

MEMOIR GIRL by RUTH DEWEY GROVES

BEGIN HERE TODAY

BERYL WALDEN, secretly in love with TOMMY BORDEN, knows that her father would be happy with her sister, IRENE EVERETT, and tries to prevent their marriage.

Irene is jealous when she fails and Beryl secures a radio contract. Beryl's voice wins her new friends, but she can not forget her hopeless love. Though the goes to parties with young PICKETT GAYLORD, Irene learns that Tommy is rich and tries to win him from Beryl.

Tommy's aunt dies and he loses both his money and his father. Beryl tells him how his father died 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 she must go back to Tommy or inform Prentiss how heartily she has loved him.

Irene promises, then slips away and home.

Next morning Beryl's throat is in a serious condition and a noted specialist is called. He advises extreme caution, which Beryl disobeys when she hears Tommy is in bad company.

She slips out of her room and goes to a bootlegger's rendezvous, where she finds Tommy. He is affected by her pleading, but seems to have slipped away from this point.

NOT GO WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR (Continued).

She sent for Mr. Hoffman and he came, but said he "washed his hands of the young pup." Beryl could get no encouragement from him.

She prevailed upon her mother, on threat of going out to do it herself, to make inquiries concerning Tommy at various places, but this did her no good, either. For Mrs. Everett lied to her. She thought it best, for the truth about Tommy was not pleasant.

Beryl learned it quickly enough, however, when, after a fortnight, she was allowed to leave the house. Tommy had joined with the Larkin gang in earnest.

Beryl heard that he had been engaged with them in certain midnight smuggling operations designed to aid in assuaging scowling thirst. But this was only rumor and she refused to believe it until she had talked with Tommy.

After this news Beryl was more heartless than ever. She knew Tommy had got into something he couldn't get out of without more trouble than he at present had the courage to face.

He did not tell her frankly, but she understood that his association with the Larkins had begun in a spirit of defiance, and that he was held to it by taunts.

Tommy said he wished she'd let him alone. What had he got out of life trying to please other people, anyhow?

Beryl attempted to bait him with news of Irene. It was the only way she could get to see him. She would drive to the Larkin dwelling—from all she could learn Tommy was living there—and park opposite the front door for hours at a time.

There seemed to be some smaller members of the family, and occasionally they threw such things as overripe tomatoes and rotting apples at her.

Beryl suspected they'd have thrown rocks if they dared and the thought that Tommy was affording her some protection made it possible for her to endure the ridicule of the Larkins.

Tommy never would come out except when she could get some one to carry in word that she had news from the west. He came reluctantly, a little before telling him anything about Irene.

But one time she tricked him, for she had something else to tell him.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

AMONG the cards Beryl held in her game with Tommy there was one ace. It was a black ace and she hoped it would trump anything that Tommy could produce.

It should, she thought, as she drove slowly toward the Larkin house. It had cost her the slightest sense of honor, and she could not believe that Tommy's character had become undetermined completely.

The look of worry on her face tonight (she did not often drive near the Larkin place at night) was marked. She had not seen Tommy for three weeks.

The avalanche she feared had descended upon her only the day before and she was certain Tommy had not heard about it.

The night was chilly. It was early fall. Beryl had not brought a wrap and the sweater she was wearing was scarcely warm enough.

She shivered slightly. "I'm always either too hot or too cold," she thought impatiently.

But impatience was such a slight burden compared with the black despair she had known. She hoped never again to feel as she had when Dr. Auguston told her, "Your voice is gone, Miss Borden."

THEY had left her alone. She had asked them to. And what she had thought and what she had suffered had blocked out her youth—left her a woman.

She was a woman tonight as she went to find Tommy. She felt charitable toward him. She might have lost her voice anyway without tramping in the dew and being out when she should have been in bed.

Tommy hadn't asked her to do that. She couldn't blame him. Besides Tommy had helped her. His need was the price of her misfortune. His future should not be sacrificed for nothing.

Ever since the thought had come to her that now she could make an appeal which Tommy must listen to Beryl had been resigned to the hopelessness of her situation. She even found it a relief not to have to worry about the inadequacy of her sweater.

It wouldn't matter now if she caught cold. Her voice was gone. Something in her throat had hardened. The voice wasn't coming back. Her face was a little white, but in her eyes there was a vision of Tommy—tall and slim and brown and gay. Tommy as he had been, not the unkempt loafer he had become. How she hated those blood-shot streaks in his eyes.

He had even talked roughly to her when she had dogged him until he was exasperated.

IT had happened the night Pol had got into trouble. Pol had got out of it, but Tommy wouldn't have. He'd have been made the goat.

Beryl had parked her car in front of Pol's house when he and Tommy came out to get into a truck which stood in the driveway. Beryl went over to them and insisted she would follow the truck if Tommy went with Pol.

Pol looked at Tommy. "All right," he said sharply, "we'll settle this later, Tom."

"I guess you know what that means," Tommy exclaimed to Beryl as Pol drove away. "I'm in bad. Pol's had about enough of you!"

"Then quit him," Beryl returned coolly, "and save yourself from being kicked out of his gang."

Tommy had sworn angrily and walked away.

Pol was arrested that night. It didn't come to anything, but he blamed Tommy and thereafter Tommy had evaded Beryl with complete success except for one accidental meeting.

That was three weeks ago. Irene hadn't written and Beryl had no excuse to tempt Tommy into a talk. After tonight she would have no difficulty in seeing him or she would not want to see him. "For I'm not going to crawl to him if he isn't worth it," she told herself.

She wouldn't have planned a test for him, but this one that had been thrust upon her would measure Tommy's character for all time for Beryl.

To put a soul upon the dissecting table is not an agreeable thing. Beryl, in her night of struggling with her new misfortune, had grown more tolerant, yet she knew that if Tommy failed her now she could never believe in him again.

SHE was not frightened as she might have been believing in Tommy was all that was left to her. The thread of doubt that ran through her hope was a thin one but sufficient to make her realize what she was doing. If she lost, her life would be barren indeed.

After arriving at the Larkin house she sat awhile in her decrepit old car and weighed the possibilities of her venture. She could find nothing to induce her to turn back.

And no matter what the thought, there was Tommy. She saw him as he stood in the middle of the Larkins' living room to turn on a light. The shades were up and the glaring light flooded the shabby room with a hard white brilliance, turning it into a stage for Beryl. She

Tommy light a cigaret and pick up a newspaper.

Then she put the palm of her hand down hard on the button that sounded the horn of her car and sent forth a raucous call. She repeated it in rapid succession several times, making it too peremptory for any one to ignore—least of all Tommy, who reasonably might expect that it was one of the crowd calling him.

Beryl held her breath as he came to answer the call. She had purposely parked her car in the shadow of a large maple tree.

Tommy did not recognize it until he was within speaking distance. Then he swore under his breath and prepared to retreat, but Beryl was out of the car in a flash and clinging to his arm.

"DON'T be a coward!" she challenged. "Besides, there's no one home, is there?"

"Why can't you mind your own business?" Tommy retorted.

"That's just what I am doing," Beryl said. "Please come with me Tommy, somewhere where we can talk. I want to tell you something—about myself. I'm in trouble, too, now."

Tommy drew back and tried to peer at her in the semi-darkness. People rarely thought of giving Beryl sympathy. She never seemed to need it.

Beryl continued urging while he hesitated. Her voice was fraught with despair and it was genuine. She clutched at Tommy, suddenly afraid of a blind unreasoning fear, that he would not listen to her.

"Please, Tommy. You've always helped me when I needed you. Don't you see, I need you now? There's no one else I can talk to."

Tommy turned back toward the car. "Get in," he said gruffly. "I don't want you hanging around here. Pol won't stand for it."

"You drive," Beryl said, and slipped into the seat at the right. She was trembling so she could not have held the wheel steadily. Tommy became aware of her increasing agitation.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked bluntly.

Words to answer him were jumbled in Beryl's mind. She did not know which to use. How could she tell him?

SUDDENLY she put her face down in her hands and Tommy was astonished to hear the sobs that were torn from her lips. He drove the car to the side of the road and stopped.

Beryl, crying, was a complete stranger to him. "Gee," he said awkwardly like a little boy, "gee, Beryl, don't cry."

Beryl lifted her head. "I know," she said, "it's a nice way to act after dragging you out here to listen to me." She dabbed viciously at her eyes. "I've had a tough break, Tommy. It's tough for you, too, because I've got to tell you the truth. My voice is gone. I may never sing again and... and they say it wouldn't have happened if I'd obeyed the doctor."

"Why didn't you?" Tommy asked logically enough.

"Because I couldn't," Beryl told him. "It was you, Tommy. You needed a friend. And you can't deny that there were times when you'd have got in a lot deeper with Pol if you hadn't had me on your trail."

"Yes," Tommy admitted. "I guess that's so. Do you mean that?" He paused and Beryl finished for him.

(To Be Continued)

Fraternity Chapter Installed

Installation ceremonies for Merle Sidener chapter, Alpha Delta Sigma, advertising fraternity, were held Sunday in the Columbia Club. The new chapter absorbs the Butler Advertising Club.

STICKERS

Without any knowledge of geometry you can divide the above equilateral triangle into six smaller triangles, each of the same size. A bit of concentration is all that is needed.

Answers for Saturday

BANANAS
CARAVAN
CARAWAY
PAJAMAS

The four words, each of seven letters, with A in each second, fourth and sixth place, are shown above.

TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE

Far into the night Tarzan struggled to free himself from the thongs that bound his wrists. The taut camel leather withstood even the might of his giant thighs. Then he lay listening to the night noises of the jungle. Many of them were sounds that no other human ear could hear. But none of his jungle friends seemed near enough to aid him.

In the shadows of her father's tent Ateja loitered, and with her was Zeyd, whispering his love. The Sheikh had willed that his daughter should belong to the Harem of Fand. Ateja hated and feared Fand almost as much as she did Tolloge, her uncle. Besides, she believed these two were plotting against her father. And so Ateja, even while with her beloved, was far from happy.

Suddenly the menzil was astir. Beduins leaped to their feet, black slaves, cowering, peered into the darkness. Musketeers were hastily seized. But the weird, uncanny cry that had unnerved them was not repeated. "It was the voice of a beast—or a devil!" said Tolloge to Ibn Jad. "It could not have been—he!"

"But it came from where he lies!" insisted Ibn Jad. Fearfully they ran hither and examined Tarzan's bonds, which the ape-man had almost loosed. "Tie his wrists again, and tighter. In front this time," ordered the Sheikh. Then to Tarzan: "Did you hear a cry?" "Yes, I heard it," said Tarzan grimly, "but why disturb me? It was but the call of one beast to another."

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

HEIGH HO, MY MERRY MEN!—IN A FEW DAYS I WILL BE OUT OF THIS DRAFFED BED AND THEN WE CAN PLAY POKER TO OUR HEART'S CONTENT, UNTIL THE QUARANTINE IS LIFTED, EGAD! COME, SMOKEY, LET'S HAVE A SONG GIVE US THE CLAM-DIGGER'S DITTY!

NOT NOW—MY PIPES IS GONE DRY FROM TH' DAGGER-EYE YOUR WIFE GIVES ME!—I CAN SEE MYSELF, WHEN TH' QUARANTINE IS OVER, TRYING TO LAND THIS END-UP OFF YOUR FRONT STEPS!

SPAVIN-LEG, OR NO SPAVIN-LEG, I'M DROPPIN' OUT A WINDOW!—THERE AIN'T A OSTRICH ALIVE WHAT CAN OUT-RUN HER CROCKERY!

FROM NOW ON I'LL NEVER SQUAWK ABOUT DAIL AGAIN!

WELL, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?

I'M JUST SHOWING THEM WHAT THE RADIO HAS DONE TO ONE FAMILY—OUR TABLE IS SET BY DOOPY DOOP—THE DISHES ARE WASHED BY DOOPY DOOP, THE CHAIRS ARE ALL LOOSE FROM DOOPY DOOP AND I'M GETTING LOOSE FROM DOOPY DOOP

OH, S WANI WE DONT ACK ER LOOK LIKE THAT WE COULDN'T.

THE PATIENT IS SITTING UP

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

OH, YOU GOT THE RUBY? I THOUGHT TAG SAID IT WAS A GIRL BY THE NAME OF RUBY.

DO YOU WANT TO SEE IT?

SO THAT'S THE THING THEY'RE MAKIN' ALL THE FUSS ABOUT! I WOULDN'T GIVE TWO CENTS FER A BUSHEL OF 'EM.

I'M GOING TO RETURN IT TO MR. RECTOR!—I'LL GET A BIG REWARD FOR THIS.

SOMEBODY AT THE FRONT DOOR!!

MEBEE MR. RECTOR HIMSELF!!

WASHINGTON TUBBS II

IT IS THE NIGHT BEFORE THE SMUGGLER'S CONFERENCE. UNCLE JIM GIVES WASH A MESSAGE FROM JEAN, AND WITHIN A FEW MINUTES A FIRE BREAKS OUT MYSTERIOUSLY IN A NEARBY CABIN.

WASH DOES NOT GO TO THE FIRE. HE HURRIES OFF IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

JEAN IS WAITING FOR HIM.

SHH! I BROUGHT A PHOTOGRAPH SO WE CAN LEARN EVERYTHING THAT'S SAID AT THE CONFERENCE. IS THE COAST CLEAR?

YEH. BULL AN' EVERYBODY'S GONE TO HIDE.

WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST, IF THEY CATCH US INSTALLING THAT THING, OUR NAMES ARE MUD.

SALESMAN SAM

THAT'S JUST LIKE GUZZ! HE GIVES ME A HALF DAY OFF WHEN THERE'S NO BALL GAME! HOW TH' HECK AM I GONNA KILL TH' TIME?

NO, EAST SOUTH STREET. CARS STOP HERE.

THAT GUY MUST HAVE A LOT OF TIME ON HIS HANDS! BEEN STANDING THERE FER AN HOUR! I'LL GIT HIM ON TH' MOVE!

SAY, WHAT'ER YA LOAFIN' HERE FER?

WHO'S LOAFIN'? I'M DOIN' EXACTLY AS YOUR SIGN SAYS!

WATCH REPAIRING.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN SKILL AND BRUTE FORCE IS HALTED TEMPORARILY UNTIL OUR HERO RECOVERS HIS RAMBER! AT THE START, HE GOT RIGHT DOWN TO BUSINESS! HE TOOK A SWIPE WITH PLUMPY BACK OF IT, AT THE COUNT, WHO SKILLFULLY PARRIED THE BLOW AND THEN, COOL AS A CUCUMBER, SENT VOLLEY'S WEAPON SAILING THROUGH THE AIR.

HA HAAA HAAAA

PRETTY DERN GOOD, COUNT! YALL HAVE TSHOW ME HOW YA DID THAT

ANY—SOMETHING UNFORSEEN BY ANY OF THE GALLANT GROUP, HAPPENED! WITH A SNORT AND A BELLOW OF RAGE OVER THIS INVASION INTO HIS DOMAIN, A HUGE BEAST CHARGED IN AND SCATTERED ALL BEFORE HIM EXCEPT WILHELM, WHO WAS TOO PUZZLED TO EVEN NOTICE HIM—OH OH...

LEPPE SEE—NOW NOW TH' CHICKENS DID HE DO THAT?

COURREZ, MONSIEUR! COURREZ!

TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE

Tex Mezon

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