

THE HOUSE OF MOHUN

By GEORGE GIBBS

Author of "Youth Triumphant" and Other Successes

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

CHERRY MOHUN, up-to-date girl, rich and charming, at once irritated and attracted by...

DAVID SANDERS, young American...

JIM MOHUN, self-made financial leader...

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

BRUCE COVANN, a motor car salesman...

BOB MOHUN, son, is a typically reckless youngster.

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

JOHN CHICHESTER, whom Mrs. Mohun would like to call son-in-law.

"Oh, God!" Alicia moaned, "it is all too desperate—too horrible—"

I—I wish I were dead.

Cherry was by her side, touching her gently. "I don't, Muzzy," she said gently, "nor Bob, nor dad. We'll just have to make the best of things—some way."

"But how? How?" came in a stifled gasp. Cherry made a motion of her head and Pennington left the room silently.

He had carried out his unpleasant mission, thankful for the intervention of the daughter, which had saved him some of the brutality of speaking the truth.

But after the lawyer had gone the touch of her daughter's hand seemed only to bring more tears, as she yielded without stint to her sobs—"I can't face it!" she sobbed—"I can't. To have people slight us—because of this misfortune."

"Well," said Cherry with a shrug, "if there are any people who want to slight us, let them begin at once."

"Oh, my dear," sobbed the mother, "you don't know the world as I do, I'm afraid—to begin at the beginning again with anything whatsoever."

"Well, all I've got to say," said Cherry, "is that if people think less of me because of what's happened, I'll think a devil of a lot less of them!"

But her mother did not soothe and wept anew. "To think that all this should have happened, just when—when our future—our future—was so brilliant!" And now—everything will be so different.

"Oh, I don't care, Muzzy."

"You do care. You must care," gasped her mother, raising a tear-stained face.

She straightened and sat up again, staring at Cherry, appraising her quickly with a despairing air of resolution.

"Perhaps we can save something out of the wreckage," she said. Her air of craft was familiar to Cherry, but it seemed very different now.

She seemed to have grown suddenly old—very old. "You've got to help, Cherry," she gasped. Cherry read her thoughts, but gave no sign of comprehension.

"I mean John Chichester, Cherry," she went on quickly. "He has already been so kind—caring, sending notes and flowers—that I have hopes that his regard for me will be changed—that his regard for you—"

"Muzzy!" broke in the girl. "I won't listen to you!"

"But you must," said Alicia with the courage of despair. "You've got to listen to me. You're the only hope I have. Mr. Chichester spoke to me about you before this terrible thing happened. He wanted to marry you."

"Oh, did he?" said Cherry. "Well, I'm not going to—"

"Cherry!"

"I mean it. I don't love John Chichester. I haven't the slightest intention of marrying him—even if he should ask me to. And I don't believe he will."

"Cherry! You can't understand how desperate the situation is—"

"Yes, I understand. I've realized it from the first—but I can't imagine any situation that will make me desperate even for a moment."

But at the signs of renewed hysteria which she saw in her mother's distended eyes and gasping breath she softened and fell beside the couch patting her gently.

"Now Muzzy. You're not to think about this any more just now—not to talk about it, because, after all, Mr. Chichester never asked me. Now has he? Perhaps he won't. There are a lot of things more important to think about. You'll be pretty sick, if you let yourself get away. And besides, crying like this will only ruin your complexion—your eyes—are all swollen now—"

"Are they? I suppose they are. But, Cherry, if you were only more sympathetic—"

"Don't let's talk about this any more, not now. Later perhaps. You must bathe your face—and then a facial massage. Let me ring for Lillie."

"No, not Lillie. I'll do for myself."

She dabbed at her eyes for a moment and rose wearily. "If you'd only try to think seriously of your obligations to us all—to me, Cherry," she said.

"I'll try to think of you, Muzzy," said Cherry calmly. "At present, Muzzy, you'd better bathe and then take a nap. You've had a trying afternoon."

And so by dint of argument and persuasion Alicia Mohun was led tearfully to her abutions while Cherry, greatly disturbed, went to her own room.

It was the first time that John Chichester's name had been mentioned to her since her father's stroke. He had never had in her father's place either in her affections or her esteem, and the sudden gleam of hope that she had seen in her mother's eyes as she thought of Cherry's possible share in the restoration of their fallen fortunes affected Cherry with an unpleasant sense of carrying what had once been to her a mild sort of a joke into the realm of a very unpleasant reality. But the appeal to Cherry in the moment of exultation through the medium of her mother's emotions had not seemed quite fair. And though it had given Cherry a definite idea of how deeply aggrieved was her mother's ambition for this match, to have put it even by suggestion was doubly disturbing.

From the days of her girlhood Cherry had always thought of her mother with mingled admiration and uncertainty—admiring her physical perfections and charming, yet dubious as to her sincerity in her relations with those who were to be of use to her. Later on, as Cherry learned to think for herself, the beauty upon which people set such store became less impressive, for Cherry knew of the astuteries necessary to preserve life; and the sophistries, by means of which her mother succeeded in the social ventures, seemed little less than hypocritical.

But in the past the indulgence which her mother showed her had always compensated for these deficiencies.



Alicia Mohun was at her three-angle mirror—the boxes of ointment before her

Cherry had recognized in Cherry a spirit that was master to her own and Cherry, left to her devices, had gone her own way, unaffected by the elements in her mother's character, with which she was unsympathetic. That she loved her mother was certain, but it was a habit that she should love her—a habit inherited from the childhood days when she had wanted nothing more in the world than to be in all things as Alicia Mohun was. It wasn't that her love for her mother was any less than before, but it had changed in substance, for pity had taken the place of admiration and today, in her helplessness, her mother had touched a chord in Cherry's heart that had never been reached before. The sincerity with which she still clung to her great ambition, even in the moment of despair, was tragic in its futility. With pity, but just a little contempt, Cherry realized that her mother were to have died today, it would have been John Chichester's name, not her own husband's, upon her lips. She thought, in his impotence and helplessness, she already thought of her husband as one already dead. Poor Dad!

It hadn't been fair of Muzzy to speak of John Chichester today. Not fair to put the marriage to Cherry as an obligation the more necessary since the fall of their fortunes. Couldn't she see what a sacrifice she was asking? Couldn't she realize how different their situation was from that of a few weeks ago? Had she no pride—if not for herself—for Cherry? She didn't know—Cherry knew—the history of John Chichester which Harold and Genie and she didn't know. Cherry hoped that she would be able to give her mother an excuse for her imputation of wishing to sell her daughter to a man who for years had wasted himself on illicit pleasures.

Never. She couldn't. She had a right to her own life. She didn't want to marry anybody, but when she did she was entitled to the privilege of choosing for herself. Cherry buried her head in her hands, but she thought of the selfish to be thinking of herself at a moment like this? She owed her mother her life, but now was she bound to render it back to her? She seemed somehow to feel that her mother had a right to demand that. Anything else, but not her body to sell on the auction block.

She raised her head at last, still bewildered by this problem, got up and stood silently down the stairs to her sickroom. She tiptoed in and the trained nurse met her with a smile. The patient was asleep, but Cherry went in and sat by his bed, listening to his breathing. It was muffled, but she slept easily like this, they had told her, for nature, violated, was attempting to restore itself.

The nurse went out leaving Cherry alone by the bedside for a while. Cherry watched and listened intently. She was sure that the patient was better. The breathing was unlabored now, and the expression of his face was quite normal.

He was shaggy and unshorn, but the strong features of his face, though they had passed, seemed to have become refined and spiritualized by the touch of death which had been so near. But death had passed, seemed to have become refined and spiritualized by the touch of death which had been so near. But death had passed, seemed to have become refined and spiritualized by the touch of death which had been so near.

And, in self-forgetfulness, she found strength. When she opened her eyes all she seemed to be made clear to her. The answer to her own problems lay here in the sick man, who had given so much for her and for them all. If he had asked her for the sacrifice her mother had demanded, she would offer it, freely. Nothing else mattered but his happiness, not her mother's nor her own. She would give—even herself.

The nurse returned and, softly, Cherry went out of the room. She hesitated in the corridor, then noiselessly opened the door of her mother's room and peeped in. Alicia Mohun was at her dressing table, the boxes of ointment before her, her slender fingers passing back and forth rapidly across her brows. She was so absorbed in this pursuit that she did not see near the door. Quietly Cherry withdrew. All was well.

To be continued tomorrow

WHAT IS A LIVING WAGE? Brought into prominence again by the recent decision at Washington, which was touched upon by Richard Sullivan, that in a few days ago, in the Business Section, that the confidence of the public is shaken by the confidence of so many of the PUBLIC LEADERS. "Make it a Habit to Read the Ledger."

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The Daily Movie Magazine

For Film Fan's Scrapbook

THE MOVIE FAN'S LETTERBOX

By HENRY M. NEELY

Latest divorce-marriage gossip, quoted direct from New York, follows:

"Friends of Kenneth Harlan, leading man in the movies, and his former wife, Florence Harlan, once of the Ziegfeld 'Follies,' were busy yesterday discussing their new marital plans. On November 10 last in the Supreme Court Justice Geigerich signed an interlocutory divorce decree in an action brought by Mrs. Harlan.

"Harlan, it was reliably reported, would marry Marie Prevost, another movie star, who rose to fame as one of the original Mack Sennott bathing beauties. She has since been starred by Universal in willful flapper types with hearts of gold, and she is to play the leading role in the film version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's 'The Beautiful and Damned.'

"Harlan has made his mark principally as leading man for Constance Talmadge. Several times he played cave-man roles on the screen. His wife first sued him in October, 1921, asking a separation. She declared he occasionally emulated the cave man off the screen, threw her against the window and knocked her down in the street. In his reply Harlan charged that she drank too much.

"Eventually there was a reconciliation, but it did not last. In April last she sued for divorce, asserting that Harlan passed two days in Atlantic City with a young woman when he was supposed to be at sea making a marine scene for a film in support of Alice Brady. He is at present playing the lead in 'The Toll of the Sea,' the most famous made according to the new technical process. He and Mrs. Harlan were married on June 20, 1920.

"Mrs. Harlan is being spoken of as the possible bride of Lowell Sherman, well-known stage and screen player, now playing in 'The Fool.' He was divorced March 20 last by Mrs. Evelyn Booth Sherman in Providence, R. I. The suit was uncontested. She alleged cruelty and neglect to provide. They were married in Chicago in 1917.

Thomas J. Clark writes: "I have had many a laugh from your column, and the sports page are the saucer of milk. 'Now I want to ask a favor. Please don't advise the fans to write letters of condolence to the 'Shriek.' Don't you imagine what a nonny-poonny it'll be if these nutty women don't let up? And as for De Rochefort, why don't they at least wait until they see him? Give him a chance. They will go to see him fully determined not to like him. I agree with you—he needs sympathy. 'I, too, think Navarro very clever. Oh, man, the column of yours will be after De Rochefort's first release is shown here!'"

"Can you tell me anything about Clara K. Young's next picture, and do you know both she and Walter? They were members of the Orpheum stock company at the old Chestnut Street Theatre for a while? "I just saw 'Honey in the Windows.' His make-up was wonderful, but, as usual, I had to sit through an awful ragedy first—a 'Hum comedy.' Why do they do it?"

"Again my heartiest thanks for the laugh. C. de M. is the greatest, etc." (Clara Kimball Young next in 'The Woman He Loved' after we see 'Enter Madame.' I don't know what has become of 'The Hand of Sara,' which preceded 'Enter Madame' in the making. It seems to have fattered and died.)

How dare you get laughs from my PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS

The following theatres obtain their pictures through the STANLEY Company of America, which is a guarantee of early showing of the finest productions. Ask for the theatre in your locality obtaining pictures through the Stanley Company of America.

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LILLIAN TUCKER We'll be glad to publish the pictures of such screen players as are suggested by the fans

perfectly serious, sober, high-brow column!

Mildred W.—If you have been following up my interesting column every evening, why do you ask my opinions of those films you mention? I've spoiled reams and reams of perfectly good paper writing about 'em. Everybody'd be bored to death if I repeated 'em.

Yep, Theda Bara is back in pictures. She's going to give us her version of "The East-End Way," probably to show Clara Kimball Young how she should have acted it. Nazimova's next will be "Salome."

Sal writes: "When any one knocks John Barrymore on the head then my ire is up. I think John Barrymore is the best actor on the stage and screen, and where he is spoken about like Wallie—no meat as the slang for Wallie, because I like him immensely—why, words can't speak my mind."

"The Lotus Eaters" was the only thing I didn't like Barrymore in, and that was trash. Sherlock has always been a favorite of mine, and having some good criticism and some good I went to see it hoping for the best, and got it. Barrymore was marvelous. I thought, and the whole thing just as I imagined it. So was your friend Bey's, of whatever you call him."

"As for 'The Hairly Ape,' well, if I were to say what I felt I'd burn up the paper in saying it. Why, it was a disgrace, and the most blankety-blank thing that could ever be. I certainly agree with you.

"What do you think about Leatrice Joy? You said something about her some time ago. I think she is a most promising actress, and as for looks, I think she is fine."

"Of all the actresses I hate the worst, you couldn't pay me to see them. What do you think?"

"I thought Florence Vidor in 'Hail the Woman' was fine. Like Tommy Meighan, Wallie and W. S. Hart (mostly for 'Paint')."

"It is true that they are going to FALL AND WINTER RESORTS ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Hotel Dennis ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Directly on the Ocean Front The American Plan Hotel par excellence. Rates straight by day."

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NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. HOOT GIBSON in "THE GALLOPING HID"

make more of Sherlock Holmes? That is what I read somewhere. "One thing more—don't you think Lon Chaney is great?"

(You bet! Chaney is to me one of the sad commentaries on the movie business—a man who is a supreme artist, but, just because he does not do the kind of stuff that appeals to the flappers, will never win the big rewards to which he is artistically entitled. You don't agree with me on "The Hairly Ape" at all—not if you think what you say you do. I said that I found it a tremendously impressive play to read, but I admitted that I didn't altogether like it on the stage. But I do thoroughly agree with you about Leatrice Joy—fine! There is an English company making "Sherlock Holmes" pictures.)

"Old Times" writes: "Haven't been to a picture for ages, so really haven't a thing of importance to discuss, but I just can't stand not getting in on the column once in a while. I've had many good laughs lately when one of our 'fan family' gets started, wondering whether or not you are Cynthia. I must say the gentleman next door to me in that pretentious office at Sixth and Chestnut didn't resemble her at all.

"However, I may have been blinded by my own surprise at not finding such a quiet corner in the Westchester County to work in a studio all day, have a memory of that big rambling white house with green shutters on its charming home up in Westchester (the place looked as cool as an ice cream cone, and it was a warm August evening.

"Another memory of Robert Warwick strolling nonchalantly through a department store looking like a prosperous business man, and his way to lunch—and then a picture of the Fairbanks twins arm-in-arm with their mother, looking for all the world like two suburbanites, and an all-time two peas in their little brown tailored suits."

"It seems we are about to lose our own Rudy, doesn't it? And why all the fuss about it? After all, the producers have been in the show business a long time, and I feel sure have a good and sufficient reason for their actions. As there are usually two sides to every story, why not wait till all the facts are out before sitting in judgment, as so many of my friends do. After all, we all like Rudy and want to see him get ahead, and no doubt when all is said and done there will be a place for both him and the gentleman."

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E. D. B. writes: "I am a great lover of good pictures and would prefer a moving-picture, show rather than a dance or a party, even though I dance a great deal and enjoy it immensely. "Will you please publish another picture of Rodolph by himself after you carry out all of the other requests? I admit that Peter Pan stated in his letter, that we girls like Rudy because he is a tender lover; but, outside of Conrad Nagel, will he tell me who could take Rudy's place? Unfortunately, they are trying to get some one to take his place, but I, for one, hope he doesn't succeed. Do not want to start another argument now, but I don't think Rudy will stay out of the movies for two years. In a month or two we will hear that he is starting on a new picture. Because a great part of the public are raising a 'kick,' and almost all the people I have talked to do not intend to give this Frenchman any support. "From what I read in letters and conversations with boys, they don't seem to like Rudy or the way he acts, and when I go to see his pictures almost half the place is occupied by boys. But usually don't go to see pictures with actors or actresses that I don't care for. "Will you please give me the address of Norma Talmadge?"

(I'm printing your letter not because I approve of your sentiments, but just because I so thoroughly disapprove of them. I want the fans to see what I consider the most unfair and unwarranted viewpoint possible. I'm not against Rudy; I'm for him, sure. But I don't propose to let that influence the fact that De Rochefort is an actor who is coming here to be judged as an actor, and that's the way I propose to judge him.

Address Norma Talmadge, 1540 Broadway, New York.)

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