

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

SYNOPSIS: When the Boldero strikes a reef and begins to settle, Hurley Bowers and Ivy Green find themselves locked into the smoking room. Captain Wong Bo has secured the ship, and broken his front to his partner in barter. Flint the radio man, that the passengers shall be saved. Flint releases the truck to Snopshire, and is shot by Wong Bo. Bowers and Ivy escape, and Ivy beats releasing the cargo of animals she and Bowers were taken to Singapore.

CHAPTER 24

Ivy was for giving the tigers their chance of life with the other animals, but Bowers was strongly opposed.

"I've got the raft overboard," he said, "but the only land we can get to is the volcano thing over there. The breeze is blowing in that direction, and we'll have to go with it. There is no big land anywhere around except Borneo. That volcano is probably part of a mangy little island, and it is damned foolhardiness to add tigers to all the natural normal difficulties of being cast away."

"They're in my care," said Ivy, "and if they go down with the ship, I go with them."

One look at her face told him that nothing that he could say would shake her in this resolve. He shrugged his shoulders and gave in. "At least wait," he said, "until I get a gun, in case they turn on you." "They're not in the mood to turn on me or anything else," said Ivy with sublime confidence. And with firm strong hands she unbolted the door of their cages.

The male tiger himself opened his with a leaping rush that almost slammed it off its hinges. His ears were laid flat back to his head, and in his hurry to get to the distant shore his claws ripped grooves in the deck.

But so eager was the female that she overlooked him, passed him and was the first to plunge into the water. "That's how dangerous they are," said Ivy in a superior way. "Any time you're ready," said Bowers, "we'll begin to think about ourselves. The scene over the tigers, short as it was, nettled him, for he knew that he had been worsted when in the right.

"Can we still go below?" she asked.

"Probably if we hurry. Get your clothes together and I'll get my guns. They are important."

With the fragments of Bowers' had soon cabin and smashed a way into his shop. To get his guns and the ammunition, packed in neat leather carrying cases, around the raft necessitated three trips. He could not have risked a fourth. The cabin-deck was awash.

Ivy working at random, had stuffed two suitcases and a small valise with belongings that would come in handy, and a belonging that would not. She was a little rattled.

The ship might stay up for hours. It might go down at any moment. Bowers had said something about water compressing air against the undersides of decks and against vessels' feet longer than anyone thought possible. But you couldn't count on that. Ivy did not, however, forget her animal-trainer's whip or Bowers' belt and chain.

Bowers was long on guns and ammunition, but he had also salvaged some shirts and some shorts of rough brown linen. When these things, together with Ivy's belongings, had been loaded on the raft and lashed in place, they secured the ship for whatever might be useful to the ship-wrecked.

They broke into a storeroom and made a hasty collection of tinned things. Tea, coffee, sugar, a bag of salt, and half a gross of safety-matches in the original blue paper package.

It occurred to Bowers that they would need bedding, and he salvaged the water-logged blankets that they had had in the bunks. They made fine carriers for the tinned goods.

Leading Ivy to make up the two parcels, he hurried to the bridge. A compass would be a handy thing to have. He remembered that there was a small portable one in the chartroom. The chart which showed their whereabouts would be an interesting thing to have, and he might find other things which would be useful to them.

Having secured the compass and the chart, he pulled open drawers

and lockers. In one of the lockers, and piled, were signal-flags and flags of many nations. Half-way down one of these piles, a bold pattern of alternating red and white stripes caught his eye. He jerked it loose and found that it was the Star-spangled Banner. That would be nice to have.

In one deep drawer was a heavy coil of quarter-inch manila rope and two heavy coils of Manila rope with heavy fad-line. To the end of each line a coarse hook upon which bait had dried was attached. The chart-room offered no further treasures, and for locked he pushed open the door of the wireless room and looked in.

Almost instantly he was on his knees beside Flint. The wireless man had rolled over on his back, his knees drawn up and his hands clasped across the wound in his stomach.

"My poor friend!" exclaimed Bowers. "What have they done to you?"

Flint's eyes were glassy and his words were gasped rather than articulated, so that Bowers was never sure that he had understood exactly what the dying man said. "Lady-smith coming," he seemed to say, and after an interval and more distinctly: "Wong Bo."

To Bowers it seemed that he was trying to tell him that he was responsible. A tormented twitch of the mouth may have been meant for a smile, and it seemed as if Flint was trying to say that he had "spilled the beans."

"We'll take a life-raft," said Bowers, "and you're coming with us. I'll rig a sling and lower you over the side. You're going to be all right."

Presently he drew out a plain old-fashioned hunting-case gold watch. It was evident that he wished Bowers to take it. His lips seemed to form the words: "For Miss Green."

Much moved, Bowers hurried out on the bridge and shouted to Ivy where she was tying the corners of the wet blankets to secure what she had salvaged from the storeroom and make it more easily portable.

"Ivy," he called, "come here quick!"

When she knelt by Flint there was still a flicker of life in him. He moved his bloodied hand toward her, and she took it in both hers and pressed it hard. Then she loosed her left hand and stroked his hair back from his forehead.

"He was shot," said Bowers firmly, "for trying to help us. Isn't that right, Flint?"

Flint was not able to affirm what Bowers had suggested in so many words, but the strained look went out of his eyes. He had so wanted her to know, and now she knew!

Flint's head rolled to one side, and his knees straightened. Bowers could not find any pulse. Held close to Flint's mouth, the bright gold watch which he had willed to Ivy did not mist over. Flint's short, colorful and eventful career had come to a glorious end.

They straightened his limbs, folded his hands upon his breast and left him to go down with the ship.

When Helen was released from her cage, she escaped from her mistress and the impending belt and chain, ran off scrambling like a thing bereft, and disappeared through the smashed door into the corridor outside the smoking-room.

No one would have guessed that Helen's actions were the result of her tenderest feelings having been lacerated. Something dreadful was going to happen to the ship. She knew that. The man and the woman had brought out their belongings from below, but they hadn't brought her.

Ivy and Bowers had followed, half laughing and half in tears. The sudden tragic death of Flint had left both in an emotional state where the smallest incident might produce the most astonishing reaction.

Helen was out of sight, but her gibberings reached her anxious mistress.

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Tomorrow, the Boldero is no more.

CHICAGO REPUBLICANS ENLIST BOURBONS AID IN FATTENING COFFERS

CHICAGO, Sept. 20.—(AP)—The celebration of Constitution day at the world's fair, it appears, was a \$125,000 financial coup for the Cook county Republican party.

Few of the loyal Democrats among the crowd of nearly 300,000 who jammed the fair grounds Monday realized that they were contributing unwittingly to the coffers of the opposition. The inside story did not come out until the receipts were counted.

The county organization, looking for a chance to organize on the slogan, "Stick to the Constitution," saw in Constitution day a golden opportunity.

Arrangements were made with the fair management and concessionaires. Tickets, offering some \$6 worth of attractions, were sold.

It was announced that the Constitution day celebration was to be sponsored, not by the Republican county committee, but non-partisan citizens. A "non-partisan" program was heralded.

The Democratic speaker was former Senator James A. Reed of Missouri.

FORT COLLINS, Colo., Sept. 20.—(AP)—Two men who said they were George (Baby Face) Nelson and a companion held up Ernest Bert of Fort Collins last night and took all the gasoline from his car, he reported to authorities today.

Parasites of insect pests are reared by the government on a large scale and released when needed.

Confucius First New Dealer Says President's Wife

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—(AP)—Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, during her weekly broadcast over the NBC hookup last night, recognized Confucius as the world's first new dealer.

"Confucius, 2500 years ago, advised China's rulers on new policies and trained special groups of young men to supply 'brain trust' substitutes, when he himself was busy with other matters," the first lady said. "Alas, slack for what we thought was original."

The Nomenolocaust was mentioned sympathetically by the wife of the president.

HUSBAND SLAYER GIVEN FREEDOM

PORTLAND, Sept. 20.—(AP)—Mrs. Hazel Hamilton, 39, accused of fatally shooting her husband, George Hamilton, on last March 10, was freed late yesterday when Circuit Judge E. K. Wall, on recommendation of the district attorney, dismissed an indictment charging her with first degree murder.

In two previous trials juries disagreed and the district attorney said it appeared improbable conviction could be obtained on a third trial. Mrs. Hamilton, in jail since the night of the slaying, was released.

Mrs. Hamilton told the jury in previous trials that she mistook her estranged husband for a prowler and fired when he lunged at her.

ESCAPED CONVICTS TRAPPED IN KANSAS

WINFIELD, Kan., Sept. 20.—(AP)—Denzel Chastain and Bert Pope, sought as escaped convicts from the Oklahoma penitentiary and bank bandits, were trapped near Rock, Kan., today by Sheriff M. C. Anders and Deputy M. I. Williams, as the two men and a woman were camped about a fire near a highway.

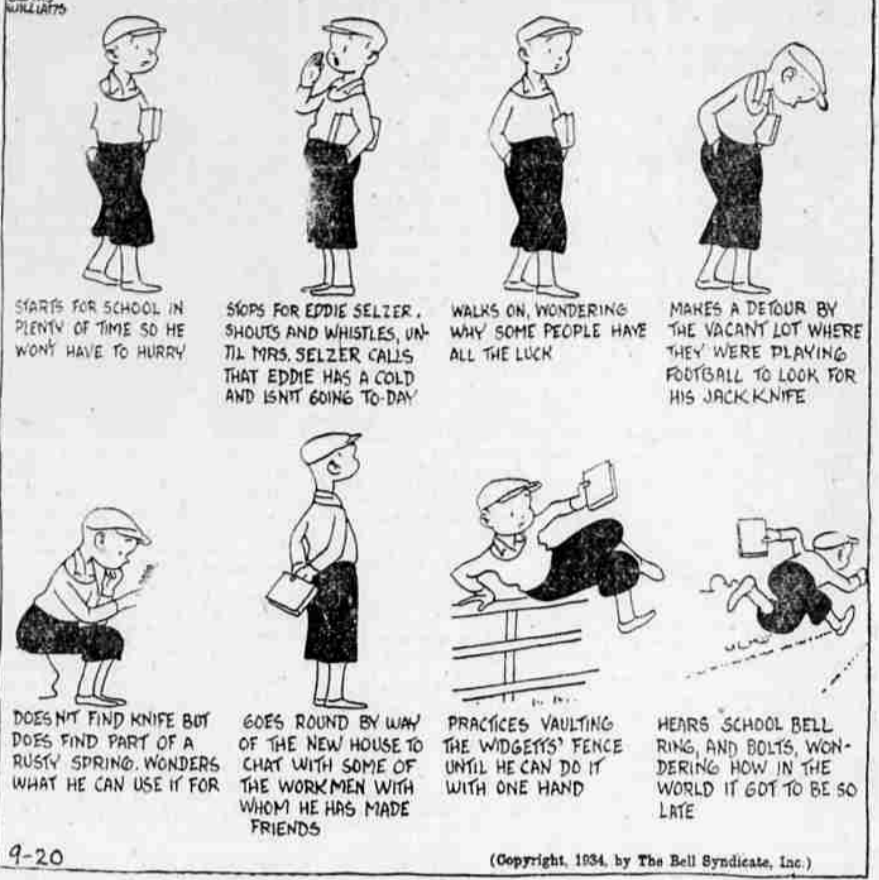
The officers, having been notified by Miss Doris Kimay of Rock, that she passed the strangers as they were changing license plates on their car, crawled through the brush along a creek and made the capture without a shot being fired.

ISAACS PREFERS FISH TO SUCCULENT VENISON

With all the excitement of hunting now in the air, "Togery" Bill Isaacs still goes fishing—and catches fish, too. With Dick Isaacs, his son, and Dr. W. C. Lemery also in the party, fishing was enjoyed near the Isaacs cabin on the river. Dr. Lemery went after the fish like an old master of the art, and is reported to have landed a 10-pound salmon on a light fly rod, after a fierce half-hour battle. All the members of the expedition caught fish.

In the entire territory of Alaska only two destitute families were reported as being sustained by government relief.

SNAPSHOTS OF A BOY WALKING TO SCHOOL



By GLUYAS WILLIAMS (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POP—



By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Ed Gets An "Eye Full"



By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Another Charge



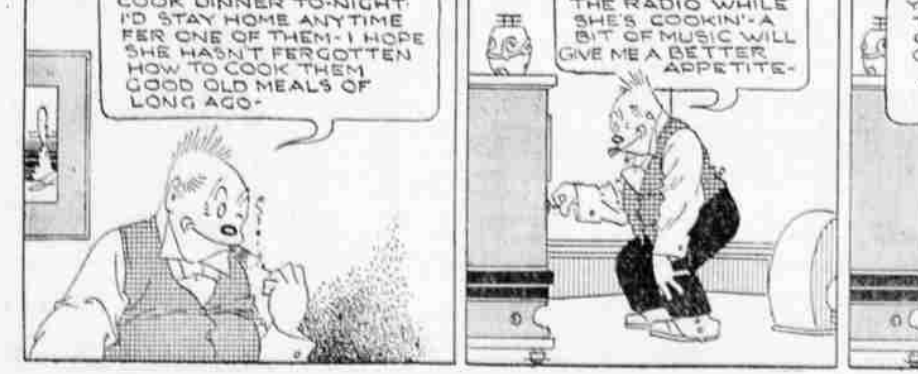
By EDWIN ALGER 3

THE NEBBS—Ns That So?



By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

CHICKEN RAISERS CLAIM THEY NOW KNOW JAP SECRET

CLEVELAND.—(UP)—Behind brooding of roosters and chirping of baby chicks at International Baby Chick association sessions here, events of international import were materializing.

Involved were three Japanese scientists, two federal immigration officers, officials of the International Baby Chick association itself, several hundred delegates and the baby chicks themselves.

he wanted hens—if he wanted fryers and broilers, roosters were desirable, because they grow faster.

About 300 years ago, according to the story, Japan learned the secret from her Chinese neighbors. Eight or nine years ago, the secret came to America. Also came several Japanese "scintillate," who began to hire themselves out to American hatcheries in advisory capacities. Three of those scintillate came to the chick convention in Cleveland.

American hatchery operators object to their presence in this country. "We know the secret. We can find out what we need to know now," they say. "We don't need them any longer."

That's why the government sent immigration officials to the convention, the official said—to find out how the Cleveland hatcheries know about sex determining and how necessary to American operations is the knowledge possessed by the Japanese.

Unfavorable natural conditions were estimated to have caused a reduction of 23,000 tons in California's wine grape crop this year, leaving the production at 443,000 tons.

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