

**FREE GIFT NUMBER! GRAND METAL MODELS!**

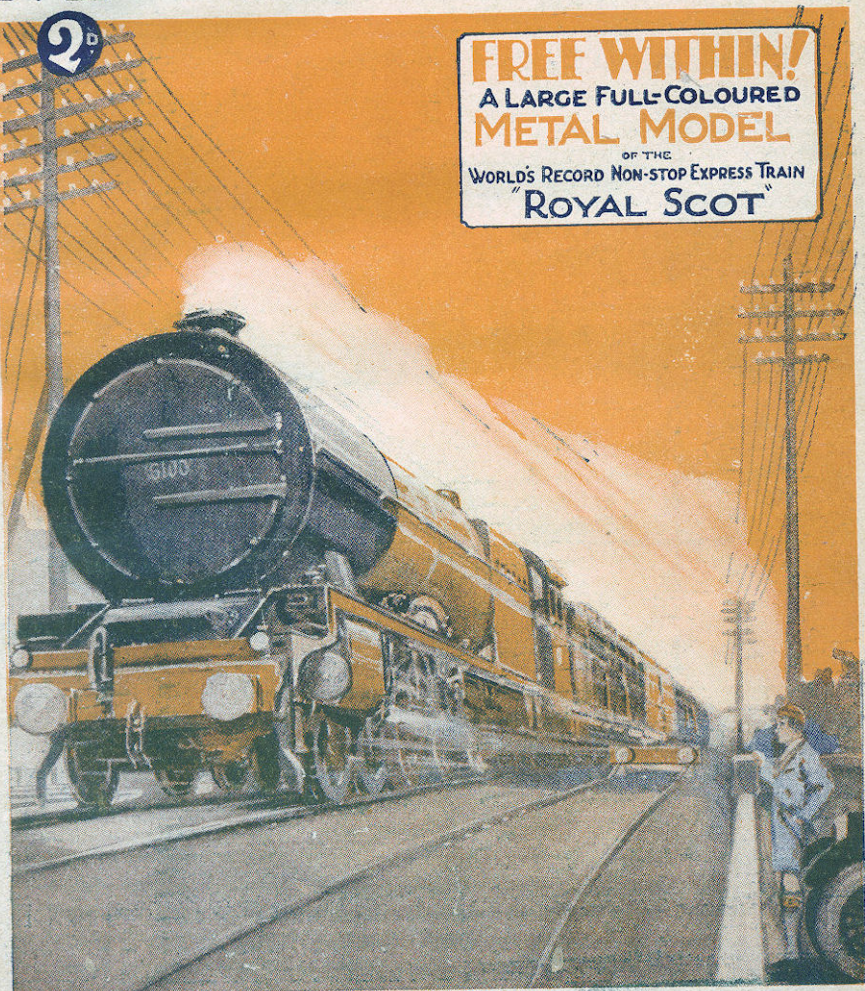
# *The* **MODERN BOY**

EVERY MONDAY.  
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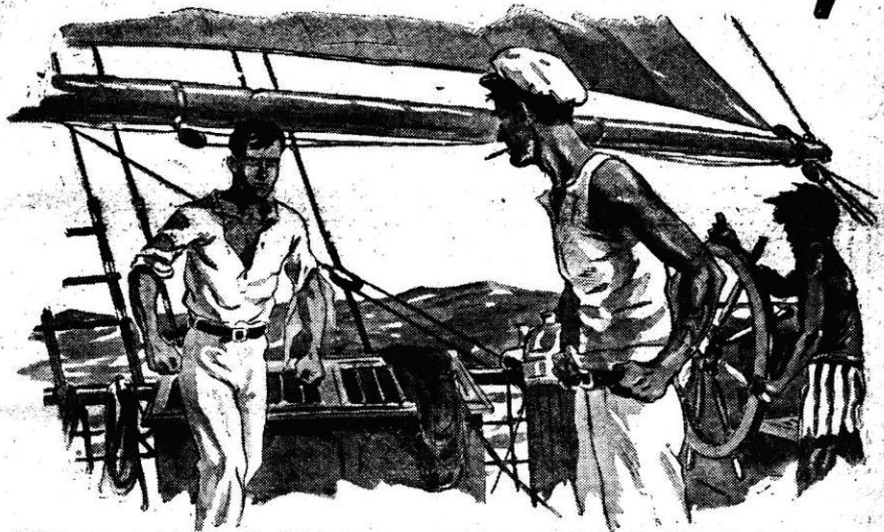
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**FREE WITHIN!**  
A LARGE FULL-COLOURED  
**METAL MODEL**  
OF THE  
WORLD'S RECORD NON-STOP EXPRESS TRAIN  
"ROYAL SCOT"



**PRIDE OF THE L.M.S., THE "ROYAL SCOT," AT SPEED.**

# SHANGHAIED!



"What are you doing here? Get back where you belong, and lively!" rapped out Captain Sharp.  
"That's what I want!" said Ken coolly. "I belong to the ketch Dawn!"

The Fo'c'sle of the Judge P. Hyman! KEN KING tried to imagine what had happened to him—and failed. Unless he was dreaming, he could make nothing of it. And surely he was not dreaming! The low, dirty roof of the forecabin over him was real enough—the dim, dirty bunks were real enough—the smell of bilge was real—the cockroaches crawling on all sides were only too horribly real—the ache in his head was the bitterest of realities.

But if it was all real, and not some horrible dream, what had happened to him? He tried to remember—and the slightest mental effort made his head throb and reel with pain. He sank back in the unclean bunk.

He was at sea. He knew that! The swaying and the rolling were more than enough to tell him so—unless he was dreaming. He was at sea in a heavy tub of a ship, that pitched and rolled clumsily to the long rollers of the Pacific. Yet—unless his senses had forsaken him—he could not be at sea; he was still in the island of O'ua, or else in his bunk on board his trading ketch, the Dawn, sleeping and dreaming a shattering nightmare.

He rose on one elbow. His head throbbed, and he dropped back again. In the semi-darkness of the forecabin he had had a glimpse of other dim bunks, of clothes lying about, of a smoky lamp swinging. It was no

dream. He was not in the grip of a nightmare—he was on board one of the dirtiest ships in the Pacific, rolling out to sea!

He tried to piece it together. That evening—if it was still the same evening—his ketch Dawn had lain at anchor in the lagoon at O'ua. Kit

**KEN KING—King of the Islands—the boy trader of the South Seas, skipper of his own ship, the Dawn: kidnapped like a seaman before the mast, knocked on the head and flung aboard this bullying captain's unclean brig like a stray beach-comber! But King of the Islands is a hard nut for any man to crack!**

*A stirring yarn of the Tropics, by*

**C. HAMILTON.**

**Complete in This Issue.**

Hudson, his Australian mate, and Koko, his Kanaka bo'sun, had been superintending the transfer of copra from the native canoes to the ketch—Koko carefully weighing the copra, wise to all the innumerable tricks of the natives for increasing its weight; Kit handing over the payment in the shape of sticks of trade tobacco and

trade boxes with ringing bells, and so on.

King of the Islands—by which nickname young Ken was known throughout the South Seas—had left them to it and gone ashore, to visit a chief on the other side of O'ua, a mile's walk by the glistening beach. There was no danger of attack from the natives on O'ua; it was one of the most peaceful of Polynesian islands. Many a time had Ken traded there, and almost every native on the little atoll he knew. Yet this had happened to him on O'ua.

What had happened? He remembered that walk along the sands and through the nodding palms in the glorious sunset. It came back clearly into his mind. He remembered the sight of the sea through the palms when he came out on the farther shore of the atoll, and the sight of a brig lying at anchor there. After that he remembered nothing. Some dim remembrance was in his mind of a sudden blinding crash—

Was he dreaming all this, after all? Daylight trickled into the stuffy forecabin—if he was not dreaming, a new day had come, and he was at sea. Not on board his own beautiful ketch, the Dawn, clean as a new pin from stem to stern, but on board the least clean ship he had ever seen! Into his aching head came the memory of the brig he had seen at

(Continued on page 16.)



# Shanghai'd!

(Continued from page 13.)

anchorage O'ua in the red sunset—a dirty ship even at half a mile distance. And suddenly he knew.

"Shanghai'd!" King of the Islands uttered that word hoarsely.

He understood now—that blinding crash, which was the last thing that he recalled, had been the blow on his head from behind that had stunned him. From the natives of O'ua there was no danger to be feared, but from a ruffianly skipper short-handed and in want of men—that was a danger for all sailormen on lonely beaches!

Ken King rose on his elbow again. His head still throbbled savagely, but his mind had cleared now. He had lain insensible all through a long, hot night, he knew; but at last he had come to his senses, and the shock of discovering that he had been shanghai'd strung his nerves taut.

Shanghai'd! The boy trader, skipper of his own ship, the Dawn, had been kidnapped like a seaman before the mast, knocked on the head and flung on board the brig like a beachcomber. No doubt the ruffians who had kidnapped him did not know that he commanded a vessel—though probably they would have cared little. A lawless South Sea skipper, short of hands; would take men where he could find them and by any means that offered. Likely enough some of the crew had deserted on O'ua and fled into the coconut woods, to hide there till the brig sailed—a mischance that often befell a skipper who was too handy with a belaying-pin. No doubt the brig's skipper had been hunting for deserters, and Ken had walked into his hands.

Ken's eyes gleamed like steel. He dragged himself from the bunk. O'ua was left behind, the Dawn and his shipmates were left behind—he was alone, unaided, on this ship; but King of the Islands was a hard nut for any man to crack. He groped behind his belt for the gun he always carried there when he went ashore. But the revolver was gone—his captors had taken care of that. He was unarmed!

He stood holding to the bunk, breathing hard. The narrow opening of the scuttle was darkened by a burly form, and a heavy man tramped in—a hard-faced, hard-fisted man whom Ken would have known as a Yankee "bucko" mate at a ship's length. "Bucko" being the sailors' term for bully, and applied to those in authority who are ever ready to follow up an order with a kick or blow.

"I guess you're come to, you swab! I reckon I began to think I'd tapped you for keeps. Tumble up!"

"You knocked me down?" Ken asked, eyeing him steadily.

"Sure!" The mate grinned. His hard eyes glanced over Ken. "You're sure rigged out in dandy clothes, boy. What were you on your boat—super-cargo?"

"Skipper," said Ken quietly. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the mate. "Did you learn navigation before you

left your schoolmarm, then?

"Just that," said Ken quietly.

"What ship's this?"

"The Judge P. Hyman, of San Francisco, boy; captain, Sharp; mate, Enoch Files—that's me! Skipper, was you? Ha, ha, ha! I reckon you're a deck-hand on board the Judge P. Hyman. Savvy that? We lost four niggers on O'ua, but I guess one white man is worth four of that black trash—even a kid like you. Hop it lively on deck!"

"I don't take orders on this ship," said Ken.

"You durned little swab!" Files stared at him. "Don't you know what's happened to you? You're shanghai'd!"

"I know that!"

"You're going to give me lip? Take that, to begin with!" And the "bucko" mate, clenching a huge fist that was like a leg of mutton, drove it straight at the face of King of the Islands.

Had that blow landed, Ken would have been knocked the length of the forecastle, and probably put out of action for the remainder of the day. But the blow did not land. The mate of the Judge P. Hyman was accustomed to handling men, white and black, in his own way, but he found a very unaccustomed proposition in King of the Islands.

The heavy fist was knocked aside with a rap that made the mate gasp, and the next second King of the Islands was upon the ruffian with the spring of a tiger. With a roar of rage the Yankee mate went backwards in his grasp. He crashed back upon the wooden step that led down from the deck into the forecabin with a concussion that half-stunned him.

"You dog!" said King of the Islands, between his teeth, his eyes blazing down at the almost stupefied face of the Yankee mate. "You dog out of a Frisco slum! Take that!"

And he crashed the mate's head on the hard wood with all the force of his sinewy arms. With a faint moan the mate of the Judge P. Hyman collapsed. And Ken, with a blaze in his eyes, stepped out into the blazing sunshine on the deck.

## In Merciless Hands!

**A** PURPLE blur that was O'ua lay on the sea to the southwest. It lay many a long mile astern, and on the shining waters there was no sail. The brig plunged heavily before the south-west trade, with a rattling of blocks and a creaking of cordage. There were nine or ten black seamen on deck, and aft, a tanned, bony man in a peaked cap and a dirty cotton shirt and shorts stood by the Kanaka helmsman. Ken's eye picked him out at once. He knew that this would be Captain Sharp, skipper of the Judge P. Hyman. King of the Islands strode aft at once, mounted to the after-deck, and met the surprised and angry stare of the man in the peaked cap.

"What are you doing here?" rapped out Captain Sharp. "Get back where you belong, and lively!"

"That's what I want," said Ken

coolly. "I belong to the ketch Dawn, now anchored at O'ua."

"I guess you belong to this brig now!" The captain grinned. "I sent the mate to roust you out. It's time you turned to. Where is he?"

"You won't see him for a spell—not till he comes to," answered Ken. "He's lying in the fo'c'sle, where I left him. And now I want to get back to O'ua. You've shanghai'd a skipper this time, Captain Sharp, and it's not good enough. Savvy?"

"Skipper, hey?"

"Skipper of ketch Dawn. I'm called King of the Islands. You may have heard the name."

"King of the Islands?" Captain Sharp evidently had heard the name. He stared at the boy trader with keen interest. "Yes, I guess I've heard of you. But it makes no difference here. If you was Lord High Admiral of the Seven Seas before you was shanghai'd, you're a deck-hand on the Judge P. Hyman now. You're booked for a long trip, my boy, and you want to settle down to it easy and quick. It will be better for your health. If you've handled Enoch Files, I'm sorry for you. He will make you squirm for it, I reckon. Get back to the deck."

"You'll take me right back to O'ua!"

"I guess not," grinned the skipper. "I lost four niggers on O'ua, and I'm short-handed this trip. You look a useful boy. Get down to the deck afore I knock you off!"

Captain Sharp made a stride towards King of the Islands, his fist clenched for a blow.

The glitter in Ken's eyes warned him, and he changed his intention. He backed a pace and drew a revolver from the back of his cotton trousers.

"I've shot niggers on this deck for less sauce than you've given me, Mister King of the Islands," he jeered. "You don't want to be too fresh on board the Judge P. Hyman, or you'll get yours, sure!" He grasped the revolver by the barrel and strode at the boy trader again.

"Now, then— Oh, by hokey!"

King of the Islands had leapt at him. He caught the arm as the blow of the clubbed revolver descended and turned it aside. The next moment his grasp was on the tall, bony skipper, and they were struggling fiercely.

The Kanaka helmsman stared on blankly. From the main deck came an excited jabber from the native seamen. Captain Sharp, his tanned face set and almost white with rage, endeavoured to turn the revolver upon the boy trader. But Ken had an iron grasp on his wrist. He hooked the long leg of the skipper and brought him with a crash on to the deck.

The revolver flew from Captain Sharp's hand and fell a dozen feet away. Over and over on the after-deck they rolled, fighting. Ken's eye was on the fallen revolver. With a gun in his hand, King of the Islands would not have feared the whole crew of the Judge P. Hyman, white and black. His teeth were set and his eyes ablaze as he struggled with the Yankee skipper.

Captain Sharp yelled to his men.

"You feller boy, bear a hand!"

"You hear me, you black swabs? You feller boy, bear a hand along this swab!"

But the black seamen did not stir. Probably Captain Sharp's methods did not make him popular with his crew. On his feet, with a gun in his hand, he would have been instantly obeyed. But he was rolling on his own deck now, in the grasp of a white man, and the blacks only stared and jabbered. So far as they were interested at all, they wished back to the white man who had collared the bully of the Judge P. Hyman and was handling him so feebly.

"You feller boy!" yelled the skipper frantically. "I guess I'll knock seven bells out of your black hides, if you no bear a hand!"

The skipper was under now, with Ken's eyes glittering down on him. The clenched fist of King of the Islands drove into the tanned, brutal face, and the skipper's head crashed against the hard deck. Ken made a plunge in the direction of the revolver. But the skipper grasped him again and dragged him aside just before his grasp reached the weapon.

Furiously they struggled, the boy trader slowly but surely gaining the upper hand, the blacks staring on without interfering.

From the low forecabin of the Judge P. Hyman a figure emerged. It was Enoch Files, clasping his head in both hands as he staggered out to the blinding sunshine of the deck. Out of the tail of his eye, as it were, Ken sighted him, and he redoubled his efforts.

In his usual condition King of the Islands would have handled the Yankee skipper without much difficulty. He had handled more powerful men in his time. But his head was aching terribly, his senses almost spinning, and the cut under his thick hair had opened again and was bleeding. He was getting the better of the skipper, but slowly, and still he was held from the reach of the revolver.

"You feller boy!" shrieked the skipper. "You feller Kifu! You feller Nalifo!" Then he had a

glimpse of the staggering mate on the main deck and yelled: "Files, you darned swab, bear a hand here!"

The mate blinked at the scene dazedly, then pulled himself together and came aft. It took him a full minute to reach the scene of action, but he was in time. He stooped and grasped the skipper's revolver and straightened up, holding on to a stanchion, with the weapon in his grasp.

"You feller boy! You lay hold along white feller plenty quick!" he snarled; and the revolver threatened the jabbering blacks.

There was a rush to obey at once.

swung up to a level, looking King of the Islands in the face as the blacks held him helpless. For the moment it seemed that the infuriated mate would pull the trigger. But he lowered the weapon again.

"Trice him up!" he said thickly: "You feller boy, tie up white feller along rope!"

The boy trader, unable to resist, was bound hand and foot and tossed on the main deck in a helpless heap. Captain Sharp, having recovered his breath a little, followed him there and stood glaring down at him.

"You mutinous swab! I'll l'arn you! You'll mutiny on my ship, will



Ken gave a sudden start. Near him, a shadow moved in the shadows. It was Nalifo—creeping slowly, softly, towards the pacing figure of the burly mate!

The black crew knew better than to dispute an order from the mate when he had a weapon in his grip.

In a moment the blacks were swarming round the struggling skipper and King of the Islands. Ken was seized in the grasp of many hands. He was dragged away from Captain Sharp and held powerless in the grasp of five or six Kanakas.

The skipper staggered up and leaned on the cabin skylight, panting strenuously for breath.

The revolver in the mate's hand

you? You'll lay your hands on your skipper, will you? By hokey, I guess I'll break you in! You feller Kifu! You take um rope and give this feller boy twenty lashes!"

Stretched on the hot deck, under the broiling sun, King of the Islands lay powerless while the lashes descended. The captain and the mate of the Judge P. Hyman looked on with grim, savage faces. The rope was thick and heavy and knotted, and the arm of Kifu, the boatswain, was sinewy and strong. If the Kanaka

had wished to spare the "white feller boy" he dared not, under the savage eyes of the captain. The lashes cut through the silk shirt, and blow after blow came down. At twenty, the skipper signed to Kifu to stop.

"Now, you darned swab! Are you going to obey orders on this hooker?"

"No!" Ken answered steadily. Under the sunburn Ken's face was white as chalk. Not a cry had escaped his lips during the terrible punishment.

"Twenty more!" roared the skipper. And the lashes descended again. At the sixth blow Kifu stopped.

"Feller boy he no savvy no more, sar," he said. King of the Islands had lost consciousness.

"Shaming!" growled the skipper. He bent over King of the Islands and ascertained that he was insensible. With a snarl he ordered the boy trader to be cast loose and thrown into the fore-castle.

#### A Floating Inferno.

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS lay unconscious for long hours, in the dusky, stuffy fore-castle of the Judge P. Hyman. When he came to his senses, it was to feel a tin pannikin at his lips, and the delicious taste of cold water. He drank greedily, and then stared about him with dizzy eyes. The dark face of Kifu, the Kanaka boatswain, was bending over him.

"You feller boy, you plenty bad," said Kifu compassionately. "Feller mate he say you turn out. Feller mate he plenty bad feller, plenty mad along you. You turn out plenty quick!"

Ken suppressed a groan. He had been through many a rough experience, but he had never been shangaiaed before. He knew only too well what a shangaiaed seaman had to expect if he kicked, and that he was up against it now as he had never been before. But his spirit was quite unbroken.

"Mate he come," muttered the boatswain. "You no wantee more feller rope along back belong you. You turn out!"

He stepped aside as the burly mate tramped in. This time Enoch Files came with a gun in his hand. He was not taking any more chances with the latest recruit to the crew of the American brig.

"Tumble up, you lubber," he snarled. "No more shamming here. Step it lively on deck!"

Ken gave him one look, and rolled out of the bunk. He held on to it to steady himself.

"Little white feller he plenty sick, sar!" said Kifu.

The mate turned on the Kanaka, and with a back-handed blow sent him spinning along the fore-castle.

"Who told you to chip in?" he snarled. He levelled the revolver at Ken. "Now you hear me, you young swab!" he said, between his teeth. "You're going to obey orders on this craft, and if you give any more trouble, you'll go over the side to the sharks. Savvy that? Answer, you swab."

"Yes," breathed Ken.

## "AUTOGRAPHS" CONTEST No. 3 RESULT!

Autographs  
*William L. John*  
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*J. P. Roberts*  
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A BRITISH-MADE FOUNTAIN PEN has been awarded to EACH OF THE TWENTY PEOPLE WHOSE AUTOGRAPHS HAVE BEEN SELECTED BY THE EDITOR and which are reproduced here.

Autographs  
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*A. S. Paice*  
*R. D. Holland*

"Yes, what?" roared Files. "Yes, sir," said King of the Islands quietly, with a mental resolution to make the mate pay dearly for that "sir."

"That's better." Enoch Files grinned. "Git on deck!"

Ken staggered, almost too weak to move. A brutal kick hurried him on his way, and he fell on the deck.

"That's how we teach a mutinous swab to obey orders on the Judge P. Hyman," grinned Files. "I'll larn you manners afore I'm done with you! Skipper, was you? I'll give you skipper! You're a deck-hand now, my boy, and you'll work with the niggers, and you'll obey orders, or by hakers, you'll be cut to pieces with a rope's end. Chew on that, you swab."

And bestowing another kick on the prostrate form of the boy trader, Enoch Files shoved the revolver into the holster at the back of his cotton trousers, and strode away.

The rest of that day was like a nightmare to King of the Islands. The night that followed was one of pain. But the boy trader was sturdy and strong, and the next day he was something like his old self again.

Ken knew of such ships as the Frisco brig; he had seen many a one among the islands. But he had never sailed in one, and his experience on board the Judge P. Hyman was an eye-opener to him. The Judge P. Hyman was a floating inferno; and it was no wonder that the seamen watched for a chance to desert when the brig touched at an island.

Ken was not thinking of a chance to desert. He was toying the line so long as there was no help for it; but he did not intend to leave the Yankee brig until he had squared accounts with Captain Sharp and Enoch Files.

On the sixth night at sea Ken lay in a tapa mat on the deck, under the brilliant Southern Cross, with the sleeping Kanakas. The wind had fallen to a mere breath, and the Judge P. Hyman rolled slowly through the calm, glistening, starlit waters.

Kifu was at the helm. Across and across the after-deck sounded the steady, heavy tread of the mate. Never once since Ken had been on board the brig had both the white men been below at night at the same time even for a second. They did not trust their crew an inch. From the talk of the Kanakas, of whose language King of the Islands understood a great deal, he knew that it was only the constant watchfulness of the bullies of the Judge P. Hyman that saved them from a whizzing knife, or a falling block, or a blow from a belaying-pin.

Ken lifted his head from the tapa mat in the shadow of the mainmast and glanced aft with keen eyes. For days he had been watching for a chance to seek a weapon; but the tyrants of the Judge P. Hyman were too much on their guard for that. There were no firearms on board the brig save the two heavy Navy revolvers that belonged to Sharp and Files; or if there were others they were safely locked up. But Ken, as he peered through the dimness of the

deck, was considering what chance he might have with a belaying-pin!

Ken gave a sudden start. Near him a shadow moved in the shadows, and he caught a faint glimmer of steel. He caught his breath. The stars glimmered on the dark brown face of Nalifo, and on a deep cut that lay red across the brown cheek, left there by a savage blow from the mate a few hours since. Nalifo was creeping slowly, softly, his eyes fixed on the pacing figure of the

burly mate, and a yam knife gripped in his teeth as he crawled.

King of the Islands laid his head upon the tapa mat. He closed his eyes—but opened them again. Although he hated the thought of what was about to happen, he felt impelled to watch.

The silence was suddenly broken by a crash that seemed like the bursting of thunder, so suddenly and fearfully it came. It was the bang of a revolver that shattered the silence.

There was a cry on the deck, the clatter of a falling knife.

"You darned swab, that's for you!" the mate's savage voice rang out.

Ken leaped to his feet. The Kanakas were up and jabbering wildly, every face full of excitement. The mate glared down at them over a smoking revolver. The brig, which had seemed as still as death a moment before, was echoing with

(Continued overleaf.)

# All About Aeroplanes.

## This Week:—THE STRUCTURE.

**T**HE under-carriage, or "chassis," on which the aeroplane rests whilst on the ground, is made as light as possible, and has to be very strong to withstand the stresses of taxi-ing at anything from 40-70 m.p.h. over bumpy ground. It is arranged so that the centre of gravity of the aeroplane is behind the wheels and so, when unsupported by the air, the aeroplane's tail rests on the ground.

The tail is then supported by a "tail-skid" which, dragging along the ground when the aeroplane lands, acts as a brake. Taking off, the tail "lifts" quickly, however.

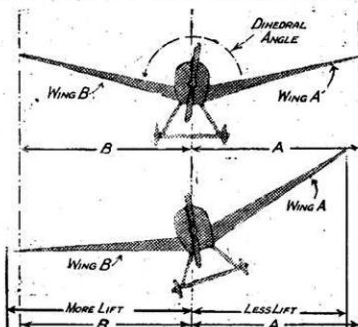
The under-carriage is "sprung" just like a car, but as the bumps are more violent than experienced by a motor-car, a larger movement of the springs on the rebound is necessary. Ordinary leaf springs cannot therefore be used, and the usual suspension takes the form of rubber cord. Other forms are: a piston compressing air and oil; and

steel coil springs prevented from rebounding excessively by friction surfaces.

Besides the ordinary type of under-carriage, the split axle type is rapidly coming into favour. The clear space between the wheels permits the machine to land in long grass without becoming entangled and "nosing over."

For big machines a four-wheeled under-carriage is sometimes used. In a few machines a small wheel, or wheels, or a skid in front of the fuselage, is fitted to prevent the machine nosing over and damaging the propeller.

The wheels of under-carriages are occasionally fitted with brakes, to limit the space in which the machine can land. For landing on ice and snow, skis are fitted instead of wheels.



Machine flying level (top), and machine tilted by gust of wind. In the latter case, wing B gets more "lift" and wing A less, enabling the plane to fly level again.

Float scaplanes have floats instead of wheels on the under-carriage. Flying boats have no under-carriage at all. These last two will be dealt with in this series later on.

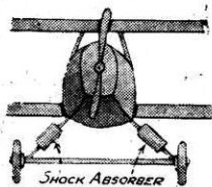
In all modern machines, except flying boats, the crew and cargo are housed in the fuselage, a tapering structure to the end of which is fixed the rudder and elevator. Its construction is simple. It generally consists of long wooden members, called longerons, braced with wires and covered with fabric, but sometimes is formed of a shell of metal or plywood. The fuselage is always shaped to give as little resistance to the air as possible.

In order that the pilot should not be fighting the effects of every little wind gust, the machine must be "stable," so made as to continue, naturally, on a straight course. This is achieved by fitting "stabilising surfaces," so that if a tiny gust on one part of the machine causes it to pitch or roll, the relative wind caused by the machine's forward motion returns the plane to its former position.

For sideways movement this is effected by means of a fin on the tail; for up and down movements by the tail plane; and for sideways rolling movements by the dihedral angle, which acts as follows:

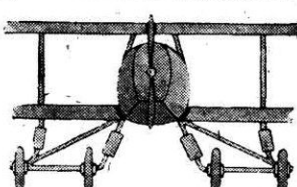
The "lift" of a wing is only proportional to its length in a horizontal direction; if the wing is tilted it is less. When a machine with both wings tilted upwards, rolls, the depressed wing gets more and the raised wing less lift—thus causing the aeroplane to level itself again, as shown in the diagram above.

1. NORMAL UNDERCARRIAGE.

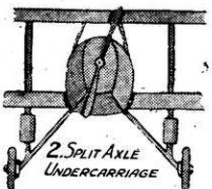


SHOCK ABSORBER

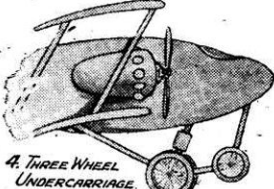
3. FOUR WHEELED UNDERCARRIAGE.



2. SPLIT AXLE UNDERCARRIAGE.



4. THREE WHEEL UNDERCARRIAGE.



Types of aeroplane undercarriage, or "chassis," showing the various kinds of landing gear.



## Shanghaied!

(Continued from previous page.)

uproar. Captain Sharp came springing up the hatchway in his shirt, a revolver in his grip.

"What the thunder—"

"I guess one of the niggers calculated on getting me with a stickler," chuckled the mate. "He sure slipped up on it!"

Nalifo lay extended on the deck. King of the Islands felt his heart sicken as he glanced at him. The mate had not been taken off his guard. A hundred times, as like as not, such dangers had threatened the bully, and vigilance had become second nature to him. Nalifo had made his desperate attempt—and paid dearly for it!

"I guess the whole gang was in!" The skipper glared at the huddled, frightened Kanakas. "Files, give 'em seven bells!"

"You bet!" snarled the mate.

He leaped down to the main-deck with his clubbed revolver in his grasp, and hurled himself at the scared blacks, striking right and left. There were howls of terror as the Kanakas dodged the fierce blows, fleeing up and down and round the deck like frightened rabbits.

"You was in it, too, I guess!" hissed the mate; and a blow from the clubbed revolver sent King of the Islands reeling into the scuppers.

For ten minutes or more there was pandemonium on the deck of the Judge P. Hyman. It was not till Enoch Files was fatigued and panting for breath that he desisted.

"I guess that's a lesson to you, you black trash!" he panted, and was answered only by groans and whimpering cries.

Captain Sharp, muttering in his beard, went back to his bunk. The mate resumed his pacing on the after-deck, whistling through his tobacco-stained teeth as coolly as if nothing had happened. What had happened

was, in fact, no new or uncommon happening on board that floating inferno, the Judge P. Hyman, of San Francisco.

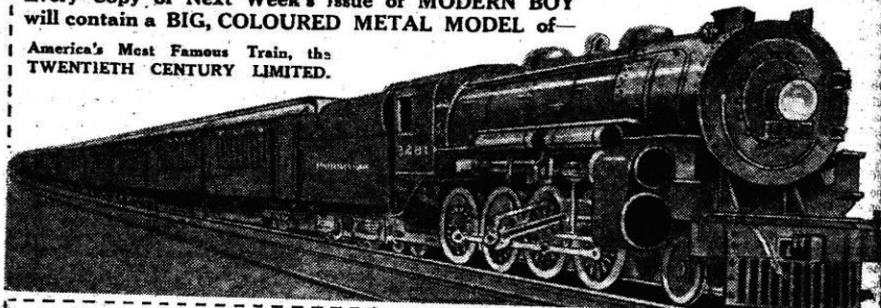
King of the Islands stretched himself on his tapa mat with sickened heart. He strove to sleep; but sleep would not come. Under the blaze of the Southern Cross, from a cloudless sky, the brig rolled and plunged on, and the long hours of the hot night wore away. The new day came, bringing no hope to the shanghaied skipper of the Dawn. But in his breast the fierce determination burned more fiercely than ever; and little as the after-guard imagined it, they were to be brought to a very full account by the boy trader whom they had shanghaied!

(Another gripping episode in next week's MODERN BOY, wherein young Ken exacts in full a thorough settlement of his accounts with the bullying skipper and the bucko mate. The title of the yarn is "The Upper Hand!" It's a story you will not soon forget!)

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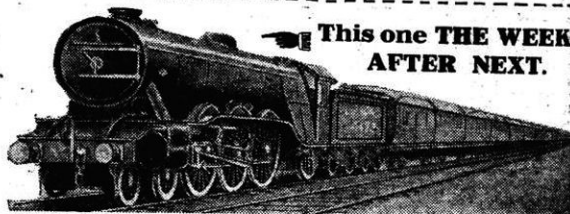
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