

DONNA of the BIG TOP

by BEULAH POYNTER

CHAPTER XXV

CONTRARY to expectations, Renfro was not at all enthusiastic about Madeline going into the cage alone with Lucy.

It required several minutes of argument before the circus owner finally gave a grudging assent. Even then he refused to make the announcement that Madeline would enter the cage alone with the tigress.

There was an air of hushed suspense in the big tent an hour later when the striped beauties and their larger, less ferocious cousins, the lions, filed through the wooden enclosure and took their places in the huge steel cage. Madeline stood near at hand and watched Con go through the act that had first won her admiration.

The great spotlight shone on Con. Madeline's slender, yellow-clad figure was in the shadows. But when, just before the finish of the usual routine, Con paused and announced that Mlle. Gabriel would put the tigress through her paces, the glowing light swung about and fell directly on Madeline, lighting her beauty and emphasizing the delicacy of her figure.

The door of the cage was opened and she stepped out with a whip. Madeline slid through the aperture. Spectators held their breath. The big tent that had been hushed before seemed utterly still and silent. There were men on guard outside armed with revolvers but few of the watchers knew that Lucy stood in the center of the cage, her yellow eyes meeting Madeline's, as the graceful feline body crouched low.

Step by step the girl advanced, speaking softly. "On the chair, Lucy, on the chair."

Suddenly a man in a seat just behind the first row arose to his feet. He gave a low, mirthful laugh and called out in a voice that penetrated the entire tent, "Go to it, baby! I said I'd be here and here I am!"

Unmindful of her danger, Madeline turned. She saw Trafford, standing in the second row and caught the being grin on his face. It was at that instant—while her attention rested—that the tigress leaped.

The rest happened so swiftly—a wild splash of orange and white and that shooting through the air, the blood-curdling scream and the great beast bearing the slender body to the ground—that the horrified spectators were gripped in complete inactivity by the shock.

Even the men on guard to prevent accidents were too stunned to move. Con cried out, "Good God!" and tore at the fastenings of the door. Perhaps because he jerked so violently the lock caught and jammed. Then a shot rang out. The tigress sprang into the air, gave a dying groan and fell back across the mutilated, bleeding body of the girl.

Con tore open the door of the cage and reached his wife. As he lifted her small figure in his gasping arms of yellow and purple his voice would be heard above the tumult rising. "Who the devil shot the girl?"

Madeline was still breathing as Con carried her across the arena to the nearest dressing room, which was La Belle Matilde's, but it was obvious that she was ebbing fast. A doctor who had been in the audience and witnessed the tragedy offered his services. It took only the briefest examination before he told them the girl had only a few moments to live.

As Con stepped back from the couch where he had placed Madeline the circus owner said hoarsely, "You've killed her. Con. I didn't mean her to go into that cage, and

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

Meet Mr. Rhinestone

BY HAROLD GRAY

I'VE TOLD MY OLD FRIEND, MR. RHINESTONE, WHAT A NICE LITTLE GIRL I HAVE—HE'LL BE GLAD TO MEET YOU—

GEE—HE'S GOT ONE O' TH' DOGGIEST JEWELRY STORES ON TH' AVENUE—

HERE'S THAT DAUGHTER OF MINE I'VE BEEN BRAGGING ABOUT RHINESTONE

WELL—WELL! THIS IS INDEED A PLEASURE—

IS THAT THE KID YOU WERE TELLING ME ABOUT?

YEAH—THAT'S THE BRAT—SHE THINKS I'M HER OLD MAN, BUT OTHERWISE SHE'S SMART ENOUGH—WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HER?

SHE LOOKS O.K. FOR WHAT WE WANT—SHE'D NEVER BE SUSPECTED—WHAT'S THE MAIN THING—

WE'LL TRY HER OUT WITH A DUMMY PACKAGE TO-MORROW—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

SOME OF 'SPIDER' WEBB'S MEN MUST SKIFF A BIT BEFORE I GIVE THE SIGNAL FOR BRADY'S MEN TO START THE ATTACK ON 'SPIDER'S' BOAT

TEN LONG MINUTES DRAG BY AND THEN TIM'S ALERT EARS HEAR AN OWL-HOOTING—ONCE—TWICE—THREE—

THAT'S THE CAPTAIN'S SIGNAL / I'VE GOT TO RELAY THE CALL FROM HERE SO BRADY AND HIS MEN WILL BE SURE TO HEAR IT—

WHOOO WHOOO WHOOO

WE'RE LATE GETTING BACK TO THE MOTORBOAT, SCOPY, THE 'SPIDER' WILL BE FIGHTING MAD!

LUCKY WE'VE GOT THE SKIFF HANDY, BATH-ET, OR WE'D HAVE TO WADE OUT!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

GOOD AFTERNOON, MRS. ROSS! I'M BOOTS

WHO? OH, YES—YES

IT WAS VERY NICE OF YOU TO ASK ME T'CALL

WELL, I'M GLAD YOU THINK SO! COME IN

I, UH—LIKE YOUR HOME

SO DO I! MY HUSBAND'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER BUILT IT! THE FAMILY HAS BEEN LIVING IN IT, EVER SINCE! A FINE LOT OF OUTSTANDING, HONORABLE PEOPLE! I ONLY HOPE RONALD HOLDS HIS HEAD AS HIGH AS THEY HAVE

BRINGING UP FATHER

LISTEN, SONNY, I'M GONNA GIVE YOU FIVE DOLLARS TO CUT THE GRASS—SO GO TO IT!

THANKS, DAD—YOU'RE FEELING ALL RIGHT, AREN'T YOU?

THAT'LL KEEP HIM BUSY AN' OUT OF MISCHIEF FER AWHILE—IT'S WORTH FIVE DOLLARS—

I'LL JUST GO AN' SEE HOW HE'S GITTIN' ALONG WITH HIS WORK.

AIN'T YOU GONNA CUT THE GRASS?

DON'T BE SILLY, I GOT A GUY TO DO IT FOR ONE DOLLAR, SO I MADE FOUR DOLLARS FOR MYSELF—CLEVER—DON'T YOU THINK?

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

MAYBE MY OPINION AIN'T WORTH A QUARTER, SO I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT FOR A NICKEL, ON TIME! AN' IT'S THIS—I'D SAY YOUR MINE IS A BIGGER FLOP THAN AN ELEPHANT ON STILTS! YOU CAN DIG UNTIL YOU STRIKE CHINAMEN'S HEELS, AN' TH' ONLY GOLD YOU'LL TAKE OUT WILL BE IN YOUR WATCH!

TIM IS RIGHT MAJOR! I'D SAY, SELL IT, AN' THEN MAKE A QUICK GET-AWAY!

BOYS, I HAVE EXPLICIT FAITH IN 'THE LITTLE PHOEBE'—MY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE AS A GEOLOGIST WILL NOT FAIL ME, NOW—I HAVE EXAMINED THE STRATA, AND THIS TERRITORY IS RICH IN GOLD DEPOSITS, EGAD!

AT CAMP BELKNAP

CAMP BELKNAP, CCC, McKeanie Bridge, June 20.—(Special)—Chaplain Reilly, from the Lewiston, Idaho, CCC district, was a visitor at Camp Belknap Sunday.

Over last week-end 21 members of Company 927 with rations and camping equipment went on a recreational trip to Bend. Several stops were made on the way to take pictures and to fish. The party made camp about 2 miles from Bend, for the night. All members enjoyed the trip immensely.

In memory of Forest Ranger D. Wright, who died recently, a monument is being constructed of lava rock at Belknap Side camp which will be moved to the main camp upon completion.

A farewell party is being planned for the members being discharged July 10. The date of the party has not as yet been set.

Frank McAllister and Wallis Smith, camp carpenters, are constructing a boxing ring near the rear end of the recreation hall.

Major General Craig, commanding officer of the ninth corps area, is making an inspection of all military posts in the district. Members of company 927 are looking forward to his visit at Camp Belknap.

E. E. Daniels, company stone mason, is making plans to construct an artistic water fountain to be placed in the front part of the camp grounds.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

WHAT IN TH' WORLD—?

I'M PUTTIN' HIM IN THIS BOOT, TO GIVE HIM HIS MEDICINE! I DON'T WANT NO DRESSED UP WIMMIN HOLDIN' A DOG FER ME. IT'S TOO MUCH LIKE WRAPPIN' A WET FISH IN TISSUE PAPER!

OUT OUR WAY

HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

THE OLD HOOPLE CHIN-UP

THIMBLE THEATRE

POPEYE
NOW SHOWING—"WATCH THE BIRDIE!"
TOMORROW—"RELAPSE!"

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