

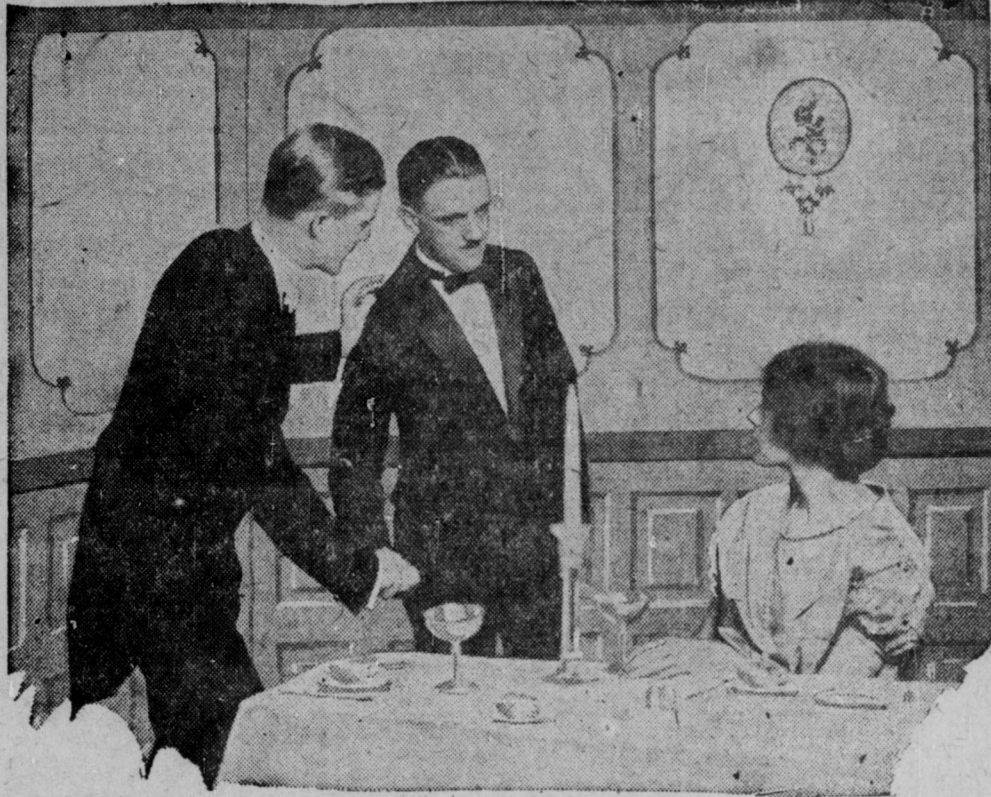
# The Love Dodger

By VIRGINIA SWAIN

BRING HERE TODAY  
BARBARA HAWLEY, 35, breaks with  
ancestry, BRUCE REYNOLDS, and gets  
on the Indianapolis Times, in  
to see life. ANDREW MODER,  
the managing editor, is a former  
of her father.  
SINBAD, a police reporter, and with SIN-  
BAD SULLIVAN, a free lance press  
agent, sometimes sober.  
Barbara gets a letter signed "Violetta"  
in the morning mail, asking how to at-  
tract a young man socially superior to  
her.  
Sinbad Sullivan asks Barbara to a  
newspaper dinner at the Lighthouse Inn.  
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY  
CHAPTER XLII.

THE yellow taffeta dress lay on  
the bed.  
Mrs. Hawley was powder-  
ing Barbara's shoulders, while Bar-  
bara wielded the nail buffer, when  
Bob's raucous horn sounded out in  
front, followed 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

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 race 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,



"Miss Hawley," said Bob Jeffries, "let me present Mr. Jerome Ball. Jerome and I used to be side-kicks in the army reserve camp. Now he's a man about town and I'm—well, just look at me."

to find several other familiar rattle-  
trap cars standing in the driveway.  
"Guess the gang's here," cried  
Bob, swinging out to help the ladies  
alight.  
"Dinner will not be served until  
seven forty-five," said Miss Badger.  
It was the first remark she had ut-  
tered.  
Sinbad assisted Barbara up the  
steps with punctilious care. As they  
passed into the reception hall, Bob  
drew Barbara aside and whispered,  
"Sinbad's doing fine, isn't he?"  
Barbara made a face behind Miss  
Badger's back. Bob laughed back  
off for several dances, so I could

"Still, it's the tradition to have  
the full newspaper party here, and  
I think we'll have a good time."

Barbara was seated between Bob  
and Sinbad. She watched the an-  
tics of the men and listened to the  
smart cynicisms of the women, try-  
ing to realize that this was the sort  
of thing she had always longed to  
be a part of—a gay, irresponsible  
world, in the center of things, all-  
knowing, all-ridiculing.  
"Why so serious, little daffodil?"  
shouted Byers, the dramatic critic,  
emboldened beyond his natural tim-  
idity, by the lights 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 wondering.

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 ris-  
ing.

"May I have this dance, Miss Bad-  
ger?" 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 man-  
ners?" asked Barbara. "I can hardly  
believe he's the same big, burly Sin-  
bad that comes into our office reek-  
ing with bad whiskey 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 reach-  
ing out for Bob's hand.

"Greetings, Jerome," replied Bob,  
rising to meet the handshake. "Miss  
Hawley, let me present Mr. Jerome  
Ball. Jerome and I used to be side-  
kicks in the army reserve camp.  
But now he's a man about town  
and I'm—well, just look at me!"

Jerome Ball was staring at Bar-  
bara with a smile playing about his  
lips. Barbara felt unaccountably ill  
at ease.

"How do you do, Miss Hawley?"  
he said, smoothly. "Do you suppose  
Bob will let me have this dance?"

"Say there," exclaimed Bob, "I  
haven't had a dance myself yet."  
But Jerome was leading Barbara out  
on the dance floor with only a mock-  
ing glance over his shoulder for Bob.

When Barbara and Jerome whirled  
past the table next, she saw Sinbad  
Sullivan sitting moodily by himself,  
slouched in his chair.

"I really ought to go back to my  
partner, Mr. Ball," she said, as the  
music stopped. "He's looking like a  
bear with a sore paw. I have danced  
with him only once tonight."

"Nonsense," replied Jerome, mas-  
terfully, smiling his winning smile.

"That's what he gets for bringing  
the loveliest lady in the party."

Barbara smiled back. "All right,"  
she said, "I'll dance one more with  
you."

"You're like thistle-down on the  
floor, you know," Jerome again  
smiled caressingly, and tightened his  
arm about her waist. Barbara  
blushed.

"And may I ask," inquired Jerome  
later, "what you are doing in the  
newspaper party?"

"Why, I'm a newspaper woman,  
of course." Barbara's voice was  
proud. "I'm a reporter for the Tele-  
graph. That's where I met Bob."

"A reporter?" The surprise in  
Jerome's voice was not to be missed.

"Yes," said Barbara. "Why not?"

"Well, why not?" laughed Jerome.

"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 glimmer 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 di-  
rection.

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 e mobile," he sang.  
"Qual piume 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 ap-  
plause interrupted, but not for long.  
The singer stood swaying slightly  
amid the candlesticks, one foot  
planted upon a yellow chrysanthem-  
um that had fallen out of the  
basket. And he sang soulfully, tri-  
umphantly, 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 Bar-  
bara'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 Reyn-  
olds. He was looking at her.

Somewhere, went up the cry, "En-  
core!"

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

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

"La donna e mobile—"

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

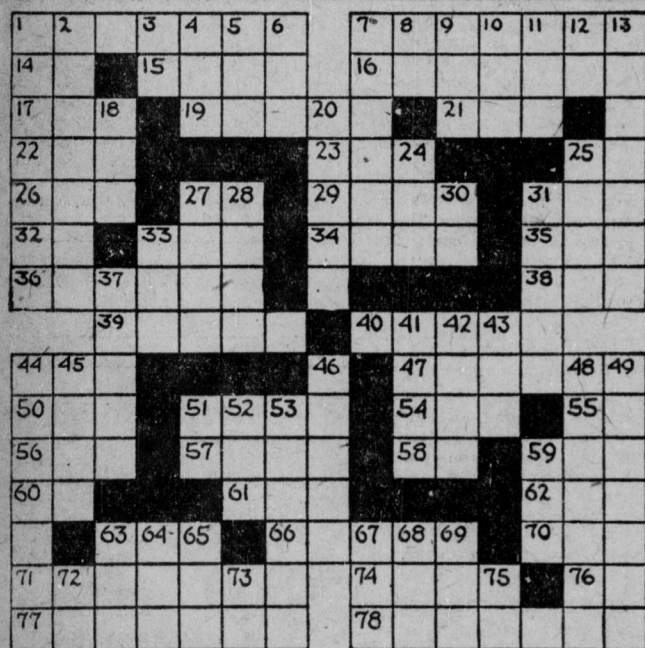
"Muta d'accento—" The crazy  
singing went on.

Then it stopped.

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

(To Be Continued)

## Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



- HORIZONTAL**
- To content.
  - Children's first books.
  - Delity.
  - Rubber rim to a wheel.
  - To animate.
  - Energy.
  - Sun.
  - 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.
  - Stair post.
  - Writing instrument.
  - Azony.
  - Dry.
  - Point of compass.
  - Leered.
  - Answers.
- VERTICAL**
- A few.
  - A divorcee's pension.
  - Neuter pronoun.
  - To be seated.
  - Word used with to.
  - Still.
  - To tell.
  - Itself an em.
  - Wing part of a seed.
  - To immerse.
  - Night.

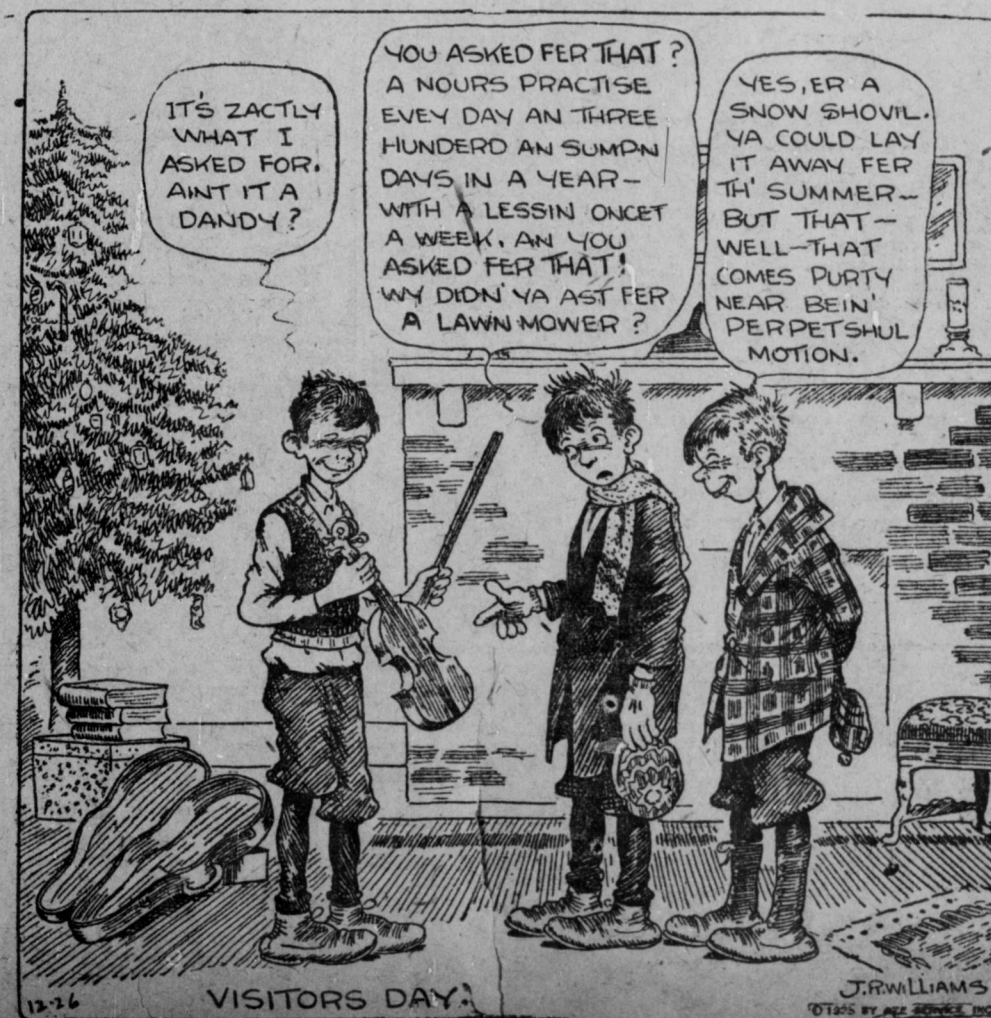
Answers to yesterday's crossword puzzle:

BED WISHING HAS  
EARNEST GEOLOGY  
TREE MAPLE GASOL  
A TWEEDLE DEE  
IN TAGALOG FOR PA  
NORTH MEAT EAT TAB  
NEW MERRY GULL  
SHAPE MAG FIFTE  
SIN IN WAT SAFES  
STETOS WAT TEAS  
TODD CAN NES NIT  
BACH CHRISTMAS LA  
E WHO PIE WET IN  
STAIRS SRETAIN  
SIXTEEN PEDANTS

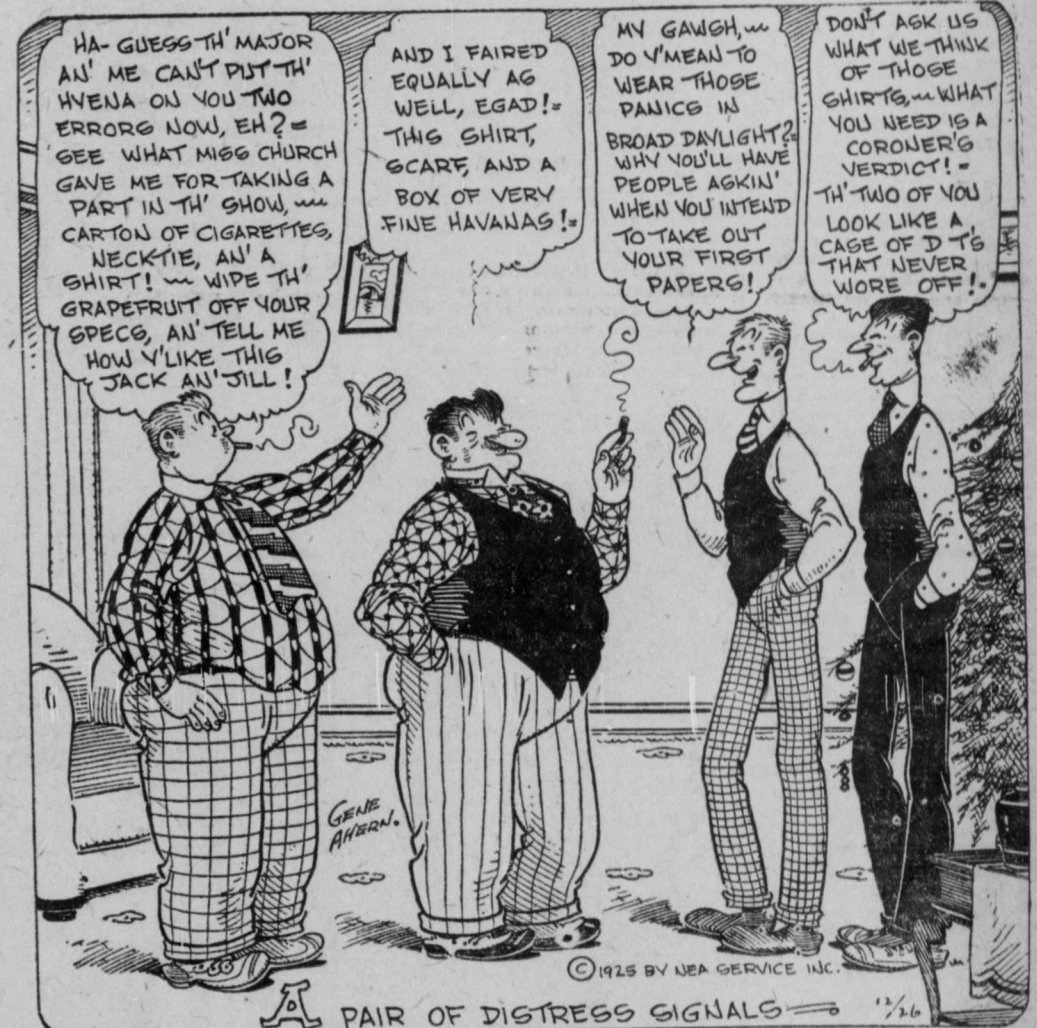
## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin



## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



**BOAL'S ROLLS**  
made with  
**REAL FRUIT 15¢**  
for  
**CONSTIPATION**

**CUTICURA**  
Helps  
Business  
Girls

To look their best. The regular  
use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by  
touches of Cuticura Ointment when  
required, keeps the complexion  
fresh and free from eruptions, the  
hair live and glossy and the hands  
soft and smooth. Cuticura Talcum  
is fragrant and refreshing, an ideal  
toilet powder.

## Hoosier Briefs

**B**RAZIL still has horses. Po-  
lice Chief Anderson has is-  
sued an order that all  
horses standing on the streets  
must be blanketed.

Robert Myers is the new worship-  
ful master of the Bloomington Ma-  
sonic lodge.

Charging her husband threatened  
to kill her with an axe and burn  
their home, Mrs. Earl Gibson of  
Warsaw has sued for divorce.

Bond issues of \$35,000 by the city  
council and \$10,000 by the school  
board will provide a fund for the  
construction of a gymnasium for the  
Garrett High School.

Garian W. Kline has purchased the  
Akron News, a weekly news-  
paper from De Witt B. Hosman.

F. I. Farley, president of the  
Auburn Automobile Company at  
Auburn, is being urged by friends  
to become a candidate for the  
Democratic nomination for Congress  
from the Twelfth district.

**E**D-MILLER of Pretty Lake  
road, near Plymouth tried  
to bump a freight car off  
its tracks at a crossing. He didn't.  
Instead he caved in the radiator  
of his auto.

Seven buildings on property  
bought by Pluffton for the new  
community building site only  
brought \$482 at an auction.

New members were taken in the  
"McCray Twenty Year Club" at  
Kendallville at its annual banquet  
this week. The club is composed of  
men who have worked twenty years  
or more with the McCray Refriger-  
ator Company.