

# The MELODY GIRL

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

BERYL BORDEN, secretly in love with TOMMY, a local star, discovers that he is planning to elope with her half-sister, Irene Everett, and with the assistance of her aunt, she tries to convince him to stay in college and not break the heart of the girl who loves him. Beryl, who is a radio star, is angry at the delay, refuses to listen and postpones the elopement. Later Tommy goes fishing and finds the boys, ANGE REED, is carried out by the tide, and Tommy and Beryl rescue him.

She finds it hard to bear the reproaches of Mrs. Reed and the sneers of her jealous sister.

When Tommy again begs Irene to marry him, she says she will not let marriage interfere with her career and informs him that she is to have a radio station.

She promises to take Beryl to the studio when she has her house, and after the war, is carried away by the mother.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER NINE

"Probably nothing but the truth," her father retorted. He was in an irritable mood this morning, due very likely to his badly cooked dinner the night before.

"If you women would stop arguing and fighting all the time and pay more attention to your work!"

"Your meals," his wife added, "are like a piece of meat. You're just like all men—thinking of your stomach all the time. You used to be different." (That usually got him.) "I declare," she began to cry, "I don't know what to do," and her husband's habitual meekness was quickly restored.

"There, there, mother, I know you have a hard time," he soothed, "but Beryl's a great help to me; you aren't going to let Irene disappoint her like that, are you?"

"I HAVE to think of my voice," Irene answered for her mother. "Beryl irritates me. I'd be a nervous wreck before I got to the studio if she went along."

"Then why did you tell her she could go with you?" her father asked.

Irene shrugged. "I had a weak moment, I guess."

"Humph. Seems to me I heard Beryl saying something about buying a ringside seat," Mr. Everett remarked.

Irene turned to her mother. "There, you see!" she cried. "She's always making fun of me! And I won't stand for it!"

Mrs. Everett began to sniffle again.

"Oh, I guess she didn't mean to make fun of you," Mr. Everett declared hastily. "That's just Beryl's way—to joke. It helps a lot with the cranky customers."

"Can't you think of anything, but business?" his wife wailed.

"Lord, I wish I had some business to think about," he complained. "The way things are now—"

Irene jumped up from the table. "I can't eat in an atmosphere of bickering," she announced indignantly.

"Poor child," her mother muttered as Irene stalked out of the room. "Why do you upset her so, Henry? You know she's high-strung and delicate—a real artist."

Mr. Everett was contrite. "I didn't mean to spoil her breakfast," he apologized. "Guess I'll be getting back to the store. Never mind pouring any more coffee for me." He got up and walked over to a peg on which hung his hat.

His wife hesitated a half moment, then spoke out boldly. "You'd better keep Beryl at the store," she advised. "Tell her you need her there."

Mr. Everett fidgeted from one foot to the other. "She'd know I was doing it for a reason," he objected. "You can't fool Beryl."

"Well, you keep her there just the same," she ordered, with a finality in her tone that left no room for further argument. He went away, mumbling that he didn't like it.

And as he expected, Beryl laughed at him when he clumsily attempted to detain her at the store.

"I suspect you've been getting a load of Irene's impression of a prima donna," she said to him. "I had a hunch she'd try to renege on me and I'm prepared for it. Don't worry; I'll tell mother what a chance you had to hold me here."

SHE went away laughing and waving goodby to him. And he thought fearfully of what his wife would have to say if she could read his mind at that moment; for he was thinking very definitely that he wished Beryl were his own daughter.

Conscious suddenly that he was being guilty of disloyalty, he turned to filling his telephone orders.

Beryl had left home that morning without her breakfast. When she entered the house, the inviting

aroma of freshly broiled bacon assailed her nostrils and caused her to turn her steps kitchenward.

There she found Irene at the table in the breakfast "nook," pouring fresh coffee preparatory to finishing her interrupted morning meal.

There was a pout of injured feeling on her pretty face, a "well, put me if you like, but I'm annoyed just the same" expression in her blue eyes and a smug satisfaction with herself that made Beryl want to shake her.

Instead the older girl seated herself at the table with the easy, unconscious grace that was characteristic and remarked casually: "So you've decided I shan't go to New York with you?"

Irene cocked her head sideways and pursed her lips. Then she reached for the cream jug and poured some of its contents into the cup of coffee.

Calmly Beryl reached across the table and took the cup for herself. "You have a nerve!" Irene said furiously.

"Now, now, girls, don't quarrel," Mrs. Everett intervened and rushed forward with a second cup.

"I'm starved," Beryl said to her mother.

"You'll be out of luck if you didn't bring something with you," Irene taunted. "Mother's just cooked the last of the bacon and eggs for me."

Beryl looked at her mother. "You'll have to divide," Mrs. Everett said weakly. "There was enough to begin with, but—"

Beryl broke in with an understanding laugh. "But Irene had a fit of temper and couldn't eat and all the rest of it. Well, let it go. Give me some toast."

"I've got some watermelon preserve," her mother offered in amends for the lack of more substantial fare.

Irene smirked. "I lunched on those last night. I had to have something after that awful dinner."

Mrs. Everett gasped. "You don't mean you ate the whole jar!"

"Well, not the jar—just the preserves. There wasn't much."

Beryl stared meaningfully at Irene's figure. "Soft white curves, like midsummer moonflowers," she said softly. Then, abruptly: "It's a pity flowers fade so quickly, isn't it?"

IRENE flushed and Beryl noticed that when their mother placed the plate of bacon and eggs before her the girl ate the food with small relish.

Beryl nibbled the thin dry toast supplied to her with apparent enjoyment. But when her mother brought a piece of cheese and a broche she was glad Irene had no desire for food.

"So I'm going to New York with you?" she asked after the last crumb of the sweet roll had been consumed.

"I really couldn't be annoyed," Irene replied.

"Beryl got to her feet. 'Well,' she said with a pleasant infection, 'in that case I'll have time for a little laundry work.'"

Irene's glance followed her in uneasiness as she swung out of the kitchen into the front hall. Beryl's attitude puzzled her—for mostly her half-sister fought for her rights.

Beryl might have to say about the matter, but staying in the kitchen availed her nothing, for presently Beryl returned. And while she did not come to rave and rant she bore a declaration of war that more effective than words.

"What are you doing with my blouse?" Irene screamed as Beryl walked over to the sink.

Beryl smiled at her. "Why, my dear," she said pleasantly, "I mean to wash it for you," and reached for the dishpan.

Irene flew over to grab the garment but Beryl swung it out of her reach. "Mother, don't let her wet it!" Irene screamed.

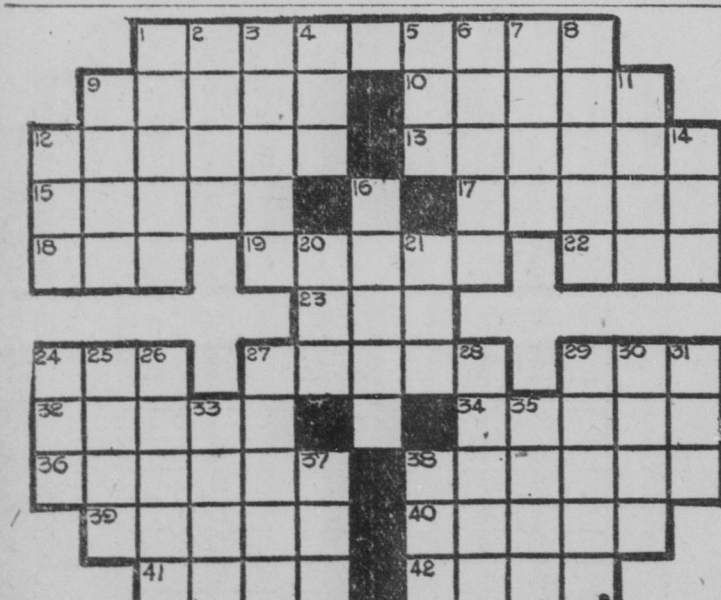
"Beryl..."

"She'll keep her bargain with me," Beryl interrupted her mother. "or I'll make a rain check out of her blouse."

Irene's eye was caught by the fine pleating of the neck ruffle as Beryl held the blouse aloft. She could never plead like that. And the thought of standing over the ironing board for an hour while she tried to draw her frantic.

"Put it down, Beryl," her mother implored.

"When she says I'm going with her," Beryl returned firmly. "I washed and ironed this thing as the price of my admission to the



HORIZONTAL

38 Ran away and married.

39 Heron.

40 Climbing plants.

41 In this place.

42 Border.

43 Opposite of outer.

44 Apart.

45 To piece out.

46 To bundle.

47 Carmine.

48 Constellation.

49 Possesses.

50 Definite article.

51 To accustom.

52 Liquid part of fat.

53 To deduce.

VERTICAL

8 White of an egg.

9 Wash basin.

10 Nimble.

11 To soak flax.

12 To emulate.

13 Boy.

14 Guided.

15 Second largest of the Great Lakes.

16 To knock.

17 Perched.

18 Secreted.

19 Fresh.

20 Silk fabric.

21 To divide.

22 Compact.

23 Wagon.

24 Conclusion.

25 Drive.

26 Opposite of short.

27 Before.

28 First woman.

Answer for Yesterday

96327  
85014  
181341

Knowing that each letter represents a number, in order to add JGDCH to IFABE and get BIBDE, the letters must represent numbers as follows: A=0; B=1; C=2; D=3; E=4; F=5; G=6; H=7; I=8 and J=9. The problem worked out in those numbers is shown above.

## TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

Within a day's march of the bungalow Tarzan discovered the spoor of a considerable body of warriors. Several days old it was, yet plainly legible. Suddenly the ape-man displayed the sharpest interest, for among the men's footprints he saw the smaller ones of a white woman, a loved footprint that he knew as well as his own.

"The Waziri returned and told I was missing," he soliloquized, "and now she has set out to search for me."

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



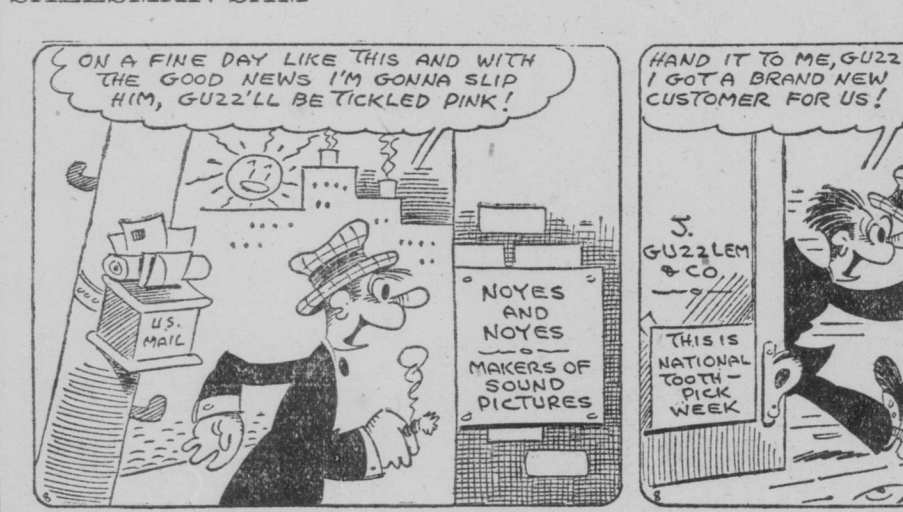
## PRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## WASHINGTON TUBBS II



## SALESMAN SAM



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



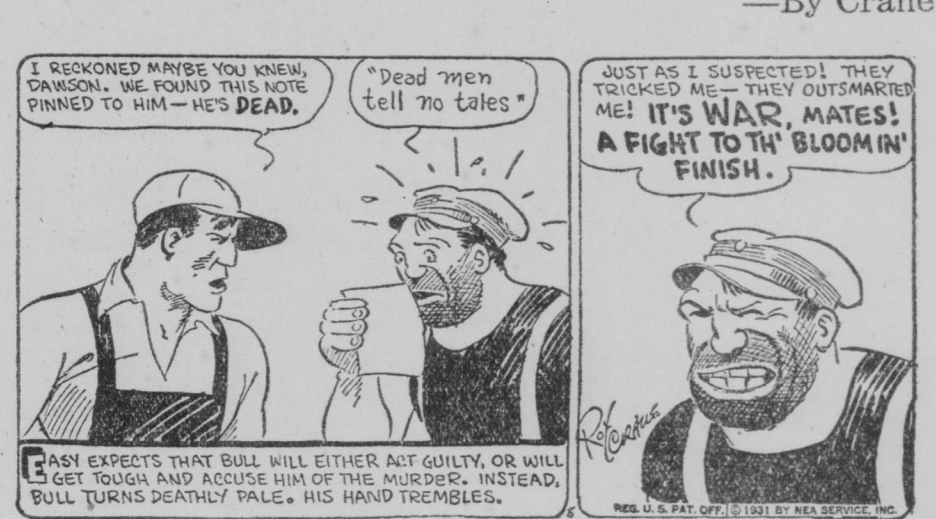
## OUT OUR WAY



## By Blosser



## By Crane



## By Small



## By Martin



## By Edgar Rice Burroughs

