

There COMES a MOMENT

By ELINOR MAXWELL

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

The next morning she wandered about the apartment, and eventually settled in her own room. Her clothes needed a good looking-over, and now, if ever, was the perfect time to do it. There were stockings to be mended, gloves to be washed, several things to be sent to the cleaner. It was while her hands were deep in soapuds that the telephone rang, and, in an unconscious attempt to beat Addie to the instrument, she ran to answer it.

The Mulatto, emerging from the kitchen, and observing Mary's haste, grinned wisely, and let her win the race.

"Mary?" asked the voice at the other end of the line.

"Hello, Phil," she returned, and was surprised to find that it was an effort not to appear too eager.

"Doing anything tonight?"

"Um—no, I'm not."

"Would you like to go to a party? The Archibalds are celebrating something or other, with a couple of theatrical stars as the drawing cards, and they want me to bring you along. How about it?"

"I'd love it, Phil. What time?"

"Well, the party doesn't begin until eleven, but let's have dinner together somewhere, and take in a play afterwards."

"All right, Phil. Evening things, of course."

"Yes, unless Spike's forgotten to remove the paw marks Oscar planted on my dinner coat the other night! I'll be around for you about seven. Oh, by the way, did you take 'Storm,' et cetera, to be typed?"

"Yes. Yesterday morning. They say everybody in New York's writing novels and that they're so swamped they can't have it finished till Thursday noon."

"Well, nobody's writing a novel like yours! Supposing I get Tony Porter to lunch with us at the Algonquin Thursday, and you can turn the script right over to him while we're there?"

"Could you really do that, Phil? That'd be rushing things right along in a perfectly miraculous manner! Only I didn't know that literary brokers ever stooped to break bread with a grass-green author!"

"They do, my child, when the editor of America's biggest weekly happens to ask them! Besides, Anthony Porter's more enthusiastic about your novel and its author than the old poker-face lets on."

"All right, Phil. You should know!"

"I do, darling. See you later."

"See you later, Phil! Good-by."

CHAPTER XV

She took more pains than usual in dressing that night, and was shyly pleased with the reflection the mirror threw back at her, as, giving it one last glance, she made ready to enter the living room. Phil, looking big and somewhat austere in dinner clothes, jumped up from the chair in which he'd been lounging, to greet her. "Darling," he exclaimed, "you look lovely tonight!" And then, as if fearful of having been lush, he hastily asked her where she wanted to dine.

Nor did he show, by any word or sign throughout the whole evening, that Mary Loring meant anything more to him tonight than she had the first day they had met. In fact, she might have thought that she had only dreamed he'd asked her to marry him—that he didn't care anything at all about her—had he not said, "If there's nothing more exciting in your life tomorrow night, Mary, what about having dinner with me? I could call all bets off at the office around four o'clock, and, if you'd like, we could drive somewhere on Long Island. The dogwood trees are in bloom now."

"Thanks, Phil, I'd love it," Mary replied, and realized, an instant later, that she had experienced a moment of disappointment when she had thought he was not going to say anything about seeing her before their luncheon engagement on Thursday.

"Do I feel—keen about seeing him simply because I'm not busy writing now?" she asked herself, "and am rather lonesome? Or do I really care for him in the way he wants me to? But how could I? People don't fall in and out of love so quickly. I'm in love with Chris. I've always been in love with Chris."

But she was destined not to know for some time whether her eagerness to see Phil, to be with him, and listen to his clever, lazy talk, was due to lack of other interests, or not. The days went on. The luncheon engagement with Anthony Porter became an accomplished fact. "Storm on the Mountain" was now in his hands; he had already submitted it to a popular magazine for women. She was writing a new short, her feeling of distaste for sentences and situations having deserted her at last. She was seeing Phil every day now—a Phil still as cold and aloof as if he had never spoken those words of love to her, yet a

man deeply, undeniably, devoted to one girl. A radiogram had come from Lelia. She had received Mary's letter, and she and Linnie would sail on the first boat that was heading for New York. They would be home on the twenty-fifth of May.

It was on the night of the twenty-third that Mary, coming home with Phil from an evening at the Van Winkles', found a telegram for her beneath Aunt Linnie's door. Phil switched on the hall light, and following her into the living room as she tore open the message. She stood there for an instant, reading it, staring at the slip of paper as if the words she read were too startling to believe; then, as they at last penetrated her benumbed senses, she uttered a low, hurt cry.

Phil was at her side instantly. "Mary! Is it bad news?"

She silently handed him the yellow sheet; then, like a little girl too stunned to cry out, covered her face with her hands.

Phil glanced apprehensively at the telegram. It read:

FATHER JUST PASSED AWAY PLEASE COME HOME IMMEDIATELY ELLEN.

Dropping it on the table, he went to her, and taking her, unresisting, in his arms, held her tenderly, protectively there. "Poor little Mary," he said softly. "Darling, I'm so sorry! So very sorry! Rest your head against me, my sweet, and cry. Let the tears come. It'll help, darling."

And standing thus, within the safe warm circle of his embrace, she wept—wept for the loss of the dearest friend she'd ever had—wept for the sacrifices James Loring had made for his family—wept for the defeat and heartache that had seared these last few months of his life.

At last, struggling for composure, she raised her tortured eyes to Phil. "How soon can I get away?" she asked. "Is there a train tonight? I have to go by way of Chicago, you know."

Phil's hold about her relaxed, and seeking in his pocket for a cigarette, he found one and lighted it. "It's too late tonight, but I'll phone the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, and find out what time you can leave tomorrow; how soon you can get to Hawkinsville. And I'll send Miss Cotswell a radiogram, Mary?"

"Yes?"

"Would you like for me to go to Hawkinsville with you? I hate to think of you making the trip alone."

Mary averted her haggard young face. "No, Phil dear. Thank you. You're so good—so very good to offer, but—I want to be alone."

Silence, and then, "All right dear. Hadn't you better telephone or wire your family right away?"

"I'll wire," Mary returned huskily. "I—I—couldn't bear to talk to them tonight."

"Write out the message then, and let me send it for you. I know you don't even feel like giving it to the telephone operator."

Mary automatically moved towards the desk, sought pen and paper, and scribbled a pitiful message to her mother. Then, again, overcome by her loss, compassion for her mother, heartache for her father, to whom of all his children she had been closest, she buried her face in her arms on the desk.

Phil, speechless with understanding, watched her for a moment; then turned, and went towards the kitchen, and Addie's room that led off from it. "Addie!" he called, knocking on the door. Eventually, Addie's sleepy voice responded, and the door was opened.

"Addie," Phil said in a low voice, "Miss Loring's had bad news. Her father's passed away."

"Oh, my God!" the woman exclaimed. "My poor baby! I'll be there right away, Mr. Phil—soon as I get on my robe and slippers."

"Stay with her while I do some telephoning," Phil whispered.

A second later, she joined Mary, and, all thought of caste and color thrown aside, had her arms about the girl. "Poor lambie!" she was crooning. "Poor little lambie. Had your Daddy been sick, honey? Did you know he was ailing? What did your sister say it was that took him?"

Mary's hand fell to the woman's shoulder in a convulsive grip. "He was terribly worried, Addie. Terribly unhappy. He had been for several months—and Ellen didn't say what . . . Oh, Addie, could my father have committed—suicide?"

"Hush, honey! Hush! Don't say such a thing! No, he couldn't have done that. He . . ."

"I must get there as quickly as possible," Mary went on as if in a daze. "and, Addie, I don't know what it'll cost. Maybe I haven't enough money . . ."

"Don't you worry 'bout that, honey. I have plenty money in the bank—and everything I got is yours."

"Oh, Addie, you're so good. I'll pay you back soon. I'll sell my novel some day. But, Addie, right now, I've only about thirty dollars . . ."

"Don't worry, baby. Addie'll take charge of things. Hush, honey—here comes Mr. Phil."

Phil Buchanan came into the living room. "There's a New York Central train leaving at ten forty-five in the morning," he announced. "It reaches Chicago at seven-ten the following morning. It's the first one out, Mary, and I'm afraid that's the best you can do, unless, of course, you want to go by plane."

"Oh, no!" Mary returned, thinking of the extra expense which flying would involve. "I can't fly. That morning train'll have to do. I can catch the eight-thirty train for Hawkinsville the following morning, and reach home about one."

"Then, I'll call for you at ten, Mary," Phil said. "Try to get some sleep, my dear. You'd better give her some brandy, Addie, or hot milk—or something."

"I'll take care of her, Mr. Phil," Addie replied proudly. "Don't you worry. I'm goin' to get her to bed right now."

"Then I'll be running along," Phil said, and, coming to where Mary sat, he stooped and kissed her gently on the mouth. "Good-night, my dear," he said tenderly. "Try to get some rest."

For one mad instant, Mary wished she might put her arms about this big kind man, and tell him not to go, not to leave her—that she needed, and needed terribly, his comforting presence. But he was making for the door now, and saying to Addie in the tone a father uses when entrusting his child to another's care, "Watch out for her, Addie, and call me immediately if she wants me."

Addie left Aunt Linnie's apartment an hour ahead of Phil Buchanan's arrival the following morning. She needed time to stop at the bank, draw out some money for Mary, get to the station and pay for the ticket before Phil and Mary should reach there. This she had accomplished, and, by Mary's arrangement, was waiting for them at the information desk when they reached the concourse.

Phil looked troubled. "I wanted to get your tickets, Mary," he said. "I couldn't let you do that," Mary returned proudly, wondering what he would think if he knew Addie was financing her trip.

He glanced at the reservation to see the number of the car that she was to be in. "Mary," he began, "you have a lower berth. Don't you want a compartment, dear? It'd be so much more private. Won't you let me give you this little—comfort, at least?"

"No," Mary replied dully. "A lower's all right. I don't mind."

"But . . ."

"Please, Phil. I couldn't let you . . ."

"All right," he agreed tersely. "Come along, then."

But once in the Pullman, he began again, "I wish you'd let me get a compartment for you, and I wish someone were making the journey with you. If you won't let me go along, Mary, what about Addie?" His worried eyes sought the Mulatto's face.

"No!" Mary said shortly. "No, Phil. I really want to be alone. There are so many things to think about. Phil, I received a letter from Anthony Porter in this morning's mail. The first magazine to which he submitted 'Storm on the Mountain' has offered five thousand dollars for the first American serial rights."

"Mary! That's great! That's wonderful! I knew . . ."

"But it's come—too late," Mary returned, her voice almost inaudible.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Misery Bay, Curious Water Phenomenon, Baffles Scientists; Never Gives Up Dead

Nine miles northeast of Alpena, forming a part of Little Thunder bay, is a curious water phenomenon that has baffled scientists for years. It is known as Misery bay and undoubtedly properly named, for it is said that the waters never have given up their dead, writes Albert Stoll Jr., in the Detroit News.

As far back as 1876 Misery bay claimed the attention of the curious. At that time William Boulton, in writing the history of Alpena county, said:

"In Little Thunder bay is a curious freak of nature. It consists of a deep hole some 200 feet in diameter and a depth, according to a sounding made by us, of 79 feet. It is full of water and is supposed to be the outlet of Sunken lake, some 30 miles distant from shore. In passing over this sunken hole a person experiences a feeling as if the bottom had dropped out, leaving him suspended in the air. The sides appear to go straight down, and as far as can be seen, are covered with weeds, amid which large pike find a secure hiding place. It is affirmed the hole never freezes over."

Misery bay has been one of the projects recently undertaken as a

"Too late!" Phil repeated, bewildered.

"Yes, I'm afraid—it's come—too late."

"But I don't understand," he returned. "What . . .?"

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor. "All aboard!"

"You must be getting off," Mary warned. "Good-by, Addie, and thank you—for everything."

She rose from her seat, and throwing her arms about the woman, gave her an affectionate, fleeting embrace. Then, turning to Phil Buchanan, she held out a black-gloved hand. "Good-by, Phil. You've been so good, so very good."

The house on Concert street was in darkness when she arrived the following afternoon. Mr. Anderson, next door neighbor of the Loring's for the past ten years, had met her at the station and brought her home. The window shades were drawn to the sill, and the heavy fragrance of lilies and roses assailed her as she stepped into the dim, cool hall—and her mother's arms. The women, benumbed by their mutual tragedy, greeted each other wordlessly, embraced, drew apart, then impulsively embraced again.

Ellen, a new maturity in her bearing, came softly down the bare steps, and, with a convulsive sob, kissed Mary first on one cheek and then the other. "Oh, Mary," she breathed, "thank God you've come! Our father—Mary—our father . . ."

Mary held her sister tightly in her arms, unable to speak, yet struggling inwardly to force the question to her lips. She must know at once how her father died.

If only Ellen wouldn't cry like that! The girl's body, racked by choking sobs, was shaking hysterically.

"Darling! Ellen!" she cried. "Dearest . . ." Then, "Oh, Ellen! What was it? How did Dad die?"

Why didn't she answer? Why didn't . . .

"It was a terrible accident, Mary," her mother broke in gently. "Dad was working on the car in the garage, and the motor was running . . ."

Mary felt a shudder pass through her. With the motor running? Oh, no! He wouldn't have . . . Why, one of the first things he told her when she was learning to drive was never, never to do that! And yet she thought—the thought—the painful realization. Her heart refused to believe what her mind told her was the truth.

"Where—is—he?" she asked.

"In the living room, dear," Mrs. Loring answered gently. "Do you want to see him now?"

Mary, pleading for understanding, looked into her mother's eyes. "Yes, Mother," she said. "May I go in—alone?"

Mrs. Loring nodded compassionately. "Of course, darling. We have all wanted to do that."

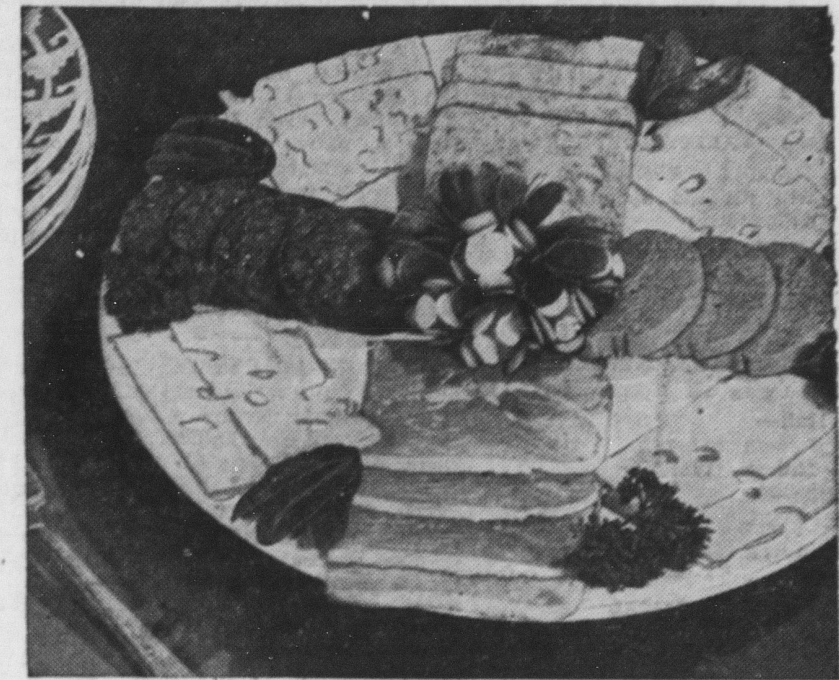
She walked slowly into the flower-banked room where the body of James Loring lay. The casket flanked the fireplace at the south wall, and a great piece of sheer netting lay over it. For one appalled moment, she stood there gazing at her father's dear face, so strangely young and peaceful in death; then, lifting the veiling, she tenderly touched his clasped hands. "Daddy darling," she whispered, "you were always so good to me! If only I could have eased your worries, my darling! If only I could have saved your life! I love you so, Daddy. I love you so!"

Gently, she let the transparent cover fall back in place, and, squaring her shoulders, turned away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Household News

By Eleanor Howe



COLD CUTS FOR DELICIOUS VARIETY

See Recipes Below.

Cold Cuts for Variety

For a help-yourself-party (or almost any other lunch or supper) few foods rival in popularity a platter of "cold cuts." Designed to tempt the appetite, and to provide interesting variety, this good-to-look-at and good-to-eat dish is a summer favorite.

Salami, liver sausage, thin slices of flavoresome boiled ham, and corned beef or sandwich slices make an attractive and delicious combination. Water-thin slices of cheese, small sweet pickles and radish roses with



sprigs of watercress complete the platter.

These same cold meats have other uses, too. For example, cubes of salami add zest to a green salad, corned beef makes a tasty casserole meal, and slices of boiled ham combine with cream cheese and chives to make a tempting and unusual dish for lunch or supper plates.

I've chosen from my file of tested recipes a half dozen which will add new interest to your meals. I hope they may inspire you to do a little experimenting on your own.

Luncheon Slices.

(Serves 4-5)

5 slices of sandwich loaf (½-inch thick)
1 egg (beaten)
Fine crumbs
Dip meat in beaten egg and then in crumbs. Fry in deep fat, heated to 380 degrees, until golden brown. Serve with sauteed pineapple rings.

Ham and Cheese Pinwheels.

(Serves 4-5)

1 3-ounce package cream cheese
1½ tablespoons mayonnaise
1 tablespoon chives (minced)
4 slices boiled ham

Combine cream cheese, mayonnaise and chives. Spread generously on the slices of boiled ham. Roll each slice firmly, wrap in wax paper and chill.

When ready to serve, cut the rolls into slices ¼ inch thick. Arrange on a bed of watercress and serve with French dressing.

Rarebit Sandwich Filling.

¾ pound dried beef
1 pound American cheese
1 cup condensed tomato soup
Grind the dried beef and the cheese in a food chopper. Add soup and blend well. This may be kept in the refrigerator for several weeks.

Ham and Cabbage Slaw.

(Serves 4-5)

¾ cups cabbage (finely shredded)
¼ cup green pepper (cut in slivers)
1 cup boiled ham (cut in slivers)
1 teaspoon onion (minced)
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
¼ cup salad dressing
1 egg white (beaten)

Combine cabbage, green pepper, ham and onion. Add salt and pepper. Fold salad dressing into stiffly beaten egg white, and mix lightly with salad ingredients. Serve in salad bowl.

Corned Beef de Luxe.

(Serves 5)

2 cups potatoes (cooked and sliced)
1 12-oz. can corned beef (sliced)
1 cup onions (sliced very thin)
3 hard cooked eggs
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk

¼ teaspoon salt
Pepper and paprika to taste
1 cup cheese (grated)
½ cup buttered bread crumbs

In a greased casserole place alternate layers of potatoes, corned beef and onions. Cut the eggs in two, crosswise, and push into the mixture, cut side up. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, milk and

seasonings. Add the cheese to the sauce and pour over all. Sprinkle buttered bread crumbs over the top and bake in a moderate (375 degree) oven for approximately 30 minutes or until browned and heated through.

Salami Salad.

(Serves 5)

1 cup salami (cut in cubes)
2 cups cabbage (shredded)

1 cup raw spinach (shredded)
¼ cup sharp American cheese (grated)
½ cup French dressing

Combine salami, cabbage, and spinach. Add cheese to French dressing, and pour over the salad ingredients. Chill thoroughly. Serve in large bowl lined with lettuce.

Send for Copy of This Book.

This new-type cook book offers you a wealth of helpful hints on entertaining. Menus for parties ranging from a simple Italian supper to a wedding reception are included. You'll find, too, practical tested recipes for everything from appetizer to dessert. Send 10 cents in coin to Eleanor Howe, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and get your copy of "Easy Entertaining" now.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Vacuum Cleaner With Clean Dust Bag Best

A vacuum cleaner with a clean dust bag does the best cleaning job, studies at Purdue university experiment station show. For best service the bag should be emptied after each daily use. Never wash the bag, as that destroys the finish that keeps it dustproof.

How much dust a machine draws from a rug, the studies indicate depends partly on how fast it is pushed back and forth. Most machines clean best if they are moved at a speed of from one to two feet a second.

Naturally, the machine should not be allowed to pick up pins, tacks, or glass because these sharp objects may poke holes in the bag or chip the fan blades.

It is also desirable to keep the machine in a clean place, protected from dirt and dust.

Many Electric Outlets

Important to Kitchen

When electric outlets are being planned in a new house for lamps, clocks and radios, the kitchen is often neglected. It has more uses for plugs than any other room.

Within reasonable limits, there cannot be too many appliance outlets in the kitchen. In this room electricity is used both for lighting and for motivating power.

Consumption of current varies widely with kitchen appliances, and special attention should be given to the load the outlet is expected to carry.

Just Sterilize Containers To Prevent Ropy Bread

"Ropiness" in bread is caused by a bacillus and it makes the bread unfit for use. All containers in which the bread was mixed, baked, and stored should be sterilized by boiling. Ropiness in bread does not develop immediately after the bread has been baked, but announces itself by a disagreeable odor.

To Remove Jar Covers

To remove covers from preserve jars place the jar top downward in a dipper of hot water (not boiling) and allow it to remain five or ten minutes. Remove the jar from the dipper and insert a steel kitchen knife at different points under the rubber. This will let in the air. The cover can then be removed easily.

On Washing Curtains

When washing curtains put dye or tint in the washing machine with the soap flakes. They color more evenly this way.