

# 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, divorced, for a Christmas visit. Waiting at home for them are Mary's mother, her younger sister, Ellen; her father's nagging maiden sister, Aunt Linnie, and Peter, the baby of the family. At the depot Dr. Christopher Cragg helps the guests with their luggage. Mary is secretly in love with Doctor Cragg. In leaving her Aunt Linnie urges Mary to visit her in New York, but Mary refuses. Mary works in a rental library, where she spends her spare time writing short stories. Mary's father is 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. Mary feels sure that her newest story, "At Sea," would please the editors of National Weekly. After finishing it she calls Doctor Cragg, who comes to the book store for a current novel. Failing from a ladder while getting his book, she regains consciousness to find his arms around her. He tells her he loves her, and then tells her he is to be married the coming month to a girl he has known all his life. Despondent, Mary decides to accept her Aunt Linnie's invitation. In New York her aunt laughs at her for her plans to write, and insists that she meet as many eligible men as possible. The new week brings two letters. One, from the National Weekly.

## CHAPTER IV—Continued

Almost afraid to touch the letter, yet frantic to know its contents, Mary picked it up, and feverishly slashed it open. A sheet of paper, folded twice, dropped out, and glancing toward the bathroom, hoping Lelia would not come out until after she had read whatever news the letter held for her, Mary started to flatten it out. At last, her fingers ceased their stupid trembling! At last—

It was a check on the Corn Exchange Bank of New York, and it read:

New York, January 22nd, 1937  
Pay to the order of Mary Loring... \$100.00  
One Hundred and no-100 .. Dollars  
The National Weekly

"Lelia!" Mary shrieked, rushing towards the bathroom and pounding on the door. "Lelia! Lelia!" Lelia, a bathrobe of Turkish toweling wrapped hastily about her, opened the door. "What happened, Mary?" she demanded apprehensively. "Have you had bad news?" Mary prouetted about on her silly silver-and-scarlet sandals, and waved her precious bit of paper in the air. "Bad news!" she cried. "Darling, it's good news! Grand news! The best I've ever had! Lelia, my story's been accepted by The National Weekly, and they've sent me a check for a hundred dollars."

"Mary! That's wonderful! Congratulations, darling. I'm proud of you."

"What in the world is going on?" demanded Linnie Cotswell, crossing the hall from her own bedroom.

Mary rushed towards her aunt and engulfed her in a bear-like embrace. "Aunt Linnie, my story, 'At Sea,' has been accepted, and the magazine's sent me a check for a hundred dollars. Just think of it! A hundred dollars!"

"But," Linnie Cotswell demurred, her speech somewhat hampered by the chin-strap that bound up her face, "why didn't they write to you first and make you an offer, instead of just taking it for granted that a hundred dollars was satisfactory to you?"

Mary looked dubious. "Perhaps that's their regular price for a short short-story."

Stooping, Mary retrieved from the floor the letter which had accompanied the check, and hastily glanced through it. "They say they like 'At Sea' very much," she murmured as she scanned the typed lines, "and they want to see more of my work. Work! Doesn't that sound professional! A man named Buchanan, Phillip Buchanan, has signed it."

"I know Phillip Buchanan," Lelia offered casually, returning to the bathroom, and reaching for a gold-and-white box of bath powder.

"No!" Mary exclaimed. "Not really! What is he like? Terribly learned, and everything?"

"Terribly—human," Lelia returned. "And utterly wrapped up in his work. He started The National Weekly about twelve years ago, soon after he graduated from Harvard, and he's built it up until today it's just about the biggest thing in weekly magazines. The circulation is enormous, you know."

"Is he married?" Aunt Linnie inquired.

"You would ask that!" Lelia replied, chuckling with amicable derision as she started to close the bathroom door. "No, Linnie. He's wedded to his magazine and, from all I hear, he wouldn't consider being dragged to the altar by anybody on earth."

"I'm merely interested in Life as it should be led," Aunt Linnie retorted with mock wistfulness as she left the room, the little train of her satin negligee swishing about her heels.

Mary, left alone, fingered her check from The National Weekly with loving fingers. "I've finally written a story that was good enough for someone to buy," she

told herself with awe. "Now I'm started on my life's work."

Opening the top drawer of the dressing table, she extracted the new brown suede purse Aunt Linnie had just given her, opened it, and slipped the check inside the zippered pocket. Then, turning eagerly towards the bed, she picked up Ellen's letter.

Darling Mary, we do miss you so. The house seems so dull without you, and poor Dad appears absolutely lost. You see, he has always depended on you more than anyone else, and while I try my best to take your place, we both know it isn't quite the same.

Well, Mother has heard about his dismissal and the shock of the discovery has gone rather tragically for all of us. It happened this way. She was buying some tape in the notion department at Sullivan and Curwender's, and Miss Pattie Carson came in to get some thread, and breezed right up to Mother with, "Oh, Janet, I want to tell you how sorry I am about Jim's losing his position. And right before all the clerks!"

Mother hadn't the vaguest notion what she was talking about, and although Miss Pattie's remark almost made her faint, she managed to hold her head up and smile, and say, "Why, Miss Pattie, Jim just had to resign because his private business is demanding so much of his time."

Then, she paid for the tape, and walked out of the store as calmly as she could, but as soon as she got past the store window, she fairly ran up to



"It is an ambition attained," he replied in a voice that struck Mary as being too soft.

Dad's office, and demanded an explanation. And when darling Dad admitted the whole thing, she fainted, and he and I had a dreadful time bringing her back to consciousness.

Mother says we'll have to let Phrony go, and, no doubt, we will in time, and Aunt Mamie says she can't do a lick of work, what with her arthritis or neuritis, or whatever it is she's supposed to be having this winter.

And what do you think? A report's going around town that Christopher Cragg's going to be married soon—to a girl he's known for some time. Her name's Ilsa Chagland, and she's the daughter of a Chicago doctor. Have you heard anything about it? Everybody seems awfully surprised, and really, for a bridegroom-to-be, I must say Chris doesn't look particularly radiant.

Darling, do you love New York? Do write me about everything. Give my love to Aunt Linnie and Lelia, but save most of it for yourself.

Mary, so blinded by tears that she could scarcely see, folded the letter, and tucked it beneath the pile of handkerchiefs in the little right-hand drawer of the highboy. Lelia was coming into the room, and she must not see her tears.

Mary, her back to the other girl, hurriedly applied a handkerchief to her eyes; then, with apparent casualness, reached for the powder puff and dusted it over her straight little nose. "I shall get that check cashed tomorrow," she said to herself. "Aunt Linnie'll tell me where to go. And I'll send all but fifteen dollars of it to Dad. Something will have to be kept out for my pocket money. Poor Dad. Oh, poor, dear Dad!"

A thin blue haze of cigarette smoke hung like a delicate cloud over Linnie Cotswell's living room, and the smell of tobacco, Opelia roses, and the last word in imported perfumes filled the air. It was Sunday afternoon, and Linnie's friends were dropping in to meet Mary Loring.

Miss Cotswell fitted about from guest to guest, exchanging a welcoming word here, a bantering sentence there. Lelia Ormsby presided over a silver tea service that had once belonged to a Russian grand duke; while Mary remained entrenched behind a group of men in front of the fireplace.

"And why has Linnie kept you a secret all this time?" a tall man with a gardenia in the buttonhole of his cutaway coat was saying. "I, for one, demand an apology. To think you've been walking in beauty all these years, and I've been totally unaware of your existence!"

He was a distinguished-looking person, with pepper-and-salt hair and that intriguing assurance of manner which only those who always get what they go after possess. Mary cudgeled her memory for his name. Taylor! That was it—Taylor, Jerome Taylor.

She smiled back at him mockingly. "All this time, and all these years!" she quoted. "Aren't you making me fearfully old—almost pousse?"

Jerome Taylor held a cocktail glass, frosted with sugar, to the level of his laughing eyes. "My dear," he said softly, lifting the glass in an almost imperceptible toast to her, "you are ageless!"

"Fol-de-rol!" commented Linnie Cotswell, pushing her way towards Mary, a dark, intense young man in tow. "Jerome, don't be trying any of your well-known allure on this child of mine. She's far too young and sweet to be contaminated."

"Linnie, my darling," Jerome Taylor returned, completely unabashed, blatantly amicable, "forget, for a moment, how violently you disapprove of me, and tell me which night this week I may entertain you and Mary Loring at dinner. Any night, dear Linnie. Any spot. Any place."

"Hush, Jerry. I'll tell you later. Right now, I want to introduce Balianci to my niece."

"I await with eagerness that pains—with impatience that sears," the young Italian announced oratorically, attempting to wither Jerome Taylor with a glance.

"Mary," said Aunt Linnie, trying to control the corners of her mouth, "this is Count Umberto Balianci. Balianci, Miss Loring." Then, turning to Jerome Taylor, "Trot along to the tea table, Jerry. Lelia hasn't been able to coerce anybody except the Bishop's wife into taking a cup of tea. Even the Bishop balked!"

Aunt Linnie's sentence was drowned in a roar of laughter from that corner of the room where Judge Byford was holding forth; and Mary suddenly realized that her hand was still clasped in Balianci's, and that his grip was unpleasantly moist.

"How do you do?" she remarked inadequately, smiling at the handsome, dark person whose gaze upon her had never flinched.

"It is an ambition attained," he replied in a voice that struck Mary as being too soft, almost oily.

"An ambition attained?" she repeated uncomprehendingly.

"But yes!" he returned with fervor. "I saw you at the Stork Club two nights ago, and, since that moment my eyes fell upon you, it has been my ambition, my sole thought, to meet you."

Mary felt a little dazed. A fixed little smile forced itself to her lips. The man was still devouring her with his somber eyes, all the while extracting a flat, gold case from an inner pocket, removing a cork-tipped cigarette, lighting it, and exhaling a puff of heavily scented smoke. "Egyptian cigarettes," thought Mary. "That heavy fragrance makes me a little sick."

A loud, she said inanely, "I didn't see you at the Stork Club."

"One does not expect a queen to notice a serf," purred Balianci.

Mary thought perhaps she was going to scream. When would this asininity ever end?

At nine, Jerome Taylor came to bid her good-by. "We're seeing each other Wednesday evening," he told her. "Linnie has actually agreed to let me have a little party for you. Dinner at my house, and, afterwards, seats for 'High Tor.'"

As for Balianci, he left ten minutes later, and too, wedged his way through the crowd to say good night. Again, he took Mary's hand in his damp grip, and focused the full warmth of his brooding gaze upon her. "Fate is being kind to me," he said softly. "We are meeting again very soon."

He was gone before Mary could reply, and with an agree of repulsion, she thought, "Good heavens, has Aunt Linnie made an engagement with him, too?"

Later, when the guests were gone, and Addie and Louella were putting

the apartment to order, and opening the windows to let in the crisp February night air, Aunt Linnie informed Mary that she had indeed made an engagement for her with Count Balianci. "He wants to take us to dinner Tuesday evening," she said.

Lelia, nibbling a much-needed sandwich, turned swiftly about. "Not me!" she said sharply. "I won't go anywhere with that gigolo!"

"He's not a gigolo, Lelia!" Linnie replied almost angrily. "I don't know why you're so suspicious of all foreigners with titles. Besides, he—he didn't ask you."

"He knows I wouldn't be seen with him!" Lelia retorted, sinking into the depths of a chair, and kicking off her high-heeled pumps.

"Well, you've snubbed him so often," Linnie admitted, "that, no doubt, he's finally taken the hint. But, after all, he is a charming person, and a perfectly legitimate count."

"As if that meant anything these days!" Lelia retorted.

"I want Mary to have every opportunity," Linnie went on, "and after all, Umberto has a title, goes everywhere, belongs to one of the oldest Italian families. In fact, he's a sort of cousin of the king's."

"He might travel faster if he were a cousin of Il Duce's," Lelia observed icily.

"He's terribly taken with Mary," Linnie continued happily, "and really, it would be rather fun for her to be the wife of a diplomat."

"I'm not at all interested in marriage, Aunt Linnie," Mary said harshly, her heart contracting as she thought of Chris. "All that I care about is writing—and making a lot of money in the quickest possible time. In fact, I'm starting a new 'short' tomorrow morning."

Miss Cotswell rose from her chair, and started towards the hall which led to her bedroom. "All right, Mary," she said coldly. "I'll leave you to your own devices for a few days, knowing only two well that you'll soon get over this foolishness about being a woman with a career. Every young girl who comes to New York entertains that complex for a while—and then eventually reaches the sane conclusion that, after all, marriage is the one and only thing for a woman."

Mary leaped to her feet, and rushed to embrace her aunt.

"Please don't think I'm ungrateful, Aunt Linnie, for all that you're doing for me. I appreciate everything, absolutely everything. And thank you, darling, for the wonderful party."

Linnie Cotswell, restored to good humor, brushed Mary's cheeks with her lips. "All right, my dear. As for your working on one of your little stories, you just start right in tomorrow. I, for one, hope to sleep all day."

## CHAPTER V

Mary woke with a start at seven the next morning, and, for an instant, lay in her comfortable bed wondering just where she was. At home in Hawkinsville? And was the slim figure beneath the covers in the other twin bed that of Ellen? Then, as consciousness came fully upon her, she realized that she was in New York, in Aunt Linnie's apartment, and that the sleeping girl beside her was Lelia Ormsby.

It was while she sat scribbling the headlines of the Herald Tribune, a second steaming cup of coffee in one hand, a third piece of jam-covered toast in the other, that Addie brought in the mail. "Anything for me, Addie?" she asked.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Anticosti Island Has Changed Ownership Many Times; Roughly in Shape of Whale

Anticosti, now an island appendage to Quebec, has changed hands many times in its career, says the National Geographic society. Last leased in 1926 by a pulp and paper company, it has served—in reverse order—as a pulpwood empire, a rich man's social experiment, a pirate's stronghold and an explorer's reward.

Roughly in the shape of a great whale, its tail in the St. Lawrence river and its head in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Anticosti island is about 140 miles long and averages 35 miles across. It is a sportsman's paradise. Great forests of spruce bring green down to its very shores; game fish fill its streams, and flocks of ducks and geese stop off there regularly on flights north and south. So conspicuously placed and accessible is it that for the last 400 years this island has been the scene of man's activities and experiments. It has known business booms and colonization schemes that failed. It has seen the fashionable chateau life of a French "chocolate king" and been the haunt of an eccentric charged with being not only a buccaneer but in league with the devil besides.

In 1534 Jacques Cartier, seeking

that mythical short cut to the East, first officially recorded the island and called it "Ile de l'Assomption." Already, however, Basque fishermen, familiar with this region from early fishing trips, had described it as "Antecosta," or island "before the coast"—the name which still sticks, slightly changed in spelling. In 1630 a grateful king, Louis XIV of France, presented Anticosti to the explorer-trader, Louis Joliet, who with Father Marquette had sailed the Mississippi and later explored Hudson bay for his country. For a decade Joliet enjoyed fur and fish trade with nearby Indians, until he and his wife were made prisoners by Sir William Phipps' raiding party in the current French-English conflict. Tradition says that Joliet was eventually exchanged and returned to his island home. At any rate, during the next century family heirs, squatters and other claimants disputed its possession.

**Boasting of Power**  
"We find," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "that we lose much strength in boasting of power, which would be great if we only held a fraction of what we mention."



YUM! YUM!

Fulton Oursler passes along the tale of a tough customer who stormed into a barroom, ordered a Manhattan cocktail, tossed it off and chewed up the glass. He ordered three more cocktails, downed them in turn and chewed up each glass. Then he wheeled on a meek citizen standing beside him peacefully sipping a glass of beer:

"What are you looking at! What's it to you?"

"Nothing," the humble citizen replied, "I just wondered why you leave the stems. That's the best part."

**Reckless Spending**  
A husband and wife were having a bitter discussion about who was the more extravagant.

"You accuse me of reckless extravagance," said he scornfully. "When did I ever make a useless purchase?"

"Well," said she, "there's the fire extinguisher you bought last year. We never used it once, not once."

## SUBSTITUTE



"Did you get an imported hat this year?"

"No, I only got a foreign label for the lining."

**At the Sales Conference**  
Sales Manager—Now, gentlemen, in closing, let me repeat the words of Webster.

Salesman—Come on, fellows, let's go. He's starting in on the dictionary.

**Water Sprite**  
Girl—You can swim, can't you?  
Smart Boy—Only at times.  
Girl—What times?  
Smart Boy—When I'm in the water.

**Flavoring**  
"Sugar?"  
"No, thank you."  
"Then what do you like with your tea?"  
"Gossip."

**If You Want to Know**  
Mr. White—When I was your age, I thought nothing of chopping wood all day.  
Oliver—I don't think so much of the idea myself.

**Considerate**  
Student—I don't think I deserve a zero.  
Professor—Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give.  
—Hartford Courant.

**Skip It!**  
"Quick, Ruggles, bring me some brandy, her ladyship's fainted."  
"Yes, your lordship, but what shall I bring her ladyship?"—Til-Bits magazine.

**Thoughtful Betty**  
Teacher—Betty, spell bird cage.  
Betty—B-I-R-D hyphen C-A-G-E.  
Teacher—Why the hyphen?  
Betty—For the bird to sit on.

**Very Neat**  
Customer—I thought I saw some soup on the bill of fare.  
Waiter—There was some, but I wiped it off.

## ANIMATED GHOSTS



"Smith has moved away from that house he was living in. He says it was haunted."  
"And so it was. His creditors were hanging around there day and night."

**It Comes With Time**  
Elderly Sister—So Mr. Goldkatch said I had teeth like pearls? And what did you say?  
Young Brother—O nothing; except that you were gradually getting used to them.

**All in a Nutshell**  
"Do you understand this building-loan scheme?"  
"Sure! They build you a house and you pay so much a month. By the time you are thoroughly dissatisfied with the place, it's yours."

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## Ask Me Another A General Quiz

### The Questions

1. What is a party of lions called?
2. What is the difference between a typhoon and a tycoon?
3. Does nicotine stain the fingers yellow?
4. What animal skeleton is kept in the bathroom?
5. Who was the author of the phrase "entangling alliances"?
6. Which is correct, "Drive slow" or "Drive slowly"?
7. Which is the darkest hour at night?

### The Answers

1. A pride.
2. The first is a type of cyclone. A tycoon is an important person in business.
3. No. Nicotine is colorless; the yellow is tobacco tar.
4. Most people keep a sponge in the bathroom, which really is the skeleton of a very energetic animal, usually found by divers in the sea.
5. Thomas Jefferson.
6. "Drive slowly" is better English, although "Drive slow" is generally accepted as correct.
7. The Naval observatory says that no light is received from the sun when it is 18 degrees or more below the horizon, and during those hours there is no hour that is regularly the darkest.

## SAFETY-TALKS

### Driving Too Fast

OF THE 28 states which published fatal traffic accident summaries for the year, 21 classified more drivers as "exceeding the speed limit" or "driving too fast for conditions" than were charged with any other kind of improper driving.

All 28 states combined, says the National Safety council, in its 1938 edition of "Accident Facts," reported about 18 per cent of the drivers in fatal accidents and about 9 per cent of the drivers in non-fatal accidents were in this category.

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