

# LEAP YEAR BRIDE



**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
CHERRY DIXON, 19, is pretty, tells her mother she is going to a club meeting, but instead meets DAN PHILLIPS, newspaper reporter with whom she is in love. Her wealthy parents do not know she is acquainted with him.  
Cherry goes with him to interview a bank robber's sweetheart. She blunders into underworld headquarters and a bullet strikes her arm. Dan takes her to a doctor's office and then home.  
He is trying to explain what has happened when Mr. DIXON appears. Dixon is very angry and brandishes a newspaper containing Cherry's picture and an account of the shooting. He orders Dan from the house.  
Cherry is alone and alone. She discovers Dan has telephoned and seen to the girl is out of town. Cherry would out of the house, meets Dan and explains.  
He tells her he loves her. When Cherry arrives home, her father is waiting and accuses her of having met the reporter. Cherry denies her father and he orders her to apologize. Later that evening she finds Dan, tells him what happened and says, "Let's get married!"  
They are married by a justice of the peace, friends of Dan's and then escape a celebration. Cherry and Dan escape to New York City.

**CHAPTER TEN**  
CHERRY crossed the room and gave the window shade a tug. Bright morning sunshine was a fine thing, but too much of it was as bad as none. It blinded you.  
She tossed her head back, shaking the tangled mass of dark hair into becoming disarray. Then she sat down in the big chair, leaned back and surveyed the room.  
She made an amusing picture. Pulled about her and tied securely at the waist was Dan Phillips' old dressing gown. A strange purplish hue now, the dressing gown had once been a handsome brocade.  
It was many sizes too large. Cherry had rolled the sleeves back, but the shoulder seams reached almost to her elbows. Dainty lace trimmed lingerie showed where the dressing gown fell away.  
Her buckled pumps were tiny and narrow, her hose of the sheerest mesh.  
Suddenly she jumped up and went to the dressing table. A sheet of paper lay there, a few words scrawled on it in pencil. Cherry picked up the paper and read.  
"Cherry—I love you. Be ready to have lunch with me.  
"I'll call some time after 12—Dan."  
She had read the words at least

a dozen times. At first it had been a surprise to realize that never before had she seen Dan's handwriting.  
That was odd, and still it wasn't. There were so many things Cherry had yet to learn about this young husband of hers.  
Her husband! The girl's smile became a dreamy sort of rapture. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and stared, fascinated.  
Was that what love did to you? She seemed an entirely different person than she had been yesterday. The worn-out dressing gown caught her eye and suddenly the smile became a rippling laugh. Of course she was a different person. She was Mrs. Daniel Phillips!  
"Oh, I'm so happy!" Cherry sang aloud. "I'm so happy!" She whirled in a dashing pirouette and flung herself upon the bed.  
Each morning at home, Cherry had started the day with fruit, hot rolls and steaming coffee. Usually they were brought to her bedside on a tray.  
Sarah would be there to pour the coffee and ask if everything was as it should be. Sarah would bring a quilted satin breakfast coat and slip it about the girl's shoulders to keep her warm while she ate.  
Sarah, bless her! Where was she and what was she doing now? What were Cherry's mother and father thinking of the way their daughter had run off the night before?  
Were the servants whispering and wondering what had happened? Did others outside the house know about it?  
For an instant the girl felt a pang of guilt. Her mother would be worrying. Grieving perhaps at this very moment.  
Cherry loved her mother. She loved her father, too—when he was not roaring out orders or frightening her. Perhaps she should write a note—  
CHERRY'S chin raised and set in a firm line. No, indeed! If she wrote they would imagine she was asking for forgiveness. She could not do it!  
The dainty platinum watch on the girl's wrist reminded her it was growing late. Almost 10:30. There

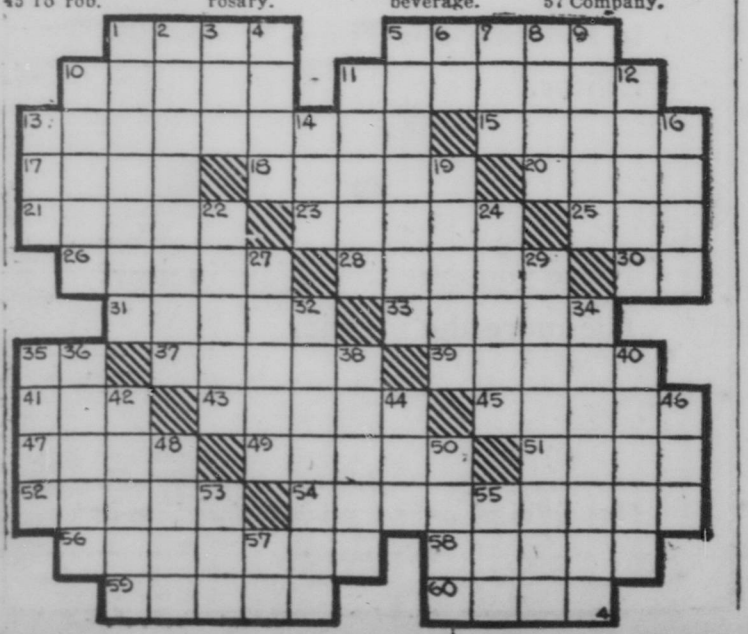
## THEY TELL ME

ALTHOUGH that group, largely on paper, known as the Republican Veterans of Indiana, Inc., is being given credit for bringing Raymond Springer of Connorsville, into the race for the Republican nomination for Governor, yet it played only a minor part in the picture, they tell me.  
Real motive power behind the Springer campaign is limited to two persons, ex-Governor James E. Goodrich, and open-faced John Owen of Noblesville.  
Several months ago this column said that Springer was the real choice of Goodrich, who, as long as he could not get him to enter, was backing the play of the friends of Frederick Landis, Logansport editor and publisher.  
But now that Springer has succumbed to the seductions of John Owen, the former Governor is only too ready to push him along, for Goodrich always has striven to control the Governor.  
Owen, presuming on the fact that he was the campaign manager for Senator Jim Watson in 1920, and his close friend, is attempting to convey the impression that the latter is also battling for Springer, but as yet the senator has made no open gesture in the Governor situation.  
There can be little doubt that Owen believes that, in Springer, he has found a natural.

There is a great deal of sentiment among the Republican ex-service men in favor of having a comrade head the ticket. They feel that Paul V. McNutt, former state and national commander of the American Legion, will be the Democratic nominee and the only way to offset his drawing power is to have a Republican Governor candidate with appeal to veterans.  
Springer, as first state commander of the legion, seemed to Owen to be the natural choice.

**HORIZONTAL** Answer to Previous Puzzle  
1 Dr. Machado is president of  
5 Pertaining to the check.  
10 Law, rule or decree.  
11 Somewhat like.  
13 Dictionaries.  
15 Brains.  
17 160 square rods.  
18 Spikes.  
19 To rant.  
20 To rant.  
21 Portals.  
22 To care for medicinally.  
23 To permit.  
25 Pulpit block.  
26 Tapestry used for hangings.  
30 Minor note.  
31 Sweetheart.  
32 Edits.  
33 Postscript.  
37 Saner.  
39 Profoundness.  
41 Goddess of dawn.  
43 At no time.  
45 To rob.

**VERTICAL**  
1 Author of "Through the Looking-Glass."  
2 Current beneath the ocean's surface.  
3 Short haircut.  
4 Soon.  
5 To delude.  
6 Verb.  
7 Part of mouth.  
8 Wing-shaped.  
9 Assessment amount.  
10 Chocolate beverage.  
11 Lower part of a dress.  
12 Feast.  
13 Soft mass.  
14 Grain.  
16 Caterpillar hair.  
19 Possessing flavor.  
22 Compact shrub.  
24 Prongs.  
27 To change a jewel setting.  
29 Concretionary nodules.  
32 Renegade.  
34 Made obdurate.  
35 Fruit, genus.  
36 Shoe bottoms.  
38 To pin a second time.  
40 Rabbits.  
42 Prepared lettuce.  
44 Border.  
46 Long narrow spade.  
48 Male ancestor.  
50 Ear of corn.  
53 Eccentric wheel.  
55 Night before company.



would be an hour and a half at least before Dan telephoned.  
What about breakfast?  
She decided not to go out for it; then almost instantly changed her mind. After all there was nothing to do until Dan called. A breath of fresh air and brisk walk would be good for her.  
She discarded the dressing robe and hung it away. Dan's clothing crowded the tiny closet to overflowing.  
As Cherry turned, she realized what a really hideous room this was. Dark, dismal paper on the walls. Worn spots in the carpet. Two of the dressing table drawers were pulled out revealing garments tossed about. Newspapers and magazines in staggering piles littered the table and one of the chairs.  
The furniture was not only out of date; it looked as though it had not been dusted for days.  
What a contrast to her rose and blue boudoir at home!  
Cherry considered this a moment, then shrugged. "We won't stay here long," she told herself. "Dan said we could move and I'll begin looking at apartments right after lunch."  
The beige crepe Cherry had worn the night before hung over a chair. She held it up, shaking her head. It was certainly not a costume to wear to breakfast in a restaurant.  
The tiny cap sleeves and becoming necklines were of lace, over which skillful French fingers had labored for long hours. Too elaborate, too distinctive in its simple, unusual manner of cutting and seaming for the street.  
Still there was no choice. Cherry slipped the frock over her head and snapped the fastenings.  
Another note for her mental memorandum: she would have to buy some clothes.  
With the polo coat pulled about her and the brown hat drawn down

## A BOOK A DAY

PROBABLY there are, somewhere, certain World War aviators who have not yet written books about World War aviators. Their numbers are dwindling, however. Give them time, and they'll all be authors.  
The newest one on the list is Philip Arnall, who contributes "Portrait of an Airman," an occasionally exciting novel about a young Englishman who became an ace.  
Mr. Arnall's hero started out as an officer in a home defense battalion in England. Tiring of the monotony of his job, he applied for transfer to an aviation school—and, to his surprise, was accepted.  
From that moment the World War as far as he was concerned resolved itself into a contest between his job and his nerves.  
First he served as pilot on a sort of shuttle line, taking new planes to France for the fighting men. Then he was ordered to a combat and developed into an aerial fighter patrol and went up to the lines; later he became a flight commander of considerable fame.  
At the end of the book we find him back in England, acting as test pilot at an aviation experiment station.  
If there hadn't been so many books by and about war-time fliers this one would probably make something of a sensation. It's pretty well done.  
Some of the descriptions of the fighting in France are splendid, and the flier's unending struggle to keep his grip on himself in spite of his nerve-racking job is nicely handled. Mr. Arnall really should have written his book five years ago. It is published by Covici, Friede, Inc., and retails at \$2.50.

## STICKERS

—NT--N--TT--  
--G--ST--N--  
If you fill in the proper vowels, in place of the dashes in the upper line, you can spell out a girl's name. Do so in the second line and you will spell off boy's name.

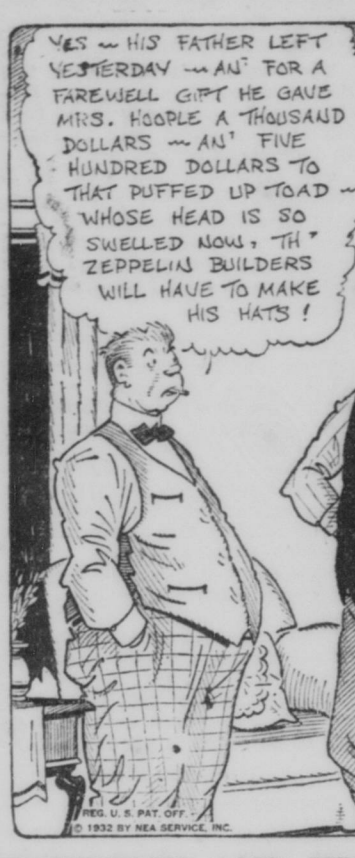
**Yesterday's Answer**  
NNNUJBOHTASEE  
JAN-NEB-HON-TUES  
The letters in the above line were switched around so that, reading from left to right, they formed the abbreviations for January, Nebraska, Honorable and Tuesday, as shown in the lower line.

## TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN



smoothly, Cherry set forth. Downstairs the hotel lobby, with its chandeliers still burning, looked exactly as it had the night before.  
A clerk she had not seen stood at the desk. Very self-conscious, Cherry approached and left her room key.  
She went out into the sunshine. The air was cool, bracing, but with that indefinable quality that never comes any but a day of spring can boast.  
Cherry breathed deeply, wondering why all the world was not out to enjoy the glorious morning.

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



—By Ahern

SHE made her way to the restaurant where she and Dan had gone the night before. At the corner she stopped and bought a newspaper.  
The want ad pages might help her to find a place for her and Dan to live. Cherry never had read a want ad, but she understood vaguely that people who had apartments to rent advertised them there.  
An apple-cheeked waitress in a fresh yellow uniform smiled at Cherry and presented the menu card.  
"Orange juice, coffee and toast," the girl ordered. She spread the newspaper to its full size and

## OUT OUR WAY



—By Williams

glanced at the first page hastily. A headline caught her eye.  
MISS DIXON BRIDE OF NEWSPAPER REPORTER  
It was only a paragraph. The brief report stated that Miss Cherry Dixon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Dixon of Sherwood Heights, and Daniel Phillips, reporter for the Wellington News, had been married the night before at Justice of the Peace Cunningham's.  
The paragraph listed the schools Cherry had attended, adding that she was a popular member of the younger social set.  
Another sentence stated that Dan was on the News editorial staff

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



—By Ahern

and previously had been employed by the Sentinel.  
Cherry was flushed and her eyes bright as she read the last words. So every one knew! Her father and mother must have seen that paragraph. Well, they would understand now that she had meant what she said!  
Lost in these thoughts, Cherry scarcely noticed when the waitress returned with her order. She remembered presently, drank the orange juice and coffee and nibbled at the toast. Then she paid her bill and departed.  
She went directly to the hotel,

## OUT OUR WAY



—By Williams

anxious to hear from Dan. It seemed a long while before the telephone rang and his voice came over the wire.  
"Hello! That you, Cherry?"  
"Yes, Dan. I've been waiting for you."  
"How are you, baby? Sorry I couldn't give you a ring earlier, but I've been chasing all over town. Listen, dear, we'll have to call off that lunch date."  
"Oh, Dan!"  
"It's bum luck, but there's no way out of it. I'm parked out here at the airport and there's no telling when we'll get away."  
(To Be Continued)

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



—By Ahern

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



—By Blosser

## WASHINGTON TUBBS II



—By Crane

## SALESMAN SAM



—By Small

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



—By Martin

## TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs