

Banner Serial Fiction

# MAIDEN EFFORT

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

© SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

WNU SERVICE

AUTHOR OF  
'IT HAPPENED  
ONE NIGHT'

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Then do you remember about wish-fulfillment?" asked Marne.

"Yup. They used to call it a plain lie when I was a kid, and sock you on the ear for it. Now you can get away with any kind of bunk and they say, 'Oh, that's O. K. Just wish-fulfillment.' Pretty sure."

"But don't you see, Gloria? That stuff that's at the back of your mind is your real self, the way you want to be. It'll all come out if it gets a chance. Templeton Sayles would like to be the Great Lover. As he hasn't got the equipment, he's just the Great Show-off. He imagines himself getting a medal for life-saving heroism, but when the show-down comes, what does the hero do? Sits on the shore and lets me drown."

"Say, wait a minute," objected Gloria. "According to your prospectus, if he wishes he was a hero, then he really is one, inside."

"Well, he isn't," snipped Marne. "He's a coward."

"Coward, huh? Well, I'd like to get his angle on that."

"Do. But you needn't tell me. Not interested."

"All right; I will, I mean, I won't. I mean, I will ask him but I won't tell you unless you come for it."

She did. She got Kelsey aside.

"What's the big idea, young fellow-lad?"

"About what?"

"Marne. Letting her pretty near drown. Why not the gallant rescue act?"

"The subject of the inquiry settled his perfectly flitting white coat across his shoulders, smoothed out an imaginary wrinkle or two, and pivoted slowly before the intent eyes of his questioner."

"What do you think of me?"

"You're all right."

"Like this suit?"

"Very snappy."

"Now Gloria, I want you to listen intently. This is important."

"I'm listening."

"Never, whatever you do, go into water with a white serge suit on. It simply will not recover its set."

"Hm-m-m-m. That's your story, is it?"

"That's my story."

"Well, you aren't going to tell any more than you want; I can see that. But Marne thinks you're yellow."

"How delightful for one and all!"

"Hmpph! Chatty like a clam, aren't you! Well, don't take any risks with your precious life before I see you again."

As far as A. Leon Snyder himself was concerned, his return was less delightful than he had anticipated. His darr-ling proved unaccountably elusive. Every project that he devised for getting her apart from the rest was baffled with such tact and amiability that he could not figure out just how it was accomplished. He decided to delay the playing of his trump card until after his four-day air-trip to Hollywood.

"When I come back," he confided to Moby Dickstein, "it'll be with five carats of diamond. Emeralds?"

"That's the talk, Bwana."

"You try her out on the week-end proposition. If she still balks it'll be time to play the diamond."

"All right, Bwana. My middle name's diplomacy." Behind the magnate's retiring back he made a wry face. Acting as go-between for A. Leon's love affairs was one phase of his job that soured on a stomach long trained not to be over-squeamish.

Two days after the great man's departure his lieutenant approached Marne with an air of bonhomie.

"Hay-o, kid. You're gettin' a couple days' vacation, I hear."

"Am I? That's nice. I hadn't known of it."

"Sure. Friday. You're taking a little trip in the hydro with the Boss."

"Where to?"

"You'll find that out when you get there."

"Who else is going?"

Moby couldn't understand it. Or rather, he suspected that she didn't understand.

"You don't know what a swell guy A. Leon is if he likes you," he urged. "You got the game right in your hands."

"But I don't play that game. Moby."

"But this is different," he argued with a pathetic resolution to make her see the light. "You're practically engaged to him."

"It's news to me."

"If you ain't, you're goin' to be. Practically," he repeated. "I happen to know."

"That's a thrill," she admitted politely. "Even so, it's regarded as unconventional to ask week-ending with your fiancé. Ask Dorothy Dix if you don't believe me."

"I just don't get you," he lamented. "You're turnin' down the trip? Is that on the level?"

"I'm afraid it is, Moby."

Moby Dickstein's chin declined upon his breast. It was plain that Melancholy had marked him for her own. "What am I goin' to tell the Big Fella?" he mumbled.

"Don't tell him anything. Let him find out."

"Maybe that's the best way," he sighed. "Anyhow, it'll hold our jobs a little longer. And every day is money in this business. Well, let's get down to cases. Are you set for the canoe race tomorrow?"

"What's that?"

"We're goin' to shoot that sequence. You and Sayles, paddling double."

"You'd better tie a life-preserver around him," snapped Marne. "He might fall overboard and catch his death of cold."

"Don't get sore, baby," grinned Moby.

If Marne refrained from any open exhibition of soreness, when the time came for the test, she was at least painfully dignified upon meeting her hero at the landing. No blush of shame mantled his ingenuous brow. He was, in fact, disgustingly jaunty.

Convoiced by a camera-bearing boat, they set out. Marne was bow-paddle. This enabled her to present the back of an uncompromising neck to her shipmate. He endured it with silent composure until they came opposite the fateful bluff. There he dug his blade deep and checked their progress.

"This ought to be about it," he reckoned.

"Hey!" protested the cameraman. "The script don't call for a stop here."

"I'm interpolating a touch of dialogue," explained Kelsey.

"Not with me, if you don't mind," said Marne.

"Just a moment. This is the spot where you lost your balance, as I figure it."

"What of it?"

"And your temper."

Here was an expressive silence, full of disdain.

"This teaches us, my little pupils, that we should never stand up in a canoe."

"It wasn't funny the first time you said it, either," she remarked.

"But if you must stand up, this is the location to select."

"I suppose that means something, but I can't imagine what."

"Stick your paddle straight down."

"What for?"

"To learn something to your advantage."

"I'm sure it wouldn't interest me," stated the haughty Marne. But a most disconcerting suspicion was formulating itself in her mind.

"All right. If you won't, I will." He drove his paddle downward. It hit bottom with a jar. Two feet of handle were still protruding from the water. "How tall are you?"

"That," answered Kelsey with a carefully cultivated smugness which would have roused a tadpole to fury, "rests between you and your conscience. And may the best man win," he concluded piously.

"All right. I'll say I'm sorry," stated the girl with an effect of repressed mania. "I'm sorry I ever have to see eyes on you. I'm sorry to breathe the same air that you do. I'm ashamed to live in the same world with you. If you want to know what I think of you and always have thought and there's only one word for it. Templeton Sayles. You're a louse."

"Hi!" It was Moby Dickstein's voice, lifted in pained protest from the contiguous shore. "Is this a picture or a conference?"

"It isn't a picture," shouted back the infuriated Marne. "Not any more. I'm through. Take me in or I'll walk in," she finished savagely, addressing her shipmate.

Followed by the irate cameraman and paced by Moby Dickstein, tearing his hair, Kelsey paddled back to the little dock. His only contribution to the amenities of the occasion was when he politely undertook to help her out. (Offer rejected.)

Undismayed he waved her a gallant adieu. "Your apology," he informed her, "is accepted in the spirit in which it was offered."

Marne fled to her room and did something that she had not done since childhood. She wept with rage.

CHAPTER VIII

"Whut-whut-whut-whut-whut!" rapid-fired A. Leon Snyder into the concerned face of his First Assistant. The genius of Purity Pictures, Inc. had returned from another highly unsuccessful attempt to impress Hollywood, with a heartfelt of amorous hopes only to have them dashed by Moby's report of no progress.

"Nothing doing, Bwana. I used tact, but she isn't having any. She won't go."

"Won't go? Won't go? What-d'you mean, she won't go? Whadda you know about women?"

"Now, Bwana—"

"Don't you Bwana me. You're a bum."

"If you'd just listen—"

"You're fired."

"All right, Bwana." Moby Dickstein accepted it meekly. He had been through it before. More than once.

"Your middle name's Diplomacy!" snorted the Big Boss with searing scorn. "What did you say to her?"

"I tried her out about the week-end trip."

"Well? What'd she say?"

"I hate to tell you, Bwana, but she didn't seem interested."

"Not interested, huh? Not interested. In a chance like that. What's the matter of her? Who's she think she is? Who's she think I am? Who d'you think you are?"

"To this burst of indignant rhetoric Moby responded only with a feeble, 'Steady on, Bwana.'"

"Yeah! Steady on. I'm paying you three hundred a week to tell me to steady on. I'll show her."

A. Leon waved wild arms in the air, rushed across to the mantel, snatched an antique vase from it and dashed it to fragments against the wall. "There!" said he with an air of satisfaction worthily achieved.

Moby Dickstein gazed longingly at the angle of his employer's jaw, and doubled a wishful fist behind him. But three hundred a week is three hundred a week, and he had long been promised a raise. So he said merely,

"All right, Bwana."

"All right is right." A. Leon became calm, portentously calm. "I ought to have known better than to let a bum like you handle me. I'll attend to it myself."

"Certainly, Bwana."

Moby was no longer fired. This also had happened before, more than once. ("And I hope she chews a hole in your neck," he breathed to himself.) He set about gathering up the fragments of porcelain. This, too, was not without precedent. The Great Man now became superior and patronizing.

"If you want a thing done right, do it yourself. This was too delicate a job for you, my boy. With these high-toned ones you got to watch your step every minute. What did she say, exactly?"

"She sort of let on she wasn't that kind of gal. Mebbe she ain't," added the factotum with a cynical air.

"And mebbe she is. That's where knowing how to make your play comes in."

"Well, I guess you can find out if anybody can, Bwana," purred Moby. (And that ought to be worth something, he figured.)

"And that's where the solitaire comes in. What did she say about the solitaire?"

"I didn't get that far," confessed the other. "Besides, I said to myself, 'Bwana's the boy to put that over.'"

"Sure. Sure!" Nevertheless the magnate did not seem wholly at ease in his mind. "You don't think there's anyone else, do you? Not this Sayles, Esq.?"

"Sa-a-a-a-ay! The job I've had tryin' to get her even to rehearse with him these last few days! He's just onion-juice to her. And is he a lousy actor. Kay-rymus!"

"That's up to you as director," returned his chief impatiently. "We got to keep him on for the advertising value. That'll be all for now. Tell Miss Van Stratten that I will see her in my private office in half an hour."

Trim, calm and slim, the girl answered the summons, some twenty-five minutes late, to the ill-controlled irritation of Mr. Snyder. But, in spite of himself, he was impressed. There was about his star an unconscious assumption of privilege which set him at a disadvantage. This he accepted as the mark of Class. He addressed her with an air of benignity.

"Well, darr-ling. This life certainly agrees with you."

"I like it."

"Didn't I tell you you would, darr-ling? Er—uh—Moby Dickstein tells me you're dated up this week-end."

"That's just Moby's tactful way of putting it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Suggests the Part Played by Diet In Helping to Prevent the Common Cold

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

STATISTICS compiled over a period of years indicate that during the months of January and February, the number of colds and other respiratory infections continually mounts. Usually a peak is reached in late February or early March. It is during the next eight or ten weeks, therefore, that, in the light of past experience, more adults will lose time from their work and more children will be absent from school, as a result of colds, than at any other period during the year.

The Tremendous Cost of Colds

It has been estimated that colds cost the United States more than a billion dollars a year. That figure, of course, is only an estimate. It merely attempts to gauge the dollars and cents lost in wages; and in the money spent in an effort to overcome colds. It does not take into account the discomforts that may be caused by this common complaint. Nor does it allow for the possible after-effects of a neglected cold.



one which encourages greater health and longevity, it is a program which all forward-looking homemakers should put into effect for their families.

Helping to Build Resistance

Such a program should include proper food, normal elimination, adequate exercise and sufficient rest and sleep so as to avoid fatigue. Just as food plays an important part in helping to promote growth, maintain health and increase the chances for longevity, so does it have a stellar role in the battle to prevent colds.

The Right Food a Strong Weapon

The well balanced diet, as I have previously stated, is one that is built, first of all, upon a firm foundation of the protective foods—milk, eggs, fresh fruits and vegetables. These are the foods that are richest in minerals and vitamins—substances which help to regulate body processes and help to guard against deficiency diseases.

Cause and Cure Obscure

No scientists today are willing to state what causes colds or how they may be cured. Large numbers of clinical and laboratory tests have been performed throughout the world in an effort to discover why we catch cold. Numerous records have been made concerning colds in men, women and children, as scientific workers have patiently and persistently tried to investigate the cause of colds. They have sought even one clue that might help us to outwit this common enemy!

Various theories have been advanced. Many have been discarded, and others have been considered sufficiently plausible to investigate further. There is one point on which many authorities agree: that is a belief that a cold is caused by a germ so small that it cannot be seen by the most powerful microscope.

It has been suggested by a number of competent observers that whenever the weather becomes damp and raw, and wherever crowds of people gather together, the cold germ may find victims among those whose resistance is low.

Prevention Rather Than Cure

Though we may not know precisely what causes a cold, nor how to cure it once we have been stricken, we can and should help to build up bodily resistance, so that we develop strong reserves against the unknown cold germ and any others lurking about. Inasmuch as a program for building up bodily resistance is

however, that the best single piece of advice that can be given regarding diet is to eat moderately well balanced meals.

Don't Overeat

In addition to partaking adequately of the protective foods, those who are endeavoring to plan a program of living that will help to prevent the common cold should likewise guard against overeating.

One should also do everything possible to avoid coming in direct contact with persons who have colds.

Through a routine of correct eating and sound habits of hygiene, the homemaker can go a long way toward helping her family to prevent colds. Remember that here, especially, an ounce of prevention is worth perhaps more than a pound of cure!

Questions Answered

Mrs. L. A. C.—No, it is not essential to include an egg in the school child's breakfast, provided he receives an egg in some form during the day. An ample, and easily digested breakfast might include fruit, cereal with milk, toast and milk to drink.

Miss C. M.—Yes, it is true that molasses contains calcium. The amount in a tablespoon and a half has been compared to the amount of this mineral which can be obtained from one and one half cups of diced carrots.

# NO FUSS

RELIEVING COLD DISCOMFORT THIS WAY!

Just Follow Simple Directions Below— and Use Fast-Acting Bayer Aspirin



1. To ease pain and discomfort and reduce fever take 2 Bayer Tablets—drink a glass of water. Repeat in 2 hours.

2. If throat is raw from cold, crush and dissolve 3 Bayer Tablets in 1/2 glass of water.

It's the Way Thousands Know to Ease Discomfort of Colds 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 BAYER Aspirin.



Present Ills Present sufferings seem far greater to men than those they merely dread.—Livy.

# QUESTION

Why are Luden's like lemons?

# ANSWER

Both contain a factor that helps contribute to your alkaline reserve.

# LUDEN'S 5c

MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

# A Sure Index of Value

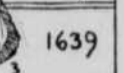
... is knowledge of a manufacturer's name and what it stands for. It is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship or use of shoddy materials.

# Buy ADVERTISED GOODS

## Sew for Now and Spring



1657



1639

IT'S fun to sew during the long winter evenings, when you use these simple patterns, each including a detailed sew chart, so that you can follow them with no trouble, and listen to the radio at the same time. Right now, the stores have grand bargains in fabrics, too, so it's certainly the time to get some sewing done. You can make such pretty things, and save so much money, by doing it.

### Two-Piece for Girls

Here's a charming dress that girls in the 10-to-16 size range will love for school, and it's so easy to do that those who like sewing can make it themselves. The basque blouse hugs in (by means of darts), to make the waist look small. The skirt has such a pretty flare. Both can be worn with other things. Choose wool crepe, flat crepe, silk print or moire.

### Three Pretty Aprons

Make this dainty, useful set of aprons now, and have it ready when spring weather arrives and people begin to drive up unexpectedly for meals. You'll enjoy

having the aprons right now, too, when you serve refreshments to your club. This set is a nice party prize, and a gift idea for your friends who are brides-to-be. It includes two practical pinafore styles, both made so that they cannot slip off your shoulders when you have your hands in the dish water. Also, a sweet little frilly tier-around. Choose dimity, linen, percale or dotted Swiss.

### The Patterns.

No. 1657 is designed for sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. Size 12 requires 1 1/2 yards of 39 inch material for long-sleeved blouse; 1 3/4 yards for short-sleeved blouse; 1 1/2 yard for contrasting collar and 1 1/4 yards for skirt.

No. 1639 is designed for sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 34 requires, for apron No. 1, 2 yards of 35 inch material and 12 yards of braid. For apron No. 2, 2 1/4 yards of 35 inch material and 9 yards of braid. For apron No. 3, 1 1/4 yards of 35 inch material and 3 yards of pleating.

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.

### Powers of the House

The house of representatives alone can vote impeachment and prosecute the trial of an impeached official. It alone can initiate bills for raising revenue, though such measures are frequently greatly altered by the senate. In case of a failure of a presidential election to give a majority of electors for one person, the house of representatives is empowered to elect the President by ballot, each state casting one ballot. During the early history of congress, the house of representatives appeared to be the more important body and membership in it was preferred to the senate. Gradually the senate became the most important body, and the influence of senator exceeded in position that of representative.

## United States Has Grown to Greatest Dairying Nation; Has 25,000,000 Cows

In fewer than 50 years the production and use of milk have increased so rapidly in the United States that America has become the greatest of dairying nations, according to Milk Facts, a booklet issued by the Milk Industry foundation. About 25,000,000 cows are milked every day on three-quarters of the country's 6,000,000 farms, the booklet says, and some 30,000,000 bottles of milk are delivered to American doorsteps every morning.

### Lion Dog of China Name Given to the Pekingese

The Pekingese was known for hundreds of years as the lion dog of China. He is to be seen in paintings, ceramics, bronzes, and richly colored textiles, adorning fans and boxes and gongs. He is an artistic inspiration, a symbol of religion and rule, an animal revered in the Purple Forbidden city even more than the sacred cat in ancient Egypt.

We can conceive no resemblance between a Pekingese and a lion, observes a writer in the Chambers' Journal. Such a conception seems absurd. It is absurd except to the imaginative mind of the Chinese, who, anxious to confer every possible and impossible honor upon that dog, went so far as to associate him with the king of beasts.

Pekingese dogs lived in the Forbidden city. Eunuchs fed, washed and exercised them.

It was at one time the custom in China to kill unwanted female babies, and some of the unfortunate mothers were compelled to suckle Pekingese puppies. Is it mere fancy that makes many lovers of that breed claim to see something human in the Pekingese?