

Banner Serial Fiction

MAIDEN EFFORT

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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WNU SERVICE

AUTHOR OF
'IT HAPPENED
ONE NIGHT'

CHAPTER X—Continued

Moby looked troubled. "I don't get it. I don't get either of you. He says he's always known you."

"So he has," returned Marne.

"Far be it from me to gum your game, baby," said Moby. "I guess I've been shootin' off my face too much."

"I don't know what you've said, but you might as well finish it. Tell him, Moby."

The Dickstein jaw wobbled. "The whole thing?"

"The whole thing. If you don't, I will. He's a strong, experienced man of the world. He can stand it."

"O-kay, baby. If you want it that way, you get it that way. This gal," he informed the wondering Mr. Morse, "is strictly synthetic. I made her up, myself. Out of the society columns and the Blue Book. Built to specifications. To match the boss' notion of what a debutante—"

"Day-bun-tay," corrected Marne.

"Forget it! Of what a swell young society girl ought to be. She picked the name; I give her credit for that. But it was me that fixed up the family to fit."

"Day-bun-tay," corrected Marne.

"Forget it! Of what a swell young society girl ought to be. She picked the name; I give her credit for that. But it was me that fixed up the family to fit."

Liggy appealed to Marne. "What is he braying about?"

Marne winked shamelessly. "The Van Strattens. Moby's been playing their supposed glories on me like a spotlight."

"The society Van Strattens," that gentleman amplified. "The kid hadn't even heard of old Mrs. Marcia Van Stratten, who's a headliner if there ever was one."

Lines of bewilderment corrugated Mr. Morse's candid brow. "What the devil is all this?" he barked, shifting his suspicious gaze from Moby's ingenuous countenance to Marne's subdued grin.

"No, sir. Wouldn't have known whether the old dame was a female mountain climber or an operating star till I dug her out of the files."

"Did you tell him that?" Liggy demanded of the girl.

"Anyway, how would she know?" pursued Moby charitably. "She bein' from the sticks somewhere where they don't prob'ly get the New York papers."

"Did you tell him that, Marne?" insisted Mr. Morse.

"I'm tellin' you," continued Moby, intent upon his theme. "I handed out old Madam Van Stratten neatly done up in blue ribbon. 'She's your grandmother,'" says I to the kid.

A stuttering repetition of the word "Grandmother" was jolted forth from Liggy's numb amazement.

"That's what I said: 'Grandmother. She's your grandmother,' like that. 'For the purposes of this picture,' I says. 'No, she ain't,' says the kid."

Liggy said: "Of course she isn't."

"You're tellin' me! So I says: 'All right; we'll make her your aunt.'"

"She is her aunt."

"Huh? Whassat?"

"She is my aunt," confirmed the girl.

Moby's eyes bugged out. "Wh-wh-whose whose wh-wh-wh-?" he stammered.

"What's the matter with your brain?" demanded Liggy. "Can't you understand plain English? Mrs. Van Stratten is Miss Van Stratten's aunt. A-U-N-T, aunt. Anything strange about that?"

"She told me," began Moby in a faded voice, "that she didn't—"

"I never told you anything except that Aunt Marcia isn't my grandmother."

"Aunt Marcia! Oh, my sufferin' tripe," moaned the stricken researcher. "And Scoopy Van Stratten, the polo player. You certainly let on you didn't know him. Was that square—I ask you."

"Well, you see, Moby—"

"And him your cousin all the time. Or maybe your uncle."

"I hope not," said Marne cheerfully. "His real name is Stratsky, I believe. He's a social inventor, too."

"Migawd! What'm I goin' to tell the Big Boss now?"

"You've already told him all he wants to know, haven't you?"

"And more. I gave him the original Van Stratten build-up. Then I got soused and told him it was all the bunk."

The girl's eyes opened wide. She began to laugh. "You told him I was a fake?"

"That's it. And here you are, the straight goods," lamented the unhappy schemer. "How'm I goin' to break that to him?"

"Don't," advised Marne, dimpling. "Life'll be simpler if he doesn't know. Maybe he'll let me alone now."

"What's this about letting you alone?" queried Liggy, frowning.

"Where does this Big Boss, person figure in your life?"

"If it comes to that," snapped Moby Dickstein, "I don't just figure where you figure."

"Then I'll tell you. Miss Van Stratten is going to marry me. Aren't you, Marne?"

"I hate to disappoint you, Liggy, dear, but I'm afraid not."

"Miss Van Stratten," specified Moby, making a valiant effort toward recovery, "is goin' to marry A. Leon Snyder, President of Purity Pictures, Inc. You ought to read the papers, Big Boy," he added patronizingly. "They ran my story on the buddin' romance all over the place."

"Budding pig's-foot," said Mr. Morse with emotion. "There's nothing to that. Is there, Marne?"

"I'm not going to marry anybody," stated the girl.

"Then I might as well be going," surmised Liggy dolefully.

"Same here. Give me a lift as far as the village?" asked Moby.

"Get in."

"Just a second," requested Marne. "Nothing about this at home, you understand, Liggy." He nodded. "And, Moby, it would be just as well not to spill anything more about me to the others. It'd only stir up more complications."

"O-kay, baby," agreed Moby from the depths of a shattered spirit.

Self-sufficient though Miss Gloria Glamour was in life's ordinary prob-

lems, she felt the need of moral support in her enterprise against the purse of A. Leon Snyder. Concerning the righteousness of her plan she suffered no qualms. But she was uncertain about Lawyer Gormine. Victory, as she reviewed it, had been too easy to be convincing. She craved an accomplice; anyway, a confidante.

Marne was out of the question. It would be just like that queer kid to get sore and block the whole game. After the deal was completed Gloria intended, of course, to confess her unauthorized use of the other's personality and square it by handing over a fair cut of the proceeds. Meantime, the less Marne knew, the better for all concerned. Moby Dickstein? No; Moby was too unreliable. As for Kelsey Hare, he wouldn't do at all. Anyone who would take advantage, as he had, of a friend was not to be trusted. There remained Martin Holmes. Well, why not?

Martin listened to her recital with astonished amusement. At its close he thought for a long moment, then said:

"Tut-tut."

"Tut, yourself. What's the idea?"

"It won't do, my child."

"Why won't it do? What's the matter with it?"

"Only naughty little girls blackmail."

"What d'you mean, blackmail?" she protested. "Didn't he put over those leaky contracts on us?"

"I expect he did."

"Then haven't I got a right to get even?"

"I expect you have."

"That's all I'm trying to do."

"By false pretenses. That's dangerous."

"It isn't false pretenses. I never said I was Marion Van Stratten. Gormine said that. I'm not compelled to wise him up to his own mistakes, am I?"

"But you're going to get the money as Marion Norman Van Stratten."

"I sure am. And give you and Marne your share of it."

He put his hand over hers. "You're a good kid, Gloria. I'd hate to see you go to jail."

"Jail, my eye. They can't put me in jail for trying."

"They can for trying too hard. Didn't Gormine ask you to sign a paper?"

"Yes."

"Don't do it."

"I don't get the money until I sign."

"You'll get indicted if you do."

"How do I know until I've seen Mr. Gormine's little paper?"

"Blackmail, mayhem, and arson, probably."

"I'll bring the paper to you and you can read it first."

"Nothing and less than nothing doing! Now, you list and give heed to your Uncle Marty, kid. Don't put your John Hancock to anything that lawyer-man hands you, unless you have a lawyer-man of your own to o-kay it."

"You're trying to gum my play," she objected almost tearfully.

"Promise?"

"What a sap I was to tell you about it!"

"What a bigger sap you'd be to go to jail. Promise?"

She looked up at him from under her shining lashes, an effect which had helped her win more than one contest.

"Why should you care whether I go to jail or not?"

"Pass it until later. When I'm surer of the answer. Promise, Gloria?"

With unexpected meekness she said: "I guess I'll have to."

He promptly kissed her. "You're right, you have to. Now what about Marne?"

"We don't have to say anything about it to her, do we?" she pleaded.

That "we" did something to nis

Gloria protested. She implored. She stormed. She wept. He had only one reply.

"Jail."

"I'd go to jail for fifteen grand."

"For how long?"

"I don't know. A year."

"This'd be ten. Maybe more."

"Sweet cheese'n crackers!" said the girl, shaken.

"Even for a patient guy like me, ten years would be a long wait," Martin pointed out.

"Wait for what?" asked Gloria, wide-eyed.

"For you to come out," he explained with one of his rare and expressive grins.

"Oh!" said Gloria. "Well! In that case—Lemme see that paper again."

It ended in her signing the agreement, expressly abandoning any claim of whatsoever kind upon A. Leon Snyder, his heirs or assigns. (Martin had put that in to give it a legal flavor.) But she insisted upon typing her signature.

"No forgery for me," announced the suddenly cautious Miss Glamour. "You see, I've got a special yen now to stay out of jail," she explained sweetly.

"That ought to be a relief to Gormine's soul," opined the young man, addressing the missive to the lower Broadway number given him by Gloria.

It was not. Instead it roused dark forebodings in the mind of its recipient. "That kind of game was this, anyway? Was she holding off for more money? And what did that typed signature mean? This, above all else, struck his legalistic and suspicious mind unfavorably. Prompt action was indicated. He decided to go back over the ground and sniff about for what he might pick up. This time he took a night train.

On the morning of his arrival, Kelsey Hare had gone to town to do some shopping. Feeling no special inclination to return to an atmosphere conspicuously lacking in camaraderie, he procured a supply of newspapers and magazines and sat in the lobby of the Park House, moodily reading them. He was interrupted by the approach of an austere and thin-lipped stranger.

"I am informed that you are from Maiden Effort Headquarters."

"Who informed you?"

"The young man behind the desk. He further stated that you are Mr. Templeton Sayles. May I take that as correct?"

"If you like."

"Thank you." The black-clad one sat down and drew his chair to a confidential proximity, scrutinizing the young man with analytical intentness. "Mr. Sayles," he pronounced, "you have the appearance of being a gentleman."

"Don't jump to rash conclusions."

"I shall assume that you are."

As he seemed to be waiting for a response, Kelsey said: "No argument."

This proved satisfactory to the other, who proceeded: "Mr. Sayles, I am Marbury Gormine, a lawyer of 120 Broadway, New York City. Note the address, if you please."

"Got it," said Kelsey. "Though I don't expect to need it."

"A difficult and delicate mission brings me here."

"Hmph! Anything to do with me?"

"I hope so."

"I hope not."

"The fact that it may be financially advantageous to you will possibly alter your attitude."

As an appeal to cupidity this would have got nowhere. As an appeal to curiosity it was more effective.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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He's made to be hugged—you'll hate to part with him once you've finished him. But you can rest assured the one who gets him—whether he's to be toy or mascot will welcome him. Calico and this pattern that's easy to sew is all you need. You'll want to make

a whole litter of them! Pattern 6202 contains a pattern and directions for making dog; materials needed.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

SAFETY TALKS

Walking on the Highway

IT'S an art, this walking along the highway, and not everybody who does it lives to tell about it afterward. At least a third of the pedestrians fatally injured in rural districts are struck while walking along the roadway, according to figures of the National Safety Council. And about two-thirds of these were walking with their backs to approaching traffic.

In many places, sidewalks are being built parallel to the highways to segregate motor and pedestrian traffic, but in places where they aren't yet built, the council has these four suggestions to offer:

- 1—Walk on the left side of the road.
- 2—At night, carry a light.
- 3—Wear light clothing or at least some article of clothing that's white, to make it easier for the motorist to see you.
- 4—Walk on the shoulder of the road instead of the pavement, where possible, to keep from forcing cars into the path of oncoming traffic.

Beauty Recipe

A newspaper once offered a prize for the best recipe for making the hands beautiful. There was a deluge of answers from which the following was chosen:

"Soak the hands three times a day in dishwater while mother rests."

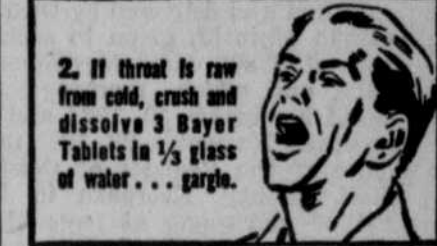
That in the Hand

It is said that the thing you possess is worth more than two you may have in the future. The one is sure and the other is not.—La Fontaine.

First Aid

To Cold Sufferers

These Pictures Tell You What to Do for Amazingly Fast Relief



Just Be Sure You Get Genuine BAYER Aspirin. You Will Feel Better in a Hurry

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.

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FIRESTONE triumphs again! This time with the new Firestone Champion, the tire that sets the safety standards for 1939. This new tire provides a combination of safety features never before built into a tire. It is a completely new achievement in safety engineering.

From the experience gained on the speedways of the world and in the Firestone laboratories, Firestone engineers have developed a revolutionary new type of cord body called Safety-Lock, which provides amazingly greater strength. This outstanding achievement makes possible the use of a thicker, tougher, deeper tread which assures much greater non-skid mileage. Because of this new Safety-Lock Cord body and Gear-Grip tread, the modern streamlined Firestone Champion Tire establishes completely new standards of blowout protection, non-skid safety, silent operation and long mileage.

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5.50-16. \$13.90	6.25-16. \$17.55	5.50-16. \$12.50	6.25-16. \$15.80	4.75-19. \$8.35	5.50-17. \$10.50
5.50-17. \$13.95	6.50-16. \$19.35	5.50-17. \$12.55	6.50-16. \$17.40	5.00-19. \$9.00	6.00-16. \$11.80
6.00-16. \$15.70	7.00-15. \$20.40	6.00-16. \$14.15	7.00-15. \$18.20	5.25-17. \$9.25	6.25-16. \$13.15
6.00-17. \$16.15	7.00-16. \$21.00	6.00-17. \$14.55	7.00-16. \$18.90	5.25-18. \$9.65	6.50-16. \$14.50

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Three-Fourths of Orchestra Director's Work Is Done at the Regular Rehearsals

The conductor as an outstanding figure is a comparatively modern innovation. In the palmy days of classical music, and in the opera house until well-nigh the middle of last century, his duties were undertaken by the first violin. I suppose that the art of conducting, as we know it, may be said to have started with Mendelssohn; but its development, like almost everything else connected with music, has been exceedingly rapid, writes Francis Toye in the Illustrated London News.

The public, despite their enthusiasm, really know very little about conducting. They generally fail to realize, to begin with, that at least three-quarters of a conductor's work is done at rehearsal. What he does in actual performance matters, of course; but, provided that the foundations of his interpretation have been well and truly laid at rehearsal, it matters comparatively little. For this reason, the actual style of a conductor is of small importance. It may be restrained, it may be exuberant; the result can be judged only by the listener who is ready to shut his eyes and forget about the

conductor and the orchestra altogether.

Needless to say, there is a technique of conducting as there is a technique of everything else—a clear beat, for instance; independent and intelligent use of the left hand. Some of the most successful conductors get, so to say, beyond this technique; some, for fear of rigidity, even make a definite point of avoiding the strict time beat. Such methods postulate, of course, not only a first class orchestra, but an orchestra familiar with the conductor's methods; tried on a strange body of players, however talented, they may lead to great confusion. So it cannot be said that there is any general rule universally binding as to the methods that conductors should or should not employ. The ultimate test, as always with the arts, is the result.

Greatest Wealth

Not to be avaricious is money; not to be fond of buying is a revenue; but to be content with our own is the greatest and most certain wealth of all.—Cicero.