$ Buying Barbara

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

SYNOPSIS: The truth of how Sir James Cane's fortune began comes out. He had bought shares from Barbara Quentin's mother, knowing that although she thought them worthless, they really were worth par. The Lodelys and Quentins were impoverished. Farrell Armitage, in love with Barbara, just has brought out that Mrs. Lodely has known for years of the deceit. Farrell is in love with Barbara Quentin, who has broken her engagement to Mark Lodely, gifted but unprincipled son of Mrs. Lodely.

Chapter 46

LEILA CANE EXPLAINS

"I DID not tell anybody," shouted Mrs. Lodely.

"But you made it your business to get a copy of the wire, in the firm's name, I suppose?" demanded Farrell.

"Yes I did, Mr. Farrell Armitage, and I'd do it again. And moreover I said to myself 'it's clear Babs and Mark'll marry one day. They're cut out for each other. And if poor old Sylvia gets this money she'll move right away and those two poor kids'll be parted.' So I kept it and I waited. And what business it has all been of yours, I shall never understand!"

"And father goes to jail or hands Barbara forty-five thousand odd or perhaps he goes to jail, anyway?" put in Leila. "That the idea, Farrell?"

It was Mark's thin voice that answered her while Farrell was choosing his words.

"I've been panting to hear why you've been brought up for trial, at all, Leila. Now that Judy has been let off with a caution, I don't doubt your case will come on next. Are you, by any chance, your father's keeper?"

"Leila," snapped Armitage, "made it clear to me from the first that she dissociated herself from what she suspected to be her father's attitude. I think it was an extremely difficult thing for her to convey but she conveyed it. I don't know why she should have had any suspicions to start with—"

"I heard Mrs. Quentin asking father about the shares; and I think that, like Judy, I must have remembered that telegram and father reading it. And then, four or five years ago, I met a man at a dance here in Town. He asked me about Kings Mallard; did I know the Quentins? He said they'd bought some worthless shares from a pal of his once, out of sheer decency, and then suddenly gold was found, after the pal was dead. That," Leila's cool tones became even cooler—"was, as I say, quite five years ago."

"The reason I asked you to be present," put in Armitage with slight impatience, "was this. It's obviously going to be best to dodge publicity. If you'll put the whole business before your father he'll be able to make restitution over a convenient period; there's no doubt Barbara will let him have time."

He broke off. Sounds were coming from Mrs. Lodely that were almost coherent.

"Four or five years ago, did you say Leila? Did you say it was as long ago as that that you first had an inklin' of what your father had been up to? All I can say is, you don't seem to have bestirred yourself, in spite of being considered so splendid!"

"I'm not in the least splendid, I assure you. On the contrary, when I was in Kings Barn the other day I got hold of Judy's copy of the telegram to Quentin, Lodely and Cane and I—discussed it with father. Keep quiet one minute, Judy, d'you mind? Father saw the force of my argument when I said that on a capital of forty-five thousand odd he could allow me at least five hundred a year more. I think he rather admired me."

A rising shriek of laughter came from where Mark's face glinted narrowly white against rugs and cushions.

"I've never in my life been as amused as I am tonight. I adore you, Leila, for amusing me so!"

"Do you mean to say, Leila, that, with absolute proof in your hand, you enjoyed money that is indisputably Barbara's?" demanded Farrell harshly.

"Guilty, my lord."

"I adore you for amusing me so," gasped Mark. "Yes, I really am laughing, Armitage, not just doing what I can to add to the general discomfiture. Leila, the little provincial gate-crasher, getting her fingers into the till! And now she and her dear papa will have to economize."

"Supposing Miss Cane is allowed to give us her point of view?" broke in Poole, his face still to the fire.

Armitage saw Leila's hard face quiver.

"It isn't at all a heroic one," she said slowly, "I thought I'd see if I could squeeze just a few months' fun even if it meant being as miserable a little cheat as father. I meant to own up at the end of your year, Farrell."

"I'm sure I don't know what year you're talkin' about!" sobbed Mrs. Lodely.

"She means," choked Mark, "the year which Farrell has set aside for the buying of Barbara. I don't suggest with his money, naturally, but rather with his sterling worth, his granite will and so on."

"What has my year got to do with it, Leila?"

Again her slender shoulder mocked him.

"Barbara would have wanted her dowry then, I presume, whomever she married! And now, unless anyone else wants to sling mud at me, I'll go and tell father our little game is up."

Through the uproar that followed, Armitage heard Leila address him.

"Not fit to wipe Barbara's shoes, am I Farrell? All the same if she marries you, you'll have to admit that I had something to do with it. Even if it was only by a very little I opened her eyes."

She was passing Farrell on her way to the door. Before his eyes her portrait hung for a second. He plunged his hand into his pocket and pulled out the emerald pendant. He tossed it into the curve of her arm and it slipped down into her palm.

"Your fee," he said.

The next second he would have given a fortune bigger than Barbara's to take back action and words. He and Mark, two twisted bullies, tormenting a hunted thing.

"Leila!" he muttered. But she went out of the room with her eyes upon the couch upon which Mark's body lay motionless, while his face and his hands were twisted with ecstasy.

She had walked some way before she realized that the man keeping pace with her was Kenneth Poole. Then—

"Want anything?" she asked without turning her head.

"Only to know where we're going!"

"To the river."

"Then I suggest a taxi. It's some way to the river. And we had better keep it waiting until they've hauled us out again and taken our names and addresses."

"It's not me I'm going to throw in Nor you. . . . Why aren't you minding your own business? I thought the one thing we've ever agreed about was that we're each to mind our own business."

"You promised to have dinner with me."

"It's hours too early for dinner."

"If we go to dinner by wa, of the Embankment, it will fill in the time nicely. And you'll get up a better appetite than you had for tea."

"I don't know how you can contemplate dinner after the tea you ate."

"I can always contemplate dinner, thank providence, even when I'm only half-way through breakfast. Besides, I didn't really enjoy my tea; I ate sixty per cent of it from sheer habit. Now all this money business is off our chests, we can go to a jolly little hole I know under the pavement in Fleet Street and do ourselves properly. After that a spot of vaudeville somewhere and a snack on the way home. Suit you?"

"Kenneth, you weren't surprised at what I'd done. Why weren't you?"

"I don't quite know. I must have got it from your mind. Telepathy, suppose. By Jove, I must go in for telepathy seriously. I believe I'm tuned in just right to get some people's minds. Not so long ago telepathed Armitage as easily as making faces at him."

"Poor Farrell Armitage, he'll forgive me if Barbara marries him and he'll hate me for a rotter if she marries Mark. And yet he thinks he has a mind. You're more logical, you'll hate me always and anyway because—"

"Because?"

"Because after spending so many precious mealtimes in telling me you've no use for women, you find yourself hoping one of them won't jump into the river."

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Leila and Poole settle an important matter, tomorrow.

McLeod

McLEOD, Feb. 6.—(Spl.)—It has been announced that starting February 6 the county comissary for McLeod will be in charge of Mr. and Mrs. William Coburn. A portion of the store is being cleared and put in shape for the accommodation.

Dick Harding spent last week in Medford, but returned February 1 for the purpose of directing a business rehearsal for the Community Players. He is greatly pleased with the cast and their progress. The play will be in shape to stage within two weeks.

McLeod boasts a distinction in the radio act called "Oregon Dickeybirds." The act is composed of one-time professionals, introducing stringed instruments, songs and witty sayings. They are booked for KMED February 8 at 8 p. m., and a warning will be issued for Amos 'n Andy to clear the air.

CRATER LAKE GIVEN NATIONAL PUBLICITY IN LATE MAGAZINES

Crater Lake National Park received national attention in the current issue of the Natural History Magazine, published by the American Museum of Natural History of New York City.

The article, eight pages long, and well illustrated, presented a general description of the southern Oregon scenic wonder. The magazine is of general circulation throughout the United States and in English speaking nations. The article was prepared last year by Ernest Rostel, formerly connected with the park service preparing publicity material among other endeavors.

The Electrical West, a trade journal devoted to electricity, in last month's issue contained an article concerning electrical development within the park, setting forth how the park was equipped with electrical service without impairing the general scenic values of the park as the result of careful planning in the establishment of power lines and the use of underground cable. This article was illustrated by two pictures and a drawing of the general electrical plan of the park. It was prepared last year.

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ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN.

S'MATTER POP— By C. M. PAYNE

MRS. KALLSTROM ANSWERS CALL

Josephine Kallstrom, wife of J. M. Kallstrom, passed away at her home five miles south of Medford Saturday at the age of 69 years.

She was born in Sweden, January 28, 1864, and at the age of 18, came to the United States. She came to Medford from Telluride, Colo., 20 years ago and has resided here since that time.

She leaves one daughter, Olga Anderson of Medford and three grandchildren in California, Winnifred, Gail and Nancy Tritch of Grass Valley.

Funeral services will be conducted at the Conger chapel at 2:00 p. m. Tuesday with Rev. Peterson of Phoenix officiating. Interment will take place in the Siskiyou Memorial park.

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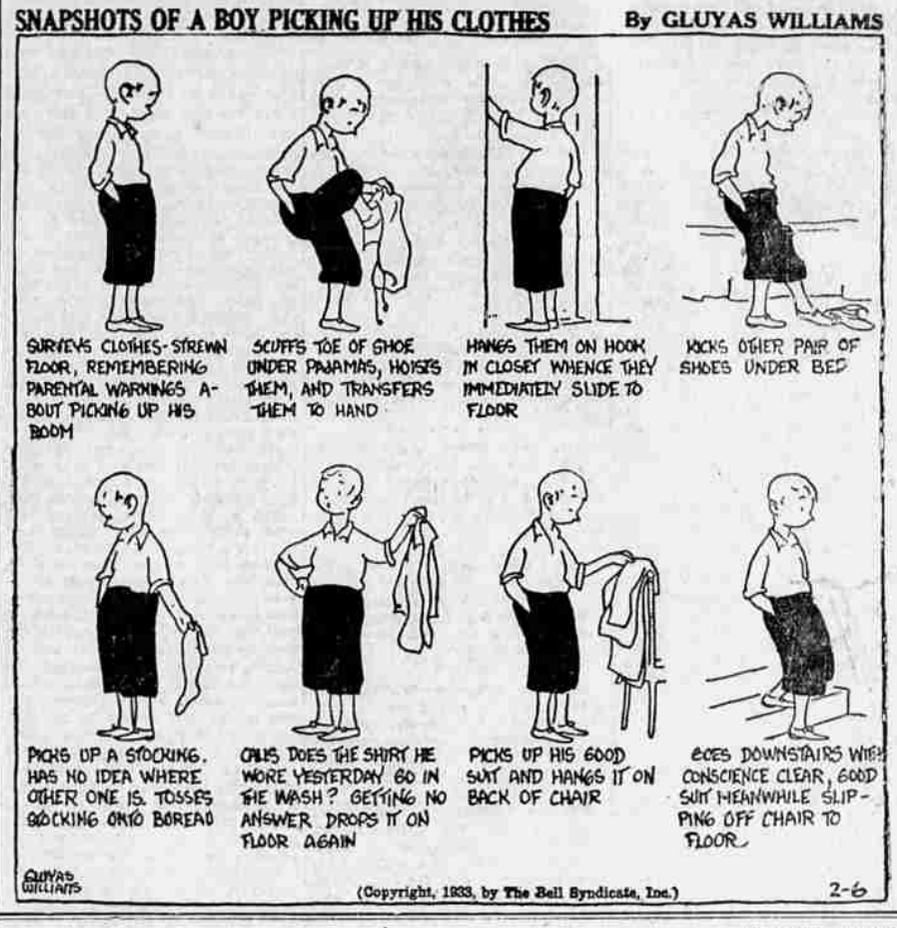
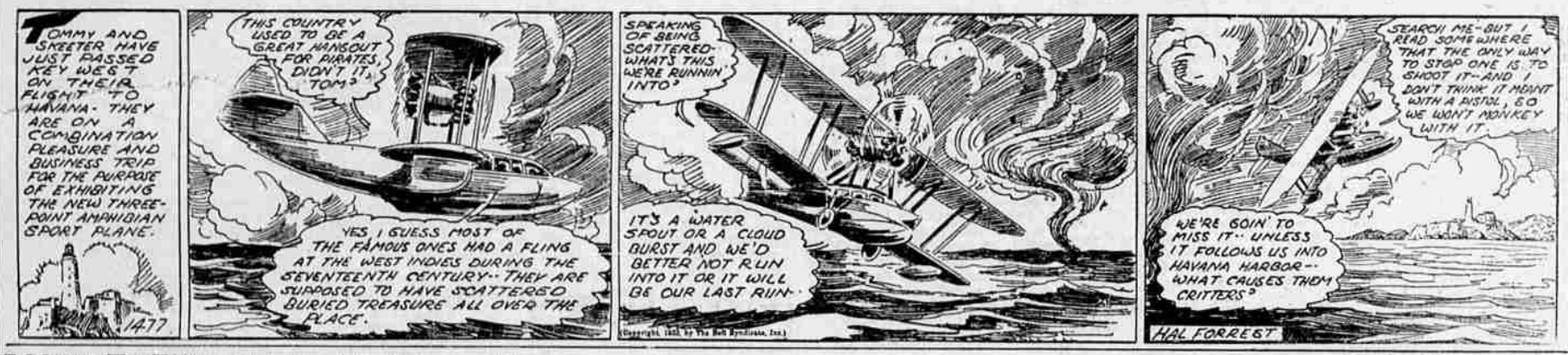
SNAPSHOTS OF A BOY PICKING UP HIS CLOTHES By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Water Spout

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



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