

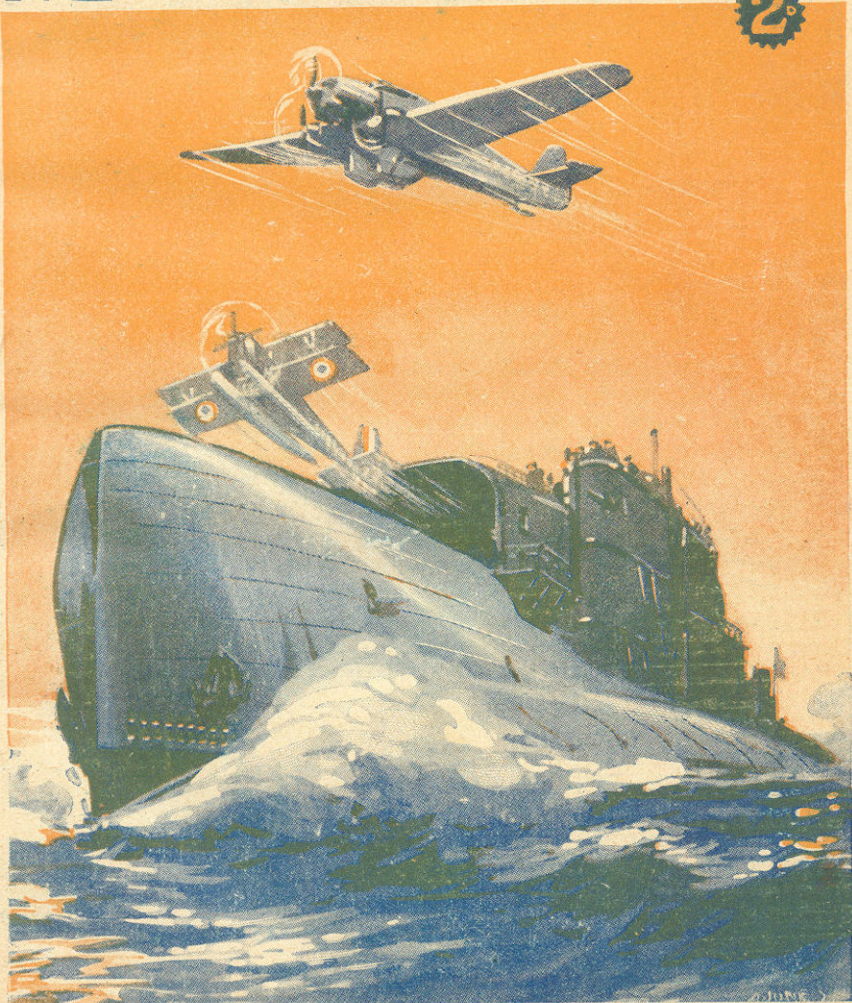
FREE FOUNTAIN PENS OFFERED THIS WEEK!

# *The* **MODERN BOY**

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**OUR SUBMARINE SEAPLANES!** (See page 21.)

# King of the

## Concluding Instalment of Sir Alan Cobham's Rousing Yarn of Adventure in Tropic Seas!

### Man to Man!

JOHN CHIN struck a match and lighted the silver lamp that swung from the high ceiling.

In the sudden light the struggling forms of Bully Samson and King of the Islands were revealed.

Kit Hudson lifted his rifle and lowered it again. He could not fire without equal risk of hitting his shipmate.

But King of the Islands was holding his own—more than holding his own. Burly and powerful as was the bully of the Shark, he was not more than a match for the boy trader.

Koko sat up dazedly, blinking in the light, and feeling his head. The head of the Kanaka was hard—a white man's skull would have cracked like an egg-shell under the blow Samson had dealt the native—but Kaio-lalulalonga was only dazed.

"My word!" gasped Koko. "Feller head belong me he plenty too much kill altogether."

John Chin—impassive as ever—glanced with his slanting eyes at the fierce struggle. His almond eyes gleamed as he gripped the long thin blade from his umbrella and stepped towards Bully Samson.

"Stand back!"

King of the Islands rapped out the words.

The boy trader had the upper hand now. Bully Samson was under, and Ken's knee was planted on his chest.

Wildly and fiercely the panting freebooter struck at the set face above him. His eyes blazed like a wild animal's; his lips were drawn back in a snarl that showed his clenched teeth. But his strength was worn down by the long, fierce struggle, and he was pinned to the floor. King of the Islands, breathing in great gasps, almost as worn down as his enemy, had the upper hand, and Bully Samson was beaten.

"Stand back, John Chin!" panted Ken.

The Chinese merchant shrugged his slim shoulders and stood back. The struggle had almost ceased between the boy trader and the bully of the Shark, and the way was clear for a thrust from the Chinaman's weapon or a bullet from Hudson's rifle. But the slaughter of the enemy whom he had overpowered was not the desire of King of the Islands.

Under his iron grip, the freebooter panted and gasped, still essaying to struggle, but in vain. There was black despair as well as rage in the rugged, bearded face that glared up at Ken.

"You've beaten me, King of the Islands!" The words came in broken

gasp from the freebooter. "You've beaten me at the last!"

"You feller Koko!" snapped Ken. "Yes, sar!" Kaio-lalulalonga, still rubbing his bruised and aching head, came unsteadily towards his master. "Me savvy, sar! Kill-dead feller Samson along knife."

"No, you swab! You get um feller rope, tie up Bully Samson all same pig along kai-kai."

"Me savvy, sar!"

A tapa cord was quickly rove round the herculean limbs of the South-Sea freebooter.

Bully Samson lay on the floor—exhausted, panting—bound with a skilful thoroughness by the Kanaka.

King of the Islands rose to his feet. For some moments he leaned on the wall, panting for breath. He had beaten his enemy in that last desperate fight, but the struggle had told sorely upon him.

"You're not hurt, Ken?" asked Hudson.

Ken shook his head.

"You came up in the nick of time, Kit. It was touch and go—Bully Samson came near pulling it off, at the finish. But"—King of the Islands looked puzzled—"you must have made quick time to get here from the ketch after the row started."

"I was ashore before the row started." Hudson explained what had happened on the ketch. "I reckoned the ketch would be safe, and I might be wanted here after what I got out of the Tonga man. I was watching under the palms when the row started—and you can bet I butted in lively when the shooting began. We've got Bully Samson now, but—"

"But what?" asked Ken.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked the Cornstalk. "He knows the secret of the island, and if he gets away alive—"

"Allee light!" said John Chin's soft voice. "You leave Bully Samson to me. Take plenty care, Bully Samson no gettee way. Trust John Chin."

"You durned Chink!" came in a hoarse, breathless growl from the freebooter. "I'll beat you yet—I guess I'll yet wring your yellow neck and lift your pearls!"

The Chinaman smiled placidly. "No tinkie!" he answered.

"A prisoner on this island?" asked Ken.

John Chin nodded.

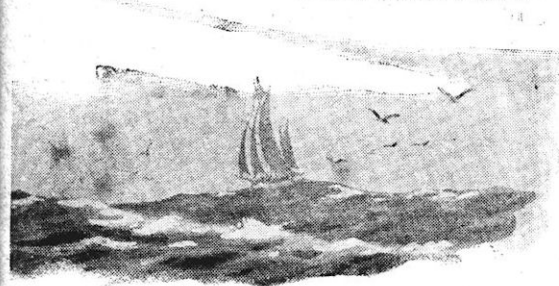
"You'll play square with me, John Chin." King of the Islands' brow was stern for a moment. "I eat



Among the Chinese towered a huge and bulky form. It was Bully Samson. There was a clinking of metal as he moved, and it echoed on the wind across the shining lagoon to the ketch!

# Islands!

SIR ALAN COBHAM and  
C. HAMILTON



have a white man to be murdered by—"

"John Chin square man, allec same King of the Islands. John Chin plemise no killee Bully Samson."

"That's good enough!" said Ken. "I know your word is as good as a white man's. That goes! Keep him as safe as you like; he's found out the secret of the pearl island, and you'd be a fool to let him go. You've asked for this, Bully Samson, and you're getting off cheap."

## "Up Hook!"

"Up hook!" said King of the Islands cheerily.

The sun of a new day was blazing down on the pearl island. It had been a busy morning.

The two surviving Santa Cruz blacks had been run down in the woods, rounded up, and sent on board the ketch to keep the Tonga man company. The three black prisoners were to be taken away and turned ashore at the first port—there was no danger of their fuzzy heads retaining any recollection of the bearings of John Chin's island.

With Bully Samson it was a different matter. The freebooter's life was spared; but his liberty was in pawn as long as John Chin desired to keep the location of the pearl island a secret. If King of the Islands and his shipmate felt any compassion for the lawless freebooter, that could make no difference. Bully Samson had brought his fate upon himself.

But they wondered how John Chin proposed to keep so dangerous a prisoner safe. The Chinese merchant was to return to Lalinge in the ketch, taking with him his boat's crew. Only the pearl-fishers were to remain on the island, as before.

Bully Samson knew it, and perhaps he derived hope from the knowledge.

But John Chin had taken his measure.

When the ketch was ready for sea, and the anchor raised, John Chin stood by the rail, looking back at the

Meet young Ken King again in next week's MODERN BOY—in a very thrilling complete yarn entitled "No Savage!" It will be the first of a splendid series of complete stories featuring King of the Islands! These yarns will create a sensation!

beach, with a smile on his ivory face, a slow and implacable smile.

King of the Islands and Kit Hudson followed his glance.

The Chinese pearl-fishers were turning to work upon the piles of pearl oysters, rotting in the sun, that lay by the sheds.

Among the Chinese towered a huge and bulky form. It was Bully Samson; and chains were padlocked on his muscular legs, and on his powerful arms, and round his brawny bull-neck.

The freebooter, giant of strength as he was, was helpless as an infant in the hands of the pearl-fishers. There was a clinking and chinking of metal as he moved, and it echoed on the wind across the shining lagoon to the ketch.

The freebooter's bitter look turned on the graceful vessel, and burning rage blazed in his eyes. He raised a manacled hand to shake his clenched fist at King of the Islands. One of the Chinese, with a stout lawyer-cane in his hand, struck him across the shoulders.

Bully Samson panted hoarsely under the blow, and turned like a

tiger on the yellow man—but his manacled limbs were powerless. The yellow man, grinning, struck him again and again with the lawyer-cane, and Bully Samson—driven by force to obedience as he had driven many a man in his time—turned to his allotted task of sorting the rotting oysters.

John Chin smiled.

"Bully Samson no likee work," he remarked placidly. "Plaps he likee some day! Plaps he solly makee John Chin steer for pearl island! Bully Samson velly stiong man, velly useful on pearl island. What you tinkee?"

King of the Islands did not answer. He turned away, and called orders to the Hiva-Oa crew. Bully Samson had brought this fate upon himself, and there was nothing more to be said.

THE Dawn cut the long rollers of the Pacific, and the pearl island dropped astern, and was lost in the haze of the tropic sun. On the wings of the wind the graceful ketch flew like a sea-bird over the blue waters—back to Lalinge, back to the old trade of drumming for copra and pearl-shell.

Much valuable time had been spent in chasing Bully Samson and rescuing John Chin; now Ken must get back to business again and earn the money with which to pay the expenses of running his ketch.

What, he wondered, had been happening on Lalinge since the Dawn flew away in chase of the Oom Pieter? Had Chin's Eurasian clerk allowed the business to "go to pot" in the belief that his master was dead? If so, it meant clearing from the island with empty holds and chasing cargoes elsewhere. And that meant a further heavy drain on his resources.

However, it was no use pondering on the future. Come what might, he still had the Dawn—and could ever skipper wish for a better craft?—a staunch pal in Kit, and a jolly, happy crew! He was going back to the old trade—back to the old roving, happy life of King of the Islands!



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