

There COMES a MOMENT

By ELINOR MAXWELL

ARCADIA HOUSE PUBLICATIONS—WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Good Lord!" Phil Buchanan exclaimed incredulously. "You're—you're not crying! My dear child, please don't take this thing so seriously. After all, The National Weekly's not the only magazine in New York."

Mary averted her face, and gazed blindly out of the window. "No," she finally managed to say. "The National Weekly's not the only magazine in New York, but if you say 'Their Son' is trite, and lacks conviction, there's no use in my trying to market it anywhere else. And what a fool you must think I am! Crying because you don't like my story! I—I bet I'm the only woman who ever bawled in your office!"

Buchanan grinned, showing those strong teeth that looked so startlingly white compared with the tan of his face. "Well, perhaps you are, but let's forget it."

Mary smiled through her tears. "Maybe you can, but I'm sure the memory of my making a fool of myself before an editor will haunt me to my dying day!—Mr. Buchanan?"

"Yes, Mary?"

"Throw that script in your waste basket!"

"Why, I can't do that. It's your property, you know."

"I never want to see it again!"

"No, I won't. It'll be mailed to you in proper form. Now tell me, what's the new tale about? And do you feel that you've allowed yourself enough time on it?"

Mary looked at him with troubled eyes. "Why, I don't know. I worked on it constantly for two days and a half—and, after all, a short is only a thousand or so words in length. Do you think I'd better take it back home?"

"No. Leave it here. I'll glance over it, myself, instead of submitting it to the regular routine. Then, if I feel it should be improved upon, I'll return it to you for revision before putting it through the usual reading procedure. Are you having that picture taken this afternoon, by the way?"

Mary glanced at her watch. "Yes, I am, and it's time I was getting to the photographer's. Thank you, Mr. Buchanan. You've been—nice, and I'm sorry I acted so silly."

Phil Buchanan followed her to the door. "Well, there's something you might do to—ah—make up for having flooded me just a bit there for a moment."

Mary smiled at him obliquely. "And what is that? Never darken your doors again?"

"To the contrary. I have to drive Oscar up to Westchester this afternoon, and I wish you'd go along."

"Oscar?"

"Don't tell me you've forgotten Oscar! My dog, you know. He's working up an attack of something or other, and I want to get him to the veterinarian's before he breaks out with distemper or the rickets, or whatever Great Danes have. We could call for you at the photographer's if you'll go; then, after getting Oscar settled, drop in at Trudi's on the Boston Post Road for a beef-steak dinner."

Mary hesitated. She had accepted an invitation with Count Baliani for dinner somewhere, and one of their usual walks, but an evening with Phil Buchanan suddenly appeared far more desirable than an evening with the suave Italian. She could phone Baliani; cancel her engagement with him.

"I'd love to go with you and Oscar," she finally said. "I don't imagine the photographer will keep me more than an hour, do you?"

"Not a chance! Shall I call for you, say, at five?"

"Yes, at five. Good-by."

He was, by the grace of a friendly policeman, waiting for her in his low-slung coupe when she came out of the building at five minutes after five. Oscar, looking regal in spite of a nose that was definitely dripping, occupied the rumble seat.

Mary hastily slid in beside Buchanan, and slammed the door. "I didn't know anybody short of the mayor could park on Fifth Avenue!" she said. "How's Oscar?"

"Oscar's got a decided case of the sniffles." Phil replied, looking really worried, "and Spike says you can hear a sort of wheeze in his chest—like an organ in a country church when the organist misses a note."

Mary turned about, and looked at the big dog through the back window. "He seems to be enjoying life right now," she reported. "Sitting up very straight and regarding the traffic with enormous interest!"

Eventually, they arrived at Doctor Horner's Country Retreat for City Dogs, and, cramped and cold, alighted from the car. Mary could discern, through the gathering dark of the March night, a rambling frame building, once a barn, so Phil Buchanan informed her—now a model hospital for canine pets.

CHAPTER X

The older woman, discerning the girl's unrest, studied her lovely young profile. "What's the matter, dear? You haven't received bad news from home, have you?"

"No, everything's—all right. I simply feel—restless. I won't be gone long."

Linnie Cotswell, sympathetic to something she could not fathom, continued to search the girl's face. "All right, my dear," she finally said. "Run along, but don't forget we're leaving for Journey's End at eleven. Jerome's car'll be here promptly on the hour."

"I know," Mary murmured as she left the room to get a hat and coat. And to herself, she was saying, "Journey's End—Oh, my God! How can I stand driving out there today—filling myself with rich food—being shown those thoroughbred horses and dogs—talking fool nothings!"

The days wore on—fruitless, sterile days for Mary. She longed with every fiber of her being to write, but the words would not come. It was futile to try, she finally told herself, until after she had learned the fate of "Concerning Anne." If Phillip Buchanan accepted it, her belief in herself would be restored. The dried well of her mind would again gush forth. Until then, she must go on in this helpless daze—eating, bathing—dressing; attempting to sleep; attending farewell parties given for Linnie and Lela.

It was now the twelfth of March, and they would be sailing in three days. Maybe, after they had gone, and she and Addie were left alone in the quiet of the apartment, she'd be able to think. Maybe. . . .

It was early in the afternoon of the twelfth that, coming home from a dull luncheon at the Ritz with some of Linnie's friends, she found a letter from The National Weekly on her dressing-table. Her heart flooded with hope when she saw that it was thin and flat—that it could not possibly contain a script. With clumsy haste she tore off one end of the envelope, and snatched out the single sheet of paper it contained.

"Why, it's in longhand," she said to herself. "How strange! Did Mr. Buchanan write it, himself?" Yes, there was his signature, "Phillip Buchanan," scrawled at the bottom of the page.

Then, with joyous anticipation, she began to read:

My dear Miss Loring,
I've just finished reading "Concerning Anne," and, my dear child, "Your Son" was a gem in comparison. It, at least, had possibilities—that is, perhaps, for some magazine other than The National Weekly. What has come over you? Why can't the girl who wrote "At Sea" produce another perfect short?

It's in you, Mary Loring. It is—only something about which I can't possibly know is destroying your beautiful talent. Please try to overcome it, or shake it off, or forget it. I feel sure you can do it. I have absolute faith in your ability. That is why I am writing you these words which, in all probability, you will consider brutal.

"Concerning Anne" is not being returned to you by mail. I don't want anybody in the office to see it. Instead, will you lunch with me at the Brevoort Saturday the fifteenth, and talk things over?

Sincerely,
Phillip Buchanan

Mary never knew how long she stood there at the dressing-table, staring blindly at Phillip Buchanan's letter. A dull pain pounded at the back of her neck, and, for a while, she thought she was going to be sick. The frankness of his words was reacting upon her with physical violence. Her mouth felt dry and hot. Automatically, she moved towards the bathroom, took the peach-colored glass from its niche in the wall, and turned on the cold water faucet.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"Darling, you're not falling in love with him, are you?"

give you my message? I telephoned about five, but you weren't in, and I told her to tell you I was driving to Westchester with Mr. Buchanan. He had to take his dog to a veterinarian's, and asked me to go along."

"Heavens! How domestic and unexciting!"

"But it was fun, Aunt Linnie, really! We stopped at Trudi's on the way back, and had beefsteak and German-fried potatoes, and pancakes. And we sat in front of a big log fire in a room that can't be a day less than a hundred years old. No one else was there, and after Trudi served our dinner, he and his wife, who cooked it, came and sat with us, and we talked."

"Sounds cozy," commented Lelia, entering the room with a tray of food. "Phil Buchanan loves to hobnob with all kinds of people. Perhaps that's why he's so successful; he knows every phase of life. Half the policemen in New York have named their first-born son after him."

Miss Cotswell regarded her niece with speculative eyes. "Darling, you're not falling in love with him, are you?"

The butter knife with which Mary had been spreading some cheese clattered to her plate. "No," she said coldly. "I'm not falling in love with him, and a darned lot of good it'd do me if I were. He's interested in me as a writer—not a woman. And not so terribly interested, at that! He turned down 'Their Son' today—said it was trite and banal."

"Um," murmured Linnie, and bit into her cracker. "Well, I can't say, my dear, that I can shed any tears over that. The sooner you discover you were never meant to be an author, the better it'll be for you. Something will have to wake you up to the advantages of marrying Jerome Taylor."

Mary placed her plate on the tray with a bang that was almost fatal. "I'm never going to marry that silly old man, Aunt Linnie, and you might as well know it right now. Also, I wouldn't have Umberto Baliani, with his brilliant hair and perfumed cigarettes, for a gift. I'm sick to death of their fatuous glances and their silly speeches. It was wonderful—simply wonderful—to spend this evening with a man who never once mentioned my so-called beauty, nor attempted to kiss me. No, Aunt Linnie, I'm not falling in love with Phil Buchanan! And heavens knows, he certainly is not falling in love with me. In fact, there are times when I feel quite sure he doesn't even like me—that he secretly thinks I'm something of a fool!"

And, leaning to her feet, her eyes burning with unshed tears, she fled from the room.

CHAPTER X

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

Belgian Barge Dogs Have Been Used For Many Years as Guards on Boats

Travelers in Belgium sometimes see on the decks of barges and canal boats little black dogs keeping their watchful eyes on everything going on about them. They are the Belgian barge dogs, and from their use they derive their name which, incidentally, is pronounced, skepperk, and means in Flemish little skipper, writes P. Hamilton Godsell in the Detroit News.

Little is definitely known of the breed's origin. It has been used for many years as a guard on the boats that ply the inland waters of Flanders. It may have been distantly related to the Pomeranian, as they both have the same fox-like head with bright eyes, upstanding, small ears, and dainty, well-shaped little feet.

Although the Schipperke has not the full coat of the Pomeranian, one of its characteristics is its profuse ruff.

It weighs up to 18 pounds and possesses the usual terrier qualities. The breed first made its appearance in England in the eighties, but it was not until much later that it became known to any extent in this country.

At one time, it is said, sailors on

ships bound for America from Belgian ports would steal these dogs and find a ready market for them.

It is an excellent watchdog, ever alert and inquisitive and somewhat suspicious of strangers; and it is splendid with children.

It is a good hunter of rats, moles and other vermin, and can be used to hunt rabbits.

It is hardy and easy to care for. Altogether it is an attractive, businesslike little dog, ideal for the small house or apartment, and possessed of sufficient reserve to classify it in the one-man category.

The breed is listed as non-sporting, and not as a toy or terrier.

Animals and Mammals
All mammals are animals; comparatively few animals possess the characteristics necessary for classification as mammals. Mammals comprise the highest class of animals. Their outstanding characteristic is that they nourish their young with milk. Mammals are covered more or less with hair, possess mammary glands, a muscular diaphragm which separates the heart and lungs from the abdominal cavity, and red blood corpuscles without nuclei.

Star Dust

★ Winner: Virginia Vale

★ Scouts Eye Graduates

★ Elbow Room for Grant

By Virginia Vale

APPARENTLY Jesse Lasky,

who is now conducting his

second search for new faces for

the screen, thinks that there is

something in a name—at least,

something in my name. For he

has chosen "Virginia Vale" as

the name which will be bestowed

on the girl who is selected

as the winner of this nationwide

talent quest.

The boy who wins will be called

"Robert Stanton"—which makes me

wonder if some man, somewhere,

who really is named Robert Stanton,

was as startled and exasperated

as I was over discovering that his

name had been kidnaped, as it were.

There ought to be a law

against it!

Freddie Bartholomew is no longer

a star. Metro has demoted him,

and promoted James Stewart,

whose popularity increases with every

picture he makes—and he's

making plenty of them these days.

These are the days when the girls

who are graduated from high school

or college may be taking a screen

test right along with their diplomas,

without knowing it. Practically all

of the major movie companies are

in need of pretty girls, it's said,

and talent scouts have gone forth

to find them.

Of course, the very girls who

come out best in these informal

screen tests could probably go to

Hollywood and try hopelessly for

years to get into the studios.

Remember Wesley Barry, one of

the screen's first child stars? He

has been signed for a feature role

in "Stunt Pilot," the second in a

series of Monogram pictures based

on the "Tailspin Tommy" cartoon

strip.

He has been in the real estate

business for three years, and during

the last nine months has been sales

manager for a large realty firm in

Hollywood.

George Hicks, the NBC announcer

who has been down to the bottom

of the ocean and up in the clouds

for special broadcasts, and is to

cover the American visit of the king

and queen of England, has received

more than a thousand letters from

fans who enclosed blank sheets of

paper with the request that he get

the royal visitors to autograph them.

Hicks is the kind of man who

wouldn't make such a request even

for himself!

Cecil B. DeMille always orders an

extra microphone on the stage

when Cary Grant is doing a play

on that radio theater program. The

extra microphone is used exclusively

by Grant, who waves his arms

and gesticulates while performing,

and doesn't like to worry about

accidentally striking the person beside

him.

Over a period of two months The

Three Marshalls (Peggy, Jack and

Kay) have had to change their

radio program five times because

the songs they submitted to the

stations before taking to the air were

banned.

They couldn't sing "Hallelujah,

I'm a Bum"—it was thought to be

offensive. "My Heart Belongs to

Daddy" was all right if only Peggy

and Kay sang the lyrics; Jack could

play the music, but he couldn't sing

—network rulings reject the song if

it's sung by a man.

They couldn't sing "The Preacher

and the Bear" because the lyrics

contain the word "coon." "Shoot

the Likker to Me, Jive Boy," a jam

session favorite, could be sung only

if some word not suggesting an

alcoholic beverage was substituted for

"likker"—which in this instance was

used as a musical term.

ODDS AND ENDS—"Captain Fury,"

the sequel to "World of Tomorrow,"

is one of the most old-fashioned melodramas

seen for a long time in the world of today

... Here's an inspired title for you—

... Here's an inspired title for you—

... Here's an inspired title for you—

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