UMBER

American Family— and Its

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

VHO'S WHO IN THE STORY
CHERRY MOHUN, up-to-date girl,
rich and charming, at once irritated
and attracted by
DAVID SANGREE, young American
ethnologist and war veteran, amased
by changes in manners and customs
brought out by the war; but interested in Cherry. His modest funds
are invested with her father,
JIM MOHUN, a self-made financial

IM MOHUN, a self-made Ananoial leader. Too busy to think of his children he leaves them to

MRS. MOHUN, who has successfully cultivated the social side of life.

BOB MOHUN, son, is a typically reck-

GEORGE LYCETT, elderly Chorus, philosophizing as the story develops.

JOHN CHICHESTER, whom Mrs.

Mohum reguld like to call son-in-law.

ON THE whole, Cherry behaved very well, in spite of the fact that the

somber magnificence was very depressing. And though no word had been uttered by her mother as to the motives which lay behind this hospitality. Cherry was not too stupid to realize that she was there to be inspected by the old lady as the

object of John Chichester's matrimonial intentions. Her first impulse was to say something shocking which would break the ice of this glacial atmosphere -or forever congeal it; but, with a

generous impulse, she considered the

And so in a moment she became ab-

it had gotten on Cherry's nerves.

Altogether it may be said that Cherry made an excellent impression upon the great lady, though she had suffered something in the accomplishment. For the Mohun ladies in their machine were

hardly beyond the shadow of the great porte cochere when Cherry threw open the windows of the car and fell back in

the cushions. "Gee whiz! Muzzy. Give me air!"

"I'm suffocated with the odors of

sanctity. Why don't they open the windows and let some of the royal purple out into the blue sky?"

"Cherry, you're incorrigible!"

Her mother's favorite invective, but now it found her daughter calmly lighting a cigarette without even draw-

up. Phew! I feel like 'going on the loose.''

"Please, Cherry."

"Oh, just a drive with Bruce."

"I wish you wouldn't."

"I've promised."

"I can't see how you can go to a luncheon in a house like that and then go out with a person like this Mr.

ing.
"I've made a martyr of myself to please you. Now you mustn't object to my doing something to please my-

Alicin Mohun did not reply. Already they had had one disagreement upon the subject of Mr. Cowan and the mother had emerged from the conflict second best. Cherry had picked a page from Alicia Mohun's own book. For it was Cherry who had rounded out the discussion by first going to the door. Mrs. Mohun knew that coercion was not the means to be used successfully with her daughter, so she said nothing more.

more.

They reached the house in silence and Cherry flew before her up the stairs and in a moment, from her own room, she heard Cherry phoning to the odious

"Cherry! When will you learn reaon?" she gasped. Cherry looked straight at her, frown-

she gasped. "Cherry!"

less youngster.

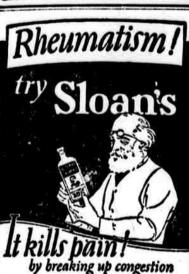
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THE HOUSE OF MOHUN

By GEORGE GIBBS Author of "Youth Triumphant" and Other Succ Copyright, 1922, D. Appleton & Co.



TOHUN are Flappere of Red on Theyre Painted?

Are Flappere on Theyre Painted?

Are Jass-Boge All Limbe of Satan?

| could learn, a person of no importance. But Cherry could be obstinate when she chose. How duil of her! And at such a time! It was a part of the democratising influence of the war, which had worked and was still working incalculable harm. Cherry had even gotten 'Genie and some of the other garts to take Cowan up—"just because he had looked so well in uniform." The friendship was rather maddening in a way, especially as it could have no real importance.

But now that Cherry's plans for the last the door.

"All right, Mussy—good-by." Cherry was down the stairs of the course—nor in this curious friendship which had assumed an unpleasant if the greater glory of her opportunities. Alicia Mohun closed and looked the outer doors of her room and, slipping apping a pink silk peignoir, sat before her three-angle mirror and, taking several round boxes of saive from a drawer of the dressing table, began that intricate process of facial regeneration to which she turned whenever she had a doubt or a difficulty.

But the tiny wrinkle which had made its appearance between her eventrows.

way, especially as it could have no real importance.

But now that Cherry's plans for the afternoon were made, her mother dared not bring the matter to an issue. Another day would be better for that-tomorrow perhaps. And so dissembling, her pretty voice called softly to Cherry

She didn't want a husband!

He didn't want a wife. Yet they married. Did they live "happy ever after' Read Berta Ruck's new serial,

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She would have to stop taking the little difficulties of life so seriously. The Port of Dreams was not so far distant now. She would succeed. She always had succeeded in every ambition, why not in this, the greatest ambition of them all?

She was smiling again at her image which was still, as she was forced to admit even to herself, very lovely. And the little democrat of a wrinkle suddenly flattered her by its absence.

The ritual before the mirror lasted an hour and then she bathed and slept.

Mrs. Mohun dressed slowly—she had no engagement for the evening—with anxious glances at the clock. It was already nearly half-past seven and the Cherry frequently came home late and dressed in a rush, but had never committed the unpardonable sin of cutting

It was dark when she awoke. Through the partiy open window she was aware of street sounds, the rattle of a taxi, its loose chains playing a sort of ragtime down the street; the roar of the distant L, newsboys calling. Hastily she tried to make out what it was that they called, but the gibberish was unintelligible and she dropped off to sleep again, to be awakened by the knock of her maid on the door telling her that it was time to dress for dinner. The maid entered, switching on the lights and Mrs. Mohun arose from her couch, blinking sleepily at the pink enameled clock.

"Has Miss Cherry come in?" she

"It's getting late. There is hardly time to dress even now." Mrs. Mohun dressed slowly—she had already nearly half-past seven and the Carringtons' dinner was at eight. Cherry frequently came home late and

Allicia, gazing in her cheval the tiny wrinkle at her brow appear, deeper, more portes ever. Cherry was with Br and quite oblivious of the time. Perhaps

denly to her maid, "I must ple In succession she got the in Cherry's intimates, the Machine nie Armitage, the Townes, them had seen Cherry or

Slowly Mrs. Mohun turned Slowly Mrs. Mohun turned trying to conceal her anxiety, where the hands of the clock indicates minutes to eight, became very redeed. Cherry was thoughtless, lous, gay, but she had always a sense of obligation in her social gagements. As eight o'clock and Mrs. Mohun began to fear that an cident had happened—always a billity when one considered the special statement of the continued one would have phoned.

To Be Continued Tomorrow



jeweled hand and the gracious smile that she had bestowed upon Alicia, a confiding smile, almost familiar, as though to say, "Cherry is lovely, I am sure that she will grace my name. We understand each other. Let us keep this secret."

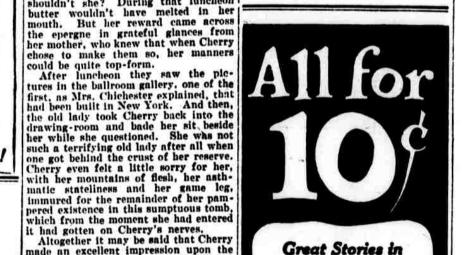
generous impulse, she considered the dilemma in which she might place her poor mother, whose attitude during the preliminaries of the conversation filled her with a bewildered if slightly amused her with a bewildered if slightly amused accomplished. All that remained was to bring Character to the related agreeing bring Cherry to the point of agreeing

secret.

And so in a moment she became absorbed in a contemplation of Mrs. Chichester's three chins, and in the not unkindly glances of her small eyes which flashed this way and that, like little green midges in the sunshine.

Fortunately, John Chichester entered at this moment, luncheon was announced and they went into the lofty room with its huge gray fireplace which had been brought from Italy of the Rennissance. The food, Cherry realized, was not nearly so good as that she could get at the Ritz, but to Alicia Mohun it was nectar and ambrosia. The service was as perfect as three men could make it, two in livery and a third, the shadow who had placed the chairs, in black. Now definitely detenined to be upon her good behavior, Cherry talked gayly enough with her.

The smile faded at Alicia Mohun's brows, fied before the recurrence of the smile and then definitely remained. Cherry would have to be reckoned with and at once. Of course she was almost too young to understand what a marriage with John Chichester would measure to young to understand what a marriage with John Chichester would measure to young to understand what a marriage with John Chichester would measure to young to understand what a marriage with John Chichester would measure to young to understand what a marriage with John Chichester would measure to young to understand what a marriage with John Chichester would measure to young to understand what a marriage with John Chichester would measure to young to understand what a marriage with John Chichester would measure to young to understand what a marriage with John Chichester would measure to young to understand what a marriage with John Chichester would measure to young to understand what a marriage with John Chichester would measure to young to understand what a marriage with John Chichester would measure to young to understand what a marriage with John Chichester would measure to prove the point of course she was almost to young to understand the chought only to the instincts of young to the measure to h



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author of "The Story of Mankind," begins in December McCall's his master work,

"The Story of The Bible"

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acclaimed the Modern Dumas, contributes Fortune's Fool," a charming romance of long ago.

lighting a cigarette without even drawing a curtain. "Say, Muzzy, I'd perish in a place like that. Don't you feel sorry for the poor old thing? I wonder if she has a cork leg. And the chins get bigger as they go down—" "My dear child, you mustn't be so critical. Mrs. Chichester was hospitality itself, and I think she admired you very much. I was so afraid you'd ask for a cigarette." "I wanted to, Muzzy. But you did look so pathetic—I hadn't the heart. But five minutes more and I'd have exploded!" Alicia Mohun sighed, "I wish you would look upon the larger aspects of life with more soberness," she said. "I will when I have to, darling," said Cherry, patting her mother's gloved hand playfully. "But I did behave nicely, didn't I?" "Yes, my dear. Very nicely." "Yes, my dear. Very nicely." "I tried very hard. But it's used me up. Phew! I feel like "going on the loose." "Please, Cherry." Louis Joseph Vance

master of mysteries, writes the thrilling novel "Double Doom."

Ethel M.Dell

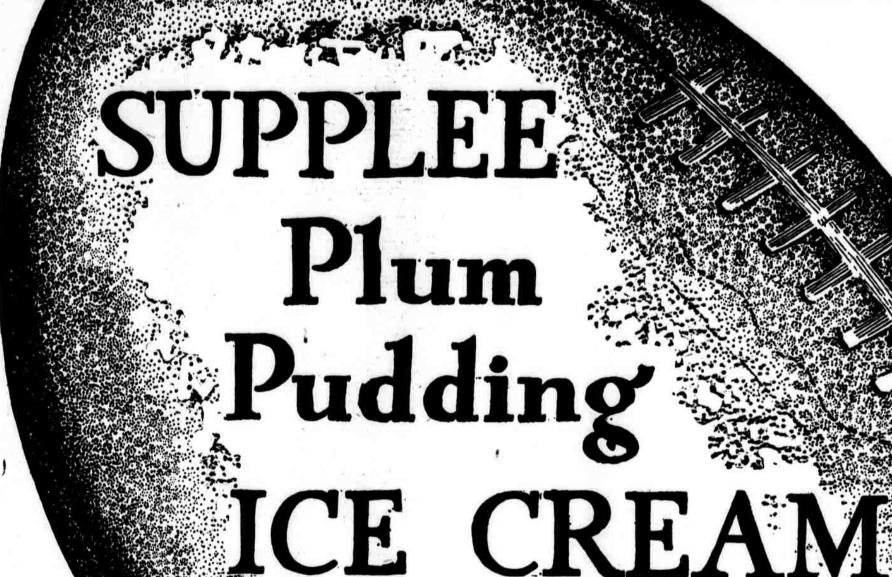
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she heard Cherry phoning to the odious Cowan.

With a sigh Alicia Mohun took off her gloves and hat, laid aside her coat, and sank into a chair by the fireplace, as she reflected upon this latest and greatest social triumph of her career.

Of course the purpose of the luncheon had been perfectly understood, except perhaps by Cherry herself, who had merely accepted the invitation because her mother had insisted upon her doing to so. And there was not the slightest doubt that Mrs. Chichester had given to her approval of Cherry. She had show it in the delicate arrests