

The Love Dodger

By VIRGINIA SWAIN

BEGIN HERE TODAY
BARBARA HAWLEY, 28, breaks with tradition, leaving her home and job in the Indianapolis Times, to see her father, who is ill. The managing editor takes an interest in her because of her friendship with her father, now dead. She also makes friends with BOB BYERS, rough and ready police reporter, and with him covers many exciting assignments.

Bruce joins a real estate firm that is starting a million-dollar development scheme in a section called Vale Acres. Barbara starts out to prove that there are no set limitations on achievement in the newspaper world.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XII
"WISH," said Barbara, pushing away her dessert, that Bruce and I hadn't broken off so theatrically. Mrs. Hawley gave a little questioning "hm-m." It was the first time that Barbara had mentioned Bruce since the quarrel.

"You see," continued Barbara thoughtfully, "there is something I

should like to tell him—something that a friend ought to tell him. But I can't, after that high tragedy exit that he made. It would not do."

"What is it, Bab?"
"Well, I heard two men discussing his new real estate firm today and one of them said some pretty harsh things about this man's manners, the senior partner. I observed him the day I was sent to his office. I don't think I'd trust him myself. I wonder if Bruce knows what he's about."

Mrs. Hawley considered the question a moment. "I don't think you could suggest anything wrong about the firm without more definite reasons than those, Babs. You nothing but a chance remark of a stranger to judge by."

"Of course, that's true," answered her daughter, rising from the dinner table. "Better forget all about it."



Tearing open a particularly violet pink envelope, Barbara jumped to her feet in a peal of laughter. "Just listen to this," she cried.

After all, Bruce and I are no more to each other than strangers. I couldn't even go to him as a friend. If I knew there was something wrong."

The telephone rang and Barbara ran to answer it. In the hasty nervous way she had acquired of late, Mrs. Hawley listened from the dining room.

"Why yes, Bob," she heard her daughter say. "I'd love to go. Is it evening dress? Yes, I can get ready in time by coming home early Friday afternoon. What fun! All right. Goodbye."

Barbara came dashing back into the dining room. "A chicken dinner at the Lighthouse Friday night, mummy," she cried. "All the newspaper crowd and some real champagne and oceans of local color."

She pivoted on one toe around the table. "Do you know how long it's been since I have been on a dance floor?" she asked suddenly stopping in her flight. "Exactly ten weeks. And I haven't had an evening dress on in that time, or been to a show."

She frowned. "What have I been doing mummy?"
"Mostly working. I think," replied her mother. "And it won't do. First thing you know, you'll get a wrinkle."

Barbara stared at her mother. "Don't mummy," she exclaimed. "I've been reminded of my age three times today and the memory is still sore. My goodness, 25 isn't exactly a decrepit age, is it?"

"Of course not, but the kind of life you're leading would bring wrinkles at 15, Barbara. And 25 is a danger line, with all women. They either fade and shrivel or blossom out at that point."

"Well, let's forget it, and go shorten my evening dress, mummy dear. I'm not too old to dance, anyhow."

The plain little yellow taffeta lay in its box, primly folded.

"It's done good service, hasn't it, mother?" Barbara was shaking it out of its tissue paper and dangle it by the sleeves.

A withered rose tie with a bit of 'lulle fall' out of the dress upon the hearth rug.

Mrs. Hawley covered it with her foot, and when her daughter turned away, kicked it into the fire.

BARBARA'S pay envelope felt bulkier than usual when she called for it next day. She fingered it anxiously for she had heard tales of notes of dismissal enclosed in pay envelopes, without warning.

Around the corner, by the drinking fountain, she tore it open hurriedly. There, instead of the usual twenty dollar bill and five dollar bill, were a twenty and two fives. She went beaming back to the reporters' enclosure.

"What's the matter, Barbarian?" asked Bob. "Have you just scored a world beat, or did you meet a new man last night?"

"Neither," replied Barbara, too happy to resent the rivalry. "I've got a raise."

"Hooray!" cried Bob. "Now we can both eat, even when I'm broke. What's the grand promotion for?"

"I don't know, but maybe because I've been looking down-hearted and dissatisfied lately. Almost all in when night comes, nowadays, Bob."

"None," replied Barbara, too happy to give a raise because a reporter looked as if he wanted one. Otherwise, we'd all spend our time before our mirrors leaving to register dissatisfaction. You got that raise because the boss likes your work. You have a right to be up-stage, after just two months, on the sheet, Barbara."

"It's only five dollars a week, you know, Bob, but isn't it funny what a difference it makes?"

"Sure it does. It's a symptom of success, first of all. And then it is five dollars' worth of good, spendable United States currency, too. Don't ever forget that."

Barbara hummed a little tune as she went back to her desk. Jimmy had piled it high with the day's accumulation of love letters.

She began to tear open the envelopes, picking the highly colored ones first and chuckling over the contents as she read.

"How many mother-in-law letters today?" asked Myers, the timid little man who wrote the fiery play re-

views. He stopped to glance over her shoulder.

"No mothers-in-law today, but a lot of boy friends and 'is-it-wrong-to-put' letters."

She was tearing open a particularly violent pink envelope, from which rose a strong odor of synthetic violets. The timid critic drew back as if from a gas attack.

Barbara jumped to her feet, in a peal of laughter. "Just listen to this," she cried. Everybody looked up.

"Dear Winnifred:
"I am writing to you because I know you are sympathetic with the troubles of young girls. I'm not so awfully young—24, in fact, but with my hair bobbed, my friends say I am as cute and young looking as a kid of 16."

"Now my trouble is that I have fallen in love with a man who is by far my social superior. He hardly knows I am on earth yet. But I feel that if I can not attract his attention and make him love me, my heart will bleed."

"This young man is very nice mannered, dear Miss Winnifred. And I am sure he looks upon me as a gentleman should. But will you tell me how I can make him notice me more and really love me, as I feel I must be loved, unless my heart is going to break?"

"P. S.—How can I take bear stains out of a pink silk kimono?"

"P. S.—Is there any way to make eye lashes curl? Mine are beautiful and heavy, but they are quite straight. It is really very aggravating, as my eyes themselves are considered beautiful."

"She needn't say anything more, need she?" laughed Barbara. "I can see the lady as plainly as if she were before my eyes. She wears a net breakfast cap and drinks beer in a pink silk kimono, and her bed is never made from one day to the next."

"I can tell you more than that," said Byers. "She sprays extract of violets on all her clothes with a six-foot hose. And I'll bet she sleeps in her car."

"Shame on you two," cried Bob. "The poor kid really wants advice. And heaven knows she needs it. Give her a really good hunk of Win-

nifred, Babs. Tell her the way she should go to snare the superior young man. I'll bet he's a handsome young ribbon clerk."

"Not so sure of that," replied Byers, thoughtfully. "I've known doctors and lawyers and even newspaper men to fall for a girl whose eyes are considered beautiful and whose lashes are long and heavy, beer stains and violet perfume and all. That kind of woman is quite free of the hoodoo of intellect in her sex life. I'll bet Violetta would be dangerous to any man in this office."

"Blah!" remarked Bob, elegantly. Barbara was writing the last paragraph of her answer to Violetta when he came and leaned against her desk.

"Just a minute, Bob," she said. "I'll finish telling the pink silk kimono how to land the man of her heart—though she undoubtedly knows more about it than I'll ever know."

"Not at all," he replied. "You women are all alike. Colonel's lady and historic Judy—both vamps from birth, by instinct. And only a slight difference in your methods."

"Well, Mr. Wise Man, what can I do for you?"

"This is how it is, Babs. Seems Miss Badger got up this dinner party Friday night and has told somebody I am going to take her. Heaven knows why she should, but since she is hostess, or at least originator of the pow-wow, I honestly haven't got the nerve to let her down."

"I didn't know she meant me for her very own when she was asking me if I could go. Gosh, Barbara, I hate it. I'd rather take you a thousand times."

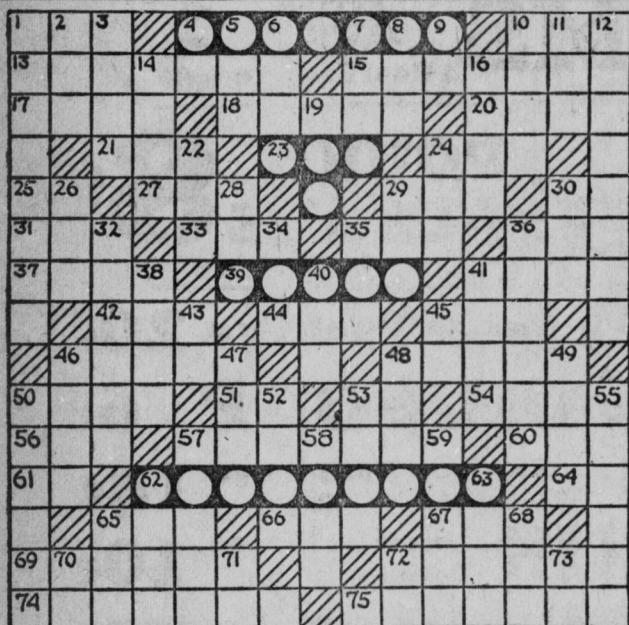
"You know that. But she'll label me a blackguard and an insulter of defenseless womanhood if I back out now."

"I'll tell you. Simbad Sullivan hasn't any girl, and he's dying to take you, anyhow. Says you look like a peach of a dancer. I'll pick up Miss Badger and Sullivan and come by for you at 7 o'clock tomorrow night. If that's all right with you. We can all pile in the old boat."

Barbara smiled at him. "Of course it'll be all right, Bob. You'll see that Simbad is sober, won't you?"

(To Be Continued)

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1. Scarlet.
2. Desiring.
3. Possesses.
4. Solemn.
5. The science which treats of the earth.
6. Large plant.
7. Acer tree.
8. Icon.
9. Small mass.
10. Personal pronoun.
11. Combustible fluid.
12. Within.
13. Because.
14. And.
15. Correlative of either.
16. Joined.
17. To dine.
18. Slight flap.
19. Sheep (pl.).
20. Jolly.
21. Sea bird.
22. To imitate.
23. To scold constantly.
24. Fine tree.
25. Revolves.
26. Strong boxes.
27. Let it stand.
28. Bone.
29. Preposition of place.
30. Beverages.
31. Fox.
32. Dogs.
33. Egg of a louse.
34. Sun god.
35. Today.
36. Sixth note in scale.
37. Relative pronoun.
38. Pastry.
39. Moist.
40. Flight of steps.
41. To keep.
42. Ten plus six.
43. Persons with book learning.

VERTICAL

1. A fee paid to engage a lawyer.
2. External organ of hearing.
3. Sketched.
4. You and I.
5. Distinctive theory.
6. To remain.
7. Eekimo home (variant).
8. Born.
9. To depart.
10. Trays for carrying bricks.
11. Time past.
12. Portion of a word.
13. Tidy.
14. Falsifier.
15. Meadow grass.
16. To obstruct.
17. Secured.
18. At the present time.
19. Jewel.
20. Fairy sprite.
21. Friend.
22. Harvested.
23. Seven plus three.

35. Unit of energy.
36. Soup dish.
37. To expectorate.
38. Uncooked.
39. Present.
40. Half an em.
41. Fourth note of the scale.
42. Fortico.
43. To fly.
44. Stalk.
45. To depart by water.
46. To emphasize.
47. To cut.
48. To put up (poker).
49. Spots.
50. Task.
51. Cowheaded goddess.
52. Cut.
53. Child.
54. Caterpillar hair.
55. Paraffin.
56. Light brown.
57. Seventh note in scale.
58. Point of compass.
59. Second note in scale.
60. Neuter pronoun.

Answer to Yesterday's Crossword Puzzle:

STRETCH BETTERS
OR LORE ARIA AT
RAIL YEAHN RATE
RID DID GRAW
IN SAT L SAD LA
E ALLOW LOSER LA
ROSE NASAL MEND
USED REP CEDE
TRAP AMASS RAPD
REYEARS EOSIN D
EL RIM F DOT LO
MAP R LAF WHER
ODIC AERIE PEAT
RE AURA NAME SE
SNAPPED TREATED

PROGRAM TO BE GIVEN AT HOME

Christmas Songs and Recitations Planned.

A Christmas program will be held at the German Protestant Orphans Home, at 1404 S. State Ave., Sunday afternoon, Dec. 27, at 2.

A closing address will be made by the Rev. J. C. Peters, pastor of Zion's Evangelical Church and distribution of presents by the school commissioners will follow. The program includes:

Prayer, Miss Marie Ziegler.
Song, "Joy to the World," The Rev. F. B. Davies.
Greeting, Mrs. Henry Walters, President.
Recitation, "Christ Is Born," by the Orphan Children.
Recitation, "The Message of the Star," by the Orphan Children.
Recitation, "New a Merry Christmas to All," M. Dillon.
Song, "On Little Town of Bethlehem," Louise Dillon and Opal Lantz.
Recitation, "The King's Birthday," Rosemary New.
Recitation, "A Sweet Halo," Vincent and Thomas Reassum.
Song, "Come On the Midnight Gleam," The Orphan Children.
Recitation, "The Coming of the King," Earl Clark.
Recitation, "Christmas Tido," William New.
Song, "Oh Come All Ye Faithful," by the Orphan Children.
Recitation, "Christmas Thoughts," by Five Little Boys.
Recitation, "The Two Mothers," Kathryn Clark and Ruth Coulter.
Song, "The Boy's Hope," Clarence Francis.
Prayer, by the following: Herbert Francis, Ethel Wittenburg, Harry Bok, William Schmidt, Wilfred Hall, Norman Lantz, Frank Kelly, Sarah McClain, L. Pratt, Marjorie McClain, Margaret Lantz, Clarice Rauch and D. Lantz.

PLAN BETH EL DANCE

The Beth El Social Club, a junior organization of Beth El Temple, is sponsoring a dance for members and friends Monday evening at the Columbia Club.

Music will be furnished by Bill Worrell's Willow Terrace Orchestra and Johnny Hoyerford's New Orleans Rhythm Kings. The committee in charge consists of: Joe Yaver, chairman; Jack Goldberg, Beatrice Cohen, Arthur E. Rose, Esther M. Arnold, Jerome Hammerman and Sarah Bernstein.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



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Of all known drugs, creosolium is recognized by high medical authorities as one of the greatest healing agencies for persistent coughs and colds and other forms of throat troubles. Creosolium contains, in addition to creosote, other soothing elements which soothe and heal inflamed membranes and stop the irritation and inflammation, while the creosote goes on to the stomach, is absorbed into the blood, attacks the seat of the trouble and checks the growth of germs.

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