

## OUT OUR WAY By Williams

## TRANS-PACIFIC FLIGHT

BY DECK MORGAN

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

THE Flying Mariner taxied up to the dock, and Kay, standing at Ted's side, saw the white faces of the island colony members awaiting them. Beyond the human fringe she could see the electric lights of the village, built in the jungle.

Ted's joy was mingled with brooding, for he had lost the secret of his gyroplot. But when the Mariner was safely moored Kay turned to Ted and put her arms around him. "Oh, Ted, you felt your way out of that storm!" she said. "Nobody else in the world could have done it!"

He answered gruffly, "Ridiculous! If the radio compass hadn't been out of order, it would have been far more simple than driving an automobile. The human element shouldn't enter at all in flying. It ought to be fool-proof. We can go ahead now, after this experience, and make some scientific adjustments on the direction finder."

Kay stood on tiptoe and kissed him. "Oh, you darling!" she said. "You and your scientific planning! That's all right when you're on the Mariner, but, from now on, it isn't going to be the rule in our private lives. When you're in home port, I'm going to have things my way!"

He smiled down at her. "I'm so glad to see you safe that I could turn loose and do handsprings. I want to dance a jig and I want to do it!"

"Don't you do either!" She warned. "Here comes the naval custodian of the island. Look your dignified best, Mr. Captain."

Ted stood ready to receive the official, but he looked up and saw Ilah standing before them in the chart room. Her face was resigned; there was the faint trace of a mystic smile about her lips. Ilah had secured the secrets of the gyroplot and she was content.

The radio operator from the land station came on board the Mariner first. His face was beaming.

"Hello, Ted! Say, you had us scared. What happened to your sending set? We knew you were fighting the storm somewhere over the ocean, but do you know—we haven't had a clear signal from you since you were over French Frigate Shoals. No message at all!"

Ilah's face suddenly fell. "What was that? You heard no code messages from the ship? You mean—" she whirled to face Ted, and her face lost its Oriental passivity; her eyes were full of hate. "You tricked me! You didn't send my message with the secrets!"

Ted's face was wreathed with smiles. He was beginning to understand. "We sent your message," he said, "but I doubt if it reached your pearl-earring schooner at Wake Island."

The radio operator from the land station scoffed. "I have the strongest station this side of Honolulu. If a code message didn't reach me, it certainly couldn't reach any ship on the Pacific Ocean. I guess your sending set went on the blink during the storm. Were you receiving all right?"

Ted chuckled. "Every message you sent. We had your station and the U. S. S. Mississippi, and came in by triangulating to find our position."

Ilah's eyes flashed with cold fire. Her message hadn't gone through, and the figures were too complicated for her to remember. Ilah had the secrets of his gyroplot safe!

He left her with the naval custodian, under arrest. Ilah disembarked and became the island's first jail bird.

Ted devoted his attention to the other passengers then. The naval surgeon had gone ashore with the precious serum, and was already administering the meningitis victims in the hospital. An epidemic would be forestalled.

Passengers were not allowed to go ashore on the quarantined island, but they were too excited to sleep. It was already 2 o'clock in the morning, and they stayed up to watch the dawn, which would break on Midway with a riot of tropical color. They had missed dinner the evening before in the giant flying boat on account of the storm. Now they dined on the best the steward could find in the ship's rations.

Only the crew members went to sleep, for they had to fly the ship next day. Ted went sound asleep and once or twice Kay went to glance at his sleeping face. How peaceful he looked after the storm! But to Ted now the journey had been a routine flight!

Engineers were making repairs to the radio loop. Tomorrow they would have to fly to Guam.

KAY stayed on Midway to help K. care for the sick at the hospital. At first Ted had protested; he wanted to take her on to Manila and he was afraid for her health. But she was eager to prove her loyalty and be of help to the men who were suffering, and at last he agreed.

Toward noon she stood on the dock and watched the Mariner take off for Guam. The great silver hull throwing up gray spray again, the Mariner dashed across the surface of the lagoon, and took to air. Kay watched it disappearing over the ocean, her eyes filled with vagrant tears.

How proud she was of Ted and how she loved him! She knew now, too, that he adored her. They had come together in the storm, and Kay was sure that this new understanding would endure in the calmer life ashore.

She had finally made adjustments in her own life, to meet the necessities of his. She had made Ted understand that she was a human being with needs far more complex and interesting than the robots and instruments in his flying Mariner.

As the flying boat passed out of sight, Kay thought of Dickie and how happy she would be to be back in the little house on the beach at Ship Harbor again. The home port. For Kay, it was home.

A feeling of content arose within her. She turned and walked

back toward the hospital on the lonely island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

TED sat in the chart room with the navigation officer, charting the course for the day. They would be in the island of Guam by night and in the Philippines the day after. It was a routine job. Back and forth, back and forth, year in and year out.

He walked back into the compartments to see how the passengers were faring. The army wives were asleep in their chairs. The Chinese merchant fanned himself, smiling back at Ted with the extreme courtesy of his race. The English explorer had taken the hood from the falcon's eyes, and the tiny black buttons looked out into the light with terror.

The missionary and the American traveling salesman were engaged in an argument over the place of both men in the progress of civilization. The young polo player walked up and down the aisle, trying his sea legs.

In the middle of his discussion

the salesman yawned. It was catching. The missionary yawned, too, and then the English explorer.

Ted laughed, and went back to work. On the trip he would have time to make some corrections in the design of his gyroplot.

The four 800-horsepower engines hummed out a tune of the progress of science, of transportation, and civilization. And, as he worked, Ted hummed, thinking about Kay. What pretty hair she had! And those green eyes! He'd be glad when this trip was over and he could take her back to Dickie and the little house on the beach at Ship Harbor.

THE END  
(Copyright, 1936, N.E.A. Service, Inc.)

"Salute to Love,"  
The Times New Daily  
Serial, Starts Today.  
Page 4.

## PROPHECY

By John Francis Kalland

Daily Short Story

THE peaceman's beady eyes shone covetously as they fastened upon the little ivory skull hanging from the white man's watch chain. He wanted that skull. The Indians of the village would believe that it was a real skull—that he, through his sorcery, had intimacy with all-powerful gods and devils, had shrunk it to such unbelievably small proportions.

"Giveum head," he bargained with the white man, holding out a wicker cage in which lay a three-foot snake. "Peaceman giveum white man camudi. Canudi sabby debbils. Bad Debills come for catchum Boss, camudi no lettum."

Peter Barnes was interested in the reptile—not because of the devilish powers attributed to it by the old Guiana Indian medicine man, but because his viper collection lacked a bushmaster.

"Giveum head," he bargained with the white man, holding out a wicker cage in which lay a three-foot snake. "Peaceman giveum white man camudi. Canudi sabby debbils. Bad Debills come for catchum Boss, camudi no lettum."

"Peaceman," he half-whispered. "Bebchey, beebchey save Boss."

Barnes paid scant attention to the prophecy. By the time he reached his home in New Jersey he had forgotten it entirely.

PETER BARNES was a lawyer. After a short, private practice, he became affiliated with the district attorney's office. Two years later, he was the most successful prosecutor on the staff, with an enviable record of convictions.

Then he ran into a snare. Spike, Vincent's gang leader, arrested him a few days after a sensational bank robbery. During the trial, he shot it out with the bandits, who identified Vincente as the man who had killed one of the tellers.

A simple case, thought Barnes. Not so, the district attorney.

"Barnes," said the latter, "I want to see Vincente sent up, but you'll never get a conviction on a murder charge. Neither Devil nor any one else will ever testify against him, and you can't blame them for it."

Barnes thought differently. He was determined to send the gang leader to the electric chair.

He wasn't long, however, before he discovered that the district attorney was right. Devil's memory suddenly became faulty. Devil stared at the young prosecutor in the face, but he went on with his preparations for the trial with an assemblage of confidence that fooled every one, including the gang leader.

Barnes received a warning. Then, two days before the date set for the trial, he received an ultimatum. He ignored it.

BARNES lived in a sparsely set-tled suburb. His home was an ordinary dwelling except for one feature. Opening out of the study, which he kept his collection of reptiles, whose cages lined the walls.

When he reached home on the evening before the opening of the trial, he stopped for a moment in the study, then turned to the room in which the collection was housed. Opening the door, he snapped on the light and turned to the cage of the bushmaster, which occupied a position at the side of the door.

Zing! Spat! Something had whipped past his ear and smashed against a hard surface beside him. He whirled to face a grim-visaged individual who stood in the middle of the room, a smoking automatic in his hand. Behind the gunman, bound and gagged, sat Barnes' steward.

The gunman's thin lips curled.

"That old peaceman," he murmured softly, "certainly knew his debbils."

NO, HE'S PROBABLY IN A CORNER READING LAST YEAR'S PRESS CLIPPINGS!

HOW CAN YOU CARRY ON A PRACTICE WITHOUT HIM?

TO BE HONEST WITH YOU, SON, I HADN'T EVEN MISSED HIM UNTIL YOU MENTIONED HIS ABSENCE!

AREN'T YOU EVEN GONNA PUT HIM ON THE TEAM THIS YEAR?

THAT DEPENDS ON HOW SOON THE SWELLING DISAPPEARS FROM AROUND HIS HATBAND!

JUST LAST NIGHT HE SAID TO ME: "TAG, PEOPLE THINK I'M PRETTY CONCEITED ABOUT MY FOOTBALL PLAYING, BUT I DON'T THINK I'M EVEN HALF AS GOOD AS I REALLY AM!"

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Blosser

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS