

FREE FOUNTAIN-PEN FOR YOU? See page 28.

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*A GLIMPSE*  
of the **FUTURE!**  
*See Page 11*

# KING of the



Life moves very swiftly, with surprising twists and turns of Fortune, in the Tropic Seas where young Ken King is working out his Destiny!

## When Rogues Fall Out!

"YOU feller boy, you stop along me!" roared Bully Samson, drawing his revolver.

His savage voice and threatening glance reduced the Tonga man to obedience at once, though even the native's fuzzy brain could realise that, had he fled, a bullet would have stopped him before he had covered a few yards.

Samson strode up to him. The brawny Tongan stood almost trembling before the bully of the Shark.

"What name you tinkee run, you black scum?" snarled Samson.

Talifao's brawny knees knocked together.

"No tinkee run, sar," he faltered. "Me stop along Cap'n Samson plenty too much glad."

"You stop along me, you scum, or me knock seven bells outer your black hide, you savvy?"

"Me savvy plenty, sar."

"So you got ashore!" growled Samson. "How many black boy he stop along island?"

Talifao counted on his black fingers. Arithmetic comes with difficulty to the South Sea native.

"Five one," he answered at last. Five was the limit of Talifao's powers of computation. But Bully Samson understood.

"Six of you! Good!" His eyes gleamed. "King of the Islands, I'll beat you yet! You black feller gun he stop?"

"No gun he stop," answered Talifao. "Feller knife he stop."

"Better than nothing," grunted Samson. "You Tonga boys know how to handle a knife, I guess, and to throw it, too."

"Savvy plenty," said Talifao. "Feller Captain van Tromp he stop along island? Any feller Dussman?" asked Samson.

"Feller captain he stop."

Bully Samson grunted. He was not gratified to hear that Captain van Tromp had escaped from the wreck of the schooner. He had no fear of the Dutchman—or of any man, for that matter—but he knew that Van Tromp would be his bitter enemy now. It was Samson's forcible seizure of command on the schooner that had led to its destruction, and Ghisbrecht van Tromp was now a beggared man and a castaway. He was more likely to seek to make his peace with King of the Islands and turn on the bully of the Shark than to back up Samson in his desperate schemes for gaining the upper hand on the pearl island.

"More feller Dussman he stop?" asked Samson anxiously.

Talifao shook his fuzzy head.

"Feller bo'sun he walk about along bottom sea," he answered.

"Other feller Dussman he sick in bunk; he walk about along bottom sea. One feller Dussman he stop along island."

"Where?" growled Samson. "What place feller Dussman he stop? You walk about makee savvy place feller Dussman he stop."

"Yes, sar," said Talifao meekly. And he led the way through the dusky woods.

Bully Samson followed him, his

bearded face grim and savage. Six of the black crew were saved from the wreck—which meant six followers for Samson in the struggle that was to come. Unwilling they might be, but he had his own methods of enforcing obedience. If Captain van Tromp ventured to oppose him, so much the worse for the Dutch smuggler.

He followed the Tonga man for some distance through the dusk of the wood and came suddenly on the castaways' camp. It was under the palms by the beach, hidden from the anchorage of the Dawn by a turn of the irregular shore of the lagoon.

The black men lay sprawled under the palms, inert after their struggle with the sea. Only Talifao, as yet, had summoned sufficient energy to go in quest of food. The black men turned their rolling eyes uneasily on Bully Samson as he appeared from the wood; but they did not stir.

At the foot of a palm, resting against the trunk, was the fat Dutchman, Van Tromp. He was sunk there in an attitude of utter dejection. His ship was lost, and he was a ruined man—that had been the outcome of his association with Bully Samson and the attempt upon John Chin's pearls. He was cast away upon this uncharted island, and his only hope lay in making his peace with King of the Islands and John Chin—and yet he knew how unlikely it was that John Chin would let him go free, with the secret of the pearl island in his possession.

He did not raise his head as Bully Samson came striding up with Talifao. His elbows on his fat knees, his podgy chin in his hands, he was staring blankly out towards the reef where his schooner had gone down in fragments.

# ISLANDS!

by SIR ALAN COBHAM  
and C. HAMILTON



Bully Samson stopped and surveyed him grimly. He shifted the holster round his belt to bring the butt of his revolver within easy reach of his hand before he spoke to the Dutchman.

"Aho, Cap'n van Tromp!" The Dutchman started convulsively. He stared up at the towering bulk of the bully of the Shark, and started to his feet.

"Feller Samson!" he said, between his teeth. "You feller sea-lawyer, you stop along island?"

"Did you think I was drowned, you Dutch scum?" jeered Bully Samson. "I guess I reckoned the same of you before I raised this nigger in the woods!"

Van Tromp stared at him, his little piggy eyes gleaming with animosity. The black men sat up, and looked curiously on at the meeting of the two skippers. Van Tromp's fat face had grown crimson with rage. In his hatred of the man who had promised him a fortune, and led him to ruin, he seemed to have forgotten his fear of the freebooter.

"You feller Samson," he said thickly—"you feller thief—you feller pearl-poacher—you feller sea-lawyer, you stop along island belong John Chin! You no walk about along sea!" He clenched his podgy hands. "What name you sinkee schooner belong me? What name you ruin me altogether too much?"

Samson grinned savagely. There was something ludicrous in the beche-de-mer English stammered out by the Dutchman in his rage.

"Take a light on your jawing tackle, you Dutch beer-barrel!" snapped the freebooter. "The game's not up yet! I guess I never reckoned that the Chiuk would pile up the schooner on the reef. But we had to take the risk, anyhow—he was the only man on board that could run the passage. I guess I'll break every bone in his little heathen carcass for it yet!"

"Feller Samson talk plenty much!" snarled the Dutchman. "Feller Samson big man along um mouth!"

"Belay it, I tell you!" said Samson, with a black scowl. "I tell you the game's not up, if you've got an ounce of sand in your fat carcass! We'll beat King of the Islands yet, and throw John Chin to the sharks in the lagoon, and get off this durned island with our pockets full of pearls!"

The Dutchman shook a clenched, fat fist in his bearded face. His fury over-mastered him, and for once he forgot to be afraid.

***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 Lating 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. Samson forces Chin to steer, and the trader deliberately runs the schooner on to the rocks. Chin swims ashore, pursued by Samson, who attacks him but is driven off by rifle fire from the Dawn. Samson then goes in search of survivors and discovers a solitary Tongan. (Now read on.)***

"You feller thief!" he panted. "You feller pig! You black boy, you seize um feller Samson! Makee kai-kai along feller Samson!"

The blacks were on their feet in a flash. The Dutchman dragged the revolver from his belt, and pulled the trigger. The firearm was soaked with salt water, and the hammer clicked harmlessly. But the revolver that leaped into Bully Samson's grip rang out sharply.

As the fat Dutchman, with one gasping cry, dropped at his feet, Bully Samson swung round at the blacks, springing at him like tigers, their eyes ablaze with ferocity. He did not need to fire. They leaped back with almost ludicrous haste from the threatening revolver and the fierce, bearded face behind it.

"You black scum!" roared Bully Samson. "You tinkee makee kai-kai along me, by lokey!"

Undoubtedly the Santa Cruz blacks had thought of it, at their skipper's order; but their skipper lay at Bully Samson's feet, and they shrank in fear and trembling from the freebooter.

"No, sar!" panted Talifao. "No tinkee makee kai-kai along you, sar!"

The next moment he went to the earth with a howl, as Bully Samson's left crashed into his face. The other blacks backed away, jabbering with fear.

"You tinkee makee kai-kai along me, me knock a starboard watch outer your black carcasses!" snarled Bully Samson. "You feller black boy you belong along me now. Makee kai-kai along Chinese new day he come. You savvy?"

"Yes, sar!"  
"Savvy plenty, sar!"

**The Peril of the Night!**  
NIGHT on the pearl island! The last gust of the gale had blown itself out. Hardly a breath of wind stirred the feathery fronds of the palms, in the sultry, tropic night. The long lagoon glistened under the stars like a sheet of silver.

Black on the silver lagoon lay the anchored ketch. On board the Dawn no one stirred. But at least one pair of eyes were watchful there.

Kit Hudson sat on the combings of the cabin hatch. His rifle lay by his side, his long stockwhip across his knee. About the deck, sprawled on their tapa mats, the Hiva-Oa crew were sleeping.

But the Australian was not sleeping. He sat motionless, and it might have been supposed that he had nodded off. But never had he been more widely awake.

King of the Islands and Koko, the Kanaka, were at the Chinaman's bungalow in the palm grove. Neither were they sleeping through the sultry hours. Only too well King of the Islands knew that if they slept they were not likely to wake again.

Of Bully Samson and the castaways of the schooner the comrades had as yet seen nothing. But they did not expect the night to pass in peace.

Bully Samson was free on the island, and if nothing was seen of him before morning the hunt for him was to begin. But Ken knew that Bully Samson would guess that much easily enough, and that he was likely to take what advantage he could of the hours of darkness. An attempt to seize the ketch or an attack on the bungalow was what King of the Islands looked for; and he would have been surprised had the night passed without any sign of the freebooter.

# King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

While King of the Islands watched at John Chin's bungalow, Kit Hudson watched on the anchored ketch, lying motionless on the still waters of the lagoon.

Midnight had passed.

From a sky of dark velvet the stars glittered like points of fire; low on the horizon hung the Southern Cross.

The Hiva-Oa seamen slept soundly. Lompo's snoring made a murmuring sound in the silence of the night. That there was danger in the dark hours the Polynesian crew knew as well as their white masters. They had felt the heavy hand of Bully Samson once, and it was not unlikely that they might feel it again. But there is room for only one idea at a time in the fuzzy mind of the South Sea Islander. They were sleepy, and they slept—as peacefully as they might have slept under the palms by the beach of Hiva-Oa.

The faintest of splashes from the lagoon did not pass unheeded by Kit Hudson's keen ears.

He stirred slightly—only slightly. His grip closed on the butt of his stockwhip. That was all.

A silvery ripple showed on the lagoon. It might have been made by a fish—by a shark stirring from the depths. But the watchful Cornstalk, on the deck of the ketch, did not think so. Certainly, if there was a swimmer, it was not Bully Samson. The bulky freebooter could never have hidden his approach so stealthily. If there was a swimmer he was under water, hidden by the glistening surface as he swam out to the anchored ketch.

Kit Hudson, without moving, watched the ripple die away on the surface of the lagoon.

All was still again.

There was no sound—nothing stirred. But the Cornstalk knew, as well as if he had seen the black man, that a native had swum off, and was now hanging under the low side of the Dawn. A grim smile crossed his sunburnt face.

Low as the side of the ketch was, only an active man could have pulled himself up from the water. In the glimmer of the stars Hudson saw a black hand grope and grip. It was followed by another, which grasped the top of the teak rail. Then a fuzzy, dripping head rose against the starlight, and a pair of gleaming, rolling eyes flashed over the deck.

Hudson did not stir.

He had never seen the black man before, but he knew that he must be one of the survivors of the Dutch schooner, and his present actions showed that he was now a follower of Bully Samson. It was the face of an enemy—a savage and ferocious enemy—that looked over the teak rail, with gleaming eyes, as the black man lunged there by his sinewy hands. Fore and aft the searching glance of the black man swept, picking out the sleeping crew on their tapa mats, and the motionless form of the Australian sitting on the hatchway combing aft.

It was upon the Australian that the black man's eyes fixed. For long, long minutes he hung there, watching Hudson, ready to drop back into the sea with the swiftness of a lightning flash if the Cornstalk made a movement to grasp his rifle. Swift as he might have been, Hudson would have had no chance to hit the black, fuzzy head of Talifao, the Tongan, with a bullet before he disappeared.

But Hudson made no movement. His head was sagging forward, as if he was asleep or nodding in deep drowsiness.

Talifao was satisfied at last.

For five long minutes he had hung there, silent, motionless, watchful, and the white master had not heeded him. That was enough for the Tonga man.

Silently, stealthily, he drew himself up on the teak rail.

A long, bare leg came over the rail, and the Tonga man sat astride of it, water glistening from his black limbs.

He did not cross over to the deck. His hand groped at his loin-cloth and drew out a long knife that glistened in the gleam of the stars.

The black hand was lifted, the knife well back for a throw.

The Tonga man did not intend to take the risk of creeping on board to deal with the sleepy white man at close quarters. The white man's rifle was not more deadly in its aim than the hand of a Tonga Islander throwing the knife.

A few seconds more and the sharp steel would have cleft the air like an arrow, with terrific force, to be buried to the very hilt in the body of the Australian.

It was then that Kit Hudson moved—and he moved like lightning. His right hand jerked, and round the uplifted arm of the Tongan something unseen and sinuous curled and clung, like the tentacle of an octopus.

It was the long lash of the Australian stockwhip, though it flashed at him so suddenly that Talifao did not even see it.

All he knew was that something gripped his arm like a clutch of steel as he was about to despatch the whizzing knife, and jerked him over from the rail to the deck of the Dawn.

Crash!

The Tonga man sprawled headlong. The knife flew from his hand, clattering across the deck, and Talifao rolled on the teak planks gasping with amazement and affright.

There was a startled howl from the Hiva-Oa men as they started up from their mats.

Kit Hudson sprang forward.

Before the Tonga man could even begin to think what had happened to him the Cornstalk was upon him, and the heavy butt of the stockwhip whirled over Talifao's head.

"Black feller stop along deck," said Hudson coolly. "S'pose you no stop along deck, me crack feller head all same cockerako egg, savvy?"

"Yessar!" gasped the Tonga man, in bewilderment.

"Black feller he come killy white master!" exclaimed Lompolokuno.

Lompo caught up an axe and swung it high. Talifao gave a gasp of terror.

"No kill black man," said Hudson. Lompo obediently lowered the axe. Talifao made a wriggling movement, as if to squirm away, and Hudson rapped out:

"You black boy, you stop along deck. S'pose black boy he no stop, you cut off head belong him, Lompo."

Lompo grinned and nodded. The Tonga man lay as still as death. If there was mercy from the white man, there was none from the black man, and well the black man knew it.

Hudson turned from him and swept the lagoon with a keen eye. There was no sign of any other enemy, no sign of stirring on the starlit shore.

Back from the beach the tall heads of the palms nodded in the soft breeze, softly and peacefully. But Hudson had no doubt that the dark shadows under the palms were stirring with hidden foes. He turned back to the black man, who lay with dilated eyes watching Lompo's axe.

"What name black boy he call?"

"Feller name Talifao, sar."

"You belong schooner belong Dussman?"

"Yessar."

"What name you come on ketch throw feller knife?"

"Cap'n Samson he say come along ketch throw knife," said the Tonga man. "He say give black boy five-five gold money s'pose black boy kill-dead little white master along ketch."

"You black rascal!"

"Captain Samson he captain," said the Tonga man simply. "Black boy he no talk back along white captain."

"The Dutchman was your captain. Where is he?"

The Tonga man grinned.

"Feller Dussman he no stop."

"Dead?" asked Hudson.

"Cap'n Samson he kill-dead along gun," answered Talifao. "Cap'n Samson he say black boy belong him now. We all belong Cap'n Samson."

"How many?"

"Five one," said Talifao. "Five Santa Cruz black boy and me Talifao."

Hudson knitted his brows.

Five black men were with Bully Samson on the island; and Hudson knew the Islanders well enough to know that their forcible transfer from one authority to another would make no difference to their allegiance to their new captain. So long as they were led by a white man of whom they stood in fear, the blacks would obey orders and fight like the savages they were.

"S'pose you no kill-dead Talifao, me belong you now," added the Tonga man eagerly, his eye on Lompo's axe. "Me good sailorman; sail along King of the Islands plenty glad."

"Where is Bully Samson now?" asked Hudson.

"He stop along beach."

"Feller black boy along Bully Samson?"

"Yessar."

"What feller Samson he tinker do along beach?"

"Tinkee stop along house belong Chink, kill-dead John Chin, makee kai-kai along Chinee."

Hudson had guessed as much. While the Tonga man was making his attempt on the ketch, Bully Samson was leading the rest of the blacks to the attack on the Lalinge merchant's bungalow. The bully of the Shark had planned to attack his enemies in both quarters at once, and he was losing no time in putting his fortune to the test. Had the Tonga man succeeded, King of the Islands could have looked for no help from his shipmate in the struggle that was coming.

Hudson scanned the black man's face.

"S'pose you no talk straight along me, Hiva-Oa boy cut off feller head belong you," he said threateningly.

Talifao shivered as the axe in Lompo's grasp made a movement.

"Me talk good feller talk along you, sar," he said. "Me talk straight talk all samec white master he talk."

Hudson did not really doubt him. With the Polynesian's axe gleaming over his fuzzy head, the Tonga man was thinking only of saving his black skin.

Hudson thought it out rapidly.

The attack on the bungalow might come at any moment, and King of the Islands, Koko the Kanaka, and John Chin would have their hands full against Bully Samson and the five Santa Cruz blacks. If Talifao had told him the truth—and he did not doubt it—the ketch was in no immediate danger, and his rifle might be sorely needed in the fight at the bungalow.

"You feller Danny, you seize um Talifao along rope," said Hudson; and the Tonga man was quickly bound hand and foot with a tapa cord. Bound and helpless, Talifao lay on the deck, content, at least, to know that his life was to be spared. Kit picked up his Winchester.

"You feller Lompo."  
"Yessar?"  
"You keep plenty watch along ship eye belong you," said Hudson. "S'pose you no watch out, me give you along Santa Cruz boy makee kai-kai. You savvy?"

"Yessar!"  
"All you feller Hiva-Oa boy, you watch out," said Hudson. "You shut one feller eye belong you, my word, you makee kai-kai along Santa Cruz boy!"

That grim threat was sufficient to keep the Hiva-Oa men wakeful and

watchful, at least, until the effect of it wore off their fuzzy minds.

"S'pose any feller lie come, you shoot gun belong you," added Hudson. "Black feller or white feller allee same—you shoot kill-dead."

"Yessar!"

The whaleboat slid softly into the still lagoon, with a line from the ketch rove to the stern. Hudson paddled himself quietly to the beach, and the whaleboat was drawn back to the Dawn by the Hiva-Oa men. Alert, watchful, finger on trigger, Kit Hudson plunged into the shadows of the palms.

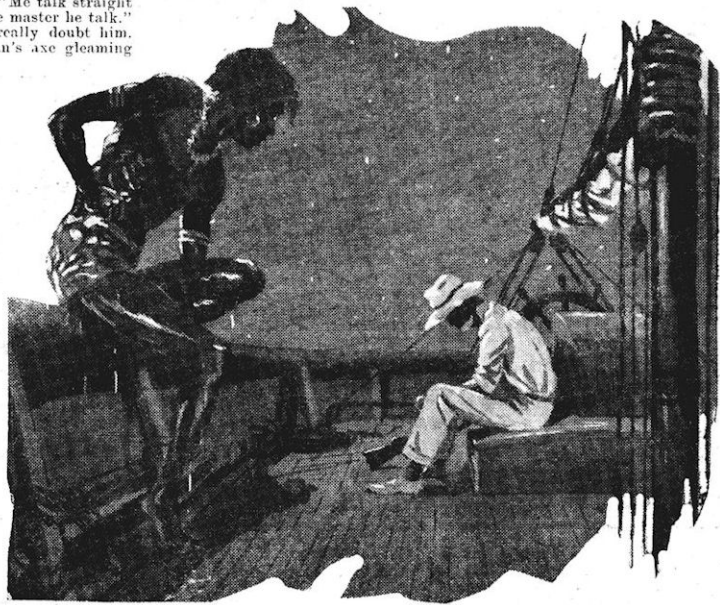
### The Night Attack on the Bungalow!

**B**ULLY SAMSON stood in the darkness and stared towards the silent bungalow.

Behind him, lurking in the shadows, were the five Santa Cruz blacks, their eyes glittering in the

survivors of the black crew of the Oom Pieter, Bully Samson had not been idle. From the top of a tall tree, before sunset, he had watched the enemy, and he knew how they were disposed. Kit Hudson and the Hiva-Oa men were on the ketch; King of the Islands and John Chin and Koko were at the bungalow. He had three fees to deal with; for he gave no heed to the Chinese pearl-fishers or to the Lalinge boat's crew; neither the pearl-fishers nor the Lalinge boys were likely to take part in the coming struggle, nor to be of any use if they did. The odds were on Bully Samson's side; but his foes were behind walls and well armed. The Santa Cruz blacks had only their knives, and there was a wide open space to be crossed in the starlight before they could get to close quarters.

Long the bully of the Shark stood there, watching with gleaming eyes.



The Tonga man sat astride the rail, water dripping from his glistening black limbs. . . Hudson made no movement!

gloom, their hands grasping their knives.

The bungalow lay silent and lifeless under the glistening stars. The inmates might have been fast asleep, heedless of danger, to all appearance. But Bully Samson was well aware that that was not the case.

The trees had been cleared for some distance round the building. The bungalow was surrounded by cultivated gardens, where yams and taro grew for the sustenance of the pearl-fishers. On the edge of the grove Bully Samson had stopped, cautiously wary and watchful before he ventured out of cover.

Since he had shot the Dutch smuggler, and taken command of the

He was setting all upon a cast, and he knew it; and the chances were not more than even in his favour. But a night attack on the enemy was the only chance he had. When day came he would be hunted on the island; and he did not need telling that when that happened the blacks would scatter into the woods and leave him alone. Now the shadows of the night shrouded them from the deadly rifle of King of the Islands. For the moment, they were ferociously eager to attack—almost as eager as the freebooter himself. Yet if his fierce eye left them, he was not at all sure that they would not bolt at the first crack of the white man's rifle. Only success could keep them faithful to

# King of the Islands!

(Continued from previous page.)

the leader whom they hated and despised.

Bully Samson was listening, as well as watching, as he stood in the thick shadow of the palms on the edge of the clearing. He was listening for a signal from the Tonga man. But no signal came, and the long minutes were passing. Whether Talifao had failed, or whether he had feared, after all, to make the attempt on the white man on the ketch, Bully Samson could not tell. If Kit Hudson had been too wary to be caught napping, Samson expected to hear the crack of a rifle from the lagoon. But there was no sound; the night was still.

Bully Samson gritted his teeth with impatience and misgiving.

He would have chosen, rather, to attack the ketch than the bungalow. But that was impossible—he had no boat. A single swimmer might succeed in reaching the anchored ketch unseen; but an attack in force was impracticable. But if the bungalow fell into his hands, all was well; there would be rifles and cartridges to serve out to the Santa Cruz boys, and the ketch could not, at all events, escape from the lagoon under fire from the high rocks. But the bungalow was not yet in his hands.

He waited long, though his fixed and savage purpose did not change for a moment. His life was set on the hazard of the die. If he succeeded, he was master of the pearl island; if he failed, he did not expect to see another sun rise on the Pacific. He ground his teeth with rage at the thought that, but for the presence of King of the Islands, he would have been master of the pearl island already.

In the shadows the blacks were beginning to whisper. Bully Samson's fierce eyes turned on them.

"You feller boy shut mouth belong you."

The Santa Cruz boys were silent again. But they were cycling him, and the freebooter knew that they were interpreting his hesitation into funk. At the first sign of the white feather in their leader, they were capable not only of deserting him, but of turning on him like tigers.

"You feller boy, you listen ear belong you," snarled Samson. "We go stop along bungalow, makee kai-kai along Chinese—plenty too much kai-kai. Plenty feller gun he belong bungalow—feller canoe belong pearl-fisher boy. We takee bungalow; bimbeby we takee ketch. You savvy? All feller boy go back along Santa Cruz rich feller. Five-five piecee gold money every feller boy."

"Yessar!"

"You stop along me, every feller rich feller boy. S'pose you no stop along me, me kill-dead every feller boy along revolver. Savvy?"

"Yessar!" muttered the blacks.

Bully Samson turned to the bungalow again.

From the lagoon came no sound. Whether Talifao had succeeded or failed or deserted, the freebooter could wait no longer. Ere long the light of dawn would be creeping over the Pacific.

The bungalow was silent still. But Samson knew that there must be watchful eyes behind the palm-leaf shutters.

He dropped his huge bulk upon all fours, and crept along a path through the taro. Behind him crept the blacks, crouching, like wild beasts stealing upon their prey.

If the dim creeping forms were seen in the lurking shadows and the uncertain starlight, there came no sign from the building.

Bully Samson reached the green lawn bordered by scarlet hibiscus that lay before the bungalow veranda.

From that point onwards there was no cover, and he had to take the risk of a rush through the starlight.

He set his teeth. His revolver

was in his grip and a desperate gleam in his eyes.

"You feller boy!" he hissed. "Yessar!" came a sibilant whisper from the blacks.

"You follow on, plenty too quick altogether."

"Yessar!"

And Bully Samson, with the swiftness of a swooping albatross, darted into the starlight, and in almost a flash he was springing up the steps of the wooden veranda. After him came the Santa Cruz boys with a rush and a yell.

Crack, crack, crack!

Three rifles rang together from the bungalow, the sudden roar of fire mingling with the yell of the blacks. King of the Islands was on the watch!

But the light was uncertain, the movements of the assailants swift.

One of the blacks yelled again and dropped on the earth and did not stir more. But Bully Samson was on the veranda, smashing through the flimsy palm-leaf shutter that divided it from the interior of the house.

His clubbed revolver crashed through, the heavy metal butt smashing the plaited pandanus leaf like paper. Utterly reckless and desperate now, the burly freebooter plunged through into the darkness within. A gigantic form loomed before him; but the next moment Koko, the Kanaka, went down under the crashing butt and rolled on the floor.

A second more and the butt was in Samson's grip. His finger was on the trigger, and he was blazing bullets right and left in the darkness.

The bungalow, as silent as the grave a few moments before, rang and echoed and hummed with uproar. From somewhere in the darkness came frightened howls from the pearl-fishers and the Lalage boys. Pandemonium had broken out suddenly in the stillness of the tropic night.

## NEXT WEEK'S SPECIAL

### FEATURES!

#### JACK ON THE JOB!

The opening chapters of a brand-new, short Serial story of a business boy's adventures in the great City—breaking entirely fresh ground! Alfred Edgar, the gifted author, declares it to be the most successful story he has yet written!

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The Prince of Wales celebrates his 34th birthday on June 23rd. Here is an intimate pen-picture (with photographs) of this universal favourite.

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In the blackness Bully Sameon was firing at random. Under his lifted arm a sudden grip closed round him, and he was borne backwards.

Crash!  
The revolver flew from his hand as he struck the floor. The grip on him was like a band of steel. But the freebooter returned grip for grip, fighting like a tiger.

"King of the Islands!" he panted. "You or me now, King of the Islands!"

Ken did not speak; he needed all his breath for the savage struggle. With wolfish yells, the Santa Cruz blacks were swarming on the veranda. One of them was half through the shattered pandanus shutter, when John Chin met him with thrusting steel. But the heavy fall of the black man dragged the blade from the Lalinge merchant's hand.

Crack, crack!  
It was a rifle that rang from the startled garden.

Three of the blacks were crammed at the opening; a moment more and they would have been upon John Chin like tigers. King of the Islands

had his hands full with Bully Samson; Koko lay half-stunned on the floor. But Kit Hudson was darting towards the house, firing as he came. With a howl of consternation, the Santa Cruz blacks turned towards the new enemy, and, as they turned, one of them went crashing down with a bullet in his brain.

Kit Hudson was springing up the steps of the veranda, but the two remaining blacks did not stay to meet him. With gasps of terror, they fled along the veranda and leaped down and darted away for the woods.

"King of the Islands!" shouted Hudson.

He plunged in, and almost fell over the two struggling, twined forms that rolled and fought in the darkness. The attack was over, and it had failed. And Bully Samson was fighting for his life.

*(This magnificent yarn ends next week with a climax that will grip you through and through! But it is not "Good-bye!" to Ken King! For full details, see your Editor's chat.)*

## KANAKA ENGLISH.

*English as spoken by Koko and the other Kanakas in our story. "King of the Islands!" is true to life, and is a vivid and wonderful language! This bright and breezy chat will enable you who are enjoying "King of the Islands!" to enjoy it still more.*

ALL through the South Seas, from Easter Island to the Carolines, English is the common tongue—spoken even by the natives to one another, when they belong to different islands. There are thousands of native dialects; and a man from Nuka-hiva can only make himself understood by a Tonga man or a Solomon Islander, in the language of Shakespeare; though he speaks it in a style that Shakespeare would hardly have comprehended.

It is called "beche-de-mer" English, or sometimes "pidgin" English, differing a good deal from the pidgin English of the Chinese, though the trick of placing a double "e" at the end of a word is common to both.

"Wash" is what the Kanaka says when he means "row"; and he pronounces it "washee," like a Chinese.

The language is formed from words picked up from sailors; yet there are certain everyday words never picked up, and never used, for no known reason. The Kanaka, for instance, never uses the word "why."

Why he does not is hard to explain, but he never does. He has two ways of expressing its meaning, "what name," and "which way."

"What name you no come?" means "Why did you not come?"

"Which way," meaning why, is still more perplexing to a stranger's ear. A tourist in the Gilberts, pestered by a Kanaka boy to buy fruit, finally cuffed the importunate imp to get rid of him. Whereupon an indignant Kanaka demanded, "Which way you kill feller boy belong me?"—a rather startling question, but only implying, "Why did you cuff my son?"

"Kill" is a curious word. To a

Kanaka, it means only to beat, thrash, or ill-use. A Kanaka who is "killed" may have received anything from a box on the ear to a rope's-end. A Kanaka woman may complain that her husband has killed her two or three times in one week. "Kill-dead" is the expression used for the full English meaning of the word. A Kanaka who has been "killed" may be smiling cheerily again ten minutes later. A Kanaka who had been "killed-dead" certainly would never smile again.

A missionary, new to the Islands, was astonished and horrified to hear a Kanaka relate, with the utmost calmness, that he had killed his two sons that morning for stealing copra. He was still more astonished—though doubtless less horrified—to learn that two grinning youths who were loafing near at hand were the sons in question—looking quite merry and bright in spite of the fact that they had been "killed" that morning!

The Kanaka never uses the possessive pronoun. "My hat" is "hat belong me." "Your hat" is "hat belong you." A toe is "finger belong foot."

"Feller" precedes every noun; feller hat, feller ship, feller fish. Every woman is "Mary"; but never simply Mary; always "feller Mary."

Most prepositions are expressed by the word "along." "Feller white master plenty mad along me," says the Kanaka when his employer is angry with him. A Kanaka kicked by a Frenchman is "kickeo along Flessman." A native whose wife had been eaten by Solomon Island cannibals described the incident simply:

(Continued on page 28.)

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