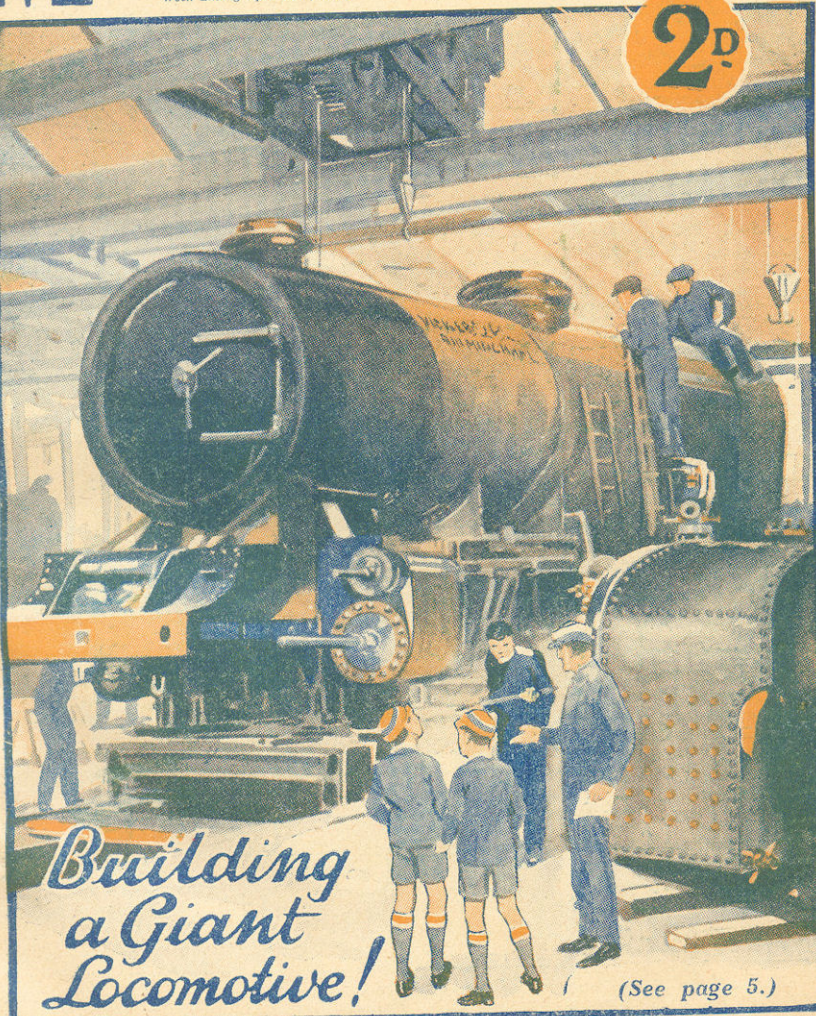


The MODERN BOY

EVERY MONDAY.
Week Ending April 28th, 1928.

No. 12.
Vol. 1.

2^d



*Building
a Giant
Locomotive!*

(See page 5.)

Aeroplane-Adventure Series Commencing This Week!

KING of the



The World's Finest Story of Adventure in the Air, on Land and by Sea!

Bully Samson's Plan!

THERE was a startled howl from the Hiva-Oa crew, a snarl of startled rage from Bully Samson. Right across the bows of the Dawn glided the great bulk of a steamer, not a cable's length from the bowsprit. Had the ketch been still under sail a collision would have been inevitable; she would have crashed fairly into the steamer's side. As it was, Bully Samson caught his breath, and the Polynesian seamen yelled aloud with startled terror. From the unknown ship came a shouting of voices—angry shouting—but the words were lost.

Like a spectre the steamer had appeared, like a spectre she vanished. Samson bit hard on his cigar, his heart throbbing with relief. Fortune was still befriending the bully of the Shark; he had chosen the perils of the fog to escape King of the Islands and the perils of the fog had spared him. Only a few seconds had made the difference between safety and a grinding collision and destruction and death in the deep waters. Samson shrugged his shoulders, and turned a savage eye upon the jabbering Hiva-Oa men.

"Plenty too much talk along you!" he snarled. "You shut up mouth belong you, or me knock seven bells and a dog-watch outer you, boy, plenty quick."

And the crew of the Dawn were silent.

A quarter of an hour later, with a suddenness that was startling, the fog was gone. The ketch glided, under bare poles, out of the banks of vapour into the light of the stars. Behind the Dawn, great cliffs of fog banked the sea; ahead of her was the calm, smiling Pacific, reflecting myriads of stars.

"Feller fog he go!" exclaimed Lompo, in great relief.

Samson snarled an order, and the topsails were shaken out again. The ketch picked up speed; and the fog-banks dropped farther and farther astern. Bright as a jewel, the Southern Cross blazed from the sky, and Bully Samson was relieved to see it—not that the beauty of the glorious constellation was anything to him, but it was a guiding light to the sailorman. He set a course for Lompo at the wheel, and for the first time since he had set foot on the ketch, he went below.

His rugged, bearded face was grinning with satisfaction now. He was master of King of the Islands' ship, and all that it contained was his. His first search was for rum—a search that proved vain. Danny, the cook, came trembling down the ladder as Bully Samson roared to him.

"Where feller King of the Islands he keepee feller rum?" roared Samson.

"No savvy!" stammered Danny. "Feller rum he no belong along ship belong King of the Islands."

"By hokey! A temperance ship! Take that, you swab!"

Danny yelled, and fled from the crashing fist. It was not Danny's

fault, if fault it was, that there was no strong drink on board the Dawn, but that was Samson's way of ruling a native crew. A savage word, followed fast by a savage blow, was his method. On board his own ship, the Shark, he had ruled fifteen fierce Solomon Islanders and Tonga men by that method, and though every man of them had longed to drive a Malaita knife to his heart, none had ever raised a hand against him. And the milder and more pacific Polynesian who manned the Dawn shrank from the burly bully and his fierce voice and heavy hand with a greater fear than they would have felt of the most potent "devil-devil" in all the islands.

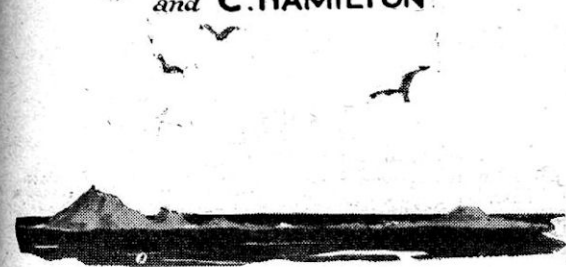
While the ketch glided on under the stars, Bully Samson searched his prize, and though he found no rum he found enough to cause him to cluck with satisfaction. King of the Islands had taken aboard only a part of his cargo when he had left Lalinge to seek the treasure of Faloo; but there was enough to reward the freebooter richly.

The bully of the Shark was as nearly in a good humour as his savage nature permitted when he tramped up to the deck again and set Lulu to relieve Lompolokuno at the wheel. He had his bearings now, and his plans were settled. He knew a German trader within a day's sail who would take the Dawn's cargo of his hands without asking questions. There he could revel in the carouse for which his brutal nature longed, while he waited for the excitement!

ISLANDS!

by SIR ALAN COBHAM
and C. HAMILTON

You Can Commence
SIR ALAN COBHAM'S
Magnificent Adventure-
Yarn NOW!



among the natives to die away on Faloo. After that, Faloo and the search for Mafoo's tapa sack of sovereigns!

That was the programme mapped out by Bully Samson as the Dawn glided swiftly under the stars.

King of the Islands had only to wait!

The Watchers of Faloo!

KING of the Islands stood with his feet planted firmly in the fork of a high swaying branch and scanned the blue stretches of the Pacific.

Fifty feet below him was the beach of Faloo, where Kit Hudson and Koko stood watching him, and Donlan, the beach-comber, sprawled half-asleep in the shadow of a coral rock.

Save where the bulk of the volcano in the centre of the island barred the view, King of the Islands could see the whole of Faloo from the swaying tree-top and the blue ocean heaving round the coral reef.

Day after day, since the scaplane had landed Ken and his comrades on the beach, King of the Islands had ascended the high tree to scan the Pacific for a sign of the Dawn.

Day after day had passed, and the white sails of the ketch had not yet glided into sight.

Day after day—of isolation and hardship and short commons for the castaways.

On that solitary little beach on the northern side of Faloo, shut off from the island by a thick ring of pandanus woods and high bush, the quartette had remained undiscovered by the natives. Since the expedition to the Place of Dead Men's Heads, when the treasure of Mafoo had been lifted from its hiding-place under the banyan, they had not gone through the woods. Food was short, but the most tempting shot at a wild pig did not tempt them to use a firearm. A shot would have echoed far and wide and warned Ta'a'ava and his cannibal crew that white men were still on the

island. No fire was needed, save for cooking purposes. And when a cooking fire was needed, it was lighted in a hole excavated in the soft sand and covered with branches to conceal the smoke.

Only by keeping their presence on Faloo a secret could they save themselves from the cooking-ovens, and they were never off their guard for a moment.

Coconuts, gathered in abundance, wild yams, fish caught in the shallows, birds' eggs from the bush, made up their diet—as long hot day followed day.

Of the natives they saw and heard nothing; though once they caught sight of Gideon Gee, the half-breed Portuguese trader, in his whaleboat.

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 called Bully Samson. Ken sinks Samson's boat, and maroons him and his crew on a lonely island. Kit becomes mate of the Dawn. At Lalinge they learn from Donlan, a beach-comber, of hidden gold on the island of Faloo, and go after it. Meanwhile, Samson is rescued. Learning that King is held up on Faloo, he charts a canoe, races the Dawn, Ken, Kit, Koko (a native) and Donlan are left stranded on the island whilst Samson sails off! (Noic read on.)

manned by natives, pulling past the beach. They were careful to keep out of sight until the whaleboat was gone. Gideon Gee they could have trusted; but his native crew would have betrayed them. And an attack by Ta'a'ava and his bucks meant certain destruction.

King of the Islands had set his life upon a cast—in his certainty that Bully Samson, sooner or later, would return to Faloo in the ketch. But

as the blazing days followed one another Ken began to doubt and wonder whether he had, after all, been mistaken. Well he knew the grim and obstinate nature of Skipper Samson. He had counted on it as a certainty that the bully of the Shark would return to Faloo in quest of Mafoo's sack of sovereigns. Yet the ketch did not come.

More than once from the tree-top King of the Islands had seen craft tacking into the lagoon on the other side of Faloo. The excitement on the island was dying down. The day of the cannibal feast was past, and the natives were resuming their usual lazy existence in their grass villages along the lagoon. Trade was resuming; white men's ships came to Faloo as of old; Gideon Gee bought trade goods and sold copra and pearl shell as he had done on Faloo for thirty years. But the Dawn did not come.

Once more King of the Islands, standing with careless ease like a born sailorman in his precarious position at the top of the high tree, scanned the Pacific.

Once more his keen eyes failed to raise a sail.

Boundless, endless, the blue Pacific stretched away till it met the blue horizon.

Ken descended from the tree at last.

His sunburnt face was clouded as he dropped to the beach.

"Feller ketch he no come?" asked Kaio-lalulalonga.

Ken shook his head.
"It's ten days now," remarked Kit Hudson.

"Two five!" said Koko.

Kaio-lalulalonga, though he was, as he often said, no common Kanaka, was a true Kanaka in his arithmetic. He counted to five and then began again.

"Two-five feller day he come, two-five feller day he go," said Koko
"We wait three-five—we wait four-five—ketch he come."

From the beach-comber, half-asleep in the shade of a rock, came a crooning mumble.

"Goolden sovereigns! golden sovereigns! Oodles of 'em—oodles of 'em! And I dhry as coral-dust! What a thirst!"

The beach-comber's share of Mafoo's golden sovereigns was belted round him in tapa bags. Four hundred pounds had gone to Donlan's share—a good weight for him to carry. Never had the wretched comber of Pacific beaches been so rich in his wasted life. And through the hot days and the sultry nights he dreamed of the rum and the trade-gin at Lalinge, below the horizon to the east. Laden with the

King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

sovereigns stored up by old Mafoo, able to spend money recklessly right and left, the beach-comber drank nothing but water and the milk of coconuts—a state of affairs he had never pictured in his wildest dreams.

"Ten days!" repeated Kit. "And you still think that the ketch will come, Ken?"

"I reckon so."

"We could get off," said Hudson. "The niggers are quiet now. It would be easy enough to get round to the lagoon and bag a canoe."

"I know."

"We could lift a canoe at night and clear off to Lalinge," said Hudson. "We've got enough to get a new ship."

"I know," repeated Ken.

"Or if we showed up when a steamer was in the lagoon, the niggers would not dare to lift a hand," said the Cornstalk. "We could take a passage off the island."

"I know," repeated Ken, for the third time.

Hudson smiled faintly.

"But you're set on hanging on for the Dawn?"

King of the Islands was silent for a long moment.

"Ketch he come plenty soon," said Kaiolalulalonga. "We kill-dead Bully Samson, takee ketch, bimeby."

"I believe Bully Samson will come," said Ken at last. "He knows all about Mafoo's treasure from Donlan—knows where to look for it. I believe he is waiting for the natives to quieten down. He can't even guess that we're on the island. He can't imagine that we've lifted the sack of sovereigns. He is bound to come. We could get a new ship at Lalinge. But I want my own ship. I know we're risking our lives every minute we hang on here. But I'm not going without my ship. Only, I don't want to keep you, Kit, if you'd rather—"

Hudson grunted angrily.

"Don't be an ass, Ken! Ship-mates sink or swim together. I'm staying as long as you do."

"That's until we raise the Dawn in the offing," said Ken, with a smile.

"Ay, ay!"

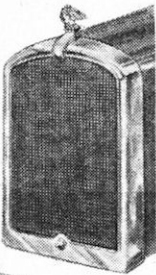
The beach-comber sat up and blinked at them.

"Goolden sovereigns!" he mumbled. "Oodles of 'em—oodles of 'em! And I perishing of thirst! You feller King of the Islands, what name you no steal canoe along night and get off to Lalinge?"

King of the Islands did not trouble to answer. The thirst of the beach-comber was not likely to worry him. He threw himself down to rest in the shade of a rock, still watching the sea. From the oven buried deep in the sand Koko drew the broiled fish for the next meal. Ken ate his meal mechanically; he was thinking of his ship. Not in exchange for any of the craft that sailed the wide Pacific would King of the Islands have given the beautiful little ketch

What Car Was That?

STUTZ.
33.8 horse-power, eight cylinders, American make.



A.C. (Acedes).
16-40 horse-power, six cylinders, British make.

ALFA-ROMEO.
22-70 horse-power, six cylinders, Italian make.



FIAT.
12 horse-power, four cylinders, Italian make.

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

that was a home to him. Life and death hung in the balance, and he thought little of them. His thoughts were with his ship. His heart ached for the sight of her polished teak deck, her spreading white sails, for the musical babbling voices of the Hiva-Oa crew. The Dawn filled his mind.

In the hot afternoon, Koko clambered up the high tree. Ken, from the sands, watched him idly as the Kanaka's brawny form rose into view from the foliage at the tree-top. High over the thick, clustering green the Kanaka's broad shoulders rose, and his head turned slowly as his keen eyes swept the horizon, and finally turned south, where the lagoon gleamed in the sun.

There was a sudden, breathless shout from Koko.

He disappeared into the foliage.

Ken sprang to his feet as the Kanaka came slithering down the tree. His face was bright with hope.

Koko leaped to the ground—so hurriedly that he rolled over, and rolled fairly to his master's feet. Ken, in his eager impatience, stooped and grasped him by the shoulder and shook him.

"What—"

"Feller ketch!" panted Koko.

"Feller ketch he come along island!"

Ken gave a shout.

"You've seen her?"

"Koko see eye belong him. Feller ketch he drop feller anchor along lagoon!"

A second more and King of the Islands was clambering madly up the tree. Far across the pandanus wood, far across the high bush, his keen eyes stared to where the waters of the long lagoon gleamed in the sinking sun. One craft lay in the lagoon—a ketch; and five dusky figures in lava-lavas were on the deck, infinitesimal in the distance—but Ken knew his crew. A burly, black-bearded figure towered there.

"Bully Samson!" said Ken, between his teeth.

He watched, with beating heart.

The whaleboat dropped from the side of the Dawn; the towering figure in the red sarong, with the black beard and the great grass hat, stepped into it. Bully Samson was going ashore. King of the Islands, swaying in the tree-top, watched him with glinting eyes.

Bully Samson at Faloo!

"**S**ENHOR O CAPATAZ SAMSON! Bom!" said Gideon Gee, with a grin of welcome that was more than half-assumed.

Gee clapped his hands, and a native servant appeared from the house.

"You feller boy, you bring feller rum plenty quick!"

"Yessar!"

Bully Samson tramped up the steps of the veranda of the trader's bungalow on Faloo. Under his heavy tread the planking shook and creaked. He dropped into a long cane chair, and the veranda shook again. Gideon Gee pushed a little bamboo table towards him, and the black servant placed bottle and glasses there.

"Bom!" re-
 spected Gideon,
 rubbing his oily,
 dusky hands.
 "Plenty glad see
 Cap'n Samson
 along Faloo, I
 guess."

Three languages
 were the portion of
 Gideon Gee, and
 he mixed them in
 his talk in the
 oddest way. In a
 moment of excite-
 ment he would
 speak pure Portu-
 guese; but he
 quickly dropped
 into American or
 into beche-de-mer
 English.

"Bom! Good!
 What you look-see
 along Faloo?" he
 asked.

Bully Samson
 granted.

He did not
 trouble to reply
 till he had mixed
 himself a drink
 that would have
 made Gideon's
 hair stand on end,
 hardy drinker as
 the Portuguese
 was. Bully Samson
 drained it off as

if it were the milk of a young nut.
 "I guess I'm here in the way of
 trade," he said. "I've heard that
 there's been ructions on Faloo."

Gideon Gee shrugged his shoulders.
 "Twice in the year there are
 ructions," he said. "I keep my peace
 with gifts of tobacco-sticks and trade
 gin. With a case of square-face I
 can always soothe the niggers. Bom!
 But it has been more trouble than
 usual. Old Mafoo was killed by
 Ta'a'ava and his friends, and Ta'a'ava
 is now chief. And since then white
 men came to search for Mafoo's sack
 of Australian sovereigns. There has
 been the dickens to pay! But all is
 quiet again now. If you are for
 copra and shell—"

"Any news of King of the Islands?"

Gideon Gee grinned a dusky grin as
 he stared out from under the awning
 to the lagoon, red in the sunset, and
 watched the graceful ketch riding at
 her anchor far out from the beach.
 He knew the Dawn well enough; and
 as Bully Samson had come to Faloo
 sailing King of the Islands' ship, he
 could guess that the South Sea free-
 booter was anxious for news of King
 of the Islands.

"I know nothing," he said. "A
 seaplane touched at the island—that
 was one—two weeks since; unless it
 picked them up, I know nothing.
 They were besieged on the mountain-
 top by Ta'a'ava and his bucks—they
 vanished. When the sea-fog rolled
 over Faloo the niggers rushed the
 plateau, expecting to find King of
 the Islands there, and trusting to the
 fog to save them from his bullets.
 They found—nothing."

"They were gone?"
 "Vanished! The blacks believe
 that they were spirited away by



The Portuguese
 pointed out Captain
 Samson, sitting in
 the veranda. "Feller
 King of the Islands
 no belong ship?"
 asked the new chief
 of Faloo.

Tokaloo, the devil-doctor—that is to
 say, his spirit." Gee grinned. "One
 of them knocked Tokaloo on the
 head; he is kill-dead—finish!"

"They went on the plane," granted
 Samson.

"You savvy?"

"They chased the Dawn in the sea-
 plane, and I only escaped them by
 driving into the fog."

"Bom!"

"You've seen nothing of them
 since?" asked Samson.

The Portuguese half-caste shook
 his head.

"They did not come back to Faloo?"
 asked Samson.

"I guess they did not want to get
 into the cooking-ovens!" grinned the
 trader. "If they came back now the
 niggers would be up again. King of
 the Islands broke the taboo at the
 Place of Dead Men's Heads—one of
 the crowd killed Tokaloo, the devil-
 doctor. The niggers would rise as
 one man if feller King of the Islands
 set foot ashore here again. I guess
 they cleared far enough away in the
 seaplane, and went while the going
 was good."

Bully Samson nodded.

He had no doubt of that himself.
 Matters were quiet on Faloo now;
 traders came and went from the
 other islands. But the quiet was
 deceptive, and the peace that reigned
 on Faloo would have been broken
 by the drums of war at the sight of
 the white men who had defied the
 taboo and slain the devil-doctor.

"I guess he's gone back to Lalinge
 to get a new ship from John Chin,
 maybe," remarked Samson.

"The senhor has not been to
 Lalinge?" asked Gideon, with a sly
 grin.

He knew that the freebooter dared
 not put in at a white man's port with
 a stolen ship.

Bully Samson scowled.
 "No; I've been waiting at Fusai
 for things to settle down here. King
 of the Islands sank my schooner—I've
 got hold of his ketch. I've kicked
 his crew into shape. They'd feed
 out of my hand now, durn their black
 hides. Any news of Mafoo's
 treasure?"

Gee's sly eyes narrowed. He knew
 now why the freebooter had come
 back to Faloo in the ketch.

"It is not found," he said. "I
 guess old Mafoo hid it deep and safe.
 I advise you not to seek it, senhor,
 unless you have another head on your
 ship to replace the one you now
 wear." And the trader chuckled.
 "King of the Islands had a narrow
 escape, and he has not come again,
 as you see."

Samson made no reply. From the
 beach there came a jabber of excited
 voices—crowds of natives were swarm-
 ing out of the grass houses and palm-
 leaf huts, staring at the Dawn as
 she rode the shining lagoon at
 anchor. Many of the islanders knew
 Ken's ship.

"Feller King of the Islands!" ran
 from mouth to mouth.

"They guess that King of the
 Islands is on the ketch," grinned
 Gideon Gee. "They know it's his
 ship. Stay where you are, senhor,
 and mix yourself another drink, and
 I will explain to them, or there may
 be an attack on your craft."

The Portuguese went down the
 veranda steps and walked across to
 the beach, where he addressed the
 swarm of natives in a mixture of
 pidgin English and the Melanesian

King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

dialect of the island. He pointed out Captain Samson, sitting scowling in the veranda; and Ta'a'ava, the chief, came back to the bungalow with him.

"Feller King of the Islands no belong ship?" asked the new chief.

"No!" growled Samson. "The Dawn is my feller ship now—feller ketch belong me. Me come trade along Faloo, you savvy. Me no savvy where King of the Islands he belong."

"S'pose King of the Islands come along Faloo—he makee kai-kai along cooking-oven," said Ta'a'ava.

"I guess I'd like to see nothing better."

And Ta'a'ava, satisfied that the breaker of the taboo, the seeker of Mafoo's treasure, had not returned to Faloo, retired. Bully Samson lighted a strong Manila cheroot.

"That buck hasn't found old Mafoo's treasure?" he said.

"No; I reckon old Tokaloo was the only nigger who knew where it was, and he had his skull cracked along King of the Islands. I guess the sack of sovereigns will never be lifted now."

"The sack of sovereigns is there for a man to find, and I reckon all the niggers on Faloo won't keep my hands off it when I get the bearings of it," answered Samson. "I reckon it's safe for a white man to go into the bush to shoot wild pig—savvy?"

"Bom! But if a white man wanders to a taboo place, he will need to watch that his head remains on his shoulders."

"They've never had my head yet, and I've been in some tight corners along the islands," growled Samson. "I'm going into the bush to shoot wild pig to-morrow. You come along?" He lowered his voice. "You know the island from end to end, and I guess I'll share with you if we lift the treasure. Is it a trade?"

"Senhor, as I have said, I have but one head," answered Gideon Gee. "I guess I stop along bungalow till ketch he sail."

"As you like, you durned half-hearted half-caste."

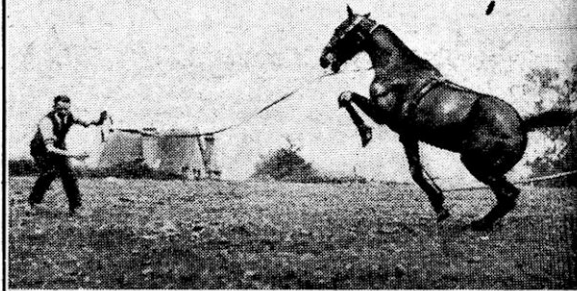
And Samson tramped away again, leaving the trader grinning.

It was a disappointment to him that old Tokaloo was dead; he had hoped to force the old devil-doctor to reveal the hiding-place of Mafoo's treasure, but his plans remained unchanged.

He little dreamed, as he thought things over, that the treasure of Mafoo was already lifted, and that the boy skipper of the Dawn was not at Lalinge, but near at hand, waiting—waiting only for the sun to dip below the Pacific.

(Sir Alan Cobham has some super-thrills in store for you in next week's instalment. Mind nobody runs off with the last copy of next week's MODERN BOY before you can get to your newsagent's! To make sure, order it TO-DAY!)

A Day in the Life of A HORSE-BREAKER!



No need to travel to the Wild West for horse-breaking thrills! Britain can supply them wholesale!

MENTION of wild horses naturally sends the thoughts winging to the prairies of the Farthest West. This, however, deals with no swaggering cowboy in "hearthrug-trousers," such as you see on the cinema screen, but of a plain farmhand of the valleys of little Wales whose chief job is to break in the horses captured from wild herds that still roam the remotest parts.

There is much else for him to do, though, on the principle that you must catch your hare before you can cook it. And those wild horses must first be bagged!

While still the morning mist curls along the hillsides, our horse-breaker rides out with the farmer himself and four other hands to a stoutly-constructed paddock in the narrowest part of a green valley between two low mountain ranges. Some heavy timbers are removed and placed on the ground, leaving a wide opening facing the full length of the vale.

This done, the horse-breaker rides to the summit of a convenient hill and surveys the surrounding country. To-day he is in luck. A drove of wild horses are grazing among the long green grass beside a streamlet not five miles distant. He signals the direction of them to the farmer and others by the paddock, and within a minute all the horsemen are riding towards the herd. Long experience enables them to get within half a mile of the grazing animals without their taking fright. Then down the hills from either side they charge, and, with squeals of alarm, the horses thunder away for the wide valley.

Riding abreast and splashing through the shallow stream, the hunters race in pursuit, the horse-breaker swinging well out to prevent the panicked herd from turning away from the distant paddock. So, to the cracking of whips and after a stern chase, the whole drove—twenty-eight wild horses in all—are driven into the bottle-neck of the valley and corralled.

The timbers of the paddock are put into place, and, with considerable difficulty, a number of horses are selected from the captured drove, lassoed and taken to the farm. Now comes the most arduous and dangerous work for the horse-breaker. First he fastens a rope, about eighteen feet in length, to one of the freshly-caught horses and the other end about his own body. In a fury the animal cavorts at the end of this tethering rope, while the man braces himself against the tremendous strain.

One of the other farmhands, mounted on a hack, drives the wild horse in a circle, while another man, whip in hand, moves round like a circus ringmaster to prevent the fractious animal from turning to savage the horse-breaker.

The result of this circus performance is that the wild horse is made accustomed to a continuous pull at the side of his head, and later responds the more readily to the tug of the reins. Next, if the horse persists in bad behaviour, he is roped and thrown, and a saddle is strapped to his back. The breaker gets astride him as he lies helpless on the ground and the ropes are cast off.

Whoops! The indignant horse shoots up as if lifted by dynamite! For a moment or so he stands still, utterly amazed by the unaccustomed burden on his back. He sails into the air with back arched like a cat, and alights on the turf again with a clump that rattles the breaker's teeth.

Then for ten hectic minutes the Wild West isn't in it! By every equine trick of bucking and plunging, the maddened horse tries to rid himself of his load. He dances, wheels, and kicks. Once he almost throws himself heels-over-head backward on top of the dauntless rider glued to his saddle.

Gradually the strength fades out of his limbs, white foam flecks his mouth, his angry snorting gives place to panting. He stops, and at the urge of his rider's heels trots obediently forward and turns at the tug of the rein.

The horse-breaker has won out!