

There COMES a MOMENT

By ELINOR MAXWELL

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SYNOPSIS

Mary Loring and her father, Jim, an influential attorney, meet a train which brings his wealthy sister-in-law, unmarried Linnie Cotswell and her friend, Lella Ormsby, divorcee, for a Christmas visit. Waiting at home for them are Mary's mother, her younger sister, Ellen; her father's nagging maid, Aunt Mame; and Peter, the baby of the family. At the depot Dr. Christopher Cragg helps the guests with their luggage. Mary is secretly in love with Doctor Cragg. In leaving, her Aunt Linnie urges Mary to visit her in New York, but Mary refuses. Mary works in a rental library, where she spends her spare time writing short stories. Mary's father is let out as railroad attorney, the fees of which are almost the sole support of his family. To earn money, she decides to begin writing in earnest. Mary feels sure that her newest story, "At Sea," would please the editors of National Weekly. After finishing it she calls Doctor Cragg, who comes to the book store for a current novel. Falling from a ladder while getting his book, she regains consciousness to find his arms around her. He tells her he loves her, and then tells her he is to be married the coming month to a girl he has known all his life. Despondent, Mary decides to accept her Aunt Linnie's invitation. In New York her aunt laughs at her for her plans to write, and insists that she meet as many eligible men as possible. The new week brings two letters. One, from the National Weekly, with a \$100 check for her story, makes her deliriously happy. The other, from her sister, tells her that financial conditions at home are getting worse. The next day, at a party given by her aunt, Mary meets distinguished Jerome Taylor, wealthy middle aged man-about-town, and effusive Count Umberto Balianci. The count's only manner nauseates her. A note from her father the following day pleads with her not to mention the family's financial plight to her aunt. After reading it she forces herself to begin work on her next short story, which is more difficult to write than the first. She labors on until her aunt informs her that Count Umberto, whom Lella terms a sponger and fortune hunter, is to take them to dinner that evening. He takes them to a garish restaurant in Greenwich Village. That evening Mary sends her story, "Their Son," to the National Weekly. She goes to see Phillip Buchanan, editor of the National Weekly, to whom she has given her last story. He invites her to lunch. He congratulates her for the simple treatment given the first story, and says that her last offering will receive immediate attention. At lunch she is introduced to attractive Jim Ormsby, Lella's former husband. Mary tells Lella that she has met Jim and knows from Lella's actions that she still loves him. A letter from home tells Mary that Christopher Cragg has finally married. Dazed by the news, Mary spends a miserable evening with her aunt at Jerry Taylor's penthouse.

CHAPTER VIII

Mary had taken out her typewriter several times during that first week after the arrival of Ellen's letter telling of Chris' marriage. She had tried to write, but her mind would give forth nothing, and, at long last, she had decided not to attempt any work for another solid week. She would accept every invitation showered upon her by Count Balianci and Jerome Taylor; try to divert her thoughts from Chris by taking an interest in the amusements offered by these two men who appeared to be vying with each other for her company. Eventually, perhaps, she would be refreshed by their diversions, and able to return to business. In consequence of which, she spent every evening with either Balianci or Taylor; even went, accompanied by Aunt Linnie, to Journey's End, Taylor's estate in Westchester, for a week-end.

There she danced with Jerome, she walked with him, she played a little atrocious bridge as his partner. Her mind, however, was back in Hawkinsville, and she would never have dreamed of what was transpiring, had not Aunt Linnie remarked nearly a dozen times a day:

"My dear, the man's simply mad about you, and I swear it's the first time anybody's ever known him to be seriously in love with anybody. Marry him, my dear, if he asks you, and he most certainly will. Just think, darling, what he can do for you!"

Mary would reply, "Yes, Aunt Linnie, but Jerome's old enough to be my father. I really couldn't marry him."

To which Aunt Linnie would reply, "Oh, nonsense! What if he is old enough to be your father? He's stunning-looking, and he's charming—and he's rich as Croesus. All this talk about young love is poppycock. Any love wears off after the first few years. And then what have you besides worry over the grocery bill, and how you'll manage to pay the dentist for straightening the children's teeth?"

Linnie and Lella's plans for a West Indies cruise were now completed. They were sailing on the Itasca the fifteenth of March, and expected to be gone at least six weeks. Linnie extended to Mary a most cordial invitation to accompany them, but Mary finally managed to convince her aunt of the sincerity of her desire to write. "I can never thank you enough, Aunt Linnie," she said in conclusion, "but I am going to make writing my business, and it won't ever amount to much of a success if I go gallivanting off on glorious pleasure trips."

"Then," Linnie said firmly, "the thing for you to do, since you're hell-bent on belonging to the intelligentsia, is to remain right here in New York and work. You can't accomplish anything by returning to Hawkinsville, and you might as well just stay in this apartment. Addie will be running it just the same."

Mary rushed to her aunt and threw grateful arms about her shoulders. "Oh, Aunt Linnie, how

wonderful! I'd love to stay here. Thank you so much. Why, in the time you're away, I can write at least six shorts!"

It was the morning of the second day in March that Addie called Mary to the telephone. "It's Miss Hickenlooper," the Mulatto said in a stentorian whisper, "or, anyhow, that's all I could make out of the name."

"Perhaps she's calling up about 'Their Son,'" she thought, rushing to the telephone. "Or do editors have their receptionists attend to things of that sort?"

But Miss Hickenlooper's business did not concern the manuscript. Instead, she informed Mary that she was calling for Mr. Buchanan. He had asked a number of people to his apartment for cocktails at five that afternoon. Could Mary come?

Mary accepted with the only bit of enthusiasm she had experienced for anything in days. "Thank you, Miss Hickenlooper," she replied. "I'll be there."

Mr. Buchanan's apartment—the second floor of a house which had once been someone's very smart town home—was located in the East Fifties. Mary climbed one flight of the graceful, old mahogany staircase, and stopped timidly before a tall, paneled door through which could be heard the buzz of conversation. No bell was to be seen, but a knocker of dull brass occupied



Eventually, Mr. Buchanan found time to come and sit on the arm of her chair.

a spot in the middle of the center panel, and with a gloved hand that trembled in spite of the self-control she was trying hard to exert, Mary lifted the metal hammer and knocked.

This process had to be repeated three or four times before it elicited any response, but eventually a husky male, with a large pugna-cious face, turned the knob and asked Mary to come in. He wore dark trousers and a white duck coat, and Mary assumed that he was Mr. Buchanan's servant. He looked far more like a pugilist than a butler-valet, and she learned later that day that "Spike" actually had been more or less actively engaged in fistfights until a night several years previous, when Phillip Buchanan had literally dragged him out of the gutter, and installed him in his modest bachelor abode.

Phil Buchanan, surrounded by guests, and in the act of mixing a highball at a wheel-in bar, looked up, a bit startled, and beheld Mary standing in the doorway. "All right, Spike," he replied with something akin to a sigh of resignation, and came swiftly forward.

"I'm so glad you came, Miss Loring. Do forgive Spike's manner of announcing you. He simply can't see any sense in the more esthetic points of the social amenities—and maybe the guy's right. You see, everybody else has been here before, and just barged in."

"I rather liked it," Mary admitted, smiling up into Phil Buchanan's amused, gray eyes. "It made me feel at home. If anybody in Hawkinsville had a man-servant, I'm sure he'd be just as informal as Spike."

Slowly, he took her about the big comfortable room, introducing her to one group after another, enunciating her name clearly, speaking it in full. "This is Mary Loring," he said, and Mary warmed to the gracious kindness in his voice. "Her first story, 'At Sea,' will appear in the National Weekly the fifteenth of next month. Miss Loring, may I present . . ." And, in turn, he mentioned the name and connection of each person there.

"He's press-agenting me," Mary told herself. "Bless his heart—he's rather sweet."

Eventually, the introductions were

over, and he placed her in a low chair before the fire of channel coal that crackled in the hearth, asked Mrs. Van Winkle, who appeared to be acting as hostess, to fetch her a cup of tea; then left her to the mercies of two intense young men, who, after greeting her effusively enough, returned wholeheartedly to a discussion of the relative merits of two recently published historical novels.

A black Great Dane of rather startling proportions—evidently the dog that Spike was known to walk—either blinked sleepily before the fire, or else made himself a nuisance by begging first one guest and then another for food. He was a beautiful, lumbering animal, slightly gray around the snout and knobby at the knees, and his name was Oscar.

Conversation buzzed and crackled about the room. Over by the east window, three men and a dowdily-dressed young woman were shrilly discussing the colossal sale of a new best-seller.

Eventually, Mr. Buchanan found time to come and sit on the arm of her chair. "I've been meaning to drop you a note," he said, balancing, rather dangerously, a highball and a cigarette in the same hand. "We'd like a picture of you for our edition of Friday the eighth, and a short biographical sketch. Sort of introductory affair to the appearance of 'At Sea' a week later. Can you manage it?"

"Heavens, I don't know! I haven't had my picture taken since I was ten!"

"Um—well, that would scarcely do. We're exploiting you as somewhat of a prodigy, but I hardly think we can make our readers believe you're as young as all that! I'll tell you what—Miss Hickenlooper will make an appointment for you with a photographer some time this week, and he can take a few shots at you."

"If you want me to, certainly." Then, glancing at her watch, "It's later than I thought it was. I must be going."

"Dinner engagement?"

"Well—yes."

"I'm sorry. A bunch of us'll probably drift into Tony's, later on to-night, and I'd rather hoped you'd go with us."

"I wish I could," Mary replied, thinking how much more stimulating an evening with these hectic, interesting people would be than the one she had in store. Jerome Taylor was calling for her at seven. The dinner would be delectable. They would have the very choicest seats at the theater, and later go on to a club for supper. Everything would be perfect—but suddenly she wished, with all her fervor, that she might just stay on here with Phillip Buchanan and his friends.

CHAPTER IX

Spurred on with a new enthusiasm for writing because of having met, although rather casually and at no great length, a few arrived authors, Mary again set to work the next day. She entitled her new story "Concerning Anne," and, with a feverish zeal but not much conviction, devoted the entire day to working on it. Aunt Linnie and Lella were occupied with some last-minute shopping for their cruise, and the apartment was blessedly quiet.

Miss Hickenlooper, sounding slightly more cordial than she had that day at the office, telephoned Mary around three o'clock, and informed her that she had made an appointment for her for some sittings at the photographer's at four the following day. And would she mind dropping in the office before going to have her picture taken? Mr. Buchanan wished to talk to her. Mary acceded happily to both requests.

Psychologist Cites Five Grounds for Love for Music, Enjoyed by Most People

Love for music can be explained by the psychologist. Dr. Carl E. Seashore of the University of Iowa, who as psychologist has for years been studying and predicting musical ability and appreciation, scouts the idea that love for music is an inexplicable emotion. Love of music can be accounted for on five grounds, he writes, in the Music Educators Journal.

The first reason is physiological. We have an organism that registers music and responds to it somewhat like a resonator. Not only the central nervous system is affected, but the peripheral nervous system, all the muscles, all the internal organs, and especially the autonomic system with its endocrines which furnishes a physical basis for emotion. The whole body is put into a glow of well-being by the pleasure of hearing musical sounds.

A single sound may be beautiful in itself, like a flower or a human face, Doctor Seashore emphasizes. The untutored mind and the musically trained can alike delight in their charm quite apart from their utility in building up musical form.

questions, saying to herself, "Mr. Buchanan's probably made his decision on my story, and I believe, I really believe, it's favorable. Otherwise, he would merely have returned the manuscript with a polite note of refusal."

The following day, she refused luncheon invitations both from Jerome Taylor and Count Balianci. "Concerning Anne" must be re-typed, and whipped into shape in order to present it to Mr. Buchanan that afternoon. Her heart was light while she made her plans. One story was finished, and another was about to be accepted. She was, she felt, going places and, for the time being, although she did not quite realize it, she had completely forgotten Christopher Cragg. At least, the hurt of his marrying Lisa Grace-land was not bedeviling her every conscious thought.

She arrived at The National Weekly quarters at exactly three o'clock, a large envelope containing her new manuscript under her arm. There were three people seated in the waiting room, but, much to her amazement, Miss Hickenlooper escorted her immediately, and with somewhat of a flourish, to Mr. Buchanan's office.

He was seated at his desk, gazing angrily at a typed letter in his hand. The afternoon sun filtered through the Venetian blind of the window behind him, and settled on that strangely sunburned hair of his, making him look, Mary thought, like a little boy who has spent too many hours on the beach.

Buchanan rose hastily from his swivel chair. "Oh, Miss Loring! How are you? Won't you sit down?"

Mary seated herself on the edge of the chair that faced his desk. "I'm very well, thank you. And I've really been working since I saw you the other day. Meeting all those interesting people at your apartment stimulated me immensely, and I got busy at once on a new short."

"Um! That's fine. Have you finished it?"

Mary placed the brown envelope on the desk before him. "Here it is. I thought I might as well bring it with me since I was dropping in this afternoon anyhow. Miss Hickenlooper said you wanted to see me."

Phil Buchanan extracted a crushed package of cigarettes from the pocket of his tweed coat; extended it rather vaguely towards Mary who nodded a refusal; helped himself, and lighted a match. "Yes, I wanted to talk to you about 'Their Son.'"

Mary's heart turned a somersault. "Oh, so you've read it?"

"Yes, after Mr. Van Winkle turned it over to me with a recommendation for thumbs down."

"For what?"

"Thumbs down. He didn't like it, Miss Loring. He said—well, to speak quite frankly, he said it was trite."

Mary felt the hot blood rushing to her face.

"But I decided to read it, anyhow," Buchanan went on, "and I'm afraid I have to agree with him. It doesn't come up to the standard you set for yourself when you wrote 'At Sea.' The—well—the snap's just not there. The plot's weak. The story lacks conviction."

Mary felt as if she had been slapped in the face. The man's words seemed so brutal, and his rejection of "Their Son" was such a shock. She had definitely counted on receiving a check for it this afternoon. A foolish lump filled her throat, and to her dismay she felt hot tears welling into her eyes and sliding treacherously from beneath her lashes. She could not trust herself even to look across at the man on the other side of the desk.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Speaking of Sports

'Hutch' Remains Level-Headed Despite Praise

By ROBERT McSHANE

FREDERICK CHARLES HUTCHINSON, Detroit's \$50,000 pitcher, has one outstanding virtue which will do much to save him from his friends and well-wishers.

"Hutch" is a solid, unimaginative player. Much more so than the average youth his age, which is 19. Imperturbable and unemotional, the youngster has been the subject of more publicity pieces than any pitcher of his age in the history of the game. So far this spotlight hasn't dazzled him in the least.

Most of the stuff written about the Seattle youth has been in superlative praise. One author gave him the "pitching magic of Christy Mathewson in his right arm." Another article was titled "The 'Nothing Ball' No One Can Hit."

Hutchinson still has to prove himself in big league competition. Un-



FRED HUTCHINSON

questionably his admirers had very worthy motives in heaping praise on his head. But they also succeeded in putting the boy on the spot. To live up to his publicity would require the skill of a genius. If he fails it will be largely the fault of his friends who have built him up into a pitching juggernaut.

He will need all his composure and steadiness. American league wits are practicing for Hutchinson. A high-priced and highly publicized player, he offers a fair target for their "riding." And they won't be gentle when they start ribbing him about his "nothing ball" and his "magical right arm."

Best in Minors?

Termed the greatest pitcher in the minor leagues last year, Hutchinson's claim to that distinction—or rather his friends' claim to that honor for him—can be disputed. Paul Trout, Sandcut, Ind., idol, won 22 games and lost 6 in the Texas league. Hutchinson won 25 and lost 7 in the Pacific Coast league. Trout's victories were gathered in three and one-half months of play while Hutchinson's were compiled in six months of competition. All in all, Trout's record for the year was the more formidable.

Nevertheless, Hutchinson is a great ball player. He was beaten only once as a high school pitcher, twice as an American Legion pitcher, twice while hurling for Yakima and seven times last year. That is a great record.

His immediate future would be in less doubt if the superlative praise would come to a sudden end. Few things are as harmful to a young athlete as extravagant, overdone acclaim. His personal cheering section would do well to soft pedal its applause until the season is under way.

Sport Shorts

HASKELL Indian institute has bowed out of the big time with an announcement that hereafter the school will meet only prep teams on the gridiron. Haskell, in former years, played Notre Dame, teams of the Big Six and the Big Ten . . . Prof. Herbert Olivecrona, Swedish brain specialist, says boxing is no more dangerous than any other sport, but that a fighter should retire from the ring for at least a year after being knocked out . . . Three Florida golf courses, abandoned during the depression, have been reconditioned and reopened . . . Stagehand, winner of the Santa Anita handicap and derby, was the leading money winner of 1938. Prior to that Joseph E. Widener sold him for only \$8,000 . . . Sixty-five year old Tom Sharkey, heavyweight contender in the days of Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Jeffries, is appearing as a strong man in the Golden Gate exposition . . . For the past five seasons, Ernie Lombardi of the Reds, who led the National league in batting last year, has not made a sacrifice bunt . . . The Canadian Futurity for three-year-old trotters and pacers has been awarded to Strathroy for Labor day. Purse for each division of pacers and trotters will be \$3,500 . . . The American Olympic rowing committee has decided to send oarsmen to compete in five events in Finland in 1940 . . . Harry Hillman recently started his thirty-first campaign as track coach at Dartmouth.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS



Peeling New Potatoes.—When scraping new potatoes, use a tin-sel pot cleaner kept especially for the purpose instead of a knife.

When Painting.—A handful of hay placed in a bucket of water, which should be changed every few hours, will help to absorb the smell of fresh paint.

Removing Paper Labels.—You can readily remove the paper label from a bottle if you wet the label and hold it near the flame of the stove.

For Nervous Fingers.—If you are continually breaking eggs when trying to separate them, try breaking the eggs one at a time into a funnel which has been placed over a jelly tumbler. The white will pass through the funnel, leaving the yolk in the funnel.

AT LAST! THE TRUTH ABOUT LOSING FAT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In a test by a prominent N. Y. physician and nationally known newspaper woman—25 women lost a total of 266 lbs. in 40 days. YOU, too, can follow this SAME, SENSIBLE plan right at home and here it is:

First of all go light on fatty meats and sweets. Eat plentifully of lean meats, fish, fruit, fresh fruits and vegetables. And for proper functioning by removal of accumulated wastes take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen in hot water every morning. — DON'T MISS A MORNING — Kruschen is made right here in U. S. A. from famous English formula.

And this is important! Kruschen is NOT harmful. It is not just one salt as some people ignorantly believe. Rather it's a blend of 4 active minerals, which when dissolved in water make a healthful mineral drink similar to highly effective sea waters where healthy women have gone for years. A jar of Kruschen costs only a few cents and lasts 6 weeks. So, fat ladies—get some gumption! MAKE UP YOUR MIND YOU'LL STICK to the above Plan for 28 days—and just see if you don't lose fat and feel healthier and younger. You can get Kruschen at drug-gists everywhere.

Sins of Virtue

Good company and good discourse are the very sins of virtue.—Izaak Walton.

History REPEATS itself!



Twenty-five years of scientific research made it possible for Quaker State, in 1914, to produce the only motor oil which successfully lubricated the hottest running motor of its time . . . the Franklin Air-cooled engine. Twenty-five more years of research enables Acid-Free Quaker State Motor Oil to meet the most difficult problems of lubricating the 1939 models. Insure the performance of your new car! Use Acid-Free Quaker State Regularly. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

