

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

SYNOPSIS: Just as Harvey Bowers and Ivy Green discover that they love each other the rainy season seems about to begin. More. Captain Wong Bo and his co-swimmer Flint plan to scuttle the S. S. Boldero, on which Bowers and Ivy have a cargo of wild animals bound for Singapore. Wong Bo suggests that his passengers sleep in their cabins, but Ivy and Bowers refuse; the heat is still unbearable.

Chapter 21
ALIBI

The fact that it was going to rain, and that navigation was difficult in those waters, did not really disturb Wong Bo in the least. There would of course be an inquiry into the loss of the Boldero, and if he could say, and produce witnesses, that the mischance had occurred in waters which are well known to be difficult, and in a blinding storm of rain, it would be immensely to his advantage.

Flint's nerves were all a-jump, and perhaps Wong Bo's were, but he gave no evidence of it. He was calm and untroubled. He had made a rough plan, shaped it, and filed all the details down to a hair. He would expect that plan as coolly and peacefully as if it had been the letting go of an anchor in a safe harbor.

Even if it had not been for Wong Bo, his charts and his f (ling) glass, you would have known that something out of the ordinary was going to happen, because the birds and the beasts knew it and were giving notice. They were talking among themselves in low anxious voices.

The monkeys clung together, and more and more often those roars from them low moaning sounds instead of the usual chattering, the tigers whimpered and whined, but at the first far-off rumble of thunder, the male gave answer in a full-throated roar of fear and defiance.

The Boldero was nearing the end of the submerged reef, and not wishing to pass beyond this, Wong Bo had ordered the engine into slow speed. This fact would also be of advantage in any investigation. It would tend to prove that he had practiced caution.

There came suddenly a blue-white illumination by lightning. Captain Wong Bo happened at the moment to be leaning on the forward rail of the bridge. Flint, a bundle of rags, jumping nervously, was close beside him.

It happened when the flash came that the eyes of both were idly focused on the black triangle formed by the forecastle-head and the bow plates of the Boldero.

During the instant of day-white illumination, and before the ensuing crash of thunder, a mattress, an unpressed pillow and neatly made-up bedding could be seen aft of the pinacle.

Bowers had not slept in his bed. Flint gripped the rail so tightly that the nails of his fingers began to cut into the flesh. Wong Bo, however, was vastly amused. He chuckled so that he shook from head to foot like a man made of blanch-mange.

"Let's get going," said Flint savagely. "Let's pile her up now."

"I think better wait a little," said Captain Wong Bo. "Pilly soon him lain. Heap lain. More better."

"To hell with the rain," said Flint, "and everything else!"

A navesdropper in the vicinity of the forecastle-head would have discovered at once that the passengers were not asleep. He would have heard a murmur of voices which were very close together, which murmured in turn and spoke a kind of lovers' litany. First the man's voice:

"Does it matter where we live?"
"No."
"Do you care?"
"No. Do you?"
"No."
"No... Do you?"
"N... ."

There was a perceptible pause in the whispering. Then the woman's voice:

"Does it matter when we die?"
"No."
"Do you care?"
"No... . Do you?"
"N... ."

There had been a lull in the approaching storm. It was as if it had been gathering itself for a spring. There were sounds of vast ripples and tearings. Lightning and thunder flashed and crashed without perceptible intervals, and then the rain struck like a blow.

Captain Wong Bo turned to Flint, and gave the first order toward the carrying out of his carefully conceived plan of barratry.

"I think you go below now," he said. The lightning flashes were almost continuous, and the decks and super-

structures of the Boldero were as brightly lit as Broadway. Bowers and Ivy could be seen making their way aft. Their drenched pyjamas clung to them. Their faces were gay with laughter and excitement but the rain was too heavy for them, and they were huddling for shelter.

As Flint sped to execute his orders, Captain Wong Bo relieved the man at the wheel but did not at once alter the course of the ship. The first officer had come on the bridge, and thinking very quickly, it would be necessary to let this man and several others into the secret of what was going to happen, and buy their silence by giving them a share in the returns. If he had not stolen the guns this would not have been necessary.

In point of view of time, when a Chinaman gives an explanation mixed up with a lot of orders, he has a great advantage over a white man, because the man to whom he is making the explanations and giving the orders makes all his admissions of complete understanding and of readiness to obey at the same time.

For a minute or two then, Captain Wong Bo and his first officer both talked at once. The first officer, beaming then at the thought of unexpected wealth, hurried off to obey the orders which he had received.

He was to see to it that doors were so fastened and hatches battened down that the passengers who had gone below could by no means at their disposal return to the deck. They would be at the moment in their cabins changing into dry things.

He had his pass-key on a ring. He was, if it could be done without detection, to lock them in. If detected he had his automatic. Let him use it.

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STARS OF FILMS EASILY GLIMPSED AT FIGHT ARENAS

HOLLYWOOD.—The movie fan who finds on his visit to the southern California that the streets of Hollywood usually are barren of actors and actresses and the studio gates closed, has not reached the end of his resources in his quest for a glimpse at the stars in the flesh.

A representative group of price-rising seats at southern California's two major punch bowls, the Hollywood Olympic stadium or the Los Angeles Olympic auditorium most any Tuesday or Friday night.

It is a sour boxing card indeed that does not attract Mae West, Lupe Velez, Joe E. Brown, Al Jolson, Gary Cooper, George Raft, Bing Crosby, Johnny Weissmuller and a host of others. They hold regular reservations, causing a great deal more comment from other ringiders when they are absent than when they are present.

Miss Velez, the fiery Mexican actress, and Miss West represent the two extremes, although both are keen students of the Marquis of Queensberry rules.

Miss West makes quiet-spoken observations to her escort as the bouts progress and occasionally offers to make a small wager on the outcome.

Champion of many a battler, but especially of those of Mexican extraction, Miss Velez screams and gestures through the evening, almost wearing herself out as she implores

WOMEN BANNED IN CHINESE ARMIES

PEIPING, China.—(UP)—Women cannot keep secrets, so General Chen Chi-lang, South China's dominant warlord by virtue of his dictatorship in the important city of Canton, will have no more of them in and about his armies.

Officially, General Chen is commander of the first group army corps in Kwangtung province. Actually he is the ruler of South China, although negotiations to bring the regions under his control under the direct and admitted control of Nanking, where Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek rules, now are in progress.

General Chen's attitude toward women and secrets came right out in the open when he issued a circular to various military units in Kwangtung province forbidding them to employ women. The order instructs that women already on the payrolls of armies in south China be discharged at the earliest opportunity.

"They can't keep military secrets," was General Chen's only explanation.

Students Like Good Teachers
BERKELEY, Cal.—(AP)—Eighty per cent of the pupils of 66 rural and city schools replied to a questionnaire to the effect they liked best the teachers they regarded as the most efficient. One-half of one per cent answered they liked the most efficient teachers "least."

Crows at Chicago Fair
CHICAGO.—(AP)—Attendance at the 1934 Century of Progress exposition totaled 198,394 on Labor Day, second largest record this year.

FAMISHED STOCK RECOVER ENROUTE

COLUMBIA, S. C.—(AP)—In moving famished cattle from the drought-stricken west to the south a serious mathematical problem arises as the beasts take on weight and size with each feeding camp.

Alfred G. Smith, FERA supervisor in charge of the movement, found difficulties popping up after the cattle trains got under way.

"We would start out with 45 to 50 cows in each car," he recalled. "But after we had stopped en route to unload, feed and water them, at least three would not be able to squeeze back into the car. They simply filled out."

And that's why trains arrived at their destinations with a car or two more than they had at the start.

THE LONG TRAIL

WASHES UP, AND STARTS REAR FOR DINNER IN THE REAR

WONDERS WHY TRAIN DOORS ARE ALWAYS GLUED AND NAILED SHUT, REQUIRING A SUPERMAN TO OPEN THEM

PASSES THROUGH THE "HYACINTH," THE "LAKE MAGOGOGOG" AND THE "PEARL," BEGINNING TO GET TIRED

IS JUST LEAVING THE "ESTELLA" WHEN CONDUCTOR OPENS DOOR FROM OTHER SIDE, FLATTENING HIM AGAINST WALL

STARTS ON, REALIZING THAT HANDS, WHICH WERE CLEAN, NOW LOOK AS IF THEY HAD NEVER BEEN WASHED

HALFWAY DOWN AISLE OF THE "AZULEA" TRAIN LURCHES, SENDING HIM INTO LAP OF LARGE LADY

EXTRICATES HIMSELF FROM LAP AND STAGGERS ON THROUGH TWO MORE CARS

REACHES DINER WHICH IS FULL

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S'MATTER POP—

WHY DOES THE CAT PURR, POP?

BECAUSE IT IS CONTENT, I SUPPOSE!

WELL, AIN'T PIGS AN' COWS AN' THINGS AN' THINGS?

THEN WHY DON'T PIGS AN' COWS PURR?

ELEPHANTS? HORSES? GOATS? FLIES? MICE? FISHIN' WORMS?

US?

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Forced Landing!

FROM THE SOUND OF THAT MOTOR I'D SAY IT HAD TH JITTERS, TOMMY!

LOOKS LIKE A FORCED LANDING, SURE ENOUGH—

HEY, BUJ, IS THERE A MECHANIC ON THIS FIELD?— I THINK I'VE GOT A BUSTED VALVE OR SOMETHING!

THIS IS A PRIVATE FIELD, MISTER— BUT WE CAN'T LET A FELLOW FLYER DOWN—

SURE! WE'LL GET A GREASE-MONK FOR YOU

HEY, KID! GET AWAY FROM THAT DOOR!

DON'T BE SO TOUCHY, MISTER! I WON'T SCRATCH THE NICE PAINT OFF YOUR SHIP!

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Dynamite

WE'LL GO BELOW, GET THESE CHARGES, BRING THE WARES BACK TO THE SHIP AND MOVE WELL OUT OF DANGER BEFORE WE TOUCH THEM OFF—

AVE, AVE, GIR—

WE'LL WANT OUR STORAGE BATTERY UP ON DECK WHEN WE COME BACK—

AN YOU SHALL HAVE IT, LAD—

NOW FOR THE LOVE O' PETE DON'T YOU TWO BIRDS GO STUMBLIN' AROUND DOWN THERE!

WE'LL GIVE HER A REAL BLOW—

FOUR OF THESE CHARGES, TOUCHED-OFF ONCE, OUGHT TO OPEN UP A GOOD PART OF THIS DECK FOR US—

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THE NEBBS—Revenge?

AFTER MANAGING TO GET SOME OF THE TAR AND FEATHERS OFF, WE FIND THE BLACK-MAILER HITCH-HIKING HIS WAY BACK TO THE CITY

SAY, WHAT YOU? GOT ALL OVER YOU? WITH ALL THEM FEATHERS YOU SHOULDN'T BE HITCH-HIKING— YOU OUGHTA BE FLYING

WELL, THOSE CERTAINLY DID A GOOD JOB OF TARN PLATING ME AND THAT'S THEIR IDEA OF FUN!— AND FEATHERS!!— I CAN UNDERSTAND NOW HOW A CHICKEN WOULD SUFFER IF SHE WAS PLUCKED ALIVE!

IN THE BATTLE OF LIFE, THE CONTEST IS NEVER OVER UNTIL THEY PAT YOU IN THE FACE WITH A SPADE AND I'LL GET THIS GUY NEBB IF I HAVE TO CRAWL TO THE JOB!!

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BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL, I'M MAKIN' A LITTLE HEADWAY TEACHIN' MAGGIE TO BE ECONOMICAL— SHE'S GONE OUT TO THE STORES INSTEAD OF WASTIN' MONEY ON 'PHONE CALLS—

AN! YOU'RE BACK— WHAT HA' GOT THERE?

I NEEDED SOME DISH-TOWELS SO I BOUGHT TWO AT THE FIVE AN' TEN CENT STORE DOWN TOWN.

PARDON, MADAM— THE TAXI DRIVER OUTSIDE WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU WISH HIM ANY LONGER? THE METER READS SEVEN DOLLARS AND SEVEN CENTS—

OH, YES, DEAR, GIVE JARVIS THE MONEY FOR MY TAXI—

AN' I'M PAYIN' THAT BUTLER A HUNDRED DOLLARS A MONTH TO BRING ME NEWS LIKE THAT—

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FRESH
WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
FLAVOR

BELLINGHAM, Wash. (UP)—"Move over, we're going places!" commanded a young woman as she clashed into a car occupied by two men. She went to jail on a drunk charge. The men were Chief of Police Max L. Lewis and Sergeant George Stillman.

Twins Used in Oriole's Nest.
DECATUR, Ind.—(UP)—An oriole's nest woven entirely of twine was found by Willis Fousner here. The nest is about six inches long and three inches in diameter. At every turn the cord is cleverly tied to make an extremely strong nest.