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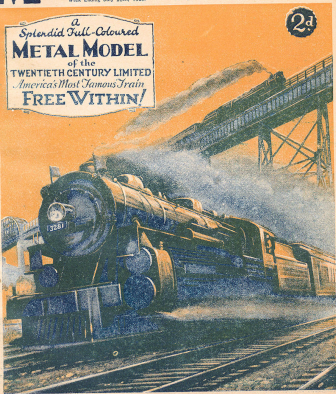
# *The* **MODERN BOY**

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*a*  
*Splendid Full-Coloured*  
**METAL MODEL**  
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**TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED**  
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2a



**"UNCLE SAM'S" FASTEST TRAIN—960 MILES IN 20 HOURS!**

# The Upper Hand!



King of the Islands was in undisturbed command, with the bully criss—the bully of the Judge F. Myrman—scrubbing the deck!

## News at Last!

**F**ELLER Kato-lalulalonga he comey along beach!" exclaimed Lompo, one of the Kanaka crew of the Ketch Dawn.

Kit Hudson, the young Australian mate of the Dawn, on whose little after-deck he was standing, staring glibly out towards the shining Pacific, turned his head at the sound of the voice.

For days now the Dawn had lain idly swinging at anchor in the lagoon of O'ua, where she had called to trade copra. The trade had finished long ago, but the Dawn had lingered because her boy owner and skipper, Ken King—known throughout the South Seas as King of the Islands—had mysteriously vanished!

Ken's disappearance puzzled and mystified Kit. He could find no possible explanation for it. O'ua was a peaceful Polynesian island; the natives were friendly, and Ken King was well known and liked there. Yet he had vanished from all knowledge, leaving no trace behind. There were gloomy faces now on the Dawn. No longer did the ketch resound to music and happy laughter—nobody had the heart to laugh or sing.

Hudson was at his wit's end, not knowing where to turn for news of his missing chum. Kato-lalulalonga—or Koko, as he was called by the chums—the giant Kanaka boy, usually a care-free, smiling, happy fellow, growled round like a bear with a sore head. King of the Islands was his hero, his very great hero, and whilst he was missing there could be no joy in Koko's life. Even the careless, thoughtless Hira-Ou men who

manned the ketch looked serious and glum.

O'ua had been searched for days—natives questioned—search a stern left untarned—and not a trace had been discovered of the missing boy trader. It seemed that he was no longer on the island. But if he was not on O'ua, what had become of him?

Kato-lalulalonga had gone ashore once more, too restless to remain on the Dawn. The naturally lazy Kanaka showed no sign of laziness in those days. He was worn down with incessant hopeless searching for his

lalulalonga," added Lompo. "Su's boy he stop along Kato-lalulalonga."

Hudson stared towards the beach. The big Kanaka was coming down from the palm woods, half-leading, half-dragging a black man, whom he held by the arm.

Koko's captive was evidently unwilling to come; but the giant strength of Kato-lalulalonga left him no choice in the matter. Hudson's sunburnt face flushed with hope. It might be news at last of his missing chum, especially as the man Koko was dragging down to the ketch was not a native of O'ua—he was a darker-skinned "boy" from Melanesia, much darker than any of the golden-skinned Polynesians. If he was a Su's boy, as Lompo said, he came from the Solomon, hundreds of miles away across the Pacific. Hudson leaped into the whaleboat, which rocked on the lagoon beside the ketch. At a word, Lompo and Lulu took the oars, and the whaleboat shot to the beach, reaching it before Koko and his captive arrived there.

"Any news, Koko?" Hudson panted as he tramped ashore on the sand.

"Yessar!" grinned Koko. "Black feller he know. Me andee black feller' hide along bush, me' tinker other; black feller' hide along bush all same. No belong O'ua—he Su's boy. Feller ship he comey along O'ua, me see eye belong me, sar. Feller King of the Islands he stop along that feller ship."

"You think King of the Islands has left O'ua in another ship?" exclaimed Hudson blankly.

"He changhal, sar."

## COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.

*Young Ken—known throughout the South Seas as King of the Islands—has never been beaten for long yet. Ready wit, and muscles kept fit by clean, hard living, make him out of allcommon which seem absolutely insurmountable! As you read this vivid yarn you will wish to go to young Ken's aid!*

By C. HAMILTON.

"little white master," as he called Ken, but he could not rest.

Kit Hudson was utterly at a loss. To put to sea without his skipper was impossible; yet if Ken had somehow left the lonely isle, it was useless to remain anchored at O'ua. He stood staring out over the long Pacific rollers, turning the matter over and over in his mind, trying to hit upon a line of inquiry that would lead to definite news. He turned his head as Lompo announced that Koko was returning to the ketch.

"Black feller he stop along Kato-

"Shanghaied!" roared Hudson.  
"Yes! Black feller be savvy plenty."

Hudson gritted his teeth.  
"By gum, if Kan has been shanghaied, somebody will have to pay for it!—But—" He turned to the Sa'u boy. "You feller boy, what name you call, what ship you belong?"

"Me call Futao, sar, me belong Melician ship Judge P. Hyman," answered the smart Sa'u boy.

"An American ship? You deserted?" asked Hudson.

"Four feller he run along bush," said the Sa'u boy.

"When was the ship here?"  
"Three day before."

"Three days ago," said Hudson.  
"On the other side of the island, I suppose, or we should have seen her. What was she here for—what name feller Melician he stop along O'ua?"

"Stop along O'ua water water," said the Sa'u boy. "No stop long time. Cap'n Sharp order four feller boy along mate fetolee water, feller boy run along bush, me like Cap'n Sharp and feller mate. Too much kill Kanaka along Melician ship."

Hudson understood. The American skipper had lost four of his crew on O'ua; and Hudson knew the ways of American traders and whalers in the South Seas. It was more likely than not that the Yankee skipper would shanghai any sailorman who fell within his reach, if the desertion of the black seaman left him short-handed.

"He see eye belong him," said Keko.

"You see white feller on island, me belong Melician ship?" asked Hudson.

"Me see plenty, sar," replied the Sa'u boy. "Feller Fite, he mate, he knock white feller along head, me see eye belong me, me hide in bush. Take feller little white man along brig."

Hudson's eyes gleamed. He knew now what had happened to King of the Islands. The skipper of the Dawn had been shanghaied!

"Feller white master me killy Sa'u boy," said the black man anxiously. "Futao he good feller, sar, he run along bush because so like Melician man, killye heap plenty too much."

"You talk good talk along me, me kill black feller," said Hudson.  
"You plenty sure white feller he stop along brig?"

"Me see eye belong me, sar."

"What port was the brig heading for? What name island feller Melician brig he make?"

"Feller brig he go stop along Futao," answered the Sa'u boy.

Kit Hudson drew a deep breath. King of the Islands was on board the Judge P. Hyman, heading for the distant island of Futao—a shanghaied deck-hand now. But his comrades knew where he was, and where to follow. He questioned the Sa'u boy carefully, but the black man had no more to tell.

"Let him go, Keko," Hudson tossed a handful of small silver to the Sa'u boy, as a reward for his information. "Go to the 'ketch—live!'y the word!"

The whalerboat fairly flew back to the ketch, leaving the Sa'u boy standing on the beach, in a state of astonishment and glee, staring at the silver in his black paw.

"We go along Futao feller Melician brig, sar?" asked Keko, with a gleam in his black eye.

"You bet!" Hudson rapped out orders. The *Mira-Ou* men turned to with a will. Under the blessing of the ketch glided out of the O'ua lagoon, and plunged her bows into the rollers of the Pacific. Three days behind the American brig and the shanghaied skipper of the Dawn, the ketch flew before the south-west trade wind with every stitch of canvas set and drawing.

### A Desperate Chance.

**K**EN KING stared across the rail of the Judge P. Hyman, the brig on which he had been shanghaied and was serving as a deck-hand, at the bunch of feathery palms that rose from the sea. The sun, a ball of glowing copper, was sinking to the horizon, almost touching the rim of the sea. The long, hot day was drawing to its close as the *Sa'u*

Francisco brig raised the island of Futao.

The south-west trade wind had died down, and a light breeze stirred the dingy, patched canvas of the Judge P. Hyman. The brig, a poor sailer even with a wind, was crawling through the water. King of the Islands could have got more speed out of her; he was a better skipper than Captain Sharp, the loose-jointed, lantern-jawed man who stood on the after-deck, chewing a Manila cigar, staring at the distant island, and growling at the fall of the wind.

Ken's eyes glinted as he looked at Futao, rising out of the surging sea. Futao was the next call of the Judge P. Hyman; and for two or three days at least the brig would be anchored there. On the island was a white trader he knew. Unarmed, King of the Islands was as powerful as resist the bullying skipper and Enoch Fite, his burke mate, as any Kanaka on board—but his thoughts dwelt on the trader's bungalow, on a borrowed Winchester, and a settlement of accounts with the ruffians who had shanghaied him.

"We can't make it to-night!" Captain Sharp growled. "We can't run the channel in the dark. I guess we got to stand off outside the reef till dawn."

"I guess so!" granted the mate.

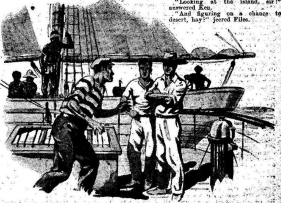
Ken's lip involuntarily curled as he heard. He would have taken the Dawn, or the Judge P. Hyman, through the passage of the Futao reef at blackest midnight. But the teeth of the coral rocks had too many serrons for Captain Sharp, of *Sa'u* Francisco.

The mate's glance fell upon him, and he read the expression on Ken's face. Fite scowled blackly.

"Here, you loading son of John Bull, what are you rubberin' there for?" he snarled.

"Looking at the island, sir!" answered Ken.

"And figuring on a chance to desert, hay?" jeered Fite.



"You ain't leaving me on this ship without a gun!" Enoch Fite exclaimed hoarsely. "Give me my gun, King of the Islands!" Ken looked at him. "I'm giving you nothing!" he announced.

(Continued from previous page).

Ken did not answer that. The mate could tell it deserting if he liked; his view being that the shag-headed sailorman belonged to the ship on board which he had been brought by force. King of the Islands took a very different view.

"Waal, you won't get a chance to shake a loose leg at Futao," vent on the mate. "You'll be tied up and clucked into the hold when we drop anchor in the lagoon, and you can chew on that."

Ken compressed his lips. The vision that had flared before his mind vanished now. The bully of the Judge F. Hyman was not going to take chances with the shag-headed sailorman.

"I guess you're worth more than the four black boys we lost on O'na," went on Fites jeeringly. "We're not losing you, boy! Don't stand rubberin' at that island—get hold of that mop and work!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Ken, and the heavy brig rolled and plunged on towards Futao, while the sun sank lower beyond the rim of the sea. The short tropical twilight gave place to dark while the coral island was still at a distance, and the lights of the brig glimmered out over the dusky sea.

It was not till the morning of the next could be heard on the reef that Captain Sharp hove the brig to. Under the glittering stars she lay half a mile outside the reef to wait for morning, drifting gently to a sea-anchor. Captain Sharp had gone below; the mate was taking the watch on deck—a watch he need not have kept had the brig been in the lagoon. The crew spread tapa mats on deck on which to sleep. King of the Islands did the same, but he did not close his eyes in sleep. His thoughts were busy!

Deserting, as Fites chose to call it, at Futao was impracticable now, for Ken knew that the mate would carry out his threat. Ken lay and listened to the wash of the water, and calculated the chances of a swim. Half a mile in a calm sea was little enough to the boy trader, who was as much at home in the water as on the deck of a ship. If he was detected, it was by the thought of the sharks. The risk was fearful; but it was a risk that he was prepared to take for his freedom. Ken thought it over as he lay on his tapa mat under the stars; and he came to a decision.

Only a light splash told that a man from the Judge F. Hyman had slipped into the starlit sea. But, light as it was, it caught the mate's ear. He started down with glinting eyes at the shadowy main deck. The splash might have been made by a dolphin; but Fites was suspicious.

"You feller boy, what name he make noise along sea?" growled the mate.

Two or three of the Kanakas answered at once, anxious to avert the bully's wrath from themselves.

"Little white feller he stop along sea."

"What?" roared the mate.

"Feller King of the Islands he stop along sea."

"By lubber!"

With a bound the mate came down to the deck, his face red with rage, revolver in hand, and the Kanakas shrunk away from him like frightened sheep. Crack, crack! Twice Fites fired into the glistening water, but he pulled trigger at random, and the bullets ricocheted on the surface far from the swimmer, who was driving hard towards the reef.

The mate roared out an order to the blacks to lower the whaleboat. Captain Sharp came hurrying on deck, revolver in hand, ready for trouble with the crew, as the skipper of the Judge F. Hyman always had to be.

"That lubber King of the Islands he stop along sea!"

"The darn fool!" said the skipper. "The sharks will get him! But pick him up if you can, Fites; we can't afford to lose a man! And, by lubber, if you get him on board again, I'll make him cringe!"

"Washy-washy, you black scum!" roared the mate, standing up in the whaleboat, revolver in hand. "You no washy-washy plenty quick, me knocka even hole outer your black hide! Lay to it, you black trash!"

Four Kanakas bent to the oars, bringing under the burly bully and the fear of his revolver; and Fites, standing up with glinting eyes, scanned the starlit sea for King of the Islands!

Recaptured!

**C**RACK! Crack! Crack! Fites, standing up in the surging whaleboat, fired fiercely at a black dot on the starlit sea towards the reef.

The Judge F. Hyman, drifting slowly to her sea-anchor, loomed up dim behind the whaleboat. Captain Sharp and the Kanaka crew were watching from the brig; but the keener eyes found it difficult to pick up definite shapes in the dim starlight on the Pacific. The whaleboat was half-way from the brig to the coral reef, over which the Pacific rollers creamed with a low, dull roar. And King of the Islands, his head a dot on the shimmering water, was between the whaleboat and the reef.

Ken was swimming strongly. He had hoped that the faint splash he made might pass unnoticed. But pursuit had been prompt, almost instant. Nearly half a mile of water lay before the strong swimmer, then the low reefs over which the waves curled; then the wide lagoon. But it was a struggle to which King of the Islands was more than equal, given a chance.

Once Ken had his feet on the beach, all would be well. Helpless as he had been on the brig against the armed ruffians who raged the Judge F. Hyman with a rod of iron, matters would be quite different once he was treading the coral beach of Futao. From the beach was but a step to the trader's bungalow, and from the trader he could borrow a Winchester. Captain Sharp and Enoch Fites, or a

dozen of them, would have had no terrors for King of the Islands with a rifle in his hands.

He swam strongly, driving from his mind the thought of the sharks that haunted the waters. It was a risk he had to take, and, fearful risk as it was, King of the Islands had taken it coolly and steadily. He was thinking more of the pursuing whale boat as he drove his way shoreward with long, steady strokes.

Crack, crack, crack!

Spattering bullets glanced from the glistening waves. One of them fanned the wet face of the boy trader as it glanced. Ken's teeth were set.

The mate was firing recklessly in his rage, caring little if he sent the swimmer to the bottom with a bullet through his body. But it was chiefly to scare him that he was shooting. He wanted to recapture the shag-headed sailorman. The Judge F. Hyman was short-handed, owing to the laxing methods of her skipper and mate, and Ken was the only white man in the crew, and a white man was worth half a dozen Kanakas. But it was not only for his value as a seaman that Fites was keen to recapture him. His deepest, savage rage was roused by the attempt to escape—desertion, as he called it. To the backs mate of the Judge F. Hyman a kidnapped seaman was a member of his crew and bound to obey his orders.

"You swab!" roared the mate. "You hear me? You take another stroke and you go to the bottom with a bullet through you!"

King of the Islands heard the savage threat, but he did not heed it. But the speed of the stoutest swimmer was of no avail against a boat pulled by four steady arms. The whaleboat of the Judge F. Hyman drew steadily nearer and nearer, and the reef was still far off.

Standing up in the boat, the mate fired again at short range, and Ken felt the bullet graze his shoulder. Enoch Fites glared at him with crazed eyes. The swimmer was close at hand and in easy view now in the starlight. Fites pulled the trigger again to send a bullet closer; but the revolver was empty, and only clicked.

With a snarl, Fites grabbed cut-throats from his pocket and released. By that time the Kanakas, straining at the oars, had pulled the boat close to the swimmer.

"You lubber!" hissed the mate. "Get into the boat before I send you to the bottom!"

In his rage he was tempted to shoot the escaping sailorman through the head, but recapture was certain now. King of the Islands had taken a desperate chance, but the pursuit had been too prompt and too swift for him, and he was run down with the coral reef still distant. Treading water, King of the Islands looked back at the whaleboat with a set and desperate face. The pursuer was near enough now for an oar to reach him; and Fites, with a savage grin of triumph, thrust the revolver back in his belt.

"You feller Kifu!"

"Yes, sir!" said the boatwain of the Judge F. Hyman, who was pulling an oar in the whaleboat.

"You knock while I sleep along head  
bar being you."

"You, sir!"

Kifa stood up, grasping his car, and aimed a blow at the head of the swimmer to stun him, so that he could be dragged into the boat.

Ken's eyes blazed as he watched for the blow. With a sudden movement he avoided it, and the car struck water. Kifa nearly pitched out of the boat as the heavy blow panted without meeting resistance.

There was a howl from Kifa as the angry mate drove a brutal hit into his dusky face, stretching him in the bottom of the boat. The Nuka-hiva boy lay half stunned by the force blow. Files seized the car, grasped it in both hands, and struck at the boy leader in the water.

Again Ken dodged the blow. But the Nankas kept the boat close, and Files struck again. This time Ken did not quite succeed in dodging. The car missed his head but caught his shoulder. The next moment Files, dropping the car, reached from the boat and seized King of the Islands by his thick hair.

"Now, you swab!" screeled the mate.

Ken was dragged bodily into the boat. The mate flung him down, and he lay panting in a pool of water. A savage kick stirred Kifa, and he staggered up and took his car again. "Waddy-waddy along brig!" snapped Files.

And the whaleboat pulled back towards the Judge P. Hyman, while King of the Islands, panting, dripping, with burning eyes, lay in a widening pool of water.

### Turning the Tables!

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS lay still. That desperate swim had tired him, and there was something like despair in his heart. He was a prisoner again, and he knew what to expect when he was passed up the side of the San Francisco brig.



Fig. 1.—The air is flowing smoothly round the aeroplane's wing (shown in section), and lifting it. Fig. 2.—The air here is not so steady, and the air starts eddying behind it and the "stall" decreases rapidly. Fig. 3.—How the Hardy Page started wing warps. Here the air has opened, restoring the smooth air-flow.

A savage lashing and to lie in brass in the hold until the Judge P. Hyman put to sea again. But he was not on board yet, and as he lay in the bottom of the whaleboat desperate thoughts were passing in his mind.

"You damned swab!" hissed Files, leaping over him. "You swab! You'll desert, will you? I guess I'll larn you! Take that—and that!"

King of the Islands did not stir as the savage blows rained on him. He was fatigued, but he was very far from exhausted. It was his cue to

# All About Aeroplanes

This Week: HOW THE MACHINE IS FLOWN.

**A**LMOST any fellow of average health and intelligence can learn to fly the simpler types of aeroplanes and carry his pilot's "A" license. For the "B" license, which permits the holder to carry passengers for payment, somewhat rather more skill is needed, while to become a good military pilot you must have very considerable skill and training.

Here we will run over the chief manoeuvres it is necessary to know before you gain an "A" license, and incidentally learn something of the perils a pilot must face!



This diagram shows how the wind affects the take-off of aircraft whose engines fly at 80 miles per hour. The lower figures show the ground speed of the aircraft. Above is shown the speed of the wind which must be added to the ground speed—subtracted in the case of an aeroplane taking off down wind—to obtain the air speed, which must be over 80 miles an hour for the machine to rise at all.

For "taking off," the pilot first ascertains that he has a sufficient runway length depending on the particular aeroplane—facing into wind. No pilot ever takes off down or cross wind, except in the gravest emergency—as the machine must travel over the ground so much faster before the rush of air is sufficient to lift it. (The diagram above makes this quite clear.) The throttle is then opened, causing the engine to develop full power, and the machine starts forward. The first essential is to get the tail and tail-end off the ground. The pilot therefore pushes the stick forward, causing the elevator flaps to be depressed. The air will speedily lift the tail, whereas the pilot commences to ease the stick backwards.

All this time the machine is gathering speed and the pilot is able to tell when the machine is nearly air-borne by the increasing "stiffness" of the controls. He is careful, also, to see that the machine is kept level and on a straight course, correcting any deviations by the rudder and ailerons. At last the rush of air under the wings is sufficient to support the machine, the stick is brought still further back, and the machine "takes off" and climbs.

Exactly how steeply the aeroplane will climb at any time depends partly on the engine and partly on the elevator. For instance, at a certain engine speed the machine can be made to climb near and more steeply up to a certain angle, simply by the use of the elevator. But as the steepness of the climb increases, the forward speed of the machine falls off slowly and then very rapidly. If the engine speed is increased at any given setting of the elevator the machine will climb more steeply.

It easily will be seen that in any machine a point will be reached where the forward speed of the machine and the steepness of the climb combined will give the best possible rate of climb with the engine at full throttle. This climb is the "optimum climb" of the machine, and is very important, because beyond that point the rate of climb falls off very rapidly until "stalling" point is reached. When the machine "stalls" through being made to climb too steeply or with insufficient engine speed a very dangerous situation is reached.

The wings then no longer have enough lift to support the machine in the air. With normal or stable aircraft the machine will then automatically drop the nose and dive until sufficient forward speed is regained, may be set to fly on a level path again. But until sufficient forward speed is regained, the controls, which also depend on a rush of air for their action, are practically without effect.

If the machine is turning at the time of the stall it may start spinning instead of diving. In any case the machine plunges for two or three hundred feet quite out of control, and, therefore, if it is less than that distance above the ground, a crash is certain!

The difficulty is that an aircraft will stall at different rates of climb with different engine speeds, and if the engine is not furnishing power will "stall" even when flying level. Also it will stall at a higher forward speed during certain manoeuvres. Aircraft have now been designed, however, which can be controlled during the stall; and the Hardy Page started wing (see diagram above) fitted to an aeroplane has the same effect. But in any case, the most important commandment in flying is "Do not stall!"

# The Upper Hand!

(Continued from previous page.)

gives the mate the impression that he was in a state of utter exhaustion. There was nearly a quarter of a mile to pull back to the brig that swung at her sea-anchor far out from the reef. There was time yet, if he could put the bully off his guard, to make his get-away. The boy trader closed his eyes, and there was a smart of savage contempt from Enoch Files as he turned away contemptuously, not doubting that the boy trader had relapsed into unconsciousness.

"Washy-washy plenty quick, you black-feller boy!" he snarled. "By heky, you no washy-washy quick t get plenty mad along you!"

"Yessar," mumbled the cowering Kanakas.

The whaleboat glided swiftly back towards the Judge P. Hyman, four strong pairs of arms pulling at the oars. Ken lay without motion, apparently without life; but he was watching through half-closed lids, his heart beating fast.

"Alo! You got the lebbber?" Captain Sharp hailed from the brig as the boat drew near.

"Ay, ay, sir!" shouted back the mate. "I got the swab! I guess he's fainted!"

There was a hoarse chuckle from the skipper of the Judge P. Hyman.

"I guess I'll wake him up with a rap!" Gilt alongside."

The whaleboat glided under the reef of the brig, and the skipper's head, skinny face stared down into it. Files bent over Ken, and grasped him by the shoulder and shook him roughly. Ken did not speak or stir. He hung, a heavy weight, in the mate's grip, as Files dragged him up.

"He's gone dead off, sir! I reckon I hit him pretty hard after I got him in! I see better send down a line for him."

"Here, you feller boy!" roared the skipper.

A rope dangled down the side of the brig into the boat. The mate caught it, and stooped over Ken to make it fast round him, for the unconscious boy trader to be hauled up the side.

The next moment Enoch Files had the surprise of his life. The apparently exhausted and unconscious prisoner woke to sudden activity. As the mate passed the end of the rope round him, Ken's arms suddenly shot out and gripped him. In an instant the mate was dragged over and rolled in the bottom of the whaleboat, too stunned for the moment to realize what was happening.

Ken's fist, clenched hard, came down with a crash on the upturned face of the mate, driving Enoch Files' head against the timbers of the boat; and he lay senseless under King of the Islands. The boy trader released him, and grasped at the revolver in his belt. A thrill of fierce satisfaction ran through him as his grip closed on the butt of the revolver. He sprang to his feet in the rocking boat, starting up the side of the Judge P. Hyman with hissing

eyes, pointing the crossed and crossed pistol of Captain Sharp. The skipper's gun was in his hand now, and, straying over the rail, he pulled trigger. But the hurried shot missed the figure in the rocking boat by a foot or more.

An instant more, and Ken had stood. There was a wild yell on board the Judge P. Hyman, and a crash as the skipper went staggering backwards and collapsed on the deck.

"That for you, you heerd!" shouted King of the Islands.

He gave the mate one glance. Enoch Files lay senseless, without motion. The whaleboat had rocked away a dozen feet from the side of the brig. Ken stepped an order to the coxswain.

"Get along brig—quick!"

"Yessar!" stammered Kifu.

The Kanakas obeyed his order as if he had commanded them all his life. The whaleboat rocked to the side of the Judge P. Hyman, and Ken clambered on board with the swiftness and activity of a cat.

The black men on deck eyed him blankly, jabbering with excitement. But not a hand was raised against him.

Ken ran to the fallen skipper. His revolver was ready for another shot. But it was not needed. Captain Sharp lay on his back by the hatchway coaming. His revolver had fallen a dozen feet away, and Ken quickly secured it and dropped it into his pocket. The captain gazed up at him with dizzy eyes.

"You darn swab, you've shot me!" he panted.

Ken's eyes gleamed down at him. "You dirty dog of a Frisco slant," he said, between his teeth, "I'll teach you not to sneeze at a British skipper!"

"I guess—"

"Hold your tongue!"

The skipper's dizzy eyes burned with fury.

"You swab! This is mutiny!"

"Mutiny!" laughed Ken. "I'll give you mutiny! I command this hecker now, and when I tell you to hold your tongue, you'd better take a bite on your jawing tackle!"

He ran his hands quickly over the skipper, to search him for weapons. But there was none, save the revolver Ken had already taken possession of. Leaving the skipper, Ken ran to the side and hailed the whaleboat. His revolver gleamed over the rail, ready to drop Enoch Files at a sign of trouble.

"You feller Kifu!"

"Yessar!" gasped the boatswain.

"You revee that feller rope along feller mate."

"Yessar!"

"Here, you boy!" rapped Ken to the men on deck. "Ten get along rope and pull feller mate along deck."

The stunned mate was hauled on board the brig. He was beginning to recover his scattered wits now; his eyes were open and blinking dazedly round. Ken rapped out another order, and the rope was wound round Files' wrists and ankles and fastened there. The bewilderment of the Judge P. Hyman lay a helpless prisoner on the deck.

The whaleboat was along up to the davits, the Kanakas obeying the orders of King of the Islands as promptly as his own men had been accustomed to obey them on the Dawn. So far as their feazy minds could think the matter out at all, they were glad of the change of masters.

Ken's eyes were dancing now. He was master of the Judge P. Hyman. The ruffians who had kidnapped him and hazed him on board the Yankee brig were at his mercy now. He rapped out orders, revolver in hand, but the revolver was not needed—the Kanakas jumped to obey him. The sea-anchor was cut adrift, and the black crew sleek out sail.

"We no stop along Fitas, sar!" ventured Kifu.

King of the Islands laughed.

"No! We stop along O'us plenty soon. Up mainsail!"

The Judge P. Hyman glided out to sea. Fitas, the destination of Captain Sharp, dropped into the mist of the stars astern. The breeze was light, and it was not favorable for the return to O'us—the brig tacked wide and large, handled by King of the Islands, as Captain Sharp had never handled her. The shanghaiated skipper of the Dawn was skipper of the Judge P. Hyman now, and on board that floating inferno his word was law.

## The New Deck-Hand.

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS walked across to where the Yankee skipper lay, and looked down at him.

Not till the brig was fairly under way had the boy trader any attention to spare for him. Ken bent over and examined his injury. Now that his hands were free, Ken was willing to do what he could for the ruffian. The bullet had passed clean through the skipper's shoulder. Ken bandaged the wound, and ordered the Kanakas to carry the skipper below to his bunk. For the first time there was a sign of hesitation. The man under whose blows the Kanakas had cowered in terror was wounded and helpless; and the sparing of a helpless enemy did not appeal to the black crew of the Judge P. Hyman.

"Feller skipper he no good feller, sar!" said Kifu. "He plenty kill black feller along brig. S'pose he go along sea along feller shark, sar!"

"You feller boy talk too plenty much!" said King of the Islands, frowning. "S'pose you no 'bey orders, you get till-dead plenty quick! You carry feller—skipper along feller bunk, all same I tell you, or we knock down both out of you—sooty!"

The wounded man was carried below and placed in his bunk; and Ken, with dire threats, impressed upon the Kanakas that no harm was to come to him there. Meanwhile, Enoch Files had recovered full consciousness, with an ache in his head that racked him with pain, and he was struggling in his bonds. Having seen the skipper to his bunk, Ken

(Continued on page 10.)

(Continued from page 8.)

walked over to the mate, who glared up at him with the face of a demon.

"Mating, by hekey?" gasped Filer. "You wesk—cast me loose? Do you hear? Cast me loose pronto."

"You'll be cast loose in good time!" answered Ken grimly. "You're a deck-hand now, my man, and you're going to work with the crew!"

"What?" gasped Filer.

"I reckon that if you can shanghai a skipper and turn him into a deck-hand it's good enough for a mate—especially a mate out of a 'Prize show,'" said King of the Islands. "You'll turn to in the morning watch, my man, and you'll tumble up lively, as it will be the worse for you. Now hold your tongue!"

A stream of abuse answered.

"You feller Kifa!" called out Ken.

"Get a rope-and!"

"Yessar!" grinned the delighted boatwain.

"Here that feller mate five-five plenty hard!"

"You dare not!" shrieked Filer.

"You'll see! You gave me twenty, five when you got me aboard. I reckon the same medicine will do you good."

The mate shrieked and struggled and yelled as the hatches came down from the airy arm of the boatwain. As Kifa had lashed King of the Islands at Filer's order, so he now lashed Filer at the order of King of the Islands—only much more willingly. The knotted rope fairly sang as the squinting, yelling bully of the Judge P. Hyman. Not till the full twenty-five lashes had been administered did Ken give the sign to stop, and the boatwain unwillingly stopped. Enoch Filer lay groaning when he had finished.

Leaving him there, without another glance, King of the Islands, having posted Kifa at the helm and set his course, went below. He searched the cabins for weapons, and in the captain's cabin found two spare revolvers and a case of rifles. They were promptly dropped over the side, to sink to the bottom of the Pacific. He looked at the captain again, and found him unconscious. There was little he could do for the man; but what he could do, he did, and returned to the deck.

Tacking wide to make the most of the uncertain breeze, the Judge P. Hyman sped on her way—far already from Futuo, and heading across a solitary sea for the lonely atoll of O'ua, where Ken expected to find the Dawn and his shipmates. But that was a long trip, and it would be days before he could see the palm-trees of O'ua rising from the Pacific.

King of the Islands did not sleep that night. Morning was close at hand now; and Ken, standing by the binoculars, watched the golden rays of the rising sun across the shining water. He breakfasted on deck, the Kanaka cook bringing him his food there, with deep respect. For long and better days the shanghaied skipper of the Dawn had worked far-

ward with the crew; but he was a "white master" all the same; and now that he was in command the Kanaka crew transferred their obedience to him without a second thought. He exacted obedience; but the reign of blows and curses was over on board the Judge P. Hyman—the American brig was no longer a floating inferno.

In the morning watch Enoch Filer was cast loose from his bonds. He staggered to his feet with domestic rage in his hard, coarse face.

His first movement was a spring at the bay trader. Ken did not draw the revolver from his belt. He met Filer with right and left, and the barked mate went spinning across the deck, to collapse with a yell in the scuppers.

"Are you going to mutiny, you dog?" said King of the Islands grimly. "Haven't you learned your lesson yet? You fellow Kifa!"

"Yessar!" grinned the Naha-hira boy.

"Trice up that feller mate and give him twenty lashes."

Filer struggled wildly in the grasp of the Kanakas. But in a couple of minutes he was lashed to the rigging, and Kifa's knotted rope rang on his broad back. His threats changed to howls for mercy as the rope raised blows on him.

"Are you going to obey orders, you scum?" said King of the Islands.

"Yes!" gasped the mate, grinding his teeth.

"Yes, what?" snapped King of the Islands.

"Yes, sir!"

"That's better! Cast him loose!"

There was no resistance left in the barked mate of the Judge P. Hyman when he was cast loose once more. His own methods had effectually tamed him.

"You're a deck-hand now, my man," said King of the Islands. "When you were a mate you kept a dirty ship; but now you're a deck-hand you're going to keep it clean, savvy? You're going to clean planks and polish brass, and if you slack there's the rope-and ready for you, savvy?"

The mate of the Judge P. Hyman checked back his rage.

"Ay, ay, sir!" he panted.

"Now turn to!"

And the mate turned to. Through the hot day Enoch Filer worked as he had never worked before—as he had hardly lured any Kanaka into working. A dirty ship was an abomination to Ken, and though he was to be only a few days more on the Judge P. Hyman he would not sail on a dirty ship. The Kanakas worked cheerfully; Enoch Filer worked unwillingly and savagely; but Kifa's rope was ready to spur him on when he slacked.

When night came he berthed forward with the crew, taunted and bullied by the Kanakas without limit, and too worn down and dispirited to utter a word. Filer had made the Judge P. Hyman a floating inferno when he was in authority aboard her, and for him it was still an inferno.

The next morning he came cribbling aft to beg for mercy.

King of the Islands looked at him steadily and contemptuously.

"One white deck-hand is worth four niggers," he answered. "You'll pull and haul with the Kanakas so long as I command this hooker. This ship isn't clean yet—get to work!"

And the hally of the Judge P. Hyman got to work again. Through the sunny day the San Francisco brig toiled on her way to O'ua, with King of the Islands in an undisputed command, and the barked mate, amid the grinning and bawling of the Kanakas, scrubbing planks and polishing brass-work. And it was late in that afternoon that a Kanaka announced a "feller sail," and Ken's eyes danced at the sight of a handsome ketch coming sweeping down on the brig under full sail before the south-west trade wind.

## Dawn Aho!

"FELLER brig!" cried Naha-hira-louga.

Kit Hudson watched the brig through the binoculars. From the Sa'a boy on O'ua he had had some description of the Judge P. Hyman, and the vessel that was rolling up on long tacks against the south-west trade was a brig, and looked like fitting the Sa'a boy's description. But if this was the Judge P. Hyman the Coromantel was puzzled.

"Looks as if it might be the hooker we want," said Hudson, as he lowered the glasses. "But, according to the Sa'a boy, she was making Futuo, and if she crawled like a land-crab she ought to have made Futuo before this. And, besides—" He broke off, puzzled. He expected the 'Prize brig to have made Futuo days since, and perhaps to have left for a farther port before he could make the island in his turn. This hooker looked like the Sa'a boy's description; but if she was the Yankee brig, she was heading back towards O'ua, and that was inexplicable.

"Speaker along brig, sar!" said Koko.

Hudson nodded. If this brig was not the brig he was following, he might get from her news of the Judge P. Hyman, at least. But as he neared the rolling brig he was more and more convinced that this was the ship on board which King of the Islands had been shanghaied, and her present course was a mystery that he had to give up.

The ketch bore down on the brig, Hudson had the wind of her, and there was no chance for the brig to elude him, and an attempt was made to do so. He locked in the revolver in his belt, and ordered Koko to serve out rifles to the crew. If his estimate was a shanghaied man on board the brig, Kit Hudson was prepared for any measure to rescue him, and no odds would have made him hesitate to attack if the Yankees had refused to give up the prisoner.

"Brig waster; speaker along us," remarked Koko, who stood at the helm of the Dawn, watching the nearing vessel.

Sail was being taken in on board

## GLIMPSSES OF BORNEO.

By F. J. MELVILLE,

President of the Junior Philatelic Society.

OUR stamps open up fine glimpses of far-away lands for us, and some of them introduce us to places of quaint and romantic interest. The latest stamp design of Brunai awakens more than ordinary curiosity, for the panoramic view it bears suggests at once a little-known Venice of the East.

Brunai is the north-west part of the island of Borneo, whose Dyaks and gibbons, tigers and crocodiles are familiar to us on the stamps of British North Borneo and Labuan. The whole of Borneo used to be subject to the Sultan of Brunai, but that State has now but a shadow of its former greatness.



A stamp-up of a native Borneo in red-wood, in the island of Borneo.

It consists of an ambitious assemblage of houses built in the water, some fifteen miles inland, at a point where the river Lompang expands to a lake-like formation over a mile wide. The boats are built of wood and mats, set upon piles rising above the water surface, and each is furnished with a ladder to the water, which forms the only means of entrance!

The streets of the old city are formed by the river, the widest of which afford anchorage for good-sized vessels. Since Brunai became a British Protectorate a new town has developed on the mainland, but the quaint old town in midstream still houses a population of over 10,000, and in older times had many times that number.

There are only about sixty stamps of Brunai, so it is one of the countries that is fairly easy to get nearly complete. The first issue consisted of Labuan "crown" stamps, overprinted "BRUNAI," in 1888, but these were superseded in 1897 by the first picture issue, which is a stamp-up of a native approaching his home in the water by canoe. This type of stamp has been continued down to this day, with some changes of colour and watermark, and with the addition of two new values—6 cents and 12 cents in the panoramic design.



The City in the Waters, the latest stamp design of Brunai, North-West Borneo.

the brig; they could see the Kanakas in the rigging grappling with the canvas. It was clear that the brig wanted to speak, for she was very soon hove-to on the calm waters, waiting for the floater down to sweep down on her. Kit Hudson watched her, more and more puzzled. He started, and wondered, as he spotted a little figure standing by the bows, looking down towards the Dawn, and waiting a hand. In his amazement he rubbed his eyes and stared again.

"Feller King of the Islands!" came a yell from Koko.

"Green jumping fish!" Hudson clapped the binoculars to his eyes again. There stood King of the Islands, smiling, waving his hand to the ketch, plainly in command of the brig! Hudson laid down the glasses like a fellow in a dream. The course of the brig, bearing down towards O'us, was explained now, as King of the Islands was giving orders on board. But the mystery was one that Hudson could not solve.

Koko was chuckling gleefully. His big, black eyes danced at the sight of his little white master, safe and sound. The ketch rushed on till the sails dropped as she ranged alongside the San Francisco brig. There was a ringing shout from King of the Islands.

"Aloey, the Dawn!"

"Coming aboard!" called back Hudson.

"In the calm sea the ketch floated alongside the hove-to brig, and Kit Hudson leaped from the rail and landed on the Judge F. Hyman. The black crew stared at him—the one white member of the crew scowled from forward, Hudson rushed up to King of the Islands and grasped his hand.

"Safe and sound, Ken?"

"Right as rain," said King of the Islands cheerfully, "and glad to see the Dawn's again, old man, and your figure-head."

"But what—how——" stammered Hudson. "We got news from a Sa'u boy that you were slaughtered on this hooker, and came after her for Futua; but—what—"

"I was slaughtered all right," Ken grinned. "I've had some days on this craft that I shan't forget; but luck swung my way, and I got the upper hand. I was running the old tub back to O'us when I sighted you." He explained in a few words what had happened on the Judge F. Hyman. "The skipper's in his bunk now, on his back, and I fancy he won't be treading a deck again for a few weeks; and the mate—there's the mate." He fixed his eyes on Enoch Files. "Turn to, you lay awah!"

Files, with the face of a demon, resumed his weary polishing of brass-work. Kit Hudson chuckled.

"You've got him feeding out of your hand?" he remarked.

"Little white master he cenny luck along own ship!" called Koko from the Dawn.

"You bet, old coffee-bean!" said Ken, laughing.

There was a quick exchange of glances among the Kanakas crew of the Judge F. Hyman. Kifu's eyes gleamed at the mate. Enoch Files

understood that look, and he dropped his polishing rag and stumbled aft. The skipper was wounded and helpless in his bunk, he himself unarmed, and only too well he knew what would happen when the protection of King of the Islands was withdrawn. Only the boy trader, whom he had brutally slaughtered on board the brig, stood between him and destruction.

"You ain't leaving me on this ship without a gun!" he explained hoarsely. "Give me my gun, King of the Islands!"

"I'm giving you nothing," Ken answered. "I've seen you handle a gun on this hooker, you scoundrel, and I shan't give you a chance to handle one again. Your crew are what you've made of them, and you can take your chance."

Kifu's eyes dwelt gleefully on the mate. There were wolfish looks from the rest of the crew. Kit Hudson glanced at them and whistled. Every black man on the brig was eagerly awaiting the moment when the long account of hate and vengeance would be settled. Once King of the Islands was gone, leaving Files unarmed, the

bully of the Judge F. Hyman would be utterly at the mercy of the half-savage blacks whom he had bullied and beaten and hated.

Files' face was like chalk. "You won't leave white men to be kilted by niggers," he muttered huskily. "Give me my gun, and I'll handle this crew yet, even with the skipper on his beam-ends."

"No give feller gun, see!" exclaimed Kifu, in alarm. "You take back, air, along feller mate he shootee Nalife kilt-dead!"

Ken nodded. He had no intention whatever of leaving it in Files' power to re-establish his reign of terror on board the "Prize" brig.

"No gives gun," he said.

And Kifu and the Kanakas grinned—a grin that sent a cold chill down the spine of Enoch Files. He came closer to King of the Islands, bringing—

"Give me a passage on the ketch, show," he muttered. "You won't leave me here to be murdered by those black demons!"

Kit Hudson looked curiously at his comrades. He could guess what Ken had been through while Files held



## The Upper Hand!

(Continued from previous page.)

the upper hand, but he could not believe that King of the Islands would leave a white man at the mercy of the blacks—and even the hunko mate was a white man of sorts. King of the Islands looked steadily at the gringing bully of the Judge P. Hyman.

"I'll give you a passage on the ketch to the first port we touch," he said. "You'll work your passage for your notions as a deck-hand."

"I stem—"

"Yes or no?" snapped Ken.

"Yes," gasped Filer.

"Then you've got five minutes to pack your dunnage! Tell your skipper he can have a passage if he chooses to abandon his ship. In five minutes we make sail."

Filer stammered below. It did not take Captain Sharp long to make up his mind. To abandon the brig was a heavy blow, but to remain on it after King of the Islands had gone was to lose his life along with his ship. Filer came back to the deck with his dunnage, and tossed it suddenly on board the ketch. Captain Sharp's voice was heard yelling from below, in his terror of being left behind. Ken ordered the Kanakas to fetch the skipper up, and he was taken on board the Dawn.

The black crew watched him go with disappointed looks. But Kifu grinned slyly.

"Feller brig belong black boy now," he said.

Ken shrugged his shoulders. He was quite indifferent to the fate of the "Fisher brig." There was no doubt that the black crew would beach the brig on the nearest island, plunder it from stern to stern, and take to the bush with their loot. The Judge P. Hyman was never likely to be seen on Pacific waters again. But that was the business of his officers who were leaving her, not of King of the Islands.

"Feller skipper he no stop," grinned Kifu. "Feller mate he no stop. Feller brig he belong along black boy now. Feller Kifu he take brig along beach along island. Feller Kifu he go back along Nukahiva plenty rich feller."

Each Filer stood hesitating. At the last moment some thought seemed to be in his mind of taking his chance on the Judge P. Hyman. But the wolfish looks of the black crew told him what he had to expect. Ken gave him an impatient look.

"Jump aboard if you're going!" he snapped.

Filer gritted his teeth and jumped to the ketch. King of the Islands and Kit Hudson followed him, and the two vessels parted company at once. The black crew of the brig laughed and sang as they set sail, to run the Judge P. Hyman to the nearest island to beach her there. What became of the brig was no concern of Ken's, and he gave her no further thought.

It was with a glad heart that King of the Islands took his own deck again. Kaiti-taitaitanga gave his white master a grin of welcome that showed every glistening white tooth in his head.

"Koko he plenty glad see little white master again eye belong him," grinned the Kanaka.

"Little white master he plenty glad, too," said Ken, with a smile. He turned to Filer, who was staring after the brig, a savage look on his face. "Take your dunnage forward, you lubber. Lively!"

Filer tramped to the forecabin with his dunnage.

"Keep her before the wind, Koko." The Dawn glided swiftly before the south-west trade, and the Judge P. Hyman dropped astern.

It was a week later that the ketch touched at an island and landed the skipper and mate of the Judge P. Hyman. King of the Islands sent them ashore in the whaleboat, glad to see the last of them. Many a hapless sailor had they shanghaied in their time, but the bullying skipper and the hunko mate had paid doubly for the shanghaing of King of the Islands!

(Next week's magnificent long complete game of King of the Islands is entitled "The Castaway of Lu'u!" It moves with a fine, brisk swing—fairly carries you away into the adventure-packed Tropic Seas! Are you sure of getting your next week's MODERN BOY? A definite order with your arrangement will do the trick!)

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