

# The MELODY GIRL

By RUTH DEWEY GROVES

CHAPTER XXX

"LET me see it," Mrs. Everett begged and Irene gave her the telegram. It was from Prentiss, telling Irene that he'd be out that day to ask her parents to let her marry him immediately. His father, he said, had wired him to cut short his vacation and return home at once. He wouldn't go without her.

When Mrs. Everett finished reading it she looked at Irene with a light of childish excitement in her usually rapid blue eyes.

"What are you going to do?" she cried.

Irene put up her arms and stretched lazily before she answered. Then, "I don't know," she said as though the matter were not really important.

Her mother let this pass. She did not wish to be driven to reveal Beryl's opposition, not, at least, until there was a chance she could make Beryl suppress it.

"You know things can happen," she said suggestively. "If you really love Prentiss you shouldn't let him go away without you."

They understood each other perfectly. There had been no mention of Irene's love for Prentiss. To neither of them was it necessary to tell the girl's happiness that she should marry him. What Mrs. Everett really meant to say, and Irene knew it, was that Irene should take him while she had the chance, if she wanted him. Otherwise there was the risk of another girl's getting him.

"I'll think it over," Irene promised with feigned indifference. She had said as her mother moved to go, "Will you press my flowered blouse for me?"

"It's got an ink spot on it," her mother told her, "but I'll do up the little pink swiss for you."

"Oh, that old thing," Irene said disgustedly. "I haven't a decent dress for morning wear."

"All right, do up the swiss," she said. "I'll wear it if I have to."

She had no intention of wearing the dress if coaxing Beryl could prevent it. When her mother had gone back downstairs she hastened to Beryl's room.

Irene entered with a sweet smile and a softly spoken, "How's your old grouch this morning?"

Beryl eyed her thoughtfully. "Sit down," she said shortly. "I want to talk with you."

Irene ceased to simmer. She did not like Beryl's tone. "I haven't much time," she said doubtfully. "I must come in to see you."

"If you could borrow something," Beryl finished for her. "I guessed that much. Well, maybe you'll get it, but first you've got to hear what I have to say."

"Dear me! Do you have to look as though you've lost your best friend?" Irene complained.

"You're serious too for once in your life, perhaps, if you'd seen Tommy Wilson as I saw him this morning," Beryl snapped at her. "This morning?" Irene repeated. "Has he been here?"

"Oh, another one of your tramps! I really don't see why mother allows you to sneak out of the house at all hours."

"Didn't you know you were driving Tommy to desperation?" Beryl cried. "How could you sit there last night with Prentiss and hear him pleading for you?"

"So you were spying! What a sweet character to be conspiring me!" Irene ignored the words and the heaving tone. "You're going to stop this nonsense with Prentiss Gaylord and behave as you ought to with Tommy," she said hotly. "He's sacrificed everything for you and if you won't think he's got to have you to be happy, why, he's going to. It'll be like a dose of Easter oil—hard to take but good for the system. But he'll never be fit for anything until he's cured of you."

"That's a nice way to talk," Irene flared up. "What are you suggesting, a trial marriage?"

"It won't be that," Beryl returned dryly. "You'll leave him when you're ready. A fair trial gives everyone a chance."

"And I suppose," Irene retorted,

"when I'm through with him you'll get him. Is that the big idea?" Beryl stopped her. "I'm going to tell Prentiss that you promised to marry Tommy," she said evenly.

Irene wheeled. "You let me alone!" she stormed. "You're always causing me trouble! I don't see why you can't mind your own business. I'm not always meddling with you!"

"Will you tell Prentiss?" Beryl asked her. "I'll give you that opportunity to save your face. You're clever enough to get out of it with credit to yourself."

Irene's rage was mounting rapidly, but it had not yet gained complete control of her. In Beryl's offer she saw a way out of her difficulty. She'd just need to stall about telling Prentiss until they were safely married. Then Beryl could do nothing.

"I think you're horrid!" she cried with temper enough to mislead Beryl. "What good would it do you for Prentiss to know that I was engaged to Tommy?"

"That's not the point," Beryl returned coolly. "Will you tell him?"

"You can give me a little time to think it over, can't you?"

"No."

"Haven't you any heart at all?" Irene whined, appearing to give in.

"All right then, I'll tell him—for I know you would. You're that mean, but you needn't be so sure," she paused, thinking it was just as well not to tell Beryl that she thought Prentiss would marry her in spite of any revelations concerning Tommy. Beryl would want to make certain that Prentiss was told all there was to tell. She might tell him herself, at once, in her own way.

"You'll pay for this," she threatened, turning away. "Just you wait until I tell mama!"

"I'll wait until you tell Prentiss," Beryl replied, "but I won't wait long."

She went on with her house cleaning and Irene flounced out of the room to go down and tell her mother what had happened. Mrs. Everett marched upstairs to give Beryl a lecture. After a tirade during which Beryl did not answer, she ended suddenly with, "I can't see why you interfere when it's so plain that you think Irene would make Tommy unhappy."

"That's reasonable," Beryl returned as her mother obviously waited for a reply. "It's because, had as it will be for Tommy to marry Irene. I'm afraid he'd get into some trouble without her. And it won't last long anyway."

"And then what?"

Beryl looked dreamily into space over the brush mop she was leaning on. "Tommy will grow," she said quietly. "There's something in him that's good and strong. It's down pretty deep, but it's there."

"Well," her mother remarked, "you seem to think a sight of him."

Beryl nodded.

"And it's nothing to you that your sister's happiness is at stake?" her mother pressed. "You wouldn't mind seeing her make a match that was bound to end that way—in divorce, maybe? Just to give a boy a chance to grow up?"

Beryl looked at her with honest, fearless eyes. "I'm more concerned with Tommy," she said frankly. "He's worth more than Irene. She's sulking under fire, but if he can hold her now he may be willing to let her go when he's grown up."

"You're perfectly heartless!" her mother told her bitterly, and went to join Irene.

She found her putting on the chiffon dress that had been intended for her wedding gown. "You poor child," she said. "I can't do a thing with your sister."

"She's a brute," Irene asserted. "She's added in a whisper, 'but she's not as smart as she thinks. Listen, mama, here's what I'm going to do.' She put a finger to her lips and tiptoed over to close the door which Mrs. Everett had left slightly ajar."

"I'll fool her," she added, coming back to the dresser where the telegram lay under a soiled powder puff. She smiled as she took up the sheet of yellow paper. "Talk about your lucky breaks!"

And then she told her mother how she was going to outwit Beryl.

(To Be Continued)

Horizontals

1 Mountains between Spain and France.

8 President of Spain.

13 To disclose.

14 Breed of fine-wooled white sheep.

16 Tree of genus Pyrus.

17 Possessive.

18 Standard type measure.

22 Right.

23 Speed.

24 Ocean.

26 Blushing.

28 Cry of a wild goose.

29 To fare.

31 Senior.

32 Night before.

33 To expand.

34 Half quart.

35 Northeast.

36 Box.

37 Contest of speed.

38 Masculine pronoun.

39 Work.

40 Suggestion.

41 Sesame.

42 Above.

43 3,1416.

44 Melody.

45 Flightless bird.

47 Age.

49 Bare.

51 Railroad.

52 Half an em.

53 Polynesian chestnut.

55 Accomplished.

56 Bar.

58 Inert.

60 Caution.

62 To say again.

63 House.

Vertical

2 Year.

3 Corded cloth.

4 All.

5 Tidy.

6 Organ of hearing.

7 Delty.

8 Relish.

9 Measure of area.

10 Marble.

11 Burden.

12 Parts in dramas.

14 False face.

15 Former prime 61 Seventh note.

17 Skein of yarn.

19 City in Spain.

21 To change to other quarters.

23 Cavity.

24 Decree.

27 Southeast.

28 Chaff of grain.

30 Unit.

33 Shallow dish.

34 Throat.

36 Heret.

37 Skin.

38 To secrete.

40 Dug a garden.

41 Toward.

43 To chatter.

45 To side-slip in an auto.

46 Evaporates.

48 On top of.

50 Entrance.

51 To rant.

54 Verb.

56 Male sheep.

57 Upright shaft.

59 Father.

60 Company.

## Mostly Short Words

### SATURDAY'S ANSWER

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |     |
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## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

GAD—HOW I DREAD THIS—BUT HE MUST BE TOLD AND IT'S MY JOB TO TELL HIM—WELL, NO USE BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH—MIGHT AS WELL COME RIGHT OUT WITH IT AND HAVE IT OVER WITH—

MR OLIVER, I HAVE VERY BAD NEWS FOR YOU—WE HAVE DONE ALL WE CAN, BUT THERE IS NO HOPE—YOU ARE TOTALLY BLIND—

BLIND EH? WELL, I HAD BEGUN TO SUSPECT IT—ANY HOPE FOR THE FUTURE?

IF YOU MEAN WILL YOU EVER SEE AGAIN, I AM AFRAID NOTHING KNOWN TO SCIENCE TO-DAY CAN HELP YOU—TRY NOT TO TAKE IT TOO HARD—

ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR—THANKS FOR TELLING ME—

BUT, MAN! DO YOU REALIZE THE GRAVITY OF WHAT I HAVE JUST TOLD YOU?

OH I REALIZE, ALL RIGHT—RUN ALONG NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND—I HAVE SOME THINKING TO DO—

## TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

IT'S TOO DANGEROUS A JOB FOR A LITTLE FELLER LIKE YOU, TIM, AN' BESIDES, IT'S IN MY LINE!

NO, SPUD, YOU HAVEN'T A DISGUISE, AND WHAT'S MORE, I TOLD MR FANCIO I'D DO IT, AND I WILL—!

AW—RIGHT, BUT YOU CAN BET I'LL BE HANGIN' SOMEWHERE CLOSE, JESS IN CASE YOU NEED QUICK HELP—

THAT'S OKAY WITH ME, IF I'LL PROMISE TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT AND NOT MESS UP MY CHANCES

YOU'D BETTER GO ON FROM HERE BY YOURSELF, TIM, AN' DON'T FORGET WHAT I SAID—IF YOU'VE GOT TO DO ANY RETREATIN' ON TH' RUN, BEAT IT UP THIS PATH! I'LL BE BETWEEN THIS SPOT AN' MING LO'S, READY TO FIGHT OFF ANYBODY WHO'S CHASIN' YOU—!

DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME, SPUD, YOU JUST WATCH OUT FOR YOURSELF AND LAY LOW—! S'LONG!

AN' KEEP TH' BONNET PULLED DOWN OVER YOUR FACE! WAL, GOOD LUCK, OLD SCOUT—

AND DOWN TOWARD THE LITTLE VILLAGE HIKES TIM, TO MINGLE WITH THE MOUNTAIN BRIGANDS, IN HOPES OF FINDING AND RESCUING MOLLY AND THE JEWEL JUG FROM THE FLYING MOON! MAN!

## POLLY AND HER PALS

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK OUR NEW NEIGHBOR IS A NUT, PA?

ONE MINUTE HE'S AS NICE AS PIE, AN' THE NEXT SECCUNT HE'LL SNARL ATCHA!

HOWDY, NEIGHBOR! LOVELY WEATHER WE'RE HAVING!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE SEEMS PERFECTLY NORMAL TO ME!

OH, YEAH? WAIT'LL I PROVE IT!

NICE DAY AIN'T IT?

YOU'LL PARDON ME, PERKINS, BUT I NEVER DISCUSS THE WEATHER WITH STRANGERS!

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Oh, Sure!

WHILE BOOTS IS TRYING, IN UAIN, TO PREVENT THE DUEL... WILLIE IS BUSY, MAKING THE FINAL ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE COUNTY'S SECOND

BY TH' WAY, BUDDY, HOW IS MY FRIEND TH' COUNT?

TRES BIEN, MONSIEUR

WELL... TELL 'IM TO ENJOY GOOD HEALTH WHILE HE CAN

AMMPH!! EET EES A BEET OUT OF THE ORDINARY, PERHAPS... HOWEVER, I REALIZE THAT, AN... YOUR KNOWLEDGE IS RATHER LEENITED, CONCERNING SUCH THRENGS... SO I WEEEL ACQUANT YOU WEEETH SOME OF THE CUSTOMS WEEECH ARE ALWAYS OBSERVED

OF COURSE, YOU WEEEL BE ALLOWED ONE, OR TWO, SECONDS

JUST TWO ?? OKAY

I CAN DO ALL I WANNA DO TO TH' COUNT IN THAT TIME

## BRINGING UP FATHER

ALL MAGGIE THINKS OF IS MEETIN' NOBILITY AN' ALL I DO IS MEET THE BILLS—

AH! I UNDERSTAND LORD BURNINGHAM IS COMING TO THIS COUNTRY AND YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE THE PLEASURE OF MEETING HIM—

WHO SAID IT WUZ A PLEASURE?

WHY, MY GOOD MAN, HE IS NEXT TO THE KING—

OH, YEAH! I'LL BET HE AIN'T THE ONLY ONE YOU CAN'T FOOL THE PEOPLE—

HE'S A VERY TALENTED GENTLEMAN, HE NOT ONLY PLAYS WELL, HE IS A WONDERFUL SINGER—

HE SINGS AN' HE'S COMIN' TO MY HOUSE—

## MICKEY MICE

GOSH, BUTCH, I FORGOT WE LEFT ALL OUR MONEY AT THE HOUSE! HOW CAN WE GET IN HERE?

PSHAW! MONEY DON'T MEAN NOTHIN' AT A CIRCUS—I'LL SHOW YA!

QUICK! DUCK UNDER DERE! NO ONE WILL BE D' WISER!

GOSH, IT'S DARK IN HERE!

By HAROLD GRAY

By LYNN YOUNG

By CLIFF STERRETT

By MARTIN

By GEORGE McMANUS

By WALT DISNEY