

Grey Enthusiastic Over Honolulu; Celebrities Listed As Shipmates Now En Route to Suva and Sydney

Ed. Note: Herb Grey, advertising manager of the Mail Tribune, is satisfying a desire to see distant places by serving as a crew member on board the Pacific liner Sierra.

ON BOARD S. S. SIERRA (Malait at Pago Pago).—With the sun casting its first morning glow over the waters of the Pacific, the Matson liner "Sierra" after a six-day trip from San Francisco, landed the jagged slopes of Oahu.

At Honolulu the Sierra was met by the usual crowds of people and the "hot" made of flower blossoms, was much in evidence. Even the "kamaina" (old-timers) seem to like to wear a Lei on the streets of Honolulu.

There is a delightful mixture of the Orient and the Occident in Honolulu—every nationality may be found here, with a noticeable predominance of Japanese and Chinese.

After a 26-minute car ride from downtown Honolulu, the tourist may see the center of romance for Oahu and all Hawaii—Waikiki beach.

What a beauty spot that is! The magnificent Royal Hawaiian hotel, rising above a mass of tropical trees and shrubbery, is the social mecca for fashionable Honolulu people.

And what a history the Hawaiian Islands have! The group is even indicated on an old Spanish chart printed in 1522.

King Kamehameha I was the George Washington of the islands; the tales of his struggle for power are written in blood—but Kamehameha proved to be a wise ruler.

After seven days of cruising on the S. S. Sierra, without a glimpse of land or ships, the Sierra will steam into Pago Pago tomorrow morning.

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Ready for the Lakeview Round-Up



Days in which S. Davis rode Cotton Belly will be revived at the Tenth Annual Round-Up to be held at Lakeview, Oregon, August 31, September 1 and 2.

TAXIING AROUND THE AIRPORTS

The new Fresno, Cal., municipal airport will be ready for use shortly after the old airport eight miles to the northwest, is abandoned, September 1.

WASHINGTON DAYBOOK

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—Before we quite talking about Calvin Coolidge and what he did while he was in the White House, mention must be made of one more thing—he gave more animals to the national zoological park in Washington than any other president.

Perhaps Coolidge's gifts to the zoo exceeded those of his predecessors because, more than in a day, were given him and Mrs. Coolidge. He had as it may, the fact remains that the zoo collection of rare animals was increased materially in the administration just concluded.

For instance, there's the cinnamon bear from the American northwest. Any day he may be seen peering in his cage along bear walk.

There is the pigmy hippo from Liberia, a rare animal in captivity, the gift of Harvey Firestone to the former president.

Perhaps the most outstanding gift Coolidge made to the national zoo is the fine pair of lions known as the president's lions. They are the first cubs of the lion raised around the service from Baby No. 2, the gorilla. The pair was sent to the White House by the mayor of Johannesburg, South Africa.

There are a number of others, smaller or less familiar to the zoological public, but just as valuable to the collection.

Incidentally, one of President Roosevelt's gifts continues to reside at the zoo and is one of the most popular inmates. It is the ostrich presented by the late King Moniech of Abyssinia. The bird is now blind, but goes perfectly down his knees. He was secured the cage and the outdoor enclosure that the animal visitor would never suspect his condition.

Collidge's gifts to the national zoological park comprise a part of the more than 2,300 mammals, birds and reptiles housed there. The zoo functions of a national institution just as any other government bureau. Each week's mail brings requests for help and advice in regard to animals from all over the country.

That it enjoys a nation-wide popularity is shown by the fact that attendance last year totaled more than 1,000,000 persons including hosts of school children in organized classes, coming from all of the states of the union.

IN NEW YORK THEATERS

NEW YORK.—It was on a night 20 seasons ago and "The Darling of the Gods" was playing at the Belasco theater.

The drama of the Japanese samurai rolled toward its close. The audience seemed gathered round as the oriental chief exhorted them on a hundred nights before, to do bravely to their last great battle.

Hoover Back to Work. WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—(AP)—President Hoover returned to his White House today from his field trip on the Hawaiian river in Alaska.

Death Treasure

ROBERT PELL, owner of the Fotherbury library, was shot dead by a man in a dark coat who entered the room at 10:30 p.m. on Sunday night.

WHO KILLED PELL?

Pell was dead... Seven of us stood in a semi-circle in front of the bolted door gazing at him.

At this point nobody had spoken a word. Mr. Fotherbury glanced around and, picking out Kastley, said: "Then who shot him?"



A sinister silence filled the room—Fotherbury was phoning the police.

No one replied and the inspector continued: "The door is barred fast. Seven people saw the man killed. I'm speaking to them now. Who shot him?"

"I do not," Mr. Fotherbury replied. "You saw him shot?" "I did."

"But you don't know who shot him?" "I didn't see who fired. I was watching Pell's movements too closely to notice anything else."

The situation must have been intensely trying to police temper. Here were seven men, present when a murder was committed, the door was barred, the windows high in the walls were of a type that could not be opened, the pointed glass in each was intact—one of those seven men was the murderer and yet not one of them would admit that he saw who did it.

The inspector's store of patience was near exhaustion. "Mr. Fotherbury," he said, "your friends are exceedingly foolish. I have seven gentlemen in front of me, one of whom shot the gentleman behind me, in the presence of the others. Collusion to conceal the facts is a crime. So whatever you arranged among yourselves before I came, cut it out! It won't do."

The inspector thought he had cockered up this amazing yarn of universal ignorance while we waited there for him with Pell on the floor.

"Mr. Fotherbury was speaking again. 'I know it must seem very strange to you, Mr. Wayne, but hardly a word has been spoken, and certainly no arrangement has been made between us. We were all too horrified to do anything.'"

"All?" he exclaimed. "That's hard to believe. At least one of you was not too horrified to shoot the man, unless—"

"No, there is no other entrance to the library."

MRS. ORTH AIDING INFIRMARY DRIVE

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON. Eugene, Aug. 18.—(Special)—Mrs. J. S. Orth of Medford is a member of the state-wide committee of Oregon mothers, which is holding a campaign next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, August 20, 21 and 22, to raise \$50,000 to match \$50,000 appropriated by the last legislature for the erection of

Many Places...

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WHAT WILL IT DO? Women are saying: "Pinkham's Compound keeps me fit to do my work." "I was nervous and all run down. Now I eat better and sleep better." "It helped my thirteen year old daughter." "I took it before and after my baby was born." "I am gaining every day." Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound