

Buying Barbara

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

SYNOPSIS: Leila Cane expects Farrell Armitage to propose. Instead he tells her he loves Barbara Quentin, whom he had snatched from the path of a truck a few hours before. Leila becomes ally rather than enemy; she tells Farrell that she suspects the means by which her father, Sir James Cane, became wealthy, after his two partners, Barbara's and Mark Lodely's fathers died bankrupt. It sets in motion a series of events which lead to the marriage of Leila and Mark. Note the scintilla of Farrell's fortune that Quentin and Lodely bankrupted themselves years before. Note the scintilla of Farrell's fortune that Quentin and Lodely bankrupted themselves years before. Note the scintilla of Farrell's fortune that Quentin and Lodely bankrupted themselves years before.

Chapter 8
LEILA MAKES A BARGAIN

There came faintly through the house the sound of a door being opened and shut. Leila snatched up an ermine wrap.

"Let's become unavoidably absent," she suggested, hurriedly unlatching a French window. "And you'd better leave tomorrow, don't you think? Father hasn't quite the stamina to relinquish the son-in-law of his prayers without making a grievance of it."

Armitage followed her into the garden. It lay dark and aromatic against its fringe of fire and the autumn chill—that last bitter-sweet breath of allowing leaf and lead flower—stirred Leila's black hair and made play with her fantastic fringes.

"In any case," she threw at him as they turned in the direction of the garage, "I don't imagine that you'll want to stay on if it's true that Barbara and Mark are to marry on Thursday."

"But she mustn't marry Lodely on Thursday—or ever. I want her to marry me."

"Wanting her won't mean getting her!"

"I've generally got what I want, provided I've worked for it."

"You're mad, my dear. Millionaire has turned your head. You've bought so much—so many emeralds for so many women—that you think you can buy Barbara."

"Going to help me?"

She regarded him through the heavy shadows.

"Do you feel sure you'll get your emerald's worth?"

"That's cheap and nasty of you, Leila. You know well enough why I'd like to give you something you care about."

She walked on. He had to keep close to her shoulder to hear her words.

"All right. I'll help you fail. Don't hate me afterwards, though. And don't forget the emerald."

"We've a good deal to be thankful for," pronounced Mrs. Lodely. "Apart from the shakin', Mark's none the worse. Except in his temper," she added, with the laugh so familiar to Barbara that it was the first thing she expected from Mark's mother.

Neither Barbara, in her chair by the fire, nor Mrs. Lodely, coming forward to bestride the hearth in her mannish way, were big women; but they gave the appearance of filling the sitting-room of Kings Barn. The reason lay in the room.

There were a great many small tables and large chairs in every corner and on every ledge stood bric-a-brac, and the over-flowered wall-paper was plastered with water-colors of no merit or interest whatsoever. When Mrs. Lodely moved an arm to take her cigarette-case out of her pocket, she did it gingerly. Even so, a china ornament on the mantel-shelf rattled and slipped dangerously near the edge.

Barbara smiled, but it was a dutiful smile. She had never—in all the years of her love and pity for Mark—she had never quite made up her mind about Mark's mother. Sometimes she liked her immensely. Sometimes—no, it was indefinable. Mrs. Lodely couldn't, after all, help her loud, frequent laugh and her availing tweeds and the draw that had been "the thing" when she rode to hounds in her girlhood. She couldn't help these things—and on the other side of the medal, there was her unflinching courage in facing poverty and loneliness and Mark.

"You'll come and stay with us in Toxeter as soon as ever you can," she asked.

"You bet! My only chance of gettin' away from this hole! What about Christmas?"

"Oh, before then, Judy, please!"

"If I come at Christmas I shall only be givin' you a couple of months to yourselves. Short enough!"

"Why pretend that we shall be the average, conventional honey-mooners?" demanded Barbara, her irritation returning. "Our marriage—everything—is different from most marriages and our lives

DATA ON FIRES TO BE INDEXED BY FIRE CHIEF

George Stokes, deputy state fire marshal, is in Medford assisting Fire Chief Roy Elliott in establishing a bureau of fire prevention for the city in order that more accurate data concerning fires here might be kept by the local department as well as the state office.

A modern means of filing reports, Mr. Stokes said, this morning that as a check against the city in order that more accurate data concerning fires here might be kept by the local department as well as the state office.

Mr. Stokes also had monthly report blanks which are to be filled out regularly for the city council and the state fire marshal, which includes the number and cause of alarms, the sound value, loss, insurance carried and insurance collected. The types of risks are also included, and the report on the equipment used.

England Against Debt Arbitration

PARIS, France, Dec. 22.—(AP)—Great Britain will informally counter France against pursuing an idea under consideration by officials of having the question of payment of the December interest on the American debt payment submitted to arbitration, according to diplomatic circles.

SANTA and the MAGIC DOLL

SYNOPSIS: A dwarf who has stolen all of Santa's keys is imprisoned in a cave by two dolls, Inga and Pincocchio, helped by fairies. They want the whistle the dwarf uses to call together his toads who are hiding the keys, which he stole after the dolls burned his sister, the witch.

"Drop your keys!" ordered the dwarf.

The toads dropped them all and Inga and Pincocchio quickly collected them and put them in their little coach.

"Now what shall we do to the dwarf?" asked the fairy.

"Maybe he's sorry," suggested Inga. "Let me talk to him."

She walked up to him and said: "Don't you know that you could be very happy if you gave your way of living. We have such a good time at the toyshop. But we work all day long at making people happy. I'm sure Santa would give you something to do if you promised to be good."

"Well, it does get lonesome around here now that my sister is gone," admitted the dwarf. "Would you ask Santa about me?"

"We'll do better than that. You can come back with us and ask him yourself."

"Now we must hurry," said Pincocchio. So the two dolls got into their little coach and amid loud cheers from everybody, they were off with the dwarf riding in the high coachman's seat.

It wasn't long before the dolls again spotted the roof of Toyland, and it seemed just a minute before they were bursting in through the Toyshop door.

"Santa, Santa, all your troubles over!" cried pretty little Inga.

"Oh, here are the wanderers,"

So the dwarf changed his ways and became the best blacksmith in Santa's toyshop.

them all for you, and we have another surprise."

"What can that be?" asked Santa. So Pincocchio and Inga ran out and brought in the dwarf.

"I thought maybe you'd let me live here if I give up doing the things my sister, the witch, taught me," said the dwarf to Santa.

"You bet we will," said Santa. "How would you like to work in my

blacksmith shop? You have big strong shoulders."

"So that's where the dwarf is today. And he's become Santa's best blacksmith."

Tomorrow: Santa Reads His Mail

Zion Lutheran Will Rehearse Pageant Tonight

There will be a full dress rehearsal at Zion English Lutheran church tonight at 7:30 to the pageant "The Holy Night," to be given Sunday evening by the Sunday school and choir. Primary children are to come at 4 p. m.

The committee under whose direction the pageant is being given consists of Mrs. G. P. Kabele, Mrs. E. Herlied, Miss Carla Nerisen, Miss Irene Brewold and Miss Ruth Demmer. Mrs. E. Herlied is director of the choir and organist. Mr. Cutfel will operate the spotlight.

"The Holy Night" is a Christmas pageant along the lines of those used in medieval church, from which the modern drama took its form.

The pageant proposes to tell the story of the birth of the Savior through song and action.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 22.—(AP)—Robert Stuart Davis, 68, traffic manager of the Long-Bell Lumber Co., died of pneumonia today at his home here.

KARMELO KORN and home made Caramels, Fudge, Fruit Squares, Popcorn Balls. Holy Theater Bldg.

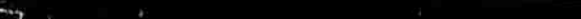
Desirable houses always in first class condition for rent, lease or sale. Call 105.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Bandits Crave "Peace and Solitude!"



BOUND TO WIN—Ben's Discovery



S'MATTER POP—Still, It Is A Good Idea

THE NEBBS—The Truth Hurts

BRINGING UP FATHER

SANTA CLAUS P. M. IS REAPPOINTED

SANTA CLAUS, Ind., Dec. 22.—(AP)—Reappointment by President Hoover today of James F. Martin as postmaster in this noted village means a continuance of service begun 30 years ago.

Martin has been postmaster for nearly 15 years. Prior to that he was assistant postmaster. His work is light 11 months of the year, but thousands of letters and gifts are mailed to him prior to Christmas for remaining so they will bear the Santa Claus stamp.

The postoffice is conducted in Martin's general store.

It takes a Christmas Seal to make it Christmas mail.

FARM AID DRAWN IN SECRET MEET

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—(AP)—After a week of hearings on the domestic allotment farm relief plan, house agriculture committee members gathered behind closed doors today to seek agreement upon a bill for presentation to the house.

Chairman Jones said it probably would be "three or four days" before the committee would be ready to act finally and that hearings might possibly be reopened for one day if further advice were needed from agricultural interests.

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

By EDWIN ALGER

By C. M. PAYNE

By SOL HESS

By George McManus