The LOVE DODGER

By VIRGINIA SWAIN

JEROME BALL TAKES BARBARA OUT TO DINNER AND PLEASES HER WITH COMPLIMENTS

BEGIN HERE TODAY

BARBARA HAWLEY, 25, breaks with fiance, BRUCE REYNOLDS, and gets job on the Indianapolis Telegraph, in to see life.

DREW McDERMOTT, the manager, is a former friend of her BOB JEFFRIES, police reporter, wes friendly.

Barara attends a newspaper dinner Lighthouse inn with SINBAD VAN, a press agent. There she JEROME BALL, a man about

sound of a shot comes from an room in the roadhouse.

ORMAN HOLLOWELL, a prominent lder, was found dead in the room. A icide note was in his pocket. A doctor said it was a clear case of suicide. hat Hollowell was alone in the room t the time, but Barbara finds a woman's scarf under the table and gets a "scoop" on the story.

She is sent to interview MRS. LYDIA STACY, a prominent society woman, on the real estate project by Bruce's firm.

While there Mrs. Stacy's maid reveals she has sent a dress to the cleaners to have a wine stain removed. She wonders if the wine-stained dress has any connection with the roadhouse shooting of Hollowell, and goes back to the office to again examine the woman's scarf she found after his death.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

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CHAPTER XVII

BARBARA stared at the strip of red silk. As Bob Jeffries approached, she thrust it back into the drawer hurriedly.

"What are you hiding there, Barbara, the evidence of crime?"

Barbara smiled. "That guess is not as wild as you think, perhaps. What have they learned about the woman who was with Hollowell in the roadhouse last night?"

"Not a thing, except that she left before the shot that killed him. The police have practically dropped the search for her. There seems no doubt that it was suicide."

"What would you do about it, Rob, if you thought you knew who she was?"

"That depends. Maybe I wouldn't try to find out for sure, if she was a decent sort and would be ruined by the scandal. But if I didn't it would prove I wasn't much of a newspaper man, I suppose." Bob took a long pull on his pipe.

"And if I did, maybe it would prove I wasn't much of a man at all, so there you are. But come on out and have a cup of tea with me. You look as if you needed it."

"Much obliged, Bob, but I've an interview to write before closing time. You'll have to run along alone."

When he was gone she examined the scarf again. She put it in a large manila folder and sealed it carefully, before burying it beneath the contents of the lowest drawer.

Night was closing in. Some one snapped on the electric lights in the Telegraph office and drew the blinds, shutting out the winter gloom.

Barbara made ready to go home. As she was closing her desk, McDermott came out of his office. "How was the interview with Mrs. Stacy?" he asked.

"It was already made when I got there," answered Barbara.

"I thought so," he smiled. "And I'll bet it does justice to Lydia Stacy, too. That woman has the makings of a great statesman or a great criminal." He went on through to the composing room.

"Telephone, Miss Hawley," called the operator.

Barbara answered listlessly. It was an unfamiliar voice at the other end of the wire. "Hello there, little daffodil. How's the world treating you after the big night?"

Barbara was silent a moment. "Is this Mr. Ball?" she asked.

"Nobody else but. Just called up to see what became of you in the melee last night. I looked everywhere for you after the shot. But you were gone. Terribly worried about you all night."

"Nonsense," said Barbara. "If the truth were told, it would be that you glanced about, didn't see me, and went home quite peacefully to a night of calm slumber."

"You do me wrong." Jerome's voice was bantering. "I've thought of you all day. How did you get home last night? I suppose your prima donna singing among the chrysanthemums was worse than useless to you."

"I'd rather not talk about that, please," said Barbara.

"Honestly, Miss Hawley, I do feel mighty sorry about last night. Won't you believe me and come along to dinner with me. It's a fine night for a two-some dinner. All wet outside and bright lights inside—and pleasant conversation."

Barbara thought a moment. Then she replied, "Yes, I'd love to. But you'll have to call for me at home, Mr. Ball. I must go home to dress."

"I'll ring the old door bell at seven then. So long."

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JEROME was punctual. His blue roadster appeared in a burst of speed, just as Barbara looked out of her window. She jumped back and let the curtains fall.

When she ran down the steps with her coat over her arm, she found him pacing the hall and smoking a cigaret in a long ebony holder.

"The daffodil again," he greeted her.

Barbara looked down at her dress and blushed. It was the same that she had worn the night before.

"I like you in yellow," said Jerome smoothly, eyeing her from head to foot. "All fresh and sunny and young."

Barbara looked at him quickly. That's a different kind of compliment from the ones I've had lately. I've been feeling as old as Methuselah."

Later, over the lobster cocktail, he revived the subject.

"I asked you the other night how you happened to be in the newspaper game, Miss Hawley. I didn't mean to offend you, but it is a shock to find a girl like you doing that work. You seem so young and unspoiled by the rough edges of things—and such a lady! Women like you haven't any business fighting the business world. You were made for other things."

Barbara flushed, but not wholly with anger. "If you're trying to flatter me, Mr. Ball, I'm afraid you're not succeeding. The newspaper game is the only thing in the world that I care about."

Jerome leaned across the table and put his hand on hers. "That's a rash thing to say, my dear." His voice was suave. "Promise me you'll not get like these sour ladies one sees around in offices—all business and horn-rimmed glasses and bad temper. Promise me you'll stay your own sweet feminine self."

Barbara glanced at him from beneath lowered eyelids. "Why should you care whether I stay myself or get horn-rimmed glasses?"

Jerome did not answer. He was scannning the menu card.

After dinner they danced. Admiring glances followed them about tthe room and Barbara saw several women watching Jerome's steps with more than casual interest.

She became more content and more daring. "You dance so wonderfully, Mr. Ball, that the whole room is watching us."

Jerome slightly shrugged his shoulders. "Why all the formality? Call me Jerome." He did an extra pivot that left his partner breathless.

She was laughing softly, with a light in her eyes. "I believe you are right. Women are not made for work," she said. "I think I was made for play. At least, I'm having a gorgeous time tonight."

"And for love," added Jerome, holding her closer.

Barbara pulled away. But his eyes smiled down at her.

At 11 o'clock they were in the blue roadster again, spinning through the downtown streets. When they had left the business section, Jerome swung his car toward the Brookville Road.

"This isn't the way home," said Barbara.

Jerome did not reply. He looked down at her smilingly.

The country was a symphony in grays, where the moonlight struck the snow. The purr of the engine was the only sound for miles.

Barbara snuggled down under the heavy robes and sat quite still.

"Happy, honey?" asked Jerome.

She started. "Yes, happier than for a long time."

He drew her arm through his. When they had reached a cross roads, he suddenly stopped the car. Barbara shivered slightly. "You are a beautiful girl, my dear," he said.

Something in his voice brought Barbara back from the dreamy contentment in which she had been riding. She cast a frightened glance at his face, which was bent close over her. "Let's go home, please. I am getting tired and there's a long day ahead."

Without a word, he reached for the gear shift and the car swung into a curve back toward town. Both Barbara and Jerome were silent all the way in.

Barbara saw that they were on the street on which Mrs. Hadley's boarding house was located. When they neared the block in which it stood, she turned her head toward the other side of the street. The exhilaration of the early evening had gone out.

"I'll give you a ring sometime soon," said Jerome as he opened the door for her. His voice was casual.

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A WEEK later Barbara was called into McDermott's office. "More signs of life from Lydia," he said. "She seems to have decided to meet us more than half way."

"What is it now?" asked Barbara.

"We had a call from her this morning, saying that she was flinging a reception for this chap Gignelli, who is coming to town to address the Women's Civic Progress League. He intends to babble about Italian architecture. I think, and Lydia means to cash in on his visit. Seems she met him in Paris last summer.

"Just like Lydia. Can't let a lion run around without trying to tame him. This affair will be the biggest one of the season, for when Lydia gives a party, she gives a good one. This time, she has asked all the architects and big real estate men and public-spirited citizens in Indianapolis."

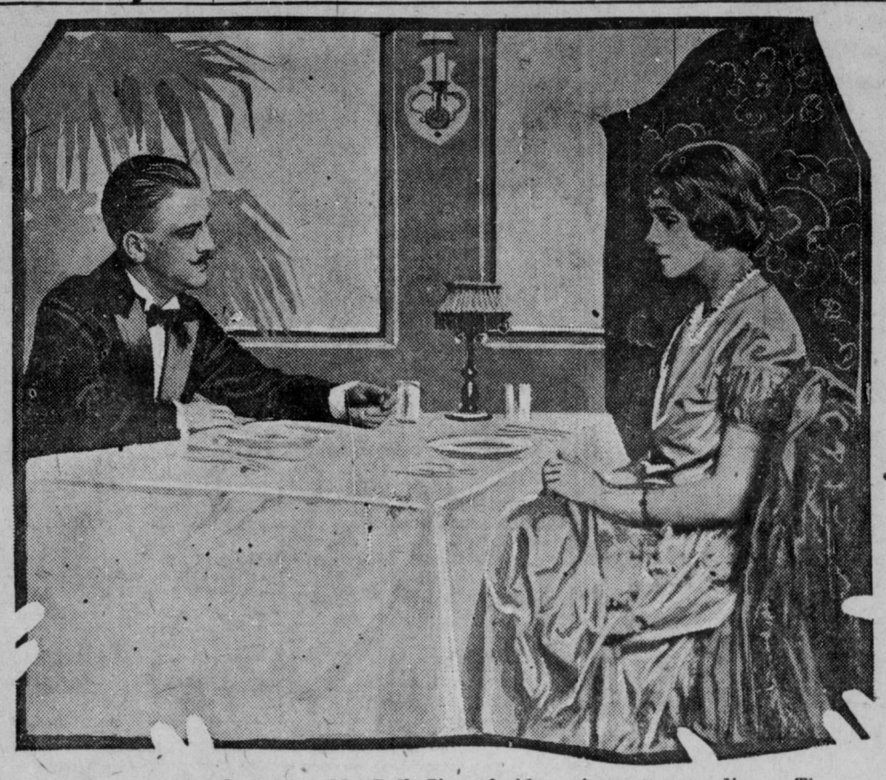
Barbara was listening intently. McDermott concluded, "Lydia wants you to cover the party. Said so this morning."

"Oh, no, I'd rather not," Barbara caught McDermott looking shrewdly at her. "Any reason?" he asked cooly.

Barbara realized her error. "Oh, no. I'll go, of course. When is it?"

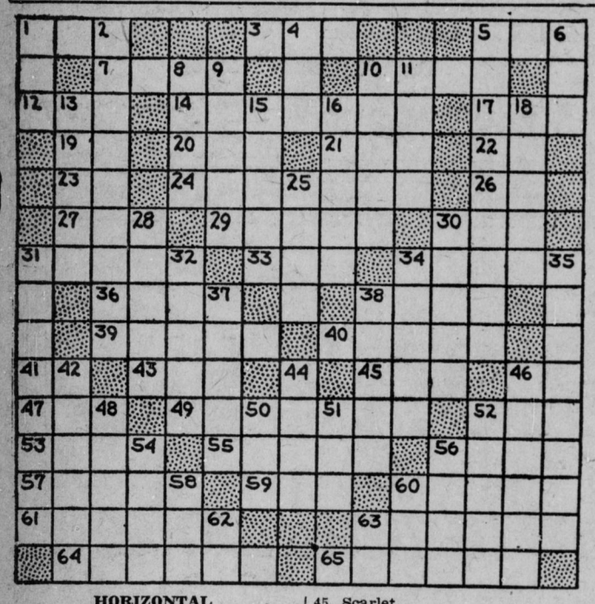
"On Saturday night. Better wear your best bib and tucker."

(To Be Continued)



"If you're try to flatter me, Mr. Ball, I'm afraid you're not succeeding. The newspaper game is the only thing I care about," said Barbara.

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1. Perfect score.
3. Eon.
5. To decay.
7. To level.
10. To pierce.
12. Aperture.
14. Soft woolen yarn.
17. Wooly surface of cloth.
19. To exist.
20. Night.
21. Anger.
22. Bone.
23. Preposition of place.
24. Amends.
26. You and me.
27. To scatter.
29. Resides.
30. Unit.
31. Inflictive of punishment.
33. To scatter.
34. Agreements.
36. Sketched.
38. Nude.
39. Leaf division of the calyx.
40. Bundled.
41. Second note in scale.
43. Placed.
45. Scarlet.
46. Dad.
47. Distinctive theory.
49. Keeps.
52. Obese.
53. To unfold.
55. Reels of film.
56. Contest of speed.
57. Pertaining to the tides.
59. Friend.
60. More recent.
61. Sailor.
63. Oriental guitars.
64. Filled with reeds.
65. Patterns.

VERTICAL

1. Hog.
2. Decimals like .3333.
4. Combustible fluid.
5. Given up.
6. Point.
8. Pitcher.
9. Story.
10. Microbes.
11. Poems.
13. To decrease.
15. To fit again.
16. Wearied.
18. Valuable property.
25. Baker on a stove.
28. Challenges.
30. Propelled by oars.
31. Those who love their country.
32. Persons infected with a contagious skin disease.
34. Becomes wan.
35. Knitted coats.
37. Aqua.
38. Sheds.
42. Detects.
44. Prepared lettuce.
46. Horses who set the gait.
48. Badge of valor.
50. Peak.
51. Was sick.
52. Causing death.
54. Title.
56. To value.
58. Legal rule.
60. Cover.
62. Point of compass.
63. Therefor.

Answer to yesterday's crossword puzzle:

CRAM		EVIL				SEPAL								
REBORN			DART			OWE								
AVOWED				TOE			ALA							
BIDET			WHELM					S						
	LED			PRONE				HATE						
YES		DEALT				FOUR								
E			CRAPE			BRAKES								
AH		AIRS			SEER			EN						
RAISES				BASED				O						
	USER		FATED			ROW								
ELMS			TENET				DOP							
A				TONED			BETEL							
RAT			ARC			BIMANA								
ERI			REED				UNITES							
DEPOT				SOLD				TEDS						

Correct weight can be yours

be shapely!

"I DO NOT want to be thin! I just want to be my right weight! I want these hollows filled out. I just want enough firm, plump flesh on my bones to fill out my figure."

Of course you do. You want a figure that you can drape your clothes on—not just hang them on! What's the use of having pretty clothes, if they just hang on you?

And what would you say if you were told you could have the figure you want? A graceful, well rounded body—firm, solid flesh—just enough—just your right weight? You'd be mighty happy, wouldn't you?

Well, then, be happy—be you can have it! Put plenty of cells in your blood and watch your weight go up to where you want it! That's what's the matter with you! Your blood is impoverished. You need more rich, red blood. S. S. S. is the thing to put red blood in your system. S. S. S. helps Nature build red-blood-cells by the millions.

You just try S. S. S. and watch how quickly you begin to fill out your clothes. Notice your skin clear of unsightly blemishes—your appetite increase—strength come to flabby muscles and vim and vigor fill your whole system. It's red blood that does it. And S. S. S. surely helps Nature build that red blood. S. S. S. is sold by all drug stores. The larger bottle is more economical.

S.S.S.

DIDN'T PLEAD GUILTY

Wrong Statement Made Regarding Indianapolis Attorney.

In a few copies of The Times Wednesday the statement was made that Will H. Latta, Indianapolis attorney, pleaded guilty in connection with a shortage in the office of the county clerk during the term of Richard Sipe and that Latta served a term in the penitentiary.

Latta did not plead guilty to any charge and he did not serve a term in the penitentiary. The statement should have read that Sipe pleaded guilty and served a term. The statement concerning Latta was an error on the part of The Times and it is cheerfully corrected.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER