

Banner Serial Fiction

MAIDEN EFFORT

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF
'IT HAPPENED
ONE NIGHT'

© SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"And Miss Van Stratten naturally denies everything. To you," interrupted Mr. Gormine.

"Well, no. Not exactly denies it. But—"

"Mr. Sayles, I am really surprised at you," broke in the other severely. "Your gullibility is astonishing. Obviously, you have let yourself be taken in. I know little of women, but I am informed upon adequate authority, that the least trustworthy of the sex is the straw-blond type."

"The what?"

"Ashen or straw blonde, as I believe it is called."

"Miss Van Stratten is not a blonde."

"Nonsense! Definitely a blonde, with Persian-cat eyes, yellowish and exhibiting what might be termed disconcerting gleams."

"The description was too pat to be misinterpreted. 'Wait a minute,' besought the breathless Kelsey.

"You've got the wrong girl."

"By no means. She at once identified herself as—"

"Listen to me. Did she say 'Sweet cheese'n crackers'? Didn't she? Didn't she? Speak up, man!"

"Why, now that you mention it, I believe she did. What, if anything does it mean?"

"Mr. Gormine will never know. His interrogator jammed up the receiver, leapt out into the storm, and, turning the first corner, banged into Miss Gloria Glamour. He clutched her in no gentle grip.

"Hey!" protested the beauty-girl.

"Unhand me, villain. Lay off, will you, Tempy? You hurt."

"What did you do it for?"

"Do what? Hi! Marty! Rescue! Our star boarder's gone batty."

Martin Holmes came up on the run. He put his arm around the girl and drew her into a sheltering doorway, Kelsey, with his hold unrelaxed, following.

"Break," suggested Martin.

"I want to know why she's been playing hell with Marne."

Martin gave the girl a look. "I told you this was going to turn around and bite you. Well, I expect he's got a right to an answer."

Gloria gasped. "Where do you get your information, Tempy? And where do you get in on it, anyway?"

"Never mind where I got it. The point is, I've just accused Marne of having an affair with Snyder, and now I find—"

"Oh, sweet cheese'n crackers!" gasped Gloria. "You would do something like that! Where does that leave me?"

"It ought to leave you in jail for the rest of your life. What did you do it for?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars. And I don't even get that."

"Easy, there, Kelsey," interposed Martin, as his friend began shaking the unfortunate culprit again. "She didn't mean any harm. It'll all be squared soon. Only we haven't told Marne yet. There's the car. Hop in and Gloria will explain."

All three got in and the beauty-girl spoke her piece. "I figured on making a nice, little clean-up for all of us," said she sorrowfully. "But Martin put the ki-bosh on it."

"Well, I'll be—what are we going to do with her?" Kelsey appealed to his friend.

"Personally, I'm going to marry her," answered Martin. "Before she can pull any more fast ones."

"And I'm going to be a good little gal forever after. Be a sport," she adjured Kelsey, "and square it for me with Marne, won't you?"

"I've got myself to square with Marne first. Suppose you two get out of this car. I'm in a hurry. And don't break your valuable necks getting back to Headquarters any sooner than you need to."

A fountain of mud and water was seen by several astonished observers, proceeding down the Lake Road in the manner and with the speed of a waterspout. At the brook, the driver made a wild swerve and pulled up just in time.

The bridge had gone out.

CHAPTER XII

Darkness, early descending, added to the depression of Miss Marion Norman Van Stratten's spirits. She was experiencing a loneliness well-remembered in her hitherto well-companioned life. Even Glunk had abandoned her. No response was forthcoming to her repeated and emphatic bell-rings. She found herself wishing ardently for the return of Gloria and Martin; less ardently for that of Kelsey Hare.

Marne was thoroughly angry and disgusted with Kelsey. That he had technically "insulted" her with his suspicions of her laxity did not count for so much. She was not Victorian-minded, and was fair enough to admit that appearances were to some extent against her, though what he had meant by his nonsense about direct evidence, she could not guess. What annoyed her most was his almost hysterical stupidity. It did occur to her that the conduct of young men in love was likely to be

slightly abnormal; she had observed that phenomenon with dispassionate interest before. Her interest, this time, was far from dispassionate. It was definitely personal and wrathful. If he was in love with her, why couldn't he have said so?

Mr. Kelsey Hare was definitely on her mind. Where he had no business to be, and she resented it.

To evict him from that position she decided to go out and look for the lights of the hoped-for car in which Gloria and her companion had left that morning. Proceeding with caution, she made her way to the edge of the brawling flood which, only a few days before, had been a peaceable and well-behaved brook. As she stood, peering out into the night, a flicker of lightning displayed to her incredulous eyes, the car, stationary on the opposite shore. It seemed to be empty. She shouted but the wind snatched the voice from her mouth and overbore it with its own more strident clamor.

At least, the car would be a means of getting to town. Gingerly she sought for the bridge. It did



"Easy there, Kelsey," interposed Martin.

not seem to be where she expected to find it. Another flash illumined the scene. It revealed the daunting fact that the bridge was not only absent from its proper place, but that it was nowhere else to be seen.

Marne went back to the house and sat down to think it over. The situation was plain enough. She was completely cut off from the world. Isolated. Marooned. A prisoner of the waters, condemned to an indefinite stretch.

So that was that. Meantime, being a practical young person, she saw no reason for going hungry. In Glunk's absence, she collected what she could find of his utensils, encouraged the fire, found some tea, bread and eggs, and accomplished a respectable supper. It was, while cleaning up that she heard, above the raving night, something that sounded like a human call.

"Glunk!" she cried.

A weight fell heavily against the side door. A voice, not Glunk's, announced thickly:

"I'm here."

Arming herself with the poker, she ran to the spot. As she threw the door open, a creature unbelievably disheveled, muddled, and battered lurched in and leaned against the wall.

"Give me a drink."

"Kelsey?" she said, not quite certainly.

"What there is left," he confirmed.

She darted to the kitchen, came back with a glass of Scotch. The derelict cleared a way to his mouth and swallowed it.

"That's better. Thanks."

"How did you ever get here?"

He lifted his arm and made a wild smear of his face. "I don't just exactly know. I washed up somewhere. I believe."

"Somewhere? Where?"

"Along the shore of the lake. Flotsam and jetsam."

"Well, you'd better wash up again," she advised struggling against an impulse of hysterical laughter. "You're an awful spectacle." The mirth in her eyes altered to doubt. "What happened? I saw your car. I suppose you fell in, looking for the bridge."

"No; I didn't fall in."

Her eyes were wide now. "You didn't jump in, did you?"

"It didn't look so bad," said he apologetically.

"Whatever induced you to run such a mad risk?" she demanded.

"You were over here."

"I'd have been all right."

"Maybe. I shouldn't. I had to get back to you to—to do some groveling."

She laughed a little wildly. "I should say you'd been doing some."

"Marne, I've been the double-damnedest fool that ever lived, to believe that rot about you. What do you want me to say?"

"Nothing."

"As hopeless as that?" he asked.

"No. That isn't what I mean."

Indeed, all the righteous indignation had ebbed out of her at first understanding of why he had come.

"Don't you think there's been too much said already?"

"Probably." He closed his eyes and wavered a little.

"You're hurt!" she cried sharply.

"No; I don't think so. I've taken rather a beating."

"You've got to get your clothes off," said she practically. "There may be something broken."

"Call Glunk. He'll help me."

"Glunk isn't here. I'll do it, myself."

Without fuss or ado she undressed him, brought towels and hot water and removed such of the silt and mud as had not been ground into his skin. He seemed hardly more than half-conscious. She brought him another drink and ordered him to go to sleep. At this he roused himself.

of the waters, but he felt refreshed, alert and strong again.

"You can hear all sorts of voices in running water."

"I'm almost certain—There it is again." She ran from the room and opened a window. Hustling into a robe, and grabbing for his shoes, he followed. To their straining ears came a faint and desolate wail.

"Gall! Gall! Gall!"

"It's Glunk!"

"He's in trouble."

"Gall!" And again, "Gall! Gall!"

Wearily, forlorn, piteous, it might have come from anywhere in the sodden, closed-in universe about them.

"I'm going to look for him."

"Where?" He laid a hand on her arm.

She shook it off. "I don't know. But I'm going."

"Gall! Gall!" The despairing iteration sounded fainter now.

Memory flashed a message into Marne's brain. "He's in the well."

"Fallen in? How could he?"

"He's got his money there. He must have gone after it and something's happened."

Kelsey found a torch. Arm in arm they plunged into the swirl which plucked and wrenched at their footing like a malevolent thing. The voice sounded its plea again: "Gall! Gall!"

"Coming," shouted Marne.

They fought their way to a scene of ruin. Undermined by the gnawing pressure, the arbor above the well had collapsed, choking the four-foot aperture of the stout masonry protecting the mouth. Fortunately the water was still a foot short of the top. They found refuge in the lee of the stonework. Marne thrust her head into the tangle of timber.

"Glunk," she called.

"Gal," he answered with an accent of relief and trust so profound that it shook her heart.

"Are you all right?"

"Head hurt."

"Hang on. We'll get you."

"Urgck."

After one swift inspection Kelsey had gone to the house for ax and rope. Directing the light downward, Marne saw the gnome's powerful frame wedged between the stone walls, his feet settled into a cranny. There was a gasp across his head.

"Can you hold on, Glunk? I'm going to stay right here."

"Tired," said Glunk feebly.

"No; no," she cried in terror. "You mustn't be tired. You're not tired. It'll be only a minute now. Keep your grip. Hang on." She poured out a stream of encouragement and admonition, as if by the sheer potency of words she could maintain him.

At long last Kelsey came back. While Marne directed the electric beam, the rope-end was lowered and Glunk instructed to put the noose beneath his arm-pits. Now if his strength gave out, he would at least be safe against falling to the bottom. A turn of the rope around a nearby tree finished that part of the preliminaries.

The rest was less simple. "You stand by," Kelsey bade the girl, "while I clear this stuff away. If you see any part of it slipping toward the opening, try to divert it. Glunk's been hit by one piece. Another might finish him."

Standing almost knee-deep now, he attacked the ruin. First on this side, and then on that, he loosened the supports.

The structure leaned and wavered. "Look out!" warned the ax-man, stepping aside.

There was a crash. Most of the wreckage fell into the current and was snatched away. One short and heavy scantling detached itself from the mass. Marne snatched at it, but missed. It shot down into the block opening. A cry split the darkness. The two seized on the rope and with frantic pulls brought up a limp form.

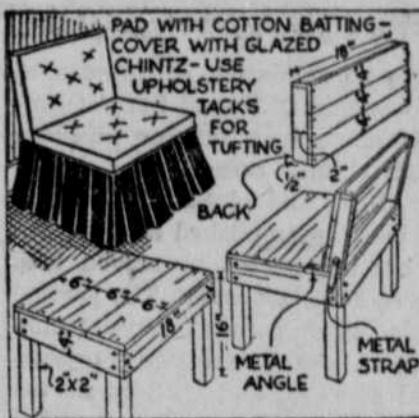
Marne flashed the light into the face and turned it away again.

Preserved in Memory

'Tis memory alone that enriches the mind by preserving what our labor and industry daily collect.—Watts.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



'DEAR MRS. SPEARS: I have both of your books, and have made many things from them that have surprised my family. Most women can't drive a nail straight, but I can do that better than I can sew. I have been thinking that now with slipcovers used so much, one could make a chair out of plain lumber and cover it. Perhaps you could publish something like this in the paper. D. M.'

Those who are not so clever about driving nails, may want to call on Dad or Young Son to help with making the simple chair I have sketched here. The metal angles and straps to strengthen the back may be bought at any hardware store along with the nails and screws. When the chair is covered in two tones of chintz

with edges of back and seat piped in the darker color, it is really very smart. It is especially useful in a bedroom or hall. If covered in the right colors, it will also look well in the living room.

Mrs. Spears' Sewing Book 2, Gifts, Novelties and Embroideries, contains 48 pages of step-by-step directions which have helped thousands of women. If your home is your hobby you will also want Book 1—SEWING, for the Home Decorator. Order by number, enclosing 25 cents for each book. If you order both books, copy of the new Rag Rug Leaflet will be included free. Those who have both books may secure leaflet for 6 cents in postage. Address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

After This, Old Adage Appears Questionable

The little boy had come home from school with considerable food for thought. As soon as he could he appealed to his father.

"Daddy," he began, "is it true that a man is known by the company he keeps?"

"Yes, my boy," was the prompt reply.

But the little chap was not content. He stated his difficulty.

"But, father, if a good man keeps company with a bad man, is the good man bad because he keeps company with a bad man, or the bad man good because he keeps company with a good man?"

TIPS to Gardeners

Know Your Herbs

HERBS are becoming more popular each year because they are easy to grow and help make everyday dishes more appetizing and flavorful. Here are important facts about the more important herbs which you can grow in your backyard garden:

Anise—Seeds used to flavor bread, cake, cookies, candy; green leaves good for flavoring salad.

Borage—Leaves and flowers give unusual tang to fruit drinks and are good salad garnish; blossoms good cut flowers.

Caraway—Seeds used to flavor bread, cake, cookies, cheeses, baked apples.

Dill—Seeds and leaves used for making dill pickles.

Chives—Young leaves eaten like onions, or cut up to flavor soups.

Sweet fennel—Fresh stems eaten like celery or used in salads; bulb at base eaten raw or cooked; leaves add flavor to sauces and soups.

Marjoram—Used for seasoning poultry dressing; young leaves good for soups and salads; makes attractive house plant.

Sage—Excellent in meat and poultry dressings.

First Sight

From the very first instances of perception some things are grateful and others unwelcome to them; some things that they incline to and others that they fly from.—Locke.

The Safety Sensation of 1939!

THE NEW

Firestone CHAMPION

The Only Tire Made with the NEW SAFETY-LOCK CORD BODY and NEW GEAR-GRIP TREAD...

NEVER before in our experience has a tire met with such instant and unanimous approval as the new Firestone Champion Tire. It's the Safety Sensation of 1939! Our customers have started a word-of-mouth campaign that is making this the biggest selling tire we've ever had. Motor car manufacturers have been so impressed by its superior performance that they have adopted it for their 1939 models.

Why? Because the Firestone Champion Tire is an entirely new achievement in safety engineering.

Stronger Cord Body. This is accomplished first, by the use of a completely new type of tire cord called "Safety-Lock," in which the cotton fibers are more compactly interwoven to assure cooler running and provide greater strength. Then, the fibers in each individual cord, the cords in each ply and the plies themselves, are all securely locked together by a new and advanced Firestone process of Gum-Dipping which provides amazingly greater strength. And greater strength means greater safety.

More Non-Skid Mileage. The new Safety-Lock cord construction provides the extra strength needed for the use of the new, thicker, tougher, deeper Firestone Gear-Grip tread which delivers remarkably longer non-skid mileage. This sensational new tread is called "Gear-Grip" because of its unique design — it has more than 3,000 sharp-edged angles which grip the road with a sure-footed hold to protect against skidding and assure a safe stop.

Let your nearest Firestone Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store equip your car with a new set of Firestone Champion Tires — the only tires made that are safety-proved on the speedway for your protection on the highway.

Firestone CHAMPION		Firestone HIGH SPEED		Firestone CONVOY	
5.25-17. \$14.65	6.00-18. \$17.15	5.25-17. \$11.60	6.00-18. \$15.45	4.50-21. \$8.35	5.50-16. \$10.60
5.50-16. 14.15	6.25-16. 17.95	5.50-16. 12.75	6.25-16. 16.15	4.75-19. 8.60	5.50-17. 11.00
5.50-17. 14.65	6.50-16. 19.35	5.50-17. 13.20	6.50-16. 17.40	5.00-19. 9.35	6.00-16. 11.95
6.00-16. 15.95	7.00-15. 21.35	6.00-16. 14.35	7.00-15. 19.20	5.25-17. 9.65	6.25-16. 13.45
6.00-17. 16.50	7.00-16. 21.95	6.00-17. 14.85	7.00-16. 19.75	5.25-18. 10.00	6.50-16. 14.50

TRUCK TIRES AND OTHER PASSENGER CAR SIZES PRICED PROPORTIONATELY LOW

Listen to The Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Listen to The Firestone Voice of the Farm—Everett Margaret Speaks and Alfred Wallenstein, Monday Mitchell interviews a Champion Farmer each week evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network. during noon hour. See local paper for station and time.



LOUIS MEYER
Only Three-Time Winner
Annual Indianapolis
500-Mile Race

Champion race drivers, whose lives and chances of victory depend on tire safety, know tire construction and that is why they select and buy Firestone Tires for their cars.

Firestone LIFE PROTECTOR The Tire within a Tire

This amazing new Firestone development makes a blowout as harmless as a slow leak.

Should a blowout occur the exclusive Firestone Safety-Valve holds sufficient air in the inner compartment to support the car until it is brought to a safe stop.