

# Buying Barbara

**By Julia Cleff-Addams**

**SYNOPSIS:** Just as her father, Mr. James Cane, mentions the bankruptcy of his old law firm, Quentin, Lodyly & Cane, Lella Cane snatches Farrell Armistage away to tinker with the radio. The bankruptcy brought about the death of the senior partners, but Cane prospered. The situation is tinged by the fact that Farrell is supposed to be Lella's suitor, but has just fallen in love with Barbara. Lella is to marry Mark Lodyly in five days' time. And it was the mismanagement of Farrell's estate, long ago, that had brought about the failure of the old firm. Lella is about to tell Farrell her reasons for suspecting her father.

**Chapter 7**  
**EXPLAINING "SUGAR" CANE**

Lella was gorgeously dressed—in Farrell's opinion, too gorgeously for the informal dance to which they were going.

Nevertheless, she admitted that gorgeousness suited her. Over a dance-dress of scarlet chiffon she wore a short coat of gold tulle, eccentrically patched and fringed with silver. Her silver shoes had emerald heels and there was a square emerald on her finger.

He remembered a mischievous chuckle from his old vicar—"Lella Cane—ah yes, heart of gold, I know. And priced accordingly."

"No," she said, startling Farrell back to himself. "Nothing you could



"There's going to be a smash," said Lella.

call a reason. Only this—that through all my earliest years, there was Mr. Quentin, Mr. Lodyly and father. And then there was a smash. And then Mr. Lodyly shot himself, leaving Mrs. Lodyly and Mark nothing.

"And then Mr. Quentin died—and Mrs. Quentin died because he did—leaving Barbara even less. And then father built this house and packed me off to a decent school and blossomed out generally. Bit—odd, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know! I shouldn't necessarily think it odd. Some of my own transactions could be made to look pretty odd if they were reeled off like that; but they were straight enough. I'm satisfied of that."

She shook her head impatiently and ground out her cigarette. Armistage felt embarrassed.

"Put it to your father, Lella. I'll wager—"

"I've tried. . . You've heard what they call him here? 'Sugar' Cane. And you know what sugar does in hot water? . . . Fidget with the radio, please—in case he comes in. . . I may have absolutely no right to all this"—she dragged at her gold and silver motley. "It may be really Mark's."

"Or Barbara's," said Armistage, juggling diligently with wavelenghts. He managed to sound immensely casual.

"Oh, Barbara! Lella was casual, too; genuinely so. One can't imagine she'd care about anything for herself, though, of course, she'd cut off a hand for Mark. She's wrapped up in him."

"And he is her?"

"They've been engaged for years," she said slowly. "Even before that there was a curious childish understanding. There's a story that Mr. Lodyly made Barbara promise always to look after Mark. They were mere babes then but—"

"But?"

"She took it as a solemn pledge. She's that sort. I dare say you remember her at that garden-party, too? She was probably there."

"Oh, no!" he replied with conviction. "She wasn't there."

# FAMILY IN TENT LOSES FEARS OF HUNGRY HOLIDAY

Happier prospects for a comfortable Christmas were evident today in the tent on the south side of town, where a young mother and her two little boys are making their home. For the story published in the Sunday Mail Tribune at the request of a group of local women, who are endeavoring to brighten the future of the family, has brought many gifts of food and clothing to the door and hope of a better dwelling place.

The calls, volunteering aid, began coming in Sunday and are continuing today. There is now meat and some sweets in the larder, where potatoes constituted the complete menu last week.

The young mother was smiling again today and was enthusiastic in voicing her appreciation of the things which have been brought to her home, assuring her that her two little boys will at least not be hungry on Christmas.

A great effort is being made by several groups to supply the three with a house, as the tent furnishes an inadequate shelter, even with bedding which was supplied since the family was brought to the attention of the public. The heavy rain and

# SCHOOL HOLIDAYS TO START FRIDAY

Thursday will be the last school day prior to the Christmas season, for Medford students. It was announced today. School will be dismissed in all schools for the Christmas vacation and will not convene again until Tuesday, January 3.

The elementary grades will be dismissed Thursday at 2:15 o'clock, in honor of the funeral of Miss Esther McCollom, former teacher in the schools. Instructors in the elementary grades will attend the funeral, to be held at 2:30 o'clock at the Perl Funeral Home.

Miss McCollom, who recently died in Alaska, where she was teaching school, was an instructor in the Medford system from 1927 until 1931, and one of the city's most capable and popular teachers. She had been re-elected for the coming year in April, 1931, and resigned in May to accept the position in Alaska.

Beds of pain are eased with sheets of Christmas Seals. Buy several sheets.

Phone 542 We'll haul away your refuse City Sanitary Service.

# SANTA and the MAGIC DOLL

**By SIGRID ARNE**

**SYNOPSIS:** A woods fairy sees a dwarf give some keys he had stolen from Santa to his friends, the toads. She discovers that Inga and Pinocchio, two dolls from Toyland, are in the woods hunting the dwarf and the keys. They must find a whistle which calls the toads together.

Chapter XV  
**GETTING THE WHISTLE**

The woods fairy and Inga and Pinocchio walked up the mountain to the dwarf's cave trying to think of some way to get from him that whistle with which he called his toad friends together.

The dwarf meanwhile thought he had fixed everything so well that he just went to sleep in his underground home.

"This dwarf is so strong and so ugly in his nature," explained the fairy to the two dolls, "that I can't send my little wood elves against him."

There didn't seem to be a thing to do. But suddenly Pinocchio looked up above the cave-like door to the dwarf's home and saw several huge rocks hanging on the mountainside.

"Why, if we could push one of those down in front of his door, he couldn't get out," said Pinocchio.

"That's a fine idea," said the fairy. "I'll call all my elves together and



we'll all try to push one of those rocks."

She knelt down and tapped three times on the ground and from every tree and bush around them tumbled cunning, little brown men.

"Come with us," she said; "we want to help push one of those rocks down here in front of the dwarf's door."

So the whole group of them trooped up to a huge, gray rock and started pushing. But not an inch did it move.

"Why, how stupid of me," said Inga. "Here's the basket that is never empty. I'll just pull out a whole bunch of little donkeys. They're very strong."

Now the only thing about that basket is that it produces objects in keeping with the size of the person who uses it. And Inga, after all, was only a little doll. So the donkeys were about the size of so many puppies. But she pulled out fifty and they all started pushing with their hard little heads.

They pushed and pushed, and suddenly the rock moved an inch. Then it moved another inch. Then "crash!" and it went rolling down the hill and ended up smack against the dwarf's door. There wasn't an inch for him to squeeze through.

Then the whole company ran down the hill to hear the dwarf cry-

# TO ASK APPROPRIATION FOR LEAGUE IN OREGON

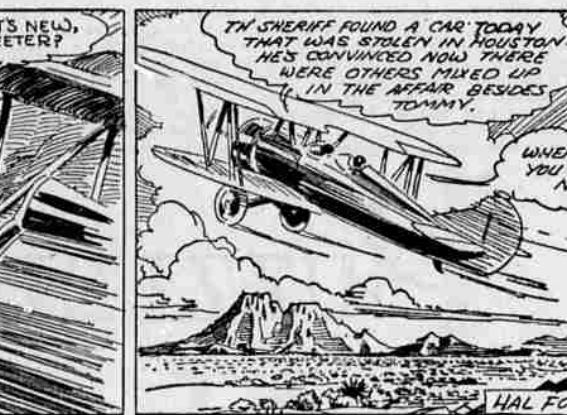
Wm. M. Briggs of Ashland, president of the League of Oregon cities, will go to Eugene Thursday to confer with Guy Moffett, executive manager of the Laura Spellman fund of the Rockefeller foundation, seeking an appropriation of \$20,000 for carrying on the work of the league, it was made known in Ashland yesterday.

Friday evening a dinner meeting will be conducted at the Hotel Medford, at which time city officials from Roseburg, Grants Pass, Medford and Ashland will have an opportunity to meet with Mr. Moffett and tell him how the league's services in the state could benefit advantageously from the fund.

When seeking supplanting sales books, flat-packs or fan-fold cash register forms, ledger sheets for bookkeeping machines or any other kind of printing, don't order from out-of-town firms and pay more. Phone 75 and one of our representatives will call.

It takes a Christmas Seal to make it Christmas mail.

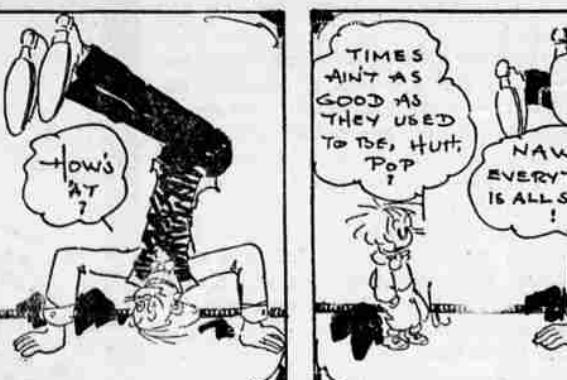
# TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Mysterious Shot!



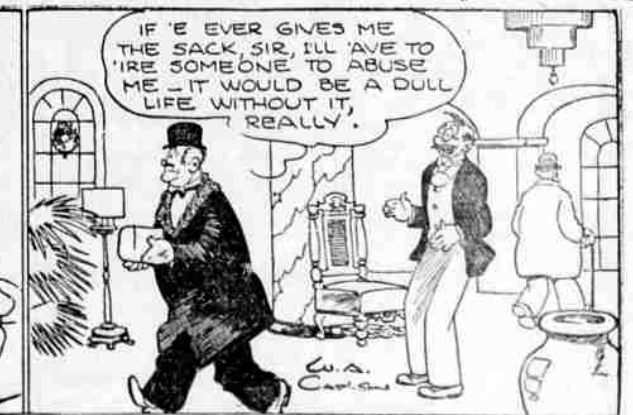
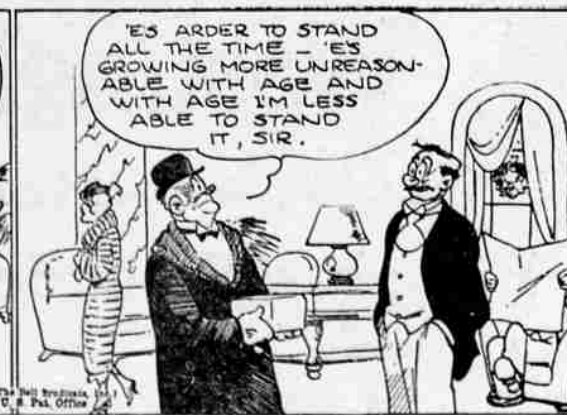
# BOUND TO WIN—The Skeleton Again!



# S'MATTER POP—Wouldn't This Discourage A Bill Collector, Too!



# THE NEBBS—"Hemingway" If You Please



# BRINGING UP FATHER



# JOINT INSTALLATION OF GRANGE OFFICERS HELD AT LAKE CREEK

LAKE CREEK, Dec. 21. — (Sp.) — Joint installation of officers for Lake Creek and Eagle Point Granges was held at the Lake Creek Grange hall Sunday afternoon with a covered dish luncheon preceding the ceremony.

It was made even more effective by the splendid work of the team and the earnest manner in which the changes were delivered by the installing officers.

In charge were installing officers Mrs. Gertrude Hase, master; I. R. Kline, conductress; Mrs. Ann Davies; chaplain, Mrs. Chas. Walker; emblem bearer, Mrs. Violet Spencer; regalia bearer, Mrs. Lucile Kline.

Officers of Eagle Point Grange who were installed are: Master, W. E. Davies; overseer, Sam. Coy; lecturer, Julia Davies; steward, Rudy Weidman; assistant steward, Donald Ashpole; chaplain, Dr. D. A. Forbes; treasurer, Charles Humphrey; secretary, Edith Weidman; cerea, Dorothy Coy, and executive committee chairman, Claus Charley.

Officers of Lake Creek Grange present were: Master, Russ Moore; overseer, Leland Charley; lecturer, Reed Charley; steward, Herman Meyer, Jr.; chaplain, Ella Meyer; treasurer, Mabel Stanley; secretary, Myrtle Charley; gatekeeper, Thomas Stanley; Pomona, Elyn Charley; Flora, Edith Jones; executive committee chairman, Claus Charley.

Brief addresses were given by A. C. Mitchell, retiring master of Eagle Point Grange; W. E. Davies, master-elect of Eagle Point Grange; and by Russ Moore, re-elected master of Lake Creek Grange.

A rising vote of thanks and hearty cheer were extended Mrs. Haak and assistants.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By C. M. PAYNE

By SOL HESS

By George McManus