

And her husband is a proud man, of a thrifty and careful race, member of an old feudal house where the man has always been the one and only ruler, and his wife has followed the ancient and accepted custom of being a wife and nothing more.

Barbara loves gaiety and laughter. Cousin Jimmy Donahue is probably the person in the world she likes best, because he's so gay and amusing. Her father is a man of great wit and charm.

Her Own Way

And Barbara, of course, has been pretty used to having her own way. Who was there to tell her she couldn't? Who was there to stop her when she was sixteen and wanted her own establishment? What could you do to stop a girl with all that money?

Fortunately, Barbara was naturally kind and gentle. But, it is also beyond question that for the first 22 years of her life she had always had her own way about practically everything.

Slowly and carefully, she was being weaned away from America. There had never been any marriage settlement upon Count Haugwitz-Reventlow. What private arrangements he and his wife may have had were not known to the public nor even to her own family.

But a year ago—two years ago even—it became apparent that Barbara's money was being taken out of this country, being invested in foreign securities and in the foreign market.

And the man who was controlling her investments to a large degree, who was more and more taking over the handling of her vast wealth and her financial matters was her husband, the Danish Count.

Now no one knows what actually happened to this seemingly happy marriage—why it blew up in such a violent fashion, filling the courts and the papers with almost unbelievable tales of threats and testimony that shocked every American.

But I do know this. There is just one thing in the world that could turn Barbara Hutton in five minutes from a devoted and loving wife to a cold, ruthless young fury. And that is any possible idea that her husband was trying to gain control of her fortune and that therefore he might possibly have married her for her money.

It might not be true. It might be that—let us say—the Count really wished to serve her, that he wished to relieve her of all responsibility, that he considered himself better able to take care of such matters for his still young girl wife.

It might be, also, that his love for her has led him to believe that he knows better than she does how their lives should be governed. He is older, more experienced, he comes of a fine old feudal house. It is quite possible that in every way he believed he was doing only what in the end was best for the lovely, spoiled dollar princess.

I don't know.

All women know how those things can happen. A marriage reaches a certain place—there is trouble—quarrels—differences about the child—about friends—and two honest people try to reconcile their differences.

Then possibly there seems to be one thing that constantly makes trouble. A mother-in-law. A group of friends. Money. Anything. And one persons tries to make the sacrifice that will save love and marriage.

And then—perhaps she gives in. I remember well a time when I thought Barbara Hutton was just a nuisance. She seemed to me to stand for everything I most disliked. I didn't know her and I didn't understand her and I thought she ought to be making better use of her time and money and position.

Why She Left

"I left America because I couldn't stand people disliking me so much and always thinking the worst of me. I am living in Eng-

land because they don't pay any attention to me."

That is what she said, and meant. So already her heart-break had made her feel that it didn't matter very much what she did about America. We didn't love her anyway. So, if it became a question, if she was advised, to give up the mere formality of citizenship, to become a Dane, to arrange matters so that her husband could control everything, probably she could do it without too much pain. Already she had made the real break and she still believes we made it.

We tossed her out a long time ago, the way she saw it.

So, if it seemed the wise thing for peace, for saving her marriage, for a smoother working of her life, what difference did it make if she signed a little piece of paper and became—a woman without a country.

Her one idea was to keep her marriage safe if she could.

Also, it is probable that she really felt that she needed help in bringing up her son. From the moment of his birth this girl was obsessed with a great desire to bring her son up well, and I think she felt a little helpless about it.

THAT was and is her main concern. The job is bringing up her son. And I think she felt—in fact, I know—that when I talked to her she felt deeply that her husband would be of great assistance to her in this "job" as she called it.

But once let her have the faintest idea that anyone was interested only in her money, that control of that money and of her son would be taken from her, not for love, not for devotion, but for anything that had to do with money alone, and it would hit at the deepest wound in her nature.

Her One Fear

From childhood on that has been her one fear and her greatest unhappiness—that no man would marry her except for her money.

She has, in this case, as usual refused to say anything except what was actually said in court. It has never been her habit to talk, nor to explain things—and that has in most instances been a mistake.

If long ago she could have realised that her money made her a public figure, and established for herself some sort of public relations counsel, someone to advise her about her publicity and about how and when to talk, she would have been much better off.

There are certain true stories that are more thrilling and much more unbelievable than anything that a mere fiction writer can conceive. The life story of Barbara Hutton is like that. If you started to write a novel about an American golden girl, a millionairess, you couldn't possibly write anything more sensational than all the things that have actually happened to Barbara Hutton—you couldn't find a cast more amazing than Phil Plant and the boy from Yale and Prince Alexis Mdivani and the Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow.

Incredible

You couldn't find a more incredible heroine than this girl, who, at twelve, became one of the world's richest women, who at sixteen took her life into her own hands and became the Broadway play-girl, and now has been married and divorced, married and separated.

The next act in the drama has not yet been written. From London comes word that in spite of the unhappiness of both Barbara and the Count there is no possibility of a reconciliation.

But just what will happen to Barbara now? Where does she go from here?

When she was twelve, the little Woolworth five-and-ten-cent store heiress inherited over 26,000,000 dollars.

To-day, when she is 26, that fortune probably amounts to 40,000,000 dollars—for Barbara has given away millions, and made settlements upon Alexis

Mdivani and others which have brought down the grand total.

She is still a very young woman and she is more attractive to-day by far than she ever was before. Since her illness, she has taken great care of her health and she is slim now and that means a great deal in her life.

There can't be any question that much that happened to Barbara came about in part from her loathing of being fat. Like her mother, who also had difficulty about weight all her life, Babs was naturally fat—a fat little girl, a plump girl when she first made her appearance in the world.

And how she hated it! It seemed to convince her that she couldn't be attractive.

BUT she is so now—and she has at last learned to wear clothes. When she was a debutante not all her money could

make Barbara Hutton smart. Today she is one of the smartest women in Europe—and is indeed becoming famous for her clothes.

Life and Living

She has learned a great deal about life and living in these past years and the shyness and the wild gauche child of ten years ago no longer exists. The Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow is a lady of charm, polish, culture and great poise.

She was in love with Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow, as she never was with Mdivani. If that love has ceased to be I know that she must be desperately unhappy, and if she made the unpopular move of sacrificing her own country for his.

The saga of the five-and-ten-cent store heiress goes on—to

more chapters yet to be lived.

Will she, at last, fulfill her ambitions and spend her time in travelling and exploring?

Will she be content to live alone in a foreign land, with only her son for company? What will be the revelations when a divorce suit is brought and tried? And will Barbara Hutton, who is certainly too young to stay single the rest of her life, when and if she marries again, find another titled foreigner, or will she at last marry an American?

It continues to be one of the great stories of Americana—part of our amazing national history, but I don't think we should forget that in Barbara's mind at least she gave up America because it first gave her up.

(This concludes Miss St. Johns's story of the life of Barbara Hutton.)

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