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. 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 were 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.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

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Almost afraid to touch the letter, yet frantic to know its contents, Mary picked it up, and feverishly slashed it open. A sheet of paper, folded twice, dropped out, and glancing toward the bathroom, hoping Lelia would not come out until after she had read whatever news the letter held for her, Mary started to flatten it out. At last, her fingers ceased their stupid trembling! At last—

It was a check on the Corn Exchange Bank of New York, and it read:

New York, January 22nd, 1937
Pay to the order of Mary Loring..
.....$100.00
One Hundred and no-100 .. Dollars
The National Weekly

"Lelia!" Mary shrieked, rushing towards the bathroom and pounding on the door. "Lelia! Lelia!"

Lelia, a bathrobe of Turkish toweling wrapped hastily about her, opened the door. "What's happened, Mary?" she demanded apprehensively. "Have you had bad news?"

Mary pirouetted about on her silly silver-and-scarlet sandals, and waved her precious bit of paper in the air. "Bad news!" she cried. "Darling, it's good news! Grand news! The best I've ever had! Lelia, my story's been accepted by The National Weekly, and they've sent me a check for a hundred dollars."

"Mary! That's wonderful! Congratulations, darling. I'm proud of you."

"What in the world is going on?" demanded Linnie Cotswell, crossing the hall from her own bedroom.

Mary rushed towards her aunt and engulfed her in a bear-like embrace. "Aunt Linnie, my story, 'At Sea,' has been accepted, and the magazine's sent me a check for a hundred dollars. Just think of it! A hundred dollars!"

"But," Linnie Cotswell demurred, her speech somewhat hampered by the chin-strap that bound up her face, "why didn't they write to you first and make you an offer, instead of just taking it for granted that a hundred dollars was satisfactory to you?"

Mary looked dubious. "Perhaps that's their regular price for a short short-story."

Stooping, Mary retrieved from the floor the letter which had accompanied the check, and hastily glanced through it. "They say they like 'At Sea' very much," she murmured as she scanned the typed lines, "and they want to see more of my work. Work! Doesn't that sound professional? A man named Buchanan, Phillip Buchanan, has signed it."

"I know Phil Buchanan," Lelia offered casually, returning to the bathroom, and reaching for a gold-and-white box of bath powder.

"No!" Mary exclaimed. "Not really! What is he like? Terribly learned, and everything?"

"Terribly — human," Lelia returned. "And utterly wrapped up in his work. He started The National Weekly about twelve years ago, soon after he graduated from Harvard, and he's built it up until today it's just about the biggest thing in weekly magazines. The circulation is enormous, you know."

"Is he married?" Aunt Linnie inquired.

"You would ask that!" Lelia replied, chuckling with amicable derision as she started to close the bathroom door. "No, Linnie. He's wedded to his magazine and, from all I hear, he wouldn't consider being dragged to the altar by anybody on earth."

"I'm merely interested in Life as it should be led," Aunt Linnie retorted with mock wistfulness as she left the room, the little train of her satin negligee swishing about her heels.

Mary, left alone, fingered her check from The National Weekly with loving fingers. "I've finally written a story that was good enough for someone to buy," she told herself with awe. "Now I'm started on my life's work."

Opening the top drawer of the dressing table, she extracted the new brown suede purse Aunt Linnie had just given her, opened it, and slipped the check inside the zippered pocket. Then, turning eagerly towards the bed, she picked up Ellen's letter.

Darling Mary, we do miss you so.

The house seems so dull without you, and poor Dad appears absolutely lost. You see, he has always depended on you more than anyone else, and while I try my best to take your place, we both know it isn't quite the same.

Well, Mother has heard about his dismissal and the shock of the discovery has gone rather tragically for all of us. It happened this way. She was buying some tape in the notion department at Sullivan and Ourwerda's, and Miss Pattie Carson came in to get some thread, and breezed right up to Mother with, "Oh, Janet, I want to tell you how sorry I am about Jim's losing his position." And right before all the clerks!

Mother hadn't the vaguest notion what she was talking about, and although Miss Pattie's remark almost made her faint, she managed to hold her head up and smile, and say, "Why, Miss Pattie, Jim just had to resign because his private business is demanding so much of his time."

Then, she paid for the tape, and walked out of the store as calmly as she could, but as soon as she got past the store window, she fairly ran up to Dad's office, and demanded an explanation. And when darling Dad admitted the whole thing, she fainted, and he and I had a dreadful time bringing her back to consciousness.

Mother says we'll have to let Phrony go, and, no doubt, we will in time, and Aunt Mamie says she can't do a lick of work, what with her arthritis or neuritis, or whatever it is she's supposed to be having this winter.

And what do you think? A report's going around town that Christopher Cragg's going to be married soon—to a girl he's known for some time. Her name's Ilsa Graceland, and she's the daughter of a Chicago doctor. Have you heard anything about it? Everybody seems awfully surprised, and really, for a bridegroom-to-be, I must say Chris doesn't look particularly radiant.

Darling, do you love New York? Do write me about everything.

Give my love to Aunt Linnie and Lelia, but save most of it for yourself.

Mary, so blinded by tears that she could scarcely see, folded the letter, and tucked it beneath the pile of handkerchiefs in the little right-hand drawer of the highboy. Lelia was coming into the room, and she must not see her tears.

Mary, her back to the other girl, hurriedly applied a handkerchief to her eyes; then, with apparent casualness, reached for the powder puff and dusted it over her straight little nose. "I shall get that check cashed tomorrow," she said to herself. "Aunt Linnie'll tell me where to go. And I'll send all but fifteen

"It is an ambition attained," he replied in a voice that struck Mary as being too soft.

dollars of it to Dad. Something will have to be kept out for my pocket money. Poor Dad. Oh, poor, dear Dad!"

A thin blue haze of cigarette smoke hung like a delicate cloud over Linnie Cotswell's living room, and the smell of tobacco, Ophelia roses, and the last word in imported perfumes filled the air. It was Sunday afternoon, and Linnie's friends were dropping in to meet Mary Loring.

Miss Cotswell flitted about from guest to guest, exchanging a welcoming word here, a bantering sentence there. Lelia Ormsby presided over a silver tea service that had once belonged to a Russian grand duke; while Mary remained entrenched behind a group of men in front of the fireplace.

"And why has Linnie kept you a secret all this time?" a tall man with a gardenia in the buttonhole of his cutaway coat was saying. "I, for one, demand an apology. To think you've been walking in beauty all these years, and I've been totally unaware of your existence!"

He was a distinguished-looking person, with pepper-and-salt hair and that intriguing assurance of manner which only those who always get what they go after possess. Mary cudgeled her memory for his name. Taylor! That was it —Taylor. Jerome Taylor.

She smiled back at him mockingly. "All this time, and all these years!" she quoted. "Aren't you making me fearfully old—almost passee?"

Jerome Taylor held a cocktail glass, frosted with sugar, to the level of his laughing eyes. "My dear," he said softly, lifting the glass in an almost imperceptible toast to her, "you are ageless!"

"Fol-de-rol!" commented Linnie Cotswell, pushing her way towards Mary, a dark, intense young man in tow. "Jerome, don't be trying any of your well-known allure on this child of mine. She's far too young and sweet to be contaminated."

"Linnie, my darling," Jerome Taylor returned, completely unabashed, blatantly amicable, "forget, for a moment, how violently you disapprove of me, and tell me which night this week I may entertain you and Mary Loring at dinner. Any night, dear Linnie. Any spot. Any play."

"Hush, Jerry. I'll tell you later. Right now, I want to introduce Balianci to my niece."

"I await with eagerness that pains —with impatience that sears," the young Italian announced oratorically, attempting to wither Jerome Taylor with a glance.

"Mary," said Aunt Linnie, trying to control the corners of her mouth, "this is Count Umberto Balianci. Balianci, Miss Loring." Then, turning to Jerome Taylor, "Trot along to the tea table, Jerry. Lelia hasn't been able to coerce anybody except the Bishop's wife into taking a cup of tea. Even the Bishop balked!"

Aunt Linnie's sentence was drowned in a roar of laughter from that corner of the room where Judge Byford was holding forth; and Mary suddenly realized that her hand was still clasped in Balianci's, and that his grip was unpleasantly moist. "How do you do?" she remarked inadequately, smiling at the handsome, dark person whose gaze upon her had never flinched.

"It is an ambition attained," he replied in a voice that struck Mary as being too soft, almost oily.

"An ambition attained?" she repeated uncomprehendingly,

"But yes!" he returned with fervor. "I saw you at the Stork Club two nights ago, and, since that moment my eyes fell upon you, it has been my ambition, my sole thought, to meet you."

Mary felt a little dazed. A fixed little smile forced itself to her lips. The man was still devouring her with his somber eyes, all the while extracting a flat, gold case from an inner pocket, removing a cork-tipped cigarette, lighting it, and exhaling a puff of heavily scented smoke. "Egyptian cigarettes," thought Mary. "That heavy fragrance makes me a little sick." Aloud, she said inanely, "I didn't see you at the Stork Club."

"One does not expect a queen to notice a serf," purred Balianci.

Mary thought perhaps she was going to scream. When would this asininity ever end?

At nine, Jerome Taylor came to bid her good-by. "We're seeing each other Wednesday evening," he told her. "Linnie has actually agreed to let me have a little party for you. Dinner at my house, and, afterwards, seats for 'High Tor.'"

As for Balianci, he left ten minutes later, and too, wedged his way through the crowd to say good night. Again, he took Mary's hand in his damp grip, and focused the full warmth of his brooding gaze upon her. "Fate is being kind to me," he said softly. "We are meeting again very soon."

He was gone before Mary could reply, and with an ague of repulsion, she thought, "Good heavens, has Aunt Linnie made an engagement with him, too?"

Later, when the guests were gone, and Addie and Louella were putting the apartment to order, and opening the windows to let in the crisp February night air, Aunt Linnie informed Mary that she had indeed made an engagement for her with Count Balianci. "He wants to take us to dinner Tuesday evening," she said.

Lelia, nibbling a much-needed sandwich, turned swiftly about. "Not me!" she said sharply. "I won't go anywhere with that gigolo!"

"He's not a gigolo, Lelia!" Linnie replied almost angrily. "I don't know why you're so suspicious of all foreigners with titles. Besides, he—he didn't ask you."

"He knows I wouldn't be seen with him!" Lelia retorted, sinking into the depths of a chair, and kicking off her high-heeled pumps.

"Well, you've snubbed him so often," Linnie admitted, "that, no doubt, he's finally taken the hint. But, after all, he is a charming person, and a perfectly legitimate count."

"As if that meant anything these days!" Lelia retorted.

"I want Mary to have every opportunity," Linnie went on, "and after all, Umberto has a title, goes everywhere, belongs to one of the oldest Italian families. In fact, he's a sort of cousin of the king's."

"He might travel faster if he were a cousin of Il Duce's," Lelia observed icily.

"He's terribly taken with Mary," Linnie continued happily, "and really, it would be rather fun for her to be the wife of a diplomat."

"I'm not at all interested in marriage, Aunt Linnie," Mary said harshly, her heart contracting as she thought of Chris. "All that I care about is writing—and making a lot of money in the quickest possible time. In fact, I'm starting a new 'short' tomorrow morning."

Miss Cotswell rose from her chair, and started towards the hall which led to her bedroom. "All right, Mary," she said coldly. "I'll leave you to your own devices for a few days, knowing only two well that you'll soon get over this foolishness about being a woman with a career. Every young girl who comes to New York entertains that complex for a while—and then eventually reaches the sane conclusion that, after all, marriage is the one and only thing for a woman."

Mary leaped to her feet, and rushed to embrace her aunt. "Please don't think I'm ungrateful, Aunt Linnie, for all that you're doing for me. I appreciate everything, absolutely everything. And thank you, darling, for the wonderful party."

Linnie Cotswell, restored to good humor, brushed Mary's cheeks with her lips. "All right, my dear. As for your working on one of your little stories, you just start right in tomorrow. I, for one, hope to sleep all day."

CHAPTER V

Mary woke with a start at seven the next morning, and, for an instant, lay in her comfortable bed wondering just where she was. At home in Hawkinsville? And was the slim figure beneath the covers in the other twin bed that of Ellen? Then, as consciousness came fully upon her, she realized that she was in New York, in Aunt Linnie's apartment, and that the sleeping girl beside her was Lelia Ormsby.

It was while she sat scanning the headlines of the Herald Tribune, a second steaming cup of coffee in one hand, a third piece of jam-covered toast in the other, that Addie brought in the mail. "Anything for me, Addie?" she asked.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Gay Prints Under Winter Fur Or to Pack for Southern Trip

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

THEY'VE arrived! — the new prints which are always so eagerly anticipated at midseason. They are beauties and no mistake about it. A gay little frock of one of these refreshing, inspiring new prints under your fur coat and you will not only be "seeing the world through rose-colored glasses" but you will radiate cheer for others wherever you go.

Perhaps the most exciting thing about the first prints to come upon the scene is their eye-appealing colorings. You'll love the new Persian types that fashion is spotlighting throughout early showings. All aglow they are with luminous reds and rich purples and exotic yellows, blues and greens sometimes with a dash of black or white but not always.

Then there are the perennial bayadere stripes. You will admire every inch of them because of the newness expressed in designful and colorful ways.

It is not only that the new prints are so delectably colorful that they lay siege to your heart, for the designers who are making up these intriguing silks into frocks are proving nothing less than color-inspired.

The striking models pictured convey timely and significant fashion news. These dresses, designed by International, are the type carefree resorters are choosing to pack for their winter holiday in warmer climes or that will take on a festive air under winter furs of the stay-at-home set.

The hand-blocked silk bayadere print to the left is the sort that will see you through all but the most formal dates, being a casual type that fits into most any environs on and off the ship, if you go cruising.

If you are left behind in the exodus to southern climes you will get wear out of it under winter furs and later on into the spring. It has a simple collarless neckline, fastens from throat to hem with little brass buttons. Cartridge pleats at the shoulder line and unpressed pleats for skirt fullness testify to a new emphasis placed upon the use of pleatings of every description.

A beautiful job was done by International in combining gay-colored pure silk Persian print with black silk crepe for the frock to the right in the illustration. The softly-crushed, yet snugly-fitted corselet waistline was inspired by Alix, and here we have it closed up the front with gold metal hooks and eyes. The softly draped skirt is split to reveal just enough of the print to make it interesting. The deep V-neckline is one of the most flattering, whether worn by debutantes or their mothers.

The daring things done with color in the advance print fashions is amazing. For instance one of the prettiest frocks in the new collections uses a purple crepe panel brought down to the hemline from one shoulder and an American-beauty red crepe panel comes down from the other shoulder. These tie over a silk print foundation dress that repeats these colorings in its floral patterning. Equally important are modest necktie prints using tiny conventional motifs in a mosaic of vivid colors. Also new are the types that print one color on a monotone background such as yellow on black or navy, or brown on beige or light green on dark ground and so on.

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Many Pockets

If there is one thing more than another that fashion promises for forthcoming suits, dresses and blouses, it's pockets, pockets, pockets! It is not only that pockets are added from the utility standpoint but designers are trimming with pockets with wild abandon, crowding them into space wherever opportunity presents. The voguish suit pictured is a gray wool tailleur with a novel pocket arrangement that carries a "style" message.

Cunning Pockets Adorn New Styles

Designers have developed a passion for pockets used in a decorative as well as useful way. The new tailored suits have so many on the jackets one almost loses count of them. They have a way of animating the costume without disturbing the strictly tailored aspect, and it is amazing how expertly they are injected into the scheme of design and so ingeniously too, as to be almost amusing at times.

A perfectly charming vogue is foretold in the dark crepe day frocks that are enlivened with white lingerie touches that especially center about little pockets made of white organdy or pique or rows of dainty Val lace, these matched to neckwear and sleeve finishings. These clever little feminizing devices trim blouses and skirts as well.

Head Scarf With Matching Mittens

If the mother of your favorite adolescent protests over the peasant head kerchief style these cold mornings, you might play the role of mediator and present the girl with a fuzzy angora head scarf, smart enough to charm any high school critic, and warm enough to keep the wintry winds from nipping her ears. These also have angora mittens to match.

Spectator Sports Styles

Gray kidskin and leopard coats with matching fur toques are worn over wool or velveteen dresses by the dressier sports fans.

Coiffure Suggestion

If you haven't taken kindly to the upswept coiffure, try having your locks twisted at the back into a broad, flat bowknot.

Picked Up in Studios of Style Designers

In this season of soft elegance and feminine grace, lace is very much to the forefront.

Black sequins, so arranged that they resemble alligator leather, are used to create the belt of a chiffon evening gown.

Get ready for the screams! Paris hats are going higher.

Seen the new housecoat with a hood? Hood is lined, as is the coat.

Evening handbags grow more and more frivolous.

The sailor hat is sailing on into winter, being offered now in fur and in tiny pasted feathers.

New fitted daytime bags have distinguished triangular or pouch shapes.

Riviera fashions favor classic colored slacks worn with checked plaid cotton shirts.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"River of Death"

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Here's a yarn of two men who followed a dog—almost to their doom. One of these men was Fred Rowan of Pelham, N. Y. The other was his friend and hunting companion, Bat.

Fred was working down in Costa Rica in 1922, as overseer of a banana farm. Bat was another young American who also worked on the plantation. On New Year's morning, the pair of them started out on a hunting trip, taking along Bat's dog. And that mutt led them into the worst spot either of them had ever been in in their lives.

The dog, Fred says, was a brainless animal, untrained and more trouble than he was worth on a hunting trip. They had crossed a bridge over a river, struck into the tropical jungle along a well known trail and had been hunting for an hour when the dog ran off into the underbrush and, a few moments later, set up a terrific yelping.

Bat yelled: "Come on—the pigs have him!" And the two men were off the trail, crashing through matted brush to save the dog from the wild pigs of the region which would tear him to pieces in no time. They plunged into low, swampy land and found the dog. To Fred's disgust there were no pigs. The cause of all the commotion was a little moth-eaten swamp squirrel.

Rain Drives Them Toward Higher Ground.

At that moment it started raining, as only it can rain in the tropics. Hastily the two men started back in what they thought was the direction of higher ground. "But," says Fred, "we couldn't see more than 30 feet ahead through the dense vegetation, and soon we were hopelessly muddled. All day long we tried this direction and that, but to no avail.

He covered the crossing with a big automatic rifle.

Stumbling over vines and roots, we floundered helplessly in that tropic swamp. Late in the afternoon we came out on a bit of solid ground beside the river. We tried to head upstream, but ran into another swamp. We made our way back to the high ground and all night we huddled there, cold and wet, with the rain dinning in our ears. Dawn found us wretched with hunger and thirst, for with all the water around us, none of it was safe to drink. Across the river we could see waving banana leaves. Over there would be trails, and a trolley line leading to the railroad. If we could only get across."

But to get across that river meant swimming—and the river was full of alligators. On the other hand, it would be almost as bad to go back into the jungle. In front of Fred's eyes was a picture of a native he had found a month before. He had been lost for 13 days, and when Fred found him he had gone into his last sleep—a shrunken body covered with torn and festered skin. Even alligators would be better than that.

It was Bat who decided Fred. Bat was just over an attack of fever, and he was the weaker of the two. "Stay here and rot if you want to," he croaked. "I'm going across the river." Fred felt the same way about it. He told Bat to go ahead—that he'd stay on the bank with a rifle and "cover" his crossing with his big automatic rifle. Carrying the lighter rifle—a .22—Bat called his dog and plunged into the water. He made steady progress, and no alligators showed their noses above the surface of the stream. But Fred was relieved when at last he climbed up on the other bank.

"Bat motioned to me to come along," says Fred, "and with a sick feeling I made a few simple preparations. My rifle was much too heavy and awkward to hold, so I unlaced my belt half way, threaded it through the trigger guard and refastened it around my waist. This permitted the barrel to swing between my legs and gave me freedom to kick. As I entered the water it occurred to me that Bat was covering my approach with a .22 full of water. A .22 wouldn't even dent an alligator's tough hide. But by then I was out in the current and swimming."

Fred swam steadily. He was making it. And then, when he was a scant 15 feet from shore, something struck him a terrific blow in the small of the back. At that moment, Fred had visions of a big, scaly snout poking at him before making the final grab. An alligator! Panic seized him. He threw up his hands and screamed "Oh my God!" And as he did so he got a glimpse of Bat's face above him—and horror was written all over it.

He Crawled Ashore and Fell Face Down.

"I thrashed madly in the water," he says, "and as I did so I felt bottom with my knees. I crawled ashore and flopped face down on the ground, gagging and retching with nausea. I lay there for a while, and then Bat helped me to my feet and steadied me while I took the rifle off my belt."

As they started to walk away, neither man spoke. Nothing was said about Fred's terrifying experience. Darkness had fallen again, when, after much stumbling they came to the trolley line that led to the railroad. Just before midnight they came in sight of the winking lights of their plantation camp. They took some whisky and a stiff dose quinine apiece—and went to bed.

The next morning Fred got up and began taking stock—and got the surprise of his life. When he came to examine his rifle he found that the barrel was split from the muzzle almost up to the stock. Then he asked Bat a few questions—they hadn't spoken of that swim across the river before—and found out all about that "alligator" that had given him such a scare the evening before.

That alligator just didn't exist. It was the gun that had given him that poke. "The motion of swimming," Fred says, "had pushed the catch off 'safety' and the drag against the belt had pulled the trigger. The cartridge, exploding under water, created a terrific recoil which drove the stock of the gun into the small of my back. Bat had seen what took place, and thought from my cries that I had been shot. Hence the expression of horror on his face. And I, of course, thought it was because something had attacked me. My mind had been too dazed to realize the folly of swimming with a loaded gun."

And another folly Fred says he'll never repeat is going to the rescue of a half-witted dog.

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Red Herring Across Trail

"Phrase Origins," by Alfred Holt says: "When one politician accuses another of attempting 'to drag a red herring across the trail,' he is referring to the traditional use of a particularly strong-smelling smoked fish to throw the dogs off the scent. Red herring were sometimes used in the training of hounds. The figurative use implies evading the issue, dragging in something irrelevant, especially a personal insult fired at the other man to cover your retreat from a bad hole."

Emu Six Feet in Height

Outstanding among the natural freaks of Australia is the rare white emu. Normally a gray-brown color, the emu is second only to the ostrich in size among the birds of the world, averaging six feet in height.

Pineapples Called Sweetest

Puerto Rican pineapple is said to be the sweetest in the world. The natives call it pan de azucar (bread of sugar). It is smaller, more mellow and a deeper color than Hawaiian pineapple.

Bittersweet in Dune Country

Bittersweet grows in various localities, one of its favored habitats being the dune country along the shore of lower Lake Michigan. In some places among the white sand hills the shrub is quite abundant. Sometimes it climbs a small tree, its own foliage all but obliterating from sight the leaves, twigs and branches of the tree. In this respect bittersweet is not unlike the wild grape. Other times it is supported by lower forms such as young sand cherry shrubs.

Marlins, Swordfish Confused

Close kin to the swordfish and sailfish is the marlin. In fact, marlins and swordfish are often confused. The latter have neither scales nor big fins under their bodies, while the marlin has both. In the United States marlins are also called "spearfish" and "quillfish."

Cardinals Like Home Section

There is no known instance of a cardinal migrating more than a dozen miles from its birthplace.