

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

SYNOPSIS: Ivy Green is assisting Harvey Bowers, Big game hunter who is turning a taking a cargo of wild animals to Singapore. But she has never indicated that she returns his obvious regard for her until now. While the villainous Captain Wooty Bo of the S. S. Silders is assisting Bowers' gun, Ivy and Bowers are talking about the reason men kill things.

Chapter 17 FUTURE PLANS

"SOME people," said Bowers, "have subconscious memories, remembering things that happened a million years ago, maybe ten million."

"The first tiger I ever killed was a saber-toothed tiger—dream tiger. I was in an open space half-way between the river and the forest where I lived. He came after me and I ran, but my legs weren't made for running and I couldn't get to the trees fast enough and besides I was carrying a heavy wooden club."

"I stopped and turned and the tiger jumped for me. His mouth was open flat like a rattlesnake's when it strikes and the two saber-teeth stuck straight out in front just like the rattlesnake's fangs, only they were as big as bayonets."

"I hit with the club, and then I went down screaming, and he was on top of me pinning me there. I lived a thousand years. I thought that I'd been torn to pieces, but as a matter of fact, he hadn't made any effort to bite or claw. He was dead."

"Then I woke up, and I bet I was five pounds lighter than when I had gone to sleep."

"I took to big-game hunting for exactly the same reason that a duck takes to water: instinct. You know there's lots more to it than just the killing. You've said more than once that the hunter is armed to the teeth and takes no risks."

"The hunter takes as few risks as he can, but he can't duck out of all of them. If he keeps long enough at the hunting, some animal will get him or if it doesn't the hunt will. He risks the most dreadful hardships and fevers. And if he can confine himself to members of the cat-family, he is of good service to the community in which he hunts."

"Yes," she said, "I understand better than I did. I have for some time. But now that you have seen the other side; now that Big Ben" (this was the name they had given the male tiger) "comes to you of his own accord to be petted and depends on us for food and his clean cage, don't you feel different?"

"I do about Big Ben," said Bowers, and he was sincere.

"I have the hunting instinct too," said Ivy. "But I couldn't kill anything or see anything killed. I'd love to go hunting with a camera."

"IF YOU ever decide to try it," said Bowers, "especially on the dangerous animals, you will have to have a cover-up man with a big bang-stick, and the man might as well be me."

"You know," he went on hurriedly, "that isn't a bad idea. After Singapore, let's do it. We'll plan a trip into a country that neither of us knows. I'll only kill for food and to save life. We'll take along an expert camera-man and make a movie. There might be a piece of change in it. I'll put up the capital and we'll share the profits."

"It will be much more fun to do," said Bowers, "especially now. Now that we have been frank with each other and we have got everything explained and ironed out. How about it?"

She did not answer for some moments, and Bowers continued: "I don't suppose you know," she said, "that I like you a lot. I haven't said anything about it, but I don't suppose I have been able to keep it to myself."

"That's because I am the only woman in sight," said Ivy with some bitterness.

"Maybe that was true," he said. "Just at first. But it isn't true now. Your attitude to your job and to life in general makes you a very unusual person, even if you are the only girl in sight. I have the greatest admiration and respect for you."

She made no answer.

"And on top of that," he went on, "there's the liking you a lot. I would be sorry," he said, "to like you so much if I were sure that you were never going to like me, because then I'd know that there were pain and misery ahead of me and I am not used to either."

"You have always had everything you wanted in this world, just about when you wanted it, haven't you?"

"One of the lucky ones," he admitted. "Why? Am I as spoiled as that? Does it stick out all over me?"

"You're not as spoiled as you might be," she said.

"Not by you, I'm not."

He heard the whisper of a laugh.

"But you ought to reform," he said. "You have been bad to me. You just said so yourself. The best way to make up for that is to spoil me, if only a little."

Ivy quoted from the Blake poem in a caressing voice:

"Tiger, tiger burning bright..."

For answer, Bowers returned an admirable imitation of a cat purring, and they both laughed.

"How old are you anyway?" asked Ivy.

"Thirty-three."

"Why don't you grow up?"

"I will," he said, "if you'll promise to go on that camera-hunt. It would be a great test for both of us."

"A test of what?"

"WELL," he said, "if we found at the end of three months or so in the jungle of Southern India we were still friends, then we'd know that we would always get on together anywhere."

"Would that be worth finding out?"

"That," he said, "would depend on you. Are you interested?"

"I'd be a fool if I wasn't. Once this job's done, I have no place to go, no one to turn to. Those things aren't easy to live with."

"You don't have to worry about that," said Bowers. "If the worst comes to the worst, if you won't go camera-hunting with me, I'll see that you get back to America, and that you get the kind of job you want waiting for you. So although I have issued you a polite invitation, you are under no compulsion whatever to accept it."

"I can't help believing you," she said. "I think you'd do a lot for me with no strings attached."

"This trip," said Bowers, "has been fun, but now that we have decided to be friends and stop sparring, it's going to be more fun. I suppose you know that when I tell you I like you a lot, I mean a lot more. I think about you all the time. Will you believe me if I tell you that it's a new experience?"

"First you tell me," she said lightly, "that you are thirty-three years old and then you want me to believe that this is the first time you ever felt in a certain way."

"It is the first time," said Bowers, "and I give you my word, that my feelings about any young woman have been domestic. When I was cleaning my guns and you were dressmaking and we were close together and nobody saying anything I was happy."

"I liked it too," she admitted. "Being alone is no fun. I have had my fill of that."

"You don't have to be alone any more ever if you don't want to be."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"That you can have me always as a companion if you'll say the word."

"I'd better tell you," she said, "that I have heard that before and it didn't turn out that way."

"So far as I am concerned," said Bowers, "your life began the day I heard you scolding Helen in the tent. Anything that happened to either of us before that time ought to have no more importance than so much dust down the wind."

They were both silent for a time. Then Bowers said, almost brusquely, "Well... how about it?"

"About the dust down the wind?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean. I'm asking you to be my wife."

"I didn't realize that," she said quietly. "I think you are sincere. But I wouldn't be an honest friend if I jumped at the chance."

"Why not?"

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Tomorrow, Bowers and Ivy make their pact.

POLICE PROBING RECORD OF RED ARRESTED HERE

The authorities are investigating the record of Kyle Pugh, 48, transient agitator, held in the county jail to await action of the grand jury on a charge of criminal syndicalism, following his arrest Sunday by state police. He is specifically charged with possession and attempted sale of communistic literature advocating overthrow of the American form of government. Bonds were placed at \$1000.

Pugh was traveling in a burrowed, two-wheeled cart liberally placarded with signs reading: "Prepare for the Revolution," "Read the Literature of Your Class," and "Free All Prisoners."

Among the literature seized were pamphlets entitled, "Farmers, Awake and Arise," "The Blighted Farm Dealer," "Mode of Procedure in the Rural Areas," "Stall's Address to Farmers," and "An Attack on the New Deal." Membership cards in the "Canary and Agricultural Workers' Union," which attempted to foment a strike in the orchards here last August, and copies of the "Moscow Daily News," were also seized. Use of force in attaining Communistic aims are preached in the material.

Pugh's burro is held in the city pound for feed and care and will be turned over to the Humane Society. According to the authorities, Pugh has been making his headquarters at Grants Pass for several weeks, and has canvassed the canyons and

CUPID, NOT KIDNAPERS, CAUSED GIRL TO FLEE WYOMING DUDE RANCH

PINEDALE, Wyo., Sept. 12.—(AP)—Romance and not kidnaping explains the disappearance of Miss Virginia Ewing Gates, 22-year-old member of Philadelphia's social set, Sheriff W. D. Holt said today.

The sheriff revealed that the girl, daughter of Thomas E. Gates, who resigned as a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan and company to become president of the University of Pennsylvania, had disappeared from the Jack Dew dude ranch 35 miles northwest of here on August 14.

"I was told the girl was sent to the ranch a year ago in an effort to have her forget a love affair back in Philadelphia," the sheriff said.

"She became disaffected with the quiet life at the ranch and I believe she ran away, probably hoping to meet again the young man from Philadelphia."

AUTO FATALITIES MOUNT IN OREGON

SALEM, Sept. 12.—(AP)—The number of fatalities from automobile accidents in Oregon continued to mount as 27 deaths from that cause were reported during the month of August, by the motor vehicle division at the state department here. The number was three greater than for the same month last year.

The total killed up to September 1 for 1934, was 192, as compared to 156 in 1933.

Injuries from automobile accidents last month numbered 460, slightly less than last year when 416 were reported, although for the first eight months 3098 were injured, compared to last year's 2556.

Accidents in August numbered 1728, bringing the total for the year to date to 13,068, as compared to 1690 and 12,146 in 1933.

Of the deaths attributable to automobile mishaps last month, six were pedestrians.

There are 151 branches of the San Diego county, Calif., public library

THE FAMILY ALBUM—HOME ELECTRICIAN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

9-12 (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POP—

YA GOOD-TER-NUTHIN'!

HEY! WHY ARE YOU BLAMING THA WOMEN DOWN?

I HAVEN'T HAD A BITE ALL THIS TIME! I DON'T THINK IT IS HALF TRYING!

HM, I'VE BEEN AWAY SHORT ON BITES FOR YEARS, BUT I'VE NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT ONE!

OH-H, DIDN'T CHA, POP? WHY I THOUGHT OF IT FIRST THING!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Crippled—But Determined!

TOMMY AND SKIE TALK VOLUNTARILY THROUGH A FOGGY NIGHT AND ATTEMPT TO LAND ON TOP OF DEVIL'S RIDGE TO DELIVER A PACKAGE OF SERUM WHICH IS THE ONLY HOPE OF SAVING SENATOR ALLAN'S LIFE. TOMMY HAD TO SAIL OUT BECAUSE THE PLANE COULDN'T LAND, AND...

WELL I ASKED FOR A BREAK—AND GOT IT—A BROKEN LEG!

WHY COULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN A BROKEN ARM? I COULD WALK THEN...

I'LL GET THIS SERUM TO DOCTOR SLOANE—IF I HAVE TO—CRAWL—ALL THE WAY...

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Ready Explanation

FIRST OFF, LAD, ALL SUPPLIES IS ABOARD—MR. JEPHARD SEEN TO THAT—AN I'VE A LETTER FOR YOU FROM HIM—

DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TRIP, CAPN' IKE?

COULDN'T BEEN BETTER! NARY A STOP 'TWINX HERE AN' HOME PORT AN' BACK AGAIN—A FOLLOWIN' BREEZE BOTH WAYS—

MR. JEPHARD SAYS ALL IS WELL, DAVE, AND HE'S SENT US NEARLY A TON OF DYNAMITE—

GOOD!

DYNAMITE? BLESS ME NOW, IF OLD CAPN' IKE HAD KNOWN THAT—

--- DYNAMITE WAS ABOARD HE'D HAD MANY A HEART FLUTTER! STILL AN ALL YOU MUST CLEAR THE WATERS O' SHARKS AN' DEVILFISHES IF YOU WANT TO TAKE YOUR MOMIN' PITCHERS UNRESTRICTED LIKE!

THE NEBBS—And Then What?

AT LAST THE BLACKMAILER HAS OBTAINED AN ATTORNEY, AND NOW LETS SEE WHAT HAPPENS?

I SENT THAT TELEGRAM TO GET MONEY FOR YOUR HOTEL BILL— THAT WAS THE ONLY CHARGE THEY COULD HOLD YOU ON... THE DAME WHO CHARGED YOU WITH BLACKMAIL HAS LEFT TOWN!

A KEY! WHO COULD THROW THAT IN P— IF IT FITS THE DOOR, I KNOW I'VE GOT SOME FRIENDS AROUND!

WELL, THAT WAS NICE. MY FRIEND MUST HAVE SOME TRANSPORTATION AND I'LL LEAVE THIS BURG— BUT IF THIS DAME THINKS SHE IS THROUGH WITH ME SHE IS LABORING UNDER THE RAREST KIND OF OPTIMISM!!

To be Continued

Baker Hog-Corn Contracts First

PORTLAND, Sept. 12.—(AP)—Baker is the first Oregon county to have its hog-corn contracts approved by the Oregon board of review, and a total of \$46,683 will be paid to farmers in that county on 388 contracts.

Hubert L. Collins, chairman of the board of review, said quotas have been established for 23 of Oregon's 38 counties, and that allotment committees in each county have been rushing their work on contracts so as to get under the September 30 deadline.

Fishing with trotlines is illegal in 10 Texas counties.

Salmon Harvest On In Columbia

THE DALLAS, Ore., Sept. 12.—(AP)—Oillnetters, seiners and Indians, the latter using dip nets, took full advantage here yesterday of a better than normal fall run of salmon, and substantial quantities of the fish were delivered to cannery.

Two cents a pound was paid for Chinook, 3 cents for silverides, and 4 cents for steelhead.

Company Dirs.

MILAN, Italy, Sept. 12.—(AP)—Arturo De Sacco, the composer of "Funiculi Funicula," died here today.

BRINGING UP FATHER

NOW THAT WE HAVE NO MAIDS, MOTHER DECIDED TO DO THE MARKETING. SHE BROCKN' STORE ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO.

WHERE IS YOUR MOTHER?

THAT'S THE SPIRIT—AFTER ALL—MAGGIE IS A GRAND GIRL—AN' SHE KNOWS HOW TO SAVE WHEN SHE WANTS TO—

OW, THERE WAS THE CUTEST HAT STORE NEAR THE GROCER SO I BOUGHT SOME HATS— PAY THE BOY!

FRESH WRIGLEYS SPEARMINT FLAVOR THE PERFECT GUM

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