## THE HOUSE OF MOHUN

**Bu GEORGE GIBBS** 

Author of "Youth Triumphant" and Other Successes Copyright, 1982, D. Appleton & Co.



CHERRY MORUN, a typical piri of the period, inclined to Aapperiam and wholive magement in her bearing and opinions, found at heart, she has not been epolled by the adulation that follows her beauty and properties wealth. She is irritated set the adulation that follows her beauty and properties wealth. She is irritated set somehow foncinated by AVID AANGREE, a young American etherotype of the beauty of the first of the

solition.

BOB MOHUN, the son, one of the haphazard, reckless lads of the day, reckless lads of the day, of the haphazard, reckless lads of the day, of the haphazard, reckless lads of the day, of the day, of the haphazard, reckless lads of the haphazard, who observes and philosophites over contemporary free-and-easy teaus, reckless for the happazard, so the happazard, weather family, thom Mrs. Mohun hopes to have as a son-in-law.

OF THE acquaintanceships which Sangree resumed, that with John Chichester was least to his liking. But the older man, for no reason that Sangree could discover, except the relationship that has existed between John Chichester, the elder, and Sangree's father—who had been the lawyer for the Chichester estate—saw fit to seek him out whenever he appeared and to make hin, the recipient of confidences, in which Sangree was neither interested nor amused. For there was no way of avoiding these attentions. Chichester seemed to see in Sangree a creature both amiable and sane. But if David Sangree was lacking in intuitions with regard to the feminine psychology, as Cherry Mohun had suspected, he had, lahis wanderings, picked up a shrewd faculty for estimating the value of men. He wouldn't have chosen John Chichester as a boon companion.

There wasn't anything that he had "I'm Going to Marry Cherry Mohun"

There wasn't anything that he had ever heard about the man to provoke his admiration, unless, perhaps, his work on the committees in placing the various loans during the war, for he bore the reputation of having a good head for business. And there was much of an unpleasant nature connected with his name. But Sangree was as reticent in his antipathies as in his likings, for the sight of suffering had made him kind, and he had no wish to offend a man who so frankly offered his friend-ship. So he listened while Chichester talked, spent an evening at the great house on the park, where Mrs. Chiches-ter still presided with an old-fashioned elegance, the dignite of which did not elegance, the dignity of which did not save it from being dull.

But Chichester kept another apartment further downtown, where he lived en garcon and where dinners of much less elegance and dignity were provided. Sangree had discovered that, except in so far as his income had been affected by the taxes and the depreciation of his securities, the Great War had passed over John Chichester without changing so much as a hair of his head or a perception within it. He was a man of the world in its lesser rather than its greater sense, and, aside from the family and business duties required of him, which he assumed with some punctilio, he had dedicated his life to the pursuit of pleasure.

But, as he admitted to Sangree with much concern, he was now growing older. His stomach wasn't what it used to be. The sentimental adventure jaded him. His mother wanted him to marry. Sangree listened in surprise to the confession, the frankness of which he was sure had bee

cellent dinner ("Three stars, Flappers'
Blue Book"), which had preceded a
dance that Chichester had declined. "She says I've got to have children," he confided. "Old name and all that sort of thing. Terrible responsibility—old name and money. Have to be on your guard all the time against scheming mothers and ambitious daughters. Damned nuisance, matchmakers."

Ha! Ha! Girls of another sort had been more in his line. Nothing expected of a chap except money. That was easy. But marriage!

"You know Sangree," he went on in a lowered tone. "I like you, Sensi-ble sert of chap. If your father was alive I'd probably talk to him, You're the hereditary confidant of the Chiches-sers. You don't mind, do you?" Sangree shrugged. "My opinions are worthless."

'You don't mind listening?"

"No."
"Well, you know. I have been going it rather strong. "Women are just one damned opportunity after another. "Pretty things! I never could resist 'em. They weren't made to be resisted. "But, them, I've come to the end of my rope. I've got to stop philandering about and settle down. I really want to, you know. "And I'm not such a bad sort. I'd go straight in double bad sort. I'd go straight in double barness, I think. But, damn t all! Sangree, a man defies the Fates when he thinks of marrying nowadays—that is, if he thinks of marrying in the younger crowd—and know I'm not the kind to be satisfied with a spinster

"I like 'em when they're young and I like 'em when they're irresponsible, but I can't let the mater in for a

After-Dinner Tricks



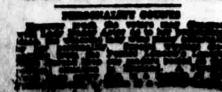
No. 234—Breaking the Match

No. 236—Breaking the Match

Place a match across the roots of
the first and third finger nails, with
second finger above, as shown in the
diagram. The object is to break the
match by pressing down with the second finger.

The trick is not an easy one, and
most people will go through many contortions trying to do it. The secret
lies in holding the arm straight out,
parallel with the shoulder, and in keeping the fingers straight and rigid. Then
by pressing down with the second finger and up with the first and third
the match may be broken quite easily.

Occurred. 1989, by Public Leder Commen



my sort. I'm hardened. But they must rather shock a chap like you."

Sangree lighted his cigarette deliberately before he replied.

"It takes a good many kinds of people to make up a world," he said with a slow smile. "Your little world is merely a reflection of the larger one. There must be bad little angels even in heaven, and I'm sure that there are good little devils in the other place."

"Oh, I don't say most of 'em aren't straight. But do you know the stories they tell about the Meriwether girl?"

"No, and I don't think I care to hear." said Sangree.

"But you de know that the little Everard kid gets 'stewed' at every party—"

"And that the Towne girl thinks no more of kissing a boy than she does "Really Chichester, I'd rather keep

See here, Sangree, I might as well tell you. It's no secret. The girl I am going to marry is Cherry Mohun

daughter-in-law who would turn the town house upside down and make a country club out of Roslyn Towers. She wouldn't stand for that, you know. She has her dignity and so has the name."

As he paused Sangree shrugged.

"Really Chichester, I'd rather keep my illusions if you don't mind."

"Illusions!" muttered the older man, with a shrug. "I didn't know any man could have illusions nowadays."

"Well, I have," he said cheerfully. "I prefer to think of these little acquaintances of yours and mine as children who should be spanked and put to bed. Besides, I don't like mentioning names. If you don't mind."

Sangree reade a motion as though to rise, but Chichester laid a hand on his arm.

"Oh, I say, I thought every one knew."

"Gossip of this sort doesn't interest me."

As he paused Sangree shrugged.
"You should have married before the marriageable females had become so— "It would, if you were thinking of marrying one of 'em."

"You should have married before the marriageable females had become some tempestuous." The tempestuous of the marriageable females had become some tempestuous. The marks of—ah—condescension I have even till-mannered; of course the war brought on all that. But I do object to their airs of familiarity with men, their damnable omnissience and self-standing the desired of the self-standing the self-standin

"I knew you'd agree, old chap.

thing of a sense of shock that Sungree realized how greatly his point of view had changed in the few months since his return to America. The very mhrases he had once used to George Lycett, but with what a different interpretation! He was sware dunly of John Chichester's voice breaking on his retrospection with a note of livelier optimism.

"Righto! Old chap. Glad to hear wanting to hear. That's what I we been wanting to hear. That's what I do think, by Jove. But they care so dammed little what either of us thinks. Just full of animal spirits—fre of life and—er—all that sort of thing. No harm in 'em, though—what? Just spolled driving on a loose smaffle. A little of the curb and they'll come down to riding-school manners—"

"That might depend on who did the curbing," said Sangree.

"Right you are. Oh, there's a way to mange 'em. Responsibility. Position. Dignity to live up to."

He haid an impressive hand on his companion's knee. "See here, Sangree. I might as well tell you. It's no secret. The girl I'm going to marry is Cherry Mohun."

Sangree thought for a memora and then, with a whith see he is at home. But then, we'll as hour. He hand then, with a white when it's to be an ourself."

"But the mater is with me. Charming woman, Mrs. Mohun. Very sensible. Spolls her daughter a little—but then, who wouldn't?"

"Yes, very charming." Sangree that before you get so—ah—so damned cock-some and the provided the sense of the curb and the provided the sense of the curb and they live and the provided the sense of the curb and they live and the provided the sense of the curb and they live and the provided the sense of life the curb and they live been the provided the sense of life and—ar—all that sort of hing. No harm in 'em, though—what? You have the representation. The course of the curb and they live and the provided the curb and they live and they live and the provided the curb and they live and the pr

To Be Continued Tomorrow

Cheer for All Occasions : -By J. P. McEVOY

THE college boy, with his instinctive knowledge of mob psychology, has developed in the cheer leader a potent force for organized consolation.

When the gang is sad there is nothing

'You know us,'
We know you,
We're from the In-tern-al
Rev-en-oo! Tax Vobiscum, Soc et tuum, Raw! Raw! Raw!

T THE same time over in the county A THE same time over in the county building another jolly little group would be holding forth at the window where marriage licenses are being passed out with great good will.

Here the cheer leader would gather his trusty band in a true lovers' knot and gleefully carol a sentimental exhortation such as this:

"Milk bottles,

Heaters . . meters, Read 'em and weep. Rattles in the radiators, When you want, to sleep! Rattles in the radiators, Nothing in the 'frigerators • • • Cribs, bibs, perambulators • • • WOW! WOW! WOW! Installments! Install-





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The coupon will bring you a 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent. Even that short test will be a revelation. You will see results which old methods never bring.

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Now prettier teeth-an open smile Safer, cleaner teeth-no dingy film

Every month, this new teeth-cleaning method is adopted by many thousand homes. Perhaps a million people yearly see these new effects.

So everywhere. Careful people of some fifty nations use this method new. And dentists the world over are advising its adoption.

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#### Try combating film

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Pood stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film. That is why beautiful teeth are seen less often among people who don't fight

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms seids. It holds the

epsadent

The New-Day Dentifrice

acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of

Those troubles have been constantly increasing. Very few people escaped. All because no ordinary tooth paste can effectively fight film,

#### Now you can combat it

Dental science has now found effective ways to fight film. One acts to curdle it, one to remove it, without harmful ecouring.

After many careful tests, authorities approved these methods. Now leading dentists the world over are advising their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. It protects the teeth in five new ways, and avoids some old mistakes. Those two great film combatants are embedied in

that tooth pasts for daily application. The name is Pepsodent.

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Modern research also proves that old-type tooth pastes bring undesired effects. They reduce the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

They reduce the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralise mouth acids which cause tooth decay.

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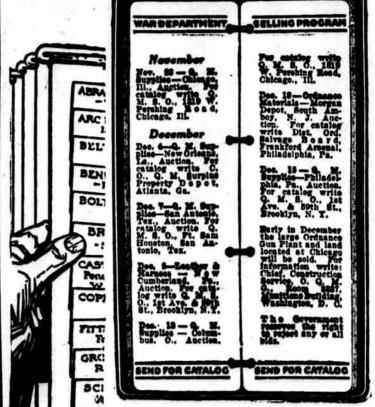
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