

Buying Barbara

By Julia Clift-Addams • Author of "YOU CAN'T MARRY"

SYNOPSIS: Lella Gane expects the young millionaire Farrell Armitage to propose to her; instead he tells her he has determined to marry Barbara Quantin, whom he first saw by accident that afternoon. Lella offers aid and sends Farrell to fetch Barbara to a dance. But Farrell takes Barbara to the little house she has prepared for herself and Mark Lodyly, a friend, but a girl friend of Lella's. For she is so sure of Lella's position, that she is sure that Lella Gane is the handsome emerald Mark just has seen Barbara. But Barbara declines Mark.

Chapter 14 BARBARA EXPLAINS

"YOU'LL go Mark's way? I wonder if you can tell me why?" Barbara was tarted.

"But—" She gestured round the room and the gesture was, to Farrell, pathetic. "We are to be married," she said simply. "I thought I had told you."

"Oh yes, you told me! And I know you will tell me next that you are going to marry because you love each other. But what you feel for Mark isn't love."

She lay back in the chair, her heavy lids closed, her hands exhaustedly upon her knees.

"Someone else has told you so already!" he exclaimed. And, as she nodded—"Well, whoever it was didn't make you see sense, so I'm going to. And I'm adding this bit of news—Mark doesn't love you."

"Ah but, you see," she said, unstriving, "he does. He does love me."

"I think not. A man who loves a woman—Armitage took breath for the brutality of it—"doesn't put off his wedding-day for a jaunt to Town."

A quiver ran through her and the faint color that had crept into her face, drained away again; but she did not open her eyes.

"Has he—done that?"

"Yes. Next Thursday he's coming to stay with me for a bit, to meet some people who may be of use to him. . . . Don't pretend that although it went against the grain, he felt he owed it to you, or anything like that, because—"

"I wasn't going to pretend. He has postponed our marriage before and not even for such a good reason as a visit to London."

Bewildered, astonished, Armitage could only give a quick laugh.

"All the same," she went on, cutting into his excitement, "he does love me. I know it, beyond any manner of doubt; in his own way, he always has and—in his own way—he always will. As for me, whatever you call that feeling that I have for him, it's the strongest I've ever known. The strongest, the clearest, the most unchanging."

"Rot! It's nothing but a habit of mind—a fixation, don't they call it?—a childish misconception—"

"No. I didn't cultivate pity for Mark because I promised his father I would. I was able to promise because of my pity."

"Pity! Pity isn't love."

"With me, it is. And it isn't only pity—it's—there's a sort of honor in being desperately needed. I fulfill a need in Mark."

He wheeled abruptly upon her.

"I want you, Barbara Quantin, to forget Mark for a few minutes, and think about me."

She gave her faint, frank little smile.

"I am thinking about you already. I was just going to ask you why you invited Mark to stay with you on a day which you knew was his wedding-day."

He had hoped for this.

"Because I don't want you to marry him on Thursday. Or at all."

"I want you to marry me," he said.

Her heavy lids flew open. She struggled up in the chair and he put out a hand to draw her to her feet. But she ignored it.

"You aren't joking," she said half to herself, staring up at him.

"No. Oh no, I'm not joking. I've waited all my life for you and now that I've found you I don't feel a bit like joking; though I warn you that I may presently break into song. . . . My dear, if you feel for Lodyly what you are capable of feeling for the man you love, I'd bow myself out and wish you well—I'd do more, I'd ransack Europe for a doctor who would make Mark walk. I'd get his cleverness acknowledged,

marketed; I'd never let him or you want."

"Oh, could you do all these heavenly things for Mark?"

"Damn Mark!" he shouted. "Yes, of course I could—what's the good of wealth if it doesn't stretch to things like that? But for the moment I'm telling you that you're deluding yourself. Your pity is for Mark—all right, I don't deny that. But your love is for me."

She put her hands up to her temples as though they throbbled.

"Am I mad or did you and I meet this evening for the first time, when you helped me with Mark?"

He sat down again on the wooden chair and faced her across the mean little fire.

"The point is that I have found you and you are not yet married to anyone else. You may think I have played a trick upon you by taking Mark away next Thursday but you'll admit it was my only means of gaining a short time; a short chance to make you see that if you would allow yourself, you could love me."

"I don't know what to say to you."

"There's no need to say anything. In a way, the definite things were said when we were born—"

"You must please let me speak! I mean, of course, that I don't know what to say because I should terribly hate to snub you. But—"

"It's quite useless for you to turn me down. Or rather, I've allowed for the probability of your turning me down again and again—"

"In that one respect then," she said very crisply, "I shall not disappoint you."

She dragged herself out of her chair and turned away. He considered that she looked lovelier in her anger than in any other mood, her face stung to the pale rose color and her eyes dark and bright and cold. He watched her go without a glance at the portrait on the floor, to where she had laid aside her coat.

"You'll take me back now, please!" she requested, shaking out the furs.

"Oh yes, I'll take you back," Armitage sighed sharply. "I'll let you drive, too, if you want to. My generosity of spirit is an aspect of me that I particularly want you to study."

He could not see her face as she bent over the furs, but he sensed that again her mood was veering.

"We will resume our discussion," he said, carefully impassive. "And we shall yet go to Bogey Cove by moonlight and either be devoured or permitted to drown."

"Have you told Mark why you insisted on Thursday?"

"No. You'll do that."

She still kept her face averted but she put aside the coat.

She stood there for a few minutes, by the door, and gazed back at the fire she had left; she gave the curious suggestion that it was telling her something—forbidding her to leave it until—or unless—? Then she walked back to it very slowly and as though magnetized. She dropped again into the deck chair and sat leaning forward, her hands clasped and drooping, her mind utterly withdrawn from him.

He, too, had returned to the fire. He stood with an elbow on the narrow ledge above it and waited. She was now so many fathoms deep in herself that he knew the humiliation of non-existence; and yet he was afraid to make any noise that would shatter the delicate world into which she had gone.

All his life, he was to remember those slow minutes—those fascinating, inexplicable, maddening minutes—in which he waited motionless for her to come back.

The quality of her silence had nearly mesmerized him also, when suddenly she spoke. Only her voice, he thought, could float out like that, so low, so clear—one with the freight, the stillness, the night hour.

"Is it possible," she said, "to make a bargain with you?"

He still waited.

"If I promised to marry you without loving you, without even liking or admiring you very much, would you make Mark well?"

"No," he said politely. "No, I'm afraid that wouldn't be at all possible."

He was so angry with her that he dared not move.

Farrell undertakes a long vigil, tomorrow.

HINT WALL STREET PROBE WILL RIVAL TEA POT SCANDAL

(Continued from Page One)

investigators on his last few senatorial appearances. His recall will be a grudge battle. Steuer would be able to do a better job with him than anyone has done so far.

President Hoover was really agitated about the international financial situation before he started seeking war debt co-operation with Gov. Roosevelt. There is nothing to suggest he had any confidential reports indicating imminent danger. One of his best friends whispers that he merely "became awakened to conditions that might take a bad turn before March 4."

Top financial authorities in Washington are inclined to think the president may have been unduly apprehensive. The international situation is foggy. A debt settlement would help. It is a little absurd to sit around 60 days in the mire before figuring a way to get out. Disarmament is sunk. The world economic conference is off until next summer or fall.

Yet with all these things the world

ROBINSON DRAWS BITING REPLY BY WISCONSIN SOLON

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—(AP)—An assertion that "the Democrats have no program" was made in the house today by Representative Schafer (R., Wis.), in what he said was a reply to "untrue statements" by Senator Robinson of Arkansas, minority leader.

"The Arkansas senator," Schafer said, "charges the Republicans and Republican lame ducks with attempting to block the Democratic program to force a special session."

"He doesn't know what he is talking about. All seven of the representatives from this state voted against repeal of the 18th amendment. Why doesn't he use some of his influence with them? If six of the Arkansas Democrats had voted for repeal it would have passed. Only one of the Arkansas representatives voted for the beer bill. What about this reputation of their platform pledges?"

Schafer said the Democrats had made the tariff a campaign issue and yet while in control of the house they "hadn't even lowered the duty on aluminum pants buttons, for all their talk about Andy Mellon."

Actress Arrested

Mary Nolan, stage and screen actress formerly known as Imogene Wilson, was arraigned in New York on a charge of being a fugitive from Minneapolis where she is accused of having passed a worthless check. She is shown leaving court with a bondsman. (Associated Press Photo)

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FIND GRAVE OF AIDE IVAN THE TERRIBLE

MOSCOW.—(AP)—Twenty feet under ground near the bank of the Moscow river, excavators have come upon the grave of Maluta Skuratov, chief executioner and torturer for Ivan the Terrible. He died in 1573.

The grave was uncovered by workmen digging the foundations for the "palace of the soviets," which is to be erected on the site of the destroyed Cathedral of the Redeemer.

As chief of the imperial bodyguard, Skuratov had a reputation for cruelty which matched that of his imperial master. His duties included the invention of new tortures for hapless victims of Ivan's wrath.

SON BEAT FATHER TO DEATH IN BRAWL, HINT BAKER, Dec. 30.—(AP)—Claude Hamilton of Baker was placed in the county jail this morning to await further investigation into the death of his father, John H. Hamilton, 70 year old retired Pine valley farmer, who was severely beaten Saturday evening at his home and died in a hospital Tuesday night.

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MODERNISM CUTS RACE BARRIER VIEW OF SCIENCE

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 30.—(AP)—possibility that within the next generation there may be but one human race is suggested by Dr. A. Erikson, physicist at the University of Minnesota. He spoke last before the annual national convention of the Association of Cosmopolitan clubs.

"During the world's present status a 'consequence of geographic accidents sustained by primitive limited transport, possibilities' Erikson stated that because of improvements in methods of transportation and communication, preservation of races may be 'ultimately impossible.'"

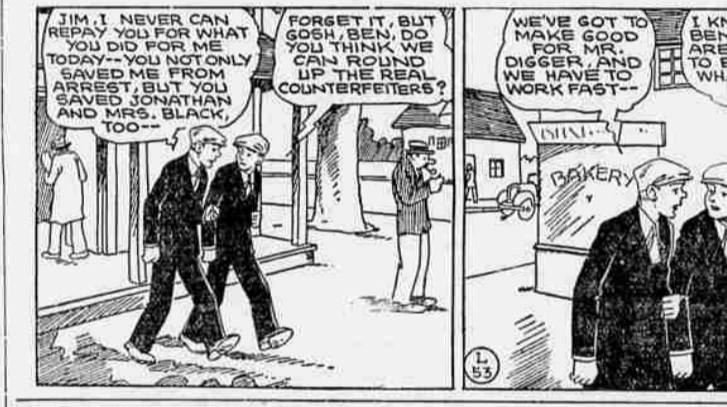
"Modernism," Dr. Erikson said, cut the primitive limitations, and new order which is coming to pass in the world may render racial variation ultimately impossible. He can predict what 100 generations bring under the new order."

Dr. Erikson cautioned, however that "the possibility of racial extinction need not necessarily be 'quieting.' Evolutionary forces beyond human control will bring about the transition, he asserted, but that human antipathies will make as gradual as possible.

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BRINGING UP FATHER



COSMIC PINWHEEL SEEN BY SCIENCE

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Dec. 30.—(AP)—Out in space a gigantic pin wheel of two balls of fire as big as 24 suns has been discovered. It is whirling at the rate of about a million miles an hour, in a space only about as wide as a fifth of the distance between sun and earth.

The results of 12 years observations which have proved the existence of this fireworks monster were reported to the American Association for the Advancement of Science today by Prof. Raymond B. Dugan, of Princeton university.

The pin wheel is the star 6x Cassiopeia, so distant that even in a telescope it is just a pin point of light to a man's eye. This star is really twice, one whirling about the other, one sixteen times the sun's diameter and the other eight times.

The big twin is made of a flaming substance averaging only half the density of air. The pair is "unusually close together," for twin stars, that is, being separated by about 10,000,000 miles. They revolve around each other once in 10 hours.

BLAME VANDALS FOR TRAIN WRECK

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Dec. 30. (AP) Vandalism was blamed today by State's Attorney Wolford H. Absher as he investigated the wreck of a Washon passenger train that cost the lives of two persons, injured two others and endangered the lives of several passengers.

The train overran from the main line just inside the city limits last night at 7:30, mounted onto a switch and crashed into an oil tank car. The engine and one car overturned, drenched in a flood of burning oil, which flames quickly extinguished.

Deputy Sheriff Held In Assault

KLAMATH FALLS, Dec. 30.—(AP) Deputy Sheriff Holcomb of Lassen county is in the Lake county jail, charged with assault with a dangerous weapon in connection with a quarrel over a stalled automobile on the Klamath-Lakeview highway Christmas day.

Holcomb is alleged to have shot Joe Mose, one of his companions, twice during the quarrel.