

Buying Barbara

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

SYNOPSIS: Unable to face ruin, Samuel Lodely has shot himself. Lionel Quenton, his partner, lies dying. Only James Kane, of the firm of Quenton, Lodely & Kane remains master of himself. And he has done nothing to distinguish himself in anyone's eyes—unless the telegram Mrs. Lodely sends him after the doctor's death means something. Three lonely children are left penniless by the death of Barbara Quenton, Lella Kane and Mark Lodely.

Chapter 4 MARK IN A MAZE

There was electric light in Kings Mallard, twenty years later, but it had not come to the Bank. The Bank was still lit by gas, which flared and made dirty patches upon the ceiling. Under the badly placed globes, the clerks sat at inscribed rows of figures endlessly in their ledgers.

To the eccentric perception of Mark Lodely, the long rows of figures were ladders, lifting people to wealth—which he summarized as freedom—or forcing them downwards to poverty, which he designated quite briefly as hell. . . . Mark sat under the last gas globe, furthest away from the door, furthest away from the girl and—by the final tally—furthest away from the manager's room.

MINE ASSOCIATION BACKS LOAN PLAN TO HELP INDUSTRY

The meeting room of the chamber of commerce was filled Friday night with members of the Southern Oregon and Northern California Mining Association, Inc. Many of whom had plans or suggestions to further the best interests of the mining industry of this section.

After the appointment of a legislative committee and a publicity committee, the following resolution was adopted:

"Be it resolved that this association take immediate steps to get in touch with the necessary authorities that have just called a meeting of the Western Oregon Mining Congress, to be held at Salem, Oregon, January 15, with a view toward co-operation of this association with the efforts of the congress, and to ask for a draft of the plan proposed to secure a loan or loans for the reconstruction of finance corporation."

It was pointed out by one of the members that one of the three or more gold-buyers of Jackson county, for the period of ten days prior to the recent gold spell, was purchasing gold in small lots to the extent of \$100 per day, in small lots, the larger class upon being sent direct to the mint. A

Assign Road Work To 250 Residents

Road relief work was assigned yesterday by the county court to 250 residents of the county, all districts being represented in the allotments. County warrants were issued Saturday afternoon for those employed the past week. The present workers will be employed the coming week, and will receive their pay in time for Christmas. Relief work will be resumed as usual the Monday following Christmas.

SANTA and the MAGIC DOLL

SYNOPSIS: After Inga and Pinocchio, two Toyland dolls, burn a wicked witch, a dwarf, a brother of the witch, prepares a potion that puts Toyland to sleep. He steals keys to all the toy trains and carts and gallops off on a big rat.

**Chapter XII
Hunting the Keys**

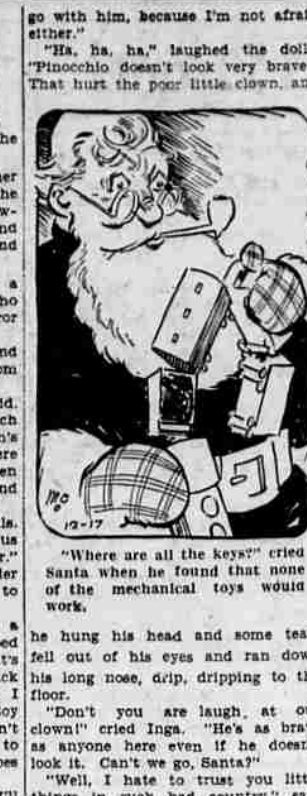
Santa just thought his dolls had fallen asleep early because they had been playing so hard. And the next morning they woke up as usual, so he never guessed, until later, that the dwarf had been there.

It wasn't until the little elves who make the toy trains and dump carts began their work that Santa knew anything was wrong. Then he found there wasn't a key in the shop, and not a single train, or jumping jack or cart would work.

"Where are all the keys?" cried Santa, running around as fast as though he were six years old. "I'm sure the little boys won't like toys that won't work. What good is toy train unless it goes?"

Santa looked high and low but not a key could he see. He pushed the trains and they rumbled along a little and then stopped right in the middle of the floor.

Inga had been watching from her little throne at the end of the room. Quietly she pulled her little gold mirror out of her pocket, and said:



go with him, because I'm not afraid either."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the dolls. "Pinocchio doesn't look very brave. That hurt the poor little clown, and so Inga and Pinocchio were off again. They reached into Inga's magic basket, and pulled out another little coach and six, and went trotting off through the woods in a hurry.

Tomorrow—On the Dwarf's Trail.

Grand Jury Goes Into Next Week

Sessions of the grand jury, expected to be concluded yesterday, have been unexpectedly prolonged into the coming week. The district attorney's office said it was probable the grand jury would not report before Tuesday morning. A number of local and county matters have been aired before the body of which William T. Grieve of Prospect, is foreman. The grand jury resumed their present session last Monday, December 12.

District Sergeants Confer With Bourn

State police sergeants of district 2, which includes the southern Oregon territory, met here Friday evening with Captain Lee M. Bourn. Attending the meeting were Sergeant E. D. Davis of Klamath Falls, Sergeant C. C. Williams of Marshfield, Sergeant Ralph Quine of Roseburg, and Sergeant James O'Brien and Sergeant Ed Walker of Medford.

Feeder and body repairing. Prices right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.



Mark met the horn-rimmed gaze of Miss Roop.

Of three advantages, Mark counted this third the greatest and best: for the business of getting him into the sanctum to receive complaints in person was a lengthy one. So lengthy and so piteous—by the time Mark had dragged himself to his feet and found and dropped his crutch and nearly slipped going round the head-clerk's desk and finally sunk exhausted into the visitor's chair by the fire—that even the manager tried to ignore the incomprehensible mess Mark sometimes made of both the ascending and the descending ladders.

Instead, the head-clerk had instructions that that poor young beggar, Lodely, should be given tasks monotonous in their simplicity.

"Near through with it, Lodely?" asked the head-clerk in his not unfriendly way. He stopped behind Mark's chair and scrutinized a total. "Why you're just fooling—look here now, how can—?" His pencil went from entry to entry and finally drew as sure a line through the whole page as Mark had ever seen. Presently, he moved on, grumbling, and Mark resumed his contemplation of the values of the upward-dung light. He began absently to place the curve of a shadow on paper. . . .

"Mr. Lodely, I'll finish off those totals for you," said the horn-rimmed gaze of Miss Roop. "I'd like to, I would, really. I've cleared up all mine and you look properly tired. I always think you should be excused the overtime work you should, really—you can't stand it."

"Besides," added Miss Roop archly, "Miss Tanner is sitting over by the window this evening and she says a certain young lady has been walking up and down on the opposite side of the Market from before the gas was lit. And these autumn nights aren't any too warm."

Mark's feelings for Miss Roop at once rose from contempt to pure loathing. She babbling on, unknowingly.

"Doesn't she look fascinating, too, in those new furs?"

"I didn't know Miss Tanner had any furs at all, new or old," said

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy III With Fever From Bullet Wound!



BOUND TO WIN—Jonathan's Confession!



'SMATTER POP—Group Settlement



THE NEBBS—The Rich Mr. Goldrox



BRINGING UP FATHER



LUMBER CONCERN

Articles of incorporation of the "Medford Corporation" have been filed with the county clerk, under the laws of Delaware. A certificate of the legal existence of the corporation, attested by the state corporation commissioner have also been filed.

The Medford Corporation is licensed under the terms of the incorporation to do a general lumber and timber business in this state, with 23,130 shares of no par value.

The incorporators are listed as S. I. Mackey, J. Skirvan and K. Kennedy, all of Wilmington, Delaware. Officers of the corporation are listed as Walter A. Graf, Chicago, pres-

HORSESHOE PITCHING BETTER THAN FARM

LAMONI, Ia., Dec. 17.—(AP)—The low status of the agricultural industry has driven Frank Jackson to the more remunerative business of throwing horseshoes.

The former national champ has sold his farm stock and left with his family to spend the winter in the south.

"I can make more money pitching horseshoes than I can farming," Jackson said.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By C. M. PAYNE

By SOL HESS

By George McManus