

(See inside.)

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The MODERN BOY

EVERY MONDAY.
Week Ending July 14th, 1928.

No. 23.
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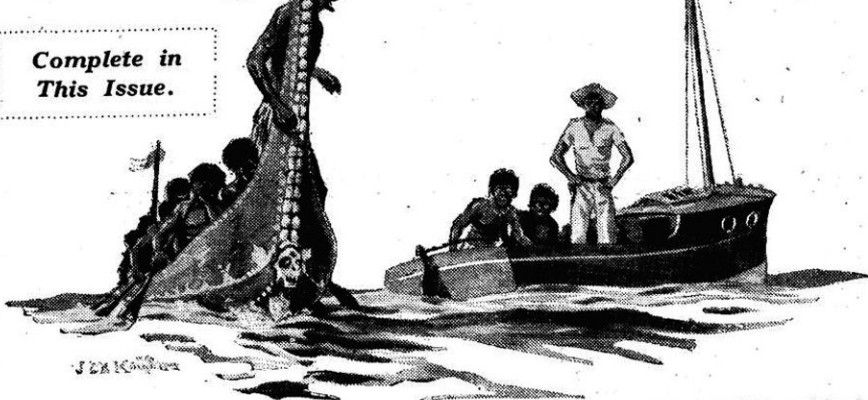


Atchley

THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL BROADSIDE! (See page 9.)

Brought to Book!

Complete in
This Issue.



The Fu'u chief stood up and grinned at Hiram Cook. "Feller launch he no wassy wassy!" he exclaimed.

The Canoe From Fu'u!

FELLER canoe he come!" Hiram Cook raised a haggard face.

It was early morning, but already the heat of the sun was intense. From an unclouded sky the blaze came down pitilessly on the glowing Pacific.

Only the low, heaving swell of the Pacific rocked the broken-down motor-launch. Not a breath of wind was stirring, not a whisper of a wind to relieve the baking heat of the tropic sun. The helpless motor-launch rolled like a log on the heave of the waters. The great ocean stretched round, vast and dazzling, searing to the eye.

Hiram Cook, the dishonest trader, had been sitting silent, with sunken head, in despair. He was many a long mile from Lukwe, the island from which he had fled after realising his assets and leaving his creditors, including Ken King, the boy skipper of the ketch, the Dawn, to whistle for their money. Still many a long mile was he from Faiyi, the island for which he had headed. The break-down of the engine had knocked him out.

In those very hours the steamer Mindanao, which he had planned to catch, would be tugging into the harbour at Faiyi, and later in the day her siren would shriek farewell to the islands. But the absconding trader of Lukwe would not be aboard. With three thousand pounds in his belt, and debts for twice as much left behind him, Hiram Cook had fled from Lukwe only four hours before King of the Islands, as Ken was known in the South Seas, arrived there in his ketch, the Dawn, to collect his account.

Hiram had chuckled at the thought of King of the Islands becalmed at Lukwe, whistling for a wind. But the calm that baffled Ken King spelt disaster and death to the man who had fled. No sail could stir. In his helpless craft he rolled on the swell, without hope of rescue. He was far from the course of the Mindanao, the only steamer that came into those waters. There was haggard despair in the face of the man who had fled from Lukwe, bitter despair in his heart.

And then came the call from Ta'ala, and Hiram Cook raised his haggard face, with a flush of new hope in it.

This enthralling complete yarn of young Ken—King of the Islands—breathes the very Spirit of the adventurous South Seas. It fascinates!

◆ ◆ ◆

By

CHARLES HAMILTON.

Ta'ala and Solimo, the two black boys with him, stood staring across the dazzling sea, and Ta'ala's finger was pointing.

Hiram dragged himself to his feet. "A canoe!" he panted.

"Feller canoe he come!" Ta'ala grinned and nodded. "White master look see eye belong him."

Hiram stared in the direction of the pointing finger. On the calm, gleaming waters the long, low shape of a canoe broke the dazzling blue. It was small in the distance, but growing larger, heading directly for the rocking motor-launch.

Hiram's eyes glittered under his beetling brows.

"Another chance, by hokey!" he muttered. "Another chance, by gum! I guess I'll make Faiyi yet."

He watched the approaching canoe. "You feller boy, you savvy feller canoe?" he asked, after a long watch.

The wash of the paddles was audible to his ears now across the wide expanse of blue, in the stillness of the calm.

"Yes, sar. Feller canoe he belong Fu'u," answered Ta'ala. "Feller boys along canoe Fu'u boys."

"Feller canoe he wassy wassy along Faiyi," added Solimo. "Takee pearl shell along Faiyi."

Hiram Cook waved his hand to the canoe. A flashing paddle left the water and waved back at him. Then the Fu'u canoe came speeding on. Evidently the natives in her had sighted from a distance the motor launch adrift, and were coming up to look into her, no doubt in the hope of plunder if the craft proved to be abandoned.

Hiram's hard face flushed with hope and satisfaction. He knew of the long trips among the islands made by the blacks in their canoes. It was a stroke of good fortune, but it was not surprising, for a native canoe to appear in sight and head for the drifting launch.

For a few pounds, which he could well spare, the canoe's crew would give him a lift, especially if they were heading for Faiyi themselves, as Solimo surmised, with a cargo of pearl shell.

He knew the swiftness of a native canoe paddled by black, sinewy paddlers. He would reach Faiyi yet in time, if only a few minutes before the old Mindanao steamed out of the

Brought to Book!

(Continued from previous page.)

harbour, and once on the steamer speeding to Australia he could snap his fingers at the angry creditors he left behind him; he could laugh at King of the Islands and the rest.

His hard hand ran along his belt, stacked with bills and banknotes, every cent of which was due twice or thrice over to traders in the islands. In a dozen isles and atolls men who had traded with him would be reviling him. But the Yankee trader cared little for that. He was done with the islands, done with the Pacific, if once he got clear on the Mindanao.

The two black boys on the launch showed some signs of uneasiness as the canoe drew closer and closer.

"Fu'u feller he no good feller," muttered Solimo. "Me see feller axe eye belong me."

"Fu'u feller makee kai-kai along Lukwe feller," said Ta'ala, with a long face. "Makee kai-kai along white feller."

Hiram Cook scanned the canoe grimly. He counted a dozen blacks in it, most of them kneeling at the paddles. But from the mats in the bottom of the canoe there came a gleam in the sunshine. Two or three of the Fu'u boys were picking out hidden axes and knives.

It was not with thoughts of rescue that the Fu'u crew were closing in on the drifting launch. They saw a white man and two black boys at their mercy, and that was enough for the bucks of Fu'u. They were peaceful pearl-shell traders—when they got to Faiyi. But on the wide sea, with no eye to watch what they did, they were primitive savage cannibals.

Solimo and Ta'ala stared at them, with no hope in their faces. Unless their white master could save them they knew that they were doomed to the cooking-pot. And they did not think that their white master could save them from such a swarm of Fu'u boys.

Hiram Cook was a rascal, but he was no coward. He had lived long in the South Seas, in lonely islands, amid black men and brown, and among white men almost as savage as the black men. He had carried his life in his hands many a time. He knew the intentions of the Fu'u boys quite as well as his black servants, and his tanned face hardened as he slipped the revolver from the holster at his belt and examined it with care. There was no fear of the blacks in his heart, only a grim, savage determination. He was going on to Faiyi in that canoe, with a crew of cannibals to paddle him, watching for chances to fell him with a paddle or stab him in the back, and he welcomed the chance of that lift to Faiyi.

The canoe ranged alongside. The Fu'u chief, distinguished by a brass curtain ring in his nose and long strings of spent cartridge-chips hanging from his ears, stood up and grinned at Hiram Cook.

"Feller launch he no washy washy," said the Fu'u chief in beche-de-mer English.

"Feller engine he no stop," said Hiram. "Me pay five fives in gold money s'pose you takee me along Faiyi."

"Feller white master speak good feller talk," said the black man. "S'pose feller white master he comee along canoe, Kikiko takee along Faiyi."

"Good enough," answered Hiram.

To abandon the launch was a blow to the Yankee trader, but it was a loss he had to cut. Minutes were precious to him now if he was to catch the steamer at Faiyi, and towing the launch would have been a slow and lengthy process. Hiram Cook was only too glad to get clear of her in a craft swift enough to reach Faiyi in time. Once he was in the canoe the niggers would "washy washy" as they had never done before. He would see to that, if knocking seven bells out of them would help.

"You-feller boy, you heave feller bags along canoe!" he rapped out.

The black boys shivered.

"No go along canoe, sar," breathed Solimo. Me talk good feller talk me tell white master. Fu'u boy he makee kai-kai along white master."

"You durned coward!" roared Hiram savagely. "You shut up mouth belong you! You pitch over bags belong me and jump after them afore I knock a starboard watch outer your black hides!"

In fear and trembling, the Lukwe boys obeyed. Hiram's baggage was dropped into the canoe, and the Lukwe blacks prepared to follow.

"Takee axe belong you!" snarled Hiram. And the black boys grasped their axes and jumped into the Fu'u canoe.

The long-limbed, loose-jointed Yankee trader followed them. His revolver was in his hand now.

"Now, you feller Fu'u boy, you washy washy along Faiyi plenty too much quick!" he rapped out.

Bang, bang! He fired even while he was speaking, as the chief Kikiko thrust at him with a spear that had suddenly leaped into his hand, and another of the Fu'u blacks stabbed at him with a knife. Kikiko staggered and fell over the side of the canoe, plunging heavily into the Pacific. The other assailant dropped at Hiram's feet.

A second more, and the whole crew of Fu'u blacks would have been at his throat. But the prompt action of the white trader cowed them like sheep. One moment they were tigers leaping at their prey—the next, frightened sheep scattering and cowering away from him, in fear of the death-dealing bullets.

"You tinkee makee kai-kai along me, you scum!" roared Hiram. "By hokey! You no washy washy along Faiyi, me kill-dead every feller boy altogether!"

"Washy washy plenty quick, sar," mumbled one of the Fu'u boys. "No wantee makee kai-kai along white master."

"Bend to your paddles, you dogs!" The long-limbed trader towered over the blacks as they knelt to their paddles, revolver in hand. At a sign

from him, Solimo and Ta'ala tossed overboard the Fu'u boy he had shot down in the canoe.

Solimo and Ta'ala were grinning now. Their white master had saved them and himself. The terrified Fu'u boys strained at the flashing paddles, and the canoe fairly flew over the water.

Under the blazing sun, the canoe raced over the blue waters, the sweat running in streams down the black limbs of the paddlers. Hiram, revolver in hand, a snarl on his tanned face, watched them, and urged them to greater speed with threats and blows. And a shout of triumph broke from the Lukwe trader when the tall palms of Faiyi rose out of the sapphire sea ahead.

Salvage!

A "DRIFT" "My Sam!" ejaculated Ken King, the boy trader and owner of the ketch Dawn.

He stared across the water at the floating shape that lifted lightly to the swell, scarcely moving. Through the hot night the Dawn's whaleboat had driven steadily on its way to Faiyi in the hope of catching the absconding trader, Hiram Cook. Sweating, and breathing deep, the Kanakas rowed hard and steadily.

At intervals Kit Hudson, Ken's Australian chum who sailed with him as mate, and King of the Islands relieved a couple of the oarsmen. But Kaijo-lalulalonga, the giant Kanaka bo'sun, did not need relief. Koko, as he was called aboard the Dawn, pulled a steady oar hour after hour, and shook his head with a grin that showed gleaming white teeth when he was offered a rest.

When day came on the Pacific, and the sun blazed down, all but Koko were slacker in their efforts. The long, long pull had told upon the Hiva-Oa oarsmen and upon the two white men. Only Kaijo-lalulalonga's powerful arms seemed untiring. To the labour at the oars was now added the heat of the sun, the dazzling light from sea and sky. Still the whaleboat pulled on steadily, if more slowly, in the direction of distant Faiyi. It was Hudson who sighted the launch adrift.

The sight of the launch in which Hiram Cook had fled from Lukwe was a glad one to King of the Islands. Certainly he had not expected to overtake the motor-launch when he had left the Dawn at Lukwe and set out in chase of the absconding Yankee trader. He had banked on the Mindanao being late at Faiyi, and the chances were about equal that she would be late. Many things might happen to delay the steamer among the islands. It was but rarely that the time-table was closely adhered to.

On that chance King of the Islands had undertaken the long, long pull to Faiyi in the whaleboat, while his ketch lay at Lukwe, helpless to move in the dead calm that stilled the Pacific. The sight of the launch was unexpected, but the silence of her

engine explained at once the cause of it.

"The engine's let him down!" said Hudson, with a perspiring grin. "I reckon Hiram never calculated on that. Not a whisper from her."

"We've got him," said Ken. In sight of their quarry, the comrades of the Dawn looked to their firearms. On the wide, lonely sea Hiram Cook was more than likely to put up a desperate fight before he parted with the three hundred pounds he owed to the boy traders.

But as the whaleboat drew nearer and nearer to the rocking launch, there was no sign of life from her—no ringing shot across the glassy waters. Ken's brow was puzzled. On sighting the launch he had naturally expected to find Hiram Cook and his two black servants on board her. Unless they were hiding in cover, however, they were not there. "Lying doggo," said Hudson. "Waiting for a chance to take a pot-shot at easy range, Ken."

Koko spoke, without resting on his

oar. The Kanaka had turned his head to scan the drifting launch.

"Feller Cook he no stop along launch," he said.

"How do you know that, old coffee-bean?"

"Koko he savvy! Feller gull he stop aboard launch."

"My Sam!" exclaimed King of the Islands. "The launch is deserted, Kit! Look at that gull squatting at the stern."

(Continued on the next page.)

All About AEROPLANES.

This Week—

The ENGINE and PROPELLER.

YOU know, of course, that an aircraft must have a forward movement to enable the air acting on the wings to generate "lift," and unless the aeroplane is gliding to earth under the pull of gravity this forward movement must be supplied by an engine and propeller.

The propeller's action is the same as that of a screw—as it is turned it bores forward. The machine is screwed forward by the airscrew—as a propeller is often called—and so the wings are dragged through the air fast enough to support the machine.

The centre by which the airscrew is attached to the engine is called the boss, and the thin, curved surfaces which "screw" into the air are called "blades." Most propellers consist of two blades, but slow and heavy machines often have four-bladed propellers. At one time all propellers were made up of thin sections of wood glued together, but now many machines use propellers made entirely of metal.

The propeller is generally in front of the engine, but in single-engine flying boats, where the engine is raised well above the hull, and in some multi-engine machines, it is behind: The propeller in the former cases is called "tractor," in the latter a "pusher." When the engines are mounted in



TWIN ENGINES OR FOUR ENGINES IN TANDEM



THREE ENGINES

TRACTOR PROPELLER



TWO ENGINES IN TANDEM (SIDE VIEW)



PUSHER PROPELLER



Here are the chief methods of arranging propellers and engines in modern aircraft.

pairs, with one tractor and one pusher propeller in each pair, they are said to be mounted in "tandem." The main advantage of more than one engine is that if one fails the machine can generally keep aloft on the remainder.

Aero engines are the same in principle as those used in cars—that is, they work on the "internal combustion" principle. But they are more powerful and lighter in comparison with their total horse power.

The two main divisions of aero engines are air-cooled and water-cooled types—that is, those whose cylinders are provided with fins and cooled by air-draught, and those whose cylinders are surrounded by water which is continually pushed through a radiator to cool it.

The various engines are also distinguished by the arrangement of the cylinders. In the rotary type, which is now obsolete, the crankshaft was fixed, and the cylinders, which were arranged in a star fashion and carried the pro-

pellor, revolved round it. In the radial type, the cylinders are arranged in the same way, but remain stationary, and the crankshaft revolves with the propeller. These types are always air-cooled.

In water-cooled engines the cylinders, instead of being arranged star fashion, are in "banks." An engine with only one "bank" is called an "in line" or vertical engine, with two banks a Vee engine, and three banks a "broad arrow" engine, while occasionally in very big engines they are arranged in "X" formation. Any of the first three types may be inverted—i.e., with the cylinders upside down, and so giving the pilot a better field of view ahead. Light plane engines or engines under 100 h.p. are nearly always air-cooled, and consist of from two to five cylinders, which may be arranged radially, or in line or in banks, as shown in the diagram on the left.

As a general rule the propeller turns at the same speed as the crankshaft of the engine, instead of much slower, as the wheels of a car. But if an aeroplane is a slow, load-carrying type the propeller becomes inefficient if it has to revolve at the very high speeds the engine must turn at (over 2,000 times a minute) to furnish the maximum power.

Therefore, gearing is often arranged between crankshaft and propeller so that the propeller turns at about half the speed of the engine. The propeller then has to be much bigger to obtain a greater "grip" of the air. Next week we will have a look at the general structure of an aeroplane.



1. "IN LINE" OR VERTICAL (4-8 CYL.)



2. "VEE" (8-16 CYL.)



3. "BROAD ARROW" (12-16 CYL.)



4. INVERTED "VEE" (8-16 CYL.)



5. "X" (16-24 CYL.)



6. RADIAL (3-18 CYL.)



7. ROTARY (3-18 CYL.)



8. "IN LINE" OR VERTICAL (4 CYL.)



9. "VEE" (2-8 CYL.)



10. HORIZONTALLY OPPOSED (2-4 CYL.)

The two main divisions of aero engines are air-cooled (below) and water-cooled (above) types, as explained in this article. The engines are shown here in characteristic "head-on" silhouettes.

Brought to Book!

(Continued from previous page.)

Hudson nodded. A seagull was resting on the launch in its long flight from island to island. Certainly the bird would not have rested there had Hiram Cook been on board.

Quite puzzled and perplexed, the pursuers pulled on to the launch and ran alongside. A moment more and Ken and Kit were aboard her—revolver in hand lest an enemy should, after all, be there, in spite of all appearances. But their weapons were not needed. The motor-launch was deserted.

"Well, this beats the deck!" exclaimed Kit Hudson. "They're gone—we know there were three of them, Hiram and two black boys. They can't have jumped overboard, I suppose?"

King of the Islands shook his head. "After two or three days adrift, if the water ran out, likely enough," he answered. "But that's not it. I don't catch on—yet! The engine broke down and stranded them—that's fairly clear. And then—"

"Then what?"

"Goodness knows!"

The comrades rooted through the launch in search of an explanation of the strange mystery. On the wide sea was no sail, no blur of steamer smoke, no craft of any kind. The ocean was deserted and desolate in the dead calm, save for the launch and the whaleboat at her side.

"They've been picked off," said Ken at last. "They never went overboard, Kit. Hiram must have had some dunnage with him—a bag, at least. But there's no dunnage left on the launch. If he gave up hope and chucked himself to Davy Jones, he wouldn't want to take a bag with him to Davy Jones' locker."

"No," Hudson laughed. "But who picked them off the launch? No sail could stir in this calm. There's no steamer due in these waters for weeks. A motor-boat from one of the islands, perhaps—"

"Or a canoe!" said Ken.

"More likely," agreed the Cornstalk.

"A certain thing, I think," answered Ken. "It's a thousand to one against a trader's motor-boat happening this way—but a trading canoe might show up in the offing any time. And a motor craft would have towed in this old launch, if only for the salvage. Hiram can't have wanted to abandon her—she would fetch a good sum if he sold her. A thousand to one on a canoe."

"You've got it," assented Hudson. King of the Islands knitted his brows.

"Hiram would pay a good deal for a lift in a fast canoe to Faiyi. If the niggers refused, he would handle a gun and drive them to it. He's gone on to Faiyi in a canoe, Kit. We can take that as a cert. He will beat us to it in the whaleboat; we've still got to bank on the Mindanao being late."

"Hold on!" said Hudson, as Ken was about to step back to the Dawn's

whaleboat. "Let's look at the engine."

"Feller engine he no stop," said Koko from the whaleboat. In beche-de-mer "stop" has only one of the meanings of the word in English—to remain or continue. In the Kanaka language, the engine only "stopped" so long as it continued in action; when it ceased to function it was a case of "no stop."

"Feller engine he stop bimeby, plaps!" grinned Hudson.

King of the Islands hesitated.

"We've no time to cut to waste, Kit. We're banking on the steamer being late at Faiyi; but every minute may tell. The engine let Hiram down—he wouldn't have changed into a canoe if he could have helped it."

"What Hiram Cook didn't know about petrol engines would fill half a dozen engineering books," answered Hudson. "I reckon I've handled them since I was no higher than the rail of the Dawn. A few minutes' rest won't hurt the Kanakas, Ken, even if we're losing time. Let me have a look at Lizzie."

"Go it, then."

Hudson proceeded to look at "Lizzie."

Ken heard him chuckle.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed the Australian. "That swab Hiram could have driven on this launch if he'd known as much about petrol motors as a taxi-driver in Sydney. Give me a quarter of an hour with her, and you'll hear Lizzie talking again. I fancy this will beat the whaleboat, Ken, and Hiram's canoe, too, unless he's a lot of miles ahead."

"You think you can catch her up?"

"I don't think—I know! The carburettor was choked, and that clumsy fool snapped off the petrol pipe messing about with it. There are no spares on board, of course—there never are in the islands. But I reckon I can fix her up for Faiyi if you give me fifteen minutes."

Ken's eyes danced.

"Fifty if you like. We shall save it on the run. My Sam, if you can get her going, we'll tow the whaleboat, and take it easy to Faiyi. You're sure you can fix her?"

"If you knew a millionth part as much about engines as you know about jibs and spinnakers," snorted Kit, "you could fix her yourself in ten minutes, Ken."

Hudson was working while he talked. Sailor man as he was on board the Dawn, Hudson's natural leaning was to engines. More than once he had urged Ken to have an auxiliary engine fitted in the ketch, willing and eager to take on the duties of engineer. But King of the Islands was a sailorman born and bred. He admitted the utility of the auxiliary engine, but he clung to canvas. Still, he was keen enough now to hear Lizzie talk.

"She's all right," said Hudson, after a while, looking round with a grin and a smear of oil on his sunburnt face. "Hand me a can of petrol from that locker, Ken."

Plenty of juice on board—Hiram could see to everything that a fool could see to. If she's not buzzing in five minutes from now, you can call me a dud mechanic."

There was an exclamation from Koko as a throb came from the motor.

"Feller engine he stop!"

By which Kaio-lalulalonga meant that the engine had started again.

"Good man! You're promoted to first engineer!" said King of the Islands, laughing. "This is going to be pie, after all!"

While Hudson worked on the engine the Kanakas had rove a line from the whaleboat to the launch. They came on board now, and as the launch moved the whaleboat was towed behind. Like a knife the launch cut through the glassy water. Behind her the whaleboat glided at the end of the tow-rope. King of the Islands laughed aloud in sheer satisfaction.

"Hiram's had a long start, Kit, and a canoe travels fast. But petrol travels faster. We'll beat him to Faiyi yet."

Pay Up!

THE Mindanao! Hiram Cook chuckled gleefully as the Fu'u canoe swept into the harbour of Faiyi under the long strokes of the paddles. Through the haze of the hot afternoon he picked up the old steamer that lay by the beach.

The Mindanao—for once, at least, in her uncertain career—had been on time. That morning she had tugged through the reefs into Faiyi harbour and discharged her passengers and cargo of trade goods. At three o'clock her siren was to shriek farewell, and she was booked to start on the long stretch back to Sydney. But it was only two o'clock when the Fu'u canoe glided into the harbour and Hiram Cook's eyes fixed gloatingly on the island steamer.

Fortune had been his friend, after all. The breakdown of the launch had looked like ruining everything for the absconder from Lukwe. The Fu'u canoe had saved him. As the Fu'u boys laboured at the paddles over the glassy Pacific, labouring under the Yankee trader's threats as they had never laboured before, Hiram had hoped, like King of the Islands, that the steamer would be late—as she so often was. He knew the scheduled time, and he had feared that he would never make it in the canoe. But he had made it—with an hour to spare.

Threats and savage blows, and the terror of the menacing revolver, had driven the Fu'u boys to unheeded exertions—sinewy and strong as they were, their eyes were glazed with exhaustion as they toiled the canoe into Faiyi. They were not thinking of kai-kai now; they were thinking of nothing but getting clear of the loose-jointed, lantern-jawed white

(Continued on page 10.)

Brought to You!

(Continued from page 8.)

man who had driven them ruthlessly to the point of utter exhaustion.

The canoe grounded at the beach. Hiram Cook tramped ashore. He gave no reward to the Fu'u boys for their labour; perhaps as a punishment for their treachery. But the Fu'u paddlers said no word—they staggered ashore and lay under the shade of the palms to repose after the grinding exertion that had worn out even their sinewy limbs. With Solimo and Ta'ala carrying his dunnage, Hiram Cook tramped along to the quay, where a boat was putting off to the steamer with passengers and baggage.

Captain Smithson, of the Mindanao, was in the boat.

"When does the hook go up, captain?" Hiram called out from the quay.

"Three o'clock."

"Good! I guess I'm with you to Sydney."

Captain Smithson gave the Yankee trader a rather curious look.

"Pulling out of the islands?" he asked.

The skipper of the Mindanao had heard the talk in the islands about Hiram and his affairs.

"Nope; a business trip," answered Hiram, lying coolly. "I guess I'm back on the next boat. You feller boy, you drop dunnage along boat."

Hiram sat in the boat with his baggage, paid off Solimo and Ta'ala, and dismissed them; and five minutes later was standing on the deck of the Mindanao.

But he did not remain on deck. The less he was seen, even at Faiyi, the better; he did not want it talked among the islands that he had gone on the Mindanao. There were some among the traders he had swindled—King of the Islands was one—who might have followed him even as far as the Australian continent, to force him to disgorge.

Having booked his cabin he went below, to remain there till the steamer was clear of the reef and fairly out at sea. He comforted himself with a long drink and a thick cheroot, and grinned with satisfaction in the stuffy cabin.

There was no cloud on his horizon. All had gone well, after all! Fortune seemed to have picked him out as her favourite.

The chug-chug-chug of a motor on the harbour drew no attention from Hiram. More than one motor-boat plied at Faiyi. The sound was not uncommon there.

The Mindanao was busy now with preparations for departure. The last passengers were on board, and the first signal of the siren had croaked out hoarsely—the signal for those who were not to sail to return to the quay, a few minutes more—

Knock!

It was the steward, Hiram guessed, who knocked at the door of his stateroom. He glanced round without the slightest twinge of uneasiness as the door opened. The next instant he leaped almost clear of the floor in his

astonishment and rage. A hoarse cry came from him—

"King of the Islands!"

Framed in the doorway stood the boy trader of Lalinge. Hiram stared at him with starting eyes. For the moment he almost believed that it was the ghost of King of the Islands, — Ken nodded coolly.

"A few minutes to spare," Mr. Cook?" he asked pleasantly. "There's a little matter of three hundred pounds—"

Hiram, with a hoarse cry, grasped at the revolver at the back of his trousers. Over Ken's shoulder glistened a levelled revolver, in the hand of Kit Hudson.

"Drop it!" said the Cornstalk tersely.

Hiram panted with rage. "Belay that, Mr. Cook," smiled King of the Islands. "You're not on Lukwe now, you're on the high seas. If you use that shooter, shipmate, you'll make your trip to Sydney in irons, with a rope waiting for you at the end. Belay it!"

Hiram relinquished his weapon, with a snarl.

"How did you get here, King of the Islands?" he hissed.

"I called in at Lukwe for you, and you were gone," answered Ken. "But I couldn't part with you like that, Mr. Cook. Three hundred pounds, please. I've got the figures here if you want to go over them."

The Yankee trader breathed hard and deep with rage. But he knew that he was cornered and knew that he was beaten. Shooting was out of the question on the Mindanao, though in his fury he had thought of it. For a long minute Hiram Cook stood, quivering with rage, but he opened his belt at last and in savage silence counted out three hundred pounds in banknotes.

King of the Islands counted the banknotes in his turn, and found the sum correct. With cool politeness he handed Hiram the receipt.

"You darned son of John Bull!" grated Hiram between his teeth. "You've done me, and I don't guess how. You've got your money, now quit!"

"Waiting for you," answered Ken.

"What?"

"The last shore boat is waiting. Come on!"

Hiram eyed him like a wolf.

"Darn you hide, what do you mean?" he hissed. "I guess I'm sailing in the Mindanao."

"Guess again," answered King of the Islands. He gave a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. "Did you reckon, you scoundrel, that I should collect my own due and leave you to swindle the rest—men I know, men I've traded with, men who trusted you fair and square? You're stopping at Faiyi, where you can be found. You've got to wait three months for another steamer; but I reckon that in three days or less you'll be brought to book when the word's passed round in the islands. Come!"

"You darned—"

"Belay it! You've got on you the money to pay what you owe—some of it, at least. And you can sell the

motor-launch. She's lying at the quay. We shall claim salvage on her, of course."

Hiram's lean face was a study. "The— the motor-launch!" he babbled.

"We picked her up, at sea and came on in her," grinned King of the Islands. "Much obliged for the loan!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Hudson, greatly entertained by the expression on Hiram's face. "Hallo! There's the siren! Last signal for shore. Come on!"

Hiram Cook did not go quietly ashore. It was in the grasp of two pairs of strong hands that he went, and he was tossed into the shore boat like a sack of yams, the crew and passengers of the Mindanao staring on at the scene.

The Mindanao was already gliding out to the reef when the shore boat bumped at the quay and the Yankee trader was bundled ashore. There the comrades of the Dawn left him. They were through now, with the man who had fled from Lukwe and who had been beaten at the finish.

King of the Islands stayed some days on Faiyi. He stayed till the calm broke, and under a fair wind a mast was stepped in the whaleboat, and she stretched across the blue waters back to Lukwe and the ketch that was waiting there.

The rough crew of traders at Lukwe were still enjoying the joke. Day after day the Dawn had lain idle at the coral wharf, King of the Islands absent, hunting, as the Lukwe men supposed, for the swindler who had vanished into space. And when the whaleboat sailed into the lagoon at last, and King of the Islands stepped on board his ketch, all the Lukwe traders came down for news with grinning faces. And they stared when they heard the news.

Hiram Cook had not, after all, got away with it. Hiram Cook was stranded at Faiyi, and the island traders he had swindled were gathering from far and near to do business with him there. King of the Islands had beaten him to it, after all, and all Lukwe gasped with astonishment when they learned it. There were still laughter and jests and jeers in the shady verandas of Lukwe over the long glasses, but it was Hiram Cook who was now the object of the derision of his old associates. Leaving Lukwe buzzing with the news, King of the Islands shook out his canvas and sailed.

On Faiyi a lean-faced, lantern-jawed man, stripped to the last cent of his plunder, dropped into obscurity among the beachcombers. Lukwe never saw him again, and Sydney was never likely to see him. On Faiyi Hiram Cook combed the beach.

(Ken King will appear in another exciting long and complete year of the South Seas in next week's **SPLENDID FREE GIFT NUMBER OF MODERN BOY**. Make sure of your MODERN BOY—with FREE GIFT—by ordering it to-day. It's the only way—ORDER it!)