

Buying Barbara

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

SYNOPSIS: Twenty years ago the arm of Quantia, Lody and Gene made good a fortune it had lost for Farrell Armitage. Quantia, the senior partner, died. Gene prospered, became a millionaire. Now Farrell has been expecting to propose to Lella, his daughter—but he met Barbara Quantia. Farrell declares he will marry Barbara, although Barbara is to marry the crippled Mark Lody in two days. Lella helps Farrell by sending him to take Barbara to a dance. While Barbara dresses, Farrell buys three pictures from Mark, and Mark accepts an invitation to visit Farrell in London on Thursday—the day set for his wedding. Farrell goes down to meet Barbara; she is wearing an emerald gown, but by Mark, Farrell does not like it.

Chapter 12

BARBARA did not seem either astonished or offended by his protest. There was not an atom of coquetry about her. She just looked inquiringly at him, the emerald taking all the color from her hair and her eyes. "I beg your pardon," Farrell amended. "One of my vanities is that I'm a judge of pictures"—he shifted the three landscapes slightly under his arm—"and that emerald isn't right. It isn't your stone. You should never wear anything but pearls and jade and—perhaps occasionally little old-fashioned sets of garnet or black opal. But mainly pearls."

Mrs. Lody's burst of laughter crashed out from the doorway. "So now you know, Baba! Pearls, pearls! Poor old Baba!" Her hoarse geniality filled the air. "Fact is, Mr. Armitage, you've not been properly introduced to our Baba. She's Toxeter's only dress-designer and interior decorator and general adviser on Art in the Home and so forth. And the only pearls coming her way are her own pearls of wisdom—"

"Cast before swine," supplemented Armitage, gently. Barbara made no answer. She took from a peg her coat that she had been wearing when Armitage first saw her and with a quiet—"Tomorrow evening as usual, Judy" she left the little house. 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. Lody. I'm hoping you'll come, too?" She looked astonished. "In a few days?"

"On Thursday, to be exact. I'm sending down a car for him." "This coming Thursday? Oh, but—" She was bewildered and, as he expected, she covered it with her inevitable laugh. Then she swung away from him and went plunging up the stairs.

He slammed her door shut and strode across the pavement. Barbara had got into the car—the DeVallet 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. Armitage." "Why not try her out? You might like her." "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.

"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 road and was heading cautiously for the open country round the bay.

"You're perfectly all right. You drive intelligently. Let her out a bit if it amuses you." "No, I'm not sure of myself. Besides, we mustn't go far. The dance—" "Wouldn't you rather drive my car than dance with me?" "Oh yes," she admitted. Then, as 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 crowded room isn't much fun. You feel too shattered."

She brought the Deyatlet to a standstill. A second car rattled past them and its lights showed him the faint rose staining her cheeks and the darker gold where the night-wind stirred amongst the roots of her hair. "Sure you're not cold?" "Not a scrap. Will you turn her or 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 Bogy's?" And didn't Mrs. Lody organize picnics there and tell us that the Bogy was hiding in a cave and would eat us if we waded too far out? I remember hoping that he would just peacefully let me drown, instead."

"I want to know two things," he said with determination. "The first—why don't you call me Farrell, when it is obvious that only by accident did we miss playing together in Bogy's Cove? And the second is, why not go down to Bogy Cove? I'm going back to Town tomorrow and I want to see the Bogy before I go."

"Yes, if you like. And certainly I'll call you Farrell, if you want me. Only, when we've looked at Bogy Cove, could you drive me to Toxeter?" "To Toxeter?" "To my—our new house; where Mark and I are going to live. A good many of our possessions are there already, 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 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 Bogy Cove that I no longer want to go to."

"Oh, but why? Of course, Toxeter's quite in the opposite direction." "Quite!" said Farrell, stepping out in order to go round to the driver's seat. "We'll leave out Bogy Cove until—some other time."

Wherefore, he shortly brought 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 lamp-post was sixty yards away. It was all dark and uncomfortable and now, he disapproved of everything.

He loathed the neighbors' smug little curtains and he loathed the distant cathedral. What he had seen of the rest of Toxeter he spurned likewise. . . He followed her silver slippers across the gravel that strewed her front pathway, and into the house.

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

"I'll see to it," said Armitage shortly. "You know you've got a ghastly bad 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 carry." Armitage lit the fire and drew the curtains. At once the room held a semblance of homeliness. One could imagine it full of people, of tobacco-smoke, of voices, even of gramophone music and shuffling feet. He wandered round it while she dipped into the pockets of her coat and produced a key.

"It is the key!" she exclaimed. "Or, at least, it fits the cupboard. Oh, Mark will be pleased! And these are portraits here." Unwillingly, Armitage sauntered up to inspect the portraits. "Or aren't you—would you rather not bother?" she asked, suddenly shy. "Mark would hate me to—to touch his work to anyone."

Armitage had looked at the first portrait for quite a minute before he realized that it was a portrait of a girl before a mirror. She wore, on a platinum chain, an emerald set in a spider's web of platinum. Nothing more. Her face was perfectly familiar. She was Lella Cava. (Copyright, 1932, Julia Cleft-Addams)

APPLE GROWERS TO SEE BETTER TIMES, IS WORD

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 28.—(AP)—The belief that better days appear in sight for the apple grower was expressed here today by V. C. Folienius, general manager of the Apple Growers association of Hood River, who recently returned from a sales trip in the east. There are two factors of importance in suggesting betterment in the apple market situation, he said. Perhaps the chief of these is the lessened competition from Canada. Holdings there have reached close to the vanishing point, according to recent word. Affecting the situation generally, Folienius 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 general feeling among business leaders in the east and south," Folienius said, "that the bottom of the depression, in its national aspects, was reached some time last August, and that since that time conditions and values have become more or less stabilized."

"Conditions are certainly no worse than I found them on my previous sales trip last August."

RED CROSS LAUDS CHRISTMAS AIDES

Miss Lillian Roberts executive secretary of the local Red Cross, yesterday expressed her appreciation of the fine 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 county. All day Saturday, representatives of families unfortunately unable themselves to provide the material necessities for a happy Christmas in their 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 appreciation of the assistance of the Kiwanis, the Episcopal Sunday school, the Business and Professional Women's organization, the Mail Tribune and KMEED station and the many individuals who contributed either directly or through purchase of the food baskets arranged at Marsh's grocery and the Groceries to be given out to needy families by the Red Cross.

Fender and Lady repairing. Prices right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.

BELLVIEW CLUB HAS CHRISTMAS PROGRAM AT COMMUNITY HOME

BELLVIEW, Dec. 28.—(Spl.)—A happy meeting of Upper Valley Community club was held Wednesday afternoon, with 34 members and guests present. As Mrs. Clara Kincaid was not able to attend, Mrs. Willis acted as president. During the business meeting a report of the treasurer, Mrs. Clark, showed a balance of a hundred dollars in the treasury. It was decided to rent the club house to young people of the community for \$4.00, if properly chaperoned. Several members agreed to make popcorn balls for the school children. Mrs. Homer Moore was appointed chairman of the program for the January meeting. Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Wallis and Mrs. True will be hostesses.

Mrs. L. D. Meservey, as chairman, announced the following program: Recitation, Mrs. Ada Byrd; Christmas play, Nell Dunn, Cora True, Mildred Clark, Bess Homes, Cella Andrews; recitation, Nell Dunn; skit, Mrs. Wallis and Mrs. True; recitation, Mrs. Deadman and recitation, Mrs. Koble.

Several games followed in which Mrs. Dunn and Mrs. Homes won prizes. Each girl was presented with a bag of candy and a gift. Prizes

GIRL A VICTIM OF GANGLAND RIDE

WHEATON, Ill. Dec. 28.—(AP)—Gangland today continued to hide the secret of the slaying of 10-year-old Gertrude Madow as police turned from one clue 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 alongside a lonely road near Addison, Ill., bore all the earmarks of a "ride" victim.

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HOOVER FEELING BITTER ON DEBT ATTITUDE OF F. R.

(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 about what should be done on this and that. Few carry credentials. Friends of the president-elect here are getting worried. They have passed the word privately down the line that Bernard Baruch acted for Roosevelt in the debt matter. They say the governor has not yet fully forgiven the Chicago convention when Baruch was an active anti-Roosevelt promoter.

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

There is the strange case of a Brooklyn, N. Y., congressman. He has always been wet, but does not

drink and is afraid that the that he is a teetotaler will get him the district. Last summer he was the doctors made him take brandy. He says it nearly killed him.

Most of these stories about the ate tacking the sales tax only were planted by a Republican congressman. . . Sales tax measure not interested. . . They really want sales tax and they do not want get mixed up with beer. . . They want to protect Mr. Hoover from embarrassing prospect of facing issues in one measure. . . A economist on the Doak commission is studying technological unemployment calls it "the Doak 500-year plan." Only four new men agree to go to Florida with President Hoover. Before the election 30 have gone with him.

Tammany Leader Curry's move is not what it looks like. The surface—no attempt to stop Farley as the head of the state democracy. He has no such desire of grandeur. Actually it is the desire to entrench the organization for the city battle next fall. Curry has decided he will not sell-Lehman-Flynn-Farley baron chorus. So he is deliberately set out to create a maximum value for himself in order to help a bargain when the time comes. He has from January when the new legislature meets to March 4 to show the opponent what an important fellow he is. That Farley's patronage power push him into the background.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Cupid With Brass Buttons!



What're you doin', sneakin' out with th' hospital silver-ware or playin' hooky to take in a movie?



Oh-is she-er-yes-I know her very well--if you're half as good a scout as she is--



Runs in th' family--I never busted up any romances yet--hey, you, here's a couple passengers for you!

BOUND TO WIN—Making Progress



You see, Jim, Mr. Digger thinks that Jonathan and Mrs. Black are counterfeiters, too--it seems like we all have deposited some bad money in the bank at one time or another!



Bunk! That's what I mean! Jonathan Cobby, a millionaire in his own right, is going to make counterfeit money, I suppose? And Mrs. Black, who's getting rich by honest means is a counterfeiter, and Ben Webster, who--



Owns his own farm and makes good money at it and has the best reputation of anybody around hillsides suddenly decides to become a counterfeiter! Crankage oil, Mr. Digger? Crankage oil!

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



I'm champeen of the world!



Yeah, but I won't fight unless I get a million dollars for it!



Hey! Stay in the character!

THE NEBBS—Why Worry?



Good morning, Miss Danford, I see you survived the party.



Well, if I can add anything to your comfort and contentment while I'm here it would make me happy--I have my car here--you're welcome to it--the chauffeur isn't doing a thing but posing for the natives.



No, thank you, and you must not send me flowers--in a place like this, people do not understand and I can't afford to have people have a wrong opinion of me.



What do you care what they think? If you're going to worry about people's opinion of you you won't have time to worry about something worth-while.



Well, who are you?



Well, if you are so mighty, I'm Mr. Jiggs' secretary--may I ask who are you?

BRINGING UP FATHER



HOWARD J. ODEN KILLED IN L. A.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 26.—(Spl.)—Blame for the death of Howard J. Oden, 63, was placed by a coroner's jury yesterday upon Shelby Nixon, 35, of 3901 Vanhook avenue, who will face a drunk driving charge and possibly a manslaughter accusation for pushing Oden off the running board of his moving car in the middle of heavy traffic.

Witnesses at the inquest testified that last Sunday afternoon Nixon ran into Oden's car and then attempted to drive away. As he did so, the elderly man jumped to the running board of Nixon's machine in an effort to stop him. For several blocks Oden clung to the car until, at Aliso and Los Angeles streets, Nixon pushed him off and drove away.

Loan President's Sentence Upheld

OLYMPIA, Wash., Dec. 28.—(AP)—Conviction of W. D. Comer, former president of the now defunct Puget Sound Savings and Loan association of Seattle, of publishing a false statement of assets of the institution, was affirmed today by the state supreme court. His appeal was based on the contention his indictment was insufficient, that it failed to charge to whom the statement was made.

By GLENN CALLE and HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By C. M. PAYN

By SOL HES

By George McManus