

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

SYNOPSIS: The tramp ship "Zeldero" with its cargo of wild animals is about to be scuttled by its owners. Wong Ho and the radio operator Flint, for the insurance. But the owner of the animals, Angus McLeod, tells us of appendicitis and the ship puts in at Singapore so he may be taken to a hospital. Harvey Bowers, big game hunter, offers to take the animals on to Singapore if he can find a man to assist him. He is prowling around the tent of an animal trainer when he hears a woman's voice "dressing down" someone.

Chapter Five DIFFICULT MEETING

"I DON'T understand," said the voice, "how you dared to run away in the first place; but once having run away, I don't understand how you dared come back. Haven't I sheltered you and guarded you? Haven't I kept you away from evil, and evil away from you?"

At this point the daughter began to be personified. She was called by her name.

"Helen, Helen, Helen," said the voice, "how could you? How could you run away from the mother that loves you so, and stay away three days and nights?"

Here it seemed as if Helen must have made some remonstrance. If so, the sounds of it were inaudible to Bowers.

Bowers, she had the look of a young woman who knew her way about and who had been hardened and sharpened in the school of experience which is the result of economic pressure.

She was dressed in one of those showy uniforms which, unknown to the armies of the world, are affected by animal trainers. It was white and profusely decorated, with gold buttons and gold braid. The well-cut breeches and boots were also white. The boots had gold tips.

Her subconscious mind had probably made some record of the slap upon the canvas and Bowers' request for admission, for she now turned her head slowly and looked at him. The young man, who was by no means shy, chose to interpret this look of blank non-recognition as an invitation, and he entered the tent, begging her pardon, as he did so.

Knowing what is to be expected from the average young white man in the tropics, and from the old one too, for that matter, the young woman's attitude, if not belligerent was cool and noncommittal.

"Looking for someone?" she asked.

Bowers, respectful, charming and disarming, came closer. Where women were concerned, he always took



"I've a cargo of animals washed on me," Bowers said.

"What's that you say?" said the mother. "Innocent? Guilt is written in every feature of your depraved little face. What have you done with your clothes?"

During this harangue Bowers had formed a mental image of Helen. Her name attracted him. The face of a young woman by the same name was said to have launched a thousand ships.

"Now don't stand there," said the voice, "and tell me that you've been robbed?"

Bowers choked down a laugh. And all at once the cold, hard voice became tender and beseeching and forgiving.

"There, there, honey, don't cry! Come to Mother. Mother forgives you. Now then," the voice had taken on a playful, coaxing quality, "tell Mother all about everything. . . . Yes, darling. . . . I understand. . . . Well, I guess that's nature. . . . sea nature, monkey nature and human nature!"

Then there was silence. It seemed as if the silence was going to last indefinitely. Surely, thought Bowers, the young woman has had time to calm down. He struck the tent flap sharply a number of times with his open hand. Then he said loudly: "May I come in?"

great pains to get himself liked, and was not accustomed to difficulty.

"I HAVE had a cargo of birds and animals washed on me," he said. "I am taking them to Singapore for a friend, and I don't know beans about taking care of them. I thought that maybe you might know of some one, an expert, someone to take care of them, feed them, make them happy. There is a good piece of money in it," he went on, "and return passage. Know of any man that fills the bill?"

After a little hesitation, the young woman said: "Why yes, I do."

Bowers was delighted. "By George," he said, "that's a big load off my mind. Can you put me in touch with him?"

Again, before her answer came there was hesitation. Then she said slowly:

"Yes, I can; but I won't."

She could hardly have made the statement more rudely, if Bowers was quick to be attracted, he was equally quick to take offense. He felt a little as if his face had been slapped.

"If you won't, you won't," he said coldly; "and thank you very much for practically nothing."

And he turned on his heel.

"Just a minute," said the young woman, "I didn't mean to be rude." Bowers affected amazement.

"What," he said, "you didn't? Well, you had a tremendous success without trying."

"I happen," said the woman, "to know of a Hindu who is first rate with animals. A. I. You said you wanted a man. Well, he doesn't need the job as badly as I do."

"But!" Bowers started to object. "You needn't look so surprised," said she. "In spite of this gay and form, I am not just the big show-off I am a professional trainer and an expert on the animal side, and though I say it myself, I'm a good one."

Big Bertha had told Bowers that the animal-trainer tent was to be recognized by the smell. To a keen nose this might have been true; and Bowers, turning to the big cages sniffed and said:

"Tigers. What's become of them?"

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The trainer makes an offer to Bowers, tomorrow.

NEW PRINCIPAL TO SUPERVISE SCHOOL AT SAMS VALLEY

SAMS VALLEY, Aug. 29.—(Sp.)—E. W. Empey, of Salem, will assume the duties of principal of Sams Valley school at the opening, Monday, September 3. Other members of the faculty will be Miss Coombe of Ashland; Mrs. Ada East of Medford, and Miss Erma May of Ashland. Miss Coombe will be second high school teacher; Mrs. East will conduct the intermediate grades and Miss May the primary room.

Resignation of G. W. Ayers, elected principal early in the spring, was requested by the school board after considerable dissatisfaction had developed and a hearing was held in June by the directors and patrons. Ayers' methods as principal of the school were criticized at the meeting, several severe charges being made.

It was alleged that he had administered sleeping powders to the basketball team on the afternoon they were to play Central Point in the final of the Ashland tournament, and had failed to properly handle the student body fund, after assuming authority of the money.

Mr. Empey, who was principal at Monroe for three years, will come to Sams Valley highly recommended for his efficiency and ability to maintain harmony.

A new bus was recently purchased and will make the usual route during the school year.

Shortage of water is a problem confronting the school board and it may be necessary to sink another well to insure sufficient water for the year.

Because of employment, it is expected that some students will not be able to enroll at the opening of the fall term, but will enter school later.

NO RELIEF CANNING ALLOWED LABOR DAY

Anyone who has made appointment at any of the relief canning kitchens in the valley for Labor Day, Monday, September 3, should go to the kitchen before the end of the week and make an appointment for another day, officials of the Jackson County relief committee advise.

This announcement was made due to the fact that as Labor Day is a legal holiday, the kitchens will not operate, notwithstanding the fact that many relief cases have already made appointments.

VETERAN BARTENDER CAN'T STAND WOMEN

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Aug. 29.—A veteran bartender has thrown up his job and asked for a place in a street gang.

"In the good old days," he told Mayor John Schuder, in applying for a city job, "we served men only. But now with the women bringing their sewing into the place and slipping highballs—well, it is too much for me."

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

MARY MAGDALEN OF PASSION PLAY WEDS AND STARTS FOR U. S.

OBERAMMERGAU, Germany, Aug. 29.—(AP)—The Mary Magdalen of Oberammergau was married today to Anton Lang, son of the famous Christus of the passion play.

Klara May acted her role for the last time yesterday, then turned her face toward a new life in faraway America.

Most of her fellow villagers and colleagues of the passion play came to the church to wish her well and godspeed on her trip to America. They came in formal attire—the beards and biblical haircuts of the disciples contrasting with the wing collars and stiff shirts of their evening clothes. The little angels of the passion play looked more like children dressed for Sunday school.

The bride wore a white silk gown with a veil and myrtle wreath; the groom a tuxedo.

Twelve trunks full of Oberammergau handicraft, including a madonna and crucifix carved by the bride's father, will go with the couple to the United States, where Lang teaches German at Washington University.

The new Mary Magdalen of Oberammergau is Ritta Kosch.

Call for bids
WANTED—Bus driver bids from persons living in Kenwood Dist. No. 102. Have them in by noon Sept. 3rd. HARRIET B. LUDJARD, Clerk. Route No. 2, Box 23, Medford, Oregon.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

THE CHEERING SECTION

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FOLLOWS CAPTAIN OF BIG BOYS' TEAM AROUND ASKING CAN HE PLAY TODAY?

RECEIVES A FINAL AND EMPHATIC NO!

ASKS WELL CAN HE BE SUBSTITUTE EVEN IF HE DOESN'T GET TO PLAY?

ASKS WELL MAYBE HE COULD BE SCORE-KEEPER, HE CAN KEEP SCORE GOOD?

ASKS WELL THEN CAN HE TAKE CARE OF THE BATS?

ASKS WELL THEN HOW ABOUT HIS BEING MAG-COT FOR THE TEAM?

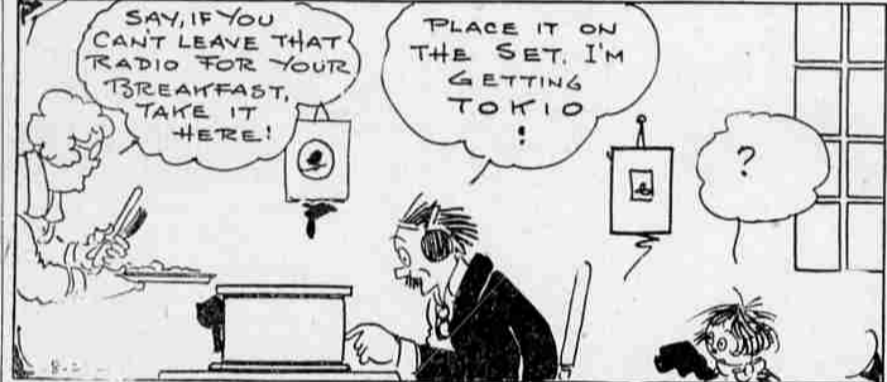
RETIRES IN DEJECTION, PULLING CAP RATHER LOW OVER EYES

BRIGHTENS UP PRESENTLY ON REMEMBERING THAT HE CAN ALWAYS BE THE CHEERING SECTION FOR THE TEAM

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S MATTER POP—



SAY, IF YOU CAN'T LEAVE THAT RADIO FOR YOUR BREAKFAST, TAKE IT HERE!

PLACE IT ON THE SET, I'M GETTING TOKIO!



TODAY, MY POP GOT SCRAMBLED EGGS ON HIS SHORT WAVE SET!

IMPOSSIBLE!



OUTSIDE!

TSUT, TSUT—

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By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Sheriff Arrives!



SKETER AND JIM CAPTURED THE KILLERS OF DOPEY ALIAS WALTERS ON THE THEORY THAT A CRIMINAL USUALLY RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME. WHO SHOT DOWN TOMMY'S PLANE CAME BACK TO SEARCH FOR THE DIAMONDS BUT— 1963

YOU CAN TAKE THOSE ROPES OFF NOW— I'VE GOT A PAIR OF BRACELETS THAT WILL BE SAFER.

WELL—EXCUSE ME FOR LIVIN'— IF IT AIN'T TH' SHERIFF OF DEL RIO IN PERSON—



WELL, THIS SORT OF PUTS YOUR FRIEND IN THE CLEAR— BUT HOW DID YOU EVER FIGURE OUT THIS PLAN OF CATCHING THE REAL KILLERS?

SHERIFF YOUR CIGARS' OUT— HERE'S A MATCH— NOW LEMME TELL YOU—



YOU SEE— I FIGURED THAT THESE BUZZARDS HAD SOME SPECIAL REASON FOR SHOOTIN' DOWN TOM AN' KILLIN' DOPEY, SO I DECIDED— THEY'D COME BACK

By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Hal Jaeger's Story



THE OLD HERMIT SEEMED THUNDERSTRUCK BY BRIAR'S PROTECTION OF BEN— HE REGARDED THE BOY IN A NEW LIGHT!

LOWER YOUR ARMS, BUD— I AIN'T NEVER SEEN A GOOD DOG GO WRONG ON A BODY YET—

AIN'T YOU ONE O' THE KIDNAPERS?



HONEST, MR. JAEGER, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN—

—AND WHEN CAPN IKE AND HIS CREW O' THUGS WAGN'T LOOKIN', I LIT OVERBOARD AND SWAM BACK HERE— THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, SON—



COURSE, I FIGURED YOU WERE ALL O' THE SAME STRIDE, QUARRELIN' OVER THE GOLD, AND WHEN A MESS O' THIEVES SPLITS INTO TWO PARTS, IT'S TIME FOR AN HONEST MAN TO BE TWICE AS CAREFUL!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—What To Do?



WELL, IF IT ISN'T CONNIE— YOU'VE GOT A PROPOSITION HERE THAT SHOULD FIT TWO

WHAT DO YOU MEAN PROPOSITION? IF YOU'RE TRYING TO PUT THE SQUEE ON ME, YOU'RE IN THE WRONG HIVE!!

LISTEN, BABY, THE BANKER OF THIS TOWN IS YOUR TARGET— PUT TWO ARROWS IN YOUR BAG, AND DECLARE ME IN— I'M BROKE AND VICIOUS



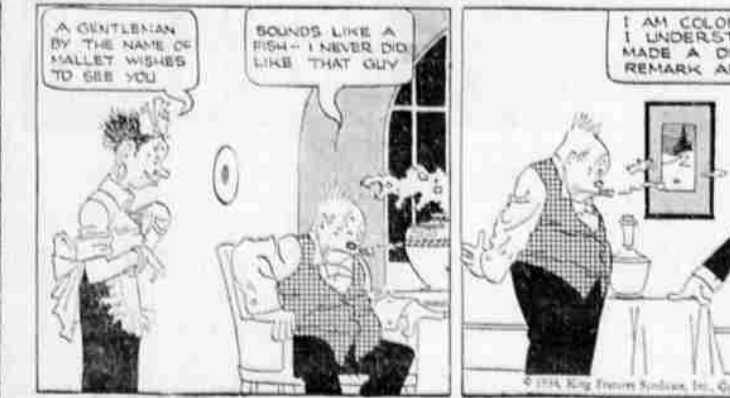
I'M DIFFERENT NOW— IF YOU'RE DOWN HERE TO BLACKMAIL ME, SCREAM YOUR WARNS TO THE HIGH HEAVENS AND IF THE RAINS OF RETRIBUTION FALL, WE'LL BOTH BE WITHOUT AN UMBRELLA

WHAT SHALL I DO? MAYBE HE'S JUST BLUFFING— MAYBE HE WON'T SQUEAL— AND THEN AGAIN, MAYBE HE WILL. THIS IS ONE OF THOSE 'MAYBES' I CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON!



By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



A GENTLEMAN BY THE NAME OF MALLET WISHES TO SEE YOU

SOUNDS LIKE A FISH— I NEVER DID LIKE THAT GUY

I AM COLONEL MALLET. I UNDERSTAND YOU MADE A DISPARAGING REMARK ABOUT ME



IS THAT SO? WHAT DID I SAY?

YOU SAID I WAS WEAK-HEADED AND—



THAT PROVES IT!

By George McManus

TWO DIE, 300 HURT IN ARGENTINA BLAST

CAMPANA, Argentina, Aug. 29.—(AP)—Two persons were killed, 200 were reported missing and nearly 300 suffered injuries as 12 huge gasoline

and oil storage tanks blew up here Tuesday, causing damage estimated at \$5,500,000.

The red coral used in making beads and jewelry is really a vein-like formation inside other coral.

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