

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

SYNOPSIS: The sign of the Wolf Ho and his radio operator, Phil, to assist the "Bolder" for the insurance has been temporarily postponed by the illness of Anous McLeod. McLeod is taking a course of medicine to Singapore, but must go aboard at the Dutch port of Sibabo for an appendicitis operation. Harvey Bowers, big game hunter, offers to chaperone the animal on to Singapore, and engages Ivy Green, animal trainer in a delectable circus, as helper. Ivy tells Bowers about a cigarette-catching honey-bee.

Chapter Nine

FINAL INSTRUCTIONS

"DIDN'T masticating cigars make the honey-bee sick?" asked Bowers. "He said not," Ivy answered, smiling. "He would rub his stomach when they were down, and the expression on his face was not pain. It was sheer bliss. For some time after he had swallowed a package of cigars he would look and behave like a blessed angel."

They drew up presently in front of the hospital, and after hesitation, Bowers thought that Miss Green had better be on hand in case McLeod wished to ask her questions.

"I won't tell him that I have engaged a woman," said Bowers. "But these Scots are devilish shrewd and he may guess. Then, of course, he would want to see you. But don't worry about that. You have sold yourself to me absolutely, and you'll sell yourself to him."

Like everything else in Dutch Malaysia, the Sibabo hospital had an immaculate look. A man need not have objected to eating his curry from the veranda instead of from a clean plate.

The building was of modern construction. It was only one story in height, but there was a fine big atrium under the green-tiled roof, and strategically placed electric fans helped to keep the temperature down.

The appointments of the hospital were surprisingly modern. On the right, as you went in, was a waiting-room with sections of newspapers and periodicals. On the left there was an office where you gave your name and stated your business to a sweet-faced middle-aged Dutch woman in a nurse's uniform.

But Bowers, apparently, did not have to give his name. He had accompanied McLeod to the hospital earlier in the day, and the woman remembered him. She nodded to him and spoke softly through a telephone, and almost immediately Dr. Van Reuter appeared in the entrance hall, still wearing the white smock and turban in which he had operated.

It had of course been frightfully hot in the operating-room and the doctor was drenched with sweat. It made dark patches on the white smock, and it must have been running into his eyes, for he wiped them from time to time with the backs of his hands.

For the rest he was smiling and cheerful. He knew that he had done a good job. Whether McLeod lived or not was another matter. The appendix, he told them, had not burst. For the rest, poor McLeod had had less vitality than had been expected, and was a very sick man.

"WILL he live?" asked Bowers. "He isn't an old man," said Van Reuter, "and he will have every care. If there are no complications, I expect to pull him through. He has only just come out of the ether, and ought not to make an effort of any kind; but he insists on seeing you."

"He could perfectly well afford to hold the ship over for another day and see you tomorrow, but you know these Scotsmen. The mere thought of spending a penny that doesn't actually have to be spent runs up their temperature when they are sick, and makes it subnormal when they are well."

"If it were a question of your life or mine, I would say 'No visitors,' but it's a question of McLeod's life. McLeod is a Scotchman, and you know how they hang on to whatever belongs to them."

"By the way, Doctor," said Bowers, "I have engaged an animal trainer. Miss Green, may I present Dr. Van Reuter?"

"You are the trainer?" asked Van Reuter.

The young woman nodded. "That isn't so good," said the Dutchman. "I'll have to be frank. While McLeod was coming out of the ether, he talked about women in general, and women in particular. I regret to say that he goes so far as to consider them a race apart—a race accursed."

Miss Green turned to Bowers. "That's your cue," she said, "tell him what you'd tell any other sick animal. Tell him that everything's all right. Tell him that you guarantee it. But whatever you do, don't make a slip and tell him that the trainer you have engaged is a woman."

Van Reuter, who had managed to clear the sweat out of his eyes, watched her attentively while she was speaking, and when she had finished, the male in him suddenly transcended, he exclaimed:

"And above all, don't tell him that she is a young, charming, and beautiful woman!"

"Hey," said Bowers, "what's the idea? You and she aren't going to be shipmates. Leave some of those galling things for me to say, for heaven's sake."

Ivy Green shrugged her shoulders. It began to look as if Harvey Bowers, in spite of the snubbings which he had received, was incorrigible. You smacked him down, and up he bounced for more.

"If by any chance, I am wanted," she said, "to put in a good word for myself, I'll be in the waiting-room."

Bowers followed Van Reuter to the door of the private room to which McLeod had been taken from the operating-table. On the way he determined that if it were necessary in keeping the sex of the engaged trainer secret from McLeod, he would lie to the last ditch.

McLEOD, a very sick man, to judge by the granite-gray of his face, lay flat on his back without even a thin pillow under his head; but his mind was clear, and he had just finished dictating a short note, introducing Harvey Bowers to his agents in Singapore, and touching on money matters.

The nurse in attendance had taken this down on a prescription pad, and as there was no envelope available, she simply folded the sheet on which she had written, and which McLeod had already signed, wrote the agent's address, turned down one corner, and at a faint gesture from McLeod, handed the completed letter to Bowers.

"Well," said McLeod, "what luck! Have you got a man?"

"A peach," said Bowers promptly.

"A what?" said McLeod, with feeble amazement.

"A peach," Bowers repeated. "It is an American word. It means efficient, competent."

"How old will he be?"

"Old enough to be steady."

"A thing of vast importance," said McLeod. "Has he the strength?"

"Strong as a lion," said Bowers without hesitation, "and now that's all you need to know. The doctor said I wasn't to stay but two minutes. I have the instructions that you gave me, and I wrote down. I have got a first-class trainer, and unless the ship is wrecked, I give you my word that everything will be all right."

A look of great canniness came into the Scotchman's heavy eyes, and again a smile flickered about the gray lips.

"Even if the ship is wrecked, lad, die," he said, "everything will be all right. The Scot may not have invented gunpowder, or printing, or perfumery, or silk stockings; but he did invent insurance."

This time Bowers' laugh, though subdued, was natural.

"You have nothing to worry about," he said. "I know you feel rotten now, but the doctor says you are in splendid shape. The first thing you know, you will be up and about."

"That may be laddie," said McLeod. "I can only tell you this: If Angus McLeod is to part from his life in a jumping-off place like this, 'twill only be after a terrific combat betwixt a Scot and his Maker."

"Now you're talking!" exclaimed Bowers, and he patted the sick man's hand. "Good luck to you!"

He had turned and was moving toward the door when McLeod called him back.

"If the animals begin to itch and scratch," he said, "flowers of sulphur will be indicated."

"Sib," said Bowers, "and good luck to you!"

"It's a well-known fact," said McLeod, "that an a sparin' and a savin' man; but here with I make you a free gift of my blessing."

Overcome by weariness, McLeod's eyelids flickered and closed; and Bowers, with a smile and a nod for the nurse, tiptoed out of the room.

Ivy Green took up her duties on the Holders before her luggage was aboard, or she had been assigned to a stateroom.

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Tomorrow, lines are drawn for a strange voyage.

CLUE SOUGHT IN ICE BOX DEATHS

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Sept. 3.—(AP)—From the lips of a two-year-old boy, able to prattle only a few words, authorities today sought a clue which would put them on the trail of the attacker of the child's two young sisters, whose bodies were found locked in an ice box.

An autopsy revealed the girls, Maryann, 7, and Mary Patia, 6, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Palva, hop pickers, had been criminally assaulted.

At first authorities believed their little brother, Alfred, had locked them accidentally in the new, shiny ice box at the Palva ranch home, 18 miles from here, but the autopsy findings of Dr. G. H. McDonnell sent sheriff's deputies searching for the attacker.

BONDED WAREHOUSES TO HOLD PRUNE CROP

SALEM, Sept. 3.—(AP)—Eight bonded warehouses, where prune growers may store their fruit and receive warehouse receipts, will be established in the prune growing districts, R. A. Bailey, administrator for the prune control board announced here.

The storage plants will be located at Roseburg, Yamhill, McMinnville, Sheridan, Dallas, Salem, Dundee and Albany.

Mexican Rebels Killed

MISANTLA, Vera Cruz, Mexico, Sept. 1.—(AP)—Two rebel chieftains and four federal soldiers were killed in a clash between a group of 25 insurgents and federal forces, 25 advisers reaching here today said.

Feathers For Fall



Feathers, says the stylist, will be modish in milady's bonnets in fall. Here's a model, Russian in line, with two red quills set in Indian fashion behind. (Associated Press Photo)

Cheaper in the long run. Better looking and shape retaining. Klein tailored suits made to fit you (of guaranteed workmen) from \$30 up. KLEIN THE TAILOR, 129 E. Main.

LUMBER CARRIER PILES ON BEACH

DEL MONTE, Calif., Sept. 3.—(AP)—Running around on Pebble beach in a dense fog, the lumber laden freighter J. B. Steaton was abandoned today, and marine authorities said the old wooden steamer would be a total loss.

Captain Carl Hubner and his crew of 20 men were removed safely from the boat by coast guardsmen on the cutter Daphne, who reported the craft of 821 net tons was filled with water and back was broken.

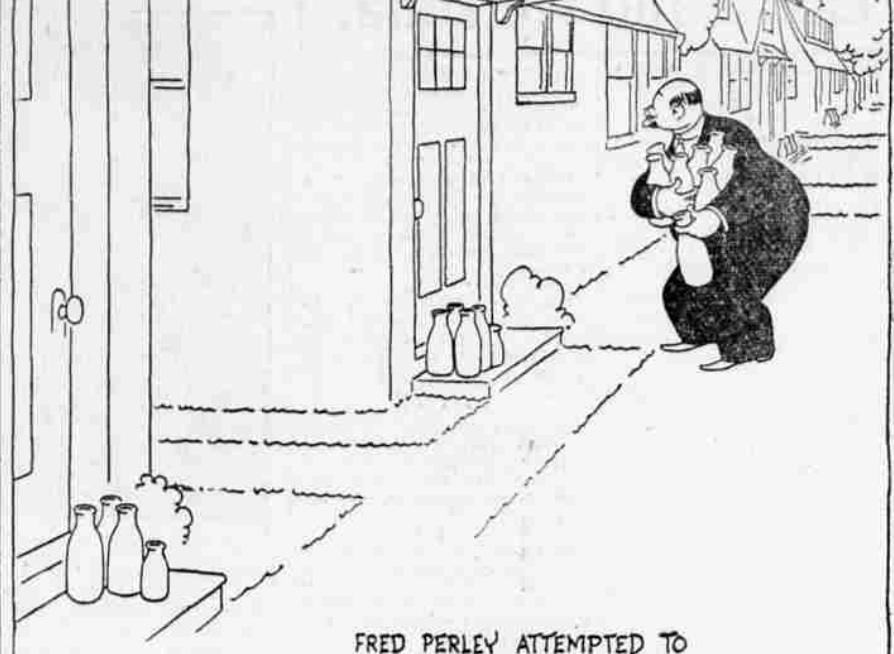
The vessel, cutting through a calm sea, apparently got off her bearings and rammed into submerged rocks as she attempted to ease her way into Monterey bay.

KIDNAPERS EN ROUTE TO ALCATRAZ CELLS

BELEN, N. M., Sept. 3.—(AP)—An armored train, presumably carrying convicts from the federal prison at Leavenworth to the new isolation penitentiary at Alcatraz, passed through here at 1 a. m.

Newspapermen at Glavis said they recognized Harvey Bailey, George "Machine Gun" Kelly and Albert Bates, who got life terms in connection with the Charles Urschel kidnaping, among the prisoners in the three heavily barred and guarded coaches.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS



FRED PERLEY ATTEMPTED TO TAKE CARE OF THE MILK WHICH HIS NEIGHBORS HAD FORGOTTEN TO STOP WHEN THEY WENT AWAY FOR THE LABOR DAY WEEK-END, BUT HE SOON GAVE IT UP AS A HOPELESS JOG

8 MATTER POP—



LET'S HAVE OUR DAILY INTELLIGENCE TEST. AN' SEE WHAT YA KNOW ABOUT AUTOS



WHAT'S THIS FOR?



THAT'S TO HIT OTHER AUTOS AN' FOLKS WITH



I'M MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORDED DIFFERENTLY, BUT STILL I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU A HUNDRED ON THAT ONE!



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Siren in the Night!



I HEAR SENATOR ALLISON WENT UP IN THE LUPE MOUNTAINS WITH DR. SLOANE TO HUNT FOR DEER



YEP! WHILE HE'S HUNTING WE GOTTA SIT HERE AN' WAIT FOR AN AIR-MAIL CONTRACT--THAT GUY'S GOT THIS MAIL-SITUATION IN TH' PALM OF HIS HAND HE'S AS CLOSE TO TH' POSTMASTER GENERAL AS...



WELL, FOR JOHN'S SAKE, I WISH HE WAS THAT CLOSE TO THE CHIEF--SO YOU BIRDS WOULD FLY THE MAIL AGAIN AND GIVE ME SOME PEACE!



LISTEN...! DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?



SOUNDED LIKE A SIREN... YEP!... THERE IT GOES AGAIN!



STOP! IS VO BRIAR OR IS YO A GHOST'S DAWG?



GLOVE BE, IT'S BEN HIMSELF!



HI, EVERYBODY!



TELL US QUICK! WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'D YOU FIND BRIAR? WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? WHO'D YOU SEE?



YES, BEN, TELL US--WE'RE BURNING UP WITH CURIOSITY!



WELL!



WELL, WHAT?



WELL, THIS-- I NEVER WAS SO BROKE IN MY LIFE-- I HAVE A BILL FROM THE HOTEL AND I CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER WITHOUT PAYING-- WHEN CAN I PROMISE THEM SOME DOUGH?



USE YOUR OWN JUDGMENT YOU'VE BEEN A PROMISING YOUNG MAN EVER SINCE YOU LEFT SCHOOL!

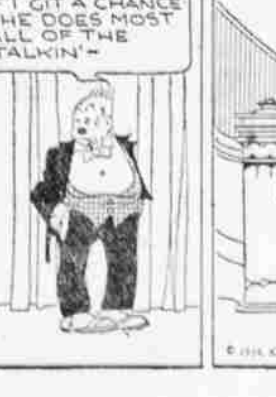


NOW, LISTEN-- MR. POTTS STILL WANTS ME TO MARRY HIM-- I GOT HIM ONCE FOR A LOT OF MONEY-- YOU KNOW THAT-- I CAN GET HIM AGAIN BUT A BURNED CHILD DREADS THE FIRE AND HIS POCKET-BOOK IS STILL HOT!

BRINGING UP FATHER



GO IN AND TALK TO MISS CARRIE GOSSUP BE CAREFUL HOW YOU TALK-- SHE'S A GREAT SINGER-- TELL HER WE ARE GOING TO THE OPERA TONIGHT.



I'LL TALK TO HER IF I GET A CHANCE SHE DOES MOST ALL OF THE TALKIN'--



A LOT OF SWELL JOBS ARE ALWAYS PICKED OUT FER ME TO DO--



I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE SINGIN' IN A CONCERT SOON?



YES--NEXT WEEK I'M GOING TO SING A SONG THAT I SANG TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL!

FRESH WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT FLAVOR
THE PERFECT GUM
MINI-BARS

Church Meet Ends
PORTLAND, Sept. 1.—(AP)—With Bishop I. D. Warner preaching a sermon on "Motive of Christian Service," the annual convention of the Oregon conference of the United Brethren church will close here Sunday morning.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Frowbridge Cabinet Works.

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