# There COMES a MOMENT

**By ELINOR MAXWELL**

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**CHAPTER XIV—Continued**
**—14—**

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 soapsuds 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 followed 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 ailin'? 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.

"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 Lorings 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 fought 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)*

# Suits of Glamorous Wools Are Top Fashion for Spring

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

AN UP-TO-DATE wardrobe without a chic new suit? It just isn't being done nowadays. All fashiondom has gone wildly, deliriously suit-mad this spring—which is your cue as to "what to wear" at this immediate moment.

The fact that fashion is in a mood to suit you as you have never been suited before should count a lot in your planning this spring. The thing that plays big in the glorification of the new suits is the superbly colorful and intriguingly textured wool fabrics that challenge designers to turn out a pageantry of suits that in the matter of variety and chic and charm outrivals all previous showings so far as we of the present generation are concerned.

The new tweeds are captivating, especially the soft coarse meshy kind that are so eminently patrician in their now-so-stylish neutral oatmeal tones, and in the smart honey-beige or in subtle grays that so appeal to discriminating taste. Some of these natural toned tweeds are flecked with multi-color which makes them even more alluring. It's a stroke of genius to buy a new threesome ensemble which includes a skirt, jacket and long topcoat for this many-piece interchangeable combination, together with a collection of blouses, measures up to clothes requirements for almost any daytime event. Then, too, later on the coat can be worn as a wrap over dainty summer frocks.

We are illustrating just such a threesome (see the figure seated). This outfit is beautifully tailored of an imported tweed in soft heather mixture. It has a straight skirt and unusual shoulder detail. The shoulders and lapels of the topcoat duplicate those of the suit. The suit jacket is a one button type. The sailor hat is in a deep purple veiled to bespeak the femininity of the present mode.

As to the new plaids, stripes and checks they play havoc with any tradition that a suit or coat is supposed to be modest and conservative.

Suits of checked, striped or plaided woolens have revolutionized the mode in that they are a far departure from the classic navy or black monotones of yore. The fact that the plaid skirts are pleated also gives them the spring "look." See the nifty plaid suit to the right in the illustration. It typifies the new trend perfectly. It is of imported tweed in soft yellow with crossbar of brown (smart color combination this season). The pleated skirt stamps this suit with unmistakable chic. The pleats are stitched down around the hips for smooth slenderizing line. The single-breasted jacket observes every rule of the game in matter of swank detail. Brown suede sports hat with a wide scoop brim and brown alligator bag bespeak utmost chic.

As to the fetching little dressmaker jacket suit it is with us in such numbers it would take an alert mind to keep tally of the number that pass a given moment at a given point, for the jacket suit is omnipresent in the style parade. The new jacket twosomes play up color combinations in amazing variations. Black wool crepe for the skirt topped with jacket in pale yellow with black piping describes the goodlooking model centered in the group. New details are the softly rolled collar, high pockets and outside tucks around the waist. A wide brimmed Breton sailor with a quill across the crown is jaunty and very flattering to the wearer.

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# Veils and Veiling Are Omnipresent

Veils and veiling are that omnipresent in the millinery mode the eyes have to sight through yards and yards of veiling to discover the hat itself. To radiate the spirit of spring try tying a bright green veil over your new black or navy straw. Green veils are the "last word in chic."

It's the proper thing to match the color of your veil to your gloves and other accessories. You will like the new hats made all of veiling. They are appealingly feminine and in their exquisite colorings they tune to spring most charmingly. The all-veiling hat (most often a little sailor) is made of twisted strands of the veiling or layer upon layer. To add allure there are long streamer ends of the veiling to tie and twirl with provocative grace.

# Navy Vogue Steps To Fashion Front

Contrasting the flamboyant plaids and stripes and gay prints now so much in vogue is the navy vogue which has stepped to the front. Suits with cunningly devised jackets, dresses with accompanying boleros and coats galore are neatly tailored of navy wools. The accessories may be either very colorful or follow the trend that calls for lingerie touches in immaculate white.

**Object of Admiration**

Resort visitors are telling their admiration for the rough straw sailor with a high perky bow of taffeta on its uptilted brim.

# Of Silk Shirting

It's your play! And why not play in a sports dress of purple silk shirting striped in white, with self-color simulated reptile belt, as here pictured? Speaking of silk for sports frocks, here's another suggestion. If you select a dress of dull-surfaced nubby silk noil, in the new olive green and off-white color, you will be all set. Complement this with a separate lumber jacket top.

# What Women Want to Know About Fashions

Snoods and hoods are some of the short-hair problem solvers.

Frivolous trends of the spring season are indicated by the trend of accessories.

The youth movement in suits is an outstanding part of the spring style picture.

Shoe designs will be a little bolder, but not quite as ornate or feminine as in the past. Lines will be a little heavier looking.

Novelty belts for your plainest, trimmest dresses are always in demand.

Topping the fashion picture for spring in handbags is the patent leather purse.

Grooming one's self according to the latest color charts becomes increasingly complicated.

A softly shirred chiffon blouse in lilac or fuchsia will help to carry your black suit right on into spring.

# Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

## "Murder Machine"

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

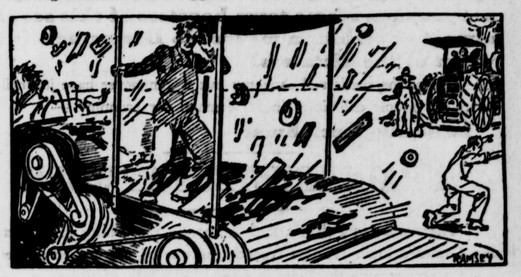
George H. Dowd of the Bronx, N. Y., sends me a letter that starts out, "This is the first time I have ever tried to put an experience of mine down on paper. Shall I stop?"

Well, the answer to that is: For Pete's sake, no, George. Because George has turned in one hum-dinger of a yarn. It's the story of a barrage of flying steel that was set off, not by powder or any other sort of explosive, but by actual horsepower—28 horses, galloping hell-bent for election, drawing behind them a machine that spued death-dealing projectiles right, left, front and center.

It's the only case I ever heard of where projectiles were thrown by horses. Maybe some of those sword-rattling dictators of Europe will pick up this idea and use horses when their supply of powder runs low. I haven't done any experimenting with this idea and I don't know how well it would work. But I'll tell you George Dowd's story and you can figure it out for yourself.

It happened along about the middle of July, 1913, on the Idaho Falls Development company dry farm, a few miles northwest of Idaho Falls, Idaho. That farm was a seven-thousand acre wheat ranch. Out in that section they harvest their wheat in July, and George, who was just a young fellow then, had a job working on one of the big combine harvesters, sewing up sacks of grain.

**There were three of those harvesters in the field—one drawn by mules, a second drawn by a steam engine or tractor, and the third, on which George was working, drawn by 28 head of horses. Those combine harvesters have a group of cylinders in them, hitched to the wheels and geared up to revolve at great speed when the horses are walking. George was working on a wooden platform on that harvester, directly over those revolving cylinders. But the cylinders weren't revolving at the moment, for the big machine was stopped for some minor repairs. The repair**



**Piece by piece the platform was being shot away.**

**man was putting a draper belt into the header, and the driver and the header man got down to help him, leaving George alone on the machine.**

**Steam Pressure Explodes Safety Valve.**

And then the fun started—but it wasn't any fun for George Dowd!

**It was the steam tractor hauling one of the other harvesters that started all the trouble. There was too much steam in the boiler and all of a sudden the safety valve popped off with a bang. "And within the same second," says George, "off went the 28 horses with the machine I was on in what you would call a real runaway!"**

Well, sir, a 28 horse runaway is something to write home about, but that was only the beginning. The men who were putting in the draper belt were knocked clear of the machine at the first jump the horses made. Then those animals were off down the field at a full gallop with the great unwieldy machine careening along behind them! And as they dashed along, the cylinders of the harvester, which revolved at high speed when the horses were just walking, began revolving at a speed greater than even steel can stand!

**The horses hadn't gone a dozen feet when steel cylinders began bursting from centrifugal force and shooting out of the machine in all directions. The first one ripped up through the boards on which George was standing—ripped up with a deafening crack like the report of a cannon and shot past George's nose, straight up in the air. Another one followed—and another. Cylinders, gears and bits of broken metal came flying out of that machine in a veritable barrage.**

**He Clung to the Harvester's Reeling Platform.**

"I was on the U. S. S. Leviathan for 22 months during the war," George says, "and I have heard her guns bark a good many times. And I would say that the reports these gears and hunks of metal made when leaving the machine were about as loud as those made by a six-inch cannon."

And George, standing right in the midst of that hail of flying steel, couldn't do anything about it. He was having all he could do to cling to the swaying, reeling platform of that harvester while the horses galloped along at breakneck speed. Piece by piece and board by board, the fir flooring of the platform was shot away until it was even with the heels of his shoes.

**If he'd thought of it, he might have jumped, but for the first few moments he was too bewildered. He could feel the wind of those deadly metal projectiles as they whizzed by him. One of them hit him in the calf of the leg. Others ripped great holes in the canvas awning over his head. "There were pieces of steel weighing three or four pounds shot from that harvester," he says, "that were picked up later more than a mile away."**

**Help Was Already on the Way.**

But meanwhile, help was already on the way. The repair man had a good saddle horse tied nearby and in less than half a minute he was in the saddle, riding hard. The runaways had almost a quarter of a mile head start, but gradually he closed up that distance. The barrage of steel had stopped by then, and George was safe as long as he could cling to his perch on the shattered platform.

**He did cling to that platform. He clung to it for a full mile, while the harvester reeled and swayed and threatened to tip over. But at the end of that mile the repairman caught up with the lead horses and brought them to a stop.**

George says that harvester was nearly new when it started, but it was a total wreck when it stopped. George, on the other hand, was lucky. His only injury was where that one piece of flying steel had hit his right leg. "And that," he says, "wasn't serious."

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# Panama Cities Founded Several Centuries Ago

Cristobal, Canal Zone, Atlantic port of entry to that strip of leased territory across the narrow part of the republic of Panama, is the gateway to a scene that dates back through the centuries. Panama City and Colon are ancient and colorful, and Cristobal and Balboa are modern and military.

Panama City and Colon are not outgrowths of the building of the canal. They are cities founded four centuries ago, the terminals of a paved causeway built to carry the unrecorded riches of the conquistadores, with a legend of pirates, buccaneers, and the freebooters of the Spanish Main. A kaleidoscope of nations, they owe their atmosphere to a commerce originating in the Fifteenth century. The parade of nations began with the Spaniards and negro slaves, Inca chiefs and native Indians, and was carried on by the English buccaneers, the French corsairs, the forty-niners, Hindus, Chinese, and Arabs. Descendants of these early merchants pass through the streets, displaying their wares in open shops that give the thoroughfares the atmosphere of an oriental bazaar.

Balboa and Cristobal contrast sharply with Panama City and Colon in all respects except natural tropic beauty. They are a result of the canal, with wharves, customs houses, drydocks, administration buildings, rows of houses and a note of military efficiency.

**Things Not to Do**

Never leave the house for the day without a mental census of windows and doors being locked and all gas and electricity shut off.

Never pack away leather articles in a trunk or chest that is to be closed for a great length of time. They are apt to become mildewed.

Never wash mirrors with a very wet cloth. If the water gets in back of the mirror by flowing under the frame it will ruin the glass. Use a well-wrung chamois for the purpose.

**Japanese Use English Words**

Among the many English words that have entered the Japanese vocabulary and remained almost intact is "jiremma." Japanese believe it is a native word, having forgotten the original—"dilemma."

**Walking Before King and Queen**

To learn to walk correctly for a graceful entrance into the Throne room when "presented" to the king and queen, women in London learned to follow a tape stretched on the floor.