

Madman's Island

BY NARD JONES

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
KAY DEARBORN—Herself, who inherits a yacht for vacation.
MELITA HOWARD—Kay's roommate and co-adventurer.
PRISCILLA DUNN—The third adventurer.

FORREST BROTHERS and GRANT HARPER—Young scientists whose expedition turned out to be a rare experience.

Yesterday—Failing 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. Board was another door. Dazed, Kay turned to her captain. It was the same man who had taken command of the Chinook and from whom she had attempted escape. Easly he slipped the flashlight into his pocket, but the revolver he kept ready.

"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."

"We're not anxious to see it," Harper said evenly. "We're not alone 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 living room. Please go ahead." The revolver moved ever so slightly.

KAY urged Grant ahead. "Please," she said. "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 motor 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 earth. 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 to . . ." He stopped as their strange host drew 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—ah—tired so strenuously trying to avoid my hospitality."

THANK you . . ." Grant Har-

per shot Kay a glance full of meaning. "Of course, you can understand that we weren't aware of your intentions?" He setted in one of the huge leather chairs.

"This is hardly what one would expect to find."

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

"I'll be back," the clerk yelled, "yuh te-gochie, change! An' doncha want these oranges?"

"Huh? — oh, oranges! Yea,

Yea, there are cigarettes on the

table, the sideboard and a bottle of very good wine."

He started toward the door. There he 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 heard the lock turn definitely from the outside.

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 something he had forgotten, but outside of a definite sense of disquiet, 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 Kiltedge St. held up his hand. Tommy came down hard on the brakes.

He stopped to the policeman. "What can we do?"

Harper smiled grimly. "For a moment, nothing. He said there was food in the sideboard. I move you we make use of it."

"It may be poison," said Kay.

Grant was at the sideboard.

"Well, at least we can depend on the sideboard. 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 her shoulder to her, "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, touched 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 Mistral."

"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."

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

"Ah," he said, smiling. "You have made yourselves at home. That is, when their host returned. Now he looked as Kay had seen him, the Chinook, for his clothes were dripping wet.

"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 paying taxes."

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

"Better let me take your coat, old man. It's soaking."

"No, thanks . . ." The man drew

(To Be Continued)

Daily Short Story

DON'T FORGET—By Kenneth A. Fowler



"Hey!" the clerk yelled.

TOMMY PATCHETT dialed the number, then remembered he had forgotten to drop a nickel in the slot.

He inserted the coin and was gratified by the immediate improvement in the service.

Ella's voice sounded preparatory ominous. Probably expecting he'd forgotten something again. Well, he'd surprise her.

"Hi, angel! Be home at 6 tonight—big surprise! Nope—haven't forgotten a thing. Sugar?—right here in the booth with me! Just had to think of you. Sweet, sugar—see?"

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—oranges! But there are something else, something I was trying to think of when—

"When what?" asked Mrs. Patchett.

Tommy emitted a whoop. "Go 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—because of take out insurance on this new car!"

THE END

The characters in this story are fictitious

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ASK THE TIMES

Inclose a 3-cent stamp for reply when addressing any question of fact or information to The Indianapolis Times Washington Service Bureau, 1013 13th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Legal and medical advice cannot be given, nor can extended research be undertaken.

Q—What and where is Tara's Hall?

A—The ancient capital of Ireland is Tara in County Meath, 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.

He remembered with almost

ridiculous ease where he had left the sugar. Applying the Platt 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!

THE END

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THREE KINGS AND A QUEEN

THE KING'S HORSES

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Oh, stop grousing. When I get through, you'll look as pretty as a picture."

"Yeah, I know—a passport picture."

—By Al Capp

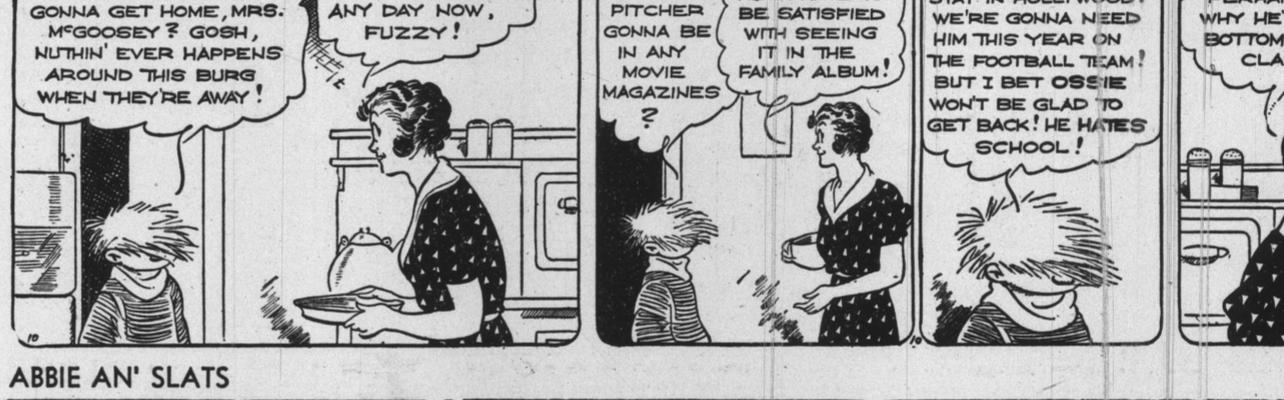
LI'L ABNER



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



—By Capp



—By Capp

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