

Buying Barbara

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

“You want you go. Babas! In you a world of good!” urged Mrs. Lodely, boisterously. “It’s ridiculous you bottlin’ yourself up here because Mark don’t dance!” Again her train of thought was patent. Armitage could be kept in the circle, even if only for the time it took Barbara to change her dress.

“I wonder if you’d care to show me some of your work, Lodely?”

“Of course he would! Mark show Mr. Armitage—oh, anything! There’s plenty of it, I’m sure! Only, unfortunately, a whole cupboardful has gone over to the new house at Toxeter and in any case the key’s lost and the door’ll have to be forced if any of those canvases are ever to see the light again!” Mrs. Lodely laughed, deafeningly. “But surely

Chapter 10
THE CHARMING MARK
“BABS—Mark—this is Mr. Armitage. Mark, you remember Farrell Armitage who used to come to our parties from Upper Mallard vicarage? That would be while you were in France, Babs. You weren’t there. Mark, show Mr. Armitage—”

“I’m glad you’re not seriously the worse for your accident,” said Farrell, sitting down near the couch.

He kept his attention upon Mark. He had bowed to the girl and received a welcoming murmur that was not echoed by her eyes. Then he had ignored her. But he did not need to look at her to be aware of everything about her. The way her hair sprang from her wide, low forehead; the way her hands lay slackly round a dark leather case.

“I’m glad to have the chance of thanking you for your timely aid,” said Mark Lodely charmingly. (Armitage admitted the charm.) “I don’t often fall but when I do I feel totally unable to get up again.”

“Mark, Mr. Armitage is interested in you—”

“I remember your coming to play in our garden, Armitage—a great, hulking brute, you were and you put a bigger brute, a cousin of mine, well into the Hlypond. I couldn’t sleep that night for joy.”

“And I couldn’t sleep for—well, I had an interview with the vicar when I got home,” Armitage recollected grimly. “Lord, that dear old man had a wonderful stroke in those days!”

Barbara had turned her face towards him and he allowed himself a casual return of her glance. The darkness was passing from her eyes but her lips still suffered. He felt a great longing to see her smile.

He began to talk easily, entertainingly. He had traveled, worked, watched men and women travel and work—there must be something out of all that to make her smile! He talked through Mrs. Lodely’s laugh and presently she stopped laughing and became genuinely amused.

Mark’s negligent charm quickened to excitement—in mid-ecstasy. His eager comments begged for more. More life—more fun—more, more! Only the girl at the fire neither laughed nor spoke.

Armitage abruptly turned to her, checking himself in mid-ecstasy. Her eyes—and he had been right about them, they were deep hazel—had grown friendly, rather wistful. Unchallenging. Her levelness was like a sudden rush of light and beneath that and beyond it was his feeling that she was his. This is she—this is she!—... He thrust everything from him but his strategy.

“I’m forgetting,” he said. “I sit garrulously here while the question remains unresolved as to why my dancing-partner has left me in the lurch.”

The color rose under the white-petal skin.

“You mean me, Mr. Armitage? But—I wasn’t going to dance tonight, was I?”

“Not!” Armitage reminded himself to be very gentle and casual. “Miss Cane must have got confused. She brought me along to a dance—very jolly dance—with the promise of a wonderful partner and then told me to cut alone and fetch her.”

“Oh, those little hops at the Assembly room!” cut in Mrs. Lodely. “People—young people, you know, subscribe and bring their own partners. Didn’t know you were mixed up in it, Babas!”

“I’m a member, certainly. Lella practically insisted. But I’ve never danced there. I can’t imagine why she thought I should tonight!” She looked with a quiet simplicity towards Mark.

“Aren’t you Lella’s partner, Armitage?” smiled Mrs. Lodely.

“No, I’m not, miss. I’m Miss Quentin’s partner,” said Armitage. “Armitage, thinking of the somewhat startled youth whom Lella had dug out of his evening studies in order to bolster up the situation. “Not that that’s of the slightest account, though, if you don’t feel like it, Miss Quentin!”

“In an instant, tomorrow, Mark’s future is arranged for him.”

Armitage stood as she and the other woman passed out of the room. Then he let Mark Lodely cover his couch with portfolios. But it was Mark Lodely who was studying as he bent over the work; for it was from Mark Lodely that he would have to buy Barbara.

“Show them if you like, Barbara,” came from Mark. Something odd, Armitage thought, behind his permission.

With a quick movement the girl swept up the sketches and put them down at Mark’s side.

“No,” she said. “You show them, if you like.”

Armitage watched the two of them look at each other.

“I’d rather you put them on the fire for me,” said Mark. Then, at last, Armitage saw her smile. . . . He became aware that Mrs. Lodely was arranging matters.

“Slip along and change your frock, Barbara. Mr. Armitage’ll wait twenty minutes or so, I’m sure, and in the meantime Mark can dig out some of his work, can’t you, Mark? Not that there’s much hope of seeing him properly in this light but p’raps if you like ‘em, you could come again some mornin’—”

“In twenty minutes, then, Mr. Armitage?” asked the soft, very clear voice. “But you won’t mind if I don’t make it late? I have to be at work at nine tomorrow.”

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“I’ve hired a gentleman to teach you how to eat—your table manners are atrocious.”

“Since when is eatin’ a trade?”

“Here he comes now. By golly, he doesn’t look as if he had much practise.”

“Now I will take you to a French cafe and we will have a dinner a la carte.”

“Are we going to eat in a wagon?”

“Hello—Is this the chief of police? Well, have a cell ready for me—I’m gonna git in a fight an I’m gonna win.”

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., Dec. 24—(AP)—Frances Lassiter, 15-year-old high school girl, today told police that brutal treatment of herself and her mother was the reason she fired three shots into his body last night. He died on the way to a hospital.

Officers quoted her as saying her father, Alexander M. Lassiter, “beat me from the time I learned to talk and he abused my mother on the slightest excuse.”

Judge John W. Massey of the juvenile and domestic relations court released the girl under \$5000 bond for appearance at a preliminary hearing Tuesday.

Grange dance at Lake Creek, New Year’s eve.

In the preliminary hearing conducted Friday afternoon in Judge Glenn Taylor’s court for Erin Burgess, 20, of 710 Palm street; Alfred B. Davis, 24, of 145 South Grape street, and Thyrse Dodge, 18, of 21 Genesee, on a burglary charge, bail for Davis and Burgess was set at \$500 each and Dodge was allowed to go on his own recognizance. They will be required to appear before the grand jury.

The three were arrested by city police, charged with breaking into the basement of the Jack Porter residence on Nandy avenue, about 10:30 o’clock Wednesday night. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Porter appeared in court this afternoon and testified.

Leaking roots repaired. For roof work of any kind call 629.

WOMAN DANGLES FROM ROOF EDGE BATTLES RESCUE LEO LOMSKI HELD FOR MILK THEFT

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—(AP)—Dangling from the roof of the Psychopathic hospital for 20 minutes, a woman patient gave a crowd of spectators a thrill and gave attendants a furious battle as they tried to rescue her today.

The woman, Mrs. Mary Miller, 44, had fled to the roof and dashed to the edge, attendants in pursuit. They grasped her wrist as she leaped, and held her determinedly despite her efforts to break free. She bit and slashed the hands of the attendants. Firemen arrived in time to raise ladders and take the woman down.

A young woman, identified as Mrs. Gertrude Wait, horrified workers in a downtown office building by leaping from the seventeenth floor to the screen over an inner court at the ninth floor. Engineers had to cut the screen to remove her. She was taken to a hospital, still alive, with fractured legs and skull, but lived only half an hour.

ABERDEEN, Wash., Dec. 24.—Leo Lomski, former contender for the world’s light heavyweight title, and a relative, George Anderson, were arrested here yesterday on charges of having stolen a 10-gallon can of milk from Peter Hanson, Satsop farmer. They are in the city jail here.

Hanson claimed he saw the men take the milk. He chased their machine to Montesano, claiming Lomski attempted to force his machine off the road several times. Hanson went to Sheriff Jeff Bartell at Montesano and Aberdeen police were asked to pick up the car and driver. The pair attempted to elude police here but were nabbed at the point of guns. Hanson identified the can in Lomski’s car as his. A second can, filled with gasoline, was found in the car. A pistol was taken from Anderson.

Dance New Years eve Old Lake Cr. Hall, by Oregon Pine-eers.

CURRY COUNTY WIRES REPAIRED AFTER WIND MARSHFIELD, Ore., Dec. 24.—(AP) Communication in Curry county was

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Viola Begins To Remember!



BOUND TO WIN—Ben Hears The Worst



S'MATTER POP—A Grand Way To Add Up Presents



THE NEBBS—What Now?



BRINGING UP FATHER



SANTA and the MAGIC DOLL

Synopsis: Pincocchio, a toytshop clown, is sad because no letters to Santa ask for a clown. Inga, the most beautiful doll, is worried about him when a fairy promises to smooth out his troubles.

Chapter XVIII
IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE
Just think! It was Christmas Eve—just as it is today—and this little fairy was setting out to help Pincocchio. Away she flew very swiftly.

And guess where she was going? To a little children's hospital. She knew it didn't have many toys and that it didn't have much money to buy them.

When she arrived, the head nurse was feeling very sad because she didn't know how she was going to make Christmas happy for the children.

The little fairy flew right up on the nurse's shoulder and whispered, "Why don't you write Santa for the funnest toys he has? Then all the children can lie in bed and watch him dance!"

The nurse never guessed it was a fairy talking to her, but she sat down and wrote Santa a letter and asked for just what the fairy had told her. Then she rushed out to the mail-box and slipped the letter in. But the little fairy snatched it right out so she could take it back to Santa.

"Here's a letter we forgot," she said as soon as she arrived.

"Well, well," said Santa, "we can't

ed up his fin- sinder so that he could start out on his trip. Tomorrow morning will be Christmas. And just as soon as it's light



Just as the clock struck six, the elves hitched up Santa's reindeer so he could start out with his load of toys.

you'll be running downstairs to see what Santa has left. Look very close—for remember some little girl is going to get Inga, the beautiful magic doll, and it may be you. Then, too, some of the soldiers and toys I've told you about may be in your stocking.

As for Pincocchio, he's sure to make the little hospital children happy, for he's bubbling over with happiness himself.

TRAGEDY CLOUDS CHRISTMAS TIME

JACKSON, Ky., Dec. 24.—Plans of three Perry county families for Christmas were turned into sorrow today as relatives came for the bodies of Oake Campbell, 28, Charles Campbell, 18, and Mitchell Campbell, 21, cousins, killed in an automobile accident, and to aid Miss Sarah Margaret Stacy, 19, in a hospital with serious injuries.

The party came to Jackson Thursday night to meet a sister of Miss Stacy, due from Canada to spend the holidays at home. The young woman failed to arrive and they were returning home when their automobile ran off the highway on a curve in a heavy fog and plunged down a 60-foot embankment.

Film Star Faces Hearing On Crash

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 24.—(AP)—Dorothy Burgess, film and stage star, facing a hearing on manslaughter charges here resulting from an automobile crash last night which took the life of Louise Manfredi, 17, was placed in a sanitarium today. She was reported suffering from shock. Her hearing was postponed.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By C. M. PAYNE



By SOL HESS



By George McManus



DAUGHTER KILLS BRUTAL FATHER

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