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THE MAD MOTOR! Special Article and Pictures.

THE FLOATING ISLAND!



"Look!" cried Ken. Deep in the soil was the impression of a naked foot!

The Hurricane!

KEN KING, the boy skipper of the ketch *Down*, known throughout the South Seas as King of the Islands, stood up in the cabin, shaded his eyes with his hand, and stared anxiously towards the horizon.

After a purple blur against the sky, rose the hills of the island of Lalanga. Astern, the tiny atoll of Kaka had sunk below the sea-line.

The Pacific was like glass. Long ripples ran from the paddles wielded by the two Lalanga boys. The sun was going down, but the hot day seemed to have grown hotter as it drew to its close. Kit Hudson, Ken's Australian cousin and mate of the *Down*, stretched lazily in the canoe, dashed drops of perspiration from his streaming face. Koko, the Kanaka bo'ann, sat with his akulele across his bare, brown knees, idly twanging and crooning a Hawaiian song. The tinkle of the akulele mingled with the rhythmic plink of the paddles. The sun was sinking in a blaze of purple and gold, and not a breath of wind stirred on the vast, still sea.

Hudson ceased to fan his burning face, and glanced up at the boy tender, standing watching the sky.

"What's up, Ken?"

"There's a wind coming," said King of the Islands.

"Too good to be true," grinned Hudson. "I reckon I'd give my whisk in the profits of the last trip for a capital of wind."

But King of the Islands did not smile. His handsome, unsharpened face was grave.

"There's more than a capital coming," he said. "I only hope we shall make Lalanga before it bursts."

Hudson yawned, stretched himself, and rose to his feet. There was not a breath to relieve the simmering heat. He looked to the west, into the glory of the sunset. A gust of wind would have been the most welcome of happenings; but the air was absolutely still.

"Not a hurricane?" he asked.

Islands, "and why didn't you look, see, eye belong you?"

"No tinker along weather," said Koko simply. "Tisoo along akulele."

"Chuck that akulele away and take a paddle," said Ken. "You feller boy, you wacky-wacky too much quick, or you stop along sea altogether."

Koko joined the paddlers, and the canoe skimmed swiftly through the glassy water. Hudson eyed King of the Islands doubtfully. He was a good sailorman, and knew the weather signs; but he did not see the coming hurricane. But he knew how suddenly it might come, with scarcely a warning before it burst.

"You think, Ken—"

"I know," said King of the Islands. "I reckon we ought never to have put off from Kaka. No good turning back, though—we're half-way to Lalanga now."

Wacky-wacky, you feller boy."

The paddles flashed. Like an arrow, the long canoe clef the glassy water. The hills of Lalanga rose more clearly in the distance. But in the clear atmosphere of the Pacific the island looked nearer than it was—there were long miles between the canoe and the safety of the lagoon.

King of the Islands' brow grew darker. His ketch, the *Down*, was moored in the lagoon at Lalanga. On board the *Down* the Hira-On boys were drinking and scraping and painting, after a trip among the

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.

The South Seas are dotted with peaceful-looking isles; but there are others, so gloomy Ken King, the boy tender, knows full well! You will be more than thrilled by this vivid adventure-story of the Tropics!

By CHARLES HAMILTON.

"I'm afraid so."

Ken turned to Koko-matulele, as the bo'ann was called in his own language.

"You feller Koko, what you tinker along weather?"

Koko ceased to twang the akulele and hum his song. His big black eyes watched the sky before he answered.

"Feller storm be come, see. Feller storm be come plenty too much quick. S'pose we look-see, eye belong see, we see sea plenty long time."

"You wack," said King of the

islands, Ken had left them to it while he made the trip in the canoe to Kufa.

There had been no sign of a break in the weather when he started back from the reef. He had expected to run the channel at Lalinge in the cool of the evening, under the stars. But his sailorman's instinct, rather than any actual sign, warned him that the break was coming. If it came before the canoe made Lalinge, there would be no running the channel in the reef. The channel would be a roaring madhouse of surf.

At a gesture from the boy trader, Kit Hudson took a paddle. "The canoe was fairly flying now."

The sun's rim was dipping; the western sky was a sheet of flame. But in the north and the east, where the sky was a pearly grey, shot with crimson from the sinking sun, the grey was changing to a pale olive green. The stillness was more still, if possible, than before. The paddles dashed faster and faster.

"What you think now, Koko?" asked King of the Islands.

"Faster storm be come plenty too quick."

"We'll make Lalinge?"

"No think, sir!"

"I reckon you're right," grunted Ken. "Put your head into it! If you see along sea when storm be come, we stay along sea altogether."

The paddlers scooted at their work.

The olive green was darkening to black. The signs were plain enough now for the most careless eye. The sense of danger hung heavy on all in the canoe, in the breathless, death-like stillness that preceded the hurricane. The sun's rim dipped below the sea; the hills of Lalinge vanished in the dark. Darkness rolled over the ocean like a cloak. From the depths of the blackness came a wailing sound, followed by a deep rumble.

Kit Hudson eased on his paddle.

"We're for it?" he said coolly.

"My Sam! We are!"

The glassy sea, a few minutes ago mirror-like, smooth, heaved in a deep swell, that tossed the canoe like a cork. Far-off Lalinge had vanished as if out of existence, and King of the Islands signed to the paddlers to rest. It was useless to make any further attempt to reach Lalinge. The burst was a matter of minutes now.

The blackness of the sky was torn by a sheet of lightning. The next moment the still air was full of sound. Densening sound, almost cracking the ear-drums with its intensity. It might have seemed that the whole fabric of the globe was breaking to pieces. Then came the wind. It came with a gust, and then with a roar, and then like the blow of a sledgehammer.

"Keep her head to it!" yelled King of the Islands.

His voice was lost—the roar of a megaphone would have been lost in that bedlam of sound—but the paddlers understood, and struggled to obey. But it was in vain, and in the mighty grasp of the wind the canoe was torn along the sea. The two Lalinge boys threw themselves

in the bottom of the frail craft, to get what protection they could from the gusts. Under the canoe, the sea heaved like an awakening giant, and as the wind snatched it, the spindrift flew like hail. Heeling, rocking, and shipping water fast, the canoe fled before the hurricane.

Between Life and Death!

BLACKNESS, broken only by masses of lightning and the glimmer of maddened foam-billows rising like mountains, with valleys between them laid a mile across, each valley of water broken into smaller waves. How the canoe lived for two minutes was a miracle. Again and again mighty billows rushed down and all seemed lost, and still the light craft floated like a cork. All hands were heaving, except Koko, who steered with a paddle so far as steering was possible, keeping the stern to the wind. The two Lalinge boys chattered with fear; but Koko-lalulalonga was as cool as his white masters, Koko-lalulalonga, as he often said, was no common Kanaka.

King of the Islands and his Corn-stalk shipmates were cool enough. Death hovered over them in the

darkness; death roared round them in the heaving ocean. But danger was an old acquaintance. It was not to be expected that the canoe would live through the wild night, but the shipmates were as cool as if they had been treading the deck of the ketch in the lagoon at Lalinge.

The Lalinge boys, worn out, ceased to bail, and threw themselves into the bottom of the canoe, half insensible. King of the Islands and Kit Hudson continued to bail with guards. Swiftly—more swiftly than paddles could have driven her—the canoe fled before the madness of the wind. Again and again she seemed to sink into a mountain of greenish water; again and again she emerged like a cork. High on a crest of roaring water, sweeping down into a hollow with a sickening rush, she still floated; and her crew, drenched and dazed, still clung to her and lived.

It was hours before the wind showed a sign of easing. The canoe still raced on. Where they were, whether they were heading, it was impossible to guess. The world was swallowed up in darkness and the roar of the hurricane.

But the wind slackened at last. King of the Islands was able to hear



King of the Islands and Kit Hudson continued to bail out the canoe with guards. More swiftly than paddles could have driven her the canoe fled before the madness of the wind!

The Floating Island!

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his own voice as he floated to Kit Hudson:

"We're still afloat, anyhow. We'll weather it yet."

"Where are we?" shouted back Hudson.

"No savvy," answered Ken, struggling his shoulders.

Almost suddenly the fearful wind died down. Still the billows raged and roared, and the canoe rocked along on a wild sea.

King of the Islands strained his eyes through the darkness. Through the roar of the tortured waters came a deeper roar. He set his teeth. There was one hope for the storm-tossed canoe—that the open sea lay before her as she roared. But the roar that came through the night was the roar of breakers.

"Land!" muttered King of the Islands.

"Land!" repeated Hudson. "What land? Not Lallage; I reckon we're a hundred miles from Lallage."

"More or less," said Ken. He listened hard. "But there's land ahead, and we're running right on it. Some island—goodness knows what! But—it doesn't sound like the reef on a coral reef."

"It's breakers!"

Deeper and deeper the boom of breaking water came through the darkness. Here and there was a flash of white foam, but that was all. There was land ahead—what land no one could guess—and the canoe was rushing upon it, except by the restless sea. At any moment now the crash might come. And if the canoe crashed upon the coral barrier of an atoll, it was the end.

But to the keen ear of King of the Islands the boom of the breaking water did not sound like the break of the surf on hard coral rocks. Yet every island within a hundred miles of Lallage, he knew, was of coral formation; every island had its lagoons and its reefs of coral. King of the Islands was puzzled.

He stirred the half-conscious Lallage boys with his feet.

"You fellow boys, you look alive!" he shouted. "Feller land be come. S'pose you no swim plenty too much, you stop along sea altogether?"

The Lallage boys dragged themselves up.

The wind was almost gone now, but the sea was roaring and raging like pandemonium. And the rank of the wild waters except the canoe onwards—on and on towards the deep, booming roar. It was not a coral reef ahead, Ken was sure of that; though what it was he could not imagine.

Through the blackness a bluish shadow loomed, half seen. Then the crash came with fearful suddenness.

The next instant Ken was in the water, striking out. In the darkness he lost his comrades, as they lost him. Wild waters beat and buffeted him as a great wave swept him onwards. His grasping hands caught something—something wet and tremulous—and he knew by the feel that it was the stem of a mangrove.

He held on instinctively. Even in the frantic beating of the waters the frantic beating of the water's green swamp. He clutched and held, and dragged himself from stem to stem, still with the thundering waters thrashing him, dragging at him like a giant's hand. Halted, staggered and breathless, King of the Islands dragged himself beyond the reach of the waters and sank down, almost senseless, in thick bush.

Cast Ashore!

"A BOY!" Through the thunder of the breakers and the crashing of mangroves under the beating waters, King of the Islands heard the shout. It told him that at least Kit Hudson had fought his way to land.

Ken raised himself with an effort on his elbow, breathing in gulps. He tried to shout in response, but his voice died in his throat in a hoarse gasp. But at the second attempt he found it.

"Alo!" he panted.

"Ken, you're safe!"

"Here!"

Ken scrambled to his feet at last. The voice of his comrades through the darkness and the howling breakers was music to his ears. But his heart was weighed with fear for Koko. Yet if the two white men had escaped the fury of the sea, it seemed more likely than not that

"The canoe's smashed," said Hudson—"smashed to splinters! But I reckon the Kanakas would get clear, Ken. They swim like fish—Koko, at least—"

"Feller Kain-lallage be all right along shore," came a voice from the darkness. "Feller Kain-lallage be plenty too much glad white master be stop along shore."

"Koko! Oh, good luck!" exclaimed Ken, with a bound at his heart. It seemed to him that he would scarcely have been grateful for his own life had the faithful Kanaka gone down in the wild waters.

Dimly the powerful figure of the Kanaka rose to view, a shadow in the darkness.

"Too much glad altogether?" chuckled Koko. "S'pose white master be stop along sea, Kain-lallage be stop along sea, all same. No wonder stop along shore s'pose white master be no stop. Koko plenty too much glad."

"Three of us," said Ken. "But the Lallage boys—"

"Hark!"

A howling cry came from the darkness. It came from a Lallage native struggling in the breakers. Ken made a movement.

"You stop," said Koko. "No go along Lallage boy."

And the big Kanaka plunged back into the inferno of waters that crashed and smashed among the mangroves. Ken would have

A ROYAL AIR FORCE BomBER!



A two-engine night bomber. The engines are mounted in tandem, and the propeller is in the nose.

See "All About Aeroplanes," an exciting story!

the mighty Kanaka's powerful limbs had brought him to safety.

"Kit, where are you?"

"Here—in the bush!"

Ken scrambled in the direction of the voice. Thick bush was round him, drenched in salt spray; it was dark as pitch. He stumbled over something; a voice told him it was something; the Coromandel. Hudson lay in the bush not a dozen feet from where Ken had landed.

"You, Ken?"

"Ay, ay! Thank Heaven you pulled out, Kit! Hurt?"

"Only wet—quite wet."

Ken laughed breathlessly. Even that fearful experience had not damped the Australian's spirits.

He stood and stared towards the thundering sea. From the blackness came occasional gleams of foam; nothing else was to be seen.

followed, but there came no second cry. Koko was lost in the gloom and the uproar of water.

But a few moments later he was heard again, and he came scrambling into the bush, dragging a Lallage boy.

"You've got him!" panted Ken.

"No get him! 'Nother feller be no stop," said Koko.

The Lallage boy sank fainting in the bush. Ken drained his ears to listen. Exhausted as the outlaws were, they were ready to make any effort to save the other paddler. But there was no cry to be heard—nothing to be seen.

"He may be ashore," said Hudson.

"I hope so, at least."

"No think," said Koko. "Feller Lallage be stop, 'nother feller be no stop! He walk about along sea."

The four rested in the bush. The

long struggle for life had worn them out, and they were content to lie and rest till their strength returned, listening to the heavy thunder of the sea.

The darkness was still unbroken. Not a star gleamed in the vast expanse of the heavens. But the breeze died and came, only a gust now and then shaking the bush. The force of the sea was undiminished, the waves beat on the shore like a giant's hammer, and it seemed to Ken that the solid land shook and shivered under the blows.

"Where are we, do you think?" Hudson asked of last.

"I've been trying to work it out," said King of the Islands. "I'm beaten to the wick. We must have covered scores of miles in the hurricane, but this island, whatever it is, is unknown country, and I'd have sworn there was no unknown island within a hundred miles of Lallage. If we'd struck a coral reef we should have been smashed, and in the Lallage waters it's all coral. But this island isn't coral. I'm quite beaten."

"Whatever it is, we're in luck to have got on it," said Hudson.

"Ay, ay! Though getting off again will be another matter if the island's not inhabited. The crew's gone!"

"All right so long as we're not gone, too," said the Cornstalk. "It won't be long to dawn now, and then we shall see."

"Better rest here till dawn," agreed Ken.

They lay in the bush, at rest. Lulu, the Lallage boy, slept, with Koko fast asleep by his side. The night was warm. Ken and Kit laid down, their heads resting on their arms, and slept also. They slept the sleep of deep fatigue, undisturbed by the roar and crash of the wild waters along the shore.

It was with a feeling of searching on his face that King of the Islands awoke at last. He opened his eyes, and closed them again as the sunshine struck them like a blow.

He sat up, shading his eyes with his hand.

Scanning sunshine poured down on the bush and the castaways; it was high day—dawn was long past. Over the bay trader stretched a sky of cloudless blue. The high bush round him hid the sea from his eyes, but at a little distance it was still thundering, though the waves had gone down to a great extent. The crashing of mangroves came to his ears.

He rose to his feet and looked round him. High bush surrounded him, higher than his head, veiled with the spray that had drenched it. With a smile, he stirred Hudson with his foot. The Cornstalk was still sound asleep.

"Wake up, old man! You're asking for strawberries!"

"High as the bush was, there was little shade in it. Kit Hudson awoke and rose and stretched himself. Koko stirred and opened his eyes, and scrambled up and shook the Lallage boy into wakefulness. A soft breeze stirred the bush, and a myriad flies and mosquitoes buzzed in the

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All About Aeroplanes

This Week:—MILITARY AIRCRAFT.

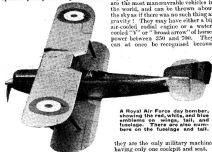
THE greater proportion of aircraft in existence at present are military. They can be recognized by the fact that they carry no registration letters, but have a coloured emblem on wings and tail instead.

The Royal Air Force has the letter 'F' followed by a number, and its emblem is a "target" of blue, white, and red circles on the wings, with blue, red, and white stripes on the tail. France has the same colour scheme, and emblem, but reversed, the red being outside and the blue inside. Italy has red, white, and green; Belgium has red, yellow, and black; Spain, red and yellow. America has a white star with a red centre on the wings, and red and white stripes on the tail.

The military machine can also be recognized by the fact that it generally carries at least one formidable-looking gun!

The different classes of military machines are divided up as follows:

Single-seater Fighters.—These are the "hawks" of the air. With a top speed of perhaps 150 m.p.h., and a diving speed of over 250 m.p.h. they are the most manoeuvrable vehicles in the world, and can be thrown about the sky as if there was no such thing as gravity! They may have either a big air-cooled radial engine or a water-cooled "V" or "broad arrow" of horsepower between 250 and 750. They can at once be recognized because



A Royal Air Force day bomber, showing the red, white, and blue emblem on wings, tail, and fuselage. There are also numbers on the fuselage and tail.

they are the only military machines having only one cockpit and seat.

Reconnaissance.—This type of machine is used for "spotting," by gunners who cannot see their target, or for photographing and observing enemy positions. It has a pilot's cockpit and an observer's cockpit, sometimes with room for a gunner, a single water or air-cooled engine, and is shorter and larger than the single seater.

Day Bomber.—This type of machine is larger and often faster than the reconnaissance machine. It can carry a large load of bombs, and one, two, or three airmen besides the pilot.

General Purpose Aircraft.—These are the "Jack of all trades" of an air force. They are used for use in warfare where the enemy has no aircraft (such as savage tribes), and are used as bombers, reconnaissance machines, message carriers, and so on. They are very similar to the reconnaissance and day bomber in appearance.

Night Bomber.—These machines are unmistakable, for they are nearly twice as large as any other aircraft, and have two or more engines. The fuselage is shaped to hold the maximum of bombs with the minimum of resistance, and there are generally two pilots' cockpits in one, a gunner's cockpit in the nose, and another in the tail. They are often painted in a dark shade of green to render them less visible at night.

Troop Carrier.—These are very similar to the civil air liner—but not so luxuriously fitted up! They have two or more engines, and can be readily recognized by the cabin with its windows.

Training Machines.—Training machines are those on which the military pilot learns to fly, and consequently they are slow and easy to handle. They have two cockpits, and can be distinguished by the fact that they carry no guns and are fitted with dual control—that is, they have a joystick and rudder bar in each cockpit, and can be flown from either in the air.

For co-operation with the Navy there are various types of machines, and not all—as might be thought at first—seaplanes. For landing on the flat decks of aircraft-carriers many of them have wheeled undercarriages.

The most used type is the two-three motor reconnaissance, which generally is so arranged that the undercarriage can be changed from wheels to floats and back again very rapidly. Some of them are arranged so that they can carry aerial torpedoes slung beneath the fuselage. The other type mainly used by the British Navy is the great flying-boat, which can carry a big load of bombs and a crew and can fly long distances without refuelling.

The Floating Island!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Save for the high running of the sea there was nothing left to tell of the fearful hurricane that had ravaged the Pacific during the night."

"Better get out of this," said Ken. "The sooner we see where we are the better."

"They tramped inland through the bush. Beyond the bush was a grove of palms on higher ground, and further still a ward almost as green and level as a lawn."

From the higher ground Ken turned and looked towards the sea. He hoped to find some sign of the cause and of the lost Lallage boy. But there was no sign of either. There was no doubt that the canoe had been smashed to atoms in the breakers and lost with all that it contained.

On the island, so far as they could see, there was no sign of an inhabitant. Beyond the lawn lay more palm-trees and a belt of hibiscus with scarlet blossoms. The ground was almost carpeted with coconuts, blown down in the wind ever night. There was, at all events, no danger of starvation, and the castaways were seen cracking nuts for food and drink. The young drinking-nuts were sweet and fresh.

Koko, with soft hands, plaited pandanus leaves into hats, first for the white masters, and then for himself. The castaways had landed with what they stood in. Ken opened the waterproof helmet that contained his revolver and examined it, and then his cartridges. It was the only weapon in the party save for Koko's knife. And Ken was thankful that he had buckled it on before leaving the Dawn in the lagoon at Lallage.

"No sign of natives," said Hudson. "But we may want that shooting-iron all the same. I wish I had mine."

"I've a dozen spare cartridges," said Ken. "We may want every one of these as niggers on the island."

"You've still got no notion where we are!"

"Not an earthly," answered Ken. "I've never seen this island before, and I know the seas round Lallage like a book. We must have driven farther in the storm than I should have believed possible, or—"

"Or what?"

"Or this is a new island," said Ken.

"When there's volcanic trouble down below an island will shoot up in a night sometimes. But you can see this isn't a volcanic island. I can't make it out. It's got me beat so far. If anybody had asked me at Lallage I'd have laid a ton of coconuts to a fathom of still-money that there was no such island as this within three or four days' sail. But we can't have driven all that much. It's got me beat."

He rose to his feet and jammed the new palm-leaf hat on his salt-drenched hair. The Lallage boy, stuffed with coconuts, had gone to sleep again in the shade of the palms. Ken looked at him with a smile. The storm was over, and his life was saved, and there was plenty

of food, so the simple mind of the Lallage boy was satisfied, and he was not worrying about his surroundings. Undoubtedly Koko would have followed his example, only Koko grided himself upon being no common Kanaka, and all the same as a white man.

"You feller Koko, you make lease along palm-leaf," said Ken. "Lallage boy be help, please you tinker plenty hard. Come on, Kit, and let's look over the island and see where we are."

"Make lease plenty too soon, sir," said Koko cheerfully, and as the white masters walked away he swathed the Lallage boy with a kick in his bare ribs. Lalo sat up and yawned and blinked. "You feller nigger, you stop along sleep plenty too much altogether," said Koko wrathfully. "What name you stop along sleep? You show feller leg plenty soon, or we knock seven bells out of you, my word!"

And, leaving the two brown men busy under the palms, Ken and Kit Hudson proceeded to explore the island.

The Footprint by the Foot!

KING OF THE ISLANDS' brow was clouded with thought.

He was cast away on an unknown island, apparently uninhabited. What chance there might be of being taken off by a ship he could not tell. As far as the eye could reach in any direction from the land, the sea rolled and heaved in the sunshine, with no sign of a sail, no sign of a steamer's smoke, no sign of any other land. Well he knew that no ship might ever pass within sight of the island; that days might lengthen into weeks, and weeks into years, and find the castaways still living the life of Crusoes. His men were waiting for him on board the hatch in the lagoon at Lallage, and it seemed likely that they would wait long.

At one blow, in a few hours, the boy trader of the Pacific had lost all. But it was not like King of the Islands to despair. It was the problem of the unknown island that brought the cloud of thought to his brow. Had he been cast on some coral atoll like Koko, on any of the hundred atolls within sight of the hills of Lallage, he could have understood it. But this island he could not understand, and the mystery of it troubled him.

That it was a small island was clear, for glimpses of the farther sea could be had through openings in the trees. From shore to shore it could have been scarcely half a mile.

The highest ground, so far as Ken could see, was not a dozen feet above sea level. In the centre of the island grew a vast banyan-tree, with more than a hundred stems and trunks, the parent trunk in the centre yards in diameter. The great tree was a grove in itself. The canopies of the leaves skirted round it and crowded level upward beyond. Ken had thought of following the shore round the island, but that proved to be impossible. There was no beach—

another passage in a sea where every atoll had its beach of sand and powdered coral. On the shore where the castaways had landed a mangrove swamp stretched, the roots of the semi-stripping trees growing out into the water broken by numerous creeks and channels. The rest of the shore looked abrupt and precipitous, as if broken off by some convulsion; in places the palms grew right to the edge, and in some spots hung over the water.

"We shan't starve, anyhow," Kit Hudson remarked as he flicked aside a fallen nut. "Plenty of coconuts here, Ken, to be picked up when we get the hatch again."

"I don't see any water," said Ken quietly. "But surely there must be water on the island. That's what we've got to find, Kit."

"My hat! Yes. There'll be a spring, or at least a rain pool," Hudson smiled as he glanced at the boy trader's clouded, puzzled face. "Still trying to think it out, old fellow?"

"It's got me beat," repeated Ken. "If I believed in magic I should reckon we'd run into it here. There's something uncanny about this island, Kit—something that I don't catch on to."

"It's uninhabited, at all events—we shan't run into a tribe of head-hunters," said Kit. "If we'd been wrecked on Lu'u—"

"Look!" Ken broke in suddenly.

They had come through a fringe of palms, and in a hollow beyond the trees a deep pool glistened in the sun, reflecting the feathery fronds of the palms. The sight of fresh water was a glad one; and Hudson was about to stoop and fill a coconut-shell to drink when the look on Ken's face arrested him.

"What—"

"Look!" repeated Ken.

He pointed to the soft earth by the water's margin. Deep in the soil was the impression of a naked foot.

Hudson started and stared at the tell-tale sign. Then he glanced quickly and nervously around him. Ken was on his knees now, examining the footprint.

"Niggers, after all!" said Kit.

"One, at least."

"So likely to be only one, old chap."

"I don't know—I'd be surprised at nothing on this island," said Ken restively. "I tell you this island ought not to be here. It's not in Nature for it to be here! It's black magic!"

Hudson laughed.

"We drove south by west, as near as I can make out, when the hurricane struck us," said Ken. "Goodness knows what direction we may have taken afterwards, but we're south of Lallage—I'd swear to that. And south of Lallage there's open water, with here and there a coral atoll. This island ought not to be here, Kit—I can't make it out. If we were three hundred miles to the west—you, hat here—"

"Keep your gun handy, Ken," Hudson was looking round him. "I'm worrying more over the nigger than the island. I reckon I don't

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The Floating Island!

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went an arrow tickling my ribs all of a sudden."

Ken reached and drew his revolver. He scurried along the margin of the pool and picked up another footprint or two. But farther back from the water there was no sign till his keen eyes picked up broken grasses, indicating the way the unknown visitor to the pool had gone. The track led towards the great banyan-tree.

The comrades dipped water in coconut-shells and drank, and then resumed their way, with watchful eyes on the alert.

They came to the further shore of the island, in a thick fringe of pandanus palms. The sea was lapping just the south now, and the tall trunks cast lengthening shadows on the grassward. The edge of the land was abrupt and broken, dropping five or six feet to the water that lapped below, with tree-roots trailing in the sea.

Ken looked down at the water and shook his head in hopeless pessimism. Below him the earth was palpably crumbling away into the waves—even as he looked a hoisted tree lurched, reeled, and plunged down into the sea, the feathery top splashing into the water, the roots still holding it to the land for the time till the wash of the waves bore it away. The sea was going down fast, but still the waves beat on the shore all round the little island.

"The island's going, bit by bit," remarked Hudson.

"Ay, ay! There's been a smash here—in the hurricane most likely," said King of the Islands. "Some of the shore washed away, I reckon—and more is going."

"It will last our time," said Hudson, with a grin.

"I hope so. But—"

"But what?"

"Oh, this island has got me beat!" exclaimed Ken. "I've spilt the South Seas since I was as high as the rail of the Dawn; and this is new to me. It's black magic, and to be hanged to it!"

They retraced their steps by a different route. As they came out of the trees into the level plain that formed the centre of the island, screened by the vast banyan, Ken halted suddenly, a startled look stamped of fear on his face.

"Kit, I'm dreaming, or this is a devil's island!" he exclaimed.

"What the thorp—"

"I tell you the sea was behind that banyan when we started," said Ken. "It was going down, and I noticed that it was beyond the banyan. We started from the east side and made for the west."

"The sea was jolly near above our heads," said Kit. "But suppose it was so—what then?"

"Look! It's behind the banyan now!"

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Hudson.

Ken stared like a man in a dream. The sea had been dropping behind the great banyan—he was sure of it—as they crossed the island. Now that they had turned directly back

YOUR NAME— IS IT HERE?

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A BRITISH-MADE FOUNTAIN PEN has been awarded to EACH OF THE TWENTY FELLOWS WHOSE AUTOGRAPHS are commensurate with Chapter No. 91 HAVE BEEN SELECTED BY THE EDITOR and which are reproduced here.

More forms on page 24.

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the sea was still behind the banyan, instead of behind their own backs. Unless the island had turned round there was nothing to explain it.

"By gum!" said Hudson, in a low voice.

"Am I dreaming?" muttered Ken, rubbing his eyes. "Am I going to wake up in the storeroom on the beach? Am I dreaming or going off my rocker?"

"They stood for some minutes staring at the banyan and past it. The sea, sinking towards the western horizon, was almost blotted out by the great tree. The Mass of the island was in their face, and it should have been behind their backs when they turned.

"You're sane!" muttered Hudson. "Unless I'm dreaming, we faced each other when we started across the island."

"Must have been a mistake, old chap! The sea isn't setting in the east for a change, old bean," grinned Hudson. "And I've never heard of a South Sea island turning round from east to west."

"It beats me—I'm all at sea," said Ken. "And—and that footprint! An island with only one inhabitant! And why is he keeping out of sight? He must have seen us. If this isn't black magic I don't begin to understand it, Kit."

"Hark!"

From beyond the banyan, from the palm grove where the Kanakas had been left, came a sudden fearful yell. From either Koko or the Lallage boy it came, and it was a yell of fear and horror. Even while it was still ringing in the air King of the Islands and his comrades were running—running as they had seldom run before—in mad haste back to the camp under the palms, in dread of what they might find there.

Ahead!

"KOKO!" shouted King of the Islands.

Headless, revolver in hand, he came tearing into the palms, Hudson a step or two only behind him.

Under the palms rose the undimmed hut of leaves that Koko and the Lallage boy had been building, but of Koko and Loko there was no sign.

The Kanakas had vanished. That fearful cry had come from one or both of them; but they were gone. They had fled—from what? Of an enemy there was no sign to be seen.

"Koko!" roared Ken, his heart thumping with a fear he knew not what.

"Ahey!" roared Hudson.

Their shouting rang far and wide. There was a stirring in the high bush towards the mangrove swamp.

"They're there," pointed Hudson.

"But what—"

"Koko!"

The rustling in the bush ceased. Ken and Kit exchanged one startled glance. They had taken it for granted that the movement in the bush had been made by the Kanakas returning; but evidently it was not so. Someone—or something—had stalked away in the bush. Who—or what?

The day was burning with tropical heat; but King of the Islands felt a chill run through him. What was this strange island—what was the single inhabitant who evidently had terrified the Kanakas into frantic flight and hiding? What was the creature, human or otherwise, that had crawled and stalked away in the high bush?

"My Sam!" muttered King of the Islands.

He shouted again, his heart heavy with fear for Kain-lalalings.

"Koko! Koko! Aho, you swab!"

But there was no answer.

"He can't have got them both!"

breathed Hudson.

"He—who—"

"Whoever it is—there's someone—

the nigger—"

"They must have taken to the bush," said Ken. "Come on! We've

got to find them!"

The comrades ran towards the left

of high bush that separated them

from the mangrove swamp. Ken, as

stated Ken, interrupting him and shaking him by the shoulder.

"No savvy, sar!" babbled the terrified Lalings boy. "Aho, he come along me, me run, feller Kain-lalalings he run, along bush all same. No savvy where feller Kain-lalalings he stop."

"What the smoke does it mean?" exclaimed Kit Hudson. "What have they seen, Ken, to scare them out of their senses?"

"Hudson know! Unless this island is haunted!" said Ken. "The men whose track we found, native or white, can't have frightened Koko—he's afraid of no man alive. But perhaps—"

"Debbie he come along camp!" moaned the Lalings boy. "Big debbie he come. S'pose we no run along bush, we plenty kill dead."

"What sort of debbie?" snapped

Ken. "What you see, eye belong

you?"

"See big debbie, eye belong me,

He heard the rustling and swaying in the mangroves as the Kanaka came crawling back to the land. Koko had fled to the outermost edge of the swamp. He came creeping back into the bush, his brown face pallid with fear. Ken eyed him sternly.

His relief was immense to see the Kanaka safe and sound; and his anxiety changed to anger.

"You swab!" he exclaimed. "You poor fellow cowed! What name you run along bush, run along mangrove? You plenty find one feller nigger."

Koko's white teeth chattered.

"No find feller nigger, sar," he stammered. "No find feller black man, no find feller white man. Plenty find debbie."

"You babber! What sort of a debbie do you think you have seen?" snapped Ken.

"Big debbie, sar, him eye like fire, all same feller fire he burn—"

"You've been dreaming," growled King of the Islands. "You see a

THE GREAT IDEA—Stories of Men who Changed the World—No. 4.—CUGNOT and DAIMLER.



The first mechanically propelled road vehicle was made by Nicolas-François Cugnot in 1769. With steam for its motive power, it was capable of carrying four passengers at a speed of two and a half miles per hour. But an accident was the result that the capacity of steam was not other about fifteen minutes' travelling.



It was realized that a new motive power would have to be found, and a machine being built from a gun by gunpowder gave birth in the idea of the internal combustion engine. Various methods of construction were tried, but it was not till a Frenchman, Lenoir, produced the first successful gas engine, in 1860.



In 1884 Gottlieb Daimler produced a suitable engine, and the motor car was an accomplished fact. But it had to pass a lot of opposition in Berlin. The Government of the day objected on the car being propelled by a man carrying a red flag, although it is hard to see danger in the vehicle above!



The last thirty years have seen the establishment of the motor car as a practical means of transport, and numerous styles have been made in the substance of the mechanical parts and in the bodywork. But practically all that could be desired in comfort and effective travel.

be plunged into the bush, almost stumbled over a body—that of Lolo, the Lalings boy, lying on his face, still as death. For a moment Ken thought that it was a dead man he had stumbled on and his heart was almost sick within him; but as he grasped the native's shoulders and raised him, the Lalings boy's wide eyes stared at him, unseeing, but alive. The eyes were glazed with fear.

Ken shook him roughly. The Lalings boy was silent; it was only terror that had overcome him.

"Wake up! What name you run along bush!" exclaimed Ken angrily.

"What name you sing out along you, and run along bush?"

"Debbie he come!" gasped the Lalings boy. "Aho, he come." And he broke into a babble of the Polynesian dialect of Lalings.

"Where feller Koko he stop?" de-

clared! Big debbie, him eye all same feller fire."

"What?" gasped Hudson.

"Something's frightened them," growled Ken. "Goodness knows what! Come on—we've got to find Koko."

"Me stop along white master," squealed Lolo, and he leaped up and followed the comrades, in fearful terror of being left alone.

"Koko!" roared King of the Islands, as he plunged through the clinging, insect-haunted bush.

"Koko!"

From the mangroves came a call in answer. It came in a faint and quivering voice, the direct opposite to Koko's usually manly, confident tones. Undoubtedly he had been badly frightened—and it took something very out of the ordinary to upset the boy, as Ken knew!

"Koko, you swab, you come along me plenty quick!" shouted Ken.

footprint on the island—there's a man here, white or black—"

"No man, sar," stammered Koko.

"No me debbie, eye belong me. Man he walk about along foot belong him, debbie he crawl like feller crab, he

jump all same feller goat, sar. Him debbie."

"What on earth can they have seen?" asked Kit Hudson, in wonder.

"I can understand the Lalings boy getting the wind up, but I've never known Koko go to pieces like this before. It really must have been something horrible they saw, Ken!"

"No debbie, sar—ahoo debbie, sar."

"Oh, rot!" growled Ken. "Come back to the camp."

From his looks, it would have needed but the snapping of a twig, or any other sudden noise, to send Koko flying to cover again.

(Continued on page 20.)

The Floating Island!

(Continued from page 11.)

As he reluctantly followed his white masters his eyes were rolling crazily, the whites showing up startlingly against the black of his face, and he was bathed in perspiration—a perspiration born of deadly fear!

All the South Sea Islanders are filled with superstitious dreads, and anything unusual they term "Aitoo." Once they get it into their minds that a thing is aitoo, nothing can shift it, and the thought or sight of it will always send them into a mad panic.

When they reached the half-bait but under the palm Koko and Luis stared round the grove, peering among the trees, evidently in fear of seeing again the "debble" that had scared them. They resumed the building of the hut, but all the while they glanced to right and left over their shoulders. It was only the presence of the white masters that kept the Kanakas to the spot.

"What do you reckon they're seen, Ken?" asked the puzzled Hudson.

"Can't make it out," replied Ken. "There's a man on the island, you know that—it was a human footprint we found by the post. Whatever he is, if I might him I fancy I'll let him have a bullet."

"Foller him, we bill debble, evr," said Koko.

Ken made no answer to that.

"We're up to our necks in mystery on this island," said Hudson. "We shall have to keep watch to-night, Ken."

"Ag, ay!"

Hudson busied himself gathering coconuts and wild yams, while the Kanakas proceeded industriously with the building of the hut. The sun sank lower to the horizon. Koko and Luis, a little relieved of their fears as the "debble" did not reappear, worked hard with palm branch and leaf, though their eyes still roved round at times anxiously.

King of the Islands sat leaning back against a trunk, staring into the west, where the sky was aflame with the sunset. He was not thinking of the Kanakas' "debble." The solitary inhabitant of the island, whoever and whatever he might be, had no interest for Ken King. He was prepared to deal with any "aitoo" in the South Seas with a revolver.

It was the mystery of the strange island that occupied Ken's thoughts. He knew that when he had crossed the lake with Hudson, he had crossed from east to west. Yet the sunset had been in their faces as they returned. Unless his senses were tricking him, he could not begin to understand.

He sat long in troubled thought. But suddenly he started, and passed his hand across his eyes. From where he sat he looked into the sunset; the sun, a red ball low in the sky, almost touched the rim of the sea. A tall palm-tree near the shore had barred

the red ball of the sun, like a black bar across it. He had noticed it idly when he sat down. But now—the could scarcely believe his eyes—the tall trunk of the palm seemed to have moved. The red ball of the sun was yards to the left of it.

Ken caught his breath.

"I'm going mad," he muttered. "Mind as a hammer, and seeing things—or the island is moving."

He looked again steadily. The sun had been directly behind the tall trunk. It was well to the left now—and the distance was increasing. Like a man in a dream, he watched it, and perceptibly to his eyes the space widened and widened.

It was unbelievable; but between the tall palm and the sun the space was increasing. The palm, black against the sky, was moving farther and farther to the right—or the red ball of the sun was moving to the left.

"Kit!" uttered King of the Islands.

"What—"

"Watch the sun—and watch that palm-tree yonder! Is the distance between them increasing, or have I got a touch of fever?"

Hudson stared at him blankly for a moment; the question alone seemed to him to indicate that his comrade had a touch of fever. But he looked in the direction indicated, and slowly wonder grew in his face, a wonder that was almost dread, as the width of the space between the sun's red ball and the black trunk of the palm widened.

The palm's tall trunk that had barred the sun when Ken first looked it, was now far to the right—and going farther. The increase of the distance was rapid enough to be visible to the eye. Hudson passed his hand across his eyes.

"Ken?" he stammered. "Am I dreaming—what is—"

"The island's moving," said Ken quietly. "The sun can't shift to the left, Kit, that's impossible, and I've never seen before an island that could swing round in the sea—but we've struck you now."

"But what—"

"We're on a floating island!"

A further adventure of Ken and Kit, entitled "The Floating Island!" will appear in next week's MODERN BOY. There is only one way to make absolutely certain of reading it: ORDER FOUR COPY NOW!



What really happens when the water, rushing into the sinking ship, reaches the stokehold? An engineer tells us here the true facts of a case which is often distorted in the newspapers!

A SHORT while ago two steamers sank in dramatic circumstances, and in each case the old, old story of the boilers "exploding" made its appearance in the daily papers.

Surely, in these enlightened days, it is time that this heavy-headed "boiler" was laid permanently to rest! The modern water tube boiler, although its working pressure is enormous compared with that of its predecessors, is much more staid and well behaved than that old style one, and does not "burst" with the same whole-hearted abandon.

It seems, in fact, to find great difficulty in bursting at all, and although there seems to be a very general impression to the contrary, it certainly never does so when the vessel which carries it unfortunately founders.

What does happen when the water rushing into the doomed vessel reaches the stokehold? To begin with, it puts the fires out, generating clouds of steam in the process.

Then it reaches the boilers, the natural result of its chilly career being that the steam inside is rapidly converted into water, and the pressure is decreased with such suddenness that the boilers themselves, far from attempting to explode, are much more likely to collapse.

"But how do you account for the loud report and the clouds of steam?" asks someone, quoting from one of the newspaper stories of the sinkings.

When the vessel plunges below, it carries with it a quantity of air imprisoned in the hull. This air, filled with clouds of steam from the stokehold, strives to break out, and as the water enters the hull in greater quantities, becomes more and more compressed.

Finally, when the pressure is great enough, it does force its way out, breaking down bulkheads and bursting open hatches in the process, and rushes up to the surface in the form of huge steam-filled bubbles.

Let any reader who is still unconvinced take an ordinary table glass and force it, mouth downwards, into a deep bowl of water. When the whole of the glass is well below the surface, turn it suddenly over and let the imprisoned air escape with a rush, as it does when the hatches of a sinking vessel are forced off.

Imagine it magnified thousands of times, and the "loud report" is well accounted for!