

# Honeymoon Mountain

By Frances Shelley Wees

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CHAPTER IX—Continued  
—19—

And his tenderness toward her? His hand over hers, sitting there in the twilight? What was that, then?

Deborah got up and went into her bedroom. She stood before her mirror, and lifted her eyes to the girl in the glass. The faded gingham dress, the braided hair . . . she looked like some forlorn little orphan youngster who needed someone to love her. Bryn was kind. He was sorry for her. The feeling he had for her was . . . pity.

She pressed her lips together firmly to stop their trembling. She went into her bathroom and bathed her eyes in cold water.

And, just at that moment, she heard the sound of Joe's horn, far down the mountain. Three long blasts and two short ones . . . a pause . . . three long notes and two short ones. Deborah's heart sprang up into her throat. She tore open her door and raced down the stairs to Grandmother and Madeline, out on the veranda. At the foot of the stairs she caught the sound of Madeline's voice, going steadily on with "Shadows on the Rock." Deborah stopped at the sound of that calm voice, and staid there herself. Then, chin up, she walked out serenely and smiled at Grandmother. She dropped down on the step, and sat there, waiting.

A low humming sound made itself felt on the air. It rose to a whine . . . the shining top of a motor car appeared sliding along outside the wall. It slowed abruptly, and swung in toward the gates. Gary started down the drive.

"It looks as if we had guests," Grandmother said, interrupting Madeline. "I wonder who it can be?"

"It's probably another plumber," Madeline said languidly.

Gary had reached the gates. He opened them, and passed through. But then, after a moment's colloquy with the driver of the car, whom Deborah could not see, he came back to the gates again, and swung them wide; and the long blue car jolted a little and came on through. Deborah put a slow hand to her throat.

But it was not Stuart Graham driving; it was a woman . . . a girl . . . in a bright red silk beret, and a red jacket. Gary plodded along behind the car, after he had shut the gates and locked them. The car came slowly up the drive, and stopped opposite the end of the veranda. The girl got out,



Her Eyes Were Black and Sleepy, Like a Cat's.

and Deborah knew her. She was tall and very slim, with a long oval face and a very red mouth. Her eyes were black, and sleepy, like a cat's, with slow black lashes drooping over them. Deborah rose, and found Madeline at her side. They went down the steps.

"It's Pilar," Madeline said under her breath, and Deborah nodded.

"Ah, Madeline!" Pilar said, in a voice that made a tune. She moved forward, and let her hand rest lightly on Madeline's elbow, holding her, as she looked down at Deborah. "And this," she went on caressingly, "this will be little Deborah. My child, you are adorable."

"Thank you," Deborah said sweetly, and put out her hand in welcome. "I am so glad you have come. I am sure you must be Pilar. I have heard so much about you."

Pilar looked a little startled, but she lost not a whit of her poise. She looked at Madeline. "And aren't you glad to see me, too, Madeline?"

"Oh, rather," Madeline said coolly,

and turned back toward the veranda. "We must take you to Grandmother," Deborah explained, as Pilar's eyes lifted to the delicate old face turned toward her.

"Lovely," Pilar said, in an audible whisper. "Oh, lovely."

"Grandmother," Deborah murmured, "this is Miss D'Avillo. She is another friend of Sally's and Madeline's."

"I'm so happy to welcome you, my dear," Grandmother said warmly. "We are having such a pleasant time and I am very glad you have come to join us."

"Oh, thank you," Pilar murmured, and held Grandmother's hand quite unnecessarily long. She straightened.

Simon and Tubby and Bryn, all silent, came around the end of the veranda. Bryn's face, as he glanced at Deborah, was very queer and stiff; Tubby was white. Simon looked detached, as usual, but his eyes went at once to Pilar. And she stood there, for a moment, beside Grandmother, beside Deborah. She put her hand lightly on Deborah's shoulder, before she moved, and Bryn looked at them together, so, Pilar beautiful and sophisticated and perfect down to the last gleaming finger-nail shining in the sun. Deborah small and insignificant in her faded gingham.

Pilar smiled. She went forward and held out both hands. "My dear Bryn," she said affectionately. "But how well you look, and how happy! Allow me to congratulate you; I think she is the loveliest thing I have ever seen."

Grandmother looked up swiftly at Deborah; and Deborah, calm now, with something cold and frozen where her heart had begun some short time ago to ache, smiled gently and contentedly back.

The rain, which had threatened for twenty-four hours, came at last on Tuesday night. Deborah lay awake and listened to the soft steady fall on the balcony floor outside her bedroom window. She found herself wishing ardently that it might rain hard and long, so that the road might be impassable to Stuart Graham, so that nothing further should break in upon the peace and loveliness of the summer days. But that was a useless wish, she knew. The peace and loveliness were already gone.

Pilar was very beautiful, but the most troubling thing about her was the so obvious fact that she belonged to Bryn's world, his real world, that she was part of his own life and always had been, and not just a chance passer-by whose path had happened to meet his and for a time followed along close beside it. Madeline and Sally and Simon and Tubby were out of Bryn's life, too, but somehow before Pilar came, Deborah hadn't realized what a different life it was from her own, how far away and impossible. Pilar was very kind, and she did her best to draw Deborah into the conversations, and always stopped carefully to explain anything that she thought would be un-

familiar or strange to Deborah. In a way that Sally and Madeline never had thought of doing. But Pilar's very kindness and thoughtfulness seemed to emphasize Deborah's unfamiliarity with the world, Bryn's world, and its customs.

All the time she had felt lost and forlorn and alone, because this was Bryn's world and Bryn's life, a modern sophisticated pageant in which she had no part; and because it made her see how drab and dull and uninteresting her own life of cucumber frames and brook trout and made-over clothes must be to him.

And all his talk about knitting, and winter evenings by the hearth, and the kittens he would get for her . . . all his interest in that simple sort of thing was pretended for her sake. Bryn was a gentleman, and he lived up to his bargains to the last pencil stroke. Not by word or suggestion would he let her discover how bored and dull he was going to find the rest of his year here on the mountain, nor with what difficulty he was going to earn the money she would pay him.

Deborah slept very little that night. Life, that only yesterday had seemed so beautiful and serene, was becoming complicated and unhappy. There didn't seem to be anything ahead but more difficulties and a lonely unhappy time. Because Bryn would go back to Pilar when the year was up, and when he did, there wouldn't be anybody at all. Nobody could ever be like Bryn, even if he were only pretending. But there would have to be a way to make him stop pretending. Deborah knew, because if he went on like this, even though the look in his eyes was only the tenderness one feels for a child, or a lost puppy, she wasn't going to be able to bear it when at the end of the year he drove out of the big gates to leave her forever.

The morning was cold and grey, although the rain had stopped at dawn. Deborah had them by a fire in the small sitting room downstairs, so that Grandmother might not feel a chill. There, when breakfast was over, Pilar and Madeline and Sally and Grandmother and herself were sitting. The three men were outside.

Pilar, in a beautiful dress of some very fine woolen material in a dark crimson color, sat beside the doorway with her feet out on a low stool and a long cigarette holder between her fingers. She could see up into the orchard, too, and Deborah noticed that her eyes went to Bryn frequently, although she gave no sign. Grandmother was in a low chair beside the fire, listening to Pilar with the same fascinated interest she had shown last night, watching her, taking in every perfect detail of her grooming.

"I hope you don't mind my coming here uninvited like this, Mrs. Larned," she was saying in her low voice. "I found myself completely deserted and lonely and I couldn't stand it any longer."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Scientist Estimates Twin-Star Weighs 70,000,000 Times More Than the Earth

The celestial champion for weight and heat has been discovered by a former pupil of Professor Einstein, the Harvard College observatory recently revealed, notes a Cambridge (Mass.) United Press correspondent.

The champ is twins—a twin-star. And no fledgling either. Its discoverer, Dr. Sergel I. Gaposchkin, estimates that it is 70,000,000 times heavier than the earth.

The earth, scientists estimate, weighs more than six sextillion tons. The champ's weight is something like forty-two octillion tons, or forty-two with no less than twenty-eight zeros trailing.

As for brilliance, it puts the sun in the shade, being 10,000 times brighter. Doctor Gaposchkin estimates that the heat on the surface of the star is 65,000 degrees Fahrenheit and several million degrees at the interior.

The scientific name of the star is "29 Canis Majoris," which means that it is the twenty-ninth in the constellation of the Great Dog.

Old "29" makes its existence no secret despite the fact that it is 20,000 light years away, or some 119 quadrillion miles.

Its existence has been known to astronomers for 2,000 years and it is easily visible to the eye in the southern sky under Sirius.

The fact that it held the heavyweight title of the universe never was known,

however, until Doctor Gaposchkin discovered it a short time ago. Paradoxically, its discovery was made through one of the smallest photographic telescopes used by scientists—one equipped with a half-inch lens.

### Romans Used "X" Chairs

The simple construction of "X" chairs is of great antiquity and their use was known in Europe at a very early date. They somewhat resemble an X if you give your imagination free rein and gracefully curve this letter of the alphabet and place it on its side. It is reputed that Henry VIII introduced this type of chair into his Palace of Nonesuch when he brought over continental craftsmen. Some of these chairs were essentially Italian in design, but were undoubtedly made in England, possibly under the direction of Italian craftsmen. A large variety of "X" chairs belong to the Tudor period though they show evidence of strong foreign influence.

### Red Feathers on Macaw's Head

Scarlet red feathers cover the top of the macaw's head. On the breast are many shades of blue, and here and there are tiny green feathers, giving a soft mottled effect. The long wing and tail feathers are a bright blue. Very much of a Beau Brummell, he spends hours grooming them. Taking each long feather carefully in his hooked beak, he runs it over them until they lie smooth and shiny.

## HOW ARE YOU TODAY?

DR. JAMES W. BARTON

Talks About

### Underweight Children.

IN AN examination of a number of children in the public or grammar schools it was found that the number of underweights was reduced by supplying milk at the school at least once a day. In the high schools where no milk was supplied the gain in weight (or height and age) was not so satisfactory.

While this habit of supplying extra milk for school children is excellent there is often physical defects and bad health habits that are undermining the youngsters' health, and these must be corrected. A permanent results are to be obtained. A youngster that plays all the time and is too tired to eat and digest his food properly may be keeping his weight low just as can a youngster who doesn't get outdoors at all, and has no appetite for his food. Infected teeth or tonsils, a nose that is blocked and preventing proper breathing, round shoulders, and other physical defects all prevent proper growth and development.



Dr. Barton

Dr. W. R. P. Emerson in "Archives of Pediatrics" says: "The essentials for good nutrition and normal physical and mental development are: (1) freedom from physical defects, (2) adequate food, (3) free air, (4) sufficient exercise, and (5) proper rest. From a survey of a large number of children of preschool (three to six years) and school ages it was found that each child had an average of 4½ physical defects and 6 faulty eating habits. Of a group of 1,000 children only 2 per cent (20 in the whole 1,000) were found to be free from physical defects.

"The most frequent defects are obstruction of the nose, bad teeth, diseases of various organs, and postural conditions (round shoulders, sway back, spinal curvature), which were either the result or partly the causes of the underweight and underdevelopment."

### The Family Physician.

There was a time when the "outstanding" doctor of a community was supposed to be very silent, very gruff, having no patience with the patient who wanted to tell him all about his sickness. It was felt that he knew so much that just a glance at his patient and the taking of pulse and temperature was all that he needed to know what was wrong.

Fortunately the real family physician was not of this type, but a real all-round friend of the family who had all the affairs of the family on his mind.

And then came the "hospital" type of physician who took samples of blood, urine, sputum, used the X-ray and other types of examination possible in the hospital, and after waiting the hours and days necessary for these examinations to be completed, told the patient and the patient's family exactly what was wrong.

Now it is only good sense for the doctor to get all the help possible from the hospital's laboratories, because this will be of help to the patient; but the up-to-date doctor, the successful physician now realizes more than ever before that more than a knowledge of medicine, more than the findings from the laboratory are necessary if the patient is to get the best possible treatment.

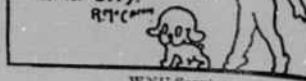
### Humanism Is Needed.

Dr. Oscar Klotz in addressing the Toronto Academy of Medicine states: "In the practice of medicine the physician is called upon to use his every effort and equipment to learn the cause of the ailment and its treatment. He is often called upon to strain the last resources known to science to attain a satisfactory result. But over and above all these scientific endeavors, aided by all the available skill, there is need of a very commonplace attribute of man best spoken of as humanism—love and understanding of your fellow man. There is need of a sympathetic understanding which serves to support the courage of the patient, an appreciation of the mental and spiritual reactions of the sick, often determined by their surroundings and made worse by the poverty and distress of other members of the family. The full understanding of 'humanism' in medicine is acquired through varying circumstances of life and is attained in greatest measure by the family or general physician, rather than by the specialist."

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## THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

The other people stay indoors at night And sit in leather chairs around the light. But I go out and spread my wings and fly And spend the evening with the stars and sky.



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### Wealthy University

The University of Texas owns over two million acres of land and the discovery of oil on the land has resulted in the receipt to August 31, 1935, of over \$21,500,000 from oil and gas royalties.

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In 2 seconds by stop watch a genuine BAYER Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work. Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water. By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating. What happens in this glass . . . happens in your stomach.



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2 FULL 25¢ DOZEN  
Virtually 1¢ a tablet



LOOK FOR THE BAYER CROSS

### To the Extreme

A conceited man is an imaginative man.

## AT LAST A COUGH RELIEF—THAT ALSO SPEEDS RECOVERY

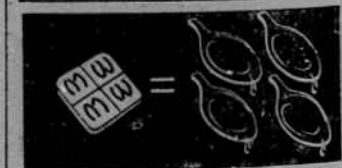
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