



Honeymoon Mountain

By Frances Shelley Wees

Copyright by Frances Shelley Wees, 1934. All Rights Reserved. Published by WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

Bryn (James Brynildson III), a tall bronzed young man of wealth, and his chum, Tubby Forbe, 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 refused 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. When Deborah was fifteen, her grandfather died. Securities had been set aside to keep the family, but a market crash left scarcely enough for them to live on. This was unknown to Deborah's grandmother, an invalid, Gary, a servant, managing the finances. At twenty, the thought of marriage greatly frightened Deborah. Tubby and Bryn await Deborah in a hotel in Frisco. Over a period of one year the groom is to prove he is no fortune hunter and can make Deborah happy to the satisfaction of her grandmother. Otherwise, the fortune is to go to charity. The will is somewhat ambiguous as to whom Deborah is to marry. The girl arrives with Holworthy. Tubby is surprised to find her charming and sweet. The wedding over, the couple arrives at the home of Deborah's grandmother. The grandmother and Bryn, who she believes to be Stuart, take to one another, which somewhat displeases Deborah, who foresees difficulty when they are to separate after a year. Deborah remonstrates with Bryn for his familiarity and insincerity.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"I didn't like it. I won't have it. It's bad enough to . . . deceive her at all, but I have to do that for her own good. I have to do what I've done. If I'd come back not married . . . and told her about . . . him, then we'd have had to tell her everything. How poor we are, and how desperate. And she would worry so much about me it would kill her. There wouldn't be anything ahead. This way, there's at least the money, and by the end of the year . . . but I won't take advantage of her. I can't bear to have you making so much of her when you don't mean it, when you're not honest."

"Don't you believe in love at first sight, Deborah?"

She sprang up and faced him. "That's what Gary said you'd start talking about next," she accused. "I think you might have better taste, if nothing else!"

"I suppose he compared me to a leech. I suppose he couldn't understand that a young man could enter into a business agreement with a young lady on perfectly clear and straightforward grounds, emotion having no part thereof?"

She raised her eyes. "Just a minute ago you started talking about . . . love at first sight!"

"My child, I was speaking of your grandmother. I intended to explain that my feeling for her was, in spite of your assumption to the contrary, honest. I was about to mention her gentleness, and her delicacy, and a few other qualities which would win the heart of a stone image, and to explain to you that any feeling of tenderness which I displayed toward her was quite sincere."

She was gazing into his face. A slow wave of color, quite unlike the angry flush of a short time ago, began to spread up from her throat over her face. She dropped her eyes.

"As for you," Bryn went on calmly, "it would be most presumptuous for me to have any feeling for you whatever. You are, in a sense, my employer. I recognize that. I have no idea of presuming on that relationship. Nothing could be farther from my mind. However—it might be easier for both of us, under the circumstances, if we came to a definite agreement as to my duties and my attitude. Obviously we cannot go on as we began yesterday, or all our plans and sacrifices so far are wasted."

She faced him. "Did you make sacrifices to do this for me?" she demanded.

there's even another girl somewhere out in the world," she said with a breath of relief. "I am a stupid creature. I might have guessed. It's because we're so self-centered here. To put it perfectly plainly, you have been exerting yourself to the utmost to live up to your bargain, and I've been ridiculous about it. Haven't I? I'm sorry. It's going to be . . ." she bent hastily and lifted her bowl. "I think I have enough," she went on.

Bryn took the bowl. They walked along leisurely toward the house. The sun had suddenly thrown off his veils of cloud and emerged in glory.

Entering the kitchen together, they found Gary there. "This is certainly an early-rising household," remarked Bryn. "Up with the birds, must be its motto."

Bryn put down his coffee cup, Gary having served them in the sitting room. He reached into his pocket mechanically for his cigarette case. "Mind if I smoke?"

Across the low round table, Deborah shook her head.

"Tell me, is it a disgraceful thing to be divorced? Does it . . . mark one?" she asked.

"We can manage it so quietly that no one will know you've been married, Deborah."

"I wasn't thinking exactly of myself," she said, faint color in her cheeks. "Nobody knows me. It wouldn't matter. I was thinking of you. I was wondering if the . . . girl you . . . that is, the girl you care about won't mind rather dreadfully. I don't quite understand these things," she hurried on, "but I think if I were she I should mind."

"Did I say I cared about a girl?" Bryn inquired, in surprise.

"Perhaps I saw for myself that there must be one. You spoke of sacrifices. You couldn't have meant your career, because you told me yourself it was at a standstill. So there must be a girl. I am glad, of course. It will make Gary feel much better. But has the world become so liberal-minded that she won't mind this taking this way to earn money for her?" Her eyes lifted to his, waiting.

Bryn considered. If he said there was no girl, Deborah might take fright again. So he said: "I assure you that no complication will arise."

She had begun to speak, perhaps to question him further, when a



"This is Certainly an Early-Rising Household," remarked Bryn.

bell tinkled. She rose hastily. "That is Grandmother," she explained, and hurried down the steps to the narrow side door. Bryn sat down again and lit another cigarette, thinking.

He recalled himself with a start, and got up hastily. He lifted the table, dishes and all, and carried it down to the kitchen door. He set it inside, went in, and drew it across the big room to the long white porcelain sink beneath the windows. Gary was there, with a big, clean apron tied over his trousers, washing up his own breakfast dishes.

"It's a beautiful day, Gary."

"Yes, sir. It gets very hot in the middle of the day in August, but the nights are always cool."

Bryn picked up a dish-towel. "What are you going to do today, Gary? Can you give me some kind of an idea of your routine? I've got to have something to do, too. I can pick cherries. Deborah said you could use them. And I heard hens cackling somewhere, although I didn't see them. I presume your fowl have the usual set of signals. So I can collect eggs."

Gary sighed. He rubbed vigorously at a plate. "All them things has

to be done," he said. "And there's potatoes to hoe and corn to weed, and cucumbers and melons to water and raspberries to tie up. He propped his hands on the edge of the sink and looked up. "If you want to work," he said, "there's plenty to be done."

Bryn put a foot on the chair beside the sink. "Had your hands full, hadn't you?" he said.

Gary did not reply. He was still searching Bryn's face. Bryn met his eyes steadily. After a moment, Gary turned away, without speaking, and finished washing the sink. He was just untying his apron to hang it up when there was a light footstep at the other end of the room, and Deborah came in. She was very pale, and there was in her face such a look of misery that both men stiffened themselves involuntarily.

"Grandmother liked the strawberries," Deborah said dismally. "She thought they were wonderful." She might have been announcing the end of the world.

"What's happened?" Gary asked again, his face working. "What's the matter, Miss Deborah? Did you tell her? Did she guess about . . ." his eyes went to Bryn.

Deborah shook her head. From her pocket she produced a long sheet of paper. "There," she said tremulously, "That's our marketing list for today."

"Marketing list?" Gary repeated, with utter horror. He stared at the paper as if it were a message of destruction from Mars.

"Five dozen wax tapers, of the best quality," Gary read out. "A cook and three housemaids."

Gary groaned. "Copies of all the modern magazines."

Deborah swallowed. "A plumber to inspect all the plumbing of the house. A man to put the electric plant in order."

"A catalogue of comfortable motor cars."

"Four or five gardeners."

"Ten pounds of the best Jasmine tea."

"Eight dollars a pound," Gary breathed. "That's her special blend."

"Well," Bryn said after a moment, "it's a fairly good beginning. I don't suppose she's heard of electric refrigerators, or vacuum cleaners, or radios, or any number of other modern inventions. The magazines will undoubtedly help, unless we go over them first and cut out all the advertisements."

Deborah sprang up. "Oh, what's the use of all this?" she cried. "I won't have you laughing at her. It's no use making fun. She thinks . . . she thinks we can manage anything now. She doesn't know. However am I going to tell her? What am I going to do?"

"It's all we can do to pay the taxes," Gary said at last. There was a silence.

Deborah came back to the table. "I'll have to pretend I'm ill," she said. "I'll have to say I've a pain in my heart, or something like that. Something that can't stand excitement. That's the only thing."

"Let's tell her the truth," Gary said sharply. "Let's tell her, Miss Deborah. We're getting in too deep."

Bryn rose and said, "The way out has just occurred to me. Mr. Holworthy."

Deborah caught her breath. "What could he do?"

"He knows the circumstances. He could advance us the money we need."

"But will he?"

"We can try. I think he will. In the meantime, we can buy the smaller things. . . . I have a little money of my own, a few hundreds. I am happy to put them at our mutual disposal."

"We can't take your money."

"Nonsense. Of course you can take my money. You can give me a note, if you like, and pay me interest. So it's settled."

Gary drew a deep breath of relief. "I'd thought of borrowing before," he said. "But until Miss Deborah was married, we didn't have any prospects of paying it back. Now it's all right. I can see it's all right. If you don't mind lending what you have, sir."

"I don't like borrowing," Deborah continued to protest, her cheeks flaming. "We're taking enough from you. We can't take any more."

Gary turned toward her. "If we don't go through with it, if you tell your grandmother now, then this gentleman won't get his money at the end of the year. She wouldn't recognize this marriage. It's too late to marry anybody else; your birthday is past. If we told your grandmother the whole truth, that your . . . the man you've married is a stranger, paid to marry you, she would die. It would kill her. And then, maybe you could get the money, but it would kill your grandmother."

Deborah listened, her eyes dark and smouldering. She lifted them at last to Bryn. "So it's just as a safeguard for yourself that you're offering your money?" she asked icily.

"Something of the sort," Bryn said with truth.

ular greetings Bryn asked him to procure ten pounds of jasmine tea from an old Chinese friend of theirs, a cook from an employment agency, three housemaids and a butler.

With the letter sealed in his pocket, Bryn went down the stairs in search of Deborah. He heard from the front of the house the sound of the piano. He went slowly toward the drawing room, listening. The piano was being banged with fury. Either Deborah or Grandmother was playing the "Norwegian Bridal Procession" in such a way that it sounded like the march on Paris.

He knocked lightly on the drawing room door, but the piano did not stop. He opened the door and went in. Deborah was pouncing angrily on handfuls of keys. Bryn stood for a moment watching her. He was restraining an impulse to walk forward, slip his arms underneath her, lift her from the stool and hold her firmly against him.

"Grandmother liked the strawberries," Deborah said dismally. "She thought they were wonderful." She might have been announcing the end of the world.

"What's happened?" Gary asked again, his face working. "What's the matter, Miss Deborah? Did you tell her? Did she guess about . . ." his eyes went to Bryn.

Deborah shook her head. From her pocket she produced a long sheet of paper. "There," she said tremulously, "That's our marketing list for today."

"Marketing list?" Gary repeated, with utter horror. He stared at the paper as if it were a message of destruction from Mars.

"Five dozen wax tapers, of the best quality," Gary read out. "A cook and three housemaids."

Gary groaned. "Copies of all the modern magazines."

Deborah swallowed. "A plumber to inspect all the plumbing of the house. A man to put the electric plant in order."

"A catalogue of comfortable motor cars."

"Four or five gardeners."

"Ten pounds of the best Jasmine tea."

"Eight dollars a pound," Gary breathed. "That's her special blend."

"Well," Bryn said after a moment, "it's a fairly good beginning. I don't suppose she's heard of electric refrigerators, or vacuum cleaners, or radios, or any number of other modern inventions. The magazines will undoubtedly help, unless we go over them first and cut out all the advertisements."

Deborah sprang up. "Oh, what's the use of all this?" she cried. "I won't have you laughing at her. It's no use making fun. She thinks . . . she thinks we can manage anything now. She doesn't know. However am I going to tell her? What am I going to do?"

"It's all we can do to pay the taxes," Gary said at last. There was a silence.

Deborah came back to the table. "I'll have to pretend I'm ill," she said. "I'll have to say I've a pain in my heart, or something like that. Something that can't stand excitement. That's the only thing."

"Let's tell her the truth," Gary said sharply. "Let's tell her, Miss Deborah. We're getting in too deep."

Bryn rose and said, "The way out has just occurred to me. Mr. Holworthy."

Deborah caught her breath. "What could he do?"

"He knows the circumstances. He could advance us the money we need."

"But will he?"

"We can try. I think he will. In the meantime, we can buy the smaller things. . . . I have a little money of my own, a few hundreds. I am happy to put them at our mutual disposal."

"We can't take your money."

"Nonsense. Of course you can take my money. You can give me a note, if you like, and pay me interest. So it's settled."

Gary drew a deep breath of relief. "I'd thought of borrowing before," he said. "But until Miss Deborah was married, we didn't have any prospects of paying it back. Now it's all right. I can see it's all right. If you don't mind lending what you have, sir."

"I don't like borrowing," Deborah continued to protest, her cheeks flaming. "We're taking enough from you. We can't take any more."

Gary turned toward her. "If we don't go through with it, if you tell your grandmother now, then this gentleman won't get his money at the end of the year. She wouldn't recognize this marriage. It's too late to marry anybody else; your birthday is past. If we told your grandmother the whole truth, that your . . . the man you've married is a stranger, paid to marry you, she would die. It would kill her. And then, maybe you could get the money, but it would kill your grandmother."

Deborah listened, her eyes dark and smouldering. She lifted them at last to Bryn. "So it's just as a safeguard for yourself that you're offering your money?" she asked icily.

"Something of the sort," Bryn said with truth.

A Colorful Picture for Your Wall, Using Simple Embroidery Stitches



In honor of spring your house deserves a colorful new wall-hanging such as this, which depicts roses and lilacs in their natural splendor. You'll enjoy embroidering it—it's so easy even a beginner will be won over to this delightful occupation.

All Around the House

To keep celery crisp thoroughly wash it and cut for serving. Place it in a cheese-cloth bag and store it in a cold place.

Flannels and blankets will keep soft and white and will not shrink if washed with a tablespoon of ammonia in the water.

To remove soiled places on the children's rompers and play clothes dip garments in water, sprinkle with granulated soap powder, roll up and put to soak in the bottom of tub.

A cloth dipped in vinegar and rubbed over the kitchen stove before it is blacked will remove all the grease that may have accumulated on it.

Grease spots can be removed from washable materials with warm water and soap as in ordinary laundering if care is taken to rub spot thoroughly. Soap containing naphtha or kerosene is efficient.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

WATCHING PREJUDICES

No matter who you are or where you live, you have to pay attention to the community prejudices.

FEET HURT?

RELIEF IN 1 MINUTE! Apply New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on any sore or sensitive spot on your feet, toes, heels, or on Callouses, Bunions, or Corns—and you'll have instant relief! They stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent sore toes and blisters; ease tight shoes. Also remove corns or callouses. Flesh color; waterproof. Sold everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

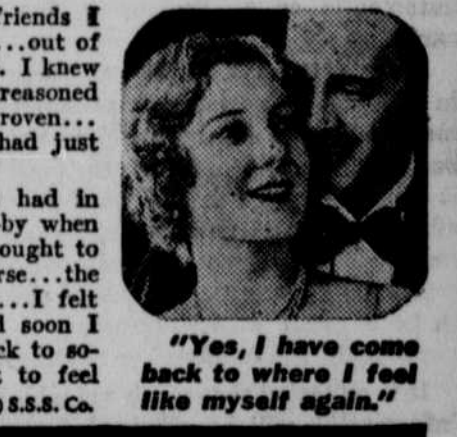
KILL COCKROACHES In Tubes 35¢ BOXES \$1.00 ALSO KILLS RATS, MICE

HOTEL SANFORD OMAHA

The doctor was interviewing the last patient in the surgery when a woman rushed in crying: "Doctor! Doctor! Come quickly. My husband has swallowed a mouse!" "Get back to him," said the doctor, "and try waving a piece of cheese about in front of his mouth. I'll follow you as soon as possible." Five minutes later the doctor reached the house. A man was lying on a settee with his mouth wide open, while a hysterical woman was waving a kipper close to his mouth. "You foolish woman," he cried. "I told you cheese." "I know that," she shrieked, "but I've got to get the cat out first!"—London Answers.

This story will interest many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have . . . low in spirits . . . run-down . . . out of sorts . . . tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly . . . as my experience has since proven . . . that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.



The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S. Tonic . . . which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down . . . convinced me I ought to try this Treatment . . . I started a course . . . the color began to come back to my skin . . . I felt better . . . I no longer tired easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength . . . it is great to feel strong again and like my old self. © S.S.S. Co.

SSS TONIC Makes you feel like yourself again

JOE E. BROWN HELPS DISCOVER A STAR!

JOE E. BROWN ASKS BOYS AND GIRLS TO JOIN CLUB

Famous Comedian Offers 36 FREE Prizes!

JOIN Joe E. Brown's Club. You'll get the swell membership pin shown here and the Club Manual. It tells you how to get 36 valuable prizes free—how to work up to Sergeant, to Lieutenant, and, finally to become one of Joe's Captains! Send your name and address, and the top of one red-and-blue Grape-Nuts Flakes package to Grape-Nuts Flakes, Battle Creek, Michigan. (This offer expires December 31, 1936. Good only in U. S. A.)



A Post Cereal—made by General Foods



Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

SEE JOE E. BROWN'S LATEST MOTION PICTURE—"SONS O' GUNS"—A WARNER BROTHERS PICTURE!