

# The Love Dodger

By VIRGINIA SWAIN

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
BARBARA HAWLEY, 23, breaks with her mother, BRUCE REYNOLDS, and takes a job on the Indianapolis Times to make her own 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 murder in the inaugural wardrobe of the Governor.  
McDERMOTT soothes the Governor's wife and Barbara goes home to be loved at 2 a. m. by BOB JEFFRIES, a police reporter who tells her she must marry him to cover a night club murder.  
The marriage proves to be a woman of refinement, who has shot a man in the back.  
He tells Barbara:  
**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**  
CHAPTER X

It was 3:30 when Barbara dragged herself up the stairs again and met her mother in the upper hall.  
"Why, mummy," she said, "have you been sitting up for me?"  
Mrs. Hawley flushed. "Not exactly. But I couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd sit by the front window for a while. There's a fire in your room."  
"This sort of thing's got to stop, you know," scolded Barbara. "A newspaper reporter can't have her family acting like that."  
But the crackling fire and the glass of warm milk that her mother had prepared, brought new color to her cheeks.  
"What a queer woman the murderer was, mother," she said, as she

kicked off her shoes and reached for her bedroom slippers. "A lady, unmistakably. But she wasn't a bit sorry she killed him. Said it was her own affair, and you couldn't beat life."  
"I wonder if you can," replied her mother, speaking almost under her breath.  
A calendar stood on the desk by the window. As Barbara passed it, on her way to snap the light switch off, she stopped and picked it up. A red cross marked the day on which she had broken with Bruce.  
Four days had passed since then.

The Indianapolis office had sunk into its late afternoon slumber. The hum of the typewriter instruments was hushed, and only two typewriters clicked spasmodically in opposite corners of the room.

Over one of these Barbara sat. Within earshot, three reporters tilted far back in their chairs, were discussing life and letters, lazily. Barbara leaned forward to listen, and one of them caught sight of her. "Hi, Miss Hawley, you look as if you had something to say on this subject. If so, spill it. Free speech is the rule here."

Barbara had opened her lips to answer when the door of McDermott's



Barbara could see that the woman leaving Bruce's office was young and graceful. She was dressed in black. She pulled out a gold vanity case and looked searchingly at her reflection in the tiny glass.

It was the first time that she had been granted private audience with the managing editor.

McDermott stood beside his desk, flicking ashes thoughtfully on the floor. "I have a hunch for a story, Miss Hawley," he said.

"There's a new real estate firm in town that looks like good material. Manners, Stone and Reynolds, they call themselves. Starting out to develop Indianapolis into a model community for homes."

"It seems they have bought a section out west which they mean to develop as a model—latest architecture, paving, landscaping, and so forth—just to show what can be done. I hear they're going to splash millions into it. Call it Vale Acres, I think."

"Got the tip from a chap at my pool club the other day. None of the other sheets have heard of it. How'd you like to run over this afternoon and see the story up for us?"

Barbara caught her breath and

was silent. McDermott looked at her curiously, but said nothing. "All right," answered Barbara, at last. "I'll go right away."

"And while you're about it, try to get a line on the types of architecture they mean to use. Maybe one of them will make a statement that Victorian gingerbread buildings in Indianapolis must go—an esthetic crime, or something of the sort."

"There are two things the public is interested in, in the newspapers—first praise of itself, and second, con-

demnation of itself. Either one boosts circulation."

Barbara returned to her desk, and opened the drawer that held her cold cream and powder. Then she shut it with a bang, and reached for her hat and coat.

The office of Manners, Stone and Reynolds was in The Consolidated Bldg. By the time Barbara reached the marble lobby, her head was even a trifle higher than usual and her mouth more firm.

"There's another one coming to ask about a divorce," said the elevator boy to a crony as she stepped out of the elevator. "Nope," replied the crony. "That's a tooth-pulling case."

Barbara caught both remarks. She stopped in front of a glass door and tried to catch a reflection of her face. The sound of a door opening behind her made her whirl about in a panic.

The door across the hall bore the names, "Manners, Stone and Reynolds," and underneath, in smaller letters, "Real Estate."

A hum of voices within suggested great activity. Barbara entered through the open door. The office seemed crowded with men, all talking rapidly and interrupting one another.

A middle-aged man was moving about among the others with an air of pompous hospitality. Barbara selected him as a member of the firm of Manners, Stone and Reynolds. "Yes," he replied to her question, "I could give you that information. I am Mr. Manners. But at present I am much too busy to talk to you. If you will follow that inner corridor, you will find the offices of Mr. Stone and Mr. Reynolds. Either of them can tell you what you want to know."

He dismissed her before she could protest. Barbara turned and followed the corridor. There were two doors ahead.

Barbara straightened her hat, and then with a defiant gesture, pushed it back to its previous angle. She had her hand on the knob of the first door, when it opened, pushing her back against the wall.

A feminine voice emerged from the opening. "Yes, indeed, Mr. Reynolds. How very kind of you!"

The voice was cultivated and of vibrant quality.

Barbara flattened her body against the wall behind the half-opened door, just in time to avoid being seen by the woman who came out.

Though the woman's face was turned the other way, Barbara could see that she was young and graceful. She was dressed in black. The heavy fur border on her velvet coat swirled luxuriously about her feet as she turned in the doorway.

She advanced into the hall. Then she pulled out a gold vanity case and, holding her head back, looked searchingly at her reflection in the tiny glass.

From behind her, Barbara caught the slight, satisfied toss of her head as she moved away.

Barbara stepped near to the door after she was gone. There on the glass panel was the name, "Bruce Reynolds."

She went on down the corridor.

THE private office of Bruce Reynolds was singularly quiet in the midst of the general hubbub in the suite. Its mahogany desk bore three small model houses, and the book cases were stacked with plaster miniatures of facades, steeples and cupolas.

Bruce sat at his desk, his chin on his hand. A pale amber sunbeam from the western window fell on his head and showed a lock standing up on the crown of his head. He picked up a filmy lace handkerchief that had fallen beside his chair and put it in the top drawer.

With a gesture of sharp impatience, he rose and grasped his hat. Manners shouted at him as he passed through the reception room. "Hi, there, Reynolds. Been a good day for you, what say? Two pretty women callers in direct succession! And both of 'em pippins. I'll tell the world."

"Seems to me you didn't give the kid much time. Maybe Cleo in mourning was enough for one day. Zat so?"

Bruce looked at him. "I don't know what you're talking about," he replied, and left the room.

Mrs. Hawley's select boarding house was bleak and quiet when

Bruce entered it two hours later. He passed the parlor, with eyes averted from the flowered carpet and the golden oak library table.

On a stand in the hall lay the afternoon mail, and the pad on which Mrs. Hawley left messages for her guests.

"Mr. Reynolds," read a note on the pad. "A lady has been calling you. Wouldn't give her name. They never will—Mrs. H."

Bruce shuffled through the mail and went on upstairs, frowning. He had almost reached the door of his room, when another door opened and a girl came out. She walked straight up to him, smiling. Her eyes were heavily shadowed and her teeth were white.

"Excuse me, mister, she said, 'but would you be so good as to pound a nail for my picture. I've mashed a thumb and two fingers already.' She held up a small hand with three bruises."

Bruce smiled and followed her into her room. "My name's Violetta Cranby," said the girl, while he pounded the nail. "Hope you don't think it was fresh of me to ask you. Women aren't much good where muscle's needed, you know. And I did so want to hang this picture."

The picture was a colored print of a lady in a garden hat, with a bunch of lilacs in her arms.

"You're perfectly welcome, I'm sure, Miss Cranby," he smiled. "Glad I could help you."

"Oh, Mr. Reynolds," came a voice from the lower hall. "You answer the telephone extension up there. It's the same lady."

Bruce turned and hurried out of the room.

He took the receiver down with trembling fingers. "There's no one on the line now. Will you excuse it, please?" purred the operator.

"But there must be somebody," cried Bruce. "They've been trying to get me several times."

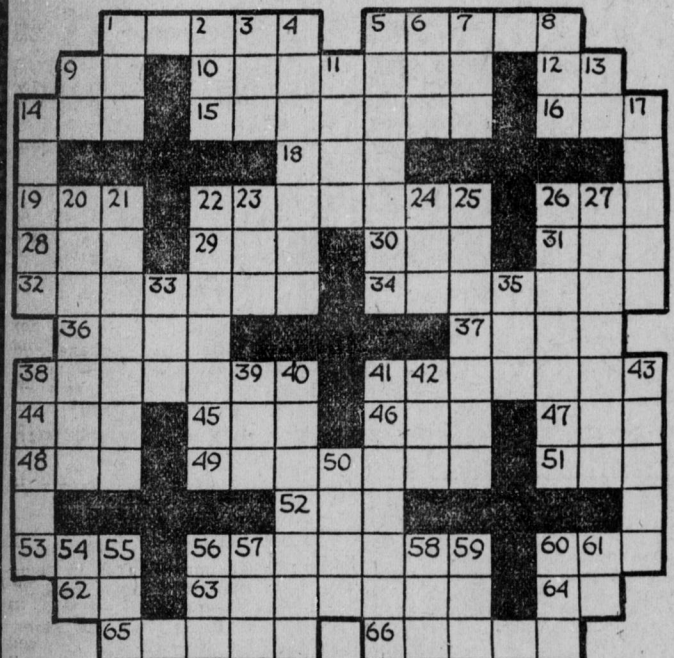
"The party that called you has hung up."

Barbara Hawley leaned against the wall telephone outside her bedroom door. Her left hand still grasped the receiver, hanging on its hook.

(To Be Continued)

## Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

Three-letter words across make this an easy and interesting puzzle for you to work out.



- HORIZONTAL**
- Amphitheater for a bull fight.
  - One who is paid money.
  - Morindin dye.
  - To breathe.
  - Printer's measure.
  - To perish.
  - Exhibits indignant displeasure.
  - Boy.
  - To dine.
  - Farewell.
  - Aspect.
  - Rodent.
  - Writing instrument.
  - Social insect.
  - Drone bee.
  - Night.
  - Envelops.
  - Fruits.
  - Tax.
  - Average.
  - Kills a person deliberately.
  - Spotted.
  - Portion of a circle.
  - Evergreen tree.
  - Before.
  - Anger.
  - Tiny golf mound.
  - Walked noisily.
  - Venomous snake.
  - Also.
  - To put on.
  - Answers.
  - Tree with tough wood.
  - Negative.
  - A want of understanding.
  - Behold.
  - To hesitate.
  - Leaf division of the calyx.
- VERTICAL**
- Beverage.
  - To sin.
  - Born.
  - Declares.
  - Spanish mackerel.
  - Work of genius.
  - Affirmative.
  - Snake-like fish.
  - Three-toed sloth.
  - Tiny green vegetables.
  - Mother.
  - To arrange cloth.
  - Similar to figs.

Answer to yesterday's crossword puzzle:

STATION POISONS  
PURRS O TENET  
ALEE BESET PEAR  
NE NOIL NEPS RA  
STIR RAID P  
PEALED PRUNED P  
A ELEMI ROSES P  
TAP RESTORE PER  
TRAMS TOP DRIVE  
PAGE MOTOR USES  
ABET ARISE MESA  
CISAP TEE DOSG  
TILLOT AIRPI  
ERA SEATINGMAN  
DESCENT OTISHING

## Hoosier Briefs

MABLE McCLINTIC of Hartford City was badly bitten by a rat that ran up her sleeve when she reached in a closet to get a corn popper. Her mother squeezed the rodent to death.

Evansville clearing house has announced a \$2,000 bounty for bank bandits, dead or alive.

Dr. Minnetta Flinn Jordan, Wabash, has been elected president of the Wabash County Medical Society.

Home of Frank Spaulding, oldest in South Milford, was destroyed by fire.

Daniel Kuhn, credited with firing the first shot in the battle of Shiloh, is dead at North Webster. He served with General Sherman.

JOSEPH PERRY of Taylorsville, who recently addressed the Seymour Lions Club, is ill with jungle fever. He recently returned from Africa.

Paul Book of Evansville tells the champion rabbit story. Says he shot one that measured twenty-five inches long and when dressed weighed three pounds and four ounces. The average bunny weighs about a pound and three-quarters.

Homer Addington of Bluffton dreads the cold wave. Thieves stole three comforts, one quilt, two pillow cases and a blanket.

Dr. Ross Cooper, Dr. Charles Cooper, Fred Johnson, Robert Follette, C. Y. Foster, Harry Powell and Henry Roberts, Statehouse custodian, Hamilton County hunters, are back from Canada where they killed two moose.

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin



## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



THE NEXT TO THE LAST FAREWELL.

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



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