

Honeymoon Mountain...

... By ...
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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

—18—
Bryn turned. "How much, Tubby?"
"Bryn, if you aren't the damndest fool!"
"How much?" Bryn said inexorably.
Tubby's dimple wavered in and out wildly. "I said I thought she was a damn nice girl," he muttered. "You crazy idiot."
"Madeline, he says he thinks you are a damn nice girl."
"Well," Madeline said with a bounce of the springs, "that isn't anything to get up and get dressed over. Good-night."
Feeling better, Bryn pulled Tubby's door shut with a last pleasant smile, and sauntered down the hall.
"Deborah," he said softly, without knocking.
She was awake. Her voice came, low and clear, on the instant. "Yes? Has anything ... happened?"
"Nothing. I just wanted to say ... pleasant dreams ... and good-night."
For an instant she did not answer. Then, "Good-night, Bryn."
"Good night, darling," he replied, and went quickly across the room to his own door.

CHAPTER IX

The breakfast table was spread on the small terrace at the side of the house, where Bryn and Deborah had eaten their first breakfast together. There were six places laid, but Sally was still upstairs, sleeping, as Simon explained, like a dormouse; and Bryn had not yet returned from his early errand to the farm down the road. Deborah, in freshly starched blue gingham, sat erect on her chair behind the silver coffee pot, and poured out a third cup for Tubby. Beside her, Madeline sat quiet, gazing dreamily out through the trunks of the tall pines, and tossing, from time to time, small crumbs of toast to a greedy chipmunk who sat up and begged for them with bright expectant eyes.
"Well," Simon sighed, "I wonder if today will be the big day."
"Oh, probably not," Tubby said comfortably. "I give him until about Thursday noon."
"It doesn't make any difference when he comes, does it?" Madeline inquired. "The sooner he comes, the sooner it will be settled. I wish he'd come now and get it over with."

As she spoke, Bryn pushed open the dining room door and came out to the terrace. He put a hand on Simon's shoulder, tweaked Tubby's hair, let his eyes rest on Deborah's lowered eyelashes, and spoke to Madeline. "Who, he?"
"No, Graham."
"He'll come," Bryn said cheerfully, and pulled up his chair. "And there's one sure thing, he won't get past Joe. I left Joe on a box high up on the seat of a wagon box, where he can see the road coming up the mountain for about two miles. He's got the wagon pulled under a shady tree, and he's got an old pair of spy-glasses, and the horn. When I left I heard him making arrangements with his mother to bring out his meals. I'd like to see as much as a caterpillar get past him. And, I've locked the gates, so we're all set."
Deborah handed him his cup, and as she did so, she lifted her eyes and met his upon hers. She felt herself flushing, and the cup trembled in her hand so that some of the coffee spilled over. But Bryn did not seem to mind. He took it and put it down, and his eye was still upon hers. Deborah turned resolutely away.

Bryn finished his breakfast, and he and Tubby and Simon left the table. They were going, Tubby informed the two girls, to inspect the dungeons and see that the chains were in good order.
When they were gone, Madeline put out her hand and patted Deborah's lightly. "Deborah," she said after a moment, "would you do something for me?"
"Of course."
"It's about Tubby. I don't know what to think." She looked up. "With any other man in the world, I'd just exercise my feminine charm and ... wait. But that isn't safe with Tubby. Tubby isn't exactly shy, but he doesn't have any idea that he's so attractive that anybody might want to marry him. It's one thing I like about him, his absolute lack of conceit."
Deborah considered. "Tubby wouldn't marry just anybody," she said comfortingly.
"I don't mean just anybody. But I can think of half a dozen girls in our own crowd who could make quite a dent in him, Deborah, if they set about

doing it. And, of course, there's one in particular."
"Pillar?"
"Pillar."
"What's she like?" Deborah asked curiously. "I never knew any girls but you and Sally, and I understand you two pretty well. Isn't she like us, this Pilar?"
"Not in a hundred years, innocence. Not in a thousand years. She's one of these hot-headed stamping beauties, if you know what I mean. Pilar isn't much more Spanish than I am, although she has a Spanish name and a Spanish look, which she takes very good care to intensify. Pilar has huge flashing black eyes, and smooth black hair ... she slicks it back and pins a red rose in it, you know ... and she makes her mouth very red and doesn't use rouge on her cheeks. And she's tall and graceful and buys wonderful clothes, the kind other people can't get by with."
"Is she very beautiful, Madeline?"
"Very. Almost as beautiful as you, honey, only quite, quite different."
"Have she and Tubby known each other long?"
"Years and years."
"Then ... surely you needn't worry, Madeline. He would have married her long ago if he'd been going to, wouldn't he?"

Madeline hesitated. "No," she said finally. "Something new has just occurred in Pilar's life. She wouldn't have married him until now."
A cold finger touched Deborah's heart; but the touch was so light that it was gone in an instant, and she had forgotten it.
"What can I do, Madeline?"
Madeline brought her gaze back from the distant eastern horizon. "Tubby likes me," she said. "I know he likes me. We get along beautifully together. If I were sure he didn't love Pilar I'd just simply set about making him love me."

"But could I find out about Pilar? Is that what you want me to do?"
"I thought you might ask Bryn. Bryn knows. Bryn knows everything about Tubby, just as Tubby knows everything about Bryn. And then you could tell me."
Deborah was silent, her eyes on the cloth. Madeline was supposing that she and Bryn had long hours together, long hours alone, as Simon and Sally did, hours when nobody else heard what they said to each other. . . .
She looked up. "Do you really love him, Madeline?" she asked softly.
Madeline smiled, a slow smile. Her eyes were tender. "Yes, honey. Really."
"Well, then," Deborah said with a sigh, "I'll see what I can do, Madeline."
It was only an hour or two later when she saw her chance. Tubby was sitting alone on a stump down by the brook, whittling industriously at a willow stick, trying to make himself a whistle. Deborah went down the path and perched herself on a mossy log in front of him.
"Do you like it up here, Tubby?"
"I think it's great. I'm crazy about it."
"Don't you miss all the excitement in the city, and all the rest of your friends?"
"Not a twinge of missing do I get."
"All the things you do sound very

exciting. I mean, all of you, of course. Madeline and Sally have been telling me a little about places, and people. Yesterday they told me about Pilar. I think she sounds fascinating."
Tubby looked up. "Pilar?" he said incredulously.
"She sounds marvelous. So tall and beautiful. Even her name is lovely. Isn't it? Pilar."
"Do you mean to say those women told you about Pilar?"
"Yes. Why not? I was awfully interested."
"Well," he said with a heavy sigh, "women are the funniest things in captivity. I should think that would have been the last name they would have mentioned. And, if somehow you had heard about Pilar, I should've thought she'd be the last person you'd be happy about. I never would have dared open my mouth about her, but then, who am I? Just a mere man."
"I don't see why you feel that way," Deborah said, but her smile began now to feel a little stiff and queer. "There isn't any reason why I shouldn't want to hear about Pilar. Is there, or wouldn't like her?"
Tubby was silent for a moment. Then, "I suppose not," he said slowly. "Not under the circumstances. After all, everything went spang right by the board for you, didn't it?" And you know it. So why should you worry about Pilar or anybody else?"
Deborah tore a little piece of green velvet moss off the log, and spread it on the back of her hand. So Tubby didn't know, either. Tubby thought that Bryn had fallen in love with her in Mr. Holworthy's office. Tubby didn't know everything about Bryn, after all. Suddenly Deborah thought she understood why Bryn had told all these people the same story, the story about falling in love with her. It was to save his own self-respect. He didn't want any of them to know that he had just found a new and interesting way to earn money. Oh, that wasn't fair. That wasn't like Bryn. And, last night . . .
"From the sound of Pilar," she said at last, "I couldn't blame anybody for thinking she was wonderful."
"I suppose she does sound all right," Tubby said dubiously. "But she's no good, Deborah. I'm warning you, in case she ever comes near you. But what's been handed to her is hard to take, and it isn't agreeing with her very well."
"Did you hear somebody calling?" Deborah said suddenly. "It sounded like Grandmother. Excuse me, Tubby," and she got up and ran swiftly up the path to the house. Grandmother was not calling. But Deborah knew she couldn't bear to stay with Tubby another second. Her heart felt as if it was breaking. She went up the stairs to her own room, and shut the door behind her.

The girl he loved . . . she would be Pilar. Beautiful Pilar, with her black eyes and her black hair and her red mouth. They all thought Bryn had given her up, forgotten her, for Deborah. That was what they had to think. They couldn't possibly understand, when they didn't know the truth; when they didn't know why Bryn had married.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Want Ancient Yugoslavian Tower Clock to Strike; Has Been Silent for 23 Years

For 23 years the clock in an ages-old tower in Prizren, Yugoslavia, near the Albanian border, has not struck the hour of the day. Upon request of its old keeper the townspeople have sent a petition to the authorities to have the mechanism repaired.

The clock tower and its keeper are historic institutions of the town. The age of the tower is not known, but when the Turks occupied the place in 1455 the tower was already there.

It is about 360 feet high and the base is only 10 by 6 feet wide. Other buildings were demolished by time or the Turks, but the clock tower was touched by neither. In the basement of the tower are remnants of "plumbing" for a Turkish bath.

Forty years ago, the keeper said, the Turkish mayor of the town had the tower smeared with 1,200 eggs to preserve the walls from the attacks of weather.

The keeper of the clock tower, a seventy-year-old Moslem, inherited his job from his forefathers. He said it has been in his family for nine generations.

The privileges tied with the job used to be free use of a strip of land, the income of a small store and exemption

from military service. But the depression hit the old man and he bewails the fact that his income has dropped almost to nothing.

Statues of Americans in London

A statue of London faces Westminster abbey and within the famous edifice is a bust of Longfellow and a window and tablet to Lowell. In St. Margaret's church Americans installed a window to the memory of Phillips Brooks. Pocahontas is commemorated by a window in a small Gravesend church where she was buried. Christ church has a Lincoln tower, with the Stars and Stripes cut in the stone. In Westminster abbey a tablet was erected in 1923 in memory of Walter Hines Page, American ambassador to Great Britain during the years of the World war.

Use No Marriage Rites

Legal marriage is not universally accompanied by some form of religious, civil or social ceremony. Tribes exist, such as the Kurumba on the Nilgiri plateau of southern India, that manage to get along without marriage rites of any kind.—Collier's Weekly.

HOW ARE YOU TODAY

Dr. James W. Barton TALKS ABOUT

Our Bodily Fuel.

MORE and more we are realizing that in comparing the body to a machine or boiler—a man-made piece of metal—we are doing a great injustice to this wonderful work of creation—our body.

It is true that the boiler takes in fuel and manufactures heat and energy but that is as far as its likeness to the body goes. That body of yours must take in fuel (food) enough to keep it warmer than the surrounding air, and must create energy for the workings of the body itself and for the extra work which the huge muscles on our



Dr. Barton.

body were meant to do.

But the food we eat must have the raw materials in it to do more than give heat and energy; it must be able to supply materials for all the various kinds of cells of the body—nerve cells, muscle cells, bone cells, liver, kidney, and all the various juices necessary for the proper working of the body processes. And as these cells are wearing out all the time, the food eaten must be able to repair them.

And still another important point is that while all the fuel in a boiler gives heat and energy, the fuel or food taken in by the body in addition to giving heat and energy must be made up of different kinds of fuel or food stuff, each of which has definite use or uses.

Functions of Foods.

Thus proteids (meat, fish, eggs, cereals) not only repair or build up tissues, but create so much extra heat that all the body processes work faster and create that much more energy.

The fat foods (butter, cream, fat meat, egg yolks) also create heat and energy but burn more slowly and what isn't needed may be stored as fat. Fat is also helpful in preventing the proteid foods from burning too rapidly.

The starch foods (bread, potatoes, sugar, pastry) are not builders but great heat and energy producers; in fact starch foods supply two-thirds of the body's energy. The starch foods also help to spare or save the proteid foods from being used up too quickly. In addition to proteins, fats and starches, there are the mineral salts, vitamins (which make foods more active and prevent various ailments) and last but perhaps most important, water. Water must be taken in foods and as water itself if the body is to do its work; every individual cell needs water daily.

As we think of all the different kinds of foods and what they do to or have done to them by the body, we realize how different the body is to a machine.

Overweight and Diabetes.

When insulin was discovered by Drs. Banting and Best, Toronto Canada, and was shown to prevent death from diabetes, it was naturally thought that diabetes would gradually disappear; or at least that the number of cases would rapidly decrease. Now, insulin was a wonderful discovery because previously young people afflicted died in a short time, and adults attacked by diabetes in later life died in a very few years.

With ordinary care with the diet young and old are enabled to live comfortably and safely by the daily use of insulin. As far as our present knowledge is concerned insulin will have to be taken daily the rest of their lives.

But notwithstanding this wonderful discovery the cases of diabetes are not decreasing. This may be due in part to the fact that more people live to middle age than ever before because the percentage of babies that are now saved at birth and during their first year is greater than in former years. Another factor may be that more patients learn that they have diabetes.

However, notwithstanding that more people live to middle-age, and more people report their diabetes, it would appear that there is still an increase in the number of diabetic patients with diabetes.

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Uncle Phil Says:

Wisdom Is Personal

Most of the wisdom one acquires one can't communicate to anyone else. Each man's life is his own. The "hand" who watches the clock will never be the man of the hour.

A monkey never seems to have any repose. Its life is all excitement as it is for some men.

No creature, human or otherwise, can welcome you quite as wholeheartedly as a dog.

No greater treasure is given to a man than a close-mouthed friend. It is the only kind that is fit to be.

Ants Dig Wells

It is no longer a secret in South Africa how white ants obtain their water supply. A naturalist has discovered that they can get water even in deserts. When a well was being sunk on a Transvaal farm the drillers saw a tiny two-inch shaft running into the earth. They traced a miniature well sixty-five feet deep. With amazing persistence the white ants had dug their way until they found water.

The naturalist kept watch and saw water-carrier ants moving up and down the shaft by day and night, each returning to the surface with a drop of water. The round trip required half an hour.

TIME IS SHORT, BUT FOOD IS TASTY... YOU EAT A LOT AND EAT IT FAST... IN CASE A CASE OF HEARTBURN COMES, WE HOPE YOU'VE GOT YOUR ROLL OF TUMS!



Carry TUMS FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM ACID INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, GAS

SO many causes for acid indigestion! Hasty eating... smoking... beverages... rich foods... no wonder we have sudden, unexpected attacks of heartburn, sour stomach or gas! But millions have learned the smart thing to do is carry Tums! These tasty mints give scientific, thorough relief so quickly! Contain no harsh alkali... cannot over-alkalize your stomach. Release just enough antacid compound to correct stomach acidity... remainder passes un-released from your system. And they're so pleasant... just like candy. So handy to carry in pocket or purse. 10c a roll at any drugstore—or 3 rolls for 25c in the ECONOMY PACK.



TUMS ARE ANTACID... NOT A LAXATIVE

Men's Thoughts

What some men think has more effect than what others say.—Lord Chesterfield.

DISCOVERED Way to Relieve Coughs QUICKLY

IT'S BY relieving both the irritated tissues of the throat and bronchial tubes. One set of ingredients in FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR quickly relieves tickling, hacking, coughing... mucus and soothes irritated throat lining to keep you from coughing. Another set actually enters the blood, reaches the affected bronchial tubes, loosens phlegm, helps break up mucus and speeds recovery. Check a cough cure to a cold before it gets worse. Before others catch it. Check it with FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. It gives quick relief and speeded-up recovery.

Rather Late You don't see the cloud's silver lining till after it has passed.

When You Need a Laxative

Thousands of men and women know how wise it is to take Black-Draught at the first sign of constipation. They like the refreshing relief it brings. They know its timely use may save them from feeling badly and possibly losing time at work from sickness brought on by constipation.

If you have to take a laxative occasionally, you can rely on

BLACK-DRAUGHT A GOOD LAXATIVE

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