

# THE MELODY GIRL

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

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
TOMMY WILSON, secretly in love with the girl of his dreams, Irene Everett, but too shy to tell her, is a radio singer. She secures an audition and takes Beryl to the studio with her. Irene, waiting for her turn, accidentally hears and is charmed by her voice. She gives her a test and offers a contract, which Irene, not her victory, but the fact that Irene falls and the family blames Beryl, Irene again plumes to the studio with Tommy, but his aunt dies and the matter is postponed. Beryl's debut is a success. She tries to force her husband to marry her, but Irene, going to say parties with PRENTISS CAYLOR, wealthy son of her employer, Irene attempts to win Prentiss from her sister. Next morning Beryl becomes ill and faints.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

### CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Beryl had not locked the bathroom door, an oversight that saved a deal of trouble. Irene was able to get in without waiting for some one to break down the door.

She took a look at Beryl lying on the floor—a stain of red on her forehead where it had struck against the bathtub as she fell—and ran screaming to her mother's room.

Mrs. Everett was scarcely less panic-stricken than Irene when she saw Beryl, but between them they got the injured girl to her bed and then let Mr. Everett take charge.

He ordered Irene to bathe the wound while he called a doctor. Then he had to give his attention to his wife, who was "sure she was going to faint."

Beryl soon regained consciousness and saw in a moment into what confusion she had thrown the family. Therefore she said nothing about the pain in her head and waited quietly for the doctor.

When he came she confided to him that it was the pain in her throat that worried her. No, she hadn't fainted. She had slipped. A little dizzy, perhaps. Yes, she might have been feverish before she went to bed.

When the doctor left she realized that he hadn't given her any information at all. She was to remain in bed all day and he would come back on the morrow.

She obeyed these instructions until afternoon and then went to sit on the porch. The pain in her head was gone. She felt as well as usual except for a slight weakness and that queer feeling in her throat, a touch of which remained.

I guess you just got played out at the party and were too weak to go foolin' around taking a bath at night," her mother diagnosed as she helped Beryl downstairs.

"Don't bother," Beryl said. "I'm all right," Beryl said.

But her mother would take no chances, so she said, and insisted upon helping her all the way to the porch. There Beryl remained quietly in a chair, because she didn't want to disobey the doctor's orders altogether.

This was better than staying in bed, she argued with herself. Not half so tiring. If she were really to do as she liked, she'd go down to the beach and sit on the sands in the sun and toast herself. Then the doctor would have something to scold her for, maybe.

She stirred uneasily in her chair. Could there be anything wrong with her—with her throat? The doctor had been so definite about coming back. Her throat! She hardly dared think what it would mean to her to have anything injure her throat—anything serious.

Well, their doctor was an old fogey. She'd have a consultation if he said there was anything wrong. Beryl kept her concern to herself and got a big amusement out of Irene's enjoyment of the situation. Irene had assigned to herself the duty of answering the telephone calls.

News of Beryl's fall had traveled quickly from neighbor to neighbor. Irene enjoyed the limelight. Her conversations were invariably sweet but short, and Beryl sensed that she was waiting for one call in particular.

It came at last. Prentiss apologized for keeping them up so late the night before. He and Irene talked for several minutes before he remembered that it was Beryl he should be calling.

Then Irene explained to him that Beryl was "indisposed," and could not come to the telephone. He asked if he might come out from town and, without consulting Beryl, Irene told him that would be all right.

All day Mrs. Everett had been shooting visitors away from Beryl

who found it strained her vocal chords to talk. Beryl reminded Irene of this when she heard Prentiss was coming.

"You shouldn't have let him," she said. "You know I can't talk."

In Beryl's eyes was that mocking light that so nettled Irene and there was a hint of ridicule in her voice. Irene turned away with a toss of her head and enough discretion to keep silent.

A little later Tommy dropped in and wanted Irene to go for a swim with him. She said she had to shampoo her hair.

All three sat on the porch for a while. Beryl was silent and quivered inwardly over the adoration in Tommy's eyes whenever they rested on Irene.

Irene chatted lightly of nothing, in high spirits but noticeably out of taste with Tommy. In Tommy's mind there dawned a growing question.

PRESENTLY Irene left them—to make herself beautiful for Prentiss, Beryl well knew. She wondered if Irene realized that beauty to be held must be fed on something more substantial.

Irene was fooling herself, too, for she was the type who would make herself charming only when she had a conquest in mind.

Some day she would let herself go and very likely become frowsy. She was that type. She had appeared ungroomed at the breakfast table too often for Beryl to doubt it.

"Love to be held!" The phrase caught in Beryl's mind. Was she mistaken? Here was the loving Tommy in spite of herself. What effort did he put forth to hold that love? None at all.

Would there be some one to go on loving Irene, knowing her shortcomings? She knew Tommy and she went on loving him, but Tommy was not like Irene. He was quite the reverse, in fact.

The more you studied Tommy, the better you liked him. But if you scratched the surface of Irene's character...

Charitably Beryl turned her thoughts from that track. But what about Tommy if he married Irene and discovered that he had made a mistake?

Tommy seemed to think himself alone. He sat with his head in his hands and said nothing.

"I'm just an old shoe to him," Beryl thought bitterly (forgetting how dear are old shoes to weary feet). "But, oh, Tommy, Tommy, how I could love you if you'd let me!"

The rush of desire, the thought, was so intense that for a few seconds Beryl was startled. She almost expected Tommy to look up as though she had spoken her thoughts aloud and he had heard.

How could she prevent Tommy from marrying Irene? Would she need to? There was Prentiss. But if nothing came of Prentiss' interest had one a right to interfere in another's life?

"Right or no right, I'd stop this match if I could!" Beryl thought. It was all right to be high-minded, altruistic, and just, but Tommy was the man she loved. If only she knew how to save him!

"What a mother-in-law I'd make!" she jeered at herself. "I don't suppose I'd ever find a girl good enough for a son of mine. Who do I think I am, anyway?"

At that point she decided to talk and stop thinking. What a dizzy, perplexing cycle life was. You winded round and round and got nowhere she prevented Tommy from marrying Irene? Would she need to? There was Prentiss. But if nothing came of Prentiss' interest had one a right to interfere in another's life?

When she wanted to talk, Tommy decided to leave. Beryl saw she'd made a mistake. It had been so much more than she had as a rule his sitting there alone with her. Why had she disturbed it? Next time she would know better.

She watched him go down the walk to the gate and her heart sagged with the sag in his shoulders. Tommy was troubled. How much did he know?

Did he know that Irene was shampooing her hair to make a golden snare of it to catch another man's heart?

She closed her eyes suddenly against the sunlight and swallowed hard at the lump in her throat. But she would not start thinking again—she would not! There was so much to fear, so much to guess at. So much to fear! Her emotion had tightened her throat. It pained

her and all at once she felt very tired.

No matter what came of it, she would have to go to bed and leave the field to Irene when Prentiss arrived.

As Beryl climbed the stairs, a little uncertainly, she heard Irene humming in the bathroom. There was an exultant, even triumphant, note in the girl's voice. She was singing unconsciously and Beryl thought that if only her sister were content to sing without striving for operatic effects she might succeed professionally.

Professionally! She herself would sing professionally the next night. The pain in her throat—

Beryl trembled as she got into bed. A little throat trouble... but what if she were going to be seriously ill?

As she lay there trying not to think and falling in her effort, Irene, too, was crossing bridges unbuild. She was wondering how she could induce Tommy to postpone their marriage just a little longer than the date she had set without arousing his suspicions.

There was something on her mind, something she turned over and over in her thoughts as a miser turns his gold. It was something with glittering possibilities but she was not sure of it. She would need time for that. Meanwhile...

(To Be Continued)

## LUDLOW TO PRESENT WASHINGTON'S BUST

Pupils, Citizens Invited to Attend Bicentennial Ceremony.

School children and citizens have been invited to attend the Indiana ceremonial celebrating the George Washington bicentennial at the statehouse Saturday afternoon.

The program will start at 2 p. m., with the presentation of a Washington bust to Governor Harry G. Leslie by Congressman Louis Ludlow.

School children will sing "America" and invocation will be pronounced by Dr. Lewis Brown, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, and benediction by Msgr. Francis H. Gavick, pastor of St. John's Catholic church.

Planting of a Washington elm, brought from Mount Vernon, on the statehouse lawn will follow.

The tree will be presented by President Howard M. Meyer of the Izaak Walton League. Boy Scouts, under supervision of F. O. Beltzer, scout executive, and State Forester Ralph Wilcox will do the planting.

Mrs. G. D. Taylor, member of the D. A. R., will mark the tree. Governor Leslie and Superintendent Paul C. Stetson of the Indianapolis schools will speak. Music will be by the Newsboys band.

## SIX HOOSIERS TO GO TO G. O. P. SESSIONS

John Royle to Be City's Delegate to Convention at Capital.

Six Hoosiers who will attend the national conference of Young Republicans at Washington, June 11 and 12, are: Chester Hinton, Ft. Wayne; Chester V. Lorch of New Albany; and John A. Royle of Indianapolis; Miss Sarah Tice Adams of Indianapolis and Mrs. Mary Pryor and Miss Ruth Robinson of Frankfort. The men were appointed by M. Bert Thurman, national committeeman, and the women by Miss Dorothy Cunningham, national committeewoman.

## STICKERS

By putting the above horizontal, diagonal and vertical lines together in the proper form, you can spell out a girl's name of six letters.

## Answer for Yesterday

### APE RMNI

1. APE
2. ARE
3. ARM
4. AIM
5. RIM
6. RAM
7. RAN
8. MAN

Using the letters A, P and E, which you start with, and R, M, N and I, you can change one letter at a time and go from the word Ape to the word Man in the manner shown above.

## TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION



Flora Hawkes stepped suddenly forward. "NOW I can believe you are Tarzan," said Jane, for I saw you run into the jungle with this woman. I could not believe YOU would do such a thing." With unfeigned surprise the ape-man denied it, turning to Flora for an explanation. "It was Escheban who took me away," she said. "Escheban who was about to deceive you again. The man is truly Lord Greystoke, who has saved us both. The other was an impostor."

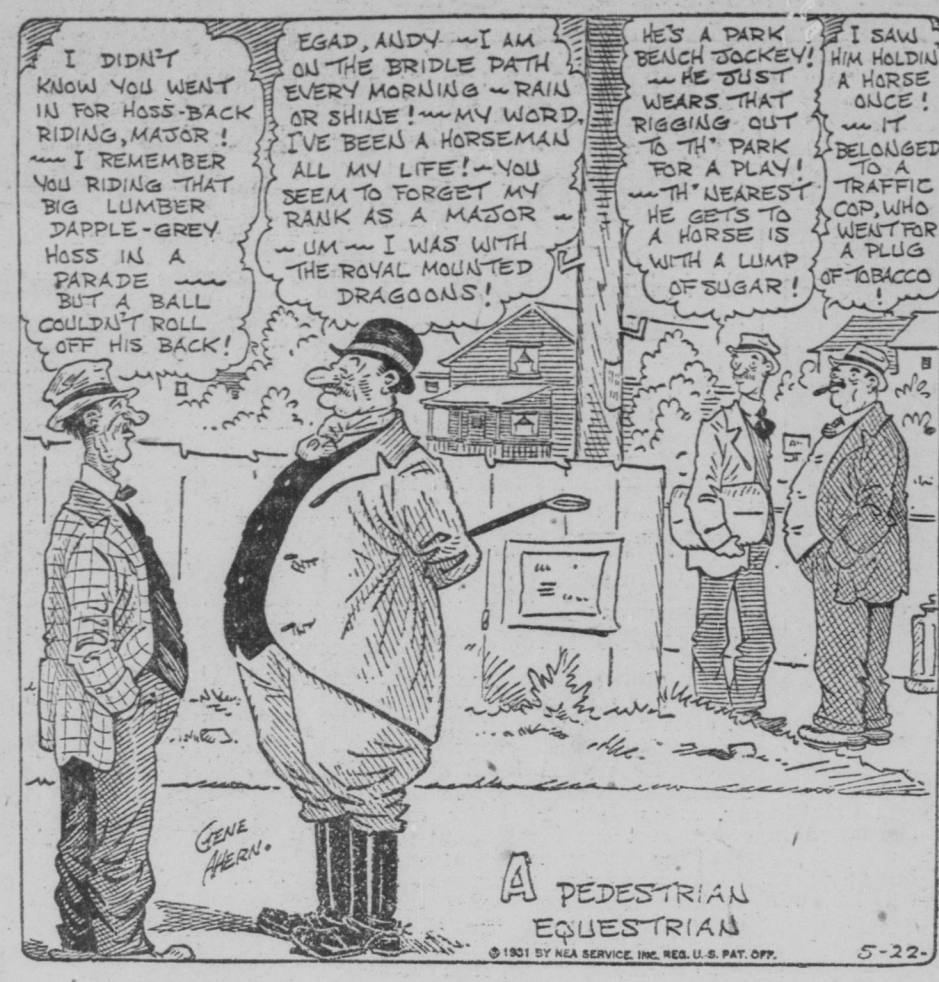
Lady Greystoke took a faltering step toward her husband. "I knew it could not have been you," she cried. "my heart told me, but my eyes deceived me. Quick, John! Before he escapes!" "Let him go," replied the ape-man, "much as I want him and all he has stolen from me. I will never leave you alone again in the jungle." Suddenly he spied Jad-bal-jah. Pointing in the direction of the fleeing Spaniard he shouted: "Fetch him, Jad-bal-jah!" and the tawny beast bounded off upon the spur of his quarry.

As if the fate of the fugitive were already sealed, Tarzan turned to his mate. "Usula said they had buried your body in the Arab village! To avenge your death I searched long for Luvini. 'You will never find him,' said Jane solemnly, 'that night when he would have kidnapped me I saw the knife in his belt. I drew that knife and killed him with it. His was the charred body that the Waziri found.'"

"I took an Arab burnoose hanging in the hut, strapped it about me and somehow I escaped from the flames. Days I wandered and then one night I saw the light of that man's fire. I imagined I had found you." "It must have been Escheban who came with the Waziri and took the gold," said Flora. The ape-man ran his fingers through his hair in a characteristic gesture. "He was a clever devil," he remarked, "to fool the Waziri in broad daylight."

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

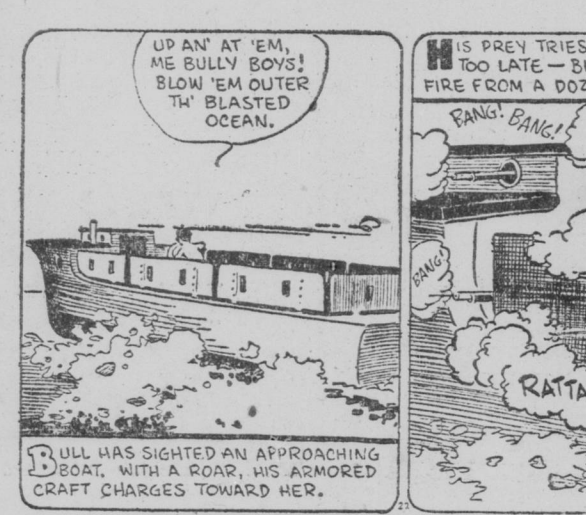
—By Ahern



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



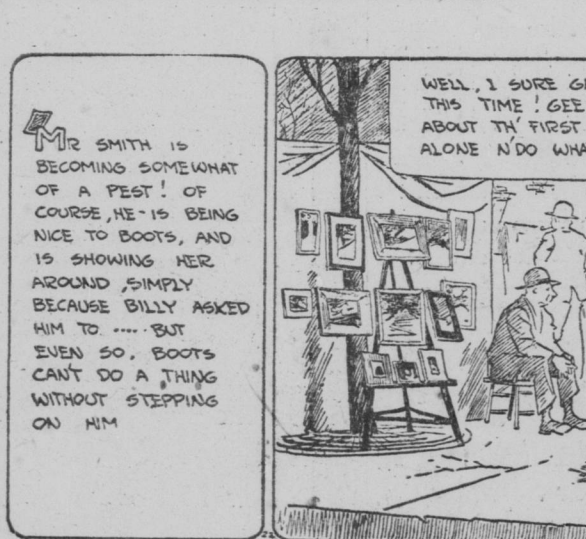
## WASHINGTON TUBBS II



## SALESMAN SAM



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



## By Blosser



## By Crano



## By Small



## By Martin



## By Edgar Rice Burroughs

