

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, Lella 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. 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 new 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. One of the National Weekly, with a \$100 check for her story, makes her deliciously happy. The other, from her sister, tells her that financial conditions at home are getting worse. The next day, at a party given by her aunt, Mary meets distinguished Jerome Taylor, wealthy middle aged man-about-town, and effusive Count Umberto Balianci. The count's oily manner nauseates her.

CHAPTER V—Continued

The Mulatto woman consulted the names on the envelopes with maddening precision, finally extending a letter towards Mary. "Just one, honey. Looks like a man's writing, too."

Mary caught the letter from the long, olive-tinted hand. "I hope it's from my father," she said, almost as if to herself. "Dad had not written to her since her arrival in New York, and she was hungry to hear, in his own words, how he was getting on."

It was from her father—just one page of his small, scholarly handwriting—neat, modest, suppressed, like the man himself. She read, with affectionate eagerness, what he had to say.

Your little girl:
Your money-order for eighty-five dollars came today, and I am appreciable embarrassed, and deep gratitude that I am accepting this loan from you. There is no use trying to conceal from you that I am terribly hard-pressed, and that your generous offering has arrived as something of a god-send, but Mary, I shall pay you back. I am doing everything I can to make a contact, and hope for something good to befall me. I can't say more. Don't, I beg of you, ever mention to your aunt the straitened circumstances in which I—through my inadequacy—have thrown my family. I can't bear the chagrin of having your dear mother's sister know the true state of our financial affairs, let alone suffer the embarrassment of an offer of help from her.

Try not to worry about us, dear. Have a good time while you may. Something, I am sure, will work out for me soon.
Mary placed her unfinished piece of toast on the blue Spode butter dish. She could not eat any more. Her ravenous young appetite had deserted her. Poor Dad, trying to "make a contact" at his age! Hoping for "something good to break this week!" Begging her never to divulge to Aunt Linnie, who could so very easily spare a thousand or two thousand dollars to relieve, at least temporarily, the devastating worry that gnawed at his heart and mind! No, she would not "let on," by word or act, how desperate the Hawkinsville situation was. She would never betray Dad's confidence, or do anything to hurt his pride.

Hastily, she picked up the breakfast tray, with its powder-blue dishes and silver coffee pot, and carried it to Addie, who forthwith remonstrated with her for "doir' my work." Then, returning to the sunlit living room, she placed the typewriter on the table, inserted a sheet of white paper and put on the glasses which Ellen said made her look typically librarian.

She had an idea for a plot—a simple idea, but so had been the idea for "At Sea." Mr. Buchanan had liked that well enough to accept it. Her story was to concern a little boy whose mother and father were on the brink of a sensational divorce. Just as things were reaching a crisis, he was hit, but only slightly injured, by an automobile, and this near tragedy brought the parents together again, the tale concluding in a sane and happy manner for all concerned.

Fifteen minutes later, she was still waiting for an introductory line that would inspire within Mr. Buchanan an avid interest to read the rest of the story, but the portentous words were fearfully slow in coming. At last her fingers fell upon the keys, and sharply tapped out a sentence—a sentence that did not please her in the least, but which would simply have to do for the time being. She would have to get on. She couldn't sit there all day, waiting to begin.

Paragraph after paragraph slowly but surely stretched themselves over the pages, but the story unrolled with painful effort. "I've waited too long since the last one. My thoughts simply can't get down to business. Too many things have happened to me since I wrote 'At Sea.' If only I'd begun another story

the very day after I finished that! I suppose your mind's just like any other kind of machinery. You've got to keep it working all the time, or the wheels get rusty, and are hard to start up again."

Mary worked on "Their Son" again the next morning, rewriting whole sentences, transcribing phrases, deleting words that appeared unnecessary, but the conformation remained the same, and she could see no way in which to improve it. She was not satisfied with what she had done. The story lacked something. At one o'clock, she put it aside, telling herself grimly, "I'm so saturated with the thing that I can no longer look at it from an unbiased standpoint. I'll go out for a walk. Maybe the fresh air will drive the cobwebs out of my brain, and I can get to work on it again tonight with a fresh outlook." Then, she suddenly remembered that Aunt Linnie had made an engagement for the evening with Umberto Balianci, and, with a sigh, she resigned herself to



She settled herself in an armchair and began to read.

waiting until the following morning to work on the script again.

Balianci called for them at seven, just shortly after Lella had endorsed herself comfortably in bed with Somerset Maugham's new book at her side, and a tray of delectable food over her knees. "Well, thank heavens, I'm not going out with you and Linnie tonight," she said with a mischievous grin.
"Aunt Linnie said to wear a street dress," Mary remarked.
Lella yawned luxuriously. "Oh, of course, with Balianci footing the bill! He will, no doubt, treat you to an eighty-five cent table-d'hôte in some wretched place in the Village, and smugly feel that you and Linnie are in his debt for the rest of the winter. He's so accustomed to having somebody else pay the check that, when he does come across with an invitation, he damn well sees to it that his output of cash is of the smallest possible denomination. He's a sponger, darling, looking for a rich wife, and nobody on earth can make me believe anything to the contrary."

Mary pulled on her Lapin coat, and caught her gloves up from the dressing-table. "You do look cozy, Lella," she said, "and heaven knows I wish I were staying at home tonight instead of going out into that horrid, raw weather. I'd have liked to work on my story."

"The afternoon paper says we'll have a regular blizzard by morning," Lella announced, crunching a Julienne potato with tantalizing enjoyment. "Thanks be to Allah for my bed and board! See you later, my dear, unless you get lost in a snowdrift. I doubt if Balianci has the price of a taxi!"

Balianci had the price of a taxi, or else had decided to spread himself for the evening, for, upon descending to the street, he ordered the doorman to whistle for a cab. "Corliani's," he told the driver, "in the Village."

A startled look sprang into Linnie's eyes, but was quickly, diplomatically, succeeded by a smile. "Corliani's, Balianci?" she inquired brightly. "Is that a new place?"
Balianci plumped himself down on one of the small side seats, and lighted a cigarette. "It is a place I have recently discovered, Miss Cotswell, and the food is most excellent—cooked as only the chefs of my country can cook. I thought perhaps Miss Loring would like a bit of atmosphere—something different from what she has been accustomed to seeing and doing since she has been in New York."

Corliani's was crowded, garish, and shabby, and the bare wooden tables were set so closely together that it was almost impossible to wedge a way through them. Sputtering candles, set in wine bottles, furnished the only illumination, and the air was heavy with the stale,

accumulated smell of garlic and cigarette smoke.

Mary wondered, during the long, spasmodic serving of the meal, if they were going some place later on, but her speculations as to that were soon brought to an end by Balianci's saying, a tentative tone in his voice, "The weather, it is execrable. Should we not be happier to remain here for the evening?"

Miss Cotswell, who had scarcely touched her food, replied that perhaps they would, lit a cigarette, and sat back resignedly in her chair. After which, Balianci divided his attention and his eyes equally between the tawdry floor show and Mary. Once, during the evening, he put his hand over Mary's as it lay on the table, caught it to his lips and murmured, "A hand so beautiful, it needs no jewels."

Mary hastily withdrew her hand, and the corners of her mouth twitched with amusement as she thought, "Just as well—since I haven't any!"

"You are so right, beautiful lady," Balianci continued, his voice reminding Mary of the purr of a large Maltese cat. "The lily should never be gilded."

Miss Cotswell caught Balianci's eye at this moment, and neatly conveyed to him by her expression that his remarks were not altogether to her liking.

Eventually, at eleven o'clock, she rose. "We must be getting home," she said tersely.

Balianci managed to squeeze into the same seat with the women on the homeward trip in the taxi, and to take advantage of the closeness of the quarters by pressing his shoulder rather too tenderly against Mary's. "He can't be doing it on purpose," Mary told herself. "It's simply that this seat is so narrow."

Miss Cotswell turned abruptly, just as they reached the elevator in her apartment house, and extended her hand to Balianci in an undeniable farewell. Later, in the privacy of her apartment, she said to her niece, "Umberto was loping right along with us into the lift. No doubt, he intended to come up for a nightcap, but I couldn't stand another moment of his company. Dreadful evening, wasn't it?"

Mary, warming her chilled fingers before the dying fire on the hearth, smiled. "Maybe it was for you, Aunt Linnie. You're so accustomed to nightingale's knees on toast that I can imagine how low-life you consider a place like Corliani's. As for me, however, it was rather fun. Remember, hot chocolate and salted crackers at Bowen's drug store have been the high points in my night life for years! I'd never tasted real Italian food before, and I was even intrigued with some of the rather strange-looking creatures that practically sat in our laps."

For some inexplicable reason, Mary woke at six the next morning. Lella and Miss Cotswell were, of course, still asleep, and even Addie could not be heard stirring about. The script of "Their Son," which she had tucked away in the bottom drawer of her bureau the day before, sprang to her mind, and with a sudden spurt of energy, she decided that now, in the early hours of this cold morning, with not one sign of life to disturb the calm, was the time to read it over. She could look at it from a fresh viewpoint, and no doubt, discern in its structure glaring flaws which she had been too weary to notice the day before.

A second later, she settled herself in an armchair before the living room window and began to read "Their Son." It really went rather smoothly, she told herself. The

Typewriting Is Held Character Clew; French Say It Is Equal to Handwriting

The line of a hand, the set of a jaw, the way of a walk or even the size of an ear all have been used to denote and define character. Now the French have a new one—the way one turns out words on a typewriter, according to a Paris United Press correspondent.

Like handwriting, say the French, different styles of typing denote in their way different characteristics. Whether it is a wide margin or a narrow one, pounding on the keys or hitting some letters harder than others, each peculiarity in typing marks some particular trait which can be interpreted if the different signs are understood.

According to authorities who have compiled the rudiments of "reading typewriting" the general characteristics are as follows: A person who uses an overly wide margin and especially a wide margin for the beginning of a paragraph is highly sensitive.

A very small margin or no margin at all at the beginning of a paragraph means the person is lacking in good taste, is inclined to be miserly and overly frugal concerning small things.

phraseology was perfect; her choice of words, beyond criticism.

"I shan't do another thing to it," she decided. "It's as good as it'll ever be, and it may be far better than I think. I'm going to submit it to Mr. Buchanan today, and it's got to sink or swim." With eager fingers, she slipped it into a large, manila envelope, and, securing Aunt Linnie's fountain pen from the tray of odds and ends on the desk, wrote across its front in large letters, "Mr. Phillip Buchanan, The National Weekly."

"I'll take it to him myself," she thought, "and if he's not there, just leave it with his secretary. I wish it were later. I don't suppose these editors ever think of rolling into their offices until at least ten. Well, I'll just have to take a long bath, eat a long breakfast, and spend an hour getting dressed. Maybe that'll consume the time between now—and then!"

CHAPTER VI

It was half past ten, and Mary sat with flushed face and icy hands in the reception room of The National Weekly. She had arrived exactly at the stroke of ten, and, after giving her name to the efficient receptionist, had been told that Mr. Buchanan was in, that he was occupied at the moment, and to sit down, please.

Two other persons had now entered the reception room; a good-looking young man with an intense air; a swarthy girl of twenty-five or so. "But I'll be next," Mary told herself excitedly, her hands like blocks of ice beneath their tan suede gloves.

The other callers had disappeared through mysterious doors and Miss Hickenlooper, the secretary, was now speaking through one of the telephones in response to a buzz that had resounded throughout the reception room. "All right, Miss Loring," she said. "Your turn now."

Mary jumped to her feet, dropping her purse as she did so. Miss Hickenlooper raised a supercilious eyebrow. "Your purse, Miss Loring," she said coldly. "And you'd better take your coat with you."

"Hateful woman!" Mary thought, her face suffusing with a deep red. "She probably knows I'm excited."

"To the right, please," Miss Hickenlooper was saying. "Office at the end of the corridor."

"Thank you," Mary said coldly and, elevating her chin ever so slightly, stepped through the door that led into the working quarters of The National Weekly.

Offices opened off to the right and left of the long narrow hall but, with eyes straight ahead, she made for the one at the end—the sanctus-sanctorum of the lot—the office of Phillip Buchanan.

She stood in the doorway an instant before the man at the desk became aware of her presence. He was scanning a typed letter, and a deep furrow made a furrow between his eyebrows. He looked austere, and Mary, none-too-assured at best, felt increasingly nervous. He was younger than she had expected to find him, perhaps thirty-five, and his hair looked unburned, as if he had just returned from a fishing trip in Florida, which, indeed, he had.

Suddenly, he glanced up, and seeing her standing there, rose hastily from his chair, a puzzled expression on his face. He was taller than one would have judged, seeing him sitting down, glaring at that letter. He was as tall as Chris. "Is this—Miss Loring?" he asked, and the fear that he had inspired in her was instantly dispelled. His voice was kind, young—with the faintest trace of a Harvard accent.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ADVENTUROUS AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson

Long-Haired Sheriff

COMMODORE PERRY OWENS, born in Tennessee in 1852, went to Texas in the early seventies and spent 11 years there as a cowboy before becoming foreman of a cow outfit in New Mexico. He wore his hair long—almost to his waist—and carried his six-shooter on his left side, the butt pointing forward. Old timers in the Southwest were doubtful whether such a "show-off" had "real sand."

They found out he did have when, singlehanded, he killed three Navajo Indian cattle thieves. Then the people of northern Arizona decided he was the man to clean up the outlaws in their section and elected him sheriff of Apache county in 1887.

He broke up a band of 16 cattle rustlers after killing Ike Clanton of Tombstone fame and two others and capturing his brother, Finn Clanton, leader of the gang.

But his greatest feat was his single-handed fight with four members of the Blevans gang, one of the factions in the famous Pleasant Valley war. In this fight, which took place in Holbrook, Perry killed three of the four, including Andy Cooper, one of Arizona's most dangerous gun-fighters. It was one of the most desperate encounters at close quarters in the history of the state, not even excepting the famous fight at the O. K. corral in Tombstone.

Refusing re-election as sheriff, Perry became a special agent for the Santa Fe railroad, later express messenger for Wells-Fargo and then a United States marshal. He gave up his man-hunting work in 1900 and became a business man in Seligman where he died in 1919.

First in Yellowstone Park

WHAT an adventure it must have been for the first person who saw the Yellowstone! John Colter, who for three years had served in the famous Lewis and Clark expedition, was the lucky man. He had just left the party and established himself with the expedition of Manuel Lisa from St. Louis who traveled up the Missouri river to trade with the Indians.

A fort was established at the Big Horn and John Colter was sent ahead to notify the red men. With courage typical of that period, he began his lone expedition into territory never before trod by even the most courageous trappers and pioneers of the time.

Informed by the Indians that ahead lay a territory that was bedeviled and that they would not penetrate it, his curiosity and his adventurous spirit impelled him to explore it. He was well rewarded for records show that, in 1808, he went through and then completely encircled what is now Yellowstone national park.

Alone, he saw before any other person, the boiling springs, towering geysers and strange mineral deposits. Not only was he a pioneer among white men, but more adventurous than even the red men, being years ahead of them in risking existence in a land where the earth trembled and roared, spouted fire and hissed steam.

First Arctic Explorer

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN is famous for a long list of achievements but one more should be added to the list—that of patron of the first American voyage of Arctic exploration. Early in the Eighteenth century the English parliament offered a reward of 20,000 pounds to anyone who proved the existence of the fabled Northwest Passage to Asia. A British expedition set out in 1746 but failed to find it.

Then Franklin helped outfit the 60-ton schooner, Argo, which set forth in 1753 under the command of Capt. Charles Swaine. Sailing in March, the Argo encountered ice off Cape Farewell, but finally succeeded in entering Hudson's strait in the latter part of June.

Here the ice packs were so high that Swaine was forced to give up the attempt to penetrate further westward and to turn back to the open sea again. He then carefully examined the coast of Labrador before returning to Philadelphia where he arrived in November.

The next year he made a second voyage of discovery in the same vessel. Again he was unsuccessful and returned in October with the loss of three men, who were killed on the Labrador coast. But even though he had failed, he had won the right to the title of "First American Arctic Explorer" and, as Carl Van Doren, Franklin's latest biographer, says: "Here were the beginnings of a long chapter in the history of American adventure."

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Congressional Misuse
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