

Banner Serial Fiction

MAIDEN EFFORT

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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WNU SERVICE

AUTHOR OF
'IT HAPPENED
ONE NIGHT'

CHAPTER I

Rain dribbled from the well-rubbed figure of the young man on the dock and plashed into a lake the color of cold lead. With a patient gesture he raised his line to examine the undisturbed worm. He lowered it in another spot with an expression denoting resignation rather than expectancy.

Something hooted at him from the dim expanse of water. He did not need to see the loon in order to identify its offensive personality. But he did make out, through the misty pall, the outline of a fellow-idiot—the characterization was instinctive—motionless in a boat off the mouth of the inlet. Well, maybe the fishing was better over there. It couldn't be worse. He sloshed wetly into a skiff and covered the half mile in jerky strokes.

The other idiot was seated amidst his spine humped and his chin in his hands. Neither slicker, rubber coat nor headgear protected him from the quiet persistence of the downpour. He seemed engrossed in his own thoughts. From his appearance they could not have been pleasant ones. The newcomer gave the conventional freshwater greeting.

"Any luck?"
"Uh?" He started sharply, half rose, and slumped back. "Luck," he repeated dully. "Who are you?"
"Kelsey Hare."
"Well, Kelsey Hare, can't you see that I'm fishing here?"

The stranger's arrogance might have stirred Kelsey to resentment had it not been too much trouble to resent anything. He observed that there was neither rod, line, nor net in the other boat, and put a pertinent question—or was it impertinent?

"What with?"
The other quite plainly regarded it as impertinent. "That's my business," he stated.

"Maybe you've come out here to commit suicide," surmised Kelsey Hare hopefully.

"Much as I dislike to disappoint you, I'm not going to commit suicide."
"Oh, well, then, neither will I."
"Don't let me deter you," said the stranger politely, "if you were considering it."

"I did consider it. Quite seriously for a while. Only, it calls for so much effort. What's your idea; would you rather be bored or drown yourself?"

"I'd have to have time on that. When did you think of doing it?"
"Quite a while ago. I've rather lost interest in the idea now. In fact I've rather lost interest in everything. Effect of flu. Ever have flu?"

"No."
"It leaves you flat and stale on everything."
"I've had a kind of hate on everything, myself," admitted the other.
"You look it. Has it occurred to you that this weather isn't improving any? I'm staying over at Slater's Inn. How about rowing back with me and exchanging sorrows over a drink?"

At this point the sky really opened up and showed what it could do. Above the downpour the stranger shouted:

"My place is the nearest cover. Follow on."

They rowed at speed to the opposite shore where an ancient stone mansion stood, solid and solemn, a stone's throw back from the lake.

"That's my joint." He hailed Kelsey's boat up the strand. "Where the mortgage doesn't cover it, it leaks. Otherwise you're welcome." Shoulder to shoulder against the torrent they crossed a country road to a ruinous gate covered with honeysuckle in bloom half obscuring this inscription:

HOLMESHOLM
PRIVATE PROPERTY
Kindly Help to Keep It That Way
MEANING YOU!
THANK YOU

JARED M. HOLMES, OWNER.

"Nice sense of hospitality you've got," observed the guest.
"That's my late uncle. I'm Martin Holmes. He left the place to me unencumbered with anything except debt and taxes. I was busted when I took over. Since then I've been doing rather less well."

They entered the house which gave the effect of making a gallant last stand against decay and dissolution. In its bleak disarray, Kelsey Hare read much.

"Well, it's still here," was his comment. "Sticking it out against adversity. The house, I mean."

"I know what you mean," returned the owner. "Now I'll ask you one. You say you're bored with life. Would you rather be bored or broke?"

Kelsey considered the problem. "I should think being broke would at least keep you from being bored. It would me."

"Probably you've never been broke."

"Probably you've never been bored."

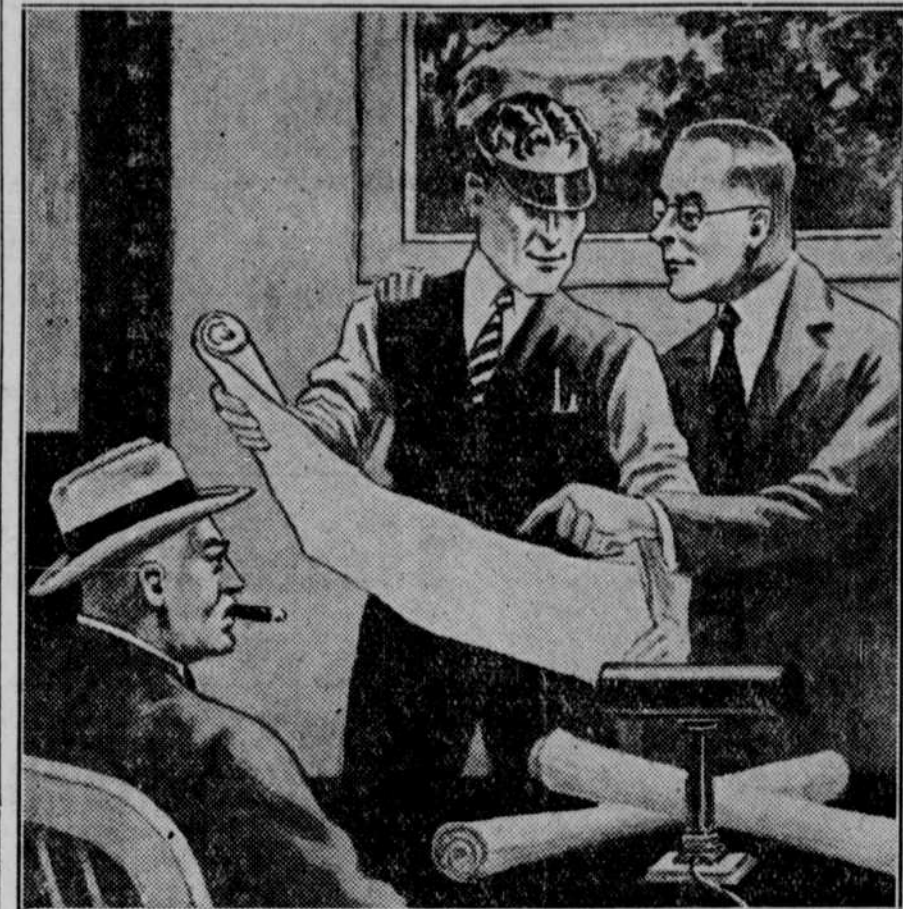
"Haven't had time to be," answered

swered Holmes with a sour grin. "Too busy trying to make an unsuccessful living."

Illogically Kelsey felt as if he had known this man, whose name he had learned only five minutes earlier, quite long and well. He said hesitantly and more seriously:
"You'll probably think I'm a butt-in if I pry into your affairs any further, but is it only money?"

"Only? ! ! !"
"Just as a sporting experiment, how about my lending you some? And how much?"

"I don't borrow." It was said with finality. "Besides, why should you?"
"Why, I hardly know. Except that today's the first time since my



"Outfit Mr. Slimpf's house with stairs."

convalescence that I've taken the slightest interest in anything but my precious self. I owe you one for that. But if you won't, you won't." Kelsey strolled about the room, threw a log into the roaring Dutch fireplace before which their coats hung, passed before a littered table supporting a typewriter with a half-written sheet still in it, and sat down. "I like this place," he decided. "I've got to put in a couple of months of quiet somewhere. Doc's orders. Why not here?"

"Want to buy?"
"No. Could you use a lodger?"

"I believe you still suspect me of planning the well-known Rash Act," returned Holmes with a sardonic grin. "You needn't concern yourself, Big Brother. The most desperate thing I've got in mind is to chuck my typewriter down the well, hitch my wagon to the alphabet and go on relief." He looked at his guest with eyes that had become suddenly haggard. "I've got to the point where I can't even work any more," he muttered. "What have you got to say to that, Big Brother?"

"If you call me Big Brother again I'll crown you," returned Kelsey cheerfully. "You think you're up against it, do you! Phooey to you! You don't even know what worry is."

"All right," said the other between set teeth. "What's your sad story? And if it doesn't make me cry, I'm liable to take a sock at you."

"Listen intently. I'm an architect, with a big New York firm. They've got a client who's reeking with money; one of these crusty wise-guys that likes to do things he doesn't know how to do, to prove that he can if he wants to. He's figuring on a country house, built to his own design. All he wants of us is advice on price and incidentals. So he brings in his blueprints, all neat and nice and drawn to scale, and sticks 'em under the Big

Boss' nose. 'There!' says he. 'What do you think of that? Is there any of your bright young men could do as well?' The Chief looks it over. 'Very pretty,' he says. 'But I notice one omission.' 'Omission? What is it?' 'You haven't put in any stairs,' says the Boss. 'Eh?' says Old Stuffshirt. 'Oh! So I haven't. Well, anyone can put in stairs. Have one of your young smart boys attend to it.' 'So the Boss sends for me. 'Here's a job for you, Kelsey. Outfit Mr. Slimpf's house with stairs. These are Mr. Slimpf's own plans; did 'em all himself and is perfectly satisfied with them. Aren't you, Mr. Slimpf?' 'I won't have them altered in any respect,' says the old bird.

A hot and misty July morning found the author early at his machine. From the adjoining bathroom came sounds of vigorous splashing interspersed with lyrical outbursts. The machine quit with a jingle, a click, and a bang.

"Hey, blast you! Do you have to sing?"
"Not necessarily."
"Then don't."

The clicking was resumed but almost immediately abandoned again. "I'd rather you'd sing than whistle," said the operator with rising anguish.

"Temper," sighed the other. "Product of frazzled nerves. Proves what I've said right along, that what you need—"

"Don't tell me again what I need," barked the badgered toiler. Kelsey came through the door, wiping the remains of lather from his face. "This early morning stuff," he began, "can't be too good for a man in your condition—Hey! What's this?" he broke off, staring down at a newspaper picture of a girl's tilted face. "Why haven't you told me about this, Mart? Secret stuff. So that's your real trouble, is it?"

"That girl? I should say not!"
"This says she is supposed to be a prominent Park Avenue deb."
"Prominent Park Avenue kitchen mechanic, more likely. I'll bet the only Park Avenue debut she ever made was out from behind the ash-can."

"Then what's the idea in cherishing her photograph?"
"Cherishing your left hind leg. It suggested a story to me. That's why I cut it out."
"Latest of the Mystery Beauties to be Chosen," he read. "What's a mystery beauty, Mart?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Presidential Succession Act Does Not Provide for Hours U. S. Has No Chief

There is no provision of law with specific application to the intervening hours between the expiration of the President's term and the time his successor takes the oath of office, notes a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The Presidential Succession act has application only to the "removal, death, resignation or inability of both the President and vice president."

In a letter dated February 20, 1921, by Chief Justice John Marshall to an inquirer on the subject of who is President from midnight when the term expires to the hour when the President-elect takes the oath of office, said:

"I have conversed with my brethren on the subject you suggested when I had the pleasure of seeing you, and will now take the liberty to communicate the result."

"As the Constitution only provides that the President shall take the oath it prescribes 'before he enter on the execution of his office' and, as the law is silent on the subject, the time seems to be in some measure at the discretion of that high officer. There is an obvious propriety in taking the oath as soon as it can conveniently be taken."

"But some interval is inevitable. The time of the actual President

knew of and told me not to talk to people and to stop thinking about myself, and I'd be all right. Says he! I haven't been up or down a flight of stairs since, and I never want to. Now, Got a ground-floor room you could rent me?"

"Go and pack your things," said Martin Holmes. "I'll row 'em over." In the two weeks following, the young men put in a fair share of their time quarreling like old friends. The chief subject of argument was Holmes' stubborn refusal to accept a loan. It was Kelsey Hare's opinion, frequently and forcefully reiterated, that until the writer went away for a long rest, he would do no good.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Describes Food Value and Versatility of Gelatin; Outlines Its Many Uses in the Diet

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

WHEN we try to appraise the nutritional values of any one food in comparison with others, as a rule we have a difficult task. Most foodstuffs are composed of so many different substances that what is lacking in one will be supplied by another, and making comparisons may therefore be misleading as well as futile. But there is one food which is outstanding, not only because it is far less complex than most others, but because it is no exaggeration to say that without it, some of us might not be alive, and those of us who are alive would obtain far less enjoyment from our daily existence.

That food is gelatin!

What is Gelatin?

Gelatin is a protein food which has no equal as a carrier, binder and "extender" of a wide variety of other nutritive materials. Chemically, it is classed as a colloid, which means that in solution, it can be removed from its solvent by filtration. It is because of this that it is so useful in producing smooth, delicious ice creams and other dainties, free from ice crystals.

Gelatin is an almost pure protein—a kind of protein known as an albuminoid. It is not a complete protein, because it is deficient in three of the amino acids that are necessary both to support growth and repair body tissues. In this it differs from meat, cheese, fish, eggs and milk, which are known as complete proteins.

It cannot be used as the sole source of protein in the diet, because those three missing amino acids are necessary for the formation of new body tissue. But it is especially rich in lysine, one of the protein building stones that is particularly important in the diet of children. Experiments indicate that no other amino acid can take the place of lysine and that it must be furnished by the food if adequate nutrition is to be maintained.

That coupled with the fact that it is non-irritating and easily digestible accounts for the large part it plays in the diet of infants and young children.

Contrary to old wives' tales, gelatin is not made from hoofs and

method for offering foods that are disliked. Vegetables that draw forth protests when presented in the usual fashion are eaten with relish when molded into a sparkling lime- or lemon-flavored salad. The coarse texture of certain raw vegetables, such as carrots and cabbage, or the tart flavor of some fruits, may likewise be modified by serving them in a gelatin base.

And it doesn't require statistics from nursery schools to tell mothers how readily children eat gelatin desserts when they are brilliant with color and flavored with orange, raspberry, cherry, strawberry or other well liked flavors. Every mother knows this from her own experience—and I rather suspect that many mothers describe these attractive molded desserts as the prize to be won in return for cleaning the plate of the main course!

In the Reducing Diet

Both men and women who are counting their calories, in an effort to avoid overweight, or to reduce, can profit by taking gelatin salads and desserts, which satisfy hunger without providing unwanted fuel value.

In cases of digestive disturbance, gelatin is frequently recommended because of its bland taste, and because it leaves no residue in the lower intestinal tract.

This same splendid food is also advised by doctors when a high protein diet is desired to speed growth, or during convalescence from an illness. Gelatin may be added to broths, milk, fruit and vegetables, and these, in turn, may be incorporated in solidified gelatin.

Indeed, this many-sided foodstuff has come to play such a wide and varied role in nutrition, not only by itself but by enhancing the value of other foods, that it must be numbered among the products that help to increase national health and vigor.

Questions Answered

Mrs. S. B. L.—Even in the so-called goiter belt, simple goiter may usually be prevented by the administration of small amounts of iodine to every young girl, before and during adolescence, and also to expectant and nursing mothers. The amount required is quite small and may be given by a physician in the form of iodized salt.

Miss A. M. G.—Bran is considered an excellent source of both iron and phosphorus.

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Building, Maintaining Healthy Teeth

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

It is an alarming fact that almost every adult in this great land of ours is affected by some form of oral disease, and that more than 90 per cent of our school children have decayed teeth. A prominent medical authority made the statement that if dental decay became rare, instead of almost universal, more than half of all sickness would be eliminated.

Remarkable and widely heralded advances have been made in our knowledge of how to control and prevent many dangerous and debilitating diseases. A decayed tooth is a poison factory, distributing its noxious product to every part of the body. In the body, that poison attacks and centers in the weakest spot. It may lead to neuritis, rheumatic ailments, dyspepsia, or duodenal ulcers. It may even be a contributing cause of heart disease.

Only a small percentage of our population is yet aware of the far-reaching effects of teeth upon health. There is a close relationship between healthy teeth and healthy bodies, and between decayed teeth and sickly bodies.

By learning something of the importance of caring properly for the teeth, some men and women of middle age look and feel younger than their parents did at the same age.

I have endeavored in many of the WHAT TO EAT AND WHY articles, which have appeared in this newspaper over my signature, to point out the close relationship between diet and dental disease; between frequent and thorough brushing of the teeth with an efficient dentifrice so as to remove all food particles, and strong, beautiful teeth.

I have received many letters from readers of these articles, showing that homemakers are eager for sound, authoritative advice on the proper care of the teeth. To help these and other readers to know how to properly care for their teeth, I have prepared a booklet on BUILDING AND MAINTAINING HEALTHY TEETH which I am offering FREE, because I feel so strongly that this information should be in every home, knowing as I do, that the salvation of the human race may lie in saving their teeth. Address, C. Houston Goudiss, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

New All-Day-Long Dresses



1618 1624

it up just enough. This is a diagram design, so you can turn off half a dozen of it in no time!

1618 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. With long sleeves, size 16 requires 4 3/4 yards of 39-inch material; 3/4 yard for contrasting collar and cuffs; 2 yards of braid. With short sleeves 4 1/4 yards.

1624 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material; 1/2 yard for contrasting collar; 3 yards braid for trimming.

Fall and Winter Fashion Book. The new 32-page Fall and Winter Pattern Book which shows photographs of the dresses being worn is now out. (One pattern and the Fall and Winter Pattern Book—25 cents.) You can order the book separately for 15 cents.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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COMFORT



New HOTEL CLARK in Downtown LOS ANGELES

Convenience is another offering of this hotel. Whether on business or pleasure bent, the Hotel Clark makes an ideal "base of operations," as well as a restful "billet," at the end of the day's "campaign." Good food, naturally. And moderate charges, as well as for room accommodations, give final significance to assuring word—COMFORT.

Single from \$2.50
Double from \$3.50
Rooms 555 Fifth and Hill
Baths P. G. B. MORRIS, Manager

Remember 'IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT'?

Well, here's another treat for you by the author of the most sensationally successful motion picture of recent years. Samuel Hopkins Adams has another winner in this story of a girl who crashed the movies via a beauty contest and a sense of humor. It's swell fun!

'MAIDEN EFFORT'
START IT IN THIS ISSUE