

The Love Dodger

By VIRGINIA SWAIN

BARBARA AND BOB ARE ASSIGNED TO 'COVER' A SHOOTING AT A POPULAR NIGHT CLUB

BEGIN HERE TODAY
BARBARA HAWLEY, a blonde with her face, BRUCE REYNOLDS, and gets a job on the Indianapolis Telegram in order to see life.
ANDREW McDERMOTT is managing editor of the paper.
After many exciting adventures, Barbara finds herself in hot water over a story she has written about the governor's life.
McDERMOTT soothes the governor's wife and Barbara goes home to be called at 3 a. m. by BOB JEFFRIES, police reporter, who tells her she must go with him to cover a night club murder.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER IX
BOB's ten minutes lengthened to twenty. Barbara had been watching for him at the front window for some time when finally his lights rounded the corner at breakneck speed and drew up at the curb.
"Are you sure you're dressed warmly enough?" called Mrs. Hawley from the upper hall, as Barbara opened the front door.
"Plenty, mother," she replied, and rushed out to meet Bob, who was plunging up the steps.
"Well, I'll be darned," said he. "If you aren't ready! I said ten minutes, because I thought it would be a half hour."

"That isn't necessary with me," said Barbara, with dignity.
The streets of Indianapolis were quite black, except for a yellow globe of light from a street lamp here and there.

Black houses with unlighted windows stood in rows on either side. The racer turned from one deserted street into another. They passed not even a milk wagon.

"Ugh!" shivered Barbara. "Looks like a city of the dead—feels like one, too."

"Speaking of the dead," answered Bob, "this is a nice mess down at Nellie Marie's place. The woman plugged him, pretty as a peach. They say his head fell over on a wine glass, which cut a great gash across his face. But he was dead already, so he didn't even bleed."

Barbara shivered slightly again, and shot a glance at him. "What did she kill him for?"

"Because she loved him, she says," Barbara was silent.
"Followed him here from Chicago. Caught him at Nellie Marie's, with another dame, and plugged him."



Barbara and Bob rush out to "cover" a murder at a popular night club.

"What sort of a creature do you suppose she'll be?" asked Barbara.

Bob looked at her with a pitying air. "Well," he drawled, "I never heard of murderers belonging to any distinct race of animal. She'll be an ordinary human being, I guess."

Barbara caught the sarcasm in his voice. She fell silent.

They were speeding now through the foreign quarter of Indianapolis. Groups of men stood about on the street corners, talking quietly.

"Murder always brings out a lot

of these night hawks," remarked Bob. "They like to stand around and gawk about the murderers and hint at improvements they could make on his method."

"You see," he continued, philosophically, "the trouble with the laws and the courts and the rest of society is that they don't realize that murderers are just human beings."

"I never cover a murder trial without thinking all the time while the judge sits up there so grave and the jury so smug, 'But for the grace of

luck, there goes any of you.' There isn't a man in the world, or maybe a woman, either, who wouldn't kill under certain circumstances. If a fellow gets through life without meeting those circumstances, he ought to feel darn thankful—not virtuous."

"I don't see that," protested Barbara. "It is so easy to live within the law, and keep a tight grip on your passions, that there isn't much excuse for murder. People let their emotions get the upper hand, in-

stead of keeping their minds in control. That's all."

Bob looked at her. "Well," he said, "you're talking like a new girl reporter now. You just don't know what you're talking about."

The racing car stopped in front of an old brick building a block long, which was divided into separate apartments by numerous wooden stairs descending directly to the sidewalk.

Barbara hesitated a moment as Bob started for the steps. He paid no attention to her reluctance, but grasped her arm and ran.

The rickety wood of the staircase creaked and gave under their feet. A knock on the blackened door brought instant response. Standing just inside, when the door opened, was a broad-shouldered policeman.

"Hello, Charley," cried Bob, and brushed past him, dragging Barbara by one arm. The long narrow hall was bordered on the right side with a row of closed doors.

Bob paused by one of them and shot an inquiring glance at the officer, who nodded in reply.

Barbara followed Bob into the room. It was almost filled with tables and chairs, stacked upon each other. On a bench by the window lay something covered with a blanket. Barbara turned her eyes away from it.

Then she saw an alcove. In it sat a woman, with her back toward the door. She did not move as they entered. But the door behind them burst open again.

Barbara turned in time to see a large woman in spangles swagger into the room and up to Bob. Her face was caked with powder and rouge, and six-inch earrings dangled from her ears to her shoulders. She began to swear at Bob, with a flow of language that both horrified and fascinated Barbara.

"You young cur!" screamed the woman, all her spangles shaking. "Get out of here. You can't butt into my place of business and snoop around, so's to ruin my reputation by your dirty paper. Get out and get fast!"

The policeman thrust his head in the door. "Pipe down, old lady," he said. "We've got the goods on you this time. Best come along quietly."

The woman turned, glaring at him; but she went out of the room without another word. The officer winked at Bob and beckoned to him.

Barbara found herself alone in the room, with the blanket-covered body and the silent woman in the alcove. The stillness was unbearable.

"Pardon me," she said, advancing slowly toward the alcove. "I am Barbara Hawley of The Telegraph. Can you tell me some of the details of the murder? Did any one see her fire the shot?"

The woman neither spoke nor moved. Barbara walked around in front of her and stopped. The woman was staring straight ahead, her hands clasped in her lap. Her face was pale and finely molded, and her hands were delicate.

The woman went on staring at the wall, evidently unaware of Barbara's presence.

"Pardon me," said Barbara again, "but what can you tell me about the murder?"

The woman stirred and turned her eyes upward toward Barbara. They were dark eyes, heavily ringed with shadows.

"What did you say?" she said to Barbara. Her voice was clear and well modulated.

"I said, 'Can you tell me about the murder?'"

At the last word, the woman shrank slightly, and lowered her eyes to the stain on the wall at which she had been staring.

"There's nothing to tell," she said, wearily. "I shot him. That's all."

Barbara gasped. "You—" she began and stopped. She looked more closely at the woman, and noted that her black dress was beautifully cut and a rich material, her hose were sheer and her slippers exquisite. A cloak of black fur lay on the floor beside her. Barbara looked at the door, through which the spangles had gone.

Without warning, the woman wheeled about. "They're trying to make me tell who I am and who my family are. But I'll never do it, I'll die first. It's none of their business. Let me and it's my affair. I loved him and it's my affair." She lapsed again into silence.

Barbara was bewildered and embarrassed. She was searching for words that would not strike too cruelly upon the ears of the gentle woman before her, when the door opened again and Bob came in.

Barbara crossed the room. "Who was that awful woman in spangles?" she whispered.

"That's Nellie Marie," answered Bob. "She's run this place for years. Has a dance room behind this one and her record includes about six murders in the place. But Nellie Marie always goes clear. Nobody could ever connect her with any of them."

"This time, though, I think they've got the goods on her for liquor, at least. Hope the police will padlock the place for good. It's a hell hole."

Then, nodding his head toward the alcove, Bob whispered, "Will she talk?" And when Barbara shook her head, he continued, "They've found letters in her bag. She's the sister of Senator Blodgett, all right. It's a great story. You pick up all the atmosphere you can and prepare to do a job story on her. As soon as we have talked to the cops and looked around a bit, we'll beat it back to the office."

The woman in the alcove was rising. She gathered her cloak up from the floor and with a stately gesture flung it around her shoulders. Her head was very high.

"I heard what you said," she cried. "And it is a great story. It will ruin my brother and my mother. But it can't do anything to me, I'm done for, anyway, and I don't care."

Then, more quietly, with a wistful look at Barbara, she added, "It's life that did it. You'll learn. It's life, and you can't beat life, no matter how clever you think you are."

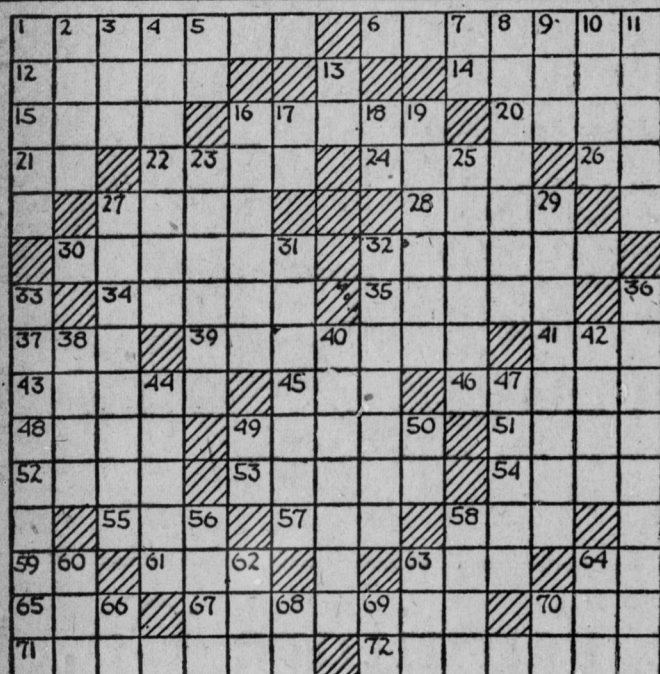
Barbara met her eyes and turned toward the door. Bob followed her. Outside, the policeman offered to show them where the shot was fired. "You go with him, Bob," said Barbara. "I'll wait in the car."

Eyed by a group of evil-looking men on the opposite side of the street Barbara climbed into the racer.

The words of the murderers were still in her ears—"You'll learn. You can't beat life."

(To Be Continued)

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



Here's a puzzle with a classical design. The puzzle contains very few unusual words.

HORIZONTAL

1. Depot.
6. Vitiates.
12. Murmurs as a cat.
14. Principle.
15. Opposite of a weather.
16. To besiege.
20. Fruit.
21. Point of compass.
22. Knot of wool fiber.
24. Cluster of wool fibers.
26. Sun god.
27. To mix.
28. Unexpected entry by the police.
30. Resounded.
32. Trimmed.
34. Fragrant oleoresin.
35. Favorite red flowers.
37. To rap lightly.
39. To renew.
41. By.
42. Street cars.
46. Peak.
47. To ride horseback.
48. Fury.
49. Engine.
51. Employ.
52. To instigate.
53. To get up.
54. Plateau.
55. Fluid in a tree.
57. Tiny golf mound.
58. Dower money settled by husband on wife.
59. Seventh note in scale.
61. Quantity.
63. To ventilate.
64. 3,1416.
65. Age.
67. Usher's job.
70. Male.
71. Lineage.
72. Serving food.

VERTICAL

1. Stretches or reaches.
2. Bulrush (plant).
3. Part of verb to be.
4. Series of thirty-day masses.
5. Exists.
7. Neuter pronoun.
8. Potomac poison.
9. Unit.
10. Close.
11. Leather strip.
13. Bone.
16. Galley with two blanks of oars.

17. Delity.
18. Half an em.
19. Fright.
23. Engine room greasers.
25. Hesitated.
27. Percolations.
29. Detests.
31. To twist out of regular shape.
32. To offer one's self in marriage.
33. Allured.
36. Foretelling.
38. A person from Arabia.
40. Special kind of a number.
42. Nights.
44. Iron.
47. Popular report.
49. Mother.
50. Second note in scale.
56. To act as a model.
58. Excavate.
60. Anger.
62. Two fives.
63. Cuckoo.
64. Cooking utensil.
66. Like.
68. Preposition of place.
69. Hypothetical structural unit.
70. Third note in scale.

Answer to Yesterday's Crossword Puzzle:

ACROSS: 1. PROSE, 2. SPARE, 3. EAT, 4. S, 5. RESTORER, 6. TAPE, 7. TI, 8. PUN, 9. VAT, 10. TOE, 11. GAS, 12. INSPIRE, 13. ION, 14. ELIAN, 15. OILED, 16. ON, 17. NEON, 18. INNER, 19. ON, 20. H, 21. INN, 22. AD, 23. US, 24. SE, 25. AT, 26. IS, 27. STOOP, 28. FAR, 29. LAN, 30. STAND, 31. SAID, 32. BIS, 33. HARE, 34. ROLL, 35. MADE, 36. ALE, 37. WALL, 38. C, 39. IN, 40. CORE, 41. FATE, 42. BE, 43. T, 44. STOP, 45. TONSURED, 46. DOS, 47. STORE, 48. SATE.

Hoosier Briefs

THE Charleston is barred at Muncie. "There's no building here built to stand it," said Police Chief Earl Randolph.

Seymour city council plans to die in glory. At its last official meeting, it dissolved the mayor's board of safety and refused to approve a bill of \$1,250 for 1,000 feet of fire hose.

Lebanon fire truck was wrecked when the steering wheel locked. Edward Casey, relief driver, said he was only going fifteen miles an hour.

Tipton telephone exchange answered 12,000 calls in less than an hour when Jesse G. Porter, 37, prominent druggist, was found dead.

Muncie had five fires in twenty-seven minutes. Losses amounted to \$3,000.

Judge J. Frank Charles of Marion was at a basketball game when a jury brought in a verdict. The ballist likes the judge. He waited until after the game was over to notify him.

Lebanon Parent Teachers' Association has declared war on naughty literature on newstands.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley C. Southworth of Plymouth will keep open house Wednesday in honor of their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

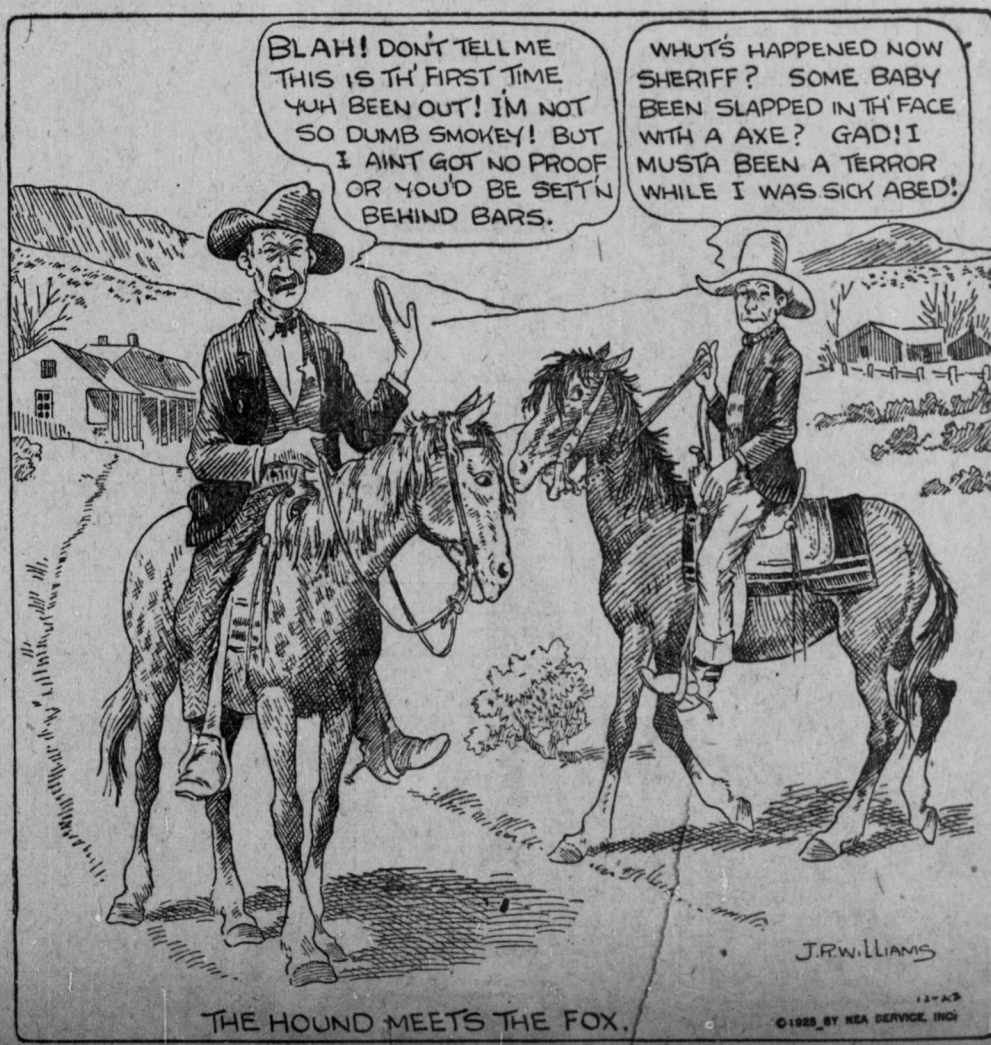
Lloyd Heller has resigned as the principal of the Bluffton Central school.

Through the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce, the Chicago Paper Box Company will establish a plant at Warsaw. Thirty persons will be employed.

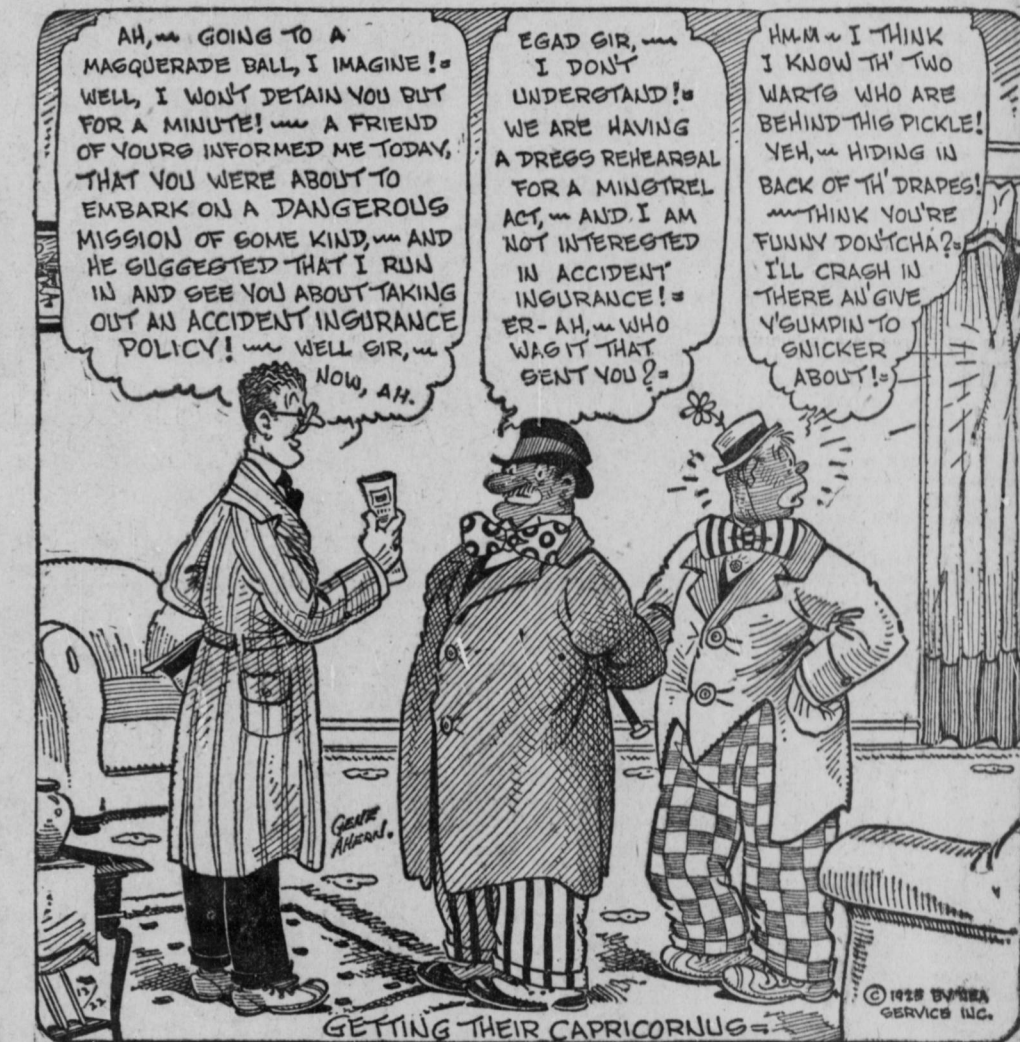
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



You Can Trade Frowns for Smiles

By taking a few bottles of **SHAPLEY'S Original STOMACH MEDICINE**

HOOK'S DEPENDABLE DRUG STORES AND ALL GOOD DRUG STORES.

An itching skin is aggravated by scratching

Why run the risk of infecting your skin, or at least increasing the irritation by scratching when a light application of Resinol Ointment will stop the itching. A few days' persistent treatment rarely fails to clear away the inflammation and soreness and finally restore the skin to its natural healthy condition.

Resinol Shaving Stick contains the same soothing properties and is used by discriminating men who like its free non-drying lather and refreshing effect upon the skin. All druggists sell.

Resinol