

# Buying Barbara

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

SYNOPSIS: Crisp, crippled, a repent Mark Lodely settles himself in the London house of the millionaire Farrell Armitage, ready for Armitage to make good a promise to establish him as an artist. He even takes Farrell's room, although Farrell has fitted an expensive suite for Mark. Barbara Quinlan, Mark's fiancée, has agreed to postpone their wedding a year. Farrell hopes to win her in that time. Meanwhile Lella Goss, who loves Mark, has sold Patsy Raoul, eccentric actress, to have an affair with Mark.

## CHAPTER 24 ENCOUNTER NO. TWO

It was not on that evening but the next that Mark Lodely sat in the Novelty theater and watched Patsy Raoul.

He sat at the back of the box, his eyes keen with excitement. Down below on the stage, bare except for a table and a chair and a screen, Patsy Raoul, thin, plain, draped in greenish black, was being a whole dispensary full of women; all of them were under-nourished, some dandified infants, one confessed to being "nearly as drunk as I was last Christmas."

Patsy Raoul was also the dispenser, the nurse and the policeman who came in once to restore order and once to fetch the drunken woman home because her child had just been burned to death.

"Doctor, yew'll ave ter gimme a drop of something fer me nerves now, woncher?"

Then there was the crash of hand-clapping and the wondering murmur that lifts a success to a sensation. Mark did not clap but he leaned forward, trying to will her to look up.

She had eyes for no one yet. She nodded, curly enough, to the packed house and then moved the screen, revealing a piano. She sat down to it and began to talk, to muse aloud to the gaping comment of the music. Barbara began to smile; suddenly she was singing in French and smiles broadened, those who could not understand her showing a rather more open appreciation than those who could.

Then she sang, surprisingly true and sweet, a little country love-song, Mark peered at his program and discovered that this was a composition of her own. He had somehow thought it might be.

When she had finished and taken her last call, he had to sit back. He had not looked up. He waited for the interval, then summoned an attendant.

"I want to see Miss Raoul before she leaves the theater."

"I could take your card, sir, but—"

"That will be all right. She will see me."

He waited, smiling to himself, tapping a parcel with his long fingers. The next "turn" was over before the attendant returned with the message that Miss Raoul would see him. Even then he did not hurry; he adjusted his crutch, his parcel and himself with care. It was fully ten minutes later, after an unfurled journey up and down stairs and along passages in the wake of a sympathetic dresser, that he entered Miss Raoul's room.

It held a good many people, none of whom paid him particular attention. He did not resent this—he sank down on a couch and undid his parcel. From the welter of conversation he gathered that amongst those present were a woman writer, a man-dressmaker and an individual in a bowler-hat who had come about a little matter that was to have been settled last Monday. On an opposite couch a man younger than Mark craned forward to see Miss Raoul and then huddled back again and drew furtively what he had seen.

Mark watched him without rancor. He was quite sure his work was very bad.

After a reasonable time, as the criss-cross of talk showed no prospect of abating, Mark dragged himself along the couch, and, bending a little, swung his parcel neatly onto Miss Raoul's table. It displaced some jars and bottles and the man-dressmaker turned to stare; but Miss Raoul, still armed with the bowler-hatted one, picked it up and mechanically began to undo it.

Her screech of excitement when Mark's sketches of lay open to her gaze, stamped her forever an artist. For these were not caricatures, they did not display her art but only herself, her ugliness, her unwomanliness. And yet they did not make her just any ugly scraw of a woman. She was magnificently—someone.

She pushed the admiring circle aside.

"Go! Be away! I have not money now, not anything, I am broke. Which why should I check you when I have not any money?" There was a great deal of noise but she flapped the sketches in their faces and at last pushed the other artist bodily outside. "Me—genius, you miscreants!" she shouted, slammed the door upon them and came to sit upon the couch next to Mark.

"They're better than anyone else's, so far. They're me. What are they appearing in?" She had abandoned her "jargon" without any explanation, and Mark's surprised chuckle was tribute to her good sense.

"D'you mean, what periodical? None, I've not offered them anywhere."

"You're giving them to me, then?"

"Oh dear no! If you want them, you can buy them. I'm asking twenty pounds each for them."

Miss Raoul, still in her make-up and her velvet, leapt to her feet, swore that she would throw him out after the others and sit down again beside him.

"I can't pay you for a bit," she informed him. "I really am broke."

"Then you'd better borrow from someone. I'm broke, too, and, in any case, I made up my mind years ago I'd never be careless about money if I had a chance of making any."

"I can't borrow. There's no one left to borrow from. Unless—I might get a favor out of Farrell Armitage."

"You'll do no such thing," said Mark sharply. "I'll do all the borrowing from Armitage. He's mine."

She relinquished the sketches abruptly, went back to her dressing-table and stared at herself in the glass.

"You're a bit above yourself, aren't you, Mr. Mark Lodely? Honestly?"

"I'm the usual temperamental artist. Ask Armitage."

"You can't pull that stuff with me—I've got a temperament myself! What's behind you? What are you doing?"

"Hating and loving."

She clicked her fingers impatiently.

"Who? Why?" As he did not reply, she answered herself—"One of the people you hate in Farrell Armitage. I understand that. Why do you take such a lot from him, then?"

"Perhaps because I rather think he's taking something from me."

Mark had spoken on impulse and because he liked the sound of the retort. And certainly, a part of his mind, perceptively alert had toyed with the idea that Armitage might be sentimentally interested in Barbara.

But it was an idea barely worth weighing. It didn't really matter whether it had any foundation. Barbara would never—it was faintly ridiculous to think of Barbara, the patient homemaker, as deserting in favor of a monied life. A slow-moving, plodding, home-loving creature—Barbara; an excellent type to settle down with, one day; a beautiful background to life.

"What did you say?" he asked Miss Raoul.

"I said I'd back Farrell Armitage against you any day of the week if he has really made up his mind to anything. He knows how to work and you don't."

Quite undisturbed Mark again indicated the sketches.

"There's work in those."

"I'm not so sure that there is," Miss Raoul examined them anew. "They're good, I don't deny that, but in a way I'm an easy subject just because I am such a freak. There's a good deal more luck than judgment about your work, so far."

This was a shrewd hit and secretly Mark accepted it; but coming from Patsy Raoul it roused him to retaliation.

"The same applies to your performance tonight!" he retorted. "Your ugliness was a make-weight—you relied on it heavily in the surgery sketch. You couldn't have held the stage three minutes with an ordinary plink and white kind of countenance."

"There's hard work behind it, anyway!" Miss Raoul thumped the table. "You can't work like I do, haven't got the guts—"

"I haven't a healthy body."

"Never mind that, you're the kind that won't work to your own capacity and you'll sit and make out it's the fault of being a cripple! You can't swing that pathetic stuff on me any more than the temperament. So don't try!"

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Mark seizes a curious chance to torture his hostess, Monday.

# LOGAN RECALLS STORMY DAYS IN JOSEPHINE COURT

Sidelights on a county court situation of more than 25 years ago in Josephine county, Jackson's neighbor, were recalled here today by a former commissioner in lieu of the local row, which has given this county, so they say, the name of "Little Russia" in regions to the north and south.

"I was county commissioner once myself," James T. Logan, well known mining man of Happy Valley, Cal., stated, "and during my two terms both judges pulled out their whiskers, and that's no lie."

"They started in with long, flowing beards and ended up clean shaven."

"When Judge J. C. Booth and Judge Stephen Jewell didn't like the way things sounded, they stroked their beards. There were a lot of things we didn't agree on down in Josephine county. Well, when their terms were a thing of the past, so were their whiskers," Mr. Logan concluded, "and they didn't have to stage a match on the courthouse, either. Of course I'm not suggesting that anyone got a beard."

And then to make a good story better, the man (who can see the

# PAIR IN SEDAN ROB PEDESTRIAN

KLAMATH FALLS, Jan. 11.—(AP)—Fred Jordan of Diamond Lake Staging was found lying beside the Dalles-Klamath highway this morning 6 miles north of Sun Mountain station.

The man and woman, autoists, who picked him up took Jordan to Beaver Marsh, where he revived sufficiently to say that he had been crowded from the highway last night by a large sedan and robbed and beaten by men in the sedan.

Sheriff Lloyd Low and Sergeant R. D. Davis of the state police went into northern Klamath county to investigate the story. Jordan operates a pumice plant.

# Astoria Theater Purchase Bared

ASTORIA, Ore., Jan. 11.—(AP)—C. F. Smith, Tillamook theater owner, and Floyd C. Foster of Astoria today announced the purchase of the Viking theater here from the McDonald-Godfrey interests of Eugene. Foster will be resident-manager.

Real Estate or Insurance—Leave it to Jones. Phone 796.

# JUNIOR HIGH STUDENT DISPLAYS ART WORK CHAMBER COMMERCE

An exhibit of splendid drawings and water color work by Gladys Sturlin, student of the local junior high school, is on display today at the Medford chamber of commerce and was attracting the attention of many passersby, generous in their words of praise for the young artist, this afternoon.

Creative work in the form of animal drawings, which express a thorough understanding of subject as well as the art of pen sketching was attracting most attention. In the pictures of horses, the young artist has achieved her greatest expression of action and life.

Beautiful color combinations and blending of colors into a pleasing harmony found in her water color work, which shows a finish unusual for one of her years, Miss Sturlin, however, has been drawing since babyhood, she stated yesterday and recently completed a course in commercial drawing to which she devoted much time during the past year.

# Floating Hat Is Clue To Tragedy

ALBANY, Ore., Jan. 11.—(AP)—Apparently dragged into the water by a team of horses, Lee Farley, 30,

# EXPECTANT MOTHER NOT TO BE HANGED

COLUMBIA, S. C., Jan. 11.—(AP)—Governor Blackwood today commuted to life imprisonment the death sentence of Mrs. Beatrice Ferguson Snipes, expectant mother, convicted of the murder of Elliott Harris, York rural policeman.

The governor's action came suddenly less than 24 hours after he had reiterated he would wait until the state supreme court acts on an appeal before considering petitions asking executive clemency.

Mrs. Snipes, 29-year-old mother of one child, expects the birth of another January 20.

# Father Kidnaps 6-Year Daughter

ROSEBURG, Ore., Jan. 11.—(AP)—Charged in a warrant issued at Los Angeles with kidnapping his own six-year-old daughter, Frederick Gordon Williams was arrested by state policemen today as he was hitch-hiking with the child into this city. Williams told the officers he started out with the child recently when he and his wife separated. Los Angeles authorities have been notified.

# VETERAN SENATOR IS CONGRATULATED

SALEM, Jan. 11.—(AP)—With congratulatory messages pouring in on him from every side, colleagues of Senator William H. Strayer of Baker, today took occasion to pay tribute to him and the record he has made during 18 years of continuous service in the senate on his 67th birthday.

Strayer is the dean of the upper house and the recognized leader of the Democrats in that body.

President Kiddle and Senators Woodward, Staples and John Goss complimented Senator Strayer on his long and conscientious service, paid tribute to his sound judgment and

# SPANISH EXTREMIST UPRISINGS COLLAPSE

MADRID, Jan. 11.—(AP)—An official report indicated today that simultaneous extremist uprisings throughout Spain against the Republican government apparently have collapsed.

Authorities, however, are taking extra precautions in Seville, Barcelona, Cadix and Madrid to prevent the movement from spreading to railroad, mine and metallurgical workers who thus far have had no part in the uprising.

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

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORRESTER

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Still Has One Trump T o Play

# BOUND TO WIN—The Bear Pit

By EDWIN ALGER

# S'MATTER POP—Ambrose Knows His Onions

By C. M. PAYNE

# THE NEBBS—The Brazen Hussy

By SOL HESS

# BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

# JOAN BOASTS BIG WEDDING DIAMOND

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—(AP)—Joan Blondell, movie actress, has come back to the city of her birth for her honeymoon with George Barnes, cameraman.

# SERVICE STATION MAN KILLS THUG

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 11.—(AP)—An attempt to rob a service station attendant ended fatally for Alvin R. Platt, 30, here, Lawrence Vance, 31, the attendant, shot Platt as he fled after rifling the station cash register.

# MONMOUTH, JAN. 11.—(AP)—Wiley Norton, 88, died Sunday near Lewisville after being an Oregon resident for 87 years. Norton's father, Lucius C. Norton, crossed the plains in 1845, bringing his family to Oregon.

# Bliss, Woolen and Knitted Dresses and Suits Reduced to \$3.95-6.95-10.95 and up. HETHLEWYN B. HOFFMANN.