

# Buying Barbara

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

**SYNOPSIS:** Farrell Armitage has agreed to launch Mark Lodely as an artist and to secure medical aid to cure his crippled body in return for the promise of Barbara Quentin, Mark's fiancée, that she will not marry Mark for a year. Mark, cruel and calculating, arranges to faint just as he arrives at Farrell's London house in Farrell's car. It is the eccentric actress, Patsy Raoul, who exposes Mark by blowing smoke in his face. Mark sneezes.

## Chapter 22 THE FUR FLIES

"SERVES you right, Mark!" declared Mrs. Lodely when the general amusement had subsided. "All the same," she added, "he really does faint—for a minute or two. Losses himself altogether, if you know what I mean. S'pose you come upstairs now, Mark? There is an elevator."

"Most of the way," put in Farrell. He was beginning to feel slightly uncomfortable about the elevator. He looked at Mark but Mark had become absorbed in his torment.

"You make the most extraordinary impression on me," he was telling her. "Oh, of course, I've heard of you and seen photographs but I never imagined you were really like this. How stimulating to be so very ugly! I should like to do a portrait of you."

"You?" Miss Raoul scoured him with her eyes. "You—meo-floere, een-seeg-noo-foe-cang? I laugh a cholm. Wie me pain? Vene me. Study of an Actress. Grindles extra-porines that I give sitting-down. Another sketch the caricature. But you? Pracht!"

"You wouldn't be so rude to me if you really thought me negligible," retorted Mark. He was still upon the couch but had propped himself up on his hands; the white, unbecoming fingers dug into the upholstery. "As for my ugliness, it is very doubtful whether your success will be more than a passing whim; whereas mine, if it comes to pass at all, will endure."

"I say already I am immortal!" "You only immortality will be my payment of you, I think, and even then they will doubt whether I did not dream you. In short," said Mark still peering sideways, "you have had to introduce yourself to me. The situation is a delicate one."

"Well, Lodely, what do you—?" Miss Raoul hurried Armitage's intervention aside. "I myself introduce to you?" she shrieked. "And I come-man to you? I should speak to you to give you encouragement only! Where shall the world ever of you be? Not anywhere! Not anywhere except—"

Lella at this point seized her friend by the arm and propelled her to the front door. Thomas, the footman, shot forward and opened it and at the same moment Gafken, who had been secretly urging Mrs. Lodely in the direction of the elevator, got her into it and sped with her to an upper story.

The sudden blessed silence hummed in Armitage's ears. He surveyed Mark over the deserted little field.

"Have a drink?" he asked. "Mark had collapsed some more upon the couch and, on his back began to chuckle.

"So that's Patsy Raoul! I'd so like I should meet her here and so soon. Could you follow her last few phrases? Pure savantism. . . I shall prefer her smiling jaw-bone in a mirror, I think—bright red boots."

Armitage was supposed to make the skin-woman. "I don't want you to see yourself. If you want like a handy job go upstairs. I'd like to know if your quarters will suit you."

He followed Mark's slow progress into the elevator. Mark dropped upon the bench that ran along one side and said fervently—"All my life I have dreaded stairs. You won't understand that, but imagine yourself in pain all through some apparently endless night and your sedative—what-eyer it is—separated from you by forty-three distinct and progressively painful efforts."

"There is a short flight for you to tackle here, I'm afraid," apologized Armitage. "The top floor used to be the servants' quarters in my father's time. Then he converted the back into a staff-wing; but the elevator shaft was never taken any higher."

"But why stow me so high up?" "Because it seemed to make the best—workroom for you."

The lift had now completed its ascent, but Mark remained seated,

gazing despairingly out at this upper hall along which Armitage proposed to lead him. His mournful eyes came to rest on a door opposite. The door had been thrust ajar, obviously by the dogs, who now lay in guilty ecstasy all over a plain, narrow bed.

"D'you think I could lie down for a bit somewhere before I see those stairs, Armitage?" Silently Armitage ushered him in. His own room, this; a bare, light, almost forbidding apartment. Mark hobbled into it with a gasp of pleasure.

"Oh, by Jove, I like this room! The light is perfect. I could do a lot here. I say, Armitage, need I go anywhere else? Go treating me in sympathy with this meowingly in sympathy with this room. . . What a fool I am! I thought it was a guest-room. I thought you had dozens of guest-rooms. I see now—" his gaze swept Armitage's personal possessions—"that this is your own. I'll get out—I can rest anywhere. His crutch slipped as he turned.

Armitage contemplated him. The fellow was fatigued to the point of collapse; that was undeniable. Yet one knew perfectly well that at sight of the dogs and the bed he had guessed whose room this was.

"By all means, sleep here if you want to," said Armitage, catching the terriers. "I'll clear out of it. There's a bathroom through that door."

"I hadn't imagined your taste to be so simple," said Mark dropping, without even a pretence of further protest, on to the bed. "If you'll have that cupboard moved near the door I can set up my easel between the windows."

"As you like. But—" "I don't apologize for causing so much trouble because I believe that my work will repay you. If I didn't believe it I shouldn't have come here at all.

"At first, on that evening you came to see me at Kings Barn, I took it that you invited me from some obscure personal liking; but now I have thought it over, and see that I flattered myself. It was my possible talent that intrigued you, wasn't it? Nothing else."

Armitage dug his hands into his pockets. "Fad it that way, if you choose." "You don't but it that was your—?"

Armitage glared at the carpet. Again, the overwhelming impulse to kick the crap out of . . . "I have never been so tired before," whispered Mark and let his head fall back.

Armitage walked out. He could stand no more. He went up the much debated staircase and wandered about, deep in thought. Next to the new studio was Mark's bedroom or what was to have been his bedroom. Jacques Malville Ltd. had seen that, too. Armitage entered it. Certainly, it was on the elegant side. But then, he could have sworn that Mark Lodely would be slightly flummoxed.

Perhaps he was, but if at that moment it entertained him to deny it—to demand bare walls and an old leather chair?

Armitage picked up the telephone. He gave Malville's number. Presently he was in communication. "Look here, I'm sorry, but the bedroom you did for my friend, next to the studio, is a mistake. No, in the least your fault. I misled you. The general effect is too pretty-pretty. I want it changed."

"Oh? Well, I must accept your judgment, of course," came in the absurd, scholarly tones, "though I will confess that a second attempt is always disheartening to me. You may remember—"

"I want one of the downstairs bedrooms copied exactly. It oughtn't to take you more than a couple of days."

"Certainly. The style is—?" "There isn't one. That's what you've got to copy."

Armitage cut off and tied another number; the firm that had installed the elevator. Again, he managed to get immediate touch with the principals.

"I want your opinion at once," he said, "on the possibility of carrying my elevator up another floor. . . Yes, to the top of the house. . . Yes, I realize that, but the expense has become a secondary consideration. . . Yes. Thank you."

Then he went down in search of Mrs. Lodely.

Lella mentions, tomorrow, a plan of great importance to Barbara.

# CLOUDS AND RAIN MARK DECEMBER WEATHER RECORD

Monthly meteorological notes for December, as prepared by W. J. Hutchinson, meteorologist, show that, except for a short period from the 8th to 15th, when low temperatures and clear skies prevailed, the month was one of continued cloudy, unsettled and wet weather. Temperatures during the cold period averaged well below normal, but moderate temperatures throughout the balance of December resulted in a monthly average comparing favorably with previous records.

Precipitation in amounts ranging from a trace to 0.79 inches occurred on 21 days. The heaviest rains were confined to the last half but were well distributed throughout that period. Total precipitation amounted to 2.93 inches, being short of the normal by 0.18 inch. The greatest 24-hour rainfall was recorded on the 22nd and 23rd as 0.94 inches. Seasonal rainfall, totaling 27.27 inches at the close of December, was also deficient by 0.18 inches. Traces of snowfall occurred, mostly mixed with rain, on several dates.

The predominance of overcast skies is shown by the fact that the first 8 days and the last 16 days of the month were totally cloudy. The 15th was recorded as partly cloudy and the 6 days remaining were clear. Fog-giness occurred frequently throughout the month, but as compared with former records, was not excessive.

1	46	36	41	01	Cloudy
2	52	43	48	T.	Cloudy
3	50	39	44	T.	Cloudy
4	49	38	40	T.	Cloudy
5	49	29	30	T.	Cloudy
6	36	25	30	0	Cloudy
7	31	27	29	0	Cloudy
8	33	13	22	T.	Cloudy
9	26	18	0	0	Clear
10	26	4	15	0	Clear
11	27	3	15	0	Clear
12	38	8	23	0	Clear
13	42	15	28	0	Clear
14	44	13	28	0	Clear
15	42	13	28	0	P. Cldy.
16	47	31	39	03	Cloudy
17	43	33	39	09	Cloudy
18	49	34	42	T.	Cloudy
19	49	34	42	T.	Cloudy
20	51	30	40	T.	Cloudy
21	39	30	34	0	Cloudy
22	51	31	41	56	Cloudy
23	42	34	38	48	Cloudy
24	39	32	36	06	Cloudy
25	45	36	40	02	Cloudy
26	42	39	40	48	Cloudy

# EX-SERVICE MEN MEETING MONDAY

A meeting of special interest to all Legionnaires is scheduled for this evening, at the Legion hall in the Medford Armory, according to Commander Lee Garlock, and all ex-service men as well as members of the Legion are urged to attend. A number of items of interest to all veterans will come before the meeting for discussion and action, and it is promised that the topics to be considered will be well worthy of attention.

# MENS AND BOYS CLOTHING NEEDED IN RELIEF WORK

An urgent need for men's and boys' clothing was reported Saturday by the Welfare Exchange, where 341 garments had been distributed to needy families before 4 o'clock. Overalls for growing boys, underclothes for men and children, and bedding, are at the present time desperately needed to fill the demands coming into the exchange from all sections of the county, it was stated.

The Welfare Exchange is also cooperating with the Red Cross in making up the material obtained by the Red Cross, into garments to supply the need constantly voted to the local chapter. The work is done in the sewing room in the old city hall on North Front street, where the Welfare Exchange is also operated.

Speaking of the need for bedding and blankets Saturday, the workers said there is plenty of material for the backs of comforters, but nothing with which to stuff them. Cotton or wool for filling must be obtained in order to complete the quilts.



# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Throws A Bluff!



# BOUND TO WIN—Step Number Two



# SMATTER POP—Ambrose Plans To Get Even



# THE NEBBS—Ask Me Another



# BRINGING UP FATHER



# MANN, PERRY, PATTON BECOME TRUSTEES

Announcement was made Saturday by F. H. Westfeldt, developer of the Skispy Memorial park that John C. Mann, J. A. Perry and Hamilton Patton have accepted appointments as trustees of the company. All prominent business men, the three new members of the board will work with Porter J. Neff and Dr. H. P. Mortenson, also trustees. The First National bank of this city is trustee for the memorial park, which is known as "The park of perpetual care."

# SCHOLARSHIP OFFERED BY ALBANY COLLEGE

ALBANY, Ore., Jan. 9.—(Sp.) A new scholarship available to one graduating student from each high school of the state is announced by Albany college, effective January 30, when the new semester begins. The scholarship will be awarded by the principal, upon proven scholarship and character, and will entitle the holder to half of his first year's tuition at Albany college, contingent on his graduation from the college. Application for the scholarship should be made to the principal of the high school.

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