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2^D



DOCKING FOR A SPRING-CLEAN! (See page 5.)

King of the



The Finest AIR—LAND—AND—SEA Story Ever Written!

HELP FROM THE SKIES.

HIM debble comee out sky!" Koko, the Kanaka, mumbled in sheer terror, groveling on his knees on the reedy margin of the great lake that filled the crater of the extinct volcano of Faloo.

Of the swarming cannibals at the foot of the hills, watching and waiting for their victims to fall into their savage hands, Kaio-lalulalonga had no fear. But the gleaming shape from the sky filled him with dread. The Kanaka knew all the ships that sailed or steamed on the Pacific, from Hawaii to the Marquesas, but the ships of the air were new and strange to his eyes, and the seaplane that had flashed into view from the fleecy clouds was to him a "debble"—an "aitoo" more terrible than any that haunted the devil-doctor's den on the island of Faloo.

King of the Islands, shading his eyes with his hand, stared at the plane. Hudson gripped his arm. To the white men the sudden apparition of the seaplane brought not terror but hope. The deep drone of the engine was music to their ears.

"She's heading for Faloo!" breathed Hudson.

Ken breathed hard.

"It may be a chance for us."

Swiftly, like a huge bird, the seaplane was heading for the summit of

the old volcano—swiftly, growing larger and larger to the eye with every fleeting second.

It was Ken's first view of a seaplane—rare enough in the Pacific—but he smiled as he glanced at the terrified Kanaka.

"Koko!"

"Him aitoo!" moaned the Kanaka. "Aitoo comee out sky. We all deader. Aie, aie!"

Ken grasped the Kanaka's brawny shoulder and shook him.

"Stand up, you lubber! No aitoo—sky ship belong white man," he said.

The Kanaka blinked up.

"No ship," he answered. "Ship belong water—no ship belong air. Him aitoo debble!"

"You silly swab!" roared Hudson. "It's a seaplane, with white men on board. Get up!"

Koko rose tremblingly to his feet. He listened to the drone of the plane, but did not dare to look upward. The confidence of the two white men did not relieve his fears; he knew that white men never had any fear of the South Sea "debbles."

"Sky ship belong Papalagi," said Ken. "Look at it, you lubber! It's the engine you can hear—not the voice of an aitoo, you swab!"

But the Kanaka did not venture to raise his eyes.

Ken and Kit watched anxiously.

Larger and larger loomed the seaplane, and she was over the island now, and the deep drone was like the buzz of a million mosquitoes in their ears.

High over Faloo sailed the plane, gleaming in the sun; too high for shouts to be heard, or even the ring of a rifle, in the deep drone of the engine.

It could only be, as Ken knew, a seaplane sent out on survey work from Australia among the islands. If Faloo was her present destination—

It looked like it, for the plane was circling over the island now, instead of passing on over the wide sea beyond.

Circling lower and lower, and the anxious eyes below could make out every line of the struts against the deep blue of the sky.

The long floats and the wide spread of wing were right above the volcano now.

"Are they looking for a landing place?" muttered Ken.

"You bet! And here," said Hudson.

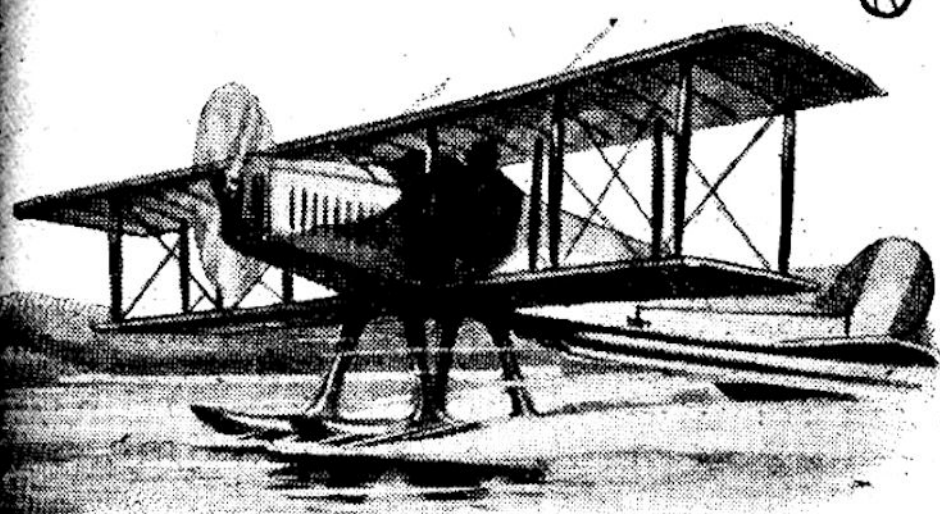
"She can't land on the island—unless in the lagoon."

Hudson pointed to the lake in the crater.

"They're heading for this spot, Ken," he said. "She can land in the lake easily enough—if they know the place. And they do—if they want

Islands!

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"Face belong white man him look!" gasped Kaio-lalulalonga, as a cheery, sun-browned visage looked out over the fuselage, and a hand was waved to the trio standing on the margin of the mountain lake.

BULLY SAMSON AT LALINGE.

BULLY SAMSON muttered a curse as the drunken beach-comber reeled against him, and shoved the man violently away. The wretched wreck of a man, who had once combed the beach of Faloo, and now loafed away his days under the nodding palms of Lalinge, blinked dizzily at the burly skipper, mumbled, and sat down, or rather collapsed, at the foot of a palm. From his brown skin Samson supposed, for a moment, that he was a native, and he lingered to bestow a kick upon a native who had dared to reel against him while under the influence of kava. But the next glance showed him that the beach-comber was, or had been, a white man, and that he was under the influence of drink more potent than kava. So Bully Samson held back the intended kick, and stared down at the man instead. The man was muttering inanely, but a word on his babbling lips caught Samson's ears sharply:

"King of the Islands."

John Chin's brig, Pagoda, had landed Bully Samson at Lalinge. The maroon of Talopa had been saved by the Chinaman and carried to a white man's port—surly and thankless for the service rendered. John Chin

could do no less for the man he supposed to be a shipwrecked sailorman; and during the run before the trade wind from Talopa to Lalinge Samson had kept his own counsel, never even mentioning the name of King of the Islands. But on the beach of Lalinge they parted, John Chin politely, suavely,

but unmistakably making it clear that he wanted nothing to do with the ruffianly skipper of the sunken Shark. Samson was on his way to Esau Hunk's store when the beach-comber reeled into him.

"King of the Islands."

Bully Samson had come to Lalinge because that was the destination of the Chinese trader's brig; but Lalinge served his purpose as well as any other place. His purpose was to pick up the track of King of the

By **SIR ALAN COBHAM** and
C. HAMILTON.

the lagoon, it's plain enough to be seen. They're heading for the lake in the crater."

"Good luck!" Hudson was evidently right.

The plane was circling in search of a landing-place, and obviously not seeking the lagoon or the open sea. There was ample space for the plane to take the water in the great lake that filled the ancient crater of the volcano.

Ken's eyes lighted.

King of the Islands had seldom been in a tighter corner in all his adventurous life—besieged on the sun-scorched summit of the mountain by Ta'a'ava and his horde of cannibal blacks. Only a desperate attempt to break through the savages had remained to him—an attempt that could scarcely have ended in anything but death in a fierce struggle, or capture and the cooking-ovens. From the blue sky help and rescue were coming.

The savages, deep at the bottom of the rocky gully that split the side of the mountain, had not seen the plane yet. When they should see it, it was probable that, like Koko, they would take it for a "debble" from the regions of the sky. Certainly they were not likely to attempt to approach it when it dropped into the lake.

The droning of the engine had ceased.

"Debble him go?" asked Koko, still without looking up.

"Debble him come!" grinned Hudson.

"Aie, aie!" moaned the Kanaka.

With a dazzling volplane the messenger from the skies was coming down.

To the watching eyes of Ken and Kit, she seemed to flash like an arrow from the blue. Almost before they knew what was happening, the long floats skimmed the crater lake and

KEN KING, known as *King of the Islands*, trading in the South Seas in his ketch the *Dawn*, falls foul of *Bully Samson*, a rascally skipper who is holding *Kit Hudson*, an Australian boy, prisoner. *Ken* rescues *Kit*, sinks *Samson's* boat and maroons him and his crew on a lonely island. *Kit* becomes mate of the *Dawn*. At *Lalinge* they learn of a secret hoard of gold on the *Island of Faloo*, and *Ken* goes after it. He lands there at night accompanied by *Koko*, a native. *Ken* is captured by the natives, but *Hudson* and *Koko* rescue him. Finding themselves cut off from the *Dawn*, they seek safety at the top of a huge, water-filled crater, and are preparing to defend their position when a seaplane is seen approaching. Meanwhile, *Samson* is rescued by *John Chin*, a Chinese trader. (Now read on.)

the seaplane was taxiing along the water under their eyes. Like a swan she landed on the lake and swam.

"Bravo!" gasped Hudson.

Koko the Kanaka stood, with his knees knocking together, staring at the strange shape that had landed on the lake.

But his terror was giving way to amazement now. He was beginning to understand that this was not, after all, a new and strange "debble," but a ship that sailed in the air instead of on the sea.

King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

Islands, and in Lalinge he was likely to hear of him. And, strangely enough, it was of the boy trader that the beach-comber was muttering as he sprawled under the feathery shade of the palm. Bully Samson stared down at the miserable specimen of a man and listened.

"Golden sovereigns—oodles and oodles of 'em! Golden quids! King of the Islands is a broth of a boy." The beach-comber blinked up at Samson's lingering, black-bearded face. "You feller sailorman, you seen ketch belong King of the Islands?"

"Has the ketch been at Lalinge?" asked Samson.

But Donlan was too confused with his potatoes to heed. He mumbled on:

"King of the Islands will lift old Mafoo's quids—King of the Islands will do it! He'll come sailing back to Lalinge with a tapa-sack full of golden quids! Oodles of 'em. Three shares—and one for me. King of the Islands is a broth of a boy!" The beach-comber turned his bleared face towards the bay and blinked at the three or four vessels moored along the coral wharf. "You sailorman, is the ketch in the bay? Eye belong me no see."

Bully Samson drew a deep breath. King of the Islands had been to Lalinge, he knew now, and was expected back there. Samson, like most of the South Sea skippers, had heard the rumour of old Mafoo's store of golden sovereigns. The beach-comber's mumblings told him where Ken King was, and upon what quest he was engaged.

The beach-comber mumbled on, but Bully Samson no longer listened. He tramped along the dotted bungalows of Lalinge until he came to Esau Hunk's store.

Esau Hunk, the American store-keeper, sprawled in a hammock under an awning in front of his store. He moved his head the merest trifle as the burly figure of Bully Samson cast a shadow on him; moved it just sufficiently to bring the newcomer within his range of vision. For more exertion than that he was not disposed till the heat of the tropic day had passed.

"Hallo, Cap'n Samson!" he yawned.

He spat again. "Shark at the wharf?" he asked. "You'll want stores?"

"The Shark's at the bottom of the Pacific."

"Gee!" After that ejaculation Esau Hunk lost his interest in Captain Samson. If the Shark was at the bottom of the Pacific, she could not want stores. Samson gave him a black look.

"I'm not on the beach!" he snarled. "I've got enough in my belt to buy you and your store."

"Glad to hear it, cap'n. Go inside and my black boy will fix you up with a drink."

"King of the Islands has been here?"

Esau nodded.

"Where is he now?"

"In a cooking-oven, I guess!" grinned Hunk. "Feller King of the Islands won't be seen at Lalinge again, cap'n."

Bully Samson stared at the yawning man in the hammock.

"How do you make that?"

"He's gone to Faloo, after old Mafoo's sack of sovereigns," drawled Hunk. "A beach-comber came to Lalinge with the story, after Mafoo was killed. He told it to King of the Islands first, and then to all Lalinge when the boys stood him drinks. Old Mafoo's dead, and his sack of quids is hidden away where the other niggers can't get a paw on it. King of the Islands kept mum, and sailed for Faloo in his ketch; but Donlan told the yarn up and down the beach next day when he was full." Esau chuckled. "Three

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craft went after, and five or six gangs in canoes. They all came back."

"Why?"

"They found Faloo wild," grinned Hunk. "Ta'a'ava, the new chief, and his bucks are out for heads, and not a man put a foot on the shore. Gideon Gee, the Portugee trader there, told the boys that King of the Islands was caught by the niggers. I guess Gideon was shaking in his shoes for his copra warehouse now the niggers are up. King of the Islands is long pig afore this."

"Oh!" muttered Samson.

"Sorry, too!" yawned Hunk, without a trace of emotion, however. "He was some lad, that King of the Islands. All Faloo is raging now, and not a white man would set foot on the beach for twice Mafoo's treasure. You'll never see King of the Islands agin, cap'n."

"And that shipmate of his—Cornstalk named Hudson?"

"Gideon told a steamer skipper that Hudson had gone ashore to look for King of the Islands—went to look for him in a taboo place."

"And the ketch?"

"Standing off an' on in the lagoon at Faloo when she was last seen. King's niggers waiting for him to come back," Hunk grinned. "I guess they'll have a long wait, cap'n."

Bully Samson drew a deep breath. "And the beach-comber who brought the tale here—"

"You'll find him on the beach if you want him—screwed, most likely."

"I've seen the man. And he's spinning a yarn that he knows where old Mafoo hid his sack of sovereigns?"

"Sure!" said Hunk. "That's what sent King of the Islands to the cooking-ovens on Faloo. I'm sorry for that lad."

Bully Samson's eyes glittered.

"You say that a crowd followed after King of the Islands to Faloo?"

"Sure—and came back in a mighty hurry when they found that the niggers were up," grinned Hunk. "Faloo ain't healthy when the niggers get wild. Gideon Gee will find that out some day. I guess his head will be smoking in a Faloo canoe-house one of these days."

"I'm here without a ship or a crew," said Samson. "I want a fast canoe and six good paddlers, and stores for a trip. Get a move on, Hunk."

Hunk sat up in the hammock and stared.

"You're for Faloo?"

Samson nodded.

"You won't come back."

"That's my business. Get me what I want, and get it sharp! I'm not staying an hour at Lalinge."

Hunk rolled unwillingly out of the hammock. Even business, with a handsome profit attached, would hardly have made him exert himself in the tropic heat. But Bully Samson was not a man to be denied.

"At the wharf in an hour, you savvy?" said Bully Samson.

"Sure."

Within the hour a long canoe, with six brawny black Ysabel men at the paddles, rocked on the blue water under the wharf. Bully Samson came down from Hunk's store with a bag of dunnage, a revolver in his belt, and a rifle on his back. He tossed the bag into the canoe and tramped up the beach. Five minutes later he came back with the insensible beach-comber slung across his shoulder like a sack of yams. The Ysabel men stared at him indifferently as he pitched the beach-comber into the canoe and threw a rag of canvas over him.

The canoe rocked under Bully Samson's heavy tread as he tramped in. He jerked a brown thumb to the open sea.

"You feller boys washee-washee along Faloo plenty quick!"

"Yes, sar."

The canoe glided out of the lagoon under the flashing paddles, the sea rolling down the brawny limbs of the Ysabel men as they paddled tirelessly in the burning heat of the day. Bully Samson sat in the stern, a

between his teeth, and watched the
 for the first sight of the mountain
 of Faloo, while the beach-comber,
 still unconscious, snored stertorously
 in the bottom of the canoe.

PICKED UP BY THE PLANE!

"A HOY, the plane!"
 King of the Islands put
 his hands to his mouth
 trumpet-shape and shouted.

A hand waved, and a sunburnt
 face grinned cheerily
 at him from the cock-
 pit.

"Hallo!" a voice
 shouted back.

The seaplane taxied
 lightly along the sur-
 face of the lake, Koko
 watching it with
 bulging eyes.

"Papalagi ship be-
 long air!" muttered
 Kaio-lalulalonga in
 wonder. "Him sail
 along sky and sail
 along water! Me no
 savvy!"

"Me savvy plenty!"
 said Ken, laughing.

"We're saved," said
 Hudson.

Bang! came echoing
 up from the gully as
 a trade gun roared
 and its load of round
 bullets whizzed over
 the plateau. Two or
 three whistling arrows
 followed and dropped
 into the water in the
 crater. Ta'a'ava and
 his horde were still
 ignorant of the
 arrival of the plane.
 It had not come
 within the range of
 the vision of the savages crouching
 among the lava rocks at the bottom
 of the steep gully.

The Australian airman stared
 curiously at the three.

"You're in a scrape here," he
 called out.

The plane was near enough for talk
 now.

"A bad scrape," answered King of
 the Islands. "There's a hundred or
 more cannibals besieging us here,
 and we were waiting for night to
 make a break through them—with
 not much more than a ghost of a
 chance of getting through."

The airman nodded.

"I reckoned it was like that," he
 assented. "I picked you up with my
 glasses, and the niggers, too. That's
 why we dropped here, to see if we
 could help. Shipwrecked?"

"No; my ship's in the lagoon, if
 we could only get to her," answered
 Ken.

"I've seen a ketch in the lagoon
 standing out by the reef."

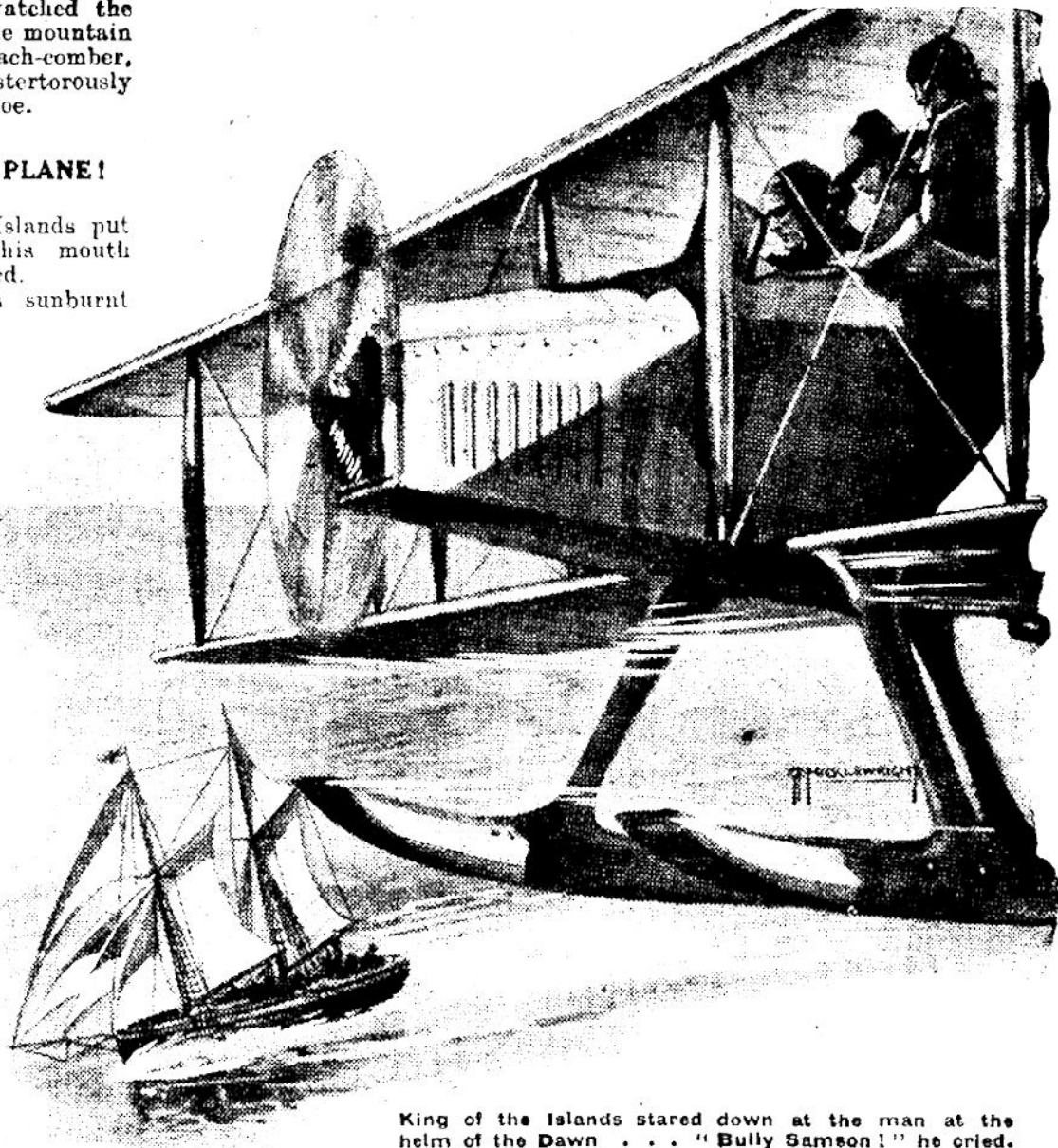
"That's it."

"You want a lift?" grinned the
 airman.

"Ay, ay, if you can manage it."

"Nothing easier. Wade out to us,
 and I'll let you in."

"You're a white man," said King
 of the Islands. "You've saved our
 lives. What brought you to
 Faloo?"



King of the Islands stared down at the man at the
 helm of the Dawn . . . "Bully Samson!" he cried.

"Survey work among the islands.
 This isn't a passenger plane," the air-
 man laughed, "but we can take you
 in. Any dunnage?"

"Only our guns?"

"Come on, then!"

Kaio-lalulalonga caught King of
 the Islands by the arm.

"Feller King of the Islands go
 along sky ship belong white man?"
 he asked.

"Yes; follow me."

"Me plenty 'fraid," said Koko.

Ken laughed.

"Nothing to be afraid of, you
 swab."

"No wantee sail along ship belong
 sky."

"It's the ship belong sky or the
 cooking-ovens of Faloo," answered
 Ken. "Follow me, I tell you."

King of the Islands and Kit Hud-
 son waded out to the plane. Koko
 stood among the reeds on the margin,
 hesitating. Again a trade gun
 roared from the gully, telling that
 the savages were still on the watch.
 But the Kanaka's fear of the savages,
 and even of the cooking-ovens, was
 not so great as his fear of a voyage
 in the skies. He realised that the
 plane was not a "debble"; but the
 thought of ascending from the moun-
 tain lake into the clouds made his
 sinewy knees knock together. That
 mode of transport was quite unknown
 to Kaio-lalulalonga, and to his simple

native mind the unknown was terrify-
 ing.

Ken looked back impatiently.

"Feller Koko follow on!" he called
 out.

"Feller Koko plenty 'fraid!" wailed
 the Kanaka. "No wantee go along
 ship belong sky. Plenty too much
 'fraid."

"My word, I get mad along you
 any amount you no come!"

"Too much 'fraid!"

Ken turned back, and reached the
 Kanaka and grasped him by the
 arm. The hatch under the fuselage
 was already open, and the airman was
 waiting to admit them. With a jerk
 of his powerful arm, King of the
 Islands dragged the hesitating
 Kanaka into the lake.

"Now get a move on, you swab!"
 he growled. "Do you think I'm going
 to leave you on Faloo?"

"Me plenty 'fraid!"

"Stow it!"

Kit Hudson was already in the
 plane. King of the Islands dragged
 the Kanaka round the long starboard
 float, and Koko submitted to his fate
 in fear and trembling.

"Your boy's never seen a plane
 before, what?" chuckled the airman,
 as Ken fairly forced the Kanaka in.
 "Keep your pecker up, darkie.
 You're safe as houses here."

"No believe!" mumbled Koko.
 "No wantee sail along sky. We all
 leaders, s'pose we sail along sky."

King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Sail along sky plenty safe," said the airman, laughing. "We've done a thousand miles in this bus, and we're not dead yet."

"Aie, aie!" mumbled Koko, as he was landed in the plane at last.

"Shut up, you swab!" said Ken.

And Kaio-lalulalonga obediently shut up, but he was shaking in all his brawny limbs, and his eyes, almost bulging from his brown face, peered round him in terrified uneasiness. He sat down, and the expression on his troubled face told that he was in momentary expectation of being dashed to pieces. All the cannibals in Melanesia could not have inspired Koko with such terror as a trip in the "ship belong sky." When the engine buzzed again he shivered from head to foot, as if he heard the voices of a death-threatening aitoo buzzing in his ears.

The plane had a crew of three. It was the observer who had mailed the castaways. King of the Islands had never been in a plane before, though Hudson had made ascents in Australia, and Ken looked about him with keen interest. Once inside the

screaming wild-fowl. Koko sat with his eyes tight shut, clasping his knees. So swift was the motion of the plane that almost in a moment, as it seemed, the great lake in the crater shrank to a hand's-breadth to the view behind, and the mountain became a knoll.

"We're moving!" grinned Hudson.

"This beats the Dawn!" said Ken, with a smile.

"It does—a little."

Koko opened his eyes at last. The plane had climbed a thousand feet; Faloo was a patch on the ocean below. Koko peered round him, as yet unconscious that the "ship belong sky" had left the lake at all.

"Marster Cap'n Ken," he mumbled.

"Well?" said Ken.

"Me plenty 'fraid go along sky. S'pose you leave me along island—no 'fraid niggers."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Hudson.

"You'd like to step ashore again, Koko?" asked Ken.

"Yes, sar," said the Kanaka eagerly. "Plenty 'fraid along sky, no 'fraid along niggers."

"You'll have to take a plenty long step to step ashore!" chuckled Ken.

"Look out!"

Kaio-lalulalonga looked out.

The amazement in his brown face brought a roar of laughter from the

"Gone!" said Hudson.

The great lagoon was bare of craft; not even a native canoe was to be seen. As the plane glided down, the burnt village on the edge of the lagoon came in sight, and the bungalow of Gideon Gee, the trader. Wide and deserted rolled the shining waters of the lagoon; there was no sign of the Dawn.

The observer tapped Ken on the shoulder.

"Where's your ship?" he asked.

Ken knitted his brows.

"The ketch was still there this morning. They must have given me up as lost, and sailed."

"The niggers—" muttered Hudson.

King of the Islands shook his head.

"If the blacks had taken her, she would be still in the lagoon. We should see her on the beach. She's put to sea."

"Well, if she's gone, we can't put you aboard her," said the airman, puzzled. "But if you know her course, it won't take us long to run her down for you."

"Lompo would make for Lalinge if he put to sea. But"—King of the Islands frowned—"I can't understand her putting to sea. Something's happened on board the ketch. Not that the niggers—Lompo would take care that no canoes got near the ketch. But—"

"She was in the lagoon an hour ago," said the airman. "She seems to have vanished while we were picking you up on the mountain. She can't be far. Look here, if you like, we'll snoop around and look for her."

"Good man!" said Ken.

The plane flashed on, past the lagoon, and past the reef. Below, Ken and Kit caught a glimpse of Gideon Gee standing in the veranda of his bungalow, gazing upward with astonished eyes. Bungalow and lagoon vanished swiftly behind, and the plane roared on over the open ocean.

"Good-bye to Faloo!" said Hudson. "And good-bye to old Mafoo's sack of sovereigns!"

"Never mind old Mafoo's sack of sovereigns, if we find the ketch," said King of the Islands. "Something's happened. Lompo would not have sailed without me if he could have helped it. But what—"

There was a shout from Koko.

"Feller ketch, sar! Me see um eye belong me!"

"The Dawn!" exclaimed Hudson.

Far below, racing through the blue water, with every stitch of canvas set and filled by the trade wind, was the Dawn. Five hundred feet above the sea, the plane rushed in pursuit. Ken watched with knitted brows the little ketch that looked tiny below, hidden under her bellflying canvas. The man at the helm was a white man. One glimpse, even at the distance, told King of the Islands that the steersman was not one of the Hiva-Oa crew. He turned the observer's glasses on the ketch, and a hoarse cry broke from him.

"Bully Samson!"

(With Bully Samson master of the Dawn, Ken is in the dickens of a mess! On no account miss next week's thrilling chapters. Order your MODERN BOY Now—TO-DAY!)



Hold this up to a mirror and you will see the result of a sky-writer's "antics" in his two-miles-a-minute plane! How this smoke-letter writing is done is explained on the opposite page.

plane, he could almost have fancied himself in the interior of a yacht.

"Been up before?" asked the airman.

Ken shook his head.

"Not too much plenty 'fraid, like your black boy?"

King of the Islands laughed.

"No. You can weigh anchor as soon as you like. But I suppose you don't call it weighing anchor?"

"Not quite—we call it taking off. There's plenty of room here for this little bus, luckily."

"Aie, aie!" came from Koko, as the plane taxied gracefully along the surface of the crater lake, wild-fowl scattering from its path with echoing cries.

"Plenty safe along sky," said Ken reassuringly.

But Kaio-lalulalonga evidently did not believe that he would be plenty safe along sky. He sat clasping his knees, and moaned and rocked as the plane glided along. The sea-plane had almost reached the opposite margin of the lake when she took off, so lightly and softly that her passengers were scarcely conscious of rising in the air.

Ken and Kit looked back at the shining waters of the lake and the

white men. For the first time Koko understood that the plane was in the air, and his big black eyes almost started from their sockets as he stared down dizzily through space at the mountain, tiny in the distance. Stepping ashore was evidently no longer practicable.

"We go along sky!" gasped Koko. The island, the bush, the lagoon, the long coral reef with the Pacific rollers breaking on it in clouds of spray, were spread out like a chart in the blaze of the sun.

Kaio-lalulalonga gazed dumb-founded.

But the astounded Kanaka was recovering his nerve now. The plane sailed as smoothly as the Dawn, and the laughing faces of the white men convinced Koko at last that there was nothing to fear in this voyage in the strange ship that navigated the skies. But he continued to gaze below with undiminished awe and wonder.

The plane was swiftly over the lagoon. It was the intention of the airman to descend there and send their passengers on board the ketch. But an anxious shade came over Ken's face as he scanned the shining lagoon stretching below the gliding plane.

"The ketch!" he muttered.