

The Love Dodger

By VIRGINIA SWAIN

BEGIN HERE TODAY
BARBARA HAWLEY, 25, looks with
dread. ANGELINE McPHERSON
DTT, the managing editor, is the
end of her father's life.

She is in trouble with pop, JAMES
ADAMS, police reporter, and
SAD SULLIVAN, a free lance press
agent.

Barbara gets a letter signed "Violetta"
in the love-mail, asking how to
act as a man about town.

Sinbad Sullivan asks Barbara to a
newspaper dinner at the Lighthouse Inn.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XII.

THE yellow taffeta dress lay on
the newel post when Barbara de-

scended the steps. "You look like a
daffy-down-dilly, Babs," shouted Bob.

"You look like a princess of the
blood royal, Miss Hawley," amended
Sinbad, with dignity. He was spot-
lessly groomed and extremely sol-

emn. Barbara ran down the front steps
with a cavalier on either arm. She
found Miss Badger sitting stiffly in
the center of the racer's one seat.

"Good evening, Miss Hawley." From
the tone no one would have sus-
pected that the two women worked
side by side every day.

"Pile in," cried Bob, and proceeded
to direct the loading. It ended with
Barbara and Miss Hawley squeezed in
side by side and Sinbad on the
running board.

Flurries of snow began to fall as
they railed along the National Road.
Barbara drew her coat closer about
her throat, and glanced with delight
at the watery moon that peered out
now and then between ragged clouds.

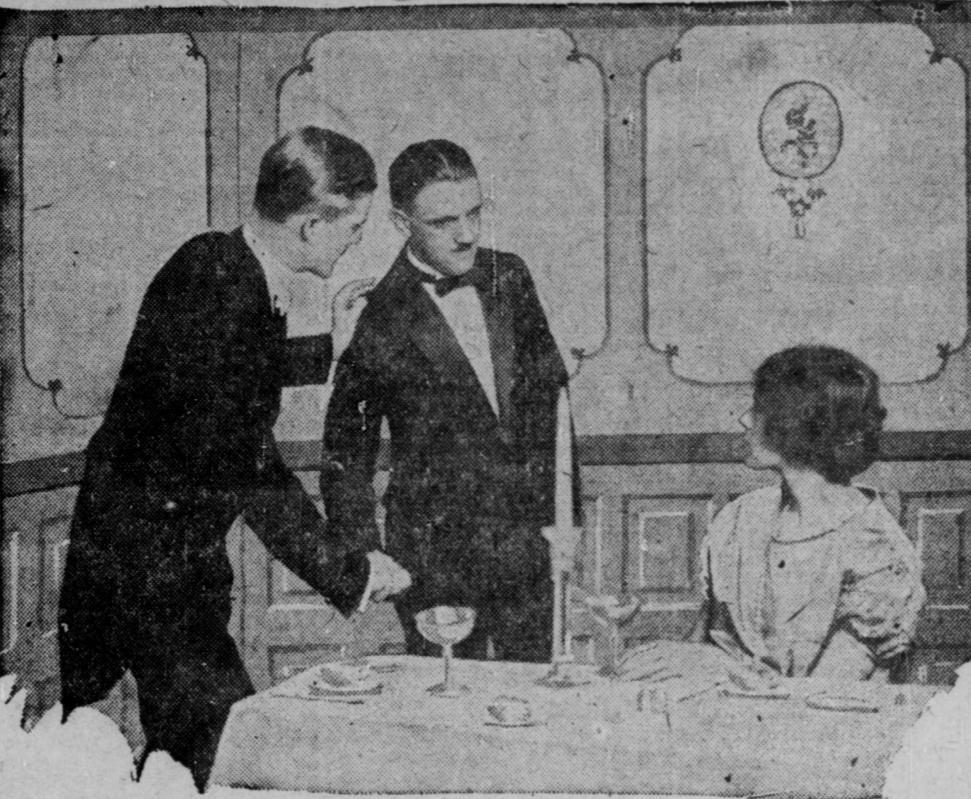
They drew up at the Lighthouse,

where

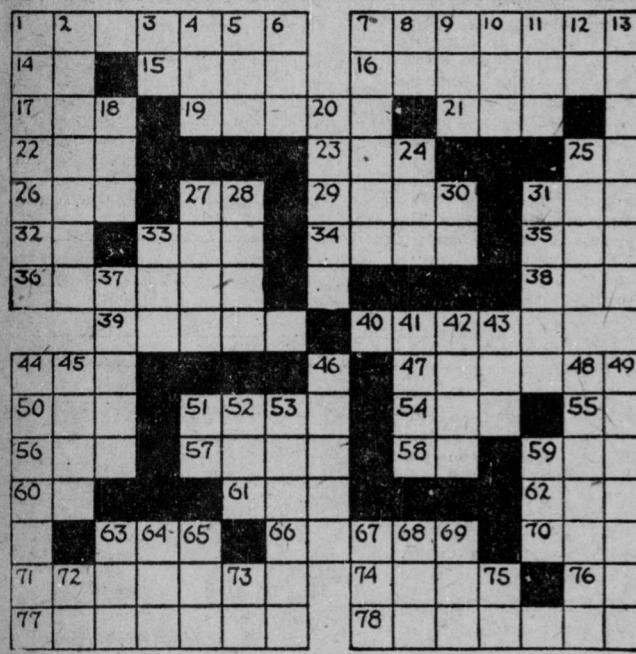
Mrs. Hawley was powdering
Barbara's shoulders, while Barbara
wielded the nail buffer, when
Bob's raucous horn sounded out in
front, following shortly by steps on
the porch.

"Will you tell 'em I'll be there in
just a minute?" gasped Barbara
from the folds of the yellow dress,
which she was slipping over her
head.

Sinbad and Bob were draped about



Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



- HORIZONTAL**
- To content.
 - Children's first books.
 - Deity.
 - Rubber rim to a wheel.
 - To animate.
 - Energy.
 - Sum.
 - To imitate.
 - Similar to an ostrich.
 - To loiter.
 - Measure of area.
 - Measure of length.
 - Point of compass.
 - Particle.
 - Work of genius.
 - Variant of "a."
 - Portuguese money.
 - Boundary.
 - To observe.
 - Verses.
 - To stuff.
 - Curses.
 - Cost.
 - Combustible fluid.
 - One who loves another.
 - Anger.
 - Every.
 - To place.
 - Myself.
 - Twice.
 - Slush.
 - Dad.
 - Portion of the month.
 - Sixth note in scale.
 - Not light.
 - Cuckoo.
 - Idiot.
 - Accomplished.
- Answers to yesterday's crossword puzzle:**
- RED WISHING HAS EARNEST GEOLOGY**
TREE MAPLE IDOL
AWAD YOU GASL
INTAGA FOR PA
NOR MET EAT TAB
EWES MERRY GULL
RAPE NAG FIRE
SPINS W SAFES
STETOS AT TEAS
TOD CANINES INT
RA CHRISTMAS LA
E WHO PIE WET I
STAIRS RETAIN
SIXTEEN PENDANTS

- VERTICAL**
- A few.
 - A divorcee's pension.
 - Neuter pronoun.
 - To be seated.
 - Word used with to.
 - Still.
 - To tell.
 - Half an em.
 - Wing part of a seed.
 - To immerse.
 - Night.

BOAL'S ROLLS

made with
REAL FRUIT
for
CONSTIPATION

CUTICURA

Helps
Business
Girls



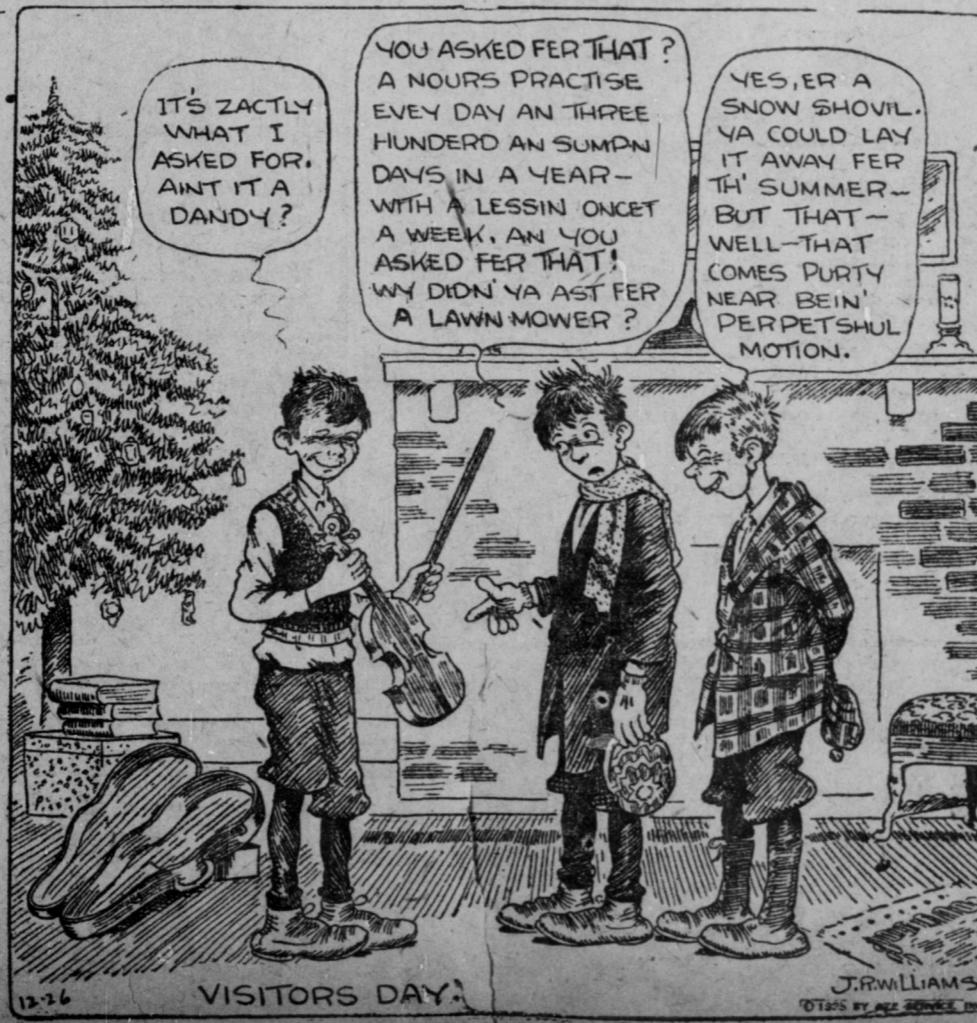
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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



VISITORS DAY

BARBARA ATTENDS HER FIRST WILD PARTY AND FINDS HERSELF A CENTER OF ATTRACTION

"Still, it's the tradition to have the fall newspaper party here, and I think we'll have a good time." Barbara was seated between Bob and Sinbad. She watched the antics of the men and listened to the smart cynicisms of the women, trying to realize that this was the sort of thing she had always longed to be a part of—a gay, irresponsibile world, in the center of things, all knowing, all-ridiculing.

"Why so serious, little daffodil?" shouted Byers, the dramatic critic, emboldened beyond his natural timidity, by the sights and flowers and the faces of many friends. "What do you say of Bohemia? Do you approve, or shall we strike it out with one blow of our wand?"

"It's wonderful!" Barbara's eyes were shining in the candle light. Bob looked at her with smiling half-shut eyes. Miss Badger sneered.

Course followed course, and the talk grew still brighter and still more cynical. Only Sinbad Sullivan maintained a dignified reserve. From time to time Barbara glanced at him wonderingly.

When the salad had been taken away, he asked her to dance with him, and she was surprised to find how sure and graceful his dancing steps were.

They came back to the table, to find Bob and Miss Badger just rising.

"May I have this dance, Miss Badger?" Sinbad bowed a Court of St. James bow.

"Well, he did stick to his bargain, didn't he?" commented Bob as he settled into his chair beside Barbara, and watched Sinbad lead the society editor away.

"Where did he get these manners?" asked Barbara. "I can hardly believe he's the same big, burly Sinbad that comes into our office reeking with bad whisky sometimes."

"He's on his best behavior, that's all. It's in honor of you. When I told him he'd have to be sober to-night for your sake, I thought he was going to knock me down. He's pretty hard hit, I think."

"Hello, Bob Jeffries," said a voice just behind them. Barbara looked up to find a handsome man of about 35 bending over the table and reaching out for Bob's hand.

"Come on over to the window. We don't want to talk about business, do we?"

A sheet of snow was shutting off the outside world. It beat against the leaded window panes and piled on the ledge outside. The night was a gimmer of lighted shadows.

"Like a setting for a play, isn't it?" commented Barbara, leaning against the pane.

A noise at the other end of the room made them both turn around. Others were turning in the same direction.

Barbara turned white, and caught at Jerome's arm. Sinbad Sullivan was clambering upon the table, among the glasses and candlesticks.

Somewhere a woman laughed hysterically. Then silence fell.

Sinbad began to sing. His clear tenor voice rang out across the room, where table after table turned to watch him.

"La donna è mobile," he sang.

"Qual plume al vento," said the hysterical woman who had laughed before.

It was "Rigoletto." Having finished "La Donna," Sinbad went back to the beginning and sang the duke's score from first to last.

Between numbers, laughter and applause interrupted, but not for long. The singer stood swaying slightly amid the candlesticks, one foot planted upon a yellow chrysanthemum that had fallen out of the basket. And he sang soulfully, triumphantly, searching the room with his eyes.

At last he saw Barbara, and made her a courtly bow. "It's all for you, little daffodil," he said, in tones that were audible from one wall to the other.

The crowd turned and saw Barbara's flushed face. A roar of laughter went up. Barbara wheeled about and stood transfixed. There in an alcove, at a table with another man and a woman, sat Bruce Reynolds. He was looking at her.

Somewhere, went up the cry, "Encore!"

"Give us 'Woman is Changeable' again!" shouted a man, and there was great clapping of hands.

Sinbad gave a silly grin, bowed and opened his mouth.

"La donna è mobile."

Barbara tore away from Jerome and rushed toward the table on which Sinbad stood. She looked wildly about for Bob.

"Mute d'accente—" The crazy singing went on.

Then it stopped.

From somewhere in the building there came the sound of a shot—muffled.

(To Be Continued)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

