

Buying Barbara

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

SYNOPSIS: Mark Lodely, arrogant young artist, arbitrarily summons his fiancée Barbara Quentin to him in London. She writes she is going to marry him, but makes a malicious caricature of her to show his guests. Barbara goes to a hotel. Mark's party, as well as his living, is paid for by Farrell Armitage, in whose house Mark is staying. Farrell endures Mark in the hope that when he has made him a successful artist Barbara will lose her pity, and her love, for Mark, and marry Mark's benefactor.

Chapter 35

BARBARA'S LETTER

BARBARA woke, as she always did, with all senses alert. She looked round the severe hotel bedroom and remembered how she had run and knocked her way into it in the early hours of this morning. The Claricardo had not been eager to accommodate her, but she had luggage and she had money and a friendly policeman had stood at her shoulder while she parleyed with the night-porter.

"In fact," said Barbara to herself, "there is nothing of the stray cat about me and I'm not going to mew to order. Not for anybody."

She had slept only a few hours but she felt refreshed, cool and clear-headed. Somehow she had come to a conclusion and hammered out

Farrell's house she asked for Mark, adding—"Please put me straight through to him. It is very important that I should speak to him at once."

"Mr. Lodely is probably still asleep, madam."

"I can't help that. He must wake up."

She waited for what seemed a very long time. Then Mark's voice said, so abruptly that she started: "I told you that you were not to ring me up any more before mid-day."

"What's that?" she exclaimed. "You are Patsy, aren't you?" Mark's voice was drowsy. "This is Barbara speaking, Mark."

"Barbara! Good heavens, I thought you were in Toxeter!"

This she sensed to be false. She said steadily—

"I want to see you immediately."

"Well, why waste time phoning me? I'm in bed. I can't refuse to see you, except by hiding under the bedclothes."

"You must please get up and take a taxi to—the porch of the National Gallery. I shall be waiting for you. We can have lunch together somewhere, later on."

"I never lunch."

Barbara hesitated. In what she had come to call the old days she would at this point have humored



This time it was Barbara who rang off.

a purpose. She rose and made an unhurried toilet. She knew that her outfit became her when she inspected herself in the mirror and she knew it again when she entered the breakfast-room. People turned to watch her seat herself and the headwaiter attended to her in person.

After breakfast she found the writing room and sat straight down to the letter which had composed itself in her mind without, apparently, thought or effort on her part. When it was written she saw no cause to alter a line of it. It was to Farrell Armitage.

"I was in your house last night and I heard what you said when you watched Mark. You said 'Shows him up pretty plainly'—but I think it is you who are shown up. I think it is you who are shown to be more despicable, far, than Mark."

"Our bargain was not that you should 'show him up.' Mark is weak and inexperienced in spite of his mature manner and it is easy to lead him into indulging the worst, instead of the best, that is in him. Last night proves nothing. Our bargain was that for a year you would take him and give him every chance to become independent— independent of any kind of help he could possibly want from me. Perhaps you saw that what you set out to do is not possible and so, instead, you betrayed him into vulgarity so as to make me hate him. 'I don't hate him for being as he was last night. I feel more than ever that he needs me to get him back to what sanity and dignity he had before you took him away. I shall marry him as soon as it can be arranged. You have broken your part of the bargain. Now I break mine—Barbara Quentin."

She sealed and addressed the letter and took it out to the main hall. "Please have this sent at once by special messenger."

She put on hat and furs, went out and found a telephone box. As soon as she was in communication with

him or conceded her point. But that had grown impossible to her.

"We can decide about lunching later. I shall expect you to meet me."

There was silence. After a moment a voice asked whether she had finished, please, and she realized that Mark had rung off.

She gave him five minutes, then got through to the house again and again insisted on being put into communication with him. Unless Mark took off his receiver, this game might well go on all day.

"Hello!"

Mark had not expected her to persist, evidently.

"I shall go on ringing up this house until I hear that you have started, Mark."

"But why don't you come here, Barbara? Beautiful, obstinate Barbara!"

"But I prefer not to. I won't wait longer than an hour. I shall find a telephone box and ring you up again if you aren't at the National Gallery by eleven."

This time it was she who rang off. She believed that he would be there.

She set out on foot for their meeting-place. It was a lovely November day, warm as spring in the sunshine, keenly cold in the shadow. She swung eastwards, enjoying, in spite of her preoccupations, the sights and sounds of what she had always in her childhood called London Town.

It was a relief to have made up her mind about Farrell Armitage once and for all. The man was a cheat. He had laid down the rules of contest and had gone outside them. No doubt he had built up his fortune in just such ways. Well, that was no concern of hers. Her concern was Mark's safety; what old-fashioned people would call his soul.

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Barbara has a strange conversation, tomorrow, with one whom she loves.

FOREST FIREBUG SUSPECT TRIED

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 27.—(AP)—Charles McNeil, charged with "causing to be set" several forest fires in southern Oregon and northern California, testified in his defense in federal court today, denying he had anything to do with the fires. Mrs. Clementine Bower, first defense witness, testified as to McNeil's good character.

Kenneth Olson, on probation from a one-year sentence at the federal court camp for setting fires to government land in southern Oregon, testified yesterday that he was hired by McNeil to set the blaze.

Everett Buroh, another southern Oregon youth, in jail here as a material witness, testified that McNeil had told him of hiring Olson to set the blaze.

Real Estate and Insurance—Leave it to Jones Phone 794.

RELIEF PROGRAM GIVEN APPROVAL

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—(AP)—A general relief program, understood by its sponsors to carry out suggestions of President-elect Roosevelt, was agreed upon Thursday by the senate manufacturers committee and a report on the measure to the senate

SEEK DEGENERATE IN TOT'S MURDER

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—(AP)—Mothers in Brooklyn's Stuyvesant Heights kept frightened eyes on their

babies for fear a killer with a twisted brain might slay them as he did 6-year-old Helen Sterler.

Helen's body was found in a dark coal bin last night. The clothesline that strangled her was still around her neck. A half-eaten piece of penny candy lay on the floor. Police said a degenerate coaxed her into the tenement house cellar, mistreated and killed her, and then crept away unnoticed.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



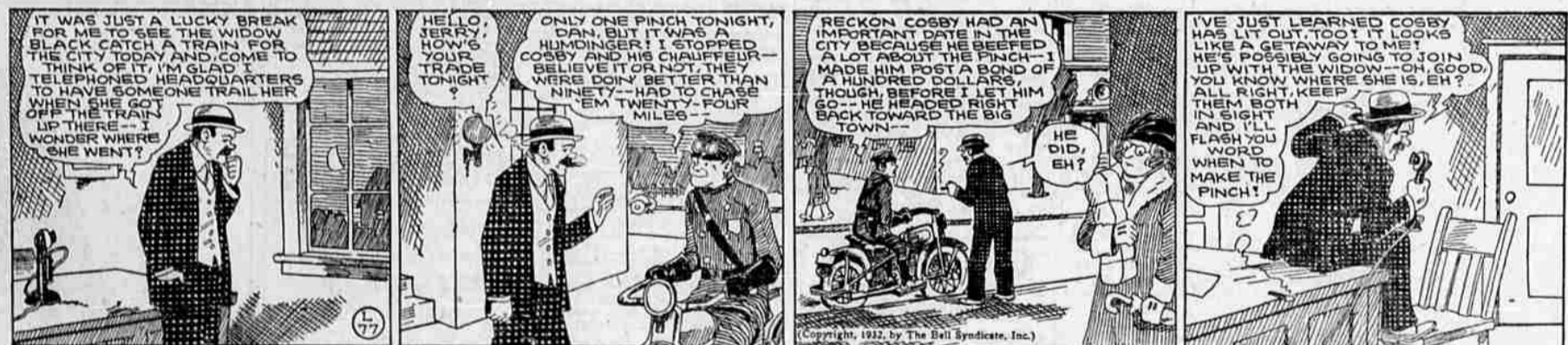
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Betty Thinks Fast!

By ULENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORBES



BOUND TO WIN—Dan Digger Acts

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Mind Your Own Business

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



RELIEF FINANCE LOANING LISTED

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—(AP) The house of representatives and the country were told in detail today—despite strenuous objections from reconstruction corporation members—

Just how that huge federal relief agency pledged \$1,195,000,000 in five months to help business try to get on an even keef.

In compliance with a special resolution adopted by the house, the corporation sent to Speaker Garner a statement showing each loan authorized by the R. F. C. between the date of its creation February 2, 1932, and July 31, 1932.

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