

The Love Dodger

By VIRGINIA SWAIN

BARBARA LEARNS THAT A NEWS STORY MUST BE PRINTED IMMEDIATELY OR IT IS VALUELESS

BEGIN HERE TODAY

BARBARA HAWLEY, 25, broke with her fiancé, BRUCE REYNOLDS, when he opposed her plan to get a job on the Indianapolis "Telegraph" and see life.

ANDREW MODERMOY, managing editor of the paper and a close friend of her father, before his death, gives her a job as a reporter. Barbara makes friends with BOB JEFFRIES, rough and ready police reporter, who is a great help to her in getting a start on the paper.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

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

When she entered Nikoloff'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 manuscripts, from which he emerged now and again to give a command. He did not look at her.

Someone made his way to Barbara. 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. "Hahn! I better tell Mr. Wells I didn't get my story," she inquired, puckering 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 corner, Barbara told the sad story, omitting only the episode of the kiss, dwelling upon the beauty of music and the power of Nikoloff's personality.

Bob nodded his shaggy head sagely, 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 offending their precious feelings. There's always a way to do it."

"If I were you, Miss Hawley—aw, 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 Telegraph office, Wells called her to the desk. He was frowning. "What happened to Nikoloff?" he asked curiously.

It was apparent that nothing but the whole truth would do. "I got the interview," she said, "but he insisted 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



"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, disgust 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 contempt.

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 printing. There is no commodity that spoils so fast as news, Miss Hawley. Try to remember that."

"A story that is worth half a column today is not worth half an inch tomorrow. To be specific, Nikoloff gave 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 fluttered 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 rushed 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.

A woman in sables was standing before the jewelry counter, examining a necklace. Her face struck Barbara as vaguely familiar. Out of idle curiosity she stopped at a little distance down the counter to watch the purchase.

Then she heard the clerk speak to the customer. "Jade is better than coral this season, Mrs. Hamilton."

There was deference in her tone. Two other saleswomen hung about, to watch the woman at the counter. Then, in one of her flashes of memory, Barbara identified the face. She had seen it beside that of the new governor, looking out of the pages of her own paper the day before. The jewelry customer was the new governor's lady.

"What fun," thought Barbara, "to watch her buy necklaces!" She looked with interest at every detail of the woman's costume.

Then a sentence of Wells' oc-

curred to her. "Write what you would read, if you were on the outside," he had said.

When the jade necklace had been wrapped up and the change delivered, Mrs. Ezra Hamilton moved away, followed by an unobtrusive young person in tailored navy blue. Nobody observing would have guessed that any connection lay between the lady in sables and the girl in serge.

For that matter, neither would the lady in sables.

Her first lady prefers white to colored lingerie.

"Her purchases in the underwear departments yesterday afternoon adhered firmly to the conservative color note, in spite of the attempts of saleswomen to press upon her the latest in apple green combination suits, and orchid chemises."

The climax was reached when a saleswoman advanced upon the governor's wife with a robe de nuit in apricot crepe de chine, lavishly trimmed with black chiffon frills.

"My goodness," said Mrs. Hamilton, "I'd feel like the bed-room scene from 'Camille' if I wore that."

"Whereupon she picked up her parcels of white unmentionables and departed 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 the fest accomplished by the Indianapolis Telegraph in getting at first hand this detailed story of the inaugural wardrobe of the new governor's wife.

There followed a favorable comment upon the taste of the enviable woman, an epic on her choice of furs, some remarks on shoes and gloves, and a lyric on her lingerie. Barbara settled back in the creaking swivel chair. Her hand lay caressingly upon the smiling picture of the governor's lady.

The city editor came by, on his way to the composing room, and caught the pose. He made as if to

speak, thought better of it, and went on, smiling.

"Congrats, Barbara Hawley!" said somebody close by her ear, Bob Jeffries again. "You've made a splash this time, all right. Guess that about makes up for Nikola-what's his name, doesn't it?"

"Guess so," said Barbara, happily. "I got good position, didn't I?" "Best in the world," said Bob. "Sort of stuff that means circulation, too. People rave on about yellow journalism, but gad, how they eat it up! And women make the best yellow journalists in the world, you know."

He looked at Barbara, expecting a sharp retort. But he was disappointed.

"Surely they do," she said, "because they have a nose for gossip and a flair for picturesque impropriety. The talk that passes over the back fences in our street would keep any paper supplied with spicy news for weeks."

A telephone call took Bob away and left Barbara to her pleasant meditations. She picked up the paper again and gazed upon her story. Then, contentedly, she opened the paper and began to read some of the copy of other writers.

She was beginning to feel the warm affection for the Telegraph that young reporters develop, with their first "beat."

"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."

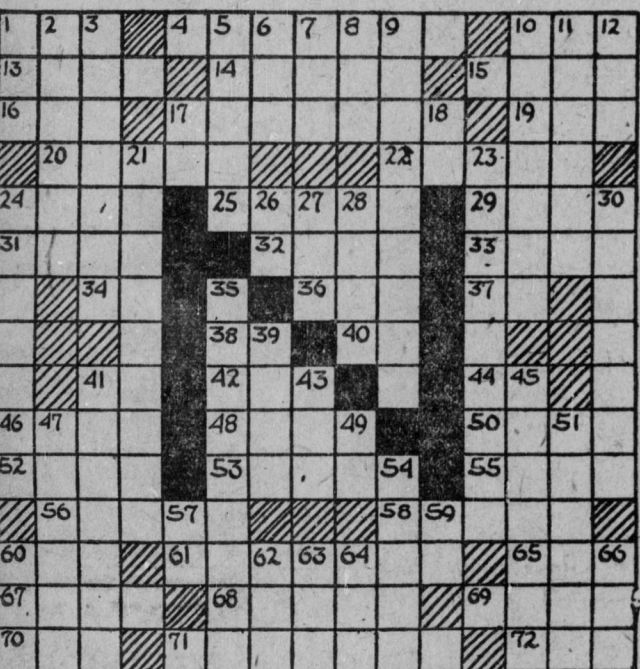
This, with the telephone number and a suite number in the Guaranty Bldg., was all. The name "Reynolds" gave Barbara a start. There was nothing to show whether it was Bruce Reynolds.

Her thoughts were interrupted. Adeline had left the switchboard to speak to her. "Somebody wants to talk to you, Miss Hawley," she said, nonchalantly. "Says her name's Mrs. Ezra Hamilton."

(To Be Continued)

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

"N" is the charm letter of this cross-word puzzle. You'll find it many places in the solution.



HORIZONTAL

- Home of a spider.
- Longed to attain.
- Hurried.
- Tots.
- Tooth.
- Withered.
- To possess.
- House finches.
- To emulate.
- Portion of a fortification.
- Sharpens a razor.
- Strong box.
- Timekeeper.
- Region.
- Pertaining to narrative poetry.
- Rootstock used in the tropics.
- Aperture in a chimney.
- Seventh note in the scale.
- To subvert.
- Hypothetical structural unit.
- Exclamation of inquiry.
- Point of compass.
- Dad!
- To fondle.
- Preposition of place.
- Gravel.
- God of Love.
- To jog.
- Edge of a roof.
- Mooded.
- Dines.
- Pattern.
- Distance from the center of a circle to the edge (pl.).
- Cooking utensil.
- Household.
- The head.
- Employs.
- Large water wheel.
- Plateau.
- To scatter.
70. To listen.
72. Lair.

VERTICAL

- To court.
- To unfold.
- To profit.
- To limit.
- Writing instrument.
- Road house.
- Eggs of fishes.
- Invested with sovereign authority.
- Venerated.
- Ascended.
- Born.
- Sixth note of scale.
- Therefor.
- Took a tenth part.
- Sailed over.
- Woven edge of a fabric.
- Neuter pronoun.
- Door rug.
- Acce.
- Vouches.
- Repulsive.
- Valiant man.
- Rotated on a point.
- To pull.
- Disciplined.
- Branched.
- Point of compass.
- Indolent.
- To fear.
- Printer's measure.
- Like.
- To place.
- Negative (adverb).
- Part of verb "to be."
- Liquor.
- To forbid.

Answer to Yesterday's Crossword Puzzle:

DOWN: 1. SPAN. 2. SPAN. 3. SPAN. 4. SPAN. 5. SPAN. 6. SPAN. 7. SPAN. 8. SPAN. 9. SPAN. 10. SPAN. 11. SPAN. 12. SPAN. 13. SPAN. 14. SPAN. 15. SPAN. 16. SPAN. 17. SPAN. 18. SPAN. 19. SPAN. 20. SPAN. 21. SPAN. 22. SPAN. 23. SPAN. 24. SPAN. 25. SPAN. 26. SPAN. 27. SPAN. 28. SPAN. 29. SPAN. 30. SPAN. 31. SPAN. 32. SPAN. 33. SPAN. 34. SPAN. 35. SPAN. 36. SPAN. 37. SPAN. 38. SPAN. 39. SPAN. 40. SPAN. 41. SPAN. 42. SPAN. 43. SPAN. 44. SPAN. 45. SPAN. 46. SPAN. 47. SPAN. 48. SPAN. 49. SPAN. 50. SPAN. 51. SPAN. 52. SPAN. 53. SPAN. 54. SPAN. 55. SPAN. 56. SPAN. 57. SPAN. 58. SPAN. 59. SPAN. 60. SPAN. 61. SPAN. 62. SPAN. 63. SPAN. 64. SPAN. 65. SPAN. 66. SPAN. 67. SPAN. 68. SPAN. 69. SPAN. 70. SPAN. 71. SPAN. 72. SPAN.

Hoosier Briefs

HE was found dying in the lobby of the Union Savings and Trust Company at Bluffton by Cashier F. J. Tange-man. Blood from a bullet wound stained the floor. Entrance had been gained to the bank through a transom. "He" was a pigeon.

Ernest C. Burch of Rockford shot a chicken hawk that measured thirty-six inches from tip to tip. Seymour points with pride to L. Duane Wallick, former resident. Wallick, manager of the Biltmore Hotel at Providence, R. I., is raising chickens on the hotel roof. The chickens are feathered.

George Weddell of Medora was kicked by a black mule. His leg was broken.

Mad dog created a panic at Onaga. A new \$200,000 church will be built at La Porte.

Raymond Woodward is the chief of the newly organized fire department at Lapel. The town recently installed a new water works system.

Skin trouble costs many a man his job

No matter how efficient a man may be, if he has an ugly skin-eruption, there are positions in which he cannot be tolerated. He may know that it is not in the least contagious, but other people are afraid and avoid him, and he must make way for a man with a clear, healthy skin. Why run this risk, when

Resinol

Ointment and Resinol Soap stop itching and clear away eczema and similar humors, so quickly and easily?

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

