

THE HOUSE OF MOHUN

By GEORGE GIBBS

Author of "Youth Triumphant" and Other Successes
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WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

CHERRY MOHUN, a beautiful girl of the Orient, inclined to skepticism and wholly unacquainted with the ways of the West. She is the daughter of a Japanese merchant and a prospective heiress.

JOHN MOHUN, a young American ethnologist, who has followed her across the Orient, and is now in Philadelphia on his scientific trip. He is a scholar but not a conventional one. He is interested in the change in manners and customs on his return to his native land, particularly among the younger set, of whom Cherry is an interesting example. He is not scientific, but has modest means.

MRS. MOHUN, Cherry's mother, a silent, forceful, typical American business woman, who has become a financial leader in New York. Her liberation in business prompts attention to her son and daughter, who are left to the school care.

MRS. MOHUN, still a handsome and attractive woman in middle age, with some of the impetuosity of youth and a good deal of the self-confidence of the younger generation. She has suited up her family to high social standards.

BOB MOHUN, the son, one of the household, a cheerful, energetic, and somewhat impulsive fellow of the day.

GEORGE MOHUN, an elderly friend of Sangree and the Mohuns, who observes and chronicles the events of the story.

JOHN CHICHESTER, son of an old and wealthy family, whom Mrs. Mohun hopes to have as a son-in-law.



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

"I'm Going to Marry Cherry Mohun"

OF THE acquaintance 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 had 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 him the recipient of confidences, in which Sangree was neither interested nor amused. For these reasons, Chichester seemed to see in Sangree a creature both amiable and sane. But if David Sangree was lacking in intuition with regard to the man, John Chichester, as a keen observer, had had, in his wanderings, picked up a shrewd faculty for estimating the value of men. He wouldn't have mistaken John Chichester as a keen companion.

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 his 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 friendship. So he listened while Chichester talked, spent an evening at the great house on the park, where Mrs. Chichester still presided with an old-fashioned elegance, the dignity of which did not save it from being dull.

But Chichester kept another apartment further downtown, where he lived in a garcon and where dinners of much less elegance and dignity were provided. Sangree had discovered that, except in 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 had left him. His mother wanted him to marry. Sangree listened in surprise to the confession, the frankness of which he was sure had been stimulated by an excellent 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. Sensible sort of chap. If your father was alive I'd probably talk to him. You're the hereditary confidant of the Chichesters. 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, then, I've come to the end of my rope. I've got to stop philandering about and settle down. . . . And I'm not such a bad sort. I'd go straight in double harness, I think. . . . But, damn it all! Sangree, a man likes the East 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 name."

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

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

Sangree lit 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. "You 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 do know that the little Everard girl gets 'stewed' at every party?"

"Ah—"

"And that the Towne girl thinks no more of kissing a boy than she does of kissing a girl?"

"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 made 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."

"It would, if you were thinking of marrying one of 'em."

"But then I'm not, you see. The marks of—ah—condescension I have received," he said with dry humor, "are merely flattering to my years. Chichester, not to my—ah—seductiveness."

Chichester grinned, but he pulled jerkily at his small wisp of mustache.

"You know I envy you your illusions, Sangree. It doesn't pay to know too much. When you've knocked about as I have you lose your faith—"

"That's a pity," said Sangree. "But isn't one's faith in the virtue of others merely a—ah—reflection of one's faith in one's own?"

"Eh? What's that? Faith in one's own virtue? By George, I wonder." He leaned forward, his brows tangled.

Sangree hesitated for a long moment and then, scarcely conscious of his own earnestness, "I won't let myself believe that the whole younger crowd is going to the devil," he said, "because some—ah—little fool drinks more than is good for her."

Having said the words it was too late to recall them, but it was with some-

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

"Right! Old chap. Glad to hear you say that. That's what I've been wanting to hear. That's what I do think, by Jove. But they care so damned little what either of us think. Just full of animal spirits—free of life and—ah—all that sort of thing. No harm in 'em, though—what? Just spoiled driving on a loose snaffle. 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 manage 'em. Responsibility. Position. Dignity to live up to."

He laid an impressive hand on the companion's knee. "See here, Sangree, I might as well tell you. It's Everard's girl I'm going to marry is Cherry Mohun."

Sangree couldn't restrain a start of incredulity. The information was surprising enough in the light of what he knew of Cherry and the opinions which she had recently expressed as to the attentions of Mr. John Chichester, who was, as Sangree knew, the father of the girl who could be thinking of. The look of astonishment in his face faded into a grin as he slowly relaxed on the leather divan.

"Ah," he muttered, "you're lucky, Chichester."

"I knew you'd agree, old chap."

Gorgeous girl! Just a little out of hand at home. But then, she's got a bit."

Sangree thought for a moment and then, with a whimsical smile—"I appreciate your confidence. Would you mind telling me when it's to be announced?"

"I say you're going a little fast, old man," laughed Chichester. "We're not engaged. I haven't even spoken to her yet."

"Oh! I gasped Sangree. "I see." "But the matter is with me, Charming woman, Mrs. Mohun. Very sensible. Spoils her daughter a little—but then, who wouldn't?"

"Yes, very charming," Sangree turned around toward his confidant with a sudden jerk of exasperation. "See here, Chichester, it occurs to me that before you get so—ah—so damned cocksure of yourself, you'd better say a word or two to Miss Mohun herself."

"Oh—ah—yes, of course, Cherry! Well, rather. I will—when the right time comes. Can't move too fast in a thing like that. Nurse her along with the matter helping. Ah, she's keen for it and why wouldn't she be? Ambitious woman, a little dazed by the prospect. I think—it's what she's been aiming for ever since she's lived here—a brilliant match. I would be that, you know. Besides—"

Sangree was no longer listening indifferently. The assurance of his companion, which had begun by amusing him, seemed now to have gained a deeper significance.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

Cheer for All Occasions

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 that will enliven it and energize it so quickly as to be led in a community by a double-jointed devotee of St. Vitus. No one will deny the efficacy of this method.

Why, then, should not this method be adapted for other times and other occasions where a little cheer would brighten the corners where we are?

I CAN see, for instance, how jolly it would be to have a cheerleader, with a little band of faithful cheerers, stationed at the window where we pay our income tax. Surely it would accelerate the large of our progress and breathe into our drooping frames a little of the breath of life.

We could be gay once more and laugh—or perhaps if not laugh, at least smile a bit.

For just as we handed in our quarterly payment, all soggy with our salty tears, the brave cheer leader and his intrepid band would step forward and would yell gleefully:

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

AT 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, Ice cards, Gas bills, WOV! Heaters * * * meters, Read 'em and weep, Rattles in the radiators, When you want to sleep! Rattles in the radiators, Nothing in the 'frigerators * * * Crib, bibe, perambulators * * * WOV! WOW! WOW! Installments! Installments! Installments!"

—By J. P. McEVoy

After-Dinner Tricks

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No. 226—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.

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RECOMMENDED COURSE

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Last Year—And Now

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 now. And dentists the world over are advising its adoption.

If you don't know what this new way means, send for this test and see.

Try combating film

Dingy teeth and most tooth troubles are due to film. To that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Food 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.

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

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

These 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 scouring.

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. These two great film combatants are embodied in

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

Old methods wrong

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 neutralize mouth acids which cause tooth decay.

Pepsodent corrects these errors. It multiplies the starch digestant, multiplies the alkalinity. Every use gives manifold power to Nature's great tooth-protecting forces in the mouth.

It also polishes the teeth so film less easily adheres.

For all these reasons, Pepsodent is fast displacing the methods of the past.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit.

Delightful Effects Appear Quickly

The results of Pepsodent are quick and apparent. Some are almost instant. New beauty appears when the dingy film-coats go.

Everyone who sees and feels these effects has a new conception of what clean teeth mean. They mean more to children than to you. It means a way to better avoid the troubles that you may have suffered.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then read the reason for each result in the book we send. You will realize then how much this method means to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. F-55, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to



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Dec. 7 - G. M. Supplies—San Antonio, Tex. Auction. Property of G. M. S. O. 103 W. Franklin St., Houston, San Antonio, Tex.

Dec. 8 - G. M. Supplies—Cumberland, Md. Auction. Property of G. M. S. O. 103 W. Franklin St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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