

The LOVE DODGER

By VIRGINIA SWAIN

BEGIN HERE TODAY
BARBARA HAWLEY, 25, breaks with her fiance, BRUCE REYNOLDS, and gets a job in the Indianapolis Telegraph in order to see life.

ANDREW McDERMOTT, a close friend of Barbara's father, before his death, is managing editor.

After many exciting adventures, Barbara and Bruce, who are engaged, are out at 2 a.m. to solve a night club murder. The murderer proves to be a woman, and she is the man in a love triangle. She tells Barbara, "You can't beat life." Barbara is sent to the offices of Manners, Stone & Reynolds to get a

story. She sees a stylish woman in mourning come out of Bruce Reynolds' office. Later, in the hall of her boarding house, Bruce meets VIOLETTA CRANE, Barbara's jealous enemy, in mourning. Bruce calls Bruce on the telephone, but loses his nerve and hangs up the receiver.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XI

ORRY, 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, Mrs. Sullivan, women are more likely than men to be sober when a big story breaks."

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

"But I never thought you were a cat, Babs. Guess you've been working too late nights and forgetting your daily dozen. Old temper's 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—lovorn 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."

"Lovorn," repeated Barbara,aghast.

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

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

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

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?"



"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."

"Right in my line," said Bob. "But, of course, we men don't ever get a chance at that kind of assignment. Tough!"

Barbara walked away. She could not trust herself to speak. She found Miss Badger standing beside her.

Barbara's face was more solemn.

"You'll learn the lovorn column is quite a task, Miss Hawley. Every letter has to be answered, either in

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, Babs, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You've always been such a good scot 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-happy to think of it. You're burning 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 fuse 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 who has a better right to a man than the Jane that gets out and earns the \$2 herself."

"Should we miss my 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 hows 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, taking 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 need 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, bo, 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.

"Hundreds," 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 irons.

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 be-

twixt 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 just been turned on, and commuters were rustling the pages of their newspapers and talking in monotones.

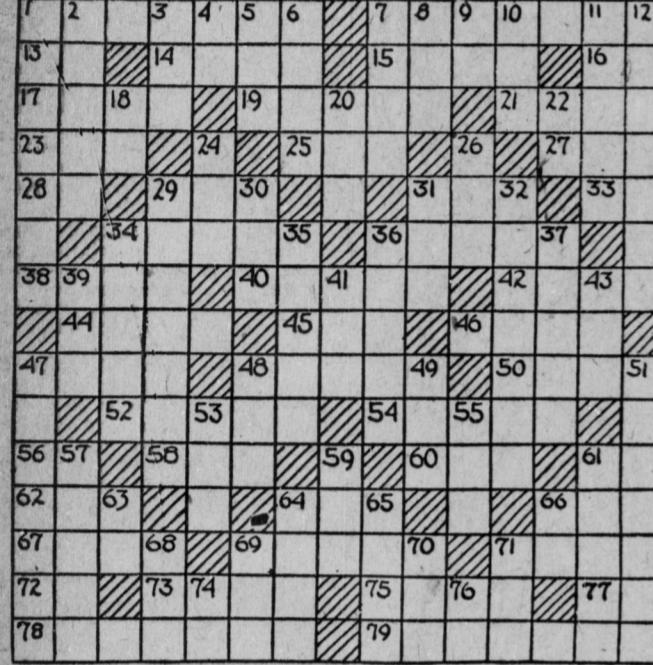
"Been noticing this new real estate firm?" said somebody in front of her. "Going big, looks like. See the Telegraph says they're going to

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."

Barbara sat bolt upright.

(To Be Continued)

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

- To extend one's self.
- Improves one's position in life.
- Correlative of either.
- Learning.
- Melody.
- Preposition of place.
- Fence bar.
- To long for.
- To value.
- To dismember.
- Accomplished.
- Uncooked.
- Within.
- To be seated.
- Sorrowful.
- Sixth note in scale.
- To permit.
- One who is defeated.
- A flower.
- Pertaining to the nose.
- To repair.
- Employed.
- Corded cloth.
- To yield.
- Snare.
- To accumulate.
- Knock.
- Twelve months (pl.).
- Dye.
- Duty.
- Edge.
- Period.
- Behold.
- Geographical drawing.
- To drink dog fashion.
- Pronoun.
- Pertaining to an ode.
- Nest of an eagle.
- Fuel.
- Second note in scale.
- Supposed electrical fluid.
- Title.
- Point of compass.
- Broke off short.
- Paid for another's entertainment.

VERTICAL

- Poorer.
- Railroad cars.
- Measure of cloth.
- Toward.
- To shed tears.
- To pay attention.
- Poet.
- Sea eagle.
- Seventh note in scale.

DIVORCES FOR MERE ASKING

But It Costs the Next Groom Something.

By United Press

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 Wickham of Hartford City. A spark from the match set the house on fire.

John H. Morris, outgoing mayor of Newcastle, 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 tief took it.

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

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

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 Flame Canning Company.

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

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.

Hoosier Briefs

Answer to Yesterday's Crossword Puzzle:

ARENA PAYEE
AL RESPIRE EM
DIE RESIENTS LAD
EAT
AVE VERSANT HAT
ENFOLDS ORANGES
TOLL MEAN
MURDERS DAPPLED
APC VEW ERE IRE
TEE STAMPED ASP
E TOO
DON RETORTS ASH
NO AMENTIALO
DEMUR SEPAL

OUT OUR WAY

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



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

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."

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