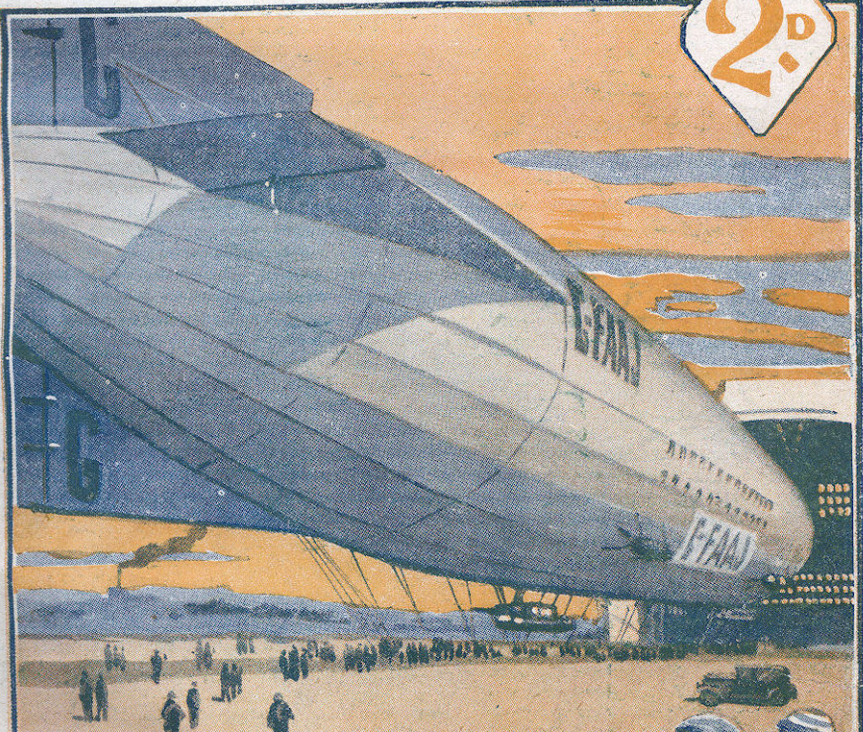


# The MODERN BOY

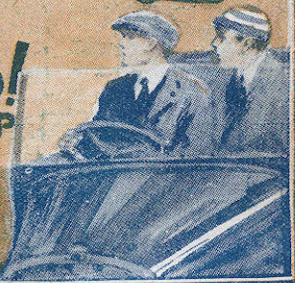
EVERY MONDAY.  
Week ending March 17th, 1928.

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**New York Non-Stop!**  
R 100-WORLD'S GREATEST AIRSHIP  
*Soon to Commence  
Transatlantic Service*  
(See Page 5.)



S. DRIGH

Read SIR ALAN COBHAM'S Thrilling Story Within!

# King of the



Peril Afloat, on Land, and in the Air—a Yarn Without Equal!  
By SIR ALAN COBHAM and C. HAMILTON.

## IN THE HANDS OF THE DEVIL-DOCTOR!

**KING OF THE ISLANDS** ceased to struggle. A razor-like edge—the edge of a shark's-tooth knife—fouled his throat in the darkness. Five or six brawny Melaneseans were grasping him; but, powerful savages as they were, they did not find it easy to hold the boy skipper of the Dawn. But at the touch of the shark's-tooth knife he ceased to resist. While there was life there was hope.

In the blackness of the high bush he could not see the men who bore him onward to the Place of Skulls, save for a glimmer of rolling eyes, a flashing of white teeth.

Their bare feet were soundless on the bush path; only a faint mutter of voices and the hard breathing of the blacks broke the silence as they tramped on with their prisoner.

From the high bush they came into a grove of banyan-trees—the grove that was the den of the devil-doctors of Faloo.

Overhead, strange and horrible in the darkness, grinned the human face

that Ken and Koko had seen at a distance, and which had petrified Kaio-laluhalonga with terror.

King of the Islands was flung to the ground almost underneath the eerie object that swung from a banyan branch.

The blacks still grasped him, while, cords of tapa were wound about his limbs and knotted with cruel tightness.

It was futile to resist—and the shark's-tooth knife was still close at hand. In a few minutes Ken was lying helpless on the earth, bound hand and foot, and the blacks stood about him in a muttering group.

Then they vanished into the night, leaving Ken alone under the big banyan.

Ken listened intently. From the silence of the night came

a distant sound of rustling and crashing in the tangled bush.

He could guess that Koko was in a fight in the high bush, probably with the savages of Faloo on his track.

The boy trader lay staring about him, peering through the heavy gloom under the banyan.

An acrid smell of wood-smoke came to his nostrils, and every now and then he saw a flicker of flame.

A fire, thickly covered, was burning at a little distance, dense smoke rising from it and floating away through the banyan branches.

Ken started as he discerned the he was not, as he had supposed, alone. A black figure, clad in a dirty loin-cloth, sat by the covered fire, tending it, and turning in his head something that was suspended from a branch above, in the smoke.

Ken did not tell what the object in the smoke—he knew the customs of the Melanese savages.

It was a human head—now in the process of being smoke-cured, for preservation as trophy.

Like all the Melaneseans,

**KEN KING, known as King of the Islands, trading in the South Seas in his ketch, the Dawn, rescues Kit Hudson, an Australian boy, from a rascally skipper known as Bully Samson, who is trying to wrest a secret from him. Ken takes him aboard as mate and friend, and the two sail to the island of Lallage. Here they learn of a secret hoard of gold in the Place of Skulls on the island of Faloo. Ken decides to have a shot at getting it, although to be caught means death, and they sail straight away. Making for Koko, a native, Ken sets out on his search. They see a weird phosphorescent light shining in the trees and Koko funks going forward. Ken goes on and is captured by natives: (Now read on.)**

# Islands!

**SIR ALAN COBHAM'S  
Great Story!**

**You Can Start  
Reading it NOW!**



Ken's eyes turned on the black man who crouched over the fire.

share of the treasure would be enough for the beachcomber. As for his conscience, if ever he had had one, that had long been sapped away by alcohol.

It was futile to think of it now; but Ken would have been glad to be within kicking distance of the drunken waster who had sent him to Faloo with his story of Mafoof's buried sack of sovereigns.

The figure by the fire stirred. The flame leaped up again, and Ken's eyes turned on the black man, who, crouched, looking down at him with an evil, grinning face.

Ken had seen the man before, on the occasion of a trading visit to the island, in the village by the lagoon in old Mafoof's time. It was Tokaloo, the chief devil-doctor of Faloo, a man so aged that his skin was shrunk like parchment over his old bones, and his bony face looked more like a skull than a human countenance. A white beard descended over his tattooed breast, but there was nothing venerable in his looks—his dried, withered face was that of a little old, withered gnome. He grinned down at Ken, evidently recognising him.

"Feller King of the Islands," he muttered, in a dry, croaking voice in the beche-de-mer English which was the only tongue he knew beside his own Melanesian dialect. "Feller white master come look for Papalagi gold with eye belong him." He chuckled, a chuckle like the rattle of dry bones. "Tokaloo know—Tokaloo savvy all things. You wantee see head belong Mafoof?"

He pointed with a shrivelled finger at the phosphorescent head that swung above the prisoner.

"Mafoof?" he grinned.

Ken shuddered. "Ta'a'ava chief now," said the old devil-doctor. "Ta'a'ava come bimeby, feller King of the Islands makee long-pig um feast, head belong him smoke in fire, hang in canoe-house along many head. Little Papalagi come Faloo makee long-pig."

And the shrivelled old wretch returned to the fire, squatting beside it, and turning the head that swung over it in his withered hands, muttering and crooning to himself.

## FIGHTING THE CANNIBALS!

**K**IT HUDSON paced up and down the little deck of the Dawn, and every moment his eyes turned to the dark, shadowy rocks that shut in the inlet.

His face was sharp with anxiety. Hours had passed since King of the Islands and Kaio-lalulalonga had gone ashore. The night was growing old.

(Continued on page 116.)

Faloo savages were head-hunters, and the canoe-houses in Ta'a'ava's village by the lagoon contained scores of such grisly relics.

A red tongue of flame leaped from the fire, and lighted up the space under the spreading banyan to the eyes of the prisoner.

Ken shuddered.

The ground about him was trampled hard, carpeted with the ashes of ancient fires. Bleached bones glistened round him on all sides. Innumerable human sacrifices had taken place on that dreadful spot, from old days before a white man's foot had trodden the coral isles of the Pacific.

The gleam died down, and all was blackness again.

Ken's eyes fixed on the glimmering, phosphorescent object that swung over him, shining eerily through the night.

He knew now what it was.

It was a head, suspended from a branch, and the greenish glimmer was caused by the phosphorus in which it had been rubbed by the devil-doctor.

It had startled Ken when seen from a distance, and terrified Koko, the Kanaka, almost into stupefaction. But King of the Islands knew now that it was a mere piece of trickery, one of the dodges by which the Faloo priests scared their wretched dupes into submission.

The Place of Dead Men's Heads was "taboo," and that hideous grinning, glimmering, phosphorescent face was calculated to strike terror

into any Faloo tribesman who was reckless enough to venture near the spot in spite of the taboo.

Ken listened again.

The sounds in the high bush had died away, and he could only hope, from the bottom of his heart, that Koko had got clear and escaped back to the anchorage of the ketch.

But for himself there was little hope in Ken's heart now.

That Kit Hudson, as soon as he heard of his disaster, would make an attempt to save him, he knew. But he scarcely wished him to do so, for it could scarcely end in anything but the Cornstalk joining him in the hands of the savages. It was clear now that Ta'a'ava and his savage crew were on the alert for some attempt on the part of white men to seek the hidden treasure of Mafoof.

Ken could guess now that the ketch had been seen off the island—that she had been watched creeping in to her anchorage in the inlet by keen eyes of savages hidden in the bush. King of the Islands had hoped to locate Mafoof's treasure in the tabooed grove, and to return later to lift it. Instead of that, he had found the savages on the watch, and fallen into their hands.

He wondered whether Donlan, the beachcomber who had told him the story of the treasure, had known that Ta'a'ava was on the alert and watching. It was likely enough that the wretched wreck of a man had known that he was sending King of the Islands to almost certain death. The barest chance of obtaining a

## King of the Islands!

(Continued from page 13.)

Hudson had not thought of sleep. The Hiva-Oa crew could have been trusted to keep watch, but his anxiety for his comrade was too keen for him to think of closing his eyes.

Had all gone well with King of the Islands, Hudson knew that he would have returned ere this.

Ken had intended to see how the land lay, and to discover, if he could, the location of Mafoo's treasure, but his absence should have been for only a few hours at most.

Once in the night Hudson had heard a sound in the high bush at a distance which seemed to approach the inlet, but it had ceased; and he wondered whether his comrade had been in flight for the Dawn and had been cut off by the savages.

Long he had listened, but there had come no other sound save the sigh of the breeze in the bush and the trees, and the boom of the surf on the coral reef outside.

If the savages of Faloo had been on the watch, it was likely enough that King of the Islands had fallen into a trap. It was likely enough that Ta'a'ava had guessed why the beachcomber had left the island and gone to Lalinge and had been prepared for the coming of white men seeking Mafoo's treasure. What had happened to King of the Islands?

A rifle stood ready to Kit's hand by the rail. Rifles had been served out to the crew, and lay beside them on the deck as they slept. Every moment Kit Hudson expected to see an enemy on the shore of the inlet—yet there was no sound, no sign. But if the Faloo savages had watched the coming of the ketch as he now suspected, and had trapped King of the Islands in the high bush, surely their next step would be to attack the little craft in the inlet.

Hudson called to Lompo at last. The brown-skinned Polynesian came up, yawning.

"What you tinkee come along King of the Islands?" asked Hudson.

"Tinkee King of the Islands him kill dead," he said.

"To kill" in South Sea English simply means to hurt. To "kill dead" is actually to kill. Hudson understood that.

"What name you tinkee King of the Islands kill dead?" he asked.

"No come buck um ketch."

"You tinkee black feller got um?"

"Yes, sar."

"But if the niggers had got him, they'd try to get the ketch," argued Hudson.

"More day he come, black feller come," explained Lompo. "In Faloo plenty flaid of dark. Some island black feller him fight um dark—no Faloo. Plenty sitoo um dark Faloo."

"Oh!" exclaimed Hudson.

He knew that in many of the Pacific Islands the natives will never fight between sunset and sunrise, whatsoever might be the advantages of a night attack. Superstition governs the native at all times; and Faloo, it seemed, was one of the islands where the blacks would not

fight till "day he come." Trapping King of the Islands in the high bush was one matter: an attack on the ketch was another.

"You tinkee black feller he come day he come?" asked Hudson. "Stand ready, then. Call the others."

A faint flush of light was already visible over the sea to the east. The new day was at hand. And, when it came, it would come suddenly, as always in the tropics. Hudson had been debating in his mind whether to go ashore and seek his comrade; but he realised now that the shore was probably crowded by Faloo blacks.

The ketch's crew were all awakened, and they stood ready with their rifles. Under a white man's leadership, the Polynesians were prepared to give a good account of themselves, but not to be compared to the black Melanesians as fighting-men. Hudson wondered whether it would not be wiser to get the ketch out to sea at the first glimpse of dawn, as the only way of saving it from Ta'a'ava. But to leave the island, with Ken King still on shore, his fate unknown, seemed impossible. For the Cornstalk's mind was fully made up on one point: he was going to save King of the Islands, or perish

with him at the hands of the Faloo cannibals.

"More day he come!" said Danny, the cook.

The sun leaped above the sea. Day shone on the Pacific. A thousand voices of wild birds greeted the sun with a chorus from the bush and the woods. And almost at the same moment the rocky shores of the inlet, where not a sign of life had been seen, became alive with savages. From their hiding-place behind a great bulging cliff five canoes paddled out into the sunlit water of the inlet, crammed with fighting-men. There were fifty men in the canoes and as many more crowding the shore, already hurling spears at the ketch.

Kit Hudson dropped the stock-whip he carried under his arm and seized his Winchester.

"Shoot!" he roared.

Kit Hudson, with a set, savage face, fired into the leading canoe, pumping out lead from the repeating rifle. The Hiva-Oa men fired almost as fast, and bullets rained into the savages.

Hudson was glad enough that the superstitious blacks had left the attack till daylight. In the sunlight every shot told, and black man after black man dropped his paddle and rolled over, shrieking.

But the tide was setting out of the inlet to the sea, and the canoes came on with the current. One of them drifted helplessly, with half the paddlers dead or disabled. Four came rushing on, packed with yelling cannibals, eager for heads and plunder.

Hudson grasped a spare rifle, and, still shooting, shouted an order to Lompo. The firing from the ketch was checking the attack, but obviously could not stop it; the numbers were too great. Lompo, at the Cornstalk's order, dropped his rifle and seized an axe from the rack at the foot of the mainmast and slashed at the cable. There was no time even to think of lifting the anchor; little time even to cut it free. Lompulokomo slashed and slashed again with the axe, and the stout coil cable parted. One end flashed through the hawser hole to join the abandoned anchor at the bottom of the sea, sixty feet down.

Bang, bang, bang!

Another canoe drifted broadside on the tide, rocking helplessly, the crew in confusion from the rapid firing. There were dead and wounded in the others, but they were closing on the ketch, and only the cutting of the cable saved the Dawn from a swarm of boarders over the low rail. As the ketch drifted, Lompo leaped to the tiller, and Hudson, still firing fast, yelled to the Hiva-Oa men to shake out the foresail. There was a heavy bump, and the ketch shivered from stem to stern as she drifted on a coral shelf; but the light craft bumped herself off and floated on. The wind was off the shore, and the first spread of canvas caught it and steadied the Dawn.

Lompo, standing like a bronze image at the tiller, with spears falling round him, steered for the opening of the reef and the open sea.

## JUST A MINUTE!

"YOU never know how far you can go till you start travelling!"

Someone once puzzled me tremendously by jerking out that bit of sheer wisdom. He wasn't a traveller, in the sense of getting about the world. But he most certainly *was* a traveller in the sense of "getting on." It was his own particular meaning of that phrase that my puzzlement ended.

It's worth acting on. Make the right start, and if you've got anything at all in you, you are bound to keep travelling towards whatever it is you have made your objective.

I am reminded of this by the way in which the *MODERN BOY* is piling up readers. We have made the right start, and are travelling swiftly into record circulation figures!

No, I'm not blowing the Editorial trumpet. Thousands of you, my readers, are doing that for me by passing on the great news about the *MODERN BOY* to your chums. Thank you! But I thought you would all just like to hear how the new paper is responding to your enthusiasm.

Of course, the more you do for the paper the more the *MODERN BOY* can do for you all. There are some very big schemes up the Editorial sleeve. Lend a hand and the schemes will materialise all the quicker!

And let me remind you again: If you want advice or hints on any hobby or other matter, just drop me a line. I'm always at your service. My address is:

The Editor, *THE MODERN BOY*,  
Fleetway House, Farringdon St.,  
London, E.C.4.

Like lightning, the Faloo paddles flashed in pursuit.

Two of the canoes were helpless, but three came speeding on like sharks after their prey.

Hudson set his teeth.

The ketch was in flight, but once outside the reef she had plenty of seaway and could play with the Faloo craft. The Cormstalk threw aside his rifle—it was not needed now—and gave all his attention to the sailing of the Dawn. The Hiva-Oa men stood outside the reef, and to the amazement of the Faloo savages, headed back at the canoes. Before the fury-headed blacks understood the manoeuvre the ketch's bows were crashing on the leading canoe, and the frail craft went to matchwood under the crash, leaving her crew struggling in the water.

The Hiva-Oa men yelled with glee.

From the remaining two canoes came yells of affright. The cannibals understood at last that the white man had turned on them, and that in the present contest they had not a dog's chance.

Both canoes fled back to the inlet.

But after them rushed the ketch, sailing three fathoms to the paddlers' one, and in a few moments a canoe was crumpling again under the crash of the copper-sheathed bows.

Another yell of glee from the Hiva-Oa men, and a howl of terror from the blacks in the sole remaining canoe outside the reef, as they paddled frantically to escape.

But there was no escape.

Behind the fleeing canoe loomed the high bows of the Dawn, crashing down on them, splitting the canoe into halves.

From the rocks of the inlet came wild yells from a swarming mob of savages, watching with fury the destruction of their tribesmen.

Hudson gritted his teeth.

The attack had cost the cannibals fearfully dear. But it was impossible for the ketch to return to her anchorage. The inlet was swarming with blacks. The Dawn stood off and on for a time, Hudson hoping that more canoes would emerge beyond the reef and give him a chance for another blow. But the Faloo blacks had learned their lesson. They yelled and screamed and brandished their spears, but showed no sign of seeking to come to close quarters again.

"And now—" muttered Hudson.

He had beaten off the attack and saved King of the Islands' ship. But he had been driven out to sea, and King of the Islands was still on shore—dead—or in the hands of the cannibals. He was sure of that now. His head, perhaps, already smoking in the fire of futu-wood, to be hung in the canoe-house of Ta'a'ava as a trophy—or a prisoner, doomed to the cooking-ovens, and his comrade could not save him.

## THE LAST CHANCE!

GIDEON GEE, the trader of Faloo, looked out from the shuttered window of his bungalow in the morning sunshine.

The only white resident of Faloo had not closed his eyes during the night. There was devil's work, as he termed it, going on among the niggers, and at such times Gideon Gee trembled for his house, his copra warehouses, and his yellow skin.

Glad was Gideon Gee to see a sail in the channel through the big

grass houses sprawled along the white beach of the lagoon—was alive with blacks, all staring across the water at the ketch. Their excited jabbering reached the ears of Gideon Gee as his rowers pulled at the oars. Looking back, he saw Ta'a'ava, the chief, come out of the council house—a tall, brawny savage in tapa loin-cloth, with a large brass curtain-ring in his nose, and strings of spent cartridge-clips hanging from his ears. Ta'a'ava's black face showed his astonishment at the sight of the Dawn—astonishment which the



Behind the fleeing canoe loomed the high bows of the Dawn, crashing down on them, splitting the canoes into halves!

reef outside the lagoon. It was a white man's ship, and Gee knew it at a glance—the well-known ketch sailed by King of the Islands. It was a line of retreat for the trader if the natives got too much out of hand.

He unbarred his door and called to his black servants to man his whaleboat. In a few minutes he was pulling out to the Dawn.

The sails were reefed, but the ketch had not anchored. But on the still waters of the lagoon she lay almost motionless.

The native village—a crowd of

trader did not understand. It was common enough for a white man's ship to steer into the lagoon, to trade with Gideon Gee or with the natives.

The whaleboat glided alongside the Dawn, and Gee stepped over the low teak rail on to the polished deck. Kit Hudson saluted him, and the trader eyed him curiously. The Hiva-Oa men stood about rifle in hand, and Kit Hudson was standing beside a long, brass six-pounder gun mounted amidships. Beside it was a cask filled to the brim with round bullets, buckshot, and fragments of old iron

## King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

—evidently intended for loading. Gee understood at once that the Dawn had not arrived in the lagoon on a peaceful errand.

"Where's the skipper?" he asked. "That's what I want to know," answered Hudson. "I was going to signal you when I saw you putting off. You're the Faloo trader?" "I guess so," answered Gideon. "You've had trouble with the niggers? I heard a lot of fringing soon after daybreak."

"That's so. You're a white man, and that's why I've run into the lagoon, to get information, if you can give it to me. King of the Islands went ashore last night on the northern side, with a Kanaka, and they've not come back. The niggers attacked us at dawn. They've got King of the Islands—and I want him."

Gee whistled.

"King of the Islands didn't land

for trade, as he didn't come to the lagoon," he said. Then he uttered a startled exclamation: "Por Dios! Is it old Mafoo's money that brought him here?"

Hudson nodded.

"I knew there'd be trouble when that beachcomber lit out for Lalinge," growled Gideon Gee. "I guessed he was nosing about after old Mafoo's sack of sovereigns, and Ta'ava would have made long-pig of him if he hadn't bribed a crew of niggers to paddle him over to Lalinge. Where did King of the Islands head for when he landed?"

"The Place of Skulls."

"Then you can give up the idea of seeing him again," said Gideon Gee. "It's death for a white man to go near the place. I guess his head is smoked already!"

Hudson's eyes glittered.

"If his head's smoked a good many Faloo heads shall pay for it," he said. "But he may be a prisoner."

"As like as not. But prisoners don't live long on Faloo. King of the Islands ought to know better than to break a native taboo."

"Hang their taboo!" Hudson tapped the brass six-pounder. "Captain Ken shipped this gun at Lalinge as cargo, to carry over to Thursday Island. I've rooted it out and mounted it here, and I fancy it will make the niggers open their eyes if it begins to talk. I want to get word with the chief."

Gee jerked his thumb towards the beach, now crowded with blacks, all jabbering and gesticulating.

"There's Ta'ava, that big blue nigger with the brass ring in his nose," said the trader. "I guess I'm on trading terms with him, and I'll carry him any message you want. What's the game?"

"Tell him," said Hudson, quietly, "that King of the Islands must be set free to come back to the ketch, and that if he is not on board in one hour I shall open fire on the village and blow every house in it to smithereens."

(Next week's MODERN BOY will contain a further instalment of the thrilling story by Sir Alan Cobden. Make sure of reading it by ordering your copy in advance.)

## THE CAR X-RAYED.

The Secrets of the Motor-Car Revealed. No. 6.—ENGINE COOLING.

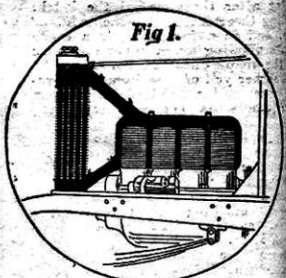
THESE are three distinct systems by which the cylinders of petrol-engines are kept from reaching too high a temperature—water cooling by thermo-siphon action or by pump circulation, and air cooling by means of a number of fins cast in the form of thin webs on the outside of the cylinders. Water cooling by thermo-siphon action is the most popular, and is arranged as shown in Figure 1.

To understand its principle, you must first of all bear in mind that hot water is less dense, and therefore lighter than cold. Put another way, the thermo-siphoning of the water is brought about by the hot water rising and flowing in at the top of the radiator and falling to the bottom as it is cooled by the cooling surface, i.e.,

the gilled tubes or honeycomb surface.

On looking at Figure 1 you will see that the tube from the top of the cylinder to the top of the radiator rises at an acute angle, while the one that goes from the bottom of the radiator to the bottom of the cylinder water-jacket slopes downwards. This is done so that the water does not fall below a certain temperature, and, for the same reason, the pipes are very large to allow the water to flow freely.

With pump circulation of the water it is of no consequence where the radiator is placed, or what is the diameter of the pipes. The water-pump is usually placed in the return circuit, and shaft-driven from the engine.



The most common method of water-cooling.

There are two distinct types of radiator, namely, gilled tube and honeycomb. The gilled tube is shown in Figure 2, and the usual form of honeycomb, of which there are a number of variations, in Figure 3. Notice that the water flows around the outside of the tubes, and that the air passes through the tubes.

Air cooling is only employed for light-car and motor-cycle engines, and consists of casting wide, thin fins around the cylinder through which the heat may flow. It is then quickly drawn off by the cool air flowing between and around the fins, as at Figure 4.

In nearly all cases, with thermo-siphon cooling an engine-driven fan is fitted behind the radiator to draw air through it at a definite rate, irrespective of the speed at which the car is travelling.

Next week I will explain the meaning of unit and separate unit construction of a motor-chassis, and open and enclosed cardan-shaft.

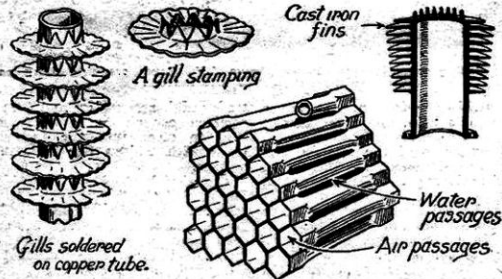


Fig. 2 (left). Gilled water tube. Fig. 3 (centre). Honeycomb radiator construction. Fig. 4 (right). Air-cooled cylinder.