

CHAPTER 1

The weathered, one-eyed little pilot who called himself Captain Ramey was an unfamiliar figure on the terraces of Honolulu's luxury hotels; he was here now, at the same table with Karen Waterson and John Colt, only because he was trying to persuade Colt to charter his Diesel boat. In this connection he was telling a rambling story concerned with reefs and shoals, and the tricky currents of the South Seas; but now he stopped abruptly in mid-sentence. His single eye was looking across the lanai of the Royal Hawaiian, across the dimly lighted little tables. to the steps which led onto the open air terrace where they sat.

"There he is," he said after a moment. His voice dropped from its narrative sing-song to a tone of reality. "That man, there on the steps, is Tonga Dick."

Karen Waterson, her lashes veiling her sharp curiosity, moved her head a little, slowly, so that she could look at the white-clad figure Ramey pointed out.

"The one with the tray of dishes? Oh, excuse me, I was looking at the wrong door."

The man designated as Tonga Dick moved down to the lanai with a loose leisure. The lights of the hotel lounge were behind him, so that the girl could not see his face; but she saw that he was slim as a slat, and that his slow stroll almost slouched and almost swaggered, while denying both. Watching him. Karen gathered a suggestion of easy-going arrogance which she found faintly intimidating-perhaps because she had too often tried to imagine what this man was like.

A table captain led Tonga Dick to a place at one side, under a wine palm. Karen saw a match flare in the shadows as he lit a cigarette; then she turned back to the two men at her table.

A shiver had run across Karen's shoulders as she turned from her inspection of Tonga Dick, but she was not cold. No one could be cold in that mild, blossom-fragrant air. The truth was that she was disturbed by a sense of utter unreality. Honolulu itself seemed unreal, and the night lanai of the hotel seemed the most unreal thing in it.

Mostly that illusion was in the texture of the night itself. It was in the mild caress of the soft air, and in the strangely quieting, strangely exciting odor of many blossoms. The half-darkness of the starlight seemed full of the ghosts of long forgotten things, crowding close in the warmth of a night that could not turn cold.

Karen supposed she would have felt differently if she had been here as a tourist, to relax and to enjoy, but she was not. For the first time in her life Karen found herself in a position of attack instead of defense -gambling for stakes that a year ago would have been beyond her belief.

Ramey, the little one-eyed seatramp, was talking to Colt about Tonga Dick. Like a hundred others who odd-jobbed in the Islands, the weather-faced Ramey contained a vast store of Island informationmostly unusable-and very little

"This here Dick Wayne-Tonga Dick-he's what you might call the black sheep of the Waynes."

"He don't figure much, around Hawaii," Ramey explained-"nothing like his uncle does, not even like his two brothers. Generally speaking, you can leave him out of the picture."

"My experience," John Colt said, "is that to leave any factor out of a picture is like leaving a plank out of a ship." John Colt's pleasant, deeply suave voice carried the reassurance of actuality and of the things which John Colt knew how to control. "Black sheep or not, he can't be insignificant, because he is one of the Waynes."

"In some ways," Ramey admitted, twirling his whisky soda, "Tonga Dick has been the most talked about of all the Waynes."

"Talked about?" Colt prompted. "He was always the wild one." Ramey remembered, "even when he was a kid. He pulled out on his own when he was eighteen."

"How is it he's talked about," John Colt suggested, "if he's never here?"

"People keep wondering what his racket is," Ramey said. "After Tonga Dick broke off from his uncle, people always wondered what he was up to, and how he got by so well. He's got him a good fast schooner, carrying both power and sail, and he goes whacking around the South Pacific, all over, from Viti Levu to the Tuamotus. Used to be, people thought he was in the copra trade; and even after the price of copra went to nothing, some still figured he was trading shell. But that boat of his can't carry any cargo-ain't built for it. And there's always been others that said-well belonged here either." you know how people talk." "They said-?"

deprecatorily, but with relish. "I've of these people were born. If he

heard it said he was in the opium trade. And then again I heard it said he was trading Chinese girls; and if any authorities took to overhaul him-why, he just drowned

"Do you happen," Colt asked Ramey, "to know of anything that Richard Wayne actually did?"

Ramey, who hated to have his stories winnowed out, put forward his next offering with some heat. "Well-everybody knows about the time he threw the U.S. Revenue officer overboard. I don't know why they never hooked him for it, but I got my suspicions. And everybody knows he was the one who shot old Chief Tahili, and the only reason he never come to trial, the natives wouldn't let the French authorities take him, and the whole business got lost in the files. And then there was the time he boarded the British merchant sloop, and took the captain off, at sea; and nothing came of that because nobody on the sloop, not even the captain himself, would testify. All such phoney stuff, like that . .

"But what does he do to make money?" John Colt asked.

Ramey looked sulky. Karen Wa-



'Well, everybody knows about the time he threw the U. S. revenue officer overboard."

across his features, and she knew it represented Ramey's impulse to make up an answer to suit. But the flicker died. Something hard and watchful was always waiting behind Colt's habitually genial eyes. After men had known him for a little while they did not offer him homemade stories about anything.

"I don't know," Ramey said sullenly. Suddenly he flared up. "Give me a few weeks below the line," he almost snarled. "If you think there's anything in the everlasting Pacific that I can't find out-"

Karen Waterson was amazed at the ferocity of the little man. Very evidently, Ramey's pride was touched. If an odd-job man in the Pacific did not possess a futile omniscience, presumably he possessed nothing at all.

But now John Colt sat back; his candid air of interest withdrew itself, gracefully, not too fast.

"I'll see you later, Ramey, Let me hear from you in a week."

For a moment Ramey was motionless, reluctant to leave a scene which he could seldom afford: but he tossed off his drink and rose. "Okay," he said. "Good night, Miss Waterson."

When he was gone John Colt rested his folded arms upon the table and leaned across it toward 'Karen. "Frightened?" he asked sympathetically.

She met his steady gaze with eyes that were clear and cool under dark brows. "Wherever I am," she said, "there will always be a little of the spirit of fresh country butter, unconscious and unsubdued. No, I'll be honest. I do feel a little lost, I think."

"You'll be over that in a few days. After all, aren't you practically a native daughter? You mustn't forget that you came within an ace of being born in the Islands yourself, child.

"There's nothing here," Karen murmured, "that doesn't seem strange. Even all these people from the Pacific coast look strange, as if they didn't belong here. Like snow on a straw hat. I don't feel as if I

He operated his reassuring smile. 'But, you see, you do belong here. "Oh, of course there was always These islands were your grandfaa lot of wild stories," said Ramey ther's stamping ground before any

had lived he would have made part of these islands yours, Karen.'

'We don't know that," Karen said. "I don't believe he ever even heard I was alive. Oh, what a shocking deprivation!"

"He undoubtedly did not know you were alive," Colt agreed. "If he had known it, he would never have let them get his island away from him. He would have saved it for you. A lonely old man, with no kin left so far as he knew-it's reasonable that he should be reckless with his property; and undoubtedly he was very hard beset when he sold Alakoa. But if Garrett Waterson had known he had a granddaughter, things would be different now."

She looked at him gratefully. It was hard to imagine John Colt failing in anything; and this, rather than his smile, with its easy, superficial warmth, conveyed a certain reassurance to Karen.

"I have been very fortunate in finding out what we needed to know," John Colt said now. "Some of it has cost a little money, but not too much. I'm glad to say that all reports are extremely favorable. We have dug up more witnesses, and more conclusive testimony that we could possibly have hoped. And when it comes to the present condition of your island-'

"It isn't my island yet." "You simply have to hold in mind that it is rightfully yours. And it's going to be yours in actuality. Your claim has a wealth of legal precedent here, principally because of the white man's habit of separating the natives from their things. What I started to say is that the Alakoa plantations are in wonderful shape -I don't see how they can possibly net less than forty or fifty thousand a year. There will be no trouble at all in financing a continuance of activity, without any hitch, as soon as you take over. Old James Wayne has evidently been an excellent manager. After you have taken possession, it may prove wise to employ him as such. That would be feasible with some men-I don't know whether or not it will be possible with James Wayne."

The driving energy behind John Colt never caused him to hurry, nor to stumble. He knew how to attack swiftly, but his plan of attack was always thorough to the last detail.

"I have not the least doubt," he told Karen, "that we'll win your case. Of course there will be several appeals. But I am now convinced that in the end Alakoa will be yours, just as inevitably as sunrise. Very little is left to be done."

Karen drew a deep breath, trying to contemplate rationally this incredible dream in which she, unaccountably, found herself playing a living part.

"The one thing I would like to know now is just what this Richard Wayne, this so-called Tonga Dick, is doing here." "He's one of the brothers, isn't

he? Isn't it natural that he should come back under the-the circum-"Possibly; but not necessarily.

Richard V pect to inherit a part interest in the island of Alakoa. Certainly he has been at outs with his whole family for some time. I would like to know exactly why he is here." "But if our case is complete-"

"One thing could beat us, and break our case completely, and lose you Alakoa forever. One thing, and only one thing." "And that?"

"If you don't mind, I'd rather not discuss that angle of it, even with you.

His eyes did not avoid her as he said that; his practiced air of candor remained imperturbable. Nevertheless, a small unwelcome chill touched Karen. A shadow of something very like unpleasant mystery was beginning to creep into a situation that was already disturbing.

"It must be something pretty poi-

sonous," she said. "On the contrary, it is a contingency that I think improbable in the extreme. I think it is impossible that we lose. But I still would like know more about Richard Wayne."

"Why wouldn't it be a dandy idea," Karen said hopefully, "for me to talk it over with Tonga Richard himself?"

"For you to-what?" "Ask him why he's here."

"Are you being funny?"

"Well, isn't he the only one who knows?"

"Ha-ha," said John Colt dutifully, mistaking his cue.

"I mean it, John," Karen said. "I suppose Richard Wayne's brothers know what I look like, by this time. But Tonga Dick has just arrived; it's very possible that neither you nor I have been pointed out to him. If not-why can't Mr. Wayne and I have a clubby little chat?"

John Colt looked at her acutely; undoubtedly she had surprised him. "Just what is it you want to do?"

"Well-for instance, if you will leave the table, I'll have him come and sit in your place."

Partly, Karen knew, the suggestion was born of an irrepressible curiosity to know more about Tonga Dick. But partly also it was the result of a desire to take part in action-any kind of action-that would relieve for a little while her intolerable drifting in currents which she could not control.

John Colt slowly sipped the remainder of his Scotch before he replied. Almost visibly she saw him conclude that, after all, Karen knew little that could prove helpful to the Waynes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Only That

Candidate-What did you think of my speech on sound economics? Listener-Well, there was enough sound.

NOTHING DOING

"Won't you come into the parlor Where the light is burning low?' "No, thank you, Mary darling! I don't like mushrooms, you

If He Could Harry-What would you think of

a man who would constantly deceive his wife? Jim-I'd think he was a wonder.

As the schoolboy wrote it: "People in this country are allowed only one wife. This is called monotony."

Ruffled

A member of a Ladies' Aid society in a small town went to the bank to deposit, as she told the banker, "some aid money."

Unfortunately the banker thought she said "egg money," and replied: "Remarkable, isn't it, how well the old hens are doing these days?"

Then he couldn't understand why the woman gathered up her passbook and hurried from the

Checking Up First Salesman-Why, you can't sell that man an encyclopedia! Second Salesman-Why not?

First Salesman-Because he knows everything there is to know. Second Salesman-Well, he'll enjoy reading through it and finding the

A Record

Myrtle-How does that fancy clock go that you won at the county fair last month?

The Questions

1. In what sport do the partici-

2. What is the largest railroad

tunnel in the Western hemisphere?

4. What country ranks next to

5. In what year did Joe Louis Honor.

the United States in the number

win the world's heavyweight

6. The trident is the symbol of

7. The massive bronze statue

known as Christ of the Andes is

on the border between what coun-

8. What is the highest military

9. In what state are the Finger

10. How many cadets have been

Out of Order

It is because things have been

put in the wrong order that the

present chaos and disaster is upon

the world. The order, expressed

in four words, has been: Money,

things, man, God. The new order

will have to be God, man, things,

money .- The Bishop of Exeter.

decoration offered by the United

3. What is another name for the

pants wear bathing suits but try

to keep out of the water?

of miles of railroads?

authority of what god?

championship?

Suomi?

tries?

States?

Lakes?

Vernon-Fine! In fact, it does same time manages to make pounds seem to disappear. The an hour in less than 45 minutes.

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ASK ME 7 A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

its founding?

3. Finns.

In 1937.

Neptune.

are West Pointers.

PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE

JUST the kind of dress the larger

esting and individual and at the

graduated from West Point since

The Answers

2. Cascade tunnel in Washing-

8. The Congressional Medal of

9. New York (western part).

10. Since its founding in 1802, no

more than 23,032 cadets, including

foreigners, have been admitted

and 12,661 of them graduated. To-

day fewer than 7,000 of the 90,000

officers in the United States army

It's not how much you pay, but how well it is received, that makes

a Christmas gift welcome. That's why Camel Cigarettes and Prince

Albert Smoking Tobacco make such ideal gifts. The cost is mod-

est, the welcome assured. For Camel is America's favorite ciga-

rette, and Prince Albert Smoking

Tobacco is the National Joy Smoke. Local dealers are featur-

ing Camels in your choice of two

handsome gift packages — the Camel carton of ten packages and a gay package of four "flat fif-ties." Prince Albert is featured in

the pound tin and the pound glass

humidor in specially designed Christmas gift wrappings.—Adv.

Chile and Argentina.

1. Surf-board riding.

ton (7.79 miles long).

woman appreciates-it is inter-

full bodice sections are excellent for the larger figure and the vestee section between continues as a smart slimming belt. If you want a dress which is decidedly different make this part of a lighter tone than the rest of the dress, or contrast it in beige, for instance, if the dress is to be brown.

Pattern No. 8971 is in sizes 36 to 52 Size 38 requires 514 yards 35-inch material. Contrast section would take 16 yard. For this attractive pattern send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT. 149 New Montgomery Street

Calif. San Francisco Enclose 15 cents in coins for

Pattern No. Size...... Name Address

Kipling Found His Anger Was Profitable—to Another

A bus driver once crashed his vehicle into one of the trees outside the home of Rudyard Kipling. The author wrote the man demanding reparation. The driver ignored the complaint and sold the

letter to a friend for 10 shillings. Not receiving an answer, Kipling penned another note threatening legal action. This scathing letter the driver also ignored-and

Finally losing patience, Kipling called on the man and angrily demanded an explanation.

"I was hoping that you would write me some more letters. Selling them is most profitable," replied the man.

How To Relieve Bronchitis

Creomulsion relieves promptly be-cause it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phiegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, in-flamed bronchial mucous mem-branes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the un-derstanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

To Laugh

One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span, because to laugh is proper to the man.-Rabelais.

OF R

3



Wind and Opinions Wind puffs up empty bladders; opinions fools.-Socrates.

