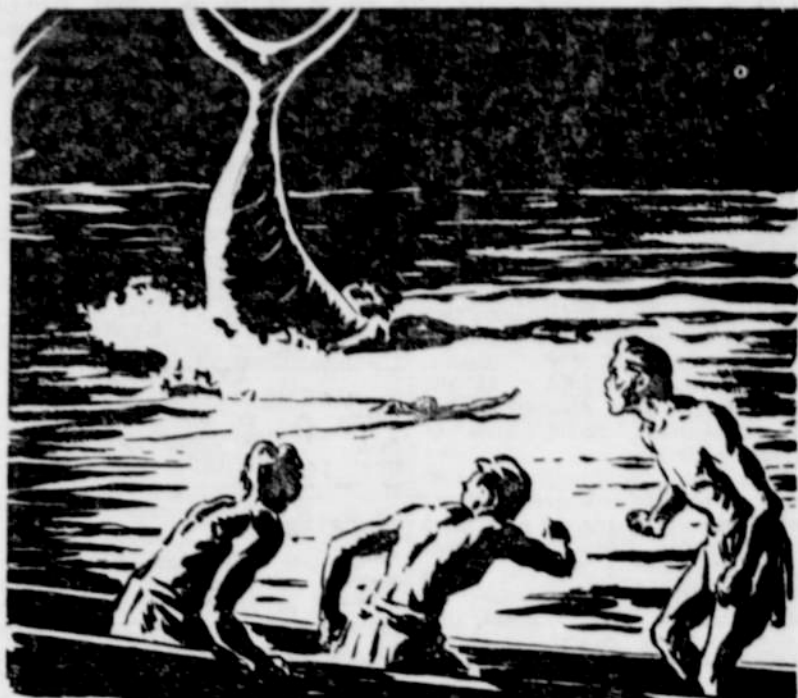


DEEP WATER ISLAND

by ALAN LEMAY

INSTALLMENT THIRTEEN
THE STORY SO FAR: Karen Waterson, who has come to Honolulu to press her claims to the island estate of Alakoa, learns that she is not an heiress at all, as her grandfather, Garrett Waterson, is still alive and on his way to the island. She and Tonga Dick or Richard Wayne, a member of the Wayne family which has been in control of the property since her grandfather's disappearance, find they are in love and decide to leave the island of Alakoa together. Out to sea, they discover that Lilua, a native house-girl has stowed away aboard ship. Karen accuses Dick of making love to the native girl and they quarrel. Angered, Dick orders the ship to return to Alakoa. On the way back, Lilua is found seriously hurt with a knife wound. Dick questions the Chinese mess boy regarding the incident.
Now continue with the story.



—A vast scimitar shaped thing, higher than the Holokai's booms; then it drove downward, disappearing in black water—

"Has anyone gone out of here through the galley?" Dick asked.
"No, sir."
"This girl has been hurt—stabbed. You stay here with her—do anything you can for her, until I get back."

The face of the Chinese was starting with confusion and alarm. Very probably he had never seen the girl before in his life, and now supposed that Dick himself had done her in. He remained silent, however, and stayed where he was told.

Inyashi slid down the hand rail and landed at the foot of the ladder as Dick turned.

"Someone was knifed here a minute ago," Dick told him, "when you heard that scream. Has anyone come up the ladder since then?"

"No, Captain Dick. But there's a man standing by the taff-rail. He acts queer—maybe he is the one. He stands naked by the rail and looks at the sea, and the crew is afraid to go near him. Maybe he came up from here by the skylight?"

Dick snatched a rifle from a rack upon the forward bulkhead. "That's it! Who is he—do you know him?"

"It's that big new Kanaka."
"I hired no new Kanaka!"

"He came over the side out of the water, just before we sailed; he said you sent him. His name is Hokano, I think."

Dick seized Inyashi and pushed him up the ladder. "Stop your engines," he ordered, following close on Inyashi's heels.

"Full astern?"
"No! If you do that the propellers will catch him as he jumps. Man the dinghy with the four Kanaka boys, and lower away."

"Yes, Captain!" In a moment more everyone on the ship was snapped into action by Inyashi's shrill, sputtering commands.

Emerging on the deck, Dick saw at once the immensely tall, broad-shouldered figure of Hokano standing against the rail in the extreme stern. Hokano faced the sea, motionless as a mast. The tall figure was no more than twenty-five feet away, and for a moment Dick was strongly tempted to try bringing down Hokano with the butt of his rifle.

He gave up that idea; even if he succeeded in felling the big Kanaka before Hokano could leap into the sea, the stunned man would be extremely likely to slither over the rail and sink like a plummet.

"Kamakui! Roll the searchlight out!"
Karen was at his elbow, her face white and frightened.

"What is it? What's happened?"
"Lilua's lover has come after her—and got her," Dick said.

"She's—killed?"
"Probably."

Her eyes were on the rifle in his hands. "What are you going to do?"
"Going to call a policeman," he snapped at her. "Get that boat over! What are you waiting for?"

Now the Diesel quit, so that the Holokai seemed suddenly silent. The rush of the water at her bows diminished as she lost way.

As if awakened by the shutting down of the power, the motionless figure in the stern came to life abruptly. Hokano sprang lightly onto the rail itself, and for a moment poised upright. Then he launched into the night in a beautiful clean arc, arms outspread, turning downward to disappear almost silently into the black water.

Now the big searchlight came trundling out on its unwieldy tripod. In a moment more it began to sweep the surface of the sea, searching for the place where the swimmer would come up. The Holokai's dinghy took to the water flounderingly, and immediately shot astern.

Dick said to Karen, "I knew he was going to do that." He walked after without hurry, and took his place at the rail where Hokano had stood. "There wasn't any way to stop him. He'll be easier to handle in the water."

"Would he try—" Karen gasped—"could he possibly swim all the way back to—"

"Of course not. He doesn't expect to get back."

The searchlight picked up the swimmer now, fifty yards back in the Holokai's wake. In moments when the waves favored, those on the deck of the vessel could glimpse a flash of wet shoulders, but nothing else. Hokano was swimming face down, taking advantage of the swells like a seal. The Holokai had lost steeerage way, and was rolling sickly in the swells. Dick braced a knee against the rail and brought his rifle up.

Karen cried out, "Would you shoot him in the water?"

"Do you expect me to wait until he jumps into the air?"

He fired, and a spout of water sprang up far to the left of Hokano. Karen saw now what Dick was firing at. The tall fin of Kai-Ale-Ale was curving near, gliding lazily, unhurried. Dick fired again, without effect; he could not see his sights. Karen's teeth were chattering. "I thought—I thought you said sharks never harm brown men."

"This thing isn't like other sharks! Nobody knows anything about him." The incredibly long, monstrous shape of Kai-Ale-Ale was snouting near to the swimmer now; Hokano must have seen it, but he swam straight on, unmindful. The boy manning the searchlight suddenly swung it aside, and held it unsteadily upon the monster. A long phosphorescent gleam of turned water suddenly shone half the length of the whale shark's back emphasizing the unbelievable.

Dick sighted upon the base of the great fin and fired four times. Suddenly the fin jerked rigid, and a great gout of water went up. The fin sunk from view; far back, incredibly far back from where it disappeared, the great tail fluke rose out of the sea. For a moment the searchlight held it—a vast scimitar shaped thing, higher from the water than the Holokai's booms; then it drove downward, disappearing in black water as Kai-Ale-Ale sounded.

"Stay down there a while," Dick said.

"Did you kill it?"

"You can't kill that thing."

The searchlight found the boat again. It was rising and falling idly, and its bow rose clear of the water as the Kanakas hauled the slack body of Hokano over the transom.

CHAPTER XII

Hokano, that tall unhappy man who had tried to end Lilua's life and his own, presently lay bound with wet cordage in a foc'sle bunk. One of his brother Kanakas had bashed him over the head with an oar, as Hokano had turned, treading water, to look at Kai-Ale-Ale.

Tonga Dick Wayne had been right in sending a Kanaka crew in the boat to pick up Hokano; the maxim of South Sea sailors was true—that no one knew how to handle a Kanaka except a Kanaka. Hokano, naked though he looked, had his knife slung about his neck by a senet cord, and he would have slashed the wrist tendons of anyone who laid hands on him from the boat while he was conscious. After one of them had knocked him out with an oar, another Kanaka had dived to rescue him, and had stopped the sinking of the inert form.

It would have been weird watching, for anyone, to see those simple, casual maneuvers—the Kanaka boys standing with easy, natural balance in the reeling little boat on the swells of the sea, letting the dinghy stand on the heel of her scant hull while they dragged Hokano in, without any one of them ever losing his superb balance, and never shipping a quart of water. Nobody not a Kanaka could ever understand the easy affinity of that amphibious people to the sea; sea-riding a small boat, or a canoe, or a floating stick, as easily as a haole walks on asphalt pavement, or handles his knife and fork.

Bound with cords that cut too deep ever to slip, Hokano lay in a foc'sle bunk, awake and impassive. Aft, in Dick Wayne's bed, lay the girl Hokano had tried to kill, fighting for her life; the intense native vitality of Lilua's body held onto life avidly, regardless of how little Lilua herself cared whether she lived or died.

Karen Waterson sat beside Lilua, and Inyashi and the Chinese mess boy hovered behind Karen, useful chiefly to hold Lilua down when she could no longer be controlled. Lilua was not out of her head entirely; she babbled unceasingly in the Hawaiian tongue. Dick went away, unable to listen any more; Lilua was talking as if her heart would break and kill her if her wound did not.

He went on deck and stood at the stern, swaying to a sea he did not feel. The Holokai when full out had always had the character of a crazed

animal, able to drive across the surface of the sea like a thing possessed, knocking the swells into spume; but it seemed to Dick now that she wallowed like a slug, getting no place. His whole soul was trying to jerk the Holokai out of the cling of the sea. He would have liked to lift her and throw her through space, and bring her against the beach of Alakoa like the thrust of a knife.

He was standing there, watching what seemed to him the slug-like process of the straining Holokai, when Karen came to his side.

"I'm sorry," Karen said. "I'm terribly sorry. Dick, this has been a thing such as I have never seen."

Dick said in a muffled way, "You don't know what you're saying. How would you know?"

"Dick," Karen said, "I should never have come into the Pacific—above all, I should never have come to Alakoa. I bring nobody anything but sorrow, and trouble, and death."

"Yes," said Dick brutally.

"I think," Karen said, "if it hadn't been for this mongrel girl, it would have been all right. We're an awfully long way apart, I guess; but—except for her—I think you and I would have got together, in the end."

Dick Wayne's elbows rested on the rail. The Holokai was throwing everything she had into kicking the sea behind her, and the white boil of her wake stretched into a path that failed only with night vision; but Tonga Dick was looking at something beyond its utmost reach. He spoke thickly, with an unaccustomed incoherence.

"That girl knew what it was to love something," he said.

It required a conscious effort of Karen's mind to know what girl he meant; but when she had done that she was ready for what he said next, even before he said it. "Without demanding anything, without ever any questions, or any terms. None of this everlasting doubt, and wavering, and indecision. Once and for all, she gave everything she had, and asked for nothing."

"I suppose you mean," Karen said, "that this half caste girl, this cousin of mine, as you say—"

"It matters a lot to you, doesn't it," Dick said bitterly, "exactly who this girl is? I would rather ask a woman what she thinks and feels, than who she is."

"And so," Karen said, with something like a tone of despair, "if a brown woman, or a black woman, can let herself go, more fully than I can, your answer is—?"

"Karen," Dick said, "if ever any woman has to ask herself if she loves a man, the answer is 'No.'"

The stubborn silence that fell between them then was broken—very gratefully for them both—by the impetuous projection of Inyashi between them. It always seemed that whatever Inyashi did was high-pressed, and sudden.

"Captain Dick, a vessel is coming in; she's three points off the quarter, now. I think it may be the boat you look for. Hard to tell yet, from just the lights."

The two at the taffrail, swinging their eyes to the left, could now see on the horizon a speck of light that showed winking in the rise and fall of the sea—the high running lights of a ship quartering in from beyond.

"All right," Dick said. "When we've anchored, I'll go out and pilot her in."

When Inyashi had moved away, Dick and Karen stood silent for a little while. When Karen spoke it was apparent that she was steadier, better poised than he.

"Can't you be fair to me?" she said. "Can't you be honest? If you and I can't be frank and honest with each other, who in the world can?"

"Honest?"

"You haven't always been honest with me, Dick. If you had told me at the first that Garrett Waterson was alive—"

"More honest, I think, than you with me."

"I can't imagine what you mean."

"You've played your hand alone—or else with John Colt; never with me. I've protected you in situations that you tried to conceal from me altogether."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AROUND THE HOUSE

Salt meat requires longer boiling than fresh. Put it into cold water, quickly bring it to a boil, then let it simmer.

Always keep perfume in a dark place. Daylight will affect every odor differently, according to its formula. In extreme cases perfume turns bright red as soon as it has been exposed to the sun.

Leftover stock from cooked vegetables contains valuable minerals and vitamins. Save it to use in soups, stews, and sauces.

To bring out the full flavor of raisins, dates, currants or figs, soak them in a little boiling water for five minutes. Two table-spoons of boiling water for each half cup of fruit will be satisfactory.

A siphon of charged water is an excellent fire extinguisher as the carbonic acid gas in the water helps to stifle the flames. The siphon can be tilted, and the fluid will carry to a considerable height such as the top of a blazing curtain.

A pessimist is a man who is always building dungeons in the air.

Ain't It So?
Philosopher—And what do we want in this world to make us happy?
Cynic—The things we ain't got.



A Bit on the Humorous Side

Ample Proof
"Excuse me," said the mild little man in the crowded cafeteria, who had returned from getting a cup of coffee, "but you have my seat."

"Oh yeah," growled the big man. "Can you prove it?"
"Sure, look at the seat of your pants. You're sitting on my pie."

Only Explanation
At last he mustered up his courage to pop the question, and, to his blissful bewilderment, was accepted. When he'd recovered, he stammered:
"However did it happen, Jasmine, that such a bright and shining angel as yourself could ever fall in love with a dull, stupid fellow like me?"
"Goodness knows, Ted," was the fair maid's candid comment; "I must have a screw loose somewhere."

The female of the speeches is deadlier than the male.
What's Wrong With That?
Exam. Paper—If it took seven men four hours to dig a ditch: four feet deep and two feet wide, sixty feet long, how long would it take three men to dig the same ditch?
Bright Student—No time at all, the ditch is already dug.

Fired!
Captain—Is this gun working?
Private—No, sir. It's been discharged.

Quite Simple
Sally—What's your idea of a simple wedding?
Joan—One that costs twice as much as the family can afford.

FOR PARTIES, POP JOLLY TIME EVERY TIME POPULAR HUMOROUS VOLUME

ORDER BY NAME FOR BETTER POP CORN

Wise Choice
Take the vine of a good soil and the daughter of a good mother.

What's This?

It's 35 feet of intestines—5 or 6 times the length of your body, through which everything you eat must pass. Nature usually needs no help, but the wrong food, or too much of it, can cause temporary blockage (constipation) with aggravating gas, headaches, listlessness or bad breath. ADLERIKA, with its 5 carminative and 3 laxative ingredients, relieves gas quickly and gets bowel action surprisingly fast. Ask your druggist for ADLERIKA.

DIG DEEP FOR VICTORY
Dig Into Your Pocket and Buy U. S. Defense Bonds

RAZOR BLADES
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE OUTSTANDING BLADE VALUE

KENT BLADES
Double Edge 10 for 10c
Single Edge 7 for 10c
"TAKING THE COUNTRY BY STORM" KNOWN FROM COAST TO COAST
CUPPLES COMPANY - ST. LOUIS, MO.

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

The Questions

1. How many mints does the United States have for making coins?
2. Fleet street in London is famous for what?
3. What proportion of Americans have blue eyes?
4. The bouquet of a wine refers to what?
5. What was the greatest attraction of the World's fair of 1893?
6. Who knighted Francis Drake for sailing around the world?
7. What is made from flax—sweater yarn, linen or rayon?
8. Tempus fugit means what—Storm rages, time flies or weather is good?
9. Who was the sweetheart of Maid Marian?
10. Are there any stars which do not give off enough light to be seen?

The Answers

1. Three (Philadelphia, Denver and San Francisco).
2. Its newspaper offices.
3. For every 100 Americans who have blue eyes, 70 have gray eyes, 49 have hazel eyes, 46 have brown eyes.
4. Its aroma.
5. The Ferris wheel.
6. Queen Elizabeth.

Do You Bake at Home?
If you do, send for a grand cook book—cramped 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.

INDIGESTION
Does not harm the heart, but it can make one mighty uncomfortable. If gas seems to distend stomach, causing that embarrassing "gurgling" and crowding, try ADLA Tablets. They contain Bismuth and Carbonates for QUICK relief. Druggists have ADLA Tablets.

Time's Effect
Time, which strengthens friendship, weakens love.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB
This world is full of busy folks who toil and mull their lives away. Why did we start this labor stuff when most of us would rather play?

7. Linen.
8. Time flies.
9. Robin Hood.
10. Astronomers have recently discovered a number of "black stars," or stars which are not hot enough to give off visible light but which are sufficiently warm to have their heat waves register on an infra-red photographic plate.

8 King Feature Syndicate
All Rights Reserved

MOTHER!
Give YOUR child same expert care used when QUINTUPLETS CATCH COLD

At the first sign of a chest cold—the Dionne Quintuplets' throats and chests are rubbed with Musterole—a product made especially to promptly relieve DISTRESS of colds and resulting bronchial and croupy coughs.
Musterole gives such wonderful results because it's more than an ordinary "salve." It

helps break up local congestion. Since Musterole is used on the Quintuplets you may be sure you're using just about the BEST product made!
IN 3 STRENGTHS
Children's Mild Musterole. Also Regular and Extra Strength for grown-ups who prefer a stronger product. All drugstores.

Put Your Dollars in Uniform by Buying U. S. Defense Bonds

THANKS FOR THE CARTON OF CAMELS, DAD. THEY WERE THE ARMY MAN'S SMOKE IN YOUR DAY, TOO, WEREN'T THEY?

YOU BET THEY WERE. AND I'D STILL WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL!

Actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show Camels are the favorite with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard.

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS 28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

CAMEL — THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show Camels are the favorite with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard.

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS 28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

CAMEL — THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS



It's 35 feet of intestines—5 or 6 times the length of your body, through which everything you eat must pass. Nature usually needs no help, but the wrong food, or too much of it, can cause temporary blockage (constipation) with aggravating gas, headaches, listlessness or bad breath. ADLERIKA, with its 5 carminative and 3 laxative ingredients, relieves gas quickly and gets bowel action surprisingly fast. Ask your druggist for ADLERIKA.

DIG DEEP FOR VICTORY
Dig Into Your Pocket and Buy U. S. Defense Bonds

RAZOR BLADES
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE OUTSTANDING BLADE VALUE

KENT BLADES
Double Edge 10 for 10c
Single Edge 7 for 10c
"TAKING THE COUNTRY BY STORM" KNOWN FROM COAST TO COAST
CUPPLES COMPANY - ST. LOUIS, MO.

MOTHER!
Give YOUR child same expert care used when QUINTUPLETS CATCH COLD

At the first sign of a chest cold—the Dionne Quintuplets' throats and chests are rubbed with Musterole—a product made especially to promptly relieve DISTRESS of colds and resulting bronchial and croupy coughs.
Musterole gives such wonderful results because it's more than an ordinary "salve." It

helps break up local congestion. Since Musterole is used on the Quintuplets you may be sure you're using just about the BEST product made!
IN 3 STRENGTHS
Children's Mild Musterole. Also Regular and Extra Strength for grown-ups who prefer a stronger product. All drugstores.

Put Your Dollars in Uniform by Buying U. S. Defense Bonds

THANKS FOR THE CARTON OF CAMELS, DAD. THEY WERE THE ARMY MAN'S SMOKE IN YOUR DAY, TOO, WEREN'T THEY?

YOU BET THEY WERE. AND I'D STILL WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL!

Actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show Camels are the favorite with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard.

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS 28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

CAMEL — THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show Camels are the favorite with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard.

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS 28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

CAMEL — THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show Camels are the favorite with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard.

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS 28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

CAMEL — THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS