

# Buying Barbara

by Julia Cleff-Addams • Author of "YOU CAN'T HARRY"

SYNOPSIS: Just back from an all-night party of a London night club where he has blackmailed his hostess out of 125 pounds, Mark Lodely, a millionaire, is invited to buy Barbara, a girl who has been kidnapped by a gangster. He is invited to buy Barbara, a girl who has been kidnapped by a gangster. He is invited to buy Barbara, a girl who has been kidnapped by a gangster.

## CHAPTER 27 A CHORE FOR POOLE

KENNETH POOLE, looking as ruddy and smooth as though he had risen from eight hours' dreamless slumber, helped himself largely to ham and eggs and said: "I'll yaffle this last one, if you're sure you're finished. I gather Mrs. Lodely breakfasts upstairs."

"She does," Armitage pushed back from the table and began luxuriously to fill his pipe. "So does her son. At least, he did yesterday."

"I'm not sure I understand Lodely's type enough to understand Lodely," Poole went on. "He certainly lost his wool just before he went to his by-byes. Couldn't follow his line of temper, quite." He paused, before adding very casually: "I got the impression you could, though."

"Spoken in the best Poole manner. 'Oh, Mr. Armitage, what a charming boy that secretary of yours is! Something so sympathetic about him.'" He dodged the box of matches hurried at him and sobered.

"Lodely has cause or, at least, excuse to bait me," Farrell admitted. "But I'm beginning to fear he dislikes me for the wrong reasons. There's nothing more obstructive to progress."

"Mind if I ring for some more toast?" asked Poole helpfully.

"Why not order yourself an omelette as well? You've got to keep your strength up—somehow."

"Now why in the world didn't you suggest that just after the fish? You've spoilt what might have been an excellent breakfast." Poole turned his reproachful gaze from Armitage to the opening door—and the reproach vanished. "Hail! I say, Gaffen, you really are a bit of a thought-reader, aren't you? Toast—hot, thin toast—a whole rackful of fresh toast borne in upon a thought-wave."

"We haven't forgotten your breakfasts, sir," said the beaming Gaffen. Armitage might get respect, liking, intelligent response from his domestic staff, but he was amusedly aware that it was Poole—distant cousin, private secretary and unofficial second-in-command—who held their hearts. "We fancied you might be glad to enjoy a good British breakfast again."

"All the same, I put on nearly 10 pounds in New York," said Poole.

"Mrs. Lodely, sir, has come down," said Gaffen to Armitage. "She is in the drawing room. She would be glad of a moment with you at your convenience."

As the door closed upon the butler, Armitage stood up.

"By the way, Poole, I forgot to tell you, but Mrs. Lodely is to be your holiday-task."

Poole looked horrified.

"Haven't you got mining interests in Vesuvius or fishing rights round the Poles that I ought to see about instead?" he asked earnestly. "I mean, Mrs. Lodely's most interesting and all that, but the only thing we have in common is that she went out with the Belvoir hunt one day last year and I went out with the Belvoir hunt one day last year. And it wasn't even the same day."

"Well, you'll have to go on discussing that lamentable mischance for at least another week," returned Armitage heartlessly. "I'll look after Mark, but I'd be grateful if you could take the lady off my hands. Do the usual shows with her and so on."

"Right you are, gov!" Armitage left the cheerful morning room and sought out Mark's mother.

"I hope you got some sleep?" he asked.

"Slept like a log—I always do!" When she had laughed, she continued: "I hear they'll have done the elevator job by tomorrow night. You don't tell me it's your habit to cut up your house to suit everyone who comes to stay with you for a few days?"

"I'd been planning to extend the elevator shaft for a long time," evaded Armitage. "As for this talk of a few days, surely you'll give us longer than that? Poole has only just got back after a tough month in the States and he's looking forward to a little fun."

"He seems a nice, cheerful sort of boy," nodded Mrs. Lodely. "Bit callow, I should say, what?"

"Hardly," murmured Armitage, struggling with recollections of his secretary's peculiarly sophisticated encounters with life. "At any rate, if you'll let Poole amuse you while Mark is busy, you'll be doing a favor all round. McLoughlin, the Watcher cartoonist, is interested in Mark already; he rang up last night and he'll come round and see him this evening."

"Did he really? Well, it certainly does seem as if Mark was to have his chance at last and I'm sure I should be the last to stand in his way—his own mother! Only—"

"Only?"

"Only if you don't mind my saying so, my dear boy, I don't for the life of me see what you're doing it all for! After all, it's one thing to give a struggling artist a couple of useful introductions and a week's holiday and quite another to build him an elevator and a studio and put up with him until he's ready to leave!"

"What about getting Phillay to look at him?" asked Armitage quietly.

"Phillay? Sir Robert Phillay, the bonsetter? But I thought he'd retired." Mrs. Lodely looked, for once, startled and impressed.

"He has, but I'm sure a man of his class can always be lured out of retirement by a case that baffles his colleagues."

Mrs. Lodely, smoking fast, stared at the ground. A faint fear shot through Armitage—he had not foreseen difficulty with Mark's mother and he felt he would have liked to think out his line of attack. He said lamely: "I gave your son his telegram last night, but I could not induce him to send any answer."

"Telegram?" Her thoughts were elsewhere. Then—"Oh, yes. From Barbara."

"Yes."

She looked up sharply, spilling her ash.

"Barbara," she repeated. Armitage was tense, waiting. "If you don't mind my saying so, my dear boy—that same, deadly opening!—you urely aren't thinking in any particular, personal way about Barbara?"

"It is true that I hope to persuade Miss Quentin to marry me instead of your son."

"You'll never do that," said Mrs. Lodely.

She said it casually—as casually as she dropped her half-smoked cigarette upon the Aubusson carpet and stamped it out with her big, shabby shoe. "You'll never do that if I have to lay down my life to prevent it. You can't understand, but it's a matter of getting justice for Mark—his mother's Barbara. And if needs be, I shall tell 'em both why."

Into Armitage's mind flashed the memory of what Lella had said at South-the-Water. "I may have absolutely no right to all this. It may be really Mark's." And Armitage remembered his own rejoinder—"Or Barbara's."

Armitage felt anger rising. What cadgers and suckers they were, mother and son! They took and took and took from Barbara; her young strength was caught in their weakness, her life tied down under their feet and dark with their shadows.

Anyway, put the notion out of your mind," Mrs. Lodely told him. "You'd get the same advice from Baba, too, if you talked to her about it. If you don't mind my putting it plainly, she doesn't like you. She told me so."

"That certainly doesn't sound hopeful for me," admitted Armitage, equably.

"And now I'm all the more puzzled as to why you're doing so much for Mark. I should have thought you'd do less, if anything!" She peered at him with sudden suspicion. "Seems to me unnatural that you should wish him well!"

Armitage laughed aloud—she was so obviously crude in her emotional life.

"I've asked you to stay on here with your son," he pointed out. "If you still don't think he's safe in my house I can't, I'm afraid, convince you otherwise. But Mrs. Quentin is quite confident that I don't plan to poison his food or throw him down stairs, even if I do look upon him as a rival."

"You—she—" Mrs. Lodely was actually gaping at him. "Does that mean you told her—you wanted to marry her?"

"Certainly, I told her."

Farrell has an unexpected set-to with Mark, tomorrow.

# TIPS on Contract

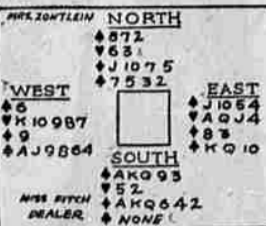
CLUE IN OVERCALLS  
By Tom O'Neil

A bid by an adversary often gives a declarer a tip on how to make a difficult contract. Indeed, an overcall may prompt the declarer to feign a double successfully.

Two outstanding New York women players won a large rubber by making five diamonds redoubled vulnerable after a vulnerable adversary had bid two no-trump.

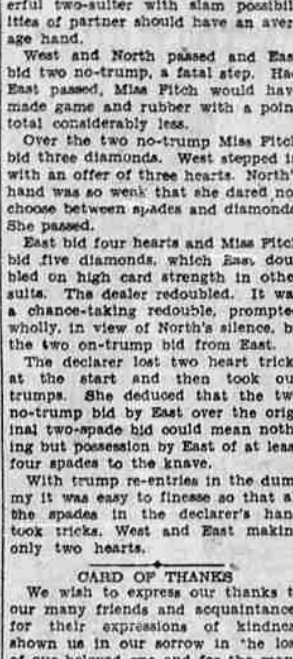
The offer of no-trump enabled the declarer, Miss Florence Fitch, secretary of the Deschamps club, to determine what that adversary had in one suit.

Miss Fitch had Mrs. Hilda Maude Zontlein as partner in the following deal:



Each side was vulnerable and North and South had a part score of 70. Miss Fitch opened the auction with two spades, bidding the major

# Queen Of Cowgirls



Ellen Davis of Clayton, N. M., will compete for that title in the annual 'old western dance' at Clayton late in January. She won last year. (Associated Press Photo)

# Courthouse News

(Furnished by the Jackson County Abstract Co., 121 E. Sixth Street)

**Marriage Licenses**  
C. Phillip Leyda and Mildred Litch, John L. Masters and Clara Fleck, Thos. J. West and Daisy E. Payne.

**Circuit Court**  
Jackson County Building & Loan Assn. vs. Clarence Pepper et ux and George Penland et ux—Foreclosure.  
California Joint Stock Land Bank of San Francisco vs. Guy W. Conner, Mary Wilcox Conner, Meridian Orchard Co. et al—Foreclosure.  
A. A. Schramm, superintendent of banks, vs. W. H. Murray as Murray's Beauty Shop—For money.  
State Industrial Accident Com. vs. Welborn Beeson—For money.  
State Industrial Accident Com. vs. Amos E. Book—For money.  
E. H. Malkenne assumes the business name of People's Exchange.

**Probate Court**  
Estate of Lester Fay, Jr., a minor—Admitted to probate.  
Estate of Grundy Barnes Lindsey, deceased—Admitted to probate.

**Real Estate Transfers**  
T. J. Parsons et ux to C. M. Smith—W. D. to lots 11, 12, 13, part 14 and 15, block 33, Town of Phoenix.  
State of Oregon to Yetta A. Flowers—W. D. to tract in block 6 of Gallop's Add. to Medford.  
Ward B. Stevens et ux to Myrtle Cannon—W. D. to lot 23, block 2, Edwards Place Add. to Medford.

# United States to Theodore W. Kluck—Patent to SW 1/4 of SW 1/4 of Sec. 5, Twp. 40 S., R. 4 E.

Clard M. Smith et ux to R. W. Frame et al—W. D. to lots 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, block 31, Town of Phoenix.

Kittle Cooksey to Zona Nolte—W. D. to lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, block 7, Town of Central Point.

Frank H. Emke et ux to W. F. Jamison et al—Deed to tract in Sec. 20, Twp. 38 S., R. 1 W.

Rose A. Buckley et al to Maggie T. Buckley—Deed to land in Sec. 27 and 28 in Twp. 38 S., R. 3 W.

Amelia B. Ferns to Archie L. Ferns et ux—W. D. to land in Secs. 2 and 11, Twp. 38 S., R. 1 W.

L. W. Childs et ux to A. W. Mason et ux—W. D. to lot 11, block 6, Imperial Add. to Medford.

A. W. Mason et ux to J. C. Barnes—W. D. to lot 11, block 6, Imperial Add. to Medford.

J. C. Barnes et ux to Ward B. Spots et ux—W. D. to lot 11, block 6, Imperial Add. to Medford.

# perial Add. to Medford.

E. C. Corn et ux to Hugh M. Porter—Q. C. D. to 20 acres in DLC 61, Twp. 36 S., R. 2 W.

James O. Banister et ux to Kenneth B. Banister et ux—Q. C. D. to tract in Sec. 30, Twp. 37 S., R. 1 W., in Medford.

Burton T. Green et ux to Emily J. Green—W. D. to land in DLC 77, Twp. 37 S., R. 2 W., 8.65 acres.

Emily J. Green et ux to Burton T. Green et ux—W. D. to land in DLC 77, Twp. 37 S., R. 2 W., 8.65 acres.

Burton T. Green et ux to A. P. Green et ux—Deed to land in DLC 77, in Twp. 37 S., R. 2 W., 8.65 acres.

**CAPTIVATING NEW PROOKS.**—Every new color, and best of all only \$3.95 and \$5.95. THE BAND BOX & SHOE BOX, 226 E. 6th street. "The store that saves you money."

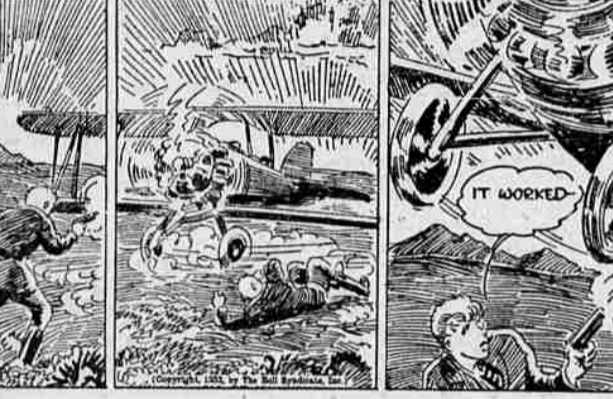


By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Plays "Anti-Air Craftsman!"



# BOUND TO WIN—Silence!



# By EDWIN ALGER

# S'MATTER POP—Wilyum Puts Pop Through an Intelligence Test



# THE NEBBS—A Fairy Tale?



# By C. M. PAYNE

# BRINGING UP FATHER



# THE NEBBS—A Fairy Tale?



# By SOL HESS

# BRINGING UP FATHER



# THE NEBBS—A Fairy Tale?



# By George McManus

# BRINGING UP FATHER



# THE NEBBS—A Fairy Tale?



# By George McManus

# WASHINGTON CUTS ALL STATE WAGES

OLYMPIA, Wash., Jan. 14.—(P)—Salary cuts in all code departments and state institutions other than the higher institutions of learning were announced today by Governor Clarence D. Martin as his first major economy move. The reductions, the governor said, will become effective January 15, and will range from 10 to 25 per cent.

The governor also revealed the salary cuts were preliminary to a complete survey of the state government employees in the nine code departments could be eliminated. He said he had instructed department heads to complete the survey by February 1, and on that date submit the results of their findings to the executive office.

# Senator Seeks Tariff Survey

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—(P)—A resolution to obtain all available government records to provide a "foundation for a comprehensive survey of some of the major tariff-bargaining problems likely to confront the next administration" was introduced today by Senator Costigan (D., Colo.)

# One Injured When "Texan" Wrecked

GLADESWATER, Tex., Jan. 14.—(P)—One woman passenger was injured and others were shaken when the "Texan" passenger train of the Texas & Pacific railroad, was wrecked two miles west of Gladewater early today. Road officials expressed the opinion the train had struck a broken rail.

Phone 542 We'll haul away your refuse, city sanitary service.

# BRINGING UP FATHER



# BRINGING UP FATHER

