relieve his mind. "Good Lord!" he groaned, "do we have to eat again?"

"We have to dress for it, at least," she replied. "I'll go," he exclaimed, and ambled

off to secure a cap and coat,

"Sara has planned for a run to Lenox tomorrow if it doesn't rain." she informed him on his return. "Oh," he said, staring. "Booth gets a day off on the portrait, then." "Being Sunday," she smiled.

knock off on Sundays and bank holi-

days. But, after all, he doesn't really

get a holiday. He is to go with us, poor fellow." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAD SOMETHING LEFT OVER

Senator Was Wondering Just How He Would Employ the Remnant of His Salary Left.

Senator John K. Shields of Tennessee is a homelover and likes his own fireside better than the gilded glories of a gaudy hostelry. On his big plantation out in his state he has a large, colonial mansion surrounded by sev eral hundred acres of fine land on which he pastures cattle, ponies and goats.

But when he came to the capital and sought to get a house suitable for his lares and penates, he found it a difficult task. An energetic real estate agent motored him and his wife from one house to another, each time the price rising skyward for the rent. Now, the senator receives \$7,000 a year, and if he pays out much for rent he will have to be pretty economical in his food and clothing.

So he and Mrs. Shields over houses of all kinds for days. At last the agent got them cornered in a lovely mansion big enough to house a regiment and ornate enough to suit the Shah of Persia. He took them neck some day, but admits it will be over it from top to bottom and at last stood up before them in the handsome

> tor, who was mightily pleased with the place. "Very reasonable," replied the agent "Only \$6,500 a year."

"What is the rent?" asked the set

Senator Shields went over

thought.

"Well, sir, what is it that is puzzling you?" inquired the agent. "Nothing much," remarked Shields, "I was only thinking what I would do with the other five hundred of my sal-

ary." She Was No Easy Mark.

Martha is seven, and has shown more than ordinary childish aversion to learning lessons, being washed and having curls made smooth and shiny, and less than the average delight in fairy-tales.

One day upon her return from Sunday school she was questioned as to what she had learned from her nice teacher this time. She cried out with flashing eyes and an indignant toss of her pretty head, "Why, mamma: my teacher told me today that story about the Children of Israel walking across the Red sea and not getting their seives wet one single bit-and she es-pected me to believe it!"

Tough Steak.

Cass Gilbert, the noted architect of New York—the Woolworth Building is one of his creations-said of a recent criticism of skyscrapers: "This criticism is not fair. It is prejudiced. Hence it will do more harm than good -like the remark of the waiter. 'Waiter, confound it, this steak isn't tender enough!" 'Not tender enough?" the waiter snarled. 'Aw, what do you expect. Do you want it to jump up and hug and kiss you?"



(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

THE ONLY CURE.

"Drunkenness presents the greatest problem before the people of this commonwealth today," declared Judge Michael J. Murray of Boston before a meeting of the Twentieth Century club. "No spirit of economy should be permitted to stand in the way of finding a cure for the evil," he said. "During the year ending October 1, 1913, 104,000 persons appeared in our courts to answer to charges of drunkenness Of these 35,000 were first offenders

"There should be an institution where the drunkard could be kept away from more evil influences. 1 am not a total abstainer myself, but I see the evil of our system. Nineteen out of 20 persons arrested for drunkenness are English speaking. Ninetysix out of every hundred men in our prisons have led intemperate lives. When you talk to a man who is charged with crime you find there is liquor behind it all."

If the judge-if all judges and all others who see in drunkenness a "problem"-would first of all free themselves from the personal use of alcohol, which even in the smallest doses hinders clear thinking about itself and its products, they would soon "find a cure for the evil." They would see that what is needed is not "an institution where the drunkard could be kept away from more evil influences," but an abolishment of that institution which subjects him to the

first evil influences. "Liquor behind all crimes!" And no young man who takes his first glass of wine or beer expects to ever drink enough to make himself a criminal.

LAW MAKES DRUNKARDS.

Following is an excerpt from a sermon on "The Man Slayer in Our Midst," by Rev. Dr. Manley Benson of Canada. The words apply equally well in the United States as in the Dominion,

"Some tell us that the 'revenue will suffer if we stop the sale of strong drink.' There is no revenue from the sale of strong drink. For every dollar received as a so-called revenue you Smart (?) business, that, for our young and growing Dominion! Some "If I minded waiting," snapped Les- say, 'You cannot make folk sober by act of parliament,' but we are making automobile whirled up to the porter you cannot make men sober by law. but law can remove the templation You cannot cure smallpox by law, but you can keep the pest ridden off our streets by law! You cannot make a man honest by law, but you can purish and make it hot for the thieff. The law can be made to dry up the sources of this abominable traffic. We use Hetty appeared a few minutes later, precautionary measures against fire and flood; why not against a business that is burning up the brain and

HOW TO BE "FIT." Sir Frederick Treves, surgeon to the late King Edward, recently said "There is a great desire on the part of all young men to be fit. A young man cannot possibly be fit if he takes alcohol. By no possibility can be want it. That any one young o healthy should want alcohol is simply preposterous. They might just at well want strychnine. Thus the argument for the young man is: You want to be a man, and you want to

be fit. You cannot get fit on alcohol . . No man dreams of going into training and taking alcohol. He must reach the acme of physical perfection, and that must be without alco-

INTERESTING COMPARISON.

A commission appointed by the German government to compare the descendants of drunkards with those of moderate drinkers has just made in report. It studied ten families of each class, as a result of which it states that 43 per cent of the children drunkards die within a few months of their birth, against only 8 per cent of the children of moderate drinkers. Among the children of drunkards there are 10 per cent idiots, 8 per cent epileptics, 8 per cent dwarfs, and in only 7 per cent of them does the

intelligence develop normally. ALCOHOL A RACIAL POISON. At the diamond jubilee of the United Kingdom alliance, held in Manchester, England, Dr. C. W. Saleeby, "declared alcohol a racial poison which greatly reinforced other racial poisons, that public houses were national centers for the distribution of disease, and that the fight against tuberculosis and other diseases must everywhere be combined with the fight against alco

IT REMOVES THINGS.

"Alcohol," says an exchange, "will remove stains from summer clothes That is true, but it also removes the summer clothes from the summer, also the spring, the autumn and the winter clothes, not only from the one who drinks it, but from the wife and fam ily as well. It removes the household furniture, the entables from the past try, the smiles from the face of his wife, the laugh from the innocent lips of his children and the happiness out of his home. As a remover of things alcohol has no equal.—Hoy's World.

WHO MADE LIQUOR.

God no more "made liquor," says \$ New York dally than he made a fan table, or a resort of debauchery. no more made it than he made tools of the burglar or the vile inves tions which the customs seize. made it only in the same sense as be made the dynamite bombs of the at archist thugs. Wheat and corn and rye are wholly useful and wholes food as nature yields them, but the devices of man strong drink produced from them, and it rules mea If they take too much of it.