

# The LOVE DODGER

By VIRGINIA SWAIN

BEGIN HERE TODAY with fiance BRUCE REYNOLDS, and ends with his death. ANDREW MCGERTY, the managing editor takes an interest in the young man's friendship with his father, now dead.

She also makes friends with BOB BOYD, the young real estate reporter, and with him covers many exciting assignments.

BOYD joined a real estate firm that is starting a million-dollar development scheme in a section called Vale Acres.

Barbara is out to prove that there are no sex 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 it is, Bab?"

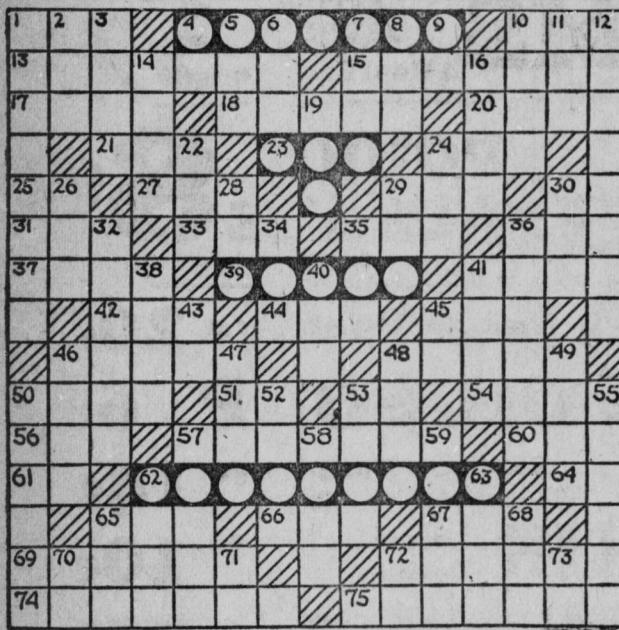
"Well, I heard two men discussing his new real estate firm today and one of them said some pretty harsh things about this Manners, the senior partner. I observed him the day I was sent to his office. I don't think I'd trust him myself. I wonder if Bruce knows what he's about."

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, Bab. 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.



## Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



**HORIZONTAL**  
1. Scarlet.  
4. Desiring.  
9. Possesses.  
13. Solemn.  
15. The science which treats of the earth.  
17. Large plant.  
18. Acer tree.  
19. Icon.  
21. Small mass.  
22. Personal pronoun.  
23. Combustible fluid.  
24. Within.  
25. Label.  
26. Because.  
27. Dad.  
28. Correlative of either.  
29. Joined.  
30. To dine.  
31. Slight flap.  
32. Sheep (pl.).  
33. Jolly.  
34. Sea bird.  
35. To imitate.  
36. To scold constantly.  
37. Pine tree.  
38. Revolves.  
39. Strong boxes.  
40. Let it stand.  
41. Bone.  
42. Preposition of place.  
43. Beverages.  
44. Fox.  
45. Dogs.  
46. Egg of a house.  
47. Sun god.  
48. Today.  
49. Sixth note in scale.  
50. Relative pronoun.  
51. Pastry.  
52. Moisten.  
53. Flight of steps.  
54. To keep.  
55. Ten plus six.  
56. 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. Eskimo 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.

Answer to Yesterday's Crossword  
Puzzle:  
  
TREATCH BETTERS  
OR LOPE ARIA AT  
RAIL YEAR RATE  
RID P DID G RAW  
IN SATL SAD LA  
E ALLOW LOSER  
ROSE NASAL MEND  
USED REP CEDE  
TRAP AMASS RAPS  
R YEARS EOSIN P  
EL RIM F DOT LO  
MAP R LAP IN HER  
ODICA EPIE 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:

Prude... The Rev. F. R. Davies  
Song... "Joy to the World" by the Orphan Children  
Greeting... Mrs. Henry Walter, President  
Song... "O'er Is  
Song... "The Message of the Star" by the Orphan Children  
Recitation... "New Year's Day" by the Orphan Children  
Song... "New Year's Day" by the Orphan Children  
Song... "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem" by the Orphan Children  
Song... "The Little Drummer Boy" by the Orphan Children  
Song... "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" by the Orphan Children  
Song... "The Coming of the King" by the Orphan Children  
Recitation... "Christmas Thought" by Earl Clark  
Recitation... "Christmas Puff" by William New  
Song... "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" by the Orphan Children  
Recitation... "Christmas Thoughts" by the Orphan Children  
Recitation... "The Two Little Boys" by the Orphan Children  
Recitation... "Kathryn Clark and Ruth Coulter  
Recitation... "The Boy's Home" by Frances  
Play... "The Shoemaker and His Elves" by the following: Herbert Frantz, Ethel  
Witbeck, Charles E. Evans, Edna  
Schmidt, Willfred Hall, Dorman Lantz,  
Frances McLean, Marcel M. Pratt,  
Marsella McLean, Marcel Lantz,  
Clarke 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 Beyersdorfer'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.

## BOB INVITES BARBARA TO ATTEND A PARTY—SHE RECEIVES AN INCREASE IN SALARY

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, Goodby."

Barbara came dacing back into the dining room. "A chicken dinner at the Lighthouse Friday night, mumsy," 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 mumsy?"

"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 mumsy," 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, mumsy 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 dangling it by the sleeves.

A withered rose tie dwirth a bit of 'elle fell 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 railing. "I've got a raise."

"Hooyay!" 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."

"Nope. The Telegraph was never known to give a raise because a reporter looked as if he wanted one. Otherwise, we'd all spend our time before our mirrors learning to register dissatisfaction. You got that raise because the boss likes your work. You have a right to be upstage, 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 loadorn mail.

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-pet' 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 eyes are considered beautiful and whose lashes are long and heavy; bear 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, "till I 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, Bab. 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 sand times. You know that. But she'll label me a blackguard and an insulter of defenseless woman if I back out now."

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

"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, Baba. 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."

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