

Buying Barbara

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

SYNOPSIS: *Reilly, it comes out that although Sir James Gane has chosen Barbara Quentin as his heiress, both Mrs. Lodely, friend of Barbara, and Lella Cane, Sir James' daughter, know the facts for some time. Mrs. Lodely wanted to marry her off, but great artist son Mark to Barbara. Lella in desperation used her knowledge to blackmail her father. Farrell Armistage makes the revelation, and he loves Barbara. Farrell's secretary, Kenneth Poole, follows Lella, and proposes.*

Chapter 47 ONE EMERALD LESS

"DON'T think that's a graceful way of referring to a proposal of marriage."

"Then I'll put it this way—that I tried to marry Mark for love and I tried to marry Farrell for money and both of 'em turned me down. I won't marry anyone else just to save my face."

"Here's the river."

They crossed the wide, shining ribbon of the Embankment and came up to the parapet. She opened her hand and flung Mark's emerald out into the dark. For a second the gleam of a jewel caught it and it rayed up, wickedly green. Then it was gone. Poole's shoulder touched hers.

"I wish you'd send your ring the same way. The ring you wear on your left hand. I've never liked it."



She flung Mark's emerald into the dark.

"Better return that to father. He gave it to me, and he'll need every penny." She leaned heavily against his shoulder, feeling the strength melt from her limbs. "Just a minute and then I must go and pack for Kings Mallard. I wonder how he'll take it? Do you think that in our common bereavement father and I will learn to understand each other better?"

"No. Besides, you won't have enough time. We sail on the twenty-third for the Cape. I'm taking over permanent management of one of Armistage's concerns out there."

"Thanks, all the same, but any calling I do will be with father and mother."

"Do you honestly care a lot for Lodely?" he asked. "I mean, isn't he sort of an obsession?"

"I don't think so. I'm not like Barbara!"

"Well, only because she'd signed on with him before you got there, as I understand it. If she can consider Farrell, why can't you consider me?"

"You utter goat, there's no comparison!"

"Don't be impertinent! I'm as good a man as Armistage. Ask him."

"Ah, but I'm not as good as Barbara."

"I've heard a lot about Barbara Quentin and she may be as wonderful as you all say. I don't doubt it. But what you did just now takes a lot of beating—to stand up and shuck a vote of thanks because you haven't deserved it. If you'd shut up, no one would ever have known."

"There is someone who would have known; knows already, Mr. Frere."

"Who's he?"

"He's a clergyman. He's almost my only friend. I told him about those shares once and asked him what I ought to do."

"And what was his advice?"

"He said if I needed advice on a matter like that I wasn't likely to take it anyway."

"Shrewd old boy! Now, look here, I'll make you a fair offer. Will you

marry me if and when Armistage marries Barbara Quentin?"

"No, because," her voice faltered and she had to start again. "Because in one way—not in Barbara's way, but in a small-town-conventional-Kings-Mallard way, I am bound to Mark."

"But if that doesn't mean anything," he offered at last. "To me, I mean, or to you?"

"Ah, but I'm beginning to know that it does mean something to me. So I think it would be a good idea if we said goodbye now, don't you?"

"Must we, Lella?"

"I think so, Ken. I'll always wish you 'good meal-times.' Goodbye."

"All right. If you say so. Good-bye."

The announcement as it appeared in the social columns was simple. A marriage, said the column, had been arranged between Miss Barbara Quentin and Mr. Mark Lodely.

Mr. Mark Lodely was, of course, the brilliant portrait painter who by his portrait of Sir Robert Philby had caught the serious attention of the critics, and by his portrait of Miss Patsy Raoul, the most daring dancer on today's stage, had forced the man in the street to stop and stare, and smile.

Miss Quentin was, of course, known to an exclusive circle as a



decorator and designer. Her successful treatment of Miss Patsy Raoul's house had laid the cornerstone of her reputation and her partnership with the renowned Jacques Malawi, Ltd., had carried her to further successes.

Lella Cane read the news in the modest London flat which was now her parents' home.

"Mark and Barbara are going to be married, mother."

"Well, my dear, they've been engaged long enough, I'm sure. And they can well afford a beautiful home together now. Why, they could buy South-the-Water if they wanted it! It's a shame!"

"Don't you realize, mother, that if it hadn't been for Barbara's insane generosity we shouldn't have even this flat; we should have to sit about in fourth-rate continental pensions for the rest of our lives?"

Lella gave it up. Her mother had retired to bed on arrival from Kings Mallard and although she was not exactly ill, she was not well and Lella did not expect her to recover. The mouse had taken refuge in the nearest hole and would venture out no more.

Lella took her paper along to the sitting-room where her father was finishing a heavy breakfast. In spite of herself she had an admiration for him. When, a few months earlier she had brought him Barbara's decision (that she wished the money divided between the Lodelys, the Canes and herself) he had done no more than chirp brightly—"Indeed! Yes. I expected no less. No doubt it is what poor Quentin would have wished."

Although it was making her late for the position Barbara had got her with Malawi, Lella waited until her father finished his final cup of coffee.

"Barbara and Mark are going to be married, father."

"Really? Well, it's been a long engagement," the old man said quietly.

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Still another actor enters the lists, tomorrow, for Barbara's hand.

FORMAL ELECTION OF PRESIDENT SET FOR TOMORROW

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 7.—(AP)—Franklin D. Roosevelt and John N. Garner will be formally elected president and vice president tomorrow.

The event will take place in the chamber of the house of representatives after the senate in a body solemnly proceeds thither for joint session.

Two mahogany boxes will carry "certificates of election," sealed and sent in to vice president Curtis by the electors of each of the forty-eight states.

One box will be Roosevelt votes, and one will be Garner votes, and Garner will be sitting in the speaker's chair to hear each tally as told by the tellers.

The electoral college, composed of men who, picked in the November elections, cast these votes which in legal form do the real electing never has met as a whole, but this year it has been invited to Washington for the first time—to attend the inauguration, March 4.

The country would be stirred today over who was to be declared president and vice-president if developments unforeseen by constitution makers had not cropped up.

The first upsetting element was the party system which made elections a two-man issue and bound the

electors to vote for their party's choice. And the second was the swift dissemination of news through which every nook and corner of the land knew who won on election night in November.

Eel Bones Become Necklaces. MELBOURNE.—(AP)—Two Australians, unemployed for three years, found a system of treating eel bones

so they shone like carved ivory and have built up a profitable business in necklaces made from the vertebrae of the elongated fish.

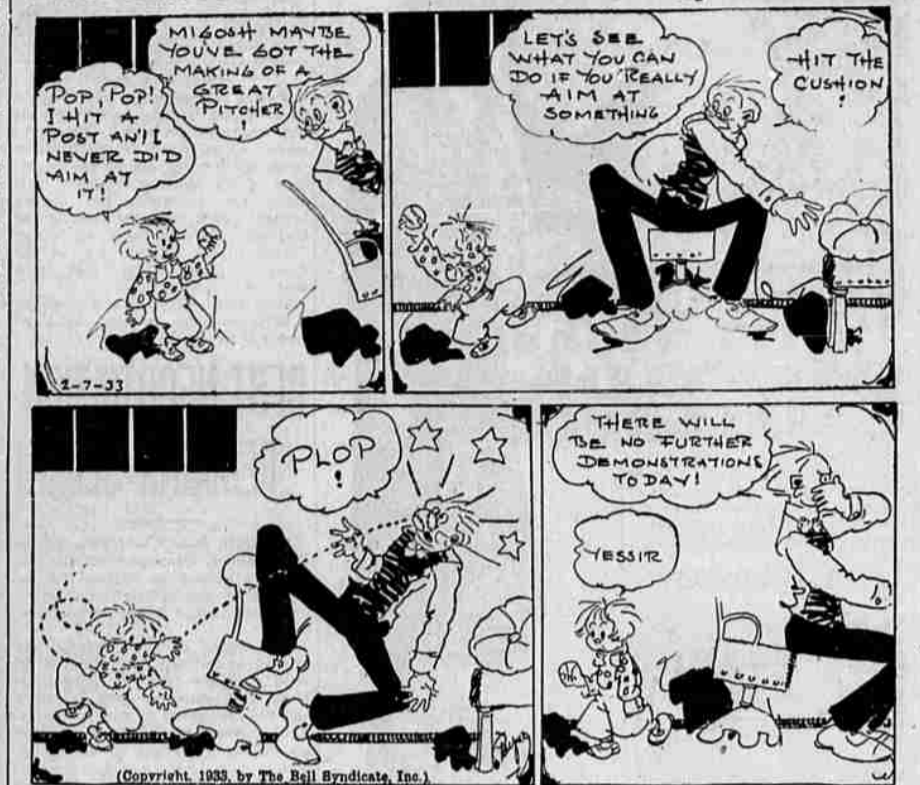
Brazil Has New Gold Field. CURITYBA, Brazil.—(AP)—The geological bureau of the ministry of agriculture announces it has found indications that new gold fields in southern Brazil state are richer than

the famous Morro Velho mines in Minas Geraes.

Soviets Make Northern Lights. LENINGRAD.—(AP)—Less than 100 miles from the Arctic circle, the government is constructing an hydraulic power station on the river Neva to supply light and power to the northern chemical combine. It is designed to yield 350,000,000 kilowatt hours annually.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IT WAS UNFORTUNATE FOR FRED PERLEY THAT WHEN THE BOYS NEXT DOOR AMBUSHED A PASSING STRANGER, HE HAPPENED TO BE ROLLING SNOW-BALLS TO THROW AT THE SQUIRRELS WHO WERE STEALING THE FOOD HE HAD SET OUT FOR THE BIRDS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Water Spout

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FOREST



BOUND TO WIN—Entering The Mystery House

By EDWIN ALGER



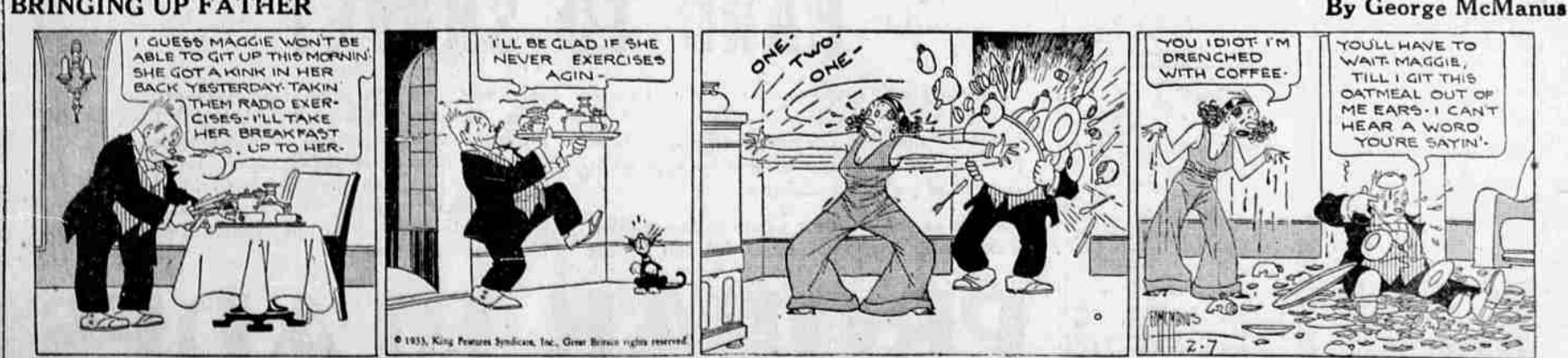
THE NEBBS—Alone At Last

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—(AP)—Retail pitchers with a penchant for leisurely response to calls for emergency duty, will find it expensive to delay games in the International league next season.

The league directors decided to assess a fine of \$5 on ball-pen pitchers slow to answer a summons to the mound. They must respond immediately, the directors decided, and complete their warm-up in the box.

SEATTLE, Feb. 7.—(AP)—No action will be taken on the resignation of Dr. M. Lyle Spencer, president of the University of Washington, until the state board of regents has completed a study of the institution, board members said today.

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WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

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