

DEEP WATER ISLAND

by ALAN LEMAY

INSTALLMENT TWO
THE STORY SO FAR: Karen Water-son, San Francisco girl, convinced by her lawyer, John Colt, that she has a claim to the island estate of her grand- father, Garrett Water-son, arrives in Hon- olulu to attempt to gain control of the property. One evening while she and Colt are dining and discussing plans for pressing her claims, Richard Wayne, or Tonga Dick, as he is known, enters their dining place. He is a member of the Wayne family that has been in control of her grandfather's island, Alakoa, since the old man's disappearance. Inasmuch as Karen believes that Tonga Dick does not know her identity she suggests to Colt that she talk to him and learn what she can. Colt at first opposes the idea but begins to change his mind.
 Now continue with the story.



He laid a hand on the back of the chair where John Colt had sat. "May I?" "Perhaps, if you wish."

"I suppose there isn't any really practical objection," he said; "but isn't this notion just slightly on the silly side? You can hardly expect—" He started to say something more, but let it pass; then bowed with exasperating courtesy, and walked away.

When he was gone she sat quietly a little while, trying to relax. Presently she turned her chair a little so that she could look into the shadows where Tonga Dick sat, three tables away, alone in the obscurity of palm shadows. She still could not clearly see his face, but she focussed upon the coil of his cigarette, and waited. She let her eyes rest there almost to the limit of endurance; then smiled faintly, and returned her attention to the dance floor.

Tonga Dick stood up, wound his way to her table. He laid a hand on the back of the chair where John Colt had sat.

"May I?"

"Perhaps, if you wish."

Richard Wayne sat down, crossed his knees comfortably, and took his time about lighting a cigarette. Karen waited, determined to make him lead the way; but she watched him curiously, with a sharp interest that was partly caused by his name alone. In the world she knew, you could no more be called Tonga Dick, in seriousness, than you could be called Red-Handed Harry, or Terrible Pete. Had she had no other relationship to this man than that of a casual tourist, she still would have stared, just because of the name he was called.

Tonga Dick surveyed her slowly, with grave eyes. "You wanted to see me?"

Richard Wayne watched with admiration the perfect serenity of Karen's poise as she turned a little, and coolly met his eye.

She was much more interesting to look at from across a table, he decided, than from across a number of them. Yet he had noticed her in the first moment in which he had stepped upon the lanai. That, of course, was the reason he knew who she was. He had landed but a few hours before, and had no more than shaken hands with his brothers; there were no means by which he could have identified Karen Water-son, if he had not noticed her and been interested in his own accord.

From the shadows of his obscure table at the edge of the lanai he had watched her for some time for no other reason than that it gave him pleasure to look at her.

After a little while he had signaled a table captain and asked who the girl was—and had obtained a correct answer.

Knowing who she was, it was odd to be sitting at the same table with her now. This was the girl who had come here from the mainland to lay claim to the island of Alakoa, the little stronghold in the sea which no one but a Wayne had held for more than two decades.

It seemed to him that Karen Water-son did not look the part. He couldn't understand how anyone with a face like that, and eyes like that, could get herself hooked up with a shenanigan that differed from a common swindle only in the boldness of its scope.

"If I hadn't wanted you here," she said, "you'd hardly be here, would you?"

"And so?"

"So nothing. I wanted you to come and sit here because I think you look romantic. And I think you might introduce yourself, now."

"My name is Richard Wayne," he said. "I belong here in the Islands. More specifically, I am connected with a small privately owned island called Alakoa."

He watched for her reaction, and was fooled again; for no reaction came.

"That certainly is very interesting," Karen Water-son said. "I wish I were an Islander."

"Perhaps," he suggested, "you would like to tell me who you are."

"My name," Karen improvised, "is Katie Higgins—something—a white girl from about four miles south of Dubuque. I teach school some place, and I think I would like to get in the movies."

"I should have said," Dick commented, "that you were from San Francisco." She glanced at him sharply, but he added, "Hawaii is a kind of a crossroads; people from every part of the world come through here, sooner or later, so that if you live in the Islands you get to recognize infections of speech."

"Oh."

"They raise very good looking girls in San Francisco," Dick said. "It must be a wonderful thing to own your own island," Karen said.

"Are many islands privately owned?"

"Only a few, in this part of the Pacific. Niihau is privately owned, and so is Lanai, which is the sixth largest in the group; and the Waynes have had Alakoa for about twenty years."

"How many Waynes are there?"

Richard Wayne said to himself, "You know cockeyed well, young lady, how many Waynes there are." But aloud he said, "Four. My uncle, who is really the owner, my two brothers, and myself."

"It's like owning a little empire of your own, isn't it? I can't think of anything nicer than that."

"A good many people seem to feel that way," Dick said. "That's what makes an island so hard to hold on to."

"You have trouble holding onto it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. Just now, for example, there is an insufferable little snip of a girl trying to get her claws into Alakoa by due legal process."

"Interesting," Karen encouraged him. "And just how does she expect to do that?"

"The Waynes bought Alakoa from her grandfather. Now the girl wishes to prove that the sale was illegal, because, she says, her grandfather was a congenital idiot. She says it runs in the family, and she can prove it."

Karen studied him for a moment with veiled suspicion, but Tonga Dick's face was innocent. "What a remarkable person," Karen said.

"What's she like?"

"Well—as I told you, I have had no chance to get acquainted with her."

"Maybe you'll have a chance later."

"I'd rather like to, you know," Dick admitted. "I'd like to find out what makes her tick. But I would hardly know how to go about it."

"Just a simple Island boy," Karen smiled.

"Well, the circumstances are a little awkward. I can't just go up to her and say, 'I understand you are the little twerp who is trying to get my island away from me, and what are you doing this evening after the store closes?' Or can I?"

"Well, invite her for a sail on your boat. Show her selected views of the coast line. Show her this island she's after—what did you say the name of it was? Alakoa? Probably she hasn't even seen it. I'll bet she'd be interested."

"And just what," said Dick, "would be my idea?"

"Get to know her. You said you wanted to find out what the little fright was like. Maybe you'd like her."

"And then what?"

"And then what?" Karen repeated. "Say, wait a minute. Do I have to map out your entire life?"

They grinned at each other; and either one of them would have given a good deal to know what the other was thinking then.

"It's a rotten plan," Dick criticized.

"Now you've hurt my feelings," Karen said. "Here I practically work up a headache planning a beautiful day for you, and what credit do I get? You tell me it's rotten. All that effort wasted!"

Richard Wayne appeared to brighten. "No, it isn't. It gives me a much better idea. What's the use of wasting the whole program on a chiseling little frump? No! I'll take you sailing, instead."

"Me? Oh, I'm afraid I couldn't—"

"Tomorrow morning," Richard Wayne prompted her, "at something like nine?"

"Something more like ten," she answered.

CHAPTER II

It was nearly midnight when Richard Wayne called upon his brothers. They had been expecting him earlier in the evening, and only an objectionable message he had sent them by phone had kept them waiting for him at an hour strictly outside of their habits.

Richard's two brothers, Ernest Wayne and Willard Wayne, sat in a large room which, in spite of its prim order, showed the wear of the humid years. The whole thing managed a transplanted New England

look; obviously nothing had been changed here for a long time.

The two brothers who here awaited Richard Wayne seemed to have been bred and raised by the New England furniture. Both were older than Richard, and when he looked at them he was sometimes happy to remember that they were only his half-brothers, after all.

"It does seem to me, Dick," Ernest Wayne said fretfully, "that you would show a little interest in what is happening here." Ernest, tall and thin, did not look entirely well; he wore gold-rimmed glasses, which did not seem to be strong enough for his purpose, and when kept up late at night he had a peaked look.

Dick sighed and sat down. "If I weren't interested I wouldn't be in Honolulu at all," he said. "Now, please try not to get all excited, will you?"

"You don't realize the seriousness of the situation, Dick," Willard said heavily, without heat. "This thing is critical in the extreme—perhaps even desperate. Uncle Jim can't seem to understand that he is not invulnerable. He has delayed, and delayed—"

"I understand it from your letters," he said now, "the complaint is that when our mutual father bought the island of Alakoa from Garrett Water-son he practically cheated the old boy out of his eye teeth—is that the story?"

"Father was an industrious and intelligent man," Ernest Wayne said with annoyance.

"Do you know anything much about the original swindle?"

"I object to your tone," Willard Wayne said; and Dick was astonished by the vigor of his brother's resentment. "Garrett Water-son was a disreputable old pirate. He was a waster and a speculator of the worst sort—absolutely typical of a certain kind of riffraff which troubled the Islands in the early days. If father saw values in Alakoa that Water-son did not, that certainly was Water-son's look-out. But now comes this girl, this grasping, piratical little adventuress, intent on seizing not only the whole of Alakoa, but the development which has cost Uncle Jim the best years of his life, and—"

"Have you checked the identity of this girl?" Dick interrupted.

"She's Garrett Water-son's granddaughter, all right," Willard said. "Well brought up?"

"The family has no distinction whatever. The girl has been working as a stenographer. Her relationship to the island of Alakoa probably would never have occurred to her as offering any possibilities, if it had not been for this John Colt."

"And who is this John Colt?"

"John Colt is thirty-six years old and was born in New York. He is one of the predatory speculators who came to light in the boom days of the late twenties. He acquired a considerable fortune through water developments in California. In 1932 his stock-juggling activities were investigated, but without success."

"You seem to have snootled around to very good effect," Tonga Dick complimented them.

"And now," Willard concluded, "Karen Water-son, through her attorneys, and undoubtedly acting on the advice and direction of John Colt is bringing suit, on the complaint that her grandfather's sale of Alakoa was illegal—that Garrett Water-son, at the time of the sale, was mentally incompetent. That shows you the girl's unscrupulous type—she is willing to discredit her own grandfather—prove him to have been virtually insane—to gain advantage for herself."

"Same old story," Tonga Dick murmured. "But not so easy, in the case of Garrett Water-son, I should think."

Willard Wayne exploded. "I tell you it is easy! Unless we find a way out, it is most certainly going to be done! This is what comes of dealing with irresponsibles of Garrett Water-son's type. Evidence can be brought in to show that Garrett Water-son was not only totally irresponsible, but eccentric in the extreme. I myself am convinced he was more or less deranged. Let me remind you that we've had hundreds of such cases in the Islands—mostly successful!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Learn to Sew if Your Budget Is Limited—It's Fun, Too!

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THIS year the fashion picture is literally packed with drama. What with a whirl of midwinter festivities and gala occasions in full swing one is almost sure to yearn for more than the usual amount of clothes glamour. The good news is that, by making sewing your hobby, you can easily manage to have an enchanting array without suffering a single budget twinge.

Simply pick the pattern that measures up to your idea of a dream dress, get your material in hand and then dash off to your nearest local sewing center where expert help is cheerfully given in sewing short cuts and fashion tricks, at little or no expense.

Fabric counters are literally bubbling over with an endless display of smart, inexpensive rayon jerseys, tweedy weaves that tailor beautifully, gorgeous taffetas and moires that look twice as expensive as they really are; velveteens in alluring pastel and brilliant jewel-toned colors; handsome laces of every type from sheer to the new linen effects, which, for the most part, can be had for under a dollar a yard. This year a merry war is going on between traditional black-and-white and lush, ravishing colors like fuchsia, turquoise, black plunk, alarm red, topaz, gold and beige, Kelly green and seafoam tones and tints.

For the twilight hour and its flattering candlelight, there's romantic elegance needed, and you will be equal to the occasion if you make a dinner dress which combines a long-sleeved, front-buttoned, long-torso

basque top of black cotton lace with a shirred wide-spreading rayon moire skirt which repeats the black lace in a hip border inset after the manner of the gown which the figure seated in the foreground is wearing.

And again your evening splendor will be definitely established in a mist-blue jersey dress that molds and tapers to your form in draped and flowing lines like those of the gown shown to the right in the trio of evening modes pictured above. Drapery treatments are very important and are outstanding this season. They are ever so easy to manipulate, even for the inexperienced, with the aid of a new molded-to-you thermo-plastic dress form. With an exact reproduction of your figure before you, it requires no special gift to drape the folds of a material in a way that will most effectively dramatize your silhouette.

Gay and inexpensive materials make the luxurious looking dinner dress centered in the group above. There is style distinction reflected in the chrome yellow velvetene jacket that hangs with easy grace from broad-looking shoulders encrusted with importantly new embroidered motifs that are repeated on the pockets. This jacket would be lovely with a candle-slim forest green crepe floor-length skirt. Believe it or not, the embroidered motifs that so definitely enhance this jacket were stitched up in practically no time on a modern sewing machine, and the finished job looks for all the world like fine handwork.

The fashion suggestions above are destined to turn your "date" into a successful drama, and you will inspire repeat performances in the future.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

White Fur



In keeping with the vogue for "winter white," this season, comes the prediction from furriers that snow white lamb will prove one of the most popular furs of the season. The young set is "rushing" the idea. It's a treat to the eye to see young girls wearing coats like the one pictured. These coats are strikingly new, and they top the now-modish white jersey "date" dresses to perfection.

Rain Now Calls for Gay Fashion Parade

Away with somber attire on a rainy day! No longer are leaden-cast skies, downpours of rain and muddy streets a sign that one must muddle the somberness of the scene with clothes equally depressing. According to the new theory, a rainy day is just the time to come out in bright array. In fact, rainy days are turning into cheerful events.

There are gay new capes, fitted coats and trench model coats, some in white, some in blue and, most exciting of all, those in bright red rainproof transparencies or processed cloth, if you prefer. You can get red or white boots to match.

There's style and charm, too, in the new processed black satin raincoats that are fashioned with smart details and given a glamour touch in that the newest out are fashioned with jeweled buttons.

Magazine Tells What the College Girl Is Wearing

According to a new women's magazine: College co-eds are braiding their hair in "country cousin" style. Earrings are being worn with the braids.

Sixty inch pearls worn on "Sloppy Joe" cardigans are "tops" everywhere.

Cowboy boots, plaid sweaters, lime yellow shirts, corduroy jackets, the "V" neck sweater and knee length argyle plaid socks also storm the American campus scene.

For the Young

Take yards and yards of bright red net. Fashion this into a full skirt. Top this with a snug-fitting bodice made of jersey in matching red. Outline the décolletage, sleeve edges and finish off the waistline with a single-row beading of sparkling red sequins.

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