

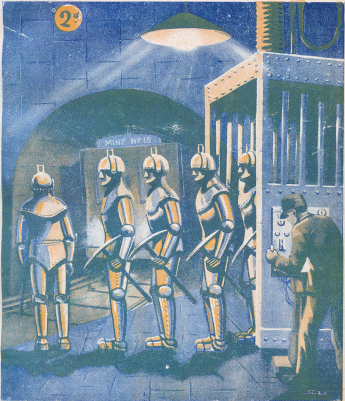
WHO WANTS A BICYCLE? / 327 PRIZES offered on p. 58

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2^d



MEN OF METAL TO HEW YOUR GOAL! (See page 3.)

The Sea-Lawyer!

A breezy yarn of the Romantic South Seas and Ken King, the boy skipper of the ketch Dawn!

By

CHARLES HAMILTON.

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.



The Ketch and the Cutter!
"DANDY PETER'S cutter!" said Ken King, owner and skipper of the ketch Dawn.
"She's mooring!" remarked Kit Hudson, his Australian mate.
"And we're not!" granted Ken.
"She's got the wind!" Kit smiled.

The ketch Dawn was moving, but not as King of the Islands—to give Ken the name by which he was known throughout the South Seas—would have liked her to move. Baffling winds kept her back from the beach of Lalalo. For long, long hours, through the hot day, the white beach of Lalalo had glistened in the distance, backed by deep paradisaic woods. The keen eyes of King of the Islands could pick out the grass houses along the shore, the baking canoes on the lagoon, even the bronze-skinned figures in white lava-lava. But the Dawn—water-witch as she was—could not sail in the teeth of the wind; and the wind persisted in coming off Lalalo, and the island remained in sight, but mockingly distant. The ketch, handled by Ken, could sail as near the wind as any craft in the Pacific—nearer, in fact. But the wind was not only adverse—it was inconstant and shifting; and tacking down to Lalalo was weary work.

King of the Islands was not, perhaps, in his usual cheery and equable temper. He was making the Naanaka jump on board the Dawn. Noko, the gigantic bo'wan, was at the helm, alert for a word or a sign from the boy trader. The Hina-Oa crew stood by sheet and halyard, prompt to obey. Again and again the great boom swung as the Dawn tacked or wore, making her way to Lalalo. The latest of the Polynesians did not venture to lace now. There was

In that ruffled mood King of the Islands found the sight of Peter Parsons' cutter irritating. Dandy Peter, of Lukwe, was coming away from Lalalo, with the irritating wind—irritating to Ken—behind him. The handsome little cutter was a mountain of canvas, being along like a great sea-bird, fairly sweeping down on the creeping Dawn. The wind made the sea choppy, and some of the waves were fairly big; and Dandy Peter looked—as was his custom—as if he were carrying too much canvas and was likely to plunge his bows under. Dandy Peter—trader, kidnapper, pearl-poscher, and many other things—was a good seaman and delighted in taking risks—which were not so risky as they looked.

Ken caught glimpses of the man now, as the cutter came sweeping on—a little dapper man, in faultless white ducks, dressed as if for a party, as Dandy Peter always dressed. Of all the rough crew that lived and traded on the island of Lukwe, Peter Parsons was the only one that ever wore a full suit of clothes. He would drive his clenched knuckles in a Kanaka's face as soon as look at him; he was said to be only too ready to use the revolver he always carried at the back of his spotted trousers; but nothing would have induced him to appear in a lein-cloth, as half the Lukwe men did. There had been a time, according to rumour among the Islands, when Dandy Peter had been something quite different, in a far-distant land, and when his name had not been Parsons, or anything like it. Now he was the most reckless blackguard in the Pacific, and the man that King of the Islands most disliked of all with whom he ever came in touch.

Ken could see the dark, handsome face, with a grin on it now. Dandy Peter's cutter was sweeping over the waves like an albatross, and he found something amusing in the slow and betwixt program of the Dawn. That mocking grin irritated Ken, already a little "edgewise" from his long struggle against baffling winds.
"I never see that swab's figurehead without wanting to hit it," the boy trader grunted.
"Same here!" said Kit cheerily.
"Now, if you'd make up your mind to check wind-jamming and put in that petrol-engine I've talked to you about till I'm lousy——"
"Buck!" said Ken.
Kit laughed.
In the long leisure hours, when the wind was fair and the ketch resting among the Islands, the Corn-stalk was often eloquent on that subject. An auxiliary engine for the Dawn was the burden of his song. Baffling winds would not matter when "Linnie" was installed. Kit called his imaginary engine Linnie, so if that engine already really existed. He was an engineer to the finger-tips; and though he had a hearty admiration for the sailing qualities of the Dawn, especially as King of the Islands handled her, he did want that auxiliary engine installed. King of the Islands, fond of spars and sails, pinned his faith to wind-jamming. If there was a whisper of a breeze, the Dawn would fly—and she tacked against an adverse wind like a swallow, as Ken fondly declared. She couldn't be expected to sail in the wind's eye—that was why Lalalo was still mockingly distant.
"Peter's bearing down on us," said Hudson. "He's going to speak!"
"Like his impudence!" growled Ken. "The last time we talked to him was with a rope's-end. He's got nothing to say to us."
"We can't stop him, all the same. Now, if we had Linnie on board——"
"How Linnie?"
"Keep your wool on, old chap!" said Hudson, laughing. "All the same, if we had Linnie here, we could walk away from that cutter. As the matter stands, we can't."
Ken grunted. On equal terms

Peter Parsons' weather glossed in the sunlight. While! The curling lash of Kit Hudson's stock-whip around roused his legs and he roared over with a crash!

a glint in Ken's eye that meant business.

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The Dawn could have made rings round Peter Parsons' cutter. As the cutter stood, Dandy Peter could do as he liked. On the present occasion it was evident that what he liked was to pass by the struggling ketch and throw a tartar of King of the Islands. The smacking grin on his face was very plain to the vice.

King of the Islands frowned. It was wrothy work beating down to Lalala against the wind, without any incidence from the dandy of Lakoo's added to other irritations.

He tapped out a sharp order, and the ketch swung away. The handsomeness of the cutter laughed, and the white-winged cutter changed her course a little. She came swooping on the Dawn as if Dandy Peter meant to run King of the Islands down, and almost every man on the ketch expected to see that mountain of canvas enlarge itself in the ketch's swinging boom. King of the Islands set his teeth. He knew that Peter was playing tricks—trying to "rattle" him. The dislike he had for Dandy Peter was more than compensated by the sea-lawyer of Lakoo.

"Ahoy, King of the Islands!" roared Peter Parsons; and his voice, powerful for a dapper little man, came ringing down on the wind. "Want any help?"

"Help? No!" snapped back King of the Islands.

His words could not have reached

the cutter against the wind, but Peter Parsons did not want an answer. He was only there to mock.

"You haven't sprung a leak?"

Ken shook his head, his face clearing of its frown. If Peter, for some reason, supposed that the ketch was in trouble, and had come to offer help, it was unexpectedly decent of the blackguard of Lakoo.

"Keg?" came Peter's voice. "I reckoned you was waterlogged, the way you're crawling. My mistake."

Ken flushed crimson. He had been "drawn," and regretted that he had taken the slightest heed of Peter Parsons.

"You making Lalala?" went on Parsons. "You won't make it this week, at this rate! What's your offer for a tow in?"

"You cheery wook?" roared Ken. "Belay your jawber and clear."

Dandy Peter laughed, greatly entertained.

"You don't want a tow?" he called out.

King of the Islands turned his back on him, at which the dandy of Lakoo laughed louder than ever. His black eyes were grinning widely, showing all their flashing white teeth.

The cutter rushed by—in a few moments more she would have gone. But precisely as she was sweeping past the ketch, a black figure ran along her deck, leaped over the bow rail, and plunged headlong into the sea.

"Hallo! Nigger overboard from the cutter!" exclaimed Hudson.

"Black feller to jump along sea!" exclaimed Eko.

King of the Islands ran to the rail. The cutter was swooping on with hollying sail; and in the white wake behind her was a black man, swimming desperately for the Dawn.

Handling the Sea-Lawyer!

"MY Sam!" ejaculated King of the Islands.

He stared at the man in the sea. The black man was swimming hard. Ken could see the set, tense desperation in his face. From the swooping cutter came a shout, but for the moment she tore on, every second increasing swiftly her distance from the Dawn.

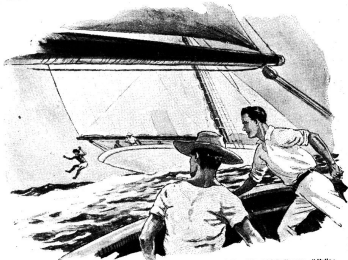
Ken hesitated a moment. That Peter Parsons had a heavy hand with his crew he was very well aware, and he was not surprised to see one of the cutter's men attempting to desert. But the description of a scoundrel was not a matter in which one skipper could take a hard against another.

But his hesitation was very brief. There were sharks in the sea, and at all events he had to pick the man up, even if he handed him over to his captain afterwards.

"Throw a line, Kit!"

"You bet!"

Ken glanced after the cutter and grinned. Coming about, the cutter had gone into stays and hung in the



As the cutter was sweeping past the Dawn, a black figure ran along her deck and leaped into the sea. "Hallo! Nigger overboard!" exclaimed Kit Hudson.

The Sea-Lawyer!

(Continued from previous page.)

wind's eye, helpless. It was rather entertaining after Dandy Peter's taunts of a few minutes before.

But the grin faded from Ken's face as he saw the Lukwe skipper, his dark features convulsed with rage, glare over the cutter's low rail, a rifle in his hands.

Crack!

A bullet knocked up a spout of spray only a few yards from the fuzzy black head of the swimmer.

"The bound!" said Ken between his teeth.

"Feller Parsons he shoot along Lalaio boy!" said Koko.

"Lalaio boy!" exclaimed Ken.

"Eim Lalaio boy, sar!"

It struck Ken then that the swimmer was not, after all, a deserter. Parsons' crew were Lukwe boys, and if this man belonged to Lalaio, the island from which Parsons was sailing, it was more likely that he was a kidnapped nigger. Hudson had cast a line and the swimmer had caught it, and now he was being dragged to the side of the ketch.

Crack! Parsons fired again and the bullet chipped the timbers of the Dawn. Ken's eyes blazed. The Lukwe sea-lawyer was utterly reckless. The bullet might easily have whizzed over the ketch's deck, possibly knocking over a Riva-Oa man as it passed. Deserter or not, Ken made up his mind at that moment that he would not hand the man over again to Dandy Peter.

Hudson dragged on the rope, Lombo helping, and the black man in the sea scrambled out with the activity of a cat. Under him, as he scrambled out of the water, a black fin glanced over the surface. He was only just in time. In a sprawling, panting, dripping heap, the Lalaio boy collapsed on the deck of the Dawn. A hideous snarl showed for a moment under the rail and Lombo grinned:

"No make kai-kai along feller shark!"

The Lalaio boy, who had so nearly made "kai-kai" for the shark, sprawled and panted in a pool of water on the deck. His eyes rolled wildly at the white men and the Polynesian crew. He dragged himself to his knees and held out his hands towards the boy trader.

"White master King of the Islands!" he panted breathlessly. "You make feller Malyia stop along ketch!"

"Feller Malyia belong along Lalaio?" asked Koko.

"Yes, sar! Me Lalaio boy, no belong along Cap'n Parsons! Belong along Chief Kama's/kama-ka'ama."

"King Coffee-Pot?" exclaimed Ken.

"Yes, sar!" panted the Lalaio boy. The "boy" was at least forty, but all South Sea natives are "boys."

Ken looked at him, puzzled. The black man was a good swimmer, like all, or nearly all, the Islanders. But he was no seaman; he was fat, his pudgy hands unmarked by toil, and was evidently a "home" boy. Peter Parsons could not have abrogated him as a seaman. What

Parsons had wanted him at all for was rather a mystery. Kidnapping a boy belonging to the Lalaio chief was a reckless act, likely to make trouble for all the white traders who traded at Lalaio, but Dandy Peter was not likely to give that a thought if he had a purpose to serve. But his purpose was hard to guess.

"Feller boat he come, sar!" said Koko.

A whaleboat was coming from the cutter, two stowey Lukwe boys pulling and Peter Parsons in the stern, his glittering eyes fixed on the ketch. He had left his rifle on the cutter, but Ken noted that he had jockeyed the helmsman round his boat, to bring his revolver within easy reach. Dandy Peter was coming to the ketch and he was coming prepared for trouble.

Ken's face set grimly. The black-guard of Lukwe was welcome to all the trouble he wanted on board the Dawn.

"Let him come aboard!" asked Hudson.

"Ay, ay! We'll hear what he wants to say."

The Lalaio boy gave a howl of fear.

"Feller white master, you no give Malyia along Cap'n Parsons! Cap'n Parsons he kill Malyia plenty too much altogether. White master look see, eye belong him."

"I see," said Ken. He had already noticed the marks of recent savage lashing on the bare back of the native. "Feller Malyia he stop along ketch, plenty soon stop along Lalaio."

The black man panted with relief.

The Dawn remained close to, waiting for the boat. Peter Parsons' voice could be heard urging the rowers.

"Washy washy plenty quick, you black scum! You want me knock seven bells out of you! Washy washy plenty too quick altogether!"

The Lukwe boys strained at the oars and the boat shot under the rail of the Dawn. With the spring of a tiger, Peter Parsons came over the low bank and stood on the deck. His eyes blazed at the cowering Lalaio boy. Then they fixed sternly on King of the Islands.

"You've picked up my black boy! I'm here to take him back to the cutter! Malyia, you jump along boat plenty quick!"

Malyia gave King of the Islands an imploring look. Left to himself, the terrified native would have stayed the order. King of the Islands stepped quietly between him and the Lukwe sea-lawyer.

"You're not on the cutter now, Captain Parsons. I give orders on board this ketcher," he said coolly.

"Order that man into the boat, then!"

"Not so fast! That man is a Lalaio boy and doesn't belong to your crew."

The Lukwe skipper gave a savage laugh.

"Are you going to ship in, King of the Islands, if I choose to shanghai a Lalaio boy?"

"That depends," said Ken. "You've used him pretty roughly, to judge by his looks."

"No business of yours!"

"I fancy I'm making this my

business," said Ken. "That nigger belongs to King Coffee-pot, and kidnapping him is enough to spoil the whole trade with Lalaio. I'm bound for Lalaio with copra and pearl shell, and I don't want to find the place buzzing with trouble. What do you want with the man?"

"I've not come here to talk! I've come here to take that nigger back to my cutter," said Peter between his teeth.

"You won't take him back," answered Ken. "I'm taking that boy to Lalaio to hand him over where he belongs."

"Belong Chief Kama's/kama-ka'ama!" gasped Malyia. "No belong along Cap'n Parsons. No belong along cutter! Belong Lalaio!"

"Sive that, you black trash," hissed Parsons, and the native quailed under his savage look. "I tell you, King of the Islands, I want that black boy and I'm going to have him!"

"How are you going to get him?" Ken asked. "Better not touch that gun!" Parsons' hand was dropping on the butt of his revolver. "If you ask for trouble on this deck, Parsons, you'll get it—had!"

Kit Hudson, who had his stock- whip under his arm, let it slide down into his hand. Peter Parsons had felt the weight of that stock-whip on one occasion, and he gave the Australian a fierce look. Hudson nodded to him pleasantly. The black looks of the Lukwe sea-lawyer had no terrors for the cool, shrewy Cornstalk.

"I'm here to take that black boy back to the cutter," snarled Parsons. "If you meddle between me and my black boys, Ken King—"

"He isn't your black boy! He belongs to King Coffee-Pot, and he's going back to Lalaio!"

Parsons' eyes blazed.

"I'll shoot him dead on your deck before you shall take him back to Lalaio!" he shouted furiously. His revolver gleamed in the sunlight.

Whin!

A curling long lark wound round Peter Parsons' legs, threw was a jerk, and the Lukwe skipper went over backwards on the deck with a crash. He lay with all the wind knocked out of him, his revolver flung from his hand. There was a cascade of laughter from the Riva-Oa crew.

"Debble whip!" chuckled Koko.

No Trade!

PETER PARSONS sprawled on the deck, half stunned by the crash, blinking dazedly in the sunlight. Hudson grinned and jerked away the whip. The Lukwe skipper's legs had been plucked from under him, and he had hit the hard planks with terrific force.

King of the Islands laughed.

"Pick up that gun, Lumps."

"Yesar."

"Pitch it along sea!"

There was a splash as Peter Parsons' revolver dropped into the Pacific and vanished.

Parsons struggled to his feet. His face was convulsed with rage. There was a lump as large as a walnut on

the back of his head where it had hit the deck.

"You found?" he yelled, and made a furious spring at Hudson.

Kit Hudson dropped the stock-whip and went the skipper of the Lukwe cutter with his hands up. Dandy Peter attacked him like a tiger, but the steady Cornstalk handled him easily enough. Peter went spinning backwards again and sprawled in the scupper.

Hudson glanced at King of the Islands.

"Had enough of that beauty?" he asked. "I don't like his manners when he comes aboard for a yarn."

"Same here!" laughed Ken. "I've had quite enough of him. Drop him into his boat and let us get ashore of him!"

Peter Parsons was struggling up, breathless with fury, when the Cornstalk's iron grip was laid on him.

"Do you want me to knock you into the water, Parsons?" he asked. "Get off while the going's good!"

Dandy Peter panted. He was consumed with rage, but he calmed himself with an effort.

"I've got to speak to you, Ken King. I'll tell you why I want that man. I've got to have him!"

"Nothing doing!"
"Give me a hearing, hang you!"
"You're not coming aboard again. You can hang on and speak, if you like, but out it short."

"Tell your men to stand back, then."

"But! I'll have no secrets with you," answered King of the Islands. "You can sing out for all the crew to hear, or you can shut up. Take your choice."

"You fool!"
"That's enough! Get into your boat and go!"

seawarmer, too astonished to be angry for the moment. Such a proposition was quite in keeping with Peter Parsons' character. It was not likely to suit King of the Islands.

The Lukwe skipper went on eagerly:

"I tell you, there's a fortune in it. I'll make the black beard speak—I've started on him already. Halfes for you and me—every man in the Islands knows that old Coffee-Pot has a treasure-house somewhere on Lukwe. You know it! Go in with me—"

"You thieving swab!" roared King of the Islands. "You're asking me to go in with you to rob old Kima's! kuma-ka'ama!"

"Don't be a fool! A durned nigger—"

"You mortal!" Ken clenched his fist. "By gum, I've a mind to knock you into the sea! Sheer off before I do it!"

THE GREAT IDEA — Stories of Men who Changed the World — :: No. 2 :: THOMAS ALVA EDISON.



To Thomas Alva Edison belongs the credit for making the first talking machine. Of the phonograph, the gramophone, the radio-gramophone, and in order to enable him to take messages at speed he invented a machine which automatically recorded Morse signals and later repeated them at any desired speed.

This set him thinking. If Morse signals could be recorded and repeated, why not the human voice? Putting a strip of paper across the diaphragm, he secured "talking." He then pulled the paper through a groove and heard a distinct sound which might have been "talking." His device was patented. His first talking photograph, shown above.

The drawings above illustrate how Edison's early records were made and repeated. The sound waves traveling down the instrument, vibrated a thin strip of tin in the recording box, which in turn vibrated the sharp "singing reed," giving pressure against the recording wax cylinder. The records were reproduced by a needle traveling in the groove made by the wax.

The latest gramophone reproduces in the "pick up." This instrument takes the place of the sound-box, and twin wires run from it to an amplifier which plugs into the dial of a radio set. The dial being inserted in the amplifier, which records in played the records pass through the set and are converted by the amplifier by the loud speaker.

With a swing of his powerful arms, Hudson lifted him over the rail.

"You Lukwe boy, you ratchee feller skipper!" he called out.

Peter Parsons dropped into the boat with a crash. The boat rocked wildly under the impact. King of the Islands looked down over the rail as the Lukwe boys fended off, and the dandy of Lukwe struggled to his feet, black with rage.

"Get back to your cutter, Parsons," said Ken, "and mend your manners before you visit the Daren again. Good-bye!"

Parsons was strutting with fury. "You Lukwe boy, you waddy waddy along cutter!" said Ken.

Parsons found his voice.

"You so waddy waddy!" he panted. The boat rocked close by the ketch, and Parsons clutched at the trunk rail, holding on, his feet on the gunwale of the boat. Ken looked him in the face.

The boat rocked away, and Dandy Peter lost his footing. But he was so active as a cat. He threw one leg over the rail and sat there. Between the boat and the ketch the black fin of a shark showed over the water, but Parsons did not heed it.

"Look here! I've got to have the man, and I'll make it worth your while. I'll give you a ton of opium for him."

"What do you mean? He's not worth a single nut, to you or me or any other skipper—even if I wanted to trade."

"Take my offer, then."

"Nothing doing! Is that all?"

"No!" hissed Parsons. "That nigger is old King Coffee-Pot's confidential servant. He knows where the old black rascal keeps his treasure. Go in with me and make it halves! It will be worth hundreds—perhaps thousands!"

King of the Islands stared at the

"You weren't so particular about Falco. All the Islands know that you lifted old Mafco's coverings there, sacks of them."

"That was a different matter, you lubber. Old Mafco had been killed by his niggers, and his sack of coverings was anybody's that could find where it was buried. You're asking me to rob a man I trade with—and set Lukwe in a blaze from beach to beach. A dozen white men might be killed for it. You kidnaping, thieving swab, jump into your boat, or, by gum, I'll knock you into the sea, and you can chance the sharks."

King of the Islands, his blue eyes blazing with anger, drew back his clenched fist.

With a snarl, the Lukwe sea-lawyer leaped down into the rocking boat. He shook his fist furiously at the boy trader as the Lukwe boys pulled back to the cutter, a stream of savage

The Sea Lawyer!

(Continued from previous page.)

words almost turning the air blue as the boat glided away.

King of the Islands drew a deep breath. He knew now that those deep veils on the Lalalo boy's back meant—

"By gum!" he said. "I'm sorry I let the grub go without rope-sending him! That's the kind of sea-lawyer that makes trouble for all the leaders among the tiggers."

And the ketch resumed her weary tacking to run down to Lalalo, while Maliya, grinning after the disappearing sail of the cutter, sat on the deck and chewed betel-nut hospitably handed to him by Lempe, quite happy and contented. He was going back to Lalalo and the palace of King Coffee-Pot, and, like all the South Sea natives, he forgot his troubles as soon as they were over. He chewed betel-nut and grinned—while King of the Islands gave his attention to sailing the ketch, and almost wished that, after all, he had "Lalalo" on board.

War or Peace?

LALALO lay like a gleaming rock-
lagoon on the sea.

On the rim of the crater of some old volcano, sunk beneath the ocean in time past ages, the industrious coral insect had built; and at long last—after how many centuries it made one dinky to attempt to compute—Lalalo had risen from the waves.

In almost a perfect circle lay the island—a ring of coral beach with palms behind, enclosing the vast lagoon.

Only in one place was the circle broken, where a narrow passage ran through the reefs that formed the ground-work of the island, and gave admittance from the open sea to the central lagoon.

In rough weather the surf roared and foamed in that rocky passage; but the stress never reached the lagoon, which lay calm and placid while vast rollers from the Pacific broke and cracked on the island round about.

In length, right round the circle, Lalalo was perhaps a dozen miles; in width, in the widest part, never half a mile. King of the Islands licensed it to a horse-shoe; Hudson to a necklace open at the clasp. Neither of them ever looked on Lalalo without delight. The great reefs that broke the force of the Pacific were high and hard teeth to grind the timbers of any vessel that dashed on them in a hurricane; but beyond the circle of reefs was the circle of slightly rising ground, clothed in palms rich with coconuts, blazing here and there with hibiscus, here and there had out in fields of yams and taro. And within was the gleaming circle of beach round the great lagoon, shining, dazzling in the sunshine.

Fertile earth, laughing with perpetual harvest; smiling lagoon thick with fish; sunny skies and warm winds—Lalalo was an earthly paradise. It had its drawbacks. There were sharks as well as schools

of mullet in the lagoon. There were dusky devil-fish hidden in the hollows of the reefs. And the highest land of Lalalo was scarce six feet above high-water mark, as in many Pacific atolls. Which meant that if a tidal wave came, as they sometimes did, Lalalo might be swept from shore to shore by roaring water, with houses and canoes, fields of yams and fields of taro washed away to the wild ocean, and desolation spread where all now smiled and was happy. Wandering on Lalalo, one might find the fragments of a broken canoe overgrown with creepers in the heart of a palm grove a quarter of a mile from the sea—relic of some such catastrophe in the past.

But now, as the Dawn edged into the rocky channel in the lane of the sunset, all was calm and beautiful to the view. Native canoes glided over the still, shining waters, as the whaleboat towed the ketch in. Within easy view was a cluster of grass houses, and over them rose majestically the palace of the island chief—the "pa-poo-ha" of Kama'a-kama-ha'ama.

The pa-poo was a long platform of coral and lava rock, six or seven feet high; and on it was built the "hae" or house, of palm poles planted in the rock, interlaced with awnings, plaited grass, and pandanus leaves.

In old days there had been cannibal feasts and smoking of heads on Lalalo, as on most Pacific Islands; but those days were long past. The inhabitants lived and fished and danced, and traded with the few vessels that called, in peace. But since the meeting with the Lakwe cutter, Ken was on his guard, prepared to see a change—and he was right. As soon as the ketch was seen towing into the lagoon, there was a roar of conch-shells along the beach, the canoes on the water rushed back scrambling to the shore, and men swarmed in sight with bows and arrows, spears, and ancient spears in their hands. For the first time since King of the Islands had sailed and traded in the Pacific, Lalalo was showing its teeth and howling the drums of war.

But for Peter Parsons having run close down to the beach to test his tamat at King of the Islands, it was unlikely that Maliya would have escaped from the cutter and reached the Dawn. That incident alone saved Ken from meeting with a very unpleasant surprise.

"That swab of a sea-lawyer!" said Ken, between his teeth. "By gum! I wish we'd hided him now! Playing the old game of Bally Hays in those days—setting the islands on fire! The swab!"

"Luckily, we've got his majesty's prime minister to hand back to him, safe and sound, Ken," said Hudson.

"Luckily—or there would be no trade here, and might be a fight before we got out of the lagoon again," said Ken.

Ken's face was dark with anger. The reckless outrage committed by Dandy Peter might have caused the destruction of the next white man's

vessel calling at Lalalo; the increased natives were not likely to distinguish very carefully between one white man's ship and another.

Fortunately the Dawn had a peace-offering on board, in the shape of the rescued Lalalo boy.

"Maliya!" called out Ken.

"Yesar! Me sorry, sar! Me make plenty peace along little white master, sar!" said Maliya.

The fat Lalalo boy stood on the rail, holding to a rope, as the Dawn glided from the channel into the lagoon and headed for the beach.

Maliya was no longer the scared, cowering native who had scrambled on board the Dawn, in dire terror of Peter Parsons. There was importance in his manner now, as became the confidential servant, secretary, prime minister, commander of the forces, and high admiral of the chief of Lalalo. On Lalalo Maliya was by no means a black boy to be kicked and cuffed; he was a great man on his own island, second only in importance to the chief.

It was obvious that the natives on the beach were preparing to attack the Dawn. That it was Peter Parsons' cutter that had carried off a prominent citizen, and a totally different vessel that was coming into the lagoon, was a trifle light as air to the fancy native intelligence. Kama'a-kama-ha'ama and his people were not far wrong.

But as the fat Maliya was seen standing on the rail, waving a peppy hand, there was an immediate change. The yells and war-cries on the beach died away—spears that were already lifted were lowered, and the deafening conches ceased to roar. From the crowd of natives rose a shout of joy. Hands were waved to Maliya, who grinned and waved back.

"Plenty all right altogether, sar!" grinned Maliya.

The sign of peace was made on all sides as the Dawn glided on to her anchorage. The cable clattered out, the anchor dropping seventy feet to the coral at the bottom—the water so clear that it could be seen there sticking among the festoons of coral.

"Here comes his giddy majesty!"

grinned Hudson.

Chief Kama'a-kama-ha'ama was majestic and imposing. He was dressed, like his subjects, in a white kimono, but he wore a head-dress of gorgeous coloured feathers, and in his ears were strings of pearls that had excited the greed of many a trader. Suspended by a topa cord from his massive neck was an object that gleamed and shone in the sun—nothing less than a large metal coffee pot, polished to dazzling brightness. From it he had derived the name by which the white traders called him, King Coffee-Pot.

King Coffee-Pot paid stately down to the beach. He made the sign of peace to King of the Islands, as he saw his prime minister standing evidently a free man, on the bank rail. Ken returned the sign very amicably. He had come there to trade with Kama'a-kama-ha'ama, and it was a stroke of luck that he

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The Sea-Lawyer!

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had been able to bring back Maliya with him. The whaleboat dropped into the water, Maliya stepped into it, and Lampa and Lufa saved him to the beach. There the natives gathered round him with joyful cries, and ten minutes later the ketch was surrounded by masses loaded with yams and coconuts and bread-fruit and masses of brilliant flowers. And as King of the Islands remarked, with a laugh, all was calm and bright.

The Capture of Dandy Peter.

NIGHT on Lalalo. King of the Islands leaned against the polished cedar mast, his eyes on the beach.

The blue dome of the sky was spangled with stars. On the horizon hung the Southern Cross, flaming. The beach glistened in the star-light, and sounds of music were wafted out to the anchored ketch. Figures in lava-lava, crowned with hibiscus blossoms, were dancing there under the stars; among them the Hiva-Oa men of the Dawn. On board the ketch were only the two white men and Koko, the boatswain. Koko sat on the combings of the hatchway twanging a ukulele and softly crooning a Hawaiian song. Hudson, seated on the rail and yawning, was thinking of his bunk. But King of the Islands was wakeful, and his brow clouded with thought.

"A penny for them, Ken?" said Hudson at last, with a laugh.

Ken came out of his reverie.

"What?"

"Are you thinking of Lizaie?"

Ken smiled.

"No; I'm thinking of Peter Parsons, of Lakwe."

"We're done with that swab, I reckon," said Hudson.

"Are we?" said Ken. "I was thinking— You know why he kid-napped Maliya. Now I've talked with some of the niggers, I know how it happened. Maliya came on board his cutter in good faith, to trade, and the rascal begged him and cleared out of the lagoon. He had had him on board the cutter only a few hours when we sighted him, but he had already scored his back with a rope to make him talk. Parsons isn't the man to step at trifles. He's after King Coffee-Pot's treasure. Do you think he'll give up that idea because we've beaten him once?"

"Is there any treasure?" said Hudson, with a grin. "The Islands are thick with tales of native chiefs' treasures. It's true that old Coffee-Pot wears a fortune in pearls slung to his ears. But—"

Ken shook his head slowly.

"I don't know! It was a true yarn about old Maloo's sack of sovereigns on Faloo—we lifted the quids, so we know. But Lalalo isn't Faloo—they trade here for copra, but to no great extent. I doubt if there are half a dozen Australian quids on the island. There may be pearls. Old Coffee-Pot knows the value of pearls, and it's the custom of the island chiefs to hoard precious things. Anyhow, it's told up and

down the Islands that there is a royal treasure on Lalalo, and it's clear that Peter Parsons took stock in the yarn. The niggers here believe in it—it's one of their topics, though not a man will let on where the treasure-house is, if he knows. I believe Dandy Peter will come back."

Hudson whistled.

"He will get a hot reception if he does! The niggers would cut him to pieces—hat-hat him, most likely."

"He won't come openly, of course. But I believe his cutter never went far out of sight of Lalalo when we dropped her, and I'd bet ten to one that she is lying outside the reef at this very minute," said Ken. "I know Dandy Peter—as savage as a shark, and reckless as a madman—ready to throw his life away on the wildest chances. He will come—and I believe he is already outside the reef, waiting."

"Likely enough," said Hudson, after a minute's thought. "But—"

"Dandy Peter is the kind of man who makes half the trouble with the natives," said Ken, frowning. "He would set all the islands in the Pacific in a blaze for the price of a spare at Lakwe. I'm going to see that he doesn't set Lalalo in a blaze. I'm going to watch the channel to-night."

"And if he runs in—"

"He will with he hadn't," said Ken grimly. "If he comes, I'll put him in irons, and carry him back to Lalalo, a prisoner."

"Good!" grinned Hudson. "I'm with you, Wizen—"

"The boys come back at six bells. That will be time enough."

At eleven o'clock music and dancing was still going on on the Lalalo beach. But the Hiva-Oa boys had their orders, and the whaleboat came gliding back to the ketch with Lampa and the crew. They clambered on board the Dawn, laughing and chattering.

Then Ken prepared for action. He buckled on his holster, with a revolver in it, Hudson following his example. Koko slipped a long Malaita knife into his belt. Lampa was left in charge of the ketch, with the Hiva-Oa boys, only Lufa being taken. In the whaleboat Koko and Lufa pulled at the oars and Kit Hudson observed, and they glided like a shadow across the starlit lagoon to the passage in the circling reef.

Even for a boat, the passage was dangerous in the dark. King of the Islands, standing in the bow, called softly to Hudson from moment to moment. The whaleboat glided into the channel, and in the narrowest neck of it backed into a wide crevice between two great rocks.

Koko and Lufa held in their oars, Koko holding the whaleboat motionless with a grasp on the rough rock that almost touched the gunwale. The nose of the boat barely puffed into the channel, by which Peter Parsons must come, if he came at all.

That he would come in the cutter King of the Islands did not suppose for a moment. The sight of the hideaway's craft would have stirred all Lalalo at once. If he came, he would come in his boat, stalling into the lagoon like a thief in the night.

And if he came, he must pass within easy biscuit's throw of the Dawn's boat hidden there among the rocks, waiting, and he would find King of the Islands ready for him.

An hour passed slowly.

Lufa was asleep in the whaleboat as peacefully as ever on the deck of the Dawn. But Koko was wide awake watching with the white masters.

Suddenly, from the silence of the sea, came a sound, the grinding of oars on rowlocks.

A boat was creeping into the coral channel, and the grinding of the oars was so faint that it was obvious that they were muffled.

Ken glanced round and caught Hudson's eyes in the gloom. Not a word was spoken; but at a sign from Ken, Koko took hold of his oar. Lufa still sat soundly in the bottom of the whaleboat. In dead silence they waited for the boat that came from the sea.

A sudden scraping sound was heard, and it was followed by a fierce muttering voice.

"You black scum! Look out eye belong you! If you put me on the reef I'll eat your black toes to ribbons!"

Savage and threatening as the voice was, it was only a whisper. But Ken recognized it; it was the voice of the Lakwe sea-lawyer. He shifted his revolver a little more easily within reach of his hand and waited in tense silence.

The boat from the cutter was close now; any second she might glide by the opening in the rocks, where the whaleboat nosed into the channel. Again the cutter's boat scraped on the reef, and Peter Parsons swore softly. He was taking chances in running the channel, even in a small boat on a calm, starry night. But he was taking more chances than he deserved.

There was a muffled grid of oars close at hand, and a boat glided past the rocks that hid the Dawn's whaleboat. So close was she in the narrow passage that the oars of the Lakwe boys almost touched the nose of the whaleboat as they pulled by.

"Stave off!"

Ken's voice rang suddenly, sharply. Koko drove his oar against the rock, and the whaleboat shot out into the channel.

Crash! The bows of the whaleboat drove into the ribs of the boat from the sea and sent it rocking over. There was a startled howl from the two Lakwe boys who were yalling, as they rolled over, taken utterly by surprise, their oars clattering in the boat.

Ken sprang into the boat, heedless of the rocking, revolver in hand. He whistled on Peter Parsons, who was on his feet, away with the rocking of the boat, drenched to the knees by a sea it had shipped—his hand grasping a weapon.

There was a crash as Ken struck, with the barrel of his revolver, at the scowp in Dandy Peter's hand, and sent it clattering into the boat. The next moment the muzzle of his revolver was jammed in the dark, illuminated face of the Lakwe sea-lawyer.

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