

# RUSTLE OF SILKS

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### READ THIS FIRST:

Mary Barrett, ambitious to become a dress designer, has established herself in Paris through a partnership with Countess Anetka that was made possible by Mark Sutherland, an American playboy she met on shipboard. Mary likes Mark but misses Tony Castle, owner of a smart New York shop who gave her her start. She left the Castle shop suddenly nearly three years ago, and she is in love with Tony. Her success in Paris has been phenomenal. Thanks to Mari Barat, the name she has assumed, Anetka's shop is growing famous. Mark Sutherland, in Paris again, tells Mary he has big plans for her. Mark introduces Mary to a prominent American fashion editor, Claire Todd. Mary writes to Tony but destroys the letter next morning. Claire Todd decides to "discover" Mari Barat for American fashion readers. Claire urges Mark to ask Mary to marry him. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

### CHAPTER 23

THE THIN felt coats appeared in the window at Anetka's in the morning. At 2 the first one was sold. At 4 the second was bought by Roxanne Rohde. "Even if Mrs. Todd wasn't impressed, it was a good idea," Mary pointed out to her partner. "She was not impressed," Anetka waited dolefully. "We shall see," Mary replied. She felt deeply disappointed that there had been no word at all from Mrs. Todd. It was more than a week since the writer had visited them and the promised invitation to lunch had not arrived. "And if she were, what good would it do?" Anetka asked. "It would get the name of our shop over. If people read about our things, they would seek us out."

"We do not need it," Anetka comforted. "We have now so much as we can do. We cannot compute with the great houses." "Compete, darling, is the word. And perhaps we can't now, but we will someday." Mary tried to feel that Claire's ignoring her was of no importance, but so impatient was she to forge ahead as quickly as time could allow her energetic moves, she felt that her plans had received a serious setback. Never in all the history of her rise—the comet of her success which streaked across the firmament of the couture—did she consider that it had been phenomenal. She had no patience with long waiting, with walking about obstacles that could be hurdled. She recognized no obstacles, and refused to admit that there could have been any to rise against the horizon to which her path was direct.

She was to know gratitude to the destiny that had propelled her along a straight, smooth path that led through the lives of Tony Castle and the Countess Anetka Illovitch, without ever realizing that it was their heartaches, their experience, their experimentation

that built the foundations for her success.

Later there were to be others who set the cement of her endeavor, but for them it was no gamble.

Mark Sutherland had flown to Zurich the day after Claire and Hank Todd left suddenly. He didn't return until a fortnight later. And by then Claire's lines were blurred in his memory.

Mary found him wholly unsatisfactory.

"She had to leave suddenly," he explained. "Said something about writing you. Did you have a lunch date or something?"

"That wasn't the important thing, Mark. What did she say about my material?"

Mark made a concerted effort to remember, but the best he could do was to say that she said "something about it being okay."

"Okay!" Mary wrung her hands. "That could mean anything. I'd rather she said it didn't have anything and then I'd begin all over again. Mediocrity is the death of my work. 'Okay,' indeed!"

"She had a lot of other things to say about you."

"Well, go on, I'm dying to hear. Perhaps that way I can get some idea!"

"She said she thought you'd make a good wife for me."

His smile was amused, his eyes were serious, watching her reaction.

She glanced at him hurriedly, trying to read his expression. Then she tightened her lips, shook her head and burst into a ripple of laughter.

"No wonder you didn't hear any more! I'll bet you fled like a frightened rabbit!"

"Like a conquering lion," he replied.

Neither of them had told the other a thing. That ability of Mary's never to commit herself was to keep Mark Sutherland by her side for many years.

Later she told Anetka about that conversation.

"I do not want him to marry you," Anetka said firmly.

"He has lots of money, social position, great houses in America that are like castles," Mary said, leading her on.

"But he is not a GOOD man. He is too gay. He would want to be what you call the boss."

"And don't you think I want a dominating man?" Mary was amused.

"Non, non!" Anetka shook her fluffy head violently. "For me, yes. For you, no! You must have a partner. You must have someone to work with. I know you, Mari. Do you not know someone like that?"

"Someone to be a partner?"

Someone to share with?"

Mary looked through the shining window onto the boulevard when the twilight cast a violet hue and lengthened the shadows where the afternoon's snow laid a soft white blanket over the scene.

It was symbolic to her. It was the twilight and winter snow of her heart. It was the season that had closed down upon her, shutting out a springtime now nearly three years distant. Three years in which no word had opened that buried past in her. She was an ex-patriot and she had no ties in her homeland.

Only that memory that stabbed her with a swift pain when Anetka asked her question.

Anetka was right; she wanted no playboy, no dominating husband. She wanted a partner, someone to share with. She had shared with Tony.

She saw herself again, wrapped in the coppery shawl, sitting quietly on a tall chair, motionless while Tony's brush rubbed softly on the canvas, putting her there. She heard again his murmurs as the light changed, saw his dark head bent to one side while he studied his work. Heard the rising inflection in his voice when her compliments pleased him. He was like a boy, and she had his happiness to share.

"It's Sunday and our holiday. . . . Tired?"

His voice came back to her and once again she was in her kitchenette, wrapping chicken in waxed paper, packing it away in a basket, carefully, so that the heat from the thermos bottle would not touch it. Her heart remembered the song that had lightened it.

Quick tears sprang to her eyes and she turned away so that Anetka would not see the loneliness that glistened in them.

But Anetka had seen and understood, little Anetka who had lost a whole world and found a new one; Anetka's whose compassion was no greater than her gratitude.

Anetka had everything she wanted; she had Sergei and, through Mary, the means to building another world. She owed everything she had to the young American, and she was generous.

The next morning she implored Mary not to come to the shop. She had a surprise, she said.

And when Mary, filled with curiosity and some misgiving, stepped from her cab, she looked toward the window and her heart skipped a beat.

The golden letters spelling ANETKA had been removed and in their place she read:

MARI BARAT  
COUNTESS ANETKA ILLOVITCH

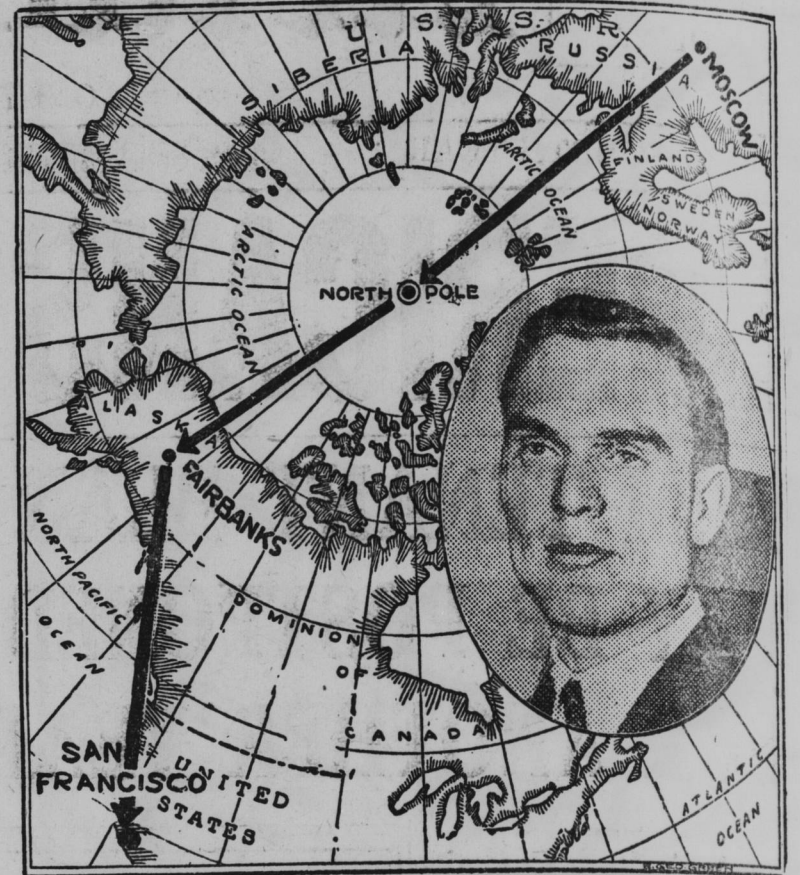
(To Be Continued)

## Born to Dead Mother



Florrie Jane Elizabeth Parker was born July 31, three minutes after a heart attack killed her mother. For several days after her birth the baby lingered between life and death, but two blood transfusions given by her father, Leroy Parker, pulled her through. She is now in excellent condition. She is shown with her father in their home at Atlanta, Ga. (Central Press)

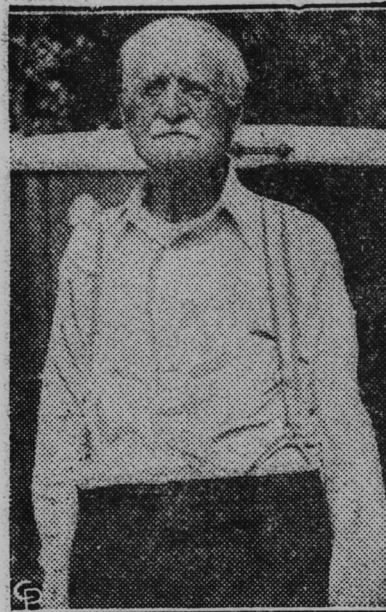
## ANOTHER SOVIET POLAR FLIGHT



Map of route with Sigmund Levanefsky, inset

Route followed by Russian airmen in the third Soviet polar flight from Moscow to the U. S. is pictured. Russia's "Lindbergh", Sigmund Levanefsky, was at the controls with five other airmen aboard. The flyers planned to stop at Fairbanks, Alaska, to refuel and then continue on to Oakland, Cal., not New York as was previously announced.

## Beat This if You Can! Fortune Smiles Twice



George Becker

For 79 years, George Becker, 92-year-old Cambridge, Ill., farmer, has attended the annual county fair. Thus he claims a world's record. Becker, who posed for this picture at the 1937 county fair, attended for the first time in 1858, two years prior to the outbreak of the Civil war.



Mrs. Jose Bishop

Several days ago, Mrs. Jose Bishop, veteran Bakersfield, Cal., prospector, was greeted with news her properties near Cantil, Cal., were rich in radium-bearing pitchblende, assaying at \$7,000 a ton. Now other experts have found deposits or rare helium gas alongside those of radium.

## EGYPT'S BOY KING INVESTED



As King Farouk was invested in house of parliament

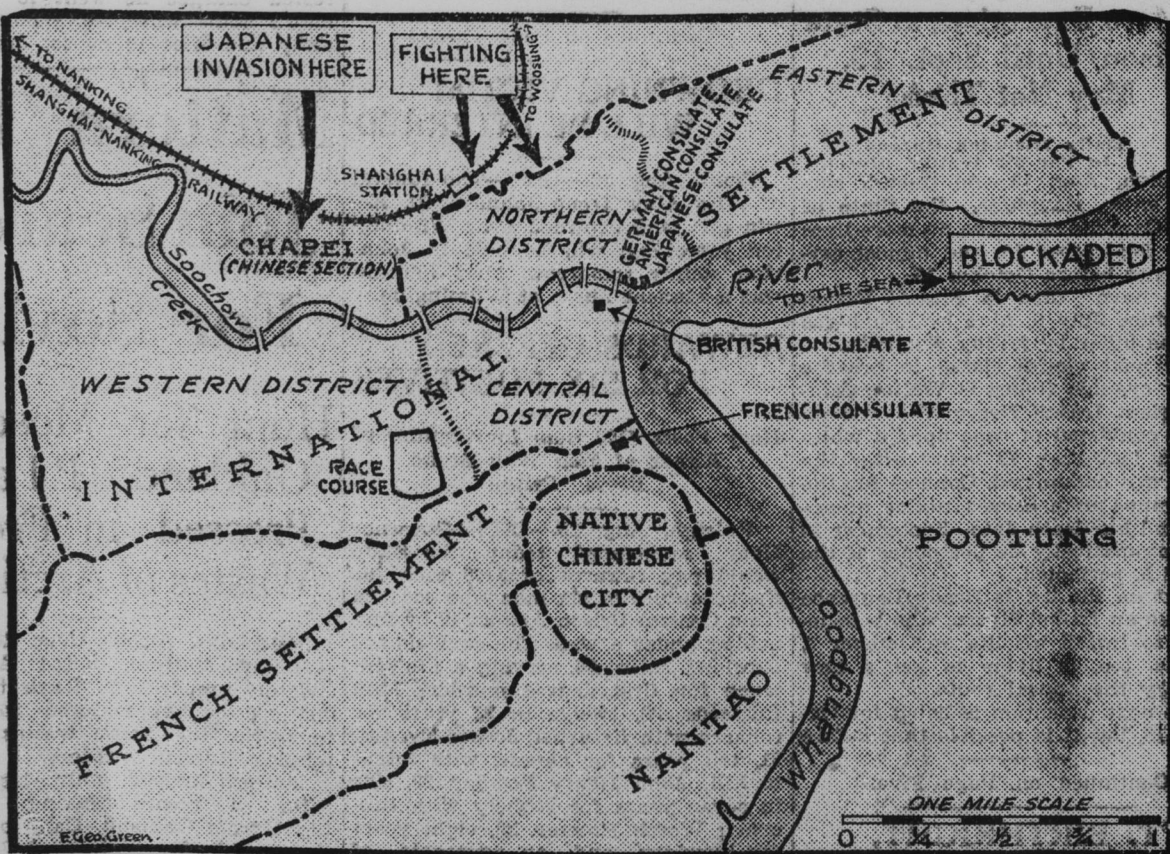
Here is a scene in the Egyptian house of parliament in Cairo as King Farouk, 18-year-old boy ruler, took his place as head of the nation. The young king is surrounded by various dignitaries.

## Seabiscuit, America's No. 1 Handicap Horse



With Jockey J. Pollard up, Seabiscuit, America's newest turf wonder, is shown after capturing the fifth and feature race at Suffolk Downs. The event was a handicap race with an added purse of \$50,000. Seabiscuit has now won seven races in a row and stands out as America's No. 1 handicap horse.

## SHANGHAI—NEW SINO-JAPANESE WAR FRONT



Map shows where Chinese and Japanese fight in Shanghai sector

As fierce fighting broke out between Chinese and Japanese troops in three separate sections of Shanghai, observers feared a second "Shanghai war" had begun. Map shows scene of hostilities. Shanghai is a metropolis of 3,500,000 persons, with some of the finest buildings in the Orient.

—Central Press

## Bye-Bye Blackboard



Isabelle Hallin

Smiling happily, Isabelle Hallin, pretty school teacher of Saugus, Mass., ousted by the school board because gossips had accused her of serving cocktails to a school dramatic class in her home, is pictured in New York making a radio broadcast.

## Bishop of Rochester

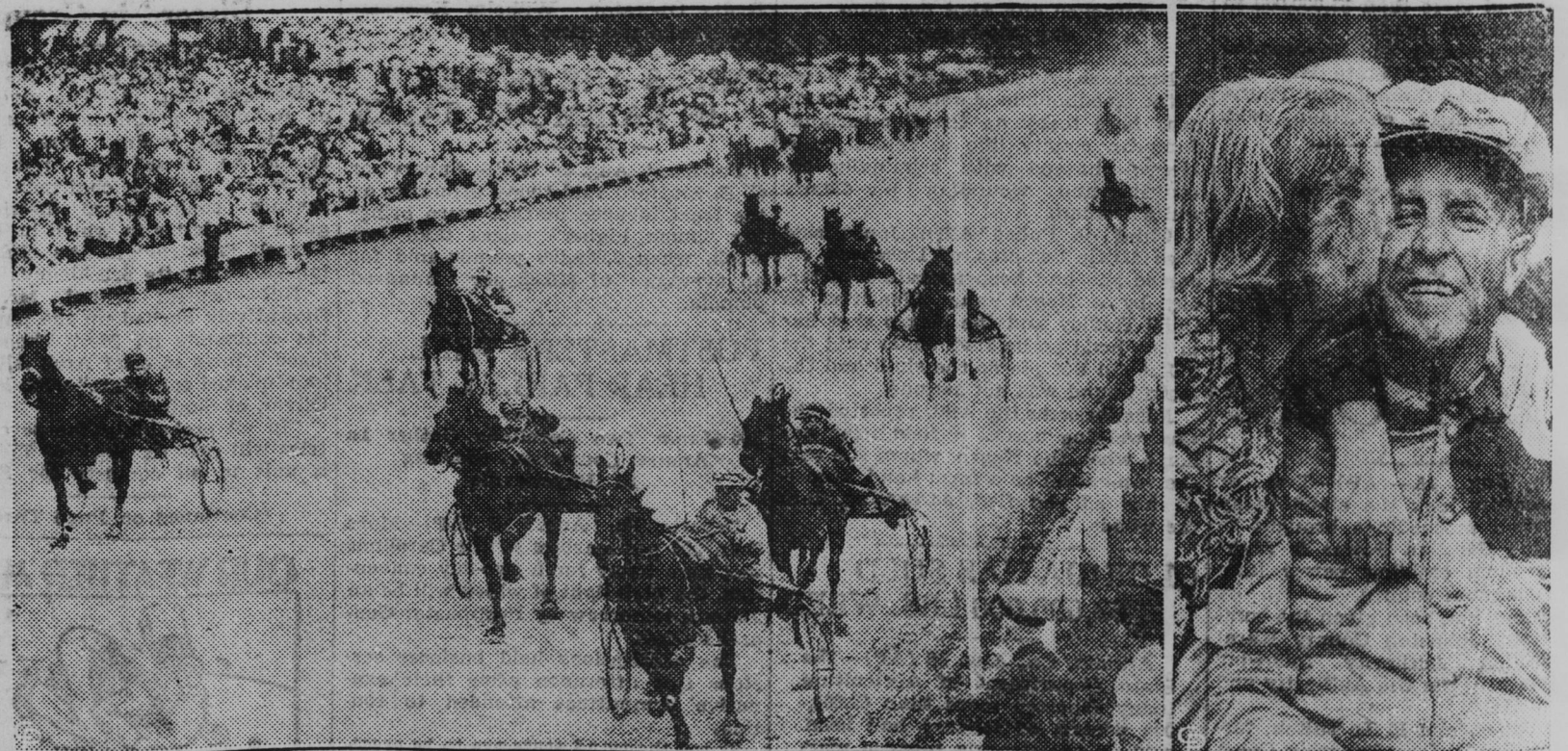


Bishop James E. Kearney

Bishop James E. Kearney of Salt Lake City, Utah, has been transferred to the Catholic diocese of Rochester, N. Y., to succeed Detroit's new archbishop Edward Mooney.

—Central Press

## As Long Shot Won Hambletonian Before 35,000 at Goshen



Shirley Hanover, lower right, crossing finish line

Driver Henry Thomas gets kiss

Whipping 11 other great three-year-old trotters in the blue ribbon classic of light harness racing, Shirley Hanover, a long shot, captures the \$40,000 Hambletonian at Goshen, N. Y. A crowd of 35,000 saw Driver Henry Thomas pilot the filly from Lawrence B.

Shepherd's Hanover, Pa., farms to victory. Shirley Hanover is seen crossing the finish line ahead of De Sota, the favorite. The victory won a big kiss for Driver Thomas from Shepherd's daughter Charlotte.