

Buying Barbara

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

...change the cruel, crippled Mark Lodely into a well-meaning and successful artist. Harrell has fallen in love with Mark's fiancee, Barbara Quentin, and has persuaded her to give him a year to win her. As yet the only bond between them, besides their compact, is the knowledge that before Mark gave Barbara a hand-drawn portrait, he had painted Lella's portrait. It was the painting that had given away Mark and Lella's secret.

Chapter 18

MARK IN A TANTRUM
"Mark, you'll kindly let me in," commanded Mrs. Lodely. Her untidy bulk was planted outside her son's door and her loud voice held every indication of authority. But she did not look as though she expected to be obeyed. When the door remained contemptuously shut, she changed to a whine.

"Mark, it's not fair of you to go behavin' like this! It's not fair to me and it's not fair to Barbara. She'll be here directly—last thing she said to me last night was she'd be round as usual. She'll talk about with Thursday, the wedding and one thing and another, and you can't expect me to be the one to tell her you've postponed it again."

"Be quiet," requested Mark's voice, so close to the key-hole that she gasped, startled. "And go away." She stood with her foolish mouth gaping. Then her heart-beats slowed and she made off down the stairs. Not till she reached the bottom did she reflect that it was beyond all reason to be frightened. What was Mark, after all, but her own child? He ought to be ashamed—

But she did not go up to that closed door again. She was pottering about in the little hall, muttering to herself, when there was a step on the porch. She lunged forward, knocking the umbrella-stand out of its niche, and opened the door to Barbara.

"How is Mark?" It was the first question asked by anyone who came to Kings Barn. Invariably, Mrs. Lodely replied, in the vernacular of her youth—"Oh, none so dusty!" To Barbara Quentin, however, she said it with a difference. There was an evasion in it.

"He's had a bad day?" Barbara's hands went motionless amongst the belongings of her coat.

"My dear girl, I haven't seen him since you have! After you'd gone off with Farrell Armitage last night, I found the door shut and you know well enough no power on earth'll make Mark open a door if he don't want to! And this mornin' he lay low—without so much as a cup of coffee—and this afternoon I had to run out to make excuses for him at the bank and do some shopping, although I swear he went out somewhere after I'd gone, by the time I was back he'd locked himself in again."

Barbara took her usual chair by the fire. Mrs. Lodely, astride the hearth, scrutinized her more closely than was her custom.

Barbara laid her hand suddenly back against the dark wood of her chair and closed her eyes. There were such shadows under them that Mrs. Lodely's habitual laughter twinkled in her throat.

"What is it?" she thought struck her—"I believe I know what's gettin' you. It's about Mark goin' up to town with this young millionaire of ours and it's rotten for you, of course it is. But you know if Mark goes taken up by a really rich man, well, it'll be the makin' of him. You surely see that!"

"I see that," echoed Barbara. She had not opened her eyes.

"Toppin' of you to take it like that!" breezed Mrs. Lodely. "Look here, Babs, why don't you and he get married before he goes to town. First thing Thursday mornin'?"

"I can't marry him on Thursday."

Mrs. Lodely's jerky movement sent a vase slithering off a what-not.

"I've somethin' I want to tell you," she said, "about you and Mark. Somethin' to do with money."

"What money, Judy?"

On many and many a night when her troubled thoughts had merged into troubled sleep, Mrs. Lodely had dreamed that Barbara Quentin re-

used, at the last, to marry Mark. In the dream there had followed a sharp fear and then the decision to speak. "Babs, if you'll marry him, there will be money. A lot of money." So familiar had the give and take of the dream become that it had by its very familiarity betrayed her.

Retraced her; for, as Barbara's eyes opened and fastened themselves upon her, she grasped her mistake. Barbara had not meant that she refused to marry Mark.

"What money, Judy?"

"My own m-money," she said, stuttering a little as she often did when making a great effort to concentrate. "It's precious little but I've bin thinkin' that it'd help you if Mark had it. Keep him in canvas and oils. He's always borrowed as much of it as he could, anyway—her laugh was rueful—"best make it over to him entirely. Especially now we know he's blown his Aunt Alice's legacy."

"But what on earth do you propose to live on yourself if you give your income to Mark?"

"I thought p'raps I could get a job somewhere. Somethin' to do with horses and dogs. Of course, I suppose to you I seem a pretty useless old hulk—" she was slipping into a whine—"but I've been told a dozen times I'd have made a wonderful kennel-woman. I've had it in mind a long time. Give the somethin' to do when you've taken Mark away."

"I think you had better find your job before you part with your income," said Barbara languidly.

"Thanks for the advice!" Mrs. Lodely retorted. "But, y'know, your generation doesn't always get the laugh of us old 'uns. I was out in the world before you were in your cradle and I don't need teachin' the alphabet just because you're scrapin' a livin' as a dressmaker." She felt her face grow red and made a last clutch at her self-control. "However there's no need for us to quarrel. I don't want to quarrel, I'm sure."

She plumped herself by the hearth and poked violently and unskillfully at the fire. When she had reduced a quite pleasant flame to a thin plume of smoke, Barbara took the poker from her and coaxed back life and light to the embers. Her lips remained closed.

"What's the matter with you?" shot out Mrs. Lodely. "Sayin' nothin' like that is jolly nasty sulkin'."

"I'm sorry if I was a bit hasty," she apologized. "I'm upset myself by all Mark's shilly-shallyin'."

"If you haven't talked to Mark since last night," asked Barbara, after a pause, "how do you know that he is going to London on Thursday?"

Mrs. Lodely found herself meekly explaining.

"Why, he—Farrell Armitage—told me about it just as you and he were gettin' into his car! I thought it was a bit odd of him—"

"I see . . . I think I hear Mark moving about upstairs."

"I don't . . . didn't you like our young millionaire, Babs?"

"Don't you think it is rather offensive perpetually to refer to him in that way?"

"Well, I'm dashed!"

Barbara had sprung to her feet and only by a miracle did her chair, pushed violently back, miss the rickety china-cabinet behind her. The wild-rose flush had gone from her cheeks. She looked white; wild, reckless, at bay. . . . She walked unsteadily to the window and peered out between the heavy, dusty curtains.

"I didn't get any sleep last night," she said. "I'm sorry, Judy dear. I've worked all day. I'm tired out."

Mrs. Lodely took a long breath. This was more like it.

She turned in her chair.

"What did you do with the million with Farrell Armitage?" she asked.

The words came to Barbara through such a fog of fatigue and dismay that they caused her no embarrassment whatever. Vaguely she guessed that Judy, at least, would never again really matter. Oh, if only she had someone to hold on to. Someone strong!

In any case, there was no need to answer Judy, because Mark was coming down the stairs.

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Mark goes off on a new tack, Monday.

MOONEY DEFENSE HITS CRITICS OF CALLICOTTE YARN

Police Captain's Discount of 'Confession' by Portlander Draws Hot Fire From Moulders Committee

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 4.—(AP)—The recent report of Charles Goff, San Francisco police captain, discounting the "confession" of Paul M. Callicotte, Portland, Ore., mountaineer, that he unwittingly planted the bomb in the 1916 preparedness parade here, was attacked here today in a statement which the Tom Mooney moulder defense committee said was Callicotte's reply.

The statement branded Goff's questioning of Callicotte as a mere attempt to destroy the authenticity of his confession; asserted Goff and his colleagues, Police Captain Charles Maher, used a "stool pigeon" in an attempt to spy upon him in Portland; shrouded their movements in secrecy; excluded the Mooney defense and press representatives on one occasion

during the questioning; endeavored to elicit untrue answers from him, and intercepted his mail.

Tried to Sell Story.

The Callicotte statement admitted that he first sent his "confession" in fiction form to an eastern publication but contended it was the truth with the exception of some substitution of names. It was stated the fiction work was examined by an editor of the Portland Oregonian, which published the "confession" and that an Oregonian editor asked him outright if one of the substituted names did not represent himself, which he said was the case.

The Callicotte statement asserted Goff was "one of Mooney's framers and wholly disqualified to conduct a fair and impartial investigation"; constituted little more than a personal attack upon the mountaineer and "included statements of the authenticity of my confession by responsible individuals, newspapers, periodicals, and makes no mention whatever of such significant corroborative testimony as that of my residence at the H. T. Crisman home, the testimony of Officer Gaddy and the pictures I took (allegedly of the scene of the blast) the day following the explosion." Callicotte was living with Crisman in Oakland at the time.

Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings were convicted of the bombing and are serving life sentences.

To Be Postmaster.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—(AP)—Clarence H. Penland was today nominated postmaster of Pendleton, Ore. Fender and body repairing. Prices right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.

BOY SCOUTS HAVE SPORT IN SNOW AT LAKE IN HOLIDAYS

Twenty-one boy scouts of Crater Lake district, accompanied by Scout Executive Oscar E. Hoover and Dr. Dan E. Standard of Phoenix, returned to Medford from Crater national park the last of the week, following five days in winter camp, during which time winter sports were enjoyed by the party.

The boys were met at the snow barrier by cars from the park headquarters and were taken to the shop building, the upstairs of which had been arranged for their quarters. Talks during the five days were given by Ranger Charles Simpson who told the several theories concerning the formation of Crater lake, and information about skiing and ski wax.

Assistant Superintendent D. S. Libbey spoke on the park history and "Happy" Fuller of the snow plow crew told about his work, and answered the various questions concerning the cost and amount of work accomplished by the plow. Mr. Long gave a "cartoon talk" on the mountains and a brief report of his 18 months' trip to Russia.

Methods of battling pine beetles, and interesting data on trees in the

Crater park were told by Ranger Frank Solinsky.

On Friday the boys made a journey on skis to the rim of Crater lake, and when they reached the lodge, they were greeted by Mrs. Harry Harding, wife of the caretaker there, who had prepared a large supply of doughnuts for the scouts.

Superintendent of Park E. G. Solinsky paid a visit to headquarters to see that the boys were comfortably located, and spent some time with the scouts.

A number of pictures were taken by Ranger Simpson and were developed at headquarters so that the boys might see them.

Executive Hoover said today that the radio program broadcast Friday morning at 10:15 o'clock over KMEB, which gave the names of the boys in the party, was greatly enjoyed by the group who were listening in, as well as their parents in the valley. They reported a blizzard raging when they left the park via Fort Klamath and Flammah Falls Saturday.

Pendleton's Bank Holiday Extended

PENDLETON, Jan. 4.—(AP)—The Pendleton bank holiday which started October 18, was continued today by proclamation of Jack Allen, newly-installed mayor. The First National Bank officials are continuing the work of signing depositors to agreements so the bank may reopen soon for normal business under plans of the comptroller of currency and the reconstruction finance group.

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

MAY CUT C. M. T. C. SUMMER DRILLS TO SAVE MONEY

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—(AP)—Probability that the war department bill will provide funds for 48 drills a year for the National Guard, but will cut the sum for citizens' military training camps was seen today by Representative Collins of Mississippi, chairman of the committee now in charge of the war bill.

He is an advocate of use of all modern methods to increase the of-

fensive power of the soldier, but opposes large personnel.

Hearings have been concluded, but the bill has not yet been drafted. The budget bureau recommended abolition of the \$2,000,000 annual appropriation for the C. M. T. C., but the war department insisted upon at least \$1,000,000. This sum was reached as a compromise and probably will be included in the bill.

As to the National Guard, Collins said unless one drill a week is given, it might as well be abolished. The guard has been drilling about 48 times a year under present appropriations. The increased number of drills will result in an outlay of about \$7,000,000, according to figures laid before Collins.

Patronize Home Industry. Buy Whitelaw's Chocolates. Keep that money at home.

Real Estate or Insurance—Leave it to Jones. Phone 799.

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Betty Has Her Own Way!

BOUND TO WIN—Observing Jim!

S'MATTER POP—Ambrose, The Young Financier

THE NEBBS—My Apologies

BRINGING UP FATHER

POET LAUREATE VISITS AMERICA

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—(AP)—John Massfield, poet laureate of England, and Mrs. Massfield arrived yesterday, and will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont. Later they will go to Arizona. This is the fifth visit Massfield has made to America. The first was 40 years ago, when he was a lad of 16 and came to America to seek his fortune. He remained two years on that visit, worked on a farm, later was employed in a New York saloon, and after that in a carpet factory in Yonkers, where he began his first important writing. The poet explained today the nature of his barroom work 40 years ago. He had not, he said, attained the position of bartender, and never got above washing glasses and serving drinks to "great thirst at round tables." "I was not a bartender," he said. "There was nothing so splendid as that."

SOVIET TO HANG 'CLASS ENEMIES'

KOLSHNIKOV, U. S. S. R., Jan. 4.—(AP)—Five men were sentenced to death today for the murder of a 13-year-old boy who had exposed them to the authorities as "class enemies." The case was an almost exact parallel of the recent murder of two young brothers in the nearby village of Gerasimovka, under similar circumstances. Thirteen-year-old Nikolai Mikolotin was waylaid and shot to death by kulaks, independent farmers, whom he had accused of stealing produce and property from the collective farms.

Quarantine Asylum Account Influenza

SALIM, Jan. 4.—(AP)—The state hospital at Salim was placed under quarantine today because of the influenza epidemic. The state board of control ordered the quarantine placed until further notice is given. No visitors will be permitted during quarantine period.

By EDWIN ALGER

By C. M. PAYNE

By SOL HESS

By George McManus

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