

# Buying Barbara

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

"NOBLES: The late Mrs. of Quaint, Lately & Co. is about to crack. Lately is a typical English 'country gentleman'. Quaint is a bookish and retiring man of good breeding. Once the office boy who has worked up to a partnership. It is Lately who has done the work of the firm. He and Lately quarrel; he storms and orders Lately out of his apartment, which is above the firm's office, on the old York Market of the town of Kings Mallard. Then he calls his monstrous wife to call their 2-year-old daughter Lella.

Chapter 2  
ANNIE TAKES A MESSAGE  
LIKE to come up to Mrs. Quaint's with me?" asked Mr. Cane. "You can play with little Barbara while I'm busy with her father."

"They said at school yesterday that Mr. Quaint was dead," returned the child perily.

"Well, he isn't, not yet. Don't you try and teach me my business, miss."

It seemed to him, in his sour anger, that he would do anything, take any chance that remained to him, to build up again the fortune that had been snatched from his eager grasp.

"I'm ready, daddy."

He followed the child down the stairs and out of the house.

Mrs. Cane began to cry as the door of the house closed upon them. She remembered her pride at having

# GLEEMEN WILL SING FRIDAY IN ASHLAND

The Medford Gleemen will motor to Ashland Friday night to present a short program at the opening of the theater in that city under the management of Walter Leverette of this city, who recently leased the playhouse.

Four or five numbers will be sung by the Gleemen. It was decided at last night's meeting of the organization. The program will be directed by James Stevens, official director of the group, with Sebastian Apollo, pianist and composer, as accompanist.

The meeting will open at 7:30 and a general invitation is extended the public.

# Mining Industry To Be Discussed

EUGENE, Dec. 15.—(AP)—Legislation looking toward establishment of a state bureau of mines, federal road appropriations and Reconstruction Finance Corporation loans for the construction of ore reducing mills, will be discussed at a meeting of the Western Oregon Mining congress to be held in Salem January 15, it was announced here today by George Jennings, president of the congress.

Health can be bought! Christmas Seals are the currency.

# SANTA and the MAGIC DOLL

by SIGRID ARNE

SYNOPSIS: Inga and Pinocchio two dolls from Toyland, find the basket that is never empty in the cave of a witch they had burned. Not only Inga is freed from her spell, but hundreds of others are, too. The basket gives them a coach and they hurry back to Santa.

Chapter X  
BACK TO THE TOYSHOP  
Santa was so amazed to see his two dolls from Toyland, find the basket that is never empty in the cave of a witch they had burned. Not only Inga is freed from her spell, but hundreds of others are, too. The basket gives them a coach and they hurry back to Santa.

"Where in the world have you been?" he cried. And Inga and Pinocchio poured out the whole story quickly.

"And here is a wonderful basket I brought you," wound up Inga. "It is never empty. What would you like right now?"

"M-m-m, let me see," said Santa. "I think I'd like a pretty new dress for Mrs. Santa—a red one with a band of white fur around the bottom so she will look just like me."

Inga put her hand in the basket. And, sure enough, there was the red dress just the right size for Mrs. Santa.

Then Santa's eyes grew bigger than ever.

"Well, I declare, I declare," was all he could say he was so surprised. "But come inside. Let's see, there's

that they can just stop and let the toys do the work, I can tell you. They labor all year long to make our Christmas a happy one.

After everybody had eaten until they couldn't hold another chocolate drop the piano set up such a



Back in the toyshop, Mr. and Mrs. Santa gave a party for all the returned toys, and Pinocchio did one of his funny dances.

merry little "tinkle-tinkle" that all the dancing dolls came out into the center of the room and danced. The tin soldiers did a beautiful drill, and then Pinocchio, the favorite of them all, did one of his funny dances.

That was one of the merriest parties Santa has ever had. It lasted so long that finally the little baby dolls were just toppling over where they sat because they were so sleepy. And all the fairies had to their little cribs. Soon they were all asleep.

Santa and Mrs. Santa went through all the doll nurseries and tucked each one in.

"I guess we won't have any more worries," said Santa.

But he didn't know what was going to happen.

# SCHUMACHER INVITES INQUIRIES ON LOANS

Anyone interested in the renewal of a mortgage and lower interest on an existing one, is asked to get in touch with George Schumacher of 619 South Riverside, according to an announcement issued by Dr. Schumacher today.

The Federal Home Loan bank can't function through the existing building and loan companies. Dr. Schumacher stated in his announcement, but something can be done if immediate concentrated action is taken. Those interested in his plan are asked to forward names, addresses and telephone numbers to Dr. Schumacher.

# Mail Stolen At Myrtle Creek

ROSEBURG, Ore., Dec. 15.—(AP)—County, railway and federal officers are today searching for clues to the person or persons who last night stole from the Southern Pacific depot at Myrtle Creek two pouches of registered mail which had been left there at 11:03 a. m. by a northbound train. One pouch was for Myrtle Creek delivery, the other for transfer southward.

FREE—Pioneers and descendants photographed without charge for pioneer historical collection—SHANGLE STUDIO.



Mrs. Quaint and Mrs. Lately endured each other.

married a solicitor, even if he wasn't, in the Kings Mallard circle of the word, a gentleman. If only he would consent to hide with her in some big city where nobody knew them!

She sat snoring dully for nearly half an hour and was about to go in search of a strong cup of tea when her maid approached her, thumping an envelope. Mrs. Cane threw up her hands.

"How many times have I told you, Annie, to bring in letters on a tray? And if it's a telegram—yes, I see it is—you'll simply have to get on your things and take it after Mr. Cane. He's told me that he wants all telegrams brought to him at once, wherever he is."

"And where he master to, then, ma'am?"

"Gone up to see Mr. Quaint on Upper Mallard hill. He'll be walking slowly, he has Miss Lella with him. If you hurry, you may overtake him yet."

In a garden full of late roses, Mrs. Quaint and Mrs. Lately sat enduring each other.

Mrs. Lately endured Mrs. Quaint as the wife of her husband's senior partner, as an unsocial neighbor and as a bookish, reserved woman whom in years she would never learn to know. Mrs. Quaint endured Mrs. Lately simply as a noise; a maddening noise that persisted somewhere beyond the circle of her dedicated thoughts.

"Do change places with me," urged Mrs. Lately for the third time. "You ought to be relaxing comfortably after not sleepin' at all for two nights."

"Thank you, but I would rather not move," refused Mrs. Quaint, also for the third time. "I can see Lionel's window from here and as soon as the nurse draws up the blind it will mean he is awake and wanting me and I must run in. If you will excuse me."

Mrs. Lately muttered sympathetically and lit another cigarette. She wished she could remember that this was a house lying under the shadow of death, but Lionel Quaint had been so many months dying and the disaster of the firm's

"I'm afraid not. Mr. Cane is very kindly having enquiries made in Johannesburg, but he confessed that at first glance the shares appeared to him practically worthless. Nevertheless, I have told Lionel that I wanted to dispose of them for five hundred. It has eased his mind a great deal."

"But how long does he think that will last you, with a child to keep? Or shall you send Barbara back to your sister in France?"

"No, he wishes me to keep her with me, after he is gone. And the money, he thinks, will give me time to clear things up and look 'round a little. You must remember that his mind is clouded, now, so near the end."

Mrs. Lately, who never thought anything worth discussion, agreed absently. She smoked, stared at her hostess and presently burst again into protest.

"My trouble is, I don't really understand what's happened. Tisn't as if either your husband or mine had ever had a crooked thought in their lives, bless 'em! They did what they thought right—it was that beast Black let them down—"

"It seems they trusted him too blindly. They placed most of the Armitage fortune, for instance, in his hands, against securities that were afterwards discovered to be forgeries. Naturally, they feel accountable. They are accountable," Mrs. Lately snorted.

"Well, you may think so and the law may say so but I don't care, I don't agree. Payin' back all that Armitage money out of our private pockets is lunacy, I say. It'll be years before that kid—what was his name? Farrell?—before young Farrell Armitage comes of age."

Mrs. Quaint did not pursue the financial argument.

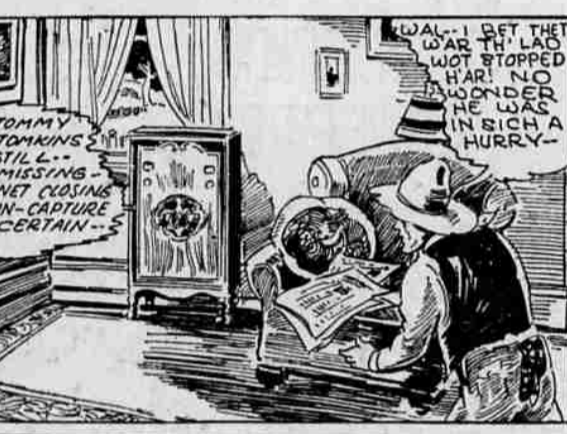
"The vicar misses Farrell terribly, I believe," she said. "He had him in his charge for a whole year, wasn't it? Oh hello!"

"It's Cane," said Mrs. Lately, "just turning into the drive."

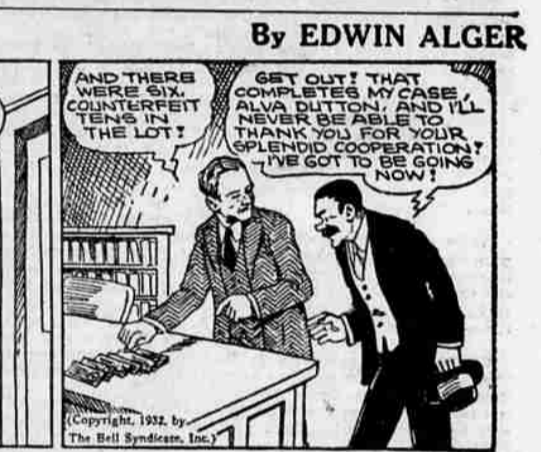
(Copyright, 1932, Julia Cleff-Addams)

Cane's telegram, tomorrow, arouses Mrs. Lately's curiosity.

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Net Closing In On Tommy!



# BOUND TO WIN—Jonathan's In The Web



# 'SMATTER POP—How a Little Boy Would Eat His Dinner Backward



# THE NEBBS—When Greek Meets Greek



# IMMEDIATE BONUS CASH DEMANDED

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—(AP)—Petitions demanding immediate cash payment of the bonus and denouncing the use of troops in evicting last summer's bonus army were carried to Vice-President Curtis and Speaker Garner today by representatives of the rank and file veterans, radical outgrowth of the original bonus army.

A committee of five, headed by James W. Ford, negro, communist vice-presidential candidate in the last election, was met by Garner in his reception room.

REDFORT — L. C. Arthur purchased property occupied by Roosevelt Service station.

OAKLAND — New equipment installed in Oakland Meat market.

# GOTHAM POLICE BATTLE GUNMEN

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—(AP)—Patrolman George L. Gerhard, 31, was fatally wounded by three gunmen whom he surprised while holding up a cordial shop in upper Manhattan early today.

Two other patrolmen who engaged in a running gun fight with the robbers when they attempted to escape were slightly wounded before they wounded one of the trio and captured another. The third escaped.

It takes a Christmas Seal to make it a Christmas gift.

BANDON—Sixty-two head of Jersey cows from Coosa and Curry counties shipped recently from this place to southern California dairy.

RAINIER—Local streets graded.

# BRINGING UP FATHER

