

# Buying Barbara

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

**SYNOPSIS:** Farrell Armitage has launched Mark Lodely as an artist, and has arranged a cure for his crippled body. He has had the promise of a girl, Barbara, who is a year in which to do these things, so that she may choose between the two men unhindered by city. But Barbara and Mark have broken off. Barbara, in gratitude, offers to marry Farrell, who refuses a "consolation prize." Patsy Raoul, actress, hired by Julia Cane to precipitate a quarrel between Mark and Barbara, is selling Farrell's old guardian, the Vicar of Upper Mallard, about her activities.

Chapter 42

## PATSY DOES A DANCE

IN THE Upper Mallard vicarage the lamp was lit, but it was placed in a curious position for a lamp. It was on the floor. It illumined mainly the feet and the long legs of Miss Patsy Raoul as she danced, singing in her queer, husky voice a song of the vineyards and the sun. The vicar, in a chair at the other end of the room, applauded delightedly.

"Splendid! Splendid! You know, I have the pleasant feeling that I couldn't possibly approve of that song if my French were less rusty; but fortunately I only understand one sentence in five. What a swinging, stamping tune! You're giving one old man a lot of pleasure, Miss Raoul."

"Why not?"

"I don't know why not," admitted the vicar, sucking contentedly at his pipe, "but one is supposed to say that kind of thing. Personally, I've always imagined that when a creature artist feels the wish for an audience, it's immaterial whether it consists of one old man or a hundred young ones."

Patsy Raoul picked up the lamp and brought it over to the table by the fire.

"Men make me the more good audience as women," she remarked, curling herself into a chair like a snake. "I like not any women ever. Only Barbara."

She grinned and forgot to sound foreign. "The first time I met her, she fainted dead away. In the Park, I told her afterwards my face had made people scream now and then, but it had never actually knocked anyone senseless before."

"I'm glad you like Barbara. She needs a friend."

"She's only to lift a finger and she can have the best friendship in the world. Farrell Armitage—"

"And I'm glad you like Farrell Armitage."

Miss Raoul looked defiant.

"What do you mean? He doesn't like me. I got wrong with him at the start—tried to sting him for a couple of dogs. Only vanity, you know; I could easily have afforded two tykes, even without my legacy."

"You're enjoying your legacy?"

"What do you think? It's extremely pleasant, being rich."

"It is, indeed," agreed Mr. Frere. "I'm very rich myself."

Miss Raoul stared round the meagre room with her small, black eyes; eventually they returned to her host's composed face, fine as a cameo in the twilight. Her throat ached suddenly.

Oh, to be free, like this old man, of the pull and urge of life! To have a calm mind, to know the heights and depths only through the hearts of others, to dip so small a cup at the fountain of human love that always it is full to the brim! She said restlessly,

"A poor old friend died and left me his—her whole bag of tricks. I mayn't touch the capital—I must say that seems to me spoiling the ship for a half penny's worth of tar, but the trustees say they'll make me any advance within reason on the income. And so long as it's my reason that's to be our standard of measurement, well, I'm not complaining."

She hooked one leg over the arm of her chair and lit a cigarette. Her green and crimson woollen suit made her look like some medieval jester.

"You must come and see my show in Town," she added irrelevantly. "Come and stay with me when Barbara has re-done my house. I wish you would."

"It is very gracious of you to ask me. But I might offend Farrell. I always accept his hospitality. By which I mean a little change." He smiled at her. "We shall both come and see you at." After a pause, he added gently—"You have your art, you know. You must not seek more of life."

"Mustn't I?"

"Well, if you do," said the vicar with one of his abrupt dives into

practical common-sense, "you won't in my opinion, get it. Isn't it rather late for Barbara to be roaming the country-side by herself?"

Miss Raoul cocked her head attentively and presently rose to look between the curtains. She stood awaiting tidings to herself, as she always did when she was intent on anything.

"There's a car," she said presently. "I think it's Farrell Armitage's. What d'you bet he has been roaming the country-side with her?"

The vicar sighed a little. Miss Raoul came back from the window. She asked—

"You don't think she'll ever stop caring for Little-Cad-Mark?"

"I don't think so. No. Love roots deep, with her."

"Good job Lella paid me only to vamp him, then, not marry him!" And, as the vicar looked lost—"But that's how I first came into it—I thought you knew! She offered me a hundred to work up an affair with Mark—help him to get thoroughly bored with Barbara, you know."

"With Barbara, your friend?"

"I hadn't met her then. Lella always spoke of Mark's girl and the decorator-girl as two separate people. Tact, I s'pose. Or salesman-ship! She's got an eye for a bargain-basement, has Lella."

"Lella, your hostess?"

"She even wanted to pay me by results, like a matrimonial agency! But, of course, I made it fees in advance and my word of honor that I'd earn 'em."

"Your word of honor," echoed Mr. Frere. "Yes, I see."

"What d'you mean? I kept it, didn't I? I handled Mark all right; the de Capo—that's a restaurant where his lot mostly goes—was simply cackling about us before he faded off to heaven knows where! Look here, tell you what I'll do—"

She dropped back into her chair in a sudden lassitude.

"I'll return Lella her money. I can see you think it was shoddy of me to take it. Oh, but I will! I'd like to please you. And I'd like Farrell Armitage to get what he wants, too. I'd rather help him for nothing, now I come to think of it." She met the vicar's smile. "You'd feel the same, she challenged. "Can't we work together, somehow, and fix things for him?"

"I'm afraid not." The gentle finality was like a knell. "You and I, my dear, must share this fear of seeing one we love left empty-handed by life. We shall both need fortune."

"Fortitude be—I'll wring Barbara's neck!"

The vicar was chuckling over this remedy when the door opened and Farrell Armitage came in.

"Allo, 'allo!" Miss Raoul welcomed him. "You not do know I am here and you shod dead, no?"

"He'd have shocked leader if he had come in time to hear your song," said Mr. Frere. He looked affectionately up into Armitage's face. "Well, Farrell!"

"Everything's all right, sir, honestly."

"I'm very glad to know it, my dear boy."

"What have you done with Barbara?" shrilled Miss Raoul.

"She got her feet wet on the sands, so she's changing."

"She goes up to London tomorrow," said the vicar tranquilly, "with Lella and Miss Raoul. Or that was the plan. But if you are returning yourself, perhaps you will take her by road; and see that she gets comfortably to her hotel. I am a little anxious—both Miss Raoul and I are a little anxious about her."

The door opened behind her and Armitage turned eagerly, but it was Lella Cane who entered and came up to the fire. The vicar greeted her; there was an instant's pause and then the vicar spoke again:

"What," asked the vicar, sitting faintly in his chair, "what of Mark, lately? Is he still in your house, Farrell, or not?"

Armitage told them what there was to tell of Mark.

"Mark—Mark cured? Mark well? Oh God! Mark well!"

It was a ragged cry, horribly startling, torn from Lella who had been so smooth, so sure.

She dropped a stick and gloves in a final devastating clatter as she got to her feet; and then they heard her make her fumbling way out of the room and out of the house.

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Mark Lodely is up to his old tricks, Monday.

# INDIAN RESCUES FREEZING MAID

VICTORIA, B. C., Feb. 1.—(AP)—A brave tale came down from the north today, of how an unarmed Indian rescued a 22-year-old white girl from death by freezing, and carried her seven miles to safety through sub-zero weather.

Anna May Uniman, whose parents were believed to live at Napa, Calif., was reported missing Saturday from a point seven miles from the little settlement of Telegraph creek. The Indian took the trail, and found her in the snow, hands and feet severely frozen, suffering from exposure. He said she apparently muddled for ten miles before falling, exhausted. He carried her all the way to Telegraph creek.

The Indian agent there wired east to Atlin, B. C., and obtained first aid instructions from a physician, then radioed to Carcross for an airplane.

# DIPHTHERIA TOXIN MADE AVAILABLE

A war on diphtheria has been declared in Jackson county by the local volunteer No. 165 of the 40 and 8, an organization within the American Legion, in a campaign launched in cooperation with two local physicians, Dr. F. W. Kresse of Medford, and Dr. C. L. Cagle of Grants Pass. The work will be featured by immunization of school children with toxin anti-toxin, the only known way of successfully combating the dread disease.

In case of an epidemic, leaders said this morning, the toxin can be rushed here from Portland by airplane, if necessary.

Free administration of the immunization will be given to children upon the presentation of a written indorsement by any of the local social welfare organizations.

Real Estate or Insurance—Leave 11 to Jones. Phone 796.

Despite a bitter wind and low temperatures, the pilot made the 125 mile flight with aid for the girl, reaching there last night.

For immediate clearance hats formerly priced up to \$10.00 now 50c and \$1.00.

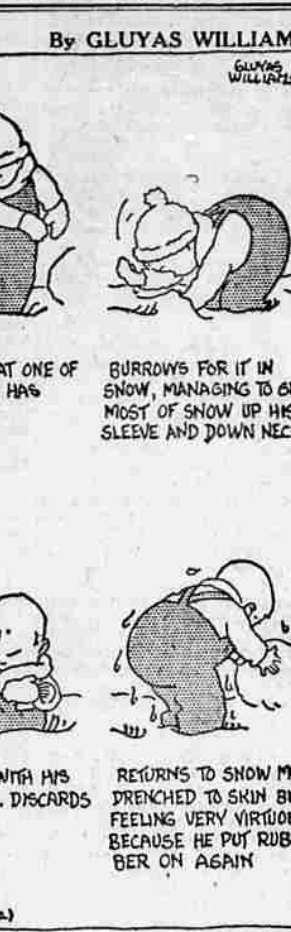
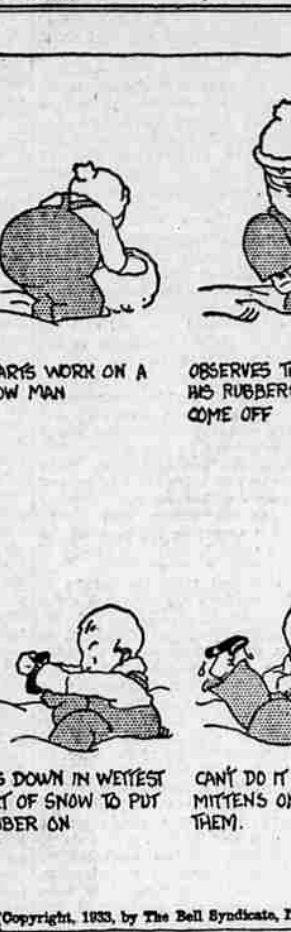
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# RUBBERS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



# S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



# TAILSPIN TOMMY—The "Chief" Is Interested In Tommy's Plan!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



# BOUND TO WIN—On The Trail.

By EDWIN ALGER



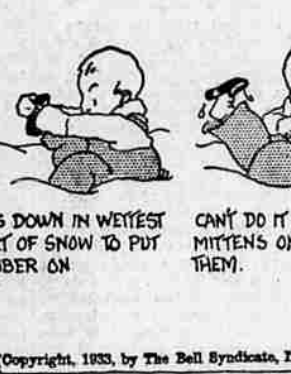
# THE NEBBS—Two Sides To A Story

By SOL HESS



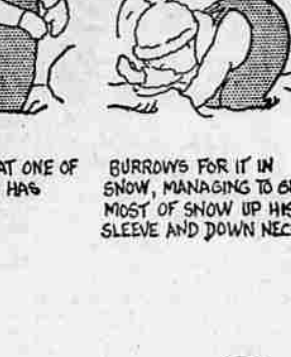
# BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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**TWELVE MILLIONS OF RELIEF FUNDS LOANED**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—(AP)—The reconstruction corporation today made available \$12,524,970 of emergency relief funds of which Montana received \$29,970; New York received \$6,100,000; Illinois \$6,000,000 and Ohio \$412,700.

A senate committee investigating the corporation's loans to railroads learned today that 11.3 per cent of the banks which have borrowed from the R. F. C. since have been closed.

**Wm. Wrigley Chews Spearmint Gum**

Kept right in cellophane

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