

THE HOUSE OF MOHUN

By GEORGE GIBBS

Author of "Youth Triumphant" and Other Successes
Copyright, 1922, D. Appleton & Co.

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY
CHERRY MOHUN, up-to-date girl, rich and charming, at once irritated and attracted by
DAVID SANGREE, young American schoolboy, an earnest, earnest, earnest boy, whose changes in manners and customs brought out by the war, but interested in Cherry. His modest funds are invested with her father.
GENIE MOHUN, a self-made financial leader. Too busy to think of his children he leaves them to
MRS. MOHUN, who has successfully cultivated the social side of life.
BRUCE COWAN, a motorcar salesman, of care-free type, of whom Cherry imagines she is enamored.
BOB MOHUN, son, is a typically reckless youngster.
GEORGE LYCETT, chief chorus, philosophizing as the story develops.
JOHN CHICHESTER, whom Mrs. Mohun would like to sell to her son.



GENIE drove her to town in Mrs. Gantley's runabout. Cherry was silent. Aside from Dicky's confidences, there was a subtle change in her relationships with the old crowd. Everything was different somehow. Already they talked of things with which she was unfamiliar—light gossip about people she didn't even know— anecdotes—which once would have greatly amused her and which now had no flavor to arrest the soberness of her thoughts. She couldn't understand.

"What do you think of Phoebe and Dicky?" she asked after a while.

"Oh, all right, I suppose. They just drifted into it. Phoebe would have liked to marry Jack and everybody knows that Dick wanted to like Phoebe's courage though."

"I think they'll be happy," said Cherry quietly. "I want them to be."

"It's up to Dicky. But his reputation is a little too sudden to be above suspicion."

Cherry made no reply and Genie rattled on in the manner of a man of abstracted, soaring in her brain, almost the entire history of her precocious youth. She said Cherry had many troubles in common.

"I tell you, Cherry, she came on after a particularly bitter attack upon her divorced parents, for their unwelcome of her, 'people that bring this life us into the world have a lot to be accountable for. I don't think she's born—least of all a girl—and I certainly didn't expect after I was born to be cast out into this world without even the benefits of a life preserver. How can creatures like you and me expect to earn a living? I don't even know what six times nine are. I never did. I always said, 'seventy-two and I always will. In private sessions they always gave us passing marks in exams because they wanted us to come back next year. But things don't work that way out in the world. I never was to be a highbrow, but—good Lord! I ought to know something. I don't expect to dance and that's stripped down to its bare bones. The fact is this: I'm just a female of the species sent out into the world to do an uncommensurate job. It's rather disgusting when you come to think of it."

"It is," said Cherry soberly, "especially when they try to run you down."

"But marriage is what you and I were trained for—from the moment we were out of our cradles. If you and I were out on the street, Aunt Harriet, she said with a slight, "who carries one rich husband after another. She can't love 'em all. She doesn't. You and I know a dozen like her. Which is worse? To sell your body for luxuries like Aunt Harriet or to sell it because you've got to live like the streetwalkers?"

"I tell you, Cherry, I've been using a lot of things for a long time."

"They all expect me to marry money. But I'm going to marry the man I can help and love or I'm not going to marry at all."

"Genie, you must be kidding. You must make me believe that you care for some one."

"No, I don't. I'm just talking for the men who want to marry and lean poles like Willie Rossier. Imagine little me going down the aisle with Willie. Well, look like the whole lot and Texas, the Steve Denton, blond, rosy and moist. I hate a man who perspires freely. I always think what an awful smell he'd get into if I gave him a moment's notice. I don't know about the rest of the world, but you haven't met him—Not Bachelor from Indianapolis—old as Genesis, darling, and every the color and perfume of a dead woman's gown. She gave a dry laugh. "Not for me. I haven't a dollar of my own, but I'm not going to marry any of that lot. Imagine sitting at the breakfast and watching Willie's Adam's apple wobble every time he swallowed. It's a little thing not to get married for, but there it is."

"I know," said Cherry with a grin. "I tell that was John Chichester's mistake."

"Exactly. I'd like to love somebody, Cherry. Really I would. But it would be me that the man I want must be doing something besides going to tea and jazz parties. I guess he's somewhere. Working probably—trying to do something—something. Maybe he'll turn up some time."

"Maybe he will. I hope so will, Genie."

"It's just my luck to fall in love with some poor benighted girl who has a prospect in the woods and lives in New Jersey. I always wanted to 'mother' somebody—somebody—well, like David Sangree, for instance."

"Harmless?"

"Well—you know what I mean—a fellow with a serious purpose whose life means something."

"Genie, do you mean that you—"

"No, I don't mean anything. I'm just love with him in the heart. He just represents the type I mean. But I do like David Sangree tremendously."

"Oh," said Cherry thoughtfully.

"Funny, isn't it? I've been strong for fuzzy bonds and motor-cars. Another kind to do a big job and eat chocolates. I've got an uncle who does on dining with debutantes and you know how Aunt Harriet is. Funny! I wonder where I got that strain."

"Do you think Dr. Sangree cares for you?"

"Bless your heart! He hasn't said so. I don't want him to. I might marry him, but I know that my duty lies with Willie and his Adam's apple. Both Joe and Helen of Troy got in wrong because of apples. And I may have to fall for Willie."

"Genie! You're too absurd!" Cherry laughed gaily the best time that day.

"I am. That's because laughing and making people laugh is one way of keeping from crying."

"I tell you there's some meaning to things," she said almost fiercely, "that I'll never get out of the life I

sense of relief. It had been very kind of Sylvia to invite her out with the old crowd, but the acceptance of the invitation had only impressed more deeply on Cherry's mind the differences which now existed between their life and hers. She had gone to the country trying to forget her failures and had only added more discouragement to them.

And Genie! What had Genie meant by all that sentimental stuff about David Sangree? For a long while Cherry had been thinking of Rameses as her particular property, her creature, her refuge in time of need, the one of all the people that she knew who could be most surely relied upon

to pull her out of the slough of despair—and here was Genie talking lightly of "mothering" somebody with serious purposes; in life—preferably Cherry's friend David. And Genie was quite capable of doing anything upon which she set her mind. Did Rameses care for Genie? If so why hadn't he said something about it to Cherry? Every association—every friendship—was excluded. She seemed to be as useless in the cosmic scheme as a tea card sent to the wrong address. Even Bruce Cowan, who had pursued her with such avidity in the days of her prosperity, had not been to the new house. She chose to forget his hot-blooded proposal of marriage and the coolness that

followed it—the meetings in which he had laid her on a level with his own animalism. Genie had told her that he had given up selling "Magnificent Motors" and was now engaged in the motion picture business—though what his position, she did not know. Genie had never liked Bruce and Cherry had been forced to admit that Genie's judgement of people was sometimes better than her own.

Genie and Rameses! That was funny. She would question Rameses about Genie, and Genie about Rameses.

The next morning's household work seemed to bring her nearer to the solution of these problems. She passed for a moment after rinsing out a shirt waist and went to the open window of the bathroom, looking down upon the endless row of backyards, the sight of which her mother so greatly disliked. There were people moving here and there, slovenly-looking women in calico, about their daily tasks. Cherry had never thought much about her neighbors. The difficulties which faced her had been more than enough to fill her mind, but now in this idle moment of healthful reaction a phrase of David's came to her—"the greatest game in the world—when the odds are against you—life itself." She had caught his meaning vaguely as something different from the joys of her

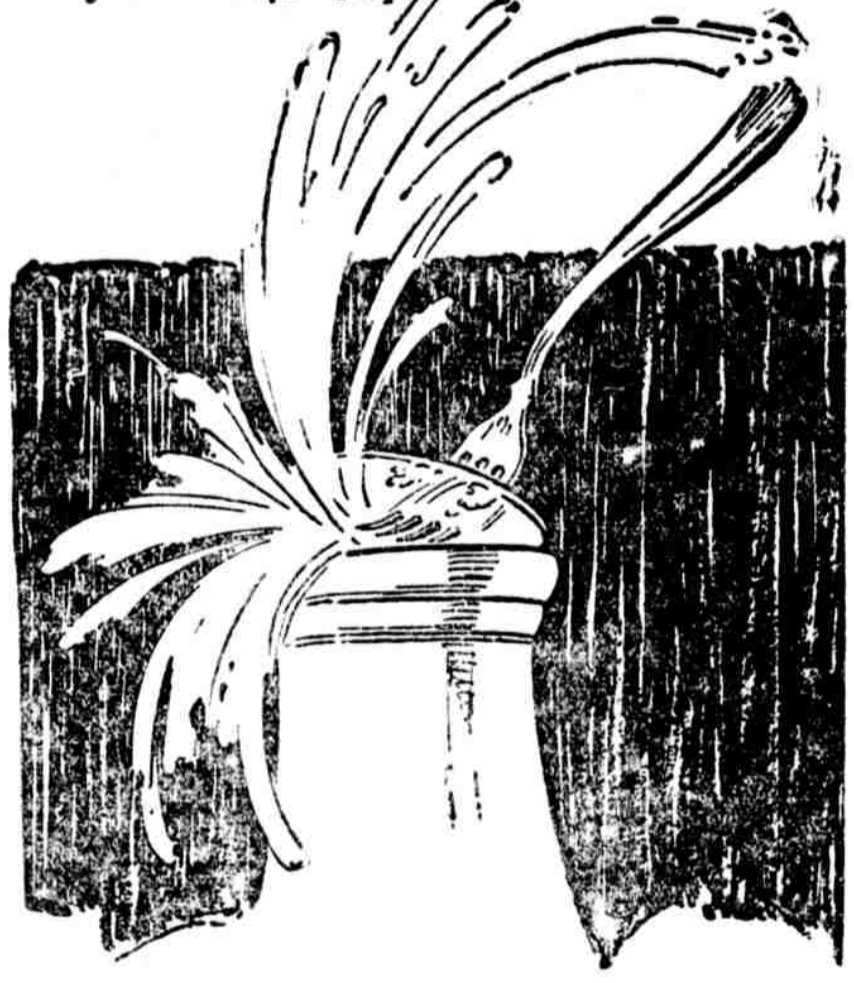
careless youth. Life! It had another meaning—something hidden deep below the surface of illusory pleasures—she heard it from her small window in the throbb of the city, the distant roar of the L, the groan of a motor horn, the complaint of the clanging bells of the surface cars, and nearer at hand, in the rasp of a saw, the rattle of dishes, nasal voices raised in argument, sounds which indicated various forms of activity within a hundred feet of her, repeated in dimming notes down all the length of the block—each house with its own problems, each family, each unit of the family, struggling with the others for existence.

This was what David had meant when the world—hers now, to play as though it were his, asking no favors, getting none. There must be others, people who had failed as she had failed and yet they still persisted, they still hoped, still struggled.

A voice came clearly in the open window, a feminine voice, singing a popular air in a thin but not unpleasant nasal soprano. It was a happy voice, full of the aspirations of youth and joy, and somehow it gave Cherry a sense of confraternity in the great fellowship of those who had played the Game.

To be continued tomorrow

The old way—
Done away with
by the New Cap



An Improved Cap for GOLD MEDAL MILK

BEGINNING tomorrow, in close to a quarter of a million homes, the ice pick and the fork need no longer be used to remove and replace milk-bottle caps. These are the homes that regularly enjoy GOLD MEDAL MILK service. Every day they receive one or more bottles of the last word in rich, fresh, wholesome milk—GOLD MEDAL. Careful, conscientious, thorough attention to every detail made a better bottle cap a logical step. The new cap, equip-

ped with a tab so that you may easily, quickly remove or replace it, makes for greater sanitation, saves time and prevents the loss of even a drop of the rich cream you find at the top of every bottle of GOLD MEDAL MILK.

The adoption of this improved milk bottle cap is one more example of our constant aim to perfect our service to our large and ever-increasing number of regular patrons.

Our Watchword is Sterling Quality

backed by prompt, efficient, courteous service. Our customers will confer a favor by promptly reporting any case in which our product or our service fall short of the standard of perfection we seek.

SUPPLEE-WILLS-JONES GOLD MEDAL MILK



26 Awards of Quality

Give that boy of yours the keenest ears in radio this Christmas—the receiving set that brings in the broadcast of half the continent as clearly as it was sent out. For his happiness and your reputation in his eyes, no matter whether you spend \$25 or \$140—be sure it's marked

DeForest
DeForest Radio Tel. & Tel. Co., Jersey City, N. J.
Schimmel Electric Supply Company
529 Arch Street
Motor Parts Equipment Company
1427 N. Broad Street
Distributors
Philadelphia, Pa.

Nickel Plating
Still, Tank and Barrel Work
Polishing and Belt Burnishing
PREMIER RADIO MFG. CO.
1900 North 6th St.
Colonial Bldg. Phila. 22, Pa.

RADIO
Why Not a Gift They Will ALL Enjoy?
We install and adjust the apparatus we sell, and in a manner that assures your future pleasure from its use.
Durham & Company, Inc.
Radio Engineers
1936 Market St., Phila.
W.C.A.U. Locust 2993