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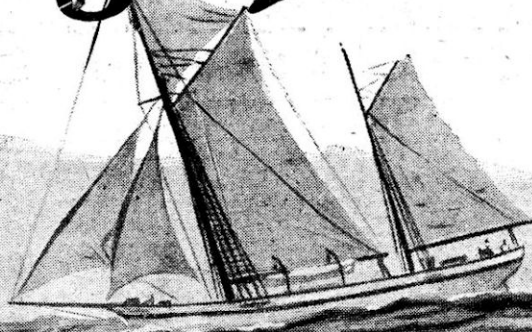


**WHITE MAN'S  
"MAGIC"  
CONQUERS  
THE JUNGLE!**

*See Within.*

**SIR ALAN COBHAM,** conqueror of the jungle and skipper of this giant plane, writes for The MODERN BOY.

# King of the



## Thrills and Adventure by AIR, LAND and SEA!

### Seeking the Treasure.

"HARK!" King of the Islands bent his head to listen. It was night on the Pacific. The island of Faloo was a black mass on a starry sea.

Above the island and to the westward the sky was velvety blue, spangled with glimmering stars. Low to the south hung the Southern Cross, scintillating. Westward, stars and sky were blotted out by a wall of sea-fog creeping slowly, with snail-like pace, towards the island. But the creeping vapour had not yet touched the island. Where King of the Islands stood with his comrades the air was crystal clear.

Bang, bang!

From the mountain in the centre of Faloo, the old volcano that rose high above the pandanus woods and the high bush, came the boom of trade guns. There was no mistaking the thudding of the old muzzle-loaders handled by Ta'a'ava's tribesmen, the cannibals of Faloo. No one could have taken that boom for the crack of a rifle.

"They're still watching the mountain," said Kit Hudson, with a grin. Bang! echoed again over the island, and then there was a long silence.

King of the Islands smiled faintly. The swarm of cannibals in the gully that rived the side of the ancient volcano were still watching, occasionally loosing off a trade gun at the plateau, never dreaming that the Papalagi whom they had besieged were no longer there. Ta'a'ava and his men, deep in the rocky gully, had not seen the seaplane swoop into the lake in the old crater, and never dreamed that the

besieged Papalagi had been picked up by a "ship belong sky," as Koko called the seaplane.

"Black feller plenty fool!" remarked Kaio-lalulalonga, showing his white teeth in a grin. "Him tinkee white master stop alongside mountain. No savvy ship belong sky. Him plenty too much fool!"

Ken wrinkled his brows in thought. The seaplane had landed King of the Islands and his comrades on the beach of Faloo—a little solitary beach on the northern side, shut in by thick woods. There their presence was not likely to be suspected by the natives. All the more so as King of the Islands now knew that the Faloo bucks were still watching the mountain for them.

There was only one path down the mountain, through the steep gully where the blacks swarmed, wakeful and watchful, not venturing to make another attack on the plateau, but sure of their prey at long last, little dreaming that the white men had escaped from the old crater through the skies. For days or weeks the comrades of the Dawn would have remained undiscovered, unsuspected, while they waited for Bully Samson to return in the ketch. But other matters were in Ken's mind now. He walked across to the spot where Donlan, the beach-comber, lay sprawled on the soft sand.

The beach-comber was sleeping. He had been only half conscious, after his struggle with the waves, when he was lauded with the others, and now he was snoring in deep slumber. He looked a wretched object, dirty, stubbly, dishevelled, in the glitter of the stars. Ken stirred the sleeping man with his foot.

The beach-comber grunted, opened his bleared eyes and closed them again.

"Wake up!" rapped out King of the Islands.

He stirred the man with his foot again.

Donlan muttered a curse, sat up, and rubbed his eyes. He blinked furtively and sullenly at the boy skipper of the Dawn.

Perhaps it was on the beach-comber's conscience that he had sent King of the Islands to almost certain death in the quest of old Mafoo's sack of sovereigns; or perhaps he feared the boy trader's anger. He blinked at him uneasily.

"Can't you let a man sleep?" he mumbled.

"Not now."

The beach-comber grunted. Ken sat on a lump of coral rock and fixed his eyes on the man.

"You came to Lafinge with a yarn about old Mafoo's tapa sack of sovereigns," he said. "You did not tell me that the blacks were up and watching for anyone who came here after Mafoo's treasure. But for the luck of the seaplane coming along to Faloo I should have been in the cooking-oven before this."

"You had a chance," mumbled the beach-comber. "Everyone knows that King of the Islands is a broth of a boy."

"Oh, belay that!" snapped Ken. "I had a dog's chance, and you knew it. Somebody had already been after Mafoo's treasure, and Ta'a'ava and his bucks were on the watch. You never told me that you'd tried to lift the treasure, but I know it now. Ta'a'ava knew that you had been after it, and knew when you got

# Islands!

By  
SIR ALAN COBHAM and  
C. HAMILTON



away that you'd spin the yarn in the islands, and he was ready."

The beach-comber did not answer.

"You told me," went on Ken, "that the sack was hidden in the Place of Dead Men's Heads. You used to spy on old Mafoo, and you knew. I reckon you could lay your finger on the spot."

"I tell you I ain't going back to Faloo," said the beach-comber. "I gave you your bearings, King of the Islands, and you agreed to leave me on Lalinge while you went after the treasure."

"Ay, ay! But I did not know then that you were sending me to almost certain death, you scum!" snapped Ken. "If you'd let on that the niggers was up and watching for a white man to land I'd never have brought my ketch within two leagues of Faloo!"

"You got away," said the beach-comber sullenly. "I ain't going back to Faloo."

Ken laughed grimly.

"Where do you reckon you are now?" he asked.

"I don't know and don't care much, so long as I'm on any island but Faloo," answered Donlan.

"You're on Faloo."

"What!" howled the beach-comber. He leaped to his feet as if electrified.

His terrified glance swept round him, from the silvery beach glistening in the stars to the dark ring of woods.

"Faloo?" he babbled.

"Just that!"

"You madman!" roared the beach-comber. "You could have landed anywhere else and you've landed on Faloo, without so much as a canoe to put to sea! It's the cooking-ovens for all of us now! You're mad, King

of the Islands! The maddest man in the Pacific!"

He sank down on the soft sand again, his face drawn with fear.

"And what will you be doing here?" he snarled. "How are you going to get away from the island?"

"I'm not thinking of getting away yet," answered Ken coolly.

"Stop along island," grinned Koko. "Bimeby. Bully Samson he come along island in ketch, kill dead Bully Samson, takee feller ketch, my word."

"You're mad!" said the beach-comber hoarsely. "You'll never get the upper hand of Bully Samson, even if he comes, and even if the niggers leave you alive till he comes. Oh, you're mad!"

**KEN KING**, known as *King of the Islands*, trading in the *South Seas* in his ketch, the *Dauen*, rescues *Kit Hudson*, an Australian boy, from a rascally skipper called *Bully Samson*. *Ken* sinks *Samson's* boat, and maroons him and his crew on a lonely island. *Kit* becomes mate of the *Dauen*. At *Lalinge* they learn from *Donlan*, a beach-comber, of hidden gold on the island of *Faloo*, and go after it. *Ken*, *Kit*, and *Koko*, a native, trapped on the island, are rescued by a seaplane. Meanwhile, *Samson* is rescued and taken to *Lalinge*, where, learning that *King* is held up on *Faloo*, he charts a canoe, and, with *Donlan* aboard, races to the island, captures the *Dauen*, and at once sets sail. The seaplane pursues, but *Samson* is lost in a fog. *Donlan* jumps overboard and is picked up by the plane, which then lands the adventurers on a lonely part of *Faloo*. (Now read on.)

NEW READERS CAN  
Start this Stirring  
Yarn by  
SIR ALAN COBHAM  
NOW!

"Feller beach-comber talk too plenty. Much muth belong him," said Koko. "S'pose King of the Islands sing out killy beach-comber, Koko killy."

Donlan covered away from the brawny Kanaka.

"No killy feller beach-comber, Koko," grinned King of the Islands. "Listen to me, Donlan. We're on Faloo now, and you can make the best of it. I've got to wait till I sight my ketch in the offing. I'm going to pick up the sack of sovereigns that I came for. You can point out the place. You're coming with me to point it out. Ta'a'ava and his bucks think we are still on top of the volcano, and they're watching there, the whole swarm of them. We'll never have a better chance. We're steering a course for the Place of Dead Men's Heads before the fog hits the island."

"It's taboo!" muttered Donlan. "Old Tokaloo is always there. He lives in a hut under the banyan, where he smokes the dead men's heads over his fire. Old Mafoo's head is swinging there. Tokaloo, the devil-doctor, never leaves the place day or night."

"Tokaloo won't trouble us!" said *Kit Hudson* grimly.

"I tell you that old fiend never even sleeps," snarled the beach-comber. "It's near his hut that the sack of sovereigns is buried, close by it. I used to watch old Mafoo when he sneaked off into the high bush, after the traders had called for his copra. One tap on old Tokaloo's drum, and all the island will know that the taboo has been broken—and there'll be a swarm of niggers—wherever they are, they'll swarm to the Place of Skulls when they hear the devil-doctor's drum."

"Tokaloo will never tap his drum again," said Ken. "Kit Hudson cracked his wicked old skull when he got me away from the cannibals."

"Him deader!" grinned Koko.

"Oh!" gasped Donlan.

King of the Islands rose from the coral rock. Faint from the distance came the booming bang of a trade gun, fired by one of the savages in the gully below the mountain.

"We're starting in ten minutes, Donlan," said Ken. "You're coming as a guide. You know more than you told me at Lalinge—more than you could have told me. You'll pick up your bearings better than you could have described them. Get ready."

"I tell you I dare not," muttered the beach-comber. "If we're on Faloo, we're as good as dead men already; but—"

"Ten minutes!" said Ken curtly. He turned his back on the shivering wreck of a man.



# King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

Ten minutes later the comrades of the Dawn were picking their way through the high bush, the beach-comber shivering and cowering between Kit Hudson and King of the Islands, Kaio-lalulalonga following behind.

## Mafoo's Gold!

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS could not repress a shudder as he stepped into the shade of the great banyan, the haunt of death and terror—taboo to the islanders, unapproachable by the natives except on a signal given by the tap of the devil-doctor's drum.

Back into his mind came the fearful hours he had spent in the shadow of the tree of death; and he seemed to feel again the knife of the devil-doctor tracing round his neck. His comrade had saved him from the wizened old fiend who smoked dead men's heads over the smouldering wood-fire under the many-stemmed banyan; but for Kit, his head would have been swinging, with the many others, from the thick branches, curing in the smoke, to be hung as a trophy in the canoe-house of Ta'a'ava.

The spot was utterly deserted now. Old Tokaloo had gone to his account, but the taboo still ruled—even had any native cared to venture into that place of terror. The tribesmen, still watching the gully, were far from the scene; it was, as King of the Islands had said, a chance that was never likely to recur, of seeking the treasure that had brought the adventurers to the savage island. The beach-comber stared round him with starting eyes. His knees knocked together as he found himself under the branches of the banyan, and the sweat rolled down his stubby face.

Kaio-lalulalonga grinned at him scornfully.

Koko had lost his terrors of the aitoos that haunted the forbidden spot, since he had seen old Tokaloo's skull cracked by the butt of the Australian's stock-whip. The "devil-devils" who had been unable to save old Tokaloo from that fate were no longer feared by the Kanaka, in the presence of the "feller white masters."

It was not of the devil-devils that the beach-comber was thinking. Every shadow under the vast banyan seemed to him to hide a lurking enemy, and it was of the cooking-ovens that he was thinking, and the thought shook him like the ague.

"Pull yourself together, man!" snapped King of the Islands. "We're alone here—not a nigger within a mile, more likely than not. Get your bearings."

Donlan stared at him, shivering. "I used to watch old Mafoo creeping away into the bush," he muttered. "Old Tokaloo was the only man he trusted with his secret—more than one nigger that spied on him was made into long-pig. He never savvied I was keeping an eye open

when I went into the bush to sleep off the drink. More'n once he passed me, sleeping, as he thought, but I wasn't always asleep." He grinned for a moment. "He always had a tapa bag with him when he came, and he never took it away. Hark."

It was only the boom of a trade gun from the distant gully.

"Old Tokaloo had the eyes of a hawk," muttered the beach-comber. "I never dared come too near. If he was living—"

He broke off, staring about him apprehensively, as if he feared to see the wizened old face of the devil-doctor peering at him from the shadows under the banyan.

"Him devil-doctor he kill dead," grinned Koko. "White master he plenty crack head belong Tokaloo."

The beach-comber cast a longing glance towards the bush-path by which they had reached the banyan. He was close to the treasure now; but the treasure would not have tempted him to remain a moment under the tree of death could he have fled. But the powerful hand of the Kanaka was ready to seize him at the first attempt.

"You're for it, you swab!" grunted Hudson. "You're wasting time. Get a move on."

In the glimmering of the stars that filtered through the branches overhead the beach-comber moved at last.

King of the Islands kept close to him as he led the way through the many stems of the great banyan, winding among the almost innumerable trunks of the immense tree.

That he had been on the spot before they knew now; it was his ineffectual attempt to lift the treasure that had put Ta'a'ava on his guard. During the long years that he had combed the beach of Faloo, he had watched and spied, and probably more than one chance had offered of lifting the treasure, but in old Mafoo's lifetime he had never dared to attempt it. And when he had made the attempt at last, doubtless he had found old Tokaloo wakeful and watchful, and the tap of the devil-doctor's drum had sent him fleeing in terror—fleeing from the island itself, never to return if he could have helped it.

Now he had returned, unable to help it, and was fearfully treading the fatal spot. But his narrow escape had evidently shaken what little nerve long dissolute years had left to the hapless wretch, and ten times Mafoo's treasure would not have tempted him there of his own will. But now he was there, he was able to guide the treasure-seekers.

He had told King of the Islands, at Lalange, that the sack of sovereigns was hidden under the banyan-tree, hidden in the Place of Dead Men's Heads; but he had not been able to tell him of the hidden winding paths among the countless stems of the banyan, that were familiar to his eyes and to his feet.

He stopped at a little hut of palm-leaves, wedged between two stems of banyan, and stared about him again in the filtering starlight.

"This was the old rascal's hut?" asked Ken.

"Yes," breathed Donlan.

"You get your bearings here?"

The beach-comber nodded.

He stirred again after a few minutes, parting a screen of thick lianas that hung down from the branches above. King of the Islands kept by his side. Hudson and the Kanaka followed.

Beyond the great mass of pendant lianas, thick and juicy and heavy, was a small open space, hung round with massive lianas as by heavy curtains. Overhead the leaves of the banyan roofed the recess, shutting off every gleam of the stars. King of the Islands struck a match. In the still, close air the flame burned steadily.

"Here!" muttered Donlan. "This is where they came—I watched them more than once, but—"

"A likely place," said Hudson, with a nod. "I should never have guessed there was a way through these lianas. You've got a lantern, Ken."

King of the Islands lit the lantern.

"If they see a light!" stammered the beach-comber.

"Nobody will see a light here, you swab!"

The beach-comber leaned on the thick lianas, panting. The sweat was running down his face.

"I've done all I can," he muttered. "I'll swear it's here—I know it's here. But if the niggers spot us—"

"Belay that!"

King of the Islands dropped on his knees, a bush-knife in his hand.

The Cornstalk stood by him, holding a lantern. The gigantic form of Kaio-lalulalonga towered over the shrinking beach-comber.

"Here!" said King of the Islands quietly.

The keen bush-knife prodded the soil—hard and almost impenetrable—till the point found a spot where the earth was soft and the blade sank in to the hilt. Evidently the soil had been turned in that spot before. It had been turned not once, but many times.

Using the broad blade of the bush-knife as a spade, King of the Islands turned up the earth.

Six inches below the surface the knife found an obstacle. There was a metallic clink.

King of the Islands hacked away the soft soil. The first plunge of the knife had barely missed the buried sack. Hudson watched him breathlessly; even the beach-comber seemed to forget his terrors, and leaned forward with glistening eyes.

"I knew—I knew!" he muttered. "Old Tokaloo could have told them, but he never told Ta'a'ava—after Mafoo was killed he was keeping the golden sovereigns for himself. But I knew—I knew—"

King of the Islands dragged a heavy tapa sack from the excavation. He gashed it with the knife.

Within it were packed a number of tapa bags. As he lifted them one by one, from each there came a musical clink. He opened one of the bags, and the lantern light glinted on a stack of golden sovereigns. Ken caught his breath.

"Mafoo's treasure!" breathed Hudson.

"Belong King of the Islands now!" grinned Koko.

It was the treasure of Mafoo—the golden coins accumulated during long years of trade by the old King of Faloo—accumulated, hoarded, hidden away under the fatal tree where the devil-doctor had his den—a hiding-place cunningly chosen, protected from curious eyes by the terror of taboo.

For long, long years Mafoo had accumulated and hoarded, adding year by year to his golden store—never taking the paper money of the traders; pinning his faith to the bright yellow sovereigns of Australia; and at long last Ta'a'ava had risen against him and slain him for that very treasure, and now his head swung from the branches of the tree that shadowed the hiding-place of his hoard.

And Tokaloo, the only man on Faloo that shared the secret, had kept his own counsel, gloating over the hoard that was now his, breathing no word of his knowledge to Ta'a'ava or any other—keeping the secret, had he only known it, for the white men who came over the sea.

There were twenty of the little tapa bags, and each of them was crammed with golden coins.

"We share alike!" muttered the beach-comber. At the sight of the glinting gold in the lantern-light, greed had driven out the beach-comber's terror; if he trembled now it was with eagerness. "You're a man of your word, King of the Islands—three shares alike!"

"I'm a man of my word!" snapped Ken. "You deserve a bullet through the head, but you'll take your share!"

"It's a broth of a box ye are!"

"How that!"

There were four to carry the tapa bags. King of the Islands replaced the sack in the excavation, and stamped down the earth again. It was unlikely that any native would ever penetrate to the hidden spot, now that Tokaloo could no longer tell his secret; but if by chance any eye looked into the recess behind the liana screen, no sign remained to tell that the treasure had been hidden there, and that it had gone.

Ken shut off the light of the lantern, and the comrades of the Dawn followed the beach-comber back by the winding ways through the clustering stems, and emerged at last from under the death tree into the bush-path, where the stars glittered down at them from a cloudless sky.

King of the Islands' face was dark and thoughtful. He had lifted the treasure, but his thoughts were with the Dawn—his ship—and the Hiva-Oa crew, sailed and commanded by Bully Samson. To have set foot again on the polished teak deck of the Dawn he would have given twice the treasure of Mafoo.

"Bimeby feller ketch he come!" said Koko, reading the thought in his master's face. "Bimeby he come along Faloo."

Ken nodded, with a smile.

### Bully Samson's Prize!

**B**ULLY SAMSON, standing on the deck of the speeding ketch, cursed the sea-fog with a choice variety of epithets. The fog, and only the fog, had saved him from

the pursuing seaplane, and saved for him the ketch he had seized by the strong hand. But that danger was past now, and almost dismissed from his mind; and he cursed the fog that was full of lurking dangers for every sailorman.

Immediately the fog-bank hid him from his pursuers, he had changed the course of the ketch, and he did not care whether the seaplane pursued him farther or not; he knew that he could not be found in the rolling banks of vapour. Only one peril remained, so far as King of the Islands was concerned—the fog might lift and reveal him to the plane—and for that reason Samson kept the ketch at a good speed. A ship hoisted in the fog was in danger, if any other craft was on the waters; a ship speeding with canvas spread was in incessant peril, not only from a possible collision, but from the hidden reefs of the Pacific. But it was long before Bully Samson shortened sail—though he did so at last, to the great relief of the Hiva-Oa men.

The Dawn was still gliding like a

(Continued on page 16.)



"Mafoo's treasure!" breathed Hudson. "Belong King of the Islands now!" grinned Koko.

# King of the Islands!

(Continued from page 13.)

ghost ship, amid ghostly shadows, her crew watching and listening anxiously, when the dimmed sun went down, and to the shadows of the fog were added the shadows of the night. The wind was freshening, and the fog breaking up more and more as it freshened. Instead of a solid mass, strange shapes of fog, curling spirals of vapour, floated round the ketch, with clear spaces interspersed. Stars gleamed one moment over the ketch, and were blotted out the next.

Samson had bandaged the gash on his shoulder, his iron frame almost insensible to the pain of it. He gave

it no heed as he started into the vapour. Experienced sailor as he was, Bully Samson could not have told where the ketch was; the fog was blinding. He knew that the bank had been creeping from the west, and he had struck into it from the south. From that moment it had swallowed him.

For all he knew, he might be running back to Faloo, and might hear at any moment the roar of the surf on the coral reefs, and hear the grinding of his hull on the sharp teeth of the coral. Yet he had kept desperately on, taking the chance, only anxious to shake off the possible pursuit of the seaplane. But when night descended on the Pacific, he snarled orders to the Hiva-Oa seamen to take in the canvas; and the ketch drifted, without a light. Not a glimmer of

light would Bully Samson allow to be shown from the ketch. The fog was breaking more and more; and a searching seaplane above might have picked up a light.

Strangely, eerily, from the glooming mist came a hoarse screeching sound, and Bully Samson started and scowled again. It was the howl of a steamer's siren, and it was close at hand, though the steamer could not be seen, and no light flashed from the fog. Somewhere in the mist a steamer was groping her way, sounding the siren continuously. Almost in a moment, as it seemed, a ghostly shape loomed up with a glimmer of lights and a screech of the siren!

(Next week's instalment of this thrilling serial is brimful of interest. Make sure of reading it by ordering your MODERN BOY Now—TO-DAY!)

## CAREERS IN THE MAKING.



To the right type of fellow, civil engineering is the most interesting job in the world!

**C**IVIL engineering is a job which has much to recommend it. Once a fellow has got his A.M.I.C.E. (Associate Membership of the Institution of Civil Engineers) he has a standing in the engineering world which will bring a variety of jobs well within his reach.

He also has a choice of staying at home or going abroad, and he may be reasonably sure of getting a comfortable salary for the rest of his working days.

Civil engineering has several branches. The men who plan our highways and sewage schemes, and who construct bridges, etc., are civil engineers, as also are those who design waterworks and look after the "plant" which sends the water through to our taps.

All require certain knowledge—of mechanics, reinforced concrete, building construction, and so

on—and thus the Preliminary and Part A of the A.M.I.C.E. exam. are practically the same for all branches. Parts B and C offer a wide choice of subjects which a fellow selects from, according to which branch he is to take up.

—There are two methods of setting out to become a civil engineer. One is to serve as an articulated pupil to a recognised man in the branch you have decided upon. If you are going in for water engineering you will apply to get into the office of a borough engineer and surveyor or corporation engineer.

Once there you will be entitled to sit for your preliminary exam; and, having passed it, you will proceed to study at night, and get practical experience by day, while you are preparing to take Parts A, B and C of the Final.

This Final cannot be taken until you are twenty-one; and, even

supposing you pass it in all parts then, you cannot be elected an A.M.I.C.E. until you are twenty-five, and have satisfied the council of the institution as to your practical attainments. But in the meantime, having served three years as an articulated pupil, you will usually have no difficulty in getting taken on as an assistant to the man to whom you have been articulated, and your pay will be roughly £3 or £3 10s. a week.

That, then, is one method of becoming a civil engineer—the articulated pupil method. The trouble with it, from the point of view of the fellow with no money to spare, is that the pupil usually has to pay quite a lot for the privilege of doing three years' work for nothing! You may, of course, be lucky and have a friend who will consent to take you for nothing—or next to nothing—but, failing this, you will either have to pay a premium to your prospective employer for teaching you your job, or else you will have to make up your mind to enter the profession by the other route—through your local University.

Most schools nowadays offer scholarships to the Universities, and there is no reason why a smart fellow, whose parents can afford to prolong his "school days" for a year or two, should not get his B.Sc. (Engineering). Equipped with this, he should have little difficulty in getting taken on as assistant by a civil engineer, who would pay him a salary while he was getting the required practical experience. With his B.Sc. he would also be excused Parts A and B of his A.M.I.C.E. exam, and would only be called upon to take the oral and written Part C.

No—civil engineering is not an easy profession to enter; but all things worth having take some getting, don't they?—and a civil engineer's job is certainly worth having!