

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

SYNOPSIS: The plan of Captain Wong Lo and Flint, his radio operator, to sink the "Hollander" for the insurance is temporarily delayed when Angus McLeod, the owner of the ship's wild animal cargo, is taken aboard at the little Dutch port of Sibbaw with acute appendicitis. Harvey Bowers, big game hunter, volunteers to take the animals on to Singapore, and finds an animal trainer attached to a stranded steamer to help him. But he puts his foot in it by telling the trainer that he thinks she is attractive.

Chapter Seven

STRANGE PARTNERS

I WAS beginning to think," said the animal trainer coldly, "that you were different, that you weren't just exactly like every other man or monkey or beast."

Bowers winced as if he had been struck. "Well," he said presently, "I am, just exactly, when I see a pretty girl, why then if she likes me, why she likes me; if she doesn't, she doesn't."

"Well," said she, "that's fair enough; and there's nothing doing. Get your clothes on, Helen. We're going to Singapore."

While she was helping Helen into a little red coat, edged with gold

"When my head aches," he said, "you'll give me aspirin? When I am naughty, you'll slap me?"

"That's the idea," said she.

"And what will you do for me when I am homesick?"

"Do you really want to know?" she asked. "Well, if you really get homesick, I'll try to make you think well of yourself. I'll say: 'Mr. Bowers, it is just barely possible that deep down, you're a tiny bit more chivalrous and decent than people think you are!'"

She changed the subject hastily. She pointed to the luggage.

"Can you get all this stuff to the ship for me?" she asked.

"It will be taken care of," he said. "I have only got a taxi outside, and what's left of a chauffeur. That will do for our transport. We'll send a bullock-cart for the trunks and things. Are you going as fast?"

"I'd like to change," she said. "I wouldn't be ten minutes if it weren't for the boots."

"What's the matter with the boots?"

"Somebody," she said, "ran off with my bootjack. I think it was probably the legless man. My boots are tough babies to get out of."

"Well," said Bowers, "if you'll sit down on that trunk, and excuse my back—"



One boat came off with a gulping sound.

braided, Bowers remarked that she hadn't told him her name.

"Ivy Green," she said.

"That's not your real name, is it?"

"No," said she, "of course not. 'Harvey Bowers'."

"Harvey Bowers," she repeated. "Well, well, well, now what do you know about that?"

But she did not say what was to be known about that until she had finished dressing the monkey. Then she began to elucidate, and there was a look in her eyes which he did not in the least like.

"Harvey Bowers," she said, "the killer!"

Anger and contempt seemed to be gathering in her brain.

"Do you know what I think of big-game hunters?" she asked.

"No. No, I don't," said Bowers hastily; "and I'm sure I don't want to."

But she had made up her mind to tell him what she thought, and she proceeded to do so.

"I think," she said, "that a man who goes around with a high-powered rifle, taking no chances, and murdering the big beautiful wild things, is low and rotten and cowardly. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!" Then she turned to the monkey; "Don't look so happy Helen," she said. "We have just been fired."

"No, you haven't," said Bowers quickly. "Not if you still want the job. You have a perfect right to your opinion, even if you jump to it from a sloppy take-off. I suppose it's thinking the way you do that makes you get along with animals; but it doesn't look as if you were going to get along quite so well with me. But that's neither here nor there."

"Oh, yes, it is," said the young woman who called herself Ivy Green, and admitted that it was not her name. "What makes you think that you are not just another animal? We'll get along all right if you behave yourself."

Bowers was quick to take offense and quick to forgive. His displeasures never lasted very long. His mouth spread into a sudden beguiling grin with dimples at the corners.

A Real Birdie
PROVIDENCE, R. I.—(UP)—Police Captain Henry Clay Debow got a real "birdie" while playing a round of golf at Comstock Park. Debow teed off, the ball striking in mid-air a flying swallow, which was killed.

Half Million Bet
CLEVELAND, O.—(UP)—Nearly a half million dollars poured through the pari-mutuel machines during the recent race meet at Hainbridge track, announced George Gates, secretary of the state racing commission.

CALENDAR AN AID TO WEDDED BLISS SAYS ASTROLOGIAN

CHICAGO.—(UP)—All these marital difficulties one reads so much about could have been avoided by merely consulting a calendar before marriage, according to Henry J. Gordon, who recently addressed the National Astrologians' association here.

The Gordon method can be boiled down to this — before marrying a couple should check their birth dates with the calendar. Persons born in certain months just haven't a chance for marital bliss. It all depends on when the prospective newweds were born.

For instance, lovers whose births are three or nine months apart won't make a success of marriage together.

"When birth dates," Dr. Gordon said, "are one, five, seven and eleven months apart, they predict a fraternal love. Physical and material attractions predominate in unions where births are separated by two or ten months.

A separation of four or eight months in birth dates signifies that the couple would be real soul mates, he said.

Dr. Gordon denounced racketeers in astrology, stating that seven out of every ten star readers are quacks.

Burton N. Brooks of New York went further, estimating that out of 10,000 astrologists in New York city there are 15 good ones.

Guard Chickens With 'Brands'
LANCASTER, O.—(UP)—In the man-

BOLIVIAN'S CLAIM VICTORY IN CHACO

LA PAZ, Bolivia, Aug. 31.—(UP)—The Bolivian high command claimed a big victory in the Chaco warfare today, asserting the Paraguayans had been led into a trap in which 800 were killed.

A statement issued by military chiefs said the enemy in their haste to flee, left behind a large quantity of equipment.

"Our troops at present are busy burying the bodies of 530 Paraguayans who fell in action yesterday," the statement said. "On the worn cotton plantations were found rifles, machine guns, army equipment and ammunition in large quantities."

"The trap into which the enemy fell has had no equal in any campaign in the Gran Chaco up to today.

"The proportion of dead, up to now, as established by the high command, is approximately 100 Paraguayans to one Bolivian."

Crowded Jail Helped Prisoners
CAMDEN, N. J.—(UP)—Overcrowded conditions in the Camden jail recently proved a boon to 30 of 25 prisoners arrested on drunk and disorderly charges. The score of men was released because there wasn't room in the jail for them.

PRINTS MAY AID WAR ON DISEASE

LONDON.—(UP)—Fingerprints may come to the aid of the medical profession in its war on disease.

Dr. Heinrich Poll of Berlin told the delegates to the Anthropological congress that much more information could be obtained from finger markings than the records on police files provided.

During an outbreak of infantile paralysis it was found that the victims belonged to one group, all possessing the same characteristic features in their fingerprints. Similar results had been obtained in cases of people affected by other diseases.

It had been possible to distinguish inmates of a mental asylum from sane persons by means of their finger markings, claimed Dr. Poll, while racial and ancestral information also are obtainable by expert study of the fingers.

Professor Cummings of New Orleans, commenting on Dr. Poll's disclosures, stated: "There is perhaps some hope that we might isolate individuals who have a predilection for infantile paralysis in an area where infection has begun to spread."

First Girl in 67 Births
SADGUS, Mass.—(UP)—When Mrs. Henry O. Westendarp gave birth to a daughter, it was the first girl born in the family in 67 births during several generations.

Anient House Razed
LONDON.—(UP)—Aragon tower, Twickenham's oldest house, in which Catherine of Aragon once lived, is being pulled down for a garage extension.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



JUST AS YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF WARM AND DRY AFTER A VERY COLD PLUNGE YOU ARE FACED WITH THE PROSPECT OF MAKING GOOD YOUR RASH THREAT TO COME OUT AND GET JUNIOR, UNLESS HE COMES IN THIS MINUTE

By GUYAS WILLIAMS

S'MATTER POP—



By C M Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Suspense!



By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Farewells



By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—The Vulture



By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

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