There COMES a MOMENT

By ELINOR MAXWELL

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SYNOPSIS

Mary Loring and her father, Jim, an ineffectual attorney, meet a train which brings his wealthy sister-in-law, unmarried Linnie Cotswell and her friend, Lelia Ormsby, divorcee, for a Christmas visit. Waiting at home for them are Mary's mother, her younger sister, Ellen; her father's nagging maiden sister, Aunt Mamie, and Peter, the baby of the family. At the depot Dr. Christopher Cragg helps the guests with their luggage. Though secretly in love with Doctor Cragg, Mary has paid little attention to her beauty. In leaving, her Aunt Linnie urges Mary to visit her in New York, but Mary refuses. At work in a rental library, where she spends her spare time writing short stories, Mary is dismayed when her father tells her that he has been let out as railroad attorney, the fees of which were almost the sole support of his family. To earn money she decides to begin writing in earnest.

CHAPTER III—Continued

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Mary placed her typewriter and paper on Mr. Hormel's oak desk at the rear of the shop, inserted a sheet of paper, and pounded out a title and her name: At Sea by Mary Loring. For half an hour, she sat there, cudgeling her brain, her vague thoughts for a plot jangling about in her mind along with the harassing and insurmountable questions: "What will we do, now that Dad's been let out? Where will money come from? How will Mother react when she hears?"

At last, her fingers fell upon the keys. She had an idea. A simple, straightforward idea, about a large family at loose ends financially. She wrote with eager haste, the homely, fluid thoughts of her story conceiving themselves in her fertile mind; passing magically through her fingers and on to the sheet of white paper before her. At last, it was finished—nearly five pages of neatly compiled thoughts, of swift, clearly defined action. She had done it! She had at last written a story that seemed, even to her own critical mind, to be worthy of editorial notice.

"Of course," she thought, "I'll have to read it over again and again, and revise it, and retype it, but, at least, I'm on my way."

It was not until the following night, just before six, that Christopher Cragg made his appearance at Hormel's shop. Mary had retyped her manuscript, slipped the story into a long envelope, and directed "At Sea" to the magazine she prayed would accept it.

The front door opened, and Mary, a copy of Sabatini's most recent tale of adventure clasped mid-air in her hand, turned about.

"The late Doctor Cragg," he announced with a grin. "People will have babies in this town, and thus, my dear Mary, keep enterprising young doctors away from the best sellers. But thank God for it! A baby yesterday at four o'clock! A baby today at half past three!"

"Paying babies, Doctor Cragg?" Mary demanded in mock seriousness. "I do hope you haven't been wasting your time!"

Chris brought his eyebrows together in what was supposed to emulate an expression of severest reprimand. "Any baby is a paying proposition, my dear Miss Loring, for a guy that's just starting out in business. Experience, my child, is nine-tenths of the price, or something to that effect. However, if you must know, one of the arrivals into this vale of tears will bring me absolutely nothing in dollars and cents. The other—well, do you think fifty dollars is too much to charge for the safe, sane, and most—er—modernistic of deliveries?"

"Fifty dollars? Why, it's really pretty cheap, I think, providing the proud new parents possess the fifty. —I've saved your book for you, but not, I must admit, without considerable difficulty. It's hidden away on a shelf in the back of the shop. A bit of favoritism I'm showing, Doctor Cragg. Come on back and I'll root it out for you."

He followed her to the shadowy, rear room of the shop, noting, as he did so, the valiant way she held her shoulders, the slender lines of her young back. "It's up here," she said, pointing to the shelf that seemed to be the carry-all for everything not wanted for display, and, before he could say anything, she had ascended the ladder.

"I could have done that," he remonstrated. "Here, Mary, let me—"

"No. You wouldn't be able to find it. I've hidden it behind a lot of trash. Back there, somewhere—" And, reaching beyond her distance, she lost her balance and toppled to the floor.

For an instant, she felt herself to be swirling in a great, black void. She couldn't remember where she was, or what had happened. Then, she felt Chris' arms about her, and heard his anxious voice.

"Mary! Mary, darling!" he was saying. "Are you hurt, dearest? Darling! Look at me! Say something!"

He had called her dearest and darling. He was clutching her close to his heart as if he would never let her go, as if—as if he loved her! And now, his lips were touching her closed eyelids.

"Mary!" he pleaded. "Can't you hear me, darling? Are you all right?"

Mary lifted a limp hand, and swiftly, fleetingly, touched his lean cheek. "I'm all—right," she murmured, thinking, "I'm happier than I have ever been in all my life. He loves me! Chris loves me!"

His lips were on hers now, bringing them back to joyous consciousness. "I love you, Mary," he was saying in quick, breathless words. "I've loved you from the very first moment I saw you, darling, that night last summer at the country club, but I shouldn't tell you so. My God, I shouldn't tell you!"

"Why not, Chris? Why be afraid to tell me?"

Silently, he lifted her to her feet, and gently, firmly, pushed her from him. "Because," he said, his voice clipped and tense, "I haven't the right. I—I'm going to be married next month—to a girl I've known all my life."

With a vague movement of her hand, Mary sought for something to hold to, found the corner of a table, and clung to it. Thank God, the gathering dusk prevented his seeing her face with any clarity. Thank God, she hadn't told him that she, too, cared—desperately. He would never know now. He would never know. She managed at last to speak, and even to her own ears, her voice sounded calm, almost careless. She said, "Good luck to you, Chris. I wish you the greatest happiness."

"Happiness!" the man repeated sardonically. "Happiness!" And then, "Well, I must be getting on, Mary. Are you sure you're all right? Are you positive nothing's hurt?"

"Nothing—but my heart," she thought; but aloud she said, "Quite positive, Chris. You aren't going without your book, are you?"

Chris was swinging away from her and towards the entrance door. "I don't want the damned book," he almost shouted, and disappeared into the darkened dreariness of Main Street.

"There goes my very life," Mary said to herself. "And now that that is over, there's nothing left for me to do but hitch my wagon to a star. It won't be the kind, though, that Aunt Linnie meant. It will be a career. I'll mail 'At Sea' tonight; and tonight, I'm going to tell the

"Nothing's sensible for a pretty woman except a good marriage," Linnie decreed.

family that, after all, I shall accept Aunt Linnie's invitation to visit her in New York. I can write there, perhaps, really write. And I can't stay here! I simply couldn't bear to stay here, and meet the girl Christopher Cragg is going to marry."

Jim and Janet Loring were quite amenable when Mary informed them that night that she had decided to accept Aunt Linnie's invitation to visit her in New York. Janet, always eager to give her children every possible advantage, felt that a sojourn in her sister's comfortable apartment would be a great treat for Mary.

As for Jim, he thought, "Mary must have her chance, God bless her! A change will do her a world of good, and Linnie will be a fine influence. She's a wholesome woman, in spite of her sophistication, and she has both feet on the ground."

Mary could pay her own expenses, fortunately. There was the magnificent balance of ninety-seven dollars in her savings account—a balance that represented meticulous saving over a period of five years. With a feeling of daring, she went to the First National Bank the following morning and drew out every cent of it. This final gesture buoyed her up considerably.

The entire family went to the station to see her off. "Don't worry too much, Dad dear," she whispered to her father as he held her in his loving farewell embrace. He looked so gaunt, standing there on the wind-swept platform, waiting for the train to pull in, so sort of—hunted. Mary had kissed him first; then, with terror in her heart at his appearance, returned to him, after bidding the others good-by, to give him one last hug. She thought for a mad instant of panic, "I don't believe I'll ever see him again. Oh, God help him. Help us all!"

Lelia met her at the Grand Central Station, a redcap already in tow, and guided her dexterously through a milling crowd that had gathered to pay homage to Robert Taylor, boarding a nearby train for Chicago.

"We'll find a taxi," Lelia said, putting an arm through Mary's, "as soon as we plow through these movie fans who are doing their best to get a lock of that poor man's hair. Aunt Linnie sent me down to meet you, and to inform you, post-haste, that she is simply enchanted over your change of heart about visiting her. She's attending a guild meeting at Saint Thomas' this afternoon, but she'll be home by the time we get there."

Aunt Linnie, true to Lelia's promise, was at home when the two girls arrived at the smart Park Avenue apartment house. Rising quickly from her deep, chintz-covered chair before the fireplace, she came the length of the room to welcome Mary with outstretched arms.

"Darling!" she cried. "I'm so glad, so very glad, that you decided to come. Did Lelia tell you that she's staying with me, too?"

Mary laughed. "Poor Lelia didn't have a chance to tell me anything," she replied. "I was so busy exclaiming about the sights and lights and sounds and smells!"

"And you haven't seen anything yet. Oh, Mary, you'll adore New York! Well, about Lelia here, she's sublet her own apartment for a few months, contemplating, as is her habit, a dash down South later on, so I prevailed upon her to come and stay with me in the meantime, and thus brighten a few moments of the declining years of my life."

"And, at the same time, save me a large number of precious dollars on hotel bills!" Lelia added with a grin, removing her fur turban, and brushing her hair back from her forehead. "Come on, Mary, I'll show you our room, and you can 'rest' your hat and coat, as Addie says."

"Addie?"

"Aunt Linnie's very pretty Mulatto maid, counselor, bodyguard and friend."

"She's been with me for ten years," Aunt Linnie added, "and she's a treasure. Ring for her right this minute, Lelia. We'll have some tea. I know Mary's tired from her journey, and needs something to brace her up. We don't dine till eight."

"Eight?" Mary repeated automatically.

"Darling, you're in a dream," said Linnie.

"I feel as if I were, Aunt Linnie," Mary admitted. "I've never before seen a room to compare with this! Or such loads of flowers! Or so many photographs of fascinating-looking people!"

"Well, you're going to meet some of those intriguing creatures Sunday. I'm giving a party to introduce you to my friends, and," she added dryly, "I hope you'll find them just as fetching as the camera has made them, but I doubt it."

Mary placed a hand on Linnie's shoulder. "Oh, but you mustn't give parties for me, Aunt Linnie. I'm here just to see you, and to work."

"To work! What doing, for heaven's sake?"

"Writing, Aunt Linnie," Mary returned, her dark eyes wide and serious. "I want to be an author."

Aunt Linnie uttered a little shriek.

"Heaven help us! An author! Darling, you're far too pretty to spend your time messing around with words. I've never met a woman writer yet who didn't look like the witch of Endor! Besides, the Cotswells have never been noted for their brains. It's been all they could do to write a fairly decent letter."

"Don't discourage the child, Linnie!" admonished Lelia. "There's an exception to every rule. I think it's grand that Mary wants to try her hand at something sensible."

"Nothing's sensible for a pretty woman except a good marriage," Linnie firmly decreed. "I know—because I've never been either beautiful or married!"

CHAPTER IV

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The days which preceded Linnie Cotswell's cocktail party were like a dream to Mary Loring—beautiful, enchanting, unreal, yet bedeviled by the ever-present worry over home conditions in Hawkinsville, beset at all times with thought of Christopher Cragg. Aunt Linnie dragged her triumphantly through one mad orgy of shopping after another, on to lunch at the Marguery or Pierre's; thence to a first showing at Knoedler's or Harlow's; then on to someone's apartment for tea; finally back home for a quick bath and change to evening clothes, and dinner at the Plaza, or the Waldorf.

Swank-looking boxes of all sizes, shapes and colors were daily being delivered to her from the shops, and although she reveled in the luxuries which Aunt Linnie insisted on presenting to her, her enjoyment was decidedly tempered by the thought: "The money spent on these frivolities would just about support Mother and Petey and Dad for a month."

"I suppose I do look well enough," she conceded to the person in the mirror, "but what difference does it make? Chris is marrying someone else—and this thing called beauty doesn't get you to first base in a literary career."

It was at this moment that Lelia, taking a hasty shower in the adjoining bathroom, called to her. "Mary! I say, Mary! Did you find the letters that came for you in the afternoon mail?"

Mary, applying a dash of color to her lips, glanced towards the door which Lelia had opened a fraction of an inch in order to be heard above the noise of the shower. "No, I didn't, Lelia. Where are they? Is there anything from home?"

"You'll find them on the bedside table, propped against the lamp. I believe there was one from Hawkinsville. Sorry I forgot to tell you sooner."

Mary's lipstick fell to the dressing table, and with a mad dash, she made for the table between the twin beds. Two letters reclined intriguingly against the lamp. The top one, she could tell at a glance, was fron Ellen. Dear Ellen! Darling Ellen! She hungrily tore open the envelope and began to read Ellen's cramped, school-girl scrawl; then, having got just to the end of "Darling Mary, we do miss you so," her eyes wandered to the other letter that awaited her. It was a long, legal-looking affair; her address was typed; and in the upper left-hand corner was printed those magic words: The National Weekly.

Placing the fluttering pages of Ellen's letter on the bed, she gazed, as if fascinated, at the impressive, businesslike envelope staring at her from beneath the lamp's soft glow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

New Soft Styling Technique Calls for Definite Fullness

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

OF KEEN interest to seekers of the coveted "something different" that adds zest to each season's modes are the excitingly new silhouettes given to fashions through a soft styling technique that makes fullness its theme.

The versatile ways in which the new fullness is manipulated impresses one. In some instances skirts are frankly full all around, inspired no doubt by the dirndl vogue that has been having a successful run for some time. The all-around pleated skirts will hold good among foremost fashions not only for mid-season and spring, but their style prestige will endure the whole summer through. Unpressed pleats is also a favorite method with designers for acquiring desired fullness. Then, too, there is the circular-cut skirt that measures yards around the hem. It is getting lots of notice especially in the very new petticoat versions which are made to reveal a swish of taffeta or a splash of white that repeats the pique neckwear which finishes off the blouse. These petticoat dresses are providing a big sensation on the new style program.

For women who cannot stand for more than a certain amount of fullness, the new skirts that make particular appeal show a controlled treatment in that they are smooth at the back and hips with fullness brought to the front in gathered or pleated panels. In both day and evening clothes this idea is carried out.

This matter of soft styling and intriguing fullness is by no means confined to the skirt but rather is consistently worked throughout the costume so as to preserve continuity in a unifying way. The smart coat and dress shown in the illustration tell the story better than words.

The stunning coat is typical of the new trend to fullness. It is made of a rust-color wool in handsome texture. The definitely full skirt is balanced with a soft blouse top which has roomy sleeves gathered full into the wrist. A small muff and a hat of red fox complete the ensemble.

Very significant is this coat as to new color trends for spring. In the early collections special emphasis is placed on the importance of rust shades and mustard yellows and kindred hues with jewelry accompaniments of amber topaz and like stones. For immediate wear style-alert women are selecting chic little dresses tailored of sheer woolens with a sophisticated simplicity that abounds in dramatic details.

Rows and rows of shirring achieve fullness for the dress pictured. This very high-style model by International is the type sure to call forth compliments wherever you go. Shirring at the waistline achieves a flattering dirndl. The bodice above the slim mid-riff corselet adds a related soft touch. Horizontal shirring on the sleeves gives them that casual "pushed-up" look that indicates "last word" chic. Expert designing makes it a perfect dress for a busy social calendar that carries from luncheons to informal dinners and the theater. The three jewelled pins at the waistline are individual. A soft kid bag, kid gloves and a simple felt hat with face veil complete the costume. With her upsweep hair-do she wears small, clip earrings foregoing any ornaments at the V-neckline.

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Smart Plaid Coat

Plaids had such a good start this winter their style momentum is carrying right through into the mid-season and early spring style picture. A coat like the one shown here will prove a real joy during the coming months. The plaid itself is in green and brown. The wide bindings of plain green enhance the picture of a charming gay coat for winter. Large mother-of-pearl buttons add a final note of chic.

Pleated Vogue to Repeat Triumphs

Pleat it! And again fashion says pleat it, which is exactly what designers are doing for spring. Only this time the pleatings are more so than ever. That is the pleated mood permeates the whole scheme of things from neckline to hemline.

In the newer fashions it is not only the skirt that is pleated, but the whole thing, including blouse top sleeves and just as like as not a pleated bolero is added.

The use of pleats is taking on a decidedly designful flair. The versatile way pleats are being handled is clever beyond words. You see most unique touches especially in blouse styling such as pleats brought down from each shoulder to tie in a soft knot at the girdle top. Surplice pleats that cross from shoulder to shoulder finishing in a bow at the waist-line with pleated streamers. Much of the charm of the newer print frocks lies in the fact of their lavish and unique pleatings.

Flounces Return With a Flourish

Of all things, guess what's coming! It's flounces on your new frocks. Yes'm flounces old-fashioned, now new-fashioned flounces. The idea of flounces has been taken up by designers with a will and if you would be "first" in fashion you take your cue right now and select for your newest gown one of the smartly flounced versions. The flounce trend is as apparent in day dresses as in evening floor-length party frocks.

Choice for Evening

The stiff silks being used for evening gowns are tulle, faille and taffeta, while moire and grosgrain are the choice for stunning afternoon dresses.

What Women Want to Know About Fashions

You won't get far in the sartorial swim this season without fur.

French provincial designs were slated for a revival this year.

When in doubt about mixing costume color schemes, stick to simple colors.

Over a very simple tailored frock, what could be smarter than a hip-length jacket of natural ocelot bound all around with black broadcloth?

Black, slim and sparkling, is back in fashion favor.

Contour slips are the latest development in lingerie.

The craze for contrasting colors has now invaded furs.

Skating clothes are cut for spills as well as fancy figures this year.

New vanity gadgets are compacts and matching key rings ornamented with terriers' heads.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Tower of Terror"

HELLO EVERYBODY:

You know, boys and girls, when I was a kid, listening to those Christmas-time tales about Santa Claus, there were two things I always used to wonder about. One was how could a big fellow like Santa get down that little bit of a chimney of ours, and the other was how he managed to come out through a fireplace with a fire burning in it without getting burned up himself.

Nobody ever did give me a good answer to the first of those questions, and I had to wait until today to get the dope on the second one from Barney Donaghey of New York City.

And even the information Barney gave me doesn't help much. Barney pulled that Santa Claus act once. He came right down the chimney and went right through the fire in the fireplace and lived to tell the tale. But Barney doesn't know how he did it. He just did, that's all.

Now, in the first place it wasn't a chimney Barney got caught in, but one of those big towers in an oil refinery—which is a whole lot worse. The refinery was located at Aruba in the Dutch West Indies, and Barney was employed there as a welder. At its best that's a dangerous job in an oil refinery. An open flame is always risky when there's oil around, and a welder has to do his work with a mighty hot open flame.

Takes Every Safety Precaution.

On the night of November 6, 1929, Barney had a job to do on one of the big hundred foot towers, and he took every precaution possible. The weld he was to make was on the inside of the tower, 90 feet from the ground and 10 feet from the top. He had to climb up to that spot from the inside, through a mess of pipes and coils, but before he started he made a mental note of the fact that there was also a ladder running up the outside of that tower, to a manhole at the top. If anything went wrong—if sparks from his welding apparatus set fire to the oil down at the bottom, there was a way out.

But Barney wasn't going to start any fires if he could help it. To make doubly sure he took along a helper and left him at the opening at the bottom of the tower with instructions to watch for any sparks falling from above and put them out the minute they landed. When that was done he started climbing up to the spot where the welding was to be done.

"Up I climbed," says Barney, "and went right to work as fast as I could. I was working at night because it was cooler, but it was still plenty hot and I wanted to finish as soon as possible and get out in the

He landed sprawling—on something soft.

air again. I worked steadily for about an hour, and then I noticed that a thick smoke was accumulating in the tower."

Barney noticed the smoke, but he didn't pay much attention to it. There are always fumes present around an oil well, and he figured that if anything had gone wrong down at the bottom his helper would have warned him long since. He was anxious to finish that job he was working on, and he was working at top speed. Working so absorbedly that he didn't pay any attention to anything else. He didn't even stop to take a glance down the shaft. And that absorption almost cost him his life.

Welder Light Saves His Life.

It was the light of his welder that saved him. Saved him by going out! As long as it was working the tower was bright as day. But suddenly it died—and then Barney noticed that it wasn't the only light in that tower. A bright red glow was coming up the long shaft from below. The bottom of the tower was on fire!

The first thing that entered Barney's mind was a question. Why hadn't his helper warned him? Loudly he shouted the helper's name. But there was no answer. At that moment Barney was more alarmed for his helper than for himself. There was that manhole at the top of the tower and the ladder leading down the side. He could get out that way. But if his helper didn't answer, something must have happened.

Barney started for the top. It took him hardly any time at all to climb that 10 feet and reach the upper manhole. But there, a surprise waited for him—a surprise that struck terror into Barney's heart. A beam of wood a foot square was blocking the opening!

"I couldn't get my hand through that opening, let alone my head," Barney says. "And I couldn't move the beam because there was a black and fall attached to it. There I was with the heavens above me and hell down below. But the heavens were out of my reach and what lay below was hell and no mistake."

But down was the only way Barney could go, so down he went. The blaze didn't look as though it were reaching far up the shaft. Maybe he had a chance after all.

"The farther down I went," says Barney, "the more scared I got. The smoke was thicker and the heat was terrific. For a moment I played with the idea of staying in the tower and waiting until the flames were discovered and put out. But in my heart I knew that wouldn't work. It was late at night. Supposing no one discovered the blaze? Suppose it spread and the whole place went up in flames?

He Made a Drive for the Bottom Opening.

No—Barney knew he had to take his chances with that fire. On down he went. He was almost at the bottom, and the flames were licking up at his feet when he played his last card. He pulled his jumper over his head, and, with hands protected by his heavy gloves, he dropped into the midst of the blazing inferno and made a drive for the bottom opening!

One blast of heat, and then Barney was through the opening, his body hot and his clothes smoking. He landed sprawling—on something soft. Barney pulled the jumper off his head and took a look at that soft object. It was his helper—just waking up from a sound sleep.

"He jumped up," says Barney, "and took one look at me. And I haven't seen him since! When it was all over, there wasn't a single burn on my body. But just the same, I did no more work that night. I let the fire boys do the rest with the steam hose."

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Inscription of Peace Bridge

The inscription on the bronze plaque at the Peace bridge between Buffalo, N. Y., and Fort Erie, Ontario, is as follows: "This plaque marks the crossing from the United States of America into the Dominion of Canada of a delegation from the Associated Country Women of the World, and is dedicated to the rural women of this continent and entrusted to their perpetual care." The bridge was unveiled July 29, 1936.

The Narwhal

The narwhal is rather closely related to the beluga or white whale, but differs from this and all other whales and dolphins in its long rapier-like tusk. Despite its threatening appearance, the narwhal is reported to be quite an inoffensive animal.

The Greatest Tides

When the moon is full, the sun, earth and moon are nearly in line, and we have the greatest tides, called the spring tides.

Many Places Have Spanish Names

The American Language says: "According to Harold W. Bentley, no less than 2,000 American cities and towns have Spanish names and thousands more are borne by rivers, mountains, valleys and other geographical entities. He says that there are more than 400 cities and towns of Spanish name in California alone. They are numerous all over the rest of the trans-Mississippi region and, curiously enough, are even rather common in the East."

Most Peculiar Natural Spring

The Great geyser of Iceland was one of the most peculiar natural springs of its kind ever known. Although in eruption since remote antiquity, it virtually died about 1910, says Collier's Weekly. For several years, however, it would erupt when some 40 pounds of soap were thrown into it.

Coney Island in Ireland

Long before America was discovered there was a Coney Island in Ireland. It is in Lough Neagh.