

# The Blue Lagoon

FIVE STAR FICTION

By Whit Wellman

### Mystery Of Micai Pearls Solved As Johnny Cardinal Returns Home From Quest Of Father's Secret

Part II  
(Conclusion)

JOHNNY Cardinal moved un-  
easily.  
"Father told me about you," he  
said. "You and mother. Mother is  
in San Francisco, alone. Father  
didn't leave her anything, Mr  
Harden. She has one black pearl,  
worth a lot, I guess. But she  
won't part with it. Even when he  
needed money badly, she wouldn't  
sell it."

"She knows you came here?"  
Timothy's voice grew harsh.  
"No, I couldn't tell her. She  
wouldn't let me come."

Timothy filled his glass again,  
his hands shaking a little. "Bet-  
ter have a drink," he said. But  
the boy refused.

The room grew darker as the  
sun fell. There wasn't much dusk  
in that part of the world, no mar-  
gin of half-light between day and  
night. Timothy raised his glass.

He could find the pearls and  
go home to the States. To San  
Francisco and Carmel, who hadn't  
forgotten. She still wore his gift.  
He'd get Torello to go into the  
lagoon. It would be good to begin  
life again with the girl he'd loved.  
He didn't owe John Cardinal any-  
thing, or his son, who now sat  
studying him, strangely sure that  
Timothy Harden would send div-  
ers down for him. Timothy recog-  
nized that Micai was dead, that  
he'd been dying with it. Pearls  
from the Tiger Head lagoon  
would take him into the world  
again, where Carmel lived.

"We'll start tomorrow," he said.  
Johnny Cardinal found Timothy  
at early breakfast, the sun strik-  
ing red over the village. Torello  
served silently, padding around  
the table.

Timothy said, "I've got two  
divers from the town. They will  
work with them."

"It's good of you to help," John  
Cardinal smiled, sitting beside  
him.

"Good for me," Timothy mut-  
tered. His own pearls, for him-  
self!

TWO dugouts were drawn up in  
the lagoon, a few natives  
grouped about them. Timothy  
called two of the men for the  
smaller dugout, and stepped into  
the larger one with Torello and  
the boy.

"You won't need the map," Ti-  
mothy said, as Johnny Cardinal  
spread it on the bottom.

"If you know, without—"  
"Just inside the natural break-  
water. The spray coming over the  
reef hits the spot. Down in that  
dark blue patch." He gave orders  
to Torello.

A hundred yards wide, the  
lagoon was shaped like an aspen  
leaf, its stem opening into the  
bay. The boats moved toward the  
inlet, over the water of a deep  
basin.

"Here—" Timothy said.

FIVE STAR WEEKLY  
will not be responsible for any  
unsolicited manuscripts sub-  
mitted to them, although all  
due precaution will be taken  
that they will not be lost.

"DARE WE TELL HIM  
ABOUT  
SANI-FLUSH?"

A clogged radiator means a hot motor.  
Engine efficiency is ruined. Costly  
trouble often results.

It's so easy to keep the radiator clean  
and free of rust and sediment. Sani-  
Flush removes sludge and lime depos-  
its . . . keeps the water running freely  
and the motor running cool. Use some  
Sani-Flush yourself, for ten cents. Pour  
some in the radiator (directions on the  
can). Run the motor. Drain. Flush.  
Refill with clean water. Sani-Flush is  
safe. Cannot harm aluminum head,  
block or motor fittings.

Clean radiators regularly, twice a  
year. You'll find Sani-Flush in most  
hardware stores for cleaning toilet bowls.  
Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and  
five-and-ten-cent stores—25c and 10c  
sizes. The Hygienic Products Com-  
pany, Canton, Ohio.

**Sani-Flush** Safe  
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

PAGE SIX

The dugouts came close togeth-  
er, Torello fastened them end to  
end, making a shadow on the sur-  
face, and let them drift.

Johnny Cardinal leaned over the  
side.  
"Careful. You'll tip us out."  
Timothy warned.

"What can you see?"  
"Don't have to see anything!  
The divers can see enough when  
they get down, if you don't spill  
the dugout."

A yellow cloth about his middle,  
and a short knife stuck through  
it, Torello stood ready to dive. He  
threw overboard a weighted bas-  
ket attached to a stout cord. The  
basket came to a stop thirty feet  
below. Torello dove after it.

Tiny, steady bubbles drifted up.  
One of the natives in the second  
boat followed Torello.

JOHNNY CARDINAL studied  
his map. "I don't think we're  
right, Mr. Harden. My map indi-  
cates—"

"Be quiet, will you? I knew this  
lagoon before your father thought  
of a map." It wasn't easy to re-  
member a shell bed that long. But  
before he'd touch the boy's map  
. . . His memory, Torello's hands,  
those were sufficient.

Torello, gasping, clung to the  
edge of the dugout. He grinned,  
taking in the air, resting. The na-  
tive from the other boat broke  
the surface. It was deep, they  
could not stay down long.

Timothy asked, "You found the  
place?"  
"No luck, senior!" Torello shook  
his head. No shells of merit in-  
habited that spot. "It is the place,  
but empty . . ."

"We can use the map, Mr. Har-  
den," Johnny said.  
Timothy muttered, "It was ex-  
actly here. I can't be off very  
far. They haven't been taken from  
the lagoon in my time. Torello,  
what did you see?"

Torello's face was blank. A  
clean ship's deck, he said, was like  
the floor of the lagoon. Some  
broken shells, thrown back years  
ago. Weeds, small fish . . .

"We'll go in toward shore twenty  
yards."

Hopefully, they paddled away  
from the coral reef. Torello and  
the native of the other dugout



"Here . . .", Timothy said. The dugouts came closer together. Torello fastened them end to end, making a shadow on the surface, and let them drift. Johnny Cardinal leaned over the side. "What can you see?"

went down again and again. Tor-  
ello bobbed up, grinning, sputter-  
ing. "No luck, senior!" and dis-  
appeared. The dugouts moved in a  
circle which contracted until a  
fifty yard area had been covered.

NOON, and a merciless sun  
drove them from the water.  
Timothy was silent, saying only  
that they would return. He knew  
valuable shell had been there, and  
he felt queer about it.

In the cool shelter of the con-  
sulate, Johnny Cardinal asked use-  
less questions. Torello served  
lunch as the boy flung sugges-  
tions.

"Tomorrow," Timothy said.  
"We'll take the map and use  
it!"

"Look at it now!" Timothy  
placed his finger on the cross  
marking the stem of the lagoon.

"We spent the morning there!"  
"The tide may have drifted the  
shell, Mr. Harden. Or, someone  
else must have known about  
it . . ."

Timothy talked through the af-  
ternoon, trying to think what was  
wrong as he spoke. He sipped  
whiskey and soda, told of the yel-  
low pearls of Panama. He'd  
worked with a pearl fishery back  
in one of the early years, he'd  
gone down for shell himself. Pure  
white pearls came mostly from  
Ceylon, and pink pearls from  
around the West Indies. You  
didn't often make a fortune, but  
wages were good, and it was ex-  
citing. He was surprised to find  
that searching the Tiger Head  
lagoon had brought back the old  
restlessness . . . Not a lust for  
riches, but a new expectation of  
freedom. As he talked he thought  
of San Francisco. Fog, north  
winds, Carmel Laveaga.

"How many colors do you  
find?" the boy asked. His glow-  
ing eyes were fascinated.

"As many as there are in a  
rainbow. You find some in clams,  
occasionally . . . They're not  
proud, the purple and light blue  
pearls." He went on until dinner  
time, to keep Johnny Cardinal  
quiet. For the finest, you went  
to Thursday Island, or the west  
coast of Australia, or the Persian  
Gulf. He'd been there. "Got plenty  
without a map," he said.

JOHN CARDINAL'S son finally  
went up to bed.  
"Tomorrow," Timothy said ev-  
ery night.

For weeks he had repeated it.  
He had swept the lagoon with  
the dugouts and the diving boys,  
but the shell was not located.  
Stubbornly he kept them at it,  
refusing to dismiss his dreams.  
With luck, he could give comfort,  
wealth, to the girl with olive  
throat and eyes like the boy's  
who had come to Micai.

Clarkson's steamer was due in  
the morning, gleaming white,  
puffing smoke, Torello would take  
the visitor's bags to the beach.

"We've done everything but  
drain the lagoon," the boy said.  
"If it wasn't for mother, I  
wouldn't care. I've got to take  
care of her, but there'll be other  
ways."

"Your mother wears a black  
pearl?"  
"She always wears it, I think  
she keeps it on when she goes to  
sleep." Johnny Cardinal stood up  
and stretched. "I'm off in the  
morning, Mr. Harden. And I want  
to say you've done all you  
could—"

"Good night," Timothy said. He  
hadn't thought of the boy as Car-  
mel's son. The boy had meant  
John Cardinal to him, someone  
sent after pearls by a dead  
man Timothy didn't want to re-  
member. He'd been mistaken. The  
girl was alive, and her son wanted  
to take care of her. Alone in a  
strange country, she must love  
the boy.

Torello padded in, clearing the  
table, filling Timothy's empty  
glass.

"We'll take a last look before  
breakfast," Timothy said.

"Si." Torello pointed to the  
ceiling. "He will go?"

"Yes, on the steamer. If we're  
early at the lagoon, we might . . ."  
He knew it was hopeless to search  
the blue floor of weeds and sand,  
but it was hard to have failed.  
In the last week his plans had

shaped. He'd wiped away the  
shoddy boarding house, and saw a  
great white home on a hill over-  
looking San Francisco Bay. A  
wide drive, a green, rolled stretch  
of grass. He saw himself sitting  
in the garden in his bamboo chair,  
waiting for the carriage. It drove  
up, and a girl called to him.

"To look more is not good."  
Torello said. "No shell is there."  
"I know it, fool. Haven't we  
proved it?"

"The young senior—he goes?"  
Satisfied at Timothy's nod, Tor-  
ello grinned, went to the fireplace.  
He reached above his head and  
pulled out a loose brick. His hand  
slid into the opening. A small,  
plump sack came from it, which  
he gave to Timothy.

THE sack fell to the table. The  
cloth broke, spilled a hand-  
ful of black and gray gems. Sev-  
eral were large, magnificent ap-  
cimens.

"Why did you do it?" Timothy  
asked sharply. He leaned over the  
table, gathering the pearls which  
rolled to the edge. "Torello, you  
damned fool!"

Torello said softly, "In the  
dawn of the day he comes, I get  
dugout, go down. The senior speal  
of pearls before the white boat  
comes . . . When boat comes, the  
senior not like stranger. I watch  
from kitchen. When he smile and  
talk, you hate him, no? Many  
morning before sun up, I work in  
lagoon. Night time I open shell."

"You thought I didn't want to  
find these?"  
"You think to give to him, sen-  
or. These yours."

Timothy muttered in relief.  
"Pack everything I have, Torello.  
Pack anything you want yourself.  
We're going north with Clarkson."

"Torello, senior?"  
"I can't get along without a  
nurse, fool."

At breakfast, Timothy said,  
"I'm going with you. Need a  
change." He ate quickly, there  
were things to do before the

steamer came. He'd keep quiet  
about the pearls, take them north  
himself . . . do for Carmel La-  
veaga what Johnny Cardinal had  
planned. He drank his coffee hur-  
riedly.

THE boy looked at him curiously.  
"That's fine," he said.  
Pushing back his chair, Timothy  
was aware of weariness and of a  
new elation. The hours on the la-  
goon hadn't done him any good,  
but there'd be no more of that.  
Best drained the vitality of a  
man, and he'd soon be away. Tired  
or not, he began to feel comfort-  
ably young again. What if his  
flesh was soft here and there?  
The tropics did that to anyone,  
and he was glad to leave. With  
Clarkson in his grave, there was  
nothing to hold him in Micai. He'd  
send in his resignation from San  
Francisco, and a government clerk  
would stop sending checks to the  
village.

Timothy's worn suit case,  
strapped carefully, was ready for  
Clarkson's launch. Johnny Card-  
inal's bags stood beside it. A large  
sealed box of Timothy's belong-  
ings was carried down the beach  
by four natives. In it were curi-  
ous, native implements, a collection  
of Indian knives, a silver bell from  
an old church.

Timothy called out as Clarkson  
landed: "I'm going north with  
you!"

"Old town won't be the same,"  
Clarkson laughed. "Be away  
long?"

"Forever." He said to Torello,  
"Put in what the boat can carry,  
and come back for the rest of it.  
The box goes last. You, Johnny,  
go with Torello."

"I'll see you aboard, Mr. Har-  
den." The boy climbed into the  
motor launch.

Clarkson and Timothy watched  
the boat meet the steamer, Torello  
and Johnny Cardinal go up the  
rope ladder. The sack of pearls  
was heavy in Timothy's pocket,  
seemed to weigh him down. His  
hand sought the bag, fingers clos-

ing around the secret of his new  
life.

"Your steamer looks fast, Cap-  
tain. How long do you make it  
to port?"

CLARKSON muttered some-  
thing vague. The motor  
launch was chugging back to the  
beach.

It was hard to look around at  
the village. Timothy stared and  
turned away. The same town,  
homelike and still, undisturbed by  
change. Impossible, before the vis-  
itor had come, to think of sailing  
with Clarkson. Now his blood  
raced, a little, slowly at first,  
then surging, beating in his  
throat. The boat scraped the sand,  
and Clarkson waved him aboard.

"Ready? Then we're off!"

"Wait," Timothy said. There  
was something unnatural, childish,  
about his going with Clarkson.  
Like a youth reaching out for ad-  
venture, careless and confident of  
new countries and people. Micai  
had done that to him, made him  
unsure of everything but what he  
knew. The sleepy days, the  
sprawling village, had sapped his  
strength. Making up his mind to  
go had been more of an effort  
than he'd known, and it had left  
him tired. Remaining, he would  
live again with the illusion, the  
image of a girl's face. He was  
old, suddenly, remembering that  
her sweet face would be as worn  
as his own.

"Go along, Captain. I'm not  
coming with you."

"The devil you're not!" Clark-  
son exclaimed. "You change as  
fast as a woman—"

"But no faster," Timothy mur-  
mured. She wouldn't want to see  
him, old and fat. He took the sack  
of pearls from his pocket. "Give  
these to the boy. Tell him they're  
for his mother."

"I'll do that. You want another  
case of White Horse next trip?"

"Same as always, Captain."

Clarkson stepped into the  
launch, which immediately backed  
away.

"Tell him," Timothy called, "for  
his mother . . ." The sound of the  
launch blurred his words.

TIMOTHY walked up the curved  
rise of the sand, his body erect  
and straight. Then his broad  
shoulders sagged to their slight  
stoop. He caught himself, brought  
them square. A few yards more  
and he forgot about it, content-  
ing himself with getting nearer  
to the shadow of the consulate. A  
sense of peace and accustomed-  
ness came to Timothy, he was  
alone again, safe.

At the top of the beach, he  
turned to see the mail steamer  
churn its way north, move steadi-  
ly past the white foam of Tiger  
Head. A small figure ran to the  
rail and dove overboard. Timothy  
shaded his eyes, pulling down the  
palm hat. Torello was racing to-  
ward the surf with long strides.  
He splashed through the shallow,  
and came panting up the wet bor-  
der of sand.

The End

My brother kneels, so saith Kabir,  
To stone and brass in heathen-  
wise.

But in my brother's voice I hear  
My own unanswered agonies,  
His God is as his fates assign  
His prayer is all the world's—  
and mine.

—Kabir—Song of Kabir.

Is there never a chink in the  
world above  
Where they listen for words from  
below?

—Jean Ingelbom—Supper at the Mill.

God warms his hands at man's  
heart when he prays.

—Massfield—Window in the Eye Street.

## Children's Charming Folk Tales Reviewed



Drawing by Dorothy Bayley from "The Man Who Was Going To Mind The House," included in "Stories To Shorten the Road."

"Stories to Shorten the Road"  
by Effie Power  
(E. P. Dutton & Co.)

MRS Power has gathered to-  
gether in one volume 15  
folk tales of many lands—Sweden,  
Norway, Czechoslovakia, England,  
and Ireland. They are old, old  
stories that children have loved  
for generations, but most of them  
are told in a charming new way.

The most familiar old favorites  
included are "The Man Who Was  
Going To Mind The House," "Hans  
Who Made the Princess Laugh,"  
"Jack the Giant Killer," and "The  
Three Golden Hairs of The Old  
Man Vavede."

Perhaps the most delightful  
story of the entire 15 is the one  
entitled "Murdoch's Rath," a tale  
of Irish origin.

It concerns Pat, than whom  
there was no nicer boy in all Ire-  
land. "But from his cradle he had  
learned nothing . . . so when he  
came to years of discretion he  
earned his living by running mes-  
sages for his neighbors. And Pat  
could always be trusted to make  
the best of a bad bargain and  
bring back all the change, for he  
was the soul of honesty and good  
nature."

Now Pat told this marvelous  
tale to the cobbler of the town,  
and the cobbler, a greedy man,  
went to dance with the fairies  
too. He wore out his shoes and  
borrowed a pair. And he took  
what he wanted instead of what  
he was given and the jewels he  
got turned into pebbles. And he  
played a trick on the fairies and  
didn't return the marvelous  
brogues he had borrowed. So for  
his pains and his greed the fairies  
let him keep the magic dancing  
shoes, and they say that, worn  
out, the avaricious cobbler still  
dances from sunrise to sunset  
round Murdoch's Rath.

"Stories to Shorten the Road"  
is a delightful collection, charm-  
ingly illustrated by Dorothy Bay-  
ley, and should prove fascinating  
to children of almost any age.

By Joan Rogers

ONE night on the way home  
from town Pat took the  
wrong turn and found himself at  
Murdoch's Rath. There he saw  
the fairies dancing, and forget-  
ting the wear and tear on his  
brogues, Pat took to dancing with  
them. He danced and danced until  
his feet were sore and he wore  
out his shoe leather. The fairies  
lent him magic shoes that made  
his feet feather-light and Pat  
was home in a twinkling. And  
along with the shoes, the fairies  
gave Pat furze-blossoms for luck  
and they turned into gold.

Now Pat told this marvelous  
tale to the cobbler of the town,  
and the cobbler, a greedy man,  
went to dance with the fairies  
too. He wore out his shoes and  
borrowed a pair. And he took  
what he wanted instead of what  
he was given and the jewels he  
got turned into pebbles. And he  
played a trick on the fairies and  
didn't return the marvelous  
brogues he had borrowed. So for  
his pains and his greed the fairies  
let him keep the magic dancing  
shoes, and they say that, worn  
out, the avaricious cobbler still  
dances from sunrise to sunset  
round Murdoch's Rath.

"Stories to Shorten the Road"  
is a delightful collection, charm-  
ingly illustrated by Dorothy Bay-  
ley, and should prove fascinating  
to children of almost any age.

## New tobacco STAYS SWEET all the way down to the heel



CAN you smoke your pipe all the way to  
the heel—and enjoy even the last puff?  
No? Then switch to that new tobacco sen-  
sation—Edgeworth Junior. It's a special  
cut that stays sweet right down to the last  
puff in the heel of your pipe. Another big  
point: it's matched to 1936 cigarette mild-  
ness. Try it—today!

Notice: There's an Edgeworth today for  
every smoker—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed  
and Plug Slice for the steady pipe smoker,  
and Edgeworth Junior, a different cut and  
process, for the man who smokes  
both pipe and cigarettes.



50¢ SILK TOBACCO POUCH 10¢

—and one inside white paraffin wrapper from one tin of  
the new Edgeworth Junior. We're offering these reg-  
imental-striped silk pouches just to persuade you to try  
the new Edgeworth Junior. Offer good only 30 days after  
this advertisement appears. Use coupon at the right.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER  
Larson & Bro. Co. (Dept. 42), Richmond, Va.  
Enclosed find 10 cents and one inside white  
paraffin wrapper from a tin of Edgeworth  
Junior—for which send me a regimental-  
striped silk tobacco pouch. (Only one to a  
customer)  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
This offer good only through Dec. 31, 1936