TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

Chapter 30

HUNGER SERENADE

THE wild pigs, however, were soon exterminated and so also the deer and the antelope which had swum ashore from the Boldero. The monkeys were watchful and astute. They also, when they came down out of the trees to drink, posted sentinels and were not to be caught.

To Ivy, the varied sounds which a tiger makes were a language, and the sounds in the night told her a story of gnawing hunger and bitter discontent. She acknowledged to herself that it had been idiotic not to leave the beasts in their cages to brown.

The time came when she and Bowers no longer felt free to roam the island at will. Food, of course, had to be sought and gathered, or caught and fetched, but they began to foresee a time when they might have to stand a regular siege in their cliff-dwelling.

One dusk the tigers appeared suddenly in the opening below the front door and complained that they were hungry and demanded that something be done about it. During the night they remained in the vicinity and while their nearness was not an immediate threat it was disquieting and presaged worse things to come. When dawn broke the tigers were still in the neighborhood and Bowers remarked:

"It's lucky for us that they hunt in pairs because whenever they are in the front valley as they are now it is perfectly safe for us to potter around in the back valley."

"It's all my fault," said Ivy, "and it makes me sick to think what a fool I was."

"I was a fool too," said Bowers. "I am stronger than you. And I ought to have used force to keep you from opening that cage and letting them go free. If I'd had the rifle and had killed them, would you be accusing me now of breaking a promise?"

Ivy shook her head. "I am beginning to understand lots of things," she said, "that I never understood before. I would kill them myself if I could."

Even if it had not been for the threat of the tigers, it would have occurred to them to make experiments in food storage. Bananas, they discovered, if sliced sufficiently thin could be so dried in the sun that they would remain edible and sustaining, if not very appetizing, for a long time. Guavas and mangoes could also be dried after a fashion but the guavas even when freshly gathered were barely edible. They, however, made a store of such things and of course ripe coconuts. They had most of the canned things from the Boldero and also fish which they had dried in the sun, but after a few days this began to smell so unpleasantly that they got rid of it.

"If it weren't for those damned cats," Bowers said more than once, "we could turn our back valley into a regular garden!"

AND more and more he brooded over his enforced idleness and his helplessness. It was bad enough to be pitted against the ordinary conditions of a tropic island, but these conditions could have been infinitely bettered by careful planning and hard work.

He was a strong man with a good average brain, and a definite gift for mechanics, and yet he saw himself continually frustrated and worsted by two creatures who excelled him only in strength and in the weapons which were a part of them.

If he could not devise some means by which he could get the better of them, he would not be able to look himself in the face.

He became absent-minded, and Ivy almost thought at times that his love for her was cooling. This was not the case. He was ashamed because the woman he loved saw his helplessness, and he was cudgeling his wits to devise some means by which a naked man may be the death of two naked tigers.

He had an ax still in good condition but this, opposed to the claws' strength and the swift overpowering weight of a tiger's charge, could not rightly be considered a weapon. He had in addition an oversized pocket-knife and fire. With fire he could turn a tiger and even control it to a certain extent, but he could not hope to kill it. On the other hand, couldn't he? Wasn't fire the answer?

The undergrowth ... island was dry as tinder. The tall grasses and reeds had turned to hay. Given the right wind it might be possible to fire the island in many places and burn the tigers out. In a high wind the fire would travel like race horses.

Fruit trees and palm trees might be damaged but they would not be destroyed, and it would not be necessary or indeed possible to burn over the entire island. But if one could set fire to the back valley when the tigers were in it, nothing could save them unless they had the reasoning powers of a man.

If they were in the lower part of the valley, there was a scrambling way of escape over the farther shoulder. But Bowers believed that the beasts would not think of this. They would retreat before the flame until there was no longer any way out, either to the right or to the left or straight ahead.

If the attempt were to be made at all it should be made as soon as possible. The rains were due and even overdue and one good shower of course would spoil everything. He consulted with Ivy and they perfected a plan. They collected bundles of dried splinters with which to start two fires, one at each side of the valley, and thereafter to hurry to the center, starting blazes as they went.

ON the following day the tigers made their presence known in the back valley, but there was no wind and the sky was overcast. Bowers cursed himself for having been so slow to think of fire as a weapon. That overcast sky could mean but one thing, the ruination of their plans. It was making up to rain.

But it did not rain that day or that night. Dawn came over the volcano, a gray watery-looking dawn, and from the opposite direction came wind in strong gusts. The surf rose higher and higher along the barrier-reef and whitecaps scudded shoreward across the lagoon, also clouds darkly gray scudded across the sky.

The tigers had greeted the change of weather and the drop in temperature with a series of short coughing barks. They were restless, uneasy and very hungry. The time for action had come.

Ivy and Bowers made their way to the beach well loaded with the makings of many fires. Helen, belted and chained, was left behind in the cave. They hurried as fast as they could. Both had a feeling that there was a great race on between fire and rain.

When Bowers had reached the farther shoulder of the back valley he signaled to Ivy, as prearranged, by raising his arms straight above his head. No more than a quarter mile of beach separated them. Ivy who had already laid her fire, went down on her knees. He thought that he saw the flash of the match which she had struck. Then he lighted his fire.

When they came together at the mouth of the little river and looked up the valley they looked into a furiously receding furnace of fire and smoke. Above the crackling and the roar of the conflagration which they had started could be heard the far-off roaring of the tigers, at once defiant and apprehensive.

Just when Bowers was certain that the great race between fire and rain had been won by the former the first drops fell, and these were followed a few moments later by a deluge. In five minutes the slow meandering little river was a rushing torrent and had overflowed its banks.

The flames of the roaring conflagration, fifteen to twenty feet high were flattened to the earth and quenched. The lower regions of the valley had been burned black, but the narrows at the head to which the tigers had retreated were untouched.

"Well," said Bowers, "that's that."

They went home to their cave wondering what they had better try next.

What they tried next was a sample of weather. All day and all night the rain fell without abatement. The cooking-fire which hitherto had been kindled on the ledge in front of the cave had to be brought inside and put out as soon as it had served its purpose. They were stickily damp, and their eyes smarted.

During the morning of the fourth day the sky cleared, and they looked out upon a world as clean and sharply bright as a cut jewel. But they were still provisioned and did not leave the cave.

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Tomorrow, Bowers makes a gun.

ANGELINE SHELTON, PIONEER WOMAN, IS BURIED, CENTRALIA

Funeral services were conducted yesterday at the Sticklin parlors in Centralia, Wash., for Mrs. Angeline Ford Shelton, formerly of Medford, who passed away Sunday in Seattle, according to word received here.

Angeline Ford was born June 8, 1847, near the location of the city of Centralia, Wash. She was the first white child born in Washington.

She was the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Sidney Ford, who crossed the plains in 1844 and settled on Ford's Prairie in 1845.

She was the wife of John G. Shelton, first postmaster of Centralia, Wash., who passed away September 24, 1897. He served two terms as a member of the town board and held other important positions in Centralia.

Mrs. Shelton was a close friend of the first governor of Washington, Isaac I. Stevens.

She is survived by two children, Mrs. C. F. Stanley and A. L. Shelton of Seattle; six grand-children, one of whom is Mrs. Ira Luman of Medford. Mrs. Luman, having lost her mother when but a few days old, was taken by her grandmother, and reared as one of the latter's own.

Mrs. Shelton also leaves six great-grandchildren, two of whom are Mrs. Luman's children, David Luman and Mrs. Herbert Thomas of Medford; two great-great grandchildren, also of Medford, these being Mrs. Thomas' two daughters, Geraldine and Iris.

With the exception of four years spent in Medford, Mrs. Shelton lived all her life in Washington. During her residence here, she made many friends who mourn her passing.

'CRINOLINE DAYS' BACK IN LONDON

LONDON (AP)—Memories of crinoline days are revived in London's autumn fashion parades.

Clinging satin frocks surrounded from waist to knee by bell-shaped lace "cages," stiffened at the bottom to stand out like old hooped skirts, are being shown.

Other "cage" fashions include enormous puffed-out sleeves gathered in at shoulder and wrist.

Boned bodices are shown on some evening gowns, the stiffening keeping them in place without the use of shoulder straps.

Other designs are of oriental inspiration, including embroidered trousers worn under a lace skirt.

NASTURTIUM AND GREEN STRIKING COMBINATION

PARIS (AP)—Nasturtium and forest green make a striking color combination in ont smart costume which appeared in the 1934-35 fashion shows. Molyneux makes a frock of forest green wool designed on the slender streamline silhouette he favors this season and adds as its only accent a belt of nasturtium velvet tied in a soft bow at left front. He tops it with a hip-length coat of forest green wool.

Laundering Sweaters

When laundering sweaters or knitted blouses, let dry on cloth or bath towel placed on a flat surface. No ironing is required.

CROP OF FOREST SEED BETTER THAN USUAL IN STATE SAYS FORESTER

SALEM, Ore. (UP)—The year's crop of forest seeds, shed at this season of the year, is better than usual, Lynn P. Cronemiller, state forester, reported today.

Heavy crops of Douglas fir, western red cedar and western hemlock have been reported from Lincoln, Lane, Douglas and Coos counties in Oregon and from northwestern Washington. Port Orford cedar has been reported laden heavily with cones near Powers, and good crops of Sitka spruce have been reported on Saddle mountain in Lane county. Light crops of ponderosa pine and silver fir have been noticed.

Good crops of different species appear in various localities throughout the Pacific northwest region, although no species has a bumper crop over its entire range.

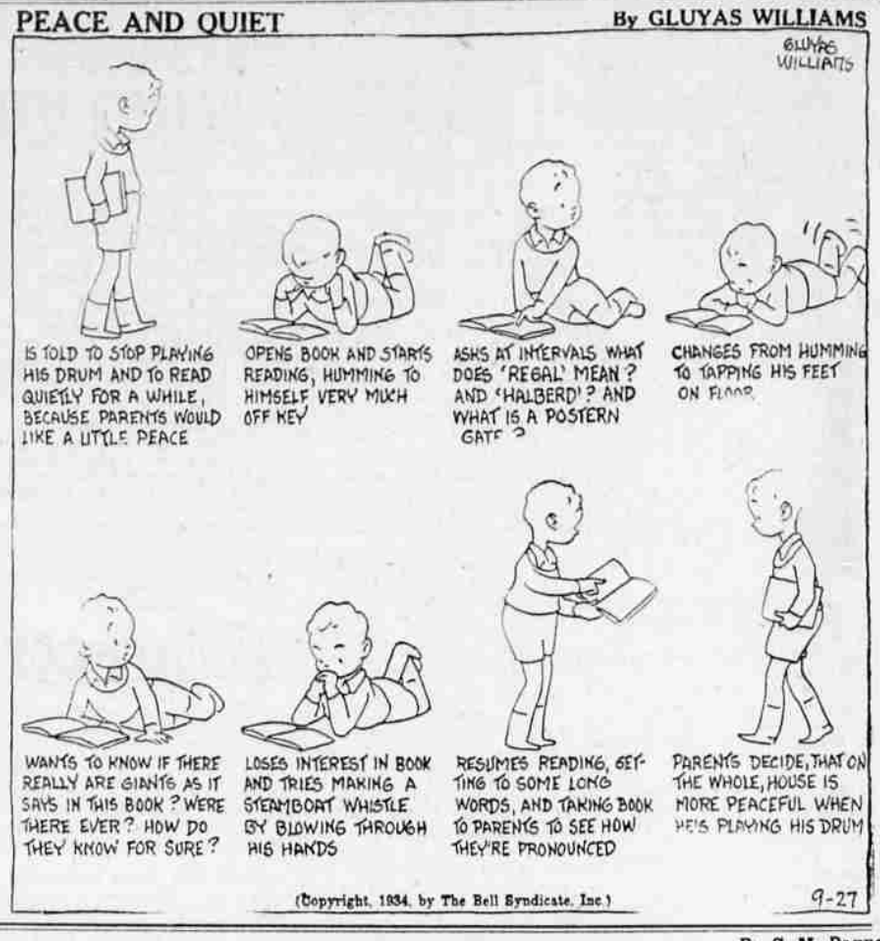
An abundant seed crop not only means a bountiful harvest for the collector of tree seeds but gives promise of more than the usual number of volunteer tree seedlings next year on logged-off lands of the region, the state forester said.

'Dyed Rat' Linings

PARIS (AP)—"Hamster" is something new in furs this year. It is fashion's name for "dyed rat," and is used by several designers as linings for winter ensembles. Philippe et Gaston use it in the lining in the three-quarter length coat of a warm henna ensemble collared in beaver.

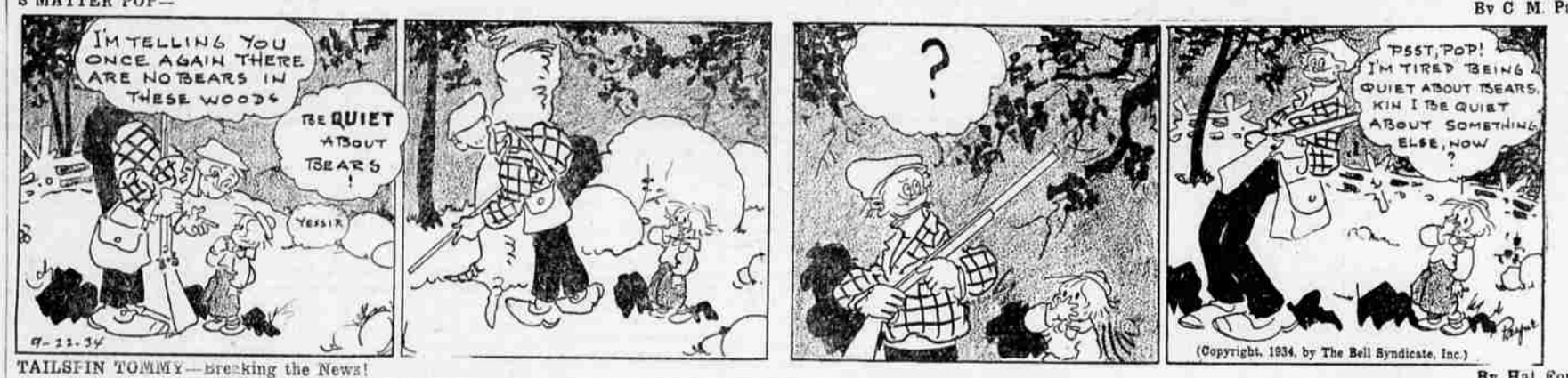
PEACE AND QUIET

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Breaking the News!

By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Silence!

By EDWIN A. ...R

THE NEBBS—The Plotters

By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

'COLLEGE STUDENTS' SPRING NEW RACKET

WASHINGTON (UP)—The wife of a prominent local attorney, being an enthusiastic gardener, recently was victimized by a new racket utilized by a salesman "working his way through college."

A young man, presentable in appearance, arrived on the woman's doorstep with a handful of rich loam. Pointing to a truck out front loaded with sacks, he claimed he was securing funds for his college course by selling topsoil to gardeners.

The lawyer's wife purchased four sacks.

She was quite dismayed, however, when preparing later to fix up her gardens with the "excellent flower food," to find the sacks contained nothing but an assortment of common, every-day cinders.

KITCHEN IS DANGER SPOT FOR ACCIDENTS

URBANA, Ill. (AP)—Keep out of the kitchen and avoid accidents, says Gladys J. Ward, home management specialist of the University of Illinois, to housewives.

It is filled with equipment and utensils capable of inflicting serious, and sometimes fatal, injuries, she says, and cites a survey showing that at least half of the accidents occurring in the home take place in the kitchen.

2000 Elk to Be Fed

MOSCOW, Ida.—(UP)—More than 2000 head of elk will be fed this winter in Idaho, State Game Warden J. R. Robertson has announced. Forest fires during the summer destroyed numerous game preserves in the Selway national forests where the spreading-antlered animals customarily forage for themselves.