

"Then all hands aboard our boat, including Tolux, and the fallen warrior from the Talkeetna," yells Go Bang.

Tolux is lugged aboard by Hind Hide, and I and Go Bang pack this fire eater on, and Weg Mallory gets on reluctant, and away we go.

We arrive up at the Apex. Go Bang pokes his resignation in the hell box, pins back his badge and organizes to write documents. It's a half and half agreement between Weg and Hind Hide, and I witness, and even this Whoopla contrives to put down a name.

"Go Bang," I says inquisitive, "whatever secret confab did you-all have that time in the *heehee* with this Whoopla here?"

"Why, I says how I had doubt he ever licked Hind Hide on the level. And I says further if Hind Hide, in reasonable time, don't come back and lick him, why I will. Tonight, I was aiming to try."

"Oh, la," groans this Whoopla, after he's inquired the time of the packet boat back to the mainland, "tomorrow I aim to take what's left of me back to the Talkeetna where life is more calmer and serene."

Sure, Hind Hide now has pants sufficient for the Russian army.

Tolux? He's getting terrible fat. He mainly just lollygags around Hind Hide's *barabara*.

He don't hunt none, Tolux don't. He don't have to. Fish abundant is brung to him every day.

THE END

Man Shot by Rabbit

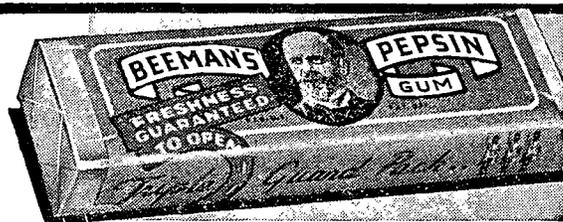
SINCE the beginning of time, sportsmen have been killed or injured in freak accidents. Recently in Budapest a hunter was shot by a rabbit he had bagged. He had fastened the hare to his belt, believing it dead, but the animal suddenly took a new lease on life, kicked out, discharging the hunter's gun. The man was severely wounded.

—Franklyn Powderly.

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Tomorrow We Die

By **GEORGE BRUCE**

Author of "Catapult," "Launch Planes," etc.

CHAPTER I.

FEUD'S BEGINNING.

TO appreciate the feud between Garrity and Strong and the fact that it had continued over twenty years of history within the Corps, it would be necessary for one to approximate a red corpuscle in the life stream of the United States Marines. It would be difficult for anyone not a Marine to understand the feud and its nature. Its existence was known to every man who wore the Globe and Anchor on his hat and tunic collar between the years of 1901 and 1918.

The amazing thing is that it all began over a puppy. An Imperial puppy, it is true; not an ordinary mongrel or thoroughbred in the common sense of the term, but the puppy of an Emperor or, perhaps, an Empress.

In 1899, Bill Strong was a raw boned, lantern-jawed kid shaped out of raw hide and barrel staves. He was fresh out of his native Tennessee mountains, and the soft drawl of the South fell out of his mouth like the passage of water coursing over the rounded stones of a mountain stream. He was long legged and ridiculously tall. His body was tanned a nut brown from the