

CAPT. CAMPBELL of the BLUE BIRD writes FOR US!

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2^d



THE BREAKDOWN GANG TO THE RESCUE! (See page 11.)

KING of the



All the Romance of the Tropics is in this exciting story of Air—Land—and—Sea Adventure!

Where is Bully Samson?

THE whaleboat was swung up and the Dawn put before the wind again. Ken called the crew together, and the Hiva-Oa men clustered on deck with troubled faces. They had followed the impulse of their untutored natures in flinging into the sea the ruffian who had bullied and hazed them, and they had no regrets on that score. But they feared deeply the anger of King of the Islands.

"You feller boy, what you do along Cap'n Samson plenty no good," said Ken sternly. "I plenty mad along you feller boy."

"Feller Samson he plenty kill Hiva-Oa feller, sar," said Lompo. "You look eye belong you, sar, you see face belong me plenty kill."

"You look-see, sar," said Lufu, touching his ear, the lobe of which hung in rags. "Feller Samson he kill ear belong me, smashee plenty, sar."

The ear ornament worn by Lufu had been smashed off by a brutal blow, and part of the ear had gone with it.

"Plenty eolly, sar," said Danny humbly. "Savvy plenty we do no good along Bully Samson, sar."

"What you do along Bully Samson he no good, he plenty bad," said King of the Islands. "Me plenty angry along you feller boy. Me think sendee you all back along Hiva-Oa—me think ship more boy along Nuka-hiva."

There was a wail of dismay from

the Hiva-Oa men. The five of them began jabbering at once.

"You no sendee feller boy back along Hiva-Oa," gasped Lompo.

"Nuka-hiva boy he no good along ship!" said Lufu. "Feller King of the Islands no like Nuka-hiva boy along ketch. He no good."

"S'pose Cap'n Ken kill Hiva-Oa boy along rope, Hiva-Oa boy stop along ketch," suggested Danny.

Ken had hard work not to smile at the simple suggestion that a rope's-end would meet the case!

Ken hardened his heart, and rated the shrinking crew for a good ten minutes, and by the time he dismissed them there was no doubt that they were sorry for themselves.

Koko, at the helm, had said no word. But he stole furtive glances at Ken's stern face.

"Cap'n Ken plenty mad along Koko?" Koko asked at length.

"Me plenty mad," answered Ken. "Hiva-Oa boy he common Kanaka—you no common Kanaka, Koko, you savvy plenty no good makes feller Samson kai-tai along shark. You plenty bad feller."

Koko drew a deep breath. "Koko savvy he plenty bad feller," he said humbly. "Koko plenty solly he makes King of the Islands mad along him."

S'pose King of the Islands tell Kaio-lalulalonga jumpee along sea, Kaio-lalulalonga jumpee plenty too much quick. No wantee see sun he come any more s'pose Cap'n Ken stop mad along Koko."

Ken's face broke into a smile. Kaio-lalulalonga spoke with deep

earnestness, his big black eyes watching Ken's face anxiously.

"Me no stop mad along you feller Koko," answered King of the Islands; and the big Kanaka's face lighted up cheerfully.

Ken went below for his spell of sleep, and the crooning love-song of Hawaii was heard again from Kaio-lalulalonga at the helm, the clouds chased from his brow by the assurance that his white master would not "stop mad along him." The ketch glided along swiftly under the stars, and the shadowed sea astern hid the unknown fate of Bully Samson.

King of the Islands to the Rescue.

"HOT!" yawned Kit Hudson. "Warm!" agreed Ken. The Dawn lay moored at the coral wharf at Lalinge.

Under the striped canvas awning aft Kit Hudson was stretched lazily in a hammock. King of the Islands sat in a long cane chair, of which the armrests were so long that the legs could be stretched along them, and in that comfortable if not elegant attitude the boy trader was taking his ease.

The crew were ashore, but the tall figure of Lompolokuno could be seen strolling idly along; the wharf towards the ketch in the blaze of the tropical sun.

Lalinge was hot and drowsy. Two or three natives, in lava-lavas that shone white in the sun, leafed under the palm-trees near the beach. No other craft but the Dawn was moored, but a schooner was moving

ISLANDS

By Sir Alan Cobham
& C. Hamilton



**NEW READERS Can
Commence
SIR ALAN COBHAM'S
Thrilling Yarn
NOW!**

surprise. "Which way Koko he come along ketch?"

Lompo pointed a dusky finger at the Dutch schooner crawling across the bay in the wake of the towing-boat.

"Feller Koko he shanghai along Dussman," he said.

"What!" roared Ken. A minute before King of the Islands had been the picture of idle restfulness.

He did not look idle now. He sprang to his feet, a blaze in his eyes.

"Koko shanghai!" he exclaimed. "Yessar! Shanghai along Dussman!" said Lompo cheerfully and with perfect calmness. Kaio-lalulalonga was on the beat of terms with all the crew of the Dawn; but the South Sea Islander has an infinite capacity for minding his own business. The fact that Koko had been kidnapped by a Dutch skipper who happened to be short-handed did not appeal to Lompo as a matter important enough to disturb his calm. Indeed, he would not have mentioned the circumstance at all had not Ken questioned him as to the whereabouts of the Kanaka.

"Shanghai!" repeated Ken, setting his teeth. "That fat Dutchman has had the cheek to shanghai a man belonging to my ship! My Sam!"

Ken's eyes blazed across the placid bay at the Dutch schooner.

The methods of Captain van Tromp were well known to him. The Dutch skipper was a hard handed man, and he seldom touched at a port, white or native, without one or more of his crew deserting. Half his crew, as King of the Islands had said, were supposed to be shanghai'd. That was not Ken's business; but it became very particularly his business when one of his own men was shanghai'd by the schooner Oom Pieter.

"By gum!" Kit Hudson was on his feet now. "Koko shanghai'd on board that Dutch tub! And eh's going out to sea! She'll be in the channel in ten minutes more!"

Ken gritted his teeth. There was no time to unmoor the Dawn from the wharf, even if there had been sufficient wind from the shore to steer her across the bay. The Dawn's boat was ashore, up-ended across the wharf, in the process of receiving a new coat of paint. In ten minutes at the most the towed schooner would be passing through the channel in the coral reef, and once outside the reef she would be gone. Intervention, pursuit seemed equally impossible—and Ken's eyes blazed with rage.

He put his hands to his mouth and hailed the schooner—almost too far

out of the bay, slowly, towed by a whaleboat crammed with black rowers. There was hardly a breath of wind stirring.

Hudson glanced across at the schooner. A fat man, in white ducks, could be seen on her deck—a man with a darkly-bronzed face, thick lips, and heavy features. Slowly the schooner glided across the motionless water, heading for the channel in the reef outside the bar that led to the open Pacific. The tide was low, and the reefs on either side of the channel were uncovered and scorched dry in the heat. Slowly, heavily, the schooner—a Dutch schooner, broad in the beam—surged after the towing boat.

"Captain Van Tromp won't find much wind outside," yawned Ken, as he followed Hudson's glance.

"You know the man?"
"I've come across him a good many times." Ken shrugged his shoulders. "A bad hat—smuggler mostly—smuggling birds of Paradise from New Guinea, and rubber from Malaya, and niggers from the islands. A thorough bad hat! The less I see of him the better I like him. It's a dirty ship, and half his crew are shanghai'd, I've heard."

Lompokuno stepped on board the Dawn.

Ken sat up in his chair. "It's time Koko was back from John Chin's office. As soon as it's cool I want to get the cargo on board."

"We sail to-morrow," yawned Hudson.

Ken smiled. "We've had a week of lazing here—I'm keen for the salt sea breezes again. This will be a good trip, Kit.

Donlan is pitching away his share of old Mafoo's sovereigns on rum and trade-gin ashore. We've done rather better with our lot. We shall have a cargo this trip that will make us a little fortune in the islands."

"Bom—as that Portugee on Faloo used to say."

"Lompo!" called out Ken. "Yessar!"

The Hiva-Oa seaman came aft.

"What name Koko he no come? You see Koko along beach eye belong you?"

"Me see, sar! Koko he no comey, no can!"

"What! And why?" asked Ken, in

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 Laline 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. Ken hides on the island, waiting for Samson to return in search of the treasure. At last he comes, and Ken regains his boat. Samson is thrown overboard by the native crew, and Ken searches for him. (Now read on.)

King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

off already for a voice to carry. But Ken's voice carried.

"Ahoj, the Oom Pieter!"

The fat man in white ducks stared round.

"Ahoj, Captain van Tromp!" roared King of the Islands. "You've got one of my Kanakas on board your schooner. You put 'em ashore, savvy?"

The Dutchman grinned.

He made a trumpet of his large fat hands and roared back:

"That big feller Kangka belong you?"

"Yes!" roared King of the Islands.

"Belong me now!"

"Put him ashore, or I'll follow you to the end of the Pacific and hide your fat carcass with a rope!" roared Ken.

The Dutchman shrugged his fat shoulders and turned his back on King of the Islands. That was his answer.

Ken panted with rage.

"No chance!" said Hudson savagely. "They'll be out beyond the reef before we can get a boat or a canoe."

King of the Islands did not answer.

He groped for a second at the back of his belt to make sure that his revolver was there, and with a flying leap landed on the coral wharf.

The next instant he was running like a deer.

Hudson stared after him in stupefaction.

For the moment he did not comprehend the intention of his shipmate, and he could only stare.

"Feller King of the Islands he plenty mad along Dussman," remarked Lompo placidly, and he sat down on the teak rail to watch Ken as he flew along the wharf.

Ken had had no time to explain his intention—there was not a second to waste. As it was, he doubted whether he would be in time. His feet hardly touched the wharf as he sped.

From the coral wharf he reached the beach, and his feet flashed like lightning along the sand.

He was running for the reef.

At high water the coral rocks were hidden deep, and the water lapped on soft sand. But the tide was out now, the beach was high and dry, and from the sand uncovered rocks stretched out to the barrier reef at the entrance of the broad bay of Lalinge.

At low water it was possible to walk afoot to the outer reef, and when the tide was down Lalinge natives would pick their way out on to the rocks to net the fish left in hollows and pools by the receding tide. It was necessary to pick one's way carefully among the sharp rocks and slippery pools, where sometimes a devil-fish, and even that most terrible of creatures, the sting-ray, was left by the tide.

But King of the Islands was not picking his way.

He was running as if for his life.

Leaping from rock to rock, splash-

ing through pools and seaweed, and utterly regardless of the ruin of his spotless white ducks, stumbling and falling occasionally, but springing up again as if made of rubber, King of the Islands raced out to the barrier reef.

The towing whaleboat was drawing the Dutch schooner into the narrow passage now. Even a small vessel had to pick her way carefully through the reef to gain the open sea without scraping on the coral—and the heavily-built Dutch schooner was not a small vessel. Her boom swung over the shelves of the coral as she surged into the passage astern of the towing whaleboat.

Breathless, panting, King of the Islands reached the edge of the coral reef, where the passage opened, half a minute ahead of the Oom Pieter.

He was standing on the edge of the reef, six or seven feet above the level of the sea, as the schooner crawled by.

The whaleboat was well ahead in the narrow passage, the stout coil rope dragging the schooner after the panting oarsmen. The rock where King of the Islands stood rose from the water almost like a wall. On the very edge of it Ken poised himself, crouching ready for a spring as the Dutch schooner floated below.

Captain van Tromp stared at him blankly.

Only by lightning speed had King of the Islands reached the reef before the schooner was towed past; but he was there, crouching for a spring and evidently intending to leap down on the deck of the Oom Pieter as she passed.

Van Tromp's little piggy eyes, almost buried in the fat of his heavy face, glittered with rage.

"You feller King of the Islands, you stop along reef!" roared Van Tromp in the becke-de-mer English which was the only English he knew.

Ken did not heed.

The schooner was passing him—not more than eight feet from the wall of rock on which he stood.

On the dirty deck of the Dutchman a giant figure lay, bound hand and foot. It was Koko—shanghaied by the Dutchman and the three or four white men among his crew—bound and a prisoner till the schooner should be at sea, when a belaying-pin would be used to silence any objections he might have to serving under Captain van Tromp. Koko's bronze face had been dark with gloom—blood was running from a cut under his thick hair, showing that he had not been shanghaied without resistance. But his face lighted up at the sight of King of the Islands crouching for a spring on the edge of the high rock.

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

A white seaman kicked the Kanaka and cursed him in Dutch. Koko did not heed. His eyes were fixed on King of the Islands. Captain van Tromp dragged a revolver from the back of his huge trousers.

"You feller stop along reef!" he yelled.

Ken sprang even while the words were leaving his lips.

The leap was a dangerous one, but King of the Islands recked little of that. From the coral rock the active figure flew, landing on the deck of the Dutchman. He stumbled on a guy-rope rove to the main boom and fell along the deck; but he was on his feet again in a moment, his eyes blazing at Ghibrecht van Tromp.

"You Dutch dog!" panted King of the Islands. "Bout ship, you scum, and back to Lalinge." His revolver was in his grip now. "Bout ship, you scum! You hear me?"

The Dutch smuggler was gripping his revolver; but many eyes at Lalinge were on the schooner, and he dared not use it. But he shouted an order in Dutch to his men, and three of the crew—Dutchmen, like the skipper—rushed on Ken.

"Fling him overboard!" yelled Van Tromp in his own language, and the mate of the Oom Pieter and two seamen leaped at King of the Islands.

Crash!

A clubbed revolver, crashing in his face, sent the Dutch mate stunned to the deck.

Ken leaped back, his revolver at a level.

"Stand back, you dogs, or——"

Crash!

One of the seamen went down, yelling, with a bullet in his leg. The other backed away in haste.

Ken's revolver swung round at the skipper of the Oom Pieter.

"Drop that pistol, you scum, or I'll drive a bullet through your fat carcass! I give you one second!"

The Dutchman's revolver crashed at his feet. His little eyes glittered like points of fire in his rage, but he was daunted.

"That's better," said Ken contemptuously. He stepped aft to the Dutchman's side. "Order your men to release my Kanaka—sharp's the word!"

The muzzle of the revolver was almost touching the Dutch smuggler's jaw. Choking with rage, Van Tromp called out an order, and Koko was released from his bonds. In a moment the giant Kanaka was on his feet, and he snatched a belaying-pin from the rail and joined his master on the deck.

"S'pose King of the Islands sing out, me smash head belong Dussman!" panted Koko, his eyes blazing at the Dutch skipper.

"Smash head belong Dussman, s'pose he no stop along Lalinge!" said Ken grimly. "You hear me, Van Tromp? Get your schooner back to the wharf, or, by my word, your skull's going to be cracked like an egg-shell!"

The whaleboat was still pulling and the gliding schooner was out of the passage now. King of the Islands had been only just in time. Captain van Tromp struggled with his fury. His face was crimson with rage. But the iron belaying-pin was rising in the vengeful grip of Koko-lalulalonga, and the Dutchman dared not refuse. In a choking voice he snarled out orders to the sweating crew of the whaleboat, and the schooner was put about and towed back through the channel.

Slowly, sweating under the hot sun, the crew of the whaleboat pulled across the glistening bay, towing the Dutch schooner back to the wharf. King of the Islands stood grim and menacing by the side of the Dutch skipper, whose little furtive eyes, blinking from layers of fat, watched warily the belaying-pin in Koko's grip. The heavy hull of the Oom Pieter bumped against the coral wharf at last.

King of the Islands belted his revolver.

"Keep your hands off my crew another time, Captain van Tromp!" he said. "You feller Koko, you come along ketch."

Ken leaped ashore. Koko, the Kanaka, stayed behind one moment. He threw the belaying-pin into the bay, and then his heavy fist, clenched and as hard as iron, smote full in the face of the Dutch skipper. Captain van Tromp, with a yell, went spinning along the deck and crashed down on the planks. Then Kaio-lalualonga followed his master, grinning.

"Koko!" called out Ken sharply. "Yesar! Kill face belong Duss-man plenty too much!" chuckled Koko.

And Koko followed his master on board the Dawn, while Captain van Tromp sat up on his deck and clutched a streaming nose!

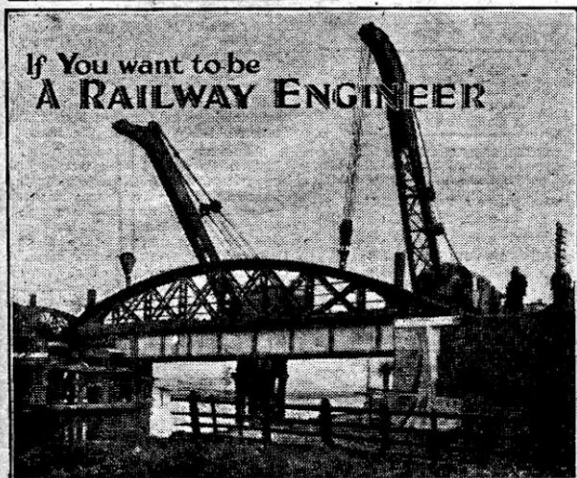
Missing!

"GOOD man, Ken!" Kit Hudson clapped his shipmate on the shoulder as King of the Islands stepped on the ketch from the coral wharf.

Ken grinned rather ruefully. The spotless-white ducks which he sported as shore clothes at Lalingo—a rather particular place in the item of clothes—had been drenched with water and mud; his shoes, formerly equally spotless, were limp and muddy; his hat was gone. He looked the wreck of the handsome young skipper who had stepped ashore from the Dawn.

(Continued on next page.)

CAREERS IN THE MAKING.



If You want to be A RAILWAY ENGINEER

When you see an express train roaring along at 80 miles an hour, what could be finer than to know that you have had some share in making this possible?

THE first step towards qualifying as a locomotive engineer is to enter a locomotive works as an apprentice or a pupil. Whether it is better to enter a private firm's works or those of a railway company is debatable. In a locomotive builder's, knowledge can be gained of design and construction for various requirements of railways abroad as well as in England.

On the other hand, our railways turn out most of their own rolling stock, and, what is very important, once in the railway company's works a footing has been gained that may be most valuable.

The best age to commence is sixteen, as the training should take about five years, and should be completed by the age of twenty-one. The question of apprenticeship or pupilage can only be decided by means. A premium

pupil will have to pay anything from £100 to £300, spread over the term of pupilage, and will receive no pay. An apprentice will probably have to pay a small fee of a few pounds, and will receive weekly wages which increase with the time served.

A pupilage is, of course, preferable, as the chief mechanical engineer is personally responsible for seeing that his pupils receive the best tuition available, and that they go through every section of the work. An apprentice is confined to the branch of work, such as fitting or erecting, which he originally takes up, but some of the best locomotive engineers have commenced with an apprenticeship.

Conditions on the civil engineering side are rather different. The prospective engineer should have had the latter part of his school-

ing directed towards acquiring a thorough groundwork in mathematics, including trigonometry and mensuration, with some experience of surveying and mechanical drawing. A short period of shop work is also extremely useful.

The student who has taken a science degree in engineering, and shows a distinct bent in this direction, may obtain a position in a railway engineer's office as an assistant draughtsman, and be satisfied that he will have every opportunity of promotion entirely on his merits.

The usual course, however, is to become a pupil of the chief engineer for a period of two or three years. All candidates for pupilage must be at least eighteen years of age and have passed or been exempted from the examination for student membership of the Institution of Civil Engineers. The fees required are £125 per annum, payable in advance, for a period of three years, or in cases where the pupil has obtained an honours degree in engineering, the time may be reduced to two years at £150 per annum. No salary is paid during the term of pupilage.

Pupils are given every possible facility for gaining experience, including steelwork design and construction, new railways and widenings, and general engineering. All four big English railways own docks, so that pupils can, if they desire, also obtain experience of dock engineering. Naturally, the railway companies will give no guarantee of appointment after pupilages or apprenticeships expire, but no one showing intelligence and perseverance need fear on this score.

It is essential that any fellow taking up these professions should study and work hard. They are interesting jobs, and deserve the best that can be given to them. Wonderful as the Great Western Railway engine, King George V., or Brunel's masterpieces may seem now, they will be surpassed by the work of boys of to-day who will be the railway engineers of tomorrow.

King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

But he had rescued Kaiolalulunga, shanghai'd on board the Dutch schooner. That was worth the loss of his best shore-going suit.

"I never reckoned you'd do it," said Hudson. "You were just on time. Ken. And you got the Kanaka."

"Feller King of the Islands he plenty good feller along Kaiolalulunga," said Koko. "Dussman he plenty fella King of the Islands."

"Vau Tromp doesn't seem pleased, though he's made you spoil your clothes, Ken," said Hudson, laughing.

From the Dutch schooner along the wharf the voice of Captain Van Tromp came clearly to the ketch.

Van Tromp was standing at the rail, shaking a fat fist at the ketch, and pouring out a stream of enraged words.

Most of them were in Dutch—a language of which only a few words were known to King of the Islands. But he did not need telling that Van Tromp was delivering a broadside of the choicest epithets to be found in his own language. The Dutch skipper, who had been forced to tow back from the reef to the coral wharf of Lalinge, was shaking with rage, almost like a fat jelly.

King of the Islands stared across at him from the ketch. While the fat Dutchman stamped and raved, and shook his podgy fist at the Dawn, the schooner was leaving the wharf again. The black crew of the whaleboat, to which the tow-rope was bent, sweated and panted as their oars dipped again. Once already they had towed the heavy schooner out to the channel in the reefs; once they had towed it back, with their fat captain quaking under the stern eye and menacing revolver of King of the Islands. Now for a third time they set to their heavy task in the blaze of the tropic sun; and brawny men as they were, their movements were slow and languid.

King of the Islands and Kit Hudson, quite unmoved by the unintelligible shouting of the Dutch skipper, looked across at him, with smiling faces. Van Tromp was in a fearful rage; but the rage of the fat, unwieldy man was not impressive. The Hiva-Oa men on the wharf grinned at him and made mocking gestures—Koko waved his hand in mockery. The Dutchman's fat hand went to his belt, as if for a weapon; but if he had a weapon there, he did not venture to draw it.

The tub of a schooner glided away from the wharf slowly. The bay of Lalinge was like glass, un stirred by a breath of wind. Outside the reef it was possible to pick up a breath, but no more. King of the Islands looked puzzled as he watched the schooner glide away and the fat figure of Captain Van Tromp grow smaller across the bay.

"Those niggers can hardly pull the schooner out," said Ken. "Van Tromp will be slower getting to the reef this time. He won't find much wind outside. As likely as not he'll

lie becalmed in that tub. I don't see his hurry to get out of the bay."

"Same here," said Hudson, puzzled by the same thought. "He won't gain an hour by getting out of the reef before the evening breeze springs up. But he seems set on it."

"If this was Port Moresby, I should think he had smuggled goods on board, and was anxious to get clear," said Ken. "But you can take anything you like out of Lalinge—except my Kanaka," he added, with a grin.

"Me tinkee—" said Koko. "Well, what do you think head-belong you?" asked Ken.

"Tinkee Cap'n Samson no want see along King of the Islands," said the Kanaka.

The skipmates of the Dawn jumped.

NEXT WEEK'S - SPECIAL FEATURES!

CAPT. MALCOLM CAMPBELL,
the record-breaking motorist, reveals
"HOW I LEARNED TO DRIVE!"

THE DESERT POLICEMEN!
British Tanks in the Land of the
Sheik.

THE BOSS OF TAMBORA!
A rattling complete story of our
Adventurers of the Air, by G. E.
Rochester.

TRACKING DOWN THOSE NOISES!
Our Wireless Page, conducted by
Norman Edwards, M.I.R.E., etc.,
Editor of "Popular Wireless," etc.

THE MILE-A-MINUTE ACROBAT!
A swift-moving complete motor-
cycle racing yarn by Alfred Edgar.

**IF YOU WANT TO BE A MARINE
ENGINEER.**
A career article that will appeal to
every fellow with a taste for the
Sea and a love of Engineering.

**A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A NEWS-
PAPER MAN.**

Letting you into the Secrets of the
Street of Adventure—Fleet Street,
The Heart of Newspaperland.
Etc., etc., etc.

"Bully Samson?" exclaimed Ken. "On board that Dutch schooner!" exclaimed Hudson.

"Me see um, eye belong me," said Koko. "Bully Samson he no go down along sea—no make kai-kai along shark. Me see um long cabin along schooner belong Dussman." "My Sam!" ejaculated Ken.

His first feeling was one of astonishment; but it was mingled with relief. Brute and ruffian as Bully Samson was, it had weighed upon Ken's mind that his crew had flung the freebooter into the Pacific. He had hoped that the gliding canoe, of which he had caught a glimpse that wild night, had picked up the bully of the Shark. If Koko had really seen him on board the Dutch

schooner, it was evident that he had been picked up.

"You're sure it was Bully Samson, Koko?" asked King of the Islands.

"Plenty sure, sar. See um eye belong me," said Koko. "Savvy Bully Samson plenty too much." Ken nodded.

The Kanaka was not likely to be mistaken. Bully Samson, with his black-bearded face and his bulky form, was easy enough to recognize at a glance.

"Well, I'm glad," said Ken, after a pause. "I'm glad he never went down when the black boys chucked him into the sea. I only hope he will never foul my haws again. We're done with Faloo, and I hope we're done with Bully Samson."

"He's keeping out of sight," said Kit Hudson. "That Dutch tub has lain here all day, with a lot of coming and going ashore; but Bully Samson never showed up. He may be afraid of being nailed, at Lalinge, for seizing the ketch at Faloo."

"Anyhow, he's gone now," said Ken.

Slowly but surely the whaleboat was towing the Dutch schooner away towards the passage in the reefs.

The heavy craft was lost to view at last in the reefs at the mouth of the bay; Captain Van Tromp had got out to sea; though why he was so pressed to get outside was still a puzzle to King of the Islands. If Bully Samson was lying doggo on the schooner, he could have done so till nightfall, without putting out to sea.

But Ken dismissed the matter from his mind as he went below to clean up and change his clothes.

He had almost forgotten the incident of the shanghai-ing of Koko and his bearding of the Dutch skipper on his own deck, when, in the cool of the sunset, he stepped ashore on the coral wharf and walked along the beach towards John Chin's warehouse.

King of the Islands reached the office, and stepped in under the awning.

Chin's Eurasian clerk was in attendance.

"John Chin here?" asked King of the Islands.

"No, sar! Honourable master not yet returning from Kufa," answered the Eurasian.

"Not back from Kufa?"

"There is some unexpected delaying of unaccountable nature," explained the Eurasian. "The expecting was returning early, but honourable master not yet coming."

The Eurasian would have disdained to speak in beche-de-mer English like a Kanaka. He had his own educated-Oriental variety of the language.

"I'll wait," said Ken.

"Honourable captain being pleased to take one seat," offered the Eurasian politely.

Ken sat down in a cane chair under the striped awning outside John Chin's office.

King of the Islands was puzzled!

(Have you told your chums about this splendid story by Sir Alan Cobham? If not, let it be your good turn for to-day! Next week's instalment by the way, is extra top-hole!)