

Honeymoon Mountain ...

... By ...
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CHAPTER VII—Continued

That night, as usual, Deborah went into Grandmother's room to make sure that she was settled comfortably, and to kiss her good-night. Grandmother was sitting up in her big bed, her silvery hair brushed smooth and drawn back into a neat little braid.

"Deborah."

"Yes, Grandmother?"

"Do you not like these friends of Bryn's, my darling?"

Deborah looked up in surprise. "Why, yes. Yes, of course, I think they are lovely. Sally is sweet. She is like a talking doll. And she is very kind."

"And Madeline?"

"Nobody could help liking Madeline," Deborah replied. "She's charming, isn't she, Grandmother? I love to hear her talk. It's so slow and lazy. It's because she and Simon are from Texas, Sally says. And Madeline is beautiful. Don't you think she's beautiful, Grandmother?"

"Not as beautiful as you are, my child," Grandmother answered fondly. "But she is very attractive." She was silent again. Then, "If you like them, Deborah, and find them pleasant company, what is it that has been troubling you ever since they arrived?"

"Troubling me?" Deborah answered, startled. "But . . . I am not troubled."

"Oh, Deborah," Grandmother said reproachfully.

Deborah raised her eyes, and there was a deep, happy smile in them.

"I am happy, Grandmother darling," she said.

"And you love Bryn? He loves you, of that I am sure. But of your love for him . . . sometimes I am not so sure. You admire him? You think him strong and thoughtful and quick, and kind?"

"Yes, Grandmother."

"You respect him? You are proud of whatever he does?"

"Yes, Grandmother."

"And," she put her hand out gently and lifted Deborah's chin. "Why, you are blushing, child! Surely that ought to be sufficient answer to my next question, but I must have your words, Deborah. Forgive me. But you know your complete happiness means everything to me. Deborah, tell me; when you see him, and he smiles that twinkling smile of his, don't you want to go to him, and caress his cheek, as you are caressing mine, and put your hand on his hair, and touch his shoulder? Isn't that what you'd like to do, Deborah?"

Deborah caught her breath. Her eyes darkened. Her lips quivered faintly. And then, "Yes, Grandmother," she said.

"Of course," Grandmother said happily. "Well, then you love him. You couldn't help loving him. Go, my child. Kiss me good-night, and leave me. I shall rest, tonight. I am happy."

Out in the hall, safely away from the door, Deborah stood and put both her hands over her face. Her brain was whirling. There was a dreadful lump in her throat, and something ached in her breast. Alone in the darkness, she stood, trying to calm herself, trying to be cool and uncaressing again.

A voice spoke to her. It was Bryn. He was in the hall beside her. He was whispering, so as not to disturb Grandmother.

"Deborah," he was saying anxiously. "Deborah, what has happened?"

Deborah did not answer. Instead, she dropped her hands and stared up through the shadows at his face. He drew a quick breath, then put his arms out and held her close to him. His coat was rough under her cheek.

"Deborah, sweetheart," he said brokenly, "what's happened to you? Why are you trembling?"

For only a second she lay there, and then she lifted her head and pulled herself away. "Don't touch me," she said in a furious whisper. "Oh, don't you dare to touch me!" and she flew down the stairs and out to the others, sitting talking in the welcome darkness of the veranda.

Deborah sat on the couch before the long balcony window in her own sitting room. The afternoon was very hot. Bryn and Tubby and Simon had gone following the brook, looking for a pool to swim in.

There was a knock at her door. Deborah ran quick fingers over her eyes. Her heart bumped. She scrambled from the couch, preparing to dash into her bedroom before calling out to Bryn that he might go through to his own room. It was not Bryn. Sally's voice floated plaintively through the keyhole. "Deborah! May we come in?"

"Oh," Deborah said limply, and then,

"Yes, of course, Sally. Please do. And she tightened her dressing gown around her."

Sally, in floating black chiffon pyjamas and tiny black mules, came through the door, followed by Madeline in dull green. "Were you sleeping?" Sally inquired. "Curl yourself up again, Deborah. Everything about you is like the Sleeping Beauty herself," Sally said.

Deborah looked at Sally. "I think you're sweet, too, Sally," she said shyly.

Sally flew up from her chair, flung her arms around Deborah and kissed her. "That was darling," she said. "Wasn't that darling, Madeline?"

Madeline sighed. "Yes," she agreed. "But you don't need it. You've got Simon. You don't have to suffer in silence and alone, as I do."

Sally began to laugh. "You don't exactly go around languishing, you know, idiot," she said.

Madeline sighed. "Not outwardly, perhaps. But inwardly, I suffer."

"Piffle," Sally answered. She turned to Deborah. "Does she look as if she were suffering?"

"Not exactly," Deborah said faintly. "She isn't, either. She knows perfectly well it's all a question of time."



"She's a Horrible Nasty Scheming Vampire."

And, I must say, Madeline, it looks much more hopeful lately than it ever did. Doesn't it?"

Deborah couldn't stand it any longer. "Does she mean she's . . . in love . . . with somebody?" she asked faintly.

"Tubby," Sally answered. "Can you imagine it?"

"Tubby?"

"Tubby. Isn't it ridiculous?"

"I don't see anything ridiculous about it," Madeline objected. "He may not be what one would call a romantic figure, I admit. He is a number of pounds overweight, but he's very good-tempered. And his hair won't lie flat; but I always liked originality. And I like his dimple and I'm crazy about

his lip. I could listen to him forever, if only he'd say a few of the right things. Deborah, honestly now, don't you think Tubby's a dear?"

Deborah was still staring at her. Now she gave a deep sigh and sank back against the couch. "Yes," she said. "Yes, I think he's wonderful. I think he's marvelous. I think he's just as nice as he can be."

CHAPTER VIII

It had been a happy afternoon, the happiest afternoon, Deborah decided, that she had ever known. The four of them, Sally and Simon and she and Bryn, had gone for a walk in the pine woods up on the hill. At first she had walked beside Sally, but Sally had obviously wanted to be with Simon, and Deborah had dropped back and walked with Bryn. He could see how it was, that she wasn't thrusting herself upon him, that it was a matter of necessity, and he didn't seem to mind. As a matter of fact, Deborah said to herself, sitting on the veranda in the twilight, he had seemed to enjoy himself. He had climbed a steep overhanging little cliff once when she had seen a brilliant tiger-lily up in the shadow, and had brought it down to her triumphantly. When he gave it to her her hands had touched, and he had stood for a moment looking down at her with a queer expression that made her heart turn over when she remembered. She had wanted to smile at him then, Deborah recalled, but something had made her draw away hastily, and as she moved, his expression had changed again, and he had begun to talk quickly.

Deborah could not take her eyes from Bryn's. It seemed to her that in his there was a question that she had to answer. She gazed at him, so strong and fine, sitting there against the pillar. A kind of tense look that was constantly in his face during these last few days began to relax. Then he put his hand out slowly and covered hers, lying beside her on the chair.

"No, no," she said in a whisper, but she couldn't draw her hand away, and she didn't know what it was she meant.

He lifted her hand gently until it was against his lips; his eyes were still on hers, gentle, compelling. But she was afraid; she drew her hand away swiftly and sprang from her chair. "Isn't that . . . isn't that the car?" she said breathlessly.

It was, Madeline and Tubby had been to town, and when Madeline came up to the veranda Bryn inquired about mail.

"There was a letter for Tubby from Pilar," Madeline replied.

Sally stopped dead. She looked up at Madeline in horror. "From Pilar?" she repeated.

"Who is Pilar?" Deborah inquired.

Sally and Madeline looked at each other. Then they both coughed together. "Just a girl," Madeline said nonchalantly, but Sally at the same moment said, "She's a horrible nasty scheming vampire, that's what she is, and I hate her."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Discoverer of Vitamins Asserts Too Much Attention Given to Food Value

The man who discovered vitamins, Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, criticizes people who pay too much attention to vitamins, writes a London United Press correspondent.

Sir Frederick says a large proportion of the prospective army recruits rejected as unfit suffered from defects which might well be due to faulty nutrition childhood or adolescence. In a considerable proportion it almost certainly contributed to their unfitness.

"The public," he said, "is rapidly assimilating, though not always to its profit, the fact that a fault in quality of food may be as deleterious as a failure in supply. Indeed, one section of the public is so perverse in its views concerning food that it is almost necessary to remind it that quantity still counts."

"We cannot live on vitamins alone. A more intelligent section of the public seems to assume that so much scientific talk about food may lead to individuals being dragooned regarding what they shall or shall not eat. It is unthinkable that there should be any such dragooning. The intelligent public will learn to apply the new knowledge of nutrition without discomfort to itself."

"I am tempted to add that what the

English housewife needs most to be taught is the art of simple but good cooking. In this country more than perhaps in any other is good food ruined and its nutritional value impaired by unintelligent treatment in the home."

Rat-Tailed Maggot

About the middle of the Eighteenth century Reaumur, known also for his thermometer, wrote about the life histories of insects, and it was he who named the Rat-tailed Maggot. This insect is very interesting, but it usually lives in foul water such as about privies and the fluid in decaying carcasses. The yellow and black adult resemble honey bees. The long tail of the larva lengthens and shortens like a telescope, so that the tip may reach the top of the water, and the larva breathes air through it, while feeding on decaying matter, under the water. Pupation takes place out of the water in the larval skin.—Montreal Herald.

Knew All the Wisdom

"My ancestors knew all the wisdom there is," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "but they were men of scientific minds and insisted on joining explorations into the mysterious paths of folly."

HOW ARE YOU TODAY

Dr. James W. Barton TALKS ABOUT

Problem of Excess Weight
AS OVERWEIGHT does not cause much disturbance in young people, except that it spoils their appearance and interferes with their activity, not much is thought about it from the health standpoint.

But just as soon as the individual passes the age of thirty and is acquiring weight the records show that he is not as good a risk for insurance companies not only from the likelihood of diabetes but because of the burden placed on the heart by the excess of weight.

Now why does approaching middle-age make such a difference to the heart in those who are overweight? The answer to this takes us away back to the birth and early infancy of all of us. The records show that not many years ago, the death rate at birth and during the first year of life was about six in every twenty youngsters, and today, thanks to more knowledge and care, that death rate is not quite two in twenty.

Obesity Vs. Heart Trouble.
This means that four or five more youngsters in every twenty now get safely past the first year, a certain proportion attain manhood and to middle-age. However it is only too true that even those who have reached middle age are not likely, generally speaking, to be as strong as the average, and have not withstood infections or other ailments as well. If then the results of these infections or ailments are present, and to these results overweight is added, you can understand that the heart may have so much work placed on it that its reserve strength is lessened.

Drs. Harry L. Smith and Frederick A. Willius, Mayo clinic, tell us in the Journal of the Iowa Medical Society, that they believe that the part played by overweight in producing heart failure in most instances consists in adding a burden to that which the heart is at present bearing due to some other disease already present. The diseases likely to be present are high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, and any heart disease already present is distinctly more serious if overweight or excess fat is present.

In the opinion of Drs. Smith and Willius it is only in rare instances that the overweight of excess fat alone is the cause of the heart failure. While most physicians may be inclined to agree with the above statement there are a number of cases of early failure, where, as far as the usual tests and examinations show, no real heart disease was present.

Drs. Smith and Willius studied the records of 136 obese (overweight) patients during life, and the results of the examination after death (post mortem).

Cases Are Grouped.

These cases were divided into four groups.

Group 1, 52 cases revealed no heart disease other than abnormal amounts of fat about the heart. Group 2 consisted of nine cases, four of which died of congestive heart failure. All nine showed signs of heart failure and were considered direct results of overweight.

Group 3 comprised 50 patients, all cases of overweight with high blood pressure. Group 4, cases of obesity with different forms of heart disease—hardening of arteries supplying heart muscle, the severe form of goitre, partial closure of heart valve—comprised 15 cases. Gall stones were present in 37 per cent of the 136 cases.

The above statements and figures show that while overweight of fat may not be the first cause of heart failure, nevertheless the overweight so weakens the power of the heart that it is unable to do the work necessary to keep the individual alive and in fair health. It is the added burden, the last straw as it were, to bring about the complete failure of a heart that would be able to carry on if excess fat were not present.

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THE 'CHEERFUL CHERUB'

God made the star-hung skies for us,
The singing trees and hills and lakes.
Of course He made mosquitoes too—
But everybody makes mistakes.



WNU Service.

100,000 Build Road

With the laying of the last rail of the new north to south railway in China there was completed one of the largest manpower construction jobs of this generation. The line links Calais, France, and Hong Kong, China. An army of 100,000 coolies was employed, and the railway has been built over the South Mountains dividing the provinces of Hunan and Kwangtung.

The biggest task of all was to carry the line across the River Lei. A bridge of 1,280 feet has been built, its 11 piers consisting of 851 concrete and 600 Oregon pine piles, brought by boat with the superstructure from Chuchow. This bridge has been almost entirely placed in position by manpower.—Montreal Herald.

Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Advt.

Avoiding Quarrels

Skill in patching up quarrels is never as satisfactory as not having any.



You Lose

You may defeat an enemy, but then you have a bitter foe for life.

When You Feel Sluggish (Constipated)

Take a dose or two of Black-Draught. Feel fresh for a good day's work.

Work seems easier, life pleasanter, when you are really well—free from the bad feelings and dullness often attending constipation.

For nearly a century, Black-Draught has helped to bring prompt, refreshing relief from constipation. Thousands of men and women rely on it.

BLACK-DRAUGHT A GOOD LAXATIVE

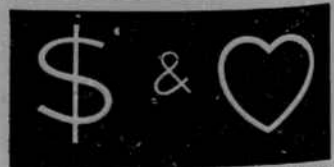
Silent Hypocrite

One can be a hypocrite by merely being silent.

He Won't Be BALD!

He uses Glover's Mange Medicine followed by Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo. If YOU are afflicted with Baldness, Dandruff or Excessive Falling Hair, stop worrying about it. Start using Glover's today and keep at it. Sold at all Druggists. Or have your Barber give you Glover's treatment regularly.

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WEALTH AND HEALTH

Good health and success go together. Don't handicap yourself—get rid of a sluggish, acid condition with tasty Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia in wafer form. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls milk of magnesia. Neutralizes acids and gives you pleasant elimination. 20c, 35c & 60c sizes.