



The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon



For the Toilet

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

To keep the hands white, the head free from dandruff and the complexion clear, it

Beautifies

(All Druggists.)

Contains 30% Pure Sulphur.

Wm's Hair & Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 10c

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 assist 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 peril on account of the tragedy. Wrاندall and Hetty return to New York. Wrاندall, brother of Challis, becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Hetty an infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrاندalls and repatriation for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis. Wrاندall, 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. Much to his chagrin Leslie is refused by Hetty. Booth and Hetty confess their love for each other, but the latter declares that she can never marry as there is an insurmountable barrier in the way. Hetty admits to Sara that she loves Booth. Sara declares that Hetty must marry Leslie, who must be made to pay his brother's debt to the girl. Hetty again attempts to tell the real story of the tragedy and Sara threatens to strangle her if she says a word.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"Not now. Not since I have found you out. The thing I have feared all along has come to pass. I am relieved, now that you show me just where I truly stand. But, I asked: what of you?"

"The world is more likely to applaud than to curse me, Hetty. It likes a new sensation. My change of heart will appear quite natural."

"Are you sure that the world will applaud your real design? You hate the Wrاندalls. Will they be charitable toward you when the truth is given out? Will Leslie applaud you? Listen, please: I am trying to save you from yourself, Sara. You will fall in everything you have hoped for. You will be more accused than I. The world will pity me, it may even forgive me. It will listen to my story, which is more than you will do, and it will believe me. Ah, I am not afraid now. At first I was in terror. I had no hope to escape. All that is past. Today I am ready to take my chances with the big, generous world. Men will try me, and men are not made of stone and steel. They punish but they do not avenge when they sit in jury boxes. They are not women! Good God, Sara, is there a man living today who could have planned this thing you have cherished all these months? Not one! And all men will curse you for it, even though they send me to prison or to the chair. But they will not condemn me. They will hear my story and they will set me free. And then, what of you?"

Sara stood perfectly rigid, regarding this earnest reasoner with growing wonder.

"My dear," she said, "you would better be thinking of yourself, not of me."

"Why, when I tell my story, the world will hate you, Sara Wrاندall. You have helped me, you have been good to me, no matter what sinister motive you may have had in doing so. It is my turn to help you."

"To help me!" cried Sara, astonished in spite of herself.

"Yes. To save you from execration—and even worse."

"There is no moral wrong in marriage with Leslie Wrاندall," said Sara, returning to her own project.

"No moral wrong!" cried Hetty, aghast. "No, I suppose not," she went on, at a moment later. "It is something much deeper, much blacker than moral wrong. There is no word for it. And if I marry him, what then? Wherein lies your triumph? You can't mean that—God in heaven! You would not go to them with the truth when it was too late for him—to cast me off!"

"I am no such fool as that. The secret would be forever safe in that event. My triumph, as you call it, will not be disclosure."

"How you must hate me, to be willing to do such an infamous thing to me!"

"I do not hate you, Hetty."

"In heaven's name, what do you call it?"

"Justification. Listen to me now. I am saying this for your good sense to seize and appreciate. Would it be right in me to allow you to marry any other man, knowing all that I know? There is but one man you can in justice marry: the one who can repair the wreck that his own blood created. Not Brandon Booth, nor any man save Leslie Wrاندall. He is the man who must pay."

"I do not intend to marry," said Hetty.

"But Leslie will marry some one, and I intend that I shall be you. He shall marry the ex-chorus girl, the artist's model, the—prostitute! Wait! Don't fly at me like that! Don't assume that look of virtuous horror! Let me say what I have to say. This much of your story shall they know, and no more. They will be proud of you!"

Hetty's eyes were blazing. "You use that name—you call me that—and yet you have kissed me, caressed me—loved me!" she cried hoarse with passion.

"He will ask you tonight for the second time. You will accept him. That is all."

"You must take back what you have just said to me—of me—Sara Wrاندall. You must unsay it! You must beg my pardon for that!"

"I draw no line between mistress and prostitute."

"Enough!"

"You wrong me vilely! You must let me—"

"I have an excellent memory, and it serves me well."

Hetty suddenly threw herself upon the couch and buried her face in her arms. Great sobs shook her slender frame.

Sara stood over her and watched for a long time with pitiless eyes. Then a queer, uneasy, wondering light began to develop in those dark, ominous eyes. She leaned forward the better to listen to the choked, inarticulate words that were pouring from the girl's lips. At last, moved by some power she could not have accounted for, she knelt beside the quivering body, and laid her hand, almost timidly, upon the girl's shoulder.

"Hetty—Hetty, if I have wronged you in—thinking that of you—"

"—she began brokenly. Then she lifted her eyes, and the harsh light tried to etch back into them. "No, no! What am I saying? What a fool I am to give way—"

"You have wronged me—terribly, terribly!" came in smothered tones from the cushions. "I did not dream you thought that of me."

"What was I to think?"

Hetty lifted her head and cried out: "You would not let me speak! You refused to hear my story. You have been thinking this of me all along, holding it against me, damning me with it, and I have been closer to you than— My God, what manner of woman are you?"

Sara seized her hands and held them in a fierce, tense grip. Her eyes were glowing with a strange fire.

"Tell me—tell me now, on your soul, Hetty were you—were you—"

"No! No! On my soul, no!"

"Look into my eyes!"

The girl's eyes did not falter. She met the dark, penetrating gaze of the other and, though dimmed by tears, her blue eyes were steadfast and resolute. Sara seemed to be searching the very soul of her, the soul that laid itself bare, denuded of every vestige of guile.

"I—I think I believe you," came slowly from the lips of the searcher. "You are looking the truth. I can see it, Hetty, I—I don't understand myself. Is it so—so overwhelming, so tremendous. It is so incredible. Am I really believing you? Is it possible that I have been wrong in—"

"Let me tell you everything," cried the girl, suddenly throwing her arms about her.

"Not now! Wait! Give me time to think. Go away now. I want to be alone." She arose and pushed the girl toward the door. Her eyes were fixed on her in a wondering, puzzled sort of way, and she was shaking her head as if trying to discredit the new emotion that had come to displace the one created ages ago.

Slowly Hetty Castleton retreated toward the door. With her hand on the knob, she paused.

"After what has happened, Sara, you must not expect me to stay with you any longer. I cannot. You may give me up to the law, but—"

Some one was tapping gently at the door.

"Shall I see who it is?" asked the girl, after a long period of silence.

"Yes."

It was Murray. "Mr. Leslie has returned, Miss Castleton, and asks if he may see you at once. He says it is very important."

"Tell him I will be down in a few minutes, Murray."

After the door closed, she waited until the footman's steps died away on the stairs.

"I shall say no to him, Sara, and I shall say to him that you will tell him

eyes was all-conquering. She was worthy of the noblest love.

After luncheon—served with some exasperation by Patrick an hour and a half later than usual—he smoked his pipe on the porch and stared reminiscently at the shifting clouds above the tree tops.

He did not see the Wrاندall motor at his garden gate until a lusty voice brought him down from the clouds into the range of earthly sounds. Then he dashed out to the gate, bareheaded and coatless, forgetting that he had been sitting in the obscurity of trailing vines and purple blossoms the while he thought of her.

Leslie was sitting on the wide seat between his mother and sister.

"Glad to see you back, old man," said Booth, reaching in to shake hands with him. "Day early, aren't you? Good afternoon, Mrs. Wrاندall. Won't you come in?"

He looked at Vivian as he gave the invitation.

"No, thanks," she replied. "Won't you come to dinner this evening?"

He hesitated. "I'm not quite sure whether I can, Vivian. I've got a half-way sort of—"

"Oh, do, old chap," cut in Leslie, more as a command than an entreaty. "Sorry I can't be there myself, but you'll fare quite as well without me. I'm dining at Sara's. Wants my private ear about one thing and another—see what I mean?"

"We shall expect you, Brandon," said Mrs. Wrاندall, fixing him with her lorgnette.

"I'll come, thank you," said he. He felt disgustingly transparent under that inquisitive glass.

Wrاندall stepped out of the car. "I'll stop off for a chat with Brandy, mother."

"Shall I send the car back, dear?"

"Never mind. I'll walk down."

The two men turned in at the gate as the car sped away.

"Well," said Booth, "it's good to see you. Pat!" He called through a basement window. "Come up and take the gentleman's order."

"No drink for me, Brandy. I've been in the temperance state of Maine for two weeks. One week more of it and I'd have been completely pickled. I shall always remember Maine."

Booth sat down on the porch rail, hooked his toes in the supports and proceeded to fill his pipe. Then he struck a match and applied it, Leslie watching him with moody eyes.

"How do you like the portrait, old man?" he inquired between punctuated puffs.

"It's bully. Sargent never did anything finer. Rippling."

"I owe it all to you, Les."

"To me?"

"You induced her to sit to me."

"So I did," said Leslie gaily. "I was Mr. Fix's sure enough." He allowed a short interval to elapse before taking the plunge. "I suppose, old chap, if I should happen to need your valuable services as beat man in the near future, you'd not disappoint me?"

Booth eyed him quizzically. "I trust you're not throwing yourself away, Les," he said drily. "I mean to say, on some one—well, some one not quite up to the mark."

Leslie regarded him with some severity. "Of course not, old chap. What the devil put that into your head?"

"I thought that possibly you'd been making a chump of yourself up in the Maine woods."

"Piffle! Don't be an ass. What's the sense pretending you don't know who she is?"

"I suppose it's Hetty Castleton," said Booth, puffing away at his pipe. "Who else?"

"Think she'll have you, old man?" asked Booth, after a moment.

"I don't know," replied the other, a bit dashed. "You might wish me luck, though."

Booth knocked the burnt tobacco from the bowl of his pipe. A serious line appeared between his eyes. He was a fair-minded fellow, without guile, without a single treacherous instinct.

"I can't wish you luck, Les," he said slowly. "You see I'm—in love with her myself."

"The devil!" Leslie sat bolt upright and glared at him. "I might have known! And—and is she in love with you?"

"My dear fellow, you reveal considerable lack of tact in asking that question."

"What I want to know is this," exclaimed Wrاندall, very pale but very hot. "Is she going to marry you?"

Booth smiled. "I'll be perfectly frank with you. She says she won't." Leslie gulped. "So you've asked her?"

"Obviously."

"And she said she wouldn't? She refused you? Turned you down?" His little mustache shot up at the ends and a joyous, triumphant laugh broke from his lips. "Oh, this is rich! Ha, ha! Turned you down, eh? Poor old Brandy! You're my best friend, and damn it I'm sorry. I mean to say, if I have disturbed you."

"Not fair?" he said, in honest amazement. "But, my dear, I—"

"Please, Mr. Wrاندall," she exclaimed, with a pleading little smile that would have touched the heart of anyone but Leslie. "Please don't go on. It is quite as impossible now as it was before. I have not changed."

He could only say, mechanically: "You haven't?"

"No. I am sorry if you have thought that I might come to—"

"Think for heaven's sake, think what you are doing!" he cried, feeling for the edge of the table with a support-seeking hand. "I—I had Sara's word that you were not—"

"Unfortunately Sara cannot speak for me in a matter of this kind. Thank you for the honor you would—"

"Honor be hanged!" he blurted out, losing his temper. "I love you, and I'm a purely selfish thing with me, and

I'm blown if I consider it an honor to be refused by any woman. I—"

"Mr. Wrاندall!" she cried, fixing him with her flashing, indignant eyes. "You are forgetting yourself." She was standing very straight and slim and imperious before him.

He quailed. "I—I beg your pardon. I—"

"There is nothing more to be said," she went on icily. "Goodby."

"Would you mind telling me whether there is anyone else?" he asked, as he turned toward the door.

"Do you really feel that you have the right to ask that question, Mr. Wrاندall?"

He wet his lips with his tongue. "There, there is some one!" he cried, rapping the table with his knuckles. He didn't realize till afterward how vigorously he rapped. "Some confounded English nobody, I suppose."

She smiled, not unkindly. "There is no English nobody, if that answers your question."

"Then, will you be kind enough to offer a reason for not giving me a fair chance in a clear field? I think it's due—"

"Can't you see how you are distressing me? Must I again go through that horrid scene in the garden? Can't you take a plain no for an answer?"

"Good Lord!" he gasped, and in those two words he revealed the complete overturning of a lifelong estimate of himself. It seemed to take more than his breath away.

"Goodby," she said with finality.

He stared at the door through which she disappeared, his hopes, his conceit, his self-regard trailing after her with shameless disloyalty to the standards he had set for them, and then, with a rather ghastly smile of self-commiseration on his lips, he slipped out of the house, jumped into the motor car, and gave a brief but explicit command to the chauffeur, who lost no time in assisting his master to turn tail in ignominious flight.

Hetty was gloomily but resolutely employed in laying out certain of her personal belongings, preparatory to packing them for departure, when Sara entered her room.

"They regarded each other steadily, questioningly for a short space of time."

"Leslie has just called up to ask 'what the devil' I meant by letting him make a fool of himself," said Sara, with a peculiar little twisted smile on her lips.

Hetty offered no comment, but after a moment gravely and rather wistfully called attention to her present occupation by a significant flout of her hand and a saddened smile.

"I see," said Sara, without emotion. "If you choose to go, Hetty, I shall not oppose you."

"My position here is a false one, Sara. I prefer to go."

"This morning I should have held a sword over your head."

"It is very difficult for me to realize all that has happened."

"You are free to depart. You are free in every sense of the word. Your future rests with yourself, my dear."

"It hurts me more than I can tell to feel that you have been hating me all these months."

"It hurts me—now."

Hetty walked to the window and looked out.

"What are your plans?" Sara inquired, after an interval.

"I shall seek employment—and wait for you to act."

"? You mean?"

"I shall not run away, Sara. Nor do I intend to reveal myself to the authorities. I am not morally guilty of crime. A year ago I feared the consequences of my deed, but I have learned much since then. I was a stranger in a new world. In England



Leslie Sat Bolt Upright and Glared at Him.

Lee," he said. "I only hope you'll take it as nicely if she says nay to you."

An uneasy look leaped into Leslie's face. He seemed noticeably less corpulent about the chest. He wondered if Booth knew anything about his initial venture. A question rose to his lips, but he thought quickly and held it back. Instead, he glanced at his watch.

"I must be off. See you tomorrow, I hope."

"So long," said Booth, stopping at the top of the steps while his visitor skipped down to the gate with a nimbleness that suggested the formation of a sudden resolve.

Leslie did not waste time in parting inanities he strode off briskly in the direction of home, but not without a furtive glance out of the tail of his eye as he disappeared beyond the hedgerow at the end of Booth's garden. That gentleman was standing where he had left him, and was filling his pipe once more.

The day was warm, and Leslie was in a dripping perspiration when he reached home. He did not enter the house but made his way direct to the garage.

"Get out the car at once, Brown," was his order.

Three minutes later he was being driven over the lower road toward Southlook, taking good care to avoid Booth's place by the matter of a mile or more. He was in a fever of hope and eagerness. It was very plain to him why she had refused Booth. The iron was hot. He didn't intend to lose any time in striking.

And now we know why he came again to Sara's in the middle of a blazing afternoon, instead of waiting until the more seductive shades of night had fallen, when the moon sat serene in the seat of the Mighty.

He didn't have to wait long for Hetty. Up to the instant of her appearance in the door, he had reveled in the thought that the way was now paved with roses. But with her entrance, he felt his confidence and courage slipping. Perhaps that may explain the abruptness with which he proceeded to go about the business in hand.

"I couldn't wait till tonight," he explained as she came slowly across the room toward him. She was half-way to him before he awoke to the fact that he was standing perfectly still. Then he started forward, somehow impelled to meet her at least half-way. "You'll forgive me, Hetty, if I have disturbed you."

"I was not lying down, Mr. Wrاندall," she said quietly. There was nothing ominous in the words, but he experienced a sudden sensation of cold. "Won't you sit down? Or would you rather go out to the terrace?"

"It's much more comfortable here, if you don't mind. I—I suppose you know what it is I want to say to you. You—"

"Yes," she interrupted wearily; "and knowing as much, Mr. Wrاندall, it would not be fair of me to let you go on."

"Not fair?" he said, in honest amazement. "But, my dear, I—"

"Please, Mr. Wrاندall," she exclaimed, with a pleading little smile that would have touched the heart of anyone but Leslie. "Please don't go on. It is quite as impossible now as it was before. I have not changed."

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"Unfortunately Sara cannot speak for me in a matter of this kind. Thank you for the honor you would—"

"Honor be hanged!" he blurted out, losing his temper. "I love you, and I'm a purely selfish thing with me, and

we have been led to believe that you lynch women here as readily as you lynch men. I now know better than that. From you alone I learned my greatest lesson. You revealed to me the true meaning of human kindness. You shielded me who should not. Even now I believe that your first impulse was a tender one. I shall not forget it, Sara. You will live to regret the baser thought that came later on. I have loved you—yes, almost as a good god loves his master. It is not for me to tell the story of that night and all these months to the world. I would not be betraying myself, but you. You would be called upon to explain, not I. And you would be the one to suffer. When you met me on the road that night I was on my way back to the inn to give myself into custody. You have made it impossible for me to do so now. My lips are sealed. It rests with you, Sara."

Sara joined her in the broad window. There was a strangely exalted look in her face. A gilded birdcage hung suspended in the casement. Without a word, she threw open the window screen. The gay little canary in the gilded cage cocked his head and watched her with alert eyes. Then she reached up and gently removed the cage from its fastenings. Putting it down upon the window sill, she opened the tiny door. The bird hopped about his prison in a state of great excitement.

Hetty looked on, fascinated.

At last a yellow streak shot out through the open door and an instant later resolved itself into the bobbing, fluttering dicky-bird that had lived in a cage all its life without an atom of freedom. For a few seconds it circled over the tree tops and then alighted on one of the branches. One might well have imagined that he could hear its tiny heart beating with terror. Its wings were half-raised and fluttering, its head jerking from side to side in wild perturbation. Taking courage, Master Dicky hopped timorously to a nearby twig, and then ventured a flight to a tree top nearer the window casement. Perched in its topmost branches he cheeped shrilly, as if there were fear in his little breast.

In silence the two women in the window watched the agitated movements of the bird. The same thought was in the mind of each, the same question, the same intense wish.

A brown thrush sped through the air, close by the timid canary. Like a flash it dropped to the twigs lower down, its wings palpitating in violent alarm.

"Dicky!" called Sara Wrاندall, and then cheeped between her teeth.

A moment later Dicky was fluttering about the eaves; his circles grew smaller, his winging less rhythmical, till at last with a nervous little flutter he perched on the top of the window shutter, so near that they might have reached to him with their hands. He sat there with his head cocked to one side.

"Dicky!" called Sara again. This time she held out her finger. For some time he regarded it with indifference, not to say disdain. Then he took one more flight, but much shorter than the first, bringing up again at the shutter-top. A second later he hopped down and his little talons gripped Sara's finger with an earnestness that left no room for doubt.

She lowered her hand until it was even with the open door of the gilded cage. He shot inside with a whir that suggested a scramble. With his wings folded, he sat on his little trapeze and cheeped. She closed and fastened the door, and then turned to Hetty.

"My symbol," she said softly.

There were tears in Hetty's eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FATHER'S TURN TO THINK

Daughter's Somewhat Pert Observation Must Have Given Him Something of a Jolt.

"We oldesters set for the young a higher standard than we set for ourselves. Forgetting that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, the stupidest and ugliest failures of parents expect their sons and daughters to grow up miracles of beauty, intelligence and success."

The speaker was Wilton Lackaye, the occasion the Lamb's Gambol in New York. He continued:

"Sometimes, though, such parents are called sharply to themselves. The jolt is unpleasant."

"A father said to his pretty daughter one evening with a scornful, angry laugh:

"That young Jamson has the face to want to marry you! A mere book keeper!"

"But, father," said the girl, "I love Mr. Jamson. What is your objection to our marriage?"

"Why," roared the old man, "why couldn't support you decently. The 'But, father,' said the girl, 'neither can you.'"

Granted.

A sweet-faced old lady walked up Fifth avenue hanging on to the arm of her husband, who was a little bit hard of hearing. A girl brushed past them rudely, bumping into the old lady.

"She didn't even say 'Excuse me,' she said indignantly to her husband. "What, my dear?" he inquired mildly.

The old lady repeated her statement in a louder tone. Still the old gentleman did not understand.

"Excuse me," she shrieked above the rush and roar of the automobiles. "Certainly, my dear," he answered graciously. "But what did you do?"

In Order to Escape.

One day a young man entered a studio to be photographed. In posing he hunched his back, as if it were broken and twisted his face into a dreadful mask.

"Here," said the photographer, "what's the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

"Go on," he said. "Take me just as I am. You see, I'm trying to get out of an engagement with a girl, and I've written her that I've been disgraced in a motor accident, and I want to send her this photo to show how I look."

Nothing but the Truth.

"Mis' Anna," said old Aunt Milly, "dat yaller gal say she ain't never tole a lie. She say she allus tell de truf."

"Well, don't you believe her, Aunt Milly?"

"No ma'am, dat Ah don't! Ah know dere ain't dat much truf in de world!"

Everybody Praised but Father.

"Poor Tompkins never gets any credit for what he does."

"That's the fate of some men."

"His secretary gets the credit for all the speeches he makes, his wife gets the credit for his manners, and his daughters get the credit for his ability to dance the maxixe."

No Chance for an Argument.

"Waiter, there's a green hair in this soup," said the diner.

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir," replied the waiter. "It's the very latest thing, sir."

No man ever lived long enough to do all the things his wife wanted him to do.

If you would make a fool of a man pick out a dull one.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Second Encounter.

Booth trudged rapidly homeward after leaving Hetty at the lodge. He was throbbing all over with the love of her. The thrill of conquest was in his blood. She had raised a mysterious barrier; all the more zest to the inevitable victory that would be his. He would delight in overcoming obstacles—the bigger the better—for his heart was valiant and the prize no smaller than those which the ancient knights went out to battle for in the lists of love.

It was enough for the present to know that she loved him.

What if she were Hetty Glynn? What if she had been an artist's model? The look he had had into the soul of her through those pure blue

why I cannot be his wife. Do you understand? Are you listening to me?"

Sara turned away without a word or look of response.

Hetty quietly opened the door and went out.

Public Dinner a Nuisance?

New York Newspaper Says It Is, Both on Account of Poor Food and Poor Speakers.

It has long been the agreeable habit of friendly organizations, from the Sons of St. Patrick to the New England society, the Ohio, the Southern and others, to give occasional dinners at which they may refresh their spirits with the familiar dialect which is grateful in the ears long unused to it, and by reminding each other of what a good place the old home was, and is, remarks the New York Evening Sun. But the old custom has long since become a bore beyond description because of the inordinate attention required of the diners to a long array of speakers, none of whom has anything in particular to say, and at the same time because of the very indifferent quality of the dinner provided. It is no doubt true that the great majority of persons who go to these dinners do not know or care what they eat, and therefore gobble the usually very indifferent food set before them and wait, helplessly for "the speakers." Their own indifference is much to blame for the general stodge. It is encouraging, of course, to observe that the disgust with such silliness as this has finally resulted in an explosion which would do away entirely with the public dinner. The private dinner, of course, chosen carefully and served to a small and congenial company, is one of the most honorable and sacred social rites in the civilized world; men and women will always stand up to defend and maintain it. But the great machine-made dinner is a fool-

ish anomaly to begin with; nobody but the hotelkeepers, who charge enough to pay for a much more tempting dinner than they serve, feels any tenderness for it.

Pie, the National Dish.

Three years ago a pie-eating contest was held for the championship of New Jersey, relates the London Chronicle. In the United States pie is a national dish, and the variety with which the competitors had to struggle consisted of a layer of pastry a quarter of an inch thick, spread with canned fruit, the average weight being half a pound. According to the report of a local journal, "amid enthusiasm, thirty-five young men, trained to the minute, entered the contest for the championship. The state record of twenty-six pies in half an hour fell during the battle. Walter Tappin of Tilsomfield, N. J., was the winner. He managed to put himself on the outside of twenty-seven pies in the allotted time. For this he received the "championship belt." It should have been an elastic one.

Georgia Invasion.

"It's been the dream of the old man's life to see Wash-ton," said the Billville matron, "an' now he's a-goin' thar, an' I'm a-goin' with him. I won't be unknown thar," he says, 'fer I've been a member of six Georgia legislatures, an' any one of 'em could beat congress a-raisin' of the place whar Satan lives at an' a-doin' of nuttin!' But what we want to see most is the place whar they make the money, an' find out how come an' why we don't git our share of it."—Atlanta Constitution.

Keep Cool and Comfortable

Don't spend so much of your time cooking during hot weather; and your family will be healthier without the heavy cooked foods.

Give them

Post Toasties

They're light and easily digested and yet nourishing and satisfying. No bother in preparation—just pour from the package and add cream and sugar—or they're mighty good with fresh berries or fruit.

"The Memory Lingers"