

Buying Barbara

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

SYNOPSIS: The strange temple of events that has surrounded the Cane, Quentín, Lodyly and Armitage families now has Farrell Armitage and Barbara Quentín into each other's arms. Farrell matches Barbara from a major truck's path, Barbara rushes to aid her dance, Mark Lodyly, who, a cripple, has fallen. Lella Cane drives Mark home. For in the past lies the failure of Quentín, Lodyly & Cane, a law firm, with the senior partners bankrupt and Cane strangely prosperous. It was making good Farrell Armitage's estate that had ruined the firm; now Farrell is a guest in the home of Sir James Cane.

Chapter 6 THE CANES AGAIN
BARBARA reflected for a moment while Farrell watched her. His thoughts were building a home for her. White stone and fountains and magnolia buds under a kinder sky than this.

Or a house of logs, low-eaved, red-batched, lit and warmed and gray amidst northern forests. Or a clean-lined schooner, riding the seas, carrying them west. . . This is she, O fortunate and predestined—this is she! . . .

She was finding something difficult to say.

"You saved my life," she brought out at last. "Thank you!"

"May I come and ask how your brother is?"

gret to say that you fell down twice and howled each time and cheated at the games."
"Was I such a brat, mother?"
"Oh, no, dear!" said Lady Cane. "Not really." She was still a nervous, hurried woman with her eyes generally upon her husband or her daughter. "I expect Farrell means one of Mrs. Lodyly's parties. She had a big garden, poor thing, and she used to invite a lot of children."
"To play with Mark?" Lella lifted an already arched brow.

"Well, yes—no, I suppose he couldn't play with them, exactly. It was more to take him out of himself."
"I drove him home today," said Lella. "Have a peach, daddy?"
"Clever devil!" chirped her father. "No, thank you."
"By jove!" Armitage bent towards Lella, one hand on his hip. "I do remember now, there was a lame boy at that party. Was he the chap you took charge of this evening?"

Lella nodded. Then old Cane chirped up again.
"Very sad case, young Lodyly. Accident when he was only two. Been looked at by a dozen surgeons, I suppose, and everyone of them has a different story to slip. Unfortunately there's not even enough money for him to enter the few pleasures life still offers him."

"I seem to remember a pretty big garden," ventured Armitage, "and everything done rather lavishly."
"Ah, yes!" Sir James changed a smirk into a sigh. "Very likely. But there was some trouble later on, after you left the Vicar. Lodyly—Mark's father—shot himself and left nothing. Mrs. Lodyly lives on what used to be her pin-money. Painful business. I was a partner—possibly you remember? Quentín, Lodyly and Cane. But it's a great many years ago."

Quentín, Barbara Quentín. She had not for one second left Farrell's mind, yet, at the sound of her name, he felt the blood pounding up to his temples. He opened his mouth to interrogate these people about her—and was unable to form any words at all.

Ridiculous, this shyness; but exhilarating. . . Ridiculous, because if she planned to marry Mark Lodyly on Thursday, he had only five days in which, coming to her as a stranger, he must turn her from her purpose.

To his relief, Lella abandoned her peach and stood up.
"Come and look at the radio, Farrell, will you? The darned thing has developed a sort of hicough that's really quite alcoholic. Mother says it absolutely belches forth the music."

"Oh, my dear, I didn't! I should never!"
Armitage, smiling politely, opened the door for Lella. There was something in Lady Cane's enquiring gaze and "Sugar's" complacency that he had sensed before in parents of young and marriageable daughters.

"I apologize," said Lella, as the door of the drawing-room closed behind them, "for thus snatching you from the pleasures of the table; but I can't stand it when father sheds tears over the Quentín-Lodyly smash. I cannot stand it."
"Reasons?" asked Armitage, watching her.

She walked away from him, up the long, polished room, drew aside a curtain to look out over the bay and then came slowly back.
(Copyright, 1932, Julia Cleff-Addams)

Lella describes "something odd," Monday, in the career of her father.

"The moon sees many brooks, the brook sees but one moon," quoted Armitage. "We met at a garden-party given on a very hot August day by Mrs.—Mrs.—no, the name's gone. You were dressed in a blue sash—"

"Surely the day wasn't as hot as that?"—and a dress with jiggeries all over it and a hat with a sort of thingummy at the side. And I re-

PORTLAND GIVES OUT DETAILS ON HOME LOAN BANK

To the Editor:

It is the purpose of the federal home loan bank system to increase the supply of first mortgage money for home owners by advancing money to building and loan associations, insurance companies, savings and loan associations and savings banks, secured by their mortgages as collateral. In this manner, they will have additional money to lend on first mortgages to home owners in their communities, where mortgage money is not now available.

It was not the intention of congress to place the federal home loan bank in competition with existing mortgage lending institutions. Instead, the object of the system is to provide eligible institutions with still more money to lend in first mortgages to home owners.

Those desiring first mortgage loans on homes should first call on the building and loan associations, savings and loan associations, agents of insurance companies or other mortgage lending institutions in their localities. Where such eligible institutions require additional funds to lend on first mortgages, they may

obtain it by joining the federal home loan bank system. In states where the laws do not permit otherwise eligible institutions to purchase stock and join the system, steps are being taken to amend the laws at approaching legislative sessions.

There may be a minor exception to the above statement, but its extent is not yet determined. An amendment was included in the law to make sure that home owners are served by the member institutions. Under this clause the Home Loan Bank of Portland may consider direct applications for home loans from individuals. If the existing home lending agencies do not meet legitimate needs. A policy on that point will be established after the eligible institutions have first had an opportunity to serve. It is now known, however, that if the bank eventually makes any such loans, they will be limited to 40 per cent of a fair appraisal on homes occupied by the owner, who can show his ability to make regular payments.

The Federal Home Loan Bank does NOT lend on or discount mortgages on business property. It does NOT lend on or discount mortgages on homes worth more than \$20,000. It does NOT handle second mortgages. It does NOT lend on or discount mortgages on livestock or farm property.

Respectfully submitted,
F. S. McWILLIAMS,
Chairman.

Portland, December 19.

Christmas Seals work the year round. Buy them now.

It takes a Christmas Seal to make it Christmas mail.

SANTA and the MAGIC DOLL

by SIGRID ARNE

SYNOPSIS: Inga and Pinocchio, two Toylad dolls, are imprisoned in a cave by a dwarf they were hunting after he had stolen Santa's keys. The dwarf stole the keys in revenge for the death of his sister, the witch, who was burned to death by the two dolls. A note releases the dolls.

CHAPTER XIV.
The Toads.
It wasn't until the next morning that the dwarf discovered his prisoners had gone. He just sneaked into the room to laugh at them.

"What has happened?" he cried. "No Inga and no Pinocchio here." He hunted all around but couldn't find how they had escaped because the little mole had filled up the opening of his passage.

That frightened the dwarf. "Well, if they can get out through the mountain-side I'd better look closely," he thought to himself. "I've got to hide those keys better than I have or Santa will have them back again."

So he rushed back to his underground room and got out the keys he had stolen from Santa's toyshop. "I'll have to ask my friends, the toads, to help me," he thought, and he dragged the bag of keys to his doorway on the mountain-side. He looked around very carefully to see

behind an oak tree watching the whole scene.



So the dwarf called the toads with a whistle and asked them to hide the keys to the toys in Santa's toyshop.

"Now I wonder what keys those are," she said. "He must be up to mischief. I'll find out." So she walked all around the woods asking everybody she met if they had lots of keys. But nobody had. Finally she came to a little mole, and he looked quite surprised at her.

"I didn't lose them, but I have a cousin over by the blue pine tree who has visitors that are looking for keys." So the woods fairy hurried over to

the home of the mole by the blue pine tree and there she found her old friends, Inga and Pinocchio. "Are you up here again?" she asked, quite delighted to see the two dolls who told her their trouble. "Hmm-m-m! That dwarf has the only means of getting together all the toads," she said. "It's a whistle. We must think of some way to get it from him."

HOLIDAY TRAVEL WILL BE HEAVY

Prediction of heavy Christmas and New Year travel throughout the west were made here today by representatives of the Southern Pacific company.

Round-trip fares have been cut to approximately one cent a mile for the special holiday excursions. It was pointed out, and extra equipment has been assembled at all important points to handle the traffic.

The low-fare Yule trips will be operated by Southern Pacific from December 22 to 26, with the New Year excursions scheduled from December 29 to January 2. It was announced. The return limit will be January 4.

Patronize Home Industry. Buy Whitelaw's Chocolates. Keep that money at home.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Close Call For Tommy!



"I'M GOING TO MAKE ONE MORE ATTEMPT TO TALK TO MISS MORGAN—BUT I'VE GOT TO DOBE THAT NURSE—I THINK SHE'S SUSPICIOUS OF ME!"

"SURE I SAW HIM—"

"HE ASKED ME WHERE THE HOSPITAL WAS AND I TOLD HIM—IT WAS HERE."

"THANKS, KID!—IT'S ALL OVER NOW BUT COLLECTING THE REWARD!"

"BUT LUCK STILL HOLDS OUT FOR TOMMY!"

"WE HAVE NO SUCH PATIENT HERE—HE MAY HAVE RECEIVED EMERGENCY TREATMENT WHILE I WAS OFF DUTY BUT THERE'S NO RECORD OF IT!"

"GUESS THAT KID WAS TALKING THROUGH HIS HAT—WE'RE SURE THIS PILOT IS HURT AND I THOUGHT I'D FIND HIM HERE."

BOUND TO WIN—Ben Has Some Doubts



"JONATHAN, YOU'VE BOUGHT AN AWFUL LOT OF WONDERFUL JEWELRY, AND YOUR PLANS FOR THE FUTURE ARE SWELL, BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE WORTH WASTING UNTIL YOU WERE SURE YOU WERE GOING TO MARRY MRS. BLACK?"

"NOPE, BEN? YOU'RE ALL WRONG! I AIN'T THE KIND WHAT FEARS RIVALS!"

"I KNOW YOU'RE NOT JONATHAN, AND MRS. BLACK COULDN'T GET A BETTER HUSBAND ANYWHERE, BUT MAYBE SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH HER?"

"THAT DON'T MAKE A PARTICLE OF DIFFERENCE, BEN—SHE'LL KNOW ABOUT IT SOON ENOUGH!"

"JUST 'TWEEN YOU AND ME, I THINK SHE KNOWS IT NOW, BEN; YOU SEE, WHEN I LOOK AT HER, AN' SHE AIN'T LOOKIN' AT ME, MY EYES KINDA FILL UP MISTY LIKE, AN' SHE'LL LAUGH ME AT IT ONCE OR TWICE."

"HAS SHE SAID ANYTHING?"

"YEP, BLESS HER! SHE FORGOT HERSELF ONCE AN' STARTED TO CALL ME 'JONIE', THEN SHE CAUGHT HERSELF AN' CALLED ME MR. COBBY AN' ASKED ME WHAT WAS THE MATTER—I SAID 'HAY FEVER' AN' PULLED A FAKE SNEEZE, AN' EVER SINCE THEN I BEEN HOPIN' SHE'LL KNOW I WAS A FAKE!"

S'MATTER POP—Yes, Kids Must Be Careful, Now



"MY D'LOON IS THA CAT'S MEOW!"

"YOU'D BETTER CUT OUT THE OLANG, SANTA MIGHT HEAR YOU! DON'T SAY THAT AGAIN!"

"MEOW!"

"WHAT WAS THAT?"

"I'M SCARED TO SAY IT, POP!"

THE NEBBS—Just As Old As He Feels



"WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE ENJOYING YOUR VISIT HERE, MR. GOLDRUX."

"I DIDN'T COME DOWN HERE FOR FUN—I CAME TO GET AWAY FROM IT!"

"YOU THINK THIS KIND OF STUFF IS FUN FOR ME—I CAN THINK OF A MILLION THINGS I'D LIKE BETTER."

"IF YOU'D GIVE YOUR BODY AS MUCH EXERCISE AS YOU DO YOUR MIND YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO TAKE A SODA MINT WITH EVERY CRACKER."

"AND IF I WERE AS OLD AS YOU, I'D TIE A SKY ROCKET ON MY BACK AND SWALLOW POISON AND TAKE A CHANCE."

"I'VE GOT NOTHING AGAINST LIFE—I CAN EAT A RAW RHINOCEROS STEAK AND MY STOMACH WILL CALL FOR AN ENCORE—AND I CAN STILL RUN AWAY AND HIDE FROM YOU IN A HUNDRED YARDS."

BRINGING UP FATHER



"TAKE A SANDWICH, AND NOT A HANDFUL IF YOU DISGRACE ME AT THIS PARTY, I'LL ATTEND TO YOU—"

"WHAT'S IN 'EM? BIRD SEED?"

"NOW WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

"TEA, SIR—AND A BISCUIT—"

"OH, MR. JIGGS—YOU MUST HAVE AN OLIVE AND SOME CELERY, YOU HAVEN'T ANY ICE CREAM?"

"OH—IF I MUST—I MUST—"

"NOW—WHAT DO YOU DO?"

12-20

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By George McManus



"The radio's developed a hicough, Farrell," said Lella.

"Thank you," she said again. "Lella will tell you where to find him. But he is my fiancé, not my brother. We are to be married on Thursday."

She made him a little bow and again left him. He stood watching her go. "This is she. . ."

"Oh, no!" he said aloud, when the corner hid her. "Oh, no! Not on Thursday or ever. You are not going to marry Mark."

And he was still repeating his formula when he reached South-the-Water and was accosted by its owner, Sir James Cane.

"Well, Armitage, how's the vicar?"

"All smiles, sir."

"Surprised to see you, I don't doubt."

Sir James Cane smirked and sat back in his chair. It was his smirk, together with something ingratiating in his manner, that had made him "Sugar" Cane to Kings Mallard. He could be extraordinarily naive sometimes, as now, when he was showing transparent triumph at Armitage's sojourn at South-the-Water instead of at the vicarage.

Farrell, not for the first time, wished that he had dodged this invitation. It had been given on the Finesse, England-bound from New York, where the Cane had been pleasure-seeking and Farrell, almost unwillingly, had gone to make yet more money. In a moment of boredom, he had persuaded himself that he would like to re-explore Kings Mallard and that the vicar's frugally run house would not be equipped for a guest. So he had come to South-the-Water and dallied in Lella's cool yet glittering company for a week or so. . . Lella was peeling a peach. She murmured—

"I hardly remember you as a boy at all, Farrell."

"The moon sees many brooks, the brook sees but one moon," quoted Armitage. "We met at a garden-party given on a very hot August day by Mrs.—Mrs.—no, the name's gone. You were dressed in a blue sash—"

"Surely the day wasn't as hot as that?"—and a dress with jiggeries all over it and a hat with a sort of thingummy at the side. And I re-

S. P. DINER PRICES ARE CUT TODAY

Effective today, sweeping reductions will be made in the price of meals on Southern Pacific dining cars through the introduction of an entirely new "fixed price" service whereby a complete five-course luncheon or dinner will be served for as low as 50 cents, according to advice received at local S. P. offices from J. A. Ormandy, passenger traffic manager, at Portland.

Under this new service a complete meal will be served for the price of the entrée, including soup, salad, entrée, vegetables, bread and butter, beverage and desert. For luncheon and dinner the following entrees will be on the menu at the prices shown, these prices being the cost of the entire meal: Fish, 80c; casserole of lamb stew, 90c; minced chicken, pork chops, veal chops or tenderloin tips, \$1.10; lamb chops, mixed grill, tenderloin, steak or chicken, fricassee, \$1.25. New club breakfasts will also be inaugurated at prices of 60c, 60c, 75c and 90c. A limited à la carte service will also be available.

Planning Christmas Program In Phoenix

PHOENIX, Dec. 20.—(Sp.)—Every effort is being put forth on the Christmas program at the Presbyterian church, to be given Friday night at 7:30. All are invited and especially the parents and family of the little folks of the Sunday school. The program will consist of readings, recitations and little Christmas skits, and a pageant to be given by the young people and adults of the Sunday school. A Christmas tree will be enjoyed.

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