

The LOVE DODGER

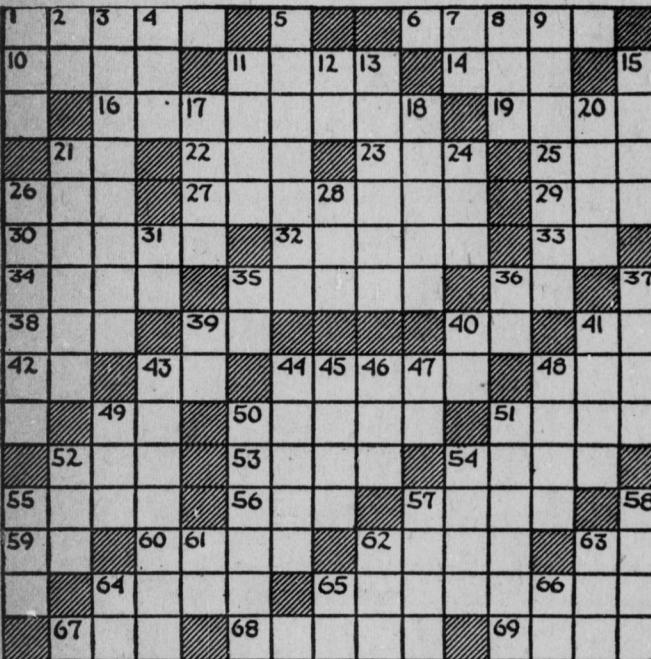
By VIRGINIA SWAIN

BEGIN HERE TODAY
BARBARA HAWLEY, 25, breaks
with her fiance, BRUCE REY-
NOLD, and, a joy to the Indianapolis
Telegraph, in order to see life.
ANDREW McDERMOTT, managing
editor of the paper, JEFFRIES, is
police reporter on the paper.
LESTER NILES, newsman,
famous pianist, makes love to Barbara,
when she interviews him in his hotel
suite. The laundress at her boarding
house, who is a woman of some
distinction, and tells her, "Women are
not made for work. You can't beat
the men in this office. There's a
wardrobe of Mrs. Ezra Hamilton,
the governor's wife, in the office,
details of the marriage. Mrs. Hamilton
calls up."

Now go on with the story.
There was no help for it. Barbara
thought of McDermott's stanchion
CHAPTER VII.

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

This puzzle has many interesting words. It's worth while working
the puzzle to learn them.



HORIZONTAL

- Common vines of Europe.
- Written language.
- Walker.
- To box with the fists.
- To dine.
- One who renews.
- To insulate.
- Seventh note in scale.
- Witticism.
- Tanner's vessel.
- Digit of the foot.
- Combustible fluid.
- To fill with animation.
- Electrified particle.
- Philosophy of Paedo.
- Lubricated.
- Correlative of either.
- Inert gaseous element.
- Interior.
- Upon.
- Roadhouse.
- Paid publicity.
- You and me.
- Point of compass.
- Preposition of place.
- Exists.
- Porch steps.
- Distant.
- Variant of "a."
- To rest on one's feet.
- Remarked.
- Twice.
- Rabbit.
- To push a ball.
- To walk through water.
- Beverage.
- Fence.
- Within.
- Center of an apple.
- Predetermined event.
- To exist.
- To hate.
- Clipped.
- Dower settled upon wife by husband.
- Place of business.
- To satiate.

VERTICAL

- Era.
- To accomplish.
- Object of scorn.
- Before.
- Ship's bracket.
- Second note of scale.
- Grain.
- Depot.
- To knock unconscious.
- Measure of area.
- To upbraid.
- Observed.
- To revolve quickly.
- Less common.
- Scanty.
- Native ability.
- To scatter hay.
- Favorable to growth.
- Metal Fastener.
- Definite article.
- Hypothetical structural unit.
- Bone.
- Flock.
- Like.
- Above.
- YOUNG alligator, being sent through the mails from Florida to Chicago, gave Evansville postoffice employee a thrill when he came out of his package. Mail Inspector Felix Farrow put the animal back in his box and sent him on.
- Lebanon did a goodly amount of reading during November. Book loans from the public library totaled 6,177 for the month. Thirty-nine new registration cards were issued.
- Friends and neighbors will husk Howard Habig's corn on the Lambert farm near Bluffton. Habig has been in a helpless condition since July.
- The Rev. John S. Martin of Greenwood has a poem entitled "Attaboy" in the Lions Club magazine for December.
- More than 300 residents of Seymour will join in on Christmas carols on Christmas eve. Miss Edna E. Smith is organizing the singers.
- ACK GRIMES of Silver Lake has been willed a farm near Concrete, Wash., by a distant relative. He has received several offers for the land, but is going out to "see for himself" just what he owns.
- Thousands of rabbits are being killed in Kosciusko and adjoining counties by hunters. Many persons report bagging twenty or more animals in a few hours.
- Two more cases of smallpox have broken out in Wabash. The disease is in a mild form.
- Hester Thornburg, a Newcastle young man, arrived in Elwood hunting a hat and overcoat, which he said were stolen from a dancing pavilion near Anderson. But he went back to Newcastle still shivering. Police could not find the missing garments.
- Property valued at approximately \$5,000 was disposed of in weekly community sale at Atlanta. Auctioneer Henderson was in charge.
- Harry Studebaker of Bluffton tells the world he has a bumper corn crop. He pared one on his foot and infection set in.
- Sam Ballard, former Edwood newspaperman, is sending postcards home from Nassau, Bahama Islands, where he is manager of a news bureau.

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THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE VISITS THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AND OBJECTS TO BARBARA'S NEWS STORY



"I'm Barbara Hawley. Do you want to see me?" Barbara asked the governor's wife.

ness, and clung to the thought, as she made her way to the telephone. It was disconcertingly near the desk of the society editor.

"Is this Miss Barbara Hawley?" came the voice at the other end of the wire, a voice like frozen cream. Barbara admitted the charge.

"Have you any explanation to offer of the disgraceful article in to-night's Telegraph?"

Barbara fought for time. "Which disgraceful article?" she asked, and knew that she had made a tactical

error.

"Don't be impudent," snapped the voice, becoming less like frozen cream, and more like a string of baby firecrackers.

Barbara saw the head of Miss Badger rise with a jerk. She had caught the word "disgraceful."

The sight of that head strengthened Barbara's nerve. She replied more bravely. "If you are referring to my story on your wardrobe, Mrs. Hamilton, I have no explanation other than that it tells the truth

and it is interesting to the public."

A rustling of papers behind her told Barbara that Miss Badger was feverishly hunting for the "disgraceful" story.

"Indeed!" cried Mrs. Hamilton, "I shall be down at once to see your employer. You may wait until I get there."

The receiver rang.

"Well," thought Barbara, as she turned away from the telephone, "I'm in for it this time."

The situation was distinctly uncomfortable. She must warn Wells of the impending visit of state.

She found him in a more sunny mood than usual. It was that blessedly relaxed time of day when even newspaper men sit back and contemplate the universe, pipe in mouth and feet on desk.

"Mrs. Hamilton?" he drawled. "That's so, we did run a story about her today, I think." He smiled and looked at Barbara from between half-closed lids.

Barbara smiled, too. But it was a wry smile. "She didn't like the story," said she. "And she's coming right down to see you about it. And she wants to see me, too."

The man looked at her.

"Well," he drawled, shaking the ashes from his pipe and letting his feet down from the desk with a thump, "we've had worse than governors' wives in this office. Though I doubt whether we've had any worse trouble-makers than this lady is liable to be."

Barbara's mouth drooped lower than ever. Suddenly Wells smiled. "Stand by, Miss Hawley," he said, "we won't give up the ship yet. I'm official welcoming committee for bootleggers, crook politicians and annoyed governors' wives."

Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Ezra Hamilton swept in. She looked around for some one who might be Barbara before she swished her sleeves through the little swinging gate.

Barbara was not there to be impressed. She was out in the restroom, standing before the wavy mirror and dabbing handfuls of cold cream into a very grimy face.

When she left the restroom it was with a velvet skin and peachy bloom that would have given battle to the president's wife herself, if need had been.

Mrs. Ezra Hamilton was standing beside the city desk, talking volubly, and using her ringed hands to emphasize each sentence.

Barbara assumed her best professional manner—manner demure but firm. She marched straight up to the enraged lady. "I am Barbara Hawley," she said coolly. "You wish to see me?"

Mrs. Hamilton stared at the girl, with her smooth skin, her child-like gray eyes and her unmistakable air of assurance. But she was not to be deterred.

"How dare you follow me?" she cried. "Is there no privacy left the public nowadays?"

"Those who seek public place often pay for it with their privacy," said Barbara, conscious—with that absurd schoolteacher mind of hers—that there were too many 'p's' in the sentence.

Barbara smiled, too. "But it was a wry smile. "She didn't like the story," said she. "And she's coming right down to see you about it. And she wants to see me, too."

Here, Barbara knew, there was legitimate cause for complaint, if not in her story at least in the headline which the copyreader had written for it. But she knew that an admission would be fatal.

"I fail to see anything scandalous about the use of terms that are used in the advertising columns every day," she said. "In fact," with a flash of humor, "I should think you'd appreciate that 'robe de nuit' phrase. They cost more than mere nightgowns."

Her impudence surprised Wells, but not more than it surprised Barbara. Mrs. Hamilton was gasping.

Wells interposed. "The managing editor, Mr. McDermott, asked me to show you into his office when you arrived," he said. "He is really the person in authority here and can give you greater satisfaction." Wells looked at Barbara's calm profile. His eyes expressed a mixture of anxiety and admiration. Then to the governor's wife, "Just come this way."

When he came back he said to Barbara, "No use in riling her any farther, Miss Hawley. Though I don't blame you much. These squawking women get my goat."

Barbara was exceedingly uncomfortable. She crossed the room, took down the file of the Telegraph and settled herself to reading it, in a vain attempt to divert her mind from the angry lady in McDermott's office.

After many minutes McDermott's door opened. Mrs. Ezra Hamilton issued from it. She was putting on her gloves—the very gloves.

McDermott stood in the door behind her. He was smiling his most charming smile, the one with the little whimsical curl at the corner of his lips. Mrs. Hamilton was chattering to him as though he were a long lost friend.

The last amenities performed, Mrs. Hamilton again advanced upon the city desk. Wells brought his feet to the floor with a heavy thud, and rose to meet her.

"Oh, Mr. Wells," said the lady, in the voice like frozen cream. "It was a disgraceful thing to do, you know. Really, my husband should sue the Telegraph."

"But," and her voice almost concealed with sweetness, "since you have done it—will you see that I get five dozen copies of the paper, and send the bill to me?"

It had been a heavy day. Barbara was so tired that she let her clothes lie on the floor where they dropped and crawled around.

Eight hours lay ahead before the tumult would start again—eight blissful hours of unconsciousness. But she liked to betred out when she went to bed. It kept her from lying awake to think about Bruce.

It seemed only a moment later that she was startled from sleep by the long and violent ringing of the telephone bell. She turned on the night light by her bed and glanced at her clock. It was two o'clock.

She seized a kimono and ran to the telephone.

Bob Jeffries' voice came over the wire. "Terribly sorry, Barbara, old girl. But it's McDermott's orders."

"There's a woman that's shot a man down at Nellie Marie's night club. They say the killer is the sister of a man high in national politics. Shot him over some kind of triangle mixup."

"McDermott's going to put out an extra, and I'm to come by for you in ten minutes, so you can cover up on the sob side of it, while I do the straight police story."

He did not ask her whether she could make it.

"All right," replied Barbara, and hung up.

(To Be Continued)

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY-SOUP. J.W. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

