

Buying Barbara

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

SYNOPSIS: Mark Lodely cruel, bitter but gifted as an artist, writes a curt telegram to his fiancée, Barbara Quentin demanding that she come to him. The telegram is intended to humiliate her. Barbara's London career. Parrell hopes that when he has made the arrogant artist successful Barbara will no longer slip him, and will sit Mark for Mark's benefactor. Barbara telegrams Mark's mother, who replies that Mark does not need her.

Chapter 35 MARK'S ULTIMATUM

BARBARA told herself that she would write to Mark and explain that she suspected only a mood in him. Then, if it were more than a mood, he could send his call again.

She made her way to her own room and lit her lamp. There was an old Venetian mirror here which she had delicately re-gilded. She lit the candles that flanked it and looked at her reflection.

Candle-light was certainly flattering. It made her hair the pale, delicate gold of the gliding and under each wave it placed a shadow. It gave darkness to her eyes, the turgor of white velvet to her skin, mystery to the line of her throat. She felt as though someone stood at her shoulder, whose gaze lin-

ked upon her. Not Mark—not Mark—
She blew out the candles and scurried downstairs.
The next few days left her without word or sign from either of the Lodelys. Their silence stretched her nerves and she threw herself into her work to forget the whole affair.

Then, gradually, she lost the sense of being a naughty disobedient child and began to paper the kitchen. She was on the top of a step-ladder, her shears thrust into the pocket of her smock, her thoughts straying towards tea and hot buttered toast, when the telegraph boy came up the path again.

She called him in and read the message, seated on the top of the ladder. Mark made himself perfectly clear. "Come to me here or consider our engagement at an end."

"No answer," she said.
She had to choose between her self-respect and her marriage to Mark. There was no mistake about it—Mark was not ill or in trouble, he was just determined that she should step out of the stream of her own life and come to him when he beckoned her.

She thought, sitting there in the gathering dusk, that she had no choice but to go; and she thought that this love she had for him was very close to fear and very close to hate.

But she made no preparation to go. She sat there, thinking and wishing she could have finished the kitchen.

Half an hour elapsed and then another telegraph boy lumbered up to the little house. She read: "Please, Barbara. There was no more."

Oh, but it was enough! She dismissed the boy and few about her preparations. No mooning, now. In 15 minutes she was closing up the house and running into the road.

She thought she might catch the London train if she could get a car from a garage she knew. She was there sooner than she had thought

all the same. Wonderful, I think, considering everything. Yes, Lella stayed a night with you last week, I hear!"

"Most kind of you to put yourself out. My girl's spoiled, I fear, and it's a bit late to do anything about it. Cool—and hard!"

Barbara was barely listening. A part of her mind was recording that 'Sugar', though very nearly obsequious in manner, was far from easy in her company; and another part was preoccupied with times and distances. This other part took complete command as the long, shrill whistle tore across the lights of the town.

"There's my train!"
At the same moment the chauffeur slowed, pushed aside the glass panel and spoke over his shoulder. "No use, sir. We can't make it now."

Barbara, disappointed, prepared to alight.
"One moment, Miss Barbara! It occurs to me—but have you an alternative plan?"

"I had better get to Taunton, I think. There's a chance of catching a very good train that leaves there about nine."

"One moment! It occurs to me that perhaps you would allow me to send you to Taunton in this car."

Barbara, half out of the car, was quite unable to conceal her stupefaction. So, apparently, was Jones, who all at gasped.

"It's very kind of you. I don't know how to thank you. But what about you? How will you get home?"
"By train," 'Sugar' assured her. As the car moved off, Barbara glanced out of the back window. 'Sugar' came standing in the middle of the road and she thought he was talking to himself. But under the uncertain lights she could not be sure.

(Copyright, 1932, Julia Cleft-Addams.)
Barbara is shocked almost beyond endurance, tomorrow, by what she finds in London.

HEDRICK REPORTS HELP FOR YOUTHS

Of interest to Kiwanians and many other people of the city was the report given Monday by E. H. Hedrick, superintendent of Medford schools at the noon luncheon of the club. Mr. Hedrick who is chairman of the vocational guidance committee

outlined the work being done by the local club to aid boys in deciding upon and entering professions. The Kiwanians should see that a course in vocational guidance is offered in the schools, that it is supported, and should see that boys are given a chance to become acquainted with the businesses of the city by being invited into them, he stated, pointing out that these things are all done in Medford.
The course makes no attempt to force boys into any given professions, he explained, but to thoroughly acquaint them with all, to aid them in making their own decisions.

DAIRYMEN MEET SOON IN SALEM

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 24.—(AP)—The annual meeting of the Oregon Dairymen's association, founded 40 years ago, will see all phases of dairy industry and marketing of products discussed when the body convenes at Salem, February 1 and 2. Paul G. Adams, secretary of the Oregon dairy council announced here Saturday. Joe E. Dunne, Hal E. Hoss and Rufus Holman, will be principal speakers at the convocation while several experts in the various divisions of the dairy industry are billed to speak. Adams said.

INDIANS 'NO SAVVY' ON WITNESS STAND

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 4.—(AP)—Indians of several northwest tribes appearing as witnesses in a suit over fishing rights in government court here seemed to be able to speak the English language and suddenly lose this faculty at will.
Conservation in the hallway of the federal building was almost always in English. As various tribal members appeared on the stand they could not understand the simplest question in English or answer in that tongue. Interpreters said they stated they knew no English.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS
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THAT VIRTUOUS FEELING WHEN YOU REPORT TO THE MARKET THAT THEY HAVE MADE A MISTAKE OF THREE CENTS IN THE BILL IN YOUR FAVOR—VIRTUOUS FEELING VANISHING SUDDENLY WHEN, BUSINESS HAVING COME TO A VIRTUAL STANDSTILL WHILE THEY CHECK IT UP, THEY DISCOVER YOU JUST DIDN'T ADD IT UP RIGHT



She read the message seated on the ladder.

S'M ER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Has Something Else To Worry About!



BOUND TO WIN—The Bad News

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Who Cares?

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



McLeod Children See First Snow

MCLEOD, Jan. 24.—(Sp.)—"I am glad someone appreciates snow," says Glenn Tynes. This is the first snow Dorothy and Frances Harding have ever seen and they are having the time of their lives skiing and sleighing.

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DALLES TOLL BRIDGE PERMIT REQUESTED

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—(AP)—Authority for the Dalles Bridge Co. to construct a toll bridge over the Columbia river five miles upstream from The Dalles, Ore., was asked in a bill introduced today by Senator Dill of Washington.

Patrons: Home Industry. Buy White's Chocolates. Keep that money at home.

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