

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

SYNOPSIS: Without knowing that Captain Wong Bo and the radio operator, Flint, are the "Boldero" for the insurance, Harvey Bowers has agreed to accompany a cargo of solid animals to Singapore in place of Angus McLeod, their owner, who has been out of the Dutch port of Sinabao with acute appendicitis. Bowers is a big game hunter; he has earned as helmsman, Ivo Green, who is professionally an animal trainer, and personally a girl deeply sympathetic with all wild things.

Chapter 10 ANCHOR UP!

MR. FLINT, the "sparks," completely infatuated at first sight, showed Ivo Green the ropes, so far as he knew them.

From the first it was obvious that to the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the monkeys that dwell in the tree-tops, she was an important personage; one in whom to have trust and confidence. It did not seem in the least as if a stranger had come into their midst. Flint could not restrain his wonder.

"Old McLeod," he said, "has been with some of them for months; but right off, they seem to know you better than they know him."

The great male tiger had just come to the front of his cage, and after looking Miss Green over, had flopped down with the top of his

head with antagonism and perhaps dislike, but he hoped by steady good nature and courtesy to win her to a different attitude.

There came aboard with him a whole litter of delicacies put up in tin and glass. These were not for himself, but for her. In addition he carried in his own hands a long necklace of gardenias, a customary gift whenever persons make departures from tropic ports.

The procession of bearers which preceded and followed him up the ladder terminated in two lounge chairs of woven rattan. He intended to make her as comfortable as possible.

The cages and crates containing the animals formed an irregular rectangle on the forward cargo-deck, so lashed and battened down that they could not come loose and slide about in a seaway.

Beyond these was the forecastle-head, a snug if dingy triangle of ancient teak decking. The plates which formed the bows of the Boldero had been carried up and made a rail for the triangle.

It was here, when the Boldero was already under way, that Bowers finally located Miss Green. She had finished her first part-day's work of getting acquainted with McLeod's

COPCO BOOSTING BOX INDUSTRY OF SOUTHERN OREGON

One of Southern Oregon's most important industries was given some splendid publicity when a full page advertisement of the California Oregon Power company appeared in a recent issue of the Oregon Voter magazine. The ad, which is one of a series of community advertisements published by the local power company in behalf of the territory served was devoted entirely to the wood box industry as may be seen from the following copy:

Ship in Wood for Safety.

"The wood box industry in southern Oregon is an important one. The total lumber output for Klamath county alone was \$5,600,000 in 1933, of which 60 per cent was box shooks. The wood box manufacturers in this part of the state have made special efforts to acquaint the shipper with the desirable features of the wooden container for the packing and shipment of a wide range of commodities. They have intelligently adapted the wood crate to the marketing of potatoes, carrots and other vegetables. Shippers are using wood boxes in ever increasing quantities. They have been found stronger, in the long run cheaper and far more satisfactory for most products requiring a safe, rigid container for shipping.

Every individual and every business in Southern Oregon every directly or indirectly benefits from the

SCHEDULE EXAMS IN CIVIL SERVICE

The United States civil service commission has announced open competitive examinations as follows:

Junior civil service examiner, \$1,620 a year, civil service commission college graduation from so-called "cultural" course, as distinguished from vocational or professional course, required; senior students admitted. Closing date, September 11, 1934.

Junior technologist (millinery and baking investigations), \$2,000 to \$2,500 a year, Bureau of Plant Industry, department of agriculture. College graduation, with major work in cereal chemistry including at least 6 semester hours in milling and baking technology, required. Closing date, September 20, 1934.

Associate cotton technologist, \$3,300 to \$3,800, assistant cotton technologist, \$2,600 to \$3,200 a year, Bureau of Agricultural Economics, department of agriculture. Optional subjects are (1) yarn and fabric manufacture and (2) fiber technology. Closing date, September 20, 1934.

United States game department agent, \$2,300 to \$2,900, and deputy United States game management agent, \$1,440 to \$1,800 a year, Bureau of Biological Survey, department of agriculture. A requirement for entrance is full-time experience of a kind and duration specified in the printed announcement. Closing date, September 21, 1934.

Full information may be obtained from Earl H. York, secretary of the United States civil service board of examiners, at the local post office.

ARRIVAL HOME

ARRIVES HOME WITH FAMILY AFTER SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY

DROPS CAP, BAGS AND COATS IN HALL AND DASHES UPSTAIRS TO HIS ROOM

LOOKS ROUND 'WITH SATISFACTION'. SAME OLD ROOM, SAME OLD PICTURES, SAME OLD BANNERS

THROWS HEAD OUT OF WINDOW TO SEE IF ANY OF THE GANG ARE IN THEIR YARDS. MUST ALL BE AT SUPPER

DIVES INTO HIS CLOSET TO SEE IF HIS FOOTBALL EQUIPMENT IS ALL THERE

GETS HIS STAMP COLLECTION OUT AND LOOKS THROUGH IT HAPPILY

BITS BY BIT ASSEMBLES ALL HIS TREASURES ON FLOOR, INCLUDING SHORT-WAVE TRANSMITTER HE BEGAN BUILDING IN THE SPRING

GOES TO BOOKCASE TO GET HIS FAVORITE BOOK. EYE HAPPENS TO FALL ON SCHOOL TEXTBOOKS. DECIDES LIFE ISN'T SO ROSY AFTER ALL

UNION GANGSTERS BEAT UP WORKERS

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—(UP)—Twenty gangsters, described as musclemen for a Communist union, broke into a fur establishment operated by Harry Schnick here today, beat five A. F. L. fur workers who had refused to join their organization, and fled before police in an adjoining station could reach the scene.

Police arrested two men who were identified as among the gangsters. They said the attacks were members of the Needle Trades Workers Industrial Union (Communist), which long has fought the A. F. L. Fur Workers union.

Sixty-seven years ago the San Diego land on which the 1935 California Pacific International Exposition is being built was sold for 26 cents an acre. Now it is valued at millions of dollars.

BICYCLES—We pay cash for used bikes. Medford Cycle, 23 N. Fir.

S'MATTER POP—

POP, POP! WHAT DID YOU DO SITTING BULL SIT ON?

YA GOTTA KNOW RIGHT AWAY!

YES, POP!

NOW, LET ME THINK!

I'M IN A HURRY, POP!

BETTER PUT YOUR HEAD UNDER THE FAUCET AND CALL YOURSELF TRAIN-IN-THE-FACE!

OKAY!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Mission of Mercy!

WHILE TOMMY AND SKEETER WERE KILLING TIME IN THE THREE-POINT RADIO ROOM DISCUSSING THE PROBABILITY OF A NEW AIR MAIL CONTRACT FOR THEIR BASE AIRPORT THEY HEARD THE SHRILL WAIL OF A SIREN...

1968

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Luke's Resentment

I'M ASKIN' YOU, DAVE JONES, DIDJA EVER HEAR THE LIKE O' THAT? HE WON'T TELL US A SINGLE THING!

WELL, LUKE, MAYBE BEN HAD A REASON—

REASON ME EYE! AIN'T WE HIS DALS? WHAT'S HE HOLDIN' OUT ON US FOR?

OH, DON'T BOTHER HIM NOW, LUKE—LET HIM GLEEP—HE'S FAGGED OUT—

AIN'T WE FAGGED OUT, TOO, FROM TRYIN' TO LEARN HOW HE GOT BRIAR BACK? WHAT'S THE IDEE O' HIS ACTIN' LIKE A CLAM? AN' WHY WON'T HE LET US GO EXPLORIN' AGAIN IN FIGHTTOWN?

SEARCH ME—ASK BEN—HE'S THE BOSS—

A FINE BOSS HE'S TURNED OUT TO BE! BE DAD, AN' I'LL EVEN BE GLAD TO SEE CAPN' IKE BACK—LET'S GIT THIS JOB OVER AN' DONE WITH, SAYS I!

THE NEBBS—Who's Who

HELLO, HONEY, FEEL ANY BETTER TONIGHT?

SURE, AMBY, I-I'M GETTING BETTER EVERY DAY

YOU SEEM SO NERVOUS-LIKE, YOU AIN'T WORRYIN' 'BOUT SOMETHIN' THAT I COULD TAKE OFF YOUR HANDS, BE YOU?

I JUST WONDER WHO THAT BIRD IS? I SAW HIM TALKING TO CONNIE—HE'S GOT THE KIND AND ASSURING EYES OF A WILDCAT AND A FACE THAT'S SO HARD HE HAS TO SHAVE WITH A FILE.

BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL, THAT'S GOOD NEWS—MAGGIE SAYS SHE AIN'T GONNA PLAY THE PIANO NO MORE—IT BREAKS HER FINGERNAILS—THAT MEANS NO MORE SINGIN'—

PARDON—SIR! MADAM WISHES TO SPEAK TO YOU, SIR—

SOMETHIN' TELLS ME THIS AIN'T GOOD NEWS—

THIS IS PROFESSOR ALLEGRO! I'VE ENGAGED HIM TO PLAY THE PIANO FOR ME WHILE I SING—

HOW DO YOU DO, SIR?

NOW I NOT ONLY HAVE TO LISTEN TO MAGGIE SING—I HAVE TO PAY FER IT, TOO?



"I've been making friends with this man."

head pressed against the bars so that she could scratch him between the ears.

"What is it?" asked Flint. "A gift, like music, or doing sums in your head?"

"It is just liking them," said she, "and being used to them, and not afraid."

"Mr. Bowers says that you had a tiger troupe of your own."

"The poor dear!" said she. "The circus went broke, and I had to let them go. We had been together a long time. They had their cages, and I had my cot, and Helen had her sleeping basket in the same tent."

She laughed. "It got a little close sometimes, but you get used to that. If they like you and know that you're close by, they don't fidget. By the way, where is Helen?"

Still scratching the great tiger between the ears, she looked about her, and then upward into the rigging.

The Boldero had a stumpy foremast, to which two cargo-booms were hinged. A touch of red showed that Helen had climbed to the very top of this, Ivo Green laughed.

"That girl," she said, "is nothing but a showoff."

In the meanwhile Harvey Bowers had sent to the abandoned circus for Miss Green's belongings and had spent a sweaty time of it packing his own. In addition he had received much hospitality in Sinabao and had many farewell calls to make, so that it was not until late in the afternoon that he went aboard the Boldero, bag and baggage.

His arrival was a signal for the untidy tramp to get under way. The accommodation ladder and the anchor came up. The bell sounded in the engine-room, and the ship's rickety engine began to turn over slowly. For some miles the approach to the harbor of Sinabao is among coral reefs and Captain Wong Bo wished to be clear of these before dark.

Bowers came aboard in an eager spirit. The girl, who was to be his companion during the voyage, had deeply impressed his susceptible nature. It was true that she regard-

menagerie, and appeared to be enjoying an animated conversation with Flint.

It is doubtful if at this time Bowers thought of the wireless operator as a possible rival. He was not accustomed to rivals. He has far more physical attraction than the average rival in the Far East, and far more money. He was accustomed to do as he pleased and get what he wanted.

In finding the young woman who had so deeply impressed him, in company with another man, he was not in the least disconcerted. His smile of greeting as he climbed the two long steps to the forecastle-head included them both; but his first words were for the girl.

"Have you picked your cabin?" he asked.

"I don't even know where the cabins are," she answered. "I have been trying to make friends with this agreeable young man, and with the animals. Where are the cabins?"

"Under the bridge," said Bowers, "there is a place that was once used as a smoking-room. The smokes of happier years are still imprisoned in it. Under that is a nest of six passenger cabins, three of which are outside cabins with one little port-hole each, and three of which are little black holes of Calcutta."

Flint grinned. "I told you that you wouldn't be happy on this ship," he said.

"But I am," said Bowers, "blissfully happy. I am on my way. I am going places. She is moving, isn't she?"

He referred of course to the progress of the Boldero. She was now going full speed ahead, and would perhaps cover four knots of seawater in the next hour.

"Of course she's moving," said Flint with indignation. "But it is best not to speak of such things, because she has an engine whose feelings are easily hurt. When its feelings are hurt, it stops altogether. It likes to stop when we are among reefs, or almost anywhere off a lee shore."

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Bowers, Monday, arranged matters for his new helpers.

nightly programs at the lodge and community house. This work was successfully carried on during the summer by a staff under the direction of W. G. Moody, who filled the post held for the past season by D. S. Libbey, park naturalist, now in Washington, D. C.

FRENCH FLIER HOPS FOR NATAL, BRAZIL

PORTO PRAL, Cape Verde Islands, Sept. 4.—(AP)—Jean Mermoz, French aviator, took off here today for a trans-Atlantic flight with mail for Natal, Brazil.

Apollo Piano Studio, 125 No. Holly St. Improve your piano technique. Correct foundation. European Conservatory methods. Harmony taught. Class lessons for beginners. Enroll now.

BICYCLES—We pay cash for used bikes. Medford Cycle, 23 N. Fir.

PARK ATTENDANCE TOPS 1933 TOTAL

CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK, Ore.—(Sp.)—Attendance figures for the current travel season at Crater Lake have passed the 100,000 mark, over 10,000 ahead for the entire season of 1933. Travel is approximately 40 per cent better at the present time than it was last year but, with the vacation period rapidly drawing to a close, heavy travel will gradually decrease until the season is over this fall.

The past season has witnessed a growing interest in naturalist service offered by the educational division in the form of guided field trips, informal discussions on park topics and



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THE NEBBS—Who's Who



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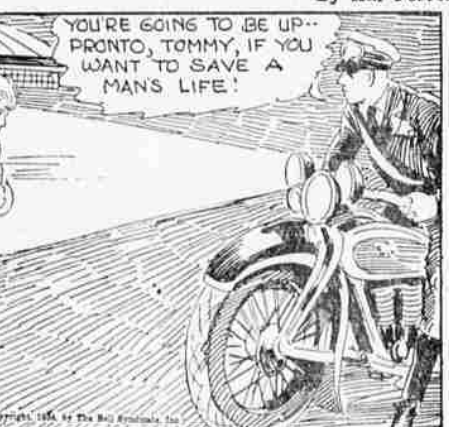
THE NEBBS—Who's Who



BRINGING UP FATHER



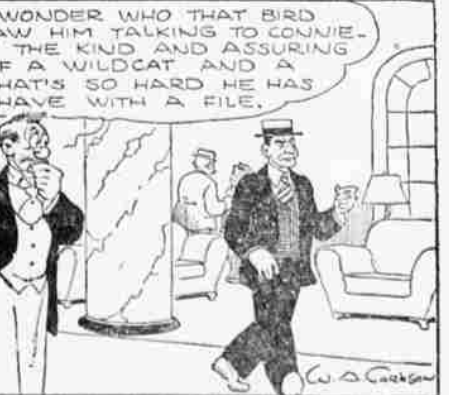
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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Luke's Resentment



THE NEBBS—Who's Who



BRINGING UP FATHER



By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

By O. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By EDWIN ALGER

By Sol Hess

By George McManus