The MELODY GIRL

by RUTH DEWEY GROVES

AUTHOR OF "THE HUSBAND HUNTER," ETC.

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

BERYL BORDEN, secretly in love with TOMMY WILSON, knows that he never would be happy with her half-sister, IRENE EVERETT, and tries to prevent their marriage.

Irene is jealous when she falls and Beryl secures a radio contract. Beryl's voice wins her new friends, but she cannot forget her hopeless love, though she goes to parties with young PRENTISS GAYLORD. Irene learns that Prentiss is rich and tries to win him from Beryl.

Tommy's aunt dies and he loses both money and job through her h usband. Tommy tells Irene his bad luck and she breaks the engagement.

When Prentiss asks her to marry him she accepts. In despair Tommy drinks heavily and Beryl finds him. She tries to cheer him up and tells Irene that she must go back to Tommy or inform Prentiss how heartlessly she has acted.

Irene promises, then slips away and marries Prentiss. She telephones the news home and Beryl realizes she has been outwitted.

Next morning Beryl's throat is in a serious condition. The family doctor calls for a specialist. Beryl is greatly worried by the report that Tommy is in bad company.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

"I WISH you'd talk sense," Mrs. Everett protested.

"All right," Beryl complied, "then I'm having a throat specialist out from New York to tell me if I'll have to stop singing or not."

"A throat specialist."

"Yes, and he's a famous person, so give him a proper reception."

Mrs. Everett naturally wanted more information on the subject, but Beryl did not care to discuss it. She said she wanted to sleep, and her mother left the room.

Beryl heard the telephone ring shortly afterward and a minute later her mother came up to tell her that Dr. Auguston would arrive in two hours.

At the end of those two hours Beryl said to herself: "Sherman had a word for it, all right!" To the eminent specialist, who told her he'd come to her instead of making her come to him because he loved her voice, she appeared calm and self-possessed.

The physician, too, was noncommittal. Finally he smiled. "We'll have to watch you," he said. "You'll have been in danger, but if you are careful . . ."

When he was gone Beryl had another battle with herself, but this one was of short duration. It was one thing to wait a few hours, but something very different to face days of suspense—days in which Tommy might sink to levels from which he never could rise.

She left the house quietly—for her mother had heard Dr. Auguston order her to remain in bed—and went in search of Tommy.

She knew where the Larkin house was located—an old siding building with rusty brown paint that had peeled off in large patches with ragged edges.

Polney Larkin—now the bully "Pol"—had been one of her classmates in the fifth grade at school. Then Polney had given up education for what to him were pleasanter pursuits. Now even some of the town's police officers were known to avoid him.

Tommy had been in trouble with the Larkin boys. That easily could be fatal, but this once it hadn't been. The doctor'd have told her. She wished she'd questioned him more, but it wasn't easy to talk about Tommy.

Why had the doctor seen Tommy? She should have asked him that. It could only mean that Tommy had been injured.

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IN a store in the village she tried to telephone to Mr. Hoffman, but was told he had gone to the city. She hadn't expected to learn anything from him anyway.

It was plain that Tommy wasn't confiding in his uncle. The thing to do was to go to the Larkin house, as she'd intended, and find out what she could from Pol if he were at home.

She hadn't dared to take her noisy old car, so now she got a taxi and asked the driver if he knew where the Larkins lived. He looked at her in astonishment and avowed he'd tell the world he did.

At the house she asked if he'd inquire for Polney Larkin, in the hope of having Pol come outside to talk with her.

The driver was pleasant about it, but whoever it was that came to the door and called back inside to inform the powerful Pol that a dame wanted to see him, sent word to Beryl that she could come inside.

"Shall I wait?" the driver asked, holding the car door open for her.

"Please," she breathed, for the house had a dark and forbidding aspect that equaled the reputation of its owners. Perhaps its power to terrorize the timid was one reason why they did not paint it.

Beryl was not timid, and so she entered and spoke calmly to the big, brutish Pol when he approached her.

"Can you tell me where I may find Tommy Wilson?" she asked.

Pol grinned at her. Pol liked to grin. He had exceptionally fine teeth. Corn had done it, he claimed. He liked to ask questions, too.

"What right you got to ask?" he returned bluntly.

Beryl eyed him haughtily. "According to your standards, I probably have none," she answered coolly.

The grin left Pol's face. "Lay off that track," he warned Beryl sullenly.

"I haven't come here to be diplomatic," Beryl informed him. "I want to know where Tommy Wilson is."

"We don't give a guy away to a skirt," Pol retorted.

Beryl turned away, then back again, knowing it was foolish to allow his lack of courtesy to defeat her. "I am not Tommy's girl," she said evenly. "I am a friend. And I know he was in a row with you. If you don't tell me what you did with him, I shall go to the police."

Pol laughed. "You're hot stuff, sister," he told her, "but I like your spirit even if you are miles off in your reckonin'. The police—that's a hot one!"

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HE was still laughing when a sound behind Beryl caused her to turn hastily in that direction. And there in a doorway leading into an inner room stood Tommy. He was haggard and entirely disreputable looking, but he showed a natural surprise at seeing Beryl.

"What you doin' here?" he asked, and his voice was as cracked as his skin.

"If you'll take me out to my taxi, I'll tell you," Beryl answered.

Tommy glanced at Pol, who was staring at him with a crooked smile.

"All right," Tommy said uneasily, and followed her from the room.

"What were you doing in that house?" she demanded of him when they were outside. "You were in a fight with those men, weren't you?"

Tommy essayed a laugh, but it was only a travesty of a sound. "Sure," he said, "and they walloped me good and plenty. But I had it comin'. I tried to get smart with a better man."

"But I don't understand," Beryl said, "why you are here, in their house."

"They're all right," Tommy said in defense of his new friends.

"I see," Beryl remarked scathingly. "They bea that idea into your head."

"I'd rather take a beating than a preaching," Tommy warned her.

Beryl instantly took a different tack. "I won't preach to you, Tommy," she told him softly. "Come on and let's talk it over on the way back home."

"I'm not going home," Tommy declared, and the determination in his voice was alarming.

Urge as she would, Beryl could not persuade Tommy to leave the Larkins. He was as well off there as anywhere, he insisted.

Beryl sensed that he was governed by a reason more compelling than his liking for the outfit. But she dared not voice her opinion, knowing that opposition would serve only to cement more firmly the evil association.

"Please," she begged, after all arguments had proven vain, "keep in touch with me, Tommy."

But Tommy did not keep in touch with her, and for days Beryl lived in the agony of dread.

She had been put to bed, almost forcibly, and scolded by the family doctor and her mother with such clearness and emphasis that she dared not disobey. Besides, her mother watched her like a hawk. Was not her career in jeopardy?

Beryl smiled over her mother's solicitude. It would make a difference in the family should they be deprived of her salary. But she was not bitter. Nothing mattered to her except Tommy's welfare.

And she could get no news of him. Gossip, yes. but what she heard on that score, although prefaced with "I've heard," and "They say," increased her anxiety.

(To Be Continued)

They Tell Me

BY BEN STERN

POSSIBILITY looms that the American Legion may take over the Democratic party just as the G. A. R. assumed control of the Republican after the Civil war—if not the national organizations, then at least those in Indiana.

Responsible leaders of both parties are watching carefully the development of the legion strength in the state and are studying closely the various moves on the political chess board.

There can be little doubt that the ex-service men were a potent factor in the Democratic victories in the state in 1930. Especially was this true in the northern sections and in Lake county.

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Booming of Paul V. McNutt, former Legion national commander, for Governor, is one indication of that organization's tactics, and recognizing th estrength of its vote the Democrats placed three members on the state ticket in 1930. These Judges Walter Treanor, Posey Kime and Supreme Court Clerk Fred Pickett.

Because of this appeal to the ex-service men, many Republyicans are urging that Raymond Springer of Connersville, former Legion state commander, now a member of its national executive committee and Sixth district G. O. P. chairman, be nominated for Governor.

The Legion's trend toward the Democratic party along national lines, was exemplified best in the resolutions adopted at a recent meeting of its national executive committee.

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One of these emphasized the serious economic condition of the country and scored the business leaders, principally Republicans, for failing to warn the country of the depression. Along the same trend of thoughts, a second resolution pointed out that the high Smot-Hawley tariff may have contributed to the business crisis.

A third assailed, by inference, Secretary Mellon for alleged misrepresentation of cost involved in paying the veterans 50 per cent laons on their adjusted compensation certificates.

The Legion is also, in the main, made up of a large percentage of those opposed to the Eighteenth amendment and they feel that relief from its restriction can be obtained only through the Democratic party.

From all indications, the Legionnaires are replacing the 1917-18 rallying cry of "On to Berlin" with "On to the Democratic party."

STICKERS

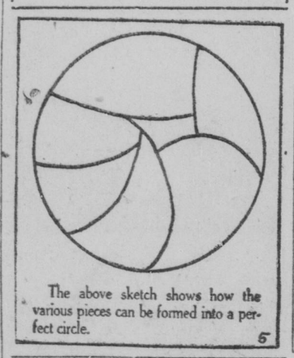
A A A
A A A
A A A
A A A

MNBCCJNPRRSSVNWY

Above are four words, each containing seven letters. The second, fourth and sixth letter of each word is A. The sixteen missing letters are also shown above. If you put them in the right places, you can spell out the four words.

6

Answer for Yesterday



The above sketch shows how the various pieces can be formed into a perfect circle.

5

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

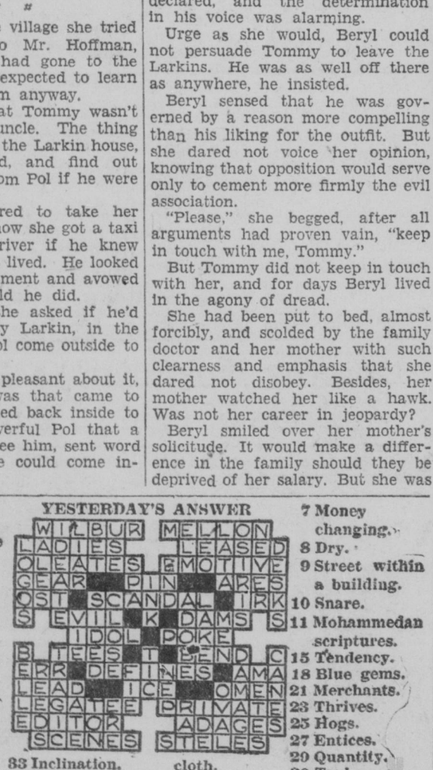
HORIZONTAL

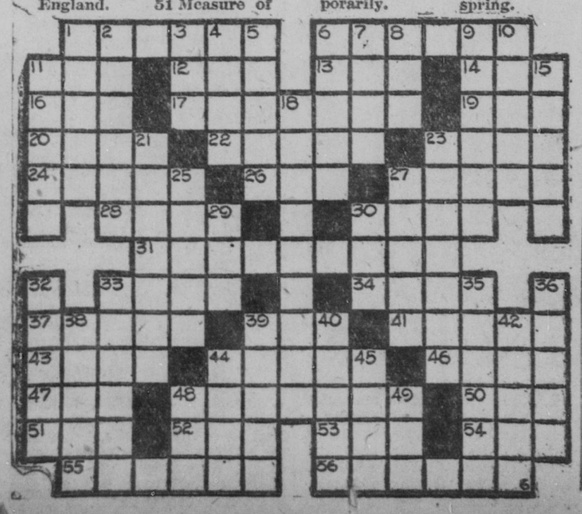
1 In what country is the "Five Year Plan"?
6 Part of ancient Palestine.
11 Kinsfolk.
12 Snake.
13 Era.
14 To decay.
16 Kiln.
17 Work of the highest class of literature.
19 The heart.
20 Whitelaw ——, American diplomat?
22 Muse of poetry.
23 Bottom.
24 Mountain chain in South America.
26 To imitate.
27 To burden.
28 A jolly-boat.
30 Saucy.
31 Richard I, of England.
33 Inclination.
34 Red vegetable.
37 To love.
39 Eon.
41 To breathe loudly in sleep.
43 Insect's eggs.
44 Manifest.
46 Suave.
47 Feline animal.
48 Rubber, pencil ends.
50 Eucharist vessel.
51 Measure of cloth.
52 Boy.
53 Frost bite.
54 Two fives.
55 Pertaining to old age.
56 King of the Waters.

VERTICAL

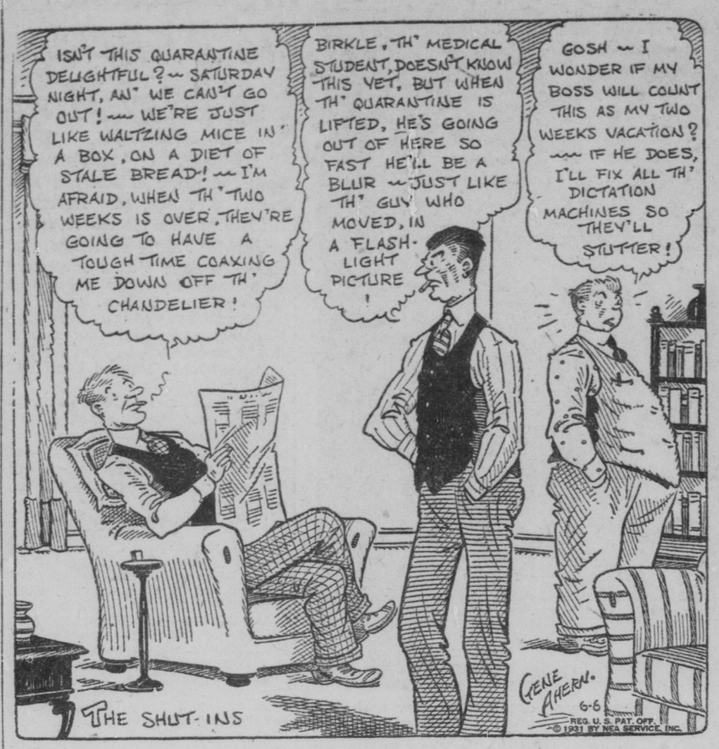
1 Ascended.
2 Slovenly.
3 Membranous bag.
4 Small body of land.
5 Armadillo.
6 To sew temporarily.
7 Money changing.
8 Dry.
9 Street within a building.
10 Snare.
11 Mohammedan scriptures.
15 Tendency.
18 Blue gems.
21 Merchants.
23 Thrives.
25 Hogs.
27 Entices.
29 Quantity.
30 Taxi.
32 Waltz.
33 Phial.
35 Paradise apple.
36 Started.
38 Faces of clocks.
39 To avoid.
40 Center of amphitheater.
42 Paunch of a cow.
44 Verbal.
45 Tidy.
48 Prophet.
49 Mineral spring.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER





OUR BOARDING HOUSE —By Ahern



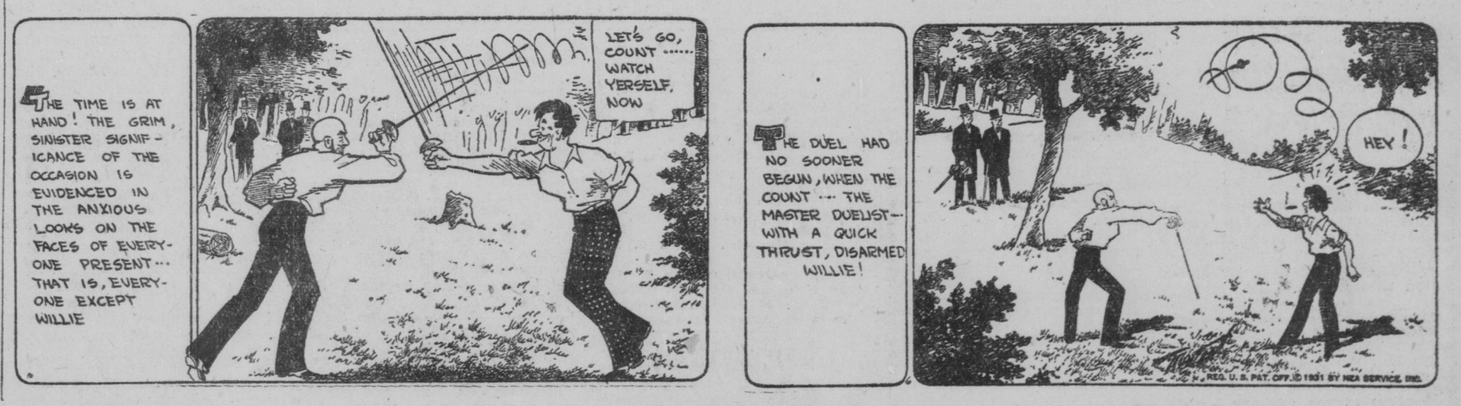
OUT OUR WAY —By Williams

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS —By Blosser

WASHINGTON TUBBS II —By Crane

SALESMAN SAM —By Small

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES —By Martin



TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE —By Edgar Rice Burroughs

"We will pay you well for permission to pass through your country," the Sheik snarled. "No!" thundered Tarzan. "Peace and profit I offered thee, Christian dog," and Ibn Jad's voice took on an ugly tone. "Since thou wouldst have war—so be it!" Then to his men:: "Take him away and bind his feet."

"Be careful, Moslem," warned Tarzan, "the arms of the ape-man are long. They may reach out even in death and their fingers encircle thy throat." "Thou shalt have until dark to decide," called the Sheik to the ape-man. "Know this also, that Ibn Jad will not turn back until he hath that for which he came!"

They took Tarzan and at a distance from the beyt of Ibn Jad pushed him into a small tent. Within this flimsy prison it required three men to throw him to the ground and bind his ankles, even though his wrists were already bound. In his own quarters Ibn Jad sipped sweetened coffee and sank into profound thought.

Presently he leaned forward and addressed Tollog: "The Christian dog lies yonder, securely bound. The night will be dark. A dead Tarzan may not reach out to harm us. Thou, Tollog, shalt attend to this matter for me." Then Ibn Jad arose and entered the quarters of his harem.