

# TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

**SYNOPSIS:** It began when Harvey Bowers, unexpectedly in charge of a cargo of acid on a route to Singapore, engaged Ivy Green as helper. And now, as the rotten old E. E. Boldero unlooses along the Borneo coast, Bowers, rich and a hunter of big game, asks Ivy to marry him. She says she should not accept him, and he asks why.

## OR LIFE

"BECAUSE," she said, "I think that you feel the way that you do because you are a young man and I am a woman, and we have been thrown together."

"Isn't there another side to that?" he suggested. "You are a young woman, and I am a man, and we have been thrown together."

Her unexpected answer moved him like sudden trumpet.

"If there had been a million men," she said, "I would like you best."

"That makes me feel pretty damned humble," said Bowers. He rose on the impulse, felt and stumbled his way around the cabin and sat down on the edge of her mattress. "I don't hear very well," he said, and his voice shook a little in spite of him. "What was it you said just now?"

"I said that if I had been thrown with a million men and you were one of them, I would have liked you best."

It was very dark in the triangle of the bows, but that night the stars were indistinctly bright and it seemed to him that she was a visible glamor, her hands which trembled found her shoulders.

"We will be married," he said, "the minute we get to Singapore, but Singapore is a long way from here."

"I know," she said.

"I don't know what I believe. But if there is a God He is everywhere and if I said here and now that you were my wife and that I'd give you a square deal until death came along and made a mess of things and if you said that I was your husband and you'd do the same by me, He'd be our witness."

She made no reply. As a rule a woman's silence means one of two things. It either means yes or it means no. It is a kind of speech of which every man must be his own interpreter.

The next morning when Bowers and Flint met for exercise with the improvised medicine ball Bowers displayed a juvenile and irrational gaiety. To the least reflective it must have been evident that there was a man who delighted in being alive and he flung the medicine ball with unnecessary force and fervor. Flint could hardly stand against the impact and his looks darkened. Jealousy springs more quickly to conclusions than any other force in nature.

At breakfast Flint perceived what another might not have noticed. It was no more than a subtle change in Bowers' attitude to Ivy and hers to him. It was casual as always, but the casualness seemed forced. There was an undercurrent of tenderness and Flint had the desolated feeling that they had reached an understanding, but he could not be sure and he felt that he had to be sure because the torment of uncertainty was so great.

ALL through the morning and early afternoon Flint watched for an opportunity to be alone with Ivy. The opportunity did not present itself until the work of caring for the menagerie was over for the day.

At luncheon there had been an argument between Wong Bo and Bowers as to the way in which a certain hand should have been played the night before. They had agreed to meet at four o'clock in Captain Wong Bo's quarters and thrash the matter out scientifically.

Ivy reclined in one of the lounge chairs, her eyes half closed, but after Flint came along and settled himself in the other chair, they opened, and she noticed that his expression was still dark and glowing.

It had been dark and glowing all day. Knowing perfectly well the state of his feelings toward herself, Ivy at once felt sorry for him and at the same time hoped that he would continue to leave those feelings unexpressed.

"I don't often get a chance to speak with you alone," said Flint. He was not reclining in his chair but

litter bolt upright on the edge of it. "I keep plenty busy," said Ivy, "and I ought to be dreaming at this minute." She had not liked the tone of the voice in which he had remarked that he did not often get a chance to talk with her alone. "And if you don't mind," she continued, "I'll run down and get my work."

"Can't I get it for you?" She was already on her feet, shaking her head and smiling. He accompanied her to the head of the narrow stair by which the passenger cabins were reached. Flint watched her until she had turned into the passageway at the foot of the stair and was lost to view.

For a few seconds he stood as one who is undecided. A wave of ugly emotion swept him. His brows gathered into a knot, and he went resolutely but softly down the stair.

The door of the cabin in which she changed and kept her things was ajar. The dress which she was making was folded into a towel. On the top of this neat package rested a neat little sewing-basket of Malay weave.

As he came opposite the door a plank in the ancient decking creaked and she faced quickly about. A woman less experienced in the ways of men than Ivy might have been terror-stricken at the expression of his face and the husky broken quality of his voice.

"You'll go to listen to me," he said.

"Willingly," said Ivy in her most natural and untroubled tones. "But it is much too stuffy down here."

SHE picked up the half-made dress, wrapped in the towel, and the work-basket. But Flint had come forward until he almost filled the narrow doorway. He had one foot in the cabin.

"There is no use talking on deck," said Flint. "It is too public."

"Haven't I anything to say about that?" she asked.

He made no answer, but went on with what he had come to say: "Listen," he said, "I've got money coming to me. Plenty of it. I know how you're fixed. You're up against it. But what's mine is yours. That's what I wanted you to know."

"That's a awful kind of you," said Ivy in an even voice. "But you're mistaken about me. I have a good job waiting for me in Singapore. Thanks for the offer just the same."

"You don't understand," said Flint thickly. "I want to marry you. I guess you know I've been crazy about you ever since you stepped your little foot on this ship."

"I am sorry," said Ivy. "You mean I don't stand any show with you. You don't give a damn about me."

"I do give a damn about you," said Ivy, "and I have liked you very much. Please don't do anything to spoil that."

Man's jealousy teems with intuitions.

"What makes you think you got a job waiting for you?" he said. "Who promised it? You didn't have one promised when we left Sinbao. You haven't received any radiograms, and either you have made it up in your head, or you're trusting to someone who hasn't the reputation for keeping promises."

"This kind of talk isn't doing any good," said Ivy. "It won't get you anywhere."

"Asking for what you want never does for a man anywhere," said Flint. "A man's got to take it."

He stepped suddenly all the way into the cabin and pulled the door shut behind him. Ivy was horribly annoyed, but not frightened. She was not afraid of tigers. She saw no reason to be afraid of a young man who was wily rather than strong, and whose emotions had momentarily unseated his reason.

"I wouldn't touch me if I were paid," she said. "I have a good pair of lungs and if you don't open that door and get out of here, I'll put up a yell for help that will be heard clear back in Sinbao. Be yourself. Look at your face in that mirror; you look as if you were going to have a stroke. Does apoplexy run in your family?"

She had put down her sewing and faced him, her eyes narrow and cold with contempt and her fists clenched. She had noted the exact position in its rack of the heavy glass drinking-water bottle, and she had so maneuvered that its narrow neck was within easy reach of her right hand. She was strong and vigorous.

(Copyright, 1934, by Gouverneur Morris)

Tomorrow, glass meets Flint.

al for a gentleman of capacity to eat 300 at a sitting.

The oyster of France is not the bulky, dead gray looking animal of the Chesapeake Bay. It is a succulent jade green and pearl colored morsel, far sweeter and more tasty than the best American bivalve. Here in France they are eaten raw, always raw. The French chef never will cook an oyster.

In France the oyster must be drowned in white wine. No French chef has sunk so low as to fry an oyster, because one could not then eat them by the dozen. Oysters are sold on the street corners and delivered to the home on big plates just in time for dinner.

It seems probable that with the triumph of the oyster, some smart chef will start cooking them, and the oyster will take the place of frogs and snails, which, after all, were best known during the siege of Paris, when there was no food, but lots of imagination on the part of hungry cooks.

Tests on several Kansas farms indicated with blindness showed a yield reduction of more than 33 per cent. Kansas State college experts reported.

## MORE FRESHMEN EXPECTED ENTER OREGON COLLEGE

Freshman week, which opens at Oregon State college Monday, September 24, is considered by officials there the most important week for the beginning student, and far from merely "rush" week that some have considered it in the past. Every new student is expected to attend the freshman week classes the same as those which follow, says E. B. Lemmon, registrar.

Registration of former students is set for Saturday, September 29, with regular class work starting Monday, October 1.

## SEEK POISON SOURCE SAWTELLE VET HOME

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 13.—(AP)—Dr. R. V. Stone, chief bacteriologist of the county health service has reported infection by flies, atmospheric currents or the hands of workers contaminated the ham that poisoned 350 inmates of the national military home at Sawtelle last Thursday.

Col. James Mattison, medical officer in charge of the home, said he would take immediate steps to determine how the meat became contaminated and would suggest measures to prevent a recurrence of the incident.

All those who partook of the meat are out of danger, county authorities said.

An automobile trailer 22 feet wide and 37 feet long, with rubber tires, is used to transport maximum loads of 200 tons on the Boulder dam project.

## FIRE LOSS DROPS FIRST HALF YEAR

SALEM, Sept. 13.—(AP)—A report released by State Fire Marshal Earl H. Averill today shows a summary of insured fire losses in the state for the first six months of 1934, listed 1782 fires at a loss of \$694,041, as compared to 2125 fires with a \$1,216,487 loss during the same period in 1933.

Loss paid by insurance amounted to \$597,500 as compared with \$1,047,828 during the first half of 1933. Resulting fatalities were greater this year with 11 as compared to seven last year, while injuries were less with 84 against 91.

During the six-month period the percentage of fire loss to the state of property at risk for the entire state was 3.45 per cent as compared with 5.6 per cent in 1933. In six counties, Columbia, Grants, Hood River, Linn, Multnomah and Yamhill the percentage of loss to value was less than the state average.

## DAVIS PROMOTED BY UNION PACIFIC R. R.

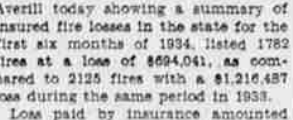
OMAHA, Sept. 13.—(AP)—Appointment of J. E. Davis, formerly of Portland, Ore., as assistant to the vice-president in charge of traffic, was announced today at headquarters of the Union Pacific system here.

Davis, for the past five years assistant to the freight traffic manager, will be succeeded in that post by Carl Beach of the Portland office, with headquarters here.

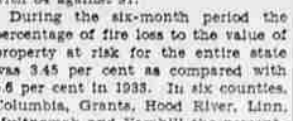
Cottonwood, Tex., has a well in the middle of its main street.

## THE ASSISTANT

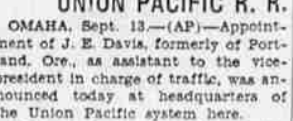
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



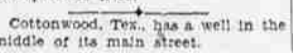
WATCHES FATHER CHANGE A TIRE. ASKS IS IT FUN TO CHANGE A TIRE? THEN WHY DOES HE DO IT? ETC., ETC.



TO STILL ENDLESS FLOW OF QUESTIONS FATHER SUGGESTS HE FETCH THE PLIERS OUT OF THE TOOL BOX



HOLDS UP ONE TOOL AFTER ANOTHER, CALLING: "LOOK, DADDY, IS THIS THE PLIERS?"



FATHER HAS TO COME AT LAST HIMSELF AND HELP HIM PICK OUT THE PLIERS

## DAVIS PROMOTED BY UNION PACIFIC R. R.

OMAHA, Sept. 13.—(AP)—Appointment of J. E. Davis, formerly of Portland, Ore., as assistant to the vice-president in charge of traffic, was announced today at headquarters of the Union Pacific system here.

Davis, for the past five years assistant to the freight traffic manager, will be succeeded in that post by Carl Beach of the Portland office, with headquarters here.

Cottonwood, Tex., has a well in the middle of its main street.



STATIONS HIMSELF BEHIND FATHER ASKING AT INTERVALS IS HE READY FOR THE PLIERS? NOW IS HE? NOW?



GETS BORED WATCHING AND WANDERS OFF WITH PLIERS WHICH BY THIS TIME, FATHER URGENTLY NEEDS

9-13 (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## 'MATTER POP-



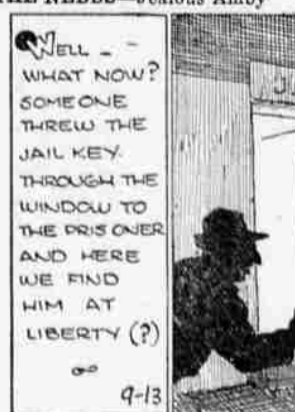
TAILSPIN TOMMY—So Near—Yet So Far!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—On Guard!



THE NEBBS—Jealous Amby



BRINGING UP FATHER



By Hal Forrest



By EDWIN ALGER



By Sol Hess



By George McManus



## FRENCH OYSTER WINS PLACE AS PALATE TICKLER

PARIS—(UP)—In France, the oyster is a delicacy of the most bitter gastronomic struggles of the ages, the delicious bivalves from the French and Portuguese coasts have been attached to the French menu. Millions of Frenchmen now eagerly await the coming of each September, when the restaurants announce the "grand arrival" of shell food.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL, I GUESS MAGGIE'S GONNA FALL IN LINE WITH MY GRIEME AN' ECONOMIZE. SHE JUST TOLD ME SHE WUZ GONNA COOK THE DINNER HERSELF.

## THE NEBBS—Jealous Amby

SOME OF THE BOYS MUST HAVE HEARD OF MY TROUBLE AND TOSSED ME THAT KEY.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

THERE SHE IS NOW PHONIN' TO THE GROCER. I WONDER WHAT GROCER-GONNA HAVE?

## THE NEBBS—Jealous Amby

YOU WONT NEED THESE PAINTS. WE'LL PUT THEM IN YOUR SHIRT SO YOU'LL FEEL SO LONESOME.

## THE NEBBS—Jealous Amby

SO HES A BLACK MAILER—WELL, THE TAR WILL MATCH HIS BUSINESS—ITS A SHAME WE DIDNT GET SOME CROW FEATHERS.

## THE NEBBS—Jealous Amby

IF THAT SUIT DONT WEAR LIKE IT OUGHTA COME BACK—ITS GUARANTEED.

## THE NEBBS—Jealous Amby

YOU AINT GOIN' TO BE ALONE LONG—SOME LADY BUZZARDS COMIN' DOWN—YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL.