

Banner Serial Fiction

# MAIDEN EFFORT

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER VI—Continued

His leisure moments Glunk devoted to staring at the sky with an expression of doubt and apprehension. Once Marne caught him performing what seemed to be some sort of propitiatory rite to unseen gods, presumably of the weather. Between observations he would retire to a small work-shed attached to the mansion, to tinker with an ancient and decrepit flat-boat which he had dragged up, derelict, from the lake. There was plenty of weather for his observations. All the Finger Lakes region had for a month covered under a pall of weepy, gray clouds. The normally peaceful little creek which crooked a protective elbow around Holmesholm before emptying into the lake, was a brawling torrent, and the dry ravine on the other side of the house now hardly controlled a boisterous stream. Marne repeated Moby Dickstein's despairing query to Glunk.

"Doesn't it ever clear up? I'm getting bored with it."

With Marne the monster occasionally became quite loquacious. He now burst into consecutive speech.

"Rain," he chattered. "Plenty rain. Mo' rain. Tomorrow, mebbe sun. Mebbe two day. Mebbe three. Rain again." He swept a long, anxious look around the dull horizon and drew his head in between his shoulders like a threatened turtle. "Too much rain. Bad place," he announced.

"I think it's a lovely place, if it weren't so wet."

Glunk produced his week's check. "You get mon?" he requested confidently.

She nodded. Nobody else would the creature trust in his financial dealings, and each time that Marne produced cash for his bit of paper, he gazed upon her with the worshipful awe due to a worker of miracles.

"What do you do with all your money, Glunk?"

"Whusshh." He pressed his hairy, great hand over his lips, then removed it to exhibit his three-fanged smile. "You come," he invited, after spying about to assure himself that there was no one within watching distance.

Roundabout, threading between barns and outhouses, stopping to stare and mumble at the brawling creek, he led her by a devious route back to a vine-swathed, wooden structure behind the house, sheltering a long disused well. Darting to his work-shed, he reappeared with a flashlight which he directed into the well-mouth.

"You keep it down there?"

"Urgck."

"That's very clever of you." Grinning, he indicated a cavity, some eight feet down, formed by the displacement of a stone. This, she was given to understand, was his bank. He seemed enormously pleased with it.

"Well, I wouldn't want to go down there," the girl decided. "I don't believe it's safe. Those walls look bulgy to me."

Again the hoarder hunched his shoulders. "Too much rain," he growled uneasily.

True to his prophecy, however, the sun blazed forth on the following morning and chased all the loitering clouds from the sky. It was the perfect opportunity for the canoe test. To be sure, A. Leon Snyder was away for the day, but Moby Dickstein did not dare wait further upon the capricious weather. The first step was to get his leading man to the low bluff overlooking the lake. To one of Moby's diplomatic attainments, this was easy. The pretense was that he needed expert advice in working out some detail of topography. Kelsey made no demur.

Everything, the director fondly decided, was perfect. Below the cliff the waters went off very sheer to a depth of several feet. For a skilled swimmer in a hurry, as Moby anticipated that the hero would be, a dive from the summit into safe water would be quite feasible. Or he might elect to slide down the little precipice and plunge from the thin edge of shore. Either way would suit Moby. All that was now needed was Miss Van Stratzen.

Prompt to the assigned minute, she appeared around the bend, clad in a most becoming bathing suit and propelling the small canoe with strong, easy strokes. As an added feature, not figured in the director's calculations, the faithful Glunk floundered along the beach, now in, now out of the water, and keeping as nearly abreast as possible. However, that did not matter at the moment. All was set.

Exactly opposite the spot where Moby Dickstein and his leading man were engaged in topographical conference and the masked camera waited below for its prey, the canoe paused and drifted, some thirty yards offshore. The occupant lifted her head.

"Yoo-hoo! Moby!" She waved her paddle.

"Steady, there," warned Moby as per agreement.

"I'm getting all cramped," she complained, and stood up. "Siddown!" yelled the director in well simulated alarm, as the craft wobbled and canted.

"I'm all right," she called gayly, and to prove it waved the paddle above her head.

"Migawd! She'll be over in a minute."

She was. For an uncertain moment she struggled for balance. Then, with a shriek which commanded Moby's professional admiration, she plunged. The canoe swerved aside. The waters boiled. A face rose, dripping and gasping. "Help! Help!" The appeal rent the air. She sank again and again appeared, bubbling.

Moby Dickstein beat his breast. "Get her, somebody," he wailed. "I can't swim."

"All right," snapped Kelsey.

In one movement he had shucked his coat and measured the distance for a dive. With a covert grin of satisfaction the director marked the progress of the strategy devised by his boss. The grin disappeared as the progress halted inexplicably. He

sputtering. "I've been thinking you over. Would you like to know what I think of you?"

"Get it off your mind if you feel you must."

"I think you're a coward." I've tried to be decent to you, but now I'm through. I've known all the time that you were a big bluff. But you're so much worse than I ever dreamed that—that—"

"Don't try to finish it. You'll only spoil the effect."

"Nothing could have an effect upon your sort."

"There you misjudge me. I'm really a sensitive soul. Some day," he finished sadly, "you will realize how you have wounded me. But it may then be too late."

"You don't mean it's likely to prove fatal?" she asked hopefully.

"It might. You don't realize your own power. I'm going home now to weep on my pillow."

Before she could think of the answer to that one he had disappeared in the brush.

The tramp steamer, Andreas A. Onderdonk, bound for Central Amer-

ica who had been cast for the role of gallant rescuer seemed to have undergone a change of spirit. Instead of taking a photograph header, he stood, peering toward the spot where the water was still in turmoil with an expression which, at first observant, became suspicious, and finally cynical.

"Help! Hel-l-l-l!"

To Moby's attuned ear, a note of exasperation had crept into the appeal. And the supposed hero of the crisis? To his director's unutterable indignation, he sat down comfortably and dangled his legs over the edge of the void through which his devoted body should have been hurtling.

"Whats matter?" yelled Moby. "Nothing."

"Ain't you goin' after her?"

"Not today," answered the placid hero.

"What in hell's bitin' you?"

"Don't want to get my feet wet," explained Kelsey.

Out in the lake Marne was doing a very creditable job of drowning, but getting a little bored with it. Coming up for the third (and she hoped it would be the last) time, she heard a roar of terror and dismay in a voice strangely unlike that of Templeton Sayles, Esq.

Glunk to the rescue!

A fountain of foam marked his heroic progress. He covered the distance at a speed which even the expert Kelsey could hardly have bettered. Arriving at the spot, he fixed a mighty grip upon the first portion of Marne's anatomy to present itself. Unfortunately this chanced to be an ankle. Consequently her passage to the safety of the beach was mainly sub-surface. She arrived in a mood for murder.

Beaming and fawning, Glunk set her on her feet and aided her, as best he could to recover herself. After an interval of strangling she lifted her eyes and beheld the suppositious hero of the recent scene. Nobody else was in sight. The cameraman had lost interest in the event from the moment when the apparition of the impromptu lifesaver impinged upon the sensitive lens. As a stooge for the leading man, Glunk, full-face, lacked plausibility. With his unerring sense of expediency, Moby Dickstein had also decided to fade away. In all the smiling landscape, the only foil for Marne's righteous resentment was the young man now swinging nonchalant legs above her. To make matters worse, he was lighting a cigarette.

"All right now?" he asked kindly.

"You!" She tried for an effect of lightning scorn, but impaired it by

"Miss Van Stratzen? Oh, yes, indeed! She's the new star. A New York society girl. You don't happen to know her, do you?"

"No, I'm not interested in her. It's the picture I'd like to know about."

"You might find something in one of these."

Several trade papers, having to do with the Hollywood industry were put into his hands. He seated himself at a table and looked them over with a languid eye, which was suddenly fixed in a fishy stare. Holding up one of the publications, he rose and advanced upon his informant, his finger glued to a paragraph, his face contorted into an expression which alarmed the librarian equally for his mental state and her physical safety.

He thrust the publication at her. "You read this. I'm not sure I get it right. This. Right here. Read it to me."

"Please sit down," she said in what she hoped were soothing accents. "Is this it? Very well." She began: "The new Purity Pictures production, Maiden Effort, from the prize-winning novel by Templeton Sayles, will be under the personal supervision of A. Leon Snyder—"

"Wait a minute, please. Who did it say it was by?"

"Templeton Sayles. Do you know him?"

"I am Templeton Sayles."

"You!" ejaculated the lady librarian. "Oh, gosh!"

"Exactly," said Martin Holmes-Sayles.

"It says here that Templeton Sayles is cast to play leading man opposite Miss Van Stratzen."

"Malden Featherston?"

"That's it."

"Then it's my story, all right."

She frowned. "But they're taking the picture now, so this says. How can that be if you're Mr. Templeton Sayles?"

"That's what I'm going to find out," said he grimly. "By the next train north. Good-by, and thank you."

CHAPTER VII

Small satisfaction did Marne get out of her ally, Miss Glamour, when she sought sympathy in her grievance against Templeton Sayles, Esq. Gloria's opinion was definite but not soothing.

"You would take his side."

"Don't get sore just because he outsmarted you."

"I believe you like him," accused the disgusted Marne.

"Sure, I like him. Probably not as much as you do."

"You can have him. With my blessing."

"On the level, kid, why have you got such a down on Tempy?"

"I can't stand the lady-killer type."

"Where do you get your slant on him?"

"From that awful stuff he wrote about himself."

"You know darn well that's all fake."

"Of course it is. But it shows his character. That's the sort he'd like to be if he could. I'll bet," she concluded viciously. "He boasts about women to other men in smoking rooms."

"You've got him different from what I have," commented the beauty girl thoughtfully. "I wouldn't hold up the Sayles Saga stuff against him."

"Because you don't understand," was the impatient response. "You never studied psychology, did you?"

To Marne's surprise the other answered readily. "Sure. Sophomore year, when I was Miss University of East Idaho."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Few Household Chores Worry Japanese Women; Little Time Spent in Cooking

A minimum of time and labor is required to get the Japanese family started every morning. Bed quilts are rolled up and put away in a closet. Chopsticks and bowls are rinsed out in either hot or cold water and left to dry, says the National Geographic magazine. Even the daily cooking takes little time. Fish and rice are the staples. Fish is often eaten raw, and rice may be cooked at any time and set aside in a wooden tub to be served cold. Vegetables are few. Peas are cooked in the pod, and the big white carrots and cabbages are pickled.

Other household duties are quickly done. Except among the well-to-do, the general custom of going to public baths and buying ready-made clothing frees the women from many hours of housework. The cotton kimonos are washed out and hung to dry on poles run through the sleeves. Stretching on the pole is the only ironing necessary.

The country woman, after giving the family a quick breakfast of rice, pickles and hot tea, ties the baby on her back and makes for the fields. With kimono tucked up, she engages in any kind of farm labor.

Sometimes she works alone, more often side by side with husband or son. In the spring she hoes or weeds, transplants the young rice, or cuts the winter wheat. In autumn she moves with bent back down the field with a sickle, helping menfolk cut and thresh the rice—the major crop of Japan. Two farm jobs seem exclusively hers—the picking of tea leaves and the tending of silkworms.

Was Soldier of Three Wars  
Winfield Scott was born in Virginia, June 13, 1786. As a lieutenant colonel during the War of 1812 he was taken prisoner in the battle of Queenstown Heights; in a few months he was exchanged. In 1814, a brigadier general, he defeated the British in the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. He commanded the army which invaded Mexico in 1847 and fought its way into the capital. Though a Southerner by birth, he remained at the head of the United States army as commander in chief at the outbreak of the Civil war, serving until November 1, 1861, when he retired at the age of seventy-five.



## WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK. — Once, at an ally's end in Guayaquil, this reporter then young and indiscreet, became involved in an argument with certain of

Medics K. O. Ill Will and Fever in S. A.

the native citizenry, who insisted that North Americans ate only dog meat. Your correspondent knew only enough Spanish to get him into trouble, and was using it diligently to that end when Dr. Robert Entwistle, once of Philadelphia, later a student and practitioner of tropical medicine along the west coast fever ports, appeared. He calmed the excitement and saved his countryman much embarrassment and possibly a broken head. It was like magic, the way he piped everybody down. They loved and trusted him and he was their authority on everything from international relations to beri-beri.

So, today, it seemed almost like old news to read in a dispatch from Lima that it was an American doctor and not a statesman, who, possibly more than any other man, has induced respect and good will for this country, down around and below the equator. With a number of other American doctors, Dr. John D. Long, of the United States Public Health service, has been carrying on a fight against the bubonic plague, malaria, chagres fever and other tropical curses in Ecuador, Brazil, Peru, Chile and other countries. He holds decorations from half a dozen South American countries. He and his colleagues have served only in response to specific requests for their services, and the sum of their efforts has been to allay ill will, dispel prejudice and misunderstanding and promote friendly relations.

Doctor Long, 64 years old, quiet, precise, unassuming, is a typical American professional man, whose home town was Mt. Pleasant, Pa. After his graduation from the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, he entered the national public health service, became its assistant surgeon, and, assigned to his profession in his work in sanitation and in fighting disease. In 1926, he was loaned to the Chilean government for a similar encounter there.

In this writer's observation of South American countries, particularized instances of civilized behavior, fair dealing and regard for native traditions and amenities, once the fear of predatory designs had been overcome, were effective where all else failed, including our most eloquent offerings of official friendship.

THE New York aquarium gets three African fish which have high foreheads and bigger brains in proportion to their size than any other creatures

Plan I. Q. Rating below the Rare Fish With Out-Size Brain makes them skittish and doesn't seem to get them anything, although they manage to keep out of aquaria and frying pans. These are the first ever brought to this country.

Dr. Charles M. Breder Jr. plans to go to Africa as soon as possible to check up on their I. Q. The ancient Egyptians revered and protected them, in the belief that their huge brain cavities were inhabited by the souls of departed men. Doctor Breder thinks a study of their intelligence, if any, in relation to their out-size brain, might be enlightening.

Doctor Breder was a boy ichthyologist at Newark, where the family was apt to find the bathtub full of killies and sticklebacks. In his examination for a biologist's job in the fisheries bureau, he confounded his elders and beat out Ph. D. entrants in the competition. He was assistant director of the Aquarium for 14 years and became director a year ago.

Doctor Breder is said to rank all other scientists. He is 40 years old, a fragile, clerical-looking man, with blue eyes and yellow hair. But his appearance is deceptive. On the Richard Oglesby Marsh expedition, to the Chucunaque river country in southern Panama, in 1924, in which Dr. J. L. Baer of the Smithsonian institution lost his life, Doctor Breder came through swimmingly, with no chagres fever or beri-beri and a brand new fish. Its name, Rivulus Chucunaque Breder, is in 8-pt. body type, five-sixteenths of an inch longer than the fish.

## Indoor and Outdoor Ideas



very becoming. All in all, this dress fits so well and looks so well that you should have it in flat crepe or polka dot print as well as in tubfast cottons like calico, percale, gingham and linen.

The Patterns.  
No. 1652 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. With long sleeves, size 38 requires 4 3/4 yards of 35-inch material; with short sleeves, 4 1/2 yards; 2 3/4 yards of edging.

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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.

## QUESTION

You never seem to have a cold, Ethel.

## ANSWER

Perhaps I'm just lucky. But I always use Luden's at the first sign. They contain an alkaline factor, you know.

## LUDEN'S 5¢ MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

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He is rich whose income is more than his expenses; and he is poor whose expenses exceed his income.—Bruyere.

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Let Down by Success  
Success has brought many to destruction.—Phaedrus.



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