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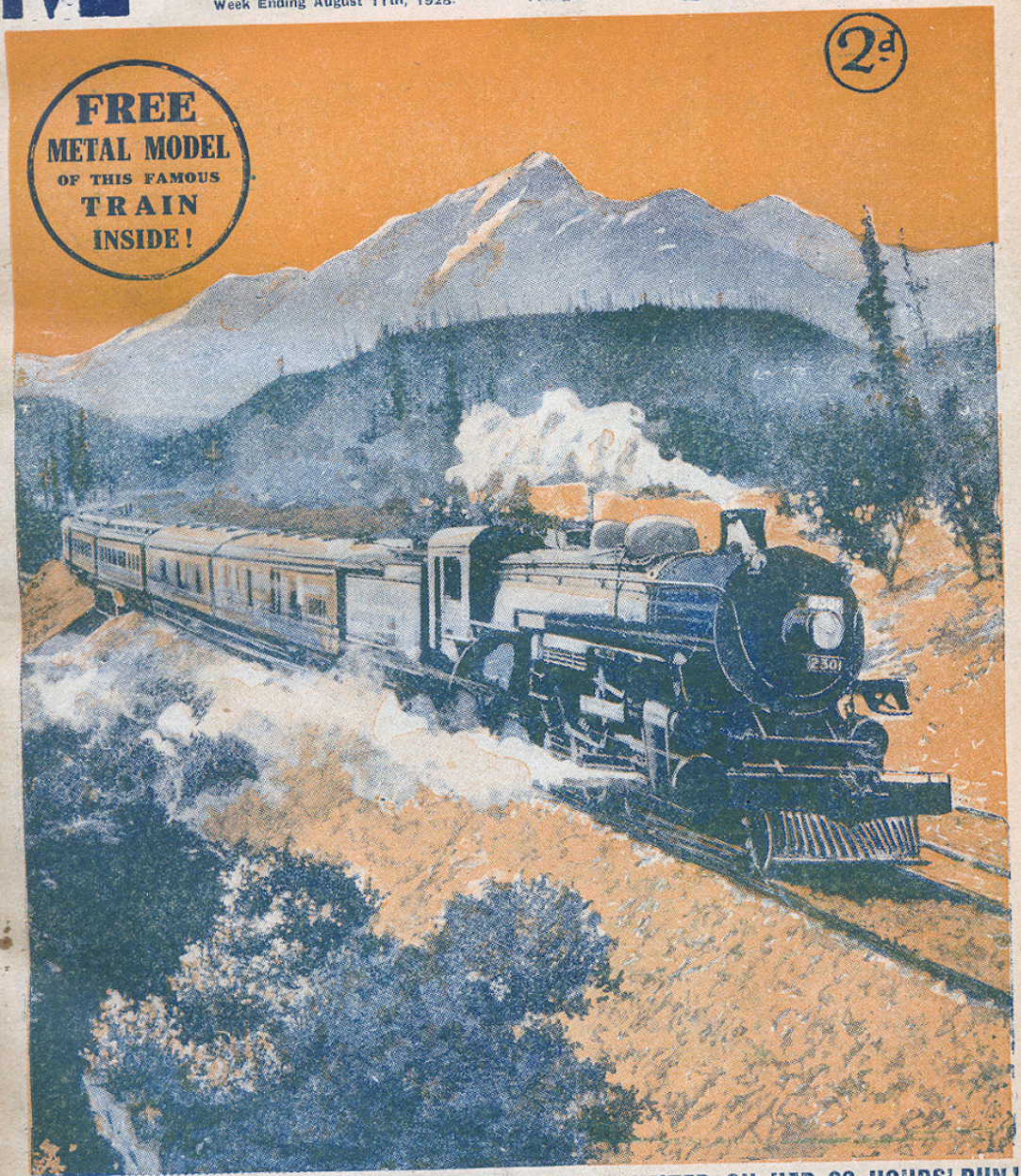
FREE METAL MODEL OF THIS FAMOUS TRAIN INSIDE!



MONTREAL TO VANCOUVER—THE TRANS-CANADA LIMITED ON HER 93 HOURS' RUN!

Tricked by Cannibals!

The adventurer stepped closer to the boy, scanning his features in the dim glimmer of the lamp. "You're Dick Goring?" he asked huskily.

A King of the Islands Story of Outstanding Merit.

All the Sparkling Romance and Vivid Adventure of the South Seas, in a LONG, COMPLETE Yarn.

By

CHARLES HAMILTON.

The Chief of Lu'u!

"FELLER TAMINANGO!" exclaimed Kaio-lalulalonga, the gigantic Kanaka bo'sun of the ketch Dawn, as a war canoe shot out from the mangrove swamp near by.

The Dawn lay at anchor off the Island of Lu'u in the Solomons, idly swinging to her cable. Lu'u was a place of evil repute, and ships gave it a wide berth. But Ken King, the boy owner of the ketch, had been persuaded to visit it by Gerald Goring, the ship's passenger.

Goring had implored King of the Islands, as Ken was known throughout the South Seas, to call at Lu'u and investigate the rumour that a white boy was living with the natives. This boy, rumour said, was a castaway from the wreck of the Foam. If that were so, he was Sir Richard Goring, Bart., owner of rich estates at home in England. And Gerald Goring was the next in succession!

Arriving at the island, the Dawn had dropped her anchor, and a fishing canoe had come to meet her. In the canoe was a young lad, burnt dark brown by the tropical sun, who might have been the missing heir. The paddlers had taken alarm and fled. Goring, in his excitement, had fired on them, and all that night Ken had been expecting trouble.

Now Kaio-lalulalonga—Koko for short—let out his shout as he saw the war canoe, in which knelt twenty paddlers. In the bow stood a tall figure, his eyes fixed on the ketch.

"Taminango!" repeated King of the Islands.

"Him chief along Lu'u," said Koko. "Plenty bad feller, makee kai-kai along white feller all the same black feller."

The Polynesian crew of the Dawn, lolling lazily in the heat, chewing betel-nut, woke to activity at once as the long, dark canoe paddled out of the mangroves. Every man grasped a rifle, and all eyes were fixed on the canoe. Gerald Goring half-raised his rifle, and Kit Hudson grasped it by the barrel and forced it down.

"Belay that!" he snapped.

"Keep cool, Goring!" said King of the Islands quietly. "You've made trouble enough by firing on the niggers yesterday. Taminango is coming here for a talk. There's a chance yet we may get the castaway off without fighting."

"They've got arms in the canoe," Goring said. "I can see a spear-head sticking out from under a mat."

"I can see more than one!" laughed Ken. "And I fancy they have got some Sniders hidden under those tapa mats, too. They'll rush the ketch if they get a chance. But we're not going to give them a chance!"

"They'll get chance enough if they lay that canoe alongside the Dawn."

"They won't get alongside. I've sailed these seas longer than you have, Mr. Goring, and I know how to deal with Lu'u cannibals!"

With steady strokes of the flashing paddles, the long canoe shot towards the anchored ketch. Taminango, standing up in the bow, was making the sign of peace with outspread palms.

The sign of peace, from a Melanesian cannibal, meant nothing but trickery, as King of the Islands was well aware. The treachery of the Lu'u blacks was almost infantile in its simplicity. Once the canoe was laid alongside the Dawn, the hidden weapons under the tapa mats would have flashed into sight, and the cannibals would have swarmed over the rail to the attack. But King of the Islands knew the South Seas too well to be caught napping so easily as that. The canoe was still at a safe distance, but within the range of his voice, when he stepped up to the rail and waved his hand and shouted:

"Feller canoe he stop!"

There was no answer, and the canoe came on. King of the Islands lifted his rifle to his shoulder.

"Feller canoe he no stop, plenty shoot along canoe!" he rapped out.

There was a muttered word from

Taminango, and the paddles ceased to flash in the sun. Ken lowered the Winchester. Taminango stood erect, his glinting, black eyes scanning the ketch. He made a strange figure as he stood there; clad only in a loin-cloth, but covered with decorations. Long strings of cartridge-clips swung and rattled from his ears, twined with scarlet hibiscus blossoms. From his nose hung the bowl of a meerschaum pipe, a rare and distinctive decoration. In his fuzzy hair was fastened an aluminium hot-water bottle, polished and gleaming like silver. Round his massive neck were half a dozen necklaces of coral beads, shells, and bones, and hanging from the necklaces was a china milk-jug, intact. That he was aware of the rare nature of his finery was evident from Taminango's manner. It was a self-satisfied dandy who was standing up in the canoe staring at the ketch.

"What name white feller he talk along gun?" demanded Taminango, in an injured tone. "Me come talk good talk along white captain."

"S'pose you talk good talk, me talk plenty good," answered King of the Islands amicably. "No wantee shoot black feller along gun. Canoe he stop, gun he stop!"

"Taminango stop along ship talk white captain."

"Stop along canoe talk," answered Ken. "Plenty too much good talk stop along canoe."

"What name white captain he come along Lu'u?" asked Taminango, yielding the point. "No trade he stop along Lu'u."

"No comey along trade," said Ken. "Comey look-see findee little white feller stop along island. We give plenty stick tobacco s'pose you bring little white feller along ship."

Taminango eyed him in silence, a crafty gleam in his eyes.

"No white feller he stop along island," he declared.

"One day before me see little white feller eye belong me," said King of the Islands. "See um along canoe. He catch fish along Lu'u boy."

"Which way you wantee little white feller?" asked Taminango, acknowledging the falsehood without a change of countenance.

"You listen ear belong you," said Ken. "Many, many day before white feller ship he wreck along Lu'u. Ship he call the Foam. Lu'u boy he makee kai-kai along crew. Little white feller he belong white feller ship. We comey findee little white feller. S'pose Taminango he give little white feller, me give plenty tobacco, plenty bead, plenty shell money."

"Little white feller he all same Lu'u boy," replied Taminango. "Little white feller he belong me!"

"S'pose you no give, gunboat he come, kill-dead plenty black feller along Lu'u," said King of the Islands.

"Gunboat he come plenty time before," grinned Taminango. "Black feller he run along bush. No 'flaid gunboat. No 'flaid white feller altogether."

King of the Islands paused. He had come to Lu'u to rescue Dicky Goring, the boy castaway who had been spared by the cannibals and adopted into the tribe. He would willingly have handed over a canoe-load of trade-goods in exchange for the boy. That this black ruffian, with his necklace of human bones, was attached to the little lad who had been adopted into the tribe might have seemed impossible to one who did not know the South Seas. But King of the Islands knew well the strangely mixed nature of the Pacific savage. He did not give up hope of ransoming the castaway of Lu'u. To rescue the boy by force was a task that was likely to tax his resources to the utmost.

"No give little white feller," said Taminango, with another shake of his fuzzy head. "He all same Lu'u boy now. He no wantee go along white feller!"

"Me give five twenty stick tobacco, five five fathom shell money," said King of the Islands.

"White feller talk plenty good talk." Taminango's black eyes snapped with greed. "Feller boat he comey along island bring tobacco, bring shell-money, takee little white feller." He waved a black hand towards the dusky mangroves. "Little white feller he stop along house belong Taminango. White captain he comey fetchee, bring tobacco, bring shell-money."

Kit Hudson grinned. The offered trap was so palpable that it appealed to his sense of humour.

"'Will you walk into my parlour?' said the spider to the fly," murmured the Cornstalk.

"Me no comey along island," answered Ken. "You bring little white feller along ship, you takee tobacco, shell money, beads along canoe."

"What name white cap'n he no walk about along shore?" persisted Taminango.

"White captain he no leave him ship! White captain he always stop along ship."

Taminango pointed a dirty black finger to the tall figure of Gerald Goring, conspicuous on the deck in white drill and a pith helmet.

"Cap'n he no come, other white feller master he come," he suggested. "Bring tobacco, bring shell money, bring bead, takee little white feller."

"I'll do it," exclaimed Goring.

Ken glanced at him.

"You can't!" he answered. "It's a trick—they'd pile on you as soon as you set foot ashore."

"I'll risk it!" said Goring, shrugging his shoulders impatiently. "I can take care of myself. I've come here to get my cousin, Dicky Goring, and we're wasting time. We've kicked about this island a whole day now, and nothing done. I'll risk it with the niggers!"

Goring heard sounds of stealthy movements in the bush, and suddenly Taminango leaped into view, spear in hand. "What name white feller master he come along Lu'u?" he demanded.

Tricked by Cannibals!

(Continued from previous page.)

"You'll stay where you are," said Ken curtly. He turned to the savage in the canoe. "No white feller he comey along beach. Beach he taboo along white feller. You wantee trade, you bring little white feller along ship. You no trade, feller gunboat he come, knock seven bells out of Lu'u too much altogether."

"White feller he comey along shore," reiterated Taminango. "Little white feller he wait along shore along big white feller he come." And the chief made a sign to the paddlers, and the canoe shot back towards the swamp. A few minutes, and the mangroves swallowed it from sight!

Taking the Chance!

GERALD GORING sat on the teak rail, one leg extended along it, the other swinging to the deck, and scowled at the belt of mangroves, growing more deeply dusky now as the sun sank beyond Lu'u. Fetid steam still rose from the swamp, poisoning the atmosphere. Once or twice, from hidden blacks in the mangroves, had come the crack of an old Snider, the ball falling short of the ketch and kicking up a puff of spray in the smooth water. One ball knocked up spray that splashed the face of the adventurer, but he did not even turn his head. That Gerald Goring was a "bad hat" Ken and Hudson had soon learned; but there was no doubt that he had plenty of courage and a nerve of iron.

Under the awning, aft, Ken and Kit were talking in low tones, while the Hiva-Oa crew loafed and lolled, and chewed betel-nut; though ready enough to spring into activity at the voice of their white master.

Goring's glance rested on the mangroves, unheeding the occasional sniping shots that came from the swamp. The blacks were poor shots, and their guns anything but reliable; but a chance bullet might have struck the tall figure lounging on the rail. Goring gave no thought to the possible danger. He was thinking black and bitter thoughts, and scowling; and when he glanced across at the shipmates of the Dawn his eyes glinted.

There was no love lost between King of the Islands and his passenger. The man was a wastrel, and more than once it had looked like trouble between the boy trader and his passenger, but so far an open outbreak of hostility had been avoided. But it looked as if it was coming now! Goring swung himself off the rail at last and tramped across the deck towards the long cane chair where Ken sat.

"I'm fed up with this!" he said, standing before King of the Islands, towering over him. "We're wasting time. We came here to rescue Dicky Goring, and here we are hanging about off shore. What's your game? Do you think the niggers will bring him off to trade for tobacco?"

"There's a chance of that. I'm going to give them till dark, anyhow!"

"They won't trust you any more than you'll trust them. Somebody's got to take a risk," growled Goring.

"Nobody's going to take the risk of the cooking-ovens on Lu'u," answered Ken. "If we trade with the niggers, we trade on the salt water."

"I'm ready to take the risk," sneered Goring; "and I'm a griffin out from home, new to these seas, not an old hand like King of the Islands."

"That's why," answered Ken. "If you knew these seas, nothing would induce you to set foot on Lu'u while the blacks are on their guard and looking for you."

"Have we come here to hang off shore?" demanded Goring. "The time's going—day after day——"

"There's no hurry! Dicky Goring has been a prisoner on Lu'u for two years now, and a few days more won't do any damage. We've only got a dog's chance of saving him, anyhow—and not even that if we're careless."

"I tell you I'm not going to waste time!"

King of the Islands looked at him steadily and searchingly. More than once during the run down the islands to Lu'u, Goring had betrayed the same angry impatience; but that it was not affection for his boy relative that moved him Ken was well aware. More than once it had come into his mind that there was something behind this; something that Goring had not told him when he had related the story of the castaway and asked Ken's help to seek for him.

"What's the hurry, Goring? According to the yarn you spun me at Lalinge you're empowered by the executors of the Goring estate to search for the boy, who will be Sir Richard Goring if he can be got home again. I needn't beat about the bush—if you hadn't told me that you stood to gain by finding the boy I shouldn't have believed that you were in earnest. But I don't understand the hurry—after two years you're not hurrying on the boy's account. Why are you pressed for time?"

"I've not said that I'm pressed for time."

"Every day you've scanned the sea for a sail or a steamer—few enough in these waters. I'm no fool, Goring! You have expected to see a sail. Why?"

Goring did not answer.

"I'm beginning to think there's more to it than you let on," said King of the Islands quietly. "To put it plain, is there another party in search of the castaway, and are you planning to be the first to get him?"

"Who else should be in search of him?" said Goring harshly. "I'm his only blood relation in the world."

"Very likely; but if he is heir to a baronetcy and a fortune of fifteen thousand a year, he's bound to be searched for," said Ken. "There's more to this than you've told me, Goring. Now put it plain—if there's another ship to be expected here, it will make a lot of difference to our plans. We might join forces with them and handle the niggers better."

There was a strange gleam in Goring's eyes as he looked at the boy trader. But he did not utter the thoughts that were in his mind.

"Well?" snapped Ken.

"Nobody else is in search of Dicky Goring," answered the adventurer sullenly. "Believe me or not as you choose. I'm here to find him, and I've offered you a handsome reward for your help. If you don't choose to help, leave me to take my own way, and stand by to pick me up when I come off the island. I'm not asking you to go ashore with me. If there's risk, I'm ready to take it. I don't even ask you to wait and pick me up. I'll take my chance of getting off again in a canoe."

"You'll take your chance of the arrival of the other vessel, for which you've been watching the sea for a week," said Ken quietly.

"Take it as you like," rapped out Goring. "I'm going ashore. I'd never have sailed on your craft at all if I could have got any other skipper to run me down to Lu'u. But those cannibals have got all the skippers in these seas scared stiff. I tell you, King of the Islands, I'm going ashore, and if you're going to stop me you'll have to stop me by force. Hang on here as long as you like, or make sail back to Lalinge and leave me to my chance. I'm for Lu'u!"

"I've no right to keep you on the ship if you insist on going ashore," replied Ken. "You're your own master. You bargained for a run down to Lu'u, and we're at Lu'u. If you're fool enough to step on the beach, I'm not going to put you in irons to stop you. Only I warn you that you're throwing your life away."

"Well, I do insist," snapped Goring. "I'm fed-up with loafing here. Put me ashore in a whaleboat and wash your hands of me."

"Pack any dunnage you want," said King of the Islands, rising from the deck chair. "The boat's at your orders as soon as you like."

"Good!"

Goring, with a brighter face, went below. Ken called out to the Kanakas to lower the whaleboat. There was a cloud on his sunburnt face. He had no right to control Goring's actions. The man had bargained for a run to Lu'u, and had a right to land there if he chose. He was a "griffin"—a newcomer in the Pacific—but he was no fool. He knew his danger, and disregarded it. His motive was hard to seek. But that he had some strong motive King of the Islands was certain. The adventurer was setting his life on a cast. The possibility that once he was at their mercy the savages would trade with him fairly and keep faith was utterly remote, and Goring knew how remote it was. There was something behind it all—something that perplexed King of the Islands.

"It beats me," said Kit Hudson, meeting Ken's puzzled glance. "It's clear enough he's expecting another ship in these waters, and he'd be better pleased if we'd up hook and quit. But if he gets among the cannibals he won't live to see another sail."

"I don't make it out," Ken confessed. "He's taking a fearful chance—for what? What reason can he have for being so keen on getting the boy before the other ship comes? For that's what it amounts to. There may be a reward for finding

the boy, but that wouldn't account for it. He knows the chance he's taking, and no reward is worth it, unless it ran into thousands. He's got me beat!"

Goring came back to the deck. His face was bright and alert, his step springy. Little as the shipmates of the Dawn liked the man, they could not help admiring his courage and nerve. The frightful peril into which he was about to step had absolutely no effect upon him, or, rather, it seemed to have braced him. He had belted on a revolver in a holster, and slung a rucksack over his shoulder. He glanced at the waiting whaleboat and came over to king of the Islands.

"Let them put a case of trade tobacco in the boat, King, and a stack of shell money. If I lose the stuff, it will be at my own cost. There's a hundred pounds in my suitcase below, and if I don't return you can pay yourself."

Without answering that, King of the Islands ordered the Kanakas to place a case of trade tobacco and a score of fathoms of shell money in the boat. There was a chance—a remote chance—that Goring might be able to trade with the natives.

Goring made no affectation of bidding farewell to the shipmates of the Dawn. He swung himself over the rail into the waiting boat.

Ken leaned over the side and called to Kaio-lalulalonga, who was at the steering-sweep, Lompo and Lufu at the oars.

"Koko, you land white feller master along beach. Keep clear of the mangroves. Pull along to the open beach. No step ashore foot belong you."

"Yessar!"

The whaleboat pulled away, heading for the patch of open, sandy beach at the edge of the mangrove swamp. Ken and Kit Hudson stood at the rail, rifle in hand, to cover the landing. The little stretch of beach was within easy range of the rifle fire, and the Winchesters were ready to drive off any attempt of the blacks

(Continued overleaf.)

THE WORLD BEFORE YOU!

If you want to be AN ACTOR

By

MALCOLM KEEN,

The great actor who recently has added to his laurels by an amazingly clever representation of the sinister Chinese, Li-San, in "The Yellow Mask."

"I WANT to go on the stage. How can I set about it?"

This question is put to me by scores of ambitious young fellows in the course of a year. And because the stage is the most over-crowded of professions, I should always reply, "Don't!"—but for the odd chance of discouraging some fellow of latent genius—some embryo Irving!

Still, I feel it is but my plain duty to warn anyone wishful of becoming an actor that the road to stage success is exceptionally hard and long, and the chances are all against one making a really steady and comfortable livelihood. I should say that about seventy out of every hundred boys believe they could make a fair success "on the boards"—and probably one out of the seventy is right!

Let us say that you have definitely proved yourself to have talent; you are a good elocutionist, with distinct personality. Without either money or influence your best plan would be to get in touch with the manager of some stock or repertory company, preferably a company that plays drama, as this is the best initial schooling. Such companies nowadays can seldom afford to take chances with beginners, and therefore, although you may have undoubted histrionic ability, you must be prepared to offer your services for nothing, or next to nothing. You must, in fact, regard your early period on the stage as so much hard schooling.

In the event of your not being able to induce any manager to let you join the company as a small part actor, you should offer to help with the various odd jobs that have to be done behind the scenes—in fact, be a sort of office-boy-handyman. In a repertory company—i.e., a company that presents different plays at frequent intervals—there is bound to come the time when you will get your chance to enact a small part. If you acquit yourself creditably, you can expect the manager to rely on you on future occasions.

There are scores of stock companies in London and the provincial towns that put on a different play each week, and in some cases a different play every two or three nights. If you, as the aspiring young actor, could persuade the manager of one of these companies to give you your chance, you would be doing the best thing possible to get a thorough grounding in the work—far, far better than attending any of the schools of dramatic art that train pupils for the stage, good though some of these may be in their way. The thing to avoid is drifting early into a touring company that puts on the same play at every town it visits. Little experience is gained, and the actor nowadays who can only play one kind of rôle well may find himself out of "a shop" (job) for weary months at a time—"resting," as we politely call it in the profession!

The beginner should take every opportunity of playing character parts, and also, when time permits, watching more experienced actors in their rôles. By practice only can you learn another essential of the profession, the art of applying make-up. Only by experience will you discover how best to blend colours to get the best facial effects in the varied lighting of the theatre. An old hand will always help you and give you wrinkles, and you can practice at home or in your digs at the cost of a few coppers for wasted paint and grease.

You would do well to remember that in this country, as a novice, you will seldom receive payment for rehearsals. When you start earning money, you will be lucky if you get more than two pounds or three pounds a week. As you gain experience, and become known to agents and managers, you may receive as much as twenty pounds a week in salary—but this does not necessarily mean £1,000 a year! You will have agent's fees and various expenses, and there is always the chance that a play will "flop" after a run of a few weeks, or possibly a few days!

A few top-notchers obtain £200 and £300 a week, but such salaries rarely come to the actor on the "legitimate" stage—rather to the jazz singer-dancer type of comedian in revue!

Malcolm Keen

Tricked by Cannibals!

(Continued from previous page.)

to seize the boat. But no Lu'u man appeared from the bush. On the sea and the shore all was silent and still in the purple glow of the sinking sun. And Gerald Goring stepped ashore. His dunnage was landed beside him, and the whaleboat pulled back to the ketch.

———

Among the Cannibals.

"AT last!"

Goring muttered the words as he stood on the sandy beach of Lu'u. He was standing on the shore of an island, the most ill-famed in the Solomons group, avoided alike by white men and black; the island where the Foam had been wrecked two years before and most of her crew massacred by the savages; the island to which no skipper at Lalinge, except King of the Islands, would have ventured to bring his ship. Round him the little patch of beach, glowing in the lazy rays of the sun, was silent and deserted, with no sign of life save the crawling land-crabs and great butterflies, inches across, that fluttered from the shade of the bush.

Beyond the beach was the bush. On either side of it, along the shore, was the mangrove swamp, dark and dank and fetid, thronged, as Goring knew, by watchful cannibals. Yet his nerve did not fail him for a moment. His manner was cool and unconcerned, and he was glad that he had landed at last on that forbidding beach.

He watched the whaleboat pull back to the Dawn, and saw it slung up the side. His retreat was cut off now, if he had thought of retreat. But that was not what he was thinking of. The desperate adventurer had set his life on a cast, and he was prepared to stand the hazard of the die.

The ketch grew dimmer to the view far out on the water as the sun dipped lower behind the blue-clad hills. Night was at hand, and the twilight of the tropics was short. But already in the fleecy sky the moon was rising, and the moon glimmer mingled on the lonely beach with the dying flaming of the sun.

In the dim glimmer on the sea, the ketch hung spectral, half-seen, like a ghost ship. Goring gave her no further attention. He moved a dozen paces from the water and stood looking about him.

There were sounds of stealthy movements in the bush and in the swamp. Suddenly a figure leapt into view on the open shore. It was Taminango, spear in hand. His leap brought him within a dozen feet of Goring, and there he stopped, motionless, the spear half-raised. After him came a score or more of blacks, with spears in their grasp, to stop ranked behind their chief.

Goring dropped his hand on his revolver, but there was no sign of fear in his face. And that the cool disdain of the tall white man daunted Tamin go, was clear from his uncertain looks, and also it was probable that he was perplexed by the white man stepping thus fairly into his hands, and suspected trickery. Treacherous himself in every fibre of his savage carcass, Taminango scented treachery. He could not believe that the white man had placed himself at his mercy unless there were something behind it.

For a full minute there was silence, Goring standing erect, cool, watchful, his hand on his revolver, the blacks watching him like cats, weapon in hand. It was Taminango who broke the silence at last.

"What name white feller master he come along Lu'u?"

"I've come to trade," said Goring, disdaining to speak in the beche-de-mer English. "I want the white boy who was wrecked here in the Foam—the boy I saw in the canoe yesterday fishing."

Taminango spoke only the beche-de-mer; but he evidently understood.

"You bring tobacco, shell money, give along white feller boy?"

"Yes!" said Goring, making a gesture towards the little pile on the beach. "Where is the boy?"

"Little white feller he stop along house belong me," said Taminango, with a cunning gleam in his eyes. "S'pose you wantee, you go findee. Taminango he good feller, speak good talk. Takee stick tobacco, give little white feller along big Papalagi. Good!"

"Listen to me," said Goring. "I come here along little ship, but to-morrow big ship come—big ship with many men and many guns. Plenty white men come in big ship. You savvy?"

"Me savvy," said Taminango. "Me good feller, talk good feller talk. No makee kai-kai along big white feller. Make good trade."

He stared across the darkening sea at the dim ketch, scarcely to be seen now. His perplexity was giving way to certainty. In spite of his doubts, Taminango was realising that the big man had thrust himself into the lion's jaws; that there was no trick behind this; that the white man was alone, unaided, at his mercy. His black eyes gleamed and glinted. Still he did not show open hostility. Treachery was second nature to the savage, and he knew that a white man, cornered and armed, was likely to put up a desperate fight. He threw his spear on the ground, and at a sign from him his followers did the same.

Unarmed, the Lu'u chief advanced towards Goring. His manner was open and friendly.

"Big white feller fiend black feller," he said. "White feller he come along house belong Taminango, eat yam and taro along Taminango, new day he come go back along ship takee little white feller. Me talk good talk."

"Lead the way!" answered Goring.

He followed the Lu'u chief up the beach. The rest of the blacks remained where they were, staring after the two with expressionless faces. From the beach, Goring passed under a fringe of palms, beyond which lay the thick bush that covered almost all Lu'u from shore to shore. In the bush a runway had been cut by axes, and it opened almost like a tunnel before the chief and the adventurer who followed him.

At the mouth of the runway Goring hesitated. Before him lay dimness, moonlight glimmering down fitfully on the bush. On either side of the path foes might be lurking, and a spear-thrust from the bush might come too suddenly to be escaped or guarded against. But Taminango walked on ahead, without a backward glance, and Goring followed him, his revolver now in his hand. If his heart was beating a little faster, his face did not betray it. His nerve was of iron, and he was not the man to turn back after taking a desperate chance.

King of the Islands did not know it, but the finding of Dicky Goring, before the "big ship" came, was a matter that meant, to Gerald Goring, all the difference between fortune and ruin. With his hand gripping his revolver, and his teeth set, he followed the Lu'u chief into the shadowy runway.

They came out of the runway into a great clearing in the heart of the bush, half a mile from the sea. The moonlight streamed down on the great space, where more than fifty grass huts stood, built without any regularity, each hut standing where its owner fancied. In the midst of the village stood the Big House, or council-house, built of palm trunks plaited with pandanus leaf. Among the huts a number of blacks loafed, and they stared at the white man, but there was no sign of hostility.

A slight smile was on Goring's face now. This peaceful village, with a greedy chief ready to trade, was the place where King of the Islands dared not set foot—King of the Islands, famed throughout the South Seas for his reckless courage! Goring's lip curved in a scornful smile. All that the brutes needed was a firm front, he told himself.

Taminango halted at the big doorway of the council-house. He drew aside the screen of palm-leaves that formed the door.

"Big white master he go along house," he said. "Little white feller he stop along inside."

Goring drew a deep breath. He was about to see the castaway of Lu'u, of whom he had had a glimpse in the fishing canoe the day before. He had found what he sought, while King of the Islands, fearful of treachery, remained on his ketch off shore. A light—a wick floating in a tin bowl of oil—burned in the Big House. Gerald Goring stepped in.

A boy—burned so brown by the sun that he looked like a native, and clad in a single loin-cloth like a native—sprang to his feet and stared at him. It was the boy he had seen in the canoe, and he knew that he was looking at the castaway—the boy who, at home in far-off

(Continued on page 10.)

Tricked by Cannibals!

(*Continued from page 8.*)

England, would have been Sir Richard Goring, Baronet, and master of fifteen thousand a year—and who, on the cannibal island of Lu'u, was a savage among savages. From the dark face two startled eyes—blue eyes that could never have belonged to a Lu'u savage—looked at Goring. Taminango grinned at the boy.

"Big white man he come speakee good talk along little white feller," he said. "Nishimo, he talk good talk along big white master."

Nishimo, evidently, was the native name given to the boy who had been adopted into the tribe.

The boy nodded, his eyes still fixed on Goring. The adventurer stepped closer to him, scanning his face in the dim glimmer of the lamp.

"You're Dick Goring?" he asked huskily. "You're the son of the captain of the Foam, wrecked on this island two years ago?"

"Yes!" breathed the boy. His eyes went fearfully to Taminango and back to Goring. "You've come to take me away?" He spoke English slowly, as if his tongue had grown unaccustomed to the language. "Tell me—you've come to take me away?"

A strange look was on Goring's face, a strange and terrible look that startled the boy and caused him to shrink away. Instinctively he felt that it was not to save him that the strange white man had come. He remembered the bullet that had whizzed so close by his head in the canoe the day before. He had seen this big white man aim the rifle. The hope in his eyes gave place to fear. Goring stood silent, as if uncertain what to reply, and whatever reply he would have made, it was never uttered.

For the moment the adventurer was off his guard, as he found himself face to face with the castaway of Lu'u, and a moment was enough for the wily savage who was watching him like a cat. The adventurer gave a startled cry as he was grasped suddenly from behind.

There was a shout, a yell, the trampling of many feet. Goring, panting with rage, struggling like a madman, was dragged to the floor, the Big House swarmed with yelling blacks, the castaway was thrust aside, and Goring struggled furiously, but in vain, in the grip of many hands. His revolver, which he had been unable to use, was torn away and tapa cords wound round his arms and legs and knotted with cruel tightness.

Bound hand and foot, the adventurer lay panting on the earthen floor of the Big House, a circle of blacks grinning round him, and Taminango standing over him, looking down on him with grinning glee.

"Big white feller plenty fool!" grinned Taminango. "Big white feller he no savvy. Taminango he savvy plenty too much altogether."

"You black hound!" panted Goring, struggling vainly with the tapa cords that bit into his flesh.

"New day he come, big white feller makee kai-kai along cooking-oven belong Taminango!" said the Lu'u chief, grinning. "No takee little white feller along ship—makee kai-kai along Taminango."

He spoke a word to the blacks in the Melanesian dialect of Lu'u; and Goring was lifted from the floor and carried out of the Big House. Grinning blacks swarmed round him as he was borne away to a little grass hut opposite the Big House, where he was thrown on the floor and left where he fell. Amid the savage black faces, for a moment, he had a glimpse of the castaway; then the pandanus screen dropped over the doorway of the grass hut, and he was shut in, in darkness.

In darkness he lay, with the tapa cords biting into his limbs, helpless to move, helpless to make an attempt to escape. In darkness and despair, in the power of the cannibals, with the cooking-oven awaiting him on the morrow! King of the Islands had warned him, and he had refused to heed the warning; he had set his life upon the hazard of the die, and he had lost!

The Attack on the Ketch!

"WHISTLE for a wind!" said Kit Hudson, fanning his face with his big hat.

The night was hot. Hardly a breath stirred on the sea; the Pacific was smooth as glass, shimmering in the dim moonlight.

King of the Islands stared over the rail towards the mass of blackness which was Lu'u, his face dark and uneasy.

The ketch lay motionless on the water. Her cable dropped in a vertical line to the anchor sixty feet below on the coral bed. It was useless to "up hook" without a wind. The breeze that had stirred off shore, bringing with it the fetid odour of the mangrove swamp, during the afternoon had died away at nightfall. The Dawn lay like a painted ship on a painted ocean. Night had brought no coolness. Heat radiated from the hot decks, and Ken dashed big drops of perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand.

"You're thinking of Goring?" asked Hudson.

King of the Islands nodded.

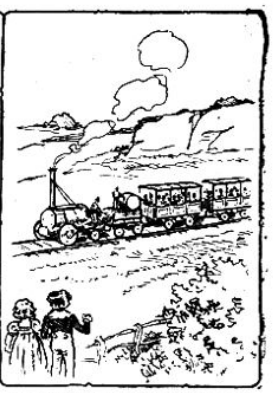
"He asked for it," said the Cornstalk. "If you'd refused him a boat he would have swum for it; his mind

THE GREAT IDEA — Stories of Men who Changed the World — :: No. 1 :: GEORGE STEPHENSON.

The force of steam from a kettle of boiling water surprised James Watt when he held a spoon against it. It set him thinking why it was the steam-engines of his day gave so little power, and could therefore only be used for pumping purposes.

Pondering over this, he was led to design an entirely new type of steam-engine which could be used for all haulage purposes—the forerunner of the railway locomotive as we know it to-day. But it was not till some years later that his engine was so employed.

George Stephenson, son of a fireman tending a colliery pumping engine, carried Watt's idea a step farther and produced a railway engine named "Locomotion." This was followed by the famous "Rocket," which won £500 offered for the best locomotive.



Stephenson became the principal builder of railways in Britain, and here we see one of his first engines hauling the first passenger and goods train on the Stockton and Darlington Railway at its opening in 1825. Comfort in railway travel had yet to be developed!

was made up. You could hardly have put him in irons to keep him on board."

"Hardly," agreed Ken. "But he had some secret purpose to serve, Kit, in going ashore. There's another party after the boy, and Goring is determined to get hold of him first, at all risks. I wonder——" He broke off, unwilling to utter the black thought that had crept into his mind during the hours of reflection since the adventurer had left the ketch.

"You wonder," said Hudson quietly. "And I also! He led us to believe that he was here to save the boy, but——"

"Then you've thought of it, too?"

"It's hard to believe any white man such a villain," said Kit. "But when he fired on the fishing canoe yesterday, he missed the blacks by yards and the boy by inches. That's come into my mind. There's a fortune waiting for Dicky Goring when he gets back home, and this fellow has told us himself that he is the boy's only relation. If that's the case, he would stand to bag the loot if the lad never left Lu'u alive. But—but it seems too dastardly to be possible. Only he's a bad hat, and he must have some powerful reason for taking his life in his hand as he has done."

Ken set his lips.

"It can't be—it can't! But if I'd thought of it at the time, I'd have clapped him in irons rather than have let him go. To think that he may have fooled us, made use of us, to do harm to that poor lad, whom even the savages spared when they massacred the crew of the Foam. But it can't be right, Kit—the fellow's got our backs up, and that makes us think worse of him."

Ken shook himself, as if shaking away the haunting thought. He looked again towards the blackness of the island.

"I was going to shift the anchorage after dark," he said. "But there's not a breath—and Lu'u is not one of the islands where night fighting is taboo. I fancy we shall see the war canoes before dawn. I don't want to risk towing with the whaleboat—if they came on us then we should be taken at a disadvantage. The boat's crew would never get back on board if the canoes showed up suddenly. We've got to hold on here and see it through. I'll get the barbed wire rigged."

"Better," agreed Hudson. "The odds will be heavy if they come. And I reckon they will."

Ken called out orders to the Hiva-Oa men. The ketch was showing no riding lights; but the moonlight was clear enough to reveal her to the keen eyes of the savages on the beach. Like most traders in the outlying islands of the Pacific, the Dawn carried a barbed wire equipment, ready to be rigged up for defence when anchored off a hostile shore.

Uprights were lashed to the rail on both sides of the ketch, and between them three strands of thick barbed wire fastened one above another. The low rail offered little defence

(Continued on the next page.)

All About Aeroplanes

This Week: "STUNTS."

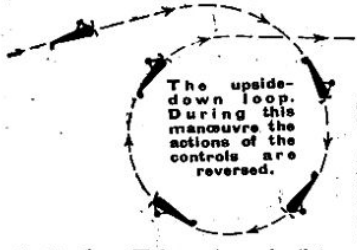
AEROBATICS, or "stunts," are not essential to the possession of a pilot's licence. But the perfect pilot is in perfect control of his machine, which he can only be if he is used to any and every possible position it may be in. In air fighting aerobatics are essential, and these, therefore, figure in the training of all Service pilots. The recognised "stunts" are as follow:

Looping.—Best known of stunts, though of little use in air fighting. Diving at a slight angle till moving at a fair speed, the joystick is pulled back and the machine made to climb till over the vertical and then on its back. The engine is shut off as the machine starts to dive again. It is then "flattened out" till the machine is flying level on its old course, but at a greater height.

Rolling.—There are two rolls, the slow and the "whip" or "flick." In the slow, the machine dives gently, and then climbs and rolls over on to its back, and gradually turns over again till flying right way up. In the whip roll the machine flies on an almost level course throughout, with throttle well open. It suddenly flicks over on to its back and then round again till flying level. In the half-roll the machine either finishes upside down or starts upside down and finishes right way up. The roll is much used in air fights.

The Immelman Turn.—Called after a famous German pilot who first used it. This is a combination of loop and half-roll. The machine loops until in the upside-down position and then half-rolls, so that it is right way up, but flying in the opposite direction. An invaluable stunt for air fighting.

Spinning.—In this manœuvre the machine is stalled by pulling the joystick back and to one side, with the rudder bar full over to the other side. With nose down the machine will start "corkscrewing" to earth, with the pilot's head inside the corkscrew. It will continue "spinning" till the pilot centralises both controls and pushes the joystick forward. Then the spin becomes a dive, which the pilot can "flatten out." Some machines spin quicker than others—a few of the stablest will not spin at all—and one or two can be made also to perform the "inverted" spin, in which the pilot's head is outside instead of inside the "corkscrew." Do not confuse the spin with the spiral, in which the machine descends slowly in a continuous banked turn under full control.



Falling Leaf.—A pretty stunt, in which the machine flutters to the ground nose first. It really is continuously being spun, checked, spun in the other direction, checked, and so on.

Upside-down Flying.—A good pilot can manœuvre his machine almost as well upside down (when the action of the ailerons and the elevator is reversed) as he can flying normal—but not for long. The blood is rushing to his head, his weight is straining at the straps which hold him in, and he soon becomes giddy. In the upside-down position of the "loop," centrifugal force keeps him in his seat and prevents the blood coming to his head.

Crazy Flying.—The comic part of aerobatics! The machine skids from side to side, sideslips, makes sudden flat turns, wallows across the aerodrome with one wing down and flying sideways, and swerves drunkenly from side to side.

Upward Spin (or Upward Slow Roll).—Only fast aeroplanes can do this recently-invented stunt. The machine dives till it is travelling at over 200 m.p.h. and then shoots upward vertically! At the height of its vertical climb it twirls round two or three times, as if boring its way into the sky.

Outside Loop.—Only six or seven pilots in the world have done this dangerous stunt, in which the blood is thrown violently to the pilot's head, while he is flung outwards against the straps. Flying level, the machine is dived vertically downwards, pulled over on to its back, and made to climb and come over the vertical till flying the right way up.

Tricked by Cannibals!

(Continued from previous page.)

against boarders; but three lines of stout barbed wire above it made a very great difference. The top line of wire was six feet above the deck, and the long sharp barbs made it a strong defence against naked savages. Even the hardened paws of the Lu'u savages could hardly have grasped the barbed wire and held on to clamber over.

That precaution taken, Ken allowed the Hiva-Oa men to turn in on their tapa mats on deck; but there was no sleep for King of the Islands, and Hudson and Koko remained with him to watch. There was a loaded repeating rifle to every hand.

In many islands of the Pacific night attacks are taboo, and the natives will only fight by day. But Lu'u had no such taboo, and King of the Islands counted upon an attack as a certainty. The loot of the ketch was a rich prize for Taminango and his tribe; and the Dawn would not be the first vessel the Lu'u cannibals had cut off. But they were not likely to find King of the Islands napping if they came.

Dead calm lay on the sea; deep silence and darkness on the island. Ken watched the shore with a moody brow. Of what had happened to Goring he could form no idea. That the reckless adventurer would be attacked he had taken for certain; yet there had been no shooting, and surely the man would have fired one shot at least. If he had been taken by the savages, he had been taken by surprise, by some cunning treachery. But it was possible that he was still free—perhaps in flight, perhaps in hiding. King of the Islands could not tell. But with the black suspicion in his mind, which he could not quite dismiss, he was not deeply concerned for the fate of the adventurer. If it was possible that the man intended harm to the castaway of Lu'u, no fate could be too hard for him.

There was a murmur from Kaio-lalulalonga.

"Black feller he come!"

A dark shadow moved on the dimness of the sea from the direction of the muddy, fetid channels that pierced the mangrove swamp. Another and another shadow followed it.

Swiftly, silently, the Lu'u savages were paddling in the hope of taking the white man's ship by surprise. A whispered word, and the Hiva-Oa men left their mats and grasped their rifles. Ken and Kit stood revolver in hand. They waited in silence.

In the dim moon-shimmer, the canoes drew closer—five of them, long dark craft, every one swarming with blacks, armed with spears, tomahawks, and Sniders. More than a hundred savages were gathering to the attack upon the ketch, defended only by two white men and six Kanakas. The leading canoe was scarce six fathoms distant when Ken suddenly shouted:

"Canoe he stop!"

There was a hum of voices in the canoes. That warning shout told the Lu'u men that the "white masters" were on the watch. A voice shouted back:

"Canoe he comey bring cocoanut and yam along white feller ship."

"Canoe he stop along new day he come!" shouted back Ken. "Canoe he come along night, white feller gun he plenty shoot."

There was a splashing and flashing of paddles, and the canoes shot forward, and at the same time five or six Sniders barked and spears and knives whizzed through the air.

"Fire!" shouted Ken.

There was a roar of rifle-fire from the ketch. The Kanakas pumped out bullets from the Winchesters, and though much of the shooting was wild, the volleying had a grim effect on the crowded canoes. Wild yells and screams rose from the savages, but the canoes still came on, and ranged close alongside.

Ken and Kit were using their revolvers, and their firing was not wild. Every bullet from the heavy Navy revolvers told on the packed savages in the canoes.

Two canoes glided on either side of the Dawn, and one hung by her stern, and with yells the savages swarmed to the attack, heedless of the barbed wire, rapid fire, and of their comrades falling fast into the canoes and sea.

Some of them, clinging desperately to the rail, hacked at the wire with their trade tomahawks. Others, standing in the canoes, thrust with their spears, or rattled off bullets from the old Sniders. But from the deck of the Dawn bullets pumped like hail. And the strong wire held, and the savages fell back from it, yelling like demons. Those who fell into the canoes were trampled by their swarming comrades, those who fell into the sea had no time to clamber out into the canoes. Already the tiger sharks had been attracted to the spot; black fins and white bellies glanced and gleamed, and huge, shearing jaws fastened on the limbs of the cannibals struggling in the water.

For long minutes pandemonium reigned round the ketch, incessant firing mingling with the fiendish yells and howls of the cannibals. But the defence held good; and of all the fierce swarm, only one black clambered over the wire—and he only to fall under a belaying-pin in Koko's mighty hand. The attack slackened, and the savages fell back, and the crew of the Dawn, thrusting the muzzles of the rifles through the wire, fired fast into the canoes.

"Black feller he go!" grinned Kaio-lalulalonga.

Suddenly, wild ferocity changed to wild panic. The canoes fled from the ketch, paddling back wildly for the shelter of the mangroves. With yells and shouts, the Hiva-Oa men pumped bullets after them as they fled. They vanished into the darkness of the swamp with furious howlings. From the dim sea came the last shriek of a swimmer, the prey of the tiger sharks!

(Next week's long complete story of King of the Islands: "Sought for—and Saved!" It is a fitting follow-on to the exciting yarn you have just finished reading, and you simply MUST NOT miss it!)

RESULT OF "AUTOGRAPHS" CONTEST No. 6.

H. J. Bew
E. J. Robertson
T. F. England.
Roy James
J. Storey
R. L. Durrant.
J. Angas Hosking
Lionel W. Ladner
Robert G. Parker.
R. Adamson

A BRITISH-MADE FOUNTAIN PEN has been awarded to EACH OF THE TWENTY FELLOWS WHOSE AUTOGRAPHS *(in connection with Contest No. 6)* **HAVE BEEN SELECTED BY THE EDITOR and which are reproduced here.** *More forms on page 18.*

A. H. J. Turner
C. E. Payne.
R. Eastwood
C. Hardy.
H. Winchcliffe
E. Seddon
Chas. L. Godfrey
T. B. Bamford.
J. Bath.
P. Corby