

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

SYNOPSIS: Captain Wong has scuttled his ship the *Bolden* and fled therefrom with the crew leaving his cargo of wild animals and his two white passengers to drown. But Ivy Green and Harvey Bowers free the animals and provision a raft upon which they escape with Helen Ivy's pet monkey. They are making for a small volcanic island, marked Tiger Island on the map.

Chapter 26

ALMOST RESCUED

"Tiger Island looks just as much like a dog or a bear," said Ivy. "That's true too," said Bowers. "But the important thing is that the island isn't all volcano. Were you ever in Tahiti?"

She shook her head, and Bowers continued:

"As far as I can make out on this tiny scale, the arrangement is something like the same. A central mountain mass with sharp descending ridges like spokes in a wheel, these divide the foreshore and all the fertile land into valleys. Tiger Island even has lagoons and a barrier-reef. Do you notice anything peculiar about the reef?"

"Except that there are breaks in it," said Ivy.

"Well," he said, "each break seems to be exactly opposite one of the valleys. In Tahiti that would mean rivers. Rivers mean brackish water, and where the water is brackish, coral won't grow."

"Why," he exclaimed, "it's a magnificent island! I don't believe there is a better island anywhere in the world. It's near two main seaboards, and we'll be able to signal a passing ship, and they'll send in for us and take us away."

"If I weren't such an imprudent fool," he went on, "I would have provided us with some kind of a sail. Maybe one of these deck planks would do for a mast and we could make some kind of a sail out of a sheet."

With the aid of the fireman's ax and the rope which he had brought, Bowers succeeded in stepping a whippy mast and setting a kind of sail. But it was long past noon when he had accomplished these things, and already thirst amounted to suffering.

Helen was all for drinking seawater, but Ivy would not let her. For an hour after setting the mast and setting the sail no calm could have been faster. The sea was of that turquoise blue peculiar to the tropics, but presently to the westward, in the direction of Borneo, the color darkened and this darkening spread rapidly and came toward them.

"Looks like a real breeze," said Bowers, and as he spoke he was careful to touch wood.

His guess was justified, and the raft was presently moving forward at such a rate that there were noticeable sounds of chucking and slapping water. The breeze held. The sun was now at their backs, and the entire profile of Tiger Island could be seen.

Streaks of white where the ocean encountered the barrier-reef and beyond, a low spreading mountain of classic shape which appeared to rest on a level plain. An hour later they could see that the level plain was forest and jungle, and that three parts of the volcano's graceful slopes were covered with verdure. An hour later Bowers sprang to his feet with a cheer. His sharp eyes had distinguished among the tree-tops the unmistakable fronds of coconut trees.

THE breeze blew more strongly, and they had reason to bless it. Bowers had managed to shape the raft's course for one of the breaks in the barrier-reef. But with no stronger motive power than one broken oar, the raft could never have made head against the current which flowed from the lagoon into the ocean, and in sight of plenty they must have perished.

Even with the sail drawing strongly in the freshened breeze, and with Bowers steering and at the same time sculling furiously, it was a battle, but inch by inch the raft triumphed over the current, entered the lagoon and was soon wholly beyond its influence.

The lagoon was the usual conglomeration of deeps and shallows. Of landing-places there was an infinite choice. The foreshore was a succession of points and bays. Some of the points were wooded. Some were of raw coral. There were white beaches of sea sand, and black beaches of volcanic sand.

Some of the ridges which swept down from the volcano and divided the island into so many valleys

were quite narrow and in parts precipitous. There were coconut palms in all stages of growth. Here and there the torn, emphatic fronds of banana trees could be seen.

Among all the landing-places they chose the nearest, a bare point of old dead black water coral upon which there was a great gathering of driftwood. Their great need at the moment was water, so they made the raft secure and scrambled over broken coral and trampled along beaches and came before long to a stable stream of cold and sweet water.

They drank and they bathed, and Helen drank and bathed and then they hurried back to the raft, for the sun was going down and there was much to be done to prepare for the first night ashore.

While Bowers unloaded the raft and carried their gear beyond the reach of any sudden change in the weather, Ivy gathered driftwood and built a fire—a fire, that is to say, which would be a fire when it was lighted.

If ever they saw a passing ship they would light this fire and when it was burning fiercely, they would throw green stuff on it to make a great dark smoke and this they would gather under a wet blanket and let go in periodic dark bursts which could not be noticed.

THE sun went down in glory, but they had their back to it. They had agreed to camp where night found them and not to worry about a permanent habitation until the next day. They would make a little fire and heat some of the canned things.

They had had nothing in which to fetch a supply of water from the streams but having finished the unloading, Bowers had gone after green coconuts. There were many near at hand to be had for the trouble of chopping a stop or two in the engorged trunk of a young tree.

Engrossed upon this business, he heard Ivy calling to him at the top of her lungs. She had turned seaward, having finished her business with the driftwood, and there a mile beyond the barrier-reef, suddenly arrived as it seemed out of nowhere, slowly steamed a spruce gray gunboat.

Bowers had no sooner emerged from the coconut grove than he too perceived the gunboat. He could have laughed aloud. What a piece of luck! A rescuing ship to be signaled, a bonfire already laid, and a blanket.

Not far from where Ivy had laid the fire, he had piled all the gear from the raft. He dug about with his hands for matches. They had been packed that morning, together with the canned things, salt and sugar and so forth, into blankets wet from the heavy rain of the previous night.

They were damp through and through. He was not able to strike a light.

Meanwhile the gunboat was not standing still. In a general direction she was standing along the barrier-reef and moving further and further away. There was just a chance. That damned elephant-reef which he had never fired! It would make a noise like a young cannon.

With fingers which now shook from excitement, he unstrapped the elephant-reef's case and jerked back the lid, but instead of the ominous brown barrels and the well-oiled walnut stock, spoils of copper wire met the eye, and sinkers, and pieces of broken metal. His heart almost stood still.

He opened the remaining gun cases with the same disheartening results. Except for an ax and his pocket-knife, he was without weapons.

Knocking beside the last of the ravine stone-guns, "The damned swine stole my gun," he said. And presently he added: "And that's a pretty kettle of fish..."

He got to his feet and laid an arm around her. Together they watched the receding gunboat. She was turning in a great sweep to starboard, and when at last the darkness closed down upon her and she vanished from view, she was headed for Borneo.

"Never mind, darling," said Bowers. "I've got you and tomorrow is another day."

From somewhere in the jungle not far off there sounded the full-throated angry roar of a tiger. They had forgotten all about the tigers. The roar on Bowers' scalp tingled.

"Must have missed his kill," was all that he said. Ivy did not speak.

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Bowers makes, tomorrow, an important discovery.

LIFE OF CONVICT NOT ALL THORNS IN OREGON'S PEN

Strict But Fair Rule Exercised By Warden — Good Food Declared Necessity To Keep Down Dissension

By Virgil Pinkley

United Press Staff Correspondent
SALEM, Ore. (UP)—Oddities discovered on visits to Oregon's red-walled penitentiary.

Shells and bed covers on cell bunks are white. Officials understand that no other penitentiary in the country has white bed spreads.

Prisoners are fed in two shifts of about 400 each. Spoons are the only cutlery permitted on tables. Food is issued in rations for five men and seconds are granted.

Food served is good and well cooked. Penal authorities are agreed that poor food is one of the chief causes for riots and dissension. Inmates march out of the dining hall with arms folded across their chests.

Fire New Cell Block

The new cell block is considered one of the finest in the country. Repeated attempts to force or pick the lock system have been made without success. Even if a prisoner did work his way out of a cell, chances for escape would be small. Guards con-

stantly walk about outside cells. To gain exit from cell blocks a number of barred doors must be opened. Warden James Lewis insists on the same rigid discipline with guards and prisoners alike. Seldom does he leave the main penitentiary unit until 9 p. m. And every inmate is locked up.

Warden Respected

Talks with prisoners show that they respect Warden Lewis and his chief deputy, Eugene Helley. They say both men are strict but fair. They trust them.

Operations in the flax mill are nearing a peak. Workers who secure jobs by request and good behavior, receive from 50 to 60 cents a day when the place is open at full capacity.

The money is credited to the prisoners who may draw up to \$5 a month to spend on himself. Many inmates place their earnings on deposit to be used by families or dependents. The flax mill helps to solve the problem of idleness which confronts all penal institutions.

Fire hazards have been eliminated to a great degree, but danger still remains in the unit housing the dining hall, kitchen and hospital. Floors are wooden and they have been oiled and polished for years.

Guard towers on penitentiary walls have been heated in the past with rickety stoves, but are now fitted with steam heat.

Radio In Cells

Most cells are equipped with radio ear phones. Prisoners may tune in on a program which is received by a master set. Prisoners also are allowed to file their cells with pictures, furniture and other furnishings.

Combinations of two and four are avoided in cells. Study has shown that most plots develop in such numbered groups. Most of the cells have only one inmate.

The penitentiary arsenal is located near the entrance of the main unit.

The guard who repairs guns and keeps ammunition stocks is locked in the arsenal and cannot leave until another guard unlocks the entrance. Machine guns are stationed on the institution's walls.

FALL TRADE TOPS EARLY ESTIMATES

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—(P)—The fall season already has succeeded, said the Dun & Bradstreet Weekly Trade Review today, in making a more favorable trade showing than appeared likely from early estimates, despite poor weather and a nationwide strike.

"In many of the agricultural districts," it said, "farmers have started to mend on a broad scale, giving a decided spurt to business, as copious rains have revived courage."

Reports on retail trade revealed an estimated gain over 1933 of 3 to 10 per cent. Sales in New England were retarded by the textile strike. The upswing of trade on the Pacific coast was modified by the textile strike.

The business activity barometer stood at 61.6, against 62.3 a week ago and 63.8 a year ago.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our sincere appreciation to the many friends for the acts of kindness and sympathy extended to us during our recent bereavement, the loss of our wife and mother, Christiana Pettigrew, also for the beautiful floral offerings, Fred Pettigrew and family, Mrs. W. B. Jackson.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

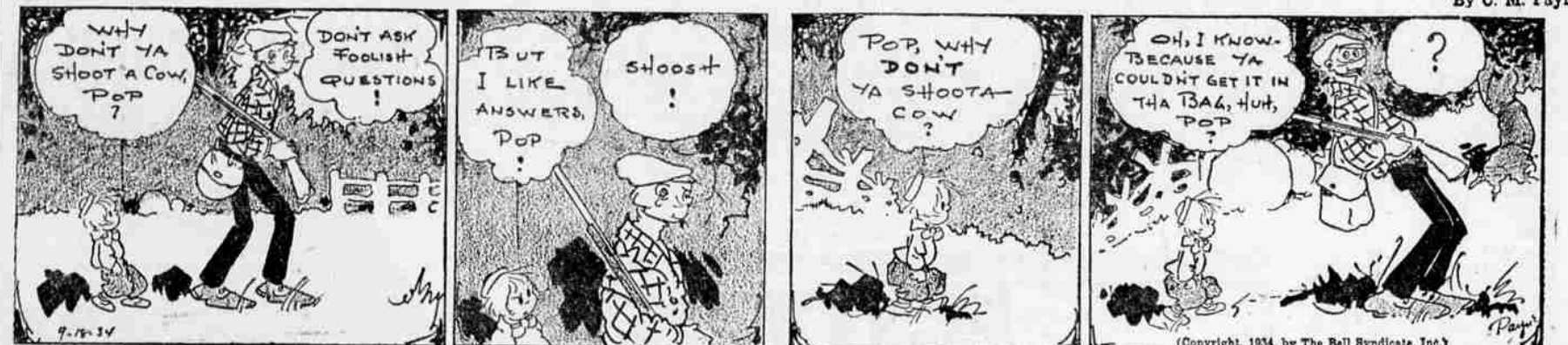
HOT SOUP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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SMATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Front Page News!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—One Out!



THE NEBBS—Mind Your Own Business



BRINGING UP FATHER



BLAZE IN CURRY COUNTY SPREADS

GRANTS TRIB. Sept. 22.—(P)—With 350 CCC tree troopers fighting the blaze that has been raging in the brushy region of Boulder creek near Grants, Curry county, since Tuesday, the fire was yet uncontrolled, according to latest reports here today.

Another fire, springing up at almost the same time was under control.

O. K. Mitchell, Blakely national forest supervisor, said that flames are spreading slowly. Chief difficulty is reaching the fire.

One Mail Tribune want ads.

WOMAN IS HELD FOR HEARING ON SANITY

Amelia Walker, about 55, who lives alone in a small house near the La-Crosse Auto Camp, on the north Pacific highway near Rogue River, was arrested by state police and the sheriff's office at 2:30 yesterday, and will appear in county court the first of next week on an insanity hearing.

Judge E. B. Day stated today.

She was arrested after complaints had been filed with Judge Day by Gene Howe, Bert Draper and M. Howe, all neighbors, who charged that Miss Walker was dangerous and unsafe to be at large.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.