

# THE HOUSE OF MOHUN

By GEORGE GIBBS

Author of "Youth Triumphant" and Other Successes  
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Stringer  
Romance  
of  
Life and  
Poli of an  
American  
Family—  
and its  
Comeback

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

**CHERRY MOHUN**, a cynical girl of the world, inclined to be cynical over all opinions, devoid of heart, she has not been spared by the curse of poverty, nor has she been blessed with excessive wealth. She is irritated and somewhat fascinated by

**DAVID SANGREE**, an American ethi-

opian who has followed war service to the Orient but is expansion in his soul, but not in his spirit. He is a superficial type, he is涉涉 and stoned on his return to his native land, particularly among the powerhouses of wealth, who have no time for him. He is not wealthy, but has modest funds, invested with

**MR. CLOTHES**, a silent, force-

ful American business man, who from a small start in the advertising business, has risen to wealth. His absorption in business prevents attention to his son, a daughter, who are left to take care of

**MRS. MOHUN**, the same one of the household.

**GEORGE LYTTELTON**, an elderly friend of Cherry, who observes and philosophizes over contemporaries free-and-easy.

**MEANWHILE** the object of this parental solicitude had reached her own room, and, stretched in a chair, now permitted the other humiliations of her daily encounter. Like her father's, her hair was tangled in thought and in her eyes was a question. Father and daughter were singularly alike, but, at this moment, the daughter had a definiteness that the father lacked.

She had at last decided that she had had every incentive to anger at the performance of the ethiopian person, who, though he had made himself ridiculous, had succeeded in making her a trifle ridiculous also. The story of how this half-spoken maniac had led her across country on Bob's horse, and beaten the famous Bramble by a field and a half, would be told with variations all over the hunting-field—that is, unless it could be kept quiet.

She would have to reckon with Bob too for risking Centipede's legs and wind in the surprising adventure. But angry as she was at mistaking the mildness of the visitor's intentions for timidity, she couldn't help feeling sorry about the poor arm. That ride had been "sand" and to Cherry, "sand" in a man was more to be chosen than great riches or personal qualities that he could possess, for the talk of odds of value had been in the very air that she had breathed.

She dressed slowly and went down with a rustle of her toilet went down to greet her guests who were already arriving. Dinner at the Mohun house had none of the usual formality. For Anna Mohun had discovered that the easiest way to lose desirable acquaintances was to give tedious dinners, and that the path to their hearts lay through their desire not to be bored by unnecessary stodginess.

To Alicia Mohun, as indeed to most of the ladies of her set, Sunday was merely a day for social specialization. Hence the afternoon "at home" for the encouragement of laudable artistic ambitions. Surely fate was with her in this. And where was the harm in having people in dinner, providing one "aforewar"?

The dinner for which Cherry dressed was that of a solo to be given to a group of devotees, who were to be her associates in the coming winter campaign. And the merry crowd which filled the large drawing-room gave every evidence of sharing Cherry's liveliest propensities. The friendships of most them had been inherited from school and college days and they all called one another by their Christian names.

Cherry, meanwhile, was engaged in spirited conversation with Dick Wilberforce, who was telling her about the new Verlure racing plane, and in her turn, Dick, who was "dumb," was completely oblivious of her surroundings.

But a reconnection with her brother Bob, who sat in his father's place at the head of the table, awaited her, and it came with a suddenness which surprised her.

For Eugenia Armitage, the mischievous, having vainly attempted to attract her attention by calling her name across the table, at last succeeded by the simple and effective expedient of throwing a piece of biscuit which struck Dick's bare shoulder.

"Cherry, you cried gleefully, "you shall notice me."

"Oh, 'Genie,' do behave," laughed Cherry. "Can't you see that there are gentlemen present?"

"Where?" asked the other coolly. "For the love of Mike, Cherry, do tell me who was that freak on the gray horse you were riding with this afternoon."

"Oh, I said Cherry with a warning glance. "Nobody," and turned again to her companion.

"But I insist. He wore white socks, his garters were blue and he seemed very drunk."

"Please, 'Genie—"

"No, I'm resolved. Was it a race? And so, why? I saw him cut in from the wood-road to the field with you all him. Why should you be chasing a fat man in white socks and blue garters, and what did you do with him when you caught him?"

"It was just a friend—a friend of mother's," said Cherry with some dignity. "He hadn't brought any riding clothes."

Cherry was aware that an interested silence had fallen upon the table. She was also aware of her brother's questioning glance.

"How exciting!" came Violet Everett, with a timid voice. "Do tell us, Cherry, there's nothing to tell. You're adious, 'Genie!'

"Oh, you might, Cherry."

"I won't. Let's shut up, 'Genie."

"Oh, I say, Cherry," her brother Bob put in, "a gray horse—you can't mean that you had him up on Centipede."

Cherry nodded grimly. "She needed exercise," she said. "I mean Centipede. It didn't hurt her. Dr. Sangree rides very well." And then with an instinct to escape her dilemma, "And say, Bob, she led Bramble all the way."

"Oh, I say, Muzzy," appealed Bob to his mother.

"It was quite all right, Bob dear," came in Alida Mohun's silken tones.

"The oil on the water pacificated Bob for the moment who only questioned, "Who's Natty?"

"A friend of your father's—a distinguished ethnologist."

"Ethnologist? But he can't ride?"

"Ride!" broke in 'Genie again, "you should have seen him! He was the Wild West and the Cossacks all round into one."

"What's an ethnologist?" asked Gloria Towne, the convent-bred, innocent.

"Oh, I know, I like..."

"That's it—Bugs!" finished Cherry furiously, amid the laugh that followed, and turned to Dick to conceal her chagrin.

Mr. Mohun's guest of honor listened by play in the odd moments he had with his son, and his mother.

"What's an ethnologist?" asked

Cherry, a silent, immobile figure in the old-fashioned armchair.

Cherry's gaze of honor latched

on to the old-fashioned armchair.



Cherry was aware that an interested silence had fallen upon the table.

"that can't be David Sangree—queer chap—with glasses. Went in for history or something—"

"'Ethnology,'" said Alicia triumphantly. "He's very nice. A friend of mine—Mohan's—in some of his business affairs."

"I see. I thought he seemed hardly the sort Miss Mohun would take to."

"Oh, Cherry's very enthusiastic in her friendships. Mr. Chichester. I've tried to bring her up to the good in everybody—that is," she added cautiously.

"'Everybody' really worth while."

"Ah! She reflects great credit on your intelligence, Mrs. Mohun," said Chichester gravely.

Mrs. Mohun's dinner partner was no less a person than Mr. John Chichester, the old and very wealthy family of that name, and she was now taking pains to have Cherry thrown into his company as often as possible, much to Cherry's discomfiture, for he was almost forty-five and assumed a spontaneity which his years and experience denied. It mattered nothing that he was a man more to be chosen than great riches or personal qualities that he could possess, for the talk of odds of value had been in the very air that she had breathed.

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Are Flappers as Bad as They're Painted?

Are Jazz-Boys All Limbs of Satan?

Deaths

**ALBERT** (WILKES-BARRE)—Nov. 16, 1922. **JOHN J. ALBERT**, 61, of Wilkes-Barre, died Saturday morning. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, 1 P. M., at St. Peter's Church, 10th and Franklin streets. Interment will be at St. Peter's Cemetery.

**ALBERT** (WILKES-BARRE)—Nov. 14, 1922. **ALBERT**, husband of the late Margaret J. Ambler. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, 1 P. M., at St. Peter's Church, 10th and Franklin streets. Interment will be at St. Peter's Cemetery.

**ALBERT** (WILKES-BARRE)—Nov. 13, 1922. **ALBERT**, husband of the late Margaret J. Ambler. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, 1 P. M., at St. Peter's Church, 10th and Franklin streets. Interment will be at St. Peter's Cemetery.

**ALBERT** (WILKES-BARRE)—Nov. 12, 1922. **ALBERT**, husband of the late Margaret J. Ambler. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, 1 P. M., at St. Peter's Church, 10th and Franklin streets. Interment will be at St. Peter's Cemetery.

**ALBERT** (WILKES-BARRE)—Nov. 11, 1922. **ALBERT**, husband of the late Margaret J. Ambler. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, 1 P. M., at St. Peter's Church, 10th and Franklin streets. Interment will be at St. Peter's Cemetery.

**ALBERT** (WILKES-BARRE)—Nov. 10, 1922. **ALBERT**, husband of the late Margaret J. Ambler. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, 1 P. M., at St. Peter's Church, 10th and Franklin streets. Interment will be at St. Peter's Cemetery.

**ALBERT** (WILKES-BARRE)—Nov. 9, 1922. **ALBERT**, husband of the late Margaret J. Ambler. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, 1 P. M., at St. Peter's Church, 10th and Franklin streets. Interment will be at St. Peter's Cemetery.

**ALBERT** (WILKES-BARRE)—Nov. 8, 1922. **ALBERT**, husband of the late Margaret J. Ambler. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, 1 P. M., at St. Peter's Church, 10th and Franklin streets. Interment will be at St. Peter's Cemetery.

**ALBERT** (WILKES-BARRE)—Nov. 7, 1922. **ALBERT**, husband of the late Margaret J. Ambler. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, 1 P. M., at St. Peter's Church, 10th and Franklin streets. Interment will be at St. Peter's Cemetery.

**ALBERT** (WILKES-BARRE)—Nov. 6, 1922. **ALBERT**, husband of the late Margaret J. Ambler. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, 1 P. M., at St. Peter's Church, 10th and Franklin streets. Interment will be at St. Peter's Cemetery.

**ALBERT** (WILKES-BARRE)—Nov. 5, 1922. **ALBERT**, husband of the late Margaret J. Ambler. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, 1 P. M., at St. Peter's Church, 10th and Franklin streets. Interment will be at St. Peter's Cemetery.

**ALBERT** (WILKES-BARRE)—Nov. 4, 1922. **ALBERT**, husband of the late Margaret J. Ambler. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, 1 P. M., at St. Peter's Church, 10th and Franklin streets. Interment will be at St. Peter's Cemetery.

**ALBERT** (WILKES-BARRE)—Nov. 3, 1922. **ALBERT**, husband of the late Margaret J. Ambler. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, 1 P. M., at St. Peter's Church, 10th and Franklin streets. Interment will be at St. Peter's Cemetery.

**ALBERT** (WILKES-BARRE)—Nov. 2, 1922. **ALBERT**, husband of the late Margaret J. Ambler. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, 1 P. M., at St. Peter's Church, 10th and Franklin streets. Interment will be at St. Peter's Cemetery.

**ALBERT</**