

The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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Temperance

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

A WONDERFUL CLUB.

Yes, I have heard that the saloon is the poor man's club. It is a club with peculiar advantages. It saves the poor man from paying taxes by keeping him everlastingly broke. It shields him from the responsibility of owning his home. It gives him that peace of mind known to the fellow who don't know where he is going to live next Monday. It enables 50 per cent of the poor men who are killed in factories to be killed. It is a wonderful club. It prepares the poor man's body for typhoid and pneumonia so completely that he is sure to die and thus he is kept from gambling on his chances. It is a merciful club, for it takes a man to the card table where he can be robbed without being knocked down. It cushions a poor man's check on Saturday night, and this is not all, for it relieves the poor man's thirst, and if he has no thirst this great-hearted club gives him one. It gives him free lunch, and after that he will have thirst enough for everybody in town. All the advantages of this club are not for the man. They go to the poor man's family too. There is little Johnnie who wanted to go through school and become an engineer. There is the little girl who wanted to become a music teacher. But the club knocks all that nonsense out of their heads. It sends Johnnie to the coal breakers and poor little Mary out into the world where men prey on their kind, and she falls by the wayside. Oh, it is a great club.—Ex-Congressman Fred Landis of Indiana.

INTERFERING WITH LIBERTY.

"I do hereby order all places within said district where intoxicating liquors are sold or kept for sale, to be closed; and I do hereby order all persons to be excluded from such places, and I do hereby prohibit the purchase or receiving, or the selling, giving away or otherwise disposing of, or permitting of others to obtain possession of any intoxicating liquors of any kind or in any quantity, in the district so above described."

Thus did Governor Ammons of Colorado, in a proclamation issued June 5, curtail the personal liberty of the people living and doing business in the northern Colorado strike district—some 520 square miles. The ruling applies not only to every coal camp, but also to the railroad lines running through the district. Not only is the liberty to sell taken away, but also the liberty to give away or to obtain possession of in any way any alcoholic liquor of any kind in any quantity.

LIQUID POISON.

Beer, sometimes referred to as "liquid bread," is rather, according to the verdict of physicians and scientists liquid poison. Dr. Hugo Hoppe, the famous nerve specialist of Konigsberg, Germany, says: "Because the symptoms of chronic alcoholism appear more slowly and are less readily observable in the heavy beer drinker than in the whisky drinker, the former is more frequently met than the latter. But thousands and tens of thousands of men who take their daily pint are rendered stupid, silly and disolute by beer. Beer alcoholism in general lowers the resistance of the body to all diseases by injuring most of the organs, and herein lies the chief danger in the general widespread use of beer. The death from liver diseases among brewers in England is more than double that in all other occupations."

SELLING, NOT DRINKING.

In Washington, D. C., while the National Liquor Dealers' Association was holding its meeting, a reporter said to a bartender of that city, "I suppose you are not complaining of business with the Liquor Dealers' convention in town." "Say, Bo," responded the bartender with a stare of amazement, "I guess you don't know what convention this is. Them fellows don't drink it, they sell it."

CONSUMES MOST LIQUOR.

Wisconsin, largely a foreign-born state, has the largest consumption of liquor of any state in the Union, namely, 64.51 gallons per capita. Next to it is New York with 45.31 gallons per capita, then New Jersey, with 39.87 and Illinois with 39.13. The 15 local option states have only an average of 4.37 gallons per capita and the prohibition states only 1.35 gallons per capita.

MODERN TOWNS.

It is an uncommon thing in Kansas to find a town of 1,000 inhabitants without electric lights and waterworks and its business streets unpaved. The money that years ago went the human canal route now goes into happy homes, public schools and civic improvements.—Gov. Hodges.

A PROPERTY RIGHT.

A man's sobriety is a property right. The saloon is responsible if it destroys that right. Even though the man himself is to blame, as he certainly is, the saloon is responsible.—The Advance (Cong'l), Chicago.

In the Ranks of Unreasonables.

"Wasn't there something about a promise to love, honor, and obey me in that marriage ceremony?" asked Mr. Meekton. "My goodness, Leonidas! You are like some of those politicians who never quit talking about a party platform."—Washington Star.

Daily Thought.

As my life today has been determined by the way I lived yesterday, so my tomorrow is being determined by the way I live today.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"I did not see the register at the time. I did not know till afterwards that we were not booked. Once upon a time, I refused to remove my hat or my coat until he brought me my friend to me. He pretended to be very angry over his friend's failure to be there beforehand, as he had promised. He ordered a supper served in the room. I did not eat anything. Somehow I was beginning to understand, vaguely of course, but surely—and bitterly, Mr. Wrاندall, suddenly he threw off the mask.

"He coolly informed me that he knew the kind of a girl I was. I had been on the stage. He said it was no use trying to work the marriage game on him. He was too old a bird and too wise to fall for that. Those were the words. I was horrified, stunned, when I began to cry out in my fury, he laughed at me but swore he would marry me even at that if it were not for the fact that he was already married. I tried to leave the room.

"He held me. He kissed me a hundred times before I could break away. I tried to scream. A little later on, when I was absolutely desperate, I—I snatched up the knife. There was nothing else left for me to do. I struck at him. He fell back on the bed. I stole out of the room—some hours and hours afterward seemed to me. I cannot tell you how long I stood there watching him. I was crazed by fear. I—I—Redmond Wrاندall held up his hand.

"We will spare you the rest, Miss Castleton," he said, his voice hoarse and unnatural. "There is no need to cry more."

"You—you understand? You do believe me?" she cried.

"He looked down at his wife's bowed head, and received no sign from her; as at the white, drawn faces of his children. They met his gaze and he said something in their eyes.

"I—I think your story is so convincing that we—we could not endure the same of having it repeated to the world."

"I—I cannot ask you to forgive me, but I only ask you to believe me," he murmured brokenly. "I—I am sorry it had to be. God is my witness that there was no other way."

"Mr. Carroll came to his feet. There were tears in his eyes.

"I think, Mr. Wrاندall, you will now appreciate my motives."

"Pardon me, Mr. Carroll, if I suggest that Miss Castleton does not need any defense at present," said Wrاندall stiffly. "Your motives are doubtless good. Will you be so good as to conduct us to a room where we may be alone for a short time?"

"We have found against my son," Miss Castleton, he said, his lips twitching. "He is not here to speak for himself, but he has already been judged. We, his family, apologize to you for what you have suffered from the conduct of one of us. Not one but all of us believe the story you have told. It must never be retold. We are in our hearts to thank Sara for shielding you, for her hand is still raised against us. We are fair and just. If you had come to us on that wretched night and told the story of my son's infamy, we, the Wrاندalls, would have stood between you and the law. The law could not have touched you then; it shall not touch you now. Our verdict, if you choose to call it that, is sealed. No man shall ever hear from the lips of a Wrاندall the smallest part of what has transpired here tonight. Mr. Carroll, you were right. We thank you for the counsel that led this unhappy girl to place herself in our hands."

"Oh, God, I thank thee—I thank thee!" burst from the lips of Sara Wrاندall. She strained Hetty to her breast.

"It is not for us to judge you, Sara," said Redmond Wrاندall, speaking with difficulty. "You are your own judge, and a harsh one you will find yourself. As for ourselves, we can only look upon your unrepeatable design as the working of a temporarily deranged mind. You could never have carried it out. You are an honest woman. At the last you would have revolted, even with victory assured. Perhaps Leslie is the only one who has a real grievance against you in this matter. I am convinced that he loved Miss Castleton deeply. The worst hurt is his, and he has been your most devoted advocate during all the years of bitterness that has existed between you and us. You thought to play him a foul trick. You could not have carried it to the end. We leave you to pass judgment on yourself."

"I have already done so, Mr. Wrاندall," said Sara. "Have I not accused myself before you? Have I not confessed to the only crime that has been committed? I am not proud of myself, sir."

"You have hated us well," "And you have hated me. The crime you hold me guilty of was committed years ago. It was when I robbed you of your son. To this day I am the leper in your path. I may be forgiven for all else, but not for allowing Challis Wrاندall to become the husband of Sebastian Gooch's daughter. That is the unpardonable sin."

Mr. Wrاندall was silent for a moment.

"You still are Sebastian Gooch's daughter," he said distinctly. "You can never be anything else."

"She paled. "This last transaction proves it, you would say?" "This last transaction, yes."

She looked about her with troubled, questioning eyes.

"I—I wonder if that can be true," she murmured, rather pitiously. "Am I so different from the rest of you? Is the blood to blame?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Carroll nervously. "Don't be silly, Sara, my child. That is not what Mr. Wrاندall means."

Wrاندall turned his face away.

"Who was it?" he asked, in some awe, of a veteran stenographer who came up and sneered at him.

"Mrs. Challis Wrاندall, you little simpton," said she, and for once he failed to snap back.

It is of record that for nearly two whole days, he was polite to every visitor who approached him and was generally worth his salt.

Sara found herself in the close little room that once had been her husband's, but was now scrupulously held in reserve for her own use. Rather a waste of space, she felt as she looked

monkey in a crude wooden cage strapped to her back. On closer observation one would have recognized Sara's peculiarly gipsy-like features in the face of the girl, and then one would have noticed the caption written in red ink at the bottom of the photograph: "The Trumbull's Fancy Dress Ball, January 19, '07. Sara as Gipsy Mab."

With a start, Sara came out of her painful reverie. She passed her hand over her eyes, and seemed thereby to put the polite senior clerk back into the picture once more.

"No, thank you. Is Mr. Redmond Wrاندall down this afternoon?" "He came in not ten minutes ago. Mr. Leslie Wrاندall is also here. Shall I tell Mr. Wrاندall you wish to see him?"

"You may tell him that I am here, if you please," she said. "I am very sorry about the ink wells, madam," murmured the clerk. "We were not expecting—"

"Pray don't let it disturb you, Mr. Bancroft. I shall not use them today."

"They will be properly filled by tomorrow."

"Thank you."

He disappeared. She relaxed in the familiar, comfortable old leather-cushioned chair, and closed her eyes. There was a sharp little line between them, but it was hidden by the veil.

The door opened slowly and Redmond Wrاندall came into the room. She rose at once.

He hesitated a moment, opened his lips as if to speak, and then abruptly left the room.

Sara smiled.

Many minutes passed before the two Wrاندalls put in an appearance. She understood the delay. They were telephoning to certain legal advisers.

"What's this I hear, Sara?" demanded Leslie, extending his hand after a second's hesitation.

She shook hands with him, not listlessly but with the vigor born of nervousness.

"I don't know what you've heard," she said pointedly.

His slim fingers went searching for the end of his moustache.

"Why—why, about selling out to us," he stammered.

"I am willing to retire from the firm of Wrاندall & Co.," she said.

"Father says the business is as good as it was a year ago, but I don't agree with him," said the son, trying to look lugubrious.

"Then you don't care to repeat your original proposition?"

"Well, the way business has been falling off—"

"Perhaps you would prefer to sell out to me," she remarked quietly.

She caught her breath. There was an instant's hesitation on her part before she replied.

"You have never been very smart at making love guesses, Leslie," she said. "It's a trick you haven't acquired."

He laughed uncomfortably. "Neat stroke, that."

Following her into the corridor outside the office, he pushed the elevator bell for her.

"I meant what I said, Sara," he remarked, somewhat doggedly. "You ought to get married. Chal didn't leave much for you to cherish. There's no reason why you should go on like this, living alone and all that sort of thing. You're young and beautiful and—"

"Oh, thank you, Leslie," she cried out sharply.

"You see, it's going to be this way: Hetty will probably marry Booth. That's on dit. I take it. You're depending on her for companionship. Well, she'll quit you cold after she's married. She will—"

She interrupted him peremptorily.

"If Challis did nothing else for me, Leslie, he at least gave me you to cherish. Once more, good-bye."

The elevator stopped for her. He strolled back to his office with a puzzled frown on his face. She certainly was inexplicable!

The angry red faded from her cheeks as she sped homeward in the automobile. Her thoughts were no longer of Leslie but of another.

She sighed and closed her eyes, and her cheeks were pale.

Workmen from a picture dealer's establishment were engaged in hanging a full length portrait in the long living-room of her apartment when she reached home. She had sent to the country for Booth's picture of Hetty, and was having it hung in a conspicuous place.



"What's This?" He Demanded, Sharply.

about the office. The clerk dusted an easy chair and threw open the long unused desk near the window.

"We are very glad to see you here, madam," he said. "This room hasn't been used much, as you may observe. Is there anything I can do for you?"

She continued her critical survey of the room. Nothing had been changed since the days when she used to visit her husband here on occasions of rare social importance: such as calling to take him out to luncheon, or to see that he got safely home on rainy afternoons. The big picture of a steamship still hung on the wall across the room.

Her own photograph, in a silver frame stood in one of the recesses of the desk. She observed that there was a clean white blotter there, too; but the ink wells appeared to be empty, if she was to judge by the look of chagrin on the clerk's face as he inspected them. Photographs of polo scenes in which Wrاندall was a prominent figure, hung about the walls, with two or three pictures of his favorite ponies, and one of a ragged gipsy girl with wonderful eyes, carrying a

DIDN'T READ ALL THE SIGNS

Amateur Sleuth Should Have Noticed That His Victim Was a Man of Quick Temper.

The one was a young man with the light of ambition to be a detective shining in his eyes; the other a middle-aged man, who was reading a newspaper.

"Great man, wasn't he?" queried the young man at last.

"Who?" asked the other as he looked up.

"Sherlock Holmes."

OYSTER NOT GOOD FOR ALL

Many Stomachs to Which It is Not a Welcome Visitor, According to Physician.

It is popularly supposed that the oyster digests himself in the human stomach owing to the great size of the liver, which is crushed as mastication begins and is thought to digest the mollusk itself. As the oyster, moreover, contains some ten per cent of extremely assimilable protein, together with phosphorized fats and glycogen, it has always been freely administered to convalescents, while dyspeptic men vivants have never hesitated to eat it abundantly.

Doctor Pron expresses the opinion that the oyster may be allowed, therefore, to those dyspeptics whose gastric functions are deficient, in anorexia, gastric atony, ulcer and incipient cancer, and to convalescents from acute disease, as it is likely to improve the appetite and to excite the stomach to increased motor and chemical activity.

But to the large number of dyspeptics whose stomachs are hyperacid or hypersensitive Doctor Pron would forbid the oyster as well as all other stimulating foods. In many of these dyspeptics the gastric secretion is already sufficient, and it is unnecessary and unwise to increase it.

Island Paradise of Birds.

On one little island in Gatun lake, formerly known as Lion Hill, before the impounded waters of the Chagres river isolated it from the rest of the Canal Zone, are more species of birds than in any one locality in the western hemisphere. E. A. Goldman, of the biological survey, department of agriculture, in two short collecting trips to Panama has procured about 300 different species, and it is estimated that a larger variety is to be found within the limits of the Canal Zone than in any one state in the United States—about 900.

In the neighborhood of Gatun, at the Atlantic entrance of the Canal Zone, no less than 250 species have been found.

Good Ones.

"Do you want me to misrepresent the goods and say they are fine when they are not?" asked the new salesman.



There Was Nothing Else Left for Me to Do.

"Leslie," she said, with singular calmness. "Then she arose and drew down to its full height. "Please don't think that it is I who am to be judged. I have been judged."

"I am not asking for mercy," she impulsively threw her arms about the right figure, and swept a look from one to the other of the four stony-faced Wrاندalls.

She turned away without a word, her head bowed, and slowly moved in the direction of the boudoir, where she remained behind closed shutters as statues. It was Vivian who opened the library door. She looked at the others had passed through, and did not look behind.

An hour passed. Then the door opened and the tall old man advanced into the room.



"Because I Love You So Dear," Said Sara.

gave the lie to Mrs. Coburn's declarations.

"I've been thinking all morning of what you and Brandon proposed to me last night," said Sara, looking straight over the girl's head, the dark, languorous, mysterious glow filling her eyes. "It is good of you both to want me, but—"

"Now don't say 'but,' Sara," cried Hetty. "We mean it, and you must let us have our way."

"It would be splendid to be near you all the time, dear; it would be wonderful to live with you as you so generously propose, but I cannot do it. I must decline."

"And may I ask why you decline to live with me?" demanded Hetty resentfully.

"Because I love you so dearly," said Sara.

THE END