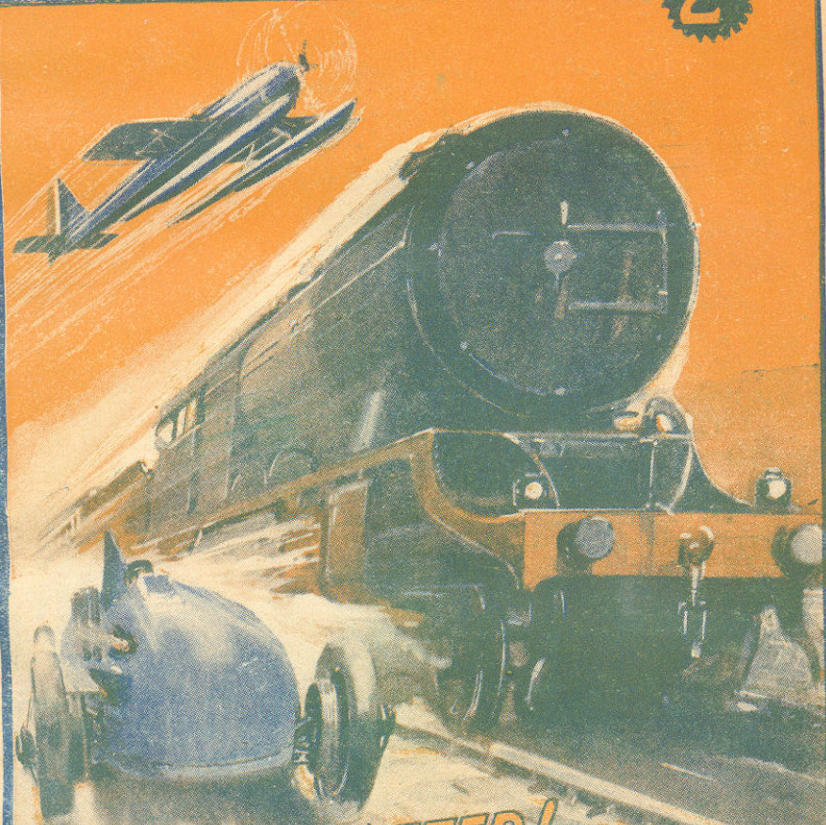


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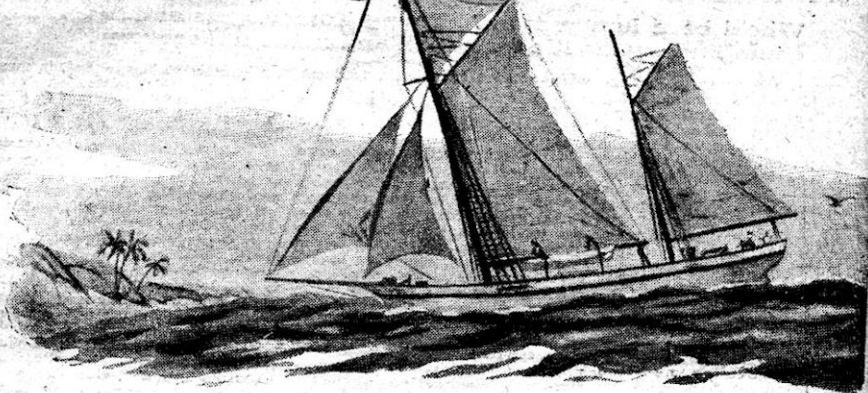
**FASTER & FASTER!**  
THE BATTLE OF THE SPEEDMEN

(SPECIAL FEATURE  
WITHIN)



**HOW I BROKE THE RECORD!** By Capt. Malcolm Campbell.

# King of the



## Adventure in the Tropics, on Sea and Land and in the Air!

### For Life or Death!

"FELLER sun he go!" muttered Kaio-lalulalonga.

The sun's rim dipped below the far horizon. Darkness rolled, like a cloak, over Faloo.

The heaving ocean, the coral reefs vanished from sight; the woods and the high bush were a black mass against the sky.

In the velvety darkness the stars began to gleam.

King of the Islands rose from the coral rock where he had been seated. In the glimmer of the stars he examined once more his rifle.

"It's time!" he said quietly.

"Ready!" said Hudson.

The Australian had been waiting impatiently for the dark.

The beach-comber's husky voice came through the shadows.

"You're mad, King of the Islands!" he mumbled. "You'll never carry the Dawn, with Bully Samson on board as watchful as a tiger. Better steal a nigger's canoe and strike for Lalinge."

"That's enough," said Ken.

"Feller beach-comber he stop along shore," said Koko disdainfully.

"Feller beach-comber he no good fight along Samson."

"You'd better stay here, Donlan, and we'll pick you up later, in the ketch if we get her," said Ken.

"If you get her!" muttered the beach-comber. "You won't get her.

Bully Samson will pot you from the

ketch. You'll never get a foot over her rail."

"We're taking our chance of that," said King of the Islands impatiently.

"You can come along or stay behind, as you choose. Make up your mind."

"Coming or staying?" snapped Hudson.

"Coming!" groaned the beach-comber. "I daren't stay here alone, and that's the whole truth. But sure we'll never get the ketch, and I'll never spend me money on Lalinge Oehone."

"Belay that!" growled Ken.

"Follow on!"

King of the Islands led the way.

For the second time since the seaplane had landed them on Faloo the shipmates of the Dawn left the beach and plunged into the blackness of the woods.

From the woods they passed on to the bush, taking care, however, to avoid that spot where they had lifted the treasure of Mafoo, and where old Mafoo's head still swung from the branches of the banyan. A new devil-doctor was in the place of Tokaloo; the hideous place was still haunted by terror and death.

Trackless as the high bush seemed, King of the Islands scarcely faltered once on his way. Here and there, when a glimpse of the stars was to be had, they guided him; the compass and his sense of direction did the rest. King of the Islands led the way, his rifle under his arm; Kit Hudson followed him, his stockwhip

in his grip, his rifle on his back; Donlan followed the Cornstalk with fluttering steps, starting and muttering at every rustle of the bush; and Kaio-lalulalonga brought up the rear.

Only when the dense bush barred the way, and a knife was needed, Koko passed to the front and hacked a passage with his keen, heavy bush-knife.

A silvery glimmer struck on the eyes of the shipmates at last. It was the lagoon. They were through the bush, and the beach of Faloo, on the southern side, lay before them, with the palm-leaf huts of the natives scattered along it. Far out on the lagoon a black shadow on the water showed the ketch—riding without a single light. Ken's eyes glinted as they fastened on that shadow.

"The Dawn!" he whispered.

"If the naggurs hear us—"

mumbled the beach-comber.

"Silence!"

King of the Islands led the way on once more. A wide detour was made to avoid the native houses, and the four reached the beach at last, where the soft lap of the waters of the lagoon made a faint murmur in the night. There they stopped again.

King of the Islands had planned to seize a canoe belonging to the natives to reach the Dawn. The war-canoes of Faloo were safe in the canoe-house, watched and guarded; but it was more likely than not that some fisherman's canoe was left beached for the night above high-water mark.

# Islands!

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



—indeed, many of them. But if that resource failed, the comrades were prepared to swim out to the ketch, taking the risk of the sharks.

"Remain here!" whispered Ken.

Leaving his comrades he crept silently along the sand in the direction of Ta'a'ava's village.

As he expected, he found five or six fishing canoes beached well above the lapping waters of the lagoon.

King of the Islands passed among them, looking for one in which the paddles might have been left.

There was a sudden gasp in the darkness, and from one of the canoes a black face and rolling, startled eyes rose, staring at the shadowy figure of King of the Islands.

Ken's teeth snapped.

He had known that it was possible that some native might be sleeping in his canoe in the sultry night, and he had had to take the risk.

One cry from the startled islander was enough to give the alarm and to bring a swarm of savages yelling to the spot, and the man's mouth was already opened for a yell.

But that yell was never uttered.

The clubbed revolver of the boy trader crashed on the fuzzy head, and the islander dropped back into the canoe with a low groan.

King of the Islands straightened up, his heart thumping, his head bent to listen.

There was no sound of alarm. The other canoes were unattended. For a full minute he stood breathless, tense. But there was no sound save the soft lapping of the lagoon.

It had been a narrow escape, but it did not linger in Ken's mind. He grasped one of the canoes and half-carried, half-dragged it over the soft sand, after groping in the interior

and finding two paddles there. From the black man he had struck down came no sound; he was stunned, and safe for a time at least.

At the edge of the water Ken left the canoe and hurried back to his comrades.

"Follow on!" he breathed.

Silently as ghosts the four trod along the soft sand glimmering in the starlight.

The canoe was pushed into the water and the four stepped aboard. Koko grasped a paddle.

"If they hear us paddling—" muttered the beach-comber.

"Silence, you!"

The beach-comber quavered into trembling silence. He sat hunched up in the canoe, shaking like a leaf. The cannibals on shore and Bully Samson on board the ketch were too

**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 to the island, and captures the Dawn. Ken, Kit, Koko (a native) and Donlan are left stranded on the island, whilst Samson sails away. Kit hides on the island, waiting for Samson to return in search of the treasure. At last he comes! (Now read on.)**

**SIR ALAN COBHAM,**  
the Famous Airman, is  
writing this superb story!  
You can commence  
reading it NOW!

■ ■ ■

much for the ragged nerves of the wreck of a white man.

"Feller tide he go!" murmured Kaio-lalulalonga. "No wantee washy, washy along canoe—feller tide he go."

"Good!" breathed Ken.  
Once afloat, the canoe was drawn away from the beach by the receding tide. Far out on the barrier reef there was a deep murmur of waters pouring through the rocky channels to the open sea. Fortune was favouring King of the Islands—the tide had been on the turn; it was not necessary to paddle. Koko steered the canoe with his paddle, and the tide carried them far out from the beach.

Perhaps in order to give no guidance to possible enemies, the Dawn showed no riding-lights as she lay at anchor, her cable taut, the tide pulling at her hull. Only the black shadow against the starlit sky showed where she lay.

Ken's heart was beating fast.

Under the stars the canoe glided silently, softly over the lagoon, slowly, slowly but surely, drawing nearer to the anchored ketch.

Of the Hiva-Oa crew Ken had, of course, no fear. He knew they would be glad to welcome back their skipper. But he did not know whether Bully Samson might have shipped new hands on the Dawn; he did not know whether Bully Samson was on the watch on the shadowy deck. The risk had to be taken; but at every moment King of the Islands feared to hear the crack of a rifle from the vessel. There was no sound in the canoe as it glided onward. In the deep silence the trembling of the beach-comber could be felt. Nearer and nearer—

From the deck of the ketch there came the sound of a voice. It was the soft, musical voice of one of the Polynesian seamen singing in the starlight. Ken's heart thumped. He recognised the voice of Lompo. The twang of a ukelele accompanied the voice. Lompo was awake and on deck, but where was Bully Samson? The deep, hoarse voice of the bully of the Shark answered the question.

"Belay that shindy, you black seum!"

Bully Samson was on deck. Ken was close enough now to pick out the red, glowing end of a cigar from the darkness.

There was the sound of a blow, and a whimper. Pattering footsteps were heard on the deck. Lompo, his song silenced, had fled from the brawny fist of the freebooter.

"Yo sing out along my ship, me knock seven bells outer your black hide!" roared Samson.

"Yessar!" answered Lompo's trembling voice.

The red end of the cigar glowed over the rail. Bully Samson was

(Continued from previous page.)

leaning there now, staring across the water towards the shadowy shore, where a light burned in Gideon Gee's bungalow.

The gliding canoe was directly in his line of vision now, though almost swallowed up in the shadows on the lagoon.

There was a sudden flash of light—it came from the burning cigar as it dropped into the sea. Bully Samson had seen the canoe. The cigar dropped from his mouth—his brawny hand grasped a revolver.

"You feller canoe, you steer clear along my ship!" he shouted. "You wantee trade, you wait along sun he come. Sheer off, or I'll shoot!"

Evidently the bully of the Shark supposed that it was a native canoe, manned by natives, that was gliding down on the ketch. Whether the natives came as friends or foes, Bully Samson was taking no chances. His revolver glinted in the starlight over the teak rail. The canoe was not a dozen yards from him now.

"You washy-washy along shore, plenty quick!" he roared; and then, in the gloom, he glimpsed a white face in the canoe, and a startled oath broke from him. Whether it was that the thought of King of the Islands was in his mind, or whether his keen eyes picked out the face of the boy trader in the faint starlight, the name came from his lips in a yell of rage.

"King of the Islands! By hokey!" His finger was pressing the trigger. Crack!

King of the Islands, standing up in the gliding canoe, fired at the black-bearded ruffian, even as Samson pulled the trigger.

There was a wild yell on board the Dawn, and a crashing fall that made the teak deck rock. King of the Islands gave a gasping cry as he felt the wind of a bullet on his cheek. But he had pulled trigger first, and Bully Samson's bullet had been deflected as he staggered. His shot whizzed away harmlessly towards the beach, while the bully of the Shark crumpled up on the deck of the Dawn.

A moment more, and the canoe bumped against the Dawn, and King of the Islands had leaped over the low rail and was standing on his own deck. A yell of surprise and delight from the Hiva-Oa crew greeted him.

"Cap'n Ken!"  
"Feller King of the Islands he come."

Bully Samson, sprawling on the deck, made a fierce effort to raise the revolver again. Ken kicked it from his hand. The muzzle of the Winchester jammed on the brawny chest of the freebooter.

"Lie still, you scoundrel!" said King of the Islands, between his teeth. "Lift a finger, and I'll riddle you!"

The wounded ruffian lay like a crouching wild beast, fierce curses pouring from his lips. Kit Hudson leaped on board, and Knio-lalula-

locking away on the tide towards the reef.

Five minutes later King of the Islands was steering the Dawn through the channel of the reef, heading for the open sea. Bully Samson, his hands bound, lay on the deck; the Hiva-Oa crew stood at the sheets, singing aloud in their glee. Ken's eyes were dancing. Under mainsail and topsail the Dawn swept out into the starry Pacific, King of the Islands at the helm, master once more of his own ship—and the cannibal island of Faloo—the island of terror and treasure, dropped astern and was lost in the mist of the stars.

#### Man Overboard!

**K**AIO-LALULAALONGA, at the helm of the Dawn, crooned softly a Hawaiian song as he kept the ketch before the wind. King of the Islands sat on the teak rail, heedless of the dip and swing of the ketch as she cut through the starlit Pacific. A landsman would have been hurled backwards into the heaving sea, but the skipper of the Dawn sat as carelessly and comfortably as in a rocker on the club veranda at Lalinge.

Kit Hudson was below, taking a spell of sleep in his bunk. On a heap of tapa mats on deck lay Bully Samson—a prisoner.

The Hiva-Oa crew were all on deck. The "watch below" seldom slept in the tiny forecabin of the Dawn—they were accustomed to bring tapa mats on deck and sleep under the gleam of the stars. But not one of the five Polynesian seamen was sleeping now. They were all wakeful, and muttering together occasionally, in the soft dialect of Hiva-Oa, their black eyes continually roving to the burly form of Bully Samson. Ken understood a good deal of the dialect of the Marquesas—and perhaps for that reason Lompokuno and his comrades muttered and whispered softly, so that not a syllable came clearly to their captain's ears.

Lompu rubbed a deep cut on his brown cheek, made by the hard knuckles of Bully Samson. His black eyes glittered as he rubbed it. Bully Samson, so recently in command of the ketch, had made the weight of his heavy hand felt by all the native crew—not a man of the five but had marks to show. But Bully Samson lay wounded now, on the tapa mats, a prisoner in the hands of King of the Islands, and the Polynesians did not fear him.

That something was toward among the crew Ken would have guessed at any other time. Usually peaceful, contented, laughing and happy, the Hiva-Oa men were now grim and sombre, and their dark glances at the bully of the Shark were full of unspoken threats.

King of the Islands rose at last from his precarious seat on the low rail, and yawned.

It was more than time for Hudson to relieve him on deck; but the mate of the Dawn had not awakened.

"Keep her steady, Koko!"  
"Yessar!"

down at Bully Samson. The black-hearted ruffian was not sleeping.

His fierce eyes met Ken's with a savage stare.

Samson's wound had been bandaged. The bullet from Ken's rifle, in the lagoon at Faloo, had knocked over the South Sea freebooter who had seized the Dawn, and he was severely hurt. Ken had done what he could for him, but loss of blood had sapped away the giant strength of the bully of the Shark, and he lay helpless. Powerless now, from the effects of his wound, Ken had ordered his hands to be unbound, and he was free—but weakness, strange and unaccustomed to the Herculean freebooter, chained him to the heap of tapa mats on which he lay.

But if Bully Samson's strength had failed him, his savage spirit was as fierce as ever. He glared defiance at the boy trader.

"Anything more I can do for you before I go below, Captain Samson?" asked Ken.

"I guess I'm asking nothing at your hands, Ken King," answered the freebooter, between his teeth. "Only—what are you going to do with me?"

"Take you to Lukwe Island," answered Ken. "The District Commissioner is there now, and I'm going to hand you over to him—and wash my hands of you."

"Plenty much better slaid Bully Samson along sea, sar!" said Koko. "Plenty better feller Samson make kai-kai along feller shark."

Ken smiled.  
"That's not a white man's way, Koko!" he answered.

"Feller Samson way!" said Koko.

"Very likely; but not mine."  
"Better take the nigger's advice!" jeered Bully Samson. "My turn will come, King of the Islands, and then look out for yourself!"

Ken smiled contemptuously.  
"What have you done with my cargo, Samson?" he asked.

"I guess I sold it for a song to the German trader of Fusai," answered Samson, with a sour grin. "You'll never see it again. You've got your ship, but you won't get your cargo!" He spat out a curse. "And you'll never lift the treasure of Mafoof; the niggers on Faloo will see to that."

King of the Islands laughed.  
"Mafoof's sack of sovereigns is lifted," he answered. "Every coin that old Mafoof stored up under the devil-doctor's tree on Faloo is now on board the Dawn!"

A stream of curses came from Bully Samson.

Ken passed him, and stopped again to glance down at Donlan, the beach-comber, half-asleep on a tapa mat at the foot of the mizzen. The beach-comber was muttering:

"Goolden sovereigns—oodlee of 'em! Oodles of 'em!"

Ken smiled, and went down the cabin steps.

He passed through the cabin to the little state-room amidships, where Hudson was in his bunk. From the deck, following him, came a deeper murmur of the voices of the Hiva-Oa

men. The de-parture of their skipper seemed to have lifted some restraint from the crew.

Ken did not heed it. His mind now was filled with the thought of his ship, recaptured at last from the freebooter who had seized it, and his heart was light, his face contented and smiling. At any other time the strange unrest among his crew would certainly have roused his attention. A white skipper with a native crew in the Pacific needed to be wary and watchful. But other thoughts were in Ken's mind now, and he gave no heed to the men of Hiva-Oa.

"Kit!"  
The Cornstalk awakened at a word. "My watch?" he asked.

"Ay, ay," answered Ken, with a smile. "I wouldn't wake you before." Hudson rolled out of the bunk.

There was a sudden cry from the deck.

Splash!  
King of the Islands started.

"What—"  
"Man overboard!" said Hudson.  
"On a night like this no lubber

would be lubber enough to fall overboard! Danny chucking over some garbage from the caboose, I reckon!"

But King of the Islands hurried back to the companion ladder. He did not believe his own words. The plunge in the sea had been too heavy to be accounted for by the throwing away of garbage by the native cook. And there was the cry! Yet the ketch was sweeping on her rapid way unchecked, and there was no sound of alarm from above. Puzzled and vaguely alarmed, King of the Islands ran up the companion ladder. Kit Hudson followed him fast.

Ken leaped out on deck. Koko, standing like a giant eteuf of bronze, was at the helm, massive and calm. The beach-comber was sitting up on his mat, staring and grinning. The Hiva-Oa men stood in a bunch, whispering. All were there. It was not a case of "man overboard."

"What name feller splash along sea?" asked Ken, perplexed.

For the moment he did not think of Bully Samson. The wounded free-

booter was not likely to leap into the sea, even if he had sufficient strength remaining to leave the heap of mats. There was no answer.

"What name?" rapped out Ken sharply.

The Hiva-Oa men did not speak. They huddled together, evidently in dread of their skipper's wrath, but dumb. Koko kept his eyes steadily on the sea, silent. From the beach-comber came a husky chuckle.

Ken looked at him.  
"What has happened here, Donlan?"

"Your feller boy they got plenty more sense than their skipper!" grinned the beach-comber. "Bully Samson's gone!"

"What?" shouted Ken.  
He sprang towards the pile of tapa mats. No burly figure lay there now. The ketch swept on with billowing canvas before the trade wind; leaving a long white wake astern. Ken stared at the tapa mate, and then at the line of foam that lay behind the Dawn.

Bully Samson was gone!  
(Continued on page 25.)

## THE CAR X-RAYED.

The Secrets of the Motor-Car Revealed. This Week.—THE BACK AXLE.

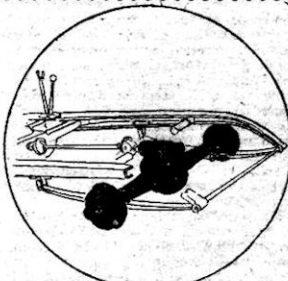
ONE of the most important units of the motor-car, the back axle, houses far more complicated mechanism than most of you would think. There are the axle shafts, secured to the wheels, then the differential and its casing, to which the bevel or worm wheel is attached, and, finally, the bevel pinion or worm that is driven by the cardan shaft.

The sketch below shows a simple lay-out of an orthodox back axle. You will see that the outer casing, which is secured to the springs, is formed of three separate pieces—the centre casing and the two sleeves, which are bolted to the casing, one on each side. One other part of the casing consists of the housing for the bevel pinion or worm.

Inside the centre casing is the

differential casing, which contains the mechanism that permits the axle shafts to rotate at different speeds, as when the car is rounding a curve on the road. The working of the back axle, apart from the differential, needs little explanation beyond stating that the bevel or worm drives the large bevel or worm, and this, through the medium of the differential and its case, drives the axle shafts and road wheels.

All back axles are fitted with ball- or roller bearings. In the case of a bevel drive, light thrust-bearings are fitted to the bevel pinion and differential bearings, as shown. On a worm-driven axle the thrust bearings fitted are very much heavier, owing to the severe strains imposed by this form of drive. There are three



An overhead worm-driven axle.

designs of back axle in common use—semi-floating, three-quarter floating, and full-floating. In the design of the semi-floating axle the axle shafts sustain the whole of the weight on the wheels, because the bearing for the wheel is actually on the shaft, as seen in the sketch at A.

In the three-quarter floating axle the bearing is fitted on the outside of the axle sleeve and housed within the hub of the wheel, the axle shaft being secured to the hub, as at B. In the full-floating axle the wheel is mounted on its own bearings on the axle sleeve, and the axle shafts keyed to the hub only—that is, the shaft simply rotates the wheel and does not sustain any of the radial load on the wheel. See C in the sketch.

Of the three principles, the full-floating axle is the best; but on most cars the semi-floating is the most popular. The brake shoes are pivoted to the axle casing, and the brake drums to the hubs of the wheels. Next week I will explain the working of the differential gear.

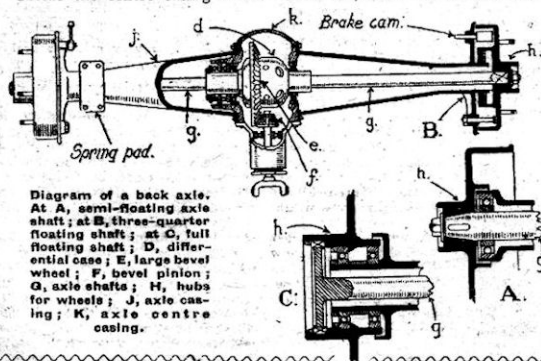


Diagram of a back axle. At A, semi-floating axle shaft; at B, three-quarter floating shaft; at C, full floating shaft; D, differential case; E, large bevel wheel; F, bevel pinion; G, axle shafts; H, hubs for wheels; J, axle casing; K, axle centre casing.

# King of the Islands!

(Continued from page 2.)

## Too Late!

"BOUT ship!"

For a moment King of the Islands had stood rooted to the deck as he realised what the Hiva-Oa men had done—that Bully Samson had been flung headlong into the sea by the brown-skinned seamen whom he had bullied and man-handled. They had waited only until their skipper's back was turned, and then the bully of the Shark had gone over the rail, and it was the splash of his huge body in the Pacific that Ken and Kit had heard in the stateroom below.

The next moment King of the Islands was roaring orders.

The crew were slower than usual to obey. But the look on Ken's face enforced obedience. His look was almost terrible, and it put fear into the hearts of Lompo and his comrades. Koko looked sullen and dissatisfied. He had seen, with ruthless approval, the fate of Bully Samson. But he obeyed the boy trader's commanding voice, as did the Hiva-Oa men. And the great boom swung over, and the ketch swept round into the wind.

It was the boast of the Dawn's boy skipper that the ketch could lie as close to the wind as any craft in the Pacific, or closer; indeed, the graceful little craft could almost look the wind in the eye. But even the Dawn, good ship as she was and handled by a master's hand, could not sail in the teeth of the trade wind. As close-hauled was practicable, she circled back to the spot—as near as it could be judged—where Bully Samson had been tossed into the ocean.

Ken's face was black with anger wrinkled with anxiety. Bully Samson deserved his fate, and more; and had the situation been reversed, he would have flung Ken to the sharks without a second's scruple. But Ken's ways were not the freebooter's ways. He was as keen to save the ruffian from the sea and the sharks as if Bully Samson had been a shipmate instead of a deadly enemy.

"Can you hear anything, Kit?" Hudson shook his head.

He was listening intently. But from the shadowy sea came no cry for help, no call from a swimmer.

"Not a sound!"

Ken set his lips. "We must save him if we can. But he must have been left a mile astern, or nearly. He hadn't a dog's chance—wounded as he was, too!" King of the Islands gave his crew a grim look. "Even if he floats yet, we may miss him by a dozen cables' length—unless he can shout for help. My Sam! Hark!"

There was a sound from the starlit waters—an indefinable sound—but it gave King of the Islands hope.

He shouted to the crew, prompt to obedience now. Never had they seen their boy skipper with that look on his face before. The vengeful Poly-nesiens who had tossed Bully Samson

over the rail were eager to save him now to avert the wrath of King of the Islands.

The ketch hove to on the calm waters, and the whaleboat dropped swiftly from the davits. Lompo and Lufu took the oars, while King of the Islands stood in the boat, scanning the sea and shouting:

"Ahoy! Samson, ahoy!"

But no answer came.

In the perplexing dimness of the starlit waters something was visible—something that moved—but assuredly it was not a swimmer. It was possible that some fragment of wreckage was floating on the sea, and that the sinking man had clung to it. Ken stared at the dim shadow and steered the whaleboat for it, shouting to the dusky oarsmen.

"Washy-washy plenty quick. Put your beef into it! By gum, me knock seven bells out'er yo'pose you no washy-washy debblish quick." The whaleboat fairly flew over the water.

"A canoe!" shouted Ken, in astonishment.

Clearly now the splash of rapid paddles came to his ears across the sea.

It was a native canoe that was gliding under the stars.

"Ahoy!" roared King of the Islands. "Ahoy, the canoe!"

No answer came back.

But the paddles flashed more swiftly than before, and the canoe raced away from the whaleboat.

The splash of the paddles died into the silence of the sea. Lompo and Lufu, straining at the oars, could not equal the speed of half a dozen paddlers.

Ken gave it up.

"Washy-washy along ketch!" he snapped.

And the whaleboat pulled back to the Dawn.

Ken had had only a shadowy glimpse of the canoe. Whether the paddlers had picked up Bully Samson or not he could not guess, but it seemed unlikely enough.

But there was nothing more to be done. If Bully Samson was still in the sea he had gone down by this time.

The whaleboat bumped against the hull of the Dawn.

Ken swung himself to the deck.

"No luck?" asked Hudson.

"No."

"Then—he's gone."

"I'm not sure. There was a canoe—I saw it for a moment. It's barely possible he may have been picked up—just a chance, at least."

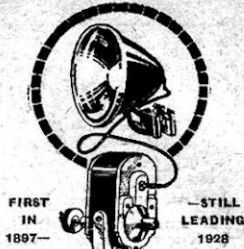
"A canoe—so far out at sea!"

"Nothing unusual in that—the natives make trips of hundreds of miles in their canoes in calm weather. That canoe was probably making Fusai from Lalinge or Paloo—some native trader. They fled from my boat, and did not answer my hail. They may have picked up Samson."

"There's a chance, anyhow."

"We can do nothing more, at any rate."

(Str. Alan Cobham's vigorous story progresses rapidly next week. Go to your newsagent rapidly, too, and say to him: "Please reserve me a copy of MODERN BOX every week!")



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