



Honeymoon Mountain

By Frances Shelley Wees

CHAPTER VI

DEBORAH walked slowly back to the house. The shadows were beginning to lengthen; the sun was already dropping down toward the western hills. In the garden the men had turned on the spray of the new watering system that had been installed, and the water spread up in a wide jewelled fan against the orchard green.

From the road outside the wall came the steady hum of an approaching motor. The motor slowed. The gate was open; the car turned in and came cautiously up the drive not with its usual swift rush to the house.

It was Mr. Forbes. "Here I am," he said cheerfully. "Don't say you don't remember me!"

"Of course I remember you," Deborah said, smiling.

He took her outstretched hand. He smiled down at her, the warmest and most comfortable kind of smile.

"Where's Bryn?" His eyes searched her face, and she flushed faintly as she answered.

"He's gone to town. You must have passed him there."

"Well, he'll come back," Tubby said with assurance, and turned to the man who had come with him, still sitting in the car. "It's the place, all right," he said, and the man began to climb out. Tubby turned back to Deborah. "I've brought the new butler."

"Oh," Deborah's eyes flickered over the grave and dignified mien of the new butler. She nodded to him. "I'll call Gary," she decided, turned, stepped inside the kitchen and called out "Gary! Oh, Gar-eee!"

In a moment he came, puffing, red faced, his coat only half on. He was fumbling for the sleeve. "Never mind your coat," Deborah told him, and took it away from him. "This is Gary, Mr. Forbes," she told Tubby.

"Mr. Forbes is . . . is Bryn's best friend," she informed Gary. "He has brought us a butler. You will take care of him Gary, and Mr. Forbes, too, I must run and tell Grandmother."

"Who was that, dear?" Grandmother inquired as Deborah reached the foot of the steps.

"It's . . . a Mr. Forbes, Grandmother. I told you about him. He was at my wedding, Bryn calls him Tubby. Because he is so pink and plump, I suppose. And the man with him is the new butler. Gary is taking care of them."

Grandmother sighed contentedly. "I can scarcely believe it," she murmured.

Footsteps sounded in the hall inside the open door, and Tubby appeared in the doorway. He hesitated, and Deborah went to his side.

"Grandmother, this is Mr. Forbes," she murmured, and Tubby crossed the porch to bend over the wrinkled hand held out to him. He looked very nice indeed in a suit of gray-blue, a perfectly tailored suit.

"I am so glad you have come," Grandmother was saying. She settled herself again into her pillows and drew the thin Paisley smooth over her knees. "I have suggested to Bryn any number of times that we might have some of his friends come and visit us, but as yet we have been so busy putting the house and ourselves in order."

Tubby was frankly staring at her. "Do you call him Bryn, now?" he inquired.

"Yes. He explained it to me, and asked me if I minded. Of course I did not mind. I have become very fond of him, even in this short time."

A stately figure appeared in the doorway. It was the butler, bland and serene, with a small silver tray holding a bell. He looked at Tubby and walked.

"Oh," Tubby said. "Mrs. Larned, this is Burch. I think he will be able to make you comfortable."

"How do you do, Burch," Grandmother said gently. Burch bowed, and murmured an acknowledgment of the introduction. He advanced slowly and put the bell down on the small table at Grandmother's side. His movements were quietly majestic. He began to withdraw.

"Hi," Tubby called after him. "Bring me my bag, will you, Burch?" "Yes, sir."

Nobody heard her. Grandmother was looking very proud. "His is a very old family, of course," she said. "Even in San Francisco the wedding was certain to be a matter of comment."

Tubby drew forth a tissue-wrapped box. "This is from my sister Sally," he explained, handing it to Deborah.

Deborah unwrapped the tissue paper. Inside was a long velvet jeweler's box; she opened it, and there, in the white velvet lining, lay a whole suite of rose-colored crystals, exquisitely cut. The long strand of the necklace dropped to her waist; the earrings were pendant on silver chains; there were two sparkling bracelets and a beautiful ring. Deborah looked at them.

"Is your sister Sally . . . is she a very great friend of Bryn's too?"

"Yes, indeed. They've adored each other for years. When Sally and Simon used to quarrel, it was always Bryn that Sally went to for sympathy. He'd let her cry it out on his shoulder, and pat her—you know, the way men do," Tubby said to Grandmother with camaraderie. "And then he would slip off and telephone Simon, give him a good wiggling, and tell him where Sally was."

"Who is Simon?" Deborah heard herself saying.

"Simon? Oh, he's Sally's husband. They're crazy about each other, you know, and always were. Now, here," Tubby went on, rummaging with one hand and holding out a flat round parcel with the other. "This is from me. It's the only way you'd ever get it. I thought you'd appreciate it," he muttered, his head in the bag.

Deborah unwrapped the parcel silently. Inside, looking out from a beautiful heavy silver frame, was Bryn's face. The gray eyes twinkled up at her; the mouth was firm and quiet. She looked at it. She handed it across to Grandmother. "You will like this," she said.

Grandmother took it and held it silently before her. After a moment Deborah saw her fumbling for her handkerchief. She wiped her eyes, surreptitiously. She loved him. She loved him as much as that.

"There," Tubby said, lifting a fiery red face. "There, right at the very bottom, of course. Now this is from Madeline."

It was a most exquisite rose-colored silk shawl covered with pale-blue embroidered flowers in small perfect stitches, and a long pale blue fringe. Deborah's hand caressed the heavy silk. "I love it," she told him gently. "Is Madeline your sister too?"

"Well, no," Tubby said, with what seemed to her a hint of embarrassment. "Not exactly. She's Simon's sister, so of course she's practically in the family. She's an extremely nice girl."

"Has she been a friend of Bryn's all his life, too?"

"Well, yes. Practically."

"Do they . . ." Deborah stopped. Her violet eyes were fixed on his face. She waited.

Tubby coughed. "You know how it is, he explained with a wave of his hand. 'All the girls are crazy about Bryn. Always were. They're bound to be a little upset to think he's married now and gone.'"

"Is Madeline upset?"

Tubby laughed heartily. "Oh, I don't think so," he said. "She's too sensible for that."

"I see," Deborah said quietly. Grandmother looked up from the shawl and lifted the picture again. "Would it be possible to have another copy made of this?" she inquired.

"I'm sure I can get any number," Tubby said at once. "They're Bryn's graduation pictures. He's wearing the gown and hood there. I can get 'em from the photographer in Palo Alto?"

"That's where Bryn graduated, of course, at Stanford."

"Stanford?" Grandmother repeated with wrinkled brow. "Isn't that rather strange?"

"Oh, I don't think so. Bryn's family went there. They're part of the Stanford tradition. They always shine in football."

"Bryn's family?" Grandmother repeated slowly. Deborah, sick at heart, caught Tubby's eye. At sight of her face his own slowly lengthened. His mouth fell open. "But surely," Grandmother went on, "surely his family all went to Princeton. I remember quite distinctly."

"I . . . I was thinking of his mother's family," Tubby said at last, still watching Deborah. Deborah went across the veranda and rang the little silver bell. "You look tired, dear," she told her

grandmother. "You must have some refreshment. Let me take Mr. Forbes away, and you rest for a few minutes before the tea comes."

Grandmother lifted her fan and moved it softly before her face. "I will be glad of some tea, Deborah," she murmured.

The tray came almost as she spoke, and at the same moment came the whine of Bryn's motor up the road. Almost immediately he was down the drive, and had given the group on the veranda one glance. His car stopped; a few seconds later he came around the corner of the house and to the foot of the steps. He walked up them slowly, his face unsmiling, his eyes on Tubby. Tubby put his cup down on the floor and stood buttoning his coat. Bryn stood waiting.

"Ah—er . . . I hope you can give me a few minutes of your time," Tubby began nervously. "It is in a noble cause, worthy sir. I am one whose sole interest is in the welfare of the nation. In other words, I should like to leave with you a small sample of my wares. Just a small sample, sir, in forty-seven volumes. Nine dollars down and nine dollars a month till death do us part. This magnificent work . . ."

"Is it a book on etiquette?" Bryn inquired coldly.

"Etiquette? Oh, indeed, nothing of the kind. Although, of course, it contains chapters on etiquette. How to . . . to bathe the baby, and what soup to serve."

"There should be something about invitations," Bryn answered. "Isn't there anything about not accepting



"All the Girls Are Crazy About Bryn."

invitations before they are offered? Or any remarks about getting bounced out of places where you haven't been asked?"

"Bryn," Deborah whispered, frantic, "Grandmother thinks you mean it. Tell her."

Bryn turned toward Grandmother. She was leaning back on her pillows pale as death, her hand at her heart. She thought Tubby was an impostor.

But Bryn went across to her. "Are you upsetting you, Grandmother?" he asked, kneeling beside her. "I'm sorry. We don't mean it. The rosy-cheeked person standing so hang-doggedly, if there is such a word, before us, is one of my intimates. I have been more than good to him in the past. Many a time and oft I have shared with him my last bite and let him slip at the mosquito. You see how his presence affects me. My tongue goes off at a tangent. Did we frighten you?"

She began to smile at him. "How foolish of me to be upset," she said. "I might have guessed that you were joking. Deborah knew Mr. Forbes at once, and he brought your picture . . . but I thought . . . I was afraid . . ."

Bryn walked slowly, head bent, from the door of Grandmother's room, that night, to the door of his own. He had just helped her upstairs and had seen her to her own rooms with a last cheerful good-night smile. But as her door had closed, his smile faded.

There was a light under his own door. He opened it, went in, and closed it quietly behind him. Tubby sat in the armchair beside the window, waiting for him, a guiltily expectant look on his face.

"For the last two weeks," Bryn said evenly, "I have moved heaven and earth to create a good impression, to make everything go smoothly and comfortably, no questions asked. Give me another two months and you could have come up here and done your damndest. But right now . . . well, you couldn't have chosen a better time. I'm still a new broom."

Tubby groaned. "I didn't know I was putting my foot in it," he said dismally. "She told me herself that you'd explained everything, and she called you Bryn. 'What difference does it make,' she said, 'what he's called?' Naturally, I thought you'd done the sensible thing, and confessed."

"Confessed what?"

Tubby was silent.

"What you've succeeded in doing is raising a question at the back of her mind. I don't know what in the devil you told them, but it was certainly enough. There wasn't a suspicion in her mind as to my identity. Now you've succeeded in giving her something to put over. She never quizzed me a day ago."

ple before. Tonight she asked me questions. If Deborah hadn't been there I'd have had to wreck the show."

"Listen," Tubby said desperately. His face was almost pale. "I didn't know this whole business meant so much to you, Bryn. I thought it was all a lark. You said it was. I knew Deborah was beautiful, and sweet—anybody can see that—and that you . . . well, that you were interested in her. You'd be blind if you weren't . . ."

Bryn interrupted him. "And what did you say about Sally and Madeline? Whatever you said seems to have been adequate. Grandmother gave me a bad half hour, after Deborah was gone, tonight. She got me into her sitting room and quizzed me. She suggested delicately that Deborah's feelings might be quite distinctly hurt at the thought that there had been other girls in my life who had meant so much to me."

There was a long silence.

"Bryn," Tubby broke in on him. "did Grandmother actually expect you and Deborah to fall into each other's arms the moment you met and . . . well, have everything all settled between you?"

"She hoped we would, yes."

Tubby gulped. "I don't quite understand her point of view," he went on. "Here's Deborah . . . she's nothing but a child. She doesn't know anything. She's as . . . fresh as a spring morning, and as unconscious about . . . well, about . . . that is, about . . ."

"You needn't flounder. I am aware of your meaning. In Victorian times a girl was supposed to be pure and entirely ignorant. Deborah doesn't know anything. She may have a few funny little ideas, but she doesn't know. That's one of the present difficulties. She's terrified. Well, a Victorian girl was supposed to have for her prospective husband only such feelings as respect and admiration and perhaps a gentle affection. Deborah was supposed to have those for Stuart Graham. They'd been inculcated in her. So Grandmother hadn't any compunction about handing her over to him."

Bryn's face was contracted. "Poor little kid," he said under his breath.

Tubby glanced at him and was silent again. He moved his chair.

Tubby began. "Does she think . . . goes she expect . . ."

"She does," Bryn said with bitterness. "She thinks that a wedding ring is a kind of magic talisman. If she knew that Deborah and I were . . . strangers, she'd die. Marriage is a kind of enclosure, to her. Deborah and I are one forever, she thinks, and the future is safe and secure. If life is smooth and untroubled she may live for years. If she is unhappy, troubled, she will just drift out. And if anything did happen to her, Deborah would never be happy again. She would always think she'd failed her."

Tubby stood up. He moved across to his friend, and faced him. "Bryn," he said steadfastly, "I don't want to make any more mistakes. I think I'm sure, but I'd like your word for it. I never saw you like this before. Is it the real thing, Bryn? It's got you, at last? You are in love with Deborah?"

Bryn pulled away. He went across to the window, and stood looking out at the stars. He turned at last. "Yes," he said.

Tubby swallowed. Then, "I'm sorry I acted like a fool."

"It's all right, Tubby. Nothing you said would make any difference to Deborah. She doesn't care anything about me."

"Listen," Tubby said. "Why don't you just show her how you feel, Bryn? I mean, put your arms around her and, well, kiss her. Can't you do that?"

"No."

"Why?"

"She gave me an opportunity once. I was afraid to. She wouldn't understand. You've got to remember that she doesn't understand anything. I'd frighten her. She might never get over it. If I've got a chance at all, Tubby, it's in letting her get used to me. Once she has confidence in me, really trusts me, once we get to be friends, then perhaps I can . . . oh, touch her hand once in a while. But if I frightened her now—I'm sunk."

"She wouldn't be frightened. I guess you're in love, all right. You're too modest, Bryn. She wouldn't be frightened. She'd find herself returning your kiss. It's more or less an unconscious process anyway, isn't it?"

Bryn stared at him, the gray eyes dreaming, far away. They came back to earth. Tubby had a suggestion.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Soap Known to Ancients

Soap, both as a medical and cleansing agent, was known to the ancients. Pliny speaks of two kinds, hard and soft, as used by the Germans. He mentions it as originally a Gallic invention for giving a bright hue to the hair. It is probable that soap came to the Romans from Germany. Although soap is referred to in the Old Testament, authorities believe that ashes of plants or other such purifying agents are implied. The earliest kinds of soap appear to have been made of goat's tallow and beech ash. As early as the Thirteenth century, however, a factory making soap from olive oil was established at Marseilles. Soap making was introduced into England during the next century.

POULTRY

BRICKBAT THROUGH WINDOW IS NEEDED

Would Solve Most Problems in Poultry Housing.

By W. A. Foster, Agriculture Department, University of Illinois.

Bad as poultry housing conditions are, a brick-bat through the window is all that is needed to solve the trouble in some cases. However, even the brick-bat cure will not work if it does not break out enough glass to let in the minimum need of fresh air.

Some poultry houses are so bad that fresh air only filters in through the cracks, while in other houses all the fresh air that ever gets in is what comes through the door when the operator enters or leaves. Too much fresh air makes a cold, drafty house, and too little air movement causes a foul smelling, stuffy, soggy house. Neither condition is favorable to health or good egg production.

The open front house, with intelligent control, takes care of most weather conditions in Illinois. A long roll curtain of muslin or burlap will prevent drafts and still allow fresh air to filter in. This curtain rolled on a rug pole or clothes line prop may be rolled up or down and suspended in any size opening by a pair of light ropes at each end. The fabric must be cleaned frequently to remove the dust so the air can filter through.

Another method of closing the open front is to make a set of frames similar to screen frames to fit the opening, cover them with muslin and hinge them at the top like a cellar sash. While the muslin will clog with dust, these sashes are convenient and easily closed where necessary. Completely closing the open front with glass or other material through which the air cannot pass causes a foul condition in the house. When sub-normal temperatures are predicted, there is a strong temptation to close the house to keep it warm. This usually results in moisture which increases from day to day and makes the house damp and cold.

Only Few Poor Birds Affect Crate Prices

Poultry commission merchants in Chicago are calling attention of shippers to the importance of shipping only good quality birds to market. If a crate of chickens contains a few birds of poor quality, the price of the whole crate will be affected and will be considerably lower than it would be if all the birds were of uniformly good quality.

When dressed poultry is shipped it is important that it be dressed in good shape, for feathery, over-scalded, bruised or discolored poultry will bring a poor price even though it may have been well fattened. It is important that dressed poultry be thoroughly cooled before being packed for shipment. It should not, however, be chilled or frozen.

This poultry, either live or dressed, should be kept at home. Remember in loading poultry for shipment that appearance is a large factor in selling. Therefore, have the birds uniformly graded, keep the good birds together, and keep the poor birds at home to sell on some local market where they will not discount the price of all the rest of your shipment.

As a rule, the commission men do the best they can to get good prices for your poultry, but they ask for your co-operation in order that they may be able to get these prices.

Good and Cheap Housing

There are several well recognized principles to be considered in the construction of poultry houses, regardless of size of flock, location or other factors, among them being adequate ventilation, dry quarters, light and airy interior, convenience of cleaning and general care and ease of disinfecting. Economy of construction is an important factor if profits are to be made, and this element should be given first consideration in all discussion of construction and maintenance. While sizes and plans will vary according to local requirements and conditions, a more or less standard unit type of construction has been found to serve under all conditions. As cleanliness and sanitation are cardinal principles in successful poultry raising, much thought and discussion should be given to the interior fittings and accessories.

Check Profit Years

How many years of profitable laying is a good hen good for? Many poultrymen and researchers would like to know, for a 300-egger isn't such a good investment unless she remains alive. Cornell university has a hen now in her eighth year with seven good years behind her and still going strong. In seven years this industrious biddy has cackled over 1,401 eggs, an average of 200 a year. Thirty-three other laying birds of the same strain, are four years old or over.

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Temperature of the Moon Estimated at 243 Below

Visitors to the moon would find it pretty cold up there, the Royal Astronomical society of Canada reports. Measured by thermometers used in this earth, the society estimates the temperature on the moon dips as low as 243 degrees below zero.

bonnet miss demands a bright dress and bonnet every day in the week. If you prefer do her entirely in outline stitch. It's an easy and effective way of doing these amusing motifs.

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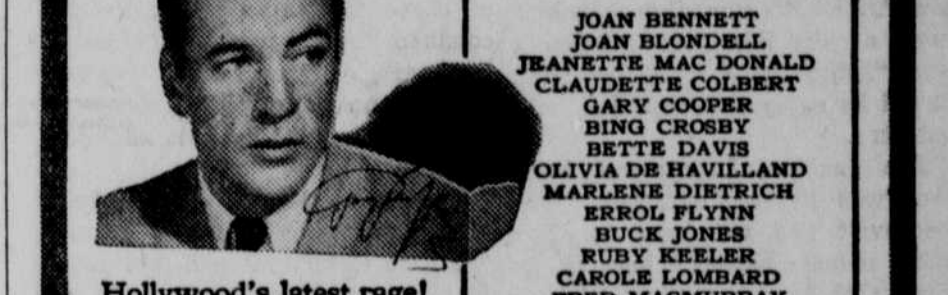
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