

Banner Serial Fiction

# MAIDEN EFFORT

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF  
'IT HAPPENED  
ONE NIGHT'

© SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

WNU SERVICE

SYNOPSIS

Kelsey Hare, young architect conversing from a breakdown, meets Martin Holmes, struggling author, in a storm on a lake near Moldavia, N. Y. Caught in a downpour they seek shelter at Holmes' estate, "Holmesholm," which by its air of decay gives evidence of its owner's financial embarrassment. Kelsey suggests renting a room and settles down there.

CHAPTER I—Continued

For answer Holmes snatched up a magazine and hurled it at his interrupter's head. It was neatly caught. "Read the inside cover." The advertisement indicated set forth that Purity Pictures, Inc., was seeking Undeveloped Genius to match the Undiscovered Beauty which another of its Nation-Wide Contests was expected to reveal. The two, when found, would be united in one of Purity Picture's Unparalleled Productions. To this end A. Leon Snyder, President of Purity Pictures, Inc., would pay \$15,000 for the best novel, suitable to picturization, by a hitherto unpublished author, and the prospective Queen of American Beauty would be starred in it.

"That's one of the Undiscovered Beauties," snarled Holmes. "She wins. I lose."

"Meaning that you entered that mug of yours in the contest?"

"No, you fishcake. I sent in a story for the \$15,000 prize. It was my magnum opus, rewritten to suit movie requirements. And what happens? Back it comes and socks me in the jaw." He made a furious gesture toward an envelope, bulging fatly on the mantel. Kelsey's glance followed.

"But you haven't opened it." "I can smell a rejection slip through a stone wall. Open it, yourself, if you don't believe me."

Kelsey did so. A pink paper fell out. "The reading jury regrets to report," he began—

"What did I tell you!" grunted the author.

His companion read the title-page. "'Love Beyond Sin' by Templeton Sayles. Is that your pseudonym?"

"It's the one I was saving for the magnum opus," was the sullen reply.

"So this is Maggie the Ope, is it?" "It is not. It's Maggie the Ope's slightly illegitimate offspring, Flossie the Flop."

"It's a swell title, anyway," Kelsey opined. "'Love Beyond Sin.' What does it mean?"

"It doesn't mean anything," said the author drearily. "It's a movie title."

The other dropped into a chair and began to read.

"You've got plenty of action here."

"Action, mystery, threat, suspense, sex, local color, blood, surprise, sentiment, mother-love, bunk, tripe and ollagawallah."

"You certainly can ladle it out!" commented his admiring reader.

"How about this? Featherston fixed her with his coolest stare. 'I know all about women,'" said he, and his voice rang like a bugle, bearing challenge and reproof. Say, Mart, how do you get reproof out of a bugle?"

"Don't read that fosh to me," yelled its author.

"All right. I'll read it to myself. I think I'll read all of it."

"Then you're a hog for punishment. Better chuck it into the fire."

"Aren't you going to sell it somewhere else?"

"Where? I'd take a plugged nickel for it this minute."

"Haven't got one on me at the moment. But I'll consider your proposition."

"Consider it out in the barn, will you, Kelsey?" He adjusted his machine.

Bearing his burden through the rain, the guest settled down to serious perusal. It was pretty awful, he decided. Yet through the murk and fume of hifalutin verbiage there thrust the structure of an authentic and lively, if somewhat threadbare, plot.

It was mid-afternoon when Kelsey trotted back to the house with Flossie the Flop beneath his arm.

"Loud cries of 'Author! Author!'" said he.

"Have I at last found my Public?" demanded Holmes satirically.

"I've read it all. And I really think you've got something."

The author regarded him with affectionate pity. "Then all I have to say is that as an editorial reader you're a rising young architect."

"Nuts to architecture! I'm off it for a couple of months, by orders. As my naturally active intellect has to have something to bite on, I've decided to go in for literary speculation." He tapped the manuscript.

"I'm buying."

"You've bought. Hand over the nickel."

"No, I'm serious. I'm buying, for five hundred dollars."

"You're crazy."

"All right. I'm crazy. But my check isn't."

"You offer to pay me five hundred dollars for this thing? Say it again."

"Five hun—"

"Never mind. I'm convinced. What's in your mind to do now?"

"Well, I can see quite a little work to be done on it."

"Rewrite me, huh?" The author laughed shortly. "You can't hurt my feelings."

"There's another point. Most of the action is local."

"Correct. Laid right here in the Finger Lakes district."

"I feel that I can work better right here on the spot."

"That's reasonable."

"So I'll give you another hundred for the rent of the house. But I

"Good lad. Mr. Hare—I mean Mr. Templeton Sayles, here is your boss till I come back. Get it?"

"Urgek."

"Correct. Pack my things."

"Just a second," expostulated the tenant. "How am I going to know what he means?"

"That's easy. Whatever he says always means 'yes' until he says something else. You'll be a couple of pals in no time. I'm off by the late train. Heaven send you luck with Flossie the Flop. And don't do anything that Templeton Sayles would be ashamed of."

Thus began Kelsey Hare's new life as an author. All adult persons with enough education to read and write cherish the ineradicable

In his fresh absorption, the newborn Templeton Sayles forgot her as completely as he had the night letter which she now completely concealed.

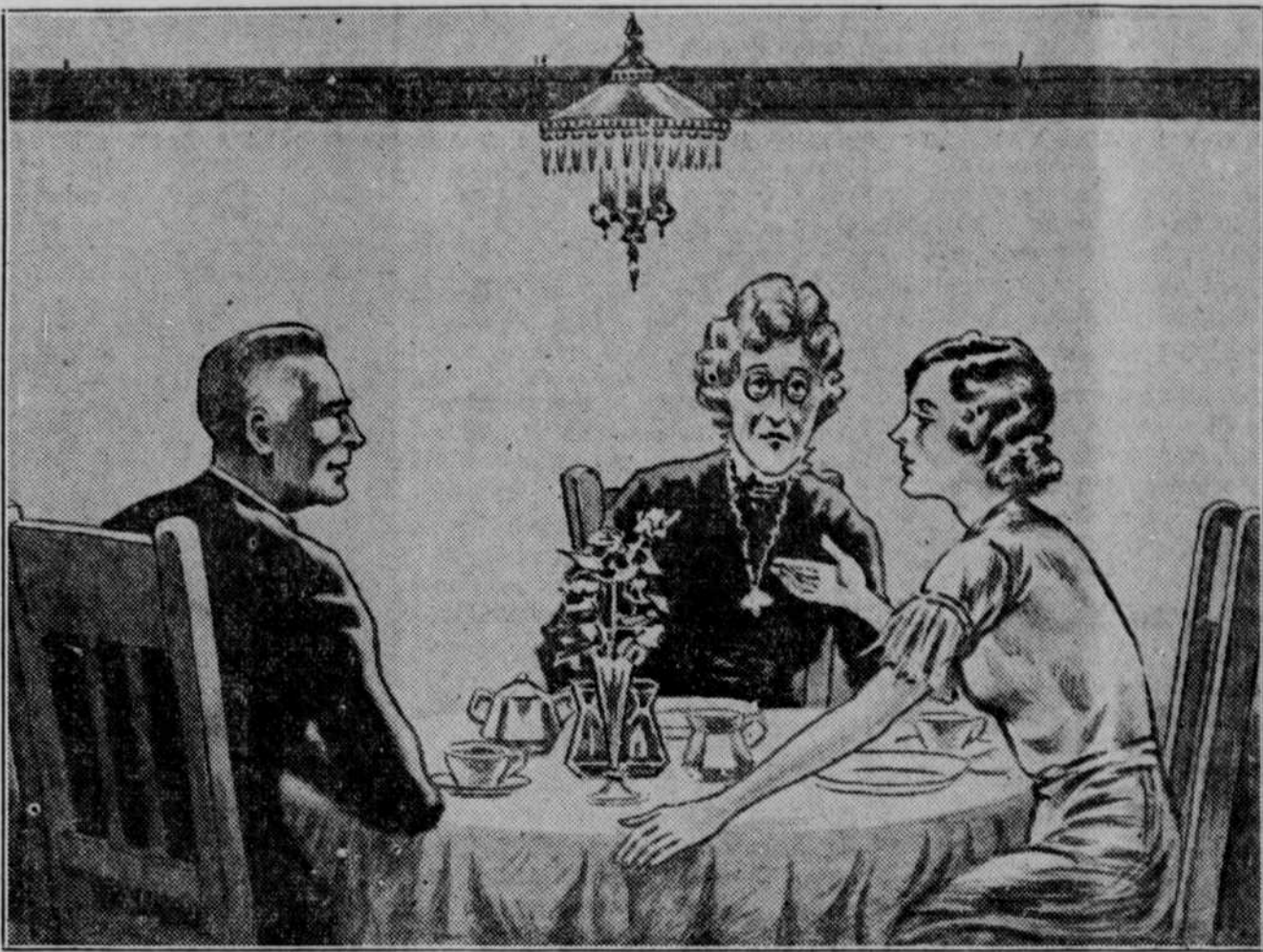
CHAPTER II

Elsewhere on the map that same picture was making plenty of trouble for three people.

Above the breakfast table where sat the trio, brooded the silence of overnight dissension.

"It was a mistake to let her go," boomed Mr. Robert Van Stratten.

"It was," agreed his wife. She gloomed at their niece with eyes as faded as the hangings in the stuff and shabby old room of what had



"It's natural enough that the papers should like to get her picture," granted Mr. Van Stratten.

don't want you around. You're too noisy. And too nervous."

Holmes cackled. "All right, old bean. Rub it in. I can stand it. You couldn't hold me with a log-chain, anyway. I'm off for the deep blue sea and way stations by the first boat, which ought to be about tomorrow. Mind you, about that story: you're buying a stoomer. I may never again be able to look you square in your sweet and simple-minded face, but I'm just too tired to resist your subtle temptations. You've bought something."

"I think so," answered Kelsey contentedly.

"You've bought a whole bag of tricks. Not only several pounds of typewritten glub, but a name and personality to go with it. Templeton Sayles, seignior of the magnificent estate of Holmesholm. That's your, my lad, till further notice. Exit Mr. Kelsey Hare, rich and once respectable young architect. Enter Templeton Sayles, and believe me he's some personage to live up to. Wait a minute. I got up a character sketch of my other self to go with the manuscript in case it was accepted. That was a condition of the contest. I made Templeton out a devil of a feller. It ought to be in the manuscript somewhere. No? Too bad. It might have helped you to a fuller realization of who you are."

"Maybe you modeled Sayles on the hero of your story, Maiden Featherston. There's a chap! I can fairly see him in a noble pose, bugling forth his battle-cry: 'I know all about women.' That flu attack left me with a sort of low and melancholic opinion of myself. I need a new character to build up my self-esteem and Featherston's my lad for me."

"O. K. You've bought him, too, Mr. Templeton Sayles."

"About Sayles, now. You haven't left any loose ends of him dangling around, have you? Any secret commitments of lovelorn ex-maidens?"

"He's got to come before this court with clean hands. And I've got to have full control of him from now on."

"He's all yours. I resign any right, title or claim on him. My word is my bond that I'll never admit to any connection with such a person. Too bad we can't find that autobiographical skit of mine, though. Very spirited. I've got to pack. Hi! You!"

Responsive to this summons, a creature swarthy, squat, and hairy appeared. Martin Holmes' combination cook, valet, maid, gardener, and man-of-all-work had been acquired from a bread line. His name was approximately Glunk. His nationality was conjectured to be Patagonian because, as his employer pointed out, nothing less was compatible with the essential improbability of his personality.

"Listen, you," Holmes addressed him. "I leave tomorrow for a couple of months. Understand?"

"Urgek."

belief that they can write fiction. Contemplating the manuscript of "Love Beyond Sin," the new Templeton Sayles decided that he might as well carry out the bluff he had made to the real author and have a crack at it.

The first reminder of his altered personality came on the morning following his friend's departure, in the form of a night-letter addressed "Templeton Sayles, Esq., Moldavia, N. Y." Hoping to hear from Holmes in New York and get some address to which he could forward the message, he stuck it upon the mantel, unopened. When no such information arrived, he forgot all about it.

An envelope similarly addressed, which arrived on the second morning, he did open, since it was in Martin Holmes' own handwriting. Within was the newspaper photograph of the girl whom they had discussed, with a typed inscription across it:

"Miss Adelina Ashcan, K. M., the Park Avenue debutter. For inspiration in your monumental work. I don't need her any longer.—M. H."

"P. S. In case of visitors, of which you are likely to have some, don't let them scare you out of your character."

The new-fledged Templeton Sayles dropped the pictured girl into the waste basket. Thence, on his cleaning rounds, Glunk rescued her, and set her on the mantel. His new boss caught him at it.

"Do you like that picture, Glunk?"

"Urgek."

"Why?"

"Nice gal."

"My information points in quite another direction. However, leave her. She can stay there as long as she doesn't interfere with my work."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Pigeon Expert Is Prepared to Deliver Thousands of Birds to Army for War Use

If war were declared tomorrow, an obscure gentleman named Robert Milne suddenly would become one of the busiest men in the country, relates Kermit Kahn in Coronet magazine.

Instantly, he would communicate with some 200 pigeon fanciers in the eastern part of the United States. The next morning, his office would be swamped with several hundred slightly startled pigeons. From these Mr. Milne would select the fastest and most reliable.

Then he would step outside his office, at Fort Monmouth, N. J., and start breeding the 500 pigeons located in near-by government pigeon lofts. In a short while, American military commanders would have at their disposal 5,000 homing pigeons, fully trained to communicate information across enemy lines. In

six months, there would be 50,000 homers.

Mr. Milne, who is pigeon expert at large for the signal corps of the United States army, has this carefully worked out, for the war department does not propose to get caught pigeon-napping.

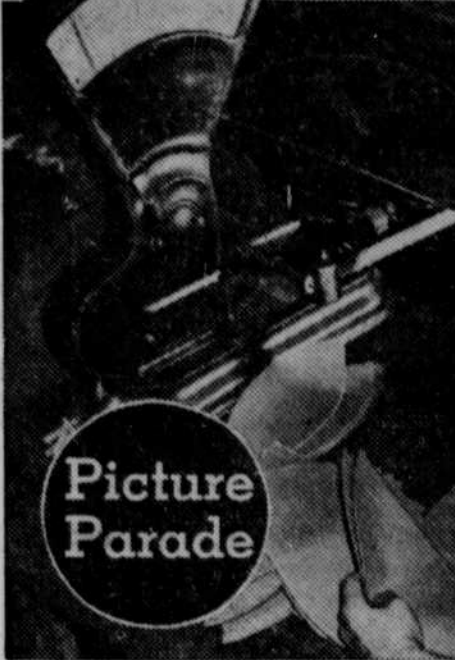
Right now, Fort Monmouth and Milne are well past the experimental stage in a totally new development in courier pigeon. If perfected, it will accomplish what no pigeon has been able to do before—fly at night.

It is a pigeon's nature to rest at nightfall, and take wing only during the day. If a pigeon could be trained to fly in the dark, army men contend, military communications will be revolutionized. It would make pigeons among the safest methods of wartime communication.



## A PRELUDE TO THE BIG GAME

Few of the 40,000,000 people who watch this autumn's gridiron games know of the months spent by skilled workmen turning pigskin and rubber into footballs. Long before the triple-threat halfback began training, football craftsmen began work. Each ball has received as much attention as the players themselves. First step, illustrated at left, is cutting and selecting leather.



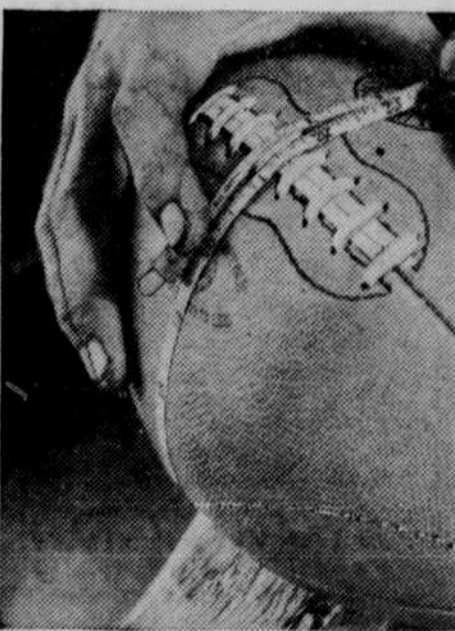
A check for precision: Each "panel" of pigskin used in the football is weighed to check on the skiving. Regulation footballs must be of standard weight.



LEFT—Panels are examined still more before a skilled craftsman matches them, guaranteeing that the finished football will have uniform color and quality. RIGHT—The assembly job begins when panels are stitched on a hot wax machine.



LEFT—Ends are stitched by hand, not an easy job when you consider the toughness of this pigskin. RIGHT—An important part of football manufacture is the cementing and preparation of linings and panels, thus insuring firmness.



The finished product, ready for booting and passing by a bone-crushing fullback. But first the ball must be checked. To pass tests its diameter must be 21 inches.



## Favorite Recipe of the Week

### BANANA CAKE

1/2 cup oleo-margarine 1/2 cup sour milk  
1 1/2 cups sugar 1 teaspoon salt  
3 eggs, whites and 3 teaspoons baking powder  
yolks beaten separately 2 1/2 cups cake flour  
1 cup bananas, 1/2 cup nuts, scraped fine chopped fine

Cream oleomargarine. Then add sugar and salt. Have yolks beaten. Then add them to creamed oleomargarine and sugar. Then add milk. Have flour and baking powder sifted together. Add the bananas and the nuts. Last, the stiffly beaten whites of eggs.

Bake slowly until done in a loaf or layer cake pan. Then ice.

## Above Ourselves

It is vanity to want to be superior to someone else; it is wisdom to want to be superior to ourselves.—Joseph Fort Newton.

## Rheumatism

Just Do What You See In These Pictures To Relieve Pain Quickly



1. Take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets with a full glass of water the moment you feel either a rheumatic or neuritic pain coming on.



2. You should feel relief very quickly. If pain is unusually severe, repeat according to directions.

## Just Be Sure To Use Genuine Bayer Aspirin

To relieve pain of rheumatism or neuritis quickly, try the Bayer Aspirin way—shown above.

People everywhere say results are remarkable. Yet Bayer Aspirin costs only about one cent a tablet, which makes the use of expensive "pain remedies" unnecessary.

If this way fails, see your doctor. He will find the cause and correct it. While there, ask him about taking Bayer Aspirin to relieve these pains. We believe he will tell you there is no more effective, more dependable way normal persons may use.

When you buy, make sure you get the genuine BAYER Aspirin.

15c FOR 12 TABLETS 2 FULL DOZEN 25c

Strangers Honor and ease are seldom bedfellows.—Thomas Fuller.

## Don't Aggravate Gas Bloating

If your GAS BLOATING is caused by constipation don't expect to get relief just by just doctoring your stomach. What you need is the DOUBLE ACTION of Adierka. This 25-year-old remedy is BOTH carminative and cathartic. Carminative that warms and soothes the stomach and expels GAS. Cathartic that acts quickly and gently, clearing the bowels of wastes that may have caused GAS BLOATING, headaches, indigestion, sour stomach and nerve pressure for months. Adierka does not gripes—no soft habit forming. Adierka acts on the stomach and BOTH bowels. It relieves STOMACH GAS almost at once, and often removes bowel wastes in less than two hours. Adierka has been recommended by many doctors for 25 years. Get the genuine Adierka today. Sold at all drug stores.

## Your Advertising Dollar

buys something more than space and circulation in the columns of this newspaper. It buys space and circulation plus the favorable consideration of our readers for this newspaper and its advertising patrons.

Let us tell you more about it