

MORE FREE FOUNTAIN PENS! **HAVE YOU HAD YOURS?**

The **MODERN BOY**

EVERY MONDAY.
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2¢



AN EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE IN BLINKERS! (See page 9.)

No Salvage!

Complete in This Issue.



KEN KING is a stickler for the Laws of the Sea, and in this thrilling complete yarn he metes out swift Justice to a fellow who has forgotten how to Play the Game!

The first of a new series of complete stories of King of the Islands,

By

CHARLES HAMILTON.

A Race!

"SALVAGE!" exclaimed King of the Islands.

He lowered the binoculars with a look of satisfaction.

Certainly he was too true a sailor-man to be glad to see a storm-tossed wreck rolling in the trough of the sea. But the wreck was there, and he was glad that his eye was the one to fall upon it first.

There had been a hurricane on the Pacific, and on many an island uprooted palm-trees and shattered grass huts bore testimony to its violence. The ketch Dawn had lain safe and snug at the coral wharf of Lalange while the storm blew itself out; but the ocean swell was still running high when King of the Islands put to sea. Six hours out from Lalange he had sighted the wreck.

"A brig, and all her masts gone!" said Kit Hudson, his eyes fixed on the helpless hull that rose and fell to the sweep of the sea. "And abandoned by her crew!"

"Looks like it!"

King of the Islands rapped out an order to the Hiva-Oa crew of the ketch. The course of the Dawn was changed, and she steered for the dismantled brig.

As far as the eye could reach the

Pacific stretched, rolling in long, heavy swells. Lukwe was the nearest land; and Lukwe was many a long mile under the horizon. Ken's keen eyes swept the sea for another sail, but no other sail was to be seen. The mist that hung over the Pacific might have concealed a dozen sails—but at all events none was in sight.

"Our prize!" said King of the Islands. "It will pay us to put off our trip to Lukwe while we tow her into Lalange lagoon. She's rolling deep—cargo up to the hatches, I reckon. And not a man of her crew to be seen."

He scanned the rolling brig as the Dawn drew nearer and nearer.

Not a sign of life was to be seen aboard her. Her deck was cluttered with broken spars and tangled rigging, and the boats were gone. It was easy enough to see that her crew had abandoned her in the boats.

"She sprang a leak, I reckon," said King of the Islands, figuring it out in his mind as he watched the rolling wreck. "Her crew left her to save their skins. And I reckon the shifting of the cargo stopped the leak—as she's still floating. If she floats long enough to let us tow her into Lalange, well and good. My Sam!" he ejaculated suddenly.

Kit Hudson guessed that the boy trader had recognised the dismantled craft.

"You know her?"

"It's the Sea Cat, Captain Mac's brig from Thursday Island. I didn't know her for the moment with her sticks down. Poor old Mac!"

Ken's sunburnt face clouded for a minute. But it was the luck of the sea—that was loss and perhaps ruin to the skipper who had lost his ship was fortune to the skipper who had found her. But Ken was puzzled.

"Captain Mac wasn't the man to leave his ship while there was a shot in the locker," he said. "Old MacDonald was grit all through. I fancy his black boys must have made him do it. Anyhow, she's deserted now."

There was a call from Kaio-lalualonga at the helm: "Feller cutter he come!"

With their eyes fixed on the drifting wreck, the shipmates of the Dawn had ceased to scan the sea. But the keen eyes of Koko, the Kauaka, had picked up the belling sail of a cutter that drove suddenly out of the mist on the farther side of the wreck.

King of the Islands knitted his brows.

"Two dogs after one bone!" said Hudson.

No Salvage!

(Continued from previous page.)

Ken lifted the glasses to his eyes and stared at the new sail that had loomed from the mist. The clouds were clearing from the sky, and under the blaze of the sun the mist on the ocean was dissolving. The cutter, racing before the wind, looking every moment as if she would heel over under her belying canvas, was heading directly for the wreck. She had the wind of the ketch, and she fairly flew before it, while the Dawn, though a much swifter craft, had the wind on her beam, and was compelled to approach the Sea Cat in a series of long, sweeping tacks. Ken lowered the glasses.

"If she beats us to it, the salvage is hers," he said. "But we'll give her a tussle. We can carry another rag."

The Hiwa-Oa men glanced at the tapering masts of the ketch, already bending under canvas, as Ken rapped out orders. But obedience was prompt on board King of the Islands' ship. Every rag that the spars would carry was shaken out, and the Dawn foamed through the heaving swell. Great seas broke before her copper-sheathed prow as she drove and dashed in masses of spray over her tiny forecastele.

It was a race between the ketch and the cutter for the prize of salvage—and if the ketch had the speed, the cutter had the wind. It was, as Kit Hudson remarked, anybody's race so far.

"That cutter's the Dolphin," said Ken. "Peter Parsons' cutter from Lukwe. She can move, but I'd make rings round her in the Dawn if we had the wind. Parsons has got the luck on his side."

"I've seen Peter Parsons—one of the roughest of that rough crew on Lukwe," said Kit Hudson. "He's the man to put up a fight for the salvage if we get on the brig first—if he sees half a chance of pulling it off."

"We'll give him all the fight he wants," Ken replied grimly, "if we set foot on the deck of the Sea Cat before he does. I believe he sails with half a dozen niggers in his cutter—and they won't amount to anything in a scrap. Either of us could handle Peter if he gives trouble."

The ketch raced on. Every eye on the Dawn was now on the drifting brig—and on the cutter that was racing to her before the wind, at the imminent risk of plunging bows under in the heavy sea. Peter Parsons, the hard-fisted trader of Lukwe, more than suspected in the islands of pearl-poaching and kidnaping, was the man to take risks. He was the man, too, to back up his claim to the salvage with his gun if he saw any chance of getting away with it. But if King of the Islands reached the abandoned brig first, the man from Lukwe was not likely to get away with it.

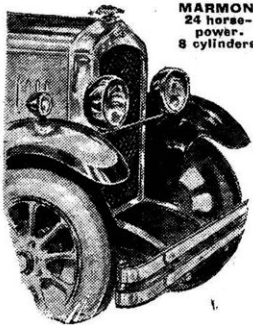
The last long tack brought the Dawn swooping down on the drifting brig. But almost at the same moment the cutter ran in on her other side, and from the cutter an

What Car Was That?

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agile figure leaped, with utter recklessness, and rolled sprawling on the cluttered deck of the Sea Cat.

Peter Parsons leaped up, his eyes blazing with triumph. He waved a mocking hand at King of the Islands. "I've beaten you, Ken King!" he roared. "I've beaten you to it, King of the Islands! This is my salvage!"

King of the Islands shut his teeth hard. He had almost counted on the salvage of the Sea Cat, and that salvage would have represented a large sum to the boy trader. But it was not only of that that Ken had been thinking. He knew Captain Mac; and if the captain of the Sea Cat had survived, Ken would have thought less of his just claims than of making matters easy for a ruined fellow-skipper. No such thoughts were likely to enter the mind of Peter Parsons. He was the man to drive a ruthless bargain to the last extremity.

But King of the Islands knew when he was beaten. He was not likely to adopt the lawless methods which he more than suspected the man from Lukwe would have adopted in his place. Captain Parsons had won the race to the wreck, and the salvage was his.

Ken waved his hand to the Lukwe trader and rapped out an order to Koko at the helm. The Dawn glided away from the drifting brig, and the mocking, triumphant laugh of Peter Parsons followed her, ringing on the wind.

The Man on the Brig!

PETER PARSONS laughed aloud with glee. There was a rich prize under his feet, and he had beaten King of the Islands to it, which gave an added zest to his success. Dandy Peter, as his friends playfully called him on Lukwe, was a dapper little man, lithe as a cat, active as a monkey. He was a handsome man in his way, and considered rather a dandy on Lukwe—he was the only man on that island who wore a whole suit of clothes and shaved every day.

Somewhere, some time, in another region of the earth, Peter Parsons had been something better than a rough island trader, pearl-poacher, and nigger-kidnapper. But, whatever he had once been, he was now the wildest and most unscrupulous of all the rough crew that made the name of Lukwe a byword among the islands. Little man as he was, the brawnier trader on Lukwe was in fear of him, and his black crew on the fast cutter, Dolphin, trembled at his glance.

His handsome, wicked face was gleaming with glee now. He shouted to the Lukwe boys in the cutter to make fast; and then proceeded along the cluttered deck to examine his prize.

He concluded, as King of the Islands had done, that the Sea Cat had sprung a leak in the storm, and frightened her crew into deserting her in the boat, and that the stowing of the cargo had somehow plugged the leak. The hold was full of cargo; but he could hear the sea was awash. He tramped down the companion to investigate the leak.

and then, at the foot of the ladder, he came to a dead halt, the grin dying off his face, and a fierce blaze coming into his eyes. Almost at the foot of the ladder a man lay.

Like King of the Islands, he had taken it for granted that the brig was wholly deserted. The crew and the boats were gone; and no signal of distress had been flown, no sign of life had been seen. That a living man was below had not even occurred to his mind, nor to the mind of King of the Islands. Why the man below had been silent was clear—he lay on the planks in a pool of blood.

"Dead?" breathed Peter Parsons. If the captain of the Sea Cat was dead—

But Captain Mac was not dead. Peter Parsons could see the great

he stared down at the man lying on the planks. There was a footstep in the companion behind him; one of the Lukwe boys was following the trader down. Parsons turned on him with a savage snarl.

"You feller boy, you stop along deck!"

"Yes, sar!" stammered the frightened black. He jumped out of the companion like a scared rabbit.

Peter Parsons' eyes fixed on the captain of the Sea Cat again. There was a glitter in them that told of fearful thoughts.

A moan came from the half-conscious skipper.

"Water!" Parsons hesitated. If he was to deal, as he already thought of dealing, with the helpless skipper of the Sea Cat, the sooner the better. But if the dandy of Lukwe was a villain, he was not inhuman.

He sought a pannikin, filled it with water, and placed it to the lips of the injured man. Captain Mac drank greedily.

Standing by the stump of the shattered mizzen on the cluttered deck, he swept the sea with his eyes. The ketch had vanished into the mist; King of the Islands was gone. Black clouds were rolling again over the sky—at a little distance rain was falling. Rain and mist blotted the sea and shut out the sun, which had been blazing when the Lukwe trader set foot on the deck of the derelict. The shadow that lay on the tossing sea was in accord with the black brow of Peter Parsons and the black thoughts in his heart.

He set his teeth at last, his mind made up. In a husky voice he gave an order to the Lukwe boys, and then leaped back into the cutter that swung beside the derelict. What he had ordered the black boys to do, he would not look upon with his own eyes.

When he returned to the brig, he spoke no word to the Lukwe boys of what had passed. He gave them orders unconcernedly for clearing the cluttered deck and rigging a jury-



From the mist a shape loomed . . . that of a man clinging to a broken spar! "Back water!" rapped out King of the Islands.

bruise which showed where he had been struck on the head—the deep cut from which the blood had flowed. But Captain Macdonald of the Sea Cat had a hard head. He had been stunned; and doubtless he had lain long unconscious; but he was half-conscious now.

Peter Parsons eyed him bitterly. He did not need telling what had happened. The native crew, panic-stricken, had deserted the ship in spite of their captain—and some mutinous hand had struck him down senseless as he sought to hold them back. It was clear enough to the eyes of the Lukwe trader.

Captain Mac was still on board his ship—Captain Mac was alive! There was no salvage!

A price for towing the crippled brig into Lalinge or Lukwe—but no salvage. But it was not the price of a tow that the Lukwe trader wanted. Darker and darker grew his brow as

He made an effort to rise, but sank back again. Peter Parsons eyed him moodily and gloomily. The captain was muttering disjointedly.

"The black scum! They lowered the boats against orders—one of them hit me with a belaying-pin—durn their black hides! I told them she'd float—I knew she'd float!"

The captain was right. She had floated. The deserters had braved the perils of a stormy sea in open boats—for nothing but panic fears. Peter Parsons did not heed the muttered words. Blacker and blacker grew his face as he wrestled with the rag of a conscience that long years of lawless rascality in the islands had left him. He turned at last, and tramped back to the deck.

The captain of the Sea Cat called after him—by name. Dazed and dizzy as he was, he had recognised the dandy of Lukwe. Peter Parsons did not answer.

most to get the brig before the wind. If the thoughts at the back of his mind troubled him, he gave no sign of it. Under a jury mast and sail, the brig moved slowly and heavily through the water, heading for distant Lukwe—salvage, with no living man of her former crew aboard.

The Call from the Sea!

"A ITOO!" Koko the Kanaka muttered the word in awed tones. Koko, of the mighty limb and the fearless heart, was brave as a lion; but deep in his simple mind was fear of the devil-devils that haunt the imagination of all South-Sea Islanders.

Kaio-lalulalonga, who would have faced without flinching a horde of Malaita cannibals or an American whaling crew, cast fearful glances into the dim mist that shrouded the Pacific.

No Salvage!

(Continued from previous page.)

The Hiva-Oa seamen followed his glance, with troubled, uneasy faces.

The Dawn lay idle on the dim sea. Since the sun-burst at midday, the mist had deepened and thickened, and King of the Islands lay to till it should clear. The ketch drifted on the sea to the long swell, her graceful masts ghostlike and vague in the mist. Ken had gone below; but Hudson was on deck, and he, too, looked curiously into the mists, though without any thrill of the superstitious fears of the Kanakas.

From somewhere on the misty ocean a long, low cry had come—a strange and echoing cry that was inexplicable. It was the cry of no seabird—Hudson knew that. What it was perplexed him.

But the Kanakas had no doubts. It was the cry of a devil-devil that haunted the mists. Any Kanaka would have known that at once.

Hudson listened intently. There was no sound in the mist save the wash of the water against the hull of the ketch. Again the cry came—faint, strange, eerie. Hudson shuddered involuntarily. He stepped to the companion, and called down to King of the Islands:

"Ken! Step on deck, old man!"

King of the Islands came up the ladder.

The Australian did not need to explain; for even as Ken stepped on deck the wild, strange cry came faintly over the sea once more. Ken started violently.

"My Sam! What's that?"

"That's what I want to know," said Hudson. "It almost makes me think the niggers may be right, and aitoo's are knocking about in the mist."

"Plenty aitoo along mist, sar," said Koko, and there was a shake in his voice. "Aitoo feller no good feller. Sailorman hear aitoo ear belong him, sailorman walk about along bottom sea plenty quick after."

Ken did not speak. He was listening. The mist had shut down very quickly after the ketch had left the derelict, and though no sight of the brig or the cutter was to be seen, Ken knew that they were not far distant, unless Peter Parsons had already bent sail on a jury-mast and was taking his chances of driving through the mist for Lukwe. He wondered if the strange cry could have come from them.

Again came the cry, and Kaiolalualonga ventured to touch his white master on the arm:

"Sar, you sing out makee sail!" he pleaded. "No stop along debble that howl along sea!"

"You chump!" said Ken. "That's no aitoo—that's a human cry!"

"No tinkee, sar!" said the Kanaka. "Listen!"

Koko listened, with deeply-troubled brown face. There was risk of the reefs, risk of collision, in making sail while the mist hung low and thick on the sea; but such risks the Kanaka would have encountered gladly to escape the voice of the devil-devil

that howled along the sea. Forward, the Hiva-Oa men were muttering and shivering.

"That's a human cry," said Ken decidedly. "I can't make out any words—it's distant! But that cry came from a human throat, Kit."

"I reckon so. But who—what—" "Goodness knows! But we're going to find out!" said King of the Islands. "It may be some man overboard from the Lukwe cutter. Peter Parsons is the man to knock a nigger overboard in a rage. If that's so, we're not leaving him to drown."

"No feller black boy—aitoo!" mumbled Koko.

"Aitoo howl along sea!" muttered Lompo.

"Belay that!" snapped Ken. "Hark!"

Again the cry came from the mist. It was louder and clearer, and seemed to be closer at hand. This time King of the Islands was quite assured that it was a human cry.

"Lower the whaleboat!" "No lookee find aitoo!" stammered Koko.

King of the Islands gave him a glance, and the words died on the Kanaka's lips. He hurried to help the Hiva-Oa men lower the boat. Ken jumped in.

"S'pose you flaid aitoo, Koko, you stop along ketch," he said.

"Me plenty flaid aitoo," said Koko. "All samee, no stop along ketch; comee along little white master."

"Keep us in sight, Kit! If I lose the ketch in the mist, I'll signal with my gun."

"You bet!"

Lompo joined Koko at the oars of the whaleboat, King of the Islands standing up to watch the misty sea. It was risky to leave the ketch in the boat while the mist hung so thick, but King of the Islands was ready to take the risk to save a drowning man—even if it was only one of the savage blacks that belonged to Peter Parsons' cutter. But he was not likely to lose the ketch; Kit Hudson was at the helm, and the seamen trimmed the sails, and the Dawn moved through the water, keeping the dim, shadowy boat in sight.

Suddenly the cry came again. Lompolokuno almost dropped his oar with terror, grabbing at it again as it was slipping from the rowlocks. Koko set his teeth to keep them from chattering.

King of the Islands was listening. If he could hear the cry of the drowning man—if such it was—the castaway should have been able to hear the splash of the oars. He shouted:

"Aho! Aho!"

The cry came back. This time it seemed to Ken's keen ears that it formed a word—"Help!"

"I've got my bearing now," said Ken. "Pull, you swabs—pull! I tell you it's no aitoo, but a drowning man!"

"No tinkee!" murmured Koko; but he laid to his oar manfully, though he feared that when the whaleboat surged to the spot where the cry had been uttered, some fearful, grisly shape would rise before his eyes.

"Alo! Help's coming!" shouted King of the Islands.

"Help!" The word was distinct

now. It was no longer a helpless, inarticulate cry; it was a call for help that echoed eerily through the mist.

"Feller sailorman!" muttered Koko, in amazement; and his brown face lighted up with relief.

"What did I tell you, you chump? Back water!" rapped out King of the Islands.

From the mist a shape loomed—that of a man clinging to a broken spar. A moment more and the grasp of King of the Islands was upon his collar and he was dragged into the whaleboat. And as he sank exhausted in the bottom of the boat, Ken uttered a cry of astonishment:

"Captain Mac!"

Run Down!

KING OF THE ISLANDS stared at the man he had saved. The castaway was no black man from Parsons' cutter. It was the skipper of the brig Sea Cat—whom Ken had met many a time at Lalonge, at Port Moresby, and at Thursday Island. It was Captain Mac, who, he had supposed, had left the leaking brig in the boats with his native crew and left her derelict.

"My Sam!" exclaimed King of the Islands, in amazement. Captain Mac lay exhausted in the boat. It was no time for asking questions. Ken ordered the Kanakas to pull back to the ketch, looming up through the mist in the wake of the whaleboat.

Ten minutes more and Captain Mac was handed up the side of the Dawn and the whaleboat slung against the davits.

"There's been foul play here, Kit," said King of the Islands, with a dim brow. "You can see that Captain Mac's had a pretty hard knock on the head—and I found him hanging on to a spar. Get him below."

The shipmates of the Dawn helped, half carried the skipper below where he was placed in Ken's bunk. He was weak and exhausted, but fully conscious now. He lay in the bunk white as death, his staring eyes fixed on the boy trader.

"Water!" he whispered.

Ken placed water to his lips. Some minutes the captain of the Sea Cat lay silent, as if scarcely able to realise that he had been rescued from the tossing sea, staring at his rescuers.

"You want to take a spell of me, captain!" said King of the Islands. "You're safe now—on the Dawn. You know my ship?"

"King of the Islands!" muttered Mac. "You'll help me out—you the man to lend a hand to a sailor man in distress! That swabs—sons—" His white face flushed.

"You've seen Parsons?" asked King of the Islands, puzzled. "Didn't you leave ship, with the crew, in the boat?"

"Do you think I'd desert my grown-up Captain Mac?" "The Sea Cat's all I've got in the world—a wife and children at Sydney. The niggers turned thinking the brig was sinking, got a clip on the head trying to help them. They left me aboard the boat."

Ken started. "You were on board when Parsons got on the brig?" he asked.

KING ARTHUR

UP TO DATE!

A Chat
About our
Cover
Picture.



With blinkers on! A King Arthur type locomotive fitted with the new smoke deflectors.

"Ay, ay."
"He beat us to it!" exclaimed Ken. "We both sighted the brig, and were after salvage, never dreaming that there was a living man aboard. Parsons got there first, and we left him to it. And you—?"

"He found me there," groaned Captain Mac, "and I reckon he wanted to make sure of his salvage, the durned sea-lawyer! He left me lying on the cabin floor, and then"—he panted—"then the black boys came and carried me up and tossed me over the rail like a sack of cook's garbage!"

Ken's eyes blazed. There was a deep-drawn breath from Kit Hudson. The Australian touched King of the Islands on the shoulder.

"We're chipping in here, Ken."
"You can bet on that!" said Ken, between his teeth. "The bound!

They're a hard crowd on Lukwe, and I always knew that Peter Parsons was the worst of the bunch, but this—"

"I'd have gone down like a plummet," muttered the skipper of the Sea Cat—"like a chunk of coral, if I hadn't got a grip on a loose spar from the brig. There were a lot of her sticks floating about in the mist, and I got a grip on one, and then—"

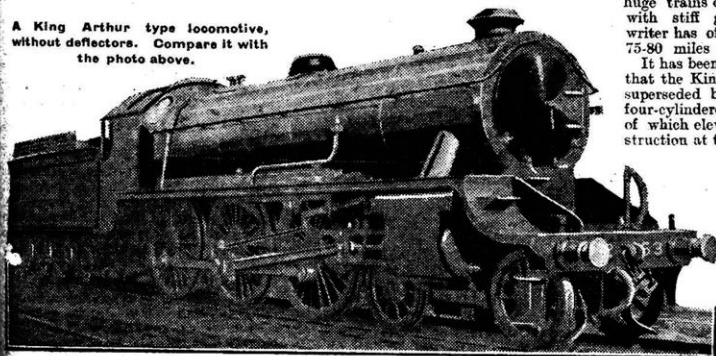
He paused, and shuddered. "I reckoned it was Davy Jones for me, all the same. I never knew your craft was in the offing. I couldn't see the brig in the mist. I reckon Parsons bent sail on her quick enough and got her going. If the rough weather hadn't driven the sharks deep, I reckon I'd have been food for them long ago. But while there's life there's hope, and there was always a chance of a ship or a canoe in these waters. I suppose you heard me hailing?"

"We heard you," said Ken, "and the Kanakas fancied it was an aitto howling along the sea. Thank Heaven we heard you and picked you up, Mac, old man! Parsons has got your ship, but he's got no claim to the salvage, as you were on board when he seized her. It's not salvage, but piracy, as the matter stands. He hasn't done with King of the Islands yet, the scum. Look after Mac, Kit, while I get the ketch going."

King of the Islands hurried to the deck. Ken was a careful and cautious

(Continued on the next page.)

A King Arthur type locomotive, without deflectors. Compare it with the photo above.



MANY of you no doubt have seen two wing-like fittings on the King Arthur 4-6-0 locomotives of the Southern Railway, and probably have wondered what they are and why they were fitted.

They are the new smoke deflectors, and though a new idea in Britain have been used with great success abroad. It seems very strange to have smoke deflectors several feet below the engine's chimney, and at first sight they would appear to be used in connection with the exhaust steam from the cylinders, which does not reach the outtop air via the blast in the chimney.

All big-boilered engines must have very short chimneys, which means that smoke and steam emitted therefrom must interfere with the direct vision of the driver. At seventy miles an hour this is a rather serious problem and might easily cause him to run past a signal at danger—with very disastrous results to himself, his engine, and his train!

The new deflectors create an air current which is directed in such a manner that it takes the smoke and steam from the chimney quite clear of the "spectacles" in the cab.

For some time the locomotive chief of the Southern Railway tried the arrangement on one engine, and sought the opinion of the various crews working it, to find out whether the fitting of the deflectors was really worth while. The opinion was practically unanimous that the fittings were quite effective, and now, as the King Arthurs come in for general overhaul and repainting, the deflectors are added as a standard feature.

The King Arthurs are amongst the most efficient of our 4-6-0's, and are probably the best two-cylindered express engines now running. The design of Mr. Maunsell—the Chief Mechanical Engineer of the Southern Railway—is based on the famous "736" class introduced by Mr. Urie on the London and South Western in 1918. There were about twenty of this first type of two-cylinder 4-6-0 on the South Western, and it was at once seen that they knocked spots off any other big engine in the south.

Mr. Maunsell was with the South Eastern and Chatham Railway, where no 4-6-0 had ever been built. Knowing that the Urie engines could not work over the S. E. & C. because of certain weight limitations, and also the height of the engine from rail level, he set to work and strengthened his bridges and then turned out the King Arthur, the pioneer of a relatively large class of efficient and very speedy express 4-6-0's. The King Arthurs manage

huge trains on lines abounding with stiff gradients, and the writer has often timed them at 75-80 miles an hour!

It has been stated in the Press that the King Arthurs are being superseded by the much bigger four-cylindered Lord Nelsons, of which eleven are under construction at the moment. This is quite untrue, as the King Arthurs are being added to. The Lord Nelsons can be profitably employed on a few trains only, whilst the King Arthur is the express type par excellence of the Southern Railway.

No Salvage!

(Continued from previous page.)

skipper, and he had played for safety in lying to in the mist. But he was more than ready to take chances now. Sail was shaken out at once, and the Dawn began to drive through the swell of the Pacific. From the clouded sky shafts of sunlight penetrated the fog, gleaming here and there on the grey waters. The mist was dissolving under the blaze of the sun that was still hidden.

The vapours cleared away more and more, and every eye on the Dawn scanned the sea. There was a sudden shout from Kaio-lalulalonga.

"Feller brig he stop along sea."

Ken stared through the clearing haze. Black against the sunset rolled the water-logged brig, under a jury mast and sail, with the cutter towing ahead of her. King of the Islands smiled grimly.

"We've got her! Serve out rifles to the boys, Kit, in case the niggers give trouble. I reckon I can handle Parsons."

Like a sea bird in its flight, the ketch rushed down on the derelict and the cutter. Standing on the cutter, Parsons could be seen staring back at the ketch. He could not see Captain Mac, sunk in the cane chair, and the look on his hard face was puzzled. He did not know yet why

King of the Islands was following in his wake.

Sweeping past the towed brig, King of the Islands ran alongside the cutter.

"Heave to, Peter Parsons!" he shouted.

The sea lawyer's eyes glittered at him.

"What do you want, King of the Islands?" he shouted back. "That brig is my salvage, and if you reckon—"

"Heave to, or I'll riddle you where you stand!"

Peter Parsons gripped the gun in his belt. But he caught the glint of the sun on the rifles on the deck of the ketch, and he paused.

The cutter hove to, and King of the Islands jumped on board, followed a moment later by Kit Hudson. And in the grip of the Australian was his heavy stock-whip.

Called to Account!

PETER PARSONS faced the boy trader of Lalinge with gleaming eyes and set teeth. His hand lingered on his gun, but he did not draw it.

"What do you want, Ken King?" he snarled. "I beat you fair and square to the salvage, and you know it. What do you want on my cutter?"

"You dog!" said King of the Islands. "Look, you scoundrel, look!"

He pointed to the Dawn. From the deep cane chair the figure of Captain Mac rose into sight, with his ghastly face and bandaged head. Peter Parsons stared at him, stupefied. For the moment it seemed to the desperate man that the sea had given up its dead.

"Captain Mac!" he stammered.

"You durned sea lawyer!" shouted Captain Mac. "You murdering swab! Cast off my brig, you sea thief!"

"You low-down thief!" said King of the Islands, with biting scorn. You threw Captain Mac into the sea to claim salvage on his ship. We picked him up, you scoundrel, and followed you to call you to account. Pull your gun if you dare. Mine's ready, you scum!"

Peter Parsons, sheer desperation in his face, gripped at the revolver in his belt and dragged it out furiously.

Swish! The stock-whip in the Australian's hand jerked, and the revolver was torn from Peter Parsons' hand by the curling lash before he knew what was happening. The weapon crashed to the deck, and Hudson kicked it into the scuppers. King of the Islands' revolver was levelled, his finger on the trigger. The Lukwe trader shouted in defiance:

"Shoot, durn you! Shoot and be hanged to you!"

"I'm not shooting you, you scum," said King of the Islands. "You feller Koko!"

"Yes, sar!" grinned Kaio-lalulalonga.

"Trice him up!"

In the powerful grasp of the Kanaka, in whose grip the sea lawyer was little more than an infant, Parsons was lashed to the cutter's rail.

"Now hearken to me, Peter Parsons," said Ken. "You're a thief, and would have been a murderer, and you're going to have fifty lashes, harder than you ever laid on the back of a Kanaka!"

"You dare not!" yelled Peter Parsons. "You dare not!"

Kit Hudson stepped up to him, gripping the coiled stock-whip. The crew of the Dawn and the black men of the cutter watched what followed with bated breath while the Australian, with all the strength of his sinewy arm, laid on the blows.

Not till the fifty lashes had been administered did the heavy whip cease to fall, and then Peter Parsons was cast loose, to huddle, exhausted and groaning, on the deck.

Captain Mac, with the black boys of Parsons' cutter for crew, sailed the Sea Cat to Lalinge under the jury mast, with the help of a tow from the Dawn. Peter Parsons, working his cutter back to Lukwe single-handed, moaned his weary way over the Pacific rollers. But King of the Islands at least was satisfied with the outcome, though it was a case of "No Salvage."

"The Man Who Fleed!" is the title of next week's gripping, long continuation of Ken King. — Don't run the risk of missing it—give your agent a standing order for "MORNING BOY" TO-DAY!

THE NEW STAMP COLLECTING.

THE BOY KING OF RUMANIA.

By F. J. MELVILLE,

President of the Junior Philatelic Society.

RUMANIA is a country very much "in the public eye" just now, and it is a country for the stamp collector to watch, for there may be interesting changes in the stamps!

At present they are using a rather nice portrait set of stamps picturing the young King Michael, who is only a boy of six, and whose chances of retaining the throne are very uncertain. He succeeded his grandfather, King Ferdinand, who died last year.

But his own father, Prince Charles, is alive, and although he abdicated in favour of his son, there can be little doubt he did so under pressure, and already Prince Charles has made a definite bid to return to his own country as king.

The boy king's stamps have only been in issue for a few weeks. There are eight values, and the design is similar in all, but as the two lowest values, 25 and 50 bani, are printed by a cheaper process than the others, they present a less attractive appearance.

The Rumanian Government now has its own stamp printing works at the capital, Bucharest, where these stamps were made. The full set consists of: 25 bani, grey-black;

50 bani, ochre; 1 leu, purple; 2 lei, green; 3 lei, rose; 5 lei, brown; 7 1/2 lei, ultramarine; 10 lei, blue.

The currency is in bani and lei. There are 100 bani to the lei (singular; plural lei), which used to be, like a franc, about 10s., but it is now only worth a fraction of a penny of our money!

There is a great variety of modern Rumanian stamps which are cheap and interesting to collect. By way of contrast, however, the earliest stamps of that country, issued in the old province of Moldavia before the present kingdom was established, are amongst the rarest of all European stamp issues. One of these "Moldavian bulls," as collectors call them, appears here. It is nothing much to look at, and was printed from a hand-stamp just like a post-mark, but it is worth about £600!

Some air mail stamps are expected from Rumania this year for use on letters by aeroplane between Bucharest and Timosora, and on the Bucharest, Galatz, Jassy and Czernowitz route. Look out for them!



The boy King Michael of Rumania.



The first stamp of Rumania, worth £600.