

Banner Serial Fiction

MAIDEN EFFORT

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF 'IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT'

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WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Go right on," continued Gloria, "with anything you have to say concerning A. Leon and little Marion. Just speak up. You'll not hurt my feelings."

"Are there likely to be any unfortunate sequelae to your mutual imprudence?" blurted out Mr. Gormine.

For a moment she was honestly puzzled. "Sequelae? Sounds like those wigglers you find in ponds." "Results. I mean a—a child," asked the badgered interrogator, in an agonized half-whisper.

There was an idea! This bird was full of them. Gloria would never have thought of that, herself. It opened up limitless possibilities. She had an inspiration.

"How can I tell—yet?" she murmured.

"That seems to bring matters to a standstill for the present," said he, utterly dispirited.

Gloria found herself in strong disagreement with this view. She was for action, immediate and definite. "Oh, not necessarily," she murmured.

The lawyer hesitated. But beneath that spinsterish exterior was dogged courage to pit against the mortification of the spirit.

"Cannot this unhappy complication be arranged on a financial basis?"

The words were soft music to Gloria's waiting ears. She performed a rapid mental calculation. Damages for her own violated contract she set down at the modest estimate of five thousand dollars. Then there was Marne; she certainly was due for a cut, if only for the use of her name, not to mention the abuse of her reputation. Say another five grand. A flash illuminated her receptive and highly stimulated mind. Martin Holmes! The real Templeton Sayles. That bird had certainly had a raw deal. Besides, she liked him. Why not cut a piece of cake for him, while she was about it? Her decision was made. She would shoot for twenty-five thousand and split it three ways. Thus everybody would be happy, except Mr. Gormine, who didn't count. Miss Glamour was nothing if not fair-minded.

A. Leon Snyder's representative repeated his anxious query. "An equitable financial basis," he supplemented.

"Why not?" said Gloria agreeably.

"Ah! Now we are arriving somewhere."

"Maybe we are and maybe we aren't. It depends. What's your proposition?"

He reflected. "We might go as high as a thousand dollars," he said weightily.

"Pfooe!" said Gloria.

"Do I understand that you decline—"

"You don't understand simple arithmetic if you think one grand is money for my broken heart."

"As practical people, let us omit the broken heart. What is your suggestion?"

"Fifty," pronounced Gloria. She had figured this as a good starting point.

"Fifty thousand dollars?"

"Why not?"

"My dear young woman! It is absurd. Outrageous."

"Think of my reputation."

Mr. Gormine snorted in a moral manner. "You should have considered that before it was too late."

"It's never too late for a jury to consider it."

"We might go to twenty-five hundred," said Mr. Gormine with a painful effort.

"Chickenfeed."

"Five thousand." Desperately and through a constricted throat.

"Nothing doing!"

"Very well, then; seven thousand. Come now, Miss Van Stratten," he argued persuasively, "seven thousand dollars is a fortune for a young lady in your position."

"Oh, yeah?" countered Miss Glamour mournfully. "What about a young lady in my condition?"

"I will go to ten. That is positively my last word."

It was time for strategic modifications. "Thirty is mine."

He rose. "Perhaps you will see, after a night's sleep, the exorbitance of your demands."

"Nothing doing." She sighed. "I suppose I'd better get in touch with A. Leon tomorrow and give him the bad news."

"Don't do that. Don't do that," protested Mr. Gormine. "That would be most unfortunate."

"I see," said the girl thoughtfully. "You haven't told him you were coming to see me about it."

"No; I haven't. From all points of interest, this would better remain a matter between you and me."

"O-kay, Judge. That suits the injured party. So come through."

"What is your best offer, Miss Van Stratten?"

Gloria thought it over. "Now, I'll

tell you what I'll do, Big Boy. I'll take a chance. I'll sign off for twenty-five grand. Not a cent less. Come on; what d'you say?"

"It's outrageous. It's extortion. But I'll go to fifteen thousand and that is positively final."

"Zowie! Cash deal."

"You would hardly expect me to have that amount on my person."

"No checks. They bounce."

"This is Wednesday. I will return here next Monday with the cash and the papers for your signature."

"Sounds fair. But you'll agree to say nothing to A. Leon in the meantime."

"Certainly. And you?"

"That goes for me, too. One more thing. Don't show around here again till you come with the cash. Then telephone and I'll meet you in the village." Gloria had no idea of taking risks with her project, by giving him a chance to see the real Miss Van Stratten.

"Very good."

"It's a deal," cried Gloria, with an irrepresible skip.

CHAPTER X

Small streams back in the hills whispered together by day and conspired by night against the peace



"I'll go fifteen thousand and that is positively final!"

and security of the solid earth. Ravines which had been dry since the memory of local man, became sluiceways for little torrents.

Gunk, studying the skies, held troubled conference within himself, and put in his spare moments secretly tinkering with his flat-boat.

For three days and four nights the downpour never let up. On top of weeks of bad weather, this turned the countryside into a swampy slither.

Making an early morning tour of inspection of his drowning property, the owner of Holmesholm returned from the lake front carrying on his shoulder a small canoe with a gaping puncture near the bow.

"Dock gone; boats gone," he reported to the depressed company, gathered for breakfast. "Lake's higher than I've ever seen it. I picked this—He set the damaged canoe on the floor—'out of a bush.'"

"D'you think it's likely to keep on?" queried Gloria.

"I don't see any break."

"So what?"

"Lord knows! Cottagers across the lake are moving out. I hear that Becker Brook dam is overflowing. Oh, well, the worst that could happen to us is to be marooned for a while."

"It would be perfectly sweet to be shut in for a couple of weeks with this congenial company," remarked Marne. "Noah's ark, with the animals not too carefully selected."

Her glance drifted to Kelsey Hare who continued to eat his egg with an absent expression. It was as near as she had come to speaking to him since Holmes' revelations.

"I'm off it," asserted Moby Dickstein. "This is no place for me, I think I'll wire the Big Fella and be moving to the Park House."

"If a car can get through," qualified Martin Holmes. "The road this side of the turn looks as if the bottom had dropped clean out."

Moby retired to gather his belongings. Gloria and Martin went to the kitchen to inspect supplies. Stepping out on the porch for a look at the sullen skies, Marne was followed by her screen-lover.

"Look here," he began without preface. "Do you want me to leave?"

"Why should I?" she answered, taken off-guard. Then annoyed at herself, amended it to "Why should you?"

"To clear the atmosphere."

"It is a bit thick."

"Two weeks of it would make it a lot thicker."

"Beyond endurance. But after all," she continued with an effect of striving to be fair about it, "this

is your place. Temporarily, anyhow. I should be the one to leave."

"You've got a stake in staying," he pointed out. "From what Gloria has told me, you need the salary."

"We-ell, it's handy and pleasant," she admitted.

"I think I'd better tell you something," he pursued after some hesitancy.

"For my own good, I suppose."

He flushed at her tone but went resolutely on: "Snydacker is onto the game."

"Which game?"

"Yours. The Van Stratten bluff. He's found out that it's a plant."

"Oh! Has he?" The tidings left her thoughtful rather than perturbed. "How? Did you tell him?"

"I didn't say how," he returned. He was not going to give away Moby Dickstein, drunk or sober.

"No; I didn't tell him. But I assure you, it's true."

"So I'm just plain Miss Adelina Aschcan to him. As to you."

"I don't know anything about that," he muttered, reddening again.

"If you don't mind my curiosity, why are you telling me this?"

"He stared out into the storm. 'You've had a pretty tough job of it here,' he said slowly. 'You've

your kind of girl to have to fake and wheedle and cheat—"

"I haven't wheedled," I broke in Marne, flaming. "And I haven't cheated."

"Nor faked?" said Kelsey quietly.

"Are you talking to me about faking?"

"Well, it's tragic. You must need your job terribly, to do it." Discouragement darkened his face.

"However, you make it plain that you don't need any help from me, or, at least that you won't take it. Would you get along better if I left?"

She cocked an ear at the roaring creek. "Leaving the sinking—house?" she inquired.

"I get the analogy. Thanking you on behalf of self and fellow rats—"

"No; please! I'm sorry." Her hand shot out to touch his sleeve.

"That wasn't fair."

"Not quite. I'm sticking."

For quite a while; in fact, to the finish, if I'm any judge—was Marne's silent thought as she marked the outthrust of his jaw. "Moby's fed up with it," she volunteered. "He's leaving this afternoon if he can get through."

The question of traffic was solved after luncheon by the arrival of a particularly trim and smart roadster. From it stepped a pink and faddish man who stared uncertainly about him until he caught sight of Moby Dickstein emerging for a look at the dripping heavens.

"Hullo and all hail and all that," said the arrival. "Do you belong here?"

"Yop," answered Moby, suspicious of the stranger. "What got you past the No Admittance sign?"

"I want to see Miss Van Stratten."

"Oh, you do! Do you know her?"

"Certainly, I know her."

"Know her long?"

"Since she was a kid," replied the newcomer.

Moby leaned forward, lowering his voice to an eager and confidential appeal. "What about her?"

"On the up-and-up, now; what is she?"

"Apparently she's the star of this crazy performance," Mr. Liggett Morse grinned.

"Yes. But what was she before?"

"Miss Marion Norman Van Stratten," returned the other explicitly. "What's the idea?"

"Can that bunk. I'm asking you, on the level. If you don't know, say so."

"I ought to know. As the star of this fool show she's my invention, you might say."

"Your invention?" retorted Moby, dumfounded by the impudence of their marvelous colorings that are so refreshingly different from the usual run. Many of the beautiful hues and motifs for design are traced to fine Chinese porcelains that excel in subtle soft blues and canary yellows, lime greens, peach-blossom pinks and cherry blossom reds. You'll love these new wash fabrics that are so handsome they really do not look like washables, but they are and what's more they are treated to an anti-crease process that greatly enhances them from the practical standpoint. Some of the smartest washable crepes combine the newest fabric (spun rayon) with one of the oldest (pure linen).

"You're batty," said Mr. Morse, beginning to be annoyed.

"Who's batty? Did I build her up, or did you?"

"Build her up? To what?"

"To stardom. That's what. From practically nothing."

There was a hurry of footsteps on the stairs. From her window Marne had seen and recognized the car. In an excess of homesickness for her own world she cast herself upon the pump and receptive neck of its representative.

"Oh, Liggy!" she cried and hugged him.

"Who is this guy?" demanded Moby.

"The name," said its owner, "is Liggett Morse."

"He says he invented you," stated the aggrieved First Assistant.

Marne returned to earth and said: "I expect he is responsible for my being here. And Liggy believes I'm a hundred per cent genuine."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ozark Mountain Country Still Observes The Custom Known as 'Belling the Bride'

A sudden deafening din of shot-guns and cowbells may herald a fight at a square dance in the Ozark mountain country, but it is far more likely to be a harmless charivari of a newly wedded couple. For the Ozarkians still keep up the custom as brought from the Tennessee and Kentucky mountains, where the ceremony is known as "belling the bride," notes a writer in the Kansas City Star.

In the rural regions, the young people get together and go to the house where the young couple went after marriage. An effort is made to keep the plans a secret, yet the bridegroom is supposed to be prepared with candy and cigars and possibly a little corn liquor. Dishes are beaten, guns fired, cowbells rung and any noise-making device used. Frequently a square dance is held after the noise has abated. The newlyweds are subjected to much teasing and asked to lead the first "set" of the dance.

In the villages the procedure is carried to greater extremes. There are different customs in every town. In Eureka Springs, Ark., the bridegroom is supposed to pull his bride

in a little red wagon through the main streets. Then the following crowd of noise-makers ducks the bridegroom in the old log watering trough.

In Galena, Mo., the groom is baptized in the James river if he will not provide a treat for those besieging him. In another Missouri town the groom is supposed to push his bride in a wheelbarrow around the public square several times while his friends follow on foot or in cars with the horns constantly honking.

Some of the other wedding customs of the hills have died out. It is no longer arbitrary that the in-fare dinner be given at the home of the bride's parents. Weddings are not so elaborate as in the old days when scores of people would be invited to the wedding dinner, served early in the afternoon. No longer do the neighbor women bake for days in preparation. But the charivari continues.

Pine Tree Shillings in 1652 In 1652 a mint was established in Boston at which Pine Tree shillings were coined.

New Wash Materials Remind It's Time for Spring Sewing

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



As a proper approach to the perennial spring sewing program that soon will be staged in countless households, we know of no gesture that will so inspire to hurry and get going as to take a day off and go fabric sight-seeing. We make the prediction that at just a mere glimpse of the new textiles with their refreshing departure from the old, in the way of texture, patternings and colorings, you will feel an urge stirring to cut and to baste and to sew.

In this day and age when wonders are being performed in the way of textures and weaves, it becomes absolutely imperative that the woman who would sew successfully must know materials. This is especially true in regard to wash fabrics that are a revelation as to what science is achieving in the way of non-shrinkage, color-fast-boil-proof tones and tints and in the way of weaves of entirely new origin. Consider for example the new spun rayon fabrics that are as lovely and exquisite in texture as imagination can conceive.

When you ask to see these fascinating new spun rayons take note of their marvelous colorings that are so refreshingly different from the usual run. Many of the beautiful hues and motifs for design are traced to fine Chinese porcelains that excel in subtle soft blues and canary yellows, lime greens, peach-blossom pinks and cherry blossom reds. You'll love these new wash fabrics that are so handsome they really do not look like washables, but they are and what's more they are treated to an anti-crease process that greatly enhances them from the practical standpoint. Some of the smartest washable crepes combine the newest fabric (spun rayon) with one of the oldest (pure linen).

Rebirth of Amber Petticoat, Tiered Frocks Real News



If you see a glimpse of lacy frock peeping from under her neat little afternoon dress of silk crepe, do not make the mistake of saying "Pardon me lady, your petticoat is showing." If you do petticoat is showing. Yes'm it's only too true, petticoats are in fashion and furthermore the so-termed petticoat dress that is causing so much excitement in fashion's realm is actually styled so as to reveal a tantalizing glimpse of its frill.

Another sensation on the dress program is the new flounced silhouette. Fashion is flouncing everything that will gracefully yield to flouncing. Daytime skirts rise tier upon tier done in a restrained way while soft afternoon and evening frocks are widely flounced in the good old-fashioned now very new-fashioned way.

Open Toes, Heels In New Footwear

The vogue of open toes and open heels has reached such a state that it will be difficult before many weeks to find even an Oxford which supplies good foot coverage. Shoe styles for spring have been placed on exhibition and indicate that pumps and Oxfords as well as sandals expose the toes and the back of the heels.

Protect Feet Robust weather calls for rugged footwear.

Smart Dresses for Home and Runabout

HERE'S a practical, slenderizing dress that large women will thoroughly enjoy for their busiest days of housework. And a trim little bolero frock that's gay and fresh as a spring morning, just the thing for shopping, business and general wear.

Comfortable House Dress.

This dress is so easy to make that you'll turn out half a dozen of it in practically no time; it's a



diagram design that you can complete in a few hours. And it's so easy to work in that you won't be satisfied with less than half a dozen. Wide armholes, a darted waistline that looks slim, a skirt with sufficient width, all assure freedom for action. It's easy to put on, too, as well as to iron, because it buttons down the front. Percale, calico and gingham are good materials for this.

Tailored Bolero Dress.

Even without the sleeveless bolero, this dress is a charming style for runabout and street wear. The darted waistline makes you look slim and supple. A scalloped closing, edged with braid or binding, and puff sleeves narrowed into the arm by shirring, complete the effect of youthful charm. Make this right now of flat crepe, silk print or thin wool. Then repeat it later in summer cottons; it's a design that you'll use many, many times.

The Patterns.

No. 1615 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 35-inch material, with 1/2 yard for cuffs in contrast.

No. 1674 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 14 requires 5 1/4 yards of 39-inch material, with 3/8 yards of braid to trim.

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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