

DEEP WATER ISLAND

by ALAN LEMAY

INSTALLMENT ELEVEN
THE STORY SO FAR: Karen Waterson, convinced by her lawyer, John Colt, that she has a claim to the island estate of her grandfather, Garrett Waterson, comes with Colt to Honolulu and meets Tonga Dick or Richard Wayne, a member of the Wayne family which has been in control of the property since her grandfather's disappearance. Dick's uncle, James Wayne, manager of this island, Alakoa, dies from overwork and Dick attempts to work out a compromise settlement of Karen's claim. This is refused. Meantime Karen has learned that both Colt and Dick are in love with her. On the island, one day, Dick reveals that Karen is not heiress at all, but that Garrett Waterson is alive and is on his way to Alakoa. He and Karen discuss what attitude the old man may take toward her claim to the island. Now continue with the story.



"But you don't know that you've lost the island."

"I've been perfectly sincere. Dick, you just have to believe that!"

"I do. But Garrett Waterson may very possibly believe, by this time, that the Waynes took unfair advantage of him when they bought Alakoa."

Karen seemed strangely shaken. "Then nothing is settled at all, is it?"

"Nothing. They key has passed into other hands—that's all."

"And this fight has to go on, and on—"

"Are you tired of this fight, Karen?"

"Something's changed it for me. I don't know what it is. At first it seemed such a glorious adventure; it promised to open up a whole new world. But that's all gone. I don't know what's the matter. Somehow I'm not sure, any more, that I want Alakoa."

"Neither," said Dick Wayne, "do I. You know that."

She turned a little to look at him; and the young stars made her face a pale oval, mysterious and lovely, but her expression he could not see. "You don't want your island?" she asked queerly.

He took her hands, and made her turn toward him. "You know what I want. You've known it all the time."

"But—the island—your brothers—"

"Haven't you?" he asked.

"There isn't—there isn't any way—"

"Haven't you?" Dick insisted.

The resistance seemed to go out of her; she swayed forward, and rested her cheek against his chest. "Yes," she admitted; "I know."

"There isn't any time to lose," Dick said. "I've had a radio from Waterson. He'll drop anchor in less than two hours. By that time it will be too late."

"What are we going to do?"

"We're going to run out on this show. We'll be married in Hilo. I don't care what happens after that. They can go on with this infernal squabble until they eat each other's last shirt."

"It's impossible! I can't!"

"Why? If you're still going to let John Colt—"

"Don't you see what position I'm put in? Do you think I've got little pride that I'd try to seize your island, and fail, and then edge in by marrying the very man I tried to bankrupt—"

"I don't believe you care any more about the island than I do."

"You don't now. But some day you'd remember, and perhaps begin to doubt; and nothing could ever be—"

"But you don't know that you've lost the island. Nobody will know until Garrett Waterson shows his hand."

"Dick—if my grandfather takes the island, I'll marry you then, if you want me to."

"No," he said. He released his hold, and she moved a few inches away from him. "No," he repeated. "I'm not going to marry an island either, Karen."

"Then you see—it's hopeless, Dick."

"In another hour or so it will be completely. This is the last time we'll ever have any choice. Because now we don't know. Right now one of us is as good as broke—but we don't know which. Perhaps neither one of us will ever have anything in the world again."

"Maybe," Karen said, "that would be best of all. Only—we can't make that choice either, Dick. Neither one of us has any choice whatever, in anything, it seems."

Dick said gravely, "The choice is yours, Karen; and you have to make it now, tonight—before I leave this boat."

"What is it you want me to do?"

"I want you to come with me, now, on the Holokai. I'll throw the Holokai over the bar, and run to sea."

"If only," Karen said, "I had a little time—"

"Time? Good Lord, Karen!"

"Even a few hours—"

He saw that she was frightened; and he was pleased, because it told him that she wanted to come with him.

"You have a few hours," he said; "you have days, if you want. I'll stay at sea as long as you want me to. Or, when we've talked it over, I'll put back. Or I'll take you any place you want to go. But now we've got to get out of here—quickly—if there's ever going to be any hope at all."

She turned away from him and her hands gripped the rail hard; her eyes were on the Holokai, a

dark tall shape, with her trucks showing against the stars. The moments ticked by, and the outrigger glided past twice, standing on and off, and it seemed to Dick that she was never going to speak.

Dick picked Karen up lightly and lowered her over the rail into the moving outrigger; then himself vaulted the rail in time to light upon the canoe's stern as it swept past. The little craft reeled, and the canoe's whole outrigger lifted out of the water; then she steadied, and her sail flapped lazily as she came about and pointed for the Holokai.

Karen stood beside Dick Wayne as he piloted the Holokai to sea. He was handling the wheel himself, as he always did in these reefs; but even while he was narrowly backsighting his markers, the sense of her presence there had hold of every part of him, changing the meaning of the vessel, and the harbor, and the night. The salt spray that he loved had never, in all his life, been so welcome in the air he breathed.

The Chinese mess boy poked himself into the wheelhouse and plucked at Dick's sleeve. He was in a white mess jacket, this time.

"Captain Tonga, something is w'ong, I think. Somebody is in your cabin, I think. You send somebody in cabin?"

"Well, who is it?"

"Captain Tonga, the door is fastened."

"Oh, bunk! What's the matter with you. Seeing akua's?"

"No, Captain. Somebody is—"

"Go tell the cook to make dinner for two—and make it good. Get out of here and do as I tell you."

The big combers that lashed over the snag-toothed coral were close on the Holokai's bows, but Dick seemed sure of his way. He fired the Holokai at the channel like a shot; the big Diesel had small range of speed, so that under power the Holokai went full out or not at all. He spoke from the side of his mouth to the Japanese who served as first officer, bosun, and copper-smith.

"Inyashi, get the night glasses out of my bunk."

"Yes, Captain."

"We'll very likely sight the Sarah coming in—that's your grandfather's other ship," Dick said to Karen, raising his voice over the roar of the shoals. "She's a good little vessel, but much slower than this. She must have started north no more than twelve hours after the Holokai, and you see how late she is. Did you know that 'Sarah' was your grandmother's name?"

The Japanese quartermaster was back, bursting into the wheelhouse in the quick nervous way that marked everything he did. "Captain Dick, I cannot get the night glasses—you have left your cabin locked."

"Locked? You're crazy—the door's stuck, that's all. Give it a boot."

Inyashi showed extreme embarrassment. "Captain Dick, I did. The panel split. I think it was poor wood, but I can fix it. It is locked—it is locked, I know."

"Let it go. I'll send up the glasses. Get a Kanaka boy for the wheel—we'll be in clear water in a minute. Set a course for Kalae; watch for a ship—any ship—and report all vessels to me."

"Yes, Captain!"

"That last is for you," Dick told Karen. The wheel was kicking crazily, but he let go with one hand, and pulled her close against him. "I thought you might want to see the ship that's bringing him in, out of the south."

"Out of the south," Karen repeated; "out of the sea, out of the past itself . . ."

"You'll like him, Karen; I promise you that."

"You and I have so much to talk about," Karen said. "I'm terribly eager to know more about my grandfather. I want to know where he's been, and what he does, and how he lives. I want to know what he's really like, and if you think he'll approve of me."

"And," Dick said, "why he disappeared, and hid his name?"

"Did he run from something, Dick?"

"Only from his own pride. I understand it; I understand it well."

But it's a little hard to explain to quiet people, leading quiet lives."

"Hard to explain?" she repeated. "No, not to me! Even from what little I know of him, I do understand. As if it had been myself!"

He marveled a little at that. This utterly feminine girl, with her finely chiseled face and gentle small voice, could show flashes of something strangely reminiscent of Garrett Waterson; as if the mountainous and craggy fires of the old adventurer had perpetuated themselves in a thread of fine steel.

"I can tell you most of the rest," he said. "I—"

Dick suddenly spun the wheel hard over, and the Holokai yawed as the reef-rollers struck her in the bottle-neck of the entrance; then she steadied upon the easy swell of the open sea.

Inyashi stepped forward, and Dick turned over the wheel. "We can go below now, Karen. I don't think a whisky soda would do us any harm, do you? I have some of the same Scotch the British embassies use. And something to eat?"

Below, he moved briskly about the cabin, switching on more lights. "This door back here in the stern is to my own cabin—pretty small, but the only one there is. It's yours while you want it; I can sleep on the settee. But—"

It suddenly occurred to him that this was the first moment in which they had been alone since he had persuaded her to leave the Seal. He turned and faced her, his eyes gay. A hundred voyages among the islands of little known seas had brought him less adventure than he believed belonged to him tonight.

For a moment she met his eyes and her smile was shy, misty; he had never seen her in this mood before, with her defenses lowered and the keen brilliance of her glance shadowed and softened. "But—but—" He forgot what he had meant to say.

"But what?" she mocked him. "If you mean to suggest—"

She stopped. Abruptly the smile left her face, and the softness, to be replaced by astonishment.

After his first split second of surprise he saw that she was looking past him, and he whirled.

The door of the inner cabin had opened, and Lilua was standing there—Lilua, with half-clad body and blazing eyes.

She stood very straight, swaying with effortless balance to the lift and tilt of the sea as only the Polynesian can. She was wearing nothing but a wrapped skirt of tapa cloth—not even a lei, or a blossom in her hair to account for the odor of ginger flowers that came subtly into the cabin from the doorway where she stood.

She spoke straight to Karen; it was as if she could not see Dick at all.

"What are you doing here?"

There was appalling silence, filled with the rush of the sea along the ports. "Lilua, this is ridiculous—it's fantastic!"

"You stay out of this, Dick! It isn't your fault—it's this woman. You can't understand her because you're a man, but I understand her. What she can't steal she'll destroy. She'll eat the soul out of your body, Dick—and then go back to John Colt!"

"Be still!" Dick roared.

"I'll not be still! . . . Send her back to her own man. She has no right here. This is not her place."

Lilua was speaking to Karen, ignoring him again. Her voice was quiet, in comparison to his; yet somehow it cut his down, so that he stopped.

"This is my man. You know that. Why don't you go back to your own? Do you have to have everything—the land, and the sea, and the fish, and all the men in the world?"

For a moment a terrible exasperation half blinded Dick Wayne. Something that was worth more to him than the breath in his teeth had been altogether his, until Lilua appeared. She had come abruptly out of no place—unaccountable in her physical presence, but even more unaccountable as a factor in his life. Search his memory as he might, he could not recall ever having summoned her—not by so much as the trailing of his eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS

(The First Doughboy Abroad, and Adolf Hitler.)

Yank—Adolf, I am here.
Adolf—I'll be seeing you.
Yank—and sooner than you think! I hear you've been having a disagreeable winter.

Adolf—I can't be intimidated by weather.
Yank—That ain't the way I heard it.

Adolf—Bah! You're green and untrained. You represent a capitalistic nation. You are soft and flabby.

Yank—The voice is the voice of Adolf but the words are the words of Wilhelm.

Adolf—Where are you?
Yank—Wouldn't you like to know?

Adolf—I'll find out.
Yank—You bet. From now on I'll be in constant touch.

Adolf—I suppose you realize you are up against an unbeatable army.
Yank—Nix on that. I read that news from Russia.

Adolf—Russia, phooey! I'm not finished with her yet.

Yank—Boy, how you wish you were! Lissen, Adolf, how's your nervous breakdown coming along?

Adolf—That was all newspaper talk. I have no nervous breakdown.

Yank—I'll see that you get one now! Are you still wearing that uniform you were never going to take off until you had licked the world?

Adolf—Ja! Ja!
Yank—I didn't know cooties could stay so long in one place. Say, why don't you get wise and sue for peace?

Adolf—Me sue for peace! I've got the world under my heel.
Yank—All I got from that sentence was your name.

Adolf—What name?
Yank—Heel.

Adolf—Nincompoop! I consider you too small for me to notice.

Yank—if you think you look oversized you're crazy. How are your generals?

Adolf—Don't worry about my generals.

Yank—if you ain't worried why should I be?

Adolf—I'm itching to get a crack at you.

Yank—You're a poor judge of what causes those itches, Adolf. And, lissen, I've got a proposition for a partner of yours. It's an offer for Mussolini. Hollywood wants him in Keystone comedy revivals.

Adolf—He'd be no funnier there than he is here!

Yank—Why do you get all your partners out of vaudeville? Benito could have come from no place else. And now you're tying up with Japanese acrobats.

Adolf—You'd better not disparage my acrobats. They're putting on quite an act.

Yank—They crossed us by coming on during intermission. A year from now they won't even be able to get bookings in Perth Amboy.

Adolf—You amuse me.
Yank—You'll laugh all over when you see what I've brought over for you.

Adolf—What is it?
Yank—A bucksaw.
Adolf—What would I do with a bucksaw?
Yank—You'll find out!

Hitler has one great advantage over the rest of the Nazis; he doesn't have to listen to Hitler.

One of the most encouraging signs at Washington is the gradual disappearance of all those boys who were suddenly thrown off the stalling standard.

Harvey Wiley Corbett, noted architect, says the day of the skyscraper is over. That strikes us as a belated comment. It's years since anybody's had courage to build anything higher than three stories.

An engineer says red lights should be used during a blackout. Not, we hope, in the theory that anybody pay attention to them.

"WANTED—PARTNER for my small farm. Easy job. I will make the debts and he will pay them. Pine Grove Farm, Narrowsburg, N. Y."—Delaware Valley News.

Aw, you've been reading the Washington dispatches too closely for the last eight years.

NO HOARDER
A wonderman
Is Luther Gray
To shortages
He says "Okay!"

Each scarcity
He takes in stride,
And never thinks
"What can I hide?"

I. Andrew complains that despite the rubber shortage a lot of checks keep bouncing the same as ever.

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Sousa's Score

John Philip Sousa's two most famous marches brought him the smallest and largest sums of all his many compositions, says Collier's. The Washington Post March, in an outright sale, yielded only \$35, while the Stars and Stripes Forever, sold on a royalty basis, earned more than \$300,000.

Do You Bake at Home?

If you do, send for a grand cook book—crammed with recipes for all kinds of yeast-raised breads and cakes. It's absolutely free. Just drop a postcard with your name and address to Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.—Adv.



The Omission

Teacher—What is etiquette, Jackie?
Jackie—Etiquette is the noise you don't make when you are eating soup.

Elevated Her

Miss Jinks—You mean you let that tall corporal steal a kiss from you?
Miss Short—Yes, but he had to hold me up to do it.

Definition of a boy—Noise with dirt on it.

The Source

Huffer—How can you smoke such a rank cigar as that?
Puffer—I can't. That's the one that you gave me yesterday.



"I Should Have Known Better"

She knew she was eating too much! Things looked so good she kept right on. And then—GAS! Stomach and intestines inflated like a balloon, and breathing an effort. If a spell of CONSTIPATION caused this, ADLERIKA should have been handy. It is an effective blend of 5 carminatives and 3 laxatives for DOUBLE action. Gas is quickly relieved, and gentle bowel action follows surprisingly fast. Your druggist has ADLERIKA.

Mind's Mystery

The mind itself does not know what the mind is.—Cicero.



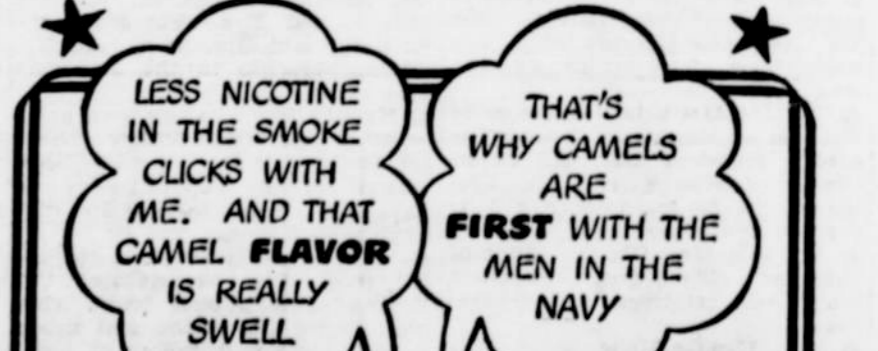
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Great Men

Great men stand like solitary thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not dream.—Longfellow.



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