

# LOST KINGDOM

By OREN ARNOLD, Copyright 1937, NEA Service, Inc.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**  
**ROBERT BARRY**—hero, explorer.  
**MELISSA LANE**—heroine, Barry's partner.  
**HONEY BEE GIRL**—Indian; member of Barry's party.  
**HADES JONES**—pioneer; member Barry's party.

Yesterday, Melissa develops a decided liking for her young partner. And Bob gets the second surprise of his expedition—the cook he had hired sight unseen also turns out to be a woman. He now has a new problem on his hands.

## CHAPTER FOUR

**ZACHARY "HADES" JONES** came to life first. While the other three in his party still stared, he barked.

"A squaw! Looky thar, it's a squaw!"

He was stating an obvious fact not for its information, but to convey the contempt he felt. The old man positively glared at the red girl.

Holliman was grinning broadly. And all at once Bob Barry saw the funny side of it too. He laughed heartily.

"That makes twice," he admitted. "First a partner, then a cook. Miss Lane, will those clothes you bought the cook fit her?"

The whole party laughed then, and Bob was quick to apologize.

"Oh, I'm sorry, uh—Honey—what do you say your name is? Honey Bee? We were not laughing at you, but at ourselves. You see, we expected a male cook, a man."

"I COOK these white man's food," she repeated. "I cook it better than these white man's woman." She looked at Mary Melissa.

"What'll we do?" interrupted Hades Jones. "Can't take no danged squaw for no cook!"

But Bob felt that Honey Bee needn't be insulted any more by rude whites, himself included. He apologized again.

"Sure, sure, come on tonight anyway, Honey Bee, and cook supper and breakfast for us. We'll still be skirting the Indian country, and you can ride home tomorrow and send us a man. I'll pay you. It's all right."

Honey Bee Girl. The name was singularly appropriate, Bob admitted. She was quick of motion like a wild thing, sweetly pretty. She said she was 19 years of age. She spoke fairly good English. She rode her horse with surprising grace and ease.

"YOU say you have been to a white school?" Mary Melissa asked, somewhat oddly. The Indian merely nodded.

"Where? Where is the school?" "Phoenix," Honey Bee said. But she spurred her horse, then. She had tolerated Mary Melissa riding beside her, somewhat to the rear of the others, but now she did a surprising thing. She galloped the few yards to catch up with Bob Barry, and reined in her horse to walk beside his, never looking back.

Mary Melissa, alone, blushed furiously in spite of herself. It was something she hadn't felt in years, the sting of a conscious, emboldened snub. People didn't snub the Lanes. Not even in New York, or Atlantic City, or Miami. The Lanes! Mary Melissa Lane's family and wealth dated back to—

SUDDENLY the sheer oddity of the situation dominated her thoughts. After all, what is aristocracy? This arid desert land was Indian country. Maybe a cook was of low social caste in Manhattan, but cooking is a fundamental thing out west, in the outdoors. And—now that she thought back—Mary Melissa realized that she had been a bit patronizing at least in her tone. She decided to forget the incident.

The supper that night turned out to be perfect. With scant utensils, an outdoor fire, and a limited stock of supplies, Honey Bee quickly fed them generously and well. She even found time to disappear up a canyon evidently watered by an under-surface stream, and there pick a quantity of the odd plant called miner's lettuce, an unexpectedly delicious salad which she dressed with the rich brown juice of dried ham. It touched the men's appetites greatly.

"Nothin' but an Indian coulda done that," approved Holliman, picking his teeth, but Hades Jones snorted.

THAT first night was uneventful. Lissa slept soundly, despite her saddle soreness, and the party was moving again at dawn. Cactus and brush forced them to ride single file most of this day, so that, relatively, conversation was impossible, but interest heightened when they finally made camp within sight of their goal. They were near the foot of the great Castle cliff. It loomed impressively in the sunset glow.

After supper, Bob studied the Castle outlines with his field glasses, although he could see but little in the twilight. "It's about 600 feet, straight up," he told Mary Melissa. "No, not quite straight up, but nearly so. And you'll note the cliff cap above has a slight overhang. Centuries of erosion have cut back the softer under strata, where the Castle stands."

"Why is it called Defiance, Dr. Barry?"

"BECAUSE it has defied all efforts to explore it, and probably was impregnable as a fort when occupied. One archaeologist, from the State University, did manage to climb part way up, chiseling footholds and using ropes. But even he slipped on the down trip and broke his leg. And until now nobody had appropriated money for a real effort at it."

Mary Melissa stared intently upward. Fast dying shadows of day seemed to create life in the old ruins.

"Looks ghostly," she ventured. "It is. There's a wealth of legend about the place, Miss Lane. Many good yarns; some fact, maybe. These dwellings were abandoned before Columbus sailed. We don't know why."

"Goodness!" breathed the white girl. "It's fascinating."

"Yes!"

"Maybe the Indians drove them away. But where?"

"Can't say. There are Indian legends about it too, but they don't help much."

NEXT dawn found Bob Barry impatient to visit Defiance Castle. During the night he had evolved a new plan. It excited him so that he arose before anybody else, shook Holliman awake and with him left camp before anyone else stirred. Some cold food did them for breakfast.

"I have a hunch I can make a preliminary exploration this morning," Holliman, the young scientist beamed. "Let's take a long rope—say 300 feet of the one-inch stuff—and ride around to the top of this cliff."

Holliman looked at his boss. "What you gonna do?" he demanded.

"Never mind now. Maybe nothing. Let's see if we can get to the top of that cliff."

They could, by riding two miles south and cutting back and up on a zigzag, rocky course, then climbing through more rocks to the mesa top. They were three hours at it.

"Ought to be easy," Bob began. "Here's let's anchor one end of the rope firmly. Then you snub the middle length around this mesquite tree-trunk, Holliman, and I'll be on the other end."

"You mean you goin' to swing over? You aim to take us all down there that way?"

"Maybe. It might be the simplest way."

BOB BARRY started down, but he had overlooked two things. First, Holliman's anchor was very strong, forestalling all efforts to shout instructions up to Holliman once the descent over the ledge was begun.

He was dangling down nearly 150 feet when he discovered that he was on a level with the castle floor. He shouted to Holliman, but got no answer, and Holliman let him go down some 30 feet too far.

Then he realized the importance of the second item he had forgotten—the cliff overhang.

His strong arms, developed in years of swimming, enabled him to climb back up to the level of the castle floor. But because of the overhang above him, he was still 20 feet or more from the rock lip. He knotted the rope at that point and studied the situation.

"Hey, Holliman!" he yelled, but the wind swallowed his voice. "Gee, it's a long drop under me!"

He murmured: It was indeed. About 400 feet to some tree tops, then more trees in assorted levels for 200 feet and Honey Bee staring up at him. He grinned and waved, showing more confidence than he felt.

HE noted in a flash that the ancient castle walls, made of crude masonry, were remarkably well preserved. He was close enough to study their exterior. He thought he could see blackened rocks, where fires had burned centuries ago.

But scientific interest was fading. He had twisted the rope around his left leg to hold himself there, and the stricture was hurting. He looked up. Could a man climb 150 feet of rope? He didn't know.

He was swayed in the wind. On a narrow ledge down to the left he recognized an eagle's nest. He suddenly envied the eagles. A moment of hysteria chilled him, but he literally forced himself to think calmly again. Robert Barry had a trained mind.

He could see but two possibilities. Each offered a very slim chance, he realized, but he must decide quickly to risk one of them.

(To Be Continued)

## Daily Short Story

RESOURCEFUL—By Olive Cranston

TOMMY JOHNSON slipped from the Glendale community picnic group to look for his father's closed delivery truck. He was tired and wanted to take a nap. Some of the kids were putting their heads on their mothers' laps and sleeping, but Tommy felt he was too big for such childish comfort.

If the parents of the 12-year-old youngster had seen him walk into the thickening twilight they would have called him back. For they, like all the parents at the outing, were uneasy since they heard over the radio that the kidnappers of little Hubert Wilkins were headed toward Glendale.

Tommy had trouble finding the truck. It was on the fringe of the mass of parked cars, nearer the highway than the grove. When he was inside it Tommy put his hand into his pocket to be sure he had not lost the Boy Scout knife. It was a beauty and had been awarded him the picnic for resourcefulness. Vaguely wondering at the meaning of "resourcefulness," Tommy fell asleep.

"GOSH," he thought when jarred awake by the motion of the truck. "I've missed the end of the picnic." Tommy was about to call to his parents, whom he thought were on the seat of the truck when a thick voice gloated, "Well, Joe, we can breathe easy now! What G-Man would think we'd rush right into a picnic to dump that hot car and transfer the snatch to a dinky little truck."

The voice alarmed Tommy, but the word "snatch" froze his blood with terror. He knew that "snatch" referred to little Hubert Wilkins, and that he, Tommy Johnson, was accidentally caught in the same trap.

WIDE awake and trembling violently, Tommy saw the outlines of the trussed body of the kidnap victim. Heavy cords were knotted around his arms and legs. A dirty cloth gagged his mouth. Tommy's fright increased at the brutality with which the kidnappers treated the boy for whose safe return they wanted \$50,000. He knew his own father couldn't pay any ransom for him.

"When they find me," he thought, "they'll kill me!" and gritted his teeth to keep from blubbering. Joe and the man he addressed as Willie kept up a steady flow of

talk. It assured Tommy they did not know he was in the truck. His mind, released from congealing fear, began to function.

He eased his Scout knife from his pocket, put his hand lightly on the head of the trussed figure and whispered, "Hubert! The kidnappers Joe dodged as if to ward off a blow.

"DON'T be afraid," Tommy whispered right into his ear. "I'll cut your ropes. Maybe we'll get a chance to duck!" The hunted, appealing expression in Hubert's eyes made Tommy feel very big and strong. The cords gave readily to Tommy's prize knife. He didn't touch the gag cloth, not trusting the bewildered Hubert to be quiet.

"They may stop," he whispered as Hubert stretched his unbound arms and legs. "Be ready to jump if I open the door." A weak nod assured Tommy that Hubert understood.

It seemed hours before the man dressed as Joe let out a stream of profanity and growled, "We'll have to stop at that dump down the road there for gas."

"Might as well pick up a couple of hotdogs while the tank's been filled," Willie remarked.

"You'd risk your neck to eat," Joe jeered.

"What's the rush?" Willie countered. "We've lost the G-Men! We'll soon be safe at the Spring Lake house, and can turn in while Maggie guards the kid."

AS Willie thus outlined their plans, the truck slowed down. The wheels were still turning when Tommy unlatched the door and slid with the agility of a cat to the ground, dragging Hubert with him. Tommy covered their flight by closing the truck door. He half carried Hubert into the protection of a rank growth of weeds.

Joe and Willie, confident their trussed victim could scarcely wiggle, didn't even look around as they ordered the station attendant to fill up the tank, and turned their attention to hotdogs and coffee.

Lying prone in the high weeds, Hubert trembling beside him, Tommy worked the gag cloth from the boy's mouth. They lay there, scarcely breathing, until the men drove off into the dark.

Tommy counted 10 after the truck was out of sight before scrambling to his feet and rushing the now sobbing Hubert into the bright light of the station lunch stand.

"Here! Here's the kidnapped boy," Tommy gasped, shoving the bewildered Hubert Wilkins forward. The eyes of the attendant nearly popped from his head.

THE picture of the kidnapped boy had been in the newspapers too many times for him to doubt the truth of Tommy's startling words.

"Sam, Sam," the attendant hollered to a man in the lunch stand. "Take care of these kids. One's the Wilkins' boy! I'll telephone police before those rats get clear of the country."

Tommy followed the attendant to the phone and told him what he'd heard the kidnapper say. "They're headed for a place called the Spring Lake house," he said. "Someone named Maggie was there to take care of Hubert. The men called each other Joe and Willie."

Tommy's vital information was relayed to the police.

When the attendant hung up the receiver he turned to Tommy and said, "Well, son, you're the most resourceful boy I ever saw! You not only rescued the kid, but you heard enough to help the G-Men trap the thugs."

That word "resourceful" again. Tommy put his hand in his pocket and felt his prize knife, and wondered further at the meaning of the word "resourceful."

THE END (Copyright, 1937)

I think 13 is my lucky number. It seems to pop up every time anything good happens to me—Miss Lucy Elizabeth Hodder of Belmont, Mass., who lives at 13 Sycamore St. and was married Friday the 13th at 5:13 p. m. Her engagement ring had 13 diamonds and she carried 49 white roses—three times 13.

**Answers**  
 1. No. Write, "And return it."  
 2. No. Use his name.  
 3. "Go to."  
 4. No. Say, "Your letter."  
 5. No. Say, "A check for."

Best "What Would You Do" solution—A or B.

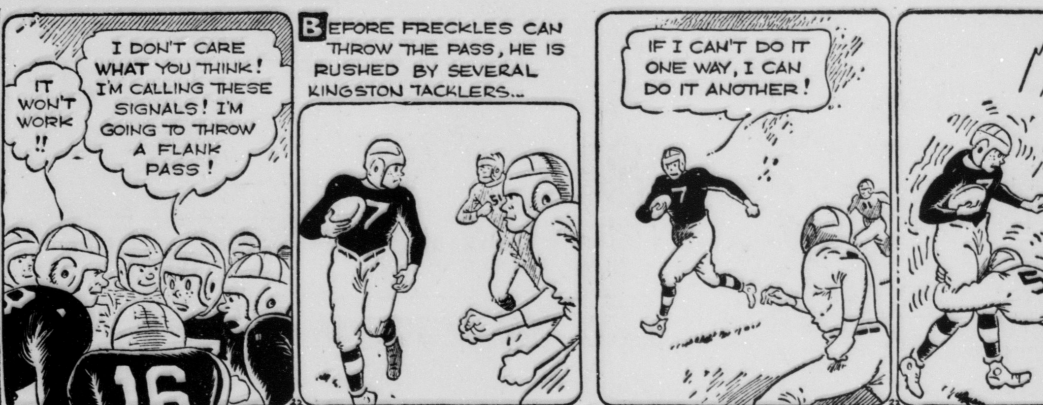
## OUT OUR WAY



LIL' ABNER



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## ABBIE AN' SLATS



## ASK THE TIMES

Inclose a 3-cent stamp for reply when addressing any question or 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—Did Long Island ever belong to Connecticut?

A—A colony on the northern shore was established in 1637 by Theophilus Eaton and John Davenport of Connecticut. The lands were assigned to New York in 1664.

Q—What caused the crack in the Liberty Bell?

A—The original crack is supposed to have been caused by a defect in the bell dating from the day it was cast. The bell cracked on July 8, 1835.

Q—What is the address of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching?

A—522 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Q—Is it correct to say: "Do you wish some ice cream?"

A—The use of "wish" for "want" is disputed. It is certainly an established usage, but probably would be classed by linguists as colloquial.

Q—Who was King of England in 1707?

A—William III and Mary II were joint rulers 1689-1702.

Q—Is education compulsory in Norway?

A—It is compulsory from the ages of 7 to 14.

Q—What part of the national income of the United States is paid out in taxes?

A—More than one-sixth of the realized national income in 1935 was collected in Federal, state and local taxes.

Q—Is the striking face of a

chinnist's hammer casehardened or tempered?

A—Casehardened.

Q—In contract bridge, if my partner makes an opening bid of two in a suit and I have a biddable suit but a very weak hand, how should I respond to his forcing bid?

A—Bid two no trump first to show your worthless hand, and on the second round bid your suit.

Q—Which countries have the most valuable natural resources?

A—Among the leaders are Soviet Russia, the United States, China, and India. Russia probably leads.

Q—When did the Philadelphia Athletics score 10 runs in one inning to beat their opponent in a World Series game?

A—In the seventh inning of the fourth game, 1929 World Series. The final score was Philadelphia, 10; Chicago, 8.

Q—Who wrote the series of articles entitled "Formative Influences," which appeared in Forum magazine about 1890?

A—J. Tyndall, A. P. Peabody, E. Hale, F. Harrison, F. W. Farrar, Timothy Dwight, B. L. Gildersleeve, M. J. Lamb and S. Newcomb.

Q—What is the score of a forfeited football game?

A—One to nothing in favor of the offended team.

Q—What will be the displacement of the two new U. S. battleships North Carolina and Washington?

A—Thirty-five thousand tons each.

Q—I have an old, corroded coin which I wish to sell. How should I clean it before taking it to a coin dealer?

A—A rare coin should never be cleaned. A somewhat corroded coin is often more valuable than one that has been cleaned. Cleaning considerably decreases the value.

Q—How many motion picture theaters are in the United States, and in Italy?

A—The 1937 edition of the Film Daily Year Book lists 13,192 in the United States and 4800 in Italy.

## YOUR HEALTH

By Dr. Morris Fishbein, American Medical Journal Editor

IN vitiligo, pigment entirely disappears from some areas on the skin. These spots appear white in contrast with the rest of the skin and are much more prominent when the rest of the skin is tanned or sunburned. The cause for this absence of pigment is not known.

Vitiligo also occurs in Negroes, making them appear to be turning white and there are cases on record in which much of the pigment has disappeared from the skin of a colored person.

Perhaps some condition of the nervous system is related, but this is not known with certainty. Apparently there is no drug that is of any value in the treatment of this condition.

It has been suggested that those who are exceedingly sensitive have their skin painted with some of the cosmetic preparations now available so that the white spots will not be so prominent.

IN the ordinarily processes of commercial tattooing, coloring matter is introduced purposely into the skin. It is quite possible, however, for people to be accidentally tattooed as, for example, when a shotgun explodes a fine charge of powder into the skin. Certain substances may irritate the skin and color it permanently. This is one of the dangers of self-treatment of various diseases. Cases have been reported of coloration of the skin by copper, mercury, bismuth and silver.

Removal of coloring material from the skin may be difficult. It involves irritation and inflammation with the peeling away of superficial layers to get down to the area where the pigment is held. There are records of a considerable number of cases in which this coloring has been successfully removed.

Two chief substances in tattooing are carbon in the form of China ink which appears blue, and cinnabar which looks red. Most tattooing tends to fade gradually because the blood will remove the particles as it

## FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"You're pretty sure of him—how do you know he's crazy about you?"

"By the way he looks at me when I'm not looking."

—By Al Capp



—By Blosser



—By Raeburn Van Buren



## GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



"If you have to let people run into you, you might at least pick new cars that carry insurance!"

SO THEY SAY  
 Records? You can't eat them. What good are they if you have to anchor five hours before landing passengers?—Capt. J. C. Townley, chief commander of the Queen Mary after hearing that the Nor-

mandie had chalked up a new trans-Atlantic record.

Next year we will come to America every two weeks with new helium-inflated Zeppelins.—Capt. Max Fruss, commander of the ill-fated Hindenburg.

Every driver involved in a fatal accident should be taken to the nearest police station and shot by a special firing squad.—Suggestion received by Buffalo Safety Commission.

removes other foreign substances from the body. This, however, may require many years of time. Best advice about tattooing is not to have it done.

**SMOOTH! RICH! GOOD!**

**POLK'S CREAMED BUTTERMILK**

**12c QUART**

CALL CH. 7183