

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

HUMAN BAIT

As a boy, Bowers had mixed fishing with shooting, and had mended and even made rods. To wrap the gun with wire he used the same technique with which the joints of a fishing-rod are wrapped.

Layer succeeded layer until he felt sure that the pieces of the barrel, when it was burst, would not fly dangerously. He added many extra layers of wire to those already concealing the junction of the barrel and the breechblock, the real danger-point.

Few nights now passed when the tigers could not be heard making angry lamentations in some part of the island or the other. Bowers may have been right about the new spring crop of goats and the careless mammas, but his ears told him that the tigers were not getting enough meat to content them.

Ivy's best efforts to capture one of the wild monkeys had been unsuccessful. They relished any food that was thrown them, they made great and on the whole ingratiating chattering and chattering, but neither she nor Helen could induce one of them to climb all the way up the notched palm trunk and submit to capture.

But one day Ivy came softly through the cave to the back door where, in the pleasant afternoon shadows, Bowers was whittling her spoon out of orangewood, and said that the monkeys had come on a visit, and she thought perhaps if she herself kept out of sight they might actually come on the ledge and play with Helen.

"If they'll only come once," she said, "and find that nothing awful happens to them, they'll repeat. Some of them in their hearts long to be tame monkeys."

After a while she stole back to the front of the cave to see if she had guessed right. What she discovered was the opposite of what she hoped. The wild monkeys had not yielded to Helen's invitations and blandishments. It was she, the bad little egg, who had yielded to theirs.

Ivy was disappointed, and at the same time she was more amused than troubled. It was not the fact that Helen, as Ivy expressed it, had listened to the "call of the wild and gone native."

She returned to Bowers and reported. He cut a delicate shaving from the handle of the spoon and thought to himself: "If not Helen, then what—or?" and a smile flickered in the corners of his mouth, "what?"

That night the tigers paid a visit, but this time they came up through the back valley and kept a certain distance. Bowers' arrangement of heavy logs all ready, to fall was viewed by them even in their ravenous state of hunger with profound suspicion.

To the question "Who?" there could be but one answer. No pig or goat was to be obtained. Helen had run off. Ivy was of course out of the question, and it seemed to Bowers that he himself was the only possible solution.

Two nights later, while Ivy was soundly sleeping, the opportunity offered. The moon was nearly full. Having looked from the front of the cave and seen nothing and heard nothing he had gone to the back.

He perceived the tigers almost at once. One was standing and one was lying. Their heads were turned in his direction. The one that was lying down growled and rose to its feet. The beasts looked thin and ragged. Their ribs were prominent. Bowers fetched his gun and hammer-stone, to be on the safe side, also his ax, and climbed down the notched ladder into the gully.

He believed in his deadfall. He believed himself to be in no more danger than if he had remained in the cave. Nevertheless, at finding himself on the same level with his enemies, his heart beat faster.

"Well," he thought, "here I am, a big lump of sound meat. Come and get it!"

Finally, the female stepped one paw a little way into the network of shadows and then the other. Nothing happened. She looked nervously to the right and left and then upward. In the jungle she had never seen just such an arrangement of tree-stems, and she did not like it.

Nevertheless, after another long period of balking, she made one more step forward; and then, her eyes on Bowers and the tip of her

tail moving... she began to creep slowly toward him. She could have reached him with one bold leap. In building the deadfall he had not thought of this possibility. She looked for all the world as if she were getting ready to spring. He was badly frightened, but his head remained clear and his hands did not tremble too much. He calculated as well as he could what she would be toward the end of her spring. Holding the gun with his left hand, he directed the muzzle toward the imagined place, and with his right hand grasped the hammer-stone with which to strike the firing-pin when the time came.

The muscles of the great gaunt she-beast were all tensed and quivering, but she did not spring. She tensed forward inch by inch until presently the last trigger obstructed her. She placed one forepaw lightly upon it. The first touch could not have broken an egg but as she continued to edge forward, the paw had to support weight, and suddenly the trigger gave way and in a moment she was broken and buried under a ton of heavy timbers.

Now, of course, was the male's chance, but in the crash of the deadfall and the sound of his mate's one scream he forgot the hunger that tortured him and fled in an abject panic of fear and with no more subtlety than a common house-cat when jumped by a dog.

The crash and the scream waked Ivy from her sound sleep. She hurried through the cave to the back door, stumbling, tripping and barking her shins in the darkness. When she reached the opening Bowers was already more than halfway up the ladder. He was badly shaken, and his nerves were jumping like fleas. He was panting as if he had been under water, and words came from him only in jerks.

"We got one... phew!" This was followed by a broken laugh. He leaped against the side of the cave and bit his lips. "You're not hurt?"

"No," he said. "But was I scared!"

"What happened?"

Words and phrases now came easily, and he told her full speed ahead.

"And so," he finished, "all we have to do is to build our trap again and wait until the male comes into it. Just now he probably thinks that he would rather starve to death. But he won't be strong enough to do that. Hunger will hurt him so that he'll be willing to try anything once. The yellow dog! Sending his wife in first to see what would happen. Then, if nothing had happened and she'd got me after taking all the risks, he'd have driven her off 'till he had eaten all the choice pieces."

They rebuilt the deadfall only to find, one morning, that it had been sprung during the night. Examination disclosed the crushed, mangled body of McLeod's thirty-foot python, which had swum ashore from the Bolero.

Hitherto they had hardly given the great serpent a thought, but now they experienced retrospective thrills of horror. He could have coiled up their ladder and into the cave at any time, and without effort and crushed one or the other of them as they slept.

At the base of the gully where the volcanic ash was loose and deep, they scraped a shallow pit and buried the remains of the python. When the deadfall was once more set, they thought, the odor of these remains, uncovered for the purpose would draw the remaining tiger into the trap.

But the remaining tiger was again ravenously hungry. He lurked in the neighborhood of the deadfall all the time they were rebuilding it, and behaved so menacingly that they laid and maintained a barrier of fire against him. Sometimes he came close to this fire and roared at them.

While Bowers toiled Ivy stood by with the gun and the hammer-stone, ready to pass them to him if the need arose. This time he was working backward from the mouth of the gully in order to place at least a few heavy logs and one loosening trigger between them and the enemy.

But this necessitated certain changes and rearrangements, and what with this and the fact that he was working nearly all the time with one eye on a tiger, made progress slow.

Tomorrow, Ivy breaks a lifelong habit.

COW CREEK MINER NEAR STARVATION FINDS BIG NUGGET

ROSEBURG, Ore., Sept. 29.—(AP)—Broke and with a cupboard bare than Mother Hubbard's, that is, if he had owned a cupboard, which he didn't; a few rags to keep him from being a complete nudist, this was W. T. Penninger, "depression miner," the first of the week as he panned gravel in Cow creek canyon to eke out a bare existence.

He was shoveling gravel Wednesday in order to glean the few small specks of gold he hid, when a yellow, lopsided disk about the size of a silver dollar, appeared in the sluicelike front of him.

It looked like gold. Penninger feared his imagination was beginning to play tricks on him. It had happened to other miners. He trembled as he reached into the sluicelike front. The instant he picked it up he knew it was gold—a flat nugget with bits of fine gravel interspersed through it.

Penninger went to a neighboring mining camp and borrowed a shirt, a pair of trousers and some shoes and took the nugget to the Glendale Pharmacy. It weighed 31 pennyweight, the largest nugget to be found in the Cow creek district in many years.

He was paid \$48.40 and returned to his diggings with warm clothes, good shoes and a winter's brustake.

Last week of Midget photos at Peasley Studio.

Hudson to Stage Ruggedness Drive

A ruggedness run embracing a tough 1850 mile circuit through Washington and Oregon will be started early in October by the Hudson Motor Car company. A Hudson-Terraplane which will be selected at random from among owners of 1934 models will be driven continuously over the route night and day for a period of two weeks. All sorts of roads are included in the run which has been laid out as a real demonstration of the stamina and ruggedness of the car. A year's hard driving will be concentrated in the two-week period.

Three shifts of drivers will be employed. These men will be of average type and not professional or race drivers. Performance demonstrations are included in the program along the route. It is estimated that the car will complete the circuit every two or three days.

Newspaper and radio announcements will inform interested observers and spectators of the progress of the run and will tell of the projected arrival of the car in different towns along the route.

Not only will the car be selected from among Hudson-Terraplane owners by a drawing, but owners will also be given an opportunity to name the car to win a cash award and later to write a slogan descriptive of the run to be used in future newspaper advertising. Winning slogans will earn substantial prizes. The car will be painted conspicuously with its name and the roads over which it passes will be indicated by route markers.

The car winds through the two states by devious roads as to touch important centers and also take in sections of unimproved highways and will afford a real test of the car. The car will leave Seattle traveling north

to Bellingham and south through Tacoma and Raymond to Portland, continuing to Eugene, Marshfield to Klamath Falls. The route then proceeds north and east through Bend, Redmond, Walla Walla and up to Spokane. The circuit then swings westward to Astoria, Emser, Wenatchee and back to Seattle.

This two-state run taking place in this vicinity is part of a national program of ruggedness runs which will blanket every section of the country during the coming month. Approximately twenty Hudson-Terraplane all selected in the same manner from private owners, will be sent on their way over circuits approximating 1850 miles in length through all kinds of roads in what is considered to be the most extensive ruggedness demonstration ever undertaken by an automobile company.

Dur'igello's To Serve New Lunch

Dur'igello's Restaurant, located north of Medford near the Pine Cone, is now featuring a popular priced merchants' lunch from 11:00 a. m. to 2:00 p. m. according to an announcement by Mrs. Thelma Dur'igello, proprietor of this new establishment.

American dishes will be featured, together with Italian meals and steaks, and chops will be available on a la carte orders, according to Mrs. Dur'igello's announcement.

NEW YORK DOCKERS STRIKE IS AVERTED

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—(AP)—A truce was reached today between deep-sea steaming operators and the International Longshoremen's association preventing a threatened strike of 40,000 waterfront workers expected to be declared Monday.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—SAVING TIME

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Col. Porter Appeals to Paul for Help!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Showdown!



THE NEBBS—Look Out for the Holey Man



BRINGING UP FATHER



V. F. W. WILL ELECT MONDAY EVENING

Regular meeting of the Veterans of Foreign Wars will be held at the armory Monday evening, October 1, at 8 o'clock. Annual election of officers will be held and a full attendance is requested.

The following have been nominated for office: Commander, E. W. Wall; senior vice-commander, A. E. Anderson; junior vice-commander, H. B. Brunson; W. G. Drummond, A. E. Hukill; chaplain, O. E. Hukill; G. B. Waterman; H. Ingling, officer of the day; A. E. Hall; E. A. Pelletier; quartermaster, J. Wood; H. B. Brunson.

PORTLAND, Sept. 29.—(AP)—A survey to provide complete field data on a plan to control flood waters of Mill creek in Salem, was approved by the state emergency re-

BOY SCOUTS TO HOLD HONOR COURT MONDAY

Boy Scout Court of Honor will be held on Monday evening, October 1, at the courthouse auditorium, according to announcement issued. The board of review of which L. D. Jones is chairman will meet at 7 o'clock, and all scouts are requested to be prompt for views on their tests. The court will be at 8 o'clock with Don Newbury as judge.

A large number of awards are to be presented Monday, as this is to be the first court since summer camp.

Be correctly coseted in an Artist Model by Edwyna B. Hoffmann.

By C M Payne



By Hal Forrest



By EDWIN ALGER



By Sol Hess



By George McManis

