

# There COMES a MOMENT

By ELINOR MAXWELL

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### CHAPTER X—Continued

"I shan't have lunch with Mr. Buchanan and talk things over," Mary thought bitterly as she slowly sipped the water. "There's no use in that. There's nothing to talk over! I've tried for years to be an author, and I've failed. My writing one story that was worthy of acceptance was evidently just an accident. There's only one thing left to do now, and no matter how repugnant and cheap and vile, I'll simply have to do it. I'll marry Jerome Taylor. Perhaps Aunt Linnie was right all along! At least, it's the only way out—to save my family."

She had an engagement for dinner and the theater with Jerome Taylor that evening. He would "make love" to her sometime during the evening. He always did. He would tell her how beautiful she was, and how he never tired looking at her; and he would ask her if she didn't care for him "just a little bit." She had always evaded this question, or else answered, "Why, of course, Jerry, you know I like you very much," in a manner so definitely platonic that it forthwith brought the topic to a close.

She dressed with unusual care, wearing, as she had for that first dinner at Jerome's penthouse, her frock of silver and white; pinning, as she had also done on that night, his superb orchids high on her left shoulder. And again, as on the evening of their first dinner together, she wore Lelia's ermine wrap. Casting one last glance at herself in the mirror before going to the living room to greet him, she smiled with bitter approval. "Yes," she told herself with acerbity, "I look just what I am—a glorified gold-digger—orchids, ermine cape, and all!"

Jerome rose hastily from a chair as she entered the room. "Mary!" he exclaimed at sight of her. "My dear, you're more beautiful tonight than I've ever seen you!" And, lifting her hand to his lips, he kissed it.

She did not withdraw it immediately, although the touch of his lips on her hand made her cringe. She must not be aloof, as she heretofore had been with this man. She must pretend that she liked him. She must bring on a proposal tonight—

her lips, she sat there; now lifting her goblet of water to her mouth; now sipping some water; now placing the goblet back on the table.

Jerry, unmindful of the people about them, reached across the table and placed his hand over hers. "Darling, why not go down to Palm Beach with me tomorrow? My yacht's down there, you know, and . . ."

Mary glanced sharply across at him. "Tomorrow? But, Jerry, how in the world could we get married in such a short time?"

The man hastily relinquished her hand, and leaned back in his chair. The warm glow that had filled his narrow gray eyes disappeared. "My dear," he purred, "you seem to have misunderstood me."

Mary stared at him with incredulous eyes. "You weren't asking me to marry you?"

Jerome Taylor laughed. "What a provincial little thing you are! Why, everybody knows I'm not the marrying sort. But, my dear, there are so many things I can do for you . . ."

Mary felt for the cape which lay across the back of her chair, and with trembling fingers, pulled it over her shoulders. "You conceited old fool! I hate you! I've always hated you! I never want to see you again!" And grabbing her gloves and bag from the table, she rose from her chair.

As unperturbed as if she had told him she'd just remembered a telephone call she had to make, Taylor rose too, his sleek gray head inclining in a suave little bow. "Don't make a scene, my dear," he said in a low voice, his lips fixed in a smile. "Remember, we're in a public place. Besides, you're not exactly suited to melodrama, you know."

Mary flashed him an enraged look; then, with steps which she tried desperately to keep steady, made her way blindly through the tables, and out of the room to the lobby.

Eventually, she reached the door, and, in a voice that was still throaty with anger, asked the doorman to call for a taxi. She wondered if she had enough money in her bag

ry!" she exclaimed. "I just told this gentleman you were out for the evening!"

"I changed my plans, Addie," Mary returned and, slipping Lelia's wrap from her shoulders, handed it to the woman. "Addie, I wonder if you'll make us some black coffee. I have a headache."

"Yes, ma'am, honey!" Addie replied. "I'll have some for you in just a few minutes."

Then, as Addie disappeared into the kitchen, Balianci came towards her. "Darling," he murmured in the honeyed tones that Mary loathed, "something has gone wrong with you! Something has hurt you! I can see it written on your lovely face. Tell Umberto, my sweet."

Mary glanced up into his somber eyes—eyes that were filled with compassion and pity. "It's nothing," she began in a voice that was husky with emotion. The ugly shock of Jerome Taylor's words had left her at last, but in its place there burned a blind rage against the man, and a fear for all things to come. "It's nothing," she repeated. And then, bursting into wild, uncontrollable sobs, she cried, "Oh, Umberto, it's everything! It's everything! Yes, something has hurt me terribly!"

And, quite without knowing how it happened, she found herself in his arms, his lips softly pressing her cheek, her head against his shoulder.

"Darling! Darling!" he was saying softly. "Cara mia, I love you! And, for the moment, she felt safe, supremely secure in his arms. "Tell Umberto all about it, my sweet."

She shook her head. "No! No! No! I can never tell anyone!"

Taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he dried the tears on her face. "You've been crushed by something, my darling, and I could kill the beast who hurt you. Oh, Mary, my dear, I love you! I want to take care of you. I want you to be mine always, so that no one can ever hurt you again. Darling, will you marry me?"

"Oh, no, Umberto, I can't marry you! I don't want to marry anybody!" And then, with a badgering persistence, the thought, "But, I must marry somebody. I must do something!" again flooded her mind.

"Ah, darling," Umberto replied, touching his lips lightly to her eyes, "you say that tonight because you are upset by this dreadful something; but tomorrow, tomorrow, it will be different! Ah, feratasa, say you will consider it! Say I may leave you tonight with my heart warmed with the hope you will marry me soon."

Mary withdrew from his embrace, moving towards the fireplace, her cold hand against her throbbing forehead. "I—don't know, Umberto. Let's not talk about it tonight. Maybe . . ."

Balianci followed her. "Maybe?" he repeated softly. "Maybe! Oh, cara mia, that means you will make me the happiest man on earth!"

He attempted to take her in his arms again, but she pulled away, grateful to hear Addie approaching from the kitchen.

She had hardly finished pouring the coffee when a key could be heard turning in the latch of the entrance door. An instant later, Lelia Ormsby came into the room. Her eyes widened when she saw Mary sitting there with Count Balianci. "Why, Mary!" she began. "What are you doing at home? I thought—"

Umberto jumped to his feet. "Mrs. Ormsby!" he exclaimed, his dark eyes flashing, "congratulate me! I am the happiest man on earth! My lovely lady has promised to marry me!"

A look of consternation flashed across Lelia's face. "Why, what do you mean?"

"But just that!" Balianci re-

turned, with a grandiose wave of his hand. "You will felicitate us, yes?"

Lelia moved towards the lounge where Mary sat, her gaze riveted on her coffee cup. "Mary," she demanded, "is this true? You're not really going to marry Count Balianci, are you?"

Mary could not look up, nor could she speak for a moment. "I—don't know—Lelia," she finally replied in a remote voice. "Maybe I shall."

Lelia continued to regard the girl with eyes that were cold with unbelief. "Well," she said at last, and her voice was crisp, "I wish you both happiness. Perhaps Linnie



"I—don't know, Umberto. Let's not talk about it tonight."

## ADVENTUROUS AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson

### The Worst 'Bad Man'

THE life of Alexander Harvey, one of the worst "bad men" of the fur trading days of more than a century ago, was just one murder after another. That isn't the kind of career to glorify, but there is no denying that if you can get away with it, there is adventure in it.

His first murder was in 1840 at Fort McKenzie when he shot a mild-mannered employee after first making him kneel down before him. He reported that a Blackfoot Indian did the killing and no one had the courage to contradict him.

Later that year, while traveling to Fort Union, he quarreled with his companion and shot him through the head. While at the fort, he was bitterly hated, especially by a Spaniard, Isodoro. In the presence of a group of people including the commander of the fort, he killed Isodoro and then challenged those present to do something about it. None would dare.

Back at Fort McKenzie a short while later, the commander was ordered away and a friend of Harvey's was left in charge. The two of them admitted a group of Indians to the fort and then discharged a cannon into the crowd as they were coming in the gate. Three Indians were killed and three wounded, including a chief. Harvey killed the wounded chief with his knife and scalped him.

Although Harvey was responsible for many other murders, all of them brutal, and although he was thoroughly hated, he was never punished for a single one of them. But there were so many plotting his death that he had to spend his last years skulking in the Missouri river bottoms.

### Colorado's Mystery Man

IN THE early sixties an intellectual gentleman with strong bearded features arrived at Georgetown, Colo., and immediately became a celebrity of the local mountain country. He called himself Commodore Stephen Decatur and since there had been two previous Stephen Decatur in American history, both of whom were commodores, his identity was looked upon with suspicion.

Georgetown residents soon found that the commodore seemed to get a great deal of fun out of living. He got along well with everyone, especially the ladies. He was the town's greatest booster, an advocate of good roads and the development of mines.

He became associate editor of the Georgetown Miner, local paper, in 1869, and thenceforth increased his popularity. He was a flowery writer and a first-rate drinker. At odd moments, also, he would rattle off Indian language—that of the Sioux, Omaha, Ponca or Pottawatomie. Because of his ability to speak with them, he was delegated the task of settling all disputes with the Indians.

In 1876 he was appointed Colorado's commissioner to the Philadelphia exposition and he was cock of the walk there, too. He was so entertaining that he was followed by crowds wherever he went.

But he was recognized at the exposition as Stephen Decatur Cross, brother of the lieutenant-governor of Illinois. He had disappeared from Illinois and deserted his wife and children. The publicity of his discovery in Philadelphia ruined his popularity in Colorado and he had to retire to obscurity.

### Venturesome Historian

FRANCIS PARKMAN, the famous American historian, born in Boston in 1823 and educated at Harvard, underwent terrific hardships to gather material for his books. One of the most famous of these was his history of the Oregon trail. In order to get a thorough understanding of the people and country he was to describe, he lived among the Sioux.

Some historians have said he was "entertained" by the Indians, but "tortured" might be a better word. The Oglaia Sioux were the fiercest savages of their day. As Parkman's hosts they would tell him stories of how they killed their enemies by holding them down in huge fires with poles until they burned to death.

Once, while being "entertained" by the Sioux, the eldest squaw came in, grabbed a small dog by the hind leg and took it to the entrance of the lodge. There she hit it on the head several times with a rock until it was dead. Then she swung it back and forth in the fire until all the hair was burned off. Next she cut it up into small pieces and dropped them into a pot that was stewing above the fire.

A dog feast was the greatest treat a Sioux could offer a guest and Parkman forced himself to eat it.

The hardships he underwent brought him ill health from which he suffered for the rest of his life. Yet, besides writing many famous historical books, he became overseer of Harvard in 1868, professor of horticulture in 1869 and from 1875 to 1888 he was a Harvard fellow.

Western Newspaper Union.

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"My dear, you're more beautiful tonight than I've ever seen you!"

to pay for the cab, but she was so dizzy with anger, she could not even bring herself to look.

She was whirling up the Avenue—away from Jerome Taylor—closer, closer to Aunt Linnie's apartment and the safety and security which it betokened. Now, the cab was pulling up before Aunt Linnie's apartment house. Mary glanced at the meter; then emptied her purse into the driver's hand.

She stepped to the curb, and ran across the canopied walk to the entrance door. Her head was down, and in her eagerness to get into the foyer, she did not see the man who was leaving it. He caught her arm in an attempt to prevent a collision; then, as they both came to an abrupt standstill, she looked up. "Why, Umberto!" she exclaimed. "I didn't see you!"

"That is quite evident, little Mary!" he replied with a smile. "I had just dropped in to call on you, and but now was leaving with a heavy heart."

"Mush! Mush! Mush!" thought Mary. "Why can't other men talk as sanely as Phillip Buchanan?"

"You are back early, my beautiful!" Balianci continued, his hand still on her arm. "Is something wrong?"

"No, Umberto, I wanted to—come home."

"But then, I may go up with you, and stay a while!"

Mary frowned. "No, Umberto. No, no, no." Then, seeing the shadow that crossed his handsome dark face she said, "Oh, all right! Come on for a few moments. We'll listen to the radio."

Addie opened the door in answer to Mary's ring. "Why, Miss Ma-

## Elephants' Memories as Short as Their Tails, According to an Expert at Zoo

Experts at the zoological park in Brookfield are busy disputing time-honored fables about animals. You can forget the following, advises a Chicago United Press correspondent in the Detroit Free Press:

An elephant has a good memory. Monkeys like bananas. The humming bird has a small appetite. Beasts of the jungle are cruel. In fact, name any of the popular beliefs about animals and Robert Bean, assistant director of the zoo, will give you a two to one bet that you're wrong. He and his assistants based their conclusions on observations.

The elephant, for example, has a memory no longer than his tail. Doctor Bean cited the case of Honey, a baby elephant which was rescued from starvation in the wilds of Africa by Christoph Schulz. Schulz brought the animal to Chicago and for months nursed it along on a bottle. He was absent from town for eight months and when he returned Honey gave him the snub; didn't remember him at all.

The female elephant is reputed to breed at the age of 40 to 50, but Doctor Bean said, in reality, she breeds at six to eight years.

Monkeys like bananas? Doctor Bean poo-pooed the idea.

"Give a monkey a bag of popcorn, if you want to make him happy."

And hummingbirds? They have an appetite that rivals the greediest pig in the sty.

Beast cruel? Not at all. A hungry tiger, Doctor Bean said, does away with its prey in short order, as if it had deep sympathy for the unfortunate jungle pal it is necessary to devour for sustenance. A house cat, Doctor Bean said, is more cruel in playing with a helpless mouse before eating it than the most feared jungle cat.

The lay public has one inning, though, according to the experts of the zoo. A leopard really can't change its spots.

**Farmhouse Southern Shrine**

An old farmhouse near Durham, N. C., which served as headquarters for the last Confederate army in the field in 1865, is used as a Southern shrine.

Still unable to bring any words to