

Buying Barbara

by Julia Cleft-Addams Author of "YOU CAN MARRY"

SYNOPSIS: While Barbara Quentin is moving the Lodely belongings out of the house in which she lived at the request of Mrs. Lodely, Lella Oane arrives. Lella sees a bulging envelope of personal papers, takes it, and reads much of the Lodely history from it. Lella is in love with Mark Lodely, Barbara's fiancé; Mark is in London, where Farrell Armitage, who is to be with Barbara, persuades her to launch him in the artistic world so that Barbara can make a choice between them, unhampered by pity.

Chapter 23 A JOB FOR POOLE

"I'll admit I can't stand the chap, personally," said McLoughlin. He sat upon the edge of a chair, straight-backed and angular, in a neat suit as gray as his hair. When people told him that he did not look like a cartoonist, he said that it was his ambition to look like a cartoon of a retired general.

"He was in a bad mood all yesterday," said Armitage. "But I hoped he'd be all right when he was talking 'shop' with you. He's generally at his best, with you."

"He is all right on 'shop,'" agreed McLoughlin. "In fact, for a brilliant youngster who knows just how brilliant he is, he is most becomingly modest. A great deal more modest than I was at his age." McLoughlin's slow smile seemed to crack his leathery face into two.

"But the moment he gets on to any subject but his work, he's insufferable. Wants kicking."

"You can't kick a cripple." "That's what he bets on," came from Poole, upon whose person the terriors had disposed themselves to sleep.

"Apart from the fact that he's a cripple," said Armitage—heavily, Poole thought—"one can't snub him as a guest, especially when his mother is present."

"He bets on that, too," murmured Poole.

"Very likely! Anyway, his beastly nature will be a constant factor whatever we decide about him, and I think myself it's best to ignore it."

"Ignoring it makes him very irritable," said Poole, smiling reminiscently. He gently pulled a terrier's ear. "Very irritable indeed it makes him."

"You don't think he should go to Paris, Mac?"

"They won't teach him anything in the way of technique he doesn't know. What he needs he can get here or anywhere."

"And that is—?"

"Solid, hard concentration. So far, his work has been dashed off under some stimulus or other; some excitement. He's got to turn out as good stuff when he's sober on a Monday as he can at the Da Capo on a champagne Saturday night."

"Any good air, haunting places like the Da Capo?"

"Only to his purse. From what I hear he's making a bit. By the way, is it a fact that you put in that elevator to get him up to the top of this house?"

"I had it extended." McLoughlin left in silence.

As the front door distantly slammed, Armitage asked—

"What's Lodely been saying to get himself so warmly disliked?" Poole pulled the terrier's other ear. Easy enough to say: "He makes endless fun of you, his host and patron—but difficult to explain why one should so blindingly resent it when the host and patron didn't, apparently, resent it at all. He remarked, instead—

"Lodely talks of giving a party." "Do we have to charter the Ritz for him, if you know?"

"No. The idea is a small informal gathering; but it's to include all the rabble he has collected at the Da Capo during the last weeks and a lot of really sound people."

"Where will he give it?"

"In his studio. He actually took the lift up there yesterday."

"He didn't care for it, no doubt?"

"He thought it would make a good billiard-room with a little rearrangement."

Armitage laughed.

"Clever of him. I wish to heaven he'd let me have my bedroom back!"

"Make him."

"No, I can't do that." He said it thoughtfully, his manner robbing the words of their ineffectualness. He propped up and down the room, smoking, eyes half-closed.

"What about Mrs. Lodely?" he asked abruptly, wheeling on his secretary. "Oughtn't you—?"

"Mrs. Lodely ever talked to you about her money affairs?"

"She has declared most forthrightly, generally towards the sweet course, that twenty years ago she would have thought nothing of lurching at wherever we happen to be lurching."

"She has been living on her pin-money, I understand. I suppose she hasn't said anything to you about the circumstances of her husband's death?"

"You suppose wrongly. She has told me all about it three mortal times."

"What's that he bets on," came from Poole, upon whose person the terriors had disposed themselves to sleep.

"Apart from the fact that he's a cripple," said Armitage—heavily, Poole thought—"one can't snub him as a guest, especially when his mother is present."

"He bets on that, too," murmured Poole.

"Very likely! Anyway, his beastly nature will be a constant factor whatever we decide about him, and I think myself it's best to ignore it."

"Ignoring it makes him very irritable," said Poole, smiling reminiscently. He gently pulled a terrier's ear. "Very irritable indeed it makes him."

"You don't think he should go to Paris, Mac?"

"They won't teach him anything in the way of technique he doesn't know. What he needs he can get here or anywhere."

"And that is—?"

"Solid, hard concentration. So far, his work has been dashed off under some stimulus or other; some excitement. He's got to turn out as good stuff when he's sober on a Monday as he can at the Da Capo on a champagne Saturday night."

"Any good air, haunting places like the Da Capo?"

"Only to his purse. From what I hear he's making a bit. By the way, is it a fact that you put in that elevator to get him up to the top of this house?"

"I had it extended." McLoughlin left in silence.

As the front door distantly slammed, Armitage asked—

"What's Lodely been saying to get himself so warmly disliked?" Poole pulled the terrier's other ear. Easy enough to say: "He makes endless fun of you, his host and patron—but difficult to explain why one should so blindingly resent it when the host and patron didn't, apparently, resent it at all. He remarked, instead—

"Lodely talks of giving a party." "Do we have to charter the Ritz for him, if you know?"

"No. The idea is a small informal gathering; but it's to include all the rabble he has collected at the Da Capo during the last weeks and a lot of really sound people."

"Where will he give it?"

"In his studio. He actually took the lift up there yesterday."

"He didn't care for it, no doubt?"

"He thought it would make a good billiard-room with a little rearrangement."

Armitage laughed.

"Clever of him. I wish to heaven he'd let me have my bedroom back!"

"Make him."

"No, I can't do that." He said it thoughtfully, his manner robbing the words of their ineffectualness. He propped up and down the room, smoking, eyes half-closed.

"What about Mrs. Lodely?" he asked abruptly, wheeling on his secretary. "Oughtn't you—?"

"Mrs. Lodely ever talked to you about her money affairs?"

"She has declared most forthrightly, generally towards the sweet course, that twenty years ago she would have thought nothing of lurching at wherever we happen to be lurching."

"She has been living on her pin-money, I understand. I suppose she hasn't said anything to you about the circumstances of her husband's death?"

"You suppose wrongly. She has told me all about it three mortal times."

"What's that he bets on," came from Poole, upon whose person the terriors had disposed themselves to sleep.

380 CHINESE ARE FROZEN TO DEATH ON MOUNTAIN TOP

SHANGHAI, Jan. 20.—(AP)—Three hundred eighty Chinese soldiers were reported today found frozen to death

after being besieged for two weeks by Japanese troops on a southeastern Manchuria mountain top.

The report of the tragedy, carried in Chinese newspapers, turned attention in the Sino-Japanese controversy back to the original theater of war. Activities were renewed in that area, along the Manchurian coast south of Mukden, a month ago.

The reports said Japanese scouts found the dead Chinese soldiers still clasping their rifles at their posts on the top of Mount Takushan, near the coast between Takushan city and Siu-yen, 125 miles south of Mukden.

The Chinese were hard pressed by Japanese and made a final stand on the mountain, repulsing several attacks by the Japanese, the reports said. When the cold weather set in a few weeks ago, there was a lull in the fighting. The Japanese ceased their attacks and waited. In the freezing temperatures at the top of the mountain, the beleaguered Chinese found a new enemy—the cold—as deadly as the Japanese sharpshooters. When the bodies were found, the reports said, they were clad in lightweight summer uniforms.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



JOKER BILL HITS STATE HOUSE ROW

SALEM, Jan. 20.—(AP) Among the first "joker" bills prepared for introduction, of which there are several

every session one was ready for signature today. Reflection of the recent board of control row was seen in the act.

The bill would change the personnel of the state board of control to secretary of state, president of the senate and speaker of the house. This eliminates the governor and state treasurer.

COMMITTEE APPROVES RECLAMATION RELIEF

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—(P)—The house irrigation committee today approved the Chavez bill to defer construction and interest charges due on federal reclamation irrigation projects in the last half of 1932 and all of 1933.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—He'll Learn About Women From Them!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—A Friendly Warning

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Kid Goldrox

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



LOOK IN TUSKO'S EYE ALARMS HIS KEEPER

SEATTLE, Jan. 20.—(AP)—Here's a man who admits his job was too big for him. George W. Lewis, elephant keeper at the municipal zoo resigned. The reason: Tusko, once billed in a circus as the largest elephant in captivity, became a city ward last fall

after eating several private owners out of houses and homes. Tusko smashed up his quarters during a stay in Portland, Ore., and Lewis thought he had a restless look in his eye again.

ASTORIA, Ore., Jan. 20.—(AP)—The Clatsop county court today called for bids, to be opened February 10 for construction of a 540-foot wood bridge across the Necanicum river at 12th street in Seaside.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse City Sanitary Service.



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