

FOUNTAIN PENS FOR READERS THIS WEEK!

The MODERN BOY

EVERY MONDAY.
Week Ending June 9th, 1923.

No. 13.
Vol. 1.

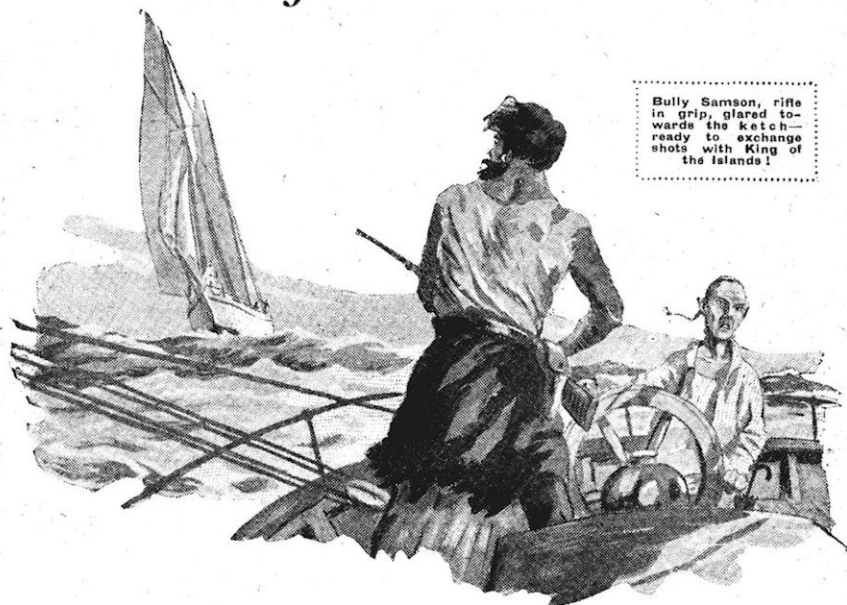
2^d



THRILLS OF THE TOURIST TROPHY!

FILMING THE DERBY! (See page 9.)

KING of the ISLANDS



Bully Samson, rifle in grip, glared towards the ketch—ready to exchange shots with King of the Islands!

By SIR ALAN COBHAM and C. HAMILTON.

The Tropic Seas never saw Greater Adventure than accompanies this Exciting Quest for an immensely rich Pearling Ground!

"I'll Beat You Yet!"

CAPTAIN VAN TROMP stood rooted to his deck with astonishment and rage. The command of his ship had suddenly been taken out of his hands. Instead of heaving to, the Oom Pieter was still speeding on her way towards the pearl island. Van Tromp stuttered and spluttered with rage.

"You feller Samson!" he gasped. "You no command ship belong me! You no stop along schooner. You go—"

"Hold your tongue!" roared Samson savagely.

"You feller boy, you seize feller Samson plenty quick!" shrieked the Dutchman, forgetting fear in his fury.

The next moment he was sprawling along the deck, as Bully Samson drove his left fist into the fat face, almost lifting the Dutchman from his feet.

If the black seamen had thought of obeying the order they changed their minds as the Dutch skipper sprawled over and lay gasping and panting and bewildered.

Bully Samson swung round on the mate.

Jensen was springing towards him,

a belaying-pin in his grip, and only a rapid movement saved the freebooter from the blow. The belaying-pin missed him by inches, and the next moment Bully Samson pulled trigger, and the Dutch mate fell almost at his feet.

The boatswain had made a movement to leave the wheel. But he gripped the spokes again as Samson's fierce eyes turned on him.

The smoking revolver looked him in the face.

"You obeying orders, you Dutch scum?" snarled Bully Samson.

"Ja, ja, mynheer!" stuttered the boatswain.

"Bear in mind that I'm commanding this ship now, and I'll send you to the sharks as soon as look at you! Keep her steady!"

Captain van Tromp had sat up. But he did not rise to his feet. He rolled over to the companion hatchway, and went plunging below, rolling down the ladder, spluttering with terror. Bully Samson had no resistance to look for from him.

He gave the Dutch skipper no heed. He had succeeded in his desperate attempt—he was in command of the schooner now—and, at the same time, liable to be taken

and hanged at a yardarm for piracy on the high seas. It was the greatest risk that Bully Samson had ever taken in his wild and lawless life. But he gave hardly a thought to it for the moment. He was in command of the schooner, speeding on towards the pearl island; and he shouted to the black crew to shake out more sail. They obeyed him with a promptitude they had seldom shown at their own skipper's orders. The revolver in Samson's grasp, and his evident readiness to use it at a sign of resistance, enforced prompt obedience. Under a mountain of canvas, the schooner raced on before the wind; and Bully Samson shook a menacing fist at the ketch astern.

"King of the Islands, I'll beat you yet!" he roared, and his powerful voice rang across the tumbling waters, and reached the ears of King of the Islands on the deck of the Dawn.

Piled Up!

"FELLER DUSSMAN catches plenty soon!" chuckled Kaululalonga.

King of the Islands was staring hard at the Dutch schooner through the binoculars.

The sun was past the zenith now, and blazed down on the sea from an almost cloudless sky. But though the gale had blown itself out, the wind was still strong and gusty and the sea running high. The glimpses he could catch of what was passing on the Dutchman's deck puzzled King of the Islands at first, but he soon had a fairly clear idea of what had happened.

Knowing the Dutch smuggler as he did, Ken more than half expected Van Tromp to weaken, and abandon his lawless scheme, when he found himself closely pursued. His doubt was whether Bully Samson's influence would be strong enough to nerve the Dutchman to desperate measures. But certainly he had not expected what he saw now. Bully Samson, single-handed, had seized the command of the Dutch schooner. Ken's face was grave as he lowered the glasses.

"They're putting on more sail!" remarked Hudson. "Dutchy doesn't seem afraid for his sticks now."

"Dutchy hasn't a say in the matter now," answered Ken. "Bully Samson is giving orders yonder. I fancy Van Tromp is sorry by this time that he leagued with Bully Samson to kidnap John Chin."

Hudson whistled.

"Then we've got Samson to deal with, not the Dutchman."

"Yes; and he will be a harder nut to crack than a dozen Dutchmen," said King of the Islands.

"He's got some nerve!" said the Cornstalk half-admiringly. "But he will never get away with it. The crew must be against him—and we're coming up hand over fist. Hallo! That's from Samson!"

A rifle-shot whizzed across the deck of the Dawn. The Hiva-Oa men ducked and babbled excitedly. Koko, at the helm, laughed.

"Feller Samson no shootee all same King of the Islands," he said coolly. "No hit."

The bullet had passed a foot from the steersman of the ketch. Ken's face set hard, and he gripped his Winchester.

"Samson's opened the ball," he said. "Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

The boy trader went forward, rifle in hand, on to the tiny forecastle of the ketch.

The schooner, under crowded sail, was speeding on towards the island, clearly in view now. The shining lagoon could be seen, barred from the sea by long lines of coral reefs, save in one spot where a narrow channel opened and the sea broke in masses of white foam.

The goal of Bully Samson's quest was close at hand. A line of sheds could be seen against the tall palms beyond the white beach. On one of the shed roofs a Chinaman stood, staring across the lagoon and the reefs at the two vessels.

King of the Islands, lying behind his rifle, watched and waited. Ken was a first-class shot with the rifle; but even at short range shooting was difficult, with both ships plunging in a wild and turbid sea.

Twice again Samson's rifle cracked on the schooner, the bullets tearing through the great spread of canvas on the Dawn.

King of the Islands still waited. The vessels were close enough now for him to hear the bull-voice of the freebooter shouting defiance.

Still holding his fire, Ken shouted back:

"Heave to!"

"The crack of Samson's rifle was his only answer. Ken fired in return, and the bully of the Shark dropped his huge bulk into cover. Ken shouted to the steersman:

"Stand clear, or you go down!" The Dutch boatswain gave him a scared stare, and stared still more fearfully at Bully Samson crouching within six feet of him, with menacing rifle, glaring at him over the barrel.

"Keep her steady!" grated Samson. "King of the Islands may miss you, but I shan't miss you, you Dutch scum! Keep her steady!"

The Dutch boatswain would have been glad enough to abandon the

KEN KING, known as King of the Islands, sails the South Seas in his trading ketch, the Dawn, with Kit Hudson, an Australian youngster, 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. Coming up with the Oom Pieter, Ken signals her to lay to. Van Tromp is willing to surrender, but Bully Samson draws his revolver and threatens to shoot him unless he keeps going! (Now read on.)

wheel and leave the schooner to yaw, but under the fierce eyes of Bully Samson he dared not. He held on his course.

Ken could have shot the man dead at the wheel; but Bully Samson's methods were not his. He was ready to sink the Oom Pieter with all hands, if it was necessary for the rescue of John Chin; but he would not shed blood if he could help it. He fired, sending the bullet within a few inches of the Dutchman's head. The steersman, with a howl of terror, relaxed his grip, and the schooner yawed.

"Keep her steady!" yelled Bully Samson; and the Dutchman grasped the spokes again just in time.

Bully Samson leaped to his feet, his eyes blazing over his rifle. He knew that the next shot from the ketch would drop the steersman, with disastrous results to the schooner. He fired at Ken, as King of the Islands was pulling trigger.

There was a sharp cry from the ketch. Fortune had favoured Bully

Samson once more. His bullet struck the boy trader's rifle, glanced off it, and grazed Ken's shoulder. Ken's bullet flew yards wide of the mark; and the schooner forged on.

Crack! A bullet from Kit Hudson narrowly missed the bully of the Shark and drove him back to cover.

Hudson ran forward. "Ken! You're hit!" "Only a scratch, I think!" panted King of the Islands. The blood was running down his arm from under the silk shirt.

Hudson's face was tense with anxiety. But it was only a deep scratch, and King of the Islands gave it no further heed when it was banded. On board the schooner, Bully Samson gave the steersman a menacing glare.

"Keep her steady, you Dutch scum! I guess I've stopped the fire for a spell! Here, you feller boy!"

"Yessar!" "You get below plenty quick, fetchee Chinese along deck. You no plenty quick, me kill you dead."

The black seamen were quick enough. They had never obeyed Captain van Tromp as they obeyed Bully Samson. Five or six of the blacks scuttled below, and returned, in a matter of seconds, hustling John Chin on deck.

The Chinese merchant, impassive as ever, with his dragon-painted umbrella under his arm, stepped out of the companion. His slanting eyes turned for a moment to the Dawn, and then fixed calmly on Bully Samson.

"What wantee?" he asked. "I guess you know how to steer a craft, John Chin?"

The Chinaman nodded. "Me savvy velly well." "Take the wheel from that Dutch scum."

The merchant of Lalinge hesitated a moment.

"Look ye here," said Samson, in a deep, savage voice. "You can see we're just on the island—the pearl island. I guess I want you to take this packet through the channel in the reef. You get me? King of the Islands won't shoot down his old pal, I reckon. Take the wheel, you scum, and steer to my orders, or I'll give the black boys the word to break all your joints with a belaying-pin—the way the Malaites do with their prisoners when they make kai-kai of them. Sharp's the word!"

There was no doubt that the bully of the Shark meant every word he said. The Chinaman knew the custom of the cannibal islanders, of cracking the joints of a prisoner before the hapless victim was placed in the cooking oven. For a second the impassive calmness of the little old Chinaman wavered. But it was only for a moment.

"Me take wheel!" he said in his soft voice.

"Get a move on! You can skulk away, you Dutch scum!" snarled Bully Samson to the boatswain of the Oom Pieter.

The Dutchman was only too glad to skulk away.

John Chin stood at the helm, a queer little figure in his loose-fitting

King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

garments, blown out by the wind, his precious umbrella hooked on his arm. Bully Samson, his rifle in his grip, glared towards the ketch, ready to exchange shots with King of the Islands.

But King of the Islands was not firing now. The scratch on his shoulder gave him little trouble, but Bully Samson had effectually stopped his fire by placing John Chin in the wheel. If King of the Islands had wanted proof that the kidnapped Chinese merchant was on board the Oom Pieter, he had it now; the little Chinaman was in full view from the ketch.

"The swab!" muttered Kit Hudson. "He's making the Chink run the channel with the schooner. We can't stop him now, Ken, unless we run them aboard."

Ken's eyes glittered over his rifle. But he could not fire now at the steersman of the schooner; and Bully Samson was crouching in cover of a stack of yam sacks, which he had ordered the black boys to pile up along the rail. Ken dropped the butt of his rifle to the deck.

In calmer waters he would have taken the risk of running alongside and boarding the Dutch schooner in the face of Bully Samson's fire. But the sea was running too high.

The schooner fled on, the ketch hanging by her starboard quarter like a staghound on the traces of his quarry. The lines of coral reefs that barred the lagoon of the pearl island were close at hand now, and the Oom Pieter was steering directly for the channel. Between the great rocks where the foam broke in masses of snowy white there was a space of less than twenty yards, and in the channel itself lines of foamy white showed where submerged reefs hid their teeth. The ketch, dropped astern of the Oom Pieter, to follow her into the lagoon.

Bully Samson stared at the reefs and the foaming channel, and there was a shade of anxiety on his face.

"You've made this channel before, John Chin?" he snarled.

"Plenty muelce," said the Chinaman.

"King of the Islands has never been here?"

The Chince shook his head.

"Can that swab Kit Hudson take a craft in?"

"Me tinkee."

Samson gritted his teeth.

"Then they'll follow us into the lagoon! Let them! I guess King of the Islands and his shipmate won't stop me from getting a grip on the pearls. Down mainsail!" roared Samson. "You feller boy, look lively!"

Under headsails the schooner glided into the channel. On either side the surf roared and thundered, and the foam dashed over the rail of the Oom Pieter. The ketch was dead astern now, and Samson hardly glanced at her. The dangers of the coral channel occupied his thoughts. In a high wind, with a heavy sea,

there was danger for any craft running into the lagoon, even with a steersman who knew the channel like a book, as John Chin knew it. By the group of sheds under the palms, beyond the lagoon, five or six Chinese were clustered, staring at the strange ship that was coming in—a new happening at the pearl island, hitherto visited only by John Chin's own brig. Bully Samson's eyes dwelt upon them for a moment, and then turned again upon the seething waters of the coral channel.

The mask-like calmness of the Chinese merchant's face was broken by a smile—a strange, slow smile that, as Bully Samson saw it, sent a sudden chill to his heart.

"You darned Chink!" he panted hoarsely. "If you dare to play tricks—"

He had no time to finish.

The words were still on his lips when the schooner struck. The next moment the boiling surf was raging over the deck, and Bully Samson and the yelling crew were struggling for their lives in the wild waters.

On the Pearl Island.

"SHE'S STRUCK!" Kit Hudson shouted over the words.

"My Sam!" muttered King of the Islands. "John Chin has piled her up!"

Every eye on the Dawn was strained on the Dutch schooner. The Dawn had not yet entered the coral channel, but over the low reefs the Oom Pieter was fully visible from the sea. The pursuing ketch was so close behind that little passing on the deck of the Dutchman escaped the keen eye of King of the Islands. He watched the little Chinaman at the wheel, his loose garments blowing in the wind, his ivory face expressionless. He watched Bully Samson towering over the little Celestial with anxiety in his rugged, bearded face. He watched the black crew, terror in their looks as the surf boiled and foamed round them over the sharp teeth of innumerable rocks. And then suddenly the crash came, and the schooner, which a moment before had walked the waters like a thing of life, crumpled up like matchwood on the fangs of the coral reef.

"Piled up!" repeated Hudson. "Yes, by gum! John Chin could run that passage with his eyes shut if he liked. He's piled her up in the channel. That's his answer to Bully Samson!"

Ken's face was tense. "We've got to save him. I know he can swim like a dolphin, but in that surf—"

"He's taken the chance," said Hudson. "He's grit all through, Chink as he is. But we'll save him yet."

The ketch was gliding into the passage of the reefs now. The schooner, crumpling on the reef, was not a hundred yards distant in a straight line, but the passage was tortuous, and there was thrice that distance for the ketch to cover, under a rag of canvas, creeping cautiously through the jaws of death.

Kit Hudson knew the passage—he

had made it many times in John Chin's brig—and he knew its perils. He rapped out staccato orders to Koko, every order instantly obeyed by the Kanaka at the wheel. To King of the Islands it seemed that the Dawn would never reach the wreck. But he stood silent, with set teeth. The passage was dangerous in calm waters. With the sea running high it bristled with perils, and an instant's recklessness meant the piling up of the Dawn on the glimmering teeth of coral. And that would not help John Chin.

The schooner, pounding madly on the rocks in the raging surf, was going fast to pieces. Her masts had gone at the first shock, and the slanting deck was cumbered with spar and tangled rigging, swept and torn by the wild waters that poured over her. The foam was dotted with the black heads of the crew, swimming for their lives or clinging to broken spars.

Bully Samson, swept from his feet by the rush of the seas that broke in fury over the wreck, found himself jammed against the stump of the mainmast, and he clung to it and held on, half stunned, for many minutes.

Through the water that flooded down the companion the fat and terrified face of Captain van Tromp glimmered. The fat Dutchman rolled out on deck, babbling with terror. The next moment a heavy sea caught him and swept him away from his schooner. His bulky body and spluttering fat face vanished in the foam.

Bully Samson dragged himself up and, holding on to the slanting rail, glared about him with maddened eyes. He had reached the pearl island at last, and this was how he had reached it. The water surged over him and round him up to his bull-neck as he clung there, his savage eyes seeking John Chin. In those desperate moments, with a sinking wreck under his feet, the wild surf roaring round and over him, and his pursuer drawing nearer and nearer, Bully Samson's thoughts were of vengeance—vengeance upon the Chinaman who had played him this deadly trick.

Among the black heads that dotted the waters he caught a glimmer of green. It was the glimmer of the dragon-painted umbrella.

John Chin was already at a good distance, swimming for the lagoon. The light, spare Chinaman seemed to float like a cork on the tossing waters. He was swimming for his life, but he had not abandoned his umbrella. For twenty years John Chin had been a prominent figure in the islands, and he had seldom or never been seen without the great umbrella with the painted dragon. The silken loop attached to the ivory handle had been passed round his neck as he stood at the helm of the schooner. And now Samson's fierce eyes picked it out in the swirling waters.

More than one of the dark heads of the swimmers had disappeared now. Samson's fierce glance swept round. The ketch was looming over the rocks, close at hand, and he caught

the tense stare of King of the Islands, almost within a biscuit's throw. Then he plunged into the sea and swam.

Strong swimmer as he was, a giant of strength, Bully Samson had to fight for his life in the roaring surf of the coral passage. Again and again he was swept away by eddying waters, but he fought and struggled on, breathless, buffeted, but savagely determined, and he was in the calmer waters of the lagoon at last. Behind him the fragments of the Dutch schooner were pounding to splinters on the reefs.

Dripping, panting, almost exhausted, Bully Samson dragged himself ashore at last, on the shelving beach of the lagoon.

He dragged himself to his knees in the soft sand and powdered coral, dashed the spray from his eyes, and stared round him. He had lost sight of John Chin, but he saw him again now. Three or four of the Oom Pieter's crew had struggled ashore, and lay exhausted on the beach. Samson did not give them a glance. His eyes fixed with deadly ferocity on John Chin, lying on the sand not a dozen yards away. He had reached the pearl island, a wrecked castaway. But vengeance at least was in his

had not yet reached the lagoon. The merchant of Lalinge was at Bully Samson's mercy, and there was as much mercy in the freebooter's heart as in that of a shark. His rifle had gone down with the wreck. Bully Samson's hand closed on his knife as he drew nearer to the impassive Celestial.

"You durned Chink!" His voice was husky with fatigue and fury. "You durned yellow hound! You've double-crossed me! You've piled up the schooner!" He choked with rage. "But you're in my hands, you Chink! King of the Islands will never save you now!"

"Bully Samson great fool and great lascal!" said the Chinaman in his soft voice and pidgin English. "Bully Samson velly great fool tinkee John Chin lun passage for him. Bully Samson wantee findee pearl island. Findee pearl island now! How you likee?" The Chinaman grinned. "Bully Samson great fool!"

Along, thin, rapier-like blade glittered in the Chinaman's hand. "Bully Samson no savvee John Chin's umbrella!" he grinned.



grasp. Only for a long minute he rested on his knees, and then he dragged himself up and tramped across the sand towards the merchant of Lalinge.

John Chin had been lying motionless, as if exhausted by his struggle through the surf. But as Bully Samson tramped towards him, the little Chinaman stirred. His eyes had been on the bully of the Shark, and he rose quickly to his feet and unlooped the umbrella from his neck. Umbrella in hand, he stood and faced the freebooter, his mask-like face as calm as ever, though he was breathing hard.

Bully Samson's eyes fairly gloated on him. In the far distance four or five Chinese were clustered by the sheds; but if they came to John Chin's help they would not reach him in time. The ketch, steered through the perilous passage by Kit Hudson,

With a hoarse cry, Bully Samson sprang at the Chinaman.

The next moment he staggered back as a flashing point of steel reached him. The Chinaman was unarméd. The kidnapers had seen to that which was taken on board the Dutch schooner. But now a long, thin, rapier-like blade was glittering in his hand, and the Chinaman grinned over it at the bully of the Shark.

"Bully Samson no savvee John Chin's umbrella!" he said.

"You durned Chink!" panted Samson.

He leapt back again, barely escaping another thrust of the long blade. He understood now why the Chinaman had preserved his umbrella with such care. The handle of the umbrella was a sword-stick, and John Chin had drawn the hidden blade. The freebooter's knife was in his

grasp, but the knife was of little use against the long blade that flashed like lightning in the hand of the Chinaman.

He leaped back again and again, the Chinaman following him up with deadly purpose. His slanting eyes gleamed. Bully Samson had reached the secret island of pearls, and it looked as if he had reached it only to find his death at the hands of the man he had kidnapped.

But for the fact that John Chin was exhausted by the struggle in the surf the bully of the Shark could never have escaped the thrusting steel.

John Chin paused, panting for breath, his eyes gleaming at the freebooter over the glittering weapon in his hand.

"You durned Chink!" Samson's voice was hoarse with rage. "You heathen swab!" He gripped his knife hard, tempted to leap at the Chinaman at all risks. But there

was death in the ready blade extended to meet him, and in the cold, gleaming almond-eyes that watched him over it. The little Chinaman was almost sinking with fatigue, but he stood ready, watchful, alert. "You pigtailed heathen lubber!"

Bully Samson's hand shot up suddenly. He knew the South Sea Islander's trick of throwing the knife. With almost lightning speed the heavy knife flew from his hand, like an arrow, at the ivory face of the Chinaman.

Crash!

John Chin had been looking for it, and he was ready. His blade met the whizzing knife in mid-air and turned it in its flight, and it dropped on the sand by his side.

The Chinaman grinned.

"Bully Samson great fool!"

The sharp crack of a rifle rang across the lagoon. The bullet

King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page)

clipped a rag from Bully Samson's sarong.

With a shout upon his lips the bully of the Shark turned and ran for the palms. The crack of the rifle followed him, and a bullet grazed his shoulder as he plunged into the trees and disappeared.

John Chin At Home!

KING OF THE ISLANDS had fired from the Dawn as the ketch sailed into the lagoon.

Ken's keen eyes had picked up the scene on the beach against the green of the palms, as the ketch emerged from the passage in the reefs. He dropped the butt of his rifle to the deck as Bully Samson vanished into the cover of the palm-trees that fringed the shelving beach.

"Feller Samson no stop along beach!" grinned Kaio-lalulalonga. "Feller Samson he walk about along bush plenty quick."

Ken stared across the lagoon at the little Chinaman. He waved his hand, and the merchant of Lalinge waved back.

"John Chin's all right," said Ken, "but where the dickens did he get hold of that sticker?"

Kit Hudson grinned. He had sailed with John Chin, and knew the secret of the famous umbrella.

"He had that with him all the time he was on the schooner," he said. "He keeps it in the handle of his umbrella. I've seen him surprise a Malaita man at Su'u with that sticker!" He chuckled. "The nigger turned on him with an axe, and John Chin had nothing but his umbrella. But it was the Su'u boy that went under."

"Some umbrella!" said Ken, laughing.

The ketch glided across the lagoon. John Chin slid the blade back into its hidden sheath in the handle of the dragon-painted umbrella and stood waiting for the ketch. On the deck of the Dawn were three Kanakas who had been picked up from the sea—John Chin's boat's crew from Lalinge. Of the black crew of the schooner none had been picked up. Some of them had fought their way through the surf and gained the beach, but more had vanished for ever in the wild waters.

The anchor was dropped in the lagoon, the whaleboat lowered, and King of the Islands and Kit Hudson pulled to the beach.

John Chin, his green umbrella open now to shade his bare head from the burning sun, walked down to the water's edge to meet the boy trader as he stepped ashore.

"Velly glad see King of the Islands," said John Chin, in his soft voice. "No savvy how you come along island."

"We followed you from Lalinge," said Ken. "Koko spotted Bully Samson on the Oom Pieter, and when the wreck of your boat was washed up Koko put us wise to it that you'd been kidnapped by the Dutchman."

Kaio-lalulalonga, who had gone ashore with his "little white master," grinned complacently.

"Kaio-lalulalonga no common Kanaka," he remarked. "Koko all same white feller."

"Kit Hudson had the bearings of the island," added Ken. "The gale last night helped us to overhaul the Dutchman."

Ken's handsome face broke into a smile as he met the keen, searching gaze of the Chinaman's almond-eyes.

"We followed to save you; John Chin. But if you don't want strangers on your pearl island we'll upbark and sail at once."

The Chinaman smiled.

"Trust King of the Islands all same trust Hudson," he answered. "King of the Islands keepee secler."

"As soon as the Dawn drops the island astern I'll make it a point to forget its bearings," said Ken. "But Bully Samson's on the island, and at least half a dozen of the Oom Pieter's crew got ashore. You don't want a passage back to Lalinge while Bully Samson's ashore here."

John Chin shook his head.

"King of the Islands helpee John Chin, John Chin velly grateful," he said. "Chinee on island fishee pearls, no can fightee Bully Samson. S'pose Bully Samson come along house, Chinee lun along bush."

"There isn't a man on the island to put up a fight, Ken," Kit Hudson explained. "The men here are pearl fishers. John Chin's the only fighting man here—and his umbrella may not save him next time. We've got to deal with Bully Samson and the survivors of the Oom Pieter before we sail."

NEXT WEEK'S SPECIAL FEATURES!

CRAFT AND AIRCRAFT!

A band of aerial adventurers, seeking excitement among the clouds, find it—in big patches! An extra-lively complete yarn by G. E. Rochester.

A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE!

Can you imagine yourself living in a world in which wireless, aviation, and all the other marvels of the present day are old-fashioned—out-of-date? This article is certain to tickle your imagination!

LIGHTNING—AND YOUR RADIO SET.

A topical warning to all wireless "fans."

SKIPPING AN AIRSHIP!

All about the job of the man who will skipper the R100—Britain's "Clipper of the Skies"—on her first passenger-carrying trip from England to the U.S.A.

OUR "AUTOCRAPHS" CONTEST.

Prizes for you—and your chums—for signatures!

THE NEW STAMP COLLECTING.

The "Pony Express" and other Wild West stamps.

KING OF THE ISLANDS, ROUND THE WORLD ON HALF-A-CROWN, etc., etc., etc.

"Findee Bully Samson—killy!" said John Chin simply. "Bully Samson savvy pearl island now. S'pose King of the Islands sail, Bully Samson master of pearl island."

The piling-up of the Dutch schooner, and the hidden weapon in his famous umbrella, had saved the merchant of Lalinge so far; but Bully Samson would still have been master of the situation but for the presence of the ketch in the lagoon.

The freebooter was free on the pearl island, and more likely than not he would gather round him the survivors of the black crew of the schooner. John Chin and the pearl fishers would have had little chance of resisting an attack from Bully Samson and the blacks.

"You comee along John Chin," added the Chinaman.

He led the way up the beach, and the shipmates of the Dawn followed him, Koko remaining to watch the whaleboat. By the sheds under the palm-tree half a dozen Chinese were clustered, and they saluted John Chin with deep respect, and stared curiously at the two Europeans. Beyond the sheds a path ran up through the palms, and in the midst of the trees a white-painted bungalow stood. That, evidently, was the residence of John Chin when he was on the pearl island.

King of the Islands and Kit Hudson dropped into the long cane chairs on the veranda. John Chin clapped his hands, and a Chinese boy brought out refreshments for his guests. Evidently only his own countrymen were trusted on the pearl island by the cautious Chink. John Chin disappeared into the house to change his drenched clothes. Ken glanced round him rather curiously.

"So this is the pearl island that is the talk of all the sailormen from Tahiti to the Solomons," he said.

"Yes; and a good many skippers, as well as Bully Samson, have been searching for it for years," said the Cornstalk. "I believe it's the richest pearl bed in the Pacific. It was John Chin's discovery, and he has kept it a secret. It's uncharted, of course—there's no land marked on the charts within twenty miles. I suppose a hundred craft have passed in sight of it—but there's only one passage through the reefs, and that 'oo dangerous to tempt anyone to land—unless they knew what was to be found here."

"I've raised this island twice in the Dawn," Ken said, "and never dreamed that it was John Chin's pearl island. Once I thought of landing to look for water, but it looked too risky for the ketch, and I kept on to Lukwe. If the pearl bed belonged to me I fancy I should have a handful of hefty men on the island as well as the pearl fishers."

"John Chin relied on secrecy, and the reefs," said Hudson. "A handful of hefty men on the island might have taken a fancy to the pearls themselves and knocked John Chin on the head for them. What's that old tag I remember from my school-days—"quis custodiet ipsos custodes—"

(Continued on page 26.)

King of the Islands!

(Continued from page 24.)

"Who will watch the watchmen? Quite true! I dare say John Chin knows his business best. Bully Samson is the first sea-lawyer who thought of kidnapping John Chin himself and forcing him to steer a course for the island. And he hasn't got away with it."

"He would have got away with it if we hadn't followed from Lalinge, though. If we were not here, Bully Samson would be putting to sea tomorrow in a dug-out with a sackful of pearls—and John Chin would never step on the beach at Lalinge again. This is the first time the pearl bed has been in danger. And it's John Chin's good fortune that King of the Islands is in the offing."

"Hark!"

King of the Islands started to his feet. From the distance, on the wind that ruffled the feathery fronds of the palm-trees, came the crack of a revolver. Somewhere on the island a revolver had been fired. And it seemed to King of the Islands, as he listened with straining ears, that he caught the faint echo of a cry following the shot.

When Rogues Fall Out!

BULLY SAMSON'S brow was black as midnight as he sat under the pandanus, while the sun sank towards the Pacific and far Lalinge. From where he sat he could see the lagoon in the distance through the trees and the ketch riding at anchor opposite John Chin's landing-place. Outside the barrier of reefs the sea was still running high, and great rollers came in from the ocean and boomed with hollow thunder on the rocks. But the lagoon was calm now, and the ketch scarcely moved at her cable. On the taffrail Lompo was lolling idly, and Danny, the cook, sat on the combings of the hatchway chewing betel-nut. They were tiny in the distance; and Bully Samson, when his savage glance turned towards them, gritted his teeth, and his eyes glittered. He was cleaning his revolver—the only weapon he had—as he sat under the pandanus; cleaning it carefully before he reloaded it with cartridges from the waterproof case slung to his belt. How soon he would need it—how soon he might be fighting for his life—he knew not.

But he knew that he would not, and could not, be left at peace on the pearl island. He had discovered John Chin's secret. And if he escaped from the island, it would be to return with a crew of ruffians to seize the treasure of pearls. With John Chin's secret in his possession, he would have had no difficulty in gathering any number of lawless followers among the pearl poachers and smugglers and beach-combers of the islands.

Not that Samson would have thought of escape but for the

presence of the Dawn in the lagoon. John Chin had piled up the Dutch schooner—Samson had lost both his craft and his associates—but he was free and armed, and he would not have hesitated to tackle the merchant of Lalinge and his half-dozen peaceful pearl-fishers. With a loaded revolver in his grip, he would have counted upon making short work of the Chinese; and he would have remained master of the island of pearls.

The presence of King of the Islands, however, made his position desperate. He expected to be hunted for his life; and as the pearl island was small—less than a mile in length by half as much in width—the hunt would not be long. He was single-handed—with scarce a dozen cartridges for his only weapon. Yet it was rather vengeance upon his enemies than fear for himself that occupied the freebooter's savage thoughts.

Of the Dutch schooner he saw no sign when he looked out to the coral reefs. The Oom Pieter had broken up entirely, pounded to fragments by the surf. Only here and there a shattered spar floated on the sea.

Bully Samson wondered what had become of the crew—of Captain van Tromp and the Dutch bos'un, and the Tonga and Santa Cruz boys who had manned the schooner. Some of them, at least, must have got ashore. The black boys could swim like fishes.

They were likely to avoid Bully Samson if they could. He was not their skipper, and he had put the fear of death into their hearts when he had seized the command of the Oom Pieter and forced them to obedience. But Bully Samson was accustomed to ruling black men, and he was already thinking of seeking out the survivors of the crew to back him in the coming struggle.

His revolver was ready for action at last, and Samson shoved it into the leather holster attached to the belt that was buckled round his sarong. He rose to his feet and moved away among the pandanus, only pausing a moment to shake a menacing fist at the distant ketch.

His keen ears had caught a sound in the coconut woods. The sound was repeated—the sharp crack of a breaking nut.

Bully Samson trod softly through the palms in the direction of the sound. He could guess easily enough that it was one of the castaways seeking food, cracking the fallen coconuts to get at the rich fruit inside the thick and hairy rind.

A grim smile came over his rugged, bearded face at the sight of Talifao, the Tonga man, squatted under the palms, munching the fruit of the nuts he had cracked. The black man started suddenly at the sight of Bully Samson and leaped to his feet, evidently intending to run.

"You feller boy, you stop along me!" roared Bully Samson.

(Bully Samson makes his last bid for fortune in next week's instalment of this grand yarn. Don't miss it if you **NEVER** order your **MODERN BOY TO-DAY**.)

GREAT RECORD BARGAIN!!
THE NEW 1928 IMPROVED MODEL OF THE FAMOUS "MONARCH" DE LUXE CAMERA
 Regd. TRADE MARK
 Fitted with genuine GUARANTEED MENISCUS LENS, Reflex View-finder, Nickelplated Spring Lever, Shutter, Lever Guard, Flexible Leatherette Handle, and absolutely GUARANTEED TO TAKE PERFECT LARGE SIZE PHOTOS 3 1/2 x 2 1/4 in.
ONLY 1/9
 Post 3d.
BRITISH MADE, supplied complete with all Accessories—Best Quality Plates, Developing as Printing OUTFIT with easy instructions. Send P.O. Order for complete Catalogue of specialisms! W. J. Thomas, Esq., writes: "Developed and printed photos taken in the lagoon as if taken with a camera which cost £23." Sale Cat. No. 1,000. Big Bargain. Post Free!—Leeds Branch, Ltd. (M.B.) 31, Kendal Lane, Leeds.

DUPLICATE STAMP ALBUM. SET 12 AUSTRALIAN STAMPS. 100 ALL DIFFERENT STAMPS. SENSATIONAL STAMP OFFER.

100 different stamps, including War 40 brilliant unused, Peace, and Armistice stamps, a set of 20 p.d. duplicate Album, and the fine set of 12 all different Australian SEN D NO MONEY. Just a p.c. requesting our famous APPROVAL.

FREE!!

LIBBURN & TOWNSEND (Dept. M.B.)
 London Road, Liverpool.

Mr. Amateur—YOU

will save time and money when constructing a set if you stick to the advice of the experienced radio engineers who write in the Radio Paper which never lets you down. That paper is

POPULAR WIRELESS

Weekly 3d.
 Every Thursday. At all Newsagents.

NATURE STUDY.

Obtain your supplies of Books, Collecting Apparatus and Specimens from

WATKINS & DONCASTER, Dept. M.A.
 36, Strand, London, W.C.2 (P.O. Box 1265).
 Phone: Gerrard 9451. Full Catalogue Post Free.

THE WORLD'S BEST PEA PISTOL

Not until you own a 50 Shot AUTOMATIC you enjoy the fun of pea shooting to the full. Built on the lines of a real automatic, it is the super pea pistol. Its magazine holds 50 shots, which are fired with force and precision. Post free, 2/6. The well-known 25 Shot Automatic, post free, 1/6. The popular 17 Shot Triumph, post free, 12d. R. DILNOT (Dept. A), 125, Chiswick High Rd., Leeds.

HEIGHT INCREASED

IN 30 DAYS.
5/- COMPLETE NO APPLIANCES. NO DRUGS. NO DEXING. COURSE.

The Melvin Strong System NEVER FAILS! Full particulars and Testimonials—Stamps, or complete course by return of post for 5/- P.O.—Melvin Strong, Ltd., 10, Ludgate Hill, London.

CUT THIS OUT BOYS' PEN COUPON.

VALUE 5d.
 Send 5d. in coinage with only 2d. (in stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 111 Fleet Street, E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever-filling FLEET B.P. Pen with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium, or Broad usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/-, or with 5 coins only 2/6. De Luxe Model 2/- extra.)