

THE HOUSE OF MOHUN

By GEORGE GIBBS

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Are Flappers as Bad as They're Painted? Jazz-Hops All Limbs of Satan?

SYNOPSIS

CHERRY MOHUN, daughter of a wealthy family, is a typical girl of the period—naïve, but also an ambitious girl, not spoiled by wealth and adulation. Dr. George Lyett, who is justly awarded the honors of a "Jazz-Hop," meets her through a chance acquaintance. He is a man of letters, a student of the past, and a student of the future. He is a man of letters, a student of the past, and a student of the future.

CHERRY was disgruntled. Apparently there was nothing for it but a ride or a spin in the runabout, and both of these alternatives paled beside the gorgeous flight that she had missed. But she had almost decided on the horseback ride when her mother spoke.

"I had a note from George Lyett, darling," said the mother with this after-noon.

"Really," said Cherry listlessly. "And he's bringing his friend, Dr. David Sangree."

"Good Lord! That settles it. I'm off," said the girl, rising. "But my dear—," began Mrs. Mohun, calmly.

"That freak! Oh, Muzzy!" "What do you mean? Have you met this Dr. Sangree?"

"She's nothing but a Golf Club girl. I asked him, I don't know why—unless I thought he wouldn't come."

"But he is coming, my dear. And he's one of the Sangrees. I looked him up in the 'Social Register.' Quite all right. Very fine old family and some money. Distinguished, too. Harvard Foundation Fellowship—one of the best-known—ethnologist."

"Ethnologist," said Cherry, as she remembered. "He looks the part. Muzzy dear—thin, with glasses. And then, as an after thought—'He annoys me.'"

"In what way?" "Oh, I don't know," said Cherry with a frown. "He squinted out of his glasses sideways as though I were a specimen and he talked like a book. I hate starchy people. They make me nervous. I always feel like saying something indecent."

"I've no doubt you did, my dear." "Cherry laid out a cigarette, and shrugged the topic out of existence as her mother went on:

"But a Sangree! I do wish you'd stay. It does help me out such a lot. Besides, Cherry, you know Mr. Lyett is in some of your father's companies and I think he'd want you to be polite."

"Oh, yes, of course," the girl, who had paused on her way to the door, now turned toward her mother.

"By the way, Muzzy," she asked, "what's the matter with Dad lately?" "I'm sure I don't know. What do you mean, Cherry?"

"Do you mean that you haven't noticed?" "Noticed what?"

"How worried he looks." "The abstraction of business, my dear. He has looked that way for twenty-five years. It costs some worry to be wealthy in New York."

"Yes, understand," said Cherry quietly, "but I can't remember ever seeing him so gray and tired looking. I don't think any of us consider Dad enough, Muzzy."



"You needn't waste your sympathy on your father. Business is a part of him. It's his lifeblood!"

Particular instances of recklessness in members of the younger set had been indicated to him, and though he had never been inclined to listen to gossip, the evidence was too definite to be lightly regarded. The habits of Miss Cherry Mohun, who had seemed to him a very splendid sort of a creature, were not beyond criticism, for Mrs. Lyett, who did not share the blithe optimism of her husband, made the definite statement that she smoked, drank, gambled, kept late hours, refused to submit to the conventions and was, in short, as careless of public opinion as a chipping sparrow.

And, without seeking it, David Sangree had stumbled upon evidence that at least a part of Mrs. Lyett's charges were true, for one night, returning to the Lyetts' from a motor trip to Port Jefferson, where he had consulted rather late with a fellow scientist, he had come upon a car in trouble upon the road. There was a broken fender and a damaged fender together with internal injuries to the machine too serious for immediate diagnosis. Sangree had succeeded in towing the damaged car and its occupants to a garage a few miles away, where the doctor, a man and a girl, desiring his further assistance, obtained another car and followed him toward town at two in the morning.

The girl of the joy ride was Cherry Mohun, the man, one of the party Sangree had seen at the Golf Club; but as the darkness had made excusable her refusal to recognize him he made no attempt to remind her of their acquaintance. That her companion was very slightly drunk might have escaped his notice had not the causes of the

accident provoked a justifiable curiosity. Of this chance meeting Sangree had said nothing to George Lyett, nor to any one else, but he had a feeling that by his silence Miss Cherry Mohun was being laid under a very definite obligation.

A stronger motive impelling his wish to meet the other members of the Mohun family was the knowledge, lately confided, that a considerable part of his private fortune, administered in his absence by George Lyett, had been invested in some of Jim Mohun's companies.

George Lyett, to whom had been entrusted the management of Sangree's business affairs during his absence in the East, was a firm believer in the star of James K. Mohun, and had invested most, if not all, of David Sangree's fortune with a great deal of his own, in the Mohun enterprises.

Perhaps the investments had not been quite conservative, but they had been successful, and so the end justified the means. The talks that David Sangree had had with Jim Mohun since his return had been quite satisfactory and in a few months, it seemed, there would be enough of a return on his holdings to make him a very wealthy man—so rich indeed that he could afford to spend the remainder of his life in the cultivation of the scientific projects which were nearest his heart. The time to sell was not yet, he was told. Conditions were still a little uncertain. But the assurances of growing value in his shares gave Sangree a pleasant sense of financial security, and he had left the Mohun offices in a satisfactory state of mind which was shared by his optimistic adviser.

These pleasant business relations gave David Sangree a feeling of personal interest in the Mohun family, so that the visit which he and George Lyett were paying had in general as well as a purely social significance.

If the daughter had created a rather

forbidding impression upon his mind, consciousness, the mother was altogether charming. Her perfection bewildered him. And he wondered how such a charming creature could be the mother of the joy-riding hoiden, Alieia, always affected strangers that way. If there were deficiencies in the Mohun family no one ever carried them to her door. She always created the illusion of being incapable of mistake. If her children were rather wild, the age and not their mother was responsible.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

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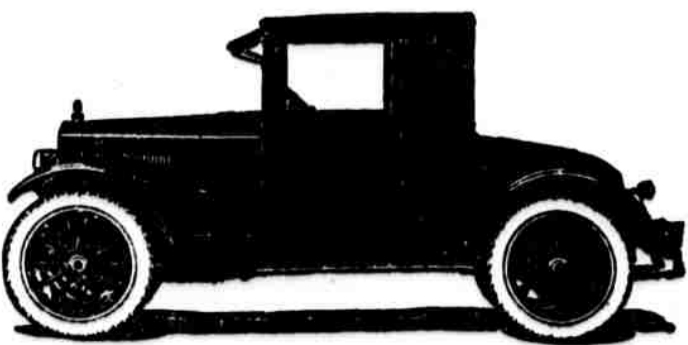
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