

There COMES a MOMENT

By ELINOR MAXWELL

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SYNOPSIS

Mary Loring and her father, Jim, an ineffectual attorney, meet a train which brings his wealthy sister-in-law, unmarried Linnie Cotswell and her friend, Lelia Ormsby, divorcee, for a Christmas visit. Waiting at home for them are Mary's mother, her younger sister, Ellen; her father's nagging maiden sister, Aunt Mammie, and Peter, the baby of the family. At the depot Dr. Christopher Cragg helps the guests with their luggage. Though secretly in love with Doctor Cragg, Mary has paid little attention to her beauty. In leaving, her Aunt Linnie urges Mary to visit her in New York, but Mary refuses. At work in a rental library, where she spends her spare time writing short stories, Mary is dismayed when her father tells her that he has been let out as railroad attorney, the fees of which were almost the sole support of his family. To earn money she decides to begin writing in earnest.

CHAPTER III—Continued

Mary placed her typewriter and paper on Mr. Hormel's oak desk at the rear of the shop, inserted a sheet of paper, and pounded out a title and her name: At Sea by Mary Loring. For half an hour, she sat there, cudgeling her brain, her vague thoughts for a plot jangling about in her mind along with the harassing and insurmountable questions: "What will we do, now that Dad's been let out? Where will money come from? How will Mother react when she hears?"

At last, her fingers fell upon the keys. She had an idea. A simple, straightforward idea, about a large family at loose ends financially. She wrote with eager haste, the homely, fluid thoughts of her story conceiving themselves in her fertile mind; passing magically through her fingers and on to the sheet of white paper before her. At last, it was finished—nearly five pages of neatly compiled thoughts, of swift, clearly defined action. She had done it! She had at last written a story that seemed, even to her own critical mind, to be worthy of editorial notice.

"Of course," she thought, "I'll have to read it over again and again, and revise it, and retype it, but, at least, I'm on my way."

It was not until the following night, just before six, that Christopher Cragg made his appearance at Hormel's shop. Mary had retyped her manuscript, slipped the story into a long envelope, and directed "At Sea" to the magazine she prayed would accept it.

The front door opened, and Mary, a copy of Sabatini's most recent tale of adventure clasped mid-air in her hand, turned about.

"The late Doctor Cragg," he announced with a grin. "People will have babies in this town, and thus, my dear Mary, keep enterprising young doctors away from the best sellers. But thank God for it! A baby yesterday at four o'clock! A baby today at half past three!"

"Paying babies, Doctor Cragg?" Mary demanded in mock seriousness. "I do hope you haven't been wasting your time!"

Chris brought his eyebrows together in what was supposed to emulate an expression of severest reprimand. "Any baby is a paying proposition, my dear Miss Loring, for a guy that's just starting out in business. Experience, my child, is nine-tenths of the price, or something to that effect. However, if you must know, one of the arrivals into this vale of tears will bring me absolutely nothing in dollars and cents. The other—well, do you think fifty dollars is too much to charge for the safe, sane, and most—er—modernistic of deliveries?"

"Fifty dollars? Why, it's really pretty cheap, I think, providing the proud new parents possess the fifty. I've saved your book for you, but not, I must admit, without considerable difficulty. It's hidden away on a shelf in the back of the shop. A bit of favoritism I'm showing, Doctor Cragg. Come on back and I'll root it out for you."

He followed her to the shadowy, rear room of the shop, noting, as he did so, the valiant way she held her shoulders, the slender lines of her young back. "It's up here," she said, pointing to the shelf that seemed to be the carry-all for everything not wanted for display, and, before he could say anything, she had ascended the ladder.

"I could have done that," he remonstrated. "Here, Mary, let me—" "No. You wouldn't be able to find it. I've hidden it behind a lot of trash. Back there, somewhere—" And, reaching beyond her distance, she lost her balance and toppled to the floor.

For an instant, she felt herself to be swirling in a great, black void. She couldn't remember where she was, or what had happened. Then, she felt Chris' arms about her, and heard his anxious voice.

"Mary! Mary, darling!" he was saying. "Are you hurt, dearest? Darling! Look at me! Say something!"

He had called her dearest and darling. He was clutching her close to his heart as if he would never let her go, as if—as if he loved her! And now, his lips were touching her closed eyelids.

"Mary!" he pleaded. "Can't you hear me, darling? Are you all right?"

Mary lifted a limp hand, and, swiftly, fleetingly, touched his lean cheek. "I'm all—right," she murmured, thinking, "I'm happier than I have ever been in all my life. He loves me! Chris loves me!"

His lips were on hers now, bringing them back to joyous consciousness. "I love you, Mary," he was saying in quick, breathless words. "I've loved you from the very first moment I saw you, darling, that night last summer at the country club, but I shouldn't tell you so. My God, I shouldn't tell you!"

"Why not, Chris? Why be afraid to tell me?"

Silently, he lifted her to her feet, and gently, firmly, pushed her from him. "Because," he said, his voice clipped and tense, "I haven't the right. I—I'm going to be married next month—to a girl I've known all my life."

With a vague movement of her hand, Mary sought for something to hold to, found the corner of a table, and clung to it. Thank God, the gathering dusk prevented his seeing her face with any clarity. Thank God, she hadn't told him that she, too, cared—desperately. He would



"Nothing's sensible for a pretty woman except a good marriage," Linnie decreed.

never know now. He would never know. She managed at last to speak, and even to her own ears, her voice sounded calm, almost careless. She said, "Good luck to you, Chris. I wish you the greatest happiness."

"Happiness!" the man repeated sardonically. "Happiness!" And then, "Well, I must be getting on, Mary. Are you sure you're all right? Are you positive nothing's hurt?"

"Nothing—but my heart," she thought; but aloud she said, "Quite positive, Chris. You aren't going without your book, are you?"

Chris was swinging away from her and towards the entrance door. "I don't want the damned book," he almost shouted, and disappeared into the darkened dreariness of Main Street.

"There goes my very life," Mary said to herself. "And now that that is over, there's nothing left for me to do but hitch my wagon to a star. It won't be the kind, though, that Aunt Linnie meant. It will be a career. I'll mail 'At Sea' tonight; and tonight, I'm going to tell the family that, after all, I shall accept Aunt Linnie's invitation to visit her in New York. I can write there, perhaps, really write. And I can't stay here! I simply couldn't bear to stay here, and meet the girl Christopher Cragg is going to marry."

Jim and Janet Loring were quite amenable when Mary informed them that night that she had decided to accept Aunt Linnie's invitation to visit her in New York. Janet, always eager to give her children every possible advantage, felt that a sojourn in her sister's comfortable apartment would be a great treat for Mary.

As for Jim, he thought, "Mary must have her chance, God bless her! A change will do her a world of good, and Linnie will be a fine influence. She's a wholesome woman, in spite of her sophistication, and she has both feet on the ground."

Mary could pay her own expenses, fortunately. There was the magnificent balance of ninety-seven dollars in her savings account—a balance that represented meticulous saving over a period of five years. With a feeling of daring, she went to the First National Bank the following morning and drew out every cent of it. This final gesture buoyed her up considerably.

The entire family went to the station to see her off. "Don't worry too much, Dad dear," she whispered to her father as he held her in his loving farewell embrace. He looked so gaunt, standing there on the wind-swept platform, waiting for

the train to pull in, so sort-of-hunted. Mary had kissed him first; then, with terror in her heart at his appearance, returned to him, after bidding the others good-by, to give him one last hug. She thought for a mad instant of panic, "I don't believe I'll ever see him again. Oh, God help him. Help us all!"

Lelia met her at the Grand Central Station, a redcap already in tow, and guided her dexterously through a milling crowd that had gathered to pay homage to Robert Taylor, boarding a nearby train for Chicago.

"We'll find a taxi," Lelia said, putting an arm through Mary's, "as soon as we plow through these movie fans who are doing their best to get a lock of that poor man's hair. Aunt Linnie sent me down to meet you, and to inform you, post-haste, that she is simply enchanted over your change of heart about visiting her. She's attending a guild meeting at Saint Thomas' this afternoon, but she'll be home by the time we get there."

Aunt Linnie, true to Lelia's promise, was at home when the two girls arrived at the smart Park Avenue apartment house. Rising quickly from her deep, chintz-covered chair before the fireplace, she came the length of the room to welcome Mary with outstretched arms.

"Darling!" she cried. "I'm so glad, so very glad, that you decided to come. Did Lelia tell you that she's staying with me, too?"

Mary laughed. "Poor Lelia didn't have a chance to tell me anything," she replied. "I was so busy exclaiming about the sights and lights and sounds and smells!"

"And you haven't seen anything yet. Oh, Mary, you'll adore New York! Well, about Lelia here, she's subtle her own apartment for a few months, contemplating, as is her habit, a dash down South later on, so I prevailed upon her to come and stay with me in the meantime, and thus brighten a few moments of the declining years of my life."

"And, at the same time, save me a large number of precious dollars on hotel bills!" Lelia added with a grin, removing her fur turban, and brushing her hair back from her forehead. "Come on, Mary, I'll show you our room, and you can 'rest' your hat and coat, as Addie says."

"Addie?"

"Aunt Linnie's very pretty Mulatto maid, counselor, bodyguard and friend."

"She's been with me for ten years," Aunt Linnie added, "and she's a treasure. Ring for her right this minute, Lelia. We'll have some tea. I know Mary's tired from her journey, and needs something to brace her up. We don't dine till eight."

"Eight?" Mary repeated automatically.

"Darling, you're in a dream," said Linnie.

"I feel as if I were, Aunt Linnie," Mary admitted. "I've never before seen a room to compare with this! Or such loads of flowers! Or so many photographs of fascinating-looking people!"

"Well, you're going to meet some of those intriguing creatures Sunday. I'm giving a party to introduce you to my friends, and," she added dryly, "I hope you'll find them just as fetching as the camera has made them, but I doubt it."

Mary placed a hand on Linnie's shoulder. "Oh, but you mustn't give parties for me, Aunt Linnie. I'm here just to see you, and to work."

"To work! What doing, for heaven's sake?"

"Writing, Aunt Linnie," Mary replied.

turned, her dark eyes wide and serious. "I want to be an author."

Aunt Linnie uttered a little shriek. "Heaven help us! An author! Darling, you're far too pretty to spend your time messing around with words. I've never met a woman writer yet who didn't look like the witch of Endor! Besides, the Cotswells have never been noted for their brains. It's been all they could do to write a fairly decent letter."

"Don't discourage the child, Linnie!" admonished Lelia. "There's an exception to every rule. I think it's grand that Mary wants to try her hand at something sensible."

"Nothing's sensible for a pretty woman except a good marriage," Linnie firmly decreed. "I know—because I've never been either beautiful or married!"

CHAPTER IV

The days which preceded Linnie Cotswell's cocktail party were like a dream to Mary Loring—beautiful, enchanting, unreal, yet bedeviled by the ever-present worry over home conditions in Hawkinsville, beset at all times with thought of Christopher Cragg. Aunt Linnie dragged her triumphantly through one mad orgy of shopping after another, on to lunch at the Marguery or Pierre's; thence to a first showing at Knoedler's or Harlow's; then on to someone's apartment for tea; finally back home for a quick bath and change to evening clothes, and dinner at the Plaza, or the Waldorf.

Swank-looking boxes of all sizes, shapes and colors were daily being delivered to her from the shops, and although she reveled in the luxuries which Aunt Linnie insisted on presenting to her, her enjoyment was decidedly tempered by the thought: "The money spent on these frivolities would just about support Mother and Petey and Dad for a month."

"I suppose I do look well enough," she conceded to the person in the mirror, "but what difference does it make? Chris is marrying someone else—and this thing called beauty doesn't get you to first base in a literary career."

It was at this moment that Lelia, taking a hasty shower in the adjoining bathroom, called to her. "Mary! I say, Mary! Did you find the letters that came for you in the afternoon mail?"

Mary, applying a dash of color to her lips, glanced towards the door which Lelia had opened a fraction of an inch in order to be heard above the noise of the shower. "No, I didn't, Lelia. Where are they? Is there anything from home?"

"You'll find them on the bedside table, propped against the lamp. I believe there was one from Hawkinsville. Sorry I forgot to tell you sooner."

Mary's lipstick fell to the dressing table, and with a mad dash, she made for the table between the twin beds. Two letters reclined intriguingly against the lamp. The top one, she could tell at a glance, was from Ellen. Dear Ellen! Darling Ellen! She hungrily tore open the envelope and began to read Ellen's cramped, school-girl scrawl; then, having got to the end of "Darling Mary, we do miss you so," her eyes wandered to the other letter that awaited her. It was a long, legal-looking affair; her address was typed; and in the upper left-hand corner was printed those magic words: The National Weekly.

Placing the fluttering pages of Ellen's letter on the bed, she gazed, as if fascinated, at the impressive, businesslike envelope staring at her from beneath the lamp's soft glow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Early American Silversmiths Served Their Country or Their Communities

Many early American silversmiths, it is well known, took prominent parts in the public affairs of their times and served their country or their communities ably and well, writes Stephen Decatur in the American Collector. In this connection, of course, the name of Col. Paul Revere, of Boston, comes first to mind.

Although New York cannot boast of having produced a silversmith of corresponding fame, nevertheless in the person of Ephraim Brasher it possessed a member of the craft who was able, at a critical time, to render services to his fellow citizens which, if not spectacular, were of almost inestimable value.

With the close of the Revolutionary war and the recognition of the independence of the United States, business in the new nation was at a standstill. As it attempted to revive, an acute shortage of hard money developed which seriously hampered the efforts of the merchants. Consequently gold and silver coins became profitable to import. Every vessel making a successful voyage to a foreign port brought back foreign coinage and

this money immediately passed into circulation. Such a heterogeneous currency offered a great opportunity to counterfeiters. By 1786 the country was flooded with bogus coins. At the time Ep Brasher was a leading silversmith and jeweler of New York. Fortunately, he was also an expert on precious metals and this knowledge enabled him to pass on the genuineness of coins.

He soon conceived the idea of stamping each good piece which passed through his hands with a punch he used for the silver of his manufacture. This mark was E. B. in a rectangle. Brasher's reputation for probity was unquestioned; it was immediately recognized that his initials on a gold or silver coin were a guarantee of its purity.

Town of Harpers Ferry Harpers Ferry, Ohio, was originally known as Shenandoah falls and some time between the years 1840 and 1850, its name was changed. A ferry had been established across the Potomac there for some years, and this gave its name to the town.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Progressive education has been pushed around a lot lately. The Bellwether Lincoln school of New York has been back-

tracking as have several other Daniel Boones of the educational wilderness. From the right came the charge that they just let the youngsters fool around with toys and tools, without rubbing in any real education.

Here's a field goal for the other side. At the somewhat ultra Fountain Valley, progressive school of Colorado Springs, the boy, David Hare, scion of a highly placed New York family, was given carte blanche to build his education around a \$2 camera. The idea, as in all progressive schools of those few years back, was to give the green light to any creative impulse.

But, at 22, here is Mr. Hare with a New York exhibit of camera portraiture, with President Roosevelt among his subjects, and with famous artists and photographers, including Arnold Genthe, cheering him as the "Leonardo da Vinci of the camera." Specifically, they agree that young Mr. Hare has proved indisputably that the camera not only may be, but now is an instrument of the highest artistic expression, and that he demonstrates an absolutely new method and medium of color portrait photography.

His three-lens camera allows the superimposing of color images, in the manner of the color-printing process, and makes possible shading and emphasis in the service of mood. His is the first and only color portrait exhibit in the country. Artists and prominent society folk are boiling with enthusiasm over Mr. Hare's achievement.

He is a tall, shy, personable young man, somewhat inarticulate, as he filters life through a lens, and hesitant in any other form of expression. As was the young Lindbergh. There is the same "We" combination here. Whether he knows the prepositions used with the ablative or whether he stumbled across the "Bridge of Asses" is not revealed.

OUT of the limbo of the past rises "Ole Bill," Bruce Bainsfather's famous walrus-mustached cartoon character of World war days, to adorn recruiting posters being displayed throughout the United Kingdom.

Somehow, despite the wide and varied exploitation of Bill—the Better Ole," a syndicated piece and so forth—Bruce seemed to get the short end of it all. He is said to have received some \$10,000 out of \$500,000 earned by his black and white creation.

Putting on his own review, "Uilo," he lost \$40,000, and after that events led him straight to bankruptcy, liabilities \$75,000, assets negligible.

He was born in India of a long line of army forebears and began life as an electrical engineer. Of recent years, what with lecturing, writing and drawing, life is said to have dealt more amiably by him.

SELECTED for transfer from his post as ambassador to Argentina to the government of Gen. Francisco Franco in Spain, Alexander W. Weddell, 63 years old, bears with him such assets as are implied in the long experience of a career diplomat, a man of tact and diplomatic deftness, combined with broad humanitarian sympathies.

Mr. Weddell was educated at George Washington university law school and the University of Catania in Italy. Appointed private secretary to the minister to Denmark in 1908, he entered the consular service two years later as consul at Zanzibar. He spent two years, 1912-14, as consul at Catania, going thence to Athens as consul general.

Retiring from the diplomatic service in 1928, he returned six years ago, filling various consular posts until his appointment as ambassador to the Argentine.

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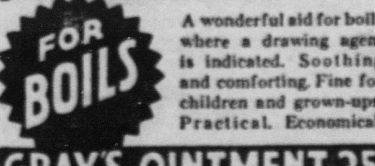
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