

The LOVE DODGER

By VIRGINIA SWAIN

BARBARA HAS AN UNPLEASANT TIME AT MRS. STACY'S RECEPTION, ATTENDED BY BRUCE

BEGIN HERE TODAY
BARBARA HAD TO BREAK UP with her fiancé, BRUCE REYNOLDS, and get a job on the Indianapolis Times in order to see life.
ANDREW MODERNOTT, the managing editor, is a former friend of her father, BOB JEFFRIES, police reporter, proves friendly.
Barbara attends a newspaper dinner at the Lighthouse Inn with SYBIL SULLIVAN, a press agent. There she meets JEROME BALL, a man about town.
The sound of a shot comes from an inner room in the residence.
HORMAN HOLLOWELL, a prominent broker, is found dead in the room. A suicide note is found in his pocket, 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 a real estate project by Bruce's firm.
While there Mrs. Stacy's maid reveals having sent a dress to the cleaners to have a wine stain removed. Barbara connects the wine-stained dress with the roadhouse shooting of Hollowell.
She seals the tell-tale scarf in an envelope and hides it in her desk. That night she has dinner with Jerome Ball, and rebuffs his advances.
Barbara and Bob enjoy reading letters addressed to the lovecolumn by a girl who has a beer-stained kimono, straight crooked and unrequited love for a certain young man.
Later Bob calls to escort her to a reception given by Mrs. Stacy for a former architect.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XIX

IT was quite true. The coat-tail did stick out like an enraged rooster's tail and the coat was less black than the trousers.
Bob stood grinning at Barbara. "Aren't you glad to see me, Barbara?" he asked. "Cause if you're not, I'll just drive Lizzie back into her stall and spend a quiet evening at home."
Barbara started. "Why, of course I'm glad to see you, Bob. How silly of you to ask! I'll just run and cancel my call for a taxi."
"I'll follow the butler into the drawing room," Bob called after her, seating himself at the old rosewood piano.
Upstairs, Barbara ran into her room, where Mrs. Hawley was brushing her daughter's evening wrap. "Mother," she cried, "Bob has come to take me and he's wearing a Charley Chaplin dress suit. What shall I do?"
From the living room came the strains of "We Won't Be Home Un-

til Morning," the melody carried with Bob's index finger, and the bass an alternation of chords.
"Oh, why doesn't he quit that idiotic dum-dum playing?" exclaimed Barbara, flinging herself into a chair.
"You must get hold of your nerves, Babe. He isn't doing any harm. You're ready to fly off at any trifle, that's all."
Barbara was in tears. "I know I am, mother, but I can't help it. I'm so tired of everything!"
"Are you tired of your job, Barbara?" asked her mother.
"Yes and no. Sometimes I want to throw the whole thing over. I feel as if I just can't go out to that reception with Bob in the clothes he's wearing."
She was wiping her eyes and staring at the carpet.
"This won't do. I might as well get up and go. I'll have to in the end."
Bob was playing "Boola, Boola," with two fingers, when Barbara came downstairs again. She tried to summon a smile, as he whirled around on the piano stool.
But he was too shrewd for her. "What've you been crying about, Babe?" he asked. "Cheer up! The tears have only made you prettier. Your cheeks are red."
"And so is my nose," answered Barbara. "But it doesn't matter. I had a fit of nerves, getting home so late, and having to get ready for this party."
"I know what's the matter with you, kid," he answered. "You took football reports all afternoon. No wonder you cried. That's the very hardest work in the whole game."
They were climbing into the old racing car, and Bob was trying to protect Barbara's dress from the grease on the floor by wrapping the robe tightly about her.
"It isn't going to be such a bad evening," he comforted. "After the handshaking is over and we've taken some mental notes of Gignelli's conversation and the ladies' duds, we'll be free to enjoy ourselves. They say the Riviera Orchestra is going to be



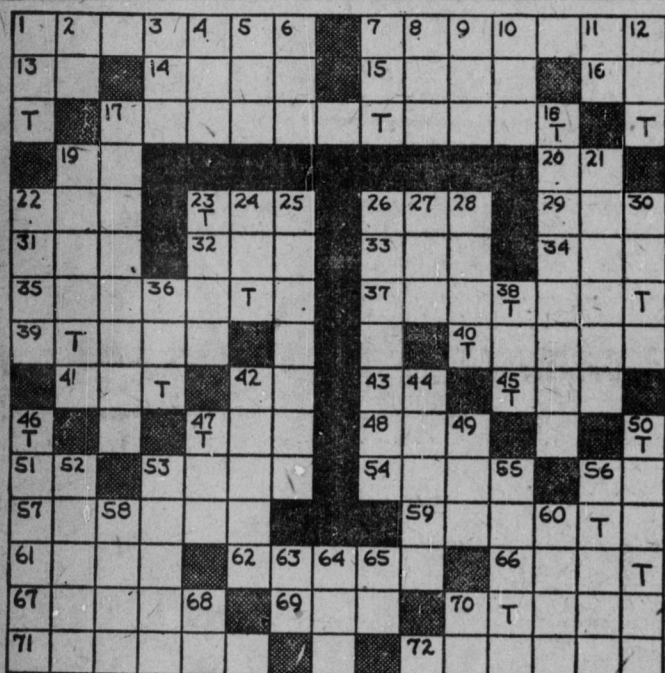
Barbara sat beneath a group of palms, staring at the floor. Behind her stood Bob. Neither had spoken for an hour.

on hand for the dance music. Hoop la!"
Barbara did not reply.
Bob was trying hard to be companionable. "They say this Lydia Stacy is a mistress of the gentle art of fascination. Been a widow for a year now. Husband very wealthy and indulgent—so much so that he died and left Lydia all his money, just as she was beginning to get tired of him. Sinbad says her latest quarry is a young architect here—poor but proud young chap and all that. Seems to me he's connected with the Yale Acres crowd."
Barbara winced. "We must be getting near the house," she said. They were entering a long procession of automobiles.
Lydia Stacy's house was ablaze with electricity. Irregular quadrangles of light from the many windows patched the slopes of snowy lawn.
When the door opened again and again to admit the guests as they alighted from their cars, snatches of gay music escaped, weaving through a soft babble of voices.
Barbara and Bob reached the door in a crush of laughing men and women. "Everybody who thinks he is somebody is here tonight," whispered Bob. "To say nothing of the gang of pale esthetes that Lydia keeps as hangers-on."
Barbara was watching the throng eagerly, scarcely listening to Bob's words.
"I say, Babe," he reproached, "you certainly are giving me the cold and icy tonight. What's the idea?"
"I guess it's those football scores that finished me, Bob. I'm too tired to be good company."
"Well, wait till you get on that dance floor. We'll show 'em what a two-year-old dress and a six-year-old soup and fish are capable of. Honestly, Barbara, you look awfully nice."
She turned on him. "Listen, Bob, don't lie to flatter me. I know how I feel and I know how I look, and there's no use in trying to kid me along."
They reached the door, and were directed by a butler and a maid to the dressing rooms upstairs. By the bare foot of a chattering group of women removing their wraps in a luxurious guest room.
A group of them had gathered

around a framed sketch of a cathedral that hung on the wall. "You'll see these all over the house," said one woman to another, with a knowing air. "Strange what an interest Lydia has developed in architecture all of a sudden. Six months ago she didn't know a facade from a former window." The two women moved away.
Barbara stepped closer to look at the sketch. "B. R.," said the scrawled signature in the corner.
At the head of the imposing staircase, Barbara stopped and looked down at the hall below. Bob was leaning nonchalantly against the wall, hands in pockets and nose in air. The absurd coattails struck out from his body into open space. She went down the steps.
"Hello, there," he said, advancing to meet her. "We'll have to run the gauntlet first or last. Might as well do it now. You never saw such a receiving line as Lydia's drafted. Come on."
Barbara fell behind slightly, eyes fixed on the coattails. They drifted with the crowd through an arched doorway into the long drawing room.
A long line of smiling men and women wound down the room, to the great black piano, beside which stood Lydia Stacy, smiling. She wore a sheath gown of black spangles and her arms and shoulders gleamed against it.
Visitors passed up the line, greeting those in it with cursory attention, hurrying to reach Lydia. Barbara saw the eyes of men fasten upon the white shoulders and the graceful arms.
"Dramatic spectacle, by gosh," muttered Bob. "This whole scene looks like a setting for a play. And Lydia—wow! what a dress that is. I'll tell you, clothes do make the woman."
Barbara's eyes snapped. "You were the young man who said I could 'run along in my old yellow dress and act like Lady Vere de Vere.' You men are all alike—fall head over heels for any woman who can scrape together the right rags and feathers. You make me sick!" She turned away from him to hide the fury in her eyes.
Bob gaped. "Why, Babe, you're not serious? Jehosophat! I never thought you were jealous of Lydia

Stacy. She doesn't cross your path." "Jealous!" Barbara was breathless. "How dare you use that word to me? Don't speak to me again. Oh, how I wish McDermott had let well enough alone. I'd have been better off without you tonight—I'm so tired and miserable—and so cross." Her face was a study in petulance and pathos.
Bob was unable to speak. He looked at her with puzzled eyes. They walked on up the endless line, smiling mechanically at the pillars of society who composed it.
Near the head of the line, Barbara stopped for an instant and caught her breath.
Beside Lydia stood Bruce Reynolds, immaculate and graceful. He was greeting her guests with urbane cordiality.
Barbara walked on. Bob followed, his coattails wagging as he walked. Without looking to right or left, Barbara saw them always.
But in the foreground there was Bruce, handsome, gracious, well-tailored.
At last they were there. Lydia took Barbara's hand and asked some graceful, trivial question. "Thank you so much for coming, Miss Hawley," she whispered. "I'd rather trust my party to your mercurial than to any other newspaper person I know. You write so cleverly."
Barbara was handed along. She had had her moment. Lydia turned to the next guest.
Barbara found her hand in Bruce's. He was silent, and his eyes were grave. She looked up at him through a mist of tears.
"Hustle along there, Babe," said a voice at her shoulder. "We're holding up traffic. You can do that Theda Bara, stare somewhere else." His voice, intended to be confidential, carried plainly. Bruce stepped back quickly.
Bob's coattails wagged past. He led Barbara with him.
In the conservatory some time later, there was silence. Barbara sat beneath a group of palms, staring at the floor. Behind her stood Bob, flicking ashes from a cigaret stub. Neither had spoken for an hour.
(To Be Continued)

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

- Waterfall.
- Disease of the eye.
- Natural force producing hypnotism.
- In order.
- Too.
- Variant of "a."
- Delineation.
- Measure of area.
- Hebrew name for God.
- Night.
- Thick shrub.
- Battering machine.
- Wooden pin.
- Corded cloth.
- Beam.
- Silk worm.
- Female of the fallow deer.
- Sweet crystalline substance.
- Swiftest.
- Narrow, long piece.
- Net weight of containers.
- To place.
- Point of compass.
- Sun god.
- Two fives.
- Definite article.
- Prophet who trained Samuel.
- Like.
- Humor.
- Measures for cloth.
- Point of compass.
- Ductless stomach organ.
- Apertions.
- Earth.
- Foe.
- Passage.
- Mistake.
- Before.
- Robbed.
- Deviated toward.
- Gazed.

- Roofing material.
- Ascending and descending steps.
- Coin.
- Snail.
- Point of compass.
- Unit of work.
- Myself.
- Second note in scale.
- Point of compass.

Answer to last crossword puzzle:

THE NEW YEAR DAY
AIRGUN OTIRADE
MERIT HUM LENDS
MOBS ANI LACE
HARE SIGNS LERP
AL TURENS SO
P MAIN R OPAL L
PLACED M RATITE
ELPER M TREE C
RIPS SATIN BEET
MEAT LEA FULL
ABATE ERR ANVIL
RECENT A INSANE
ERE TOLLING NET

Hoosier Briefs

MISS RUBY BUSCHER, city clerk at Noblesville, has announced her engagement to W. G. Clark of Sheridan, on Feb. 14.

Just before the time for his release from the county jail at Columbia City, where he had served a sentence of thirty days on a liquor charge, Carol Piper, 25, of Noble County, was served with fifteen warrants, charging him with stealing chickens from Simon Samerson and John W. Beers.

Relatives at Warsaw have received word that Morris Hathaway, 3, son of Doyle Hathaway, was drowned at Danville, Pa.

A total of 3,530 cows have been inspected for tuberculosis in Etina and Jackson townships by Dr. F. M. Hooper of Etina Green, and but fifty-three reactors were found.

Willard Winebrenner is the new police chief at Warsaw.

A bond issue for \$15,000 for the improvement of the Noblesville City Park has been sold to the American National Bank there.

CHANGES AT FORT

Capt. E. J. Armstrong, regimental supply officer, will succeed Capt. P. C. Franson of the 11th Infantry at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, who has been transferred to the Philippines. Capt. J. E. Haywood is new supply officer.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

