

The Love Dodger

By VIRGINIA SWAIN

THE 'LOVELORN' COLUMN IS ADDED TO BARBARA'S DUTIES IN THE OFFICE OF THE TELEGRAPH

BEGIN HERE TODAY
BARBARA HAWLEY, who breaks with the dance, BRUCE REYNOLDS, and gets a job on the Indianapolis Telegraph in order to see him.
ANDREW McDERMOTT, a close friend of Barbara's father before his death, is managing editor.
After many exciting adventures, Barbara and Bob, who are now a married couple, go out at 8 p. m. to cover a night club murder. The murderer proves to be a woman of refinement, who has shot a man in a love triangle. She tells Barbara, "You can't beat life."
Barbara is sent to the office of Manners, Stone & Reynolds to get a story. She sees a stylish woman in mourning come out of Bruce Reynolds' private office.
Later in the hall of her boarding house, Bruce meets VIOLETTA GRAY. Barbara, jealous of the woman in mourning, calls Bruce on the telephone, but loses her nerve and hangs up the receiver just as she answers.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XI
"SORRY, Bob, but you're wrong again. There's no limit to what a woman reporter can do. Even Mr. Wells admitted the

other day that he wouldn't be afraid to send me on any story that broke."
"All sob sisters talk alike," commented Sinbad Sullivan, a free lance press agent, who sometimes drifted into the Telegraph office with Bob.
"Never saw a woman on a paper yet that didn't want to be the best man on the staff. They are all right, too, for advice to girls and stories about starving orphans."
Barbara turned on him with blazing eyes. "At any rate, Mr. Sullivan, women are more likely than men to be sober when a big story breaks."

"Wow, Baba!" yelled Bob in glee. "What a knockout blow. Sinbad hasn't much comeback on that score."

"But I never thought you were a cat, Baba. Guess you've been working too late nights and forgetting your daily dozen. Old temper on the warpath."

"I'm not a cat," snapped Barbara. "But I get so tired of superior males. I'm not always responsible. Sinbad knows I like him. But he also knows I'm just as good a newspaper man as there is on this staff. And I get just as good assignments."

"Oh, Miss Hawley, Mr. Wells wants to see you," Miss Badger's voice cut in. Barbara turned, startled. It was the first time that the society editor had ever volunteered a remark to her.

Wells looked up with his chronic frown of anxiety when Barbara approached. "You'll find a stack of letters over on that table—lovelorn mail. Miss Badger tells me she no longer has time for the column. And I said I'd hand it over to you. Better look 'em over tonight and pick out some snappy ones for tomorrow."

"Lovelorn," repeated Barbara, aghast.
"Sure, Dotty Dimple's advice to young girls, Winnifred's Warnings, you know the stuff."

"What's the matter, Baba?" asked Bob, when she returned to the group. Sinbad Sullivan was just lurching away to the elevator.

Barbara turned a face toward him, half-mourning, half-tragic. "Wells has given me the lovelorn column." She dumped the mass of mail on her



"What about coming in some day and having one of our mud packs, followed by electric vibration?" the girl asked. "It's fine for tiny wrinkles."

desk. Lavender, and pink envelopes predominated.

Bob opened his mouth to roar, but changed his mind and shut it again. "Well," he said, his eyes twinkling. "This has the elements of great tragedy. I can see that."

Barbara's face was more solemn. "Cut it out, Bob," she retorted. "How would you like to do advice to young girls and Winnifred's Warnings?"

print, or personally. And you have to be very careful what advice you give. Always be conservative, you know. Tell 'em to come in at 9 p. m. and never to kiss anybody they're not engaged to, and never give any advice that will break up a home, or stir wives to revolt, or anything like that.

"Quite a responsibility, really. But you'll get along all right. You've reached years of discretion yourself."

"Thank you, Miss Badger," Barbara's voice was velvety. "You should know. How many years is it that you've run this column—15 or 20?"

She turned and walked back to her desk.

Bob came back to her. "I say, Baba, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You've always been such a good scout that I thought we could tease you."

"I know, Bob," she answered. "But I can't imagine what's wrong with me lately. I'm cross and snappy all the time, and there are days when I hate everybody around me. I'm afraid I'm getting to be a sour old woman already, and I'm only 25. What'll I be when I'm 35?"

"Well," said Bob gravely, "if you don't get hold of yourself and live more sensibly, you'll be another Miss Badger at her age. You're burning the candle at both ends. Babs, work-happen to think of it. You'd better ing all hours and eating when you take a tumble and let up a bit."

A few minutes later she left the office on her way to a beauty parlor.

"I want a shampoo and marcel and a facial massage and a manicure," she said to the crisp woman in charge. "And I want somebody to fuss over me without talking to me. I'm so tired of this universe I am afraid I'd shriek if any one even spoke to me."

"You're a business woman, aren't you?" replied the woman. "We get lots of customers just like you. In fact, the bulk of our business comes from just such girls. I think we can make you comfortable."

The next two hours were a blissful series of warm lathers and cold cream pats and delicately perfumed rinses. Barbara lay under the deft hands of the girl operator, enjoying

every process in complete relaxation. She closed her eyes and almost went to sleep during the massage.

Two women were talking in the next booth. "It sure makes me sick," said a harsh voice, "the way these sheltered women talk about us working girls spending our money in beauty shops and for clothes and things. They seem to think a woman who stays at home and lives on some man has a better right to a marcel than the Jane that gets out and earns the \$2 herself."

"Should see my boss' wife. Every time she comes into the office she gives my hair the once over and then looks as if she'd like to see me struck by lightning for my sinful extravagance."

"Tell you, a woman that works all day in an office has got to have some beauty helps. With all she can do, she's an old woman years before her time, wrinkled with worry and pale and stringy-haired."

"She hasn't no time to take care of her hair and skin, or to get any exercise or recreation. Gosh! Mabel, wouldn't I grab some man if he only hove in sight!"

"It's a hard life," came the voice of the operator. "Nobody realizes it but the women who have to do it."

Barbara found herself listening intently. The discussion went on, talking more and more the tone of an impassioned harangue.

"All this rot about the new woman and her independence—blah! What the heck does a woman care about independence? All she wants or needs in this world is some good looks and good clothes and a man to take care of her. Us women weren't meant to battle the world for ourselves."

"Would I be a clinging vine? Say, no, just give me the chance!"

Barbara opened her eyes and looked at the calm face of the girl who was marceling her hair. "How many do you get like that?" she asked.

"Hundred," replied the girl. "They don't all talk so much. But they all feel the same way. And they're all here to save their beauty for some man, or get some beauty they never had. Sometimes it's a definite man, and sometimes it's just Man—the species. But if all the men should die off, every beauty

shop would go bankrupt over night, and the word marcel would pass out of the language."

Barbara looked at her reflection in the glass. Her skin was freshened by the treatment and her hair lay in shining streamers that were falling into sleek waves under the operator's frons.

With the disquieting conversation still in her mind, Barbara looked more critically at her face, and smiled with satisfaction. What a cat Miss Badger had been to speak of her as though she were getting really old!

The girl had stopped in the middle of the marcel, and was bending over Barbara.

"What about coming in some day, Miss Hawley," she asked, "and having one of our new mud packs, followed by electric vibration? It's fine for tiny wrinkles and for bleaching circles around the eyes. I'll guarantee that by the time you've had two or three of the treatments, you won't look a day over 27."

THE interurban was flying between gray November fields. Barbara lay back with her hat pulled over her eyes, trying to rest. The new marcel had caught her hair up in close boyish lines about her ears.

She was trying not to think. There was still a half hour before she would reach her home station. The lights in the car had been turned on, and commuters were rustling the pages of their newspapers and talking in monotonous.

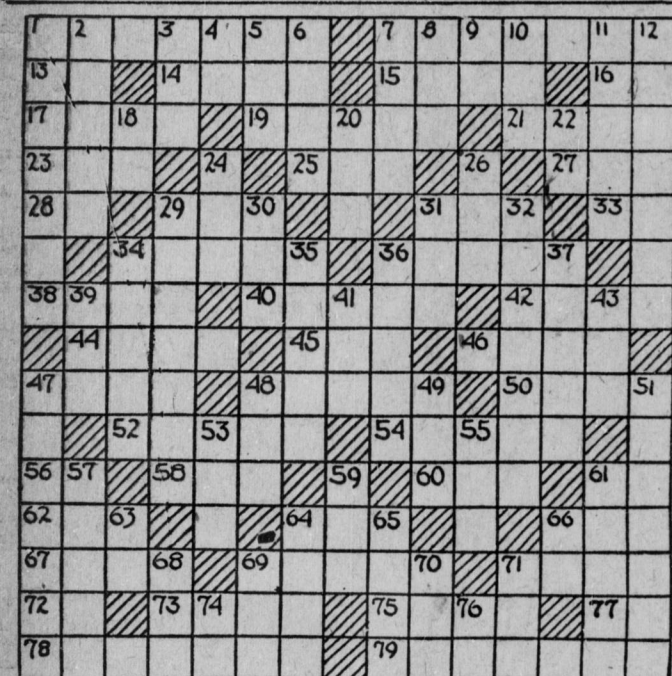
"Been noticing this new real estate firm?" said somebody in front of her. "Going big, looks like. See the Telegraph says they're going to throw millions into the new Vale Acres development scheme. Show Indianapolis what progress really means. Better get Manners or Stone to come and talk before the Civitas Club next Tuesday noon. They're big men, with a big idea."

"All the same," replied a drawing voice, "I wouldn't put a brass nickel in anything that chap Manners is interested in. I don't like his eye, or his taste in women either."

Barbara sat bolt upright.

(To Be Continued)

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1. To extend one's self.
2. Improves one's position in life.
3. Correlative of either.
4. Learning.
5. Melody.
6. Preposition of place.
7. Fence bar.
8. To long for.
9. To value.
10. To disencumber.
11. Accomplished.
12. Uncooked.
13. Within.
14. To be seated.
15. Sorrowful.
16. Sixth note in scale.
17. To permit.
18. One who is defeated.
19. A flower.
20. Pertaining to the nose.
21. To repair.
22. Employed.
23. Corded cloth.
24. To yield.
25. To snare.
26. To accumulate.
27. Knocks.
28. Twelve months (pl.).
29. Dye.
30. Dainty.
31. Edge.
32. Period.
33. Behold.
34. Geographical drawing.
35. To drink dog fashion.
36. Pronoun.
37. Pertaining to an ode.
38. Nest of an eagle.
39. Fuel.
40. Second note in scale.
41. Supposed electrical fluid.
42. Title.
43. Point of compass.
44. Broke off short.
45. Paid for another's entertainment.

VERTICAL

1. Poorer.
2. Railroad cars.
3. Measure of cloth.
4. Toward.
5. To shed tears.
6. To pay attention.
7. Poet.
8. Sea eagle.
9. Seventh note in scale.

10. Black viscous fluid.
11. Amount at which person is assessed.
12. Ship's officer.
13. Hypothetical structural unit.
14. To be sick.
15. Measure of area.
16. Friend.
17. Combustible fluid.
18. One who rests.
19. 2,000 pounds.
20. Sun.
21. That which deserves blame.
22. To test chemically.
23. Heats.
24. To fall in duty.
25. Part of a fortification.
26. Yours and mine.
27. Ocean.
28. Knots of wool fiber.
29. Quiverings.
30. Branch.
31. Turf.
32. Wore.
33. To ventilate.
34. To plant.
35. Burdened.
36. Distant.
37. Rental contract.
38. 3,1416.
39. To guide.
40. Liquid measure.
41. Masculine pronoun.
42. Headgear.
43. Part of verb to be.
44. Spike of corn.
45. Tiny vegetable.
46. Above.
47. Myself.

Answer to Yesterday's Crossword Puzzle:



Hoosier Briefs

AFTER Jan. 1 a cop will be a cop at Greensburg. The force will wear uniforms for the first time in three years.

Sedan driven by John Cummings of Bloomington skidded off the road and dropped fifteen feet into a stone quarry. No one was hurt and the machine was not damaged. It landed square on its wheels.

Lighting a match to hunt a cap for her son was costly for Mrs. Charles Wickersham of Hartford City. A spark from the match set the house on fire.

John H. Morris, outgoing mayor of Newcastles, in a statement of achievements during his administration points to the reduction of \$2,273 in the city's debts.

Mrs. James Bowen of Marion won't have any Christmas tree this year unless she buys another. A thief took it.

NEWCASTLE citizens don't mind Christmas. The Chamber of Commerce is running a free wrapping bureau during the holiday shopping period.

Park board of Elwood is out of debt. The last \$1,000 has been paid off. Hopes for a swimming pool have been revived as a result.

Mrs. Lou Johnson of Owensville is recovering from a spider's bite. Physicians first thought it would be fatal.

Anderson is hoping for a boost from the hard boiled Army. The United States Government has purchased 15,000 cases of canned goods from the Fame Canning Company.

Masonic lodge at Wabash laid the corner stone for the new school building to cost \$250,000.

Muncie basketball team is singing the blues. Coach Maurice B. Murray has ordered the squad to observe "training" Christmas day.

DIVORCES FOR MERE ASKING

But It Costs the Next Groom Something.

By United Press
NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—A globe trotter came in on the liner Paris with the tale of a remote land where divorces are to be had for the asking. Syudam Cutting, photographer of the James Simpson-Roosevelt-Field museum expedition into Chinese Turkistan, related that divorces are granted automatically to any desiring them there.

Cutting's laundress has been wedded seven times to the same man and she was only 30 years old. She had hesitated to ask for the seventh separation because reckoned in Turkistan, she was "old." It developed her numerous divorces had been obtained with a view to get new clothes, for each time a woman marries in the district she must be given a fine trousseau by the bridegroom. Consequently this professional divorcee was the best dressed woman in Chinese-Turkistan.

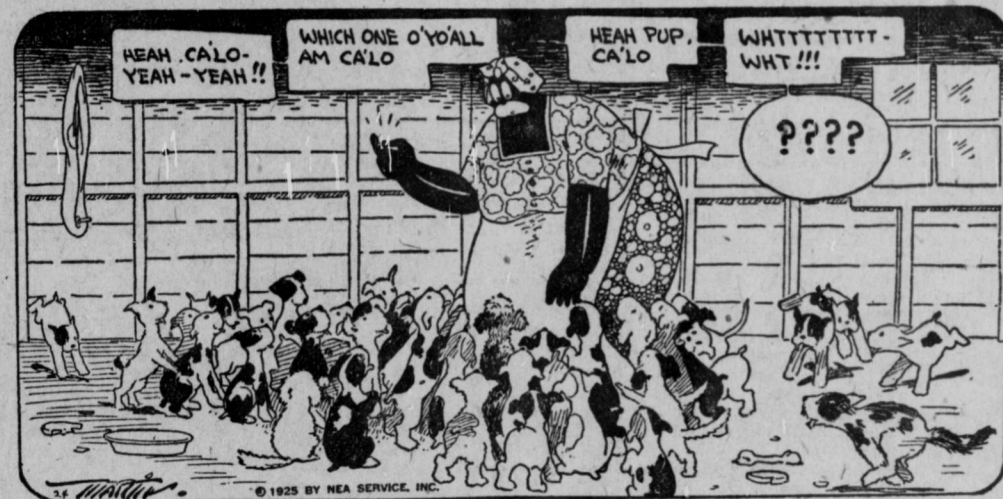
Building Permits

Motherland addition, hotel, 934 N. Pennsylvania, \$34,000.
Brima Bradbury, garage, 2714 N. Illinois, \$302.
W. M. Cantwell, garage, 1780 Brookside, \$400.
J. Lewis, garage, 3402 Kenwood, \$628.
Central Cleaners, tank, 3806 E. Washington, \$200.
Branch Realty Company, move, 1213 New York, \$250.
Branch Realty Company, move, 1231 New York, \$350.
Branch Realty Company, move, 1217 New York, \$350.
Branch Realty Company, move, 1209 W. Central Avenue, addition, 133 N. Illinois, \$40,000.
William Marshall, repair, 1132 Udell, \$1,000.
Michigan Tire Company, stem, 103 W. Michigan, \$200.
Castle Hall, repair elevator, 220 E. Ohio, \$255.
Severing Hotel, repair elevator, 201 S. Illinois, \$559.

TRUSTEE REAPPOINTED

Governor Jackson has reappointed Miss May E. Helmer, Terre Haute, a trustee of the Central Indiana Hospital for the Insane, at Indianapolis. The appointment is for four years.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



MOMENTS WE'D LIKE TO LIVE OVER—CHRISTMAS AT GRAMMA'S.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

