

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

SYNOPSIS: Not knowing that Captain Wong Bo and his radio operator, Flint, plan to scuttle the "Boldero" for the insurance, the big game hunter Harvey Bowers agrees to accompany a cargo of wild animals to Singapore for their owner. Angus McLeod, who has been put ashore at the Dutch port of Sibao with acute appendicitis. Bowers engages an assistant animal trainer from a stranded circus, Ivy Green. What is more important, he finds her very attractive. Flint is telling Bowers and Ivy about the "Boldero's" limited accommodations.

Chapter 11 GETTING SETTLED

HE turned his smiling face to Miss Green. "The cabins are pretty bad," he said. "You can have mine if you prefer it, but it's no better. Mostly, I sleep on a mattress outside the wireless-room. It's a lot cooler on deck than below."

"Personally," said Bowers, "I am going to use my cabin or cabins as dressing-rooms and parcel-rooms. I understand that you are a part owner. It's therefore with regret that I must report that your ship seems to have been built for the convenience of cockroaches and worse."

"We do the best we can," said Flint. "Every now and then we close all the ports, batten down all the hatches, and do a great extermination act with sulphur or formaldehyde. The only trouble is we don't exterminate. They seem to like it."

"The bathroom," said Bowers, "ought to have been a de luxe cabin. It is only a shower, but it has two portholes and an open transom over the door. The bolt, with which the door was formerly fastened, has shorted off, and the key to the lock is doubtless in the collection of some souvenir hunter."

"The bath is airy in more ways than this. The curtain, which formerly may have contained a percentage of rubber, now resembles that material which, in the best dressmaking establishments, goes by the name of 'Peekaboo.'"

"The best way," said Flint, "to bathe on this ship is to come on deck and have some of the crew wash you with buckets of sea-water."

"I think," said Miss Green, "that I'll have to give the shower a fair trial."

"I had an idea," said Bowers, "that the sleeping accommodations on the Boldero might not be as represented in the company's recent world-wide advertising campaign, so I bought two mattresses at a trading-store. They may be a little hard and a little thin, but they are clean and I bought also some pillows, pillow shams and sheets. I thought Miss Green would probably wish to sleep on deck."

"I ought to sleep somewhere near the animals," said she.

"You pick the place," said Bowers, "and we'll do the rest."

"There is no place like this place," said she. "What do you call it?"

"The forecastle-head," said Flint. "If there is any breeze, you'll get it, and if there is, as sometimes, a strong jungle smell, it will be carried aft."

"What will I do if it rains?" she asked.

"You will go below," said Bowers, "in a drowning condition; but it is not apt to rain. It shouldn't rain for several weeks, and the sea ought to be like glass."

THE sun had long since gone down behind the mountains which were back of Sibao, and the short tropic twilight was coming to an end.

"We dine early," said Flint. "Does anyone mind?"

"Do we dress?" asked Miss Green. "Not the first night out," said Flint. "We borrow our manners and customs from the best English liners. In about two minutes, the 'Get Ready' gong will be sounded, and twenty minutes later the 'Come eat' gong."

"And where," asked Bowers, "is the dining saloon?"

"Nobody knows," said Flint. "It was abandoned years and years ago. Captain Wong Bo has asked you to sit at his table. Except its bad weather he is always served on deck, usually just aft of the bridge structure; but you can always take his table by ear."

"Is it one of those tables that raps?" asked the girl.

"No," said Flint. "The table itself is unusually quiet. It has been very nicely brought up. The sound that I refer to is made by a cork coming out of a champagne bottle. At luncheon and dinner, instead of soup, we

serve a glass of champagne. At breakfast, of course, this is optional. Captain Wong Bo has some cases of excellent champagne. We have, as you know, a refrigerating plant, and so our champagne comes to the table in a bucket of ice."

"I have an awful feeling," said Bowers, "that this voyage is not going to last long enough."

"By the way," said Flint, "do either of you play bridge?"

"That will be good news for the skipper," said Flint. "I play a little when I get a chance, but it is his particular madness. When he can't get a game, he is always dealing experimental hands and working out end-plays."

It was extraordinarily still. The ship's progress was hardly fast enough to create a ripple. The buried thudding and clattering of the engine seemed rather to accent than to disturb the stillness. You might have thought, so still they were, that the birds and the animals were all dead.

Then suddenly the air began to throb with a soft musical and continuous vibration. It seemed to draw nearer and nearer, and to swell and swell, and then to recede and to wane.

The "Get Ready" gong had sounded, and Ivy Green announced that although she was not going to dress for dinner, she was going to change. Bowers showed her where the cabins were, her luggage and the shower. While she was changing, he located the cabin steward, tipped him handsomely and told him to carry the mattresses to the forecastle-head and make up two beds.

Later that night he succeeded in overruling Miss Green's objections to the arrangement which he had ordered.

"Except for Flint and me," he said, "there is nobody on this ship but Chinamen. A Chinese sailor can be one of the most unpleasant things in the world. Your bed is right up in the butts. Mine is well aft and cross-wise to the ship."

"I don't snore, and I don't annoy young women who dislike me. Aren't you perhaps flattering yourself a little too much? The facts are these: you're in my employ, therefore you're under my protection and I am responsible for you. I am going to protect you whether you like it or not."

"You're a pretty girl on a ship full of men, mostly young and mostly bad characters. No one is going to annoy you or molest you in any way, and that goes for me too."

PEOPLE in the tropics who make a habit of going to bed late are people who can get along with a minimum of sleep. Daylight itself is the universal alarm clock.

That first night out, Ivy turned in at 9 o'clock. She had changed in her superheated cabin to a suit of men's pyjamas and a wrapper. It was a black night, and it was not without difficulty that she found the way to her reservation between the captain and the extreme bows of the ship.

She shed her wrapper and tucked in. The sea was glass smooth, but there was a long slow majestic ground-swell. The black triangle of the Boldero's bows was a long time in completing each slow rise and fall. There is nothing that could be called a breeze except that created by the Boldero's four knots an hour.

Ivy lay on her back and looked up at the stars. A sheet covered her lightly and was perhaps too much covering; but toward morning the temperature in those seas nearly always dropped a little, and the thin blanket which Bowers had provided would come in handy.

She was reconciled to the sleeping arrangements. Bowers' bed was made up aft of the captain, and she admitted to herself that she would have been nervous to lie out on the deck with no one near.

The Chinese crew on the Boldero had not made a favorable impression on her. It takes all kinds of Chinamen to make the race, and among the Boldero crew some of the lowest types could be recognized at a glance. Unrestrained and without fear of consequences, they were the kind of men who would stop at nothing.

If Bowers had not been an animal murderer she would have liked him from the start. She could not but believe that he was honorable, and that his promise to protect her was valid. Presently she heard the sound of his slippers. He was passing, and one of the long-legged birds said something to the others about his passing.

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Flint's emotions, tomorrow, lead to a defiance.

NURSING BABIES HELPS PREVENT BREAST CANCER

PASADENA, Cal., Sept. 5.—(AP)—Through experiments with mice medical science reports it has established that mothers who do not nurse their infants frequently develop breast cancer.

Dr. Emil Bogen of the Olive View Sanitarium, Los Angeles, told the American Public Health association in convention here today that his experiments in this field had yielded definite results.

"Breast cancer is the penalty women frequently pay for not nursing their babies," he said. "Cholesterol, a fatty substance which at first forms milk in the mother's breast, may change to coal tar, as time goes on. This substance will cause cancer."

"When the infant nurses, the cholesterol is withdrawn. There is no doubt about this. I experimented with mice, and found that the mother mouse developed breast cancer when I took her young away from her."

"It also is a fact that women who bear no children are more susceptible to breast cancer than women who have borne and nursed children."

Pearl McVoy of the United States public health service, told the delegates that greater emphasis is being placed upon the development of official public health nursing agencies than ever before.

BICYCLES—We pay cash for used bikes. Medford Cycle, 23 N. Fir.

ROGUE RIVER WOMEN HIKE ROGUE TO SEA

ROGUE RIVER, Sept. 5.—(Sp.)—Mrs. Al Love and daughter, Maxine, Miss Margaret Bates and Miss Velma Smith returned Friday from a hike which took them over the trails along Rogue River to Gold Beach. Each girl carried their own camp outfit, which weighed about 35 pounds, cooked their meals over camp fires and slept out in the open. It is very likely these are the only women to make this trip over the rough trails, and they returned home tired, but happy and proud of their feat.

Anderson Creek

ANDERSON CREEK, Sept. 5.—(Sp.)—George Young of Medford was visiting his friends on the creek Monday.

Chas. Marquess and Mr. Young of Tenmile, who have been picking pears in the valley, returned home this week.

Frank Casey is home on a short business trip. He has been in the veterans' hospital at Roseburg for the past month.

The heat and long dry spell seem to continue.

Jack Paster was a week-end visitor in Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holtman spent Sunday evening in Medford.

James Mays and family were in Medford Wednesday.

Frank Marquess and family were out to the valley Saturday.

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'SILENT ARCHITECT' IS TEXT FOR OLDENBURG'S PRESBYTERIAN SERMON

(Contributed)

Rev. E. A. Oldenburg, who was leading pastor in St. Paul, Minn., for eight years, preached at the morning service at the Presbyterian church last Sunday. Rev. Oldenburg chose as his text 1st Kings 6:1-12. The title of his sermon was "The Silent Architect," and the main thoughts brought out were that Solomon, when he built the Temple for the Lord, followed closely the "plans God gave him to use and the comparison for the people of the present day shows that we have discarded God's plans and have forgotten the teachings of His book, this explains the reason for the condition of the churches at the present time."

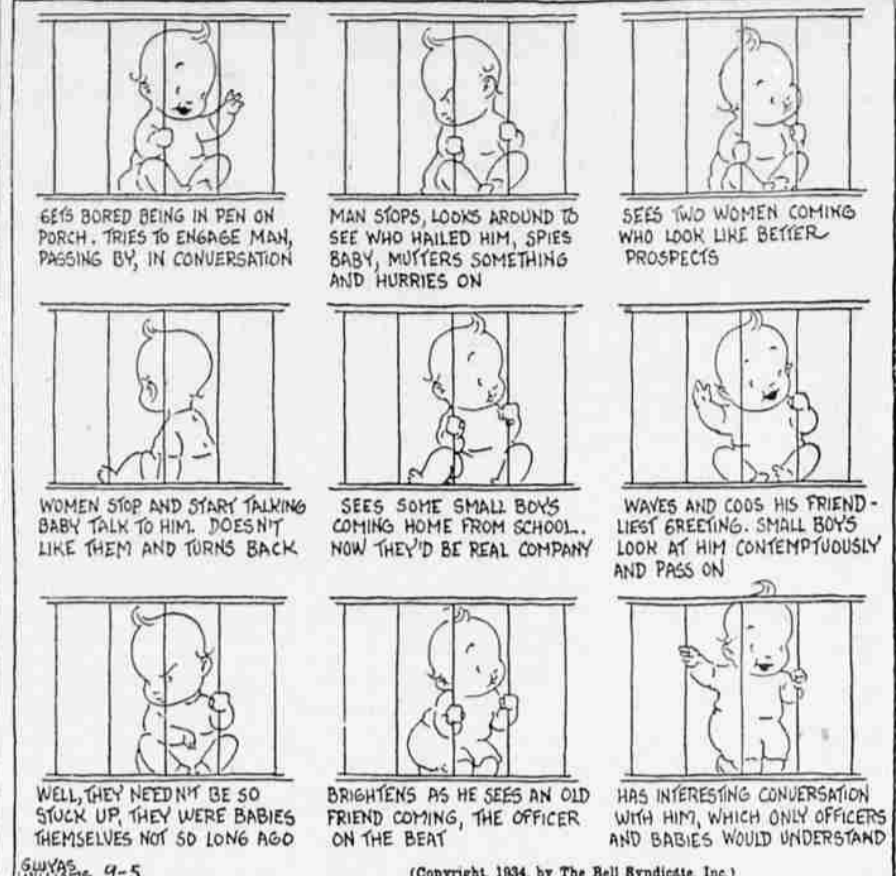
Rev. Oldenburg spoke of the Jackson county court house, where the architect sent his plans far east to Indiana for the stone cutters to measure and cut the stone, which rose in our city as a beautiful monument for all time, perfect and exact, because the workmen followed the plan of the unseen architect.

Just as quickly as we get back to the Bible for our "plans," then, and then only, will we rise out of the mists of hatred, misunderstanding, unbelief and doubt and love will find a place in our hearts and we will be acceptable to God as the true Christian he wants us to be. Rev. Oldenburg preached in the absence of Rev. Howell, who is on vacation.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

PASSERS-BY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—It's Up to Tommy!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Jack Scroggs Again



THE NEBBS—She May Be Right



BRINGING UP FATHER

