

3½ Miles a Minute at Daytona! *All about the World's Record Motor Race*

The MODERN BOY

EVERY MONDAY.
Week ending
March 3rd, 1923.
No. 4. Vol. 1.

2d

FREE!
WITHIN!
A
FINE COLOURED
METAL MODEL

OF THE WORLD'S RECORD-
BREAKING CAR
MAJ. SEGRAVES' 1000H.P.
"Sunbeam"



KING OF THE



"Get him aboard boat belong us!" panted Ken. "Yes, ear!" grinned Lompo.

TO THE RESCUE!

KING OF THE ISLANDS stood in the whaleboat, his handsome face set and tense. It was against his better judgment that he had resolved to save Bully Samson and his crew; but having once made up his mind, he cast hesitation behind him. And there was no time to lose; the terrified shrieks of the Malaita men told him that the tiger sharks were already among them. Ken had lost sight of Bully Samson, but a dozen of the black crew could be seen swimming desperately or clinging to wrecked spars. Save for spars and tangled rigging wallowing in the waves, the schooner was out of sight now, settling down deep on the sunken reef.

"You feller Kanaka, washy-washy plenty quick!" snapped Ken.

Two Hiva-Oa men tugged at the oars of the whaleboat. The rest were standing along the low rail of the Dawn, with ropes to throw to the struggling Malaitas. Koko, his brown face expressing grim disapproval, flung out a rope to a drowning Solomon Islander. Disapproving or not, Kaio-lalulalonga did not think for a moment of disputing the command of "feller white, marster."

The whaleboat glided among the wreckage, and three or four black paws grasped at the gunwale. Dripping and panting, the black men rolled into the boat. But if the rescue was swift, the tiger sharks were swifter. Three black men rolled panting in the whaleboat; four were dragged up the low side of the ketch. Another, with his hands on the gun-

"The fool!" he muttered, staring after the swimmer.

Bully Samson was already at a distance.

Certainly the skipper of the Shark had had no expectation of being picked up by the ketch, and he had struck out desperately in the direction of the island. It was a desperate, or, rather, a hopeless attempt, but it was Bully Samson's only chance, and he was swimming strongly and fiercely. But close by him a black fin glided over the blue water.

"Feller shark get him!" repeated Lompo.

"Pull!" shouted Ken. "You feller boy, pull like thunder!"

The Hiva-Oa men bent to the oars, and the whaleboat shot in pursuit.

King of the Islands grasped his Winchester.

The black fin had disappeared; Bully Samson was still swimming strongly. The whaleboat raced through the water, the sweat running in streams down the brown skins of the Hiva-Oa men as they pulled. Again the black fin glanced in the sun, closer to the swimmer. Ken fired, and the bullet glanced on the water, splashing spray over the dark head of Bully Samson. The swimmer's

KEN KING, known as King of the Islands, moors his ketch in a coral-fringed lagoon in the Pacific. He rescues a Kanaka called Koko, who tells Ken that he was bo'sun on a Captain Samson's schooner, and that the captain had ordered him to be killed because he had tried to rescue from the ship an Australian boy named Kit Hudson. Kit is to be eaten alive by the land-crabs unless he tells Samson a secret that the ruffian is anxious to learn. Ken rescues Kit and takes him aboard the ketch as a friend. They sail next morning, with Bully Samson in hard chase. Samson's schooner, the Shark, strikes a sunken reef, heels over, and the crew is flung into the water. For a moment Ken hesitates, then raps out an order, "Lower the whaleboat!" (Now read on.)

wale, was torn away as he clambered, and disappeared under the waves with a gurgling cry. Ken stood and stared round over the curling waves, but of the crew of the Shark there were no more to be seen.

"Where's Bully Samson?" muttered Ken.

Lompo grinned, and pointed with his oar.

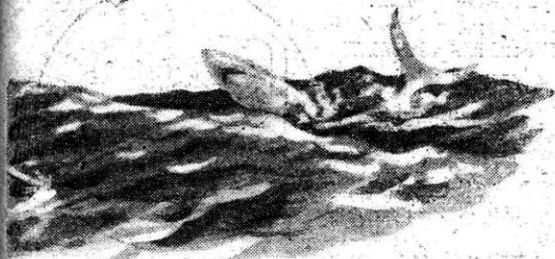
"White feller him swim um island feller shark get him plenty quick." Ken gritted his teeth.

ISLANDS!

Sir Alan Cobham &
C. Hamilton

Sir Alan Cobham's
Great Yarn!

Start Reading it
Now!



The boy skipper of the ketch Dawn turns
a smiling face and ready
wits to peril Afloat, on Land, and in the Air!

Laggard eyes turned back and took in the whaleboat, the straining oarsmen, and King of the Islands standing rifle in hand.

A husky yell of defiance burst from the ruffian, and he swam on again desperately. The skipper of the Shark did not understand that it was rescue, and he did not doubt that the bullet that had gone so close had been aimed at him. Only too well the South Sea desperado knew what he would have done in Ken King's place, and he judged others by himself. He struggled furiously to escape, unconscious and heedless of the fearful monster now close upon him.

"Fool!" muttered Ken again. The whaleboat was rapidly overhauling the swimmer. But the shark was closer.

There was a gleam of white in the sun close by Bully Samson as the shark turned over to bite.

Ken's face was white and rigid as he glanced along the rifle. Brute and bully as Samson was, stained with the crimes of a lawless life in wild seas, such a fate was too terrible. Ken's heart was sick within him as he saw the gleaming white of the shark's belly, and caught a glimpse of the fearful rows of teeth, but his hand was steady as a rock. A moment more, and the sharp teeth would have been shearing through the limbs of Bully Samson.

Bang!

A husky yell came from Samson, a

yell of piercing terror as he realised that the shark was upon him. For a second King of the Islands thought that his aim had failed.

But the next he knew that he had not failed. A wave of crimson dyed the water, and spray flew like rain as the shark's tail thrashed the sea.

Bang! Bang!

Twice again King of the Islands fired, and each bullet struck the hideous fish.

The whaleboat rushed on, and Lompo leaped over and grasped the collar of Bully Samson's shirt.

"Get him aboard boat belong us!" panted Ken.

"Yes, sar!" grinned Lompo.

The ruffian did not resist now. A dozen yards from him the shark, mortally wounded, was thrashing up the sea. Bully Samson was only too glad to clamber into the boat with Lompo's helping hand, if only to find himself a prisoner there.

He sprawled in the boat, in a pool of water.

"Washy-washy um ketch," said Ken. "Feller shark him smashee boat you no washy-washy like thunder."

"Yes, sar!"

The Hiva-Oa men pulled for the ketch. Behind the boat the struggling, squirming shark thrashed the sea with a noise like thunder.

Bully Samson lay panting in the bottom of the boat for a full minute, and then, as he struggled to his knees, his hand grasped at the knife at the back of his belt.

"Drop it!"

A gleaming eye looked at him along the slanting barrel of a rifle.

"You dog!" said King of the Islands. "I've saved you from the shark, and I'm a fool for my pains. Drop that knife into the sea, or I'll send a bullet through you. Sharp's the word!"

Bully Samson drew a hissing breath. The knife flashed in the sun as it was flung into the Pacific.

"You've got me!" muttered Samson. "You've sunk my schooner and you've got me. But wait till my turn comes— He ground his teeth. "I'll get you, Ken King! I'll hunt you through the islands—"

"You feller Samson talk too plenty much mouth belong you!" said Ken, with a grin. "Stow the cackle, Samson, and feel thankful that I didn't leave you to the sharks, as you deserve, you scum!"

And the South Sea ruffian sat in savage silence while the whaleboat pulled back to the Dawn, and he was passed up the side of the ketch—a prisoner.

AITOO!

KOKO, the Kanaka, fixed a grim look upon Bully Samson as the skipper landed, dripping, on the deck. His brown hand went as it by instinct to the handle of the long Malhita knife at the back of his calico trousers. Ken gave him a warning look. Reluctantly the boat-swain relinquished the weapon.

"S'pose you no killy Bully Samson, Bully Samson him killy you bimeby," said Kaio-lalulalonga.

"I guess the nigger's right," said Bully Samson hoarsely, with a glare of defiance at King of the Islands.

"That's enough!" said Ken curtly. "You won't do any more harm when I'm done with you. Lash those niggers, Koko."

"Yes, sar!"

The four blacks picked up by the ketch already had their arms bound. The three from the whaleboat were secured in the same way. The Malaita men submitted quietly, indifferently. With their arms bound the prisoners squatted on the deck, staring about them curiously, and already forgetful of the fearful peril through which they had passed, and of their shipmates who had gone down.

"Now feller Samson," said Ken. Bully Samson clenched his hands convulsively as the Kanaka approached him, rope in hand.

But the Winchester in Ken's hands enforced obedience, and Samson's sinewy arms were bound behind his back.

King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

"That's the last of the Shark," remarked Kit Hudson, staring back at the tossing fragments of wreckage as the Dawn glided away swiftly from the sunken reef, once more before the wind.

Ken nodded. "A good riddance," he said. "It was in my mind to let Samson and his crew go down with her, but— He laughed. "One must remember that one is a white man, even in these waters. There'll be a good many in the islands, white as well as black, who'll be glad to hear that the Shark will never sail the Pacific again. Where did you pick up that hefty whip?" he added, with a glance at the Australian stock-whip tucked under Hudson's arm. "I haven't seen that before."

Hudson laughed, and jerked his thumb towards the reef astern. "I spotted it floating among the wreckage and picked it up. I was mighty glad to see it again," he said. "I had it on the cattle-boat out of Sydney. You've never seen an Australian stockman handle a whip like this?"

"Never," said Ken. "Look!" said Hudson. He slipped the whip into his hand. Koko, the Kanaka, was standing twenty feet away forward, with his back to the two white men: A jerk of Hudson's wrist, and the long lash of the stock-whip shot through the air and curled round the huge grass-plaited hat on the Kanaka's head.

The big hat was lifted from Koko's head as if by an invisible hand, and landed in an instant upon the coamings of the cabin skylight at Kit Hudson's side.

"By gum!" ejaculated Ken in astonishment.

It was his first experience of the uncanny skill of the Australian stockman with his whip.

Kaio-lalulalonga started convulsively, and his hands went to his head to feel for the hat that was no longer there.

Then he stared upward, and then round him, with an expression of stupefied astonishment on his brown face.

Astonishment gave place to alarm as he found that his hat had utterly vanished.

"Debble!" he gasped. "Debble get um hat belong me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Ken.

There was a cackle of laughter from the blacks who had seen the trick with the stock-whip.

But Koko did not cackle. He was deeply alarmed. He came plunging aft to Ken, with terror in his brown face.

"Little white master, aitoo board um ship belong you!" he stammered. "Aitoo lift um hat along head belong me. Him feller hat gone!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Ken. The expression on Koko's bewildered and terrified face was too much for him.

"What make little white master him laugh?" gasped Koko. "Aitoo debble him board ship, him sinky ship, and we all make kai-kai along shark."

"Hat comee back head along you," said Hudson, chuckling.

"No tinky," said Koko.

"You look eye belong you, you see." Hudson jerked the stock-whip, and the lash closed round the hat again like the tentacle of an octopus.

The big grass-hat was jerked into the air from the skylight coaming, and landed on Koko's astounded head.

"Oh, golly!" gasped Koko.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Him debble whip," said Koko.

(Continued on next page.)

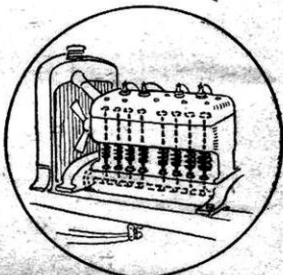
THE CAR X-RAYED.

The Secrets of the Motor-Car Revealed.

No. 4.—

INLET and EXHAUST VALVES.

WITH all four-stroke engines there must be an inlet and exhaust valve of some description. The inlet opens to let the fresh charge of gas into the cylinder, the exhaust to allow the burnt gas to pass out. The most common type of valve, the mushroom pattern shown at A in the diagram, is employed for both "side" and "overhead valve" engines. There are, of course, other types, such as the single sleeve, double sleeve, and rotary; but I do not propose to tell you



The positions of inlet and exhaust valves in a side-valve engine.

about these yet.

The side valve is shown at B, with its component parts named, and needs no further elaboration, but the overhead valve may be operated by an overhead rocker arm and push rod; an overhead camshaft and rocker arm; or by a camshaft operating direct on the stem of the valve. These types are shown at C, D, and E, respectively.

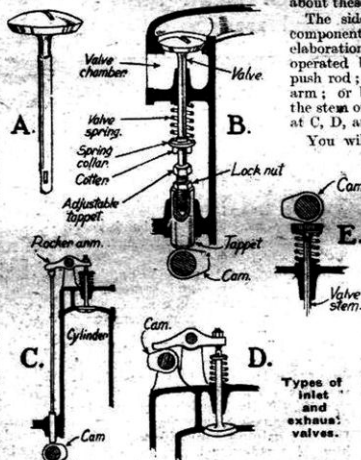
You will see that the overhead valve is inverted and placed right over the top of the cylinder, whereas the side valve is placed to the side of the cylinder. The advantage of the overhead valve is largely due to the fitting of detachable cylinder heads, for the reason that they can be easily fitted to a detachable head, without resort to special valve cages.

Tappet clearance means the space left between the end of the valve stem and the head of the tappet or rocker arm, as the case may be. This clearance is very important, because, as you all know, metals expand when hot, therefore, but for this clearance, the valve would be prevented from seating properly.

Tappet clearance should also be adjusted when the engine is hot, because the expansion of a tappet rod, or valve stem, is greater than that of the cylinder block; therefore, to set the tappet clearance when the engine is cold must result in no clearance at all when the engine becomes warm.

To grind a valve to a gas-tight fit on its seating, smear the face of the valve with carborundum or emery powder, mixed with thin oil, place the valve on its seating, and by means of a screwdriver placed in the slot in the valve head, rotate the valve backwards and forwards the full movement of your wrist. Now lift the valve off its seating and turn it half a revolution, re-seat it, and carry on for at least five minutes. Finally, finish with a very fine grinding paste, and carefully wipe the parts clean.

Next week I will tell you how the engine is made to open and close the valves at the correct time.



Types of inlet and exhaust valves.

King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

staring at the stock-whip in awe and wonder. "Him aitoo whip belong you, sar."

"Plenty big aitoo debble in um whip belong me," chuckled Hudson. "S'pose you no good black boy, debble whip him lift um head belong you, all samee hat."

Koko retreated forward, still with an uneasy backward eye on the stock-whip, which evidently, to his untutored mind, was tenanted by a "debble" of unusual powers.

"That's some whip!" said Ken admiringly.

"I was mighty glad to get it back," said Hudson. "I've jerked a revolver out of a bushranger's hand at thirty paces with this same whip. I'd feel safer with it than with your Winchester."

"You've got eight prisoners on the ketch," he said. "That's as many as your crew, including ourselves. What are you going to do with them?"

"Get rid of them as soon as possible," answered Ken. "I'd run them back to the island, but I don't want to lose this wind. But we shall raise Talopa to-night."

"Talopa!" repeated Hudson.

"A coral atoll."

Hudson whistled.

"Marooning them?"

"There's nothing else to do with them unless we drop them overboard. It's Talopa or the deep sea—and I've no doubt they'll prefer Talopa," said Ken dryly.

The wreckage of the Shark was far out of sight astern now as the ketch fled on before the wind over the blue Pacific. The long, hot day wore to its close; the round, red sun dipping to the waves in banks of purple and gold.

Koko was at the helm. Ken, sitting idly on the teak rail, watched through the soft shadows. From the fore cross-trees came the sing-song voice of a Kanaka on the look-out:

"Feller island him see."

Faintly through the starry gloom loomed the feathery fronds of tall palm-trees.

BULLY SAMSON'S LAST CHANCE!

BULLY SAMSON breathed hard and deep.

Above deck the starlight fell in a soft, silvery shimmer. Below deck all was dark, save for a glimmer from the ports. The swinging bronze lamp in the cabin had not been lighted; and that, with the exception of a Chinese lantern hanging in the tiny state-room amidships, was the only lighting fixture. As the tropical dusk deepened on the wide-rolling Pacific the shadows in the cabin intensified to blackness. But Bully Samson was glad when the light was gone.

His chance was coming—the chance for which he had been waiting, longing, through the long, hot day, through the hours of burning heat.

The freebooter had been tumbled below into the cabin, but his men were still squatting on deck amidships and forward. With prisoners as numerous as the ship's company, it was safer to keep them separate, bound as they were. Bully Samson had gritted his teeth with helpless rage as he was hustled down the

short ladder into the cabin out of sight of his men.

Alone below, the skipper of the Shark had cursed unheeded, till from very fatigue he relapsed into sullen silence. Had but one of his men been near him, sooner or later an opportunity would have come for the black man's strong teeth to loosen Samson's bonds, and, once he was loose, he was ready to take the most desperate chance to gain the upper hand. But King of the Islands was well aware of it, and he had taken care that the freebooter was out of sight and sound of his men.

The hot, dreary hours, as they crawled by, brought despair to the skipper of the Shark.

What fate King of the Islands intended for him he did not know; but he could guess that Ken would not keep him on board the ketch with his savage crew longer than he could help.

That meant that he would be put ashore on the first land sighted by the Dawn; and he was aware that the Dawn was hundreds of miles from a white man's port. To be marooned



"Thunder!" panted Samson. The long lash of the stock-whip flashed and closed round him, pinning his brawny arms to his sides.

King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

on some coral isle was a better fate than the sea and the sharks; but it was a prospect that made Samson grind his teeth with impotent rage.

Many times during the long tropical day Ken, or Kit Hudson, or Koko stepped down into the cabin, or glanced into the steep hatchway at the man who sprawled with his arms bound. Twice Koko had bent over him and examined the rope, suspicious and wary.

But when night fell the skipper lay in darkness.

He had tugged and strained at the rope round his brawny, hairy wrists till his arms ached and his skin was frayed and sore. But he had not loosened the knots which Koko had tied with a seaman's skill.

But the skipper was stirring now in the blackness that enveloped the cabin of the Dawn.

Cautiously, carefully, taking care to make no sound that could draw attention from the deck, so near at hand on the little vessel, Bully Samson moved.

Like a snake his huge bulk shifted slowly but surely along the planks towards the doorless opening of the lazarette aft.

The Dawn was a little vessel, hardly more than seventy feet. Every inch of space was fully used in her interior. The companion-ladder from the deck led down into the cabin, which extended the full width of the ketch. Forward of the cabin, a door in a teak bulkhead gave admittance to a state-room containing two bunks—the quarters of King of the Islands and his new comrade, Kit Hudson. Beyond was another bulkhead, separating the state-room from the crew's quarters forward. Aft of the cabin was the lazarette, entered by an aperture that had no door to close it.

Stores were stacked in the lazarette—tins of biscuits, tins of flour, boxes of trade tobacco. Danny, the cook, had gone into the lazarette many times that day under the prisoner's savage eyes, heedless of the ruffian sprawling, bound, in the cabin. But Samson had not been heedless of the cook. He had watched Danny slicing yams with a large, broad-bladed knife, which, with the natural carelessness of the islander, he left lying on the sack when he had finished.

It was of that baro knife that Samson was thinking as he wormed his way towards the opening of the lazarette.

He had little distance to cover, but his progress was slow; he dared not make a sound. The ketch was gliding through smooth waters, and there was little sound from the sea to cover his movements. Only the creak of cords and canvas broke the silence of the tropic night.

Impatient as he was, feverishly impatient, Bully Samson did not forget caution. At any moment, he knew, there might be a step on the companion-ladder; at any moment the

land might be sighted upon which he guessed that he was to be marooned, and the Hiya-Oa men might be sent down to drag him on deck. Any moment might see the shattering of all his hopes; but all depended on caution, and he was cautious.

He was in the lazarette at last, sitting up, backing against the sack of yams, feeling with eager fingers for the knife.

His wrists were bound together behind his back, and bound hard. He could scarcely move his hands. But his long, strong fingers were free, and the knife was in them.

Then, with the movement only of his sinuous fingers, he began to saw the blade to and fro on the rope.

The exertion was terrible; the perspiration started out all over his body in great drops, and streamed down his gaunt face and black beard. The ache in his wrists and his straining fingers was almost unendurable. But he endured it.

Slowly, with maddening slowness, pausing every now and then to rest the fingers that almost refused to move, Bully Samson sawed at the rope, and he gasped aloud when he felt a strand of it part.

Another strand—and another! His wrists were looser now, and he worked with more freedom. Many times the knife had slipped, gashing his thick, hairy wrists; the blood dripped down his fingers as he worked. But he did not heed the pain. He was working for freedom and vengeance; and vengeance was more in his savage mind than freedom.

The rope parted.

Bully Samson laid the knife on the floor and sat breathing hard and deep, almost exhausted by his efforts, powerful ruffian as he was.

But it was for hardly more than a minute that he rested. Seconds were precious to him now. From aloft came a sing-song voice—the voice of Lompo at the cross-trees, calling that land was sighted. It came to Bully Samson's ears, and warned him that time was short. He did not need telling that upon the land that was sighted he was to be marooned with the survivors of his black crew.

He thrust the cook's knife into his belt, but he knew that it was of little use as a weapon in the struggle before him. His men were bound; he had no chance of releasing them until he had gained the upper hand on the ketch. The moment he appeared on deck he would be seen; and he had two white men and the island crew to contend with. King of the Islands had spared his life and saved him from the sharks; but he would shoot him down like a wild dog in defence of his ship and his life. Bully Samson groped his way cautiously out of the dark lazarette, and across the shadowy cabin to the little state-room at the other end.

His movements were swift now.

There was no sound of alarm from the deck; no suspicion that the prisoner below was free. Samson could hear the low murmur of the voices of King of the Islands and Kit

Hudson and, the jabbering of the blacks. He felt the ketch change her course a little, evidently to head more directly for the land that Lompo had seen from the cross-trees. He groped over the two bunks, in the hope of finding a revolver. On board the Shark, Bully Samson had never turned in without a loaded revolver under his pillow. But there was no pistol in Ken King's bunk, none in Hudson's. The freebooter gritted his teeth with disappointed rage.

In the glimmer of starlight from the little port, he searched savagely through the state-room.

A snarl of satisfaction broke from his bearded lips as he dragged open a drawer in a Chinese lacquered cabinet that stood by the head of Ken's bunk, and his fingers closed upon a revolver there.

Swiftly he examined it; it was loaded in every chamber.

He had what he sought now—a loaded revolver in his grip. He was fatigued, his wrists bleeding and raw, his fingers aching, but he knew that he could depend on his aim. Two shots—only two—he wanted, if the bullets found their billets. King of the Islands first, and then the Cornstalk. The black men would not raise a hand if the white men fell. He would be master of the ketch—master of the handsome little clipper in the place of the schooner he had lost—master of the cargo gathered by Ken King in drumming round the islands—if only fortune favoured him now. He gripped the revolver, and crept back to the foot of the companion. There he paused, to calm his throbbing nerves and to listen. Ken's voice came to his ears.

"Keep her steady, Koko."

"Yes, sar!"

"And that's Talopa?" It was Hudson's voice.

"Yes. Just a coral atoll, but coconuts and wild pig in plenty, and water; and a ship comes this way perhaps once in six months," said King of the Islands. "It's uninhabited, like a good many hundreds of these atolls. Bully Samson will have time there to think over his sins, and perhaps come to the conclusion that honesty is the best policy."

"At any rate, he will not get after John Chin's pearl island again in a hurry," Hudson remarked.

Samson set his teeth hard, grinding savagely through his black beard, as he heard.

He set his foot on the ladder, lifting his heavy bulk cautiously, with hardly a creak from the wood. Another step and his head was above the level of the deck.

There was a yell from Koko to the helm.

With a spring Bully Samson was on the deck.

FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.
KING of the Islands spun round.

"Samson!"
There was a howl from the blacks—a howl of wild excitement. All eyes, in the starlight, fastened on the bully of the Shark.
The freebooter's right arm was

raised—the stars glistened on the barrel of the revolver.

He grinned savagely over it.

"My turn, Ken King!"

King of the Islands stood rigid.

His Winchester was in the rack at the foot of the mast; he was weaponless. Hudson, standing at his side, was unarmed—save for the stock-whip under his arm, which slid mechanically into his hand at the first alarm. The comrades of the Dawn faced the black-bearded desperado, and looked death in the face—death in the levelled revolver, death in the savage, grinning face behind it.

"My turn!" Bully Samson's voice croaked hoarsely. "I guess I warned you, King of the Islands! You for the sharks—Hudson for Malaita tortures unless he steers a course in this ketch for John Chin's island. What about it now, you dog?"

He came on as he spoke, slowly, half-crouching like a wild beast about to spring. In the dim starlight, and with his hands still numbed, he would not trust his aim till he was closer. The bound Solomon Islanders, the Hiva-Oa crew, watched him, with dilated eyes and excited, jabbering voices. Ken King looked him in the face, facing death.

"You've sunk my schooner!" Over the levelled revolver, Bully Samson's grim, black-bearded face grinned and gloated. "I guess the Dawn will serve my turn till I've raised the pearl island. Why don't you speak, you dog? Why don't you tell me you picked me up from the sharks, and beg for your life?"

Ken's lips curled contemptuously.

He did not speak; he watched, with set teeth and glinting eyes. The ruffian, finger on trigger, gloated over the two unarmed men who stood at his mercy. He gloated—a moment too long. Ken and Kit Hudson were unarmed—he had seen that at the first glance—their lives lay in the hollow of his hand. To shoot King of the Islands dead on his own deck, and throw him to the sharks, and after him Koko the Kanaka, and the Hiva-Oa crew—to force Kit Hudson by Malaita tortures, to steer the ketch to the Chinaman's pearl island—such were the thoughts in the South Sea desperado's mind.

Kit Hudson's wrist jerked; and even as Bully Samson's finger was pressing on the trigger, something invisible tore the revolver from his fingers.

As if endowed with a volition of its own, the revolver circled in the air, and dropped crashing on the deck a dozen yards from the ruffian.

"Thunder!" panted Samson.

He stood in helpless bewilderment, and a roar of glee burst from Kaio lalulalonga.

"Him feller debble whip, my word!"

King of the Islands panted.

So sudden, so swift had been the flashing of the long lash of the stock-whip, that even his keen eye had not seen it, and for the moment he was astounded as Bully Samson at the sudden turn of fortune.

What Car Was That?

HISPANO-SUIZA
27 horse-power, 6 cylinders. French make.



MORRIS-COWLEY
11 horse-power, 4 cylinders. British make.

SUNBEAM
16 horse-power, 6 cylinders. British make.



TRIUMPH
super-seven 4 cylinders. British make.

Recognizing cars is a fascinating pastime. This feature will help you to know the different makes by the radiator.

With a hoarse cry, Bully Samson leaped forward, grasping at the cook's knife in his belt.

Something closed round him, pinning his brawny arms to his sides, something that was like the tentacle of a devil-fish; that wound round him, and round and round again. He staggered helplessly in the winding lash of the stock-whip, striving vainly to free his arms, that were pinned securely as if in iron manacles.

Hudson laughed softly.

"I reckon I told you I'd rather have a stock-whip than a Winchester! I shouldn't have had a chance to use a Winchester."

"Him debble whip!" chuckled Koko. "Him debble whip kill feller Samson plenty too much."

Bully Samson raved furious oaths as he struggled with the stock-whip. He struggled in vain; the winding lash bound him like hoops of steel. Ken picked up the revolver, while the Hiva-Oa men grasped the bully of the Shark. Kit Hudson drew away the stock-whip, and Samson stood panting in the grasp of the islanders. King of the Islands looked at him, his grip hard on the butt of the revolver.

"I'm tempted to put a bullet through you, you scoundrel!" he said. "And, by the holy smoke, if you so much as raise a finger again till you're clear of my craft, I'll do it!"

And the South Sea ruffian gritted his teeth in savage silence.

The ketch glided rapidly on towards the group of tall palms that stood out black against the stars. King of the Islands looked across the water, at the line of foam on a coral reef, and a white beach beyond that glimmered from the night. The atoll was close at hand now.

"You've saved my life, Hudson," said Ken, in a low voice. "and my ship, too, that I value as much."

"You saved mine," said Kit. "We're quits."

The ketch glided on into the glimmering lagoon of the atoll. A word from King of the Islands, and the Malita men were cast loose from their bonds, one by one, and told to jump. Black man after man plunged into the lagoon and scrambled ashore. Another word, and Bully Samson, shouting wild oaths, was dropped over the teak rail after his men, and went plunging to the coral beach.

Ken drew a deep breath.

"I'm glad we're finished with him. Now for the open sea, and the salt wind to take the taste of him out of our mouths."

On the beach of the atoll, a tall, black-bearded figure stood, shaking a clenched fist after the ketch as her white sails glanced seaward. Swiftly flew the Dawn, vanishing from the sight of Bully Samson and his crew, marooned on a coral speck in the boundless waste of the Pacific.

(If you fail to give your newsgent a definite, standing order for the MODERN BOY you may miss next week's stirring instalment of Sir Alan Cobham's magnificent yarn!)