

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

SYNOPSIS: Somewhat to his surprise, Harvey Bowers, the big game hunter, finds himself chasing a cargo of wild animals to Singapore, assisted by an exceedingly attractive young animal trainer, by name Ivy Green. What Bowers and Ivy do not know is that Captain Wong Bo and his American radio man, Flint, plan to scuttle the ship for the insurance.

Wong Bo was catholic in his tastes. He liked English cooking and French cooking, but he preferred one or two of the exotic dishes, and all the aristocratic dishes of his own people.

One of the preferred exotic dishes was of course, rice. The other was pork, exquisitely roasted and served cold in narrow strips. Bird's nest soup, shark's-fin and one hundred-year-old eggs tasting for all the world like avocado pears, were staples. Champagne flowed, and dinner was a merry time.

After dinner the Chinese captain, Flint and the two passengers played bridge in the old smoking-room. This had been scrubbed clean, and a punkah had been installed. With the high-silled door hooked open and all the portholes ajar, it was like being on deck.

Bowers had faced his first game with much misgivings. He was an excellent player, and disliked nothing more than being the victim of persons who had yet to learn the rudiments. But both Ivy and Flint had natural card-sense and played soundly enough, while Wong Bo, if he seemed, had made such a hobby of the game, that he was a past-master. Ivy had dealt, sorted her hand and bid two spades. Bowers passed.

Chapter 13 WONG BO

THE same two Chinamen who had assisted McLeod had been told off to assist Ivy. They were born shirkers. You had to stand over them coaxing, cajoling and bullying to get any work done at all.

The day's work began almost immediately after breakfast. The cages, which now seemed innumerable, had to be cleaned, and it soon appeared that when Ivy said cleaned she meant cleaned.

This work consumed the better part of the morning. A tattered awning shielded the forward cargo-deck from the direct rays of the sun, but the rays themselves were not to be thwarted so easily. They darted around the edges of the awning, and bounced upward and inward from the nearest surface of the sea. Only the stockhold was hotter.

INCREASE SHOWN IN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH FOR YEAR

PHILADELPHIA, (UP)—Communi- cant membership of the Presbyterian church in the U. S. A. showed a gain of 18,502 during the fiscal year ending March 31. The Rev. Lewis S. Mudge, state clerk of the general assembly announced.

Total membership of the church as of that date was 1,987,291. Membership in the Presbyterian, Dr. Mudge pointed out, was based entirely upon "the number of communicants remaining in good standing" and not upon the number of baptized members, or the Presbyterian population.

There were 9,173 churches, while the number of ordained ministers was 9,943. The churches were supervised by 293 Presbyteries and 45 Synods and had 51,975 ruling elders and 23,012 deacons as officers.

Sunday School enrollment, which was placed at 1,908,697, also showed an increase over the previous year, Dr. Mudge said.

He also pointed out that 10,000 new members of the church were added last year, that during the previous year, indicating "that steady progress is being made in placing membership rolls on a very substantial basis."

Local churches contributed \$35,297,227 from which sum \$24,636,823 was used for local congregational expenses.

Gifts amounting to \$5,132,478 were

\$68,000 FOR WAR ON PRAIRIE DOGS

MILES CITY, Mont. (UP)—One of the long-persistent features of eastern Montana's prairies appears doomed to extinction—if the government can make good its present threat to the prairie dog.

Financed by a \$68,000 appropriation, the U. S. Biological survey and FERA are launching a co-operative campaign to eradicate this little pest. If successful the campaign will mark the end of the prairie dog "toxens" which dot the 385,000 acres in the project.

The government plans to employ more than 200 men for three months in the infested counties and will use 150,000 pounds of poison.

The prairie dog is a small rodent, allied to marmots and squirrels, usually averaging a foot in length. It is distinguished by a curious whistling cry.

Ranches contend they sustain tremendous losses because the "dogs" forage on the same grasses as cattle and sheep, taking from 25 to 100 per cent of the forage on some ranges.

Apollo Piano Studio, 125 N. Holly. Modern, European conservatory methods. Harmony, Beginners and advanced. Private lessons.

TOMATO PRICES UNDERGO CHANGE

SALEM, Ore., Sept. 7.—(UP)—The joint Oregon and Washington tomato and melon market agreement board met in Salem today and reduced the minimum price on tomatoes and established three definite grades.

The board fixed the price on a peach crate of tomatoes, about 20 pounds, at 50 cents for U. S. No. 1's, 40 cents for No. 2's and 30 cents for culls. This marked a departure from the old standard of only one quality selling at 40 cents.

The board said the change represented a lower minimum, by establishing the three separate grades.

TRACTOR RUNS WILD WHILE DRIVER NODS

MERCED, Cal. (UP)—Los Bando today claimed at least one world record holder—that of the world's soundest sleeper.

Henry Avilla, of that city, was overcome with slumber while driving a tractor hauling a disc plow.

He was roused from his peaceful rest when the tractor stalled against a tree after plowing through the yards of the J. C. Sturgeon ranch, between four barns and outbuildings, and on for more than a mile through fields, fences, across ditches, and two country roads.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE DISCOVERY AT THE END OF A LONG HARD TRIP HOME THAT THE KEY OF THE HOUSE IS IN THE VEST POCKET OF THE GRAY SUIT IN THE TRAY OF THE TRUNK WHICH IS FOLLOWING BY EXPRESS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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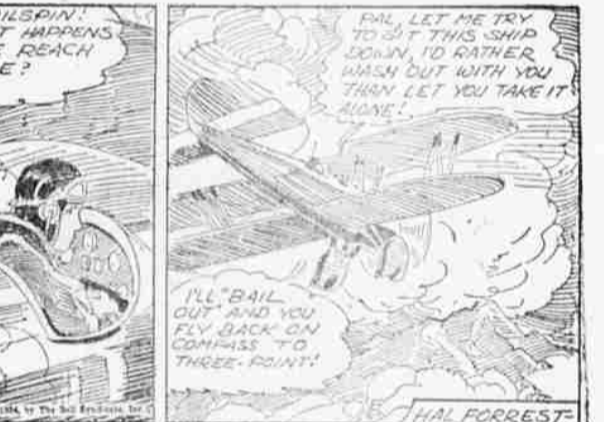
S'MATTER POP—



By C. M. Payne

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—To Save a Life!



By Hal Forrest

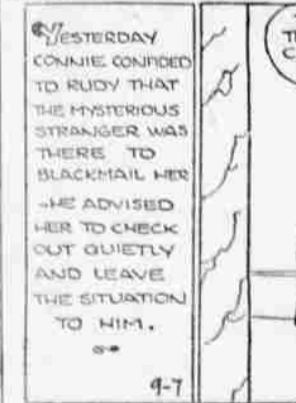
By EDWIN ALGER

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Perfect Disguise



By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBES—Oh—Oh



By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManis

Wong Bo used a bottle of champagne for shaving lotion.

The work of cleaning the tiger cages fell to Ivy. Bowers' one attempt drove them into a frenzy of excitement, and they disliked the ministrations of the Chinamen infinitely more.

But when Ivy wielded the scraper, thrust in between the bars, or the swab, they behaved like good children getting their great paws out of the way and only growling an occasional mild remonstrance.

The cleaning hours were a bedlam of sounds, but it was not until fifteen minutes before feeding-time that the real concert of the day began. In this even the birds had food always with them joined. Everything joined except the reptiles.

The tigers made so much noise that you might have thought there were a dozen of them instead of only two. The monkeys yelled blood-murder. The birds screamed. When the animals had been fed, there was more cleaning to do, and not until half-past four or five was there leisure in which to loaf or read a book.

It was then that the two lounge chairs which Bowers had provided came in handy, for by that time both he and Ivy would be pretty well exhausted. White persons were not designed for hard work in the tropics.

On the other hand, a white man who works hard in the tropics lives longer than one who doesn't. There seems to be no limit to the amount of liquid than can be lost through the pores and regained through the mouth.

After a loaf and a talk, the "Get Ready" gong sounded, and they bathed and dressed for dinner. There was usually enough time between dressing and dinner to lean against the pill and watch the swift miracle of the sunset.

Dinner began as Flint had prophesied with a glass of champagne. It was of an excellent vintage, brut and light. Wong Bo liked good food and it is probable that Ivy and Bowers fared better than any other passengers at that time sailing in the China Sea.

Wong Bo hid five diamonds. Flint passed, and Ivy jumped her original bid to a little slam. It was then that Bowers realized that he had fallen into good hands. Wong Bo smiled a sudden approving smile at his partner.

"Oh, you play Cumberston," he said. The stakes were low and the games were most amiable. Wong Bo was the best player, but both Bowers and Flint preferred to cut with Ivy, and this was not because as a rule she held the best cards. A young man is an irrational animal. He would rather go down to defeat with a pretty girl than win decisively with a fat Chinaman.

Both Flint and Bowers put themselves out to be agreeable, not only to Ivy and Captain Wong Bo, but to each other. Wong Bo would have been glad to play all night. Like all Chinamen, he was a nocturnal animal. But Ivy insisted on early hours: three or four snubbers was her limit.

Always while the winnings and losses were being computed, the cabin boy in an exquisite suit of silk brocade fetched a nightcap bottle of champagne in a bucket of salt and ice, and an extra bottle in a straw jacket. As Wong Bo always carried this extra bottle off with him, it was fair to presume that he drank it warm through the night.

This, however, was not the case. There was a large shipment of champagne in the hold of the Bolero, and as this was not destined to be delivered to the consignees, it was with out any value in dollars and cents.

To serve it so freely at meals and in the smoking-room cost Wong Bo nothing, and it would have interested the two passengers to know that the bottle which he carried off to his cabin every night served him as a tooth-wash and a pleasant lotion after shaving.

The days and nights were much alike. Little breezes rarely ruffled the waters, and by the same token, there were few disturbances of the routine set for Bowers and Ivy by the nature of their task.

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Bowers has, tomorrow, a new sort of "great moment."

Woman Baked Self to Death. ALBUQUERQUE, Spain.—(UP)—Clement Diaz, 22, temporarily insane, committed suicide by placing himself in a bakery oven. When she began to scream, her brother dragged her from the oven, but the burns caused her death.

Hen Violated New Deal. BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—(UP)—May, 16, it's the New Deal. One of Joseph Perucci's hens laid a "two-in-one" egg. One half of the shell both having normal shells. The egg weighed nearly three-quarters of a pound. The hen weighed a pound and a half.