

THE MELODY GIRL

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

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Beryl Borden, secretly in love with Tommy Wilson, discovers that she is planning to close with her half-sister, Irene.

Beryl and her "sister" kidnap Tommy and take him into the country, where she urges him to continue in college and not break the heart of his aunt, Mrs. Hoffman, who is sponsoring him. Tommy returns to her sister, Irene, engaged at the long wait, refuses to listen to his explanation and postpones the elopement.

Next day Tommy goes fishing with his uncle and finds Beryl and her sister on the beach. One of the boys, ANGIE, slips away from the crowd and is carried out by the tide.

Tommy and Beryl rescue him and she is arrested while speeding for a doctor. However, when the officer understands he had got the child, she releases him. Out of danger, Tommy scolds Beryl and she rescues him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER SIX

Beryl was about to drive away when she called back over her shoulder to Tommy: "You'd better come along as far as the garage and bring your uncle's car back."

"Tommy glanced out at the boat, where he knew his uncle must be, fuming and in some difficulty. "Maybe I had," he agreed. "You could send it out, but he'd be sore if a stranger drove it and I guess he'd have about enough fishing for today anyway."

"I'm sorry your day is spoiled," Beryl apologized as he climbed in with the boys in the back seat. She was glad the mechanic who had brought her car was in the front seat with her—she could at least pretend that Tommy would have sat there if there'd been room for him.

"I'm just that big a fool," she thought, "although I know he wouldn't."

The mechanic got out with Tommy when they reached the garage at the crossroads, it being the place where he was employed.

Beryl was infinitely relieved to learn of this fact. It made settling her bill for the new tire much easier. The garage owner knew Mr. Hoffman well and accepted without question Beryl's promise to send him the money.

"See that you go straight home and don't get into any more trouble on the way," Tommy said to her in parting.

"You needn't blame me for everything that happens," Beryl snapped back at him.

"No," he replied, and his infection said he did. He was thinking that if he'd minded her own business, but, say, it was Sunday. Guess they couldn't have got a license on Sunday. Funny nobody'd thought about that.

Oh, well, they could have spent the day with Irene's friends and planned the ceremony in peace. It didn't take so much planning, though. All you had to do was to go somewhere and get a license—yet Aunt Ed and Beryl tried to make a big thing out of it.

Of course, it was a gamble, anyway, so most people said. That was a funny thing, too. They'd admit that, and then they'd tell you to wait until you were sure you knew what you were doing.

Tommy wished he could make Irene feel as sure as he felt. But he supposed it was natural for a girl to be more reluctant to take the final step. Poor Irene! She probably was thinking he didn't love her.

"Say, watch your step," the mechanic yelled at him as he was about to back his uncle's car into a big sedan, and Tommy was compelled to take his mind off Irene until he got on the open road.

The thought that he might be disappointed at his nonappearance during the day stuck with him, even to the point of making him impervious to his uncle's verbal assaults when at last he joined him on the fishing boat.

Tommy stood, dripping from his swim suit, and listened with a vacant, dreamy expression that exasperated his uncle almost beyond words—almost, but not quite.

It could have been quite, for all the attention Tommy vouchsafed him.

It ended with Mr. Hoffman giving up thought of further fishing on that day and they went home.

Tommy hurried into his best suit and over to Irene's house. But he did not find her at home. Mrs. Everitt told him she was at the Reeds'.

"She's got some wonderful news," she added importantly. "Miss Spangle telephoned this morning

—but there, I'm sure she'd want to tell you about it herself.

"Anyway, she had to rush right over to practice with Mrs. Reed. She's Irene's accompanist, you know," she explained, quite unnecessarily, for Tommy knew it as well as she. But she liked the word; it made Irene seem so much more a singer to have an accompanist.

A strange feeling of uneasiness welled up in Tommy. If Irene was at the Reeds' house, she would hear about his part in the rescue of Angie before he himself could tell her of it. She wouldn't like the way Beryl was mixed up in it.

And he couldn't blame her, either, because he seemed forever to be getting mixed up in things with Beryl.

"Guess I'll go over there," he said to Mrs. Everitt and hurried away before she could tell him he mustn't interfere with the vocalizing.

There was quite a lot of commotion at the Reed house. Angie was an only child and the thought that she nearly had lost him drove his mother close to hysteria.

Beryl had tried to quiet her, but Irene made that impossible, being provoked to an outburst of temper by the interruption of her voice work.

"If you could only realize that even in this day and age a girl has no right to act like a wild Indian, you would spare your friends and your family a lot of trouble and humiliation," she declared haughtily.

Beryl did not answer. She was telling Mrs. Reed what they must do for Angie.

"Look at you!" Irene went on. "Driving all over Long Island in a bathing suit. It's a wonder you didn't get arrested."

"Aw, say, Angie put in, 'who'd arrest Miss Beryl? Besides, we didn't see any cops on the way home.'"

"It's a good thing you didn't," Irene insisted, "or we'd be thoroughly disgraced by now."

"We must get Angie to bed," Beryl said to Mrs. Reed.

Angie developed a sudden truculence. "I don't want a lot of women fussin' over me," he protested. "I want my Daddy."

"Oh, where is Charlie?" Mrs. Reed walked, her thought, like her son's, leaping to his own. "Some one must find him."

And then the telephone rang. The families of the other boys in the party were beginning to call in to ask about Angie. Even Beryl was scarcely equal to this situation. And when Tommy walked into it she turned to him in obvious relief.

"I'm glad you've come," she said with unaffected sincerity. "We can't do a thing with Angie!"

Tommy looked beyond her at Irene, who sat at the piano, picking out song melodies.

Irene glanced at him over her shoulder. "Oh, now that you've come," she said, with a sneering accent on the pronoun, "everything will be lovely. You and Beryl."

Her voice trailed away in a meaning that was not lost on Tommy.

"I came over for you," he said defensively.

"But you will remain to help Beryl get herself out of this latest mess," she tossed back with a false smile.

Beryl saw herself being left high and dry in time of need. "Please, Tommy," she said boldly. "Just go up and tell Angie you'll find his father for him. Mrs. Reed is only excited him more every minute. He'll listen to you—you're a hero to him, since you saved his life."

Tommy felt his responsibility. "Will you wait for me?" he asked Irene. "I've got something to talk to you about."

Yes? Irene mocked, then surprised him by adding, "Don't be too long. I've something to tell you, too."

Tommy started up the stairs, which were in the living room, and Beryl was about to follow, when she caught an expression on Irene's face that halted her. It accused her as plain as words of running after Tommy.

She thought for a second or two of turning back, then she went on, hurrying, and caught up with Tommy as he reached the door of Angie's room.

"I'll get his mother out," she said softly, "and you will find his father, won't you?"

Tommy walked over to the bed

without answering. "I'll look after Angie," he said to Mrs. Reed. "You'd better go with Beryl and lie down."

THE way her son greeted Tommy reassured his mother. She got up from the side of the bed, but seemed reluctant to go. "You'll rub his legs and back good?" she asked doubtfully.

Tommy nodded, and Beryl led her to her own room. There she realized that some of the charges Irene had brought against her in Mrs. Reed's hearing had taken permanent lodging in the latter's mind.

"I'm afraid Charlie will blame me for letting Angie go to the beach without one of us along," she said. Beryl felt the wound of the unspoken accusation—that she had failed in her charge. That is what Irene had said, in other words.

It was not the first time Irene had intimated to the parents of her gang that she was a risk, but there'd never been anything to bear her out before this.

Suppose they agreed with Irene—and broke up her gang! Beryl turned hurriedly away from the thought. Why! those kids were the biggest thing in her life. . . . except . . . there was a queer, warm feeling at her heart as her mind pictured Tommy in the nearby room ministering to Angie. Tommy would make a nice father. . . .

Mrs. Reed looked at her, startled as she laughed aloud, a laugh abruptly stilled as though it had surprised Beryl herself.

"I don't see—," Mrs. Reed was about to say that she didn't see anything amusing in a husband's displeasure, when a call from below came up to them. It was Irene.

"Tommy, I'm leaving," she shouted. Then, "I have to go, Mrs. Reed. Maybe mother can come over and help you."

Beryl's eyes flashed angrily, but Mrs. Reed found an excuse for Irene's selfishness. "She must be anxious to tell Tommy her good news," she said meekly.

(To Be Continued.)

INVITE FIRM CHIEFS TO OHIO CONVOCATION

Sponsors of Antioch Educational Program Called for Ceremony.

Managers and department heads of the Columbia Conserve, Indianapolis Times, L. S. Ayres & Co., Ell Lilly and Indianapolis sanitary district, participants in the educational program of Antioch college, have been invited to attend a convocation of "field faculty" at Yellow Springs, O., Saturday.

Work experience in prominent organizations throughout the country as well as liberal arts and science courses are embodied in the Antioch curriculum.

The "field faculty" is the result of the work of Arthur E. Morgan, president of the college and a well-known engineer and authority on flood control.

HITS AT U. S. TARIFF

Lloyd George Tells Radio Audience Privation Is Result.

By United Press
LONDON, May 5.—Supporting free trade in a radio speech, David Lloyd George, Liberal party leader, said last night that the United States is "the largest free trade area in the world."

He compared Britain's 2,500,000 unemployed to the United States' 8,000,000, saying that "if the American number were computed like Britain's, it would be 10,000,000."

In that, highly protectionist country, there is much actual privation tempered by soup kitchens and bread lines," he said.

STICKERS

Sally went shopping with a certain number of dollars and a certain number of cents and spent half of the money she started with. The money then remaining in her pocket amounted to as many cents as she had had dollars and half as many dollars as she had had cents. How much did she spend?

Answer for Yesterday

TATTERED TOM TATTLED TO THE TITLED TUTOR.

By inserting T 13 times among the smaller letters, the above sentence may be formed.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

Luvini and his party had a good start and gained the safety of the passade before the Waziri reached it. The village was easy to defend after the gates were barred. Outside, the Waziri made ready to outwit the enemy, realizing they could not overcome them by force. Luvini had carried Jane Clayton to a hut and bound her to a stake, still believing she was Flora Hastings. There he left her.

Lady Greystoke was stunned by the series of misfortunes. But dwarfing all else was the remembrance that Tarzan had deserted her in her hour of need. . . . Usula and ten men crept silently around the passade to the rear of the village. Here they found quantities of brushwood which they piled close against three sides of the passade, while most of the Waziri still engaged Luvini's blacks.

Under the rising moon, Luvini watched the besiegers. Confident that they had ceased fighting for the night, the huge black now stole away to the hut in which he had left Lady Greystoke. As he entered with a lighted torch which he stuck in the floor, he gazed at the still form before him. Jane Clayton looked at him fearlessly.

"Who are you?" demanded Luvini in surprise. "I am Lady Greystoke, wife of Tarzan of the Apes," replied Jane Clayton. "If you are wise, you will release me at once." Surprise and terror showed in the eyes of Luvini—and presently another emotion as well! He realized that Lady Greystoke could be held for a huge ransom. A fortune, so he dreamed, had been put in his hands.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



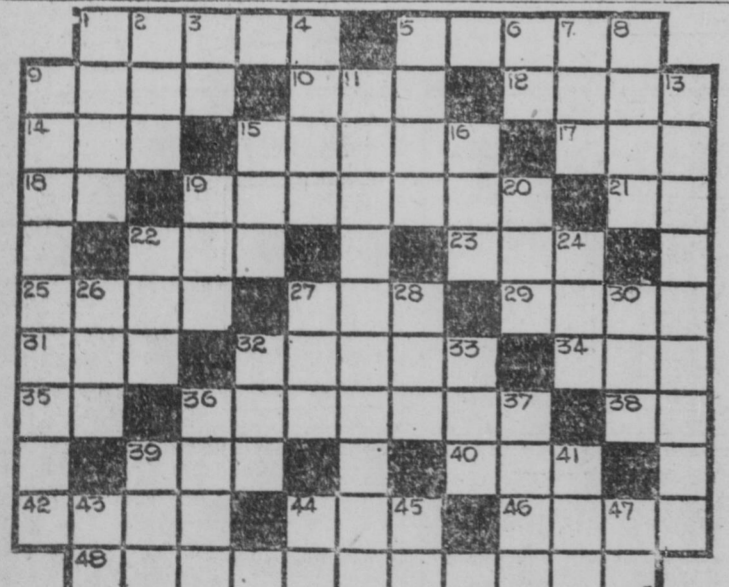
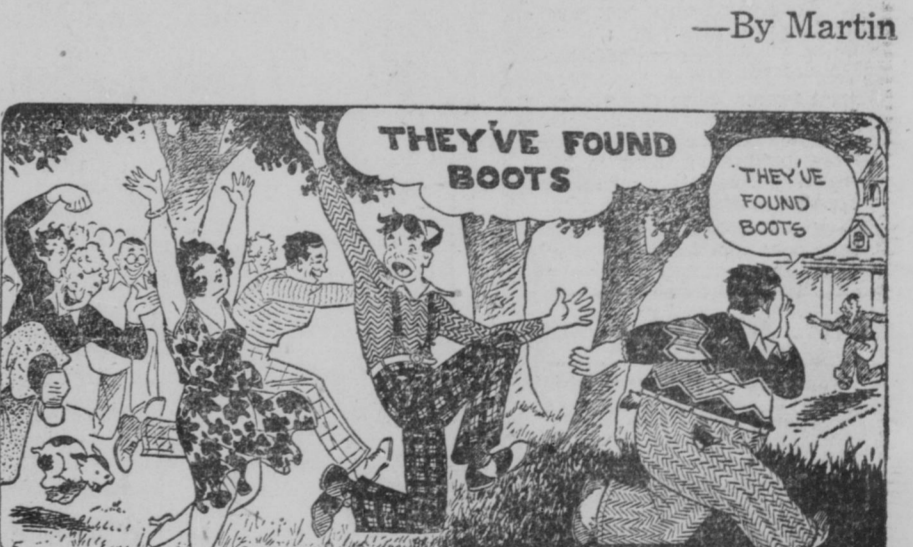
SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



- HORIZONTAL
- 1 U. S. min.
 - 2 Easter to Nica.
 - 3 vagua.
 - 4 Death notices.
 - 5 Round of ladder.
 - 6 Woolly surface of cloth.
 - 7 Early.
 - 8 Venerable.
 - 9 Strip of leather.
 - 10 One and one.
 - 11 All right.
 - 12 Insects of the order Coleoptera.
 - 13 Street.
 - 14 Cry of a raven.
 - 15 Chum.
 - 16 English college.
 - 17 War flyer.
 - 18 To carry.
 - 19 Promise.
 - 20 Stigma.
- VERTICAL
- 1 Body of a dismantled.
 - 2 Conjunction.
 - 3 No good.
 - 4 Poker stake.
 - 5 Gem.
 - 6 Exists.
 - 7 Child.
 - 8 Plants.
 - 9 Governor.
 - 10 Distinctly.
 - 11 Knute Rockne.
 - 12 Brought fame to —.
 - 13 To embroider.
 - 14 Energy.
 - 15 Curse.
 - 16 Perched.
 - 17 Animal.
 - 18 To mood.
 - 19 2000 pounds.
 - 20 Every.
 - 21 Silk worm.
 - 22 Beret.
 - 23 Drunkard.
 - 24 Young cow.
 - 25 Divine.
 - 26 Enemy.
 - 27 Cavity.
 - 28 Ether.
 - 29 Article.
 - 30 Type measure.
 - 31 Postscript.
- YESTERDAY'S ANSWER
- HAM RETS PLAY
EGO EVIL RARE
MEN GAME COCKS
AVAILED ROPER
WINDER RETIRE
LEADS DELETED
L REPEAT
AFFIDAVIT ICE
OAN FINE NOR
BERG FLED GOA