TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

SYNOPSIS: Ivy Green just has accepted one suitor, Harvey Bowers, the big game hunter, and has struck another. Flint, the radio operator on the S. S. Boldero with a heavy water bottle. Ivy and Bowers are taking a cargo of wild animals to Singapore. Wong Bo, captain of the Boldero, is planning to scuttle his ship for the insurance. Flint hopes Ivy will not tell Bowers of their fight.

Chapter 20

GATHERING CLOUDS

"WILL you tell me one thing?" asked Flint.

"Perhaps."

"Are you in love with him?"

"I can't help it if I am, can I?" she said.

Flint shrugged his shoulders.

"That's a tough break for me," he said. "If he hadn't been along, everything might have been different."

The two chairs were close together. Flint's hands rested on the arms of his. Ivy patted the hand that was nearer to her.

"Poor boy," she said, "I am sorry. I don't want to hurt anyone, but you'll get over it. You're just a kid. I am too old for you, for one thing."

Bowers returned, still whistling cheerfully. He had a half-glass of water and five-grain Pyramidon tablet, and he stood over Flint until the disconsolate youth had swallowed the latter.

At their backs was all that remained of a fantastic sunset, and presently the first faint vibrations of the "Get Ready" gong began to sound.

Sometimes when Ivy went below to shower Bowers had himself doused with sea-water and did his dressing on deck. But tonight the shower appealed to him and still more, the chance of a kiss or two before dinner.

"Give me ten minutes," Ivy said, "and the shower is yours."

And she went below with Helen holding her by the hand and prancing at her side.

"She's a great girl," said Flint.

"That isn't the half of it," said Bowers, and he looked at his watch.

"Circus life must be awful hard sledding in this part of the world," said Flint.

"She is going to get out of that," said Bowers.

"I'd hate for anybody to give her a raw deal when I was around," said Flint.

Bowers shot a sidewise glance at the speaker and thought how very serious and pompous the young can be.

AVERAGED over the experience of many years, the rains proper were not due for several weeks, but the experience of any given year is often filled with exceptions and the weather is not controlled by the memories and statistics of scientific men.

There was sometimes the prelude of rain with wind squalls which followed by weeks and even months of placidity anticipated the real rains. Captain Wong Bo's glass indicated that there was getting to be more moisture in the atmosphere than was right and proper at that season.

The sunsets diminished in glory. The vast cumulus clouds which floated high and snow-bright with dove-colored and amethyst shadows during the heat of the day, darkened toward evening and sank of their own weight to the horizon.

Here they formed a lofty phantasmagoric ring in which the imaginative eye could discover anything it sought in the way of landscapes, mountain ranges, and cities planned and built by Titans. In the direction of the setting sun these conceptions were illuminated as if by volcanic and internal fires.

The chart showed that the Boldero was nearing the northern end of Borneo. To the starboard, according to the chart but not according to the deep blue waters which hid it from view, a sunken reef stretched parallel with the coast of the main island, and with the course of the ship, for nearly a hundred miles.

It was somewhere along this reef that Captain Wong Bo and his junior partner Mr. Flint had planned their barratry. The time was at hand, and according to Wong Bo the sooner now the better.

Flint held out for wrecking the ship by daylight but was overruled. Wong Bo did not argue the matter. He simply asserted his authority and said that the night was "more better."

Knowing nothing of the purloined guns or of Wong Bo's determination to leave Bowers and Ivy to their fate on the sinking ship, Flint could not see the beauty of complicating the adventure by darkness. Flint was thinking solely of Ivy's comfort in the matter.

To be wrecked by daylight in a smooth sea with competent boats at hand, and competent men to man them, and land of continental proportions perhaps distantly in sight, should have no real terrors for anyone.

It was not possible for either Bowers or Ivy to know that the ship had been wrecked on purpose. Two passengers occupied with the care of the menagerie and engrossed in each other would never notice that the course of the ship upon which they traveled had been altered a point or two.

Both, as a matter of fact, were extraordinarily ignorant of seacraft. They did not know that the weather was making up for premature rain. They did not know that the shred of blue smoke ahead and on the starboard-bows was the smoke of a little volcano that had once risen out of the sea with volcanic noises that were audible at the distance of a thousand miles and had subsided and through the ages with the help of erosion, climate and sea-born seeds, made a little island home for itself.

If they gave the smoke a thought, they thought that it was the smoke of a far-off steamer.

THE reef which paralleled the course of the Boldero, not of course the superstructure of the coral-builders but the more solid volcanic substructure, had perhaps risen from the ocean bottom in company with the volcano. It was not, of course, continuous. There were many breaks, deep and wide passes through which several ships could have moved abreast and a man who steered for it at a right angle might miss it altogther.

But approached by a long diagonal which made a narrow angle of the ship's course and the reef-structure itself you were bound to score a hit. The Boldero was old, she would crack like an egg, and in addition the sea-cocks would be opened.

Except for Wong Bo and Flint and the officers and the crew of the Boldero, who were doubly to be depended on, Wong Bo and Flint for reasons too obvious to mention and the officers and the crew first because they had not been told what was going to take place, and second because they were Chinese with a preternatural instinct for keeping their own counsel, the only witnesses to the impending and intended disaster would be Ivy and Bowers (who would perish) sea birds and the things that swim in the sea.

About five o'clock Ivy and Bowers could see for themselves that the smoke on the starboard-bow did not come from the funnel of a steamer, but from a deep purple cone shaped like a widely opened, inverted fan.

In this discovery the passengers took only a passing interest. If they had taken a little more interest and asked a few questions of Flint or Captain Wong Bo, they would have discovered that the volcano was part of a small island which because of its shape (it seemed that it had a body and four legs and a head and even something like the stump of a tail) was called Tiger Island.

And if they had learned this, they would in the immediate future have been spared much toil and anxiety.

To a vast height the western horizon below which the high peaks of Borneo had sunk during the day was piled with huge fantastic formations of black clouds. When the sun had gone down behind these, they were not penetrated here and there as usual by shafts and splashes of color. Between the setting of the sun and night there was only a short twinkle of twilight.

After dinner the usual rubbers of bridge were not played. Captain Wong Bo did not like the look of the weather. It looked like rain. The glass was low if they cared to go on deck, they would see that the stars were being extinguished one by one and in clusters.

Navigation in these waters, Captain Wong Bo explained, was not easy, and his place was on the bridge. That it would rain and heavily before morning he was almost certain, and he advised the passengers for once to sleep below.

But they would not. On deck the heat was sufficiently oppressive. When the rain actually did come, they said, there would be plenty of time to go below, and, who could know, maybe it would be a cold rain.

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Tomorrow, Wong Bo sends his first officer on a sinister errand.

D.A.R. Notes

The third annual conference of the Southern District of the Oregon Society, Daughters of the American Revolution was held in Medford, on Friday, Sept. 14, in the parlors of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Members of the six chapters of the district were present, as were the following state officers: Mrs. Mark Weatherford of Albany, state regent; Mrs. B. G. Harding of Medford first state vice-regent; Mrs. H. C. Galey of Ashland state registrar and Mrs. Gordon MacCracken of Ashland, honoray state regent.

The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Harding, who is also chairman of this district and who presided at all sessions. After the singing of "America," the pledge to the flag was led by Miss Betty Vilm, junior president of the General Joseph Lane Society Children of the American Revolution and Mrs. Goble, regent of Eulalona chapter, led the American's Creed which was followed by the invocation given by Mrs. Fred Weatherford of Medford.

Mrs. H. F. W. Spilver, regent of the hostess chapter, welcomed the officers and members and Mrs. John Cadzow, regent of Mt. Ashland chapter, graciously responded. Greetings from Mrs. Weatherford, Mrs. MacCracken and Mrs. M. M. Morris, senior president of General Joseph Lane society, C. A. R., followed.

Mrs. H. C. Galey, state registrar, who is also chairman of the genealogical records and membership committees gave interesting and comprehensive reports of her work. The preservation of valuable records, of all kinds, for future generations and the importance of accuracy were emphasized.

Mrs. Dawson of Albany told, in a few words, about the new "Memory Book" committee of which she is state chairman.

An enjoyable no-hostess luncheon, in charge of Mrs. Spilver, was served in the church dining rooms at 12:30 o'clock.

Honorable Irving Vining's inspiring address was first on the afternoon program. In observance of Constitution Day he chose for his subject "The Constitution—America's Greatest Heritage." After vividly reviewing the conditions and problems faced by the men who drafted our constitution and its eventual ratification by the states, Mr. Vining stressed the importance of patriotic traditions and ideals and today's great need of unselfish and intelligent leaders.

In Mrs. Weatherford's splendid address, she spoke particularly of our "first line of defense"—the youth of our nation and of the value of early training in loyalty to God, Home and Country, and the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

All of the music was most appropriate and enjoyable. Mrs. Richard C. Joy of Ashland sang three colonial airs: "Give Me Thy Heart," "My Love Has Gone to Sea" and "See On Her Eyes and Blushing Cheek." These songs were composed by Francis Hopkinson in the period of 1760 to 1789. Miss Imogene Wallace accompanied Mrs. Joy. Miss Marion Moore's two piano solos were "Venetian Boating Song" by Mendelssohn and "Chopin's Waltz in E Minor."

Reports of chapter work were given by Mrs. J. C. Maple, regent of Coos Bay chapter; Mrs. Spilver, regent of Crater Lake chapter; Mrs. L. G. Goble, regent of Eulalona chapter; Mrs. John Cadzow, regent of Mt. Ashland chapter and Mrs. Ray Entler, regent of Umpqua chapter. Rogue River chapter was represented by Mrs. Van Catt, vice-regent.

The conference voiced appreciation of the patriotic action taken by the Order of Elks in regard to communistic and radical activities.

Mrs. John Y. Richardson's candidacy for the office of reporter general to Smithsonian Institution was unanimously endorsed.

Eulalona chapter of Klamath Falls extended an invitation to members of the conference to attend the dedication services of a marker in that city on Oct. 2 at 4 o'clock.

A round table discussion closed the meeting.

The W. C. T. U.

The W. C. T. U. met Thursday afternoon at the Girls' Community club, at which time yearly reports by the secretary and treasurer were given.

Officers were re-elected, with Mrs. E. A. Oldenburg as president, Mrs. Bell Littrell as vice president, Mrs. E. G. Roseborough as secretary, and Mrs. E. S. Hitzler, treasurer.

Mrs. Augusta McCormick, county president, announced the bi-county convention September 27, to be held all day. All planning to attend are requested to notify Mrs. Oldenburg.

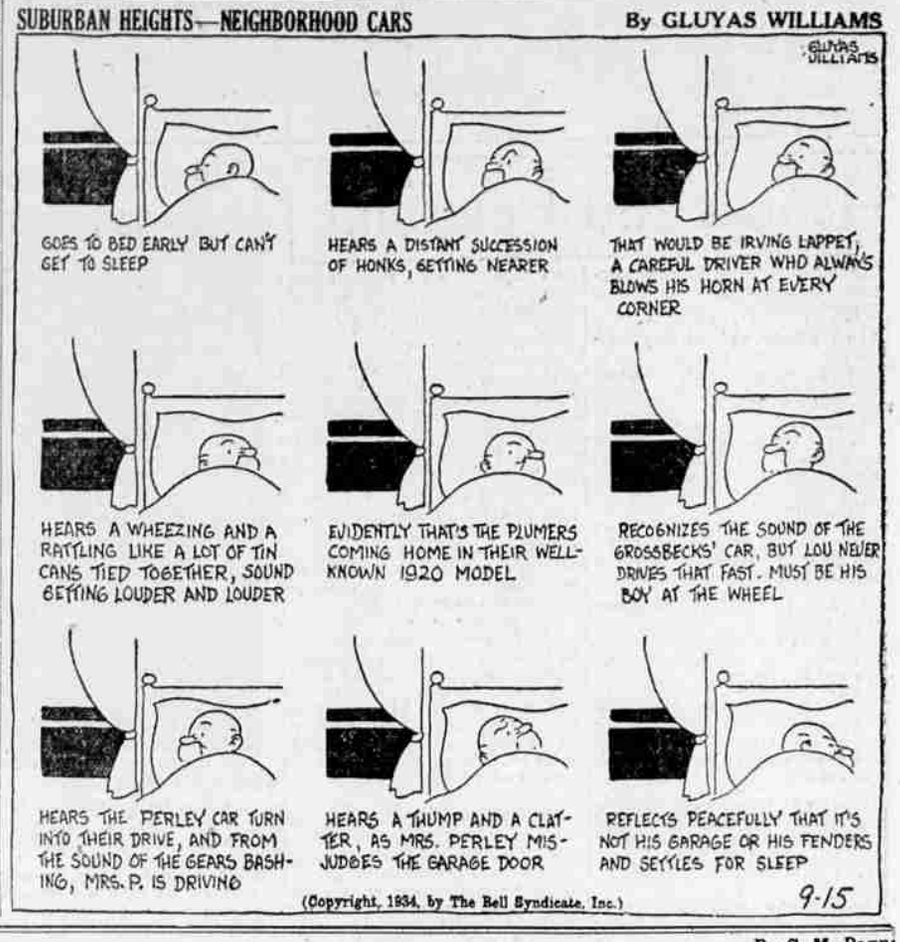
The devotionals were in charge of Mrs. Littrell, with "The Test of Discipleship" as the subject. Reverend Oldenburg gave a short address, followed by a reading and discussion on citizenship.

Business concerning the state convention to be held at the First Methodist church here October 23-27 was discussed.

Estray Notice.

Came to my place a brown Jersey heifer, coming three. Owner can have same by paying for this ad and feed bill. E. J. Kellogg, R. F. D. 4, Medford.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS—NEIGHBORHOOD CARS — By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S'MATTER POP— By C. M. Payne

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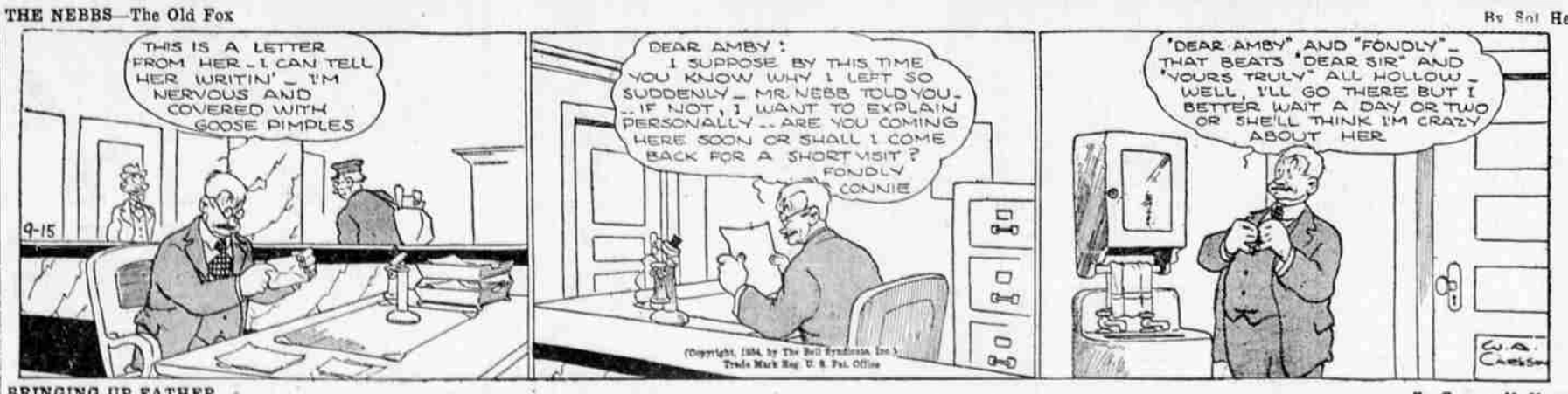
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Three-Point Gets The Contract! By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Final Orders By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—The Old Fox By Sol Hess



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BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManus

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RANGES GO FAST IN COPCO'S CLEARANCE

Results of the fall clearance sale of used electric ranges have been most satisfactory, according to local Copco officials, who attribute much of this success to the liberal use of advertising. Many ranges have been sold and indications point to a complete close-out in the next few days.

It is reported that there are several good bargains left in large ranges, complete with four plates, large oven and warming oven, some of which sold for over $200.00 when new. These full size models are being offered at the same low price and easy terms as the smaller types and have several of the late features, such as automatic control reciprocating switches, etc. Local housewives who require a large range will find these four-plate models a splendid buy.

PACIFIC BECOMING HUB OF POLITICAL STORMS

GENEVA, Sept. 15.—(AP) The Pacific ocean is becoming the political storm center of the world, Quo Tai-Chi, Chinese delegate to the League of Nations, warned in an address to the assembly today.

"There is no doubt that continued military occupation of China's northeastern provinces constitutes the gravest existing danger of another great war," the Chinese representative said.

Call for Warrants

School Dist. No. 16

Notice is hereby given that there are funds on hand for the redemption of warrants Nos. 91 to 108 inclusive. Interest ceases on this 16th day of Sept., 1934.

Warrants payable at the First National Bank, Medford.

MRS S. M. DAVIS, Clerk.
School Dist. No. 16

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