

Madman's Island

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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—young scientists whose expedition turned out to be a rare experience.

Yesterday, Grant finds Kay and is leading her back to safety when the two are captured by the madman and taken into a subterranean hideout.

CHAPTER XIII
THE "Mistral's" speedy power tender eased along the shoreline. There were no green and red lights forward, no white light at the stern. Only the creamy wake and the sound of the motor indicated its presence in the darkness.

Tom Forrest, at the wheel with Priscilla beside him, had cut down the motor, wanting to keep their search as quiet as possible. Although it would be desirable for Grant Harper and Kay to know of the nearness of the speedboat, there was every chance that the unknown island resident was with them.

Mac, seated tense in the after cockpit with Melita, could stand it no longer. "This isn't getting us anywhere," he told his brother. "There's not a sign of life on shore. I move we use a light and the whistle, and try to let Kay and Grant know where we are."

Tom was silent a moment. "It's hard to tell which is the best plan," he said. "Priscilla, hand me that flashlight from the side pocket." He took it from her trembling hands. It was in a foot-long slender case, with a huge lens and powerful bulb. The button clicked under his thumb and a shaft of light shot clear to shore, bringing into their vision the trees and sand—but no sign of humanity.

"Turn off the engine," Mac suggested. "And give the whistle a try."
Tom obeyed. But there was only the echo and re-echo of the whistle to reward them. Doggedly, Tom drove the speedboat farther along and repeated the procedure. Occasionally he bathed the shoreline with the flashlight's gleam.

THEY had almost circled the island without success when Melita cried out: "See there!" She pointed toward the wood. "There's a light!"

Tom motioned for quiet while they sat breathless in the gently rolling speedboat. Unmistakably there was a flickering light ashore. "It's someone with a flashlight," Mac whispered. "He's walking with it, and the trees between us and the light make that flickering effect."

"It must be Grant," Priscilla said. "Give him a signal."
"No," Mac advised. "Grant didn't have a flashlight when I left him. That's the man we're looking for, to I. And maybe Kay and Grant are with him." He started the motor at slow speed, began "coasting" down the shoreline. "We'll land a little farther down, and see if we can follow that light."

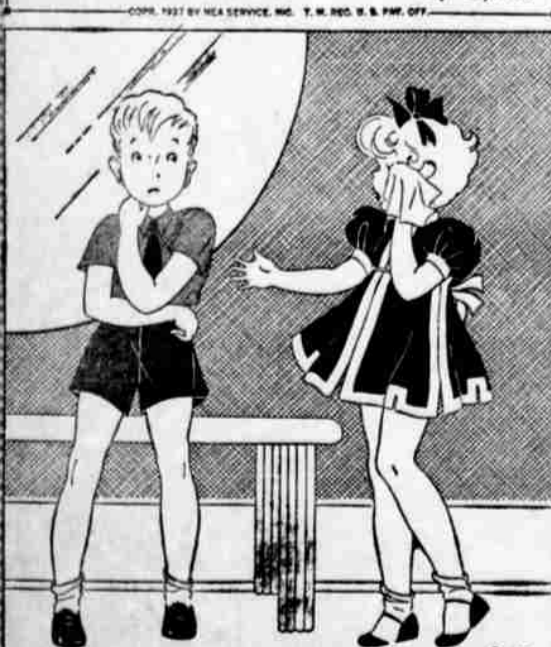
Carefully and quietly he nosed the speedboat into the sand. "You girls stay here with the boat," Tom said. "We'll leave you one of the revolvers."
"But—"

"Remember what happened to the dinghy! The best thing is for you to stay aboard. Look here—"

"The control lever is in reverse. If you have to get out of here, just step on the starter. Then Mac and I return we'll flash the light three times so you'll know who it is." He climbed over the bow and onto the beach. "Can you still see that light, Mac?"
"Yes, but it's getting fainter. We'd better start right now."
Melita and Priscilla had no desire to stay with the speedboat, but they realized the wisdom of guard for it, recalling vividly the damaged dinghy which had been the start of all their present troubles.

Melita touched Mac's arm. "Please be careful."
"Don't worry..." He smiled down at her.

FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia



Let's look at this calmly, Chuck. What's she got that I haven't, except a hip? And that'll be gone as soon as her teeth grow in.

OUT OUR WAY



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY. BY J. R. WILLIAMS

MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



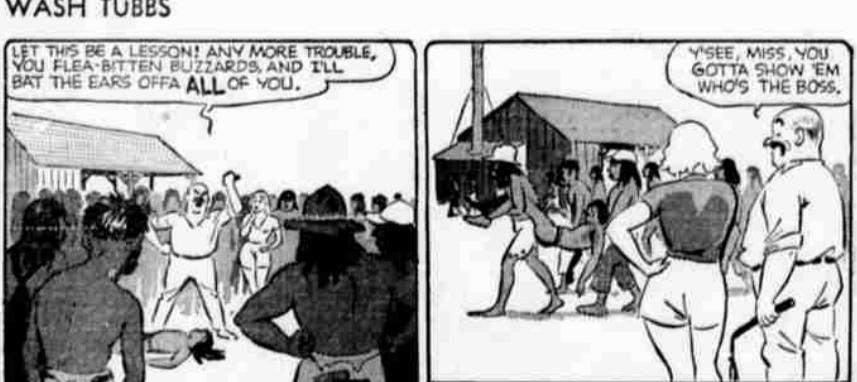
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



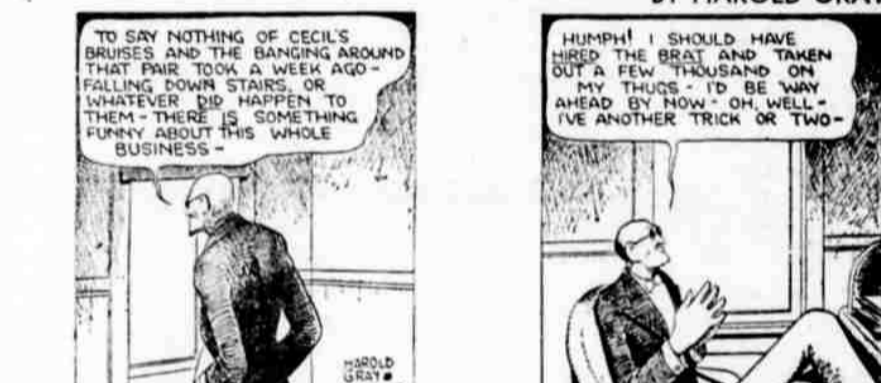
OUR BOARDING HOUSE



ONE IDEA THE BOYS OKAY. BY THOMPSON AND COLL



WELL, BE SEEING LOTS MORE OF THIS STRANGE GENTLEMAN. BY HAROLD GRAY



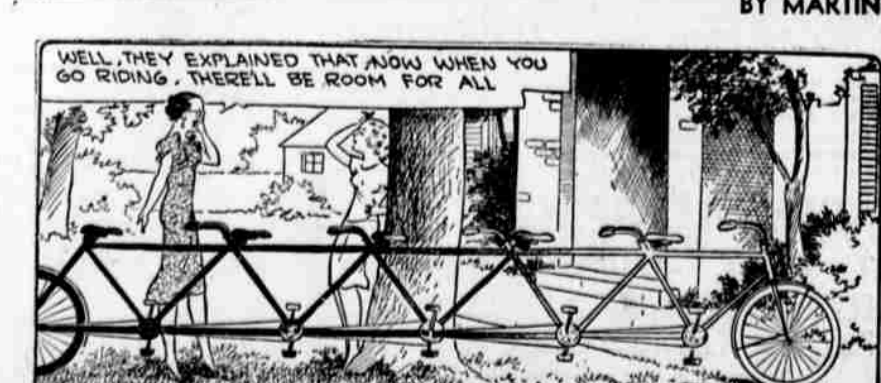
BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY MARTIN