

Buying Barbara

By Julia Cleff-Addams • Author of "YOU CAN'T MARRY"

Chapter 39
THE CRASH

SO SURE was Barbara of Mark's coming, that she did not appreciate lengthening her pace and it was five minutes past eleven when she turned into Trafalgar Square.

As she looked across to the people scattered upon the steps of the building, a car passed her with Mark inside.

She watched it sweep up to the steps but Mark did not descend. Her heart misgave her suddenly, suppose he had brought Judy? She came steadily on and presently drew level. He was alone.

"Rotten of you to keep me waiting!" he exclaimed, the moment his eyes fell upon her.

"You haven't been here two minutes," she returned, and got in. The car was very roomy, very plainly equipped.

"Is this Farrell Armitage's car?" "One of his cars, child. You have no conception of the resources of a millionaire, evidently. Just as well, perhaps, for your poor, neglected true love. Michfield is waiting for you to tell him where to drive to."

"To the outer circle of Regent's Park, please, and drive slowly round."

The car rolled away, a smooth, obedient movement that seemed to make speech flow more easily.

"You wired me to come to you, Mark. Why?"

"Because I hungered for the sight of you."

"But last night," she countered and, to her dismay, there was a sob in her breath, "last night you insulted me before your friends."

"Last night? You weren't there."

"That's true, Mark. You saw me. You know I was there."

He had let himself slip towards her and now laid his face against her shoulder.

"I'd had oceans too much to drink. Don't loathe me for it, beautiful. You looked so grim and dull and hard-working, standing there, gaping at all the naughty people. And you know I can't stand it when you look like that."

"You hurt me too much, Mark."

"Really too much, Barbara?"

Again she turned and looked down at him. The car was alongside the curb.

"People will see you, Mark. Sit up."

He lifted her hand, drew off the loosely fitting glove and raised her palm to his lips.

"I have missed you so, beautiful. Mark at his most kind, most dear. How could she ever, for one instant, have wondered—have doubted—She relaxed a little. The traffic jam broke and the car started forward again.

"Oh, darling Mark, I ought never to have let him take you away from me. Let's be married at once, Mark. This week?"

He flicked aside her hand and, hauling himself erect, sat back in his corner.

"Him?"

"Farrell Armitage. It sounded so splendid, his offer to house you and help your work and perhaps improve your health. But this is taking away with one hand what he gives with the other."

"This? Do you mean my party?"

"All your parties, all you go to and all you give, if they're like last night!"

He was silent. She could not interpret his silence. She went on:

"You must see it, Mark. You must agree that for whatever reason, Farrell Armitage is definitely trying to vulgarize your career."

"You think so?" murmured Mark.

"Couldn't I see last night, the kind of people he had brought to his house and the kind of entertainment he provided for them?"

The car had turned into the park now, and was sweeping slowly along the outer circle.

"Unique," commented Mark. "Absolutely unique, you are, Barbara. She searched his face.

"You mean I'm—foolish?"

"I mean—" his lip lifted at one corner—"you are possessed of a

unique and quite amazing nerve." She drew herself up.

"Whatever I've done or said that's stupid, you must not speak to me like that." But her voice shook badly.

"So you are going to carry me off and marry me, are you? Because you don't approve of the company I keep! And I'm to be allowed a very few really respectable little folk to play with me now and again, and I get a beer and tobacco allowance, I suppose?"

"No, Mark, not I put it too sweepingly, perhaps. I know I'm naturally bossy—people have told me so. But I do want to take you away from Farrell Armitage before he utterly spoils you and I think that whatever you say, you do really want to come."

Mark glanced out of the window. He waved a hand languidly to an acquaintance. He watched a dog frisk across the road.

"Mark," she begged. "I don't know what is in your mind. This. That when we marry, and don't forget that last time I asked you, you refused me, when we marry, it will be I who decide where and how I shall live afterwards. I may or may not be a cripple, by then, but if I were twisted into twice the funny knots I am already, I will be absolute master of my own life. If that doesn't suit you—get out of it!"

"You don't know what you're saying. You don't mean it. You would be living one kind of life, I another." She tried to smile. "It wouldn't be real marriage, at all."

"And yet," pursued Mark, "no other kind of marriage would be possible with you, Barbara. You're bossy, as you say yourself. I won't either boss or be bossed."

"Then—" she said, still smiling.

"The whole question is shelved indefinitely," he suggested. "Or no. You're one of those people who insist on being given a date. Let's shelve it, then, for a year. In the meantime, you can leave me to steep myself in vice under Armitage's able guidance—"He laughed amusedly—"and you can go back to Toxeter. Excellent place for good little girls to be good in, Toxeter."

She put her hand to the speaking-tube.

"Stop, please," she requested.

"Getting out, Barbara?"

The car drew into the curb and the chauffeur came to the door.

"Should you really be so very final, do you think?" Mark went on. "I mean, won't you have a terrible lot to unsay when you want to be engaged to me again? All that tin-chapel talk about Armitage—"

She looked at him blindly. Michfield had returned to his wheel and she held the open door in her hand. In a moment she would shut it upon Mark and his questions and his laughter and let him go.

"—when one of the most satisfying things about my party was that it drove him out of his own house in gentlemanly disgust! He didn't come back to Brandish Place until an hour ago!"

Her hand lightened on the door. She said, almost violently:

"You're mistaken. I saw him standing in the doorway your studio about two o'clock, looking on. I heard something he said about you."

"You saw him clearly?"

"Not clearly, no. From behind."

"His build is very like Poole's, his secretary. It was Mr. Watchdog Poole you saw. And the only reason I'm troubling to mention all this—" Mark's voice shrilled suddenly, "the only reason is, that before you ever dare to talk marriage to me again, you'll apologize for believing that a cash-minded clod like Armitage could ever begin to influence me!"

"Armitage vulgarizing my career on the sly? Armitage choosing the wrong kind of friends for me! That—that clerk!" His tree arm swung wildly and he tore the door from her grasp and crashed it shut. Through the window her eyes hung upon his for another moment and then the car slid into gear and he was gone.

But Barbara was beyond response. Dimly aware of someone at her shoulder, she turned. It was as if the emptiness and the sunshine turned with her; the world spun, jolted and then slanted into space. She slanted with it and the sun went out.

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Farrell searches, tomorrow, for one he loves.

al humorists, but now is the time to render obsolete the standard joke about the "bride's biscuits—and dumplings that bounce."

So decrees Mrs. Marion Spencer and Miss Helen Brown, home economists of the Safeway Stores Homemakers' Bureau, who will conduct a three-day cooking school in Medford beginning Wednesday, Feb. 1st, at the Fox Rialto Theater under the auspices of the Homemakers' Bureau. Mrs. Spencer and Miss Brown will guide homemakers along that royal road to a man's heart as she offers, free of charge, the knowledge gained through intensive food and recipe research by the Bureau at its testing kitchen.

This Bureau, unique in the West, is designated for the special guidance of Western women, explains Mrs. Spencer. Under the direction of Mrs. Julia Lee Wright, noted home economist, the Bureau, starting in a modest manner in one room, is now in its third year. Mrs. Wright also founded of the testing kitchen, now has under her direct supervision, 135 cooking schools covering territory from Kansas City west and from Canada to the Mexican border.

Services dealing with all household and culinary problems are offered free in response to inquiries addressed to the Homemakers' Bureau at Oakland.

"Bring a pencil and a friend," is the slogan adopted by Mrs. Spencer as she prepares for the modernized cooking school which will be conducted in the Fox Rialto from 2 until 4 p. m. each day. The doors, she also announces, will open each day at 1 o'clock.

"All shopping for food products to be used at the classes we shall do in Medford" in person, says Mrs. Spencer and Miss Brown, "and the three days of the sessions will offer a wide variety of menus. These," they say, "will range from hearty meals to lighter luncheons and entertainment dishes and delicacies to tempt palates of the family and guests."

During the two hours of each session, ten complete dishes will be cooked or made in the mechanical refrigerator. The purpose of this schedule is to show that there need be no drudgery or "fuss about" in preparing meals.

This modern art of cookery, executed in a speedy, efficient manner, is what we mean by "kitcheneering."

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

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

of the tumultuous ludicrous way the tale is told. If you are at all modern, though, you'll enjoy it.

The best advice we can give is, that is if you see it, don't let anything escape your attention, else it might be just another show for you instead of one of the cleverest dramatizations of wholesome comedy you'll see in many a day.

New spring show now on display. A larger and smarter variety than we have ever had, and at only \$1.95 to \$3.95. The Band Box and Shoe Box.

Legion Comedy Admirably Done By Local Cast

"Jim's Girl," the forthcoming American Legion play, from a production standpoint, is an admirable job. It is an impressively sound piece of play writing, all its characters and its story are believable.

Smart casting has gathered a corking group of local players. No account of the story can give an idea

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM

AFTER EVERY MEAL

COOKING SCHOOL OPEN WEDNESDAY RIALTO THEATER

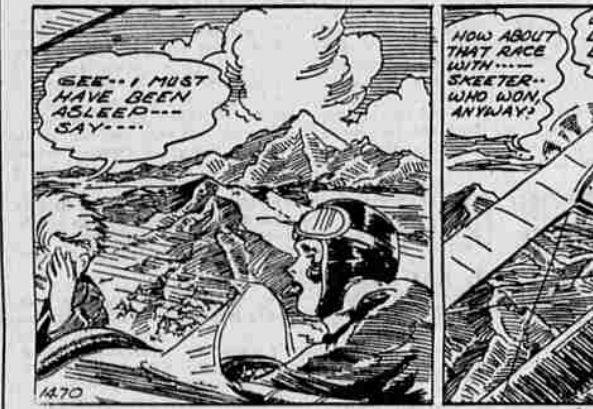
"It may be hard on the profession—"

'SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



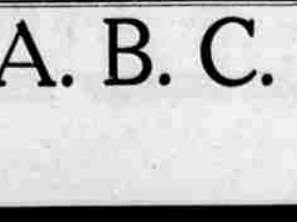
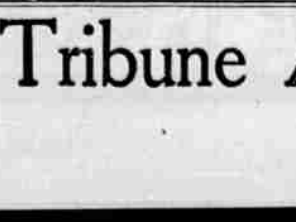
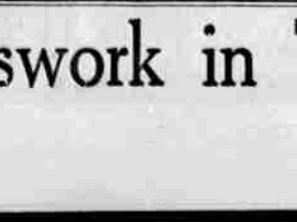
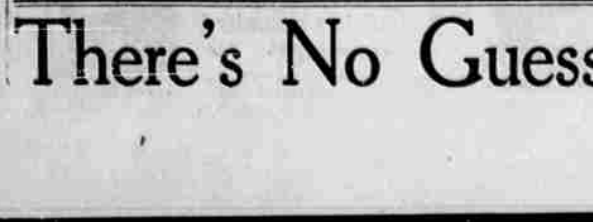
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Back To Three-Point!



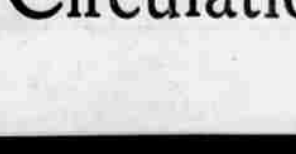
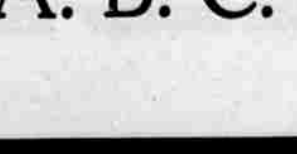
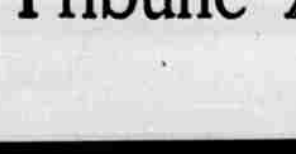
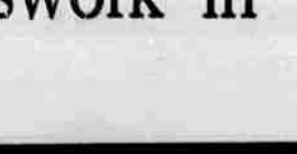
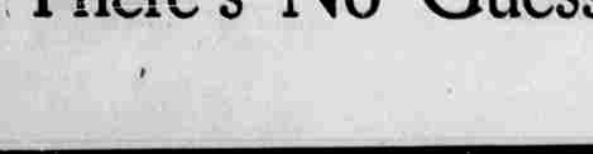
BOUND TO WIN—Dan Digger's Wrath



THE NEBBS—I'm Sorry Now

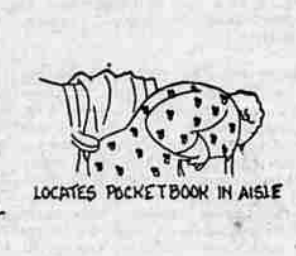


BRINGING UP FATHER



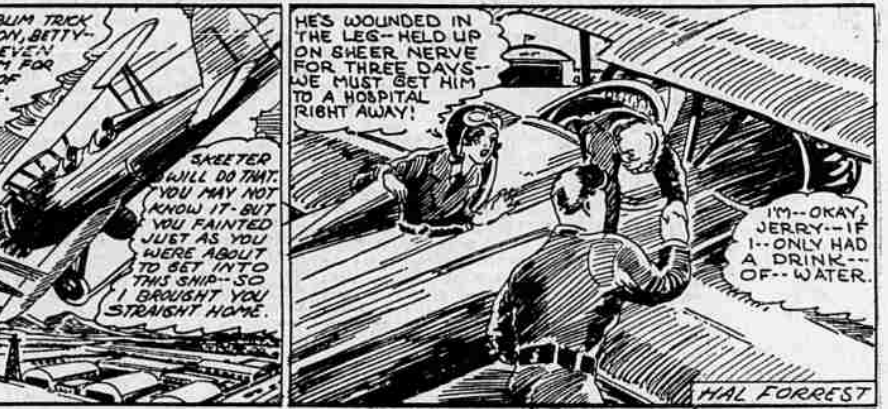
SNAPSHOTS OF A WOMAN AND HER LAP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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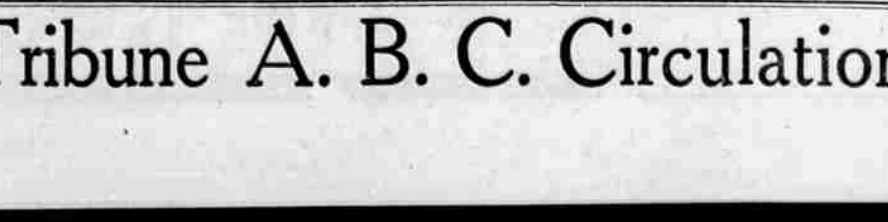
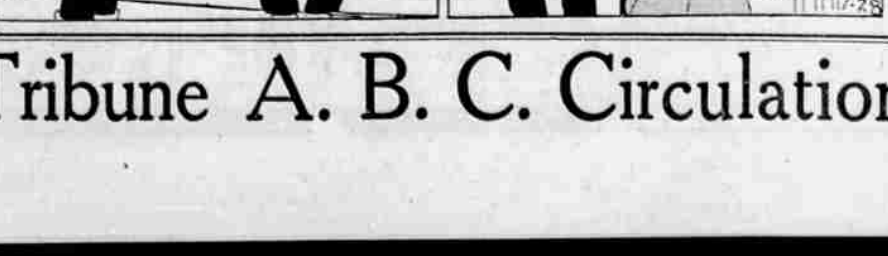
By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By George McManus



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