

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

SYNOPSIS. Left to drown with their shipwrecked animals when the S. S. Boldero was scuttled by her villainous captain Wong Bo, Harvey Bowers and Ivy Green have managed to escape to Tiger Island on a raft. Most of the animals which they released, have reached the island alive. Bowers and Ivy, supervised by Tiger's pet monkey Helen, have established themselves in a cave, and are awaiting rescue.

Chapter 29 WONG BO AGAIN

THE gunboat which Bowers and Ivy had failed to signal was named Lady Smith and flew the British flag. She had picked up Flint's first SOS and while hurrying to the scene of the disaster had received word from the admiral in Singapore to take any survivors prisoner with the exception of two passengers.

In "spilling the beans," as Flint himself had called it, he had given into particulars and separated the sheep from the goats. It was known to the newspaper men, who made much of it, that Harvey Bowers, the famous big-game hunter, and a fellow-passenger, a Miss Green, had been abandoned on a sinking ship.

It would have been a front-page story anywhere. The ship had been scuttled by her Chinese captain for the insurance, and that testiman would be caught and in case the passengers perished, either be hanged by a special arrangement with the Chinese Government or beheaded on the execution-yard of Canton.

The captain and the crew of the Lady Smith were young and adventurous men out to show off and make record. To be hurtling down the coast of the disaster and to be upon the trail of a Twentieth Century pirate exhilarated them beyond measure.

A given spot in the seas cannot be precisely located by instruments, however, and, oddly enough, there was a time when they passed immediately over the sunken Boldero, but now all signs of the wreckage had been dispersed far and wide by the ocean currents.

It was Commander Ashton's theory that Bowers and his fellow-passenger had gone down with the ship, and his examination of the nearest land, Tiger Island, a perfidious Wong Bo and his pirates would not choose so small and precarious an asylum. They would make for Borneo.

If the disaster had been of an ordinary nature, Commander Ashton would have stood by Tiger Island long enough to land a party ashore. But he had to do with pirates and it was his duty to overtake these, if possible and bring them to justice. An examination of the distant shore of Tiger Island through a pair of powerful marine glasses revealed nothing.

If Bowers had been able to make a smoke, it would have been seen from the Lady Smith. The officers and crew were on the lookout for anything of the kind. If it were had been able to fire his elephant-ride, the detonation might have been heard. As it was, the Lady Smith saw nothing and heard nothing and presently at full speed made a long turn to starboard and headed for Borneo.

The air-pressure and later the steady breeze which had so helped Ivy and Bowers and the progress of their raft in equal measure delayed the progress of Wong Bo, and a breeze with which he had to contend was if anything stronger.

THE Lady Smith, when she was in a hurry, could do a little better than fifty-seven knots an hour. She carried a powerful searchlight and a little after midnight and within a mile of the Borneo coast sighted the three boats in which the pirate captain and his crew were trying to escape.

If Wong Bo had not been caught red-handed, his guilt was clear. The stolen goods which Bowers' initials engraved on the esoteric were a dead giveaway. Even if Bowers and the woman were saved by a miracle, there was still the murder of Flint to account for.

Wong Bo's case was hopeless. He would either hang by his neck, a most undignified way out of the world, or his neck would be stretched and his head topped off by a fellow-Chinaman who would enjoy doing it.

During the night Captain Wong Bo, in spite of his manacles, succeeded in swallowing a quantity of gold dust which was concealed about his person, and two or three days later died in agony. In spite of the agony he succeeded in keeping his guilty to the bitter end.

Upon the officers and the crew of the Lady Smith it was not possible

to inflict any penalty for first degree murder. To hear them you would think that they had made the most vigorous protests and representations to Wong Bo. They had begged him to leave the passengers to their fate. But he had ordered them into the boats and what could they do but obey? He was the captain.

The passengers, they informed the court, had been locked in their cabins. When they saw the Boldero had been going down very fast. That they might possibly have escaped was out of the question even if they had succeeded in bracing down the doors of their cabins. Hatches had been tied down and other and heavier doors made fast against them.

Why had Wong Bo wished for their death? Perhaps his designs against the Boldero had leaked out. Perhaps it was only because he had stolen the man-passenger's valuable guns and did not wish to be at the trouble of an explanation.

Nobody would ever know. Not even the judges in hell would be able to find out, because Wong Bo was much too astute a man to tell them his real name.

So it was taken for granted Singapore and Hongkong and wherever the news was carried, that Harvey Bowers, the great hunter, and his fellow-passenger, a Miss Green, had both perished. If they were ever discovered, it would not be because anyone was hunting for them.

THE valley upon which the back door of the new abode opened was richer in grasses than trees. It had a parklike appearance. A slow stream meandered down the middle, and in this stream swarmed and there were formidable eels. At the head of this valley the river water fell thirty feet into a fine pool.

The eels' habitat being over down, it was a magnificent combination of swimming-pool and shower-bath. They soon found that the best way and infinitely the shortest to get from the valley to the other was through their own house, and that was a matter of minutes.

But to go around from the one door to the other took hours. The upthrust of volcanic rock which divided the one valley from the other, was in every part, except toward the beach, where it faded to nothing precipitous and worn smooth by erosion. These physical facts at a late date were to stand them in good stead. Just now they seemed rather in the nature of a nuisance.

The forest was rich in species. There seemed to be trace, terrace like formations of stone, of former habitations. This would account for the presence of the banana, for a fine grove of breadfruit in the rock open valley, for the oranges and for the superior size and quality of some of the mangoes.

There were wild yams in abundance. Fish were to be had with very little trouble once you had made spears and got the hang of using them. Bowers' mouth, sometimes watered for meat, for pork or even goat. But he thought best to let the wild pigs and the goats supply the tigers with food as long as possible.

One day they came upon a nestful of eggs, and Bowers had visions of an island thick, populated with pheasants. Unhappily that same night one of the tigers discovered the nest and devoured the eggs. They found their tracks.

Now and then they caught a glimpse of a deer, and they seldom went abroad now without seeing and hearing the Rhesus monkeys which had escaped from the ship. These became more and more tame and friendly.

They would call to Helen from nearby tree-tops and invite her to join them. But she, sure of human protection and any number of meals a day, would leap up and down on the ledge outside the cave and shout defiance, or she would venture and invite them instead to come and visit her.

It is only in motion pictures that wild animals attack man without cause. Sometimes a wounded, or cornered animal attacks and sometimes one which is half famished. The man-killing lions and tigers are mostly superannuated and often lame specimens, who can no longer overtake and eat down the wild swift game on which they have been accustomed to feed.

If Tiger Island had been sufficient provisioned with goats, pigs, deer and antelope, the tigers Big Ben and Lucille might never have caused Bowers and Ivy a moment's anxiety. But the island was not well enough provisioned.

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Tomorrow, the tigers begin to grow hungry.

ELKS AND FRIENDS ALL SET TO ENJOY THURSDAY EVENING

More than 400 are expected to attend the celebration Thursday night of the 25th anniversary of the Medford B. P. O. Elks lodge, when members and friends will gather in one of the largest "blowouts" held in the temple for some time. According to H. N. Butler, exalted ruler, everything is lined up for the affair, with members pepped up for a program consisting of a crab feed, music by the Elks band, a billiard contest, and a boxing card in which six four-round fights are scheduled.

The large attendance is indicated by ticket sales, which are under the supervision of Ernest Scott, Stanley Sherman and Ed York. The program is drawing the attention of every lodge member, with T. E. Daniels, first exalted ruler of the club, Leon Haskins and Jack Thompson in charge.

To get the celebration off to a good start, plenty to eat has been arranged for by O. O. Alexander, Nick Young and P. C. "Boda Pop" Brigham, who will serve a banquet fit for the celebration of the 25th year of the club's organization.

John Tomlin and H. C. Armstrong will meet Reg. Flier and J. V. Watson, all demon billiardists, in a 35-point, three-shutout match, soon after the crab feed. It will be a challenge affair, with Tomlin and Armstrong on the receiving end of the challenge.

E. C. "Jerry" Jerome is heading the

fight committee, which has arranged for stunts featuring the best OCG talent available. In the main event an undefeated pair, LeRoy Smith, colored fighter from Camp Wineglass, and Rudy Lesser, pride of Camp South Fork of the Rogue, are scheduled. Both of these scrappy boys have emerged victorious from frays featuring everything the Oregon CCC detachment has had to offer, and will fight on even terms of 155 pounds.

The semi-final bout between Walter Szumanski, 160, of South Fork, and Tom Walker, 158, of Applegate, will be a match in which a style of combat popular to fans will be employed, as both depend upon haymakers rather than fancy footwork.

Four other matches are slated, each with its share of fast and loose mit work, to round out the program of the big celebration.

HALF OF COUNTIES PAY THIRD QUARTER TAXES

SALEM, Sept. 25.—(AP)—Approximately half the counties had paid their third quarter 1934 state taxes today, as Lincoln and Columbia counties sent in \$9744 and \$11,746 respectively.

Jefferson was the only county that had not completed its second quarter payments, and it was reported that county would be unable to make any further payments this year, but would probably go to the legislature for relief.

Both Clackamas and Jackson counties have paid all their 1934 taxes.

Walk upstairs and save \$10. Banker's gray suiting, \$21.50, made to measure. Klein the Tailor.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

GREATER MARKET FOR COAST POWER WILL BE STUDIED

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 25.—(AP)—Immediate study of plans for developing a larger power market in the Pacific northwest will be undertaken by the committee on water resources of the Pacific northwest regional planning commission which will meet here Tuesday, October 2.

Colonel Thomas M. Robins, division engineer, army engineers, with whom the group will meet, said the committee will delegate to sub-committees the work of developing facts on hydrography, power development, navigation, flood control, irrigation and fisheries.

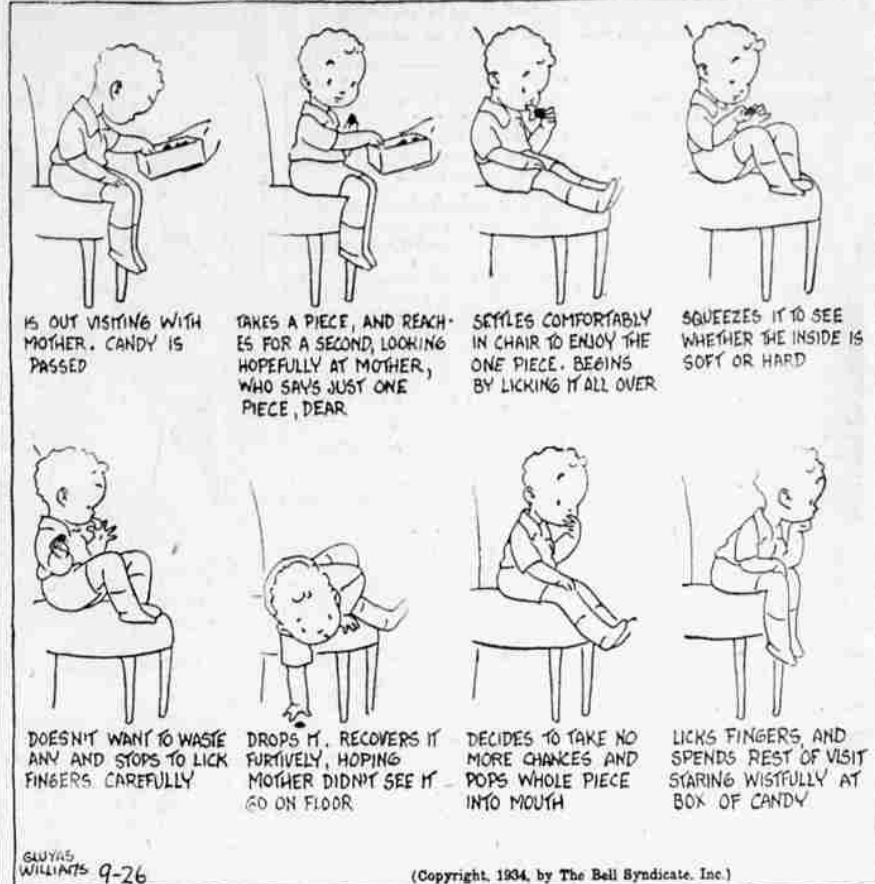
"The power development and marketing feature is the most pressing of these studies," Col. Robins said, "and it must be gone into immediately. Considerable information already has been collected and it is believed that the sub-committee on power will be able to develop promptly just what lines of action are practical at the moment and to recommend definite steps along practical lines toward the creation of a larger power market."

"By starting this work and pushing it rapidly," Robins said, "it will be possible to get somewhere and have a bigger market by the time the Bonneville and Grand Coulee plants on the Columbia river come into production."

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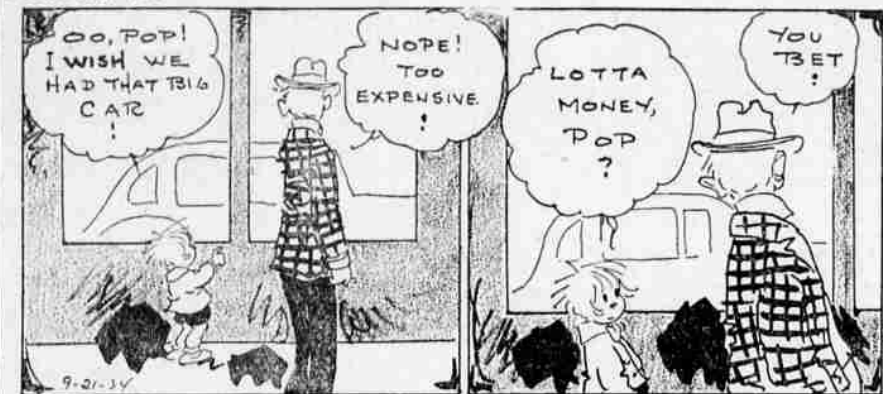
ONE PIECE OF CANDY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S'MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Getting the Details!



By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Alonso's Defy!



By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBB—On the Spot!



By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

Scratch On Hand Kills Salesman

BEND, Ore., Sept. 25.—(AP)—Harry Ashmond Brady, 38, of Portland, died in a local hospital here last night from blood poisoning which developed

from a scratch on the hand. Brady was a salesman for a restaurant fixture firm and was working in the Bend district when the poison condition developed.

He is survived by his widow and a son, Robert, of Spokane.

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