

# The Love Dodger

By VIRGINIA SWAIN

BEGIN HERE TODAY  
BARBARA HAWLEY, 23, breaks with  
Bruce REYNOLDS and the Indianapolis Telegraph  
in order to see life.

ANDREW McDERMOTT is managing  
drama in the name of art.

After many exciting adventures, Barbara  
finds herself in the way of the lingerie  
in the inaugural wardrobe of the Gov-  
ernor's suite.

McDermott soothes the Governor's wife,  
and Barbara goes home to be  
polished at 3 p.m. by BOB HAWLEY, who  
told her she must go with him to cover a night club  
meeting.

The gaudiness proves to be a woman  
of refinement, who has shot a man in  
the face. Barbara's mother can't beat her.

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, "I have  
been sitting up for me."

Mrs. Hawley flushed. "Not exact-  
ly. 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  
mammy acting like that."

But the crackling fire and the  
lass of warm milk that her mother  
had prepared, brought new color to  
her cheeks.

"What a queer woman the mur-  
meress was, mother," she said, as she  
shut the door of McDermott's

kicked off her shoes and reached for  
her bedroom slippers. "A lady, un-  
mistakably. 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 Telegraph office had sunk  
into its late afternoon siesta.

The hum of the telegraph instru-  
ments 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."

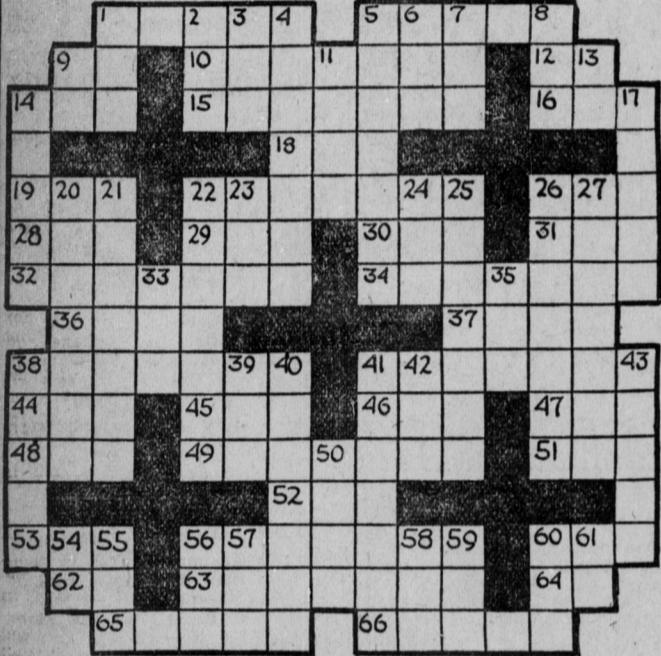
Barbara had opened her lips to an-  
swer when the door of McDermott's

## BARBARA IS ASSIGNED TO WRITE A NEWS STORY ABOUT A LAND DEAL IN WHICH BRUCE IS INTERESTED



### Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

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



HORIZONTAL

Answer to yesterday's crossword  
puzzle:

STATION POISONS  
PURPS O' TENEAT  
ALEE BESET PEAR  
NE NOIL NEPS RA  
S STIR RAID P  
PEALED PRUNED  
A ELEMI ROSES P  
TAD RESTORE PER  
TRAMS STOP DRIVE  
PAGE MOTOR USES  
ABET ARISE MESA  
C SAPI TEE DOS G  
TIL LOT NAIK PI  
ERA SEATING MAN  
DESCENT DISHING

### Hoosier Briefs

ABLE MCCLINTIC of Hart-  
ford 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 an-  
nounced a \$2,000 bounty for bank  
bandits, dead or alive.

Dr. Minnetta Flinn Jordan, Wa-  
bush, 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 Taylors-  
ville, who recently ad-  
dressed the Seymour Lions  
Club, is ill with jungle fever. He  
recently returned from Africa.

Paul Bok 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.

### COLDS THAT DEVELOP INTO PNEUMONIA

Persistent coughs and colds lead to  
serious trouble. You can stop them  
now with Creomulsion, an emulsified  
creosote that is pleasant to take. Creo-  
mulsion is a new medical discovery  
with two-fold action; it soothes and  
heals the inflamed membranes and in-  
hibits germ growth.

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

Creomulsion is guaranteed satisfac-  
tory in the treatment of persistent  
coughs and colds, bronchial asthma,  
bronchitis and other forms of respiratory  
diseases, and is excellent for build-  
ing up the system after colds or flu.  
Money refunded if any cough or cold is  
not relieved after taking according to  
directions. Ask your druggist. Creo-  
mulsion Company, Atlanta, Ga.—Adver-  
tisement.

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 ele-  
vator 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 be-  
hind her made her whirl about in  
a panic.

The door across the hall bore the  
names, "Manners, Stone and Rey-  
nolds," 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 talk-  
ing rapidly and interrupting one an-  
other.

A middle-aged man was moving  
about among the others with an air  
of pompous hospitality. Barbara se-  
lected 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 cor-  
ridor, 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 fol-  
lowed 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!"

With a gesture of sharp impa-  
tience, 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?"

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

Mrs. Hadley'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. Hadley left messages for  
her guests.

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

Bruce shuffled through the mail  
and went up 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 Vio-  
letta 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 bed-  
room door. Her left hand still  
grasped the receiver, hanging on  
its hook.

(To Be Continued)

### BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

### OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

