

# The Love Dodger

By VIRGINIA SWAIN

# BARBARA SPENDS HER FIRST DAY IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AND LOOKS FOR HER STORIES IN PRINT

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
BARBARA HAWLEY, 25, after teaching school three years, decides to enter 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, of which ANDREW McDERMOTT, a close friend of her father, before his death, is managing editor.

Bruce makes an attempt at reconciliation, which Barbara rejects, insisting she must live her own life.

CHAPTER III

APPARENTLY the work of the newspaper office had been in swing for hours. There was the same buzz of telegraph machines, the same running about, the same atmosphere of tense activity that Barbara had observed the day before.

Nobody looked at her this time. She went through the swinging gate to the enclosure which she thought must be the reporters' headquarters, and stood uncertainly beside a rickety hatrack. While she stood there, the woman who had looked at her with unfriendly eyes the day before, came in briskly and took her place at her desk.

She cleared it off, revealing a sign that said "Society."

It seemed to Barbara that she stood for centuries rooted to the spot. Then the homely youth whom she had noticed before, brushed past her on his way to the mechanical department, with such speed that Bar-

bara staggered against the corner of a desk and would have fallen if someone had not put his hand on her arm.

She looked around, to find herself face to face with a man of possibly 30, whose eyes beamed upon her and whose unshaven face was curved into lines of friendliness.

"Just escaped a bad smash-up there," he said, beaming more broadly. "Accidents are right in my line, you know. I'm the police reporter, Bob Jeffries."

Barbara smiled at him, one of her dazzling, unexpected smiles, out of the midst of deep seriousness. "Thank you," she said. "I should not have been standing in the way."

"That's not the way to talk in this hang-out," said Bob. "On your toes always and ready to fight for your rights. I beg your pardon, but you are you anyway?"

"I'm Barbara Hawley," was the reply, "and I've come to work on your paper."

Bob Jeffries whistled. "You don't exactly look it," he said. "But so much the better."

Barbara wondered what he meant. She looked around anxiously for any other woman in the office. There was only the society editor, who was dressed much as Barbara herself.

"Who hired you?" asked Bob.

"What kind of work are you going to do?"

"McDermott hired me," she answered. "He said something about interviewing President Coolidge and sweeping out the office."

Bob laughed. "Well, I can tell you what that means—obituaries, birth notices, sob stuff, helpful hints and war correspondence, provided there should be a war."

Barbara laughed too. But she was not sure what the joke was.

Just then she heard her name called in a loud and terrifying tone of voice. It was Wells, the city editor, who had told her the day before that there was no place for her on the staff.

Wells was looking over his glasses,

searching the office for her. Barbara hurried to the desk.

"Oh," he said, in a rather surly tone. "So you're here. What do you know about Alfred Noyes?"

Barbara brightened. In this field she was at home. "A good deal," she replied.

"Take this stuff, then, and give us a story on him," said the city editor, handing her some notes and clippings from the morning papers.

Barbara grasped the papers and went back to Bob Jeffries. He promptly jerked a youngster out of a chair in front of a typewriter desk and bowed Barbara into it. The displaced youth only grinned.

Bob brought her some copy paper, and, saying, "Double space your stuff and make it snappy," left her. She did not see him again for many hours.

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"I came in to see why you put my daughter's wedding announcement way down in the corner of your page, when Carmelita Hank's wedding went right up top," continued the accuser.

Barbara gulped. The woman rushed on. "I ask you, have we been good subscribers of this paper for twenty years, or haven't we? There's no such thing as a square deal any more, seems to me, when a paper you've bought for all that time plays you a dirty trick like that."

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But the gleam came too soon for at the same moment Barbara's visitor caught sight of the sign on the society desk and abandoned Barbara to carry the war to higher quarters.

At 12:30 Jimmie, the homely youth who served as office boy and copy carrier, informed her that "If Miss Hawley was ready, Mr. Wells would like to have the Noyes story."

There was a slight tone of irony in the courteous language.

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The looked around, wondering when lunch time came. The office was full of reporters. Nobody seemed to be thinking about food, and nobody told her to run along and eat.

She busied herself about her desk, cleaning out some stuffed drawers, reading the files of the Telegraph.

She was beginning to feel a profound respect for the commonplace columns of type that made up the paper.

Never before had she guessed what harrowing work went into the making of the sheet. She had always thought that papers just appeared in the evening on her porch.

As the afternoon wore away, Barbara wished earnestly that somebody would give her something to do. The rest of the staff had drifted out.

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Barbara darted back into the room, seized her copy and made for the elevator.

In the lobby downstairs she passed Bob Jeffries. He nodded pleasantly and Barbara felt a glow of cheer in her heart.

Just around the corner was a sandwich shop. Barbara made her way to a seat at the counter, ordered a sandwich and a cup of coffee and spread the paper out before her.

She scanned the front page. There was no sign of her work.

On the second page, her hopes waned; on the fifth, they went out altogether. Then she found it, in a corner at the bottom of the stock quotations column. It read:

POET COMING

Alfred Noyes, English poet and former professor of poetry at Princeton University, will give a series of lectures at the public auditorium, beginning Nov. 1, under the auspices of the University Extension Club.

The waiter brought the sandwich just then. Barbara stared at the sandwich and pushed it away. Then she pushed the coffee away too. She stared at the page, but the words of the article went blurrily.

Then she went through the pages rapidly again, looking for the story about the constable that was twelve feet tall. It was not to be found.

Again she went through the sheets, this time looking for the death notices that she had totted over. There they were, bravely displayed beneath a bold black head—"Obituaries." The names with their sheaves of consonants made a brave showing.

She gulped the coffee and paid her bill.

Entering the office of the Telegraph again, she found Wells standing beside a gigantic man with a heavy beard. Wells addressed her: "Miss Hawley, this is Morris Pattinham. He says you have published a story to the effect that he is dead."

(To Be Continued)

# JOANNA

The Story of a Modern Girl and a MILLION DOLLARS.

By H. L. Gates

CHAPTER XXXVII

(Conclusion)

IN the big, solemn library in the house of Andrew Eggleston, on the avenue, where Joanna once had spent the long hours of an afternoon with the blue print she had fished from John's room spread between her and the banker, a remarkable company was gathered.

Graydon, his gray face alight with tensed excitement, repeated to a man of his kind who stood apart with him, the thing he had said over and over again to every one in the room.

"And she came back, her skirts as scant as ever, her lips as red and her hair as imperiously short. If there was any change at all it was in her eyes. They were just as brown and shining, but, somehow, they gave the impression that some one had looked very deep in them—into their very depths, perhaps."

"And she asked if she might have her job and her number, and gave me back her book—with nothing in it—and asked if I'd send it back to Eggleston, here, and save her from seeing him. When I

asked questions she said, simply: 'I learned a lot—that wasn't good to know. I want to forget it!'

The man to whom Graydon talked went over to the table where Eggleston sat, his head set well down into his shoulders. Other men stood at the table, too, important men they seemed, of the importance that is marked by large achievements. Among them was a noted sculptor. And an artist, and two or three famous architects.

On the massive table, between them and the banker, and where John's blueprint once had been spread by Joanna, a glistening white model stood, the miniature of an imposing structure of great halls and marbled columns reaching upward to a gold dome. Above the dome a figure poised, a slender figure that seemed to imprison some ineffable joyousness. The sculptor, one whose name is far from passing his fingers lovingly over this delicate form destined, later, to be translated into marble. This part of the model was his handiwork. He was proud of its association with the monumental structure it was to embellish.

Eggleston, who had watched quiet by observed:

"That was her idea. She explained to me across this table when she brought me the dream her young friend had been bothering her about. She said memorials ought to have life in them, instead of death." The banker chuckled, and the sternness in his eyes softened. "She said the usual kind of memorial always made her mad because they reminded her of so many people who weren't dead that ought to be!"

Foreman, chief of the firm which had sponsored John, broke in:

"So it was she, after all, who conceived the soldier as always stirred to valor by the kiss of a girl—or of a woman who is still a girl to him? Yet you compelled me to get the conception across my desk to young Wilmore as if it were my own! He fought against it, for a time but the grandeur of it came to him suddenly. Shall we tell him—today?"

"No," Eggleston replied. "It will be sufficient for him to learn, from us, that the money with which he has worked this model out, the funds that promoted his idealistic plan and translated his blueprinted dream into this step toward reality came from her—that this was how she used the money I gave her, but which remained so much a mystery to her."

After a brief pause the banker if she wants to."

"Whatever else there is for him to know I imagine she'll tell him—if he wants to."

B RANDON, who was talking with Graydon, turned to meet Eggleston's eyes, fixed on him with a quizzical expression in them. Brandon nodded.

"Yes," he observed, "she'll have many things to say to him, I fancy. For his sake I hope she doesn't say them—with a champagne bottle!"

The ancient butler, whose years had flowed with those of his master, entered noiselessly and went up to the table.

"The young lady has arrived, sir," he announced.

There was instant stillness. All in the room looked inquiringly at the banker, who made a sign to Graydon. The butler went out. A moment later Joanna, suddenly startled by the faces turned toward her, was framed in the doorway. Graydon went up to her and took her hand, gently, and led her into the

room. He announced to the company, simply: "This is Joanna!"

One by one the important seeming men pressed upon her. Dazed, bewildered, fighting for some inkling of understanding, she heard the murmur of words—words, words! Each man took her limp hand and pressed it and said to her—words! They congratulated her; they spoke earnest compliments; they uttered senseless things she couldn't fathom. And as each one bowed and left her he passed out of the room until, at last, there were only Graydon, Brandon and Eggleston.

At Brandon's lips she saw the old smile hovering—the old smile, but different. And she saw the same lights in Eggleston's eyes she used to detect in them when they sat across the table together.

"Please!" she pleaded. "What does it all mean?"

Brandon faced her.

"It means," he said, "that things are going to be straightened out. For me, the best it means is that you are to know that both you and I were playing a game—and that, because you won, that night on La Turbie—when I had the bandits

thrust you back into the clubhouse nobody is happier than I."

He left the room then, with Graydon, and Joanna faced her banker, alone. Eggleston rose and walked around the table to where she stood, still gripped in the spell of her bewilderment.

He led her to the fireplace and, taking her by the shoulders, turned her around so that she faced him. Above her the canvas image of the girl in the gold frame looked down. The banker went back to his chair at the table. For a long time neither spoke. Joanna stood almost motionless, her face deathly white. Eggleston gazed at her and she saw that his eyes wandered from her face to the painting over her head, and then back again. At last, he said:

"Your money, my dear, was from me. It was your mysterious benefactor, and it was I who determined that there should be no conditions attached to your gift. I wanted to know how you—a girl of today—would go; which way you would turn, if left to your own resources."

"It was because of a silly old

man's romance—a romance of young days when, people have said, young girls were different. The one in the painting above you was she to whom I made my promise that I would make her happy and rich. She didn't live—even to marry me. So I've lived—even to marry me. So I've lived alone. The fortune came, but all that I've had of her is the memory in the painting there."

"I've a lot of money, my dear; so have all my relatives. I've had the whim, in late years, to leave a great deal of it to someone who can carry on, when I'm done, for the girl up there who has carried on with me. But I've never had confidence in any of you—any of you young people of these days. I admit I couldn't understand you. Your friend, and my friend, Graydon, told me I was a fool. He claimed to know you all—because he knew so many of you, in the store. He told me of you, of a Miss Twenty-seven, who, he said, recalled to him the painting over my fireplace. Well—that's about all. We decided to try you out—and we have. I thought it would cost me a million (Turn to Page 17)

HE had no sooner settled to read the clippings than some body called her again. This time Wells wanted her to take death notices over the telephone. She was ushered to a typewriter beside a telephone equipped with a head receiver.

The next half hour was the worst that Barbara had ever experienced in her life. It seemed to her that every person in Indianapolis had died a name full of consonants had died the day before. Again and again she asked for a re-spelling of the names.

She thanked heaven for the fact that she had learned something of typewriting by the touch system in college. Now and then she caught other reporters looking at her fingers curiously, but she had no time to wonder what was wrong.

At last the death notices were written, and she laid them on Wells' desk. Again she seated herself to write the article on Alfred Noyes.

The next interruption came when a farmer from up State made a call on the Telegraph and asked for a reporter to chronicle the fact that he had produced upon his farm a corn stalk twelve feet tall. The stalk itself was duly produced.

This, too, fell to Barbara's lot to write. It was not so bad, she thought, as obituaries.

Just before noon, Barbara was startled to find a tall woman dressed in taffeta and lace, towering over

her. "I just want to talk to you, miss," said the visitor, in a threatening tone of voice. Barbara was bewildered.

"I came in to see why you put my daughter's wedding announcement way down in the corner of your page, when Carmelita Hank's wedding went right up top," continued the accuser.

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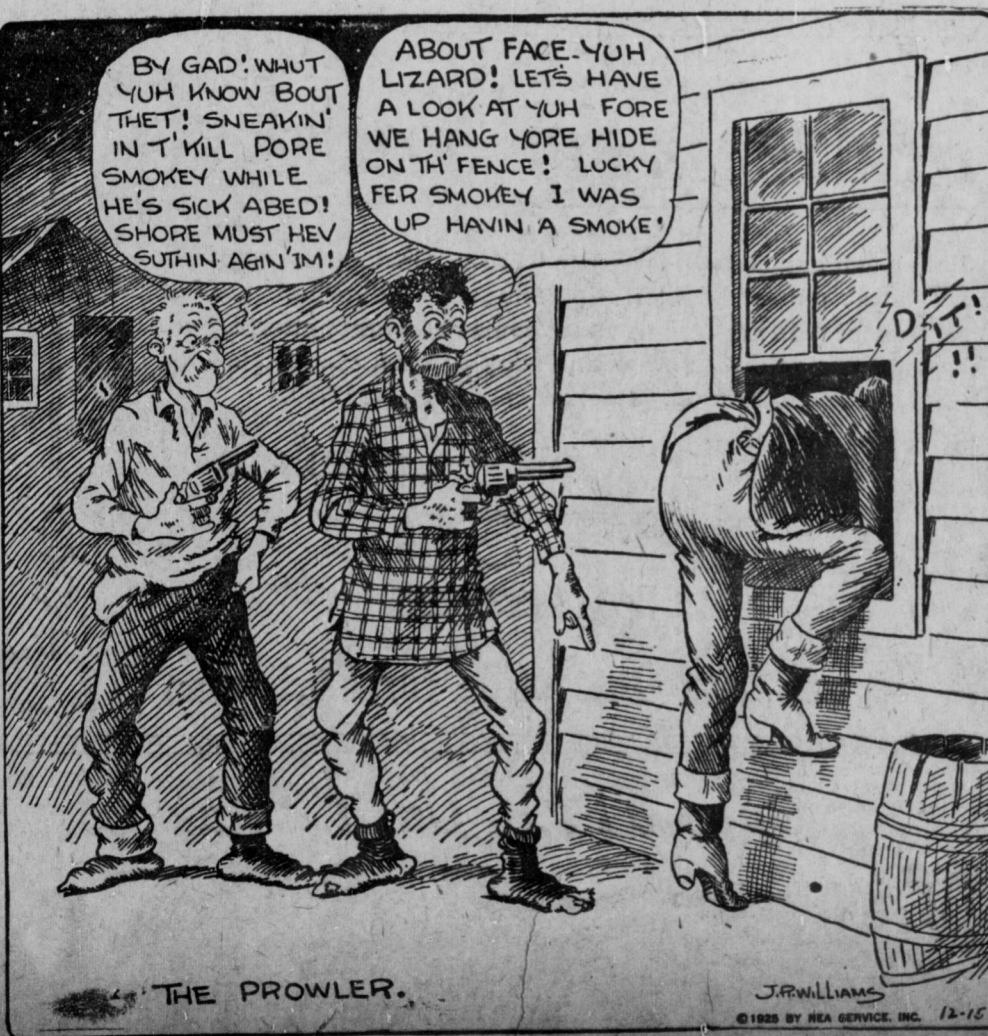
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