



# The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon



## Temperance

(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. I 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. Ninety-six 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—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. "You 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 influence.

"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 taxpayers pay \$20 to get that dollar! Smart (?) business, that, for our young and growing Dominion! Some say, 'You cannot make folk sober by act of parliament, but we are making drunkards by act of parliament. True, you cannot make men sober by law, but law can remove the temptation. You cannot cure malpractice 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 punish and make it hot for the thief! The law can be made to dry up the sources of this abominable traffic. We see precautionary measures against fire and flood; why not against a business that is burning up the brain and muscles of this Dominion?'"

### 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 he want it. That any one young or healthy should want alcohol is simply preposterous. They might just as 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 alcohol."

### INTERESTING COMPARISON.

A commission appointed by the German government to compare the descendants of drunkards with those of moderate drinkers has just made its report. It studied ten families of each class, as a result of which it states that 43 per cent of the children of 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, 5 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 alcohol."

### 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 man alike as well. It removes the household furniture, the tables from the parlor, the smiles from the face of his wife, the laugh from the innocent lips of his children and the happiness of his home. As a remover of things alcohol has no equal.—Boy's World."

### WHO MADE LIQUOR.

God no more "made liquor," says a New York daily than he made a party table, or a resort of debauchery. He no more made it than he made the tools of the burglar or the vile instruments which the customs seize. He made it only in the same sense as he made the dynamite bombs of the anarchist thugs. Wheat and corn and rye are wholly useful and wholesome as nature yields them, but by the devices of man strong drink is produced from them, and it ruins men if they take too much of it.

**SYNOPSIS.**  
Challis Wrاندall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned to the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrاندall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Mrs. Wrاندall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrاندall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in riding her of the man who thought she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow. Mrs. Wrاندall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrاندall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrاندall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from the possibility of revenge on the Wrاندalls and repatriation for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrاندall by marrying his murderer 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. Sara 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 Hetty's manner. They had been conversing somewhat buoyantly up to the moment he 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 errand 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 car. "By Jove," he said to himself, "she is wonderful!"

He handed her into the car with the grace of a courtier, and she smiled upon him serenely, as a princess might have smiled in the days when knight-hood 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.

"Have you ever seen Hetty Glynn, 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?" she asked, 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 Wrاندall 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 bed that night with two sources of uneasiness threatening her peace of mind. She scented peril.

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

"Spring fever," he announced. He was plainly out of sorts. "I'll stand, if you don't mind. Beastly threosoms, sitting in a hot, stuffy train."

He took a couple of turns across the porch, his eyes shifting in the eager, annoyed manner of one who seeks for something that, in the correct order of things, ought to be plainly visible.

"Please sit down, Leslie. You make me nervous, tramping about like that. We can't go in for half an hour or more."

"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 jerking at his moustache, and grabbed up a chair, which he put down beside her with a vehemence that spoke plainer than words.

"I say," he began, scowling in the direction of the doorway, "how long is he going to be at this silly job?"

"Silly job? Why, it is to be a masterpiece," 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. I don't like this portrait painting nonsense."

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

"I've given the whole situation a deuce of a lot of thought, and I've made up my mind to do it. I'm not the sort, you know, to delay matters once my mind's made up. By Jove, Sara, you ought to be pleased. I'm not such a rotten catch, if I do say it who shouldn't."

She was perfectly still for a long time, so still that she did not appear 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 shrieked the words. How she hated all these smug Wrاندalls!

"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 dad about it at lunch. I was coming out on the five o'clock, as I'd planned, but he seemed to think I'd better talk it over with the mater first. Not that 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 Chal stole a march on her. God knows I'm not like Chal."

Her eyes narrowed again. "No," she said, "you are not like your brother."

"Chal was all right, mind you, in what he did," he added hastily, noting the look. "I would do the same, 'pon my soul I would, if there were any senseless objections raised in my case. But, of course, it was right for me to talk it over with her, just the same. So I stayed in and gave them all the chance to say what they thought of me—and, incidentally, of Hetty. Quite the decent thing, don't you think? A fellow's mother is his mother, after all. See what I mean?"

He blinked in astonishment. All of a sudden there swept over him the unique sensation of eyness—most unique in him. He had never been ashamed before in all his life. Now he was curiously conscious of having 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 the temper of his thoughts. He talked aeroplane without cessation, directing most of his conversation to Booth, yet thrilled with pleasure each time Hetty laughed at his sallies. He was beginning to feel like a half-baked schoolboy in her presence, a most adorable state of affairs he had to admit.

"If you hate the trains so much, and your automobile is out of wack, why don't you try triplaning 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, nose-blowing 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 it, 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 Wrاندall carelessly. "That's what gives zest to the sport."

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

"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 fledglings."

"Oh, come now!" expostulated Wrاندall with some heat. "Don't be a wet blanket, old man."

"It is time for luncheon. I suppose we'll have to interrupt them. Perhaps it is just as well, for your sake," she said tauntingly.

He grinned, but it was a sickly effort. "You're the one to spoil anything of that sort," he said, with some asperity.

"Certainly," he said with so much 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 shoulders as he followed close behind her.

"Hello!" he cried, catching sight of Wrاندall. "Train late, old chap? 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. His self-esteem was larger than his grievance. He shook Booth's hand heartily, almost exuberantly.

"Didn't want to disturb you, Brandy," he cried, cheerily. "Besides, Sara wouldn't let me." He then passed on to Hetty, who had lagged behind. Bending low over her hand, he said something commonplace in a very low tone, at the same time looking slyly out of the corner of his eye to see if Booth was taking it all in. Finding that his friend was regarding him rather fixedly, he obeyed a sudden impulse and raised the girl's slim hand to his lips. As suddenly he released her fingers and straightened up with a look of surprise in his eyes; he had distinctly heard the agitated catch in her throat. She was staring at her hand in a stupefied sort of way, holding it rigid before her eyes for a moment before thrusting it behind her back as if it were a thing to be shielded from all scrutiny save her own.

"You must not kiss it again, Mr. Wrاندall," she said in a low, intense voice. Then she passed him by and hurried up the stairs, without so much as a glance over her shoulder.

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He looked to see Miss Castleton wince, and was somewhat dashed to find that she was looking out of the 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 reflectively he rhymed with "pad."

It occurred to him early in the course of this one-sided discussion that the hostess was making no effort to take part in it, whether from lack of interest or because of its frivolous nature he was, of course, unable to determine. Later, he was struck by the curious pallor of her face, and the lack-luster expression of her eyes. She seldom removed her gaze from Wrاندall's face, and yet there persisted in the observer's 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 Wrاندall was there.

Turning to Miss Castleton with a significant look in his eyes, meant to call her attention to Mrs. Wrاندall, he was amazed to find that every vestige of color had gone from the girl's face. She was listening to Wrاندall and replying in monosyllables, but that she was aware of the other woman's abstraction was not for an instant to be doubted. Suddenly, after a quick glance at Sara's face, she looked 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, without excuse or reason. The next instant she was looking from one to the other in a dazed sort of way, as if coming out of a dream.

Wrاندall turned scarlet. There had been nothing in his remarks to call for a laugh, he was quite sure of that. Flushing slightly, she murmured something about having thought of an amusing story, and begged him to go on, she wouldn't be rude again.

He had little zest for continuing the subject and sullenly disposed of it in a word or two.

"What the devil was there to laugh at, Brandy?" he demanded of his friend after the women had left them together on the porch a few minutes later. Hetty had gone upstairs with Mrs. Wrاندall, her arm clasped tightly 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. Wrاندall 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; half-afraid to stay there, and face Hetty 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

and stood for a time in deep 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 salary."

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 was! With considerable asperity he rang for a servant and commanded him to fetch a time table, and to be 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 it took other people to remember their obligations! His sarcasm failed to impress Murray, who said he thought

there was a schedule in Mrs. Wrاندall's room, and he'd get it as soon as the way was clear, if Mr. Wrاندall didn't mind waiting.

"If I minded waiting," snapped Leslie, "I wouldn't be here now."

As the footman was leaving, Sara's automobile whirled up to the porte-cochere.

"Who is going out, Murray?" he called in surprise.

"Miss Castleton, sir. For the air, sir."

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

Hetty appeared a few minutes later, attired for motoring.

"Oh, there you are," she said, spying him. "I am going for a spin. Want to come along?"

He swallowed hard. The ends of his moustache described a pair of absolutely horizontal exclamation points. "If you don't mind being embarrassed," he remarked sourly.

"I don't in the least mind," said she sweetly.

"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 flippant 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.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



He Blinked in Astonishment.



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