

Madman's Island

BY NARD JONES

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
KAY DEARBORN—Heroine, who inherits a yacht for vacation.
MELITA BOWARD—Kay's roommate and co-adventurer.
FRISCILLA DUNN—The third adventurer.
FORREST BROTHERS AND GRANT HARPER—Young scientists whose expedition turned out to be a rare experience.

Yesterday—Falling to find Kay or Grant, the party returns to the island and there find a note warning "there is no chance to be of assistance to your friends." It orders they leave the island at once.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

When Grant Harper and Kay Dearborn went down these dark, steep steps they fully expected some death trap. Perhaps an abandoned well to smother them out of existence. Or a pit in which they would be at the mercy of the owner of that insistent voice that came to them out of the night's blackness. Clutching Grant Harper's arm, Kay found her mind filled with all sorts of fiendish possibilities. Step by step they went deeper, and she felt sure that each step would be the last.

"Here we are," the voice said. Then Kay felt the man brush past her, heard the unmistakable sound of a latch.

What Kay and Grant saw in that sudden flash of light they would never forget on this earth.

It was a long, paneled hallway, well carpeted. Beyond was another door. Dazed, Kay turned to her captor. He was the same man who had taken command of the ship and from whom they had attempted escape. Easily he slipped the flashlight into his pocket, but the revolver he kept ready.

"We're not anxious to see it," Harper said evenly. "We're not on the island. You can't possibly—"

"Never turn down hospitality," the man interrupted with a strange gleam in his eyes. "That door ahead will take you into the dining room. Please go ahead." The revolver moved over so slightly.

Kay urged Grant ahead. "Please," she said. "We—we may as well do what he says."

"May as well?" The mad man chuckled pleasantly. "You must do what I say. You will find the place delightful. The electricity comes from my own little motorized plant. There is an air conditioning system, too. You'll note that the air is quite as fresh here as above. I have only one slight inconvenience. It does grow too chilled in the evening. Does it not?"

Kay shuddered, felt Grant's arm slip tighter around her waist. "Steady," he whispered. "Try not to show you're afraid. We may be able to . . ."

He stopped as the strange, most new closer, opening the door from the hallway.

Ahead was a large room, paneled like the hallway, even to the ceiling. It was beautifully furnished, and the pictures and decorations reflected impeccable taste.

"There is still more," the man said. "But suppose we sit here for a moment. You both must be—tired after so strenuously trying to avoid my hospitality."

"THANK you . . ." Grant Harper shot Kay a glance full of meaning. "Of course, you can understand that we weren't aware of your intentions?" He settled in one of the huge leather chairs. "This is hardly what one would expect to find."

The other smiled. With a curious gesture he slipped the revolver into his pocket. But there was no doubt that he was still aware of it. "I am glad you find it acceptable. You will have to excuse me for a brief time. There are some things I have to attend to. Please feel free here. There are cigarettes on the table there. In the sideboard you'll find fresh sandwiches and a bottle of very good wine."

He started toward the door. Tommy turned. "Of course, it will do you no good to try to escape. I wouldn't advise it." With that he left the room. Kay and Grant knew the lock turn definitely from the outside.

IN panic, Kay started across the room toward the door. "Wait!" Grant said. "One thing we must not do—and that's lose our heads. The man is obviously a paranoiac of some sort. But that may be in our favor. At least he has nothing logical against us. He's not out for revenge against us in particular—so we may have a chance to dissuade him."

"But what can we do?" "For a moment, nothing," she said. "There was food in the sideboard. I move you make use of it."

IT was more than an hour later when their host returned. Now he looked as Kay had seen him on the Chinook, for his clothes were dripping wet.

"Ah," he said, smiling. "You have made yourselves at home. That is good. You will pardon my appearance. I know. Sometimes it is a bit inconvenient, living on an island without a boat. But then, I do not mind. I am a strong swimmer—and one dries out quickly before a hearth fire."

Harper went forward disarmingly. "Better let me take your coat, old man. It's soaking."

"No, thanks . . ." The man drew back suspiciously. Then he smiled again. "You have been comfortable?"

"Very. You know, I'd like to know how in the world you've done all this. It's remarkable."

The other shrugged. "Not so remarkable, my friend. It was begun many years ago. I have merely improved it. Over a long period—ordering my materials and equipment from one place and another, so as to avoid publicity."

He walked toward the hearth, turned suddenly with his back to the fire. "Would you really like to hear the story of these rooms?"

"Yes, please," Harper said. "I'd like to hear the story of these rooms?"

"Oh, Tommy! It's wonderful!" She looked back and winced. The rear bumper and two fenders of the Silver Streak were intricately mingled with a section of coal truck.

"Oh, Tommy, you're not hurt, are you?" Tommy struggled up. "Now, how could I be? Adding, with a touch of the old Patchett spirit, 'landed on my head, didn't I?'"

Mrs. Patchett kissed him. Kiss—sweet—sugar!

"AND that reminds me," said Tommy. "Sugar's in the back seat. Sugar and—don't tell me now!—sugar and—mmmmmm—orange! But there are something else, something I was trying to think of when—"

"When what?" asked Mrs. Patchett. Tommy emitted a whoop. "Got it!" he shouted. "Oh, boy, what a memory!"

Mrs. Patchett looked rueful, but Mr. Patchett was too excited to notice. "Ella—don't you see? Automobile wreck—insurance! That's what I was trying to remember—to take out insurance on this new car!"

THE END

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He remembered with almost ridiculous ease where he had left the sugar. Applying the Patchett technique, his mind made a swift recapitulation of antecedent action—new car, tell-wife-to-expect-surprise, telephone, telephone booth, put-down-bundles-to-make-call . . . The phone booth!

RATHER pleased with himself, he went back to the booth, retrieved the sugar, then stepped around the corner to Tony Piccini's.

"Half a dozen oranges," he told the clerk, reflecting how swell it was not to have to jot down everything on a pad, the way he'd had to do before enrolling at Platt.

He handed the clerk a half-dollar and started for the door, trying to imagine the way Ella would look when she saw the new chestnut.

"Hey!" the clerk yelled. "Yuh forgot a change! An' doncha want these oranges?"

"Huh?—oh, oranges! Yea, thanks!"

THE clerk gave him a look that implied things, but Tommy let it pass. He emerged from the store, determined to forget nothing else until he had arrived home with the new Silver Streak. Let's see—he'd parked it somewhere around here. Oh, yes, around the corner by the drug store.

He stepped inside, put the oranges back with the sugar, and turning the ignition switch, stepped on the starter. The motor purred. Quiet as a kitten, thought Tommy, as he shifted gears and started carefully down the avenue.

He had a vague feeling that there was still something he had forgotten, but outside of a definite sense of disturbance in the region of the medulla oblongata, he couldn't seem to bring it into focus, even with the aid of the famous Platt Association-of-Ideas System. He was almost home and still struggling to set the proper train of thought in motion, when a policeman directing traffic at the avenue and Kittredge St., held up his hand. Tommy came down hard on the brakes.

He wasn't entirely clear on the sequence of things after that. There was a resounding crash and Tommy was thrown forward against the Silver Streak's guaranteed non-shatterable windshield. The windshield didn't shatter, but Tommy's cranium (not guaranteed) nearly did.

When he came to, things seemed to be coalescing again into a more or less reasonable pattern. A young woman with a tear-stained countenance was kissing him excitedly and moaning. "Tommy! Oh, Tommy! A harassed traffic cop was saying, 'He'll be all right, ma'am, just shaken up a bit, that's all. And a grimy-faced truck driver was grumbling, 'Why didn't he put out his hand, that's what I wanna know.'"

LUCKILY, although not much to boast of interiorly, the head of Thomas Patchett possessed a resistant exterior.

"Just a bump," he mumbled, emerging slowly from a nebulous cloud of worry. "Why, Ella!—what are you doing here? I—how do you like the—surprise?"

Daily Short Story

DON'T FORGET—By Kenneth A. Fowler



"Hey!" the clerk yelled.

"You are surprised," he said with a smile. "Indeed, I have other surprises in store for you. I am proud of my little place. I find myself anxious to show it—after so long a time."

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"It—it may be poison," said Kay. Grant was at the sideboard. "Well, at least we can depend on the wine. This seal is authentic, and hasn't been tampered with." Kay watched him break it open, fill two glasses set atop of the sideboard.

He brought one to her. "Here you are. To what shall we drink?" Kay took the glass in trembling fingers. "There's no use," she said weakly. "I'm—I'm scared. Why should we pretend that he isn't going to kill us?"

"BECAUSE," said Harper, touching his glass to hers, "we're going to keep him from it." When they had sipped the wine, Harper walked to a fireplace where logs and kindling were laid neatly. "A glass of wine and a hearth fire. Not bad, at that." He bent down, brushed a match to the rolled paper. "We must accept his hospitality. He's very positive about that, you remember, and it may be the key to his heart, if he has one." Harper stood up before the fresh blaze. "Besides, that smoke has to go somewhere above. It might be seen by the Mistrals."

"Do you really think they'll find us?" "One thing you can be sure of. Mac and Tom are looking. When we came along that path I could have sworn I heard the speedboat's engine."

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OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



L'I' ABNER



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ABBIE AN' SLATS



GRIN AND BEAR IT



Q—What and where is Tara's Hall?
A—The ancient capital of Ireland, on a hill in County Heath, six miles east of Trim. Tradition says that the palace was 900 feet square, with a capacity for entertaining 1000 guests daily. Here the early Kings of Ireland were crowned.

Q—What is the title of the selection played by Boris Karloff in the motion picture, "The Walking Dead"?
A—"Kamennol-Ostrow," by Anton Rubinstein.

Q—What bird migrates long distances on foot?
A—The corn-crake, of the Nile region. They fly only when crossing the sea.

Q—When eating corn on the cob I always wonder if I am doing it properly. How should the cob be held?
A—The cob is held with the fingers at both ends and the corn is eaten from the cob. If corn forks are provided, stick them into the ends of the cob, as handles.

Q—Where are the Dardanelles and where is the Hellespont?
A—Dardanelles is the Turkish name and Hellespont is the Greek name for a strait that connects the Aegean Sea with the Sea of Marmora and separates Turkey in Europe from Turkey in Asia.

Q—What is the origin of the term "doughboy" for privates in the Army?
A—The name was applied to infantry soldiers by the cavalrymen because of the globular buttons on their uniforms.

Q—Which American automobile manufacturer produced the first six-cylinder motor car?
A—The Ford Motor Co. built a six-cylinder motor car in 1907, which was one of the first of its kind.

Q—Has any baseball player ever made an unassisted triple play in a World Series game?
A—Bill Wambegans, Cleveland Indians second baseman, made one against the Brooklyn Dodgers in the World Series of 1920.

Q—What is the origin of the slang phrase, "You know me, Al"?
A—Ring Lardner introduced it in his first story "The Saturday Evening Post," many years ago.

Q—Do wild animals die of old age?
A—Few wild animals die of old age, in spite of their freedom from the ills of civilization. Food shortage, accidental injuries, diseases and natural enemies are the principal causes of death in the wild, according to the Bureau of Biological Survey. Pneumonia, or inflammation of the lungs, is one of the common causes of death. Starvation is one

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

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

Horizontal

1 President of the U. S. A.
10 Bowling tools.
11 Prince rail.
12 Battered torrid.
13 Giver.
14 Mono sash.
15 Writing tool.
16 Salt.
17 Mountain.
18 Tail.
19 Toward.
20 Goddess of peace.
21 Day.
22 Hangman's halter knot.
23 Therefore.
24 High mountain.
25 Verdine.
26 Fabulous bird.
27 Note in scale.
28 Ingredient of food making.
29 Flemish.
30 Cloth.
31 Close.
32 Tortoise.
33 Portion of a circle.
34 Shed as blood.

Vertical

8 Goddess of love.
9 Transposed.
10 He was once President.
11 Gracious.
12 To cut off.
13 Cause.
14 Federal digli.
15 Cause.
16 Aperiure.
17 Hallow.
18 Cow-headed goddess.
19 Northeast.
20 To sin.
21 He strives-for reform.
22 Prophet.
23 Upon.
24 Gasp.
25 Epochs.
26 German tribal organizations.
27 Brutal.
28 To compensate.
29 Christmas Carol.
30 Native metal.
31 Fodder val.
32 Indian.
33 To total.
34 Food container.
35 Gibbon.
36 Within.
37 Southeast.

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