

# There COMES a MOMENT

By ELINOR MAXWELL

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

The dinner Spike served was delicious, and it was fun to be at Phillip Buchanan's apartment after four solid days of no companionship other than Addie's. Both Spike and Oscar greeted her like a long-lost friend, Spike smilingly taking her hat and jacket, Oscar offering his great paw in a handshake of welcome.

The evening had turned cool, and a bright fire of channel coal crackled on the hearth. A table was already set before it when she and Phil arrived, and, shortly after, they were sitting down to English lamb chops, creamed new potatoes and buttered peas. Phil, himself, mixed a spring salad in a wooden bowl, while black coffee percolated in an electric pot on a side table.

"I've already spoken to Anthony Porter about your novel," he said, adding a dash of olive oil to the dressing he was making.

"Is he an agent?" Mary asked, biting into a piece of spongy French bread.

"Best in New York," Phil replied. "If your work's good enough for Porter to handle, you'll go to town."

Eventually, dinner was a thing of the past, and a well-fed Oscar lay asleep on the rug before the fire. Mary settled herself in one corner of the couch, and began "Storm on the Mountain" in a voice which she knew was a bit shrill with excitement.

Phil Buchanan, slumped into a deep chair nearby, filled his pipe from an oilskin pouch, and listened with half-closed eyes. On and on she read, able at last to overcome her nervousness, calmed yet puzzled by Phil's failure to make any comment whatsoever. She hadn't the vaguest idea what he was thinking, and, finally, at the completion of the third chapter, unable to stand his silence any longer, she put down the script.

"Are you thirsty?" Phil asked immediately. "How about a liqueur?"

"Well, yes, I am thirsty—for some water, but that's not why I stopped. I think I'll scream in a moment if you don't say something—anything! Tear the story to pieces, if you like—only don't keep me in such suspense!"

Phil puffed slowly, maddeningly, at his pipe; then removing it from his mouth, smiled lazily at her. "Do you really want to know what I think of 'Storm on the Mountain'?"

"Yes! For heaven's sake, say something!"

"Well," he returned slowly, "it's great! I'm crazy about it. The only thing that worries me is—can you carry on with the same style throughout the story? There's something almost breath-taking about your way of telling this tale. Frankly, I'm fascinated with it; it's held my interest from the very first page."

Mary looked at him incredulously. "Do you really mean that?" she asked.

"My dear child, haven't I told you the truth about everything else you've written? Why on earth should I suddenly go soft? Naturally, there are a few rough spots that need polishing up; occasional sentences to be interchanged; here and there a word to be substituted; but fundamentally, it's darned good. Wait a second before you go on with that next chapter; I'll get you some ice water."

Phil returned shortly, a tall silver pitcher in one hand, and a tray, holding two tumblers, in the other. He poured some of the cold water into one of the glasses and handed it to her, and she drank from it swiftly, greedily.

"You were thirsty!" Phil said, smiling at her. "More?"

"Yes, please. And then I want to go on with the next chapter."

"All right. And when that's finished if you still crave a few comments, I'll make 'em."

Mary picked up her script, and began to read. At last, the fourth chapter completed, Phil left his chair and came over to sit on the couch beside her. "Now, let me look at that," he said, and Mary obediently placed the script on a table he had drawn up before the couch. "There's a paragraph in the first chapter—about page four . . ."

And bending over the script, their heads almost touching, they worked over the typed pages for the next two hours. Notes on the margin, whole lines crossed out, and the thoughts of the man and girl working in unison, new lines substituted.

grasping old man, taking great pleasure in indulging in my favorite sport—the business of discovering new talent! And, Mary, I believe you've got the goods!"

"Well, you've done enough 'discovering' for one night," Mary replied, a smile curving the corners of her mouth. "Look at that clock over there! It's twelve o'clock, and I must go home!"

CHAPTER XIV

The weeks slipped by—weeks that were almost identical in their pattern, yet strangely thrilling for Mary Loring. She was making excellent progress on her novel; the letters from home were fairly cheerful although her father had not yet found a position; she was seeing Phillip Buchanan two or three times a week, and he was, invariably, enthusiastic over each group of the newly-finished chapters which she read to him. This spurred her on to even greater efforts.

March had slid into April, and April had brought the publication of "At Sea" in The National Weekly. With it had come a number of fan letters, a glowing article about her in the Hawkinsville evening paper; and a small but significant spot in Phillip's circle of friends.

Anthony Porter had now read the first fifteen chapters of "Storm on the Mountain," and agreed with Phillip Buchanan that it was "good stuff." "Yes," he said, "I'll market it for you, providing the remaining chapters come up to what I've seen."

It was during the last week of April that Mary heard something rather startling about Jim Ormsby, and after several days of hesitation, decided to write Lelia an air-mail letter, and tell her what she knew.

Phil Buchanan had been her informant. "So Lelia's having a time for herself in Jamaica, is she?" he had asked, using that belligerent tone which he invariably employed when speaking of Jim Ormsby's ex-wife.

"Yes," Mary replied coldly. "Why shouldn't she?"

Phil scowled at her. "Well," he retorted, "it seems a little unfair when Jim's having such rough sledding."

"Rough sledding? What's the matter with Jim Ormsby?"

"Don't you know?"

"Know what? How should I know anything about Mr. Ormsby? Lelia hasn't mentioned him over three times since I've known her—and then, of course, only casually."

"Jim Ormsby's just dropped a lot of money in the Barstow Amalgamated failure," Phil returned, "yet he's kept on paying that ridiculously large alimony he signed up for when they got their divorce."

A shadow passed over Mary's face. "I'm sure Lelia doesn't know about Jim's losses," she said defensively. "She's one of the squar-



"My dear child, haven't I told you the truth about everything else you've written?"

est, fairest women I've ever met, and, what's more, I believe she's still terribly in love with Jim."

Phil Buchanan's chin thrust forward angrily. "Well, if she is, now's the time for her to show it! Jim's not only almost completely done out as to finances, but he's also a very sick man. Ulcers of the stomach, or something. And he's at his Connecticut place, sick, broke and alone except for his houseman."

"Perhaps Lelia ought to know," Mary had thought at the time. "I wonder if I should write and tell her. She might think I'm an officious little prig—yet I just know she's still in love with Jim, and she'll want to do something about it."

It was almost a week, however, before she could make up her mind to write Lelia, and, even then, it was with trepidation that she sent off the air-mail letter.

She and Phil had been seated on the lounge in Aunt Linnie's living room, and, finished with the reading

of the last sentence of the last chapter, Mary looked up at the man, a shy unspoken question in her eyes.

"It's great, Mary!" Phil exclaimed. "Tony Porter can't help liking it! He'd be a fool to turn it down. It's got everything—a popular novel should have—love and hate, revenge and vindication, conflict and suspense. And it's beautifully written, my dear."

The girl's eyes filled with sudden, unwanted tears of relief and happiness, and, looking at her, Phil thought, "Those eyes are like shining dark pools." Quite without warning, he put his arms about her, and drew her to him. "You little nut!" he said brusquely. "What in the world are you crying about?"

"I'm—I'm so happy!" Mary returned, smiling through her tears. "It's so wonderful to have the novel finished and to hear you say it's all right."

The man's arms tightened about her. "But," he protested, "I've said all along that it was good stuff!"

"Well—yes. But you were so terribly insulting about those short stories!"

Phil extracted a big sheer handkerchief from his pocket and dried two shining tears that were sliding down her face. "I was frank about those stories, Mary," he said, and his gray eyes had grown serious, "because I wanted to help you. I suspect I was in love with you even then, but I didn't actually realize it until tonight."

"What!" Mary exclaimed, and, apparently aware for the first time that Phillip Buchanan's arms were about her, hastily drew away from him.

"Yes," he said in a low voice, making no effort to hold her, "yes, I'm in love with you, Mary, but never having been in love with anybody before, I suppose I didn't recognize the symptoms! . . . Darling?"

"Will you marry me? I need you awfully. It's just dawned on me how important a part of my existence you've become; how alone and lonesome and lost I'd be without you."

Mary regarded him silently, her eyes dusky with bewilderment and surprise. This man was so different from the others; so unlike Jerome Taylor and Umberto Balianti, even Christopher Cragg. He was so honorable and straightforward. He loved her; he was, well, rather a wonderful person, and she should be elated over his wanting her for his wife—yet a vision of Chris precipitated itself before her mind's eye.

"Phil," she finally began, "I hardly know what to say. . ."

He leaned towards her, and quietly took one of her hands in his. "Then don't say anything just yet," he replied, his speech blurred with a gruff tenderness. "Don't give me, editorially speaking, a rejection slip tonight! Wait a while, dearest, and think things over. I shan't even ask you if you care anything at all about me. Perhaps I'd rather not hear. Perhaps I'm just a little afraid."

Mary tried valiantly to regain her equilibrium. "Phil," she began again, "I . . ." But her speech was halted by another blinding thought of Christopher Cragg.

Phil flung aside her hand, and, jumping up from the couch, started to pace the length of the living room. "Don't answer me now," he admonished shortly. "Give yourself some time! I won't force things, my dear. I'll simply wait until you're quite sure—one way or the other. . . Listen! You'll have to get 'Storm on the Mountain' typed, and into Porter's hands right away. I'm going to trot along now. It's twelve o'clock."

Mary got up from the lounge, and followed him into the entrance hall.

"My dear child, haven't I told you the truth about everything else you've written?"

### Study of Inheritance Cells Proves of Value in Research by the Scientists

Sometimes the scientist seems to be spending his time and other people's money on things that seem to have little apparent practical value to the everyday world, and sometimes a few scientists have perhaps pursued the study of the second toe joint of the third left leg of a microscopic bug rather far afield, yet how difficult it is to be sure in a given case whether research is really worth while is well shown by researchers made on the genes, or inheritance cells, by the geneticists, writes Barclay Moon Newman in the Scientific American.

The gene, or inheritance cell, is so small that nobody has ever seen one, yet by all kinds of experiments on it, and by putting together all kinds of findings, an important puzzle has now been largely worked out. Today it is possible to say that the remarkable discoveries of the geneticists who work on the genes in the laboratory, as applied to animal and plant breeding and with almost incredible success, have been of practical value running far into billions of dollars.

Far greater yields of grains, fruits, vegetables and cotton; far higher

"You've been so good to help me with the novel, Phil," she said timidly. "I can't tell you . . ."

He opened the entrance door; then wheeled about and looked at her intently, a worried frown between his eyes. "I hope I haven't upset you, Mary," he said, his voice taut, "but remember I'll be waiting for your decision. There'll never be anyone else in my life, darling!"

Abruptly, he caught her in his arms and kissed her warmly, tenderly, on the mouth. "I love you, dearest!" he murmured.

Then, almost roughly, he released her, stalked to the door, and



He caught her in his arms and kissed her warmly, tenderly.

slammed it behind him. Mary stood where he had left her, as if rooted to the floor.

Unconsciously, her hand went to her lips. Phil had kissed her for the first time—and she had liked his kiss! "Yet how can I," she asked herself. "I'm in love with Christopher Cragg!"

Mary took "Storm on the Mountain" to a public stenographer's to be typed the next morning. Yes, she was told by the efficient young man behind a desk in the outer office, they'd charge twenty-five dollars for three copies, and they'd bind it for her if she wished.

A few minutes later, she was back on Forty-second Street, and the rest of the day before her. She didn't know just what she wanted to do, or where she wanted to go. She was utterly satiated with writing. She felt as if she'd scream if she had to look at another word—even in someone's else novel—for at least another week. She'd like to make a sort of holiday, a gala affair, of today, but a girl can't be particularly festive all by herself.

She wished that Phil had invited her to have lunch with him, but he hadn't even mentioned a future engagement when they had parted the night before. A deep red suffused her face as thoughts of that parting recalled themselves to her mind, and a pleasant sensation flooded her heart as she remembered his kiss.

"I've never felt quite like that before," she admitted to herself, "yet it's so silly for me to be—touched at all when I can't possibly be in love with Phil Buchanan. I wonder if he'll call tonight."

But "Mr. Phil" did not phone, and after eating dinner and reading the Sun, Mary, feeling lonesome for the first time since Linnie Coteswell's departure, went to bed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## ADVENTUROUS AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson

### Indian Painter

THE early painters of American Indian life were all adventurous men, but John Mix Stanley had more than his share of perils and narrow escapes from death.

Stanley first became interested in Indians in 1838 and went to Fort Snelling, Minn., to paint them. During the next eight years he made frequent visits to picture the tribes of the Southwest. In 1846 he joined the famous march of General Kearney and his dragoons from Santa Fe to San Diego, during which time he laid down his painter's brush to take up a gun and fight in several engagements.

The next year Stanley found more excitement awaiting him in the North. He narrowly escaped being in the Whitman massacre when that missionary, his wife and 11 others were killed by the Cayuses in eastern Washington. He had another close call when he returned to San Francisco to take ship for New York via Cape Horn, for he arrived just too late to go aboard. That ship was lost at sea and was never heard of again.

In 1853 Stanley was appointed artist to the expedition sent to explore a route for a Pacific railroad from St. Paul to Puget Sound. After a series of adventures with that expedition, he returned to the East, where he died in 1872. The last years of his life were saddened by the loss of more than 150 paintings of Indian life which he had spent 10 years in making and which were destroyed by a fire in the Smithsonian institution in 1865.

Aguinaldo's Captor

IN 1901 America had a new national hero—a little man with a slight limp, with a Vandye beard and a sense of humor that bubbled in him like the effervescence of wine. His name was Frederick Funston, former student at the University of Kansas, newspaper reporter and member of a filibustering expedition to deliver to Cuban revolutionists five Hotchkiss guns for use against the Spanish. He was made a captain of artillery and in 18 months fought in 22 engagements. Then the Spanish put a price on his head and he barely managed to escape and return to the United States.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war Funston raised a regiment of Kansas volunteers and was made its colonel. He was sent to the Philippines and aided in the capture of Manila. In August, 1898, Emilio Aguinaldo started an insurrection against the new masters of the islands and for the next three years led 70,000 American soldiers and their native auxiliaries a merry chase.

Finally he was located in southern Luzon and Funston, by now a brigadier-general of volunteers, formed a daring plan to capture him. Taking two captains and two lieutenants, Funston led a party of 80 Macabebes scouts toward Aguinaldo's hiding place. They were to pass themselves off as a detachment of insurgent Tagalogs who had captured these five Americans and were bringing them to Aguinaldo. It was a risky business for every-thing depended upon the faithfulness of the Macabebes.

But they played their part to perfection and the American "captives" were delivered to Aguinaldo. Then they revealed their identity and calmly informed Aguinaldo that he was their prisoner.

Confederate Mail Runner

FOR 10 years before the Civil war Absalom Grimes was a Mississippi river pilot, running between St. Louis and St. Paul. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in a company of "irregulars" raised in Ralls county west of Hannibal, Mo., to recruit the Confederate army. One of the members of this company was a young fellow named Sam Clemens. Years later Mark Twain referred to his "short and inglorious military career" in that company which decamped hastily at the first appearance of an enemy force and soon afterwards disbanded.

Grimes then volunteered for service as a mail carrier between the Missouri and Kentucky troops in the Confederate army and their relatives at home. It was an extremely hazardous duty for it meant going through the Union lines at the peril of capture and execution as a spy. During the siege of Vicksburg he ran the blockade successfully by wiring his mail in tin boxes to the bottom of an overturned skiff and floating beside it among the Union gunboats until he had passed them.

Grimes was repeatedly captured by the Union forces and twice he was sentenced to death. He spent several months in the old Gratiot prison in St. Louis and was there under sentence of death at the end of the war. However, his life was saved by an unconditional pardon issued by Abraham Lincoln—among the last acts of mercy performed by the President before he was assassinated.

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### Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

1. What is the greatest solvent?
2. Why is an acorn so often seen in carving on Colonial houses?
3. What is meant by "the great American novel"?
4. Who described architecture as frozen music?
5. What does corn mean?
6. Why do birds throw their heads back when drinking?

### The Answers

1. Water. It dissolves to a greater or lesser extent almost all substances which it contacts.
2. It was considered a symbol of hospitality.
3. It is a phrase applied to a novel not yet written but dreamed of by all who are interested in American literature.
4. Goethe described architecture as frozen music.
5. To the American, maize; the Chinese, rice; the Scotsman, oats; the North German, rye; the South German, wheat.
6. In order to swallow. The pigeon is the only bird that drinks by suction.

### Sentinels of Health

**Don't Neglect Them!**  
Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, irritability of diet, rising up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out. Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance. The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed by the country over. Listen to Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

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