

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

SYNOPSIS: Harvey Bowers, a man in charge of a cargo of animals bound for Singapore, is assisted by Ivy Green, whom both he and Flint the Boldero radio man think very attractive. Neither Bowers nor Ivy know that Captain Wona Bo and Flint plan to scuttle the Boldero for the insurance.

Chapter 14 GREAT MOMENT

ROUGHLY speaking, the Boldero's course followed the east coast of Borneo.

She would, in the course of time, round the north end of that vast and mountainous island and shape a westerly course for Singapore. But reefs and islands not yet noted on any out the particular charts made straight sailing out of the question. Yet these same reefs and islands in conjunction with the far-off mysterious profile of Borneo itself made the seascape varied and interesting.

The ocean waters, as is usual in the vicinity of coral-formation, seemed with life. It was not unusual for the Boldero to chug her slow way through a gam of loading sperm whales. Porpoises abounded; there were almost incessant silver flashes of flying fish, and the air teemed with birds.

A Rhesus monkey died the third day out from unknown causes, and Ivy wept. When she wasn't looking, Bowers lowered the pathetic little scrunched-up body overboard. Almost instantly there was a great strong swirling of water, and a shark took it.

At first the work of helping to look after a menagerie seemed an awful chore to Bowers, then it became interesting and then fascinating. Here and there he was beginning to make friendships.

One pair, for instance, in a cage containing ten of the same species, would fight for his attention. The monkeys liked him. Whenever Helen felt that she had been misunderstood by her mistress, she would run to Bowers and tell him all about it, defying Ivy from the vantage of his shoulder and saying in monkey-talk that she never wanted to see her or hear of her again.

One day Ivy called to him from the front of the tiger cage. He was not yet on terms with the tigers, but he had hopes. On this occasion the male, as he often did, was pressing his head against the bars of the cage so that he could be conveniently scratched between the ears, and Ivy was scratching him when Bowers came up.

"See if he will let you do it," she said, "and get your hand away quick if he won't."

Bowers was not the least anxious to scratch that particular tiger or any other between the ears. Nevertheless he did as he was told. The tiger instantly recognized the changed technique and growled. The tip of his tail twitched, but otherwise he did not move.

Bowers scratched more strongly, and dug the balls of his fingers into the thick loose scalp. Again the tiger growled, but more softly. It may have been a purr. Bowers scratched and massaged the tiger's scalp until his fingers ached.

By that time the great cat was asleep, and the big game hunter found himself in a confused and puzzled state of mind. He had made the first definite step toward friendship and understanding with a tiger, and for the first time in his life he had an inkling that striking wild things suddenly dead is not all that it is cracked up to be.

The next day he went by himself to the tiger cage and spoke to the king of the Far Eastern jungle in casual and friendly tones. The female backed into a corner of the cage, flattened her ears and showed her teeth at him; but the male after one short open-mouthed roar to show what he could do if he chose, bowed down his great head and pressed it against the bars.

Bowers remembered his first real tiger, a striped shadow in the night; the crash and jerk of a heavy express-rifle, then the crash and jerk of the second barrel. He had fired from a platform in a tree, where he was as safe as money in the Bank of England.

He knew that he had hit the tiger twice. He had seen the striped shadow lift and twist and thrash like a newly landed fish, and lie still. But he was not sure that it was dead, and he dared not go down from his platform until the day broke. The day had revealed a medium-

PORTLAND MILK WILL COST MORE

PORTLAND, Sept. 8.—(AP)—An increase of about one cent a quart in the price of milk, effective next Monday, has been ordered by the Oregon milk control board. It was said here today by E. G. Harlan, chairman. The increase applies only to quarts, and to bulk delivery. The price of pints, half-pints and 10-oz. bottles will not be changed.

Harlan said that 75 per cent of the increase will go to the farmer, and 25 per cent will go to the distributor. More than 1000 local dairymen will be benefited, he said. The new prices prevail only in the Portland market area.

The increase will put quarts at 10 cents in the stores, or 11 cents delivered.

Eden Precinct

EDEN PRECINCT, Sept. 8.—(Sp.)—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bell, living east of Talent, had as their guests over Labor day Mr. Bell's brother, Bert Bell, and family of Klamath Falls, and Albert Bell, an uncle. A bounteous dinner Labor day was enjoyed. The big peach crop on the Dr. Temple place in North Talent has all been harvested and brought a good price. Mr. Gerathall of Ashland had charge of the place.

Mrs. Irene Wells of North Talent left Sunday for Portland to join Mrs. F. C. Reimer and in company with Mrs. T. P. Hansen of Ashland the party will proceed to Chicago

CLOTHING EXPERT TO MEET LEADERS

Mrs. Mrs. Azalea Sager, extension specialist in clothing will meet the guide pattern leaders of each extension unit, Sept. 10 and 12 at the courthouse auditorium, at 10:00 a. m. This will be the first leader training meeting of the new year. The women will be trained in the making of a foundation or guide pattern which may be used in cutting and fitting all of their clothing.

Due to the increasing number of home extension units, it has been necessary to divide them into groups to meet with Mrs. Sager. Group one will meet Sept. 10 and will include Applegate, Rogue River, Bellview, Butte Falls, Griffin Creek, Trail, Prospect, Sams Valley, Eagle Point. Group two will meet Sept. 12 and will include Talent, Central Point, Evans Valley, Valleyview, Lost Creek, McLeod, Roxy Ann, Phoenix.

A covered dish luncheon will be served at noon.

Rogue River extension unit will meet for their first unit meeting this fall on Tuesday, Sept. 11, at 10:00 a. m. Mrs. Azalea Sager, extension specialist in clothing, and Miss Alice Malin, acting home demonstration agent, will be present to assist the local leaders in demonstrating the making and use of a guide pattern.

The meeting is important for the beginning of a successful year and members are urged to attend. A covered dish luncheon will be served.

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

THE FAMILY ALBUM—THE SNACK

SWAS HE'S HUNGRY, BUT TELLS WIFE SHE NEEDN'T BOTHER, HE'LL JUST GET HIMSELF A SNACK.

GETS OUT A LOAF OF BREAD AND TRIES NOT VERY SUCCESSFULLY TO CUT A SLICE.

AFTER THREE ATTEMPTS DECIDES HE'D RATHER EAT CRACKERS ANYWAY. GETS OUT SEVERAL KINDS TO SEE WHICH HE LIKES BEST.

RETURNS TO TABLE WITH CHEESE, BUTTER, A DISH OF APPLE SAUCE, JELLY AND SOME COLD CHICKEN DRESSING.

GETS A CLEAN DISH TOWEL TO MOP UP THE JELLY HE SPILLED, NOTICING THAT FLOOR IS SPRINKLED WITH CRACKER CRUMBS.

DECIDES THAT SPREADING CRACKERS IS TOO MUCH EFFORT AND EATS A BANANA INSTEAD.

RETURNS TO LIVING ROOM, HAPPY THAT HE DIDN'T BOTHER WIFE (WHO WILL SPEND HALF AN HOUR GETTING KITCHEN BACK TO NORMAL).



By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Over the Ridge!

CANT SEE A THING IN THIS FOG, SKEETS—WHAT DOES YOUR COMPASS SHOW?

HEADIN' DEAD SOUTH BY TWO RUNS WEST—JARN THIS FOG—MUST BE OVER TH' HUMP BY NOW.

HEARIN' DEAD SOUTH BY TWO RUNS WEST—JARN THIS FOG—MUST BE OVER TH' HUMP BY NOW.

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HEARIN' DEAD SOUTH BY TWO RUNS WEST—JARN THIS FOG—MUST BE OVER TH' HUMP BY NOW.

OH, HERE COME THAT DREADFUL MRS. SPONGE! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU—I'M SO GLAD!

DEARIE! GLAD TO SEE YOU—I'M SO GLAD!

YOU'RE SUCH A DEAR!

DEARIE! GLAD TO SEE YOU—I'M SO GLAD!

YOU'RE SUCH A DEAR!

DEARIE! GLAD TO SEE YOU—I'M SO GLAD!

GEE! I'M GLAD MAW IS GLAD 'COS BEFORE YOU CAME IN SHE WUZ NOT GLAD!

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GEE! I'M GLAD MAW IS GLAD 'COS BEFORE YOU CAME IN SHE WUZ NOT GLAD!

SHE WUZ SCARED TO DEATH YOU WUZ GONNA STAY FOR—

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Willow Springs

WILLOW SPRINGS, Sept. 8.—(Sp.)—William Gardner will be in charge of the Clements orchards until Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Clements returned from San Francisco where he is recovering from a major operation.

John Kaley is digging a large irrigation well on his ranch at the pine grove.

Mr. and Mrs. William Vimont and small son have moved into the Earl Heit home. Mr. Vimont will teach the upper grade at the Willow Springs school this year.

The Hamstrom family spent last Sunday picnicking with friends at Bybee bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allen and infant son spent the past week in the mountains to escape the heat.

BRINGING UP FATHER

I'LL JUST SHOW DAUGHTER AN' MAGGIE THAT I'M WILLIN' TO HELP NOW THAT WE'VE DECIDED TO ECONOMIZE—I'VE CLEARED THE TABLE FER 'EM.

I'LL JUST SHOW DAUGHTER AN' MAGGIE THAT I'M WILLIN' TO HELP NOW THAT WE'VE DECIDED TO ECONOMIZE—I'VE CLEARED THE TABLE FER 'EM.

BRINGING UP FATHER

DADDY, IF ANYONE CALLS I WON'T BE HOME ALL DAY AND I'M HAVING DINNER TO-NIGHT WITH MR. EATON.

DADDY, IF ANYONE CALLS I WON'T BE HOME ALL DAY AND I'M HAVING DINNER TO-NIGHT WITH MR. EATON.

BRINGING UP FATHER

HERE'S AN APRON SO'S YOU WON'T SOIL YOUR SUIT. I'LL PHONE YOU WHEN I'M READY TO COME HOME—I'M DINING WITH MR. AND MRS. TO-NIGHT.

HERE'S AN APRON SO'S YOU WON'T SOIL YOUR SUIT. I'LL PHONE YOU WHEN I'M READY TO COME HOME—I'M DINING WITH MR. AND MRS. TO-NIGHT.

BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL IF WERE EVER GONNA GET HOME WE'RE GONNA USE PAPER DISHES.

WELL IF WERE EVER GONNA GET HOME WE'RE GONNA USE PAPER DISHES.

BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL IF WERE EVER GONNA GET HOME WE'RE GONNA USE PAPER DISHES.

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BRINGING UP FATHER

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