

The LOVE DODGER

By VIRGINIA SWAIN

BEGIN HERE TODAY
BARBARA HAWLEY, 25, breaks
with her fiance, BRUCE REYNOLDS,
when she learns that he has got a job
on the Indianapolis Telegraph and seen
life.

ANDREW McDERMOTT, managing
editor of the paper and a close friend of
her father, before his death, gives her
a job in the news room. She makes
friends with BOB JEFFRIES, rough and
ready, and with BOB JEFFRIES, rough and
ready to her in getting the start on the
paper.

ALEXEI NIKOLAKOFF, world fam-
ous pianist, makes love to Barbara
when she interviews him in his hotel
room. He says he has no ambitions and says "Women were not
made for work. You can't beat life."
She goes to the office too late to
write the interview.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VII

FOR a moment it seemed to
Barbara that the clock must have
made some insane leap
around the circle.

When she entered Nikolakoff's
apartment, it had been only ten
o'clock. It was now six minutes
after twelve. No feature copy would
be accepted after noon.

She cast a frightened glance at
Wells. He was buried under a pile
of last-minute manuscript, from
which he emerged now and again to
give a command. He did not look
at her.

Someone made his way to Bar-
bara. She looked up to see the smiling
face of Bob Jeffries.

"Any copy to write?" he asked.
Barbara shook her head. "Come on
to lunch, then," he replied.

She hesitated a moment. "Hadn't
I better tell Mr. Wells I didn't get
my story?" she inquired, pucker-
ing her brows at the painful confession.

"Nope," said Bob. "If you tackle
him now, he'll snap your head off.
Better keep the post-mortem till

after lunch, when he isn't so busy.
And thank your lucky stars he
hasn't asked you about it."

Barbara looked again at Wells'
tense face and at the pile of copy
in his hands. "I don't believe I have
the nerve to confess to him, right
now," she said. "Let's go."

Over the bare wooden table in a
little barbecue shop around the cor-
ner, Barbara told the sad story,
omitting only the episode of the kiss,
dwelling upon the beauty of mu-
sic and the power of Nikolakoff's
personality.

Bob nodded his shaggy head sage-
ly, meanwhile pouring a flood of red
barbecue sauce over the meat on his
plate. "Yeah, that's the way with those
birds," he remarked, as if from great
heights. "They never know when
to ring off. But part of your job is
to break away in time, without
founding their precious feelings.
There's always a way to do it."

"If I were you, Miss Hawley—aw,
say, I'm going to call you Barbara—
I'd not say a word to old Wells
about it. He may forget he ever
sent you after the story."

"I doubt it," replied Barbara.

When they returned to the Tele-
graph office, Wells called her to the
desk. He was frowning. "What
happened to Nikolakoff?" he asked
curtly.

It was apparent that nothing but
the whole truth would do. "I got
the interview," she said, "but he in-
sisted upon playing for me—a
lot of things he doesn't do for the
public. And when I got away from
the hotel, I ran all the way, but it
was past the deadline. I haven't

been paid yet."



"I didn't send you out to enjoy a recital, but to get a story," said the city editor in disgust.

any other excuse."

The city editor looked at her, dis-
gusted, written large upon his face.
"Of course," he drawled, "getting
copy into the paper is a part of your
job. I didn't send you out to enjoy
a recital but to bring back a story."

"You might use it tomorrow,"
volunteered Barbara, quaking at her
own temerity.

"Tomorrow?" The city editor gave
up the attempt to express his con-
tempt.

Then, as if exhausted by Barbara's

stupidity, he began to speak very
slowly and patiently, as if to a little
child. "In this game, Miss Hawley,
there is no tomorrow. The world
ends at 12 o'clock each day. Copy
held over is copy not worth print-
ing. There is no commodity that
spoils so fast as news, Miss Hawley.
Try to remember that."

"A story that is worth half a col-
umn today is not worth half an inch
tomorrow. To be specific, Nikolakoff
gives his concert tonight, and
leaves town at midnight. Tomorrow

he will be as if he never had been,
so far as Indianapolis is concerned.
Nobody will be interested in him or
his views, once his coat tails have
flattered out of town. Don't ever
say 'tomorrow' to me again."

He turned away from her, and
Barbara knew that there was nothing
left for her to say.

She turned away from the desk
and found McDermott confronting
her. It was the first time that she
had seen him for more than a flying
glimpse, since she entered the Tele-

graph office. He smiled urbanely.
She could not guess how much he
had heard of the conversation just
ended.

"Good work on the West Plains
wreck, Miss Hawley," came his
smooth voice. "Your little heart-
throb sidelights showed a nice sense
of new value. Hope you'll keep
it up."

Barbara thanked him, a little
chokily. Then she bolted.

She rused out of the office into
Illinois St. She wanted to get away,
far away, to try to forget that she
had ever entered this strange, brutal
world in which she found herself,
where sickening humiliation followed
closely on the heels of triumph, and
laurels snatched one minute were
torn away the next.

Suddenly, she thought of Bruce.
She did not want to think of him,
but the thought would not be shut
out.

Just three days had passed since
that last interview in the living
room at home. It seemed to Barbara
that years must have elapsed since
then that she must have grown
centuries older. How Bruce would laugh
if he could see her now, disheartened,
humiliated!

She wandered into a department
store, and strolled through the aisles,
looking absently at various wares,
as she passed.

Whereupon she picked up her par-
cels of white unmentionables and de-
parted for the glove department.

There it was, right in the middle
of page one, under a three-column
cut of the governor's wife and a
staring black headline, which read:
"No Peach-Colored Nighties for
Me." Says Governor's Lady.

But that was not half of it. The
story began with a few lines about
thefeat accomplished by the Indian-
apolis Telegraph in getting at first
this detailed story of the in-
augural wardrobe of the new gov-
ernor's wife.

There followed a favorable com-
ment upon the taste of the enviable
woman, an epic on her choices of
furs, some remarks on shoes and
gloves, and a lyric on her lingerie.

Barbara settled back in the creak-
ing swivel chair. Her hand lay
caressingly upon the smiling picture
of the governor's lady.

"Somebody wants to talk to you,"
she said, nonchalantly. "Says her name's Mrs. Ezra

Hamilton."

Having read the news column
rather thoroughly, Barbara glanced
at some of the advertisements. Even
for these she felt a personal affection.

A two-column box at the head of
a column on the real estate page
caught her eye. "Manners, Stone &
Reynolds," it read. And underneath,
"Realtors."

This, with the telephone number
and a suite number in the Guaranty
Bldg., was all.

The name "Reynolds" gave Bar-
bara a start. There was nothing to
show whether it was Bruce Reynolds.

Her thoughts were interrupted.
Adeline had left the switchboard to
speak to hr.

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