

The MELODY GIRL

by RUTH DEWEY GROVES
AUTHOR OF "THE HUSBAND HUNTER," ETC.

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
TOMMY WILSON, secretly in love with Beryl, discovers that she is planning to elope with her half-sister, BERTY. Feeling that he would ruin his career, Beryl and her "sister" kidnap Tommy and take him into the country where they break the heart of his adoring aunt, Mrs. Hoffman, who is financing him. Feeling to convince him, Beryl calls him a "sap" and lets him return to her sister, Irene, creating the elopement. The day Tommy goes fishing with his uncle and is surprised to find Beryl and her gang on a beach picnic. One of the boys, ANGIE, slips away from her, goes into the water and is carried off by a "sea kiddy."

CHAPTER FOUR

WHEN the whirling water caught Angie he thought at first that it was just an extra big wave tossing him about. But it didn't pass over him and leave him free to catch his breath.

Instead it seemed to pick him up and carry him swiftly along with it, with cruel playfulness. The harder he fought, the more it laughed at him, the precocious kitty of the sea toying with its prey.

Beryl's first aid work completed, she set about to count noses. That is when Angie was missed. "Where is he?" she asked, anxiously glancing up and down the beach. "Look for him, everyone," and then she sent her roll cry, as she called it, ringing out in a strong full tone that was surprisingly clear and sweet.

Beryl had a voice, even though her family wouldn't admit it. As its echoes died away, the boys took it up and flung it forth again. Beryl strained her ears to catch an answer but none came.

Fear gripped her then, for the boys had promised never to go out of hearing of the roll cry without her permission.

Angie wouldn't have done it willfully; she was certain of that. He'd wandered away or—she turned in sharp alarm to the water.

Lacy wavered broke at her feet when she came to a pause to scan the ocean that spread before her, bland today and smiling.

The wash of the water seemed to purr invitingly, teasingly promising to be good. Its serenity was like a false face to Beryl. She saw it as a hungry monster, greedy to devour little boys.

"Angie, Angie," she called frantically and waded deeper—until the waves made standing uncertain. No good going out with nothing of Angie in sight.

She turned and started to run along the beach. Then she stopped and called back to the children to string out behind her and not to move, only to watch and relay word if they caught a glimpse of the missing boy.

They understood. This was a game they'd played in fun many times before. Today it might mean something in earnest.

THEY watched the water with eyes wide to popping and could scarcely breathe for their excitement.

The strongest ran with Beryl and stopped only as she called out their names. Then they rested themselves on the sand and stood like statues on guard.

With them all stationed behind her Beryl, too, paused to search the water anew with eyes that were widened with anxiety. Again she started the roll cry, and again there was no answer.

Far down the beach she could see a party of men. She called at the top of her voice as she ran toward them, but the distance was too great for them to hear, or if they heard, they thought it all a part of the noise a bunch of kids were making.

Suddenly a piercing call to her halted Beryl. She wheeled and saw that the line of boys was no longer motionless and facing seaward, but was signaling wildly to her to come back.

As the message reached her, passed from one shrill relay to another, she realized that something had been discovered in the water, something they wanted her to know about.

But was it Angie? She could not tell; they were too excited—the message had got jumbled.

As she flew back to the starting place she prayed that Mike, left there, hadn't made a mistake and called her back in vain. She must have divers—she couldn't send the boys out to do this.

"What is it? Have you found

him?" she gasped as she ran past each trying to tell what he thought the line. They fell in with her of Mike's discovery. But Beryl would not stop to listen until she reached Mike.

"There, look! Way out," he shrieked, pointing toward an object that Beryl could not discern at first. Mike began jumping up and down. "It's somebody swimming," he screamed.

Then Beryl made out a bit of a head, and saw that an arm flashed rhythmically up and down in the water, bringing its owner nearer the shore with each rapid stroke.

"On Mike," she wailed, "that isn't Angie!"

"I know, Captain Beryl, but he's got something and I think it's Angie. It's something he got in the water."

"He's sure got something all right," another boy contributed, "unless he's only got one arm, for that's all he's swimming with."

BERYL, too, had noticed this fact and was hopeless. She said this over and over, unconsciously speaking aloud, while she watched and waited for the swimmer to come near enough for them to identify the burden he supported.

They could see clearly now that he was handicapped with a burden. "Fool!" Beryl exclaimed all at once, and ran out to dive head-on into a foaming breaker. In a flash she had seen that the swimmer was tiring, and there she stood, safely waiting for him to do her rescue work.

Her expletive referred to herself. The boys wondered, but remained where she had left them.

She did not see that it was Tommy she was going to help until she got close to him. The next second she saw Angie, still and white, on his back, his chin over Tommy's arm.

"Give him to me," she ordered and swam into position to take the boy. "Are you good for it?" Tommy gasped.

"Yes," Beryl said. "Let's go." Tommy was glad to be relieved. He'd been swimming fast. But he did not let her get ahead of him, lest she get into trouble and lose her hold on Angie.

There was some hard swimming still ahead of them. Before she reached Tommy, Beryl had cleared the breakers and now she must swim back through them, with Angie a dead weight on one arm.

Tommy watched her anxiously. She did not try to speed, neither did she lose time unnecessarily—time that might mean life or death for Angie. She simply kept her head and swam as fast as she could with safety.

Tommy's strength began to return and when the heaviest breakers crashed over Beryl and bore her under he was beside her to keep Angie's body righted and afloat.

THE boys met them in water waist high and helped to carry their unfortunate comrade beyond the water's reach.

Tommy, spent and breathless, cast himself full length upon the sand for a few seconds to recover sufficiently to assist in the efforts to revive Angie.

He found that Beryl had placed the little chap face downward, his forehead on one arm, the other stretched out from his side, and that she was astride Angie's back, working as skillfully as she was able to force the water from his lungs and set him to breathing again.

Tommy put a hand on her shoulder. "I'll do that," he said gruffly. "You go for a doctor."

Beryl didn't need to ask if he knew how. She remembered a day on the beach when they'd practiced it, until Irene had turned up her nose at the undignified performance and made them self-conscious.

She got up without a word and ran to her car. Fearfully she attempted to start the motor. Would this be one of the times she'd have to crank it?

She hardly dared breathe until it was safely going. And then when she was congratulating herself on a lucky break a mean hissing sound warned her of unexpected trouble.

A flat! Well, she couldn't stop for it. Goodbye, car!

She tore along, as fast as the car in its disabled condition could be made to go and still it kept on the road. Presently she heard a sound that was not new to her. It came from the rear.

She did not slacken her speed but the sound continued to draw nearer. At last it came: "Get over there! The cool voice of the law."

"Listen, officer," she pleaded as a uniformed individual on a motorcycle beside her car reached for a summons. "I know I'm not Mrs. Lindbergh or anybody like that. You don't have to ask me. But I am on a matter of life or death. Back there at the beach there's a kid that's been drowned. I'm going for a doctor."

"Yeah?"

"Please. Where does the nearest doctor live? Take my number and then get a doctor, quick. I'll wait here and go back with him."

THE officer looked her over and decided she was not drunk. And sober she certainly wouldn't be driving for pleasure as she had been, practically on three wheels.

Besides, she was dripping wet. She must have been at the beach, all right. Nevertheless he took the number of her car.

"I'll get you a doctor," he said soberly. "But see that you stay right here until I come back."

Beryl nodded. "You'll hurry?" she begged. In her mind, as a silent, unbearable accusation, was the picture of a small white face still against the sand. If that was to be the way it would look the last time she was ever to see it. . . .

Beryl's heart shrank into a small hard lump that burned like fire. And it stayed like that while she waited endlessly for the officer to return.

(To Be Continued)

Film Device Invented.

By Times Special
EVANSVILLE, Ind., May 2.—A new type of camera for taking motion pictures and a companion projection machine, designed to remove flickering in display of films, which the inventor, James M. Robinson, says is the cause of eye strain in process of being patented.

Indianapolis Child Dies

By Times Special
COLUMBUS, Ind., May 2.—Jacqueline Armstrong, 3, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Armstrong, Indianapolis, died at the home here of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Armstrong, of pneumonia and colitis. Funeral services were held at the Baptist church here today.

Suit Follows Deal

By Times Special
ANDERSON, Ind., May 2.—Alleging he was the victim of fraud, I. E. Marsh, dairy operator, has filed suit against Fred Griffith to recover \$160. Marsh says he paid Griffith \$200 for five Jersey heifers that were supposed to become fresh in October, 1930, and asserts that the cattle were not as represented.

STICKERS

1. BYY
2. (B)
3. B

In giving advice to a new office boy, the boss handed him a card on which was printed the above, and told him the best of advice was contained thereon. Can you make out what the advice was?

Answer for Yesterday

The diagram shows how 14 straight moves will carry through the 64 dots, starting at the cross and returning there on the 14th move.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

Confusion held Flora Hawkes only momentarily. Presently she explained that she had come to Africa with her companions engaged in scientific research. "Because," she remarked, "I had been in Africa with you and Lord Grey-stoke and so knew something about this section." Wholly unsuspecting, Lady Greystoke called Usula, who was in charge of the Waziri. "Two hundred west coast blacks are coming after these people," she said, "and we shall have to fight to defend them."

Only a moment after this, Luvini's forces broke into view. At sight of the glistering warriors ready to receive them, Luvini's followers halted. . . . He, seeing the inferior numbers of the enemy, demanded the whites be handed over to him. He accompanied his demand with fantastic, grotesque antics, shaking his fist and waving his rifle. His warriors imitated him, yelling and shrieking as they worked themselves into the frenzy of excitement that would give them the courage necessary to charge.

The Waziri behind the boma wall, schooled and disciplined by Tarzan of the Apes, had long since discarded these preliminaries so dear to the hearts of other warlike tribes. Instead, they stood stolid and grim, awaiting the coming of the foe. Lady Greystoke issued orders, telling the three whites, all armed, to take places among the Waziri. She spoke as one accustomed to command. "Flora and I will remain in the back of the camp," she said, "near that large tree. Do not fire until they attack."

Their movements, in the light of the campfire, were plainly seen by Luvini. And also to that other watcher from the foliage of the very tree beneath which Flora and Jane Clayton now took refuge. Luvini had not come to fight. He had come to capture Flora Hawkes and, accordingly, he made a plan. While his men were occupying the attention of the Waziri, he took several blacks to the rear of the camp, intending by the use to capture the girl his savage heart was set upon.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



—By Crane



SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



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- HORIZONTAL
- 1 Lloyd George
5 Byrd explored the regions
9 Ponderous volume
10 Years of life
12 Greedy
14 Series of epical events
15 Rattle bird
16 On what river is Cairo?
17 Sweet secretion
18 Clum
19 Valley
20 Star-shaped flower
22 Faced as a cont.
23 Deducts from
27 Spigot
30 Issue placed under the skin
- 31 To damage
34 Since
35 Fish
36 Moolay apple
37 To caution
39 Insect
40 Verbal
41 Local position
42 Tiny golf mound
43 Sage
44 Honorable
45 Small depressions
- VERTICAL
- 1 Drugs
2 Dejected
3 The evening star
4 Moist
5 To resound
6 Judge
7 Pertaining to birds
8 Valley on the moon
9 Tissue
10 Gazelle
11 Action
21 To slumber
22 Spring fast-ing season
23 To scold
24 To expiate
26 Gave race horse tips
27 Marbles used as shooters
28 Anew
29 Roosevelt is governor of Rico?
31 Worth
32 To accuse late
33 Law
38 Point
40 To possess
- YESTERDAY'S ANSWER
- SEESAW SALMON
PAR SAGES APE
EGO HIRE LEE
LESS TAM BARD
TREE EVE EYAS
DERIDED
WOMAN T LIMP
OPEN CAT MORA
DIN MOTET RUT
END ARENA ONE
NESTLE DRONES