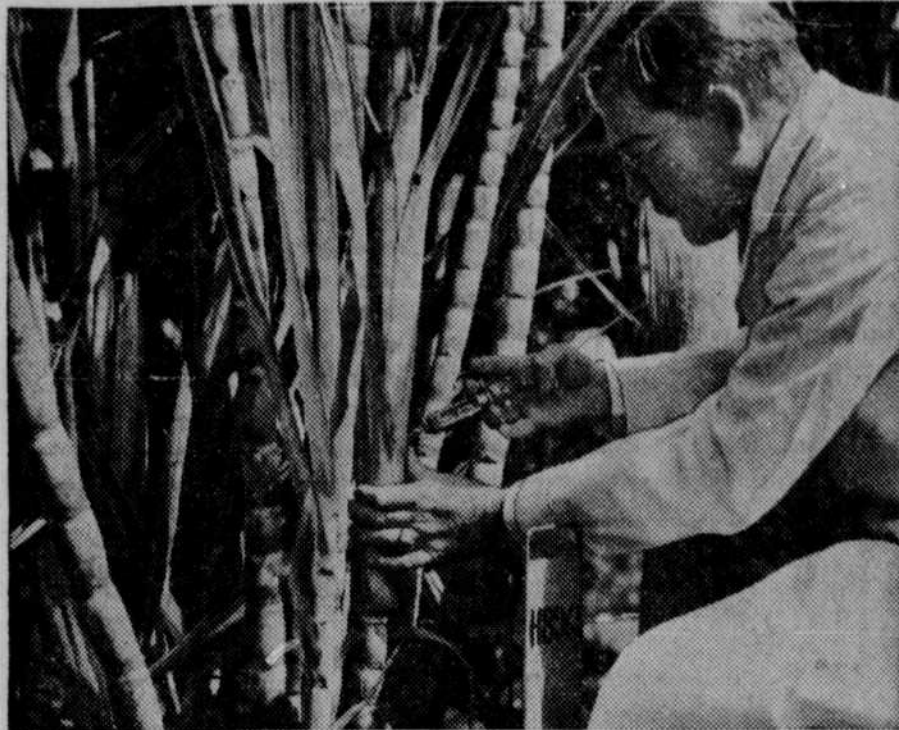
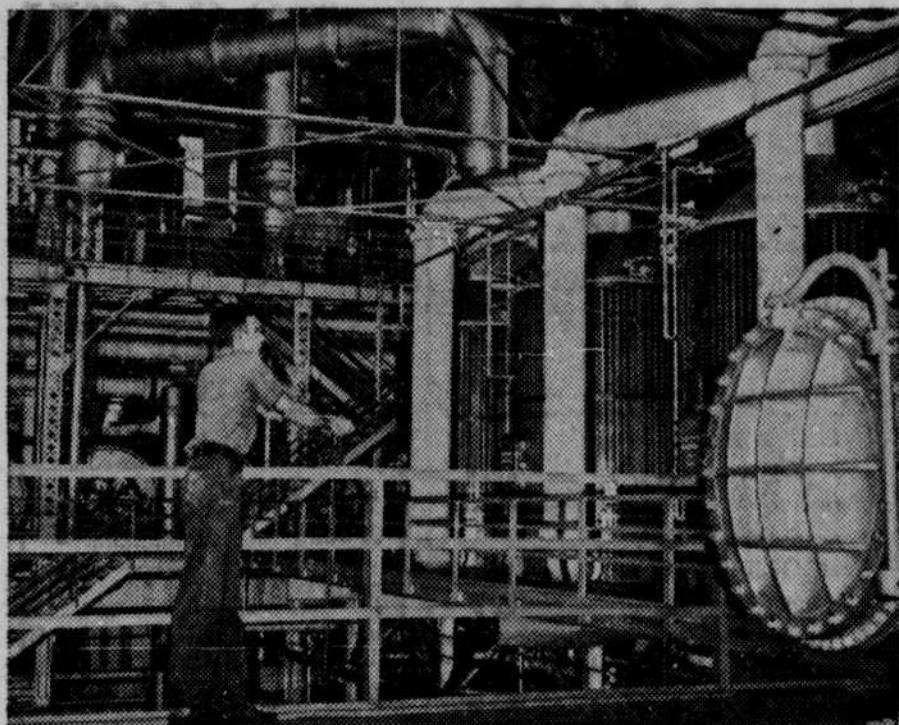


Hawaii . . . Land of Plenty Which Sweetens Your Coffee

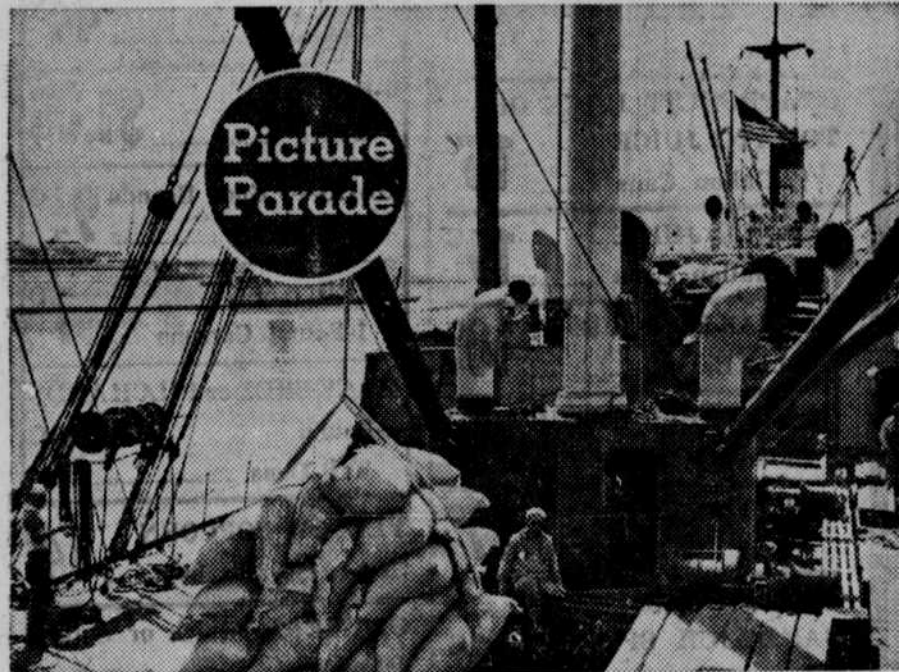
When you think of Hawaii you are more than likely to think of Hula girls and guitars and to forget that Hawaii is responsible for a large quantity of the sugar with which America sweetens its coffee. The sugar industry helps create a \$200,000,000 commerce between Hawaii and the rest of the nation. These photos give you a better idea of the commercial side of our island possession.



SUGAR DADDY . . . J. P. Martin, scientist at the Hawaiian sugar planters' experimental station in Honolulu, shown injecting liquid food into sugar cane to test growth, and develop new high-juice content types of cane. The experimental station has a large staff which helps spend \$500,000 annually.



SWEETNESS IN THE RAW . . . Scene at one of the Hawaiian plants where juice is extracted from sugar cane, boiled and evaporated to make raw sugar. These tanks are the juice boilers.



SHIPPING "WHITE GOLD" . . . A California freighter is being loaded with raw sugar at Honolulu for shipment to the mainland. The sugar is processed in U. S. refineries and thereafter appears on the tables of Mr. and Mrs. America.



SUGAR HARVEST FESTIVAL . . . After the sugar crop has been gathered in Hawaii, plantation families celebrate with native feasts and reunions. Here the Souza family of Waialua plantation is celebrating the end of a successful harvest. Note the modern home supplied rent-free to plantation workers.



The beautiful black sand beach at Kalapana, one of America's most startling scenic wonders. The sand is as clean as coral.

Hidden Ways

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"Intelligent people!" Cochrane grinned. "But you missed something this morning. The Sphere had a picture of Ione Ferriter. I suspect that our competitor, Mr. Duke, bribed some cop to steal it from the flat across the hall. Anyway—he tied a knot in my tail, or thought he did. Now I'm ready to tie two in his."

He paused to enjoy the drama of suspense. The doorbell thwarted him. Shannon strode into the room. His companion lingered in the hall, satchel in hand. The Captain glared at Cochrane, who beamed in reply, and whatever question he was about to ask concerning the reporter's presence was blown away by Miss Agatha's voice.

"I sent for you, Captain," she said precisely, "because we have found the knife that stabbed Mr. Ferriter's visitor."

At my side I heard Jerry grunt. He uttered no other sound while Shannon rapped out questions and Miss Agatha replied as calmly as though she were giving census information. The Captain strode to the table and gingerly undid the handkerchief.

"Yes," he grunted, almost as though he regretted it, "it looks like it."

He held it by forefingers pressed to point and butt and turned it this way and that.

"Blood," he proclaimed, and I never knew before how ugly that word could be. "As for fingerprints—"

He wheeled and glared at me.

"You didn't wipe it, or mess it up, did you?" he barked.

Miss Agatha's voice cut:

"Mr. Mallory and I found it together as I told you. If we had wished to suppress evidence, we should have suppressed it entirely."

The bullying note left Shannon's voice as she looked at him.

"Right you are, Miss Paget," he granted and turned to his assistant. "We'll be going over it, Al. Miss Paget, is there a bathroom handy? We'll make a bit of a mess here."

Miss Agatha rang for Annie. They followed the maid down the hall. Cochrane looked reproachfully at me and more sympathetically at aunt and niece, who sat still and stiff in their anxiety. The silence grew unbearable. Jerry said at last:

"And I thought I had hold of something!"

Allegra did not seem to hear him. Rigid and intent she watched the doorway.

Miss Agatha asked:

"And it has no importance now?"

Cochrane had forgotten his pretense of indifference. He frowned and shrugged.

"It may, or it may not," he grumbled, "according to what Shannon finds on that knife. Dave has told you of the mysterious siren who called on him?"

"No," said Miss Agatha wryly. "I've always understood gentlemen don't talk of such things."

Cochrane grinned at her in admiration.

I muttered:

"It didn't seem important."

"That was one of the things," Jerry went on, "that made me think it might be. The night our bright young friend was jumped in the basement, the night that knife was lost, Dave had a call from a dark young woman who wouldn't leave her name with the landlady, good Mrs. Shaw, who has a stern sense of virtue and, what is better, an eagle eye and an elephantine memory."

"Because," said Cochrane, resuming his sleepy air, "she has recognized the picture of Ione Ferriter in the Sphere as Dave's would-be visitor. There seems to be no question about the identification. Mrs. Shaw is positive. Why should Lyon Ferriter's beloved sister want to see you, Dave?"

Allegra looked at me and turned away. I did not answer at once. Her glance and the derisive emphasis laid by Cochrane on "beloved" had thrust an idea into my mind. It was so fantastic that I tried to evict it but it stayed while I said:

"You can search me."

"That's been done already," Cochrane crooned, "by the late Mr. Ferriter who was looking for that very knife. Dave, could it have been a woman in the basement that night?"

His question chimed in so neatly with the idea I had branded as idiocy that I gaped at him a moment.

"I don't know," I answered at last.

"No?" Cochrane asked. "I just wondered, Dave. Don't let it agitate you, laddie."

But the question had rocked me. The wonder it had started did not subside and I heard, with odd indifference, the clump of feet as Shannon and his aid came along the hall. Miss Agatha's head went up. I could see by Allegra's stiff face how tightly she held herself and even Cochrane forgot to look tired.

The thrust of Shannon's jaw, the little narrowed eyes that darted at each of us were ominous. He carried the knife no longer gingerly, even a little scornfully. No one dared to pry into his silence, until Cochrane drawled:

"All right. I'll ask it. What did you find, Captain?"

"Nothing," said Shannon in a bleak voice. I heard Allegra let go

her breath. Miss Agatha repeated, almost in satisfaction:

"Nothing?"

Shannon said to her: "That's probably blood on the blade. There are no fingerprints at all."

Cochrane hummed beneath his breath. Shannon glared at him, and went on, with aimless anger:

"There's a mark on the hilt that might have been made by the fingers of a damp glove—a lady's glove."

Jerry glanced at me and let his eyes slide quickly away. The silence that followed was strangely filled with relief and disappointment.

Miss Agatha mused aloud: "He is very clever."

"Who?" Shannon snapped.

She seemed to hear suspicion of her nephew in the query. Her face hardened and she spoke slowly and purposefully.

"The murderer," she told the Captain. "Or if you want me to name him, Lyon Ferriter."

Shannon flinched at the word.

"How do you know?"

"How do I know?" asked Miss Agatha coldly. "How does Mr. Mal-

lory know? How do you know yourself, Captain Shannon? By something that's worthless in court. Lyon Ferriter killed that man. He used that knife you hold. I don't know why. Perhaps to protect that precious sister of his, for whose sake he's willing to let an innocent and foolish boy play scapegoat."

At each word Miss Agatha spoke in her bitter, careful voice, my mad idea grew more normal in shape and color. It drove me to speech, but Shannon's harsh voice rode over my words.

"Miss Paget, whether you're right or wrong, no one can say. That was my own thought at first and now—"

He shrugged.

Cochrane completed it for him:

"And now," he said softly, "when you announce you've found the murder weapon, but no clue to how it got in the basement, or who left it there, you're through—whipped, outwitted, scuttled. Mr. Ferriter, who hasn't been sure where that knife has been, wins. He'll sleep easier from now on."

"All right," Shannon snarled in angry helplessness; "that's like most of the newspaper suggestions. It's a help, isn't it? What would you do, wise boy?"

Cochrane shook his head.

I heard Miss Agatha say:

"I know what I'd do."

We looked at her. Her face was hard and her voice, that spoke what I had feared to utter, was firm:

"If Lyon Ferriter has a weakness, it is his love for his sister. I think he can be reached by attacking her."

Shannon had not the sort of brain that is fired by abstract theory. There was scorn in his grunt.

"Would you then? And how?"

If the old lady's suggestion had rolled his mind, it had clarified mine. Her speech had been a key, unlocking the door of my mind behind which that wild, originally fantastic idea had waited. I said, before Miss Agatha could speak again:

"Arrest Ione Ferriter."

I had uttered her thought. I saw her start and look at me in wonder.

"Arrest her?" Shannon jeered.

"For what?"

His crooked smile was mocking. Allegra's eyes widened. Cochrane looked at me as though he were dozing. I stood their combined regard.

"For murder. For the murder of Blackbeard. There's enough to make it stick—for a while."

"For a while," the policeman echoed in derision.

Miss Agatha said quickly, sitting straight and flushed in her wheel chair:

"Captain Shannon, Lyon Ferriter killed that man. I know it. Mr. Mallory knows it. You suspected it at first. But you could not reach him. His story, his alibi, had no apparent weakness. Yet he has a weakness. It is his love for his sister."

Shannon stared as though he wondered whether she had lost her mind. I prodded him further:

"Through her you can hit him where it'll hurt most. If you're game to carry through a bluff, you may break him."

Cochrane had caught my intention. I heard him mutter blasphemous approval. I felt Allegra's eyes on me, but I watched the policeman's smoldering doubt.

"It's your one chance," I told him. "Take it or leave it."

Miss Agatha started to speak. Then she checked herself and I knew her nod meant that she surrendered her plan—our plan—to my keeping. Shannon ruffled his hair and took two uneasy strides away from the desk. I started to speak again. He said:

"Wait a minute. Al, close that door from the outside and don't let anyone come near it."



Allegra looked at me and turned away.

CHAPTER XIX

It took an hour to bend Shannon to the mad purpose. Miss Agatha and Cochrane were my allies. They followed my lead and, at need, took the lead themselves. We hammered the Captain with reasons, prodded him with persuasion, while he walked the floor as though he sought cover from our argument. All through the clash of voices and purposes, Allegra sat silent beside her aunt but the pent excitement reached her. Severity left her face. Color came to it and her eyes woke up and moved quickly from speaker to speaker. Sight of her helped me stand up to Shannon.

From the second when I lifted my voice, I knew the least faltering would emphasize the desperate fantasy I put forward. At first I feigned confidence, linking fact to fact in arbitrary union. Then, as I spoke, I converted myself. It seemed as though speech washed away mystery to bare at least coherent outlines.

Cochrane sat beside me. His innocent face was drowsy but his nimble mind kept pace with mine, endorsing my contentions, supplying pointed comment when Shannon balked. Miss Agatha said little, but her rare words cut. We outraged the policeman's sense of propriety and stripped that from him. We pried his mind loose from official procedure. He withstood us stubbornly, tramping to and fro, ruffling his hair, now and then shaking his head like a fly-pestered horse. He took that afternoon the sweating he and his associates had dealt to many.

"It's—it's illegal," he blurted at last with a cornered air and glared at Cochrane who chuckled.

"So," Jerry drawled, "is a length of rubber hose."

It was luck more than logic that broke Shannon at last. He raked his hair and shook his head again.

"Maybe," he granted, "it would make a good movie. But the girl has an alibi. You can't get over that. Somebody downstairs—Hoyt it was, saw her come in."

I got up. "If that's all that gags you," I said, "I'll see Hoyt. He'll back our play. His story will be that he didn't want to get a lady into trouble."

I did not wait for Shannon's objection, but opened the door, almost upsetting Al who guarded it. I found Hoyt at the switchboard. I told him, as quickly as I could, what I wanted and why. He gasped and boggled and at last consented, when I reminded him of his earlier offer of aid. Then he whispered something that sent me hot-footing it up the stair again.

I saw when I re-entered the workroom that Shannon wavered.

"Personally, Captain Shannon," Miss Agatha was saying, "I place justice above orthodoxy. The murder was unconventional. Why shouldn't the arrest be equally so? I know he did it. You think he did. If he didn't, Ione or Everett did and the two survivors are accessories after and, perhaps, before the fact. Are you always so—wedded to legal formality, Captain?"

Cochrane leaned forward.

"Listen," he wheedled, "what can you lose? Say it doesn't click. So what? Are you worse off? It's a crazy idea. Sure. But so is this whole set-up. We're trying to give you the chance to tear this case wide open—and solo at that. Do you want to be just a captain all your life?"

Allegra was watching me. She alone in the room seemed to feel the tiddings I bore. Shannon spoke with the muffled roar of the hard-pressed.

"All right. Suppose I go goofy and throw in with you? How are you gonna work it? Tell me that! Call up Lyon—at the Babylon—and say, 'Can we bother you to come on down here so we can tell you what we've got on your sister, before we make a collar?'"

In the silence he glared about and breathed loudly through his nose. I said as quietly as I could:

"If that's all that's worrying you, Lyon is next door now. He came in a while ago, Hoyt says."

"By God!" Shannon said at last in an unwilling voice.

I went on: "Eddie will ask him to stop in here, when he starts to go. You might send your man downstairs just to make sure that he does."

Shannon wavered for the last time. Then he squared his shoulders, inhaled like one entering a cold plunge and called: "Al!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Peptic Ulcer Benefited by Calm Outlook

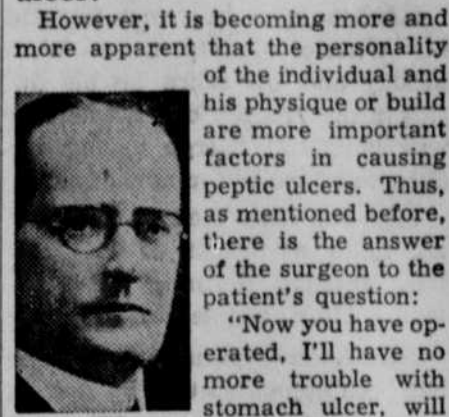
By DR. JAMES W. BARTON

FOR many years it was believed that ulcer of the stomach (gastric) and ulcer of the duodenum (duodenal) were due to infected teeth and tonsils. Most physicians still believe that infection is a big factor in causing stomach and intestinal (peptic ulcer) in that infection affects the lining wall and it loses its power of warding off the ulcer.

However, it is becoming more and more apparent that the personality of the individual and his physique or build are more important factors in causing peptic ulcers. Thus, as mentioned before, there is the answer of the surgeon to the patient's question:

"Now you have operated, I'll have no more trouble with stomach ulcer, will you?"

The surgeon's reply was: "You will not likely have any more trouble with that ulcer, but you may continue to grow more ulcers if you do not learn to keep calm."



Dr. Barton

Food Habits Should Be Studied.

As many physicians and surgeons have been stating that infection and other conditions are mostly responsible for peptic ulcers, Drs. E. J. Callahan and D. W. Ingham, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., in American Journal of Digestive Diseases, state:

"Despite the criticism against the nervous and emotional cause of peptic ulcer, it is yet the most constant factor in causing the condition. The food habits of a patient with ulcer must be carefully studied, as a well arranged, nonirritating, low residue diet (not much roughage or cellulose as found in bulky foods such as cabbage) is the foundation on which treatment is built."

To help their patients to understand the cause of peptic ulcer, these physicians show an equal sided triangle, one side representing the heredity factor which, of course, the patient can't correct, one side showing nervousness, illness in the family, financial or other worries as a cause, and the third side showing rough or unsuitable foods as another ulcer cause.

The thought then is that if peptic ulcer is present or there is a tendency to ulcer, treatment means the removal of any infection present, acquiring calmness of spirit and the eating of nonirritating foods.

**Extract of Ovary
In Widening Role**

A GLAND extract that is coming more and more into everyday use is extract of the ovaries. It has been a real blessing to women approaching, at, and following the menopause. It "steadies" or quiets the nerves so that many patients are spared the necessity of mental treatment in an institution, relieves shock, and lessens the number and severity of hot flushes or flashes.

Dr. I. H. Blaisdell, Boston, reports excellent results in the treatment of 60 cases of dry catarrh with the very disagreeable odor, by use of a spray of ovary extract (estrin) to the nose. The dry crusts causing the odor disappeared in all 30 cases where onset of catarrh occurred after age of 20, and in 84 per cent of the 30 cases which occurred before the age of 20.

For Catarrh Deafness.

Excellent results have also been obtained in chronic catarrhal deafness by use of ovary extract, also used in the form of a spray into the nose. "Because of the wide variety of its effects on the body, it seems possible that estrin, properly used, may be of value in combating disease and disorders which have been heretofore obscure. The action of estrin is more far-reaching than insulin and more powerful than adrenalin."

Just how estrin acts on the nose is not at present known.

If, then, extract of ovary has shown itself to give great relief from symptoms at menopause in the treatment of that distressing ailment—the dry form of catarrh, and also in catarrhal deafness, do not hesitate to use it in any form prescribed by your physician for other obscure or persistent disturbances of your body.

QUESTION BOX

Q.—What is the best method for removing superfluous hair?

A.—Best method known at present for removing superfluous hair is by electrolysis. And this means of hair removal is absolutely safe. By this method each hair root is individually killed. Your own physician can refer you to an electrolysis expert—not necessarily a physician; or you can apply to the physiotherapy department of your nearest hospital.

FARM TOPICS

SOY BEANS ARE VALUABLE FEED

Keep Bean Rations Low For Best Results.

By W. H. PETERS
(Professor of Animal Husbandry, University Farm, St. Paul.)

Whole soy beans as raised and threshed on the farm have a high feed value, but the feeder should use caution in making up his ration to include such beans. On the basis of experiments carried out to evaluate soy beans in the live-stock ration, several guides have been established.

(1) Do not feed soy beans in excess of 10 per cent by weight of any grain ration for any type of animal. If beans are fed more heavily than this, the high oil content will cause scouring and disturbances of the digestive system. If fed heavily to such animals as high producing milk cows, fattening hogs, cattle or lambs, such animals will in two to three months' time lose their taste for the beans and voluntarily cut down on their eating.

(2) Soy beans fed in excess of 10 per cent of the ration to dairy cows may cause soft butter. Likewise, overfeeding of fattening hogs on beans is quite certain to produce soft pork.

(3) In so far as possible soy beans should be fed whole without being ground at all. They are just as palatable in the whole form as after they are ground. Because of their high oil content, soy beans become rancid and objectionable in odor and taste very soon after being ground. If they must be ground to fit in with the rest of the ration, they should be crushed only medium fine, and a fresh supply prepared once each week.

(4) Such practices as cooking or soaking soy beans before feeding them have not proved necessary or profitable.

(5) Whole soy beans have their most satisfactory use in feeding when they are fed as a small part of the grain ration to fattening cattle and lambs and high producing milk cows.

Chickens Need Warmed Water in Winter Months

An egg is 70 per cent water! That is a fact that C. F. Parrish, extension poultryman of N. C. State college, constantly impresses upon poultry raisers in urging that they provide their flocks with plenty of clean water in convenient fountains.

"Arrange for some heated water fountains for the flock to use during this cold weather. Water consumption is greater when the chill is taken off, and the more water a hen drinks, the more and the larger her eggs," Parrish added.

The specialist also warns that drafts through openings in the back and ends of the laying house should be eliminated by closing such openings. "Winter is the time to make money from egg production, when the supply is short," he said. "There is a surplus of eggs only during about six weeks in the spring. That leaves about 46 other weeks in the year that our homes and home markets are not amply supplied with quality eggs."

By selecting chicks of good breeding, and by proper housing and feeding, the farm flock can be managed so as to produce eggs every month in the year.

Agricultural News

Soybean production this year is indicated to be 81,500,000 bushels, approximately 6,000,000 bushels below the 1939 production, estimates the U. S. Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

Tests conducted at Oregon State college show that fence posts with the butts charred do not last as well as untreated posts, but green posts treated with a salt combination last almost indefinitely.

Present indications are that an all-time high of 8,000,000 bales of cotton will be used in the United States alone during the coming year, although exports will not exceed two million bales.

The current Canadian wheat crop, estimated at 561,000,000 bushels, probably exceeds domestic requirements by 275,000,000 bushels, report U. S. department of agriculture foreign experts.

A milking cow should never get more than four tablespoons of cod-liver oil per day.

A winter cover crop returns to the grower many times his investment in seed, fertilizer, and labor by conserving soil, moisture and fertility.

English farmers are being urged to gather acorns, horse chestnuts and beechnuts to eke out the feed-stuff supply of farm animals and thereby release tonnage for other needed imports.