## Buying Barbara by Julia Clefe-Addams + Author of "YOU CAN'T MARY"

Chapter 12

BARBARA did not seem either astonished or offended by his keys and coins he found there. protest. There was not an atom of coquetry about her. She just looked enquiringly at him, the emerald taking all the color from her hair and her eyes.

that I'm a judge of pictures—" he and I want to see the Bogey before induced the three landscapes slight. ly under his arm — "and that emerald isn't right. It isn't your to. Only, when we've looked at stone. You should never wear Bogey Cove, could you drive me to anything but pearls and jade and- Toxoter?" and perhaps occasionally little old-fashioned sets of garnet or black Mark and I are going to live. A opal. But mainly pearls."

Mrs. Lodely's burst of laughter crashed out from the doorway.

"So now you know, Baba! Pearls, pearls! Poor old Baba!" Her hearse geniality filled the air. "Fact is, Mr. Armitage, you've not been prop-erly introduced to our Baba. She's Toxeter's only dress-designer and Interior decorator and general ad-viser on Art in the Home and so forth. And the only pearls comin' her way are her own pearls of wis-

"'Cast before swine'," supple mented Armitage, gently.

Barbara made no answer. She

took from a peg the fur cont that she had been wearing when Armi-tage first saw her and with a quiet -"Tomorrow evening as usual, Judy" she left the little nouse. Armitage lingered to take leave of Mark's mother.

"Your son is coming up to Town in a few days to stay with me, Mrs. Lodely. I'm hoping you'll come,

She looked astonished. "In a few days?"

"On Thursday, to be exact. I'm sending down a car for him."

He slammed her door shut and strode across the pavement. Barbara had got into the car—the Deon the light. There valet sedan that had brought him down from London to Kings Mallard. Under the light of the street. lamp he saw her eyes wander round its shining interior.

"This is a nice car, Mr. Arm-

"Why not try her out? You might

"You mean-I may drive this beautiful car a little way? Now?" She had slid along the seat and was behind the wheel. He got in beside her. In the intimate half-darkness of the car, he noted that she used no perfume but that her hair had a natural fragrance, too delicate to describe.

he chuckled — "I'm afraid that sounded rude, but when you're a business-person you get rather tired by the end of the day and dancing in a crowled room isn't much fun. You feel too shattered."

Armitage had looked at the first portrait or quite a minute before the realized that it was a portrait of

She brought the Dayalet to a standard. A second car ratifed past them and its lights showed him the faint rose staining her cheeks and the darker gold where the night-wind attrred amongst the

roots of her hair.
"Sure you're not cold?" "Not a scrap. Will you turn beor will you trust me not to scrape anything?"

"Have a cigarette first It's rather pleasant here. Isn't it along this bay that there's a cove called Bogey's? And didn't Mrs. Lodely organize piculca there and tell us that the Bogey was hiding in a cave and would cat us if we waded too far out? I remember hoping that he would just peaceably let me drown, instead."

She had accepted one of his cigarettes and he put a box of matches into her other hand. He watched, absorbedly, the miracle wrought by the little point of flame. Out of the crisp darkness sprang her glowing curve of cheek and chin, her child-ish tip of nose, her woman's red lips. . . . He thrust both hands into his pockets and held tightly to the

"I want to know two things," he said with determination. "The first is—why don't you call me Farrell, when it is obvious that only by accident did we miss playing together her hair and her eyes.

"I beg your pardon," Farrell why not go down to Bogey Cove? amended. "One of my vanities is I'm going back to Town tomorrow

"Yes, if you like. And certainly

good many of our possessions are there stready, and amongst them is a cupboard of which Mark has lost the key. I believe I've found a key that would fit and I want so much to try it."
"Tonight?"

"Yes. Then, if we can open the "Yes. Then, if we can open the cupboard, you can see more of Mark's work. I believe there are some portraits there, ... Don't you want to go to Toxeter?"

Farrell flung out his cigarette.

"On the contrary, it's Bogoy Cove that I no longer want to go to."

"Oh, but why? Of course, Toxeter's with the contraction of the contraction of the course."

eter's quite in the opposite direction

"Quite!" said Farreil, stepping out in order to go round to the driver's sest, "We'll leave out Boggy Cove until-some other time."

Wherefore, he shortly brought the car to rest before the san where the car to rest before the gap where

Barbara's gate would be and helped her out. He looked reflectively round him. The road that led past her house was not yet completed. The last lamppost was sixty yards away. It was all dark and uncom-fortable and new. He disapproved of everything.

sending down a car for him."

"This comin' Thursday? Ob, little curtains and he loathed the but—"She was bewildered and, as distant cathedral. What he had be expected, she covered it with seen of the rest of Toxeter he her inevitable laugh. Then she spurned likewise. . . He followed swung away from him and went plunging up the stairs.

She put up a hand and switched on the light. There was laid bare to Armitage's inimical gaze a big room, inadequately rugged and curtained. Some battered furniture filled one end and there was a gas fire. Shivering a little, Barabara asked for a match,"

"I'll see to it," said Armitage shortly. "You know you've got a ghastly had habit of not making men fetch and carry for you. It's

got to stop."

She laughed. It was the first time he had heard the sweet, merry sound. The match burned down to his finger tips and he had to light

another.
"I'm nearly always with Mark, I suppose." She was sober again. "And he, of course, can't fetch and

"I can't drive well," she said.
"I don't you see, very often get the chance of driving at all. But I will be very careful."

She had turned out of the read and was heading cantiously for the open country round the bay.

"And he, of course, can't fetch and carry."

Armitage lit the fire and drew the ourtains. At once the room held a somblance of homeilness. One could imagine it full of people, of the open country round the bay. route perfectly all right. You feet. He wandered round it whill the she disped into the pockets of her coat and produced a key.

"No. I'm not sure of myself. Besides, we mush't go far. The dance—"

"Or, at least, it fits the current.

des, we mustn't go far. The "Or, at least, it fits the cupboard, oh, Mark will be pleased! And "Wouldn't you rather drive my there are portraits here."

ar than dance wild me?"

"Oh yes," she admitted. Then, as up to inspect the portraits.

"Or sren't you-would you rather not bother?" she asked, suddenly

portrait for quite a minute before he realized that it was a portrait of a girl before a mirror. She were, on a platinum chain, an emerald set in a sphier's web of platinum. Nothing more. Her face was perfectly familiar.

She was Lella Cano.

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How will Darbara survive this latest jibs of the cruel Mark, Monday?

# HOWARD J. ODEN

IAMS ANGELES, Dec. 28 -(Spl.)-Blame for the death of Howard J. Coden, 65, was placed by a coroners Jury restrictsy upon Shelbs Nixon 35, of 3001 Vaniforn avenue, who

A metorcycle officer, who pursued and arrested Nixon reported that the man was intoxicated. Otten, terribly injured as he was fauled to the payement, died a few hours later as the Methodist hospital.

Howard J. Otten was a resident of the Talent district for everal years and has many friends in the Rogue Street valley. He was a brother of Mrs. John Millard of Medford,

## Loan President's

As, of soil variflors avenue, who will face a drunk driving charge and possibly a manulamphor accusation for minking Oden off the running board of his moving car in the mindelle of heavy traffic.

Witnesses at the inquest testified, white seems and the induced to drive away. As he did so, the chords man jumped to the running board of Nicon's machine is an electric to stop him. For several thocks oden clittle to the car intil at Alas and I load to the control of the c

# **RED CROSS LAUDS**

The belief that better days appear n sight for the apple grower was expressed here today by V. C. Follenius, general manager of the Apple Growers association of Hood River,

who recently returned from a sales There are two factors of importance in suggesting betterment in the apple market situation, he said. Perapple market situation, he said, Per-haps the chief of these is Vie les-sened competition from Canada. Holdings there have reached close to the vanishing point, according to re-cent word.

and meant for them proof of a real Santa Claus.

Miss Roberts asked the Mail Trib-une to express to the public her ap-preciation of the assistance of the Kiwanis, the Episcopal Sunday echool. Mrs. L. D. Meservey, as chairman announced the following program:

Recitation, Mrs. Ada Byrd: Christman play, Nell Dunn, Cora True, Miland KMED station and the many individuals who contributed either directly or through purchase of the food
baskets arranged at Marsh's grocery
and the Groceleria to be given out
to needy families by the Red Gross.

Pender and and repairing, per
right Brill Sheet Me. cent word.

Affecting the situation generally,
Follonius said, is the fact that holdings are less in two of the varieties,
Newtowns and Spitzenbergs, than
normal for this period. Anjou pears
show a like situation.

"There is a reneral feeling among." "There is a general feeling among om of the depression, in its national aspects, was reached some time last August, and that since that time conditions and values have become

"Conditions are certainly no worse right Brill Sheet Metal Works."

retary of the local Red Cross, yester-day expressed her appreciation of the fine co-operation of organizations and individuals who contributed food, guests present. As Mrs. Clara Kincald toys, and other things which made possible the distribution of Christ-man and the contributed of the transport of the transport of the transport. happy meeting of Upper Valley Comfine co-operation of organizations and individuals who contributed food, toys, and other things which made possible the distribution of Christmas baskets to needy families throughout the country.

All day Saturday, representatives of families unfortunately unable themselves to provide the material necessities for a happy Christmas in helir homes, called at Red Cross headquarters for the generous supplies which gladdened many a child's heart and, meant for them proof of a real Santa Claus.

Miss Roberts asked the Mail Tribune to express to the public her applies will and Mrs. True will be hostesses.

## went to Cora True as the "Part Kid." to Bess Homes as the "Nanghtiest Kid" and Floy Moore as the "Pret-tiest Kid."

tiest Kid."

Mrs. Inlow and Mrs. Edgehill were guests of the club.

Miss Eunice Hager took her primary choir to Medford Saturday where they choir to Medicia Satistics, Making sang several two-part songs. Making the trip were Albert Newbry, Kenneth Thompson, Josephine Peachey, Kath-erine Peachey, Betty Dunn, Lois Bell, Alberta Russell and Fern Biers.

# GIRL A VICTIM

WHEATON, III, Dec. 28.—(AF)—Gangland today continued to hide the serret of the slaying of 10-year-old Gertrude Modrow as police turned from one clew to another without penetrating the veil of mystery that surrounded the case.

Police said circumstances of the finding of the girl's body early Christmas day alongaide a lonely road near Addison, III., bore all the earmarks of a "ride" victim.

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(Continued from Page One)

recently published here that certain European governments were privately complaining about getting bad debt advice from their New York banking connections.

Roosevelt private messengers are running around town thicker than Western Union boys. All claim to have the latest word from Albany shout what should be done on this

and that. Few carry credentials.

Friends of the president-effect here
are getting worried. They have passed
the word privately down the line that Bernard Baruch acted for Roosevelt only in the debt matter. They say the governor has not yet fully for-gowen the Chicago convention when Baruch was an active anti-Roosevelt

drink and is afraid that in that he is a tectoraler will see his district. Last summer be The doctors made him and brandy. He says it nearly kin Most of those stories about

ate tacking the miss tax on were planted by a Republica greasman . Sales tax sena not interested . They restnot interested. They rea sales tax and they do not get mixed up with heer. want to protect Mr. Hoove embarransing prospect of facomist on the Doak c udying technolog calls it "the Doak 500 year Only four ne Only four newspaper men to go to Florida with Pies ver. Before the election have gone with him.

Tammany Leader move is not what it look is the aurface—an attempt to m Parley no the head of the sta Parley to the nead of the stan mocracy. He has no such the of grandeur. Actually it is its salve of a bold and desperate of designed to entrench the organ for the city battle next fall.

Curry has decided he will ge where by singing tenor in the p veit-Lehman-Flynn - Farley he promoter.

Drinking does not seem to have anything to do with voting in congress. Meat of the wets in the house do not drink. Many (but not most) of the drys do.

There is the strange case of a Brooklyn, N. Y., congressman. He that Farley's patronage power has always been wet, but does not promote the control of the drys do. chorus. So he is deliberately

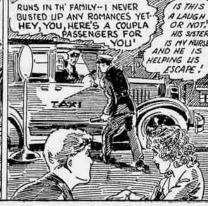
### TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Cupid With Brass Buttons!



PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 28.-(AP)-

outh," Follenius said, "that the bot-







## **BOUND TO WIN-Making Progress**





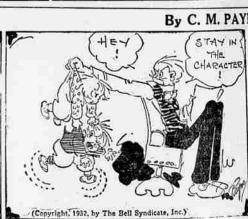




## S'MATTER POP-One Champ Who Fights In Self-Defense







## THE NEBBS-Why Worry?



### BRINGING UP FATHER









By George McMan

By SOL HES