There COMES a MOMENT

ELINOR MAXWELL

O ARCADIA HOUSE PUBLICATIONS-WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER XI-Continued

-11-Fifteen minutes later, they were entering the crowded rooms of the Club Torquay. The scent of expensive perfumes, cigarette smoke, and food in the offing, filled the place. Men in dinner coats, women in evening gowns sat around the gaming tables, while persons wishing they had seats stood behind them, watching the play.

Two seats were finally vacated, and Aunt Linnie and Mrs. Bascom hurriedly slipped into them. "Are you going to play?" Miss Cotswell asked Mary over her shoulder.

"Heavens, no!" Mary answered, and glanced across the table just in time to see two more people get up, a defeated expression on their tired faces, and Lelia and Balianci slid into their little gilt and rosevelvet chairs.

Miss Cotswell opened her evening bag, extracted a fifty dollar bill, and asked the long-faced banker for fifty one-dollar chips.

The game went on and on. The placing of new bets before each spin began! The whirl of the wheel! The bouncing of the ball-on Black -or Red-on number twenty-seven! Here, there, until it settled on the winning number.

Mrs. Bascom had lost consistently; had purchased one batch of chips after another; but Aunt Linnie, betting, as she said, "like a piker," had been fairly lucky.

Balianci, after a brief time, relinquished his seat to Mr. Bascom, and was now standing next to Mary, his moist hand encircling her elbow.

Linnie had asked her again and again if she did not wish to play; had even offered her a bunch of counters when an adjacent seat had suddenly been vacated; and again and again, Mary had firmly re-

Eventually, however, Linnie had risen from her chair. "Listen, Marry," she whispered, "I simply have to go to the powder room. Now here are five chips for your very own. Please play them while I'm gone. Hold this seat for me, or someone'll grab it the minute I leave. Whatever you win with them is yours. Go on, darling."

Thus importuned, Mary grudgingly took Linnie's place at the table. Everybody about her was intent upon placing chips on their chosen numbers or colors before the next turn of the wheel, but Mary, never having played roulette before, just sat there, the chips Aunt Linnie had given her clasped tightly in her hand.

"Go on and play," Mrs. Bascom whispered. "They don't like it when people just sit around doing nothing."

The "guests" were again placing their bets on numbers or colors; and rousing herself to action, Mary dropped just one of her five chips on Black. Again the croupier spun his wheel, and the ball dropped on Red; bounced out and landed on another Red; fitfully leaped out and settled itself comfortably on Black. "You've won!" hissed Mrs. Bascom, who had again placed her chips on a losing number. "Leave it there! It's worth two dollars now."

"Just leave it?" Mary inquired breathlessly.

"Of course! Leave it on Black." Again the croupier spun his wheel. Again Black won. "It's worth four dollars now," said

Mrs. Bascom. "Black's evidently your lucky color!" "Oh, but maybe it won't win

again! Perhaps I'd better try a number now!" "Faites votre jeu!" admonished the croupier coldly, and before Mary had time to do anything at all, his

wheel had again been turned, and her four dollars' worth of chips had remained, willy-nilly, on Black. Again the bouncing of the ball

here and there-and again Black "Mary! This is uncanny! won. Leave it there, darling. Your chips are now worth eight dollars!"

"But it can't go on this way!" Mary demurred. "I ought to stop now, or place those chips on some-

"Well, do as you like, but I'm switching to Black." Mary grabbed her chips and looked about the table in search of

a magic number. "My birthday's the fourth of April," she told Mrs. Bascom. "I'm playing number four this time. Eight dollars on number

The wheel spun. The ball bounced here and there. "You'll be sorry," Mrs. Bascom whispered. "Black'll win! I'm playing on your luck, Mary -fifty dollars' worth of chips!" The ball was still bouncing. Then,

with a spasmodic jerk, it rose in the air, and fell with a brittle thud on *number four. "I won again!" Mary cried, turning around and looking at Count Balianci. "How much is it now, Umberto?"

Balianci removed a cigarette from his mouth. "Two b andred and eighty dollars, fearatass, not counting the eight dollars you played."

"Two hundre I and eighty dol-lars!" Mary ex laimed. "Well, it is time for me to stop!"

"Don't you dare!" cried Mrs. Bascom, grabbing a fifty dollar bill from her purse, and signaling the banker for more chips. "Play just | that made them win."

"Faites votre jeu!" the croupier commanded icily.

"I want my chips, please," Mary hastily informed the assistant croupier nearest at hand; and, with a quick motion of the man's rake, her winnings were deftly deposited in front of her.

Mary sat back in her chair in a state of helpless indecision, casting an almost angry look at Mrs. Bascom. "If only that woman would stop urging me on," she told herself, "I might be able to figure this thing out."

The phrase "Two hundred and eighty dollars . . . Two hundred and eighty dollars!" whirled dizzily



Mary jumped from her chair. "I'm through!" she announced.

that would mean to Dad! Yet, how wonderful it would be to double

It was unthinkable, of course, that she should risk one cent of those two hundred and eighty dollars. But why not take one last chance, win or lose, with the eight one-dollar chips?

Before she could act on this decision, however, the wheel had again been set in motion, and the croupier was now calling out, "Rien ne va

Mary leaned forward, determined not to be caught napping on the next spin. She would have her chips ready when the croupier again gave notice. Suddenly, she realized that she was still gripping in her left hand four of those five original chips which had been Aunt Linnie's gift to her, and, with a feeling of complete abandon, she added them to her prospective stake. "One more play!" she told herself sternly. "Twelve dollars! Win or lose!"

"Faites votre jeu!" came the command. Mary placed her final bet on num-

ber twenty-two. "That's my age," she told Balianci. "Maybe it'll bring me even more luck!'

The croupier turned the wheel. and with enchanted eyes, she saw it go around again and again. The ball now clicked on to four; bounced out; now dropped into number seven; popped out! Now it bounced up again and then, incredibly enough,

settled on number twenty-two. "You've won again, Mary!" Balianci almost shouted. "Four hundred and twenty dollars!"

Mary jumped from her chair. "I'm through!" she announced to the table at large, and the croupier in particular. "Take my chips off! I'm going to cash them!"

"Piker!" jibed Mrs. Bascom. "I don't care if I am," Mary retorted. "I'd be a fool not to quit

"Yes, you would, Mary," Aunt Linnie, who had just returned from the powder room, agreed in a low voice. "Cash in!"

"I want my chips cashed," Mary told the banker, and her voice trembled with excitement. "Oh, Aunt Linnie," Mary breathed,

"isn't it just too miraculous?" "Yes, darling," Linnie replied.
"I'm very happy for you." Then, turning to Mrs. Bascom and to Bali-

anci, whose swarthy face was as blank as the croupier's, "We'll see you later in the foyer!" "All right," Mrs. Bascom replied.

"I'm nearly through." Balianci bowed, but said nothing. "Come on into the powder room, Mary," Aunt Linnie murmured, "to

count your winnings, and-regain

your equilibrium." "I must have won about seven hundred dollars," Mary whispered as they made their way through the crowded room. "But, Aunt Linnie. it really belongs to you. It was your money I played with,"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Miss Cotswell. "I gave you those five counters, and it was your own good luck

time, you'll really get something worth while."

"Then," said Mary, "you must, at least, take half. If you hadn't played."

"Hush!" commanded Miss Cotswell. "Not another word out of you about my sharing your little fortune. Every dime of it is yours! Here's the powder room. Come in and freshen up. You look as if you'd been in a cyclone."

In the meantime, Lelia, having lost all that she had intended to play, now relinquished her chair to the gaunt old man who had been standing behind her for the past half hour. Balianci appeared at her side immediately. There was a frown between his brows, and his dark eyes smoldered. "May I have a word with you, Mrs. Ormsby?" he asked, his voice so thick and foreign she could hardly understand

She glanced at him sharply. Had the man been drinking? "But no," she told herself, "he couldn't have. since we got here." Aloud, she said, 'If you like."

"Let us move into the foyer," he suggested. "I must ask you some-Without a word, Lelia made for

the foyer, Balianci at her heels. Once there, she turned about and confronted him. "Well," she said coldly, "what do you want?" "It is this," he began in a low

voice. "Why is Mary so extremely excited over winning a few hundred dollars? She acts as if she had gone mad with joy." "Well, why shouldn't she?" Lelia

countered. "Seven hundred dollars are not to be sniffed at by anybody, particularly Mary. She needs that money, Balianci, and she needs it badly."

The Italian looked stunned. "But how can it mean so much to her if she is an heiress?" Lelia did not attempt to veil the

disdain that she felt for the man. 'And where did you get the idea that Mary was an heiress?" Balianci spread his long thin

pinting to heav "But she is Miss Cotswell's niece! Miss Linnie Cotswell's own niece! She dresses exquisitely. She leads a life of luxury!' Lelia regarded Balianci for one

long, burning moment. "So, that's why you proposed to Mary," she finally said. "I might have known you had some ulterior motive. Everybody knows you're a fortune hunter! A gigolo!"

"Perhaps it would be better to say opportunist, Mrs. Ormsby." Lelia regarded his smiling face as

if it were something venomous. It's very fortunate for Mary that you've discovered so soon-she isn't a moneybag for you to marry." "You mean, then, she has noth-

ing? Absolutely nothing?"
"Yes, I mean just that. Mary's father is a lawyer in a small town. Mary worked in a book shop until she came to New York to be the guest of her aunt. And, by the way. Miss Cotswell is probably not half as rich as you think. Besides, she expects to enjoy a very happy life for many years to come; and what's more, I don't know that Mary would be her heir-even were Miss Cotswell to die tomorrow."

"Unfortunate," purred Balianci. "Very unfortunate. I am crushed."
"Oh, I guess not!" Lelia retorted. "In fact, I think you'll survive very happily. I might even recommend something to speed your recovery."
"And that is?" Balianci mur-

"That you book passage on the Iroquois sailing for Havana tomorrow noon! I happen to know that Mrs. Ulmstead, widow of the soapflakes potentate, and her two homely, but, oh, so well-endowed daughters, are listed among the passengers.

"Ah, Mrs. Ormsby! How you wrong me! How can you think . . .?" Lelia pushed past him, her head high, her face flaming. "Good night, Count Balianci. You'd better run along now. You haven't a moment to lose.'

A second later, she joined Linnie and Mary in the powder room. Mrs. Bascom, having lost three hundred dollars, had finally left the roulette table, and was there, too.

"Balianci's not feeling well, Mary," Lelia said. "He's asked to be excused."

"Oh, all right," Mary replied, thinking, "Maybe, with this nest-egg to see Dad and Mother along for a while, I won't have to marry Balianci or anybody! I'll tell him tomorrow that I've changed my mind. Of course, it was never made up! He simply took things for granted. He's been right in this room ever Oh, thank heavens, this happened! Aunt Linnie says she won't take a cent of the money-that I earned it all-that every bit of it is mine. Seven hundred and twelve dollars. What a windfall at this time! I'll send Dad a money-order for six hundred and twenty-five of it tomorrow. Maybe I'd better send him more, yet with Aunt Linnie going away and my being left on my own, I really believe I'd better hold out the remaining eighty-seven in case of an emergency!"

CHAPTER XII

Mary woke early the next mornng, her mind filled with happy thoughts of the money she had won at the Club Torquay. She wondered just how soon she'd dare get up and speed to the nearest branch postoffice. She wanted to get a moneyorder off to her father as quickly as possible. She wanted, too, to send a note by special delivery to Balianci. She must tell him at once that her apparent acquiescence to his proposal of marriage, the night before, had been a mistake; that she did not love him; that she could not gc

through with the thing. Suddenly, the door into the hall opened softly, and Addie's face appeared in the wedge. Mary raised her hand as a signal to be quiet, but Addie tiptoed in, holding up to view a Western Union envelope; quietly approached Mary's bed, and, without a word, dropped it on the coverlet. Then, just as soundlessly, she made her way to the door and closed it behind her.

Mary hoisted herself to a sitting position, and hastily removed the message from its envelope. It was signed, she noted at once, "Umber-to Balianci," and it read:

FORGIVE ME MY DEAR BUT I FEEL I SPOKE IN HASTE LAST NIGHT AND THAT OUR PLANS HAD BEST BE FORGOT-TEN STOP AM SAILING FOR HAVANA TODAY ON THE IRO-QUOIS.

Mary slowly reread the message; then, forgetting that Lelia was asleep: forgetting everything except that this was quite the funniest thing that had ever happened to her, she burst into laughter.

"What's so funny?" Lelia inquired drowsily.

"Lel! Are you awake?" "I couldn't very well be asleep after that wild peal of merriment you just let forth! What's it all about, anyhow?" (TO BE CONTINUED)

WHO'S **NEWS** THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Filming of Kipling's "The Light That Failed" on the New Mexico desert, near Santa Fe, was delayed the other day when a Sandstorm Mild

savage wind blew the tents Compared to away. The pug-Director's Past nacious William Wellman, the director, long known as "Wild Bill," enjoys fighting sand-

storms, having licked one almost single-handed when he was filming "Beau Geste," in Arizona. He probably got a few good shots of the storm and will work them into the film, with his gift for improvization.

He was the flying partner of Tommy Hitchcock, the polo player, in the Lafayette Escadrille in the World war, and revealed an instinct for showmanship by playing tunes on German tower bells with a machine gun as he zipped around the belfry. It was said that, before the Germans dropped him in a tree and sent him home, he could peg out "Silver Threads Among the Gold" without a sour note.

In aviation films, he has employed effectively both his histrionic talents and his training in air acrobatics. His film, "Wings," of 1928, touched off his expanding fame. "Men With Wings," of last year, rated by discerning critics as a top-bracket film, told the story of aviation from the day of the Wright brothers' first flight.

He was known at times, around Hollywood, as "Screwball Bill," but has simmered down considerably since he married Dorothy Coonan, finding a desert sandstorm only mildly diverting, considering his roughand-tumble past.

He is, however, as Irish as ever, and his famous serial fight with an unknown Paris antagonist probably will continue. On leave in Paris, he found it nec-

essary to re-Serial Fight buke an offensive stranger With Unknown by knocking him stiff as a plank. Late, in Chicago, the stranger, spying Mr. Wellman on the street, did the same to him. A year or two later, in Hollywood, seeing his unknown sparring partner crossing the street, Mr. Wellman put himself one up by a blow to the chin. There have been other encounters. I believe the score is now even. But he bears no grudge. It is just a detail of his native ebullience, which leads him to such de-

vices as galvanizing the chairs on

the lot so his working crew can't

With Capra, La Cava and Hitchcock, he is achieving a sharp characterization and finished technique, as the movies get into long pants and offer adult entertainment. He grew up in Brookline, Mass., tried to sell chocolates and woolen goods, but didn't, went to the war with an ambulance unit and won the Croix de Guerre with the Lafayette Escadrille. His friend, Douglas Fairbanks Sr., steered him to Hollywood, soon after the war, as a messenger boy for Goldwyn. In 10 years, he did almost everything for every studio in Hollywood, before he hit his stride with "Wings."

He is 43, slender, whippy, with a touch of gray in his curly brown hair, and is apt to sock anybody in an argument and then affectionately buy him a drink, "A Star Is Born" hiked his fame considerably.

THIS reporter asked several informed persons if they knew that a woman was assistant secretary of the United States treasury. None of them Women in Office did. Mrs. Blair No Longer Rate Banister, who

holds that of-'Scare Heads' fice, would find encouragement in that. She tells the Regional Conference of Democratic Women at Washington that the decreasing public excitement about women in office is a good sign. Their status in public life, if that's what interests them, is so assured that they no longer rate "glaring headlines" when they are

put in a responsible post. Mrs. Banister is a sister of Senator Carter Glass, one of a family of six boys and six girls, all following their father's business-newspaper work. Her sister, Dr. Meta Glass, is president of Sweetwater college. Mrs. Banister left Lynchburg, Va., in 1919, to assist George Creel's committee on public information. She was appointed to the treasury post in July, 1933. (Consolidated Features-WNU Service.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY



Strange Facts Undersea Painters 9-Day Railroad

Thwarting Thunder SEVERAL European artists, dressed in divers' suits and using weighted equipment and thick oil colors that do not run when in contact with water, have painted pictures while standing on the bottom of the sea, sometimes 50 feet below the surface.

The world's longest continuous railroad journey today is on the Trans-Siberian Express between Moscow and Vladivostok, Russia. Although the distance is only 5,812 miles, the running time is 8 days and 21 hours.

After 12 centuries, the houseleek, Sempervivum tectorum, a common evergreen plant, still is grown on roofs in many villages of several European countries to protect the houses from thunder. The Peruvian Indians clean

their tall straw hats with whitelead paint, which eventually makes the hats as rigid and heavy as steel helmets. About 50 years ago, a number of barbershops in New York city

ceilings.-Collier's.

A Faithful Friend

sold advertising space on their

Oh! The comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person, having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together; certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping and with the breath of kindness, blow the rest

NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you?

If your nerves are on edge and you feel you need a good general system tonic, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women.

For over 60 years one woman has told another how to go "smilling thru" with reliable Pinkham's Compound. It helps nature build up more physical resistance and thus helps calm quivering nerves and lessen discomforts from annoying symptoms which often accompany female functional disorders.

Why not give it a chance to help YOU? Over one million women have written in reporting wonderful benefits from Pinkham's Compound.

Unbroken Heart

The heart that boasts it ne'er was broken, is too hard a heart for me.



WNU-4

27-39

Warming Fire Better a little fire that warms than a big one that burns .- John Ray.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

St. Louis Court Decision Was First in Dred Scott Case That Lead to Civil War

American history had its beginning in the old courthouse in St. Louis. It was in the west wing of this classic structure that Dred Scott first maintained that he was entitled to his freedom, and thereby brought to a head the controversy which was to be settled only in the bitter conflict of the Civil war, writes Ruth Moore in the St. Louis Star-Times. As the slave of an army surgeon, Dred Scott had spent several years in free territory before he returned with his master to the slave state of Missouri. Scott then sued, claiming that he had been freed by living

in a territory where slavery was prohibited. In a decision which rocked the state the St. Louis Circuit court upheld his petition.

Scott was free! The case was at once appealed to the Supreme court of Missouri and promptly reversed. Once more a slave, Scott and his family were sold to a New Yorker and his case was carried to the -United States Circuit court of appeals, and from there to the Supreme court of the United States.

Chief Justice Taney, in one of the

One of the most famous cases in | ed down from the Supreme court bench, held that Scott was a slave for the reason that congress had no constitutional power to prohibit slavery north of the latitude 36 degrees, 30 minutes, in the Louisiana This had been the territorial divid-

ing line agreed upon by the pro- and

anti-slavery interests in congress

when Missouri was admitted as a With Taney's decision the entire

Early Franking Privilege The franking privilege of con-gressmen in the United States predates the Constitution. An ordinance was passed in 1782 by the Continental congress which provided that letters, packages, and dispatches from the members and secretaries while attending congress on official business should be mailed without payment of postage. The privilege has continued and has been extended to other government officials and demost momentous rulings ever hand- | partments from time to time.

slave state. It was known as the Missouri compromise. shaky structure regulating the expansion of slavery into the territories was abruptly wiped out. Many historians believe that the Civil war thereupon became inevitable.