

Madman's Island

BY NARD JONES Copyright 1937 NEA Service, Inc.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
 KAY DEARBORN—heroine who inherits a yacht for vacation.
 MELITA HOWARD—Kay's roommate and co-adventurer.
 PRISCILLA DUNN—the third adventurer.
 FORREST BROTHERS and GRANT HARPER—romantic scientists whose expedition turned out to be a rare experience.

Yesterday, well along on their cruise, the girls anchor on their first night out, are invited to come aboard the huge white yacht by a good-looking young skipper. But they decline.

CHAPTER VI

"WELL," mentioned Kay to Priscilla, "there was your chance to give the man a piece of your mind. And you never opened your mouth."

"How could I?" asked the blond member of the trio. "After Melita had pulled the boner with the folding anchor and he was so nice about it I couldn't very well be unpleasant, could I?"

"Not possibly," said Melita. "He was too good-looking." She hurried forward to have another try at anchoring the "Chinook." This time, following the advice of the young man from the "Mistral," she was successful. Soon the little cruiser was riding pleasantly, and the three girls busied themselves with the preparation of a belated dinner.

"I wonder who our friend was," mused Kay as they sat down to the table. "Do you suppose we should have accepted his invitation to breakfast?"

"And run the chance of being abandoned!" exclaimed Melita cautiously. "Not on your life! We've got our own little cruise to take care of." She peered out of the window toward the white yacht which could still be seen in the gathering dusk. "I'll admit it would be pretty nice riding in that battleship."

"Be satisfied with what you have," suggested Priscilla complacently. "Didn't our friend say that we'd probably see him again? What more do you want?"

"They were washing dishes in the galley when a hail drifted across the water, obviously from a megaphone."

"Ahoy, 'Chinook!'"

The girls looked at each other. "I'll bet," said Melita, "they want to play bridge."

"Don't flatter yourself," Kay told her. "I'll go aft and see what they want." She went to the cockpit and yelled across the water.

"Better not forget your anchor light," a pleasant voice called.

"Oh... thanks," Kay yelled back.

She returned to the galley somewhat subdued. "I forgot about the white light forward when at anchor."

Priscilla's face was a comic study. "Is that all he wanted? I wish he was longer on sociability and shorter on advice."

"That was good advice," Kay defended. "And don't forget we turned down his breakfast invitation."

"You did," Priscilla pointed out.

TRUE to their plans, they were moving out of Fairweather Cove at dawn the next morning. To their utter astonishment, the "Mistral" had already gone!

"That's darned funny," said Melita. "They must have had that breakfast of theirs pretty early."

"Probably they're going to catch a favorable tide," Kay told her. "In that fast boat they could catch a tide we couldn't hope to hit in the 'Chinook' with its slower speed... We'll have to make use of the charts today, heartsies! Mel, will you get out the chart Jim Pike marked 'Number One'—Fairweather Cove to Denton's Point?"

Bolestered with the confidence yesterday's cruising had given them, and alert after a dreamless sleep in Fairweather Cove, the skipper and crew of the little "Chinook" got along famously. Late that afternoon they stopped at a small fuel and supply dock.

Jim Pike had recommended that they refuel there, as further on was a wilder country where fuel stations would be fewer and towns not at all.

While Kay stayed with the ship to oversee the refueling, Melita and Priscilla could not resist an intriguing path winding up through the woods. They had their first slight experience with "sea legs," for after the bouncing on the little boat the earth beneath them seemed actually insecure. Forgetting the passage of time, they followed the path further than they knew—then suddenly Melita looked at her wrist. "We'd better get back. Kay will be wild."

She was. "You've been gone an hour. I was just about to start out after you."

"We're sorry," said Priscilla gaily. "We didn't think you'd worry."

"Worry? I wasn't worrying about anything except getting to Larramore Island by nightfall. Now we won't make it without running at night."

The gas station attendant grinned helpfully. "You won't have any trouble. Use your searchlight on the shoreline. On this end of Larramore there's a blinker."

"I didn't plan to run at night," Kay explained. "Isn't there a good anchorage this side of Larramore Island?"

"Well, there's one or two," the attendant said. "But you can make Larramore without any trouble."

PERVENTLY hoping he was correct, the three girls climbed aboard. Darkness appeared somehow to fall earlier that day. It seemed no time at all before Kay was forced to turn on the "Chinook's" running lights. Taking their inexperience into account, Jim Pike had planned their cruise for day running. Now Kay became confused and a little frightened, and wasn't at all certain she could find Larramore Island. A blinker light, the marine station attendant had assured her, would guide her right. But suppose the light was out of commission?

"I'm afraid we've run past it," Kay said at last. She stood with Melita and Priscilla in the pilot house. Over the binnacle light her face was strained and queer. Melita was operating the searchlight which was mounted atop the pilot house and controlled by a lever inside.

Suddenly she cried out, "There! That looks like an island. Do you suppose that's it?"

"I don't know," Kay confessed helplessly. "If we were on our course we should have reached it three quarters of an hour ago. But maybe the engine isn't up to its speed... Anyway, let's take a chance and anchor here. It's not well protected, but there's no wind."

"Look!" exclaimed Priscilla. "There's a cabin back in the trees. And it looks as if there's a light—or a fire in the fireplace."

"Good..." Kay turned the ignition switch. "Let's drop anchor and go ashore in the dinghy. At least they can tell us where we are, and if we can't, a safer anchorage near here."

Soon they were rowing ashore in the dinghy and Kay was out with a flashlight the moment the little boat nosed into the sand. Melita and Priscilla followed her up the weed-grown path to where the cabin was set among the trees. They saw her stand dead still as she passed the window. Then she stepped closer, looked inside. The two girls behind her saw Kay's shoulder stiffen—and then she screamed wildly.

(To Be Continued)

Smoke from a burning field of poison ivy will irritate the eyes, and even wind-blown pollen of the ivy plant is poisonous.

Two operators handle the 240 extension lines in the private branch telephone exchange within Buckingham Palace, England.

If the original member is broken off, most lizards can grow new tails.

OUT OUR WAY

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



THE KING'S HORSES.



BY THOMPSON AND COLL

MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



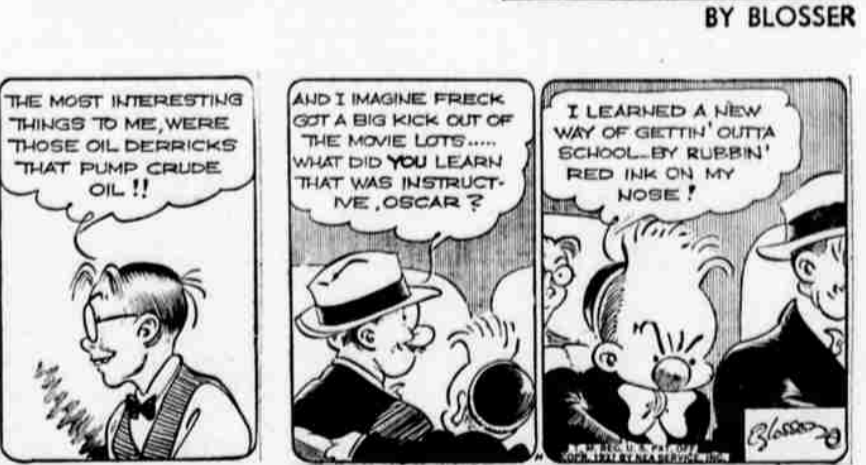
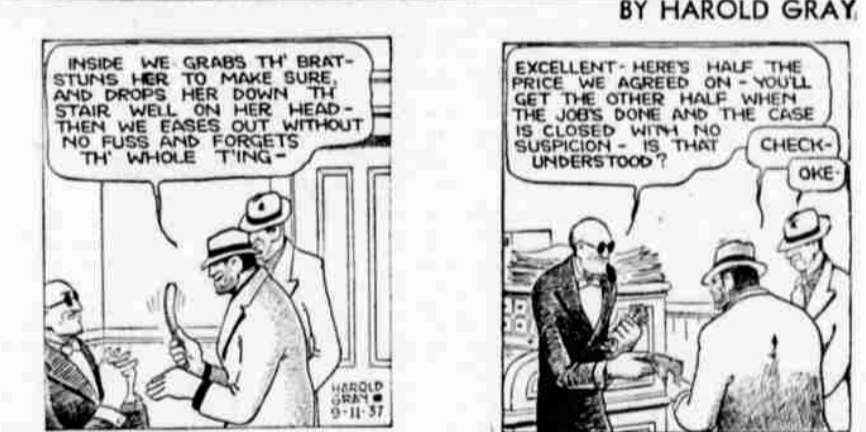
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia



Well, you said I hadda be in the school orchestra. Is it my fault this was all they had left?