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'Closed Shop'

A "closed shop" is a "shop" or business in which only union labor can be employed, says Pathfinder. In such a shop the employer is required to dismiss employees who fail to remain members in good standing in their union.

A "union shop" differs from a "closed shop" in that the employer may hire non-union workers with the provision that they will become union members within a specified period, generally, 15, 30 or 60 days from the date of employment.

'Life for a Life'

Among several African tribes, the punishment for homicide is "a life for a life," but not as it is imposed by other peoples, says Collier's. Before serving his prison sentence, a murderer must first produce a life for the one he has taken.

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DEEP WATER ISLAND by ALAN LEMAY W.N.U. RELEASE

INSTALLMENT TWO THE STORY SO FAR: Karen Waterson, San Francisco girl, convinced by her lawyer, John Colt, that she has a claim to the island estate of her grandfather, Garrett Waterson, arrives in Honolulu to attempt to gain control of the property.



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—"

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 Waterson 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 Waterson 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 inflections 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. Nihoa 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.

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 he developed 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—"

"As I understand it from your letters," Dick said, "the complaint is that when our mutual father bought the island of Alakoa from Garrett Waterson 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 Waterson 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 Waterson did not, that certainly was Waterson's look-out. But now comes this girl, this grasping, piratical little adventuress, intent on seizing not only the whole of Alakoa, but all 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 Waterson'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."

"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 smoothed around to very good effect," Tonga Dick complimented them.

"And now," Willard concluded, "Karen Waterson, 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 Waterson, 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 Waterson, 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 Waterson's type. Evidence can be brought in to show that Garrett Waterson 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—most successful!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Star Dust STAGE SCREEN RADIO By VIRGINIA VALE (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

IT IS difficult to know what to say about the National Legion of Decency's banning of Great Garbo's new picture, "Two-Faced Woman," with Archbishop Spellman also condemning it, and various cities banning it as well. The plot, that of the woman who poses as her twin sister to prove to her husband that she is glamorous, has been used in Hollywood over and over.

Do you remember that delightful story, "The Constant Nymph"? It will be made again by Warner Brothers, with Charles Boyer and



CHARLES BOYER

Joan Fontaine—who can have practically anything she wants these days—in the principal roles.

Bob Hope and Victor Moore are to be teamed in Paramount's version of "Ready Money," the farce about a young man who becomes a financier by mistake. Last time it was filmed was in 1914, after it had been a successful stage production.

Barbara Stanwyck may have contributed a new slang phrase to our language. During the making of "Ball of Fire" she happened along when Director Howard Hawks and the picture's authors were trying to think of something slightly slangy for her to say when she walked up to some men she didn't know very well, in a night club.

"That's easy," said Barbara. "I'll say 'What's buzzin', cousin?' That's what we used to say in Brooklyn." It's in the picture.

"For Whom the Bell Tolls" is under way even though the cast isn't complete. More than 120 technicians and actors left Hollywood recently for the loftiest location site in film history—a spot 9,300 feet up in the Sierra Nevada mountains. Technicolor and long shots had to be made now because of favorable snow conditions, similar to those in the book.

Donivee Purkey knew what she wanted years ago; now she's got it. She wanted to get into the movies; she worked hard in high school and college dramatics, for four years, and a Paramount talent scout plucked her out of a college play and sent her to Hollywood for a screen test. You'll see her, probably, in "The Fleet's In." Oh yes—she changed that name to Laura Lee.

When Gilbert Roland, Philip Reed, Errol Flynn and other Hollywoodites who like tennis enter the annual motion picture tournament next spring they're likely to rue the day that Paramount signed up Jim Brown, who's now playing the romantic lead in "Out of the Frying Pan." Brown is Texas tennis champion.

Radio's "Woman of Courage" has two leading women who made names for themselves in the movies in the days when radio was a lot of strange machinery and a couple of ear phones. They are Esther Ralston, one of the most beautiful blondes of that day, and Enid Markey, one of the most striking brunettes.

If you're a star of "Meet the People" you're destined for Hollywood fame, apparently. First Virginia O'Brien, then William Orr, signed up for the movies. The third member of the cast to face the cameras is Betty Wells, who was nabbed by Metro.

ODDS AND ENDS—It's rumored about that Errol Flynn succeeded in making himself exceedingly unpopular with the newspaper photographers of New York recently... President Roosevelt will be heard over the Mutual chain December 24 during the ceremonies at the annual lighting of the National Christmas tree... The actor-raven of "True to the Army" has been offered to the U. S. army signal corps, to co-operate with the army's carrier pigeons... Bob Hope and Rita Hayworth have been selected by the news cameramen assigned to Hollywood as "the most photogenerous stars of 1941."

Keep Smiling

Indoors Man She—You big strong man, do you believe in sleeping out of doors? He—Not while I can pay rent.

A psychologist says some men disappear because they feel they are not wanted. And some disappear because they know they are.

Who Won? "So you and John don't speak now?" "No; we had a dreadful quarrel about who loved the other most."

The Only Cure Two smartly dressed girls were talking at the top of their voices and in a very affected manner in a bus. At last the conductor got fed-up. As the bus neared a stopping place he called out in a high-pitched voice: "Darlings, here's too, too sweet King street!" After that silence reigned.

From the Source "I only know one good thing about Tom." "And what's that?" "His opinion of himself."

In Full Use Mrs. Green bought a sundial at a sale and had it erected in her garden. She called in the builder and instructed him to move it to a more suitable place. "Where would you like me to put it?" asked the builder. "Under the electric lamp on the porch," she replied. "We shall then be able to see the time when it is dark."

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