

Buying Barbara

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

SYNOPSIS: Mark Lodely has found someone to finish his work, and hurries from the Kings Hotel back as fast as his creaking legs will permit. Outside in the old Yarn Market, waits his fiancée, and unknown to both, Farrell Armitage, the wealthy proprietor of the Yarn Market, is waiting for the arrival of the long since defunct firm of Quantin, Lodely & Cane. The Quantin and Lodely were impoverished by the crash; Cane was not. Mark's mother has chafed for years the memory of a telegram she saw Cane slip into his pocket the day her husband committed suicide—a bankrupt.

Chapter 5 "LET ME GO!" SHE GASPED

Farrell looked about him. He was walking along the sea side and Lella had said she would be in this neighborhood at about this time. She could give him a lift back to South-the-Water, Cane's big, white house on the bay.

Out of the entrance to High street a big truck came clattering; it had no lights and Armitage thought it was being driven too fast. As it plunged towards him across the clear space of the Yarn Market, he was abruptly recalled to his own immediate foreground. On his left was the sea wall; parked alongside it was a second truck also with no lights. As Armitage's eyes fell upon it, a girl in

help you get in. Do try, Mark!" "Here, esse over on to me!" protested Armitage, as he heard the Barbara girl's breath quicken under the strain of supporting Mark; but short of re-arranging the whole group, he could not lighten her burden to any great extent.

"You've done it," encouraged Lella from the wheel. "Sit back, now, Mark, you're all right. I'll have you home in five minutes. . . Hop in amongst the jam-pots in the rumbly, Barbara? No! . . . Oh, it's you, Farrell! I wasn't sure. No room for you, I'm afraid. See you at dinner."

"You've forgotten my crutch, Barbara," called the cripple and she ran round with it. Armitage saw her lay her hand on the thin fingers. "Mark, is the pain bad? Are you much hurt?" "How on earth can I tell? I may have broken something. Tell Fort I must have that canvas—bring it yourself if he has no one else can send."



Barbara's breath quickened under the strain.

dark furs darted out of its shadow and began to run swiftly into the Yarn Market, towards the bank. The bulk of the stationary truck hid her from the driver of the on-coming vehicle and if she heard its groan and rattle she was oblivious. Armitage shot out a long arm and plucked her back; she half fell against his shoulder and incomprehensibly to himself, he laughed.

"Let me go!" she gasped furiously. She swung her free hand up and struck him smartly on the jaw. He laughed again—this time with conscious enjoyment—and then the dark mass of the second truck crashed past them.

"Oh!" cried the girl. In the next second she had wrenched herself free and resumed her dash across the open space. Armitage, watching her, saw that she made for the bank. He screwed up his eyes and discerned a figure crumpled upon the steps. The girl was bending over it.

It seemed to him fitting that he should cross the Yarn Market also. A slight bruise was forming on the edge of his jaw and he wanted to make her beg his pardon for it. At the same time he hated to embarrass her.

He was soon near enough to her to see that the figure she supported was that of a man, a cripple, apparently, for a crutch had alighted a foot or two away. Armitage lengthened his stride, but as he stepped on to the pavement Lella Cane's scarlet roadster slid out of the bottle-neck of High street and drew up before the bank. Armitage could see the gleam of Lella's eyes as she leaned over the side of the gay little car. Her voice rang high in the crisp evening.

"Barbara Quantin? What is it? Can I help?" The girl had drawn the cripple to his feet. Armitage was now at her elbow but she ignored him, answering Lella in a voice that was at once soft yet lingeringly clear.

"Mark has slipped on some orange peel. He's very shaken. Could you take him home? . . . Oh, but Mark, it's only three paces and Lella will

help you get in. Do try, Mark!" "Here, esse over on to me!" protested Armitage, as he heard the Barbara girl's breath quicken under the strain of supporting Mark; but short of re-arranging the whole group, he could not lighten her burden to any great extent.

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"I will—I promise I will. But wouldn't it be better if I came home with you first?" "No, it wouldn't. Go to Fort's at once or he'll be shut."

Lella let the clutch in, nodded to Armitage and drove off. The

FILM ACTORS DON BIZARRE OUTFITS SEEKING COMFORT

(By Robbin Coons.)

HOLLYWOOD—And what has become of the "tailor-made" man in Hollywood?

It begins to look seriously as though he is giving way to the tailor-made woman. For, generally speaking, Hollywood's off-screen sartorial standards are being knocked into a conventional tail silk hat which can be placed, as far as many are concerned, high up on a shelf to rust.

Not that there aren't high hats in Hollywood—figuratively and real—and nobody's saying that a host who specifies 'tails in his dinner party invitations will be embarrassed by arrivals in overalls.

But around the town and the lots, few seem to care what they or anybody else wears, and comfort is lord. The result, sometimes, is a scream.

For instance, that well-dressed writer who was chatting the other day with a fellow on the set he thought was a "prop-boy," judging by his careless attire, only to learn that the "prop-boy" was author of the current screen hit and a white-haired lad of the lot.

And then there was that green extra who asked the chap sitting beside him on the set, wearing a funny old sweater, how things were going and how many days' work he'd had lately, to discover later that the funny old sweater belonged to a star who had come over to look on.

The male urge to comfort means just that, and isn't as flashy as some of the feminine stars' eccentricities. Clark Gable took for his own the turtle-neck sweater, Jack Oakie the sweat-shirt, Robert Montgomery prefers scarfs to neckties, Frederic March laces in an old blue sport jacket.

The women? Marlene Dietrich patronizes Garbo's tailor, goes shopping in a trim tailored sports suit of gray with pleated wide trousers; Sari Matz is among those favoring slacks, and Joan Blondell is a pajama devotee; so was Tallulah Bankhead, who liked them tailored. No one, however, approaches Katharine Hepburn's overalls for bizarre garb.

The men? Well, there always Adolphe Menjou—always.

The Dalles—W. E. Tipton took over garage formerly occupied by Walter-Williams in this city at corner Third and Federal streets.

Plans made for improvement of 6.37 miles of Drinkwater pass-Chimney creek section of Central Oregon highway—Crane American.

Aurora—H. J. Long and family moved to newly acquired farm near Union hall schoolhouse about eight miles east of here.

Oakland—Number of improvements completed at local meat market by F. G. Taylor.

SANTA and the MAGIC DOLL

by SIGRID ARNE

SYNOPSIS: Santa discovers that all his train and cart keys have been stolen by a dwarf in revenge for the death of his sister, the witch, who was burned by Inga and Pinocchio, two dolls. The dolls set out again to find the dwarf.

CHAPTER XIII. ON THE DWARF'S TRAIL.

Inga and Pinocchio galloped along at a good rate. "That dwarf must be very strong to haul off the keys to the toy trains and carts," observed Inga.

"That's just what I was thinking," said Pinocchio. "He isn't much bigger than we are but he's very strong. We'll have to find some way of trapping him."

So they thought very hard as their little coach rumbled along the woodland paths. Hours went by and the crisp cool air of the woods began to make them hungry.

Suddenly right along the path they saw a cunning little house, all white with a bright red chimney. "What's this?" asked Pinocchio. "Looks like we might get some lunch here."

"Oh, we can get it out of my basket that is never empty," said Inga.

"But it would be so much more fun to stop here," said Pinocchio. So they pulled up their six little horses and stopped outside the house.

about them. Santa will never know what became of them, and I guess he can just worry along about those toys that don't work."

The room where he had put the Pinocchio rapped on the door but nobody answered.

"Hello, there," he shouted. And nobody answered. So he stepped inside and Inga followed. There was the cunningest little table all set with doll dishes, with places for two and there was a steaming lunch on the table.

"Oh, let's sit down and eat," said Pinocchio.

"All right," said Inga, and she slipped off her pretty white wrap and sat down.

"M-m-m-m-m," said Pinocchio, biting into a little drum-stick.

But just as they started to drink the little cups of milk standing there, they both dropped right off to sleep. You see, the lunch had been placed there by the dwarf and it was bewitched. He was afraid to have the dolls come to his underground home, not that they could do anything to him, but he knew that all the good fairies would help them if they learned why the dolls were coming.

Just as soon as they were asleep he sneaked out of a cupboard where he had been hiding, and put chains on their little feet and hand-cuffs on their little hands and carried them off to his dark underground home. He put them in a back room and pushed a rock in the doorway and left them.

"Ha, ha!" he chuckled, "now they'll never get out, and I'll just forget

"How do you do, folks?" he said. "I knew you were here so I just made my way in from the hillside. Don't cry any more, Inga. You two just follow me."

PORTLAND UTILITIES TO THROW OFF YOKE

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 19.—(AP)—Franklin T. Griffith, president of the Pacific Northwest Public Service company of Portland, announced today that he has effected arrangements for the complete removal of the Portland utilities group from the domination of the center public service corporation of Chicago, for restoration to Oregon investors of their original stock holdings in the Portland group, and for the refinancing of \$7,500,000 of gold notes of the Portland General Electric company due January 1.

Forest Grove—Survey crew of 14 moved into city to locate connecting line between Wilson River road survey and Wolf Creek road.

St. Helens—Columbia Contract Co., with plant on Frogmore slough, received contract to furnish 55,000 yards prepared rock for government in its Columbia river improvement program.

THE DALLES—First National bank of this place plans to reopen.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—That "All Alone" Feeling!



Authorities have traced Tommy to Laredo, but there the trail ends—Tommy facing arrest for a crime which he did not commit, is hiding out, desperately trying to find a solution to his predicament.



LOOKED LIKE HE' WALKED LIKE MAYBE HE LAME— LIKE HE HAVE SORE KNEE!



TALK ABOUT A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY—I'M IT— THAT'S A THREE-POINT SHIP—AND I DON'T EVEN DARE TRY TO SIGNAL IT.

BOUND TO WIN—More Secrets!



LOOKIE HERE, BOB! I'VE BUYIN' A FEW TRINKETS FOR YOU—WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THEM?



BEN, SHE'LL OUTSHINE EVERY ONE OF 'EM! SHE'S QUALITY, BEN. QUALITY! AN' SAY, SHE'S BEGIN TO LEAN ON ME FOR ADVICE TOO—NOW, AIN'T THAT SWEET OF HER? OH, BEN, I'M SO HAPPY I'VE HURTIN' L, O'V'ER IF I WASN'T HURTIN' TO BE UNHAPPY!



OH, IT WASN'T MUCH— YOU SEE, SHE HAD A GOOD DAY YESTERDAY AN' SHE WAS A LITTLE FEARFUL OF KEEPIN' ALL THE CASH SHE TOOK IN ON THE PREMISES OVER NIGHT SO—

S'MATTER POP—Yes There Was Another Way



I'M OUT PLAYIN' MY INSTRUMENT TO MAKE PEOPLE JOYFUL AN' HAPPY

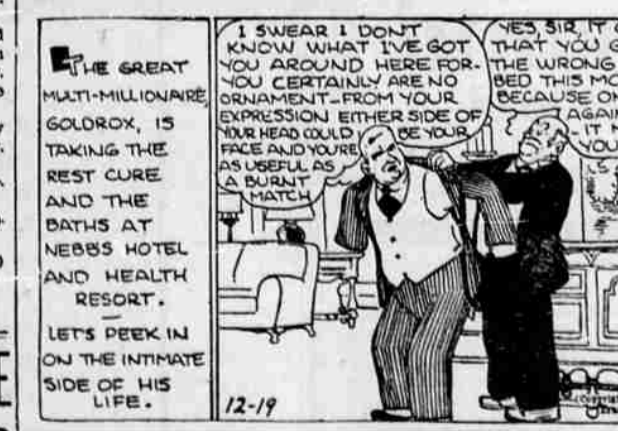


STILL, IT SEEMS THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER WAY!



LET ME THINK, I'LL HAVE IT IN A MINUTE!

THE NEBBS—Faithful Fido



I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'VE GOT YOU AROUND HERE FOR— YOU CERTAINLY ARE NO ORNAMENT—FROM YOUR EXPRESSION EITHER SIDE OF YOUR HEAD WOULD BE USEFUL AS A BURNING MATCH



YES, SIR, IT CAN'T BE THAT YOU GOT OUT OF THE WRONG SIDE OF THE BED THIS MORNING BECAUSE ONE SIDE IS AGAINST THE WALL, IT MUST BE YOUR LIVER



I'LL DO THAT SIR, AND TONIGHT A BIT OF A LIVER PILL—YOUR LIVER IS LEANING AGAINST YOUR DISPOSITION, SIR, IT'S NOT YOUR NERVES, SIR.

BRINGING UP FATHER



HERE COMES THAT GUY NEXT DOOR WHO'S ALWAYS BORROWIN' THINGS AN' NEVER RETURNIN' 'EM.



YOU STAY HERE, I'LL SEE HIM—YOU'LL FIND HIM EVERYTHING—HELL NOT BORROW FROM ME AND AT THE SAME TIME I'LL NOT OFFEND HIM.



ARE YOU GOING TO BE USING YOUR SHOVEL AND HAMMER TO-DAY?

CHINA AND JAPAN ARE UNRECONCILED

GENEVA, Dec. 19.—Facing apparently irreconcilable views of the Chinese and Japanese governments the league of nations conciliation sub-committee tonight continued a desperate search for a basis of conciliation in the Sino-Japanese dispute which would not be vetoed by one or both parties.

NEW FREIGHT RATE STUDY IS ORDERED

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—(AP)—A new study of the freight rate situation was ordered today by the interstate commerce commission.

Florence—Florence Dry Goods store opened here by J. R. Browne.

Roseburg—Henry Snyder purchased United Cigar Store on Cass street.