

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 convalescing from a breakdown, meets Marjorie 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 picturization, 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. At breakfast with his niece Marion, he is horrified to find her picture in the paper as one of ten remaining contestants for the Purity Pictures award, and learn that Liggett Morse, admirer, has entered Marion's picture on a bet. She decides adventurously to go through with the contest. In the offices of A. Leon Snyder, heir to the Peckett's Persuasive Pills fortune, Marion finds nine other beauties. She makes friends with Gloria Glamour, flip professional beauty contestant. They meet Moby Dickstein, Snyder's press agent and factotum. Snyder is overwhelmed with Marion's beauty and "class," to which he is extremely susceptible, and calls her "darr-ling." Moby is referred to Holmes for information on Sayles. Gloria takes the call. Hare is interrupted in his rewriting by two callers, one of whom he recognizes as the pictured beauty in the paper. After they leave, he takes the picture from the mantel, and uncovers the telegram, now four days old, apologizing for a "mistake," and demanding Sayles' immediate presence in New York for a conference with Snyder. When Moby and the girls arrive on location, Kelsey learns for the first time that the Holmes-Sayles novel was the winner. He confides his predicament to Moby. Snyder's anticipation of the meeting with Sayles is not shared by Kelsey, whom Moby advises to say "Yes" to everything. They meet at a Moldavia inn, and argue the title of the "super-creational" picture, finally changing it from "Virgin Effort" to "Maiden Effort."

CHAPTER V—Continued

"Maybe he's one of these skizzy-whatchecalls. You know; split personalities," put in Gloria.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" inquired Kelsey with a coolness which did not wholly fail of its impression.

"Manners by Emily Post," commented Gloria.

"He admits it, himself," added Marne. "In the character sketch."

"Don't you think something might be done with him, maybe?" asked Gloria hopefully.

"Well, I wouldn't go that far. He's got a pretty keen appreciation of himself. He'd have to be treated for that."

"That'd be sweet, darr-ling," said Kelsey.

Marne whirled on him. "No; not from you, thank you," said she in accents of unmistakable sincerity.

"Come on, kid," said Gloria. "I'm for the open spaces and a smoke. So glad you liked our little praise-offering, Mr. Sayles. See you soon."

They returned in the custody of Moby Dickstein at the postponed end of an hour and a quarter. A. Leon Snyder did not believe in ever keeping an appointment on time. He considered that it cheapened him. He was a rejuvenated spirit when he called the conference to order. Again the light of inspiration glowed from within him.

"I've got it," he announced. "A more unique title than 'Virgin Effort.' It'll have the same effect and—and commentaries," he brought out triumphantly. He expanded his chest and swept the gathering with a profound look. "Maiden Effort," he thundered. "Maiden Effort." And let the censors monkey with that, if they want to go up against A. Leon Snyder.

Universal acclaim followed. Moby Dickstein's was the loudest and most prolonged, though possibly the element of surprise was not as strong in him as in the rest, since he had carefully turned down the page of his pocket lexicon, left for Bwana's consultation, so that the corner of an M-page touched the word "maiden." The inspiration of genius had done the rest as Moby had trusted it to do.

"Like to bet a thousand, Mr. Sayles?" inquired A. Leon. "Or I'll make it ten. A hundred's pin-money to a man like me."

"No, thank you," declined Kelsey.

"We'll take some experimental shots tomorrow at your estate, Mr. Sayles," briskly announced the mogul, now quite restored to his normal self-esteem. "Interiors. Ten a. m. Miss Van Stratten, you'll be ready? Not too early? Good! Mr. Sayles, I think your present costume will do. I'll have a make-up man at your place at nine-thirty."

"What for?"

"To ready you up for the camera."

"Me? Camera?"

"Certainly. For the picture."

"What picture?"

"Virg—Maiden Effort," replied the magnate impatiently.

"What have I got to do with it?"

"I haven't got the time. If there's anything you don't understand, ask Moby. Darr-ling, could I have a few minutes' talk with you?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Snyder. What is it?"

"Not here. In private. Do you mind?"

He held the door open for her and, after a quick glance at Gloria who nodded urgently, she passed through the door, the great man in her footsteps. Allowing an appropriate interval, Gloria also left. Kelsey turned a baleful eye upon the First Assistant to the President, who was exhibiting symptoms of uneasiness.

"I guess I got something to explain to you, Tempy, old boy."

"Don't call me Tempy."

"Now-now-now! Keep your shirt on," besought the other.

"All I want from you is to know where I come in on this camera stuff. Has A. Leon gone completely nutty? Or what?"

"Why, you see, the fact is—I forgot to mention it before, but the Bwan—Mr. Snyder has cast you to play opposite Miss Van Stratten."

"To play what?"

"Leading man. Your own hero."

"Templeton Sayles?" queried the usurper of that name, in a daze.

"No; no. Shut up, for the luva Mike," returned Moby Dickstein



looking around in apprehension. "Malden Featherston. I know all about women. That guy."

"He wants me to play the part of Malden Featherston? In the picture?"

"That's it. Just give the old bean a chance. It'll take in the idea pretty quick."

"Why haven't you told me before?"

"I was afraid you'd beat it."

"Getting intelligent, aren't you?"

"Now, wait-tah minute," begged the First Assistant, in the process of being towed out into the hallway, having attached himself to Kelsey's muscular elbow. From the threshold he spied Miss Glamour. "Hey! Gloria!" he shouted in lamentable tones.

Gloria addressed Kelsey. "Where you hauling him to? The repair shop?"

"He's trying to quit," vociferated Moby.

"Quit what?"

"The whole show."

"Crawfish!" Miss Glamour's golden and contemptuous eyes appraised the would-be fugitive.

Marne appeared at the head of the stairs. "What's all the contention about?" she inquired.

"He's running away."

"From what?"

"Principally you."

"What! Not Templeton Sayles, our hero!"

"There you go," growled the victim.

"Better lay off," warned Gloria in a pretended aside. "You're ruffling the bird's feathers. He's the kind that gets his feelings hurt if you don't baby him a little. Besides, he's scared."

"Are you going to take that from a girl?" taunted Moby Dickstein, whose strategic abilities were inconsiderable except as applied to his boss.

"I'm not going to take anything from anybody," answered Kelsey between his teeth, "except a train from the Lehigh Valley station."

"Take a slide, Brainless," Gloria adjured Moby. "Leave this lad to me. Now, listen here, honey. Five hundred per week may mean no more to you than sawdust in your cocktail, but it's a living to a couple nice girls, like you see before you."

"Five hundred a week!" ejaculated Kelsey. He knew nothing of Snyder's lavishness.

"It'll be at least that for her," (Moby Dickstein confirmed this with a nod, as Kelsey's questioning glance met his.) "And likely as not, the same to you if the camera gives you a break. I'm saying nothing about myself except that we've got seven starving children in our humble cot, and my husband's fighting the d.t.'s, and I'm depending on this

job to keep our little home together."

"What of it?" cried the bewildered Kelsey. "Where do I come in on this?"

"If you quit, A. Leon's liable to throw the whole show into the discard. That's the way he does if he don't get his own way. Am I right or wrong, Moby?"

"Right. One hundred per cent."

"Won't you do that little thing for home and country?" pleaded Gloria. "Stay with it for a month."

"A month?" Do you think I'm crazy? Or want to be?"

"What's a month? Thirty short days. That'll give us a chance to make a stake, anyway. And maybe," she added encouragingly, "you'll be such a flop that A. Leon'll can you before that."

"No!" said Marne. "Do you think that's possible?"

"Will you shut-up!" snapped the beauty girl. She turned her wistful smile, which was no mean lure, upon the unwilling hero.

"Come on. Be a pal. It won't hurt you, and it means a meal-ticket to us. Just four short weeks. After that, if you want to blow, blow."

Meanwhile Moby Dickstein had made a flying trip to New York to work his expert wiles upon the press. The public was duly informed that Miss Marjorie Norman Van Stratten, a brilliant young society debutante, had been adjudged by the carefully selected and authoritative beauty-jury winner of Purity Pictures' Nation-Wide Photographic Contest. She would be starred in Mr. Templeton Sayles' glamorous, subtle, and daring prize-winning romance, "Maiden Effort." Her leading man, new to the screen but notable in the loftiest circles of Europe and America, would be announced later.

A separate effort of the Dickstein genius was devoted to a coyly suggestive intimation of a budding romance between the lovely Miss Van Stratten and a leading figure in the motion picture industry. As Moby's finesse was that of a rhinoceros at a garden party, Gloria confiscated such copies of this effusion as would be likely to meet Marne's eye, and cautioned the writer to confine any remarks upon the topic within the limits of his own foolishness.

She could not confiscate A. Leon Snyder, nor bind him to discretion. His "darr-ling" became more fervid and frequent. Yet he seemed to make little progress with Marne. Management, he perceived, was called for. He made a trip to New York. Before his return a large box arrived at Moldavia, addressed to Miss Van Stratten at Maiden Effort Headquarters. Moby Dickstein picked it up at the express office, brought it out, and called Marne into conference. He had received certain instructions, upon which he intended, if necessary, to improve.

Opened by the unsuspecting recipient, the parcel revealed a superb evening frock.

"What's this for?"

"You."

"I haven't ordered any clothes."

"You didn't have to. The Big Fella sent it."

"You'll have to take them back."

Moby devised a last-minute strategy. "Back where? They're on the studio, these gladdies."

"You mean that the company pays for them?"

"Why, sure. The company pays for everything. That's the way this business is run."

"Oh! well, that's different. But what's the gown for? When do I wear it?"

"It's a ball-gown, ain't it?"

"Yes. Such a lovely one!"

"Then you wear it in the ball-room scene," decided Moby.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

By processes which the benumbed mind of its lawful tenant failed adequately to appraise, Holmesholm passed completely out of his control in the next fortnight. Financial considerations entered into the change, a preposterous weekly payment which yielded the recipient a handsome profit over the original rental. New furniture and equipment came in by the van-load. Three trained servants were imported to supplant Glunk who promptly bit one of them and was banished to the barn. Household arrangements were juggled about, Marne being established in the best upstairs suite, as befitted the star, with Gloria for neighbor, and Kelsey banished to an end room

## Clock, With Aid of Hot Water Geyser, Correct for 12 Years, Record Reveals

One of the things the confirmed traveler must of necessity watch is the clock, and if he keeps his eyes open, he will see some strange timepieces, observes a writer in London Answers magazine.

America possesses what is perhaps the most peculiar clock in the world. It has no works, needs neither winding nor repairing, yet keeps perfect time, never varying even a tenth of a second.

It is composed of a face, hands and one lever.

Situated in the Yellowstone National park, it stands by a hot-water geyser. Every 38 seconds—regular as clockwork, one might aptly say—an immense column of water emerges from the geyser. Each spout hits the lever and moves the hands exactly 38 seconds. The lever then falls and awaits the next impact of water.

This clock has been working for over 12 years. It has never been reset or adjusted. Never in that period has nature, through the geyser, failed to provide the motive power in exact 38-second intervals.

The Swiss can point to a clock the exact opposite of this. Their latest pieces of time-telling machinery are now being made without faces or hands. They quite literally tell the time.

The internal arrangements are phonographic. If you want to know the time, you merely press a button, and the clock, with a carefully modulated accent a BBC announcer might envy, calls out "Half-past three," or whatever the time may happen to be.

Germany has also something new to offer in the way of timepieces. One of her professors has invented a sickroom clock.

Pressing a button causes a magnified shadow of the clock's hands to be thrown on the ceiling where the invalid can see it without unduly craning his or her neck.

**Mahomet and Mountain Story**

"Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled; Mahomet called the hill to come to him, again and again; and when the hill stood still, he was never a whit abashed, but said, 'If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill.'"—Bacon's Essays.

# WHAT to EAT and WHY

## C. Houston Goudiss Asks How Do You Get Your Vitamin D? Relates Need for and Sources Of This Necessary Vitamin

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

THERE is scarcely a mother of a young baby today who has not at one time or another been told to give her child cod-liver oil. Perhaps she does not know this substance must be given to the baby for the vitamin D that it contains. But she has heard that there is something in cod-liver oil which makes it valuable to the baby's health.

A generation ago, cod-liver oil was given to children in the winter time, "to build them up" after colds or various other respiratory illnesses. It was not until 1921, however, that a long series of painstaking investigations, terminating in the discovery of vitamin D, made it clear that cod-liver oil is valuable as a source of vitamin D, and also why this vitamin is essential in the diet of growing children, as well as adults.

Discovery of Vitamin D

After years of patient work and many thrilling and dramatic experiments, seven forms of vitamin D have been revealed by science. And scientists have also solved the mystery of how such widely separated fatness cod-liver oil; sunlight; a diet that is rich in, and carefully balanced with calcium and phosphorus; and ultraviolet light, all can perform the same service for the body.



Readers of this column may have observed that the discovery of a number of the vitamins came about chiefly through the efforts of investigators to discover a method of treating or curing obscure nutritional diseases. In most instances, however, carefully controlled laboratory experiments played their part in reaching the ultimate goal after some clue had been found as to what the mysterious substance might be that helped to control a baffling nutritional disease. The discovery of vitamin D was no exception!

Vitamin D and Rickets

Vitamin D is associated intimately with the prevention and cure of rickets, the most devastating nutritional disease of children in temperate climates. Indeed, it is the moderate, and in some cases the small amount of sunshine in the temperate zone that accounts partially for the presence of rickets.

Historians have given us reason to believe that this disease may have existed in England even before the Roman conquest. Certainly it appeared in a serious form, both in England and in other North European countries, in the Seventeenth century. In fact, early literature refers to it as the English disease, and the early attempts to fathom its causes were written in Latin by English and Dutch doctors during the 1600's.

In rickets, the child's head grows large and out of proportion to the body, while the leg and arm bones, and in severe cases even the ribs, are bent and twisted out of their normal shape.

Need for Calcium and Phosphorus

The two principal minerals required for constructing the bones and teeth are calcium, obtained chiefly from milk, cheese and green leafy vegetables, and phosphorus, found in generous amounts in eggs, whole grain cereals and dried legumes. But one of the things that made it so difficult for scientists to determine the cause of rickets was the fact that apparently well fed children, who had plenty of calcium and phosphorus, frequently developed the disease.

Mystery of Cod-Liver Oil

Cod-liver oil had been used for many years because of its supposedly "tonic" or "building" properties, when it was observed that regular doses of cod-liver oil not only cured rickets in children, but also cured the corresponding disease in adults, called osteomalacia, in which the bones become soft as the calcium and phosphorus already deposited in them are withdrawn and excreted.

Fat and Vitamin D

One of the strangest paradoxes to the scientists in their early investigations was the fact that while cod-liver oil appeared to cure rickets, another substance high in

fat—butter fat, did not. More research work was necessary before it was discovered that while butter was rich in vitamin A, cod-liver oil contained two vitamins, one of which was later named vitamin D.

Effect of Sunlight

More work was necessary and it took years of patient effort before science unraveled the mystery of how sunlight could have the same apparent effect in preventing rickets as cod-liver oil.

Once nutritionists understood how sunlight acting on a fatty substance in the skin could produce vitamin D, however, it was not difficult to carry the process a step further and learn how to fortify foods with a satisfactory content of vitamin D.

Today we have at our disposal irradiated milk, or milk to which a vitamin D concentrate has been added. Margarine, too, has been enriched not only with vitamin D, but with vitamin A so that this moderate-priced spread for bread has been made an effective vitamin carrier.

Natural Food Sources of Vitamin D

The richest natural sources of vitamin D are the fish-liver oils, including the liver-oil of the tuna, swordfish, rock fish, salmon, halibut, mackerel, cod and haddock. The body oils of many fish also furnish substantial amounts. That accounts for the fact that canned salmon has been regarded as such a splendid food in the diet of children and adults. It is not only a

good source of protein and of energy values, but it contains substantial amounts of the minerals, calcium, phosphorus and iodine, and has been found to be an unusually good food source of vitamin D.

Egg yolk contains small amounts of vitamin D, and when eaten regularly, the quantity is enough to have a significant effect in the diet of children.

Vitamin D Requirements

So important is vitamin D considered, that the United States Children's Bureau advises that cod-liver oil or some other form of this vitamin be supplied to all babies, beginning at the age of two or three weeks.

Mothers should be guided by the advice of their physician in determining when to start the use of a vitamin D preparation and what quantities to give. But if they want to give their babies the blessing bestowed on them by the scientists who discovered vitamin D, they must not overlook this important substance.

As guardians of the health of both children and adults, mothers should see to it that vitamin D is supplied regularly through the use of eggs and salmon; irradiated foods and those fortified with vitamin D; and if necessary, fish-liver oils or concentrates.

### Questions Answered

Miss G. M. L.—Yes, it is true that sweet potatoes contain a small amount of protein. In fact, their protein is composed of four amino acids known to be essential to nutrition. Some of the protein may be lost if the potato is boiled, but it is entirely preserved when the potato is cooked by dry heat.

Mrs. M. B.—Both cooked lentils and baked kidney beans contain over 20 per cent of carbohydrate. Low carbohydrate vegetables include cabbage, celery, cauliflower, kale, lettuce and spinach.

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### HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

When Fruit Cake Becomes Dry.—Fruit cake that has become dry may be moistened by saturating a clean cloth with spiced fruit juice, wrapping the cake in the cloth and returning it to its airtight container for a day or two.

For Creaking Shoes.—Rub the sole of a creaking shoe with a flannel dipped in boiled linseed oil.

Removing Indelible Ink Marks.—Equal parts of turpentine and ammonia will remove indelible ink marks from white fabrics when everything else fails.

Improving Mince Pies.—Run your mincepie through the mincing machine before putting it into pastry. It makes it much more easy to digest than if the currants, etc., are left whole. Remember that mince pies should be served very hot.

Lintless Tea Towels.—Tea towels will not leave lint on china and glassware if they are passed through a weak starch solution when laundered.

Saving Boards From Splitting.—Boards, such as are used for rough shelves, often split when nails are driven into them. To prevent this hold the nail upside-down with its head on the ground, and give the point a tap with the hammer to blunt it. Nails thus treated rarely, if ever, split the wood.

Make Your Home Attractive

READ the advertisements in your paper regularly. You'll find extraordinary values from time to time, in all the hundred and one things that make houses more attractive.

Your budget will cover the improvements you want to make if you plan your buying with the news of bargains as a guide. Read the advertisements.