

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

TRAP AND GUN

BOWERS' mind ran to traps and deadfalls. It would be no great trick to make an arrangement of backbreaking logs which upon the springing of a trigger would fall upon whatever was beneath them. But how, once it was built, the traps were to be enticed into this death-trap was another matter.

"Way back in the beginning," said Bowers, or rather lamented, "when the going was free for all, we ought to have trapped a goat or a pig. I wonder why we didn't think of it? Do you suppose we could catch one of Helen's monkey friends?"

"The last time they came to visit her," said Ivy, "one of them climbed halfway up the ladder. Perhaps if we fed them whenever they come around, and we have loads of patience, we can catch one. I don't know. . . . To me it seems rather cruel to use a monkey for bait. It's almost like using a child."

"But don't you see," said Bowers, "before the tigers get to the bait, the logs will fall on them and break their backs. Whether we catch a monkey or not, I am going to start building our trap first thing in the morning."

First, however, the guilty itself had



"Suppose your first shot misses?"

to be cleared of oranges and guavas. He made a thorough job of this, chopping the trucks and larger branches into short lengths, and tying them into light bundles which Ivy hoisted into the cave and stacked for firewood. Whether the deadfall was a success or not the firewood fully justified the trouble of the experiment.

While he was engaged on this methodical business of clearing and tidying up the first mission of building himself a kind of gun or rather a hand-cannon came to him.

THAT night after supper he dragged his gunnies into the middle of the cave and, by the light of a candle-nail impaled on a sharp stick, made a careful examination and inventory of their contents.

A piece of iron pipe about fifteen inches long, with a little remnant, and a chunk of the remnant to be a broken length of triangular file, he made to take snugly enough a .405 express cartridge.

A delicate steel screwdriver which actually belonged to one of the mending guns, he fixed into a trigger, and the piercing in the block of metal which he had remembered. A stock for his gun was a simple matter. He would fashion it from coconut-wood easily enough with two excellent tools. A saw and a pocket knife, and then and there he began the work of reaming the iron pipe to take the .405 cartridge. He was in a jubilant mood. He believed that the thing would work.

"I never thought," he said, "to come to it, but for all that it will be a grand gun."

Already he had explained the design to Ivy and succeeded in making her understand it. Her gifts were not mechanical.

"But," she said, "suppose your first shot misses? Won't it take forever to load it again?"

"Forever is right," he laughed. "Probably you have heard of six-shooters. Well, this gun is a one-

shooter. When it has once been fired there will be nothing left of it but fragments of metal loosely held together by copper wire.

"But if you are not able to try it a few times," she objected, "how do you know that it will shoot where you aim it?"

"I only know," he said, "that it won't. It isn't supposed to shoot where it's aimed. I am not making that kind of a gun. This is a short-range gun and only to be relied on when the muzzle is almost in contact with the target."

"If it's going to burst all to pieces," said Ivy, "won't you be afraid to shoot it?"

"LET me tell you something," he said, and his voice changed from bantering to serious. "I am afraid even to think of shooting it, but if the worst ever does come to the worst, it's got to be shot, and that's all there is to it."

"Seriously," said Ivy, "if you ever are really serious, what's the use of going to all this trouble? Time will take care of anything."

"That's not sure," he said, "except as a broad general proposition. You mean of course that if we stand for or sit tight in our cave, where nothing can get at us, in the course of time the tigers will exhaust their

LONDONERS SEE AUTOGIROS GRAB DOWNTOWN MAIL

LONDON (UP)—Some thousands of Londoners are suffering from cracks in the neck today as a result of watching the autogiro experiments of Britain's air-minded postal authorities.

The use of a wingless autogiro for delivering and collecting mails in the center of London and other big cities is the latest "hunch" of the postal authorities here in their campaign for snatching up the mail service of this country.

On several occasions recently city workers have gaped at the unusual sight of one of these "wind-mill" planes hovering over the roof of the General post office in the heart of London, practicing the trick of dropping and picking up mailings. The Air Ministry granted special permission for the autogiro to maneuver at a height of 100 feet, or less over the capital owing to its ability to land in a limited area in an emergency.

During the last few weeks the whole method of carrying mails in this country has been revolutionized by the inauguration of the first internal air-mail services to be operated in Great Britain. The principal obstacle to their speedy working so far encountered has been the distance between many airports and the towns they serve.

London's own airports lie at least ten miles from the center of the ex-

OHIO FARMERS HAPPY OVER 1934 RETURNS

WASHINGTON, Ohio (UP)—Things aren't gloomy on all farms nowadays. A Fayette county farmer declared recently: "My income from the farm this year is going to be much more than it has been in the last three years combined."

"I just banked a check for \$2,410, which I got from 171 head of hogs that averaged over 200 pounds. This is the first worthwhile check I have received from the farm in the last three years. The farm is showing a real profit now," he beamed.

Girl Sleeps On Tombstone Tiffin, O.—(UP)—Search for a missing 14-year-old Fostoria, O., girl, turned here following reports of a young girl's sleeping in a cemetery near Tiffin. The girl was surprised asleep on a tombstone, but leaped on a bicycle and rode away before she could be questioned.

APPLES BLOSSOM SECOND TIME IN DROUGHT REGION

KANSAS CITY, Mo. (UP)—The drought has the fruit orchards all haywired. L. C. Tisdler, Wichita, Kan., is exhibiting blossoms and buds on apricot taken from his apple tree. They are the second produced this year.

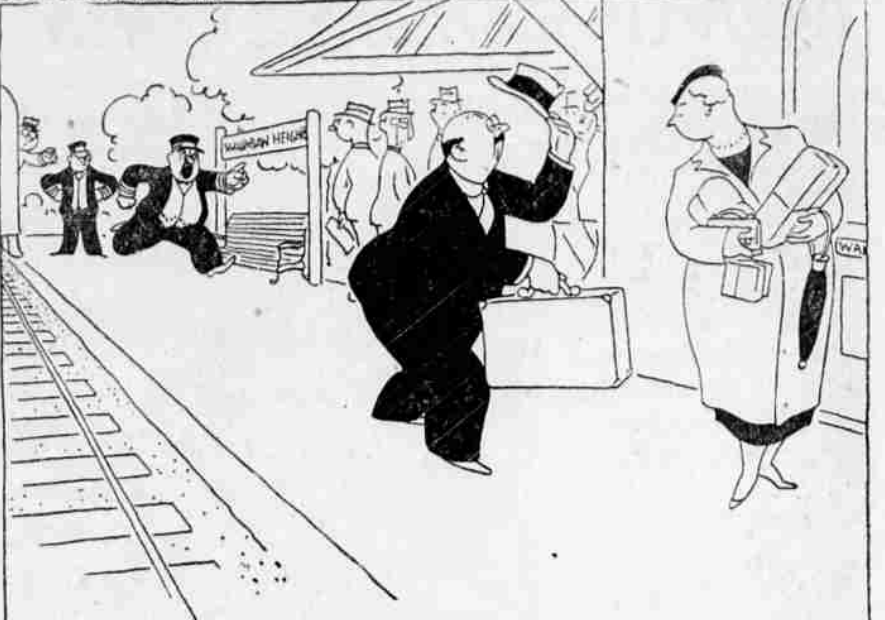
His apple tree blossomed and bore two bushels of apples early this summer. During the drought they struggled for life. August 1 the tree revived and began pushing forth buds.

The same phenomenon was noticed near Jefferson City, Mo., where Joseph Triber hopes to harvest two crops of apples this year. His trees bloomed early this spring and produced fruit in June. They are in bloom now and promise another crop before frost.

Roy H. Stauber, of St. Joseph, Mo., likewise is hoping to climb his fruit ladders for the second time this year. Deuded by lower temperatures and rains, his backyard apple orchard is in full bloom. The blossoms, however, are white instead of the customary pink.

Alfred McDonald, Wichita director of parks, has stepped forward with an explanation: "Fruit trees have been known," he said, "in times of drought, to protect themselves by becoming dormant during the dry periods. Then when cooler weather returns and there is some moisture the tree might start to grow, with little green leaves on the ends of the limbs and by blossoming a second time."

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS



FRED PERLEY DISRUPTED THE TRAIN SERVICE THE OTHER DAY, BECAUSE WHEN HE SAW A PASSENGER ON THE END SEAT GET OFF, ABSENT-MINDEDLY LEAVING A CASE BEHIND HER, HE GALLANTLY RAN AFTER HER DISCOVERING THAT THE SUITCASE BELONGED TO THE MAN ACROSS THE AISLE FROM HER.

S MATTER POP



Ed Provides a Clue!



Ben Webster's Career—Good Advice!



The Nerbs—And Now What?



Bringing Up Father



Sign Told Reason MYSTIC, Conn.—(UP)—A proprietor of a West Main street store, leaving for a short vacation, hung a sign in the window reading: "Owing to a slight attack of NPL similar to BD (see soap ads), caused by a complication of the NHA, CWA, CCC, FEBA, AAA, etc., this concern will be closed until Wednesday at 4 p. m. d.s.t."

Alive After 100-Foot Leap CINCINNATI, O.—(UP)—Hans F. Weusthoff, 62, was saved from death in the Ohio river after he had leaped 100 feet from a bridge. Two policemen, seeing him jump, seized a boat, took Weusthoff from the river within 10 minutes after his plunge. Impact with the water almost tore off Weusthoff's trousers.

Tomorrow, human bait is found for the deadfall.

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