

The MELODY GIRL

by RUTH DEWEY GROVES

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Tommy nodded in agreement. "Yes," he said grimly. "I guess I'd never amount to much. That's the reason she threw me overboard."

"Never amount to much?" Beryl flashed angrily. "You've come through and that's what counts."

Tommy shrugged. "You're responsible for what I've done. I can't take any credit."

Beryl shook her head in denial. "Don't believe that," she said earnestly. "I simply asked you to make good on a debt I felt you owed me, and you did it. You deserve all the credit for that. But I hope you don't feel it's necessary to your self-respect to have anyone's approval."

"No," Tommy said slowly. "I don't."

"That's all right," Beryl tremulous and eager, felt hope die as her companion hesitated for words.

When he said goodbye to her before taking a subway train at Long Island City for upper New York his words were commonplace but there was a look in his eyes that caused her uneasiness.

She worried over Tommy all the way home, forgetting to prepare herself for her meeting with the family. The family were still at the dinner table when she arrived. Irene did not rise to greet her. Beryl hesitated an instant, then said casually, "Hello. How are you?" Irene knew then that Beryl had not wanted her to come home. "And I think," she said to herself, "that I can guess the reason."

"Mother, tell me you drove Tommy to school," she remarked sweetly and sighed. "Poor Tommy. . . I'm so glad he stopped associating with those Larkin boys."

"How is Gaylord?" Beryl asked. Irene did not answer. Beryl sensed tension in the atmosphere. She looked inquiringly from one to the other, but no one gave her any information about Gaylord.

Suddenly Irene broke the silence by jumping to her feet and crying to her mother in broken accents. "I can't go through it again. You tell her!" Then she put a handkerchief to her face and ran swiftly from the room.

Beryl turned back to her mother, whose expression was a mixture of embarrassment and dismay. Her stepfather too looked restless. Beryl sat down in the chair that Irene had vacated, pushing the empty plate before her aside. Irene obviously had been able to enjoy the evening, her mother had pre-empted. "Well, what is it?" Beryl asked.

Her mother made a fretful movement. "Now don't take that tone," she began, but her husband, who had decided to enlighten Beryl, cut her short.

"Tell her! Tell her!" he exclaimed. "Let her take it all. You encourage the little fool, but you can't expect everyone else to sympathize with her."

Mrs. Everett looked angrily at her own daughter. "She shrieked at him."

"Yes, and I'm not so proud of that," Mr. Everett retorted. "I've never seen her so low."

"What is the matter?" Beryl pleaded.

"I'll tell you," her stepfather declared excitedly. "That feather-brained Irene has left her husband. That's what's the matter."

"Left him?" Beryl repeated incredulously. "What for?"

"That's something she hasn't decided to tell us," Mr. Everett replied with an accusing look at his wife. "She said she couldn't talk about it and your mother upheld her."

"You could give her time," Mrs. Everett whispered.

"Time! I've a right to know—" "Mother's right, Dad," Beryl said soothingly. "These are things you can't talk about."

"Well," Mr. Everett muttered, subsiding a trifle, "I won't have her led on in any silly quarrel between her and her husband. You find out before long what she left him for," he added, addressing his wife.

Mrs. Everett got up to go to Irene, but the expression on her tear-stained face was not subtle.

Mr. Everett, aware of gossip speculation concerning Irene, was staunchly loyal to her favorite. Denied the round of parties she had planned in honor of her daughter (she and Irene had agreed it was better to refuse all such invitations) she was staring sullenly away from those who might question her.

Beryl's attempts to make things easier for her mother were nullified by this attitude.

Beryl had accepted a career in service in the knowledge of a worthwhile sacrifice. What was her voice compared to a young man's whole life? Now she rebelled against seeing that sacrifice turned to vain account.

Yet it seemed this must be her cross. Reluctant suspicion grew to certainty. The unfathomable expression in Irene's eyes when she and Tommy first met after her return had puzzled Beryl. After three weeks of uncertainty the situation was much clearer.

Irene wanted Tommy. There could be no doubt of it. And in a short while, she said, she would be divorced from Gaylord. This news had stunned Mrs. Everett, but it did more to Beryl. It sent tottering, spinning away in shattered bits, the radiant peace she had found in achieving Tommy's salvation. It tortured her and made every thought an aching burden in her tired mind.

She waited in an agony of dread for Tommy to understand as she knew Irene would have him understand, to read the welcoming smile on Irene's lips as Irene would have him read it, to realize, as Irene would have him realize, that the sweetness, the gentleness, that clung about her like a soft garment, was admission of a great mistake.

It was a lovely pose, this crushed innocence, this air of gentle sorrow nobly borne which Irene had adopted. It was impressive to all save Beryl who saw through it as through a pane of clear glass.

Irene knew her sister saw through it. She knew that Beryl was aware of her feelings toward Tommy. She knew this, and she knew more—something that Beryl did not know.

(To Be Continued)

Fours and Fives

HORIZONTAL

1 All, distributively.

5 To act as a model.

9 Leaf of the ralyx.

14 Work-box.

13 Grand-parental.

16 Maxim.

17 To ogle.

18 To relate.

19 Faults.

20 Scanted.

22 Anaesthetist.

23 To shun.

26 To shun.

27 To censure.

33 Spring fast-ing season.

34 Cotton cloth.

35 Thought.

36 Placed just in front of the eyes.

38 Heathen.

39 To hasten.

40 Might.

41 Battle.

VERTICAL

1 Snaky fish (pl.).

2 Dined.

3 Billiard stick.

4 Emperor of Japan.

5 "Father."

6 Kiln.

7 Seasoning.

8 Measure.

9 Barbarous.

10 To redact.

11 Step.

12 Dyeing apparatus.

13 Smaller.

14 Guided.

15 Small skin tumor.

22 Always.

24 Sound.

25 Mast.

26 Very high mountain.

27 Law.

28 Eon.

29 Longfellow Indian hero.

30 Brink.

31 Close.

32 Hebrew tribe.

33 To befit.

37 Pursues.

38 Kettle.

40 Silverware.

41 Ace.

42 Hodge-podge.

43 Money factory.

44 Bottom.

45 Council in old Russia.

46 To eject.

47 Pedes.

49 Carbonated drink.

51 To steal.

52 To consume.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39
40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52
53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

What? No Shave?

By HAROLD GRAY

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

I WONDER IF I MADE A MISTAKE ENLARGING MY STORE. WELL, IT IS TOO LATE NOW TO TURN BACK—IT'S HOW SLOW THEY WORK, AND AT SUCH WAGES, TOO.

WELL, ANNIE, ALREADY THEY HAVE ALL THE PARTITIONS OUT NEXT DOOR—THE CONTRACTOR PROMISES BY SATURDAY TO HAVE EVERYTHING READY—EVEN THE WALL BETWEEN THE STORES OUT—ALL IN ONE BIG STORE.

GEE, THAT'S GREAT—THEN WE CAN HAVE A SWELL BIG OPENING ON MONDAY—GUESS THAT'LL BE GOOD FOR A BIG AD IN THE PAPERS—EH, JAKE?

WHILE AT THE HOSPITAL, WARBUCKS SUDDENLY FINDS REASON TO ASSERT HIMSELF—

YOU'RE THE BARBER, EH? WELL, BEAT IT—YES—THAT'S WHAT I SAID—GET OUT—SCRAM! NO SHAVE TODAY, OR ANY DAY—SEE?

HM-M-M-- WHISKERS—THEY'LL CHANGE MY LOOKS A LOT—AND A PAIR OF THOSE GREEN GLASSES—IT'LL BE OUT OF HERE BEFORE LONG—IT WOULD NEVER DO FOR ANNIE TO RECOGNIZE ME—AND WITHOUT MY EYE-SIGHT I'D NOT BE ABLE TO DODGE HER—COME ON, WHISKERS—HIDE ME!

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYNN YOUNG

SEE

HE'S HIDDEN THE JEWEL BEHIND THE WALL PANEL AND NOW HE'S LEAVING THROUGH A SECRET PASSAGE—WHAT A BREAK FOR ME!!

FIRST, I'LL TRY PRYING THE DOOR OPEN WITH MY KNIFE—IT'S—IT'S GIVING—IT'S—IT'S OPEN!

I'VE GOT 'EM! I'VE GOT 'EM! ABIR FANCHO WILL SURE BE GLAD TO GET HIS SPARKLERS BACK!! GUESS I'D BETTER BE GETTING OUT OF HERE BEFORE SOMEBODY SHOWS UP—

WONDER WHAT SPUD'LL SAY WHEN HE SEES THESE! GOSH, IF I COULD ONLY FIND MISS MOLLY AROUND HERE, TOO! GEE—

POLLY AND HER PALS

By CLIFF STERRETT

I UNDERSTAND THAT THE LIL' BOY NEXT DOOR IS A ACCOMPLISHED TOE DANCER!!

THE DERN SISSY!

I TAKE IT ALL BACK, MAW! THAT THERE NEIGHBOR'S NIPPER IS A ARTIST!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Wotta Man!

By MARTIN

IT ISN'T LIKELY THAT THE COUNT NEEDED ANY HELP WHATSOEVER IN DISPOSING OF WILLIE—HOWEVER A CRABBY, PATRIOTIC OLD BULL CHARGED IN UPON THE SCENE OF CONQUEST AND OBLIGINGLY SAVED THE COUNT THE BOTHER! WILLIE NEVER KNEW WHAT HAPPENED

NOW DON'T WORRY—YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT

WHEN?

SAY, WHERE'S THAT COUNT?

WHY, HE HAS GONE BACK TO PARIS

SURE! IT WAS EVIDENT THAT YOU WERE IN NO SHAPE TO CONTINUE, OLD SON

WELL, I'LL HAND IT TO TH' HOUND! SAY, TELL ME—HOW TH' BLAZE! DID HE EVER PICK ME UP ON TH' END OF HIS SWORD AN' TOSS ME CLEAR OVER HERE, HUH?

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

THERE'S NO CHANCE OF ME SNEAKIN' OUT TO-NIGHT—SO I'LL TRY ME LUCK AT ASKIN' MAGGIE IF I KIN GO OUT—

THERE SHE SITS—NOW FER A GOOD SPEECH.

MAGGIE, DARLIN' I THOUGHT MAYBE THAT TO-NIGHT BEIN' TO-NIGHT I MIGHT BE ABLE TO GO OUT AN'—

BY GOLLY, SHE WUZ ASLEEP.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY WAKING ME UP? GO BACK TO YOUR ROOM—

MICKEY MICE

By WALT DISNEY

PHOOEY! THAT CLOWN ACT IS ABOUT AS FUNNY AS A SORE HEEL—WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO DEP-IT UP!

THIS WILL BE HARD ON THE CLOWNS—BUT I THINK THE AUDIENCE WILL LIKE IT!

HEY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA—MAYBE I CAN HELP IT—