

Banner Serial Fiction

# MALDEN EFFORT

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF  
'IT HAPPENED  
ONE NIGHT'

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WNU SERVICE

SYNOPSIS

Kelsey Hare, young architect convalescing from a breakdown, meets Martin Holmes, struggling author, in a storm on a lake near Moldavia, N. Y. Caught in a downpour, they seek shelter at Holmes' estate, "Holmesholm," which by its air of decay gives evidence of its owner's financial embarrassment. Kelsey suggests renting a room and settles down there. Finding Holmes studying a newspaper picture of a Park Avenue debutante, Kelsey learns that a story by Holmes has been rejected in a \$15,000 contest run by Purity Pictures. A. Leon Snyder, president, for a novel suitable for picturization, in which the winner of a Mystery Beauty contest will star. Kelsey buys the manuscript from Holmes and rents his house. One of the conditions of the deal is that Kelsey adopt Holmes' pen name, "Templeton Sayles." After Holmes departs on a trip, a telegram arrives for Sayles which Kelsey leaves unopened. Glunk, odd man servant, places the debutante's picture on the mantel. The Park Avenue Van Strattens, at breakfast with their niece Marion, are horrified to find her picture in the paper as one of ten remaining contestants for the Purity Pictures award, and learn that Liggett Morse, admiral, has entered Marion's picture on a bet. She decides adventurously to go through with the contest. In the offices of A. Leon Snyder, heir to the Peckitt's Persuasive Pills fortune, Marion finds nine other beauties. She makes friends with Gloria Glamour, flip professional beauty contestant. They meet Moby Dickstein, Snyder's press agent and factotum. Snyder is overwhelmed with Marion's beauty and "class," to which he is extremely susceptible, and calls her "darr-ling." Moby is referred to Holmes for information on Sayles. Gloria takes the call. Hare is interrupted in his rewriting by two callers, one of whom he recognizes as the pictured beauty in the paper. After they leave, he takes the picture from the mantel, and uncovers the telegram, now four days old, apologizing for a "mistake," and demanding Sayles' immediate presence in New York for a conference with Snyder. When Moby and the girls arrive on location, Kelsey learns for the first time that the Holmes-Sayles novel was the winner. He confides his predicament to Moby. Snyder's anticipation of the meeting with Sayles is not shared by Kelsey, whom Moby advises to say "Yes" to everything. They meet at a Moldavia inn, and argue the title of the "super-creational" picture, finally changing it from "Virgin Effort" to "Malden Effort." Kelsey learns he is to play the lead, the embodiment of the insidious Sayles. The picture goes into production at Holmesholm, with Kelsey doing a hopeless job as hero. Marion remains cold to Snyder's "darr-ling," even to the gift of an evening dress.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"I love the dress." Tenderly Marne lifted the creation. A small leather casket was dislodged from the folds. She opened it. "Wh-wh-wh-why!" she stuttered. "They look like emeralds."

She let the necklace ripple and sparkle through her fingers, then dropped it. She stared at the First Assistant, her brows drawing down. "C'er'ny, they look like emeralds," retorted that quick-witted diplomat. "The camera won't know the difference."

"I hardly would, myself," she confessed, reassured. "But of course they're too big to be real."

"I'll tell you," said Moby. "You rig up in this outfit and we'll try a few shots."

With the aid of a maid, supplied by the thoughtful management, she made a more than satisfactory toilet.

"Gee, that's somethin'!" was Moby Dickstein's admiring comment when she appeared.

The camera kept them busy until six o'clock. Marne was back in her room when Gloria, who had been to town, came up. The beauty girl set her distended hands on her hip-joints and whistled.

"Where'd you raise the green-tees?"

"They came by express from New York." Marne peacocked a bit.

"Does that make you Queen of the May?" said Gloria in a queer tone.

"What do you think of it?"

"What do you want me to think of it? A. Leon Snyder's been spreading himself, I'd say!"

"This is all from the studio."

"Oh, yeah? I suppose they struck emeralds, digging that last sewer."

"They're imitation. Aren't they good?"

"I'll say they're good. So are you. I haven't got the heart to hog a show like this all to myself. Hi! Casanova!"

A grunt from down the hallway responded.

"Mist-er Sayles! Tempy, my lad. Step this way."

Kelsey appeared in his doorway.

"What's up?"

"The preview's on. Better bring your eye-shade."

He entered the room. He looked at Marne and a slow-gathering shadow darkened his face. "So that's it, is it?" said he quietly.

"What's the matter, old bean? Got a touch of liver?" inquired Gloria maliciously.

"No; but really," Marne appealed to him with uplifted and expectant eyes, avid for appreciation of her new splendor. "How do I look?"

"Rather like a beetle, I should say."

"What kind of beetle?" she persisted, still too pleased with herself not to be confident of approval.

"Some beetles are quite nice."

"Tastes d'fer. I had in mind one of those greenish, slick, slinky kind of beetles. I believe," he added with judicial deliberation, "they call them diggers."

"That will about suffice for you, Halfwit," snapped Gloria.

With a sharply heightened color

Marne addressed the other girl. "I think I'll wear it down to dinner tonight."

"Swell! Let's all dress up and make it a party."

"Great ideal!" growled Kelsey. "Snyderack will appreciate it, I'm sure. His car just came in."

"Perhaps there's a gown for you, too," said Marne to her ally, ignoring the young man. "You'd better look and see."

"I will. What a hope!" she added as she herded Kelsey out into the hall and closed the door after him. At once she turned upon him.

"A nice show you put on!"

"You got me into it."

"How'd I know you were going to act like a sore-tailed bear? What's it to you anyway?"

"Nothing. Only it makes me sick to see a girl sell out like that."

Gloria was feeling a little that way herself about it, but she came



to her friend's support loyally.

"How do you know she's sold out?"

"She isn't getting that lay-out for nothing, is she?"

"Maybe the emeralds are phony."

"The dress isn't. And I'd have sworn she was a straight kid."

"What right have you got to think she isn't?" challenged the defender.

"If she is, she won't be long," was the harsh rejoinder.

"And who cast you for Captain of the Rescue Squad? It strikes me you're doing a little more in the heart-throb line than the script calls for."

Kelsey managed a grin. "You're right, of course, Gloria. Watch me behave like a perfect gent. As a start I'll go and dress for the festive occasion."

Someone passed the word to A. Leon Snyder, who not only appeared in tails and a white waistcoat but, radiant, ordered up champagne from his private stock.

"Darr-ling" was his greeting to Marne; "you look"—he paused, seeking a sufficiently expressive word—"colossal," he brought out triumphantly.

Marne laughed. "I like myself pretty well in this," she admitted. "But the camera may not like me so well."

"I am the camera here," said A. Leon, unconsciously plagiarizing Louis XVI and with much the same implication. "What I see in you the camera will see. Though maybe not all, darr-ling," he concluded.

Marne suppressed a slight misgiving at the fervor of his tone. Later, at table, the great man, flushed with the effort of an impromptu speech wherein he predicted an unparalleled success for picture and star (uproarious applause, led by Moby Dickstein), leaned over to her ear and said in a low and significant half-whisper:

"This week-end I have to be in Hollywood. But next week-end; eh, darr-ling?"

"You mean for the ball-room scene?"

"What-whut-whut - whut - whut? Oh, we-ell. If you want to call it that," he answered after a slightly sulky and uncertain pause.

"All right," she agreed cheerfully. But he had sense enough to wonder whether it really was all right. He'd leave it to the invaluable Moby Dickstein to smooth out the details.

"What they shooting tomorrow?" he inquired.

Marne frowned. "Trying out one of the love scenes."

"Ah, if I could act!" sighed the President of Purity Pictures, rolling up his liquid and expressive eyes. "How glad I'd be to be playing the hero with you."

Next morning, Moby, who had been relegated to his old job of directing, for this special picture, encountered plenty of trouble, mainly with the masculine lead as interpreted by Templeton Sayles, Esq.

Thus far the hero had been everything that he should not have been. He was camera-conscious. He flinched. He jittered. His walk was a strut and his smile a simper. It was with dark forebodings that Moby Dickstein approached the crucial love-scene rehearsal.

His misgivings were justified. Bad as Kelsey had been in the preceding episodes, he was at his worst in this. That indestructible and tireless patience which is an essential to all directing was taxed to the utmost by the time Moby had lured the loving couple into their first clinch. It broke down a moment later. He advanced upon the hero, flailing the air.

"For the luvva Mike!" he yelled.

"Whatsamatter?"

"Well, what is the matter?" countered Kelsey. "I'm doing the best I know how."

"You ain't doin' the best Malden

in her opposite's reluctant approaches. Toward noon A. Leon Snyderack walked in and Templeton Sayles, Esq., walked out.

"How about it?" queried the big boss.

"Bwana, he's lousy."

"What do you think, darr-ling?"

"The same as Moby, only more so."

"You don't like him?"

"I think he's poisonous," averred the girl with unnecessary vigor.

"That's good," commented the magnate complacently. "What I mean is I wouldn't want you should like him too much, darr-ling. It's up to Moby to handle him right. We can work it out with him, I guess." It was no part of the cunning magnate's idea to substitute some handsome and expert leading man whom his star might find attractive.

"Just as you say, Bwana," sighed the director. "But I hate to think what'll happen in that rescue scene."

"Where he swims out and brings her to shore?"

"Yes. Here she falls out of the canoe. We'll handle her like she was a sack of coal and he a longshoreman. Use no hooks."

"Will it be safe? Can you swim, darr-ling?"

"Of course."

A. Leon began to gloom with thought. Recognizing the symptoms, Moby signaled the others for silence. Presently the great man sprang to his feet, whirling his arms in one of those spasmodic inspirations to which he was subject.

"I got it," he vociferated. "I got it. If we put this rescue scene through regular rehearsal, it'll be a flop. Here's my idea."

"Just a minute, Bwana," Moby got out a pencil and poised it.

"Shoot."

"Miss Van Stratten," explicated the mastermind, "lets fall a remark before Mr. Sayles that she can't swim. See?"

"Yes," assented the two listeners, the girl dubiously, the director reverently.

"All right. You can't swim. Now, here's my big idea. A stoo-pendous idea, if I do say it. We'll get him up on that bluff below the house. That's your job, Moby. Miss Van Stratten comes paddling along, carefree and singing blithely as in the script." (He had taken a moment to consult it.) "She sees him. Now; drammer! 'Yoo-hoo! Mister Sayles!' Up she jumps, and over she goes. What can he do? He's gotta make a play to save her, ain't he?"

"I wouldn't trust him," asserted Marne. "He'd probably be glad to see me drown."

"I'll be there, watching, darr-ling," A. Leon assured her.

"Besides, how can you drown when you swim like a fish?" argued Moby.

"Sh-sh-sh-sh!" warned the devisor of the Ideal Stoo-pendous. "He might be listening. You get it, don't you? We'll have a camera planted where he can't see it. And there's your rescue scene."

"Great, Bwana! Splendid!" acclaimed Moby. "There's a bunch of willows on the shore that we can shoot from."

"I'll bet it'll flivver if it depends on Templeton Sayles," was Marne's uncomplimentary opinion.

"Leave it to me," said A. Leon grandly.



After the discharge from household duties on a pension so large that he viewed each successive check with dark suspicion, Glunk established himself as Marne's volunteer bodyguard.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Originals of North American Dog Breeds Wandered to All Corners of the World

It is interesting to learn the first home of the dogs was situated upon this continent. However, the original dogs of North America wandered to all corners of the world. This fact is proven by the records that inform us of the exact number of breeds which reached their present form in the western hemisphere.

Strange as it may sound, writes George Butz in the Philadelphia Inquirer, only seven of the 109 breeds recognized by the American Kennel club, originated in this country, Mexico and Canada. United States can lay claim to the American Foxhound, Chesapeake Bay, and Boston terrier.

Canada's two home-breeds were the Labrador retriever and the Newfoundland, while two unique specimens—Chihuahuas and Mexican hairless dogs—had their nativity in Mexico.

Most dog show spectators are familiar with Foxhounds, Chesapeake Bays, Boston terriers, Labrador retrievers, and Newfoundland, but their curiosity is aroused at the sight of Mexico's contribution to the fancy, namely—Mexican Hairless dogs and Chihuahuas.

The Hairless dog is a terrier sized specimen without the semblance of coat. A close-up view of this strange dog shows it to have a liver spotted skin covering its body. Despite the fact, bald Hairless almost borders upon being a freak canine, the most interesting of the two is the tiny Chihuahua.

Chihuahuas are amazing because they are so small. Just imagine a dog so diminutive that it can fit in your coat pocket or at home in Milady's slipper.

It is hard to believe, a dog weighing a pound can endure the rigors of a much larger canine cousin. The Chihuahua does not tire as one might imagine.

A National Archives Building

The erection of a National Archives building was first proposed by President Hayes in 1877. On December 10, in a special message to congress, he called attention to recent fires in government buildings which had destroyed or imperiled important public records, and recommended as a means "for securing these valuable archives" the "erection of a fireproof hall of records."

# WHAT to EAT and WHY

## C. Houston Goudiss Offers New Year's Resolutions Concerning Foods and Nutrition. Suggests How to Help Make Your Family Healthier and Happier

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

IT HAS been customary for a long time to mark the beginning of a new year with the ringing of bells, with merry-making, and with the hope expressed to one's friends that they will enjoy greater health, happiness and prosperity in the forthcoming twelve months.

Though greetings are usually exchanged in a spirit of gaiety, the occasion frequently does, as indeed it should, have an undercurrent of solemnity. For it is quite fitting that we should view the close of one year and the beginning of another as both an Ending and a Beginning, even though we recognize that life goes along in an unbroken stream.



The magic hour of midnight may well mark the end of certain of our mistakes, and the beginning of greater wisdom in acting, thinking, and living.

It seems to me that the week in which we celebrate New Year's is a particularly appropriate time for mothers to resolve to take stock of the program of daily living that they have outlined for their families; and if necessary, to alter it so that every member may gain a more generous share of well-being and contentment.

### Questions for a Homemaker

I believe that every homemaker owes it to her family to pause for a few moments at this season to look backwards along the road that she and her family have traveled in recent months.

Have you taken advantage of the knowledge offered by modern nutritional science? Can you conscientiously say with conviction that you have given your husband and children all the different food elements that are necessary for buoyant, radiant health?

If you have grown as you should in the past year . . . and no homemaker who is doing a really first class job ever remains static; she moves with the times . . . then it is inevitable that there has been a gradual change in the character of the food that you have put on your table three times a day. But can you feel confident those meals have been right in every respect? Have they included the necessary protein, fats, carbohydrates? Have they included at least 12 minerals; the six known vitamins; and sufficient bulk or cellulose to help maintain regular health habits?

### Time to Take Inventory

Do not be too discouraged if you cannot answer yes to all of these questions, because the chances are that many other homemakers

what they eat today, for there never was a truer statement than that man is what he eats. And that does not mean that physical prowess and mental superiority may result only when the table is set with luxuries! On the contrary, malnutrition, which means not necessarily under-nutrition but improper nutrition, is found in the homes of the wealthy as well as in the homes of the underprivileged. The power of food is determined, not so much by what you spend, as by what you choose.

One need not spend a great deal for food to provide the milk and other dairy products, fruits and vegetables that should be consumed in abundance. There is always evaporated milk for those who do not care to buy bottled milk, or who prefer to use it as a supplement to bottled milk. And since large numbers of fruits and vegetables are now in season practically throughout the year, it is almost always possible to choose varieties of these mineral- and vitamin-bearing foods that are inexpensively priced.

### Be It Resolved:

I should, therefore, like to urge every homemaker to make at least one New Year's resolution: to resolve that she will build her family diet in 1939 first of all around the protective foods, milk, eggs, fruits and vegetables.

It will be my privilege each week to help interpret for you the amazing discoveries of nutritional science; and to show how you can utilize the newer knowledge of nutrition to help increase the mental and physical efficiency of your family.

Together then, let us resolve to travel along the highroad of well-being in 1939.

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## They're New and Different!

EACH of these new designs is a treasure trove of clever ideas. You'll enjoy making them, during long winter evenings to come, not only because they're so attractive when finished but because they're no trouble at all to do. Each pattern includes a detailed sew chart for the guidance of beginners, so you don't need experience. Just follow the easy, explicit directions, and see how quickly you'll have them finished.

### Five-in-One-Dress Fashion.

Just look at the different personalities this smart dress has—and every one of them is charming! You can make it as shown in the large sketch, with high neckline and sash. Also, as shown in the little sketches, either with a round collar or with turnback revers, with shawl collar and wrap-around sash—or with high neckline, and beltless. The basic line is lovely. It has shrugged-shoulder sleeves, a softly gathered bod-



## Lacy Daintiness in Jiffy Knit



Pattern 6188.

Something different—something dainty as a cobweb—to make for baby—this jiffy-knit jacket and coverlet. Done on large needles the jacket is in one piece—all straight edges—with just side seams. Both it and the coverlet are lined with soft georgette! Pat-

tern 6188 contains instructions for making the jacket and cover; illustrations of them and of stitches; materials needed; photograph of material.

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

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

### Don't Do That!

A New Hampshire law says that when two motor cars meet at an intersection, each must wait for the other to pass.

A Seattle, Wash., ordinance says that it is unlawful for any person to use water during a fire.

Egypt, Ill., makes it illegal to advance clocks or watches without a written permit.

In River Forest, Ill., you can't keep any bear, lion, wildcat, orang utan, chimpanzee, tiger or poisonous reptile.—Dick Hyman in "It's the Law," in the American Magazine.

ice, a doll-waistline cut high in the front, and a slim-hipped skirt. Silk crepe, velvet, thin wool or print are pretty materials for this.

### Four-in-One Closet Set.

A laundry bag, combing cape, hanger cover and a pair of pretty slippers comprise this gay closet set that you'll like as well for its looks as its usefulness. Make them of chintz, cretonne, sateen or calico, in the gayest colors and prettiest patterns you can find.

### The Patterns.

No. 1597 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. With short sleeves, dress without collar or belt requires 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch material. With long sleeves, 4 1/2 yards. Specific requirements for collars, revers and belts appear on your pattern.

No. 1644 comes in one size—medium. Cape requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material; 4 1/4 yards of binding; 1 1/4 yards ribbon for bows. Hanger requires 1/2 yard of 36-inch material, with 2 1/4 yards binding. Bag requires 1 yard, with 4 1/4 yards binding. Slippers require 1/2 yard, and 1/2 yard more to line. Purchase the soles and pompoms.

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.

# Are Women Better Shoppers Than Men?

GRANTING a woman's reputation for wise buying, let's trace the methods by which she has earned it. Where does she find out about the advantages and details of electric refrigeration? What tells her how to keep the whole household clean—rugs, floors, bathroom tiling—and have energy left over for golf and parties? How does she learn about new and delicious entrees and desserts that surprise and delight her family? And where does she discover those subtleties of dress and make-up that a man appreciates but never understands? Why, she reads the advertisements. She is a consistent, thoughtful reader of advertisements, because she has found that she can believe them—and profit thereby. Overlooking the advertisements would be depriving herself of data continuously useful in her job of Purchasing Agent to the Family.

For that matter, watch a wise man buy a car or a suit or an insurance policy. Not a bad shopper himself! He reads the advertisements, too!