

Banner Serial Fiction

MAIDEN EFFORT

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Then do you remember about wish-fulfillment?" asked Marne.

"Yup. They used to call it a plain lie when I was a kid, and sock you on the ear for it. Now you can get away with any kind of bunk and they say, 'Oh, that's O. K. Just wish-fulfillment.' Pretty soft."

"But don't you see, Gloria? That stuff that's at the back of your mind is your real self, the way you want to be. It'll all come out if it gets a chance. Templeton Sayles would like to be the Great Lover. As he hasn't got the equipment, he's just the Great Show-off. He imagines himself getting a medal for life-saving heroism, but when the show-down comes, what does the hero do? Sits on the shore and lets me drown."

"Say, wait a minute," objected Gloria. "According to your prospectus, if he wishes he was a hero, then he really is one, innade."

"Well, he isn't," snipped Marne. "He's a coward."

"Coward, huh? Well, I'd like to get his angle on that."

"Do. But you needn't tell me. Not interested."

"All right; I will, I mean, I won't. I mean, I will ask him but I won't tell you unless you come for it."

She did. She got Kelsey aside. "What's the big idea, young fellow-lad?"

"About what?"

"Marne. Letting her pretty near drown. Why not the gallant rescue act?"

The subject of the inquiry settled his perfectly folding white coat across his shoulders, smoothed out an imaginary wrinkle or two, and pivoted slowly before the intent eyes of his questioner.

"What do you think of me?"

"You're all right."

"Like this suit?"

"Very snappy."

"Now Gloria, I want you to listen intently. This is important."

Moby couldn't understand it. Or rather, he suspected that she didn't understand.

"You don't know what a swell guy A. Leon is if he likes you," he urged. "You got the game right in your hands."

"But I don't play that game. Moby."

"But this is different," he argued with a pathetic resolution to make her see the light. "You're practically engaged to him."

"It's news to me."

"If you ain't, you're goin' to be. Practically," he repeated. "I happen to know."

"That's a thrill," she admitted politely. "Even so, it's regarded as unconventional to ask week-ending with your fiancé. Ask Dorothy Dix if you don't believe me."

"I just don't get you," he lamented. "You're turnin' down the trip? Is that on the level?"

"I'm afraid it is, Moby."

Moby Dickstein's chin declined upon his breast. It was plain that Melancholy had marked him for her own. "What am I goin' to tell the Big Fella?" he mourned.

"Don't tell him anything. Let him find out."

"Maybe that's the best way," he sighed. "Anyhow, it'll hold our jobs a little longer. And every day is money in this business. Well, let's get down to cases. Are you set for the canoe race tomorrow?"

"What's that?"

"We're goin' to shoot that sequence. You and Sayles, paddling double."

"You'd better tie a life-preserver around him," snipped Marne. "He might fall overboard and catch his death of cold."

"Don't get sore, baby," grinned Moby.

If Marne refrained from any open exhibition of soreness, when the time came for the test, she was at least painfully dignified upon meeting her hero at the landing. No blush of shame mantled his ingenuous brow. He was, in fact, disgustingly jaunty.

Convoiced by a camera-bearing boat, they set out. Marne was bow-paddle. This enabled her to present the back of an uncompromising neck to her shipmate. He endured it with silent composure until they came opposite the fateful bluff. There he dug his blade deep and checked their progress.

"This ought to be about it," he reckoned.

"Hey!" protested the cameraman. "The script don't call for a stop here."

"I'm interpolating a touch of dialogue," explained Kelsey.

"Not with me, if you don't mind," said Marne.

"That," answered Kelsey with a carefully cultivated smugness which would have roused a tadpole to fury, "rests between you and your conscience. And may the best man win," he concluded piously.

"All right. I'll say I'm sorry," stated the girl with an effect of repressed mania. "I'm sorry I ever have to see eyes on you. I'm sorry to breathe the same air that you do. I'm ashamed to live in the same world with you. If you want to know what I think of you and always have thought and there's only one word for it. Templeton Sayles, you're a louse."

"Hi!" It was Moby Dickstein's voice, lifted in pained protest from the contiguous shore. "Is this a picture or a conference?"

"It isn't a picture," shouted back the infuriated Marne. "Not any more. I'm through. Take me in or I'll walk in," she finished savagely, addressing her shipmate.

Followed by the irate cameraman and paced by Moby Dickstein, tearing his hair, Kelsey paddled back to the little dock. His only contribution to the amenities of the occasion was when he politely undertook to help her out. (Offer rejected.)

Undismayed he waved her a gallant adieu. "Your apology," he informed her, "is accepted in the spirit in which it was offered."

Marne fled to her room and did something that she had not done since childhood. She wept with rage.

CHAPTER VIII

"Whut-whut-whut - whut - whut!" rapid-fired A. Leon Snyderdacker into the concerned face of his First Assistant. The genius of Purity Pictures, Inc. had returned from another highly unsuccessful attempt to impress Hollywood, with a heartfelt of amorous hopes only to have them dashed by Moby's report of no progress.

"Nothing doing, Bwana. I used tact, but she isn't having any. She won't go."

"Won't go? Won't go? What'd you mean, she won't go? Whadda you know about women?"

"Now, Bwana—"

"Don't you Bwana me. You're a bum."

"If you'd just listen—"

"You're fired."

"All right, Bwana," Moby Dickstein accepted it meekly. He had been through it before. More than once.

"Your middle name's Diplomacy!" snorted the Big Boss with searing scorn. "What did you say to her?"

"I tried her out about the week-end trip."

"Well? Wha'd she say?"

"I hate to tell you, Bwana, but she didn't seem interested."

"Not interested, huh? Not interested. In a chance like that. What's the matter of her? Who's she think she is? Who's she think I am? Who'd you think you are?"

"To this burst of indignant rhetoric Moby responded only with a feeble, 'Steady on, Bwana.'"

"Yeah! Steady on. I'm paying you three hundred a week to tell me to steady on. I'll show her."

A. Leon waved wild arms in the air, rushed across to the mantel, snatched an antique vase from it and dashed it to fragments against the wall. "There!" said he with an air of satisfaction worthily achieved.

Moby Dickstein gazed longingly at the angle of his employer's jaw, and doubled a wishful fist behind him. But three hundred a week is three hundred a week, and he had long been promised a raise. So he said merely,

"All right, Bwana."

"All right is right," A. Leon became calm, portentously calm. "I ought to have known better than to let a bum like you handle this. I'll attend to it myself."

"Certainly, Bwana."

Moby was no longer fired. This also had happened before, more than once. ("And I hope she chews a hole in your neck," he breathed to himself.) He set about gathering up the fragments of porcelain. This, too, was not without precedent. The Great Man now became superior and patronizing.

"If you want a thing done right, do it yourself. This was too delicate a job for you, my boy. With these high-toned ones you got to watch your step every minute. What did she say, exactly?"

"She sort of let on she wasn't that kind of gal. Mebbe she ain't," added the factotum with a cynical air.

"And mebbe she is. That's where knowing how to make your play comes in."

"Well, I guess you can find out if anybody can, Bwana," purred Moby. (And that ought to be worth something, he figured.)

"And that's where the solitaire comes in. What did she say about the solitaire?"

"I didn't get that far," confessed the other. "Besides, I said to myself, 'Bwana's the boy to put that over.'"

"Sure. Sure!" Nevertheless the magnate did not seem wholly at ease in his mind. "You don't think there's anyone else, do you? Not this Sayles, Esq.?"

"Sa-a-a-a-ay! The job I've had tryin' to get her even to rehearse with him these last few days! He's just onion-juice to her. And is he a lousy actor. Kay-rymus!"

"That's up to you as director," returned his chief impatiently. "We got to keep him on for the advertising value. That'll be all for now. Tell Miss Van Stratten that I will see her in my private office in half an hour."

Trim, calm and slim, the girl answered the summons, some twenty-five minutes late, to the ill-controlled irritation of Mr. Snyderdacker. But, in spite of himself, he was impressed. There was about his star an unconscious assumption of privilege which set him at a disadvantage. This he accepted as the mark of Class. He addressed her with an air of benignity.

"Well, darr-ling. This life certainly agrees with you."

"I like it."

"Didn't I tell you you would, dar-ling? Er—uh—Moby Dickstein tells me you're dated up this week-end."

"That's just Moby's tactful way of putting it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

United States Has Grown to Greatest Dairying Nation; Has 25,000,000 Cows

In fewer than 50 years the production and use of milk have increased so rapidly in the United States that America has become the greatest dairying nation, according to Milk Facts, a booklet issued by the Milk Industry foundation.

About 25,000,000 cows are milked every day on three-quarters of the country's 6,000,000 farms, the booklet says, and some 30,000,000 bottles of milk are delivered to American doorsteps every morning.

The nation's yearly supply of milk reaches the astronomical total of 48,777,000,000 quarts, according to Milk Facts, and 250,000 Americans earn their living by processing and delivering dairy products. Just to maintain its delivery system the industry must purchase around 350,000,000 new bottles each year.

Milk is far and away the largest single item in the total of American cash farm income. Milk dropped \$1,530,000,000 into the pockets of American farmers last year, while cattle and calves, the next best "crop," brought in only \$987,000,000. The \$234,000,000 corn crop was small potatoes by comparison, while the potatoes themselves coaxed only \$198,000,000 from the consuming public.

New York state, with \$145,556,000 cash income from milk last year, was second to Wisconsin, whose farmers rang up \$168,255,000 on their theoretical cash register. United States citizens, according to the

booklet, are second only to the Swiss people as consumers of fluid milk. Americans drink it at the annual rate of 153 quarts per capita, while the average Swiss citizen gets away with 232 quarts in a year.

Lion Dog of China Name Given to the Pekinese

The Pekinese was known for hundreds of years as the lion dog of China. He is to be seen in paintings, ceramics, bronzes, and richly colored textiles, adorning fans and boxes and gongs. He is an artistic inspiration, a symbol of religion and rule, an animal revered in the Purple Forbidden city even more than the sacred cat in ancient Egypt.

We can conceive no resemblance between a Pekinese and a lion, observes a writer in the Chambers' Journal. Such a conception seems absurd. It is absurd except to the imaginative mind of the Chinese, who, anxious to confer every possible and impossible honor upon that dog, went so far as to associate him with the king of beasts.

Pekinese dogs lived in the Forbidden city. Eunuchs fed, washed and exercised them.

It was at one time the custom in China to kill unwanted female babies, and some of the unfortunate mothers were compelled to suckle Pekinese puppies. Is it mere fancy that makes many lovers of that breed claim to see something human in the Pekinese?

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Suggests the Part Played by Diet In Helping to Prevent the Common Cold

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

STATISTICS compiled over a period of years indicate that during the months of January and February, the number of colds and other respiratory infections continually mounts. Usually a peak is reached in late February or early March. It is during the next eight or ten weeks, therefore, that, in the light of past experience, more adults will lose time from their work and more children will be absent from school, as a result of colds, than at any other period during the year.

The Tremendous Cost of Colds

It has been estimated that colds cost the United States more than a billion dollars a year. That figure, of course, is only an estimate. It merely attempts to gauge the dollars and cents lost in wages; and in the money spent in an effort to overcome colds. It does not take into account the discomforts that may be caused by this common complaint. Nor does it allow for the possible after-effects of a neglected cold.



one which encourages greater health and longevity, it is a program which all forward-looking homemakers should put into effect for their families.

Helping to Build Resistance

Such a program should include proper food, normal elimination, adequate exercise and sufficient rest and sleep so as to avoid fatigue. Just as food plays an important part in helping to promote growth, maintain health and increase the chances for longevity, so does it have a stellar role in the battle to prevent colds.

The Right Food a Strong Weapon

The well balanced diet, as I have previously stated, is one that is built, first of all, upon a firm foundation of the protective foods—milk, eggs, fresh fruits and vegetables. These are the foods that are richest in minerals and vitamins—substances which help to regulate body processes and help to guard against deficiency diseases.

There should be adequate protein to allow for the demands of growth and to help repair worn-out body tissue. There should be enough bulk or cellulose to help promote normal elimination. And there should be a sufficient amount of water and other fluids; for water flushes the countless channels of physical existence, as it passes from the body through the lungs and kidneys, as well as through the skin and the large intestine.

Significance of Vitamin A

Nutrition authorities are frequently asked, "Is there any specific food substance that may be said to be particularly helpful in preventing colds?" or "Is it true that vitamin A is especially valuable in combating colds?"

Here is one answer to both questions: scientists have found evidence that vitamin A, which occurs most abundantly in milk and other dairy products, and in green, leafy and yellow vegetables, helps to keep the epithelial cells of the mucous membranes in good condition, so that the natural defenses are preserved.

One of our outstanding nutrition authorities has gone on record as saying that in his opinion, at least four times the amount of vitamin A required for apparent health may bring a good return in health protection.

It is important to remember,

however, that the best single piece of advice that can be given regarding diet is to eat moderately of well balanced meals.

Don't Overeat

In addition to partaking adequately of the protective foods, those who are endeavoring to plan a program of living that will help to prevent the common cold should likewise guard against overeating.

One should also do everything possible to avoid coming in direct contact with persons who have colds.

Through a routine of correct eating and sound habits of hygiene, the homemaker can go a long way toward helping her family to prevent colds. Remember that here, especially, an ounce of prevention is worth perhaps more than a pound of cure!

Questions Answered

Mrs. L. A. C.—No, it is not essential to include an egg in the school child's breakfast, provided he receives an egg in some form during the day. An ample, and easily digested breakfast might include fruit, cereal with milk, toast and milk to drink.

Miss C. M.—Yes, it is true that molasses contains calcium. The amount in a tablespoon and a half has been compared to the amount of this mineral which can be obtained from one and one half cups of diced carrots.

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ANSWER

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having the aprons right now, too, when you serve refreshments to your club. This set is a nice party prize, and a gift idea for your friends who are brides-to-be. It includes two practical pinafore styles, both made so that they cannot slip off your shoulders when you have your hands in the dish water. Also, a sweet little linen, percale or dotted Swiss.

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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.

Powers of the House

The house of representatives alone can vote impeachment and prosecute the trial of an impeached official. It alone can initiate bills for raising revenue, though such measures are frequently greatly altered by the senate. In case of a failure of a presidential election to give a majority of electors for one person, the house of representatives is empowered to elect the President by ballot, each state casting one ballot. During the early history of congress, the house of representatives appeared to be the more important body and membership in it was preferred to the senate. Gradually the senate became the most important body, and the influence of senator exceeded in

Three Pretty Aprons

Make this dainty, useful set of aprons now, and have it ready when spring weather arrives and people begin to drive up unexpectedly for meals. You'll enjoy