

Banner Serial Fiction

MAIDEN EFFORT

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF
'IT HAPPENED
ONE NIGHT'

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WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"And having you girls make a song and dance of it," Kelsey broke in. "More hero stuff, No, thanks! I've had enough of that."
"I get you, pal," said the beauty-girl.
"I get him, too," asserted Marne. "He did it just to put me—to put us in wrong."
"I did not."
"Can't you see him being consciously noble in his secret soul?"
"I was not," wrathfully denied the accused.
"And when everything was set he was going to spring it on us and take the camera. Show-boy!" concluded Marne with lively scorn.
"Ah, have a heart, kid!" Gloria adjured her.
"And over what?" pursued the girl. Deep within herself she was feeling mean and small and unfair, and as this was all Kelsey's Hare's fault, she was coldly furious at him. "Nothing but common, everyday honesty."
"That's the first sensible thing you've said," snapped Kelsey.
"When do I break into this brawl?" inquired Martin. "After all, I've got an interest in it. See here, Kelsey; why didn't you let me know?"
"After the way you jumped down his throat, right at the start?" said Gloria. "I wouldn't have, either."
"I was pretty sick of the whole thing," confessed Kelsey. "I didn't want to talk about it. And I don't want to talk about it now," he appended with rising annoyance. "This conference wasn't my idea. Who got me down here, anyway?" he finished with a poisoned look at Marne.
"Well, that's that," observed Martin uncomfortably. "I've been wrong before, but never quite one hundred per cent wrong, so far as I recall. What am I supposed to do now?"
"Kiss him and say you're sorry," suggested Gloria. "If you don't, I will."
"How'd it be if I kissed you and let Marne—"
"Nothing doing," interposed that naughty young person.
"—say she was sorry?"
"Do your own apologizing. It's mostly his own fault, anyway."
"See here, Kelsey. I don't see how I can take that money."
"Oh, my gosh!" burst out the infuriated Marne. "Both of you, now! Going noble on each other at one and the same time. "Good-by!" She ran out, her hands pressed over her ears, and the concussion of the closing door testified to the outrage upon her feelings.
"Sweet cheese'n crackers! Is that a sore baby!" remarked Gloria, gazing after her departed friend.
"I hope the poor little thing has a good cry," minced Kelsey. "It's all right, Mart. Don't worry about the money. I've made a nice profit on the deal. There's the rent; I've pocketed that. And you may have noticed that I'm not depositing the salary drawn by Templeton Sayles, Esq. to anybody's account by my own. Besides"—He threw out his arms and expanded his chest, "It's worth a million to be able to chuck that alias."
Gloria bestowed upon him a look of commiseration. "Tough luck, boy," she murmured.
"What's tough luck?"
"Are you a sport or aren't you, Tempy, old lad?"
"I'm not. Not any longer. I've been all the sport I can stand. And don't call me Tempy. That's out."
"So are we if you quit on us, Marne. Moby. Me. Hail, Caesar; they who still need the money salute you!"
"I can't help it," he cried desperately. "If I have to keep on being Templeton Sayles and letting myself be gazed by that little spit-cat of a Van Stratten girl, I'll crack. Everything is squared, and I'm for the open road."
"Just give us one chance," pleaded Gloria. "Wait till we hear from A. Leon Snyder again." Sensing his continued resistance she retired within herself for thought, and emerged with her final argument. "Look here, boys; I'm going to tell you something. You think you're having a rough time. Let me tell you, you're a bluebird on a telegraph wire compared to Marne. She's the one that's on a spot."
"So she ought to be," grunted Kelsey. Involuntarily he asked: "Why? What's her trouble?"
"Stalling off A. Leon Snyder, President of Purity Pictures, Inc., and the human pay envelope for one and all."
"Stalling off, eh?" He laughed. "That's your idea of it, is it?"
Gloria shot a sharp glance at him. "What's the matter with you, Big Boy? You haven't got Marne wrong, have you?"
"I have not."
"I wouldn't be so sure you haven't, at that. What you don't maybe get is that she's playing it through for her job and ours."
"Too bad she has to work so hard for the money, isn't it!"
"Sa-a-ay! Go and get your temper massaged. What are you holding back on me, anyway!"

"Nothing," he replied airily.
"Oh, all right! Carry your own load. All I'm asking of you is to stick it out a little longer and back up Marne. You know, she really is kinda sweet on this job. It's got under her skin. And she isn't too bad, at that. If the picture flops, it won't be her fault."
"I know what you mean," growled Kelsey. "I never pretended to be an actor, did I? My specialty is being a goat."
The beauty-girl walked over and hooked an arm into his. "You're up in that part all right. And don't think for a minute, that we don't know how swell you've been about all this."
"We know, eh? You and who else?"
"Marne, too," answered the other with her shrewd smile. "But, gee! how she'd hate to show it! However, there are some things you've got to work out for yourself. I can't stooge for you with Marne." She threw open the door and shouted up the stair-well, "Hey, kid! Are you going to soldier on this job, or what?"
Marne appeared, sniffing suspiciously. "There's still a slight taint of nobility in the air," she said.



"It's worth a million to be able to chuck that alias."

"Do you think you can put a muffler on Sidney Carton if I come in?"
"Now, you behave yourself," returned her friend severely. "Or, first thing you know, I'll smack you one. And I want you to lay off Temp—Kelsey. He's one swell guy."
"And does he know it!" said the incorrigible Marne.
The process was interrupted by the advent of Glunk who came to Marne, battered, scarred, and smeared with mud and shale offering sundry abrasions to be bandaged.
"What have you been up to, Glunk?" queried his master. "You look as if you'd been trying to climb the cliff, eh? What for?"
Glunk said something ending in what sounded like an expletive.
"He wanted to inspect the Becker's Creek dam," interpreted Martin.
"Urged," assented Glunk. "No good. Bad."
"The bridge seemed to be worrying him, too," Martin added.
"Well, I'll give the water about one more yard to rise, and then it'll be time to be thinking of leaving. So I think I'll just take a run to town and see if I can persuade a truck to come for our things in the morning."
"Also we're short on provisions," stated Gloria. "I'll go along."
Left alone in the house with Kelsey, Marne completed her packing. Then what to do? She was wearied and nervous from the devilish insistence of the rain. And for once in her poised and self-confident life she felt awkward. Her resentment against the quondam Templeton Sayles, partly a hold-over, had become an instinctive defense against a subtly invading sense of having been stupidly in the wrong.
She went down to the study. Kelsey rose, drew up a chair for her, asked if he could do anything further, and resumed his reading. Silence. It reached the point of annoyance for Marne. Well, direct methods were best. She made her attack.
"Sore?"
"No."
She waited. That was all. After an appropriate interval she tried again. "You're not over-conversational."
"I've lost the habit through lack of practice," he grinned.
Marne gloomed out of the window. "They're taking a long time."
"The roads are awful."
"Well, we can't sit here forever like a couple of lumps," she fretted. "Do you know how to play rummy?"
"I am probably," he asserted,

"the best rummy player at present to be found within the limits of Cuyoga County."
"Says you! Still in the character of Templeton Sayles. You'll have to prove it to me."
He proved it to the extent of three dollars and ten cents. Marne put aside the cards.
"This drippy grayness has got on my nerves. Isn't it about time for lunch?"
"Lunch. Glunk!" he bellowed. Glunk served the meal, washed up, made some uninterpretable sounds, and sloshed forth into the weather upon some unexplained enterprise of his own.
The pair, thus left to their own devices, resumed their game. Marne lost a dollar more.
"No wonder you broke the bank at Monte Carlo. Isn't it awfully stuffy in here?"
He opened a window. "The rain's let up."
"And the wind's gone down. It's weirder than ever. Why don't they come?"
Outside was silence except for the rush of many waters. The building vibrated softly, deeply to the thrill of the current. Kelsey wandered over to the fireplace. Marne

on, Marne; this virtue stuff is all right for home consumption or before the camera—"
"But it doesn't go with you," she finished, in a peculiar tone.
"Not for a minute. Do you think I'm as dumb as all that?"
Catching fire from his anger, she demanded. "What business of yours is my virtue?"
"None at all, of course. Only—"
"Well, 'only'?" she prompted.
"Only I was fool enough to let myself think I was in love with you."
"I am doing nicely! Leading Man Falls for Star." And then your dark suspicions were roused. And, being a wary person, you naturally backedpedaled with speed and caution. Couldn't think of pinning your young affections to an unworthy object."
"Just the same, I think you might have let me know how it stood between you and Snyder," blurted Kelsey miserably.
"Ah, now we're getting somewhere. So it's A. Leon who is on your mind."
"You needn't take the trouble to deny it—"
"I'm not denying anything to you, Mr. Templeton Sayles."
"—because I've got it direct—"
"Those fatal emeralds!" she said, and laughed.
"I don't mean the emeralds. I have it, straighter than that. Direct evidence."
"Then we don't have to discuss it any more, do we?" retorted the girl in tones of poisoned honey. "Would you like to play some more rummy?"
"No. I'm going out." He did not go out. He stood, glooming at her with a face of wretched indecision. "Will you answer me one question, Marne?"
"I will not."
"If you'll tell me there's nothing between you and Snyder," he pleaded desperately, "I'll try to—I'll believe you. Even in the face of what I've heard."
"Why should I?" she taunted. "Or why should I care what you believe or don't believe? I won't tell you a thing."
This time, he did go out. Regardless of the storm, which was lashing in furiously again from the northwest, he made his way to the bridge, and trudged across without even noticing the current, which was flooding across the floor of the wavy structure.

One thought monopolized his aching brain: he must have that unanswered question, which had still left him with an illogical but persistent doubt, satisfied. He kept seeing Marne's face, and in that face something—not innocence; anyone could fake innocence; but a pride which he could not reconcile with her being Snyder's mistress.
"I don't believe it. I don't believe it," he kept muttering as he plowed through the torrent of rain to the long-distance booth, and his first words into the telephone, when he had got Marbury Gormine at his New York office, were: "I don't believe it."
"Is that you, Mr. Sayles? I fail to understand you. What don't you believe?"
Kelsey resumed command of himself. "Sorry, Mr. Gormine. But I want to check up on that matter you spoke of. Something has occurred which throws doubt upon the accuracy of your information."
"What is your reason for doubting my information, Mr. Sayles?"
It would be too implausible to say: "She doesn't look like that kind of girl." So he answered lamely, "I have had a talk with Miss Van Stratten—"
(TO BE CONTINUED)

sat, lax and dispirited. He was about to suggest a continuance of their game when her head went up.
"We can't sit here forever, just disliking each other."
"Disliking?" Kelsey repeated with a smile which she considered one of the most disagreeable that ever disfigured an otherwise presentable countenance.
"Well, whatever you want to call it. I'm sick of it," said Marne.
"Any complaints?" he inquired with false mildness.
"Yes. You're always trying to put people in the wrong."
"I don't know that I tried very hard."
"Meaning that we were in the wrong already. Why couldn't you have been decently frank in the first place?"
"Frankness isn't exactly your own specialty, is it?"
"My life," Miss Van Stratten informed him with a fine affectation of primness and candor, "is an open book."
"Almost too open."
"I suppose that means something unpleasant."
"Not at all. I'm only agreeing with you."
Suddenly angry, he said: "Come

Dogs of Mongrel Strain Not Smarter Than the Purebreds, Research Reveals

The argument that a mongrel is keener than a purebred has been discounted in numerous research tests made in laboratories of our largest universities. The purebred is reported to have always survived the ordeal of exhaustive examinations.
A simple answer to the question of which is the more intelligent, is proven in the point that most purebred specimens are used for show purposes, and there is little time spent in training them to perform "for company."
In instances where purebreds have been actually trained they have displayed almost human intelligence. It is especially in the obedience test classes at shows and in the field at bird dog and hound trials that purebreds have shown their real worth, writes George Butz in the Philadelphia Inquirer.
The fancier realizes he cannot have a well-behaved show ring type in one that he tries to teach some cute stunt for entertainment.
It would be disastrous for an exhibitor to show a dog which he has taught at home to sit up and beg or imitate a "dead dog."
The animal would be confused at the commands in the ring, and either of these "tricks" would hamper the dog's showmanship and behavior. Besides, it would not make much of an impression with the judge, who is seeking conformation, gait and ring manners.
Now that dogs have been allotted parts in the "movies," there has been an influx of animal trainers. However, the majority of them who have prepared dogs for principal or minor parts in a film will tell you they only work with pedigree dogs "bred in the purple." And as far as trick dogs are concerned, decades of circus and stage history has proved the most reliable dogs to train are purebreds.
Gaspe an Old Section
Gaspe is reputed to be the oldest known part of North America and historians say it had been visited by adventurous white men from Iceland and Greenland as early as the Twelfth century. Many parts of the coast are noted for their rugged grandeur and one of the scenic marvels is the giant rock at Perce, where the herring gull and the cormorant breed and have bred for hundreds of years.

Many Spring Suits Feature Definitely Longer Jackets

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FOR quite some time there have been rumors that longer-jacket suits are coming in, and the big news is that they are actually "in." See several of the latest arrivals shown in the illustration.
Not that every jacket with every suit is longer this season for the legions and legions of nifty now-so-voguish snug-fitting types that so gaily flaunt bright plaid and wool stripes atop youthful pleated or many-gored monotone skirts would rise up in utter protest to such a statement. When we say "jackets are definitely longer" we are referring to certain models recently turned out by leading designers that bring a distinctively "new" message in regard to jacket lengths.
In addition to its smart longer length we especially call your attention to the swank boxy lines of the jacket to the left in the picture. This is a very new and important silhouette, one, as you will observe, in direct contrast to the figure-fitting basquelike snugness so popular of late. This striking suit by Creed in beige and brown wool diagonal is one of those to-be-coveted possessions that underwrite a guarantee of high-style prestige at the same time that it registers 100 per cent perfect from the utilitarian standpoint. The blouse worn with it is of green and beige paisley-patterned surah. Jot down in your notebook the importance of surah silk this season for both frocks and the blouse.
Convincingly representative of the latest trend toward increasing length for jackets is the suit shown to the right in the foreground. In this stunning striped wool jacket with monotone skirt a lady of fashion is sure to appear at her best wherever her program of activities may take her during the daytime hours. Notice the smooth-fitting shoulders and the manner in which this patrician tailleur hugs the hips in perfect precision. It's the way of the newer jackets to do just this and the lines are flattering to both

the very youthful slim figure and the more dignified lady with "curves." It is just such a pace-setting fashion as will appeal to every woman who knows her fashions.
Gray wool with green and red stripes makes the attractive suit centered in the picture. The jacket offers a compromise between the longer and the shorter versions. The advent of suits made of colorful novelty woolsens is one of the high spots on the current fashion program.
Not only is a suit imperative this spring if you would be costumed in the height of fashion but with it must go all the "fixings" that add exciting detail and be assured that the accessories that go to complete the new spring ensembles are all exciting to a sensational degree. It is indeed a colorful story replete with thrills that fashion is telling in regard to the new suits and the accessories that go with them.
It is not only that the suits themselves involve color combinations and contrasts that simply are breathtaking in their daring and originality but this drama of color reflects throughout every detail of the costume even to the sprightly colorful veils the witchery of which cannot be told in words, likewise new footwear which has yielded to wild flights of color as have in fact the countless other details that contribute to the glory of the spring 1939 costume. Perhaps most significant of all is the challenge a "suit season" never fails to fling to the blouse.
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In High Style



Pleatings and tuckings done in novel and original ways abound throughout the spring fashion picture. The smartly attired young lady here portrayed confines the accordion pleated front of her charming new gown under a stunning wide belt, and if there is one accessory more than another that fashion is playing up in versatile moods for spring, that accessory is belts. For the belt that adds infinite swank to the costume here shown, Criterion uses a soft white kid with an applique of gayly colored circles.

Fashion Dictates Suits for Spring

Just a moment, milady of fashion, a question for you to answer, please—how about a chic blouse or two or more to add to your collection? For of course now that fashion has thoroughly convinced us that the suit's the thing for spring, it's going to necessitate the accumulation of a whole wardrobe of blouses, for that is exactly the up-keep that a suit season never fails to demand.
Such a bewildering array of blouses as designers are turning out this spring is sure to lead to temptation. Perhaps the most irresistible of all will prove to be the perfectly adorable "baby blouse" lace-trimmed and frilled and hand-tucked and otherwise finely hand-worked lingerie types. It's the last word in blouse fashion is this pretty confection of frothy sheer whiteness and it is a treat to see these utterly feminine blouses displayed in the stores for they are so very lovely and it's been such a long time since they held the center of the stage but fashion's spotlight is definitely upon them for spring and summer.

Tiered Themes in New Silhouettes

Tiered themes give evidence that the dress designers are searching for some new means to vary the silhouette. The tiers, usually three in number, distinguish the skirts of some advance spring dressmaker suits as well as sheer woolen frocks. The broken tiered treatment with a straight panel at the front and back of a skirt and the flounces at either side offers a suggestion for those who cling to slenderness of line. The blouse, which has a flounced back, uses the same idea.

It Will Be Fun to Sew These at Home



NO. 1672—A very flattering dress is this with braid used to emphasize the bust fullness, with the effect of a bolero, and with a graceful, rippling skirt. Make this tiny-waisted charmer of thin wool, flat crepe or silk prints.
No. 1505—The little dress with the sleeveless bolero is a perfect style for girls from four up to twelve. The full skirt, the round balloons of sleeves, the high neckline, are just as becoming as possible! In challis, in gingham, in dimity—this dress will be charming, and a dress-up version in taffeta will go smartly to parties.
Material Requirements.
No. 1672 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 35-inch material and 5 yards of braid.
No. 1505 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 6 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35-inch material without nap; 1/4 yard of contrasting for collar; 2 3/4 yards of braid to trim.
Spring Pattern Book Ready.
Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Spring Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns.
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.

A Withdrawal

The tramp entered the doctor's surgery. There was a worried look on his face.
"Doctor," he said, "you've got to help me. I swallowed a quarter about 15 years ago."
"Good Heavens, man!" ejaculated the doctor. "Why have you waited 15 years? Why didn't you go to see a doctor the day you swallowed the quarter?"
"To tell the truth," replied the tramp, "I didn't need the money at the time!"

FIRST SIGN OF SPRING!



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