



# The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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## Temperance

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

### NOT A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT.

In the front window of a Columbus (O.) saloon, during the state fair week, was a large glass tank filled with water in which were hundreds of fish. It always attracted a crowd. A young fellow, after watching the fish for some time, stepped inside and said to the proprietor: "That's a catchy advertisement in your window."

"Yes," said the saloonkeeper, "it attracts much attention."

"But," said the visitor, "you are losing an important point. Instead of filling that tank with water, why don't you fill it with your beer or whisky?"

"Why, you blankety-blank fool," said the saloonkeeper, "the fish would all die if I were to carry out your idea."

"Well," remarked the young man, "if that is the case, it is not a good advertisement for your business, after all. If beer and whisky kill fish, what chance have men who drink the stuff? You have suggested a good text for the temperance talk to my Sunday school next Sunday."

### PRODUCTION DECREASING.

Right understanding of the internal report, it is pointed out, explains the apparent inconsistency between alleged increased consumption of liquor and increased temperance area. Such understanding is that the figures are based upon the number of gallons withdrawn from the government warehouses, not upon the actual amount consumed. The utterances of liquor journals continually strengthen this position. In a recent issue *Mind's Criterion*, speaking of the expected business conditions, tells us editorially that "the problem of the edibles produced in the previous three years will still remain an incubus on the market." It says, moreover, that "from reliable information received from the months of March and April will show a very material decrease from the figures of last year, and a still farther decrease during the months of May and June."

### NEW LIGHT SHED.

For the first time in the history of the temperance controversy we are able to challenge the statement that moderate drinking is a safer and saner position, and more heroic and influential ethically than total abstinence. This convenient theory is now practically disproved by the discovery that small doses of alcohol, far short of inducing the signs we are accustomed to associate with drunkenness, set up insidious, but no less serious, symptoms of disease. It is now well recognized that a man may pass out of life with the reputation of a sober and blameless citizen, and even in the "odor of sanctity," who has shortened his days and induced the fatal disease by slow poisoning with alcohol.—*Alex. Walker, J. P., Edinburgh.*

### EDUCATIONAL PROPAGANDA.

The United States Brewers' association, according to the *Brewer's Journal*, New York, is planning to do to their systematic "educational" defense propaganda a unique moving picture plea and argument in the form of an exhibit which it boldly announces will be utilized at county fairs, and other public occasions throughout the country as a "part of the organized brewers' campaign of education."

### WHAT BEER WILL DO.

A Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) sheriff raised a speak-easy months ago, and in one bottle of beer he found a frog. He sealed the bottle, marked it, and put it away. Later he came across it again. The seal was intact, but the frog had been eaten completely. The sheriff doubts if a beverage which can eat a frog can be good for a man's stomach.—*Exchange.*

### CHILDREN RESCUED.

S. S. Foxton Jones, superintendent of the Irish work in connection with the Barnardo's Homes, says 58,000 children have been rescued. About 70 per cent of these cases are directly attributed to the drink traffic. The for the drink curse these great institutions would very shortly close their doors.

### ENGLAND'S DRINK BILL.

As reported in *The Alliance News* upon estimates made by Mr. George B. Wilson, secretary of the United Kingdom alliance, Great Britain's drink bill for the last year was over six millions of dollars less than the year previous. "Picture palaces" have become a competitor with the public houses throughout the kingdom.

### MORE TAX ON HOTELS.

New York State Excise Commissioner Farley, in his annual report, suggests a provision of law whereby when a district votes dry, some percentage of the liquor tax on hotels and saloons in that district should be added to the district's vote.

### CAUSE OF HUNGRY CHILDREN.

Miss Agnes Slack says it is because of the liquor traffic that 200 towns in England and Wales serve meals to school children.

### DRUNKENNESS DECREASING.

Under an Early Closing Act, passed in 1906, Saturday drunkenness has decreased over 21 per cent in the principal cities of Ireland, and 36 per cent in all the rest of Ireland. And Sunday drunkenness has decreased 55 per cent in the cities.

### CAUSE OF CRIME.

General J. G. Burnett of the fish army is the authority for the statement that nine-tenths of the crime in three-fourths of the invaliding in the army is caused by drink.

### SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrاندall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from 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 ridding her of the man who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow, Mrs. Wrاندall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Wrاندall bears 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 to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy. Mrs. Wrاندall and Hetty attend the funeral of Challis Wrاندall at the home of his parents. Sara Wrاندall and Hetty return for New York after an absence of a year in Europe. Leslie Wrاندall, brother of Challis, makes himself useful to Sara, and becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie's infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrاندalls and regards him for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrاندall by marrying his murderer into the family. In company with his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her country place. Leslie confers to Sara, that he is 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. Leslie Wrاندall becomes impatient and jealous over the picture painting and declares he is going to propose to Hetty at the first opportunity. Much to his chagrin Leslie is refused by Hetty. Sara, between whom and Hetty a strong mutual affection has grown up, tries to persuade the girl that she should not let the tragedy prevent her from marrying.

### CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"You do know it, don't you?" he went on.

"I—God knows I don't want you to love me. I never meant that you should—" she was saying, as if to herself.

"I suppose it's hopeless," he said dumbly, as her voice trailed off in a whisper.

"Yes, it is utterly hopeless," she said, and she was white to the lips.

"I—I shan't say anything more," said he. "Of course, I understand how it is. There's some one else. Only I want you to know that I love you with all my soul, Hetty. I—I don't see how I'm going to get on without you. But I—I won't distress you, dear."

"There isn't anyone else, Brandon," she said in a very low voice. Her fingers tightened on his in a sort of desperation. "I know what you are thinking. It isn't Leslie. It never can be Leslie."

"Then—then—" he stammered, the blood surging back into his heart—"there may be a chance—"

"No, no!" she cried, almost vehemently. "I can't let you go on hoping. It is wrong—so terribly wrong. You must forget me. You must—"

He seized her other hand and held them both firmly, masterfully.

"See here, my—look at me, dearest! What is wrong? Tell me! You are unhappy. Don't be afraid to tell me. You—you do love me?"

She drew a long breath through her half-closed lips. Her eyes darkened with pain.

"No, I don't love you. Oh, I am so sorry to have given you—"

He was almost radiant. "Tell me the truth," he cried triumphantly. "Don't hold anything back, darling. If there is anything troubling you, let me shoulder it. I can—I will do anything in the world for you. Listen: I know there's a mystery somewhere. I have felt it about you always. I have seen it in your eyes. I have always sensed it stealing over me when I'm with you—this strange, bewildering atmosphere of—"

"Hush! You must not say anything more," she cried out. "I cannot love you. There is nothing more to be said."

"But I know it now. You do love me. I could shout it to—" The miserable, whipped expression in her eyes checked this outburst. He was struck by it, even dismayed. "My dearest one, my love," he said, with infinite tenderness, "what is it? Tell me?"

He drew her to him. His arm went about her shoulders. The final thrill of ecstasy bounded through his veins. The feel of her! The wonderful, subtle, feminine feel of her! His brain reeled in a new and vast whirl of intoxication.

She sat there very still and unresisting, her hand to her lips, uttering no word, scarcely breathing. He waited. He gave her time. After a little while her fingers strayed to the crown of her hip, takah panama. They found the single hatpin and drew it out. He smiled as he pushed the hat away and then pressed her dark blue eyes were swimming.

"Just this once, just this once," she murmured with a sob in her voice,

ask me to tell you, for I cannot. I—I am so happy in knowing that you love me, and that you still love me after I have told you how mean and shameless I was in deceiving—"

He drew her close and kissed her full on the trembling lips. She gasped and closed her eyes, lying like one in a swoon. Soft, moaning sounds came from her lips. He could not help feeling a vast pity for her, she was so gentle, so miserably hurt by something he could not understand, and knew to be monumental in its power to oppress.

"Listen, dearest," he said, after a long silence; "I understand this much, at least: you can't talk about it now. Whatever it is, it hurts, and God knows I don't want to make it worse for you in this hour when I am so selfishly happy. Time will show us the way. It can't be insurmountable. Love always triumphs. I only ask you to repeat those three little words, and I will be content. Say them."

"I love you," she murmured.

"There! You are mine! Three little words bind you to me forever. I will wait until the barrier is down. Then I will take you."

"The barrier grows stronger every day," she said, staring out beyond the treetops at the seething clouds. "It never can be removed."

"Some day you will tell me—everything?"

She hesitated long. "Yes, before God, Brandon, I will tell you. Not now, but—some day. Then you will see why—why I cannot—" She could not complete the sentence.

"I don't believe there is anything you can tell me that will alter my feelings toward you," he said firmly. "The barrier may be insurmountable, but my love is everlasting."

"I can only thank you, dear, and—love you with all my wretched heart."

"You are not pledged to some one else?"

"No."

"That's all I want to know," he said, with a deep breath. "I thought it might be—Leslie."

"No, no!" she cried out, and he caught a note of horror in her voice.

"Does he know this—this thing you can't tell me?" he demanded, a harsh note of jealousy in his voice.

She looked at him, hurt by his tone. "Sara knows," she said. "There is no one else. But you are not to question her. I demand it of you."

"I will wait for you to tell me," he said gently.

CHAPTER XII.

Sara Wrاندall Finds the Truth.

Sara had kept the three Wrاندalls over for luncheon.

"My dear," said Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall, as she stood before Hetty's portrait at the end of the long living-room, "I must say that Brandon has succeeded in catching that lovely little something that makes her so—what shall I say?—so mysterious? Is that what I want? The word is as elusive as the expression."

"Subtle is the word you want, mother," said Vivian, standing beside Leslie, tall, slim and aristocratic, her hands behind her back, her manner one of absolute indifference. Vivian was more than handsome; she was striking.

"There isn't anything subtle about Hetty," said Sara, with a laugh. "She's quite ingenuous."

Leslie was pulling at his mustache, and frowning slightly. The sunburn on his nose and forehead had begun to peel off in chappy little flakes.

"Ripping likeness, though," was his comment.

"Oh, perfect," said his mother. "Really wonderful. It will make Brandon famous."

"She's so healthy-looking," said Vivian.

"-Engilab," remarked Leslie, as if that covered everything.

"Nonsense," cried the elder Mrs. Wrاندall, lifting her lorgnette again. "Pure, honest, unmix'd blood, that's what it is. There is birth in that girl's face."

"You're always talking about birth, mother," said her son sourly, as he turned away.

"It's a good thing to have," said his mother with conviction.

"It's an easy thing to get in America," said he, pulling out his cigarette case.

It was then that Sara prevailed upon them to stop for luncheon. "Hetty always takes these long walks in the morning, and she will be disappointed if she finds you haven't waited—"

"Oh, as for that—" began Leslie and stopped, but he could not have been more lucid if he had uttered the sentence in full.

"Why didn't you pick her up and bring her home with you?" asked Sara, as they moved off in the direction of the porch.

"She seemed to be taking Brandy out for his morning exercise," said he surlily. "Far be it from me to—Umph!"

Sara repressed the start of surprise. She thought Hetty was alone.

"She will bring him in for luncheon, I suppose," she said carelessly, although there was a slight contraction of the eyelids. "He is a privileged character."

It was long past the luncheon hour when Hetty came in, flushed and warm. She was alone, and she had been walking rapidly.

"Oh, I'm sorry to be so late," she apologized, darting a look of anxiety at Sara. "We grew careless with time. Am I shockingly late?"

She was shaking hands with Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall as she spoke, Leslie and Vivian stood by, rigidly awaiting their turn. Neither appeared to be especially cordial.

"What is the passing of an hour, my dear," said the old lady, "to one who is young and can spare it?"

"I did not expect you—I mean to say, nothing was said about luncheon, was there, Sara?" She was in a pretty state of confusion.

"No," said Leslie, breaking in; "we butted in, that's all. How are you?" He clasped her hand and bent over it. She was regarding him with slightly dilated eyes. He misinterpreted the steady scrutiny. "Oh, it will all peel off in a day or two," he explained, going a shade redder.

"When did you return?" she asked.

"I thought tomorrow was—"

"Leslie never has any tomorrows, Miss Castleton," explained Vivian. "He always does tomorrow's work today. That's why he never has any troubles ahead of him."

"What rot!" exclaimed Leslie.

"Where is Mr. Booth?" inquired Sara. "Wouldn't he come in, Hetty?"

"I—I didn't think to ask him to stop for luncheon," she replied, and then hurried off to her room to make herself presentable.

Hetty was in a state of nervous excitement during the luncheon. The encounter with Booth had not resulted at all as she had fancied it would. She had betrayed herself in a most disconcerting manner, and now was more deeply involved than ever before. She had been determined at the outset, she had failed, and now she had a claim—an incontestable claim against her. She found it difficult to meet Sara's steady, questioning gaze. She wanted to be alone.

After luncheon, Leslie drew Sara aside.

"I must say she doesn't seem especially overjoyed to see me," he growled. "She's as cool as ice."

"What do you expect, Leslie?" she demanded with some asperity.

"I can't stand this much longer, Sara," he said. "Don't you see how things are going? She's losing her heart to Booth."

"I don't see how we can prevent it."

"By gad, I'll have another try at it—tonight. I say, has she said—anything?"

"She pities you," she said, a malicious joy in her soul. "That's akin to something else, you know."

"Confound it all, I don't want to be pitied!"

"Then I'd advise you to defer your 'try' at it," she remarked.

"I'm mad about her, Sara. I can't sleep, I can't think, I can't eat, but it doesn't taste right to me. I've just got to have it settled. Why, people are beginning to notice the change in me. They say all sorts of things. About my liver, and all that sort of thing. I'm going to settle it tonight. It's been nearly three weeks now. She's surely had time to think it over; how much better everything will be for her, and all that. She's no fool, Sara. And do you know what Vivian's doing this very instant over there in the corner? She's inviting her to spend a fortnight over at our place. If she comes—well, that means the engagement will be announced at once."

Sara did not marvel at his assurance in the face of what had gone before. She knew him too well. In spite of the original rebuff, he was thoroughly satisfied in his own mind that Hetty Castleton would not be such a fool as to refuse him the second time.

"It is barely possible, Leslie," she said, "that she may consider Brandon Booth quite as good a catch as you, and infinitely better looking at the present moment."

"It's this beastly sunburn," he lamented, rubbing his nose gently, thinking first of his person. An instant later he was thinking of the other half of the declaration. "That's just what I've been afraid of," he said. "I told you what would happen if that portrait nonsense went on forever. It's your fault, Sara."

"But I have reason to believe she will not accept him, if it goes so far as that. You are quite safe in that direction."

"Gad, I'd hate to risk it," he muttered. "I have a feeling she's in love with him."

Vivian approached. "Sara, you must let me have Miss Castleton for the first two weeks in July," she said serenely.

"I can't do it, Vivian," said the other promptly. "I can't bear the thought of being alone in this big old barn of a place. Nice of you to want her, but—"

"Oh, don't be selfish, Sara," cried Vivian.

"You don't know how much I depend on her," said Sara.

"I'd ask you over, too, dear, if there weren't so many others coming. I don't know where we're going to put them. You understand, don't you?"

"Perfectly," said her sister-in-law. "But I've been counting on—Hetty."

"Good Reason.

William J. Burns, at a banquet in New York, told a number of detective stories. "And then there was Lecoq," said Mr. Burns. "Lecoq, late one night, was pursuing his homeward way when, from a dark, mysterious-looking house set in a weed-grown

"I say, Sara," broke in Leslie, "you could go up to Bar Harbor with the Williamsons at that time. Tell her about the invitation, Vivie."

"It isn't necessary," said Sara coldly. "I scarcely know the Williamsons." She hesitated an instant and then went on with sardonic dismay: "They're in trade, you know."

"That's nothing against 'em," protested he. "Awfully jolly people—really ripping. Ain't they, Viv?"

"I don't know them well enough to say," said Vivian, turning away. "I only know we're all snobs of the worst sort."

"Just a minute, Viv," he called out. "What does Miss Castleton say about coming?" It was an eager question. Much depended on the reply.

"I haven't asked her," said his sister succinctly. "How could I, without first consulting Sara?"

"Then you don't intend to ask her?" "Certainly not."

After the Wrاندalls had departed, Sara took Hetty off to her room. The girl knew what was coming.

"Hetty," said the older woman, facing her after she had closed the door of her boudoir, "what is going on between you and Brandon Booth? I must have the truth. Are you doing anything foolish?"

"Foolish? Heaven help me, no! It—it is a tragedy," cried Hetty, meeting her gaze with one of utter despair. "What has happened? Tell me!"

"What am I to do, Sara darling? He—he has told me that he—he—"

"Loves you?"

"Yes."

"And you have told him that his love is returned?"

"I couldn't help it. I was carried away. I did not mean to let him see that I—"

"You are such a novice in the business of love," said Sara sneeringly. "You are in the habit of being carried away, I fear."

"Oh, Sara!"

"You must put a stop to all this at once. How can you think of marrying him, Hetty Glynn? Send him—"

"I do not intend to marry him," said the girl, suddenly calm and dignified. "I am to draw but one conclusion, I suppose," said the other, regarding the girl intently.

"What do you mean?"

"Is it necessary to ask that question?"

The puzzled expression remained in the girl's eyes for a time, and then slowly gave way to one of absolute horror.

"How dare you suggest such a thing?" she cried, turning pale, then crimson. "How dare you?"

Sara laughed shortly. "Isn't the inference a natural one? You are forgetting yourself."

"I understand," said the girl, through pallid lips. Her eyes were dark with pain and misery. "You think I am altogether bad." She drooped perceptibly.

"You went to Burton's Inn," sententiously.

"But, Sara, you must believe me. I did not know he was—married. For God's sake, do me the justice to—"

"But you went there with him," insisted the other, her eyes hard as steel. "It doesn't matter whether he was married—or free. You went."

Hetty threw herself upon her companion's breast and wound her strong arms about her.

"Sara, Sara, you must let me explain—you must let me tell you everything. Don't stop me! You have refused to hear my plea—"

"And I still refuse," cried Sara, throwing her off angrily. "Good God, do you think I will listen to you? If you utter another word, I will—strangle you!"

Hetty shrank back, terrified. Slowly she moved backward in the direction of the door, never taking her eyes from the impassioned face of her protector.

"Don't, Sara, please don't!" she begged.

garden, he heard loud shouts and roars of: 'Murder! Oh, heavens! Help! You're killing me! Murder!' It was the work of an instant for Lecoq to vault the crumbling fence, tear through the weedy garden, and thunder at the door of the mysterious house.

"A young girl appeared."

"What's wanted?" she asked politely.

"I heard dreadful cries and yells, panted Lecoq. 'Tell me what is wrong!'"

"The young girl blushed and answered with an embarrassed air: 'Well, sir, if you must know, ma's putting a patch on pa's trousers and he's got 'em on.'"

Go Deeper for Plumbago.

In the plumbago district of Ceylon the supply near the surface has been practically exhausted, and the mine-owners in going deeper are confronted with the water problem, which they now recognize means the installation of modern machinery, including powerful pumps. The picturesque will become a matter of memory, for buckets and hand pumps operated by coolie labor will be discarded. Plumbago is the most important mineral export from Ceylon, and more than half of the total output comes to the United States.

Each a Law Unto Himself.

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"She Doesn't Seem Especially Overjoyed to See Me."



"Some Day You Will Tell Me—Everything?"