

# There COMES a MOMENT

By ELINOR MAXWELL

ARCADIA HOUSE PUBLICATIONS—WNU SERVICE

### SYNOPSIS

Mary Loring and her father, Jim, an ineffectual attorney, meet a train which brings his wealthy sister-in-law, unmarried Linnie Cotwell 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 Mamie, 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 left 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 begins work on her newest story, "At Sea," which would please the editors of the National Weekly. After finishing it she calls Doctor Cragg, who comes to the book store for a current novel. Falling 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, with a \$100 check for her story, makes her deliriously happy. The other, from her sister, tells her that her 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 Ballanti. The count's oily manner nauseates her. A note from her father the following day pleads with her not to mention the family's financial plight to her aunt. After reading it she forces herself to begin work on her next short story, which is more difficult to write than the first. She labors on until her aunt informs her that Count Umberto, whom Lelia tents a sponser, and fortune hunter, is to take them to dinner that evening. He takes them to a garish restaurant in Greenwich Village. That evening Mary sends her story, "Their Son," to the National Weekly. She goes to see Phillip Buchanan, editor of the National Weekly, to whom she has given her last story.

### CHAPTER VI—Continued

She smiled at Mr. Buchanan. "Yes, I am Mary Loring." "You took me rather by surprise." "Oh! But I thought Miss Hickenlooper announced me!" "She did, of course. I mean that I was hardly prepared for a debutante. 'At Sea' has the wisdom of years in its theme." "I'm twenty-two," Mary replied, as if that explained everything. Phillip Buchanan smiled, and his teeth seemed very white because of the contrast they made with the tan of his face. "All of that? Do sit down, Miss Loring. I'm so glad you dropped in. I've wanted to tell you how very much we liked 'At Sea.' It's scheduled for publication April fifteenth." Mary seated herself in a chair which faced him across the desk, the envelope containing her manuscript held tightly beneath her right arm. "Oh! Not until April?" "Not until April?" Mr. Buchanan repeated. "Why, that's giving your story an early publication! Don't you know that our material—at least as far as fiction is concerned—is planned months in advance? In fact, we shelved a story we had arranged to publish on that date in order to make room for yours. By the way, have you written anything since you sent us 'At Sea'?" Mary produced the envelope containing her precious script, and placed it on the desk before him. "Indeed I have, Mr. Buchanan, and here it is. Another short story." Phillip Buchanan glanced at it, put it on a pile of papers at his left, and then casually lit his cigarette. "That's fine. I'll turn it over to Mr. Johnstone today." Mary's eyes clouded with disappointment. She had supposed that Mr. Buchanan, himself, would read the story—perhaps this morning while she sat there in his office. "Mr. Johnstone?" she repeated numbly. "Yes, one of our readers." Then, evidently sensing her disappointment, he explained, "You see, all material submitted to The National Weekly goes through a regular routine. Mr. Johnstone reads it first, separates the wheat from the chaff; hands on the possibilities to Mr. Arbuckle, who in turn does a bit more weeding. After which, whatever is left goes on to Mr. Van Winkle. He then okays what he considers best suited to our needs and sends it on to me. A sort of survival of the fittest, as it were!" "Heavens, what a test!" Mary replied, that elusive dimple playing at one corner of her mouth. "I'm surprised that anything ever reaches your desk! I had supposed..." "That I read everything that comes to the office? Lord, no! I couldn't wander through all that trash! However, you may rest assured that your story—what's the title, by the way?" "Their Son," Mary replied. "You may rest assured that 'Their Son' will give a sympathetic reading. We like your style, and the realistic manner in which you handled the situations in 'At Sea.' Once an author has appeared within our pages, he's given, as far as we're concerned, a place in the sun. In fact, on second thought, I'll probably just turn this over to Mr. Van Winkle—not put it through the mill."

He glanced abruptly at the dull gold watch strapped to his wrist. "Lord! It's nearly one o'clock, and I have an engagement with Ford Hansen at two. How about having a spot of lunch with me, Miss Loring?" Mary's hands clutched convulsively beneath the protection of the coat which lay across her lap, and, to her embarrassment, her face flushed scarlet. Phillip Buchanan, the editor-in-chief of the most popular magazine in the United States was asking her to have a "spot of lunch" with him! "Why, thank you," she managed to reply. "That will be fun." Buchanan leaped from his chair, and went towards a cupboard at the far end of the room. "All right," he said. "Let's go." And opening the door, he dragged out a camel's hair top-coat, and slid into it. "I want to talk to you about a series of shorts, and this is a swell opportunity."

Mary felt dizzy with excitement as she and Phillip Buchanan, closeted in one of the silent elevators of



Mary felt dizzy with excitement.

the building which housed The National Weekly, descended twenty floors to the lobby. Mr. Buchanan was taking her to lunch! Mr. Buchanan wanted to talk to her about a series of "shorts" for his magazine. She mentally estimated how many words she could write a day; how many hours it would take to revise and polish what she had written. She must not be hasty or careless. She should, she figured, allow herself two mornings for the original composition, two additional mornings for revision, and a fifth sitting, perhaps, for perfect retyping of the script.

They had reached the lobby, now, and were heading for the street door. "I say," Mr. Buchanan began, "you don't mind barging all the way down to the Lafayette, do you? My appointment with Hansen's in that neighborhood."

Mind! Mary would have gone to Chinatown, or Great Neck, or Timbuktu with him, had he suggested one of those spots as a lunching place! "I don't mind at all," she returned. "I've wanted to see the Lafayette ever since Greta Garbo appeared in 'Romance.'"

Mr. Buchanan looked puzzled. "Romance? Oh, yes, I remember now. All about a young minister who fell in love with an actress! That's right. Some of the scenes were supposed to be laid at the Lafayette. Well, I don't know that you'll find a great deal of the atmosphere of the sixties remaining, but it's a good place to eat. Come on, we'll hop a taxi."

Once in the cab, he settled himself comfortably back against the leather cushions, as if to snatch a bit of rest while the opportunity offered, lit a cigarette, and said, "Well, tell me something about yourself, Miss Loring. You're from some small town in the West, aren't you?"

Mary glanced shyly at the clear-cut lines of the man's profile. He looked rather bored. No doubt his taking her out to lunch was only a necessary evil as far as he was concerned—the courteous gesture made by a publisher to one of his contributors. Perhaps he was asking her to talk about herself merely in order to avoid the trouble of making conversation. "My home's in Hawkinsville, Iowa," she began obediently, feeling that at least he wouldn't care if she hailed from the Fiji Islands. "I'm just visiting my aunt in New York for a while."

"Oh, so your aunt lives here?" "Yes, my mother's sister. But she's going South sometime in March, and I'll probably return to Hawkinsville. I—I really would like to stay in New York indefinitely."

"Why would you like to stay in New York?" Mr. Buchanan asked. "I should think it would be easier to write in a country town, away from all the hurrah. Besides, you're right in touch with a certain type of life which, judging from 'At Sea,' you're particularly capable of han-

dling. Hawkinsville is a country town, isn't it?"

"I suppose that's what you'd call it, Mr. Buchanan," Mary replied, hating herself for the resentment that had crept into her voice. "The population's almost ten thousand." Then, with a chuckle, "In fact, it's been almost ten thousand for the past fifty years! Most of the boys leave for Saint Louis or Chicago to get positions as soon as they're finished with high school or college. Some of the girls marry and go away. A few new families dribble into town every year, and the men get employment at the leather factory. People die, babies are born, but the population remains the same."

The man finally looked at her. "That's interesting," he commented, and the faint lines around his mouth crinkled with amusement. "Tell me. What are the—ah—entertainments? What do people do all the time?"

"Well," Mary replied, warming under his half smile, "there's the little country club, three miles from town, and set high up on the bluffs overlooking the Mississippi. The men, and some of the women, play golf there during the summer, and every Saturday night there's a dinner dance with Swanson's orchestra from Burlington to furnish the music; and even though Art Swanson could never, in anyone's wildest moments, be termed a second Paul Whiteman, the music is good. Really, it is! Then, there are two movie houses, and often we get pictures that haven't even been released in Saint Louis yet. And, of course, the churches are very active, and there are any number of church dinners during the winter, with the women of the guild cooking and serving the food themselves."

"And darned good food, I bet it is!"

"Oh, is it! Fried chicken and cream gravy, and corn on the cob, in the summer, with great slabs of chocolate cake and home-made ice cream. And in the winter, luscious ham, all coated with crisp, brown sugar baked beans, and loads and loads of tiny biscuits, fresh from the oven."

"Stop! You're making my mouth water! Lord! The people in those small towns know how to live!"

"In—more ways than one," Mary said tensely, her thoughts flashing back to her father and mother; a sudden wave of homesickness and pity assailing her. "At least, they know what life is all about. They're closer to it, somehow, than people in the cities. Closer to Life—and Death—closer to each other. Sometimes, you get annoyed because everybody in town seems to know your innermost secrets—yet, on the other hand, you know that those very same people care—and care terribly when you're sick or dying, or in trouble."

Her cab was drawing up before the Lafayette, and Phillip Buchanan turned abruptly and faced her. "That's the kind of people you must write about!" he said. "That's the life you know. You were born to it. You were raised in it. You've been steeped in that atmosphere. Now, write about it! And with an energetic jerk, he tugged open the door of the taxi."

The Lafayette was seething with activity. Smartly groomed women were lunching at "tables for two" with smartly groomed men. Larger tables, surrounded by males only, buzzed with laughter and conversation. At first, Mary thought perhaps she and Mr. Buchanan would have to find another place for their "spot of lunch," but the captain miraculously located a small table for them, decorated by three yellow jonquils in a bud vase, and plumped against a window.

"What sort of cocktail would you like, Miss Loring?" Phillip Buchanan asked, almost before he had succeeded in getting his long legs beneath the snowy cloth. "None, thank you," Mary returned. "You see..."

"Fine!" the man replied. "Well, you don't mind watching me drink, do you? Have you decided what you'd like to eat?"

Mary glanced at the menu in her hand. "An Egg Benedict, I think, and endive salad."

"Egg Benedict and endive salad, Alphonse, for Miss Loring, and I'll have fillet mignon with sauce maitre-die. Coffee, later." He glanced at his watch again. His life, thought Mary, seemed to be run on schedule. He had consulted that timepiece exactly five times in the past hour. "It's a quarter after one," he announced. "I'd better tell you what we have in mind for you, Miss Loring. Both Mr. Van Winkle and I are enthusiastic about 'At Sea.' The plot, of course, is not particularly new, but then, after a long plot is. You attacked it from a fresh viewpoint, however, and we liked the manner in which you handled it. Now, we feel that a series of shorts, done in the same style, might be used by The National Weekly over a period of several months. Say, one every other week. And, in time, if they prove satisfactory, and click with our public, we will, of course, gradually increase the pay."

"I'll do my best, Mr. Buchanan," she said breathlessly. "I'll start in tomorrow. I—I think I have a plot in mind right now. And then, of course, you have 'Their Son.'"

"Yes. Van Winkle will give that a reading within a few days, if possible. We're practically deluged with scripts right now, but many of them are unsolicited, and I'm sure he'll give 'Their Son' some preference as far as the time element is concerned."

"Is there any particular treatment you...?"

"Simply stick to writing about the type of life you know," Buchanan replied, cutting short her question. He then attacked his steak and, for the next few minutes, completely ignored her existence. Still resentful, she adhered to her vow of silence. Buchanan, however, didn't seem to notice the deficiency, and luncheon would probably have gone on indefinitely without further exchange of words, had it not been interrupted presently by a young man with an engaging smile, who spied them from an adjacent table, and came over to speak to Buchanan.

He was short and dark, with gray eyes that were serious yet friendly. "Hello, Phil," he said cordially, coming towards Buchanan with outstretched hand. "You're the very person I hoped to see today."

"Hello, Jim! Glad to see you! Miss Loring, this is Jim Ormsby." Jim Ormsby! Could this stranger be Lelia's former husband, or were there any number of Jim Ormsbys in New York? "How do you do?" she returned.

"What's on your mind, Jim?" Phil Buchanan was asking. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks, no. I'm dashing off to keep an appointment. It's this, Phil—Paul Waring and Lorry Wood and I are running up to my place in Connecticut over the week-end, and we want you to make a fourth. Badminton at the club, you know, and plenty of Contract between drinks. How about it?"

"I think it's a swell idea, Jim. Count me in."

"Fine! I'll give you a ring tomorrow, and inform you on all the finer points of the situation! Good-by, Miss Loring"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## ADVENTUROUS AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson

### Immortalized by a Dam

BONNEVILLE dam in the Columbia river perpetuates the memory of an adventurous explorer who was both a great success and a great failure. In 1832 French-born Capt. Benjamin Bonneville of the United States army obtained a leave of absence to engage in a fur trading expedition on condition that he explore the trans-Missouri West and obtain information concerning the Indians, the topography of the country and its economic possibilities. Two years later he set out at the head of a party of 110 men.

Commercially his venture was a complete failure. He built forts in such poor locations that the frontiersmen called them "Fort Nonsense." Some were so high in the mountains that they were cut off from the outside by the first snows of winter. But his expedition was successful in that he explored the route through South Pass for wagon trains and mapped the passage of the Columbia river through the Cascade mountains. Moreover he was an able military leader for he did not lose a single man during all his perilous journey through the Indian-infested wilderness.

After his return to the East he met Washington Irving at the home of John Jacob Astor and the result was the book "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville" by that famous writer. The book was a "best seller" of its time but it did not help Bonneville's reputation greatly. He had long overstayed his leave of absence and when President Jackson reinstated him as a captain in 1835 many people protested that Bonneville should have been dismissed from the service instead.

Bonneville proved them wrong by his conduct during the Mexican war, which won for him a citation for gallantry in action. In 1852 he became commandant at Fort Vancouver which stood 30 miles down the river from the dam that now bears his name. He was brevetted a brigadier general in 1869 and died in St. Louis in the spring of 1878.

### 'A Message to Garcia'

OUT in California lives an 82-year-old retired army officer whose name was once on every American's lips. He is Col. Andrew Summers Rowan, the man who carried "a message to Garcia."

In 1898 war with Spain was imminent and President McKinley wanted to know if General Garcia, commander of the Cuban insurgents, would co-operate with the American forces if an army was sent there. The man chosen to find out was young Lieutenant Rowan.

Rowan proved that the confidence of his superiors was not misplaced. Making his way through the steaming, insect-infested jungle, drinking germ-filled water, living on such food as he could find and in constant danger of capture and execution by the Spaniards as a spy, Rowan found Garcia, got the information he sought and safely made an equally perilous return trip.

Rowan was taken to the White House where he received the thanks of the President and promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. But the thing which made him famous was an editorial, written by Elbert Hubbard, for his magazine, the Philistine, the following year. This editorial, published under the title of "A Message to Garcia," was translated into 20 languages, reprinted all over the world and is one of the best known pieces of English prose ever written.

As for the man who inspired it, not until 1922 did he receive public recognition from his country in the form of the Distinguished Service Cross for carrying the "message to Garcia."

### Death Valley Samaritan

LOU WESTCOTT BECK went into Death Valley to seek wealth but almost perished. He stayed there to devote his life to saving others.

Death Valley of the days before good roads and tourist facilities was well named. Hundreds of American adventurers never returned from it. A barren waste with trails that led nowhere, and alive only with crawling lizards and darting poisonous snakes, Death Valley was a treacherous trap baited to lure adventurers with promises of gold.

Beck became known as the "Good Samaritan of Death Valley," piling up rocks and putting signs on them directing prospectors to water holes. He went out searching for those who were known to be lost and guided them to safety.

For 13 years, aided only by Rufus, his Newfoundland dog, Beck braved the hardships of the Colorado and Mojave deserts, as well as Death Valley, and saved between 300 and 400 lives. In 1917, although warned not to by his dog, Beck drank from an infected spring and never recovered from the resulting illness.

Although comparatively unknown today, Lou Westcott Beck is probably one of the most self-sacrificing of all the great American adventurers.

© Western Newspaper Union.

## CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

PUPPIES WANTED—We buy puppies of all types. Send description and lowest cash price in first letter. Box 121, 231 N. Eriaw St., Baltimore, Maryland.

### ALCOHOLISM

OUR HOSPITAL is devoted exclusively to the treatment and cure of ALCOHOLISM CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM GREENHILL INSTITUTE 2145-1500 M. E. Washington, D. C. Write for information Booklet. It's FREE

### POULTRY

BRED FOR PRODUCTION: Ducks RAISED FOR PROFIT: Chickens SOLD BY QUALITY: Turkeys STARTED CHICKS: Pullets MILFORD HATCHERY Rockdale, Pa. Pikesville, Md.

### PHOTOGRAPHY

Any 6 or 8 Exposure Roll Film developed in Fine Grain and printed on the New Style Dackie Edge Velox paper for only 25c in coin. FREE Enlargement Coupon with every roll. Quality prints as low as 3c each. Special Miniature Film Service. ANDREA STUDIO Post Office Box 596 - Baltimore, Md.

### Home Study Shorthand

SUCCESS WITH SHORTHAND Learn SHORTHAND easily at home! Complete self-taught course only \$1.00. Money back if not satisfied. Masterstroke Shorthand, Phoenix Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

### EDUCATIONAL

Learn Mechanical Dentistry at Home. Prepare evenings and spare time for this desirable profitable profession and start your own business. Write for special low summer rates. FLORETTIC LABS., 515 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### AUCTIONEERS

WE SOLICIT AUCTION SALES OF Real Estate, Farms, Chattels and Personal Property. Any location. E. T. NEWELL & CO., INC. Auctioneers Since 1907. 710 N. Howard St., Baltimore, Md.



Uncle Phil Says: Ever since Adam fell, man has been trying to get back to his state.

There cannot be justice where there is special privilege. Not even when the privilege is so small as to be allowed to park where you like.

Cheerfulness is courtesy. It is a social duty.

### That Takes Gumption

Know where you don't belong and keep away from that locality.

An old fool is disagreeable because foolishness in age is out of character.

If one gets no gratification out of generosity, of course he won't practice it.

### Is There Such a Man?

If a man can listen appreciatively while a girl talks about herself instead of wanting to talk about himself, he understands women.

The mistakes most of us regret are the mistakes that cost us money.

If our ideals make us happy, should we mind if they are illusions?

### Years in Moments

At certain periods of life we live years of emotion in a few weeks, and look back in those times as on great gaps between the old life and the new.—Thackeray.

## CONSTIPATED! Gas Crowds Heart.

"For thirty years constipation caused me headaches and pains in the back. Awtal gas blowing crowded my heart. Adierka helped right away. Now I eat sausage, bananas, pie, anything I want and never feel better." Mrs. Mabel Schott. Two things happen when you are constipated. FIRST: Accumulated wastes swell up bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. SECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming G.A.S. bringing on sour stomach, indigestion, and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath. Adierka gives double relief with DOUBLE ACTION. Adierka relieves STOMACH GAS almost instantly. It often cleans bowels in less than two hours. No griping, no after effects, just quick results. Recommended by many doctors for 25 years. Sold at all drug stores.

WNU-4 21-39

### Vain Attempts

It is impossible for a man who attempts many things to do them all well.—Xenophon.

## That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are not to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning scanty or too frequent urination. The "Doan's Pills, Doan's help the kidneys to get rid of excess poisonous body waste. They are antiseptic to the urinary tract and tend to relieve irritation and the pain it causes. Many grateful people recommend Doan's. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Ask your neighbor!

## DOAN'S PILLS