



# LOST KINGDOM

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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 the Indians. And Bob gets the second surprise of his expedition—the cook he had hired sight unseen 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'd 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 them 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. "Cant 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 formally. 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 in 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 conscience, even a 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 all royally and well. She even found time to climb up a canyon evidently watered by a small 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 fried ham. It touched the men's appetites greatly.

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

THAT first night was uneventful. Lissa slept soundly, despite her saddle soresness, 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," told Mary Melissa.

"No, not quite straight up, but nearly so. And you'll note the cliff cap has a slight overhang. Evidencies 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 has 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 ruin.

"Looks ghostly," she ventured. "It is. There's a wealth of legend about the place, Miss Lane. Many good wars; 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."

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."

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

THE END  
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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.

## OUT OUR WAY



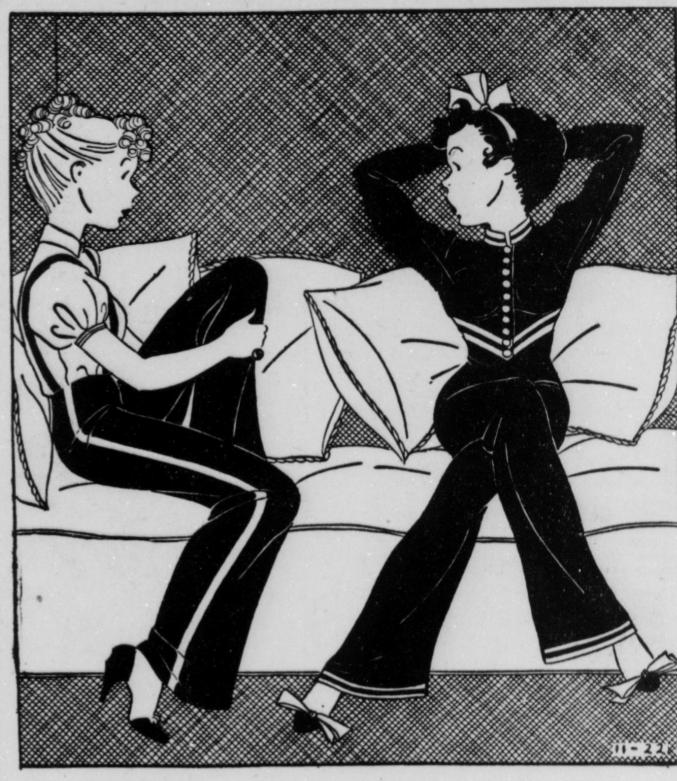
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J.R. WILLIAMS 11-27

By Williams

## FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



—By Al Capp



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—By Capp

L'L ABNER



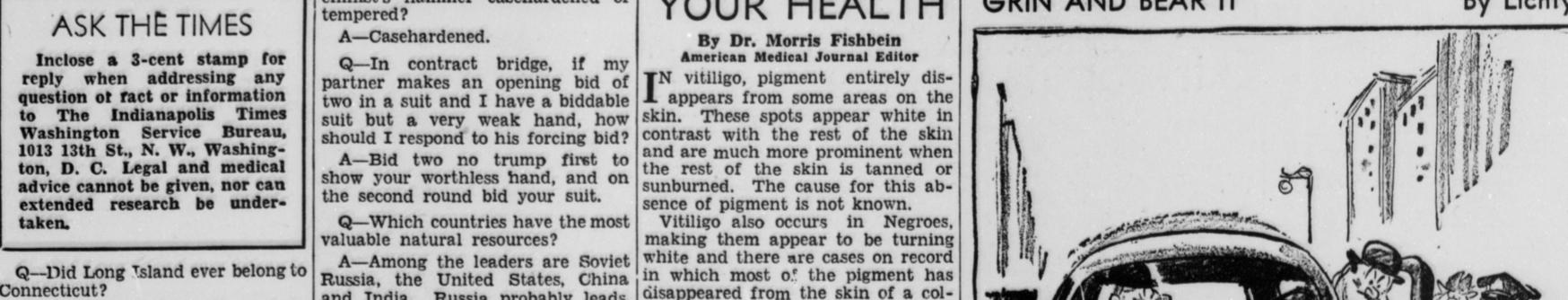
—By Capp

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



—By Capp

ABIE AN' SLATS



—By Capp

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 whitening white and there are cases on record in which most 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 prominent.

IN the ordinarily processes of coloring, 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 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

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.

## GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichy



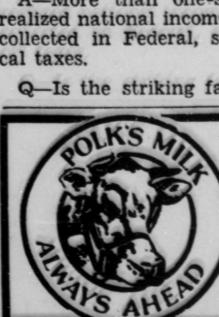
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"If you have to let people run into you, you might at least pick new cars that carry insurance!"

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 Pruss, 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.



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