

Buying Barbara

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

SYNOPSIS: At a luxurious party in a London hotel, young aristocrat Lord Lodely and arrogant young artist draw libelous caricatures of his hostess and demands that she buy them. He is the guest in London of Armitage, whose love for Barbara Queen has led him to promise to launch Mark as an artist in return for a woman's grace.

Barbara is engaged to marry Mark; in the year Farrell hopes to win her love for himself. Lella Gane helps Farrell because she also loves Mark.

Chapter 26
BLACKMAIL

CONSTANTIA J. JACOBSON did not struggle. She produced a check and a fountain pen and wrote in silence. Meanwhile Mark had wrapped the sketches in a napkin and tied them with the string from one of the silvery balloons tethered to the table.

By the time the duchess had come round to see what was going on, there was nothing to see. So Mark drew her instead, on the back of the menu.

He drew her as he thought she would like to be drawn—a smile over a bare shoulder, excessive length of eyelashes, excessive transparency of skirt. But he was getting exhausted. He calculated that he could only do another couple of im-

The young man smiled and his likeness to Armitage proved to be that of type only. The set of Armitage's mouth had always something hard about it; whereas this cheerful grin radiated a puppy-like complacence.

"Oh, I wonder if you're thinking of coming along yet? Armitage thought perhaps you might be. I'm his secretary—Kenneth Poole—he left me behind in New York, you know—I only got back today. Can I find your coat?"

It was quite evident to Mark that someone, probably McLoughlin, had reported him at Brandish Place as being incapable of speech or movement and he took pleasure in removing this impression.

"Thanks, I wish you would. I was half-expecting Armitage to send someone. When you're a lame duck, you see, you take kindnesses like that entirely for granted. People are so immensely decent."

Under the secretary's geniality, a flash of surprise showed.

"You look wonderfully fresh after your beano—you get saved a lot, I expect, by not dancing."

Mark found himself hatted, coated and, finally, driven away in the same car that had brought him up from Kings Mallard.

As the car drew up the door was

GREEN AND BLACK MILK BOTTLES TO CHECK RANCIDITY

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—(AP)—Luscious grass green, delicately striped with black, may be the accepted color scheme for the milk bottle of day after tomorrow.

The reason for the green is a mere matter of \$1,000,000—the nation's present annual bill for damage to food by rancidity. The color of lustrant grass was officially credited today by the department of agriculture with being the most satisfactory resistant to food spoilage.

The announcement was based on the findings of Mayne B. Coe, a young chemist, who, equipped with a spectrum a thick notebook and a score of diverse colored vials in which foods were exposed to the sun, ascertained the virtues of green. Black is as good, and is suggested to relieve the monotony in coloring.

Stellans Forget They're Acting
PALERMO, Sicily.—(AP)—Hot Sicilian blood set the better of two natives hired to fight a duel in a moving picture being made here. They were separated only after one had driven a sabre into the other's arm. They lost their jobs to less realistic understudies.

Present Mining Boom In Jackson County Is Greatest Since Nineties

Old Time Producing Properties Opened For Renewal of Rich Gold Stream Capital Awaits Promotion

By A. E. KELLOGG

Just walk up to some old-time miner in any of the mining districts of this region today and ask him how gold mining is looking, and if he has time to answer he'll undoubtedly inform you that more men are working and more mines are being opened in this particular district right now than he has seen since the '90s.

It is a condition during this general depression of all industries, that is peculiar to no one mining camp of Oregon, because go where you may, you will find old-time producing properties being reopened, new properties being developed and a general air of activity and business that means just one thing—gold mining is one of the most profitable of undertakings.

Talk to the financial men of the east or on the coast, or in the south, coming here, and they will tell you that those who have money to put into mining projects are eager to hear about any new deal in our midst that looks like a chance to make good. They say at present hundreds

of millions of dollars are being assembled from all over the United States and the rest of the world to put into mining in the western states. They are talking of new smelters and reduction plants in districts which formerly had reduction plants but where the war and other interferences resulted in dismantling the original units, junking them for war materials.

Huge flotation reduction plants are being constructed on the coast, southwest and Alaska; many displacing smelters, many to treat low-grade ores that have been blocked out in properties owned by the same interests. The marvelous flotation pro-

cess is largely responsible for this mining activity.

Perhaps the greatest activity is in the Cripple Creek district in Colorado, the home of the famous telluride gold-bearing ores. In Boulder county the tungsten mills are running full blast, while flotation mills are operating on the gold-silver ores. In the Leadville ores in Colorado, the general mining outlook is much brighter after a long, tough period, and the smelters are operating steadily there on ores shipped to them from other districts. The old timers themselves are surprised at the intense activity in Colorado.

New organizations are entering mining districts everywhere, opening up old mines in some instances that were previously operated in a crude way before scientific methods were known. They have proven that what was taken out of the ground before was just a starter and that untold millions more and other metals will be found and recovered by modern means. Flotation mills are being constructed everywhere, replacing old methods.

Among the mine investors coming to southern Oregon and other mining regions are many men who have been prominently established in other businesses all over the United States, recently giving that business up entirely and now seeking out likely properties for themselves and others in the east that want to put money into mine development and operation. These men, prominent in public life for many years, in some cases have traveled thousands of miles to this district and other districts, isolated, picking out what they consider to be desirable prospects. These groups are sending out their own en-

Deficiency Bill Passes Senate

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—(AP)—The first deficiency bill—first appropriation measure taken up by the senate this session—was passed today and sent back to the house for consideration of changes.

The bill carried \$31,761,535 as approved by the senate, an increase of \$340,015 over the amount voted by the house.

Chile's Gas Bootleggers Flourish
SANTIAGO, Chile.—(AP) Loopholes in the gasoline rationing system here make it possible for some persons to obtain motor fuel legitimately and resell it through an accomplice at double or triple the regular price. Scarcity of supplies is aiding this bootlegging.

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"May I borrow that sketch?" asked McLoughlin.

pressions before his exhaustion became apparent in his work.

In the event he did three and after a glass of champagne—a fourth. This was of the enormous and frenzied negro conductor of the Da Capo band.

Then he made the mistake of drinking a good deal of everything that was pressed upon him; and gradually the dizziness and the laughter and the music and the chatter all merged into an irregular drumming rhythm that was not unpleasant but had a tendency to beat its way right into his head and interfere with his conversation. There was, however, a curiously lucid interval when a gaunt, grey-haired man stood by his chair and said—

"I like that study of the conductor. Would you let me borrow it? Name's McLoughlin."

The confusion fell from Mark's mind. The two women who had their arms round his neck screamed together as he wrenched himself to his feet.

"It isn't what I'd planned you should look at first. These people—just a lot of—What a pity I'm too drunk to explain!"

"It is, rather. . . Didn't Farrell Armitage speak to me about you?"

"He promised, sir."

"Well, when you've slept this off, come round and see me. Or no—His eyes had found the crutch—"I'll come round to you." He flicked a nod towards the tableful and went.

The next clear interval showed Mark his own face in a long mirror in which the dawn was faintly reflected. He was sitting on a blue sofa in the outer lounge; the party, the porter informed him, had left him completely stranded. But Armitage's car was outside—Mark, quite clear-headed now, recognized the chauffeur.

The man who descended from it and bore down upon him was not, however, Armitage but a man nearly as tall, nearly as heavy and nearly as brown of hair and eyes and skin. "Damn nearly Armitage," marvelled Mark, whose head was clearing with most opportune speed.

opened and Armitage stood on the threshold.

Mark was able to make a better show than he had in the Da Capo lounge and in Armitage's face also there glimmered the faint surprise. Mark noted it with rising spirits. He became extremely charming.

"I'm beginning to realize that I must have kept you and Poole out of your head, Armitage. If I had any idea I wouldn't have left the house at all."

"We were up anyway," Armitage assured him, leading the way into his own sitting room. There was an informal, comradely atmosphere in this room, with its litter of papers and beer bottles, its hunks of bread and cheese. . .

And then from rather liking it, Mark passed in one horrible nerve-jangle to despising and detesting it. He looked round him, avid for an opening to hit and spoil. It was Armitage who gave him one.

"Before you go up, Lodely, there's a telegram for you," he said.

He handed it over and turned to the fire. Before he looked at it, Mark knew that it was from Barbara—and that Armitage knew it also.

"Am asked to undertake Miss Patsy Raoul's house please advise," Mark read aloud. He laughed and pushed it into his pocket.

"If you'll jot down your answer," suggested Armitage, still intent on the fire, "I'll get it sent off at once."

"Oh, but I don't think it really requires an answer," smiled Mark.

"It's prepaid, I understand," Armitage had turned to face him.

"Is it? . . . Waste of money, then. Barbara might know by now that I never answer silly questions. Well, I'll turn in, I think, Armitage, and a thousand thanks for rescuing me."

"But you can't—"

"Yes, I can manage perfectly, thanks, if Poole will give me an arm. I gather the elevator isn't working yet. Good-night and thanks again."

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Kenneth Poole, tomorrow, acquires a "holiday-task" that seems rather a mill-stone.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter "Grounds" The Band!

SKETER! THAT PLANE IS TAKING OFF—WE'RE RIGHT IN ITS LINE OF FLIGHT—IT WILL CRASH US!

WATCHIN' IT!

WHY ON EARTH DID YOU DO THAT?

WANTED TO KEEP THAT BIRD FROM TAKING OFF—I SAW SOMEONE RUNNING TOWARD THAT SHIP—AND IT LOOKED LIKE TOMMY.

IF I EVER CATCH THAT DUMB FLYER WHO PULLED THAT STUNT ON ME I'LL MURDER HIM! IF I HADN'T BEEN SUCH A GOOD PILOT WE'D BEEN KILLED!

CAREFUL, TOMMY, THEY HAVE A MACHINE GUN!

THEY'LL NEED SHOCK ABSORBERS BEFORE THEY NEED THAT—

QUIT BRAGGIN' AN' GET THIS SHIP IN TH' AIR!

HAL FORREST

BOUND TO WIN—Two Minutes To Spare!

THERE ISN'T ANOTHER PLACE FOR PHINEAS TO GO EXCEPT THIS CANBY'S BUT I WANT TO BE ABLE TO GET AWAY BEFORE JIM SHOULD START HOLLERING—

AS BEN, FROM HIS POINT OF VANTAGE, WATCHED THE HOUSE YARD, HE SAW PHINEAS PHILIP GO STRAIGHT TO THE DOOR—AN INSTANT LATER IT OPENED AND HE ENTERED—BEN WAS TOO FAR AWAY, HOWEVER, TO SEE BUT THE BAREST OUTLINE OF THE PERSON WITHIN—

I'VE GOT TO MAKE TRACKS IF I WANT TO REACH JIM IN TIME!

OH! MY ANKLE!

GOLLY, WHAT A NASTY TWIST I GAVE IT! I CAN'T GO ON, FOR A FEW MINUTES ANYWAY, BECAUSE THE FELL KNOCKED ALL THE WIND OUT OF ME, TOO. SUPPOSE JIM WILL START YELLING AND WE'LL BOTH BE FOUND—WHEN A MESS I'VE MADE OF EVERYTHING!

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S'MATTER POP—What Could Be Simpler?

YOU HAVE MY SYMPATHY. I KNOW THE PROPOSITION IS PRETTY DAD!

I'D DO ANYTHING TO HELP YOU OUT

I SURELY WISH I COULD THINK OF SOMETHING!

I KNOW WHAT, POP, YOU TAKE IT FOR ME!

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THE NEBBS—I'm Telling You

SAY, THAT OLD GOLDROX WAS GOT A CRUSH ON YOU—WOMAN! YOU'VE GOT AN INVITATION TO WALK INTO THE MINT WITH A SCOOP

YOU'RE MISTAKEN, PANSY, HE DOESN'T CARE FOR ME.—YOU'VE GOT THIS THING ALL WRONG

YOU'RE RIGHT—I'M WRONG. I SPENT A SMALL FORTUNE WITH YOU HAVING MYSELF PRETTIED UP AND THE BEST I GET FROM HIM IS A SLIM DIME ON THE PLATE—YOU'VE GOT THE OLD GUY IN THE BAG—ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO PULL THE ZIPPER!

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BRINGING UP FATHER

THAT PARTY LAST NIGHT WAS A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS AND YOU WERE ON YOUR DIGNITY FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE—THIS WILL INCREASE OUR SOCIAL STANDING—I WILL GO DOWN AND GET YOUR BREAKFAST READY.

I KNEW I WUZ DOIN' ALL RIGHT BECAUSE I DIDN'T ENJOY IT A BIT—

WELL—FOR ONCE THINGS ARE PLEASANT AROUND THE HOUSE—THANK GOODNESS—TO DAY IS STARTIN' OFF GREAT—

NOW—WHAT IN THE WORLD HAS HAPPENED?

THEY DIDN'T SPELL OUR NAME RIGHT IN THE SOCIAL COLUMN—

O-W!

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Fern Valley

FERN VALLEY, Jan. 13.—(Sp.)—Mrs. Lockwood of the Lockwood poultry farm was in the community on business Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Summers called on Mr. and Mrs. Lem Hughes Sunday afternoon.

Brenon Wither of Hedding, Cal., who is spending his vacation with his mother, Mrs. Mollie Wither in Medford, was calling on relatives here Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kantor, Jr., and children spent Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. E. Marshall.

Fern Valley Literary will be January 20.

Erna Messenger was in Medford Thursday.

Mrs. C. B. Ward and Lee Sutton were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. May Ward Sunday.

Mrs. Lester Carr was a Medford shopper Tuesday.

Mrs. Bay Ward and Mrs. Vaughn

Quackenbush were hostesses for the Phoenix Thursday club, at Mrs. Quackenbush's home.

Mrs. L. H. Hughes is still quite ill with the flu.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Ward were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Drake Saturday.

Mr. Steele was in Medford Wednesday on business. He is trying to get the right-of-way for his road.

Mrs. Erna Messenger was in Medford Wednesday.

Mummies Catch Cold
TURIN, Italy.—(AP)—Muscolini has ordered a steam heating plant to protect Turin's Egyptian mummies from the rigors of winter.

For Fuel Oil delivery, Phone 332. Rerinking Trucking Company. We give S. & H. green stamps.

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

Springfield—T. O. Adams, formerly of Garden Home, took over active management of Wayne Cloyer barber shop.