

"AUTOGRAPHS" CONTEST THIS WEEK **MANY PRIZES!**

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2^D



A FLOATING WASPS'-NEST! (See page 11.)

King of the

By SIR ALAN COBHAM
and C. HAMILTON.

A Chart—An Elusive Pearl Island—
Thrilling Adventure Afloat and by
Air in Tropic Seas!

The Chart!

JOHAN CHIN'S slanting Mongolian eyes lifted and fixed on Bully Samson as the freebooter tramped in.

He sat with his hands on the ivory handle of his umbrella motionless; only his eyes moved.

Bully Samson regarded him with a gloating stare of triumph.

"The time's come to talk, John Chin," he said.

"No wantee talkee."

Samson grinned.

"I guess you'll want to talk plenty quick," he said. He drew the revolver from his belt and levelled it at the ivory face. Three feet away the black muzzle looked John Chin in the eyes. "I reckon you'll talk before I pull trigger!"

The Chinaman looked at the revolver with a steady, unwinking gaze. Not a trace of emotion showed in his face.

The slightest pressure of Bully Samson's finger was needed to send the bullet crashing through the Chinese merchant's brain. Still John Chin did not speak, and he sat and stared composedly, his slim hands clasped on the ivory handle of the umbrella.

Samson glared at him over the revolver, baffled.

The Tonga man grinned.

With an exclamation, Bully Samson shoved the revolver back into his belt. It had been but an empty threat; the life of the Chinaman was worth half a million to him in pearls.

"I guess you've got a nerve for a Chink," said Samson, in a low voice of deadly menace. "I ain't driving

a bullet through you, John Chin! Not so easy as all that!"

"Me savvee!" assented the Chinaman calmly.

"Will you set a course for the pearl island?"

John Chin shook his head.

Bully Samson spread out a chart of the Pacific on the cabin table, and the Chinaman's eyes turned upon it indifferently.

"There's Lalinge." Samson dabbed with a rough forefinger. "There's Lukwe—there's Tahiti. Somewhere in the seas between is your pearl island, John Chin. Put your finger on the spot."

The Chinaman did not stir.

"You won't?"

John Chin shook his head.

"Talifao!" said Samson.

"Yessar!" grinned the Tonga man. "Take a bight of that feller rope

round feller Chink's neck and twist till I give the word."

"Yessar!"

John Chin's almond eyes dilated as the brawny Tonga man stepped towards him, the looped rope in his sinewy black hands.

The Tonga man had no hesitation in carrying out the savage order, and Bully Samson's fierce face showed no sign of relenting. There was no change in the impassive calmness of the Chinaman, but his breath came faster. His hands closed almost convulsively on the ivory handle of the dragon-painted umbrella.

"Speakee!" he said, as the Tonga man's grasp was almost upon him.

"That's sense!" grinned Bully Samson. "I reckoned you'd speak when your squint eyes were popping out—and you may as well speak first as last. Put your finger on the spot."

He placed the chart closer to the Chinaman.

For one moment John Chin hesitated, a strange glitter in his slanting eyes as if he meditated resistance. But the brawny Tonga man was towering over him, ready to grasp him in a grasp that the little Chinaman could never have unloosed. He stirred at last, and a slim finger moved over the chart and came to a stop.

Samson stared at him savagely and suspiciously.

"There's no land, not even an atoll, marked within twenty miles of that!" he snarled.

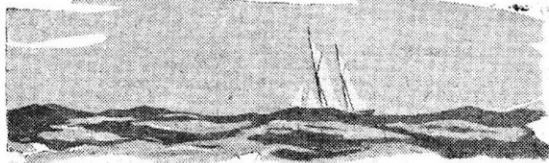
"Pearl island no malkée on chart," said John Chin.

Samson nodded slowly.

So well had the secret of John Chin's pearl island been kept hitherto that Samson had suspected that it was one of the thousand isles of the Pacific not marked on any chart. It was likely enough—it was more

KEN KING, known as King of the Islands, sails the South Seas in his ketch, the Daven, in search of trade. With him is Kit Hudson, an Australian youngster, who acts as mate. They fall foul of a rascally skipper named Samson who knows that John Chin, a Chinese trader on the Island of Lalinge for whom Kit once worked, has discovered a rich pearling ground. He plans to kidnap Chin and wrest the secret from him. To this end Samson joins forces with a Dutch skipper, Van Tromp of the Oom Pieter. They run down Chin's boat, take him and his crew aboard, and run for it! Ken goes in chase. Chin is imprisoned in a cabin aboard the Oom Pieter, and Samson is trying to extract from him the whereabouts of the pearl island. (Now read on.)

Islands!



than likely; but Samson, who trusted no man, suspected trickery.

"If you're tricking me—" he began.

"John Chin tellee, tluth."

Bully Samson stared at the chart again and made a rapid calculation.

"That's a hundred miles east of Lalinge," he said.

John Chin nodded.

"And the same latitude, with a quarter of a degree"

Another nod.

"I guess we shall raise it tomorrow even in this darned Dutch tub. If you've tricked me, look out for squalls. I shall savvy tomorrow."

"Chinee tellee tluth."

"I guess it will be better for your yellow hide if you have. But we'll see," grunted Bully Samson. "Who's on the island?"

"Six Chinee."

"Pearl fishers?"

The Chinaman nodded.

"Likely to put up a fight?"

John Chin smiled faintly.

"No tinkee," he said.

"Let them if they like. There's enough niggers on this schooner to kai-kai them if they give trouble. And I guess I can handle six Chinks on my own!" jeered Bully Samson.

"Tali'ao, you keepee eye along Chink; you no keepee eye along Chink, me knock seven bells outer you."

"Yessar!" grinned Tali'ao.

Bully Samson, with the chart in his hands, tramped up the companion ladder to the deck. Captain van Tromp eyed him anxiously, and the Dutch mate, Jensen, drew near. Samson held out the chart.

He grinned over it at the Dutchman.

"There's the island—east of Lalinge. That's where John Chin sends his cutter for pearls. That's where Kit Hudson sailed in his brig. That's where we're going to pick up pearls to the tune of half-a-million. I guess you can set a course from that."

The Dutchman nodded, his little eyes glistening. He bellowed an order to his crew and yapped at the steersman. The schooner, which had been running north-east before the wind, swung eastward with the wind on her quarter, with a billowing of

canvas and a creaking of ropes and spars. Bully Samson paced the deck, his eyes turning ever eastward as the sun sank lower to the Pacific. His rugged face was alight with triumph now as he chewed on an unlighted cheroot, his sinewy fingers twitched as if already grasping at the pearls. A fortune was in his grasp if the Chinaman had told the truth. And if he had not, he should yet tell it, if there was power in ruthless torture to make him speak. A fortune to be shared with Van Tromp and the Dutch mate—but still a fortune. And vengeance upon King of the Islands could wait until he was the richest man in the Pacific.

The Chase!

"MY Sam! We're moving!" King of the Islands spoke with justifiable pride in his craft.

"She's a clipper!" said Hudson.

The wind had stiffened, much to Ken's satisfaction. Every rag of canvas was out on the Dawn, and her prow cut like a knife through the long rollers of the Pacific. The sun, a round red ball, was sinking to the horizon astern. The ketch—which Bully Samson had contemptuously described as a ten-cent yawl—was tearing through the water, leaving a long white wake behind. There was not much of the yawl about the Dawn. Her mizzen was large even for a ketch. Covered with canvas, she flew like a sea-bird—like some gigantic albatross swooping over the ocean.

King of the Islands had lost no time in getting out of Lalinge. He was losing no time now. Kit Hudson had set the course for Koko at the helm, and the big Kanaka stood there like a statue of bronze, tireless. Almost due east from Lalinge lay the secret island where John Chin had discovered long ago the richest pearl-bed in the Pacific. Many a lawless skipper in the South Seas had sought for the secret island and never found it. Many a seeker, probably, had passed it without knowing that it was John Chin's island—without guessing that it mattered more than any other uncharted speck in the boundless ocean. Yet there were men whom John Chin

trusted who could have steered a straight course for the island, and Kit Hudson was one of them.

"If we don't sail two knots to the Dutchman's one, I'll eat the Dawn!" said King of the Islands, with a laugh. "We may beat them to it, Kit. If they're steering for the pearl island we may beat them to it and sight the Oom Pieter before they raise the island."

"There's a chance," said the Cornstalk. "Van Tromp's craft sails like a barge on the Zuider Zee. But—"

"But what?"

The Cornstalk laughed.

"We're after Van Tromp, and I'm with you all the way. But he's got two or three white men in his crew, and not less than a dozen niggers. We're two white men—and Koko. When it comes to a scrap, we're taking on a full-sized man's job, Ken."

"I know." King of the Islands nodded. "But I reckon Bully Samson is the only man on the Oom Pieter with a real punch in him. But, odds or no odds, we're handling the schooner when we lay her aboard."

Ken knitted his brows thoughtfully.

"We shall have the wind of her. I'd undertake to sail the Dawn round and round that Dutch tub and leave her standing. I wish we had the long gun on board that you used to pound Ta'ava's grass houses on Faloo! But the Winchesters will talk loud enough when we come up with the Oom Pieter."

Hudson glanced at the sky.

"We're getting all the wind we want," he remarked. "I fancy we're going to get a capful more than we want."

"Not before dark," said King of the Islands.

The ketch tore on—at a pace that would have made Bully Samson wish, had he seen her, that he was on board a "ten-cent yawl" rather than a heavy Dutch schooner with a bow like a Dutch cheese. The wind was stiffening every minute, and the Hiva-Oa men looked anxiously at the graceful cedar masts that were bending like whips under their load of canvas. But King of the Islands had sailed the Pacific in every weather—he had been through hurricanes in the reef-ridged seas of the Solomons, through heavy gales among the shoals of the Paumotus, through a roaring typhoon in the China Sea. He knew to an inch what sail his craft would carry in any wind, he knew to an ounce what his sticks would bear. There was more than half a gale blowing when the sun dipped out of sight and darkness fell like a cloak on the Pacific.

It was not till the Polynesian crew were chattering with uneasiness, and Kit Hudson's face was grave, that King of the Islands gave orders to shorten sail. Koko, a figure of bronze, held on his course with one eye on the binnacle—not a slant of either eye at the mountains of canvas overhead. His faith in King of the Islands would not have been shaken had Ken spread out his spinnaker in

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King of the Islands!

(Continued from page 13.)

the teeth of a typhoon—not that King of the Islands was likely to do so.

Under short sail, the ketch still tore through the water, with a bone in her teeth.

Not a star gleamed in the sky; blackness, like a pall, lay on the Pacific. Red and green, the lights of the Dawn shone through the darkness as she tore on, with great billows heaving round her, and the spindrift lashing like whips at the faces of the men on deck.

"She's a gale now!" Hudson shouted in Ken's ear. In the roar of the wind it was difficult to make his voice heard.

"Yes. I fancy Captain van Tromp will have reefed down every rag on the Oom Pieter. That Dutchman isn't a pukka sailorman. Let her blow! We shall raise the Oom Pieter by morning if she's making the pearl island."

Hudson grinned through the darkness.

He had no doubt that Captain van Tromp was riding out the gale under bare poles, in uneasy anxiety for the safety of his tub of a schooner.

Bully Samson, if he was heading for the pearl island, would have carried on under sail had it been blowing twice a gale; but the Dutchman was in command of the Oom Pieter. And the Dutchman would never carry sail in the gale that was now churning the Pacific into foam.

Neither Ken nor his shipmate thought of sleep that wild night. In turns they relieved Koko at the wheel. Neither did the Hiva-Oa men think of sleep. The ketch fled before the roaring wind like a frightened bird, wet fore and aft from the seas that broke over the rail. The deck was incessantly awash; the bare feet of the Hiva-Oa men pattered in tepid water.

With the approach of dawn the gale slackened.

The wind was still strong and fierce, but the force of the gale was expended when the first gleam of light showed over the turbid sea.

"Up mainsail!" shouted Ken. "You feller boy, you look lively along you!"

The big mainsail was swung up. Koko was at the helm again; Ken, in the rising light, swept the sea with his binoculars.

"Nothing—yet!" he said.

Danny, the cook, struggled aft with hot coffee and biscuits for the white masters. Higher rose the sun over the Pacific, showing masses of foam-crested, tumbling waters as far as the eye could reach.

From Lompo, at the masthead, came a shout at last:

"Feller sail!"

King of the Islands threw down his coffee-cup.

"What rig?" he shouted.

"Feller schooner!"

Ken's eyes danced.

"A ton of copra to a fathom of shell-money it's the Oom Pieter!"

He raised his glasses and searched the sea. Far away, rolling under

bare poles on the heavy swell of the Pacific, was a bluff-bowed, heavy-built schooner—the schooner that King of the Islands had watched towing out of the bay of Lalinge. King of the Islands handed the glasses to Kit Hudson, with a grin of satisfaction.

"It's the Oom Pieter! We're at the heels of Bully Samson now!"

Hard Pressed!

DRAGGING a deep-sea anchor, the Dutch schooner had ridden out that wild night on the Pacific with canvas close-reefed. Through the long hours, while the wind roared and the ocean foamed round the Oom Pieter, Bully Samson tramped the slanting deck and gritted his teeth behind his thick black beard. In command of the schooner, Samson would have carried on under head-sails at least; but it was Van Tromp who was in command, and safety first was the Dutchman's motto. All the Dutchman thought of was to ride out the gale without damage to his ship or to his spars or to his precious self. And he gave scarcely a thought to the Chinaman in the cabin below or to the pearl island while the blow lasted.

Samson, in his rage at the waste of precious hours, raved at the native crew, at the Dutch bo'sun and mate, and even at the Dutch skipper himself. It was not that he anticipated pursuit from Lalinge; but he was feverishly eager to set foot on the island of pearls—eager to ascertain whether John Chin had given him the correct bearings of the secret island.

The more phlegmatic Dutchman was in no such hurry, and he did not share the reckless hardihood of the bully of the Shark. Not for a dozen pearl islands would he have run the risks that Bully Samson would have faced without a moment's hesitation.

Through the long night Bully Samson paced the rocking deck, drenched with spray and heedless of it. Had he been aware that the Dawn was in hot pursuit, his rage would probably have broken all bounds, and he might have attempted to force the Dutchman to make sail at the pistol's point. But he did not even dream that King of the Islands was on his track.

Day came at last on a wild and tumbling sea. The gale had spent its force, but the wind was still fierce. The fat Dutchman rolled up from his watch below and blinked round over the sea.

"No see feller sail?" he asked.

Samson gave him a glare.

"Are you still in a blue funk, you Dutch beer-barrel? Are you going to drag a sea anchor until we get a dead calm?"

The savage contempt of the South Sea freebooter brought a flush to the Dutchman's fat face.

"Feller Samson talk too plenty much," he said. "S'pose feller Samson he talk too plenty much, me tell black boys knockee seven bells outer feller Samson."

Bully Samson clenched his great hands.

The fat Dutch skipper came very near at that moment to being knocked across his own deck into the scuppers.

But the freebooter controlled his rage.

"Belay chinwag," he snarled.

"Make sail. Are you afraid to carry a topsail in half a capful of wind?"

"Feller ship belong me," answered Van Tromp stolidly. "Feller Samson sail him own ship, no sail ship belong me."

And the Dutchman turned away from Bully Samson and ordered the bo'sun into the cross-trees to look out for a sail. The fear of pursuit was still strong upon Van Tromp, though it never entered Bully Samson's mind for a moment.

There was a call from the man in the cross-trees as the sun rose higher over the tumbling Pacific.

He called in Dutch, of which Bully Samson understood not a word; but he knew what the man meant.

"Feller sail he see," said Van Tromp, interpreting into beche-demer English.

"And what of it?" snarled Bully Samson. "Is this rotten old tub the only craft on the Pacific?"

"Feller John Chin he big man along islands," said Van Tromp. "Plenty too much feller he look for John Chin, p'r'aps."

"I tell you nobody knows what's happened to John Chin. They'll believe at Lalinge that he was lost at sea in his whaleboat."

But the Dutchman did not heed.

The wealthiest merchant in the islands was a kidnapped prisoner on board the schooner, and to Van Tromp's uneasy mind the sea was covered with the sails of vessels seeking him. Bully Samson, beggared and desperate, might be ready to take any risks; but Captain van Tromp had no desire to be haled before the high court of Fiji and sent to a convict settlement for seven years. The mere sight of a topsail on the sea was sufficient to make him tremble for himself and his ship, and to repent that he had entered into the freebooter's desperate scheme.

He watched the man in the cross-trees anxiously.

They exchanged question and answer in Dutch, and the fat skipper's face grew more uneasy and perturbed.

"What does he say?" snarled Bully Samson.

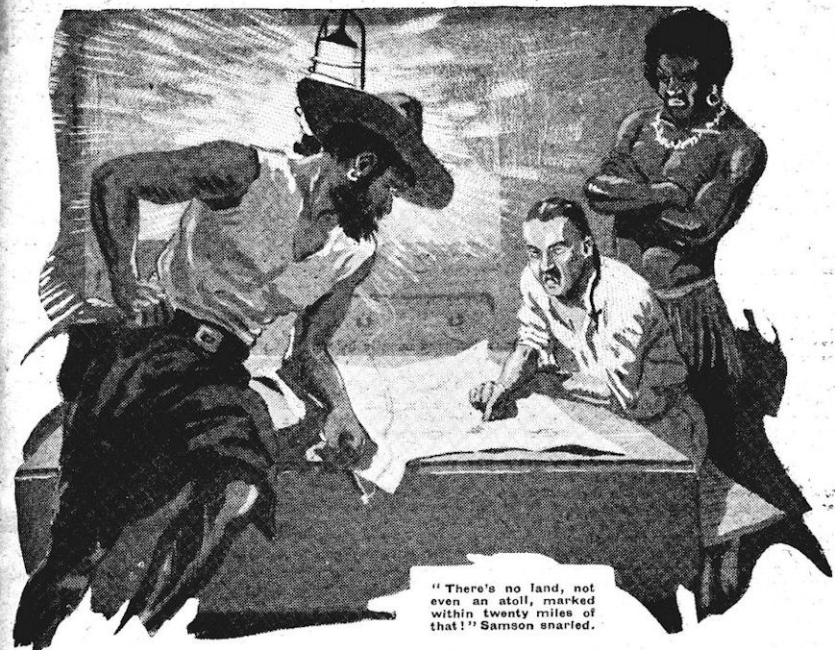
"Feller ketch he see."

Samson started.

"A ketch! You fat swab, there are ten thousand ketches and yawls plying among the islands. What does a ketch matter? Do you think that King of the Islands has dropped from the clouds upon us?"

The freebooter clambered upon the ratlines and up to the cross-trees in savage haste. In spite of his words to the Dutch skipper, the thought of King of the Islands was in his own mind. After all, King of the Islands had been moored at the coral wharf at Lalinge when the schooner sailed. He might have seen something—suspected something.

Samson shoved the Dutch bo'sun savagely out of his way, and jammed



"There's no land, not even an atoll, marked within twenty miles of that!" Samson snarled.

himself in the cross-trees to scan the sea.

His eyes fixed on the sail that the Dutchman had picked up far across the heaving waters.

It was but a distant glimpse, but it was enough for the hawk-eyes of the freebooter.

"The Dawn! By hokey, the Dawn!"

He rubbed the salt sea-spray from his eyes and stared again. To a landsman's eyes one deep-sea ketch is much like another. But not to the eyes of a sailorman. There were, perhaps, twenty ketches among the islands with the unusual spread of sail of the Dawn; but, among them all, Bully Samson would not have hesitated a moment to pick up the tip of Ken King. He knew that it was King of the Islands who was leaning down upon the rolling Dutch schooner.

He released his right hand to shake it clenched in savage defiance at the distant ketch and then clambered down the ratlines and dropped to the deck.

Van Tromp eyed him anxiously.

"Feller Samson savvy um ketch?" he asked, reading the answer in the enraged face of the freebooter.

"It's the Dawn!" hissed Samson.

"King of the Islands?"

"Ay, ay! Make sail and run him down. This old tub is heavy enough to cut that ten-cent yawl in two!"

"Feller Samson talk plenty fool talk!" snarled the Dutchman.

"I tell you—"

"No talk!" roared Van Tromp angrily.

And again Bully Samson controlled his rage. Captain van Tromp cast an anxious glance at the sky and another at the rolling sea. The gale had almost blown itself out, but of his own accord the Dutchman would not yet have made sail. With a pursuer like King of the Islands close on his track, he had only a choice of evils, and he reluctantly gave orders for sail to be shaken out. He nourished a faint hope that it was by chance that the Dawn was in the offing, and he changed his course a few points twice or thrice, in the hope of seeing the Dawn pass on her way and drop below the sea-line. But the ketch hung on his track like a bloodhound, coming on under bellying canvas, gaining on the heavy Dutch schooner hand-over-fist, and Van Tromp's uneasy fat face grew almost haggard.

"Feller King of the Islands he follow!" he muttered.

"You've got twice the crew of that ketch!" Samson snarled. "If they dare to run us aboard, we'll send the whole crowd to Davy Jones."

"Plenty fool talk!" snarled the Dutch smuggler. Evidently he was not prepared for such desperate measures. Kidnapping John Chin, lifting the pearls from the secret island, sinking the Chinese merchant in the sea with a pig of lead at his feet on a dark night—of these things the Dutchman was quite capable; but a desperate sea-fight was another matter.

More and more canvas was crowded on the schooner, and she drove fast through the tumbling waters.

But faster and closer came the pursuing ketch, visible now to every eye on the schooner's deck. The black crew watched her with indifference—the three Dutchmen with uneasy faces—Bully Samson with glittering eyes. Far away to the eastward a speck rose from the sea—a speck that was growing larger and larger. It told of the presence of land; and Bully Samson knew what land it was, if the Chinaman had told him the truth. The secret island, the isle rich in pearls, was in sight; but Van Tromp hardly looked at it. His little piggy eyes turned constantly on the ketch. Every line of the Dawn's graceful shape was now visible to the Dutch smuggler; he could make out the tall figure of Koko at the helm, and catch glimpses of King of the Islands and Kit Hudson and the Hiva-Oa crew. It was not of stolen pearls that the Dutchman was thinking, but of a court of justice and the sentence for kidnapping on the high seas.

Bully Samson gripped him by the arm.

"That's the pearl island!" he said, between his teeth. "Serve out the rifles to your crew; you've got twice the men King of the Islands has, and we're four white men to two—"

"Plenty fool talk!"

Van Tromp shook off his hand.

"You've got the law of the sea on your side," muttered Samson. "No man can search your ship without an

King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

Admiralty warrant. If they run us aboard you've a right to shoot."

"Feller King of the Islands he savvy John Chin along schooner," said Van Tromp. "S'pose we beat him off, he go back along Lalinge, all the islands savvy we kidnap John Chin."

"How can he know?" snarled Samson. "He can only guess."

Van Tromp did not heed him. Jensen, the mate, called out in Dutch and pointed to a signal run up on board the ketch. It was the signal for the Dutchman to heave to.

The Dutch smuggler's fat face was in an agony of indecision. As Bully Samson had said, the law of the sea gave him the right to resist an unwarranted search. But he knew that King of the Islands, if he was assured that John Chin was on the Oom Pieter, would not hesitate, and the discovery of the kidnapped Chinaman on the schooner would justify him. Only a desperate struggle, and victory, and the sinking of the ketch with all hands, could cover up the Dutch smuggler's guilt, and for such measures the fat skipper was not at all prepared.

Samson's savage eyes read surrender in the fat face.

Van Tromp made a step towards the companion. The bully of the Shark strode after him.

"What are you going to do?" he hissed.

"Talk along John Chin!" snapped the Dutchman. "S'pose he say he no make trouble along me, me send him in boat along ketch."

Bully Samson drew a deep, deep breath.

The pearl island was in sight, rising clearer into view every moment, graceful palms showing now against the blue of the sky, swaying in the stiff wind. Success was in his grasp; and all his hopes, all his plans, were defeated by the pusillanimity of his associate. King of the Islands had beaten him in the quest of the treasure of Faloo; King of the Islands was beating him again in his quest of the pearl island. The Dutchman tramped heavily below.

All was lost. But desperate thoughts were in the mind of the South Sea freebooter now. And Bully Samson was never so desperate and dangerous as when driven into a corner, as he now was.

Desperate Measures!

CAPTAIN VAN TROMP came waddling up the companion again. Jensen, the mate, was staring back at the Dawn, now close on the Dutchman's starboard quarter,

the tumbling sea rolling and foaming between. The boatswain was at the helm. Bully Samson fixed his eyes on the Dutch smuggler's face as he emerged from the companion. He had no doubt that John Chin would agree to make no trouble for his kidnapper, on condition that he was sent safely on board King of the Islands' ship. But he still hoped that the Dutchman might fight it out. The desperate scheme that had formed in his lawless mind was a last resource.

But the expression on Van Tromp's face was enough for him. He knew that it was surrender.

"You're going to heave to?" he asked huskily.

Van Tromp nodded.

"And give up the Chink?"

"Ja, ja!"

Bully Samson, trembling with suppressed rage, lifted his hand and pointed to the palms that nodded above the waves to the east. The little island, with its ring of coral reefs, was in full view of both the schooner and the ketch now.

"You're throwing away a fortune, Van Tromp!" said the freebooter hoarsely. "Half a million in pearls on that island—"

For a moment the Dutchman wavered. But his greed was not so strong as his fear. From the ketch rang the crack of a rifle, and the bullet whizzed over the deck of the schooner and cut through the mainsail. It was only a warning shot; but it told that King of the Islands was in deadly earnest. It settled the matter for Ghisbrecht van Tromp. All the courage in his fat body oozed away at the thought of the fearful affray that must follow if he acted on the desperate counsels of his confederate.

"Plenty fool talk!" he snapped, and turned away from the freebooter. Bully Samson's teeth came together hard.

The Dutch skipper called an order to the man at the wheel, and shouted to the black crew to shorten sail.

Bully Samson's hand gripped the revolver in his belt.

It was neck or nothing now for the freebooter.

His powerful voice roared, drowning the fat tones of the Dutchman: "You feller boy, you stand back! You touch along rope, me shoot plenty quick!"

The black crew, pattering to obey their skipper's order, stared in blank astonishment at the ruffian and the revolver that had leaped into his hand.

Crack!

Bully Samson fired a shot over their heads. It was enough for the crew of the Oom Pieter. They scuttled back like rabbits.

Samson's fierce eyes turned on the helmsman.

"Keep her steady!"

The Dutch boatswain blinked at him.

"Skipper he say—"

"Belay jaw and keep her steady. Keep her steady, or, by hokey, I'll shoot you!"

The boatswain obeyed!

(Adventure piles on adventure in Sir Alan Cobham's breathless story in next week's MODERN BOY.)

The New Stamp Collecting.

SPORTS ON POSTAGE STAMPS.

By F. J. MELVILLE,
President of the Junior Philatelic Society.

A SPLENDID set of stamps has just been issued by Holland, to remind us that the Olympic Games are to be held in Amsterdam this year. There are eight stamps in the set, and each value illustrates a different form of sport.

The 1½ cent printed in dark green shows a sculler on the river. The 2 cent magenta shows a fencer. The giant on the 3 cent yellow-green is playing Soccer, and the light blue 5 cent stamp shows a racing yacht. Putting the weight is seen on the 7½ cent orange, and an Olympic runner on the 10 cent red. Horse-jumping on the 15 cent dark blue shows a mounted horseman taking a hurdle. The highest value in the series is the 30 cent chocolate, which depicts a boxer.

As you probably know, the name "Nederland" on the stamps is the description of Holland, the Kingdom of the Netherlands. Each stamp also bears the inscription "IX Olympiade," this year's being the ninth repetition of the celebrated games since they were revived in Greece in 1896.

The stamp collector who is fond of sport—and who isn't?—can form quite a collection of sporting stamps, and fortunately most of the sports

stamps are still quite cheap, so a collection of them can be got together without much difficulty. The most important issues are:

Greece, 1896: Throwing the discus, chariot racing, and a contest between gladiators. Greece, 1906: Apollo throwing the discus (he looks like a fast bowler of ancient time just about to deliver the ball), jumping, and the panceration, which was a combination of boxing and wrestling. Belgium, 1920: Olympic Games series. France, 1924: Olympic Games series. Hungary, 1925: This is a particularly fine set illustrating modern sports like scouting, football, hurdling, skiing, skating, diving, fencing, etc.

Newfoundland is an angler's paradise, and a number of stamps remind us of the fact, and also that there is good shooting for game. But if your thoughts run to "big game," you will find plenty of scope for bagging lions, tigers, rhinos, and other big fellows in the jungle scenes on stamps of Liberia, Abyssinia, the Malay States, and other wild countries.



The 30 cent chocolate, the highest value in the new Olympic Games series issued by Holland.



Horse-jumping on the 15 cent dark blue Nederland stamp.