

# The Love Dodger

By VIRGINIA SWAIN

# BARBARA TELLS BRUCE HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND HER AND THAT SHE IS DETERMINED ON A CAREER

BEHOLD HERE TODAY, BARBARA HAWLEY, 25, after teaching school three years, decides to go into newspaper work in order to see life. When her fiancé, BRUCE REYNOLDS, objects, she breaks with him and gets a job on the Indianapolis Telegraph, where ANDREW EGGLESTON, a close friend of her father, before his death, had been editor.

Returning home, Barbara finds Bruce on her doorstep.

CHAPTER II  
BARBARA saw him before he saw her. The sunlight struck a rebellious lock of hair that always, to her mind, gave him the air of a particularly childlike Billiken, even in the midst of tragedy.

It made Barbara gasp to see the sun on that lock. It called back so many things. She stiffened her carriage and advanced toward the steps. Bruce seemed lost in thought. He did not raise his head until she stood almost over him. When he did, he stared at her a second and sprang to his feet.

"I had to come, Barbara. Things

said at midnight don't count next day." Barbara unlocked the door and ushered him in. "Sit down in the living-room a moment, Bruce," she said quite naturally, "while I go up and take off my wraps. I shan't be long."

Upstairs Barbara rushed to her dressing table, added a touch of bloom to her cheeks, dusted a puff across her nose and ran a comb through her hair. Her eyes, still sparkling with the thought of the new job, smiled at her reflection in the glass. Barbara had always admitted to herself that she was satisfactory to look at. And now, with a spurned lover waiting downstairs, she found added spice in her beauty.

Bruce was sunk in the depths of the new job, when Barbara entered the living-room. He rose and went quickly to her, reaching for her hands. She evaded him gracefully and

seated herself in an armchair at some distance from the couch. Bruce began to speak, the words tumbling out in haste. "I've been waiting for you for hours, Babs. The house seemed to be empty. No body answered the bell. So I just sat down and waited. I simply had to see you." Barbara made as if to interrupt him, but the boy rushed on.

"It can't be true, Babs, dear. All this day I've been telling myself that I dreamed it, and when you came home, everything would be all right. We can't give each other up, sweetheart. We love each other too much." He was standing beside her now.

"Why, Barbara, we've grown into each other's hearts so that we can't break apart now. We'd never forget, dear, and we'd never be happy." Barbara had been listening quietly, her eyes cool and distant. She sighed gently and looked up at him.

"Have you quite finished, Bruce?" she asked. "Because, if you have, perhaps you'd like to hear how I spent my day."

The boy looked at her, his eyes wide with misery. The lock of gold brown hair stood aloft on the crown of his head. "No, I haven't finished," he flared. "You've got to listen to me. This is nonsense, breaking up a beautiful thing just because we differ on non-essentials. I don't care if you want to write, Barbara. You can do anything you choose, so long as you're all mine. I won't have my wife mixing with the herd, and grubbing for money, that's all."

"Nonessentials?" repeated Barbara. "My ambitions and talents are nonessentials. I suppose the only real essential is your pretty conceit." "But didn't you ever love me, Babs?" interrupted Bruce. "You

couldn't have meant it when you said that between your ambitions and me, you'd choose your ambitions!" The telephone rang in the hall above. "Excuse me, please," said Barbara. "There's no one else at home to answer the phone."

A few moments later she returned, her eyes gleaming. "That was a call from Mr. McDermott's secretary. I am to go to work tomorrow instead of Monday." She had been longing to find a good opening for the topic of her new job.

Bruce stared at her. "To work? What do you mean?" "I have been given a place on the staff of the Indianapolis Telegraph," said Barbara. Her voice almost trembled with triumph.

The effect of her words upon Bruce satisfied her. He was clearly dumfounded. When he found his voice, he asked, "As a reporter, Barbara?"

Again Barbara heard the flat note with which Wilma Collins had pronounced the word.

"Yes," she snapped. "And perhaps you had better run along now. I have many things to do this afternoon, to get ready for work tomorrow. I must be at the office at 7:30 in the morning."

"Do you mean that you will have to go running around the streets, into the offices of all kinds of men and into all sorts of low places, as a common newspaper reporter?" he asked.

Barbara looked at him aghast. This was intolerable. "It means exactly that," she said coldly. "It means that I'm ready to do anything from interviewing the President to sweeping out the Telegraph office. It means that I'm going to see life, instead of being tied to a kitchen all my days."

Bruce winced. But Barbara ran on. "It means that my mind is going to live as well as my body, and that I'm going to be a person before I die."

"Is there anything else you'd like to know?" "No," said Bruce slowly. "There isn't anything else, I guess. You've said about all there is to say. But you can't make it, Barbara. Even if you do succeed in the work, you'll be wretchedly unhappy. You can't live without love, Barbara. You can't live on intellect alone. You'll starve."

He looked around for his hat. He found it on the piano and crushed it between nervous fingers.

Barbara followed him to the door. "We'll say goodby, then," she almost cooed. "You're a nice boy, Bruce, but you don't understand me. It's lucky I found it out when I did."

He looked at her outstretched hand. Barely touching it, he said, "Goodby." As he stepped through the door, he put on the hat, crushing the rebel lock that stood on the crown of his head.

WHEN Mrs. Hawley returned from a shopping trip, that evening, she found Barbara in the kitchen, standing over the ironing board. A pile of miscellaneous garments lay near by on a chair. She was whistling a little out of

tune, and plunging through the pressing job with reckless gaiety.

"Well, Babs," cried her mother, "what news?"

"Good news, mummy," cried Barbara, setting the iron down with a clang on its metal stand. "A job and everything. Going to work tomorrow. Expect to be writing American magazine articles on my success by the end of a year."

Mrs. Hawley smiled. There was no sign in Barbara's manner of a release from her decision of the night before.

Barbara pushed her mother into a chair, chattering gaily about the new job, the interesting personality of McDermott, and the joys of newspaper work, as observed in her fifteen-minute wait in the Telegraph office that morning.

"It's such a lovely, noisy place, mummy," she cried. "And the smoke is so thick it chokes you, till you get used to it." She spoke as if the greater part of her twenty-five years had been spent in a smoky newspaper office.

"And people are all running around, as if they had a million things to do, all of them interminably important. Gee! What fun it's going to be, to work in the center of things, and to know everything before anybody else in town knows!"

Mrs. Hawley smiled uncertainly. "Sounds pretty strenuous, Babs," she said. "I hope you won't break down. I've heard tales of what newspaper life did to people."

"Me break down?" Barbara's laugh was scornful. "Now I ask you, did I ever have a sick day in my life, except with measles and whooping cough? As for its being strenuous, I'll thrive on it. That's what I want—anything that's all excitement—the opposite of school teaching."

"What dress will I wear tomorrow?" Without waiting for a reply, she had run up the steps to survey the closet in which her rather meager wardrobe hung. Not a word had been said of Bruce's visit.

After dinner, Barbara and her mother settled themselves before the fire in Barbara's room, to refurbish her work clothes with fresh collars

and cuffs, and to sew on missing buttons.

"You know, it's really so easy to look spick and span," remarked Barbara to her mother. "If only you will give a little forethought to your clothes and have the right things for the right occasion."

At 10 o'clock they drank hot chocolate and prepared to go to bed. When Mrs. Hawley went downstairs to lock up the house for the night, she paused by the davenport in the living room. There, lying on the carpet that she had swept that morning was a cigarette stub, ground into the nap of the carpet.

She stooped and picked it up, as she had picked up innumerable similar stubs, during the last two years. When she went upstairs, she said nothing. But her brows were puckered.

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THE downtown streets of Indianapolis at 7:30 in the morning were a revelation to Barbara. She had never walked through them at such an early hour before.

She had had no idea that life was stirring so early, that crowds of people were swarming into restaurants and office buildings before she rose in leisurely fashion to make ready for 9 o'clock school.

These crowds of people, the smoky fog that covered the face of the early sun, the film of frost over the sidewalks—the bustle of the lunch counters behind their plate glass windows—all of these things were part of a picture that later came to typify to Barbara her whole life as a working woman.

She walked rapidly, trying not to think of the ordeal that lay ahead of her. As she neared the building in which the offices of the Telegraph were, she saw a clock. It said 7:20. She stared up at the windows of the editorial room. Even at this distance, the tobacco smoke haze over the electric lights was visible.

Barbara turned and walked away. There was still time to walk around the block and get her nerve back.

Ten minutes later she stepped from the elevator into the editorial room of the Telegraph.

(To Be Continued)

# JOANNA

The Story of a Modern Girl and a MILLION DOLLARS

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, a New York clerk, who was given \$1,000,000 by her fiancé, JOHN WILLIAMS, celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday last night. She is a blonde, with blue eyes and a voice, with whom she lives at Villa Amette, France.

FRANCIS BRANDON, wealthy nephew of her banker, ANDREW EGGLESTON, who has been playing for him in England's library hangs a large oil painting of the girl who resembles Joanna to discourage the attentions of her brother, LORD DORMINSTER. Joanna and Kenneth are going to the chateau on the Tignes mountain, he follows. After he stages a hold-up, Brandon informs Joanna that he controls the source of her money, that he does not love her, but unless she marries him, the money must be returned. With a champagne bottle she knocks him to the floor and escapes to Amette in his car, only to discover John proposing to Yvonne. She marries him down. A pompous fete is in progress on Amette grounds. The curtain lifts on Joanna's surprise of the evening.

By H. L. Gates

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE curtains spread upon vague shapes that took form in a phantasm that slowly emerged from a vapor of pale blue light. Out of a far background, admirably conjured by skilled artists, apices and domes and gabled roofs of a conglomerate city loomed. Illuminated windows shone dully. Miniature streets, crooked and narrow, came down out of the perspective and converged upon an open space before the invisible footlights—the painted city's market place.

In the center of the square a pillar rose, with a rim of water troughs at its base. Against this column, her head bowed, shoulders drooped and motionless body limp in a posture of despair, leaned an unknown girl, of some warm pulsed type, her body gleaming white through a diaphanous drape—a girl who was fresh and young and lovely. Hunched before the youthful figure three old crones in the garb of witches swayed in rhythm with the plaintive song of the orchestra. In the hands of each a lantern swung, its flame shedding a dim, colored glow.

Even as the audience gasped at the weird symbolism of the picture—a vibrant, beautiful, unsullied girl hemmed in by evil witches—one of the old crones, one whose lantern glowed in sickly yellow, rose and, still swaying to the music, lifted her light so that its yellow rays bathed the body of the girl. Across the sky over the painted city in the background, great letters made by invisible lamps manipulated from behind the stage slowly took shape and, like a fantastic reflection, spelled the word, "MIS-UNDERSTANDING."

The letters died away. The second witch arose and danced before the girl against the pillar. The glimmer from her lantern bathed the white form in scarlet, and new letters glowed in the sky—"DIS-TRUST."

The guests of Joanna stirred in their seats and settled again into tense, breathless silence. The third witch danced and held aloft her light. The figure in the market place took on a hue of green. New letters formed—"ENVY."

Yvonne, who had stared fascinated at the unfolding of the tableau, suddenly was conscious of a breath on her bare shoulder. She looked around and peered into the fixed eyes of Brandon. Around his forehead a bandage shone white. He stood beside the vacant chair into which he had intended to drop quietly. Yvonne rubbed his lips and saw there the frame of the whispered words—the words he remembered as Joanna's plaint to Eggleston, long ago, in the sombre library of the house on the avenue when she told the banker of the three things that had haunted her in her coping with the problems of the richfold of today—"misunderstanding, distrust and envy."

Brandon was so tightly wrapped in the spell of his memory and this amazing reminder staged by Joanna with her troupe of actors and actresses especially brought from Paris, that Yvonne reached back and touched him to bring him to a realization of his surroundings. He brushed his hand across his eyes and dropped into the vacant chair.

"I am just in time," he remarked, "to witness the sensation she arranged so secretly. I fancy it will be most interesting." Yvonne studied him a moment and then turned back to the scene on the stage.

THE three witches danced away into the background. Out of the crooked little streets of the make-believe city other shapes were coming down into the open space—fantastic shapes, with empty faces, pallid white with chalk, chaste, grotesque. On the small stage it seemed as if there were an army of them, the population of the

city they sprung from. Brandon started so violently that Yvonne and Kenneth shot a glance at him. When they looked back upon the stage they saw why. The audience and Columbine, those grotesque figures, for one of them walked with exaggerated grace and his head was banded.

And just then, as if a common realization had swept over the men and women, the puppets and mannequins, the pierrots and Columbines, the audience, there was the sibilant sound of pent-up breath escaping hundreds of lips. Almost every one of those who had come to the revel of the Golden Girl recognized, in one of those weird, white-faced figures on the stage—himself or herself!

Betty Weymouth saw that Joanna had caricatured her. Prince Michael saw himself, as surely as Brandon had recognized the graceful form in the bandage. John, who stood at the back of the pavilion saw a masque of himself. Everyone else saw something of his or her representation in the silent city's inhabitants as they trooped down into the market place around the almost nude girl who leaned against the column in the center.

The girl raised her head and shook the long strands of her billowy corn yellow hair. When she saw that the witches had faded away from her, and that she was among the people of the city—the people of the world in which she found herself, her body straightened. The orchestra burst into a joyous rhythm. The girl leaped into the throng of masques and danced among them—danced gaily, her filmy draperies flowing in utter abandon.

"Watch the witches!" Brandon murmured. He spoke to himself, but Yvonne and Kenneth nodded in acknowledgement that the thought had come to them, too.

A little company, in the masques of morose solemnity, assembled at one side of the stage. Up to them and around them the girl danced ecstatically. They swayed back and forth in time with the young witch that seemed to dance as if slipped with quicksilver. A note of mournfulness crept into the music. The girl danced slowly, more heavily. The witch with the yellow lantern, "Misunderstanding," fell into step behind her. The girl shrank; relentlessly the evil witch pressed upon her. An eerie lamentation shrieked from violins and reeds; slowly, mercilessly, "Misunderstanding" drove the lovely girl back to the pillar.

Again the dancer escaped her baleful guardians and moved merrily, hopefully, carelessly. She was driven back from the group that gathered around her, by "Envy." A third time she tried to spread her rhythmic doctrine of carefree youth and grace and vividness, and again—

In the audience a woman uttered a half scream, half moan. Another woman rose to reach over to her. A man stood. In an instant the puppets and mannequins, the pierrots and Columbines were on their feet. Many faces were as white as those of the mute characters on the stage. Now the three witches, all of them, were bearing down upon the girl, who fought so valiantly to overcome the misunderstanding, the distrust, and the envy of those white-faced people who stifled her.

The music quickened. The girl, in a panic, sought to flee. The witches penned her in and drove her, step by step, while the silent masques circled and swayed monotonously, back to the water-trough post. The orchestra burst into a discordant crescendo. The dancer helpless, discouraged, backed against the pillar and flung out her arms in mute appeal. The witches raised their lanterns in hideous glee. The green, yellow and scarlet rays pierced the filmy covering of the young body and bathed it in a mellow glow. And by some weird trickery of a hidden electrician the rays from the lantern of misunderstanding, distrust and envy, made a shadow against the city, a shadow black as night—the shadow of a cross.

This time it was Yvonne who whispered softly: "Crucified by those who don't know!" With a common impulse Yvonne, Kenneth and Dorminster, and even, Betty Weymouth, made their way through the silent, thoughtful throng of departing guests, to the door that led onto the pavilion stage—the door through which Yvonne had seen Joanna disappear before the actors began their play. The director of the company of performers shook his head:

"Mademoiselle left with me the money to pay my troupe, and then went away," he said. "She was most generous, and we would speak more of our gratitude to her but she is not here."

John, his face as white as had been those of the actors, appeared out of the dark of the grounds. He con-

fronted Yvonne. "We must find Brandon—quick!" he exclaimed. "She has gone. I went to the house to wait for her. Your butler told me she left alone. In her car. There is a message he says, for Brandon."

The horns of the automobiles in which the guests at Villa Amette were starting for their homes and their reflections upon the amazing climax with which the Golden Girl had revealed them to themselves, echoed up from the sea road. John, Kenneth, Dorminster and Yvonne hurried to Joanna's little sitting room. Martha, Cecile and Marie, Joanna's maids, with wonder and shock in their faces, met them. Martha led Yvonne into the gorgeous bed-room and pointed to a glittering mass of jewels—every ornament from her mistress' gem case, piled on the brocaded satin covering. In

her hand Martha held an envelope. Her fingers shook as she handed it to Yvonne. "She said it was for Mr. Brandon," the maid exclaimed. "And she said I was to say there would be nothing more—ever!" Martha lost her fight to keep back her tears and her eyes suddenly swam with them. "She's gone, ma'am," she cried. "She said somebody was taking her money away from her because she was too old-fashioned inside!"

ONE of the supremely modern young persons whose left hands spread varicolored weaves on the silk counter in the great department store called to her companions on either side of her: "Watch your step, children! Good Morning is coming!" Mr. Harkness, the buyer, sleek and self-sufficient, as ever, murmured soft apologies as he edged his way through the crowds before

the counter to summon, with his eyes, the girl with the shimmering gold brown hair. His manner was gentle, strangely respectful. His tone was almost deferential.

"You are to get your wraps Miss Twenty-Seven, that is to say, Miss Joanna! It is Mr. Graydon's request. You are to go in his car to this address on the avenue!"

He handed Miss Twenty-Seven with her old number in her old job—the slip of paper on which he had written the directions given him by The Old Man's quiet secretary. When she read, the shadow came into her face, and something of dread. She had written a long, very long letter to this same address, to Andrew Eggleston. She had hoped she'd never have to face him. But she turned away, with a "thank you" for Good Morning, and went to get her cloak, and to the subway.

(To Be Continued)

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



COUGHS  
Apply over throat and chest—  
swallow small pieces of  
VICKS  
VAPORUB  
Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly