

# Buying Barbara

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

**SYNOPSIS:** Farrell Armistage attends Mrs. Lodely's mistyings as to why he does so much for her son Mark with a further promise to have a famous doctor try to cure his crippled body. Mark makes his hostess ridiculous in some sketches drawn in a night club then tells them to her. The check he offers Farrell but Farrell reads the result by insisting that the check form part of an allowance for "incidentals." Farrell's dinner plan is to visit Mark's fiancée, Barbara Quentin, for himself.

### Chapter 29

#### FARRELL'S LETTER

AS the Toxeter bus set Barbara down in the Yarn Market, she saw that lights were springing up in the town, although it was only a little after four o'clock.

She was very tired. Her assistant at the shop had been stupid, customers had been trying and none of her wholesale orders had arrived for a house she was decorating. She made a despondent way towards the rooms she had occupied until a few days ago.

There, rising up behind the town, was Upper Mallard hill, where Farrell Armistage had spent one of his early years. Somewhere in its folds was the terraced slope where the Lodelys had had their house and where she, too, as a very little girl, had lived and played in the sun. Not for the first time she found

Ridd instructions to clean the house on the following day, and to keep the keys until called for. Then she herself went on to tackle her share of the pother.

As she turned in the direction of Kings Barn she found that she still held the second letter unopened in her hand. She stopped under a street lamp and scrutinized it. A square envelope, expensively heavy and plain—she started and thrust it into the other pocket.

It was, of course, from Farrell Armistage. Well, he must wait—he must wait until she had accomplished this urgent service for Judy and Mark.

There was another street-lamp just ahead. She walked past it, adjusting herself not to stop, not to read the letter Farrell had sent her. She was not curious to know its contents. She had no time. . . . She turned and went back to the lamp and opened his letter.

"Dear Barbara, in my ignorance and general officiousness I had a couple of rooms fitted up for Mark the sight of which will, I fear, reduce him to frenzy. Will you come up and put them right? Farrell Armistage."

That was all. She felt illogically disappointed that he had found no more to say. She did not for one moment consider the possibility of



Barbara was very tired.

occasion to wonder by what strange financial jugglery her father and Mark's should have died ruined—broken, while Cane, their partner, had prospered.

She reached her old lodgings and found, as she had suspected, that some letters had not been forwarded.

"I wuz only sayin' yesterday I would 'ave to send them on to you," apologized her landlady.

"When did they come?" demanded Barbara, tearing open the first, which was addressed in Judy's sprawling hand. Mrs. Ridd read it profoundly and Barbara read Judy's letter.

"It was funny you saying the other day that you felt there was a change coming to Kings Barn," wrote Mrs. Lodely. "You were right. I heard from my sister this morning and she is coming back to live there after all."

"I don't know I'm sure what we shall do for a home, all plans now being upset, but I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind getting the place cleaned up and packing our things, the trunks are in the attic."

"I thought perhaps you could let me have a room in the Toxeter house to keep the trunks until we are more settled, so far all I can say is that Mark says he will be here for a year at least, so I suppose I may as well stay, too."

"Farrell Armistage has been doing everything for Mark's comfort, almost too much. I must say in a way I can't see why he troubles. Perhaps you can make him out better than me. He even talks of getting fresh medical advice for Mark when Kings Barn is ready for handing over, better leave keys with Mrs. Ridd. Much love from Judy."

"Twuz Monday that come," vouchsafed Mrs. Ridd suddenly "Monday, so 'twuz."

"You should 'ave sent it on," sighed Barbara, pushing it into her pocket. "You did promise to forward letters, didn't you?"

In the course of the next few minutes it became evident that the time to sort, pack and remove Mrs. Lodely's possessions to Toxeter would be that very evening. Resignedly Barbara faced it. She gave Mrs.

doing what he asked. To work for Farrell under Mark's sneering smile would be intolerable.

Besides, if she did go to London, there would be Miss Raoul's commission first. . . . She found that she had passed the garage where she must order a car to convey the Lodely luggage to Toxeter. She had to retrace her steps and order it. It was to come in two hours.

Two hours gave her only just long enough, but, as she let herself into Kings Barn, she was glad she would have no time to waste.

She put on an old smock of Judy's and dragged the trunks from their dusty corners. She tackled Mark's room first, but he had left very little behind him.

When things were in place, she said good-bye to the room and went across to Judy's.

Here there was more to do. Barbara, who had known her so long, was appalled at the litter. Old scarves, old stockings, bits and ends of ribbons—Barbara took upon herself to throw away at least half the accumulation.

There remained now the two downstairs rooms and the kitchen. Except for Mark's books which had to be packed separately, there was little here belonging to either mother or son. A cigarette case of Judy's lay on the mantelpiece, Mark's gramophone was on a table. There was a battered darning basket. In the drawers of a desk there were some papers.

Without examining them, Barbara lifted them out. She added to the collection some notepaper and a fountain pen and then, on an impulse, sat down and wrote Farrell Armistage that she was not free to come to London. The truck was due, but not yet in sight. Barbara decided to run out and post her letter.

She had posted it and was back on the threshold of the house when she heard someone move in the sitting room. Idiot that she was—she had left the door ajar!

Barbara gets into a wrangle, tomorrow, but she makes useful discoveries.

## NUDES ON BEACH RUSHED TO JAIL

HONOLULU, Jan. 17.—(AP)—The cult of nudity became an absorbing topic of conversation in Honolulu today following the arrest of four couples on Kailua beach minus clothing and the announcement of Olan von Schmalzumberg in a letter to a newspaper he was starting a nudist colony at Kaena Point.

Arrests made Thursday night after one newspaper described midnight "whoopie parties" at Kailua Park, across Oahu Island from Honolulu, and editorially demanded police action, were followed by assignment of a police patrol to the beach section there.

Kailua is a favorite spot for beach and house parties.

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## CAFE WORKERS IN ASTORIA STRIKE

ASTORIA, Ore., Jan. 17.—(AP)—Five of Astoria's leading restaurants were closed today as the result of labor difficulties.

A strike was called last night by the Local Culinary Alliance after the

proprietors had established a new wage scale, calling for reductions of about 18 per cent.

The restaurant employees offered to take a 10 per cent cut.

The proprietors offered waitresses \$2.25 a day, fry cooks \$4 a day and dinner cooks \$5 a day.

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## Libby's Baby Is Healthy, Report

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 17.—(AP)—Dr. Norris Vaux, obstetrician, who attended Mrs. Libby Holman Reynolds, said today reports that her baby was losing weight were "without foundation."

"On the contrary," he said, "the baby is gaining weight, if anything."

## Philippine Veto Vote Agreed On

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—(AP)—A vote on President Hoover's veto of the Philippine independence bill by tomorrow was indicated in the senate today as filibusters against the Glass banking measure said they would not delay any longer a decision on the

### S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



### SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

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By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



### TAILSPIN TOMMY—Lost—A Golden Opportunity!



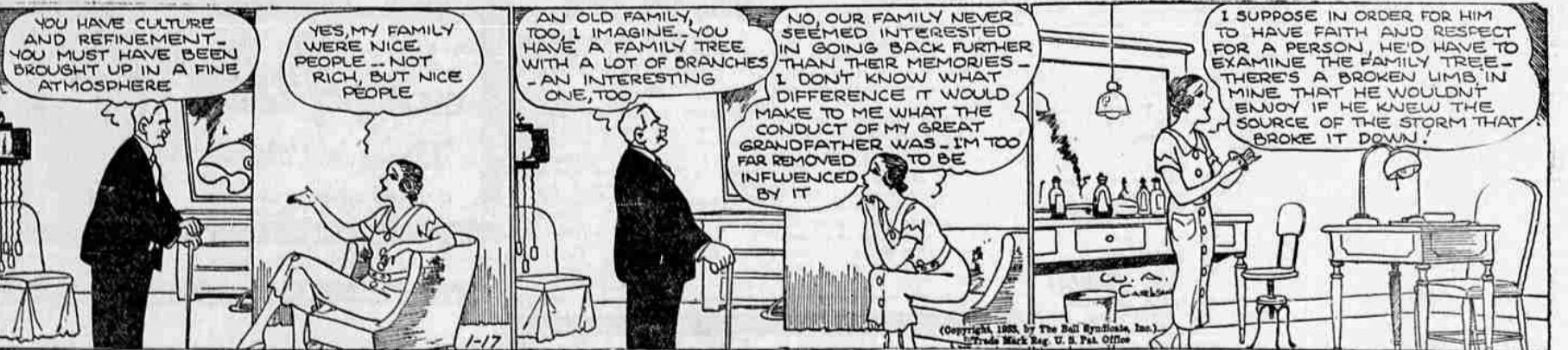
### BOUND TO WIN—On The Trail

By EDWIN ALGER



### THE NEBBS—Her Family Tree

By SOL HESS



### BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



### SNAKE EYES POP OUT WHEN SKINS CHANGED

LONDON, Jan. 17.—(AP)—Several snakes at the London zoo are regarding spectators with a glassy stare. They lost their eyes in accidents of various kinds—and the keepers fitted them with glass ones. The only

trouble is that every time the snakes shed their skins, the eyes pop out and have to be fitted back again. Try that on a boa constrictor.

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