

Buying Barbara

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

SYNOPSIS: Farrell Armitage has been commissioned to find out why the two senior winners of the Lodely and Cane did not buy. He is spending much money to launch Mark Lodely as an artist, because he is in love with Barbara Quentin. Mark's father, Lodely, and hopes to win her from Mark when the latter is an even competitor. Mark interrupts Armitage and Lodely, as usual, usually.

Chapter 33

MARK AT HIS WORST

POOLE beamed at Mark.

"Won't you come to the fire?"

Mark took no notice of him but waited until Armitage repeated the invitation; then he came forward and leaned against a chair back.

Armitage did not trouble to suppress a chuckle. Showing the hired man his place in front of his employer, eh? Neat stunt, that. Armitage, oblivious of the by-play, was handling a couple of letters.

"If you have a few minutes to spare, Lodely—"

"My dear Armitage, we're agreed, surely, that my time is yours?"

"I wrote to Miss Quentin, as you suggested, about the studio, but she is unable to come. I wrote again, a day or two ago, but she is still unwilling to undertake the commission."

Armitage stared at the fire. Armitage's voice had given him away. It was a woman.

Lodely was murmuring, through his smile—

"It really doesn't matter. I've looked at Malvina's handwork and it will do beautifully for everything except work. And, for work, I can carry on where I am."

"In Armitage's room?" enquired Poole, still beaming.

"In Armitage's room," assented Lodely, still showing, ever so slightly, his teeth.

"Then, I've also been in communication with Sir Robert Philhay," went on Armitage. "He was a friend of my father's."

"Yes? Another millionaire, I presume?"

"No. Sir Robert isn't a millionaire and I don't expect he ever will be; his interests don't lie in money-making. He is, or was, a very famous bone-setter."

"Oh, a quack!" said Mark indifferently.

"Sir Robert Philhay is recognized by the medical profession," Armitage said patiently. "I don't think he's called a quack nowadays. At any rate, he has brought off some marvelous cures. I wanted him to come and see you."

A flash passed over Mark's face. It was gone in an instant, but it softened Poole's into sympathy again. Poor devil, he had known hope and longing, under that bitterness!

"He is rather eccentric. He—"

Armitage hesitated. "He says he hasn't come up to town for many years and he'd rather we went to see him. He mentions next Tuesday. He offers to put us up."

Poole made a quick, involuntary movement. He knew exactly what was going to happen.

"As it happens, next Tuesday is impossible. That's the night of my party," smiled Mark.

"But, good God!—your party? You can have a party any night!"

"I don't think so. I'm booked for every other evening and I've made a good deal of splash about my Tuesday night studio parties. This, as the first of them, is the most important."

"More important than the chance of being made a sound man instead of—"

Armitage caught back the word. Poole, his eyes on his shoes, tried to focus Armitage's mind with his own. Damn it all, telepathy was possible, why shouldn't it work between them now? Armitage—Armitage—stick to your wheel—don't let the little whelp spoil your nerves. . . .

"We'll leave it for the time being, Lodely, shall we?"

Much better. Poole nodded solemnly at his shoes. That was much more the way to handle him. Sound idea, telepathy!

"My dear Armitage, don't put yourself to such trouble in the matter. Poor though I am, I have been examined by several men of genuine repute; and they are agreed that my case is beyond them."

"Wonderful how sweet-tempered you always keep!" put in Poole. "Example to the rest of us, absolutely!"

"Besides I must ask myself, Armitage, whether I can conscientiously accept this further charity at your hands. You are interested in my welfare solely because of any talent I may possess. Aren't you?"

"Don't go too far," warned Armitage.

His voice was so very much as usual that Poole relaxed and took leisure to study Lodely.

"Along what road?" he taunted. Armitage straightened slowly and slowly moved away from his chair. He spoke over his shoulder.

"Don't go too far. Amuse yourself with ridiculing me and my friends, if you choose; but remember that it wouldn't really suit you to be packed back to the provinces."

The artist's furious eyes followed him.

"That threat comes too late to be effective," he said. "If you throw me out of here, there are a half-dozen houses open to me. You've let me get my feet too firmly in."

"I doubt that. Not many men would give you the rope you demand."

"I don't bother about the men. My strong suit is always the women."

"The women!" Armitage's disgust thickened the words to a snarl. He went to the door, dragging his pipe from his pocket. Poole rejoiced at the action—the strain was over. Lodely let him get to the door. Then—

"I could give you a lot more advice about women," he murmured. Armitage made no sign of having heard. He was feeling for his tobacco-pouch. If he stopped at the door, it was perhaps only because he wanted to fill his pipe.

"You should not only never pursue them (I've already told you that) but you should never let them succeed in pursuing you. If they try to, by all means encourage the idea; but never let them run you to earth."

"Whistle when you want them," concluded the mockery from the big chair, "but by the time they come panting up, be elsewhere."

Poole was surprised that Armitage should make response. Evidently they were, because men of your calibre generally talk that kind of poison. But there are women who in spite of their pity for you and their kindness, are not to be whistled to your side when they have once decided that they will not come.

"I wonder!"

Armitage opened the door. Poole, watching both men, knew that Armitage would not yet be allowed to go.

"By the way, Armitage, I should be much obliged if you would write to Barbara again. On second thought I can't occupy your bedroom for the whole year of my stay. If Barbara can fix me up a workroom somewhere, and, honestly, she's the only person who knows what I need, I can get down to hard work."

"I've written to Miss Quentin twice. She's quite firm in her refusal. It would be useless for me to—"

"Perhaps it would. Perhaps it would be useless for you." The emphasis was delicate but unmistakable. "I must do what I ought to have done at once. Would you mind sending the wire for me?"

"The wire? To Miss Quentin?"

"Of course. Just wire 'Come' and sign it 'Mark'."

"You wish me to send Miss Quentin a telegram saying no more than 'Come, Mark'?"

"What more need I say? You don't think it enough?"

There was no answer. Armitage, pipe drawing very satisfactorily, hands quite steady again, walked out of the room.

Poole left the fire for the window and stared out at the inevitable London garden; shrubs, gravel, stately green with damp.

"I shall have to trouble you for a little brandy," came from the chair.

Poole wandered back without haste and regarded the guest closely. Not until he had observed the business round the lips and the sharp lines drawn from nose to chin, did he ring and order the attendant.

"For God's sake, hurry up!" implored the artist feebly. "I—I get these fainting attacks—"

Poole was quite unalarmed. "You ought to take life more quietly," he advised. "So long as you go about trying to get yourself murdered, your heart is bound to do overtime."

He was gratified to catch a glimpse of undisguised hatred before the fair head fell back upon the cushions and the long hands slipped and hung loosely to the floor.

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Lella Cane lightheartedly confesses to blackmail, tomorrow.

LOCAL TALENT FOR LEGION PRODUCTION

Every homemaker in the community is invited to be present.

A great deal of interest in basketball is shown in the community since we have representatives on the Prospect and Butte Falls high school teams.

Prospect is represented by Dale Joffrey and Thomas Close while Leo Hoag and Ralph Train play on the Butte Falls team. Erna Glas, attending Butte Falls, is the lone girl athlete.

A "one club" consisting of students who have a 1 in all school subjects, was formed at the Laurelhurst school recently. Pupils who belong are: June Hopper, first grade; Joyce Nedry, second grade; Carol Nedry, fourth grade; Cecil Rodgers, fifth grade and Kenneth Rodgers, eighth grade.

Raymond and Lester Train entered school recently. The Train children entered from Rogue River.

HOME LOAN BANK FUNCTIONS SOON

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 21.—(AP)—Prospects for the early functioning

of the Eleventh District Federal Home Loan bank of Portland appeared brighter today with the announcement that the central office at Washington, D. C., had confirmed the appointments made by the board of directors at a meeting here last Monday.

A native of Albany, Ore., Charles H. Stewart, now of Portland, was chosen executive vice president and

manager of the bank, and will be the executive head of the institution. He will assume his office February 1.

L. H. Hoffman of Portland was elected president of the Portland bank; W. H. Hadlock, formerly of Salt Lake City, vice-president in charge of examining; W. H. Campbell of Spokane, secretary-treasurer, and Irving Borgardus of Seattle, treasurer.

SNAPSHOTS OF A MAN FINDING HIS WRAPPER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

HEARS TELEPHONE RING DOWNSTAIRS AND GETS UP

PULLS SLIPPERS ON AND GROPE SLEEPILY FOR WRAPPER ON FOOT OF BED

FEELS IT AND YANKS, BUT FINDS HE HAS THE EXTRA BLANKET INSTEAD

FUMBLES AROUND UNTIL HE FEELS SOMETHING WITH A SLEEVE, WHICH ON BEING EXTRICATED PROVES TO BE HIS OLD SWEATER

GETS HOLD OF WRAPPER AT LAST, ENTWINED WITH YESTERDAY'S SHIRT AND HIS WIFE'S KIMONO

FREES WRAPPER OF ALL EXCEPT CORD WHICH SEEMS TO HAVE TIED ITSELF FIRMLY ROUND BED POST

BY PULLING HARD GETS CORD FREE AT LAST. STRUGGLES TO GET INTO WRAPPER, WHICH SEEMS TO HAVE ONLY ONE ARM-HOLE

FINALLY GETS WRAPPER ON PROPERLY, AND REALIZES THAT TELEPHONE HAS STOPPED RINGING

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S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

THERE IS SOMEONE AT THE FRONT DOOR!

MAYBE HE IS LOOKING FOR MONEY. TELL HIM I'M NOT IN!

YESSIR!

I DON'T THINK HE BELIEVES ME. BETTER GO AND TELL HIM YOURSELF, POP!

NOW LET'S SEE, WOULD THAT SUGGESTION WORK OUT ALL RIGHT?

S'MATTER, POP?

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Two Hearts That Beat For One!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

SO YOU'RE ENGAGED—NO WONDER YOU BALKED AT MY CRAZY SUGGESTION ABOUT ELOPING—I WOULD GET A BREAK LIKE THIS—WELL—GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK—

I DON'T GET YOU—SEE, NOLA, I DIDN'T MIND—HONEST I DON'T—THAT STORY HELPED A LOT—

PLEASE DON'T LET THE BELLS UPSET YOU, MISS MORGAN—THE ENGAGEMENT ISN'T NECESSARILY PERMANENT—

REALLY?

I GIVE UP!

HEY, HEY! IS THAT NICE? THIS AIN'T NO TIME TO BE QUARRELIN' OVER A BOY FRIEND—WE GOT BANDITS TO GUARD—

HERE COMES BOB BACK WITH THE SHERIFF—AND BOY, WILL I BE GLAD TO GET OUT OF THIS MIX-UP!

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BOUND TO WIN—Faint Heart

By EDWIN ALGER

BEN'S RIGHT! IF I DON'T POP TO HER SOON, I MAY LOSE HER! AND IF I LOSE HER, MY HEART MIGHT JUST AS WELL BE PARKED SOMEWHERE NEAR THE NORTH POLE! YES, SIR, I'VE GOT TO POP AN' POP PLENTY FAST!

MORNIN', HONEY! I BIGHT THE BARNY POSTMAN PLACE AN' I WAS WONDERIN' IF YOU HAD ANY SPECIAL LIKES SO FAR AS MANGIONS IS CONCERNED. I'M FINGERIN' ON BUILDIN' AN—

WHY, JONIE, WHEN DID YOU BUY IT?

FIVE GALLONS WILL FILL 'ER UP, MRS. BLACK—AN' I COULD I COME IN AN' COPY THAT THERE JELLY RECIPE YOU WAS TELLIN' ME MISSUS ABOUT?

YES, INDEED—COME RIGHT IN—I'LL BE GLAD TO GIVE IT TO YOU—

WELL, THERE GOES MY CHANCE THIS MORNIN'! I LOVE JEST DON'T MIX WITH GASOLINE! EVERY SINGLE TIME I LEAD UP TO PUMPIN', SOME BIRD ROLLS UP WITH AN EMPTY GAS TANK, AN' I GET SO NERVOUS, I'M SUNK FOR THE REST OF THE DAY!

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THE NEBBS—Two Sides To A Question

By SOL HESS

THE COURTSHIP OF DAISY DANFORD, MANICURIST, BY THE RICH MR. GOLDROX IS BEGINNING TO CAUSE QUITE SOME COMMENT.. AT LEAST AMONG THE WOMEN OF NORTHVILLE

IF I HEARD IT FROM ONE PERSON I HEARD IT FROM A DOZEN THAT MISS DANFORD WENT OUT WITH MR. GOLDROX

WELL, WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT? SHE'S NOT MY CHILD AND I'M NOT HIS CONSERVATOR, EITHER

WELL, DO YOU THINK AN EMPLOYEE OF THE HOTEL SHOULD ACCEPT INVITATIONS FROM THE GUESTS? ESPECIALLY IN A TOWN LIKE THIS WHERE EVERYBODY FINDS OUT?

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO? THROW HER OUT OF A JOB AND CHASE A GUY OUT WHO TOOK THE COB-WEBBS OFF THE CASH REGISTER?

WELL, DO YOU THINK, CONSIDERING THE DIFFERENCE IN AGE AND SOCIAL POSITION THAT HE'S CARRYING THIS FURTIVATION WITH MATRIMONIAL INTENT?

WHY NOT? HE'S RICH ENOUGH TO MARRY ANYONE HE WANTS TO AND OLD ENOUGH TO MAKE A FOOL OF HIMSELF—THERE ARE THE CONDITIONS YOU WANT ME TO STOP—I SUPPOSE IF A CYCLONE WAS COMING THIS WAY YOU'D EXPECT ME TO RUN OUT AND DRIVE IT OFF WITH A PALM LEAF FAN!

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Lella Cane lightheartedly confesses to blackmail, tomorrow.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

SO AFTER I TELL HER SHE CAN'T GO OUT SHE PAYS NO ATTENTION TO ME BUT GOES RIGHT OUT—

I KNOW WHERE SHE WENT—SHE'S PLAYIN' GOLF WITH A LOT OF BOOBS—I'LL SHOW HER WHO IS MASTER OF THIS HOUSE—

OH-HELLO, MAGGIE! WUZ JUST GOIN' OUT—

YOU'LL GO OUT FOR THE COUNT OF TEN IF YOU DON'T GO RIGHT BACK IN THERE—

NOW YOU STAY IN THERE—I'LL SHOW YOU WHO IS BOSS AROUND HERE—

SO—SEE—

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Laurelhurst

LAURELHURST, Jan. 21.—(Sp.)—Friends of Mrs. Maude Dittsworth are glad to see her home again after several weeks in the Medford hospital.

Parent-Teacher association announces that the next meeting will be held at the McLeod dining room, Friday evening, Feb. 10. All members of the community are invited to attend.

The regular meeting of the McLeod Home Economic club will meet at the home of Mrs. Glue, Thursday, Jan. 26 at which time Mrs. Mabel C. Mack will give a remodeling demonstration.

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