## MAIDENEEEDDI

#### By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

O SAMUEL HOPEINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF 'IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

Gloria protested. She implored. She stormed. She wept. He had

CHAPTER X-Continued

Moby looked troubled. "I don't get it. I don't get either of you. He says he's always known you."
"So he has," returned Marne.
"Far be it from me to gum your game, baby," said Moby. "I guess I've been shootin' off my face too much."
"I don't know what you've said, but you might as well finish it. Tell him, Moby."
The Dickstein jaw wobbled. "The whole thing?"
"The whole thing. If you don't, I

whole thing?"

"The whole thing. If you don't, I will. He's a strong, experienced man of the world. He can stand it."

"O-kay, baby. If you want it that way, you get it that way. This gal," he informed the wondering Mr. Morse, "is strictly synthetic. I made her up, myself. Out of the society columns and the Blue Book. Built to specifications. To match the boss' notion of what a debutante—"

"Day-bun-tay." corrected Marne.

"Day-bun-tay," corrected Marne.
"Forget it! Of what a swell young society girl ought to be. She picked the name; I give her credit for that. But it was me that fixed up the family to fit."

Liggy appealed to Marne. "What is he braying about?"

Marne winked shamelessly. "The Van Strattens. Moby's been playing their supposed glories on me like a spotlight."

"The society Van Stratten."

"The society Van Strattens," that gentleman amplified. "The kid hadn't even heard of old Mrs. Marcia Van Stratten, who's a headliner if there ever was one."

Lines of bewilderment corrugated Mr. Morse's candid brow. "What the devil is all this?" he barked, shifting his suspicious gaze from Moby's ingenuous countenance to Marne's subdued grin.

"No, sir. Wouldn't have known whether the old dame was a female mountain climber or an operatic star till I dug her out of the

"Did you tell him that?" Liggy demanded of the girl, "Anyway, how would she know?" pursued Moby charitably. "She be-in' from the sticks somewhere where they don't prob'ly get the New York

papers."
"Did you tell him that, Marne?"
insisted Mr. Morse.

"I'm tellin' you," continued Mo-by, intent upon his theme. "I hand-ed out old Madam Van Stratten neatly done up in blue ribbon. "She's your grandmother," says I to the kid.

A stuttering repetition of the word "Grandmother" was jolted forth from Liggy's numb amazement.

"That's what I said: 'Grandmother. She's your grandmother, like that. 'For the purposes of this picture,' I says. 'No, she ain't,' says the kid."

aunt. A-U-N-T, aunt. Anything strange about that?"

"She told me," began Moby in a faded voice, "that she didn't--"

"I never told you anything ex-cept that Aunt Marcia isn't my grandmother."
"Aunt Marcia! Oh, my sufferin"

tripes," moaned the stricken re-searcher. "And Scoopy Van Strat-ten, the pole playes. You certainly let on you didn't know him. Was that square—I ask you."

"Well, you see, Moby—"
"And him your cousin all the time. Or maybe your uncle."
"I hope not," said Marne cheerfully. "His real name is Stratsky, I believe. He's a social inventor,

"Migawd! What'in I goin' to tell

"Migawd! What'in I goin' to tell
the Big Boss now?"

"You've already told him all he
wants to know, haven't you?"

"And more. I gave him the original Van Stratten build-up. Then I
got soused and told him it was all
the bunk."

The girl's eyes opened wide. She began to laugh. "You told him I was a fake?"

was a fake?"

"That's it. And here you are, the straight goods," lamented the unhappy schemer. "How'm I goin' to hreak that to him?"

"Don't," advised Marne, dimpling. "Life'll be simpler if he doesn't know. Maybe he'll let me alone now."

"What's this about letting you alone?" queried Liggy, frowning. "Where does this Big Boss person figure in your life?"

"If it comes to that," snapped Moby Dickstein, "I don't just figure where you figure."

where you figure. "Then I'll tell you. Miss Van Stratten is going to marry me, Aren't you, Marne?"

"I hate to disappoint you, Liggy, dear, but I'm afraid not."

"Miss Van Stratten," specified Moby, making a valiant effort toward recovery, "is goin' to marry A. Leon Snydacker, President of Purity Pictures, Inc. You ought to read the papers, Big Boy," he added patronizingly. "They ran my story on the buddin' romance all over the place."

"Budding pig's-foot," said Mr. Morse with emotion. "There's noth-ing to that. Is there, sweetie?"

"I'm not going to marry any-body," stated the girl.

"Then I might as well be going," surmised Liggy dolefully.
"Same here. Give me a lift as far as the village?" asked Moby.
"Get in."

"Get in."

"Just a second," requested
Marne. "Nothing about this at
home, you understand, Liggy." He
nodded. "And, Moby, it would be
just as well not to spill anything
more about me to—to the others.
It'd only stir up more complications."

tions."
"O-kay, baby," agreed Moby from
the depths of a shattered spirit.

Self-sufficient though Miss Gloria Glamour was in life's ordinary prob-

"Blackmail, mayhem, and arson,

probably."

"I'll bring the paper to you and you can read it first."

"Nothing and less than nothing doing! Now, you list and give heed to your Uncle Marty, kid. Don't put your John Hancock to anything that lawyer-man hands you, unless you have a lawyer-man of your own to o-kay it."

"You're trying to gum my play," she objected almost tearfully.

"Promise?"

"What a sap I was to tell you

"What a sap I was to tell you about it!"

"What a bigger sap you'd be to go to jail. Promise?"

She looked up at him from under her shining lashes, an effect which had helped her win more than one

"Why should you care whether I go to jail or not?"
"Pass it until later. When I'm surer of the answer. Promise, Gloria?"

Gloria?"
With unexpected meekness she said: "I guess I'll have to."
He promptly kissed her. "You're right, you have to. Now what about Marne?"
"We don't have to say anything about it to her, do we?" she plead-

That "we" did something to his



"I'm not going to marry anybody," she repeated angrily.

lems, she felt the need of moral sup- | moral stamina, so that his tone was port in her enterprise against the purse of A. Leon Snydacker. Con-cerning the righteousness of her plan she suffered no qualms. But she was uncertain about Lawyer Gormine. Victory, as she reviewed

ture,' I says. 'No, she ain't,' says the kid."

Liggy said: "Of course she isn't."

"You're tellin' me! So I says:

'All right; we'll make her your aunt.'"

"She is her aunt."

"She is her aunt."

"She is her aunt."

"She is my aunt," confirmed the girl.

Moby's eyes bulged out: "Wh-wh-who's whose wh-wh-what?" he stutered.

"What's the matter with your brain?" demanded Liggy. "Can't you understand plain English? Mrs. Van Stratten is Miss Van Stratten's aunt. A-U-N-T, aunt. Anything strange about that?"

Gormine. Victory, as she reviewed it, had been too easy to be convincing. She craved an accomplice; anyway, a confidante.

Marne was out of the question It would be just like that queer kid to get sore and block the whole game. After the deal was completed Gloria intended, of course, to confess her unauthorized use of the other's personality and square it by handing over a fair cut of the proceeds. Meantime, the less Marne knew, the better for all concerned. Moby Dickstein? No; Moby was too unreliable. As for Kelsey Hare, he wouldn't do at all. Anyone who would take advantage, as he had, of a friend was not to be trusted. There remained not to be trusted. There remained Martin Holmes. Well, why not?

Martin listened to her recital with astonished amusement. At its close he thought for a long moment, then

"Tut, yourself. What's the idea?"
"It won't do, my child."
"Why won't it do? What's the matter with it?"
"Only naughty little girls blackmail."

mail."
"What d'you mean, blackmail?"
she protested. "Didn't he put over
those leaky contracts on us?"
"I expect he did."

"Then haven't I got a right to get even?"

"I expect you have."
"That's all I'm trying to do."
"By false pretenses. That's dan-

gerous."
"It isn't false pretenses. I never said I was Marion Van Stratten. Gormine said that, I'm not compelled to wise him up to his own mistakes, am I?"

"But you're going to get the money as Marion Norman Van Stratten."

"I sure am. And give you and Marne your share of it."

Marne your share of it."

He put his hand over hers.
"You're a good kid, Gloria. I'd hate to see you go to jail."
"Jail, my eye. They can't put me in jail for trying."
"They can for trying too hard. Didn't Gormine ask you to sign a

"Don't do it." "I don't get the money until I

sign."
"You'll get indicted if you do."
"How do I know until I've seen
Mr. Gormine's little paper?"

regrettably lacking in firmness as

regrettably lacking in firmness as he replied:
"Well, I don't know. You've certainly given her fair, young name a couple of black eyes."
"Only to the lawyer. And he won't pass it on. He's sewed up, because he doesn't want A. Leon to know he's been butting in."

"Yes; that's true. Monday, Gor-mine's coming back, you say? I'll take a couple of days to think the

thing over."

The result of his cogitation was a note which he drafted and redrafted before he finally presented

it in typed form, for her approval.
Gloria did not approve. Far from
it. She wanted her five thousand
dollars. She wanted the five thousand for Marne. She wanted the
other five thousand for Martin. She
wanted to get even with Lawyer
Commission.

Gormine. She emitted what, from a less alluring source, might have been designated as a squawk.

"I never said I wouldn't hold out for the money. I only said I wouldn't sign his old paper without consulting a lawyer. I'm soing to get me."

"Hmph! Anything to do with me?"

"I hope so."

"I hope not."

"The fact that it may be financially advantageous to you will possibly alter your attitude."

As an appeal to cupidity this less alluring source, might have been designated as a squawk.

"I never said I wouldn't hold out for the money. I only said I wouldn't sign his old paper without consulting a lawyer. I'm going to get me

"I'm a good enough lawyer for you," he retorted inexorably.
"There's the dotted line."

She stormed. She weps only one reply. "Jail."

"Jail."
"I'd go to jail for fifteen grand."
"For how long?"
"I don't know. A year."
"This'd be ten. Maybe more."
"Sweet cheese'n crackers!" said the girl, shaken.

"Even for a patient guy like me, ten years would be a long wait," he pointed out.

"Wait for what?" asked Gloria, wide-eyed.
"For you to come out," he explained with one of his rare and ex-

pressive grins. "Oh!" said Gloria. "Well! In that case — Lemme see that paper

It ended in her signing the agree-ment, expressly abandoning any claim of whatsoever kind upon A. Leon Snydacker, his heirs or as-signs. (Martin had put that in to give it a legal flavor.) But she in-sisted upon temps her signature. sisted upon typing her signature.

"No forgery for me," announced the suddenly cautious Miss Glamour. "You see, I've got a special yen now to stay out of jail," she explained sweetly.

"That ought to be a relief to Gor-mine's soul," opined the young man, addressing the missive to the lower Broadway number given him by

Gloria.

It was not. Instead it roused dark forebodings in the mind of its recipient. What kid of game was this, anyway? Was she holding off for more money? And what did that typed signature mean? This, above all else, struck his legalistic and suspicious mind unfavorably. Prompt action was indicated. He decided to go back over the ground and sniff about for what he might pick up. This time he took a night train.

On the morning of his arrival. Kel-

train.

On the morning of his arrival, Kelsey Hare had gone to town to do some shopping. Feeling no special inclination to return to an atmosphere conspicuously lacking in camaraderie, he procured a supply of newspapers and magazines and sat in the lobby of the Park House, moodily reading them. He was interrupted by the approach of an austere and thin-lipped stranger in black.

"I am informed that you are from

"I am informed that you are from Maiden Effort Headquarters." "Who informed you?"

"The young man behind the desk. He further stated that you are Mr. Templeton Sayles. May I take that as correct?"

"If you like." "If you like."

"Thank you." The black-clad one sat down and drew his chair to a confidential proximity, scrutinizing the young man with analytical intentness. "Mr. Sayles," he pronounced, "you have the appearance of being a gentleman."

"Don't jump to rash conclusions."

"I shall assume that you are."

As he seemed to be waiting for a response, Kelsey said: "No argument."

ment."

This proved satisfactory to the other, who proceeded: "Mr. Sayles, I am Marbury Gormine, a lawyer of 120 Broadway, New York City. Note the address, if you please."

"Got it," said Kelsey. "Though I don't expect to need it."

"Got it," said Kelsey. "Though I don't expect to need it."
"A difficult and delicate mission brings me here."
"Hmph! Anything to do with

As an appeal to cupidity this would have got nowhere. As an appeal to curiosity it was more effective.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

#### Three-Fourths of Orchestra Director's Work Is Done at the Regular Rehearsals

figure is a comparatively modern innovation. In the palmy days of classical music, and in the opera house
until well-nigh the middle of last
century, his duties were undertaken
by the first violin. I suppose that
the art of conducting, as we know
it, may be said to have started with
Mendelssohn; but its development,

it, may be said to have started with Mendelssohn; but its development, like almost everything else connected with music, has been exceedingly rapid, writes Francis Toye in the Illustrated London News.

The public, despite their enthusiasm, really know very little about conducting. They generally fail to realize, to begin with, that at least three-quarters of a conductor's work is done at rehearsal. What he does in actual performance matters, of course; but, provided that the foundations of his interpretation have been well and truly laid at rehearsal, it matters comparatively little. For this reason, the actual style of a conductor is of small importance. It may be restrained, it may be exuberant; the result can be judged only by the listener who is ready to shut his eyes and forget about the

The conductor as an outstanding | conductor and the orchestra alto-

gether.
Needless to say, there is a technique of conducting as there is a technique of everything else—a clear beat, for instance; independent and intelligent use of the left hand. Some of the most successful hand. Some of the most successful conductors get, so to say, beyond this technique; some, for fear of rigidity, even make a definite point of avoiding the strict time beat. Such methods postulate, of course, not only a first class orchestra, but an orchestra familiar with the conan orchestra familiar with the conductor's methods; tried on a strange body of players, however talented, they may lead to great confusion. So it cannot be said that there is any general rule universally binding as to the methods that conductors should or should not employ. The ultimate test, as always with the arts, is the result.

Japanese Marriages
Most Japanese are married according to the rites of Shinto, the religion of ancestor worship. Japanese women usually are, like their menfolk, followers of Buddhism.

UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

#### CUNDAY JCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Dean of The Mbody Bible Institute of Chicago.

@ Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for June 4 Lesson subjects and Scripture texts se-lected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education; used by

PAUL PLEADS HIS OWN CASE

LESSON TEXT—Acts 31:66—25:6; 36:14-16; 36:18-32 TEXT—I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day.—

"They say. What do they say? Let them say!" So reads the inscription over a doorway of one of the great schools of England. What does it mean? It bespeaks the confidence of a life lived so nobly that the bashe flung out by wicked and slanderous tongues may be faced without fear, in fact, ignored.

The best defense against the at-

without fear, in fact, ignored.

The best defense against the attacks of men is the testimony of a good life. Paul had lived such a life, and consequently when the hour came for him to speak in his own defense, he needed but to point to the record. It is significant that his enemies did not deny the facts. They could only cry out, throw off their garments and throw dust in the air while they shouted, "Away with such a fellow from the earth!" (Acts 22:22-24). They did, indeed, manufacture accusations against him, but even the heathen officials knew enough to throw these out of court. The impotent rage shown by wicked men when they run up against the consistent testimony of a true Christian life is one of the strongest of testimonies to the genuineness of faith.

At first glance the portions as-

signed for our lesson seem some-what unrelated though taken from the same general narrative. A little study reveals a surprising unity.

I. A Matter of Conviction (21:40-

Many men and women have no real convictions. They are Republicans or Democrats because their fathers were, and often they have not the remotest idea of what it all means. They are members of a certain denomination because they were brought up in it, and have little knowledge of its teachings and no definite convictions relative to them. Paul was a Christian because of strong personal convictions of the deepest kind. He was reared in a tradition which made him a bitter persecutor of the followers of Christ, and it was a personal experience of the regenerating grace of God in Jesus Christ which made him into the bond slave of the One he had persecuted. We need more of that kind of know-so and say-so type of faith. Joining a church as one might join a social club means nothing—but following Christ in full and free devotion is everything.

II. A Matter of Authority (24:14-

II. A Matter of Authority (24:14-

Just as Paul's life was built Just as Paul's life was built on faith which was inward, based on personal convictions, it was also a faith that was Godward, based on the authority of His Word. The Jews might call it heresy, but Paul stood on "all things which are written" (v. 14); he had a "hope toward God" (v. 15), and "a conscience would of offence toward God" (v. 16).

Those who rideule Christianity

void of offence toward God" (v. 16).

Those who ridicule Christianity would have it that faith is really credulity. They say we believe things which we do not know to be true, while hoping that they may somehow prove to be so. A man who reads these notes in his hometown newspaper recently wrote to ask me if I was fool enough to believe the things I wrote. The fact is that we, even as did Paul, have the strongest of all foundations for our strongest of all foundations for our faith, namely the Word of God. Men act in faith on the word of their fellow men—their very existence is all bound up in that faith in men all bound up it that faith in men whom they hardly know. They be-lieve them, but they will not believe God. I suggested to my correspond-ent that he read I Corinthians 1:18-

25 and 2:14. Christian faith calls for a personal belief, but that belief is not in any word of man, but in the Word of God, which abideth forever. III. A Matter of Witness (26:19-

Inward, Godward, and now outward in witness—these are the three relationships of Paul's good life. He could plead in his own defense the record of his life, for he had not selfishly cherished a fellowship with God which had lighted and warmed his own soul and then left his fellow man to sit in the chilling darkness of sin. He was obedient to the heavenly vision (v. 19), and preached repentance, faith, and good works to both Jew and Gentile (v. 20), continuing to do so with God's help even in the face of severe persecution.

persecution.

Some people are just so good that they are "good for nothing." Such men do not reflect the goodness of God. Every attribute of God is an active one. He is love and He does love. He not only is good, but He does good. His children should be like Him. They are not saved only that they may escape hell and enjoy the peace of God. They are saved to serve in the winning of others to Christ. Let us covet such a good life as that which Paul lived. Our bewildered age needs the sanctifying and stabilizing influence of such lives!

# What to Eat and Why

C. Houston Goudiss Offers Practical Advice Regarding First Meal of the Day: Some Breakfast-Time Wisdom for Homemakers

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

F THERE is one meal that can be regarded as more imp tant than any other, that meal is breakfast. It comes af the longest fast and precedes a major portion of the day work. Thirteen hours elapse between a 6:30 supper and a 7:3 breakfast, and the body engine requires a new supply of fue before the daily activities are begun. Yet all too frequents this first meal is inadequate in food values, and is gobbled in

Starting the Day Right

It is therefore essential that every homemaker recognize the necessity for providing a substantial and satisfying breakfast. This is not difficult to do; nor is it necessary to spend a great deal of time in its preparation.

When I hear such complaints as "My family won't eat breakfast"

Both situations are easily remedied, and they are closely linked. For if the breakfast menus are made sufficiently attractive, it won't be difficult to persuade every member of the family to rise a little earlier in order to enjoy a substantial, unhurried meal.

A Model Breakfast

A well balanced breakfast includes fruit or fruit juice; cereal; an egg or bacon; bread or toast; and milk, cocoa or cereal beverage for the children, with coffee for the grown-ups. The egg or bacon may be omitted occasionally, for an egg may be included in some other meal during the day. But cereal in some form is usually the mainstay of the breakfast mean, and there are many kinds from which to choose—both het cereals and cold cereals.

Het or Cold Cereal

Hot or Cold Cereal

Some people have the notion quantities, tog that cereals must be hot in order allowance of to be nourishing. This is a fallney.

haste . . . with consequencese that may have a far-reaching effect upon health.

Men who set forth after a meager breakfast are lieked before the day's work is started. They never seem to get into high gear and they lack the energy to perform their tasks efficiently. Homemakers who find themselves fatigued and irritable before the morning's work is completed may be surprised to learn that their lassitude is due to a skimpy breakfast. And children who go to school after an insufficient morning meal cannot hope to make cood grades in their stations.

fourth cup of whole milk, wi vide an adult with 7 per his total daily requirement of tein; 11.5 per cent of his ca 11.2 per cent of his phospi 9.75 per cent of his iron, total of 125 calories.

Vary the Method of Se

To help make breakfast in esting, vary the cereal from to day. Or offer a choice of seral kinds of packaged ready eat cereals and allow each mober of the family to select the When I hear such complaints as "My family won't eat breakfast" or "They're simply not interested in food in the morning," I suspect that the menus are dull and monotonous; and perhaps members of the household have the bad habit of sleeping so late that there is no time to eat properly.

Both citations are really as to day. Or offer a chaice of eral kinds of packaged read eat cereals and allow each mean that the prefers. Wany the fruit: And occasionally you may bline fresh, canned or stewed with cereals to make a "termination to the complete of the comp

### AROUND homs of Inte the HOUSE to the House

When Making a Fruit Tart.— Mix a little cornflour with the sugar before adding it to the fruit. This will make the juice like syrup and prevent it from boiling

For Discolored Handkerchiefs.— Handkerchiefs that have become a bad color should be soaked for 24 hours in a quart of cold water to which a teaspoonful of cream of tartar has been added. After-wards rinse and dry.

Use for Newspapers. — Save plenty of clean newspapers for the moth season. Moths loathe printer's ink, so you'll find the papers useful when woolies and blankets have to be stored away.

Polishing Tip.—Wring out your polishing cloth in a pint of water in which a piece of whitening, about the size of a walnut, has been dissolved. Use when dry. This gives a splendid polish to mirrors, brass, and chromium. Treatment for Linoleum.—Linoleum will last longer if, instead of washing, you rub it all over with paraffin. This not only cleans, but

preserves. No other po needed. Checelate Substitute.—When using cocoa in place of chocolate, use three and one-half tablespoonfuls of cocoa for each ounce of chocolate, and add one-half tablespoonful butter.

When Burning Vegetable B. use.—Put a handful of salt w the rubbish. This will prevent a

Coffee Stains. — Remove from silks or woolens by soaking them in pure glycerine. Wash off in tepid, soapless water.



se who love the arts are all citizens....Voltaire



ADVERTISING is as essential to business as is min to growing crops. It is the key merchandising. Let us show you how to apply it to your business.