

Banner Serial Fiction

MAIDEN EFFORT

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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WNU SERVICE

AUTHOR OF
'IT HAPPENED
ONE NIGHT'

SYNOPSIS

Kelsey Hare, young architect concealing 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. Finding Holmes studying a newspaper picture of a Park avenue debutante, Kelsey learns that a story by Holmes has been rejected in a \$15,000 contest run by Purity Pictures, A. Leon Snyder, president, for a novel suitable for pictureization, in which the winner of a Mystery Beauty contest will star. Kelsey buys the manuscript from Holmes and rents his house. One of the conditions of the deal is that Kelsey adopt Holmes' pen name, "Templeton Sayles." After Holmes departs on a trip, a telegram arrives for Sayles which Kelsey leaves unopened. Glunk, odd man servant, places the debutante's picture on the mantel. The Park Avenue Van Strattens, at breakfast with their niece Marlon, are horrified to find her picture in the paper as one of ten remaining contestants for the "scandal" dies down, and decides adventurously to go through with the contest. In the offices of A. Leon Snyder, heir to the Peckett's Persuasive Pills fortune, Marlon finds nine other beauties. She makes friends with Gloria Glamour, flip professional beauty contestant. At lunch together, they meet Moby Dickstein, Snyder's press agent and factotum. Snyder is overwhelmed with Marlon's beauty and "class," to which he is extremely susceptible, and calls her "Darling." Moby is referred to Holmes for information on Sayles. Gloria takes the call. Hare is interrupted in his rewriting by two callers.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"Gal," suggested Glunk happily. "That's more like it. Ask her what she wants."

"Gone."

His master went outside to verify the report. He thought he heard repressed laughter behind the hedge.

"Who's there?" he called.

A ringing voice answered: "Your heroine."

This was something new. Did an author's creations come to life and romantically visit him in the dim watches of the night? If so, there was more to this writing business than he had suspected.

A horn blared an impatient summons from the road. Retreating footsteps were audible. He stumbled along through the darkness. Two dim lights winked and vanished. A door slammed.

"Don't come any farther."

"Why not?"

"If you do, we'll go, and you won't see us again."

"I haven't seen you yet. Not really. To what do I owe the honor of this visit?" he added in his best manner.

"Sounds exactly as Templeton Sayles ought to sound, doesn't it?" put in a second voice.

"Who?" he asked unthinkingly.

"You. We haven't got the wrong bird, have we?"

"Oh! No. Of course not," Kelsey hastened to reply, thereby endowing himself with a personality which, for many a troubled day, was to enmesh him like an octopus.

"You're sure you're Templeton Sayles?"

"I think I may be accepted as an authority on the subject."

There was a whispered consultation; then, "Prove it."

Inspiration, though unbidden, the favorite claim of Malden Featherston, hero of "Love Beyond Sin," came to his aid. "I know all about women," he declaimed.

"Perfect. Good-night," came back the joyous duet, as the car sped away with a derisive hoot.

A vague memory hovered in the air and accompanied the young man into the house. From the mantel smiled the printed face of the girl, labeled by the ribald Holmes, Miss Adelina Ashcan. Was there a likeness? He almost made himself believe it. He picked up the clipping, revealing back of it the yellow envelope of the forgotten message addressed "Templeton Sayles." Well, for better or for worse, he was Templeton Sayles now. He opened the envelope and read with uncomprehending eyes:

Templeton Sayles, Esq.
c-o Holmesholm, Moldavia, N. Y.

Must see you at once stop night-odd awful unparadonable almost fatal mistake made by accident stop when you come to New York stop will explain all stop wire time of arrival and will have representative meet you at train stop vitally important stop do not fail me.

A. Leon Snyder, dacker.
President Purity Pictures Inc.

Recalling a casual remark made by Martin Holmes to the effect that, in dealing with motion picture people, you had to Do It Now or not at all, Kelsey again examined the date of the message. Four days old. Probably the crisis, whatever it might have been, was all over by this time. Anyway the thing didn't make sense to him. Thrusting it into a drawer, he returned to his contemplation of the portrait. He found it more interesting than the message.

Long distance calls from A. Leon Snyder at the rate of two per hour kept the three voyagers town-

bound in Moldavia until late the following afternoon. They then set forth to pay their first formal call upon Templeton Sayles.

Moby Dickstein drove like a man on a life-and-death errand. The two girls bounced about in the rear seat of the open convertible. At a slippery curve overlooking the lake just short of Holmesholm they skidded into a shallow ditch. Gloria uttered a short, sharp yelp as the car started to tip over but thought better of it and righted itself. Something like an echo of her cry sounded near at hand. All three looked about them. There was nothing animate in sight but an animal peacefully grazing under a massive maple.

"Maybe that bird was right last night," said Moby Dickstein, "and the place is haw-aw-awnted."

The haunt inadvertently coughed.

"Why, I do believe it's up that tree," said Marne.

"Go and see what's bitin' him, you girls," directed Moby, "while I look over the car."

Marne walked forward a few rods, accompanied by Gloria, advanced to the fence, leaned on the rail, and halted.

There was no answer. The so-called Templeton Sayles was not

"Then it's time he got onto himself," stated Gloria.

"See here; you are Templeton Sayles, aren't you?" from Marne.

A gulp, followed by a faint murmur, seemed to indicate assent.

"And 'Love Beyond Sin' is your story?"

"Yes." Here he was on firm ground. Hadn't he bought and paid for it!

"Was his story," corrected Moby Dickstein, "it's ours now."

"Ours?" queried Kelsey.

"Purity Pictures'. What d'you think we're payin' you fifteen thousand shiny dollars for?"

"Pay whom how much for what?" babbled the dazed Kelsey.

"I'm tellin' you," said Moby and told him again.

"But the picture company returned the manuscript," protested Kelsey, remembering vividly the real author's disgust and disappointment.

"That was a mistake."

"Without so much as a note."

"Listen, bo. Didn't you get a telegram, explaining?"

"There was a telegram. It didn't explain anything. It didn't even mean anything."

"A Leon must have drafted it."

"Oh, my good Lord Almighty!"

"And now he's going to break down and cry," said Gloria in disgust. "That's gnawing him, anyway? Are authors always like this? Fifteen grand, rolling into my pocket, wouldn't hang any crepe on my soul."

"Come up to the house and we'll have cocktails," mumbled the young man. They followed him in.

"Glunk!" he shouted. "Ice."

The faithful hunchman appeared with a large chunk between his hairy paws. At first sight of the girls, he dropped it on the floor. The irregular triangle of his three protuberant fangs outlined a pleased smile.

"Gal," he pronounced.

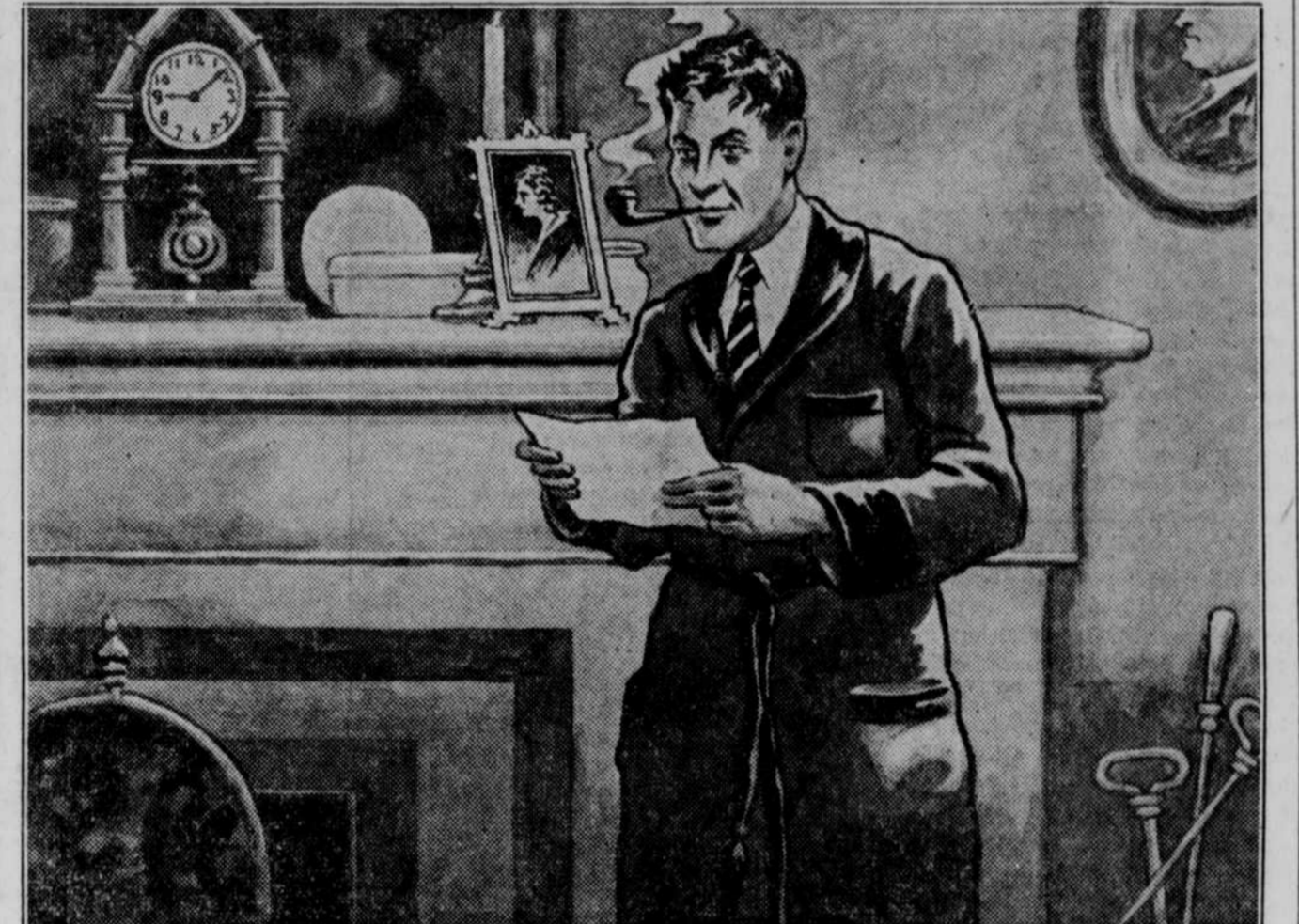
"Sweet cheese 'n' crackers! Where'd you get the hairy bear?" cried Gloria.

Glunk ambled over, stood before Marne and executed a series of ecstatic bobs. "Gall!" he repeated. "Nice gal."

"You've made a hit, baby," remarked Moby.

Before Kelsey could interpose, Glunk had snatched the printed photograph from the mantel and held it aloft.

"Why, it's me!" said the original of it. "How ever did that get here?"



Kelsey again examined the date of the message.

receiving callers that day, if he could help it. In fact, he had scuttled up the tree, temporarily disturbing a placidly grazing Holstein "grade," upon hearing Moby Dickstein's distant horn, because of a definite indisposition for human companionship. Unhappily, in an unsuccessful attempt to secret himself more effectively he slipped and made a betraying commotion among the leaves.

"Why, I do believe it's our hero," exclaimed Marne. "What are you doing up there?"

"I came here on business," was the stiff rejoinder, as he slid to the ground. He was playing for time and searching his soul for a practicable explanation.

Moby, who had now succeeded in coaxing the car back upon the roadway, and had been introduced to Kelsey by the girls, addressed his new acquaintance.

"You'll pardon my natural curiosity, but do you live in that tree?"

"He says he was there on business," contributed Marne.

"What kind of business is up a tree?" inquired Gloria.

"Maybe it's private," suggested Marne.

"Not specially," said the tree-sitter.

"Then what is the answer? Tell Auntie," encouraged Gloria.

"It's a situation in a story I'm working on."

"What was the story you were working on?" inquired Gloria, showing polite interest.

"It's called 'Love Beyond Sin.'"

"Hey?" Moby Dickstein's chin jerked upward. "You say you're working on it?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"What d'you mean, workin' on it? It's all written, ain't it?"

"Not in final form. I'm rewriting it."

"For the luvva Mike, what for?"

"I'm not satisfied with it yet."

"So what?" demanded the puzzled Moby.

"So I'm trying to improve it. Make it better, you know."

himself," interpreted Moby.

"What is this A. Leon person? A lunatic?"

"A highly improper question," rebuked A. Leon's right-hand man with dignity. "He happens to be President of Purity Pictures."

"So the telegram claimed. He seemed to be upset about something and wanted me to come somewhere and straighten it out."

"What are we going to do about this bird?" inquired Moby. "Hey, listen. I'll give it to you in installments. You—won—the Purity Pictures—World—Contest—Prize. Got it?"

"With—with this story?"

"Sure, with this story. What story were you figurin' on winnin' it with, may I ask you?"

"With 'Love Beyond Sin?'" quavered Kelsey.

"Think he's going to throw a fit?" asked Gloria solicitously.

"I'm tellin' you, ain't I? With 'Love Beyond Sin.'"

She smiled at Kelsey in a manner that thrilled him with a combined warmth of happiness and deadly chill of dismay.

"Give me that, Glunk," he ordered sharply, but the girl was holding out her hand for it and the monster was under her spell.

She read the inscription. "Miss Adelina Ashcan, the Park Avenue Debuter. That's a pretty conceit, too."

Kelsey whirled upon the beaming Glunk. "Get out of here before I kill you," he bawled.

With a frightened yelp, Glunk fled.

"Now you've hurt his feelings," accused Marne. "Not to mention mine. They're absolutely lacerated."

"I-I-I never," began the wretched Kelsey, "I didn't mean—"

"Oh, lay off, kid," said Gloria out of the side of her mouth nearest Marne. "The poor simp's on the grids."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Cultivation of Quaintness Is Found Good Box Office by Ozark Residents

If you've never been a hillbilly, then you can't imagine how rich and full life has become to us native Ozarkers, writes Lucile Movies in the University Review.

After going along all these years, struggling to conform to tiresome standards of civilization, we suddenly are pounced upon by an excited world begging us to be primitive.

All we have to do to meet the new expectations is to rock in a split hickory chair from morning until night, singing "The House Carpenter," or "Lord Thomas' Wedding."

If we can collect a gaunt houn' dawg or two to lie at our feet and scratch fleas while we sing, then there is increased applause.

"So you're a native?" they ask us breathlessly.

Modestly we admit it. Then we limp a little. That's so they'll know we haven't been wearing shoes very long and that the peaking shoes still feel powerful pinchy.

We can remember when it used to make us fightin' mad if they asked us "So you're a native?" in that curious tone of voice. Our resentment, however, drifted away when being a hillbilly became good box office.

Now we push our splint bonnet

back from our frank countenance, smooth out the creases in our store-bought calico dress and coyly say:

"Jest call me hillbilly."

If the stranger prefers to call us "ridge-runner" or "haw-eater," that's all right, too. We're getting broad-minded. Some experts say that we feminine Ozarkers are "hill-nancies." That one, though, doesn't get over well. So we conform to the vernacular the tourists know best.

Shallots Grow Like Garlic

Shallots grow in cloves like garlic, the entire bulb being pear-shaped. Top and bulb are used for salads and are popular with those who like a more delicate flavor than a mild onion. Leeks are larger than shallots, have flat leaves and but little bulb formation. Leaf and bulb may be cooked or used raw, chopped into salads. Chives are the only variety of which only the hollow grasslike leaves are used. They are chopped into salads and cottage cheese and are a favorite to grow in a pot on the kitchen window sill because they keep growing after cuttings and supply fresh onionlike flavor when needed.

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Discusses the Child Who Has a Lagging Appetite; Tells What to Do for the Finicky Eater

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

IT HAS been well said that with the knowledge of nutrition now at the command of practically every mother, there should not be one ill-nourished child in our land. Unfortunately, statistics show that possibly one-half of the children in this country are either underweight, undernourished or malnourished.

Many factors may be responsible for this state of affairs. Some children are fed incorrectly owing to the fact that the family income is small and the mother has not learned how to utilize low-cost foods that are rich in protective minerals and vitamins in place of those that are higher priced. In other families, the mothers do not realize the importance of providing a well-rounded diet for growing children. But the problems of these homemakers are more easily remedied, perhaps, than those of mothers who plan a well-balanced diet, but find that their child lacks interest in, or even refuses to eat the food that has been prepared so carefully.



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Developing the Right Attitude

Strange as it may seem, such difficulties often arise because a mother fails to give the necessary consideration to developing in the young child a proper attitude toward food. Some children need to be taught that they must eat enough food for their body requirements. It is part of the training they should have in early childhood, so that they develop a willingness to eat what is put before them, to try new foods when offered, and to become increasingly independent in making a wise selection at mealtimes.

If a child has been properly conditioned in these respects from his earliest years, mothers will seldom find themselves faced with a "child who will not eat."

Problem of Anorexia

All normal children will, at times, exhibit a lack of appetite. We are not concerned here with occasions when a child who usually eats well feels no desire for food. Such lack of appetite may mean the beginning of a cold or some other illness and should be carefully investigated. Unfortunately, however, many mothers of young children are faced with a chronic lack of appetite in their children—a condition that physicians describe as anorexia. In order to correct this condition, it is necessary to understand its causes and to use wisdom in helping to remove them.

Find the Causes

When a child chronically lacks interest in food, the mother should set about systematically to learn the reasons why. Possibly the co-operation of your physician will be required, for sometimes obscure physical causes may be responsible, such as faulty elimination, diseased tonsils or teeth or some other focal infection. On the other hand, it frequently occurs that a changed attitude on the part of the mother in presenting food is all that is necessary to alter completely a child's attitude in regard to his meals.

It is interesting to note, however, that in studying a large group of children with poor appetites, one investigator found that 82 per cent of the children were more than average in height and narrow in body build.

Faulty Diet May Destroy Appetite

Frequently, a child's lack of interest in food may be traced directly to poor choice among the foods presented to him. It has been repeatedly demonstrated, for example, that when the diet lacks vitamin B, appetite decreases, so that there is less desire for food of any kind. Then, too, when a child's diet contains too much fat, digestion may be delayed and this in turn may interfere with the appetite for the next meal. While some children thrive better with

come obviously angry or irritated when the child refuses food. Scolding, punishment and threats of punishment should be avoided, as they defeat their purpose. Remember, too, that precept is a powerful teacher, and that a child's dislike for certain foods may have been instilled by a none-too-guardedly expressed dislike of a similar food on the part of an adult.

Some Helpful Hints

It may be necessary for the entire family to live more quietly, in order to give the finicky eater a chance to be quiet and relaxed. There must be regularity of meals and mealtimes must be peaceful. Keep the table conversation general and impersonal in character before older children. See to it that younger ones eat by themselves.

Often a short rest before meals will help a child to become relaxed completely. And frequently, a new method of presenting foods will result in a changed attitude on the part of the child.

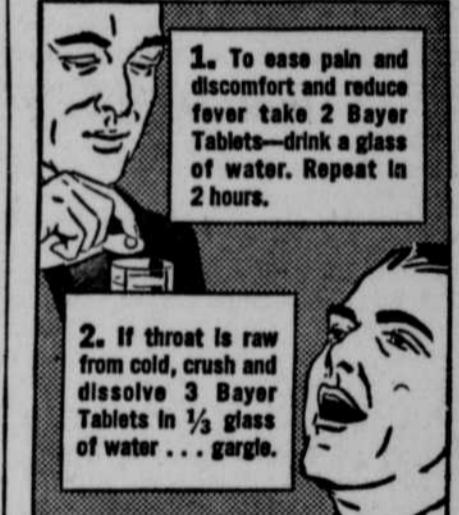
Foods for young children should not be seasoned too highly. In general, condiments should be avoided. Strong-flavored vegetables, as a rule, are not well liked, and if introduced in the young child's diet should be combined with some familiar, and mild-tasting food. In cooking vegetables, keep the pieces large enough so that the child can identify what he is eating. Include a crisp food in each meal.

Finally, remember that a child's eating habits cannot be changed overnight. Changes should be introduced gradually, so that he is scarcely aware of what is going on.

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HOW TO RELIEVE COLDS

Simply Follow These Easy Directions to Ease the Pain and Discomfort and Sore Throat Accompanying Colds



THE SIMPLE WAY pictured above often brings amazingly fast relief from discomfort and sore throat accompanying colds.

Try it. Then—see your doctor. He probably will tell you to continue with the Bayer Aspirin because it acts so fast to relieve discomforts of a cold. And to reduce fever.

This simple way, backed by scientific authority, has largely supplanted the use of strong medicines in easing cold symptoms. Perhaps the easiest, most effective way yet discovered. But make sure you get genuine BAYER Aspirin.

15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS
2 FULL DOZEN 25¢

Control of Self
The secret of satisfaction in life is self-control.—Frank Crane.

QUESTION ANSWER

Why do you use LUDEN'S for your cold, Mary?

They offer relief—plus an alkaline factor!

LUDEN'S 5¢

MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

"IRIUM CAN'T BE BEAT!" FOLKS SAY ABOUT PEPSODENT POWDER

Pepsident ALONE of all tooth powders contains marvelous Irium*

You can't judge a dentifrice only by its foam, taste, or color. Results are all that count! That's why you should try newly-improved Pepsident Tooth Powder. It's different... very effective! For Irium helps Pepsident quickly to brush away even the most stubborn surface-stains... and Pepsident will polish YOUR teeth with their full natural sparkle... Pepsident Powder is SAFE in its action on teeth. Contains NO BLEACH, NO GRIT, NO DRUGS. Try it!

*Pepsident's trade mark for its brand of Purified Alkyl Sulfate