

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

SYNOPSIS: Harvey Bowers, big game hunter, and Ivy Green, animal trainer, are taking a cargo of animals to Singapore. They are also in love with each other. They take refuge in the smoking room from a sudden rainstorm, only to find themselves locked in and the ship, deliberately run on a reef by the treacherous Captain Wong Bo, sinking rapidly.

Chapter 23

FACTS TO SINGAPORE

The boat-deck of the Boldero slanted strongly upward toward the stern, and it was obvious that she was going down by the head. Bowers shivered. It was the shiver of the thoroughbred chafing for action.

It was clear to him that it was intended, for reasons which he could not fathom, that he and Ivy should not escape with the others from the doomed ship. Keys had been turned in locks. Shouts which must have been heard had not been answered. Everything stank of deliberation.

His instant impulse was to return to his cabin, break in the door, assemble a rifle, stuff the pockets of his shorts and the bulge of his shirt with cartridges, blow the door to the deck and deal death and destruction until he had mastered the yellow dogs who had condemned Ivy and himself to die like rats.

Then he remembered that in the smoking-room there was a glass case which was only to be opened in the emergency of fire. It contained a patent chemical extinguisher, and a fireman's ax.

"I'll have this door down in no time!" he exclaimed. "You'd better go below and get some things together. There's no immediate danger."

Just outside the door in question stood Wong Bo. He had greatly relished the poundings on the door and the shouting. If by any chance the door should give, he had his revolver. The passengers would not cross the threshold alive.

So far everything had worked beautifully. There had been no hitch in lowering the boats. The ship had not stuck on the reef. Her reversed engine had pulled her back so that she would sink in deep water.

Flint had broadcast the most plausible alibi all over the Java and the China Seas. The lowered boats were manned and loaded and even now the remaining members of the crew were going over the side. Not wishing to take any chances whatever with the trapped passengers the boats which had not been lowered had been in beyond repair.

In a few moments he and Flint would cast off and shape a course for Borneo. It was true that there was a breeze against them, and sails would be useless, but there were plenty of oars and plenty of strong arms and backs.

At this point in his pleasant reverie, Wong Bo was suddenly confronted by his wireless operator. Flint's face was dark. His heart was beating like a triphammer.

"I can't find the passengers," he shouted. "Where are they?"

Wong Bo simply jerked a thumb toward the door behind him.

"You promised," said Flint.

"More better this way," said Wong Bo. "Merited punishment for loose actions on respectable ship." He chuckled.

"TO HELL with you!" cried Flint.

And he struck his captain a terrific, perfectly timed, upward blow on the point of the chin. Wong Bo wilted to the deck.

Flint sprang for the bridge ladder. The first officer came running. But Flint, all thought of the passengers lost in a welter of fury and a passion for vengeance, kicked his pursuer a terrible downward, stamping kick in the face, and went on up the ladder with the speed and alacrity of a monkey.

When Wong Bo came to, his first officer, bleeding at the nose, was bending over him, and in his ears were two distinct sounds: the powerful ringing blows of an ax falling upon tough wood, and the drone and whine of the ship's wireless. It was the latter sound which cleared his brain.

He struggled to a sitting position, to his knees and then to his feet. He gave an order in Chinese. The first officer drew his revolver and placed himself in the most advantageous position for pot-shots at the passengers in the event of their breaking down the door. But that would take time, the door was thick and tough.

Wong Bo climbed laboriously to the bridge and made his way to the wireless-room. Flint's fingers were

on the sending instrument and on his face was a look of triumph and exaltation which it had probably never worn before.

His fingers dropped from the instrument and he rose to his feet and faced his captain.

"I've been in touch with Singapore," he said simply, "and the cat is out of the bag. Singapore knows that you wrecked your ship on purpose. . . . Oh, I see you've got a gun. . . . But you won't collect any insurance, and if you hurt me and leave the passengers to drown, you'll hang. It doesn't pay to double-cross people, Captain Wong Bo. They're mighty apt to spill the beans."

Wong Bo made no comment in words. He simply shot the wireless operator in the stomach, watched him for a moment as he crumpled to the floor and lay face down twitching and jerking, turned on his heel and went out.

Presently he had been helped into his boat, and when he saw that the first officer had also come over the side, he gave the order to cast loose and push off. Above the despairing screams and roars of the birds and beasts, aware of their peril, could be heard the ringing blows of Bowers' ax.

The boats crawled away from the sinking ship like many-legged beetles; and when at last Bowers had cut and smashed a way to the deck, they had vanished in the darkness.

CAPTAIN WONG BO nursed gloomy foreboding thoughts and an aching jaw. In the second boat the first officer pampered a swollen nose which bled for many hours.

Somewhere or other a bulkhead must have given way and the water which was pouring into the Boldero found a general level in the holds of the ship, for she was no longer down by the head. She had lost her list and was settling on an even keel.

The first thing obviously was to find or devise some means of keeping dry; and after the ship had submerged, and although Wong Bo had seen to it that none of the remaining boats could be put in shape with the means and the time at hand, he had overlooked a life-raft—a small rectangular platform set upon two hollow circular floats with pointed ends.

It was no great trick to rig a block and tackle, cut the lashings by which the raft was held in place, and get it overboard. And while Bowers was engaged upon this business, Ivy bustled herself with the menagerie.

The forward cargo-deck was at most awash, and it is impossible to describe the frenzy of the creatures variously imprisoned. That the wretched things must have a chance for their lives was as clear to Ivy as if they had been persons.

Some could fly and others could swim, and she had read and believed that the brute instinct will always choose the shortest course to the nearest land.

It was no longer dark. Far off toward Borneo three black specks marked the progress of Wong Bo and his practical crew. To the eastward, nearer and more important, the inverted fan of the volcano on Tiger Island showed clearly. Here and there the thin pale smoke which rose lightly from the crater was touched with rose-color.

One by one, Ivy opened the cages containing birds. These, for the most part, upon being liberated, rose and flew in ever-widening circles, then presently straightened out their flight, and headed straight for the volcano which was the nearest land.

Whatever Ivy's fate was to be, she was determined that Helen should share it, and before opening the monkey's cages, she shut her own pet into a cage recently tenanted by a pair of pheasants.

The monkeys were loath to wet themselves, but when at last, more because he had lost his balance than for any other reason, went overboard with a loud scream, the others followed—also screaming.

The snakes took to the water without hesitation and swam strongly toward the island.

When Bowers came upon the scene the cages and box-stalls which had contained members of the deer family were empty, and the two half grown honey-bears brought up the rear of a straggling procession of desperate brutes all headed for a tiny bit of solid land and swimming for their lives.

Of all McLeod's far-sought and far-fetched collection there remained on the Boldero only the tigers frenzied with fear.

(Copyright, 1934, by Gouverneur Morris)
Tomorrow, Flint makes a parting gift.

MINING ACTIVITY OF STATE TO BE DISCUSSED HERE

PORTLAND, Sept. 19.—(AP)—R. M. Betts of Eugene, president of the Oregon Mining Congress, left Portland today for eastern Oregon to confer with mining people there and to arrange details for the Oregon mining convention to be held in Medford Saturday.

E. G. Harlan of Portland, secretary of the congress, said one of the most interesting features of the Medford convention will be the reports by vice-presidents on mining activities in Oregon's several producing areas.

The reports will show, Harlan said, that several thousand persons have been put to work by resumption of mining activity in Oregon, and thus many families have been kept from, or removed from, relief rolls of the several counties.

44 COUNTY AUTOISTS SUFFER LICENSE LOSS

The sheriff's office today received notification that 44 residents of Jackson county have had their auto licenses revoked up to September 1, for violation of auto laws. A majority of the banned autoists are from

this city, the bulletin of the secretary of state shows.

The authorities will check the list to see that none of the revoked license holders are "driving occasionally."

PENDLETON OFFICER GAVE SQUAW DRINK

PENDLETON, Ore., Sept. 18.—(AP)—George Scott, 49, employed as a special policeman during the Pendleton roundup last week, was fined \$100 and was sentenced to 60 days in jail when he pleaded guilty yesterday to a charge of giving a bottle of beer to an Indian woman during the "Happy Canyon" celebration. Federal and state statutes prohibit serving of beer to Indians.

DR. LEE GETS DEER IN ALTURAS REGION

Dr. Robert E. Lee is the first Medford resident to report bagging a deer in the 1934 hunting season, although the opening day for this area has not yet arrived. Dr. Lee brought in a beautiful 170-pound, three-point buck to the City Meat Market yesterday from Alturas, Cal., where he had gone Sunday to take advantage of the open season there. It is the first buck to be placed in cold storage in Medford.

RESERVES OF OIL WILL BE GONE IN 15 YEARS WARNING

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—(UP)—The nation's oil reserves will be exhausted within 15 years unless the present rate of production is curbed, a congressional committee was warned today.

Hale B. Soyater, federal geological expert, told the special house group inquiring into all phases of the petroleum industry that recoverable petroleum reserves in the country amount to 12,250,000,000 barrels.

Production in 1933, he cautioned, amounted to 905,653,000 barrels. Williams S. Levings, production division advisor of the petroleum board, joined with Soyater in forecasting exhaustion of the oil reserves. However, neither he nor Soyater admitted the national defense was in serious danger now as a result of the present situation.

Levings said 89 new pools with a reserve of 600,000,000 barrels were discovered between January 1, 1933, and September 1, 1934.

The oil code which resulted in higher prices has accelerated the rate of discovery.

Of the 89 new pools, 15 were in Texas with reserves of 181,000,000 barrels; 13 in Oklahoma, with reserves of 62,000,000 barrels; 12 in Kansas, with reserves of 120,000,000 barrels; and four in California, with reserves of 117,000,000.

Growing tomatoes in sun that is too hot does not produce the richest red color.

HARD WORK

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



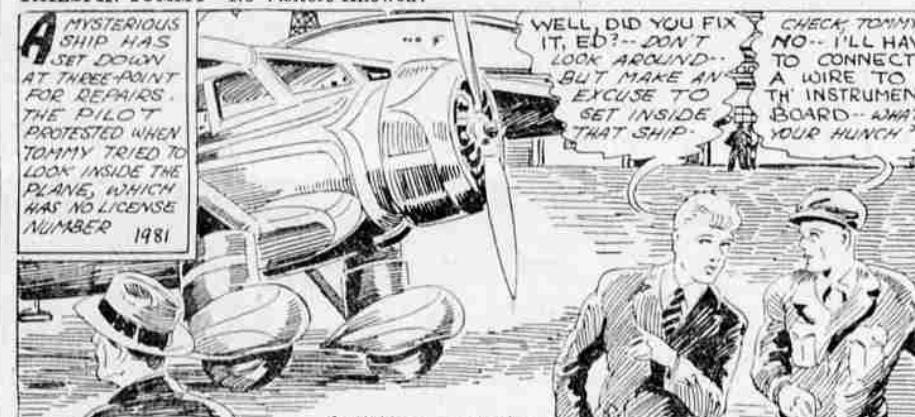
GLUYAS WILLIAMS 9-19 (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POP—



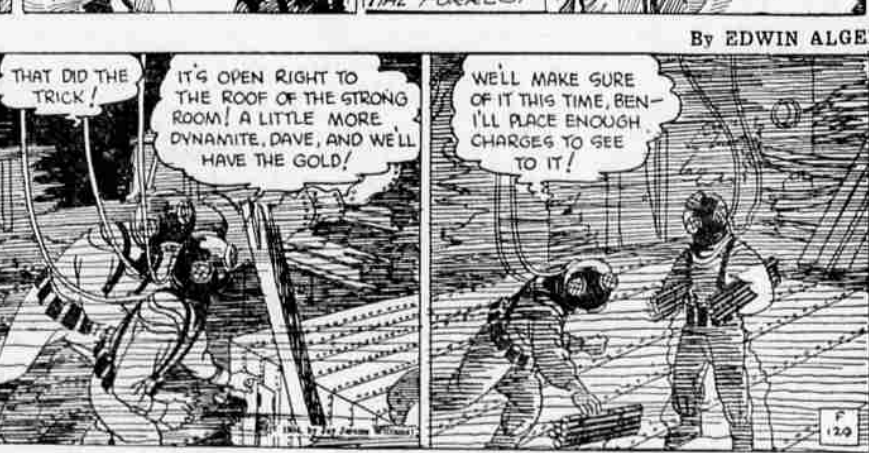
By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—No Visitors Allowed!



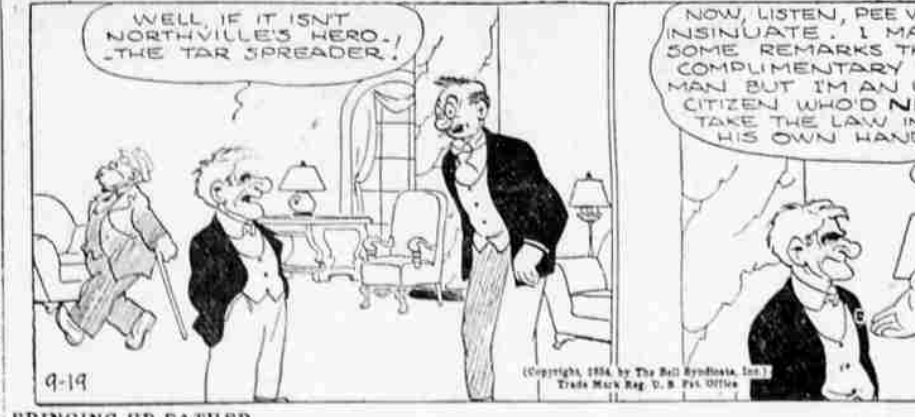
By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Inspection



By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Evidence?



By Sol Hess

Shoot To Kill Order In Denver

DENVER, Sept. 19.—(AP)—Shoot to kill orders were issued by police authorities today as they started a search for John Hamilton and George (Baby Face) Nelson, who were reported in Denver making plans to intercept a mint shipment of \$200,000,000 in gold.

SALISBURY, Sept. 19.—(AP)—Raymond Cox, Linn county, who was sentenced to 30 days in jail and fined \$100 for driving while under the influence of liquor, was today allowed by Governor Julius I. Meier the privilege of paying his fine at the rate of \$10 a month. He had already served the jail sentence.

A female misanthrope lays from 100 to 400 eggs at one time.

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus