

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

The MELODY GIRL

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

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Beryl Borden, secretly in love with Tommy Wilson, knows that he and his half-sister, Irene Everett, would never be happy together 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 and she tries to force her love by going to parties with young PRENTISS GAYLORD.

Irene learns Prentiss is rich and tries to win him from Beryl. Tommy's aunt dies and he loses both job and money through her husband. He tells Irene and she accepts his statement.

When Prentiss asks her to marry him, she accepts in spite of Tommy's drunks who cheer him up and tells Irene she must go back to Tommy or forfeit her money.

Irene promises, then slips away and marries Prentiss. They telephone the news.

Beryl develops a serious throat malady and a noted specialist advises rest and extreme caution. Beryl discovers when she leaves home that Tommy has a range of bootleggers. She goes out of the house in all kinds of weather to see Tommy to break away from the gang.

Her throat gets worse and she learns that her singing career is over. Beryl goes to tell Tommy and begs him to leave his unwholesome associates.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE (Continued)

"I SHOULD have been in bed when I was chasing all over the country looking after you," she declared. "And now, Tommy, it's a show-down. I've paid a big price to help you. I'm not going to cry any more, but I can't endure it unless you make it count for something. If you do I won't care. I'll even be glad."

Tommy stirred restlessly. "What can I do?" he asked vaguely.

"You can be yourself now and quit the Larkin gang. You know you can't stick with them forever, Tommy. I'll bet you're sick of it already."

"They know how to take care of themselves better than you ever will, but they'll slip some day. You're not a fool, Tommy. You know that. Come on back with me now—come to our house. We owe you a lot—our family—but you owe me more."

"And I'm licked, if I've got to admit that all I had to hold to on this old earth has gone down before the viciousness of Pol Larkin. 'Think of it, Tommy,' she hurried on, 'my whole future—everything that has given me a chance to lift myself out of the routine of working in a grocery store."

"I'll have to go back to that now, and I loved singing. I love the luxuries I met and before. It's horrible to think that I lost all that just because certain men are crooks! But I won't mind if it proves you're what I think you are."

"You've never been a welcher or a double-crosser, Tommy. You've always been regular. And now it's up to you to make good. I've bought your release from the Larkins with everything I had. Will you take it, or will you let me down?"

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

"ALL'S right with the world—" Beryl turned swiftly to Tommy. "Isn't that a wonderful line?" she exclaimed rapturously. "Look at that harbor! No, don't, don't, don't! You surely drive us straight into the sunset. You couldn't take your eyes from it."

Tommy grinned and swerved the car, pretending to lose control of it. Beryl laughed. "It knows which is its sunny side," she said. "I never knew a nicer brought-up car, did you?"

"I never did. It curtsies every time it sees a Lincoln."

"So much better behaved than its brothers and sisters," Beryl said snootily.

"Better get your nose down before some bee mistakes it for a buttercup," Tommy told her.

And so they drove along, carefree and merry. If each had a dark cloud in memory, it was for private viewing and never brought out to spoil the sunny hours they spent together.

Beryl was particularly happy this day. It was Sunday and the grocery store was closed. Tommy too was released from his labors in a garage.

And tomorrow he would return to college—to night classes, keeping the new job, making his own way and proving to Beryl's entire satisfaction that he always paid his debts in full. It had not been easy for him. Pol Larkin had given him a nasty beating, but Tommy considered himself lucky to escape without a cracked head. And his uncle's attitude when Tommy went back home

had made it impossible to ask help of him.

Tommy had stayed one night, refusing to accept Beryl's offer. The next night he slept at the garage. In fact, he slept at the garage until he received his first pay. Then he took a cubby-hole in a nearby rooming house.

Like many a person, who seems negative at times, Tommy could see a thing he believed in through to a satisfactory conclusion. And he was determined now to be his own man.

BERYL loved him deeply. She wondered at times if Tommy realized this. She'd tried to place all that had passed upon a basis of friendship.

Tommy wasn't conceited. She had that to count on. He'd always accepted her in a matter-of-fact way. Of course another boy... but she'd always been in Tommy's life.

"Just like that wart on his thumb," she thought whimsically.

It was true. Tommy had not questioned her motive for saving him. It seemed the natural thing for Beryl to do.

Neither had he delved into or sought to analyze her need of him. It seemed the natural thing for her to come to him when she was in trouble. He did not think about Beryl.

It was Irene who occupied Tommy's thoughts. She was a sweet fragrance in his memory. He did not blame her for discarding him. Beryl, hopelessly in love with him, lied about Irene. When he asked for news of her sister and there was no news, she invented some. Oh, yes, they'd had a letter from Irene on Tuesday (but it might have been two Tuesdays past).

She could trust her mother not to give her away in this practice, for Mrs. Everett said little of Irene's communications to them. Mr. Everett was less reticent, but Tommy rarely encountered him, for Mr. Everett was working late at the store these days.

His helper had been let out for lack of funds and work that Mr. Everett had done in the day time he was doing now at night.

Beryl and her mother made the salads and cakes to increase the family income, but most of Beryl's time was spent in the store. Shortly after she resumed her duties as cashier, she realized with sinking heart that the business was headed toward disaster.

All her own funds were exhausted, spent in large sums to the New York specialist.

When she spoke to her father about this state of affairs, he acknowledged wearily that he knew it as well as she did.

"I've begged your mother to write to Irene to help us out," he confessed, "but she says we ain't no business bothering Irene."

"She knows Irene," Beryl commented dryly. "If that girl's generous, then Shylock was a Santa Claus. Look at the things she's sent mother, a pair of silk gloves and rubber exorcism."

A few days later Mr. Everett appeared at the store with a brighter face than Beryl had seen him wearing for some time. "Your mother's written to Irene," he explained.

"That's great," she said, and turned hastily away.

As the days passed and nothing was heard from Irene the brightness vanished from Mr. Everett's face. Beryl knew that he had quarreled with her mother, but when she was present Mrs. Everett would say nothing.

There was a look of stubbornness on her mother's face that Beryl heard Mr. Everett describe as mulish.

Perhaps her mother didn't realize how things were. "I guess," Beryl said to herself, "you don't know how serious it is with Dad. He's pretty badly in debt. He's got to have a life line or he'll sink."

The lines of stubbornness deepened around her mother's compressed lips.

"You might have thought of that," she answered, "when you wouldn't take care of yourself. Irene is married and gone. It seems to me the ones to help are those at home."

Beryl bit her lip to keep back a

sharp answer. There would be something in what her mother said, were it not for the many dollars of her earnings that had gone into the family exchequer.

"I am doing all I can," she said quietly.

"And I've done all I can," her mother retorted. "I've stood over this stove and baked until I'm black in the face. Irene was the only one with sense enough to look out for herself and I'm not going to hurt her pride for the sake of some who criticized her."

Beryl knew that she was the "some" referred to. "I don't want to help me," she said. "I could get a job if I didn't have to help Dad in the store. And I can't see that it would hurt Irene's pride to do something for her mother and father."

"You can't? Don't you suppose that it would humble her to ask Gaylord for money for her family?"

"I suppose it would, a bit," Beryl admitted. "But I'm sure Gaylord wouldn't mind if she were grateful."

"Well, I wrote to her once about it and she hasn't answered. I'm not going to do it again!"

Beryl was quieted by the finality in her tone. The task she'd been about was finished. She took off her smock and rolled down her sleeves.

"I'll take the salad to the store," she said hurriedly. "Is the cake iced?"

"No, you'll have to come back for it."

"I haven't much time. It's Saturday, you know," Beryl reminded her.

"You don't need to tell me! Haven't every Saturday seen me chained to this kitchen for a month?"

BERYL felt suddenly very sorry for her. Perhaps she was suffering in silent disappointment—too loyal to Irene to complain.

"Never mind the icing," she said. "I'll whip a bottle of cream at the store."

"And suppose the cake doesn't sell?"

"Mrs. Barstow will take half of it, and Tommy will buy the other half. We're going on a picnic tomorrow to celebrate Tommy's return to college."

Beryl could not be depressed with the prospect of a picnic with Tommy, especially when it marked a signal triumph. Before starting she resolutely put trouble behind her. And the whipped cream cake was sold as a whole besides all the salad.

Beryl decided she must make more of the salad, since people had begun to ask for it. Perhaps the Everett cake could be floated on salads and cakes.

She remarked to Tommy when she served him store cookies that ships ought to have spires made of spun sugar and keels of chocolate and oars of peppermint sticks and he asked her if she were rational.

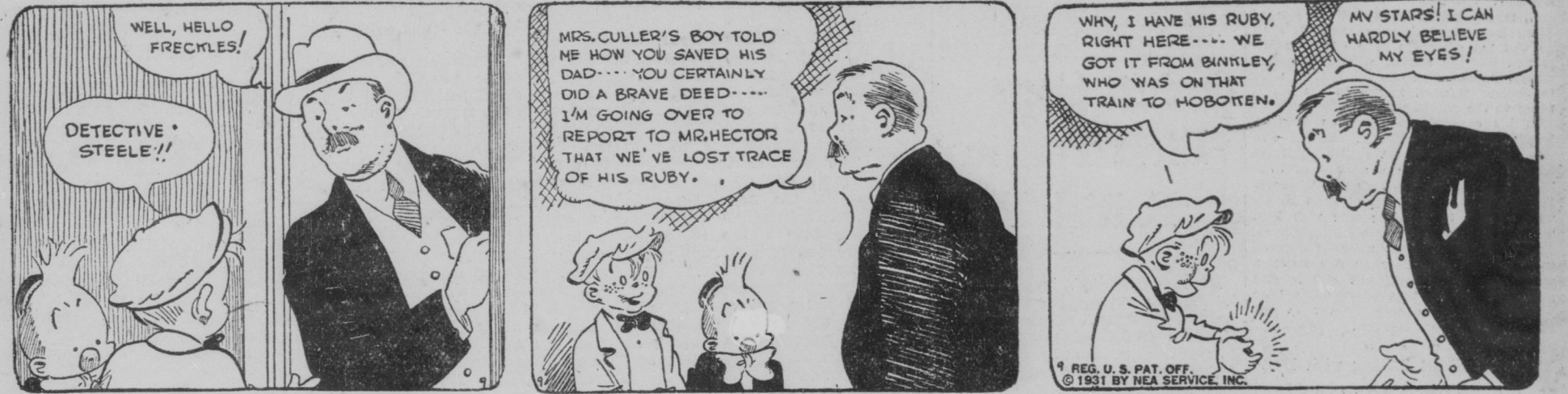
"What's that about the path to your door?" she said dreamily. "I think I'm going to start one on stepping stones of brownies and deviled eggs."

Maybe I'll get a stand out here somewhere in the country and serve hobo sandwiches... you know, Tommy, people have to eat and if I make it a pleasure for them—if I make something better than anyone else made it and...



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



SALESMAN SAM

—By Small

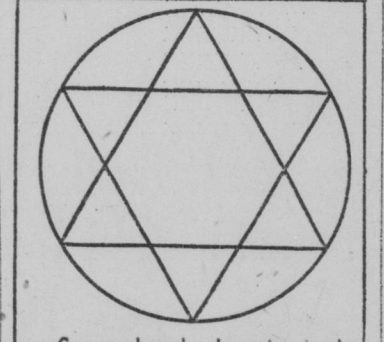


BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin

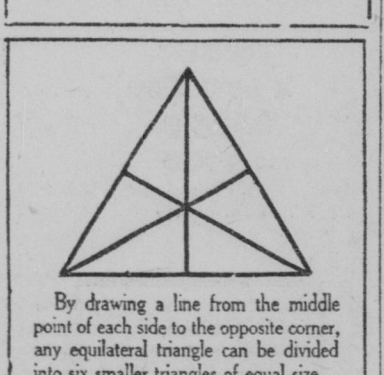


STICKERS



Can you draw the above six-pointed star and circle with one continuous line, without lifting your pencil from the paper? No line must be retraced and you must complete the course with as few crossings as possible.

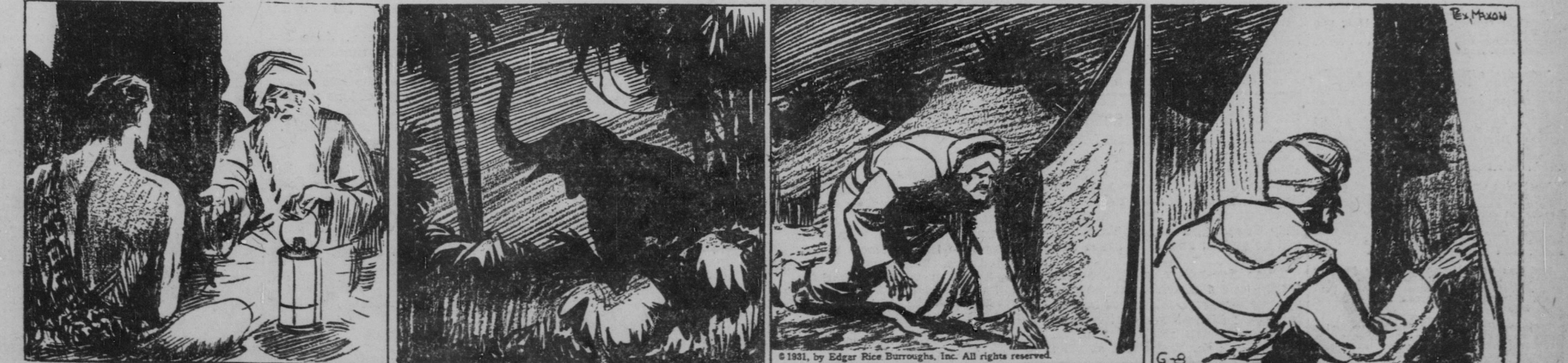
Answer for Yesterday



By drawing a line from the middle point of each side to the opposite corner, any equilateral triangle can be divided into six smaller triangles of equal size.

TARZAN, LORD OF THE JUNGLE

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



"Tomorrow," lied Ibn Jad, "it is my intention to free thee. It would be this night, but we fear to send thee alone into the jungle when El-Adrea is abroad, hunting." Tarzan smiled one of his rare smiles before remarking: "Thou knowest the jungle night has no terrors for Tarzan." "Tomorrow," snapped the Sheikh, and departed.

To the Araks, the beast cry that had shattered the night quiet had aroused only a vague unrest. Yet there was one, far off in the jungle, who caught the call faintly—and understood, a huge beast who raised his trunk and trumpeted loudly. A moment later he swung off through the forest at a rapid trot.

Slowly silence again fell upon the menzil. Through the darkness crept Tollog, toward the hejra where his intended victim lay. Tarzan, with ear to the ground, heard him approaching. Far, far off, Tarzan's keen ears heard also the onward rush of Tantor, the elephant, as the great beast trampled down all things in his path.

As Tollog, groping in the dark, entered the tent, Tarzan sat erect. Again there smote upon the Beduin's ear that same horrid cry. Tollog halted, aghast. "What beast is there?" he cried. "Art thou... attacked, Nasrany?" From the jungle came the roar of a lion and the trumpeting of a bull elephant.

HORIZONTAL

1 Boys.
3 Fly apart.
10 Yellowish gray.
14 Entrance.
15 To combine.
16 Law.
17 Profound insensibility.
18 Threadlike object.
19 To foment.
20 A float.
22 Conceited precision.
24 Classes.
28 Fishing tackle (pl.).
32 Native metal.
33 Unsoiled.
39 To whiny.
37 Intertwined into fabric.
39 Possessed.
41 To challenge.
42 Expert.
44 To come in.
46 Scarlet.
47 Oleander.
49 Brutice.
51 End of a.

VERTICAL

1 Varnish ingredient.
2 Still.
3 Not bright.
4 To gaze fixedly.
5 In what city was a huge armory destroyed by fire last month?
6 One.
7 Chest bone.
8 Pace.
9 The earth.
11 To polish.
12 Beer.
13 Wager.
21 Part of a.

SCABIES HAMPTON CAT SPA AMA APE CUT SPOT MOTORED BIG IS SEVEN RANA FERAL OAM CARET FETON LANGWE E

IDEA TANG

ABATE BOA DRADE SORKE TRASH STARE ANA WRAPDER STARE LUGAES ERA OSTI TSETSES NOMINE

check.

33 Door rugs.

34 Knife.

37 Wise men.

38 Fodder vat.

39 Dry.

44 Angry.

45 Equable.

46 To value.

47 Yielded.

48 To surfet.

23 Wayside hotel.

24 The daisy.

25 To corrode.

26 At no time.

27 Cautious and shrewd.

29 Falsifiers.

30 Heron.

31 Lean-tos.

34 Female sheep.

35 Fishing bag.

38 Incidental experience.

40 Degraded.

43 Hush.

45 To rot flax.

48 Melody.

50 Donkey-like beasts.

52 Nude.

53 To allot.

54 Obstruction.

55 Coin.

56 Kindled.

58 To wander.

60 Bugle plant.

61 To rent.

62 Single thing.

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