

FREE FOUNTAIN PENS OFFERED ON!
PAGE 26!

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DARE-DEVILS OF THE AIR! (See page 3.)

The Treasure of Lalaio!

COMPLETE
IN
THIS
ISSUE.



Peter Parsons ground his teeth in vicious rage. All sorts of strange things, rare in Lalaio, he found in the palm-wood house. But of pearls or other treasure there was no sign!

In Irons!

"FELLER Cap'n Parsons wanted talk about King of the Islands."

Koko, the Kanaka came up from below, into the blazing sunshine on the deck of the Dawn. There was a grin on the brown face of the Kanaka boatwain.

"Feller Cap'n Parsons he plenty too much mad," he added. "He about plenty too much altogether."

King of the Islands smiled.

The Dawn lay at anchor in the lagoon of Lalaio. Ashore, the dancing white beach reflected the blue of the sun, and dusky natives in white *lana-lana* loafed in the shade of the palm-trees. Behind the straggling grass houses rose the rocky ground on which the palm-wood palace of the island chief was built. It was yet early, but the sun was already hot, blazing down from a sky of cloudless blue.

Ken King, the boy trader, and owner of the brich Dawn, who was known throughout the South Seas as King of the Islands, and Kit Hudson, his Australian mate, were at breakfast under the awning aft. The bare feet of Danny, the cook, pattered to and fro as he waited on the "feller white masters." Round the shining lagoon the *horo-horo*-stamped island circled, like a ring set in a sapphire sea. Only in one spot was the ring broken, where the passage through the reef led to the open Pacific. Far in the distance across the reefs a white sail glanced on the azure of

the sea. It was the sail of the cutter from the island of Lukwe, standing off and on, waiting for Dandy Peter Parsons, its owner, who was a prisoner in irons on board King of the Islands' brich.

"I'll stop down and see the ladder," said Ken.

He finished his breakfast and rose from the long case chair.

"We're nearly due on the beach now, Kit," he said. "Get the trade goods into the whaleboat, and stand by for me. Parsons won't keep me long."

"Ay, ay!"

Peter Parsons was called "Dandy Peter" by his friends at Lukwe; but he did not look much of a dandy now. His white drill clothes were discoloured and soiled, his chin unshaven, his face almost haggard and black with rage. His eyes glittered at King of the Islands as the boy trader came down the ladder and stood before him.

"You've had your food?" asked Ken.

"Yes!" snarled Peter.

"You're not going to starve on my ship," said King of the Islands. "I'll make you as comfortable as I can. If you don't like your quarters, you've got only yourself to thank. You want me a message. What do you want?"

"How long do you reckon you're keeping me here—like this?" asked Peter Parsons, between his teeth.

"Until I get the hook up," answered Ken coolly.

"That will be three days, or thereabouts. I came to Lalaio to trade, and I can't cut it short on your account."

"And then?"

"Then I sail for Lalinge, and I'm taking you there. There's enough law at Lalinge to deal with you."

"And my cutter?"

"Your cutter's standing off, outside the reef. I reckon your Lukwe boys will take her back to Lukwe when they find you're not coming on anyhow. Anyhow, I'm not bothering about your cutter."

Peter Parsons staggered to his

(Continued on page 16.)

King of the Islands—young Ken King—adventurous as a magnet attracts iron filings!

And in

THIS SPLENDID COMPLETE STORY

life in the South Seas is revealed by that master-hand—

CHARLES HAMILTON.

King of the Islands went down the companion. The trap-door in the floor of the main cabin stood wide open. Ken stepped down the ladder into the hold, where the water-casks were stored in tiers. In the alley between the tiers of casks Dandy Peter sat on the planks, with irons on his wrists and his ankles. They were a set of rusty old irons, seldom used on board the Dawn. It was hot and stuffy in the hold, and the perspiration was thick on the dark, handsome face of the sea-lawyer of Lukwe.

The Treasure of Lalalo!

(Continued from page 12.)

feet, the heavy iron clanking as he moved. Ken eyed him coolly. He was quite prepared for any desperate act on the part of the sea-lawyer.

"You snub?" hissed Parsons. "You dare to put me in irons—to keep me a prisoner on your ketch? You've no right!"

"Oh, cut it out!" interrupted King of the Islands. "What right had you to kidnap Maliya off Lalalo and set the whole island in a flame? You scared his back with a rope to make him tell you where old King Coffee-Pet's treasure is hidden. I issued all the island ready for war when I came into the lagoon; and if I hadn't brought Maliya back there would have been bloodshed. I came here to trade with Kama's kama-kama, not to scrap with him and all his tribe on your account. You're getting off cheap. If the niggers knew you were here, they'd want you handed over to them. You can guess what would happen to you if they get hold of you, after you kidnapping the principal man on the island and dragging him."

Ken's eyes glinted with anger as he spoke. Maliya was Chief Kama's kama-kama's head man, and it would have gone ill with the boy trader had he not had the good fortune to rescue the man when he jumped overboard from Parsons' cutter.

Ken had guessed that Parsons would make another attempt to kidnap Maliya, and, to prevent further trouble, had trapped him and clapped him in irons.

"You fool!" said Parsons. "You fool! You're going to trade with the niggers for a few bags of copra and a sack of pearl-shell, and make twenty pounds or so. The treasure may be worth thousands!"

"Maybe," assented Ken. "But it belongs to King Coffee-Pet, not to me, or to you either."

"It's an easy thing," said Parsons, controlling his rage and hatred, as if he still cherished a hope of convincing King of the Islands. "That nigger Maliya knows where it is stored, and a rope twisted round his neck would make him talk fast enough. I've had a lot of talk about it among the natives—it's hidden somewhere in the tobacco palm-grove. Possibly, most likely, and perhaps worth thousands. I was going ashore last night to try my luck when you got me in the boat. It's an easy thing if we go into it together—better than haggling with the niggers for copra. We can get hold of King Coffee-Pet's treasure and clear, if you have sense."

"I reckon I haven't that kind of sense," said Ken. "I've come here to trade with King Coffee-Pet, not to rob him. Is that all you've got to say?"

Parsons gritted his teeth. "I'll make you suffer for this, King of the Islands," he said. "You can't keep me here—" "I fancy the irons will keep you," said Ken. "You won't have a chance to rob King Coffee-Pet, and set all

Lalalo in a blaze, while I can stop you. You're asked for this, Dandy Peter, and now you've got to make the best of it."

Ken turned back to the ketch. With a snarl, Dandy Peter of Lukwe was springing at him, the heavy iron on his wrists swinging up to strike.

In his rage he had forgotten the chain fastened to the loggins, which was secured to a staple in the planks. The chain tautened as he sprang towards King of the Islands, and Dandy Peter pitched over, with a crash and a jangle of iron.

He lay panting, a stream of savage words pouring from his lips. King of the Islands gave him one contemptuous glance and climbed the ladder into the cabin. He returned to the deck, the furious voice of the desperado following him as he went.

"Him plenty too much and altogether," grunted Koko, as Dandy Peter's voice rang from below.

King of the Islands stepped into the wharfbow, which was stacked with trade goods for the beach, and the Kama's women pulled ashore. Dandy, the cook, sitting in his little galley, was left in charge of the ketch. Dandy sang light-heartedly as he scoured pots and pans, heedless of the fierce voice that yelled and shouted from below. But Dandy Peter's shouts died away at last, and only the singing of the Kama's cook was heard on the Dawn; as she lay motionless at her oar on the still waters of the lagoon.

Gene!

"HERE'S his jolly old majesty!" grinned Kit Hudson.

Kama's kama-kama's name as a chief of Lalalo, known to the white traders as King Coffee-Pet, because he wore one of these useful utensils as an ornament, came down the steps cut in the rocky ground on which his pandanus-thatched palace stood. The island chief was resplendent in head-dress of coloured feathers, armbands of pearls and coral, with a string of prized coins suspended from his nose, and the polished brass metal coffee-pot dangling on his broad, dusky chest. His decorations were many, though his clothing otherwise was sparse.

Black boys held a ramshackle of palm-branches over his majestic head as he walked. With him walked Maliya, chief minister of Lalalo, the little fat native whom King of the Islands had rescued from the clutches of Dandy Peter.

On the beach were crowds of natives, all smiling and good-natured, ready to trade copra and pearl-shell with the white men for sticks of tobacco and glass beads and pocket-knives and mirrors, and trade-hoes with tinkling bells. Very different was the aspect of Lalalo from that of the day before, when the ketch had towed into the lagoon.

King of the Islands was well known at Lalalo, and had traded there many times; but the island had been seething with excitement and rage over the kidnapping of Maliya, and only the fact that the kidnapped native had been brought back in the ketch

had prevented an outbreak. But the Lalalo boys, in the happy-go-lucky way of the South Sea Islanders, had forgotten by this time that they had greeted the ketch with warlike yell-words and brandished spears. Now all was peace and friendliness.

Kama's kama-kama greeted King of the Islands with great politeness. He did not speak the hebe-be-heer English; but Maliya translated his remarks made in the Polynesian dialect of Lalalo.

"Kama's kama-kama has a very plenty good make better trade along King of the Islands. King of the Islands his good white father. Day before had white father he come along Lalalo," went on Maliya. "Plenty had father, Cap'n Parsons. He take Maliya along cutter, kill back belong him along rope." Maliya gave a wriggle. His back had not yet recovered from the lashing he had received on board the Lukwe cutter. "Kama's kama-kama he wantee savvy what name father cutter he stop along Lalalo?"

From the beach, far out across the reef, where the Pacific rollers broke in clouds of spray, the glancing sail of the Lukwe cutter could be seen. Ken had no doubt that the Lukwe boys on the cutter were waiting for Peter Parsons, not knowing what else to do in the absence of their skipper. But he did not intend to reveal the fact that Peter was a prisoner on board the Dawn. He knew that a demand for him would have followed; and, once and kidnapped as the reckless sea-lawyer was, Ken had no idea of handing him over to the natives for punishment.

"Feller cutter he stop!" said Ken. "Bimby feller cutter he to stop, he make sail along Lukwe."

Maliya translated this to the chief, who appeared satisfied, much to Ken's relief. Then the trade began. Kama's kama-kama set down under the shade of the palm-leaf ramshackle and majestically accepted a present of a dozen sticks of tobacco, and a trade-hoe with polished lid and a bell that rang every time the lid was opened. Koko set up the scales for weighing the copra, and the usual chaffering proceeded in a babel of voices. Whether the copra was the simple device by which the natives increased its weight, and thereby its value, and the same trick would be played over and over again with insufferable simplicity. A common device of the traders, in return, was to use false weights and scales; but no such device was ever used by King of the Islands.

Koko, with the inexhaustible politeness of a Kanaka, to whom time is of no value, presided over the scales, while Kit Hudson handed out the trade goods selected in exchange. King of the Islands looked on, with a cheery smile on his face, but with the receiver in his holster quite near to his hand. There were sudden changes of mood to be looked for sometimes in dealing with the Islanders, and in case of such a sudden change he was not to be caught napping.

Kama's kama-kama, descending from the majesty of a monarch, was

extracting great enjoyment from the situation. He sat with the box on a big black horse, opening and shutting the lid. The lid, when open, presented a mirror, in which King Coffee-Pot could see his black face, his nose-ornament of plumed pins, and his coloured head-dress. Each time the lid was opened there came a pattering rattle from the bell inside. That rattle delighted the royal ear, and Kama's kama-katama grinned as he listened to it.

The box was worth about five shillings; and King Coffee-Pot was reputed among the islands to be the possessor of a great treasure, hidden in some "tuhoo" spot on Lalala. But that great treasure, if it existed, probably did not give him so much delight as the trade-lug made in far-off Birmingham. The royal mind was wholly concentrated on the toy, and again and again the royal fingers tapped open the lid, and the royal ear listened to the tinkling of the bell, and the royal face grinned at the reflection in the looking-glass in the lid.

The tinkling of the bell formed an accompaniment to the trading and suffering, until trade was suspended for the morning as the heat of the day increased. Then King Coffee-Pot retired to the palm-leaf palace, and King of the Islands returned to the deck in the whaleboat.

Danny, the cook, was sleeping peacefully on a tappa mat, in the wake of the mainmast, when Ken rapped up as usual to him:

"Feller prisoner he stop along here?"

"Yes?" said Danny. "Feller prisoner he stop. Feller he plenty near, kindly he no away. Think he stop along here."

"Stop enough?" Ken said to Hudson.

"But if he got away—"

"He would be a fool to get away," said Kit.

"He couldn't get out to sea either; and if he got ashore the gentry would have him. I shouldn't like to be in his shoes if that happened."

"The man's reckless enough to risk it, or anything else," said Ken.

But he's safe, Koko, you take care along Cayn's Parson's."

"Yes?" said Koko-lalulalonga—Koko's full name—went below. A few seconds later he came leaping back to his deck with a startled face.

"Feller ap's Parson's he no stop!" he panted.

"What?" roared Ken.

"Cayn's Parson's he no stop!" repeated Koko.

"My Koko?"

King of the Islands ran down the companion, and down the ladder into the stuff hold. He stared round him in amazement.

Peter Parsons had been left there a moment, but he was gone. The rusty iron lay in a heap on the deck, and there was blood on them, showing how the desperate man had snapped his limbs in forcing them open. The slim dandy of Lalala, with his little hands and feet, had succeeded in working loose from the others, though the task must have cost him hours of pain and desperate determination. Ken stared at the man blankly. He searched through



King of the Islands crept forward again, and the next moment stood beside the figure swinging from the great tree!

the hold, among the water-cocks; though he knew that Peter Parsons was no longer on board. He looked up, and met Kit's eyes from the cabin above.

"Gone?" asked the Coorotala.

"Ay, ay! He must have hurt himself a good bit, I reckon—there's blood on the iron. But he's gone."

Hudson whistled.

"He would drop into the water and swim for the beach while we were busy ashore and that wab' Banny asleep," he said. "There are sharks in the lagoon, Ken."

"That sea-buoy's been to be hanged—sharks won't hurt him!" granted King of the Islands. He swung himself up the ladder.

"He may steal a canoe and try to get back to the cutter."

"Set him dark; he would be seen."

"He's ashore now, at any rate," said King of the Islands, with a dark frown. He went back to the deck and scanned the wide lagoon, stretching like a sheet of silver in the blaze of the sun. There was no sign to be seen of the fugitive.

Peter Parsons had been long gone. That he had swum the lagoon and landed at some deserted stretch of

beach Ken had no doubt. Now he was lurking in the cover of the pandanus woods—waiting for night to steal a canoe and escape—or to make some desperate attempt on the treasure of Lalala before he died?

Ken looked at the beach. It was almost deserted now; the natives sleeping, in the heat of the day, in the grass houses or under the southern palms.

Ken's brow grew darker and darker.

There was no alarm yet; but he knew how the lazy peace of the island would be broken if Danny Peter was discovered on the shore.

"The wab'!" muttered Ken—"the thieving wab'!"

All was peaceful on the island, white beach and dusky palm woods shimmering in the blaze of the tropical sun. But how soon that peace might be turned to tragedy King of the Islands could not guess.

The Treasure-House

DANNY PETER breathed hard as the sound of a footstep came to his ears. He crept deeper into cover among the thick palms.

The Treasure of Lalaio!

(Continued from previous page.)

The hottest heat of the day was over and the sun sinking towards the Pacific, though it was still very hot on Lalaio. On the beach the trade was going on again, and from where he crouched in the palm grove Peter Parsons could hear the echo of the babel of voices from the bustling, chaffering crowd of natives on the beach.

But in the grove where he lurked all was silent and still. It was the "taboo" grove, and the taboo was never broken by a native. Breaching the taboo was a dire offence, to be punished by hanging from a branch by the wrists, or being in the blazing sun and in the blackness of the night, day and night so long as life lasted. All the island knew that the treasure-house of Kama's/kama-kama was in the taboo grove; but the terrors of the taboo kept the curious away more effectively than walls of stone or bars of steel.

The taboo had no terrors for Dandy Peter, and the solitary grove was the safest lurking-place for the desperate sea-lawyer. None for Kama's/kama-kama himself, and those who wore in his confidence, none was likely to tread under the thick and shadowy palms.

Peter Parsons had seen sailors from the ketch, landing on a deserted beach at a distance from the native grass houses, and creep into the cover of the grove—an easy task while all the natives were gathered opposite the anchorage of the ketch for trade with the white men. The thought was in his mind of keeping in hiding until night, when he could steal a canoe and escape to sea and reach the cutter. But that was not all he was thinking of. The thought of the treasure of Lalaio was in his mind more than the thought of escape.

Had Maliya remained in his hands he could have forced the fat Lalaio boy to tell him all he wanted to know; but he knew already what all the island knew—that the treasure-house was in the taboo grove. And for hours, while the sun blazed down on Lalaio, and the island shimmered with heat, and the lazy natives had been sleeping, Dandy Peter had been seeking among the thick palm-trees, scarcely determined, but without success. What he sought was hidden somewhere in the depths of the thick grove, among the trees and hanging lianas, but he had no clue to the spot, and his search was in vain.

The sound of a footstep in the thick wood startled him, and he crouched in cover, his heart beating fast. Reckless and desperate as he was, the danger of discovery sent a chill to his heart. He knew only too well what his fearful fate would be if he was discovered and captured by the islanders. He tried to still his breathing as he crouched in cover and peered through a screen of tangled lianas.

"Maliya!" He breathed the name soundly as he glimpsed the little fat native.

It was Maliya, the confidential servant, prime minister, and general factotum of King Coffee-Pot, who was padding through the wood. And he was alone!

Peter's eyes gleamed at him through the tangled creepers. He was unarmed, but had he been armed he would not have ventured to show himself. One cry from Maliya would have brought a crowd of natives to the spot.

Maliya evidently had no suspicion that a white man was lurking close at hand. He padded on with his bare feet, looking neither to the right nor the left, winding among the trees and creepers, like one who well knew the way, though not the faintest track was visible. He disappeared from Dandy Peter's sight, but the soft padding of his feet could still be heard in the silence of the wood.

Dandy Peter drew a deep breath. Fortune had favoured him. Maliya was carrying a tapa sack under his arm. For what purpose was he penetrating the dusky depths of the taboo grove if not to visit the hidden treasure-house of Kama's/kama-kama? The sea-lawyer's eyes blazed at the thought. There had been brisk trade on the beach that morning, and no doubt there was an addition to be made to the treasure of King Coffee-Pot. Dandy Peter had already realized that without a guide he was not likely to find the hidden treasure-house. He now had an unconscious guide.

With stealthy caution he crept from his cover and followed silently in the footsteps of the Lalaio boy.

Softly, ahead of him, padded the fat bare feet of Maliya. Once or twice he glimpsed the white hair-cloth of the native through the thickets. He made no sound as he followed; not only his hope of the treasure, but his life, depended on his caution.

The padding footsteps stopped at last. Dandy Peter halted and listened. He heard a rustling sound from beyond a mighty mass of lianas that shut off his view like a wall of green.

He stood with beating heart, listening breathlessly. If the Lalaio boy had reached his destination he could not follow him farther without discovery; if not—

He stood in savage doubt, and as he stood there was a sweeping of the lianas again, and the black, fuzzy head of Maliya appeared before them.

Peter Parsons looked hurriedly into cover. Maliya was returning.

He came now without the tapa sack he had been carrying. As he came he passed within three feet of the breathless, crouching sea-lawyer. Had he looked directly towards him he must have seen him, for Peter had had no time to seek deep cover. His heart beat almost to suffocation as the native passed. He had no fear of Maliya, though he was unarmed and there was a knife in the native's hand. But one eye from the native would have meant his destruction.

For some seconds Peter Parsons stood almost in a group, while the

naked feet of the native padded past. But Maliya, as before, looked neither to the right nor the left. He passed on, and the sea-lawyer breathed freely when he had vanished into the trees and his padding footsteps had died away.

Dandy Peter wiped the thick perspiration from his brow. His face was white, in spite of the heat. In those few seconds he seemed to have gone through a lifetime of fear and anxiety. But the native was gone; all was silent in the taboo grove.

Dandy Peter stared at last. His eyes were glittering. He knew the secret now. That mass of lianas through which Maliya had crept hid the treasure-house of Kama's/kama-kama! He trod softly forward and forced a way through the lianas, some of the stems as thick as his arm. There was a grin on his face now. The treasure-house was well hidden, and but for the coming of Maliya he knew that he would never have discovered what was hidden behind that almost impenetrable screen. Now he knew, and he grinned with savage satisfaction at the thought that Kama's/kama-kama's treasure lay at his mercy.

Beyond the hanging screen of lianas, in the deep, dusky shadow, he felt a wall of palm poles, set close together, bound with cords of fibre. It was the treasure-house!

It was easy to enter, for the low doorway was covered only by a screen of plaited grass. He pushed it aside and entered the house.

Within all was deep dark, but gleams of sunlight came through interstices in the walls. He stared round him eagerly, and as his eyes became used to the dusk the interior of the treasure-house was revealed to him.

His heart beat hard. The treasure-house of Kama's/kama-kama was a topic on Lalaio, and a topic all through the islands. Of what the treasure consisted no one knew but the chief and those in his confidence. That it was a store of money was unlikely. The trade of the island was small, and mostly in exchange for trade goods; few Australian sovereigns were likely to have remained on the island. His thoughts were running on pearls. That pearls were found in the lagoon was certain, for strings of pearls were among the many decorations of King Coffee-Pot. As an old hand at pearl-fishing, Dandy Peter knew the value of pearls. His eyes blazed with eager greed as he looked round the palm-wind house.

The tapa sack he had seen under Maliya's arm caught his eye at once, and he snatched it up and opened it. A trade-box met his eye. He opened the lid, and there was the trunk of a belt. Save for the looking-glass in the lid, and the little tinkling bell, the box was empty. Parsons stared at it blankly, then, with a muttered word, he threw it to the ground and proceeded to search the palm-wind house.

From the palm poles of the walls various articles hung—plaited mats of various colours, all of them of

some value in the way of trade, but of no great worth. There were ropes of coral beads and ropes of shell money. There were two or three strings of ancient white beads, cracked and pitted. A large sandal-wood box caught his eye, and he smashed it open on the ground. His greedy eyes looked for a stream of glittering pearls to rush out—but the box contained only a number of silver coins—the value of a few cents. But in a corner of the box was an old sea-cock, and Peter lifted the lid with renewed hope. The chest contained only one article—a battered old musical box.

Peter Parsons ground his teeth in silent rage.

With a savage, set face, he searched through the palm-wood house, resting in every corner, dragging the contents roughly over.

Many things met his fierce stare, things of value to the native mind.

The rage and disappointment of the Lakwe sea-lawyer were beyond words. His steel gutting, almost mad with fury. It was for this that he had risked his life—to unearth this collection of rubbish, priceless to King Coffee-Pot, valueless to him. And rubbish as it was, he would pay for the discovery with his life—a death by torture—if the natives found him there. This was the treasure that was talked of up and down the island beaches from Tahiti to the Solomons—the treasure that no white man's eye had yet seen. The tale was one of the thousand rumors of the Islands, and this was what there was at the bottom of it. Dandy Peter clenched his hands till the nails dug into his palms.

And as he stood there, shaking with rage, the sweat running down his face, there came a sound to his ears—the sound of creeping feet outside the walls—the whisper of

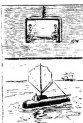
active and grinning, was in charge on the crowded beach.

Koko was weighing the ropes, Hudson measuring off yards and yards of gaily-colored calico from a huge roll. King of the Islands was examining samples of pearl-shell brought to him by the smiling Maliya. The chatter of the natives went on incessantly, and did not slacken as that hoarse cry came from the distance. But some of the Lakaia men glanced round towards the distant palms and grinned to one another.

King of the Islands exchanged one look with Hudson—the same thought was in both of their minds. "They've got him!" was what Ken's look said, and Hudson nodded. Neither of them doubted that the sea-lawyer of Lakwe had fallen into the hands of the natives.

It was his own fault—he had come to Lakaia like a thief. But

THE GREAT IDEA — Stories of Men who Changed the World — No. 2. :: THE SUBMARINE.



The diving bell, invented by James Beane, was the first man-made apparatus in which human beings invaded the depths of the sea. This was followed by Robert Fulton's submarine, the Nautilus. Fulton was an artist who became interested in submarine engineering through being commissioned to paint them.



The Nautilus, twenty-one feet long, was propelled under water by lifting the inside top turning the crank which revolved the screw. It was first built out in 1800, and the inventor and his crew, including a volunteer for an hour later, with the aid of a very primitive periscope, kept submerged to stay down and breathe for six hours.



The modern periscope—the eye of the submarine—is like a long telescope with a clever arrangement of lenses and mirrors, as shown in the smaller illustration. In this latter drawing an observer is turning the periscope's head in the desired direction by means of a lever.



Above is pictured "Argonaut Junior," which was built in 1884 by G. M. Latta, and was primarily designed for racing along the coast line. Central this and Mr. Fulton's first submarine with the modern construction shown above in the lower drawing!

& broken ship's sextant, a battered chronometer, a cheap alarm-clock, an aluminized sampan, an old bowler hat—all sorts of strange things were on Lakai, and treasured by the simple mind of King Coffee-Pot. But of pearls or other treasure—treasure from a white man's point of view—there was no sign.

He stopped the search at last, and stood in the middle of the hot breathing hard. He was unwilling to realize the truth, but it forced itself into his mind. He had found the treasure of Lakai. This was it!

To the untrained mind of Kama's-kama-kama, or any other native on Lakai, this was a treasure beyond price—a treasure beyond the dreams of avarice. Such a treasure as the royal mind could dwell upon with ecstatic enjoyment. A trader might have given twenty pounds for the whole contents of the hut for sale among natives. And that was all!

stealthy voices. And at that sound even his furious disappointment faded from his mind, as he knew that he was discovered—unmasked, surrounded by foes. He turned to the doorway, white, desperate—and the next instant he was struggling in the grasp of many hands.

The Fate of Dandy Peter!

KING OF THE ISLANDS started, and his glance met Kit Hudson's. The boy trader drew a deep, quick breath as a sound, faint in the distance, echoed fears beyond the fringing palms.

The sun was low on the horizon, a ball of glowing gold on the edge of the blue Pacific. In the cool of evening, trade had been resumed on the beach. King Coffee-Pot was not to be seen, having retired to his palm-leaf palace, but Maliya, fat and

there was a gleam on Ken's handsome face, a weight on his heart. A white man was in the hands of the natives—and he knew what that white man's fate was likely to be—a breaker of tobacco, a billarapper, and a lawless seeder of Kama's-kama-kama's treasure. If King Coffee-Pot had had the freebooter hanged or shot out of hand, Ken could scarcely have blamed him. But so such swift fate was likely to be his.

From the distant palms, borne on the soft breeze of evening, came the cry again. It was a cry of pain and despair. It went to Ken's heart like a slash. If it was Dandy Peter who was crying out, it meant that savage work was being done, for the sea-lawyer was hard as nails, as stubborn to endure as to inflict. Only gross torment could have drawn those cries from his lips.

Maliya glanced round towards the palm grove, grinned, and then turned

The Treasure of Lalalo!

(Continued from previous page.)

back to his chattering over the pearl-shell. But King of the Islands could not think of pearl-shell now.

"What name feller along palms he sing out?" asked Ken.

"Feller sing out along he plenty kill!" smiled Malya.

"Lalalo feller he sing out?"

"No Lalalo feller he sing out. Plenty had white feller Cap'n Parsons he sing out," said Malya absently. "Had white feller he go along taboo, stop along treasure-house belong Kama'a-kama-ka'ama."

Ken had guessed it.

"Malya are you, eye belong him?" grinned Malya. "Him tinko no see. Malya he see, my word! Malya go along treasure-house, had white feller he feller along Malya, you savvy. Malya savvy back along palms, see had white feller, eye belong him. No speako." Malya chuckled over his stammering. "Malya no sing out, walko along palms all same no see. Bad white feller Cap'n Parsons he go along treasure-house—Malya go along, takeo plenty Lalalo boy—all right?"

"What name he sing out?" asked Ken, though he could guess only too well.

"Sing out along he kill," said Malya placidly. "Heap plenty kill was along arms belong him, stop along rope along tree. You look along pearl-shell eye belong you, see. Good feller pearl-shell."

Malya was ready to trade, and to discuss the matter of the wretched sea-lawyer, hanging by his wrists to a branch in the grove.

"No kill-dead white feller?" asked Ken.

Malya grinned.

"Two—two day," he answered, "two—two day, stop, he kill-dead, stop along rope along tree. What price feller King of the Islands he give along good feller pearl-shell?"

King of the Islands breathed hard. He knew the law of the taboo. The sea-lawyer of Lukee was paying a terrible price for his mischievous greed. To help him by force was impossible. Even if King of the Islands had been prepared to shed blood as recklessly as Dandy Peter himself, it was impossible, for the crew of the Dawn could not have stood for a minute against the swarm of Lalalo natives.

"You Lalalo, see belong you, Malya," said Ken at last. "Me makeo trade along had white feller. Me give five five stick tobacco along white feller."

"No can trade!" said Malya.

"Me give five feller case tobacco, plenty too much beads, five fithoo shell-money, along buy white feller."

"White feller he go along taboo," said Malya. "Kama'a-kama-ka'ama he say kill-dead plenty slow, along rope along tree. What price you give along good feller pearl-shell?"

Again that inarticulate cry came echoing from the palms.

Ken shivered. He was strongly tempted to draw his revolver and start for the palm grove. But he knew that at a hostile movement the

laughing friendliness of the Lalalo natives would drop from them like a cloak, and the peaceful trade on the beach would be changed into desperate fighting. He knew that he could never reach half-way to the grove where Peter Parsons was crying out in his torment.

Malya's black eyes, set deep in his puggy face, twinkled maliciously. His back was yet sore with the scolding of Peter Parsons' tepee. And there was a suspicious gleam in his eyes. He was quite prepared to see King of the Islands make some attempt to rescue the white man who was doomed by the laws of the taboo—quite prepared to call a swarm of the islanders to the work of the massacre if he did. King of the Islands realized the thoughts that were passing behind the fat face, and he composed his own features and resumed bargaining for the pearl-shell. If he was to be able to help the sea-lawyer later he had to halt the suspicions of the islanders.

To break off the trade before the appointed hour was to awaken the suspicions of the islanders in full force. Ken turned a deaf ear to the cries that pierced his heart, and gave all his attention to business; and until a late hour the bargaining and chaffering went on.

Then the whalotom, loaded with copra, pearl-shell, and other island goods, pushed off from the beach and pulled back under the stars to the Dawn.

Along the beach the glimmer of white lava-lavas could be seen, as the natives danced on the level sand to strains of barbaric music. Occasionally, in a pause of the music and singing, that hideous cry came, echoing faintly across the waters of the lagoon to the beach.

"We've got to get him out of that, Ken!" Hudson muttered huskily. "He asked for it—he deserves it at their hands, if you come to that; but we can't leave him to it."

"We can't!" said Ken. "We can't handle two or three hundred niggers. Kit—there's no chance of doing anything by force. But at midnight I'm going ashore."

"Not alone!" said Kit hastily.

"Yes. If I don't get back, Kit, you must be here to get the botch out of the lagoon. I've no right to throw away my man's lives for that thieving sea-lawyer. It will be safer for one than for two—they'll very likely be watching along the beach—that fellow Malya is as keen as a hawk."

"It's too frightfully risky!" muttered Hudson.

Ken did not answer. He knew the risk; but that wild and painful cry that rang again from the darkness of the shore came to his ears, and if he had hesitated, that decided him.

For Life or Death!

THE last strain of music had died away; the laughing dancers had retired to the shadows of the grass houses, or stretched themselves on taja mats on the beach, to sleep under the stars.

All was silent on Lalalo; silent

save for the faint calling of the voice of a man in torment.

Ken buckled on his revolver in a waterproof case, and fastened a sheathed knife in his belt. On the dock the Hava-Oa crew were silent as shadows. Silently, King of the Islands slid into the glistening water. There were sharks in the lagoon; but he had to take the risk—to go ashore in the boat was to invite discovery. Hudson and Koko watched him with grief, forbidding faces as he went, and listened for a sound. But there was no sound. King of the Islands swam in dead silence.

He struck across to land at a point at a distance from the village, as Peter Parsons had done in making his escape from the beach that morning. He stopped suddenly, treading water, as a dark shape loomed before his eyes. It was a fishing canoe, and it floated by with a load of paddles, the dark head on the water users.

Five minutes later King of the Islands was crawling from the water, up the soft sand and powdered coral of the beach.

He drew himself erect, shook the water from him, and unfastened the case that had covered his revolver from wet. With the weapon gripped in his hand, he crept up the beach.

A dark form started up from the shadows and a spear gleamed.

Crash! The heavy revolver crashed on a fuzzy head, and the Lalalo native went to the earth with a faint groan—stunned.

King of the Islands stood in the darkness—tense, breathless, listening if others were on the watch—

But there was no sound.

He crept forward again. Under a great tree a dim object swung to and fro, the feet a yard from the ground, the arms extended above the head, the wrists bound together, along to the branch above. A low sound of moaning came from the gloom, a sound to make the flesh creep. King of the Islands stood, the next moment, beside the swinging figure.

His knife was in his hand now, and he reached up and cut through the tapa cord, catching the body as it fell. He laid Dandy Peter on the earth and cut loose the beads on his wrists. In the gloom the face of the Lukee sea-lawyer glistened like chalk, the eyes wide open and staring, the lips parched. The moaning ceased, and a hoarse voice whispered.

"It is I—King of the Islands!" muttered Ken. "Silence, or both our lives will pay for it."

A shiver ran through the form at his feet.

"You came here to save me?"

"What else? Can you walk?"

"Help me—I'll try!"

King of the Islands lifted Parsons to his feet. The sea-lawyer clenched his teeth to keep back the sounds of pain. With the help of the boat-trader he limped and stumbled away from the spot.

Ken half-led, half-carried the Lukee sea-lawyer down to the water's edge. From the darkness came a sound of running feet, a calling of voices.

(Continued on page 28.)

The Treasure of Lalalo!

(Continued from page 30.)

"They're gone us—they've got us quick!" urged Parsons.

Ken rushed on towards the lagoon, almost carrying the stumbling man. Lead eyes rang behind, and the rushing of feet. A spear flew over Ken's head, and dropped on the sand. He turned, revolver in hand, a blaze in his eyes.

Crack, crack, crack! Lead yells answered, but the rush was stopped for the moment. The next, the water of the lagoon was round them. From the direction of the village came loud shouting—the shouting had awakened the natives. All Lalalo had taken the alarm now. Ken drove furiously out into the dim waters of the lagoon, dragging the almost helpless sea-lawyer. Peter Parsons' tentacles arms were useless and numb; the best swimmer of Lakwa, he could not now make a single stroke to save his life. It was fortunate for both that Ken was as much at home in the water as on the deck of the Dawn.

He swam out into the lagoon, supporting the helpless man, and struck for the distant ketch. There was a grinding of oars on rocks, and a splashing, and Ken panted with relief. It was the whaleboat from the Dawn.

"King of the Islands!" shouted the voice of Kit Hudson.

"Here!" shouted back Ken.

A minute more, and the sinewy arm of Keko dragged him into the boat, still holding the Lakwa sea-lawyer.

"You've got him!" pointed Hudson.

"Ay, ay! Back to the Dawn, and up back before they're on us!"

"The whaleboat shot back to the ketch. The whole beach was alive now with moving figures, and shouts and yells broke every echo of Lalalo. Peter Parsons was dragged on the deck and left there; there was not a moment to waste now. The alarm had been given and in a few minutes King of the Islands expected to see the ketch surrounded by canoes.

The cable rattled heavily as the anchor was dragged up. King of the Islands' voice rang over the deck, canoes was shaken out, and the Dawn glided away from her anchorage as the sound of paddles came rushing over the water. Flushing the passage in the reef at night was a perilous task; but there was no help for it now. The peaceful atoll of Lalalo was now an island swarming with enemies; the starlit water was dotted with canoes. Twice the copper-sheathed bottom of the ketch scraped on the teeth of the coral, as she swung through the passage in the reef, and then she was in the open sea, the wind from the shore filling her sails. Swiftly the ketch ran out to sea, and the reefs and all Lalalo dropped astern in the shadows.

"Good-bye to Lalalo, and to our trade there!" said King of the Islands grimly.

The next morning King of the Islands ran down to the Lakwa cutter, still standing off the island. Peter Parsons, his swollen arms bandaged, was taken on board his own craft. The sea-lawyer, still racked with pain, a sick man for many a long day to come, had recovered a little of his old mocking

colours. He eyed Ken with a twisted grin.

"You've lost your trade on Lalalo, King of the Islands," he said.

"Ay, ay—till this has had time to blow over, at least," answered Ken. "You've done harm enough, Peter Parsons. And if you think of going after the treasure of Lalalo again, look out for squalls!"

The sea-lawyer laughed huskily. "I reckon I found the treasure," he said.

"You found it?" exclaimed Ken.

"Ay, ay—and found that it was all bunkum—a pile of rubbish worth nothing to anyone but a nigger!"

Ken stared at him and then burst into a laugh.

"My Sam! Ha, ha, ha!"

Parsons grinned ruefully.

"It was all bunkum, like half the yarns you hear up and down the Pacific beaches," he grunted. "I've got this for nothing! I dare say you'll say it serves me right."

"Just that!" agreed King of the Islands. "I was a fool to lose my trade on Lalalo on your account, but I'm not sorry! Good-bye, Dandy Peter!"

"Good-bye, King of the Islands, and be langed to you!"

And King of the Islands returned to the ketch, with a laughing face; and Kit Hudson and Kainakalulunga chuckled hard and long when they heard the story of the Treasure of Lalalo.

(Another of these fascinating games of Ken King and the successful South Seas, entitled "The Floating Island," will appear in next week's **ADVENTURE BOY**.—Charles Hamilton at his best!)

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