

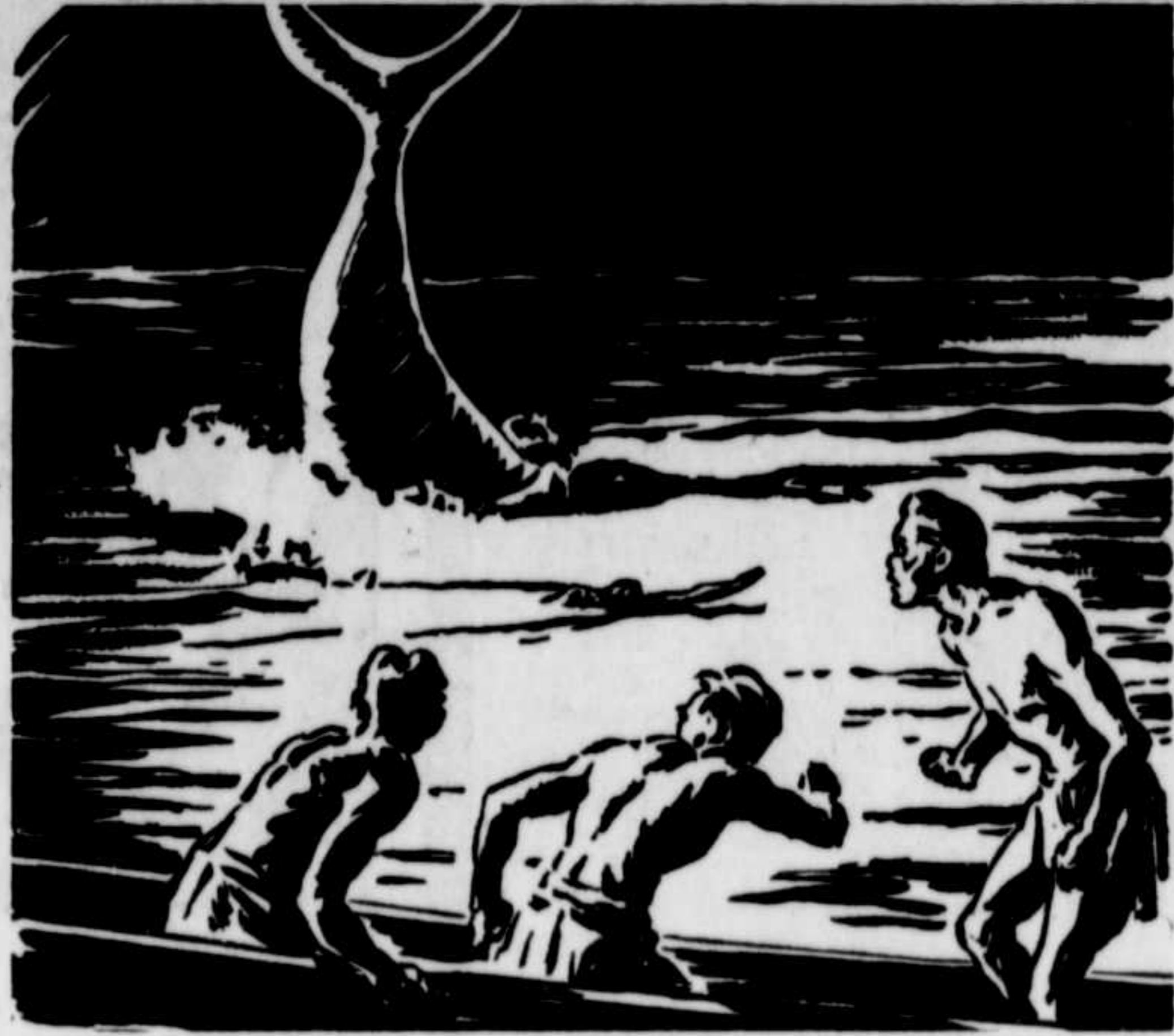
DEEP WATER ISLAND

by ALAN LEMAY

W-N-U-RELEASE

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 tail-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 steerage 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.

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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 boll 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—"
 "The matter is 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 stern 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 steeper, 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."

GRASSROOTS
 by
 WRIGHT A. PATTERSON
 (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

'HORSE AND BUGGY' DAYS AND A WORLD AT WAR
WE ARE TRAVELING backward to the horse and buggy days of yesterday, if we can again find the horses and buggies. The war has marked at least a temporary suspension of the automobile era.

In 1911, the more than 29 million cars in the United States traveled a total distance of over 236 billion miles, an average of better than 9,000 miles per car. That gives some idea of what the automobile has meant to America and to the American family.

On the farm it meant easy and quick transportation to town, and to far-away towns. It meant an opportunity to visit the movies, even in towns 20 to 30 miles away. It meant marketing in larger centers, and pleasure trips covering long distances.

Now when the present family bus is gone, it cannot be replaced. When its essential rubber has been burned out, it cannot be reshod. The problem is to make both the car and the rubber last as long as possible; to conserve both for the essential needs of the family. It will carry them more times to the nearer movies and the nearer stores than to those farther away. Its rubber shoes will last longer at a slow speed than when burned up at top speed. It means getting back to the more simple life of the horse and buggy days.

For those of the generation that knew the horse and buggy times, going back to the simplicity of that period is rather alluring. It means home-produced, instead of imported entertainment. Visits with friendly neighbors will take the place of joy riding. It means neighborhood parties, instead of movies. The Sunday school picnic, the Epworth League meeting, the school entertainment will again come into their own.

Conserve the old car and the farm truck and their rubber tires for the essential uses. It will be hard to obtain the horses, buggies and farm wagons of yesterday as substitutes, even though they might be satisfactory. It may be a long time before the assembly lines are again turning out family transportation facilities as they have in the past quarter of a century.

'CLOSED SHOP' AND 'FREE' LABOR
'THE UNITED STATES army has a secret weapon. It is an army of free Americans. Extract from an ad for the army recruiting service.

That should be true, but is it entirely so today? Can we say an American is free when it is possible for a labor racketeer to force him to pay a price for the privilege of working; when the labor racketeer demands that all American workers be forced to pay for the privilege of working? That is what a "closed shop" in American industry would mean. The American worker should be free to join a union if he wants to, and many would, but is he free when he is forced to do so if he wants to find a job through which to support himself and family? The "closed shop" would be as un-American as a state church, with all forced to join and support it.

That the union can function effectively, that it can adequately represent labor when operating on an American basis of freedom of action of the individual, has been demonstrated through the years. On such a basis the union has advanced the cause of labor. When it demands as infringement of the freedom of the individual, it seriously injures the cause it should seek to help. The cry for a closed shop is the cry of the labor racketeer, not of American workers.

FARMER'S SON AND DRAFT BOARDS
THOSE WHO MAKE the rules for the exemption boards do not figure the farmer's son and the "hired man" as essential to national defense as are the officers and organizers of labor unions. The farmer's son and the "hired man" only provide food for our armed forces. The union officers and labor racketeers provide the strikes that delay our construction of guns, tanks, planes, ships and other war equipment. The men of the armed services want to eat, and they also want equipment with which to fight. They do not take kindly to the rules issued to the exemption boards.

THIS WAR IN WHICH we are engaged is our war, and we must realize that. As "our" war, it is not the war of some class or some group, but of all of us, and all of us must do our part and accept our part of the sacrifice.

CURRENCY CIRCULATION AND INFLATION
ECONOMISTS TELL US an overabundance of currency in circulation is one of the conditions that leads to inflation.

At the end of 1941, we had a total of \$10,689,586,000 of circulatory currency. That is only an average of a little more than \$2 for each of our 130,000,000 people. It does not seem such a small sum, should be dangerous, but the total is more than two billion higher than it was in December, 1940.

PATTERNS

SEWING CIRCLE



8111 **8070**

FEW costumes are more successful for larger women than the dress and matching jacket. In today's pattern we have designed a version of this popular outfit so simply that you can make it at home without any difficulty. The dress has a soft, low neckline, which can be made extra flattering with the addition of a narrow lace ruffle. The shapely jacket ties in front with soft, adjustable bow.

Pattern No. 8111 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 takes 8 yards 35-inch material. 1 1/2 yards ruffling for neckline.

Pattern No. 8070 is designed for sizes 2, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 3 requires 1 1/4 yards 35-inch material; 1 1/4 yards 54-inch. 1 1/4 yards edging for neckline and sleeves, 1/4 yard for 35-inch contrast material for collar. Send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
 106 Seventh Ave. New York
 Enclose 20 cents in coins for each pattern desired.
 Pattern No. Size

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If you wish to serve your guests individual cakes, bake your cake in a loaf. When baked, cut it in squares, frost them on four sides and decorate the tops with walnuts.

Silver should always be polished following the shape of the object—flatware lengthwise and hollowware with a large circular motion.

Shabby leather upholstery may be revived by washing with a cloth wrung out in warm water, to which a little vinegar has been added. Polish can be restored after washing by rubbing with a mixture of the whites of two eggs beaten up with a dash of turpentine.

Don't run lamp cords under the rug. They wear out more quickly from being walked on, and present a fire hazard.

Avoid handling electrical apparatus with wet hands. Always turn off the main switch before trying to repair outlets or lights. Disconnect cords before working on them.

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AND LADY, IF YOU BAKE AT HOME, REMEMBER, THE ONLY YEAST WITH ALL THESE VITAMINS IS FLEISCHMANN'S

*Per Cake: Vitamin A—2000 Units (Int.) Vitamin B₁—150 Units (Int.) Vitamin D—400 Units (Int.) Vitamin G—40-50 Units (Sh. Bour.) All of these vitamins go right into your bread; they are not appreciably lost in the oven. Ask for Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast—with the yellow label.

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