

Buying Barbara

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

SYNOPSIS: Mrs. Lodely demands to know why Farrell Armitage is turning her eyes and ears to help her cruel crippled son. Mark Farrell declares it is because he loves Barbara. Mrs. Lodely's answer is to marry him at the expiration of the year's stay she has granted him. Mrs. Lodely declares Barbara does not like Farrell. He has duped his secretary, Kenneth Pooler, to entertain Mrs. Lodely, while he cares for Mark himself.

Chapter 23 POOLE TO THE RESCUE

A CURIOUS expression grew in Mrs. Lodely's eyes. An old tag floated into Armitage's mind, about all the world loving a lover. Mrs. Lodely was crookedly smiling.

"Well, I'm dashed!" She lit another cigarette. "I must say I like a man who speaks up for himself. Men used to, what's more, when I was a girl." Incredibly, she was smiling. "Look here, Farrell, if I lost my temper just now, forget it. And forget Barbara. She has no thought in her head but Mark. She told you so much, I'll bet."

"Oh yes. She told me as much—and more."

"Very well, then, that's settled." Armitage took her nod as a dismissal and escaped, though what it was that was settled he did not know. A stupid woman and, added his caution, for that very reason a dangerous and stubborn enemy.

On the threshold of the big drawing-room he collided with Pooler.

"Lodely's awake and asking for you," said that innocent. "I went up but I'm afraid I was rather a misfit." He turned the misleading candor of his gaze upon Mrs. Lodely, who at that moment issued forth from the inner room. "I say," he announced, "I've just discovered that there's a dog show on at Kern's. Are you too frightfully busy, Mrs. Lodely, or—?"

Armitage left him at it. Loyal Pooler! Armitage went up to the bedroom that had been his own. It should be his again, too, by gosh! That was one thing he would stand out for. If there was no decorator who could evolve a suitable bedroom for Mark, Mark could thundering well sit in the elevator.

"Come in," said the artist's voice. Armitage entered the bedroom. It was a big apartment but Mark had managed to clutter it with his belongings. A trunk gaped, half-unpacked; the paraphernalia of pencil, paint and easel overflowed upon the bed and there were torn fragments of paper all over the floor.

"I tried to do another impression of Miss Raoul before I went to bed," explained Mark, as Armitage glanced at the litter, "but I couldn't. I don't suppose I could have improved on the first sketches, though, anyway."

"Good, were they?" Armitage cleared a chair and sat down. "I don't think you showed them to me."

"That was very remiss of me," said Mark at once. "I'll see that it doesn't happen again."

Armitage opened his lips—and closed them.

"You are under no obligation whatever," he said carefully, "to appoint me a censor of your work. As to your assumption that I'm buying authority over you by offering you a chance to make good—well, it's rather an unfriendly assumption, isn't it?"

Mark listened to him with apparently deep attention.

"But I thought we agreed when I came that we were not friends," he said.

With exasperation Armitage remembered it. Mark's thin, cool voice went on—

"Now you are offended because I assume that if it is not liking for me, it is a liking to be the patron. Well, if it's from neither of these weaknesses that you invited me here, why is it?"

It was Mark's faint aura of enjoyment that betrayed him. Armitage was positive that Mark guessed the misapprehension of his hopes. More than the misapprehension he might never trouble to discover, so sure he was of Barbara.

"Why are you doing anything at all for me, Armitage?"

First the mother, now the son! Suddenly Armitage realized that it mattered not a whit whether the pair of them knew the full extent of his bargain with Barbara. Armitage permitted himself to show enjoyment also.

"What amuses you?" demanded Mark, off his guard.

"The idea of your amusing yourself with me!" returned Armitage and continued to grin at him.

Mark grew a little paler. "Now keep an eye on him," warned a part of Armitage's brain. "He's angry and he's going to bite. Give him what the bulldog got, the left arm wrapped in a rug, and watch his style!" He said amiably—

"Life does make one look a clown sometimes. Personally, I never mind being an object of ridicule."

"Are you sure?" purred Mark.

"When you're in love, my dear Armitage, and one day I suppose you may be, you'll find you want to hit the man who makes you appear ridiculous in her eyes."

"Very possibly. But the woman I love—he said it quite deliberately—'may find she prefers me to the other after all.'"

"You know you ought to discuss your idea of love with Barbara. She's great on discussion. Always digging up love and having a look at it and planting it in a different place. And then she wonders why it doesn't flourish."

"Speaking of Miss Quentin, are you quite determined not to answer her wire?"

"I never correspond with anybody and she knows it," said Mark and glanced at his breakfast-tray, unopened beside his bed.

Involuntarily Armitage's eyes followed him, and fell upon an envelope that had not been opened. "Mark Lodely, Esq., care of Farrell Armitage."

"You've made absolutely no breakfast, Lodely."

"I had no appetite."

Armitage forced his glance away—and the first thing it encountered was another unopened letter upon the mantelpiece. He supposed that it had arrived yesterday. He lost control a little and said—

"Shouldn't someone—Mrs. Lodely or—myself—send Miss Quentin a line? She may be anxious about you."

"Write by all means. Mother won't if she can dodge it. And by the way, I've had a good idea. Why shouldn't Barbara come up here and sit up that studio that you're kindly giving me? It would be a charity on your part to give her the job."

"It's an excellent idea," Farrell said and, turning to face Mark again, surprised a look of childish frustration.

"Perhaps you'll make clear," he added, "when you suggest it to Miss Quentin that Malavi's scheme can be scrapped or used as a basis for the new one, just as she chooses."

"Malavi! Do you mean to say that you have had a studio designed by Malavi?"

"Yes, and a bedroom adjoining. But I've already told him that I didn't think you would like the result."

"Malavi!" gasped Mark. "Good God, Armitage, I'm afraid you've thrown away an enormous sum of money. You see, Malavi's is the super-scene painter in a limelight world. Of course," added Mark kindly, "a Malavi studio might be useful as a 'stunt.' To give parties in your name; I should get known that way; and it would do no harm to get known while I'm finding out whether I've a chance to get good. I know well enough how much I have to learn."

It was the first note of sincerity he had struck since he had spoken of his work on that night in Kings Mallard. It eased the tension a little.

"Oh yes," went on Mark. "I sold some sketches last night to a fat woman named Constantine J. Jacobson. I think you should take this check, Armitage."

"Why?"

"Because whatever motive you may have behind your generosity to me, I must be quite clear about my motive in accepting it. I am clear. . . . I ask nothing for my own personal indulgence, Armitage. All my needs are centered in the one great need to be free to work."

"But if, during my probation, I get every now and then the chance of making a hundred and twenty pounds that is not through my craftsmanship but your kindness. Therefore I don't feel I have a right to this money."

"I see," said Armitage. "But surely in offering you your probation I ought to have added a personal allowance. You will need clothes, and books and so on. The Lachises is to be at your disposal but there will be occasional taxis. Shall we say three hundred a year?"

"That will be ample."

"Then accept this check on account," said Armitage smoothly. (Copyright, 1933, Julia Cleft-Addams)

The Lodelys dump another responsibility, tomorrow, on Barbara's willing shoulders.

SCHADE, ELLIOTT SCOUT LEADERS

Executive board of Medford district, Crater Lake Council, Boy Scouts, held its annual meeting Thursday evening and elected the following officers for the coming year: Larry Schade, president of the entire Crater Lake area; Dr. B. R. Elliott, president Medford district; W. H. Jones, re-elected area commissioner; Dr. D. E. Standard, district commissioner for Medford; Eugene Thorndike will act as treasurer for the council again this year.

It was decided at the meeting that the father and son banquet would be held on Thursday, February 9th, place for the banquet to be announced later. The banquet is an annual affair, being held during boy scout week, which is to be celebrated this year from February 8 to 14.

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

BELLVIEW PHONES 45 CTS. A MONTH

BELLVIEW, Jan. 15.—(Sp.)—Members of the Bellview Telephone company held their annual meeting at the Bellview schoolhouse Tuesday evening. Fred C. Home is president of the company. Report of the secretary-treasurer showed a gain in the number of subscribers during the last year, bringing the total to 56.

After meeting the operating expense, which were slightly more than normal, due to damage done to lines by high winds, the treasurer reported a small balance on hand. The company members decided that an assessment of \$1 per member would be sufficient to pay taxes, rental fees and repair work and the "trouble shoot-

Insull's Passport Ordered Cancelled

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—(AP)—The American passport of Samuel Insull, indicted mid-west utilities magnate who refused to return from Greece to stand trial, has been ordered cancelled by the state department.

Fred Homes was re-elected president; Albert C. Joy, secretary-treasurer; Lloyd Moore, Chas. Brown and W. B. Beebe, directors.

SNAPSHOTS OF A BOY PLAYING WITH THE TABLEWARE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS (Copyright, 1933, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

1-16

IS EATING SUNDAY DINNER WITH FAMILY AT UNCLE HORACE'S. WISHES DESSERT WOULD HURRY UP AND COME

FINDS ADULT CONVERSATION ABOUT POLITICS VERY DULL. APPLIES HIMSELF DRAWING ON TABLECLOTH WITH SPOON

CATCHES MOTHER'S EYE STERNLY UPON HIM AND HASTILY ABANDONS SPOON

CONVERSATION GETS DULLER. BECOMES VERY BORED AND PICKS UP SPOON AGAIN

TRIES TO BALANCE IT ON EDGE OF GLASS

SPOON TUMBLES INTO GLASS WITH LOUD CLATTER, WHICH IS LUCKILY UNNOTICED BECAUSE UNCLE HORACE HAS JUST CHOKED ON A BONE

REMOVES SPOON, WIPES IT OFF AND TRIES TO LIFT IT BY PRESSING ON IT WITH THUMB AND MIDDLE FINGER

DROPS IT ON FLOOR. FORTUNATELY AUNT JANE, WHO HAS JUST RESUMED SEAT AFTER GETTING UNCLE HORACE BACK TO NORMAL, THINKS SHE DROPPED IT HERSELF

WONDERS A LITTLE UNEASILY HOW HE IS GOING TO EAT DESSERT WITHOUT A SPOON

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

1-16-33

"A MAN WAS BEGGING FOR POOR BEKIMOS, AND YOUR NEW COAT WAS HANGING IN THE HALL—AND HE SAID THAT IT WOULD DO, AND—"

AWK!

YOU SAVE HIM THE COAT?

NO, POP! NO, POP!

I JUST SPOILED THE DAWG ON HIM!

SMATTER WITH YOUR HEAD

IT WORKS TOO FAST AND GETS AHEAD OF ME!

I JUST FOUND IT ON THE FLOOR!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Reinforcements For Tommy And Viola!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

BATTLES TO THE LAST DITCH TO RECOVER THE \$20,000 PAY ROLL. TOMMY DROVE THE MACHINE GUN FIRE FROM THE BANDITS AND FLUNG HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THEIR CRASHING PLANE TO CUT LOOSE WITH A VOLLEY OF PISTOL SHOTS—ONE OF THE BULLETS STRUCK THE INSTRUMENT BOARD OF THE SHIP, CAUSING THE STARTED CROOK PILOT TO PULL HIS PLANE UP SO SWARMLY THAT ITS LACK OF FLYING SPEED CAUSED IT TO CRASH—

ARE YOU HURT, TOMMY?

NO, THEY NEVER TOUCHED ME, VIOLA!

DO YOU THINK THEY WERE KILLED?

NOT UNLESS THEY WERE SCARED TO DEATH—THE PLANE JUST PANGCAKED FROM ABOUT TWENTY FEET—GROUND LOOPED AND NOSED OVER!

"SKEETER AND BETTY ARE LANDING. MUST BE JOE JOHNSON IN THAT OTHER SHIP—IF THOSE BANDITS CRAVE ANY MORE ACTION WE CAN GIVE 'EM PLENTY NOW!"

BOUND TO WIN—Jim Appears!

By EDWIN ALGER

1-16-33

BEN LAY FLAT ON THE GROUND AND STARED INTO THE INKY DARKNESS OF THE OLD BEAR PIT, HE SUDDENLY GASPED IN AMAZEMENT! BENEATH HIM THERE CAME, INDEFINABLE AT FIRST, THEN STRONGER, A FINGER OF LIGHT!

HOLY SMOKE! IF IT ISN'T JIM, I A SUN! I CAN'T GET AWAY FROM HERE WITH THIS BUM ANKLE!

JIM? IT'S YOU?

SH-SH-SH PIPE DOWN, BEN! I'VE MADE A REAL DISCOVERY! THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T YELL—

FOR GOODNESS SAKE, BEN, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?

I'M AFRAID I'VE SPRAINED MY ANKLE, BUT TELL ME, WHAT DID YOU DISCOVER?

BEN, THERE'S AN OLD UNDERGROUND PASSAGE FROM THAT OLD BEAR PIT THAT MUST GO FOR BLOCKS, STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW, TOO—I DIDN'T FOLLOW IT ALL THE WAY BUT I'LL BET I'D HAVE FETCHED UP IN TITUS CANBY'S HOUSE—MAYBE RIGHT IN HIS CELLAR!

GET OUT! HONEST?

THE NEBBS—Her Mistake

1-16

MUST HAVE A GOLD OF MONEY KEEPING YOU PLAYING THE GENTLEMAN ALL THE TIME

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING OF HIS FINANCIAL AFFAIRS BUT IF IT'S OF GREAT INTEREST TO YOU, I MIGHT GET A FAIR ESTIMATE OF HIS WEALTH

ID LIKE TO GET A JOB LIKE YOU GOT—ALL I EVER SEED YOU DO WAS BEASING YOURSELF IN A CHAIR

WE GET 'IRED FOR WHAT WE KNOW MOST ABOUT—YOU SWINGING A MOP VERY GRACEFULLY AND YOU'RE NO SLOWCH WITH THAT DUST COLLECTOR

I SHOULD A MARRIED A MAN WITH MONEY INSTEAD OF THINKING MYSELF AWAY ON A MAN WITH A LOT OF MONEY WORDS AND NO AMBITION

YES, YOU SHOULD—YOU AND THE MAWSTER WOULD MAKE A SWEET COUPLE—BUT 'ES A BIT JEALOUS—'ED NEVER LET YOU OUT OF HIS SIGHT

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

NOW, WHEN MAJOR SHIRT'S CALLS—SEE THAT YOU TREAT HIM IN A MANNER TO WHICH HE'S ACCUSTOMED.

BY GOLLY—ALL YOUR FRIENDS HAVE TO BE TREATED—DON'T THEY EVER BUY?

AM, MR. JIGGS—I'M LUCKY TO FIND YOU IN—

YEH—SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK—

DO LIKE TO ASK YOU A QUESTION, YOU KNOW, I AM FOND OF YOUR DAUGHTER—BUT I DON'T KNOW IF YOUR WIFE LOOKS ON ME FAVORABLY, MAY I ASK—IS YOUR WIFE TEMPERAMENTAL?

YOU SAID IT.

SHE'S NINETY PER CENT TEMPER AN' FIVE PER CENT MENTAL—

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WILLIAMS GRANGERS LISTEN TO VISITORS

WILLIAMS CREEK, Jan. 15.—(Sp.) Williams Grange met Jan. 7. After the regular business meeting an enjoyable social evening was spent. The grange had as visitors W. A. Johnson

A WORLD OF FLAVOR

WRIGLEY'S KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE

There's No Guesswork in Tribune A. B. C. Circulation