# DEEP WATER ISLAND

## by ALAN LeMAY

W·N·U·RELEASE

**INSTALLMENT NINETEEN**

*This is the concluding installment to this story of the DEEP WATER ISLAND, Alakoa.*

"What is this?" Dick asked.

"Didn't you know that James Wayne has been making additional payments on Alakoa, all through the last twenty years?"

"I thought he was; I couldn't prove it, I guess."

"You can prove it now. That's a receipt from Garrett Waterson for two hundred and seventeen thousand dollars. Incompetent or not, he was properly paid for Alakoa; and that receipt acknowledges it. I thought I'd better get it for you—and save you a headache."

"Karen," Dick asked, "why have you done this?"

"I'm sick of having you worry for fear I'm going to get your island away from you. I don't want your old island. You'd better take care of that receipt, and not sit there creasing it all up. Your brothers are going to want it—and I suppose, after all, Alakoa is more theirs than yours."

He wondered irrelevantly if he should tell her that this was not so; but let it pass. "What are you going to do now?"

"I'm going back to San Francisco and look for a job."

"But Garrett Waterson will want—"

"I'm not going to fasten onto him. He's got troubles of his own."

There was a long silence after that. "It seems to me," Dick said at last, "that neither one of us has been very sensible about any of this. All the way along we've kept fighting over the most trivial things—islands, and grandfathers, and Kanaka girls, and who busted a lei on James Wayne's desk. It certainly looks as if we ought to run out of things to fight and quarrel over, pretty soon."

"Don't you know," Karen asked, "whose lei that was? Don't you know who was with James Wayne when he died?"

"I don't even care," Dick said.

"I care. It's taken me a week's detective work even to find out what you were talking about. And I'm going to tell you about it, whether you're interested or not."

"I just don't think it's important now," Dick said.

"I do. Because that was what really broke us up. It made you say things to me that were perfectly awful—unforgiveable things, Dick. And I didn't know, then, even what you meant when you talked about a broken lei."

"If only you had told me—"

"I couldn't tell you because I didn't know. I know now. When you went into your uncle's office, and found him dead, there was a broken lei of ginger blossoms on the floor; and you thought that it was the lei you gave to me. But I've had to talk to Tsura, and Lilua, and Hokano, before I even found out that much."

"You mean to tell me that you really weren't there? You weren't with James Wayne that night at all?"

"Of course not. But I've pieced together what happened, now. The lei you gave me that night was a lei that Lilua made for you; but that was not the only lei she made. She made another lei for Hokano; and he was wearing it, when he came looking for her that night."

"You mean that it was Hokano who—"

"Hokano was looking for Lilua. I could have told him where to look for her. But he couldn't find her because she was in your room."

"Karen, I swear that nothing—"

"Oh, I know. As a matter of fact—" a malicious little twinkle flickered in Karen's eyes—"I think I had already warned you to lock your door. But Hokano didn't know anything about that. He saw James Wayne's light; he stepped into James Wayne's office through the window, and demanded to know where Lilua was. Of course your uncle was furious that a large, very wet Kanaka should come crashing into his office through a window. His anger was too much for him, on top of everything else. He stood up and threatened Hokano; and then just suddenly collapsed and was gone. Hokano leaned across the desk, to see if he was really dead. The ginger blossom lei caught on the corner of the desk and broke; and just then Tsura came tapping at the door, peddling her glass of milk."

"Hokano told you this?"

"Most of it. Who else could? He was the only one who knew."

"This is all very surprising," Dick said.

"I don't think so. I don't think it's even interesting. I went to the trouble to find out because I wanted to know what you were talking about. I can't remember now why I thought it mattered."

"And I still don't think it matters," Dick said. "I don't think it matters at all what either one of us has said or thought or done."

"In short," Karen said, "you haven't a leg to stand on; so, that being the case, you favor calling the whole fight off."

**He stepped into James Wayne's office through the window, and demanded to know where Lilua was.**

"I have no doubt," Dick agreed, "that I am a complete fool. Worse than that—much worse—I am also unlucky. I simply don't get the breaks—and I suppose that's the worst thing you can say about any man."

"You get as good breaks as anyone does. The principal trouble with you is that you don't show any sense."

"I think it's time for both of us to show a little sense. People never get anywhere trying to dope out who was to blame for what. If people like to be together, that should decide what they're going to do."

"Such as—?"

"What's the sense in going to Honolulu? I don't have to go to Honolulu, and neither do you. The Holokai can just as well put about and lay a course for Nuku Hiva. How do you know you wouldn't like Nuku Hiva? I'll bet any amount you'll think it's a whole lot prettier than San Francisco."

"My word," Karen smiled faintly. "I believe it's meant to be a proposal!"

"Call it what you want to," Dick said. "Don't you think—don't you think—"

"Would you like to know what I think? I think you're tiresome. You sit there talking on and on, when all a person wants is to go to sleep. Now, you can sit there talking to yourself as long as you want to, but I'm going to sleep, anyway," said Karen.

Dick stood up. "I've got a great mind to set a course for Nuku Hiva anyway, and make you like it!"

Karen laid her head on her arms and closed her eyes. "You're always shanghaiing somebody," she said. "But ask yourself—what does it ever get you?"

Dick stood looking down at her quiet face, and wondering why he had ever hoped to understand this girl. "Nothing, I guess," he admitted at last.

**CHAPTER XVII**

He went out into the main cabin, sat down at the table, and laid out a hand of solitaire; but when it was laid out he sat staring vacantly at the cards. He had reason enough to be sick of solitaire. Then presently he became aware that he was infinitely weary, and that he had as much reason as Karen to be in need of sleep. He laid his head on the table, convinced now that there was no longer on the face of the sea any uncertainty worth keeping a man awake; and was almost immediately asleep.

He must have slept a long time, for when he awoke daylight was coming in the ports. In front of him on the table had been placed a tray containing a wilted sprig of celery, and a glass of cold water that sloshed about with the Holokai's roll; but it didn't seem to him much of a joke.

Then as he shook the sleep out of his eyes he was suddenly aware that something was wrong. The sun appeared to be rising in the west; and when he had thought about that for a minute he knew that they should have been in Honolulu many hours ago. He could hardly believe that the Holokai had been into Honolulu harbor, and set Karen ashore, and put to sea again, without waking him up; but that was the only explanation he could think of at first. Certainly the Holokai was tearing southward at a roaring clip.

He went on deck and found Inyashi at the wheel. "What's the idea of not waking me up in Honolulu?"

"Honolulu?"

"Don't stare at me like a blockhead!" Dick shouted. "What time did we leave Honolulu?"

"We—we haven't been to Honolulu, Captain."

"You haven't been—well, where do you think you're going?"

"Why—Why—Oh, I was afraid of this," Inyashi moaned.

"Well, speak up! What do you think you're doing?"

"Miss Waterson—Miss Waterson—she said you had changed the course, Captain. She said you wanted me to bring about and lay for the Marquesas. She said you had decided not to go to Honolulu. She said you were asleep, and she said I was supposed to—"

"Dear heaven," Tonga Dick said.

"You go ask her yourself. She's up there in the bow. Captain Tonga, I try to set what course you say. But I didn't know what to do when she came and—"

The mainsail was partly to blame; the Holokai's low-swung booms made part of the deck invisible from the wheel. But the real reason that Dick had not found Karen before now was that he had not expected her to be there. It had been very definitely fixed in his mind that she was gone from his ship, gone altogether out of his life.

He went forward hesitantly, partly humble, partly dazed by his luck. He stood close beside her at the rail, and drew her against him with one arm.

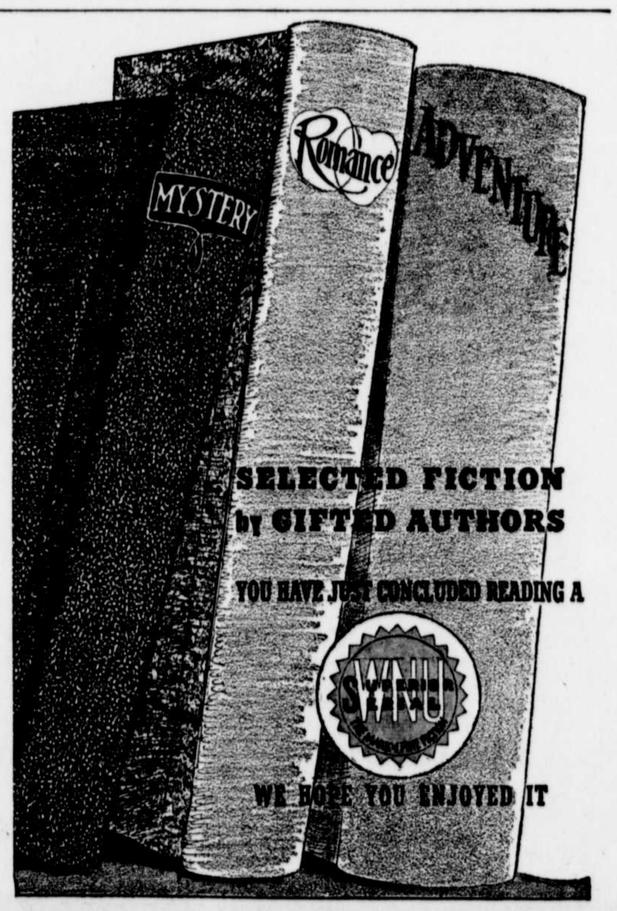
"Well, good morning!" Karen said. "Do you always sleep in your clothes? Because I don't think it does them any good."

Dick said stupidly, "We—we didn't go to Honolulu after all, did we?"

"Certainly not. Silly effort of yours—chasing off to Nuku Hiva. Did you think you'd get away from me as easily as that?"

A great cloud of flying fish went up before the bows of the Holokai, making a flickering rainbow on the face of the warm sea.

[THE END]



# GRASSROOTS

by WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

**AMERICA'S SMALL TOWN AND MERCHANDISING**

THIS TOWN is first of all a market place. That is the foundation upon which it is built. On that foundation of merchandising is also built the spiritual, cultural, social structure of the community.

Take away the stores and with them would soon go the churches, schools and all those things which make the town a desirable place in which to live, and a desirable place for people of the farm homes to visit.

The influence of, and the advantages offered by the town do not stop at the corporate limits. It is the center, the hub, of a community. Its spiritual, social and cultural influence extends into the farm homes. The people of those homes are a part of the community of which the town is the hub. They, too, support its churches, its schools and its market place. They, too, are interested in its prosperity and advancement, and its continuance and improvement as a market place. Such improvement means increased convenience for them and increased values for their farm acres.

For this town, and all other American towns, the shortage of rubber that makes necessary the saving of tires, is not an unmixed evil. There is less inclination for the town's people or the farmers to travel longer distances to larger market centers. The trade of the community is staying at home. The conditions of today offer an opportunity for tomorrow for the merchants of this and all other American towns. Buying that is now being done in local market places will continue after the war, provided all merchants make the most of their opportunities. For them it means larger and more varied stocks of merchandise. It means merchandising, instead of storekeeping methods. It means providing in home stores those things people have previously gone to larger centers to obtain. This and modern advertising methods in the home-town papers will keep the business of the community in the home-town market place.

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**U. S. DEMOCRACY IN A DINING ROOM**

P. G. B. ("BUD") MORRIS is a friend of many years' standing. He is English-born—Stratford-on-Avon—an A-1 American citizen, who flew American naval planes in World War I.

I was having dinner with him at the Arrowhead Springs hotel, of which he is manager, in the foothills of the San Bernardino mountains in southern California. It is a pretentious place, with bridle paths and saddle horses, golf courses and dinner coats, lavishly furnished lounges and spreading balconies. If located in Europe, such a place would be a rendezvous of wealth and the nobility. In America it is a rendezvous of democracy.

I asked "Bud" to tell me who some of his guests in the dining room were. There was an Iowa farmer and his wife; a merchant and his wife from a small Nebraska village; a United States army colonel; the head of one of the great packing concerns of Chicago with his wife and her friend; a country doctor from Pennsylvania; a New York society leader and her daughter; a private from a nearby army camp and his mother, and so on.

The men were all gentlemen, the women all ladies—not by class but by instinct. They were all eating in the same dining room, all selecting their choice of food from the same menu, all paying the same price. There was no thought of class distinctions. They were all Americans.

Such a gathering in such a place could be found in but few countries outside of America. Because it can happen here is what makes America tick, what makes us love this land of ours and its institutions; what makes us fight for its preservation as a land of opportunity.

* * *

**CONGRESSIONAL POLITICS IN WAR TIME**

THAT THE minority lobbyists at Washington, who threaten timid members of congress with a loss of votes for any infraction of the lobbyists' demands, do not represent any considerable number of voters is illustrated by the result of national polls. A congress that is more interested in winning votes than in winning a war should note that 93 per cent vote for legislation that would force labor unions to register with the federal government and report their receipts and expenditures. It should note that approximately 75 per cent oppose the 40-hour week and demand at least 48 hours before overtime is paid.

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**LABOR'S DIVIDEND**

OUT OF A NATIONAL INCOME of 100 billion dollars, 74 billion—74 per cent—will this year go to labor. That is labor's dividend from the business of America—a far greater percentage than can be found in any other country on the globe. It includes all labor—mechanical, clerical, professional, farm, mine and factory. Out of it labor pays taxes, just as out of the 4 per cent that goes to capital it must pay taxes and out of the receipts to industry it, too, must pay taxes.

# PATTERNS

## SEWING CIRCLE

8094

**Pattern No. 8094**

IF PRIZES were given out for good apron designs, Pattern No. 8094 would be a blue ribbon winner. It has everything—an easy fit, shapely lines and is quick to put on because of the straps which button at the shoulders. Furthermore it opens flat for ironing so it is double easy to keep fresh and clean. Just a few yards of low cost cotton will make it—and it is as easy as ABC to sew.

Pattern No. 8094 is designed for sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 32 or 35-inch material. 8 yards bias fold for trim.

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.....

Name.....

Address.....

## Household Hints

**Twine will tie** bundles much tighter and will not slip when knots are made if it is dampened before using.

* * *

**Many grease spots** can be removed from wallpaper by dusting them with french chalk. Leave it on for a few hours, then brush it off with a soft cloth or small brush.

* * *

**Uncooked prunes** or apricots finely chopped may be used in muffin batter to increase the mineral content.

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**Avoid quick freezing** in your refrigerator. It wastes electricity.

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**Place a hot-water bottle** in the clothes basket when hanging out clothes in chilly spring weather. It will keep the hands warm.

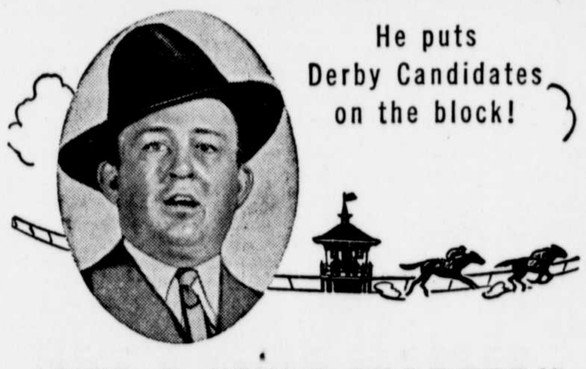
* * *

**Raisins mixed in** with apples in apple pie and three tablespoons of honey spread over the filling before the crust is placed over the top will reduce the amount of sugar needed.

*Per Cake: Vitamin A—2000 Units (Int.) Vitamin $B_1$—150 Units (Int.) Vitamin D—350 Units (Int.) Vitamin G—40-50 Units (Sb. 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.

**SAVE WASTE PAPER** ★

★ Uncle Sam Needs Your Waste Paper
Save It for the Local Collector




**HE'S A "SELF-STARTER"**

***DOC BOND OF VERSAILLES, KY.*** is "head auctioneer" at many of the biggest race-horse auctions. He also sells Blue Grass farms and manages his own. He says: "I like a breakfast that tastes good, and keeps me going strong till noon. A big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with fruit and milk hits me right... helps keep me on my toes."

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**RESPONSIBILITY FOR SUCCESS**

The man who advertises has assumed the responsibility for success. You would rather deal with a responsible man, wouldn't you?