

Buying Barbara

by Julia Cleft-Addams • Author of "YOU CAN'T MARRY"

SYNOPSIS: The arrogant Mark Lodely and the eccentric Patsy Raoul are in the midst of a furious quarrel in Patsy's dressing room. Patsy scores a hit by accusing Mark of trading upon his crippled body. Mark lives with Farrell Armitage, millionaire who has secured the promise of Barbara Quentin, Mark's fiancée, to postpone their wedding a year by agreeing to use all his resources to launch Mark as an artist in that time. Lella, a young girl, is fascinated by Mark, is visiting Patsy to engineer an affair with him.

Chapter 25

CRUCIFYING CONSTANTIA

PATSY'S assertion that he traded on his crippled body entirely infuriated Mark. It was the first time in his life that his plea for special concessions had been brushed aside. He became smilingly venomous. He said—

"Another thing that will prevent you from ever amounting to anything is the fact that you are uneducated. Such broad effects as you get, you get photographically—you don't develop them by means of a cultured or even an intelligent observation. In short, you can only mimic, you can't create—"

"You'd better go and tell that to the 'Watcher,' they printed a whole column about my art being the only creative—"

It was the harassed dresser who, ten minutes later, managed to intervene. And even then no definite truce was called until the door was flung wide and a bunch of young men and women slithered into the dressing-room. With much flouting of bad language and many endearments, they jostled each other upon the threshold and demanded the company of Patsy Raoul for the rest of the night.

Mark's excitement increased. He was not impressed by the enamelled costliness of the women, nor by the over-confident bearing of the men, but he saw at last his avenues of approach to a world that must be made to take heed of him.

"Ah, madame in duchesse, I feel so sorrow," Miss Raoul was apologizing. "But no, I asleep must go; much late hours conserve, not!" She pointed derisively to Mark.

"But there, there is a creative artist whom can rest all the day. As I cannot!"

The scented and bejeweled flock turned inquiringly. Mark lifted his eyes to those of a dark-skinned, straight-backed woman whose hair was hidden under a sort of bathing cap of gold brocade.

"My passports," he murmured, offering her the sketches.

She made a great deal of noise over them and her companions, when she was persuaded to let them share her raptures, made a great deal more. A young woman whom Mark recognized as the Duchess of Northington flopped to the seat beside him. She was more heavily made up than Patsy Raoul and nearly as thin.

"But you must be most decompensatingly clever!" she announced. "These things are simply decompensatingly good. You must draw me next—everybody always draws me—and then they draw Constantia—"

she jockeyed with malice at a short woman in a backless dress of yellow. "She'll pay you a lot but I shall be far better advertisement for you. You must see that. Isn't Patsy Raoul quite too urgent, really?"

"She doesn't like me," said Mark. "Do you, Miss Raoul? I think perhaps she's jealous of me."

"Take him away, far," commanded Miss Raoul with every sign of disgust.

Mark allowed himself to be taken. There were more of the crew, apparently, outside in the passage.

"Hullo, Mark!"

Mark looked up from prodigious labor with his crutch—for in spite of their sympathy and admiration for him, none of his friends seemed to think it necessary to wait for him or help him—and discovered Lella.

"Hullo, Lella! As one country cousin to another, where are these grand ladies and gentlemen taking us to? And who is going to pay for our drinks?"

"It's my party," vociferated the short woman in yellow whom the others called Constantia and treated with a sort of contemptuous tolerance. "I wish Miss Raoul could have come but I've got Fan Rin and her dancing partner and that sweet boy out of 'Here's Hoping!' and Mr. Lodely is a find. Bring your friend along, Mr. Lodely, she looks a sweet girl."

The lovely young duchess hooked an arm round Mark. His crutch slipped perilously. He looked into her fair face that had not in it one

glimpse of character or courage, and swore at her bitterly for her clumsiness. She eyed him, her delight. "Oh, I ampy tingle for you! How urgent it feels to be sworn at in the first five minutes—generally that doesn't come till so much later on! Mr. Lodely, when my divorce is through, will you marry me? I shan't have a cent, of course, because Northington is going bankrupt directly afterwards, but you'll be making thousands and really I can dress on very little."

A blond youth with red-rimmed eyes interposed a witticism which temporarily incapacitated the entire company with the exception of the hostess; she was trying to rope in two slim, sequin-covered acrobats who were just emerging from their dressing-room.

"Now do come to my party, it's at the Da Capo, just ask for Mrs. Lewis J. Jacobson's table—there'll be a whole bunch of the loveliest folks—"

"Coming, Lella!" smiled Mark. "Coming, sweet girl!"

"I may come on later but I must see Patsy Raoul, I want Barbara to fix her house for her but—"

Mark did not trouble to listen. A man known as Freddy was pulling impatiently at him and he set himself to traverse the space before him. The blond Freddy was as inadequate a support as one might have expected from his appearance and Mark was relieved when he hastened on in front and opened and shut doors instead. Mark's brow was wet by the time he had dragged himself out of the theater and into the car which awaited them.

Nevertheless, he was still smiling as they drove off at the tail of the festive procession. He was not going to lose his temper except when he could do it to dramatic advantage. While Freddy and the duchess continued to bemoan the name and fame of Mrs. Lewis J. Jacobson with mud—the very car that held them was, he gathered, here—he tried to fix his mind upon the next few hours. Irritatingly, Lella's scarlet and gold floated before his vision.

"I loathe the Da Capo, absolutely loathe it," announced the duchess, getting briskly out as the car drew up before a portico outlined in small blue lights. "You'll see to Mr. Lodely, Freddy darling? 'Cos I have to try and find Biggles."

Freddy held the door of the car and looked vaguely after her.

"If you hate staying with me as much as I hate having you stay," said Mark, "we've got a lot in common. Suppose we meet inside?"

Freddy, released, bolted after the duchess and Mark took his time. By inside porter, cloakroom attendant and page, he was eventually 'seen' into the club. The atmosphere of Mrs. Jacobson's party had grown more quarrelsome but more tolerable.

The gold-capped woman was whispering to a beautiful young boy; she had dropped the sketches of Patsy Raoul under her chair. With care Mark retrieved them and sitting down outside the circle began to draw upon their backs. He drew his hostess, Constantia J. Jacobson; drew her wrangling, drew her eating, and finally, from memory, drew her blanching the Russian acrobats. He had so far gone unobserved and when he had touched in her thickness of lips and nose he signaled to a waiter and had a chair placed just behind his victim. When he was settled upon it, he touched her obese shoulder.

"I do wish you'd buy these studies of Miss Raoul," he said as she turned. "They're forty pounds each."

She laughed the half-bitter, half-smirking laugh of the grossly rich. "You certainly have a nerve! And anyway, they were only twenty back in the theater."

"Ah!" smiled Mark. "But they've doubled their value since then."

He lifted one a little so that she could see what was upon its back. He saw a purplish red mount under her powder, mounted to the roots of her hair; her black eyes squinted for a second.

"Is that how I look to you?" she muttered.

"Not really, no," Mark admitted. "But you see, I happen to want money and you happen to have it. And who are either of us to struggle against our fate?"

"Ah!" smiled Mark. "But they've doubled their value since then."

Tomorrow, Mark meets a person of great importance.

FAIR LOBBYISTS IRK LEGISLATORS

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 12.—(AP)—Doors to the newly-formed legislative league have been officially slammed in the face of the "beautiful lobby."

"I'm sick of feminine lobbyists," said State Representative Thomas Wilson of McKean county, when the group organized last night as a non-political, non-partisan forum. "I want them to stay away from my chair and let me make up my own feeble mind."

"I have noticed," he added, "that it takes far longer for a good looking woman to complete an interview than for a woman with half the number of teeth she ought to have."

Wilson found ready support and women lobbyists—beautiful or not—were banned.

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HOOVER FOR HALT ON FORECLOSURES

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—(AP)—In a second special message to congress in so many days, President Hoover today made a plea for "emergency action" in revision of the bankruptcy laws in order to avoid present day wholesale forced foreclosures.

The president asked specifically for an immediate alteration of existing law to facilitate the "relief of debtors who seek the protection of the court for the purpose of readjusting their affairs with their creditors."

Gerard's Daughter Marries Grid Ace

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—(AP)—An announcement of the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Jane Gerard, niece of James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany, to Walter B. Levering, Yale football star, was published here today.

SCOTLAND YARD COMBS LONDON IN MURDER CASE

LONDON, Jan. 12.—(AP)—A ghostly fog-shrouded dawn found Scotland Yard's host of police relentlessly pursuing Samuel Furnace today in the most minute search London and the surrounding territory ever have undergone in criminal annals.

He is sought as the slayer of his friend, Walter Spatchett, whose body was burned in such a manner that murder at first was unsuspected and the victim was identified as Furnace himself.

Throughout the huge London zone which contains a larger population than any other area in the world, officers in plain clothes conducted an almost microscopic examination.

They combed highways and byways. They visited hotels, lodging houses, inns, roadhouses, coffee stalls, hospitals, and in some instances private dwellings.

Police, disguised in the nondescript apparel of down-and-outers mingled with denizens of the underworld, listening for a word which might guide them to their quarry.

During seven days of search many clues have been found, apparently

leading directly to the hunted man, but always they faded out.

Furnace was a builder. On the night of January 3 there was a fire in his office workshop. When police found a burned body they assumed it was that of Furnace, and it was identified as such by friends and relatives.

At a postmortem, however, it was discovered the man had been shot three times in such a manner that the wounds could not have been self-inflicted. Then it developed Spatchett, a friend of Furnace, had disappeared. The body was then identified as that of Spatchett. The hunt for Furnace began.

LARD AND BUTTER ONLY, FOR COUNTY

The county court yesterday unanimously ordered that in the future Jackson county "buy no substitutes for lard or butter," thus giving the local dairy industry a "break." The order will affect supplies for the county jail, poor farm, and the relief commission. The order was proposed by Commissioner Billings, and met with the hearty support of the other two members of the county court.

The county court also voted \$125 to buy supplies for the commissary.

FREE—Pioneers and descendants photographed without charge for pioneer historical collection—SHANLEY STUDIO.

PINCHOT EXACTS SPEEDY APOLOGY IN WIFE'S BEHALF

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 12.—(AP)—Business was momentarily halted in the state senate yesterday as Governor Pinchot demanded and obtained an apology for what he termed "a dastardly attack" upon his wife.

With the fall of the gavel the governor requested an immediate hearing to answer remarks Senator George L. Reed of Harrisburg directed at Mrs. Pinchot in a speech Monday.

He told the senators the laws of the state prevented him from taking the punishment in his own hands.

"I cannot properly horsewhip a senator, however much I desire to, and however much the senator may deserve it," he said.

The Reed remarks, expunged from the senate records immediately after they were made, are "unqualifiedly false," the governor asserted.

"I demand that you require the slanderer to produce his proof of make public reparation," he declared.

"The senate has disciplinary authority and power. The course which is demanded of you by the good name of the commonwealth should be clear before you. I bid you good-day."

Senator Reed took the floor on a

question of personal privilege.

"As far as any remarks relating to Mrs. Pinchot in my address on Monday night are concerned," he said, "I regret they were made and tender the state my apologies."

"I further state that my remarks were made upon my individual responsibility and without consulting any member of the senate or anyone active in the Republican party."

The senator made an attack on the governor's policies in the previous speech and then made a reference to Mrs. Pinchot.

HORSES BRING DOLLAR IN FORECLOSURE SALE

WEBSTER CITY, Iowa, Jan. 12.—(AP)—Horses sold for a dollar, hogs for 25 cents and corn at 2 cents a bushel at a sale on Bascomb Huddleston's farm here necessitated by foreclosure of a chattel mortgage.

Although 600 persons attended, only one man bid on property offered with net result of the sale being \$108.

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EARLY DAY AUTO JAUNT PERILOUS

Times were really stirring back in the days of early autoing, when dusts, bonnets and an occasional shower of shot went along with a Sunday's ride, a yellowed clipping from the file of C. E. Gates of this city revealed today.

Taken from an eastern newspaper, from which the date line has been clipped, the news item tells of the establishment of a permit system by the county council of defense.

"By the payment of a fee of 25 cents, which is charged for the sole purpose of covering expense of issued permits, persons who are authorized to operate motor vehicles Sun-

TO SEEK RELIEF FOR IRRIGATION PROJECTS

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—(AP)—A general agreement was reached at a joint hearing of the senate and house irrigation committees today that a further moratorium should be granted settlers of western reclamation projects, and sub-committees were detailed to put in shape legislation to secure this objective.

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT GUM

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KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Balks The Bandit Take-Off!



BOUND TO WIN—A Stranger Approaches



By EDWIN ALGER

S'MATTER POP—Ambrose Doesn't Mind Waiting



By C. M. PAYNE

THE NEBBS—Safety First



By SOL HESS

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus