

Buying Barbara

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

SYNOPSIS: Mark Lodely, crippled, arrogant and cruel, is the guest of Farrell Armitage, who is trying to cure him and launch him as an artist in order to permit Barbara Quentin, Mark's favorite, to choose between them without being influenced by pity for Mark. Mark has been insinuating unfair things about Farrell's love for Barbara, when suddenly he quits. Armitage's secretary, Kenneth Poole, rings for brandy.

Chapter 34

"TO OUR MEMORIES"

THE door opened to admit Thomas with the brandy decanter and glasses and, behind Thomas, a girl. "It's very characteristic," said the girl—"how I always manage to come in on the cocktail-wagon."

Poole studied her as he advanced to meet her. He had not met Lella Cane before but he guessed that this must be she.

"This isn't going to be a revel, really," he explained when he had introduced himself. "The intoxicant is for Lodely. His heart isn't quite the thing this afternoon."

She went up to the big chair and looked down at its occupant. Supported by Thomas, he was sipping brandy. A faint color had crept back to his face. Lella smiled, a faint, bitter smile that Poole found rather attractive.

"Hullo, Mark! Got the tantrums?" Poole took a chance. "He's been bawling Armitage," he explained. "Swords for two, you know, and brandy for one."

"It Mark needs brandy," said Lella, "Farrell must be needing an ambulance." Her bright eyes swept the room. "Where did you put him?"

"We disagreed, fundamentally, on the subject of handling women," came from Mark before Poole could make any retort. "He has just wandered out to dig a pit for himself and, in due course, to fall into it."

"What a cad you are!" commented Lella dispassionately. She took a cigarette from the case Poole offered and lit it. "Isn't he a cad, Mr. Poole? Don't you hate having him in the house?"

"On the contrary, he fascinates me! All that artistic temperament stuff—I've never met it before at close quarters."

"I don't want any more brandy," said Mark petulantly. And, as the footman withdrew—"I haven't drawn your soul yet, Lella. Have a care!"

Poole thought she flinched but in the next second she had recovered herself.

"I haven't a soul—and you've drawn all the rest of me."

"Have you sat for your portrait, then, Miss Cane?"

"No, though he pretends I did."

"Could I have painted you like that, from memory, if you think?" protested the artist. "Who would believe it, Lella?"

"Only Barbara, bless her!" she told him steadily. "And she said you hadn't done me justice. And started her kitchen fire with it."

Poole laughed suddenly. With these two, as with Armitage and Lodely, he had the feeling that they were talking over his head. But whatever it was about, he backed this Cane girl. Never before had he seen a grown man—sprinkle or no—look so childishly cross.

"Barbara should have left it alone. It was mine," he muttered. "I shall tell her so the moment she comes."

"Is Barbara coming here?"

"Yes. To do me a studio that isn't a silly clutter of sofa cushions."

"When I saw her last week, she said that if she did come up, it would be to do Patsy's rooms, not yours."

"She will do them, though."

His humor apparently restored, Mark Lodely stretched up a hand and Lella, giving him hers, helped him up. Poole's "Oh, I say, let me!" came too late. Mark was already on his feet. Lella's hand still in his: before she could withdraw it, he raised it to his lips.

"To our memories, Lella!"

Poole, strolling across the room to see him out of the door, wondered. And then he wondered at himself for wondering. She was just one of a thousand others. He strolled back and found that the painful flush, that had risen under her powder, had gone again. She was elaborately composed.

"He does so hate it when you won't let him see you're impressed," she said. "Do you think genius is always as unendurable as Mark?"

"No idea! But he quite honestly doesn't impress me, except as an evil-tempered little cuss."

LAKE CREEK GRANGE COMMITTEES NAMED TO SERVE FOR YEAR

LAKE CREEK, Jan. 23.—(Sp.)—At the last meeting of the Lake Creek Grange, Master Russ Moore appointed the following committees

to serve for the ensuing year: Agricultural—Harry Tonn, Tom Stanley, Leland Charley; home economics—Alma Meyer, Nora Bradshaw, Mary Moore; legislative—Floyd Charley, Mabel Brown, Beth Zundel; ways and means—Herman Meyer, Jr., Claus Charley, Ernest Jones; Finance—Henry Meyer, Mabel Stanley, Myrtle Charley; relief—Ella Meyer, Herman Meyer, Sr.; publicity—Beth Zundel, Myrtle Charley; music—Mary Charley, Leland Charley, Frank Simpson, Harry Tonn, Dorothea Meyer, Helen Brown, Alice Klingie; education—Elyn Charley, Beth Zundel, Anna

Tonn; resolutions—Elyn Charley, Mary Moore, Nora Bradshaw.

A much larger attendance than usual was enjoyed at this meeting, all newly-elected officers being present to conduct their first meeting of the year.

Assistant steward, Harry Tonn, lady assistant steward, Dorothea Meyer, and Ceres, Elyn Charley, having been absent when the joint installation of Lake Creek and Eagle Point officers was held, were duly installed.

Lecture hour was of a recreational nature and very much appreciated by all present.

WILLAMETTE WINS FROM COLUMBIANS

SALEM, Jan. 23.—(AP)—The Willamette University Beacrats defeated

the sharp-shooting Columbia University basketball team 29 to 26 in a weird boomerang game here Saturday night.

Phoenix Grange Meets Tuesday

PHOENIX, Jan. 23.—(Sp.)—Phoenix grange will meet Tuesday night at 8 o'clock. A program has

been arranged with members of the local grange and Rosy Ann grange participating.

As this is the first meeting since appointment of committees, it is held important that all committee members and officers be present, in order to learn more of their work as they begin the year's program.

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S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



SNAPSHOTS OF A BOY CONCENTRATING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



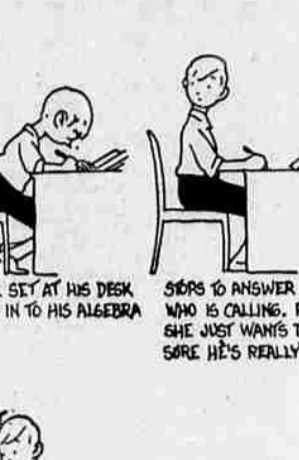
TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Sheriff Is Satisfied!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



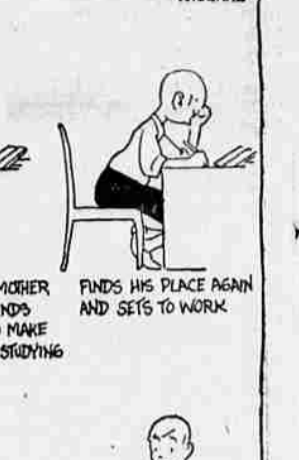
BOUND TO WIN—Absence Makes The Heart Grow Fonder!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Just "Flirting"

By SOL HESS



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