

The LOVE DODGER

By VIRGINIA SWAIN

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Barbara Hawley, 20, after teaching school three years, decides to go into newspaper work in order to see life. With her mother, Babs, and a few objects, she breaks with him and gets off on the Indianapolis Telegraph, of which Andrew McDerott is a close friend of her father, before his death. Returning home, Barbara finds Bruce on her doorstep.

NOW GO WITH THE STORY

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 childish 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 big divan when Barbara entered the living-room. He rose and went quickly to her, reaching for her hands.

She evaded him gracefully and

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"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."

Barbara had been listening quietly, her eyes cool and distant. She sighed gently and looked up at him.

She could not 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. McDerott'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.

Barbara 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.

"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 relapse from her decision of the night before.

Barbara pushed her mother into a chair, chattering gayly about the new job, the interesting personality of McDerott, 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 internationally 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'll 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 down stairs 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.

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 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 sidewalk—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, after alighting from the interurban, 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 an anonymous benefactor, is visited by her fiancé, JOHN DORMINSTER, a celebrated architect, for YVONNE COURANT, duchess of Amette, whom she lives at Villa Amette in France.

FRANCIS BRANDON, wealthy heir of Andrew McDerott, and Andrew Eggleston proposed to her but she is unmoved. Yvonne had played for him in vain.

In Eggleston's library hangs a large old painting of a girl who resembles Joanna.

LADY BETTY WEMOUTH asked John to bring Joanna to the ballroom of her brother, LORD DORMINSTER. When Brandon hears that Joanna and John are to be married, he goes to the clubhouses on La Turbie mountain, he follows. Brandon informs Joanna that he controls the source of her money, that he does not care if she marries John, the money must be returned.

With a champagne bottle she breaks his nose.

John is to be married to Yvonne.

At the ballroom, John is to be married to Yvonne.

JOANNA is to be married to John.

JOANNA is to be married to John.