



Honeymoon Mountain

By Frances Shelley Wees

SYNOPSIS

Bryn (James Brynildson III), a tall bronzed young man of wealth, and his chum, Tubby Forbes, are discussing Bryn's coming marriage. Tubby believes it a scheme to get Bryn's wealth from him. Should the girl, Deborah, whom Bryn had met at the office of his attorney, Ted Holworthy, marry Stuart Graham before her twenty-first birthday, she will inherit a vast fortune from her grandfather. Stuart had greatly displeased Deborah, who refuses to marry him. Bryn, posing as an unemployed engineer, offers to marry Deborah, as Stuart, for \$50,000, they not to live as man and wife. Twenty-three years previous, Anne Larned had eloped with an adventurer on the day set for her wedding to Courtney Graham. Two days after the birth of her daughter, Anne died. Shortly after, the father died. The Larneds, grandparents, took the child with them to Oregon where, without child companions, Deborah grew up. To safeguard her from some fortune hunter, her grandfather had arranged for her to marry Stuart, son of Courtney Graham, when of age.

CHAPTER I—Continued

It was here that Mr. Larned showed that his unhappy experience had not gone for nothing. He was determined to leave nothing to chance. He was determined that everything should contribute toward making the young people willing to marry each other. He made his will, and it was a model of ingenuity. In it he said that his granddaughter Deborah should inherit the large part of his fortune, amounting to something over a million dollars in government bonds, if and only if she married Stuart Graham on or before her twenty-first birthday. On her twenty-first birthday her grandfather, if he were alive, would be eighty-five years of age. It was not likely that he would live long after that date, so the old man faced the situation squarely: if he should die before her twenty-first birthday, she and her grandmother were to live on the income from a selected list of more profitable securities chosen by him with great care; and if anything happened to prevent Deborah from marrying young Graham, then the fortune was to go to charities, but she was to have the income from the securities for life. The latter was sufficient to make her comfortable and keep her from want or poverty; but it was not sufficient to attract the attention of a scoundrelly fortune hunter such as her father had been.

The will was carefully planned and executed, and Grandfather smiled and nodded to himself whenever he thought of it. An absolute fool-proof and rogue-proof plan, he said to his wife over and over.

Grandfather had died when Deborah was just past fifteen; and things had gone quite smoothly for nearly three years longer, with Gary managing everything, the house, the business letters, the money matters. But then something strange and unexpected had happened out in the world, and Gary began to go about with a worried frown. Finally—and Deborah was eighteen then—she had made him tell her the truth.

There was something about a crash in New York—something had toppled and fallen, and their careful list of securities had collapsed into a careless heap which was bringing them scarcely enough to live on. Grandmother didn't know, of course. Grandmother couldn't be told anything like that. Gary had been most relieved to tell Deborah, and it had been good fun at first, to think of themselves as poor. Of course it would be only until Deborah was twenty-one, and then they would be wealthier than ever. Until Deborah was twenty-one—it had run like a thread of song through everything they did, through all the little subterfuges to keep Grandmother from knowing, through the hard work, the gardening, the building of the smoke house to cure venison and fish for the larder.

And then, suddenly, Deborah was twenty and a half.

Twenty and a half, and marriage was something unknown and frightening. What was marriage? Why did a girl have to marry a man, a young man she had never seen, and . . . well, when she did marry him, what happened? Grandmother wouldn't explain. She said Stuart was a gentleman, and anything Deborah didn't quite understand, he would explain to her. But it wasn't enough. And, for the first time in her life, Deborah couldn't ask Gary. They talked about love. Well, that was easy. Deborah loved Grandmother dearly, her sweet, fragile old face, her tender hands, her soft gentle smile. She would have done anything for Grandmother. But it

wasn't like that: Grandmother had said so herself, blushing furiously. She said the love a woman had for her husband was something quite different, more wonderful. Stuart Graham was writing to her now. He had begun when she was twenty, and over the first letter Gary had shaken his head and said it sounded very sudden, somehow; and over the second he said the fellow seemed to want to know an awful lot about what kind of investments Grandfather had left his money in. He and Deborah talked it over, and Deborah had said, with those cold fingers at her heart and a smile on her lips, that it didn't matter whether Stuart had any money or not, that surely she had enough for two, and the situation was that if she didn't marry him, poor or not poor, there wouldn't be anything for any of them. The time was desperate. Gary said miserably that they wouldn't be able to pay the taxes on the only home they had, if they didn't get some money soon. So of course there was nothing to do but go through with it.

And then the very worst thing of all happened. For some reason that Grandmother couldn't understand, except that since a Graham had done it there must be a reason and a good one, Stuart had joined the navy two or three years ago. And now something had occurred, something he didn't quite explain. As a result, he was not going to be able to leave his ship by Deborah's twenty-first birthday.

For a few days, Gary and Grandmother and Deborah were thrown into consternation; and although for a moment when his letter first came, Deborah had run out and hugged a tree for sheer joy, she had seen in no time that something had to be done. Stuart had a plan. He had gone on to explain that, fortunately enough, his ship would be with the rest of the Pacific fleet, anchored in Golden Gate harbor in San Francisco bay; and that it would be quite simple after all. Deborah could come down and meet him in San Francisco, and they could be married there.

Quite simple for Stuart, perhaps, but a most upsetting idea for Deborah and Grandmother and Gary. Obviously, if Deborah went, she must go alone; since Grandmother could not possibly go, and Gary could not possibly leave her. And Deborah had been so little in the world; she had never traveled anywhere alone. The world was a huge noisy whirling place, and she had lived always in the quiet and peace of the mountains. Still, it was only a matter of a trip to San Francisco; because, once there, she could go directly to the hotel Grandmother knew about, the hotel at which they had stayed years ago; and from the hotel she could go to Mr. Holworthy's office where Stuart would meet her. Stuart was a Graham, and a gentleman, and as soon as she met him her troubles would be over.

This was what Grandmother said, and outwardly Deborah assented; but to her he was really a man and a stranger, and in her heart was a deadly terror of marriage and whatever it might mean, of meeting this strange man and being with him, being alone with him.

Grandmother was horrified when they came to contemplate Deborah's wardrobe. She wanted to write immediately to Boston and have a large selection of articles sent out, but Deborah convinced her that there was no time, and that they would have to manage with what was in the house. So they made a traveling costume from one of Grandmother's. It was quiet and reserved, although perhaps the lines were not such as a professional dressmaker would have put into it. It would serve.

The dress was made of brown cloth, very neat and plain. A hat was rather a problem, but they evolved one finally, a neat small black turban with a modest cluster of velvet pansies on one side. Grandmother sent only one other dress with Deborah; her own wedding dress. When they tried it on, it fitted perfectly. Deborah looked at herself in the glass, and then quickly back at Grandmother, with dark startled eyes.

"It's . . . it's . . ." she touched the neck.

"It is for your husband, my darling," Grandmother said gently, and Deborah's blood was cold again in her veins.

CHAPTER II

Tubby had finally finished dressing, and now, after a hurried trip across the city in Bryn's roadster, they stood waiting in the big parlor of one of the old and em-

nently respectable hotels. Tubby, hands in pockets, stared unseeingly at the candle sconces on the wall, fitted now with weary electric bulbs which gave out barely enough light to disclose the dangling crystal ornaments on the sconces themselves.

The grandfather clock in the corner ticked slowly.

"You're crazy," Bryn murmured, and took out his watch.

"Me?" Tubby asked in amazement and sat down in a comfortable chair.

"The clock. It's slow. My watch says ten minutes to nine."

"Oh. So you were talking to the clock?"

"Merely a slip."

"Slip is right," Tubby muttered. "Talking to clocks!" Tubby went so far as to say that if Bryn, at the age of six, had not fallen upon him violently one day as they rolled off a roof together, he would not have bitten the end of his tongue and so begun a lisp which would endure to his dying day.

"Thlip lth right," Bryn repeated absently to himself. "Talking to cloctch."

"Go to hell," Tubby said bitterly. He folded his hands before him.

There was a long silence.

"Bryn," Tubby said abruptly, and stopped.

"Tubby," Bryn answered politely. "Bryn, what are you doing it for?"

"There isn't any reason why I shouldn't do it."

"Well," Tubby exploded, "you're not getting anything out of it. That's what I mean. You're getting into an awful mix-up with all kinds of possible consequences, and you're not getting anything out of it."

"Consequences?"

Tubby still sat in the big chair and considered, his blue eyes on Bryn's gray ones. "Pilar, for one. You'd make a very nice couple. That is . . ."

"Pilar would make a nice couple with anybody. And we've settled about her, so don't go back over that again, Tubby. Only there's a suggestion I'd like to make. If I were you I wouldn't rush over to Pilar's tonight right after the ceremony, because if you were to get down on your knees in my pants there would certainly be a catastrophe."

He stopped in front of the grandfather clock and gazed earnestly into its dingy face until Tubby had stopped making his spluttering noises. There was another long silence. Seven minutes to nine.

"What about this sailor, this Graham fellow?" Tubby demanded, abruptly. "Do you think he's going to let any man crack him in the jaw and then marry his girl without doing anything about it? What about him?"

"Oh, he's all right," Bryn said lazily. "His enlistment time doesn't expire for two months. And he isn't much to worry over, anyway."

"Oh, Lord," Tubby said prayerfully, and put his head in his hands. Bryn went over and sat down beside him. He tweaked the yellow lock. "The whole trouble with you, Tubby, is that you're one of these sermons-in-stones people. I mean, you can't help looking for trouble. Why can't you take a thing at its



"There Isn't Any Reason Why I Shouldn't Do It."

face value and stop worrying? All that's happening is that I'm lending my name and my charming personality . . . because I have to win over the grandmother, too, perhaps I forgot to mention it . . . for a year. What's a year? The last pair of elephant tusks I brought home cost me a year, and I've been sick of the darn things for a long time. After all, an elephant tusk is not exactly a thing a man wants to look at more than two or three times a day, and it isn't a thing you ever get really fond of and like to cherish, you know."

Tubby raised his head. "Oh," he said ominously. "So you're planning to cherish this Deborah woman and get fond of her, are you? Now that I understand why you're marrying her, do you mind telling me why she is marrying you? It doesn't work both ways, you know. It couldn't be, even if it's what I'm beginning to think it might be."

"But I told you why she's marrying me," Bryn said kindly. "I really explained it very nicely. She's marrying me to get a million dollars, one year from today when the conditions of the will are fulfilled

and when her grandmother is convinced that I am no fortune-hunter and that I am a steady going young gentleman with no bad habits and the ability to make Deborah happy."

"Oh, no, she isn't," Tubby contradicted.

"Isn't she?"

Tubby straightened. He put his hand on Bryn's arm. "Look here, Bryn," he said, "what's the use of your trying to hold out on me? Why don't you come across with the whole story? I know what it is, anyway. It's another of those crazy quixotic notions of yours. What are you trying to put over now?"

"Nothing."

"You lie. The girl can't be marrying you to get her grandfather's money, because you're not Stuart Graham, and you said yourself that the will stated specifically that unless she married Graham and Graham only, on or before her birthday—today—she wouldn't get the money. Didn't you? And you're not Graham."

"Well," said Bryn at last, "not specifically. Not very specifically. I've read quite a few legal documents . . . this was a ferociously legal document. Tub, with a lot of whereases and in-as-much-ases and party-of-the-second-parts, and that kind of thing. If Deborah's grandfather hadn't told me what it was that he intended, I wouldn't have been too sure."

"But is it ambiguous, after all the fuss? Why make a will like that and leave it ambiguous? Can the girl get around it? Marry anybody at all and still get the money?"

"Well," Bryn admitted slowly, "no."

"No? No? But . . ."

"But we told her she could. I told her. Holworthy told her. Of course, if she's gone off and tried marrying anyone else, he'd have been forced to explain to her that on second reading . . . and so on."

"So," Tubby said with the manner of a talkie villain.

"Well," Bryn said for the third time, "what of it? It gets her out of a jam, doesn't it?"

"And you pay over a million of your own dollars at the end of a year, and she gives you fifty thousand for your services. Is that the way it works, noble Sir Galahad?"

"Oh, I don't know. I think we can break the will, Holworthy's going to do his damndest. And, if he can't . . . well, the money means quite a bit to her. If—when you meet her you'll understand a little better, Tub."

"Humph," Tubby said. They both stood up. Bryn looked at his watch. Ten minutes past nine. The grandfather clock choked, muttered, cleared its throat and gasped out that it was nine o'clock.

"Just the same," Tubby said explosively, shaking down his trouser leg, "just the same, a year is too long. An ignorant, unsophisticated, dowdy backwards country girl, who's never been anywhere or seen anything . . . milk and water, as uninteresting . . . after Pilar!"

"Sh!" Bryn said quickly. He took three steps toward the door at the end of the long room. Tubby stood up, too. The door was opening.

A tall gentleman in black pushed the door open and held it. Behind him came Mr. Holworthy, his smile astonishingly serene and content. For years Mr. Holworthy had guarded the Golden Fleece; yet here he was, calm and undismayed, lending his arm and his moral support to this menace of Bryn's peace of mind, this girl who could wreak the most dire havoc in Bryn's affairs.

Tubby looked at the girl. He choked. Bryn stood without moving. She was finishing a remark to Mr. Holworthy as she came through the door on his arm. Tubby did not hear the words, but he caught the melody of her voice. It was like that of a very young child, with an appealing break in it; one thought of small birds learning to sing, of hyacinths in spring gardens, of silver bells at twilight.

She was a very small girl as she stood hesitantly there. A very small girl, and she was dressed in white. Her skirt was so full that it stood around her in a circle, and only the tip of one tiny white slipper could be seen below it. She held it off the dusty carpet with the tips of careful fingers. The bodice was slim and pointed, and her waist could have been spanned by a man's two hands. There were little puffed sleeves below her white shoulders; the neck of the dress was low, and above it her throat was creamy white and soft. She had pinned rosettes against it in front, after a hasty, flushed look into the mirror, and they lay pink and fragrant against her delicate flesh. Around her neck was a short strand of tiny pearls, and from her ears hung little round pearl drops. She looked like a miniature of one's grandmother, painted on her wedding day.

And her face? A small white oval face, without a hint of color in the cheeks, but with a pair of the softest reddest lips in the world. They were the kind of lips which look like the bud of a red rose when they say "no" and there was something about the firm little round chin which suggested that she might often say "no." Eyes like purple pansies, soft and velvety and dark; and as if eyes and lips and tiny hands in white lace mittens were not enough, her hair was of red gold, curling and breaking into a million misty tendrils around her face.

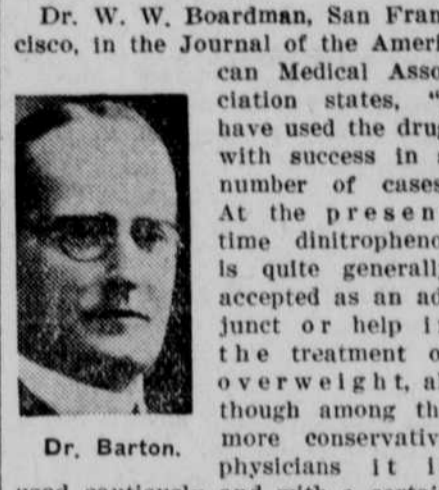
(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOW ARE YOU TODAY?

DR. JAMES W. BARTON Talks About

The Weight Reducing Drug

Weight without the individual having to cut down on his food or increase his exercise, naturally it is going to become very popular. The fact that skin eruptions, digestive disturbances and even death in a few cases has occurred from its use has apparently not lessened the demand for the drug.



Dr. Barton.

Dr. W. W. Boardman, San Francisco, in the Journal of the American Medical Association states, "I have used the drug with success in a number of cases. At the present time dinitrophenol is quite generally accepted as an adjunct or help in the treatment of overweight, although among the more conservative physicians it is used cautiously and with a certain degree of fear. I myself used it in several cases with satisfactory results. However, in the last two weeks I have seen two cases of rapidly developing cataract in relatively young women and have had reports of four similar cases."

The Completion Test

In this test ten incomplete statements are made. Each one can be completed by adding one of the four suggestions given. Underline the correct one.

1. The Rhine river flows into the—
—Bay of Biscay, Atlantic ocean, North sea, Baltic sea.
2. "Tale of Two Cities" was written by—
—Mark Twain, Robert Louis Stevenson, Charles Dickens, William Shakespeare.
3. The Michigan football team is called the—
—Hawkeyes, Bollermakers, Wolverines, Gophers.
4. Sappho was a famous—
—Italian painter, Greek poet, Latin historian, Roman orator.
5. Charleston is the capital of—
—North Carolina, West Virginia, South Carolina, Massachusetts.
6. The zloty is a coin of—
—Germany, Russia, Poland, Siam.
7. Donald Budge is associated with—
—boxing, baseball, tennis, six-day bicycle racing.
8. The fifteenth President of the United States was—
—James A. Garfield, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, James Buchanan.
9. Prospero was a character in—
—"King Lear," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Tempest," "Hamlet."
10. Colgate university is located in—
—Hanover, N. H., Hamilton, N. Y., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Clinton, N. Y.

Other Cases Similar.

The third case used dinitrophenol from time to time for eight months with a satisfactory loss of weight. However her vision became dim and within 30 days had progressed to almost complete blindness and with fully developed cataracts.

The fourth case had been taking dinitrophenol without a physician's supervision, for several months. She also has shown rapidly developing cataracts.

Doctor Boardman comments as follows: "As the occurrence of cataract at this age is extremely rare and the one common factor in all four cases has been the use of dinitrophenol, it would certainly seem that until the question of the relationship between the dinitrophenol and the rapidly developing cataracts in young women is settled, the drug should not be used."

In the same issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association, Drs. Warren D. Horner, Richard Barr Jones, and W. W. Boardman, San Francisco, report three cases of cataracts following the use of dinitrophenol. The cases were women aged, fifty, thirty-seven, and forty respectively.

They report that the age of the patients and the absence of any other cause suggest dinitrophenol as the cause of the formation of the cataracts and loss of vision.

Advise Discontinuance.

"Under the circumstances, further use of dinitrophenol should be discontinued pending further study of its effects upon the body, aside from the reducing of weight."

Now, the above information and comments do not mean that dinitrophenol passes out of the picture as a weight reducer. As the Journal quite properly states that as dinitrophenol has not been standardized some of it may contain impurities. Also the cataracts may have resulted from an unbalanced diet which often occurs when the food intake is reduced greatly.

Thus it has not been established whether the cataracts occurred because of the dinitrophenol or because of some other undetected cause.

X-Ray Shows Up Appendix

Patients may sometimes wonder why their physician recommends an X-ray examination of the stomach and intestine when the trouble is likely to be in just one or the other and not in both. They feel that the physician should be able to locate the trouble exactly and not put them to the expense of the X-ray examination, reasonable though it may be.

As a matter of fact, when there is trouble in the abdomen, in addition to the X-ray of the stomach and intestine, an X-ray examination of the gall bladder by means of a dye and the X-ray is really what the physician would like to have done to enable him to learn more as to the cause of the symptoms.

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TIMES DO CHANGE



"Hiram writes from school that they are putting in an electric switch."

"There's no end o' them new-fangled ideas. The birch rod was good enough in my day."

An Old Decision

"Why don't you show your wife who's master of the house?"

"She knows."

Smiles

A Family Affair

Ella—Where does she get her good looks?

Bella—From her dad.

Ella—Why, I've seen him—he's not so handsome.

Bella—No, he's a druggist.

Keep Passing

Boss—On your way there you will pass a baseball park.

Messenger Boy (hopefully)—Yes?

Boss—Well—pass it.

True, But—

Trainer (encouraging his man)—What you've got to do is to stick to it and go for 'em, and you'll come through with flying colors.

Boxer (doubtfully)—Yes! But they'll be at half-mast.—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.



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