

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 the gyropilot. 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 into 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 handstands. I want to dance a jig and I want to cry."

"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 Illah, standing before them in the chart room. Her face was resigned; there was the faint trace of a mystic smile about her lips.

Illah had secured the secret of the gyropilot, 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 you sending set? We knew you were fighting the storm somewhere over the ocean, but you know—we haven't had a clear signal from you since you were over French Frigate Shoals. No message at all!"

ILLAH'S face suddenly fell. "What was that? You heard no message 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 secret!"

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 pearling 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."

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

He left her with the naval custodian, under arrest. Illah 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 to the meningitis victims in the hospital. An epidemic would be forestalled.

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 bathtubs 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 today he would have time to make some corrections in the design of his gyropilot.

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

PROPHECY

By John Francis Kalland
Daily Short Story

THE pealman'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, and through his sorcery, his intimacy with all-powerful gods and devils, had shrunk it to such unbelievably small proportions.

"Give me head," he bargained with the white man, holding out a wicker cage in which lay a three-foot snake. "Pealman give me white man camudi. Camudi sabby debilis. Bad Debilis come for catchum Boss, camudi no letum."

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

When Barnes assented to the trade, the old pealman could not hide his satisfaction. He broke into a dance of joy. Then, suddenly, he stopped and fixed the white man with a solemn eye.

"Pealman sabby debilis," he half-whispered. "Bumby, debilis try for killum Boss. Camudi 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 snag. "Spit," Vincente, gang leader, was arrested a few days after a sensational bank robbery. Devin, the bank guard who shot it out with the bandits, positively 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 Devin nor any one else will ever testify against him, and you can't blame them. Vincente's gang would get them for it."

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

It wasn't long, however, before he discovered that the district attorney was right. Devin's memory suddenly became faulty. Deafest spied the young prosecutor in the face, but he went on with his preparations for the trial with an assumed 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 settled suburb. His home was an ordinary dwelling except for one feature. Opening out of the study, was a specially constructed room in 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 tried 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' houseman.

The gunman's thin lips curled. "Get over here, away from that door. Any funny business and the next slug won't go by."

Barnes complied, and the gunman edged over to a position near the door. There was a light in his eyes that left the lawyer in no doubt as to his intentions. The automatic came up on a line with Barnes' chest.

The lawyer's eyes, however, were not upon the weapon. They were fixed on the cage of the bushmaster, directly behind the gunman. That first bullet had smashed the catch, and the cage door had swung open. Now, the reptile lay coiled in the opening, its tail vibrating a soundless warning.

Three things happened simultaneously—the automatic belched flame, Barnes threw himself to the floor, and the snake struck.

The weapon clattered to the floor as the gunman clutched at the clinging reptile. With a curse, he tore it loose and flung it to the floor, where his heel crushed the ugly head.

Then he looked up—into the muzzle of his own gun.

"Sit down," Barnes invited, quietly. "You haven't much time left. That"—pointing to the lifeless snake man, but because his viper collection lacked a bushmaster.

The gunman's face went ashen. Hastily, he tore off his coat and ripped away his shirt. He stared, fascinated, at the tiny punctures that had been made in his arm by the deadly fangs of the reptile. Guns and knives he understood, but this thing—

"Do something!" he burst out suddenly. "You ain't got to let me go out like this?"

Barnes arched his brows. "Why not? You weren't just showing me a good time, were you?"

The man's reply was a lunge for the weapon, but Barnes sidestepped neatly, and his left fist hooked sharply to the other's jaw. The fellow went down, out cold.

TEN minutes later, the gunman opened his eyes and stared blankly at the ceiling. He tried to sit up, only to discover that his arms were bound tightly to his sides. Memory returned, and cold perspiration bathed his face. He turned his head to look into the cold eyes of Peter Barnes.

"You've only one chance," the lawyer said. "If you want me to save your life, you'll sign an affidavit to the effect that Vincente killed the teller of that bank robbery. Don't try to tell me you weren't there."

His nerve broken, the man nodded. Barnes untied his right hand. He signed the paper that the lawyer had ready, then sank back weakly.

His eyes glittered feverishly as he watched Barnes deliberately fold the paper and turn toward the study. Then panic seized him.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Ain't you goin' to do somethin'?"

Barnes turned in the doorway, a smile on his face.

"You were out for 10 minutes. If I hadn't taken the proper measures, you would be dead by now. You were safe when you signed."

His eyes rested upon the lifeless bushmaster.

"That old pealman," he murmured softly, "certainly knew his debilis."

THE END
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(The characters in this story are fictitious)

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OUT OUR WAY



LI'L ABNER



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



GRIN AND BEAR IT



"We had a gorgeous boat trip—the man in the next cabin had hiccups all the way over."

Every nation is now more afraid of war than ever before. Every time they think war is more imminent they increase barriers to make themselves independent, and they bring on the very thing they wish to avoid.

After 100, a man is too old to marry—Charles Jeanette, Old Forge, N. Y., 99-year-old Civil War veteran, before his bride killed him.

FLAPPER FANNY



—By Al Capp



CROSSWORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Fleet-footed maiden.
- 12 To hanker after.
- 13 Barley spikeler.
- 14 Genus of palms.
- 16 Hastened.
- 17 Slips sideways.
- 19 Microbe.
- 20 Onager.
- 21 Stripped blubber.
- 23 To perish.
- 24 Mountain.
- 25 Beer.
- 26 Type standard.
- 28 Mister.
- 29 Gratiated.
- 30 Blue grass.
- 32 Blockhead.
- 33 Garret.
- 34 Almonds.
- 36 Fish eggs.
- 37 North America.
- 39 Lair.
- 40 Transposed.
- 41 Form of "a."

Answer to Previous Puzzle

PHINEAS BARNUM
SEINE NAIVE POA
HATTER PRIGS AD
O SEDAN DANCES V
WE RECUR NATIVE
MAR DETER LATER
AVID S PHINEAS C SAI
NEVER T R ALES
SEVER T R ALES
PRIFE BARNUM ALL I
OF LAD MOURN
DAM CIRCUS FROG
REPEAT STATED

VERTICAL

- 1 To heave.
- 2 Nights before.
- 3 Guided.
- 4 And.
- 5 Final cause.
- 6 Twofold.
- 7 Finishes.
- 8 Laughter.
- 9 Unit of work.
- 10 To require.
- 11 Curtain fabric.
- 12 She is world.
- 15 She is birth.
- 17 Sleigh.
- 18 Southeast.
- 21 To beguile.
- 22 Leaves.
- 23 Audibly.
- 27 Engine.
- 28 Cotton machine.
- 31 Devoured.
- 35 Winter precipitation.
- 38 Pertaining to the ear.
- 41 Abounding in pines.
- 45 Powder ingredient.
- 46 Cravat.
- 47 Always.
- 48 Musical note.
- 49 Routine study.
- 50 One and one.
- 51 Diamond.
- 53 Food container.
- 54 Being.
- 56 Spain.
- 58 Half an em.

Gosh, I get a lump in my throat when I get letters from those who were my fans 10 years ago—every time I get letters from those William S. Hart, silent screen star.