

"THE WORLD'S GREATEST RACE!" (See page 3.)

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FIGHTING IT OUT IN THE INTERNATIONAL TOURIST TROPHY RACE!

SOUGHT FOR— AND SAVED!

Young Ken King, whose fame in the South Seas has earned him the title of King of the Islands, does a MAN'S job in this one-of-the-best-of-all stories

By

CHARLES HAMILTON.

Complete in This Issue.

The Castaway.

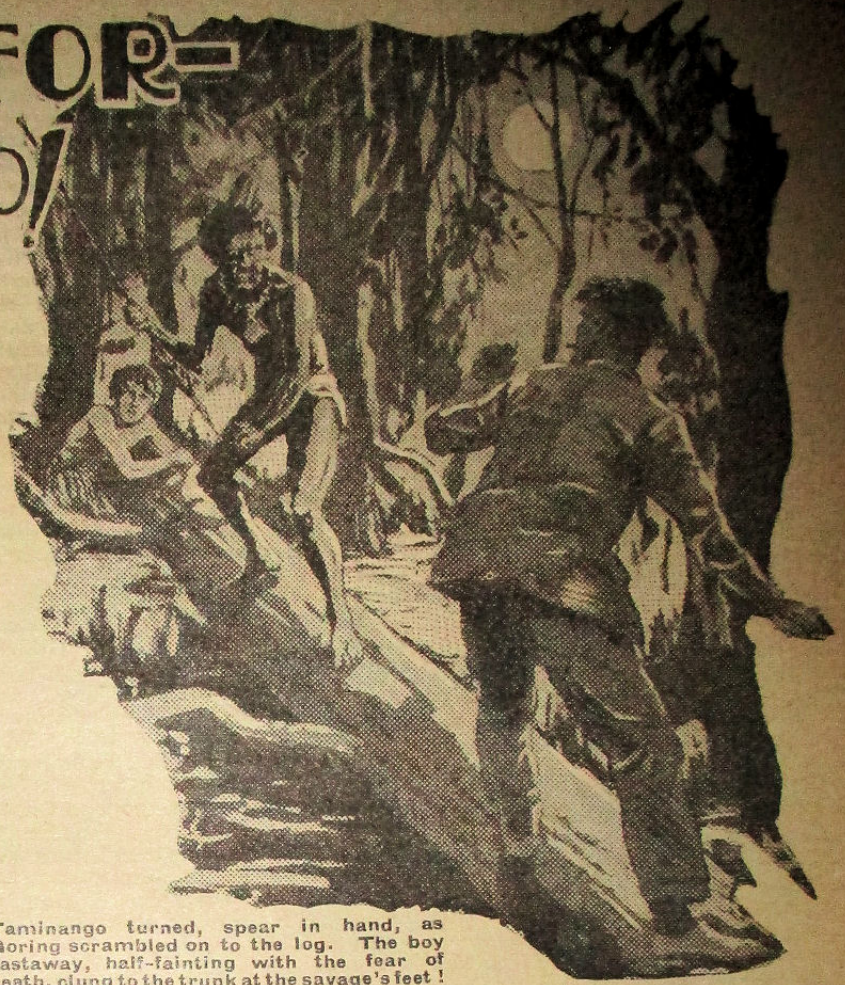
NIGHT on the island of Lu'u. From a fleecy sky, moonlight glimmered on mangrove swamp and tangled bush, on the grass houses of the sleeping village of Taminango—the cannibal chief.

On the earthen floor of a grass hut in the village, bound hand and foot, the tapa cords biting into his cramped limbs, a white man lay, unable to sleep, stirring restlessly with the pain of his bonds. For long hours that seemed days Gerald Goring had lain there, in darkness and despair.

The hum of the village had died away; in the late hours of the night all was silent, save for the stealthy creeping and occasional snarling of the village dogs. Here and there a glimmer of moonlight penetrated through the grass walls and palm-leaf thatch of the hut where Goring lay. He had wrestled with his bonds till he ached with fatigue, but he had not loosened them—the cannibal blacks of Lu'u knew how to bind the prisoners whom they designed for the cooking-oven. Aching with fatigue, racked with pain, he lay on the earthen floor with despair in his heart.

He knew that there was no hope now. Ken King—in his ketch, Dawn—lay at anchor off the shore of Lu'u, but King of the Islands, as Ken was known throughout the South Seas, could not help him, even if he desired to do so. King of the Islands was likely to be fighting for his own life that night, for Goring could guess that Taminango would not stop at the capture of one white man from the ketch.

The adventurer, with reckless hardihood, against Ken King's advice, had landed on the cannibal island, taking his chance with the savages in his fierce desire to accomplish the object that had brought him to the South Seas, and the chance had gone against him. That object was to find the castaway of Lu'u, young Dicky Goring, the boy who stood between him and fortune. He had found him, only to fall into the hands of the blacks. He longed for, and yet dreaded, dawn, for when



Taminango turned, spear in hand, as Goring scrambled on to the log. The boy castaway, half-fainting with the fear of death, clung to the trunk at the savage's feet!

the new day came there was to be a cannibal feast in the village of Taminango, and with all his iron nerve, the adventurer shuddered at the thought of the shark's-tooth knife and the cooking-oven.

It was no solace to him that his own wickedness had brought this fearful fate upon him. He had sought the castaway of Lu'u, not to save him, as King of the Islands was seeking him, but to rid himself of the boy who stood between him and a fortune. He had wondered, cynically, that King of the Islands or Kit Hudson, mate of the Dawn and Ken's staunch chum, had not guessed. But they had not guessed; such suspicions did not come easily to them. Before many days had passed a steamer, with armed men on board, would arrive at Lu'u to seek the castaway, and Goring had staked his life upon the chance of getting the boy into his hands before the steamer came. And now his life was forfeit.

A stealthy sound in the darkness came to Goring's ears. It was a soft scratching sound at the wall of the grass hut in which he lay. He listened to it without attention. He supposed that it was one of the many village curs scratching at the flimsy wall. But suddenly, in the gloom, there came a glitter of sharp steel, and he started as he understood that a knife was cutting a way through the plaited grass. It was not one of the Lu'u dogs, but one of the Lu'u natives, who was stealthily working a way through the grass wall.

Goring lay motionless, staring at the wall where the knife had glittered for a moment through the plaited grass. He wondered. If it was death that threatened him, he cared little—his life was counted in hours now. But new as he was to the Islands, he was aware that it was the custom of the cannibals to keep their prisoners alive till the time came for the cooking-oven. And the stealthiness of the unseen native showed that he was keeping his purpose a secret from the rest.

Goring felt his heart throb. Hope, which dies hard, flashed into life again. Was it help, was it rescue, that was at hand? Could King of the Islands have sought him, in the midst of the cannibal village, hidden away in the high bush of Lu'u? But he knew that it was impossible. It could not be King of the Islands.

He waited tensely. He could hear now the faint sawing sound made by the knife, as the keen edge cut at the plaited grass. Again and again he caught the glitter of the moving blade. Then it disappeared, and he heard the faint, stealthy sound of a creeping form pushing through the opening. His heart beat almost to suffocation. The thrill that ran through him was almost a shudder, as he heard a whispering voice:

"You are awake?"

Then he knew!

It was Dicky Goring, the boy castaway of Lu'u, who was whispering in the darkness. It was the boy whom he had sought only to destroy who was risking life itself to help him.

Sought For—and Saved!

(Continued from previous page.)

At that moment the adventurer tasted of a bitterness that was worse than death. Shame, remorse, many mingled bitter emotions held him silent; he could not speak.

"Wake!" A hand touched him in the gloom. "Wake! But be silent! Silent, or we are both lost."

Slowly, as if with difficulty, the words in English came. For two years the boy had lived among the savages and seen no white man. His own tongue came strangely to his lips.

"I am awake!" said Goring hoarsely. "I have not slept. You are Dicky Goring?"

"Yes," came the whisper. "Heaven forgive me," breathed Goring. "Go—those demons will kill you if they find you here. Go, and leave me to my fate."

"I am here to save you." The wretched man groaned.

"When you came," the whispering voice went on, "I knew you came from the ship I saw yesterday off the island. I believed that you had come to save me. But—but in your face—" The whisper trembled away for a moment. "But in your face I read something different, and—and I feared you. But—you are a white man."

Goring knew only too well what the boy had read in his face during those few minutes that they had spoken together in the Big House, before the treacherous savages had seized him. He shivered. Instinctively the boy had feared him—and he had had cause to fear. But he had struggled with his fear and his doubt: he could not believe that a white man came as an enemy.

"You came to find me," breathed the castaway. "Tell me you came to find me, to take me to the ship, away from this horrible place."

"I came to find you," muttered Goring. "I am your cousin, Gerald Goring—you knew me when you were a little kid—you must remember me."

"I remember you, though I did not know you." The boy's voice was full of joy now. "Even if you had not come to save me, I would set you free, but now I know why you came. Every day—every night—I have prayed for a white man to come to this fearful island. Now you have come." A low sob broke his voice.

A glimmer of moonlight from a crevice in the pandanus thatch showed up his face for a moment—a face with handsome British features, though burned to a dark brown by tropic suns. Goring pulled himself together. It was a chance of life, a chance of escape.

"Have they ill-used you?" he muttered.

"No! They have been kind—in their way," answered the boy. "They let me live, when they killed all the others. After I learned to understand their language, I knew why—it was because I was a child then." The boy was scarcely twelve now, but he spoke as if his fearful experiences of the past two years had added ten years to his age. "They made me one

of the tribe. But—what I have seen in this village has made me wish, many times, that they had killed me with the others. Bloodshed and cruelty—" He broke off with a shudder.

The knife glided over the tapacords. Goring lay free, but the cramp in his limbs was so intense that he could not move. He shut his teeth to keep back a cry of pain.

"I crept here to save you," whispered the boy. "When you can move, I will guide you away from the village. They do not suspect me—they think I am one of themselves. But—if they find out what I have done, they will kill me. I can guide you through the mangrove swamp. Can you swim?"

"Yes," breathed Goring. "Then we can swim off to your ship. Or we may find a canoe in the swamp. A fishing canoe is often left there, tied up in the channel. Once we are out of this— Can you move?"

"Not yet. Give me time!" breathed the man. "My limbs are cramped!"

"Yes, yes; I will wait." There was a scratching and snarling, and two yellow burning eyes gleamed in at the opening cut in the wall of the grass hut. Goring stared at the prowling, prying dog, fearful of a howl, a bark, that might wake the sleeping village and bring the savage crew of cannibals down on him. But the boy spoke in a soothing murmur, and the animal whined softly and crept away.

"They all know me," whispered the castaway. "A stranger—and they would rouse all the village! But they know me!"

He waited again in silence. Goring made an effort to move, but the agony that thrilled through his cramped limbs forced him to desist with a gasp of pain. He lay back on the earthen floor, panting for breath.

"Wait, wait!" said Dicky Goring softly. "Do not move till you feel you are strong. We may have to run for our lives. They will not come here till the new day. Taminango is away from the village tonight. He has gone with many men; I do not know where. There is always fighting with the bushmen in the west of the island. And often they bring home heads!" His voice was shaken. "The devil-doctors cure the heads in smoke over the wood fires in the canoe houses. They mocked me because I would not touch them. Once I was beaten—" He ceased to speak. The weight of two years of horror and misery was heavy upon him.

"And you came to search for me," he went on, after a long pause, as Goring rubbed his aching limbs to renew the circulation. "You came to save me—my cousin Gerald, whom I had forgotten! You did not forget me. I believed that no one knew I was saved from the Foam—that I was to stay always in this fearful place. Sometimes I thought of stealing a canoe and running out to sea, but—but it was death by thirst to do so! But if you knew, why did you not come before?"

Goring might have told him that it was only of late that he had fallen heir to a rich estate, of which he, Goring, was the next heir. But he said nothing.

He rose to his feet with a painful effort. The boy's big eyes followed him in the gloom.

"Are you ready?" "I am ready!" muttered Goring.

"Let us go!" "Be silent—silent! Creep on your hands and knees and follow me!" muttered the castaway.

With scarce a sound, the boy crept through the opening in the grass wall, and Goring, creeping, followed, squeezing his larger bulk through the wall. Outside, he stared about him in the glimmer of the moon. They were in a narrow alley between the grass houses; from beyond a flimsy wall came the deep breathing of a sleeper. The boy put his finger to his lips, his face gleaming in the light of the moon. But Goring did not need to be warned. Sleeping savages were within a few feet of him; and he knew that savages sleep lightly. Crouching low, he followed the boy as he flitted away like a shadow among the grass huts.

In the Mangrove Swamp!

THE fetid breath of the mangrove swamp that came right down on to the beach struck Goring. Under the moon it lay a black shadowy mass, muddy runlets of water trickling sluggishly among rotten trunks and decaying vegetation—a place of filth and horror and death. But it was cover, and a hope of escape, for the two fugitives.

The village lay behind them now, and the boy led the way by winding paths through the high bush, picking his way without a fault; though to the man the bush seemed a trackless labyrinth. But in two years with the Lu'u tribe the castaway had learned as much as the natives of the surroundings of Taminango's village. They stopped on the edge of a shallow pool, the edge of the swamp that extended from that point down to the sea, penetrated by innumerable channels, some deep enough to take a canoe or even a ship's boat. The boy bent his head to listen, and raised it again as he heard no sound. There was no alarm behind them.

"Follow me," whispered the boy. "We must go in the water now. If you cannot see, hold to me. We have to go through the swamp!"

Goring stood without moving, breathing hard and deep. Strangely mingled thoughts were in his mind—strangely mingled emotions in his breast.

The castaway had felt a sense of distrust when he had seen Goring in the Big House, remembering, too, the shot the white man had fired from the ketch at the fishing canoe which had passed so close to him. But that distrust was gone now, leaving no trace behind. Goring was his blood relative, and had come to save him—had risked his life to save him; that was the castaway's belief now. He did not dream of doubt.

He gave the man a quick, impatient glance as Goring stood without motion, the prey of bitter, conflicting thoughts.

"Come, come! We must go fast."
"Yes, yes!" muttered Goring huskily.

He followed the boy. They trod through the shallow, slimy pool, which rose to their knees. Mud and slime clung to them as they waded through floating vegetation, phosphorescent with rottenness. The smell of the swamp was stifling, the heat moist and overpowering; yet Goring hardly noticed either. Behind him was hideous death, and the horrors of the swamp were nothing to the horrors of the cannibal village.

In black darkness they plunged under trees that grew in shallow, sluggish, evil-smelling water. The foul stems of the mangroves were round them, growing thickly in the

seemed to him that the hideous swamp was endless—that ages had passed since they had entered it—that the end and the fresh air never would be reached. His senses swam with the moist, stifling heat and the reek of foul odours.

There was a ripple of running water, and the boy whispered:

"Stop! Here we may find a canoe. The fishers sometimes leave them here. Wait while I find out."

Goring, exhausted by the clambering tramp along the log path, sank down to rest. He sat dizzily on a half-submerged log, his feet in tepid, reeking water, his back leaning against a reeking trunk. Darkness wrapped him like a cloak. But he could follow the motions of the boy in the deep gloom of the swamp. Close by him ran a channel, wide and deep enough for canoes to pass, with mangroves growing thick in the water on either side and black

were gone. It was to the attack of King of the Islands' ketch. In those moments the crew of the Dawn were facing fearful odds and fighting for their lives. And it was borne in upon Goring's mind that the savages were between him and the sea—that whether they captured the Dawn or were defeated and driven off, they still cut off his escape from the swamp.

He heard the boy creeping back to his side.

"They are attacking the ship," breathed the castaway—"Taminango and his men! That is why they were gone! If they take the ship, we are lost!"

Goring did not answer. He listened tensely to crash on crash of distant firing. It died down at last—a few final spattering shots, and all was still. Faintly from the distance came the sound of savage howling. It did not sound like victory;



A glimmer of moonlight showed up the boy's face for a moment—a face with handsome British features, though burned to a dark brown by tropic suns!

ooze and slime. Malaria lurked in every breath of the rotting swamp. Goring tramped blindly in the gloom, and he felt the boy's hand catch his sleeve. He could not see his guide, but he was led swiftly and safely. But his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and here and there moonlight trickled through the trees, and the phosphorescent gleam on the sluggish water gave a little light.

Goring found himself treading a path made by the placing of tree-trunks end to end through the swamp. The logs, of irregular sizes, with jagged stumps of branches jutting out, made a narrow and perilous path, slippery with slime. But the boy's bare feet trod it with the activity of a Lu'u boy, and he never missed a step or paused on his way. Goring crouched and tramped clumsily after him. It

branches shutting off the sky above, only a few fugitive rays of the moon filtering through. The boy was searching among the mangrove roots for a moored canoe. Goring prayed that he might find one. There was still much distance to cover to reach the end of the swamp, and he felt that his exhausted limbs would not support him.

Suddenly, breaking the deep silence like thunder, there came a crash of firing. It came from the direction of the sea—crash on crash of rifle-fire filling the hollows of the swamp with deafening echoes. Goring started convulsively.

"The ketch!" he breathed.

He knew what it was—what it must be. He remembered that the boy had told him that Taminango and many men were gone from the village that night. It was not for a raid on the bushmen that they

it was the howling of wounded men, of defeat and disappointment.

"They've not taken the ketch!" muttered Goring.

He hardly knew whether he was glad or sorry.

"No!" The boy breathed quickly. "They are fleeing—they will come this way. This is the channel the canoes use to get to the canoe-houses. Listen!"

The wild howlings of the savages still continued, but mingled with them sounded the splashing of paddles in the channel. The boy drew Goring from the log, back into the blackness of the mangrove stems. Up to their waists in fetid water, they crouched in hiding, as a long, dark canoe rushed by. It was like a black shadow as it passed, but Goring caught the flash of white teeth, the rolling of wild, savage eyes, and heard the groaning of

Sought For—and Saved!

(Continued from previous page.)

wounded men. Another canoe followed, and another, and then another. It was evident that the savages had been defeated, and had fled back to the swamp. The long canoes, crowded with wounded men, were on their way back to the canoehouses at the village, showing that Taminango did not intend to renew the attack on the ketch. Half his savage followers had fallen, dead or wounded, in the desperate struggle, and the rest were fleeing in wild panic. Like black shadows the fleeing canoes rushed past.

Goring had counted four of them. He was sinking deeper in the mud, the water up to his armpits now. The castaway held on to a stem of mangrove to keep above the water. They were unseen; not a glance had been thrown in their direction as the canoes passed. Again there was a sound of paddles, and another canoe came, more slowly. A gleam of silver caught Goring's eye in the gloom, and he knew that Taminango was in the last canoe; the silvery gleam came from the polished aluminium bottle that the chief wore as a head ornament.

Goring stared from the stems of the mangroves at the canoe. Five or six blacks knelt at the paddles—the craft was crawling with wounded men, stretched or crumpled; but Taminango stood staring back towards the sea, wild fury in his black, cruel face. More than one white man's ship had the Lu'u chief cut off and plundered in his time; but he had learned a severe lesson in the attack on King of the Islands. There was blood running down his shoulder from an unheeded wound, his hands were bleeding and raw from clutching the barbed wire over the rail of the ketch. He was muttering words of fury, his black eyes rolling, his thick lips drawn back in a snarl like that of a wild beast. Dimly as Goring saw his face, the hate and ferocity in it sent a cold chill to his heart. It was from this demon in human form that the castaway had saved him.

Some sound of squelching mud, some glimmer of an eyeball in the gloom, must have caught the tiger-like attention of the Lu'u chief. His black, gleaming eyes turned on the spot under the mangroves where the fugitives crouched, half-buried in mud and filthy water, and the blaze in them showed that he had seen the white man's face. With the leap of a cat he was on the log, and the canoe shot on and left him there. Goring plunged backwards in the swamp, barely escaped the thrust of the spear as the savage lunged at him. From the castaway came a cry—a piercing cry of terror and despair—as the Lu'u chief's brawny, blood-stained hand grasped him and dragged him from the swamp on to the log.

Taminango stood over him, his spear lifted, his eyes blazing in fury. He had seen the white man, and he knew what had happened. From his lips poured a torrent of words in the

Melanesian dialect of Lu'u—words of fierce wrath and reproach and fury. The castaway crouched on the log at his feet, his face white, his eyes glazed with despair. Goring, only a few yards distant, hidden in darkness, dragged himself from the slime, hanging to a tree. The chief's furious voice was speaking in beche-mer English now.

"You feller Nishimo, what name you takee big white feller along swamp. You all same Lu'u boy. You takee big white feller along swamp. You help white feller run away along house belong Taminango. You no Lu'u boy, no more altogether. You kill-dead plenty quick along cooking-oven. You makee kai-kai along Lu'u boy."

And a torrent of Melanesian followed, as the enraged Lu'u chief hurled reproaches and imprecations on the white boy who had turned against the tribe that had spared him and adopted him. To the fuzzy mind of the savage the boy was a Lu'u boy, who had turned traitor to his tribe in helping the white man to escape.

Gerald Goring breathed hard. The boy had told him that death would be his portion if the savages discovered him helping the prisoner to escape; and now he was discovered and captured. When the steamer arrived at Lu'u there would be no castaway to be found on the island—Goring had only to leave him to his fate and flee, and the wicked scheme that had brought him to the South Seas would be as successful as he could have wished. But Goring was not the first man who had planned dark deeds and found himself, at the pinch, less wicked than he had dreamed. The boy had saved his life—but that was not all that moved Gerald Goring. For he knew, though he hardly admitted to himself, why his aim had failed the day he had fired at the castaway in the fishing canoe. His aim had failed because his heart had failed even as he pulled the trigger. And now—now he had but to struggle through the swamp, to reach the shore and swim off to the ketch, leaving the boy to death, and his game was won. And if he hesitated, with terrible thoughts in his mind, it was only for a few seconds—he was a white man, and a whiter man than he had dreamed. He struggled back to the half-submerged log where Taminango stood over the crouching boy, facing death to save the castaway whom he had fancied that he was wicked enough to sacrifice to his greed.

A Desperate Venture!

KING OF THE ISLANDS stared from the anchored ketch towards the blackness of the swamp, where the attacking canoes had vanished and the savage howlings were dying away.

Round the Dawn the sharks were still swimming, hungry for prey; but the last wounded wretch who had fallen into the water was gone. A terrible toll had been taken of the cannibals, and the Hiva-Oa crew were grinning and chuckling with triumph. Two or three of them had

received scratches, but that was all; the barbed wire defences round the ketch had kept the enemy from close quarters.

"Lu'u feller he plenty sick!" grinned Kaio-lalulalonga, the bo'sun, commonly known as Koko. "He no wantee come along ketch no more." "Plenty feller he kill-dead!" chuckled Lompo-lokuno. "Plenty Lu'u feller he makee kai-kai along shark."

Kit Hudson reloaded his revolver, and dashed the streaming perspiration from his forehead.

"I fancy the brutes have had a lesson this time, Ken," he said. "They won't be here again in a hurry."

King of the Islands nodded. The savage howlings of the defeated savages died away in the darkness of the swamp. He had no doubt that the canoes, cluttered with wounded blacks, were fleeing along the channel that led through the swamp to Taminango's village. The panic-stricken blacks were not likely to stop running till they reached the canoehouses.

"They've had the scare of their lives, Kit," he said slowly. "They cut off the Foam when she was wrecked here, and massacred the crew—and according to what they say among the Islands, more than one trader has been cut off here and her crew kai-kaied. But they've had a lesson this time; Taminango will think twice before he attacks a white man's ship again."

"I spotted the brute among them," said Hudson. "I gave him a shot—I believe he was hit. He may have gone to the sharks."

"All the better if he has—for what I'm thinking of," said King of the Islands. "Kit, you're game to risk your life with me to-night?"

"Game as pie!" said the Cornstalk carelessly. "What's the big idea?"

"They won't come back," said Ken. "The ship's safe—and we can trust Koko to keep the Kanakas up to the mark, even if they came. I'm thinking of following those brutes in the whaleboat."

Hudson whistled.

"I know the risk, old fellow," said Ken. "But think of it. We came here to rescue the castaway of Lu'u. I hoped to be able to ransom him from the niggers—but that failed. Goring has gone ashore for him—but since he's been gone I've been thinking—and you've been thinking—"

"Goring's a bad egg," said the Cornstalk. "He means no good to the boy. He knows that a ship is due to come for him, and he's taken a foolhardy chance to get hold of the boy first. That means only one thing. He never intended to take the boy back to England alive. We know the man was a bad egg; and we were fools not to spot his game before. He's fooled us, and made use of us—and there was murder in his thoughts all the time. Ken, I've no doubt of it now. I'm sure of it."

The Cornstalk spoke with deep conviction.

"I believe as you do, though it's hard to believe that of a white man," answered King of the Islands. "If

Goring gets hold of the boy he is lost—I fear it, at least. If he fails—most likely he will fail, he may have been killed already—the cast-away remains in the hands of the Lu'a tribe. We're here to save him, Kit, and now or never is the time. I reckon, from what Goring has let out without meaning to, that a steamer will be here soon to search for the boy; but we can't be sure of that, or even guess when she may turn up in the offing. And if the blacks retreat into the interior, taking the boy with them, even a warship's crew would be beaten to hook him out of their clutches. But to-night—"

He glanced at the black swamp again. All was silent there now—silent and dark as death.

"They've scuttled off, scared stiff, Kit. There's no fight left in the brutes to-night. If we came on them again, we could keep them on the run. You know these black fellows, they will fight like the demons they are so long as their blood is up; but once panic sets in and they're running, it's easy to keep them on the run. I believe if we reached their village to-night, while the panic still lasts, we should see the whole horde of them scuttle away from our rifles."

He paused.

"Anyhow, it's now or never; by to-morrow they will have rallied, and we've got no chance against their numbers—but to-night they've got the fear of death in their black hides. If we chance it to-morrow, we shall be speared or shot in the mangroves; but while they're on the run we've got a fighting chance. You'll come?"

"I'm with you, Ken! No good blinking facts, we've got one chance in a dozen of pulling through," answered Hudson coolly. "But I'm more than willing to take that chance to rescue a white boy from cannibals. We came here to take risks, and Goring has taken fearful risks, scoundrel as he is. What he's not afraid to do it's up to us to do. I'm your man."

"Done, then!" said King of the Islands.

"Feller Kaio-lalulalonga comey along little white master," said Koko anxiously.

Ken shook his head.

"You feller Koko stop along ketch," he said. "Feller Hiva-Oa boy he no fight sposee white man he no stop along—Koko all same white feller, he stop along ketch."

But Koko was not convinced.

"Feller Lomplokuno he good feller, all same Kaio-lalulalonga," he said. "Feller Lompo he makee Hiva-Oa boy fight like thunder, spose black feller he come. Koko he go die along little white master."

The Kanaka's words revealed his anticipation of how the expedition would end.

Ken hesitated a moment, and then he nodded. There was little danger of any attack on the Dawn, after the fearful lesson the savages had been given. And Koko was worth many men if it came to a desperate struggle in the swamp.

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All About Aeroplanes

This Week: SEAPLANES AND FLYING-BOATS.

MANY aeroplanes are made so that they can alight on water, and though the principles and the controls are the same as those employed in ordinary planes, the necessity of making these craft seaworthy alters their construction a good deal.

The best-known type is the float seaplane. It closely resembles a land aeroplane, except that it has hollow metal or wooden floats instead of wheels to support it. Sometimes the floats are large and long enough to support the whole machine; in others, a small float under the tail furnishes additional support. Occasionally the machine has one large float in the centre and a small one under the wing each side.

The float must be carefully designed, so that at about 50-60 m.p.h. the floats are skimming over the water instead of ploughing through it, otherwise the machine would never get off. This effect, as in a motor-boat, is obtained by forming the underside with one or more "steps" on which the float rises as speed increases.

The float must also be light and offer as little air-resistance as possible. Occasionally a wheel is carried inside each float, so that the craft can alight on land.

A seaplane is always slightly slower, and has less load-carrying ability than the corresponding land machine, but racing seaplanes that can exceed 300 m.p.h. have been built.

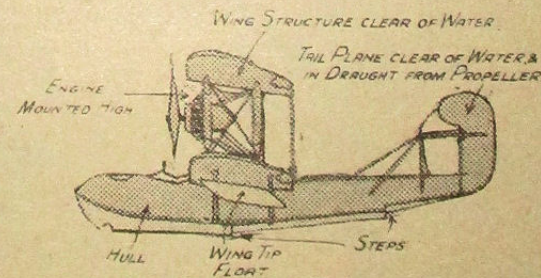
A flying-boat is a recent development which probably has a great future for large machines. The whole fuselage is one huge float, or "hull," as it is called, and above it, clear of the water, the wings are mounted, while the tail unit is also raised above the water. Wing-tip floats prevent the wings being damaged when the machine rolls, and the engine or engines, since they are always mounted above the hull, are often of the "pusher" type.

Occasionally a wheel is provided each side of the hull, which can be raised or lowered so that the machine can, if necessary, alight on land. It is then called an "amphibian." In an emergency, flying-boats have often landed on ground without injury owing to the smooth underside of the hull.

Like the seaplane's floats, a flying-boat hull has one or more steps, on which it can rise and skim over the water. Flying-boats at one time were very much heavier and more wasteful of power than land machines, but recent all-metal designs are much better. The larger the flying-boat the

better it compares with land machines, and in the really gigantic sizes—2,000 h.p. or more—the flying-boat is supreme, as it has a large surface on which to rest and an unlimited run for landing or taking off.

The flying-boat is more seaworthy than a seaplane, but it is doubtful if even the flying-boat could last



A biplane flying-boat with two steps.

long in a really bad storm on the open sea. Curiously enough, a glass-smooth sea is disliked by seaplane and flying-boat pilots, for at 60 m.p.h. it is difficult to see where the water-surface begins! And in taking off, the seaplane or flying-boat is difficult to get up on its step. Often the pilot has to resort to rocking the machine violently, coming back on his own wash, or he has to utilise the wake of a passing steamer before the machine starts "skimming."

One rare type of flying-boat sometimes seen is the "twin-hull" type. This has two hulls with cockpits in each. The wings and the tail plane connect the two hulls into a rigid structure, and the engines are mounted on the wings. Although it does not strictly belong to the seaplane class there is a type of aeroplane much used by the French Air Force which can alight on the water. It has an ordinary wheel undercarriage, but the fuselage is broad-bottomed and watertight. In an emergency the pulling of a lever drops the undercarriage, which falls away from the machine and the craft can then alight safely on the water and float till help arrives.

Next week we will deal with freak aircraft!

Sought For—and Saved!

(Continued from page 13.)

"Feller Koko be come along," said King of the Islands.

And Kate-lalulalonga grinned with satisfaction.

Ken called Lompokuno, and impressed upon the Polynesian the need for wakeful watchfulness.

"Spose you go sleep, Lu'u boy he makee kai-kai along every boy along ketch," he said. "Spose you shut eye belong you, you never see no more beach along Hiva-Oa."

"No shut eye belong me, sar," said Lompo. "Eye belong me he plenty too much open altogether."

Ken was not so sure of that; he knew what Kanakas were like when the master's eye was withdrawn. But he hoped for the best as he stepped into the whaleboat. Hudson and Koko followed him in; all of them armed to the teeth. The Hiva-Oa men watched them over the side, behind the strands of barbed wire. Koko took two oars to pull, Hudson sat at the steering-sweep, and Ken stood, rifle in hand, watchful eyes on the alert. The whaleboat pushed off from the Dawn, and rowed swiftly across the moonlit water to the mangrove swamp.

That Ken had calculated well was proved by the fact that no sound, no howl or whizzing shot greeted them as they approached the swamp.

At any other time lurking savages would have been on the watch, and Snider bullets or whizzing spears would have met the whaleboat. But the Lu'u men were on the run now, with the terror of death in their hearts, and Ken, as he expected, found the way clear.

The boat glided into the mangroves, seeking the channel from which the canoes had emerged.

Koko drew in the oars; once in the channel there was no space for rowing. On either side the mangrove stems, and trailing creepers and rotting vines, encroached on the strip of water. He took a paddle from under the thwarts, and King of the Islands took another, and they paddled the boat on.

Brushing by hanging creepers, by straggling mangrove stems, by half-sunken logs, the whaleboat glided under the channel through the swamp, under the broken glimmering of moonlight that filtered through heavy branches above. There was no sound in the swamp save the faint dash of the paddles, the wash of the sluggish water among trailing roots and stems. No sound of the fleeing savages; if the savages feared pursuit from the white men on the ship, the fear only gave impetus to their flight.

The canoes, crowded with wounded, were rushing on to the canoe-houses at Taminango's village, and were certain not to stop before they reached them; and if the white men followed into the village at the heels of the fleeing blacks, it was very likely that the panic-stricken wretches would keep on the run. It was upon that chance, at all events, that King of the Islands was counting. But suddenly,

from the blackness ahead, came startling sounds—the sounds of panting breath and desperate struggling.

"What—" breathed Hudson.

"Keep on!"

The whaleboat shot onward, King of the Islands standing up in the bow, rifle in hand, his eyes gleaming along the sights.

At the Last Moment!

TAMINANGO turned, spear in hand, as Goring scrambled on the log. The castaway, half-fainting with the fear of death, clung to the log at the savage's feet, at the mercy of the enraged Lu'u chief, expecting every moment the death-thrust that would follow the ending of Taminango's fierce tirade. But the threatening spear was turned from him as Taminango swung round to face the adventurer scrambling desperately out of the swamp.

The Lu'u chief's fierce eyes blazed with unholy joy. He had seen the tall, white man vanish into the swamp, and had believed that he was gone; and it was futile to call his men to the pursuit; the blacks, fleeing in panic, would not have heeded his voice. Already the last of the canoes, that from which Taminango had leaped upon the log, had vanished along the winding channel, the terrified blacks scarcely noting or heeding the absence of their chief.

Taminango's eyes blazed with cruel joy as he turned on the white man, his spear drawn back for a thrust.

With a desperate effort Goring landed on the log, and stood swaying, not six feet from the Lu'u chief. The tree-trunk, half-sunk in the slime of the swamp at the side of the ruilet, gave only a precarious footing—easy to the naked feet of the black man, that clung like claws; precarious to the shod feet of the white man.

Taminango bent a little forward, like a crouching wild beast, his eyes glinting and blazing at the panting adventurer.

"Big white feller he comey along Taminango," hissed the savage. "Taminango he plenty too much glad altogether."

Through the openings of the branches above, moonlight fell on the savage chief, on the aluminium bottle bound in his fuzzy hair, on the strings of cartridge clips rattling from his huge ears, on the necklaces of coral and human bones that hung round his neck. He looked a fearful figure as he stood there, his black, tattooed face alight with animal-like ferocity.

Goring faced him desperately. He was unarmed; he was almost spent, and his footing slipped on the treacherous slimy surface of the log. He was at the mercy of the savage, and he knew it, and Taminango knew it, as the savage crouched and crept closer for the thrust. Yet he faced him, every sense tense and on the alert, and never thought of a desperate leap into the channel, which might have saved him.

Taminango's sinewy arm shot out, and the spear thrust at the heart of the panting adventurer.

Goring twisted aside, his foot slipped, and it was the slip that helped to save him. The thrust of the spear drove into his arm, and he felt the hot blood running down to his wrist. As the savage jerked the spear back for a second thrust, Goring leaped on him like a tiger and closed with him. He hardly felt, for the moment, the pain of his wound, though the blood was drenching his arm.

Taminango, snarling like a wild beast, dropped the spear, which he could not use at such close quarters, and returned grasp for grasp. His long, sinewy arms wound round the white man tenaciously.

Dicky Goring scrambled to his feet on the slippery log. He looked round wildly for some weapon to help his rescuer; but there was nothing—Taminango's spear had sunk into the channel. He drew from his loin-cloth the little trade-knife with which he had cut Goring's bonds in the grass house, and scrambled along the tree-trunk towards the desperately fighting men.

Taminango was striving to drag the white man from the log into the water, Goring striving fiercely to resist. In the water the Lu'u savage was like a fish, and every advantage would have been on his side, as Goring knew; and he fought madly to keep his footing on the log. But the savage was strong and sinuous, the log slippery to the feet, and in spite of Goring's fierce resistance he was dragged over.

His face set in horror, the castaway stood watching the dark water, where widening circles marked the spot where the struggling men, white and black, had disappeared.

A few moments, and they came up, still fighting furiously. Both of them were wounded, but both were strong men, and Goring had the resolute courage of a white man, Taminango the ferocity of the black. He had failed in his attack on the ketch, his men had been shot down, himself wounded. It was such a defeat as had not befallen him in all the years that he had been chief on Lu'u, and this white man in his grasp should pay for all. His black face was close to Goring's—his hot breath fanned the cheek of the white man, his teeth and his savage eyes gleamed close, snarling. They struggled and fought in the water, casting up muddy waves amid the slimy roots of the mangroves. And Goring, fighting madly, desperately, knew that he was fighting a losing battle, that the grip of the sinewy savage was too powerful for him.

Once he had freed his right hand and dashed his clenched fist, with stunning force, full in the black, savage face. But twice Taminango had dragged him under the water, and held him there till his lungs were almost bursting—twice he had struggled up again, but each time weaker. And the black chief was grinning now with savage glee as he felt the white man weakening in his grip.

There was a splash, and Goring felt the black man's grasp relax; the

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Sought For—and Saved!

(Continued from page 16.)

castaway was swimming close by them, looking for a chance to aid his rescuer, and now he struck, and the trade-knife gashed along the black shoulder of Taminango. The savage yelled, and released one brawny hand to strike at the boy, and Dicky Goring was hurled away, half stunned. He crashed into the mangrove roots, and clung there, gasping and sobbing, half senseless; and Taminango, heedless of the scratch of the little knife, renewed his grasp on Goring, and again forced his head below the fetid water.

The bitterness of death was in the adventurer's heart as he struggled beneath the water, striving to loosen the savage grasp that kept him down. His senses were swimming, strange lights dancing before his fevered eyes. But again he broke the deadly grasp with the strength of desperation and struggled to the surface, still in the clutches of the cannibal. But it was the last effort, and he knew it; in the shaft of moonlight that fell from above he read the ferocious triumph in the Lu'u chief's face and glaring eyes. The sinewy black fingers were on his throat now, and Goring struck.

Bang!

Like thunder came the roar of a firearm in the dusky swamp.

Goring, as he was sinking for the last time in the cruel grasp that was forcing him down, suddenly felt himself released. His head shot above the surface again; he looked round him wildly, blindly. Taminango's grasp was no longer upon him—the brawny black man was floating half submerged in the sluggish water, which was stained crimson where he floated. Like a man in a dream Goring swam mechanically, the shot still ringing in his ears. He heard, as from a far distance, a cry from the castaway; he felt, hardly conscious of it, a grasp on his shoulder. He was dragged out of the water—a voice he knew was speaking in his dizzy ears.

"We've got you!" It was the voice of King of the Islands. "We've got you safe, old man!"

As in a glass, darkly, he saw the face of King of the Islands bending over him in the gloom of the mangroves. He strove to speak, but only a husky croak came from his aching throat.

"Take it easy, old man. You're all right now."

"Big white feller he along King of the Islands!" It was the voice of Koko the Kanaka.

Goring struggled up. He found his voice, croaking out husky words.

"The boy! The boy! Have you saved the boy?"

"The boy's safe in the boat," said King of the Islands. "Here—"

And then darkness rushed on Gerald Goring and he knew nothing more.

Homeward Bound!

BRIGHT sunshine glimmered through the cabin skylight of the Dawn. Gerald Goring opened his eyes and stared dizzily

round him. He was in his old bunk in the cabin of the ketch, and it was day. He moved, and groaned with pain and lay still again. The ship was in motion—he could feel the movement of it; from overhead came the creak of cordage, the sound of the swing of the sails. The ketch was at sea. He groaned and lay still.

"You are awake?"

It was a soft, boyish voice. Goring's weary eyes turned upon the face that bent over the bunk—an English face, though brown as a berry. His eyes widened in wonder. It was the castaway of Lu'u—but changed so much as to be almost beyond recognition. He was dressed in white drill, cut down from the size of King of the Islands by the skilful hands of Koko; canvas shoes were on the feet that had been bare for two years; the light of happiness was in the eyes that had been so long haunted by fear and horror, a smile on the brown face that had been burned by the sun.

"You—you're Dicky!" breathed Goring, staring at him.

"Yes, yes! And you will get well—King of the Islands says so. Does it hurt much?"

Goring winced under a twinge from his wounded arm.

"A little—nothing! We're at sea?"

"Two days out from Lu'u," said the castaway. "This is the second day. I think we are going to Lalinge. When you did not open your eyes so long I feared—I feared—" He broke off. "I must tell King of the Islands that you are awake. Some day I'll try to tell you what I feel—what I think of what you did for me—my cousin!" He lingered on the word. "King of the Islands has told me that I am going home to be rich—"

"Sir Richard Goring, and fifteen thousand a year!" said the man in the bunk. "And I a beggar! And I'm glad I saved you at the finish."

"What I shall have is yours, too," said the boy, his eyes glistening. "That is what I was going to say. I have no one but you—and you saved me from the cannibals. You would have been killed if King of the Islands had not come in the boat. I will tell him you are awake."

He was gone.

Goring lay back on his pillows, thinking, a bitter smile on his face. He had saved the castaway, and robbed himself of a fortune. And he was glad! The dissipated spendthrift, the reckless blackguard, had proved a white man when it had come to the test. He knew now that he could never have done what he had planned to do. He had come to Lu'u with evil intent, and, after all, he had saved the castaway, and he was glad to know that he had saved him.

"I'm glad to see you lively again." King of the Islands had come down the companion, and he smiled at the man in the bunk. "You'll be up and walking the deck before we raise Lalinge."

"Give me some water."

After drinking, Goring lay back in the bunk. His brain was clearing

now; his brow was thoughtful as he looked at the boy trader.

"Did you know why I was after the boy?" he asked.

"I owe you an apology, Goring," Ken said quietly. "I had a suspicion—a rotten suspicion—"

"You'd have been a fool if you hadn't," said Goring coolly.

"You don't mean—"

"Why not?" sneered Goring.

"You'd have been a fool if you hadn't spotted my game sooner or later. When the old baronet died suddenly, just after his son had been killed in an accident, and Dicky Goring became the heir, I came next to him. Nobody had bothered about the rumour that a castaway survived on Lu'u—till the castaway was heir to a title and a fortune. Then he had to be found. The legal gentlemen took the matter up. There's a steamer due at Lu'u to search for the boy—but I came first. I had it all cut and dried that when the steamer came there would no longer be any castaway living on Lu'u. I risked my life to carry it out."

King of the Islands looked at him in silence.

"And then, when the finish came, I couldn't do it," said Goring.

"Drunken waster and loafer and blackguard, if you like; but there's a limit, and I never knew it till it came to the pinch. Funny, ain't it?"

"You're a bad hat, Goring," said King of the Islands quietly; "but you're not so black as you've painted yourself."

"The boy does not know what you suspected?"

"It's not likely I should tell him, unless it was necessary to put him on his guard."

Goring winced.

"Let the boy know nothing—I'd like to keep his respect. He's a good lad; he will do better with the Goring fortune than I should have done. He likes me—that's funny, too! Let him—it won't hurt him!"

Goring closed his eyes and leaned back on his pillows. King of the Islands, with a thoughtful brow, left him and returned to the deck.

It was at Lalinge that King of the Islands found the steamer that had been fitted out to search for the castaway of Lu'u. In that steamer the rescued boy started for England and home—unwillingly parting with his cousin, who refused all his pressing urgings to accompany him. When the steamer glided out of the bay of Lalinge, and Dicky Goring waved farewell over the rail to the tall figure that stood on the coral wharf, King of the Islands saw Gerald Goring for the last time. Whether he became a beachcomber on a Pacific beach, or whether the impulse towards good that had awakened in his hard heart on Lu'u led him to better things, Ken did not know. The adventurer disappeared from Lalinge among the flotsam and jetsam of the vast Pacific, and King of the Islands saw him no more.

(Ken King plays the lead in another of Charles Hamilton's romances of the South Seas next week—a yarn that is as good as a cruise in the Pacific!)