

THE PRINCE'S JUNGLE TOUR! (See page 3.)

The **MODERN BOY**

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THE QUEEREST RAILWAY IN THE WORLD! See pages 14 and 15.



The Haunted Isle!

"Afloat on an island!
FLOATING island!"
Kit Hudson, the young
Australian mate of the
ketch Dawn, almost staggered the
words in his astonishment.

Ken King, the equally young
owner and skipper of the ketch,
nodded.

"That's it! That accounts—"
"But—but—"

"We're on a floating island," said
Ken quietly. "It's true as it
floats. Goodness knows where we
are—and where we are going—but
we're afloat!"

Hudson stared round him with un-
believing eyes. The sinking sun was
on the rim of the vast Pacific; the
level rays bathed the island on which
they were standing in golden light.
The tall palms cast immense shadows,
and against the red sunset they stood
out black. Hudson stared dazedly
to the west. A tall trunk barred the
red half of the sun. Then, in a few
moments, the sun was clear again
on the left of the trunk. The island
was moving—swinging round to the
right! Hudson could not doubt the
evidence of his senses—and yet he
could not believe.

"A floating island!" he repeated.

"I've heard of such things before,"
said Ken. "I've never struck one;
but we've struck it now!" King of
the Islands—as Ken was known
throughout the South Seas where he
traded—was feeling rattled.

Since a hurricane had dashed the
coast in which he had been travelling,
with Hudson and three natives to
Lallings, so fragments on the un-
known tale, a day had passed; and
it had been a day of mystery and
anxiety. Ken had doubted whether
his senses were playing him tricks
when he had crossed the island from
east to west and yet found the set-
ting sun in his face when he returned.
But the mystery was explained now.
The tiny island upon which the
caywags had been thrown was afloat!

With Ken and Kit were Hais-lulu-
lunga, the Kanaka boy of the Dawn,
commonly known as Hoho, and the
surviving Lallings boy; the other had
been drowned. The Dawn was being
swept of Lallings, and the cen-

rides had been returning to her when
the hurricane had overtaken them.

"I began to think I'd get a touch
of fever and was seeing things,"
Ken said. "It's explained now.
We're afloat, Kit!"

"But—" stammered Hudson.

"How far we may be from Lallings
I can't guess. We drove a long way
before the hurricane, till the canoe
went to pieces here. But I know that
any island within a hundred miles or
more of Lallings must be coral—and
there's no coral here. I couldn't
understand it! I know that this
island might not be in those seas."
Ken laughed. "It wasn't in Nature
for it to be here! But if it floated
here, it'd clear it up—and it did
that here, Kit—hundreds of miles,
perhaps, from the west. This is a

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Cast away on a Floating Island  
that is drifting about the Pacific  
Ocean, and menaced by an  
Enormous Terror! Such is the  
plot of young Ken King—the  
boy leader of the South Seas—  
and his companions in this  
Gripping Complete Adventure  
Story of the sun-splashed  
Tropics.

By  
**CHARLES HAMILTON.**  
~~~~~

blank broken off a big island—per-
haps from as far off as the Solomon or
the New Hebrides. Goodness knows!
It may have floated for months—
years, perhaps—"

"Ken!"
"I waken the Americans last night
drove it our way," said King of the
Islands. "I've heard of such things
before. Islands have been deserted,
and then vanished utterly out of all
knowledge. The beaches are full of
tales of floating islands. We're on
one, Kit!"

"I can hardly believe it now," said
the Caracatik. "I've heard the tales
on the beaches, but—"

"Some crept down below at the
bottom of the sea did the trick, I
reckon," said Ken. "Half a mile
square of solid land floated off—
broke away."

"But what keeps it afloat?"

"Lots of things might keep it
afloat. The roots of that immense
banyan in the centre help to hold it
together. It floats because it's
lighter than the water it would dis-
place if it sank. So long as it holds
in one piece it will float—"

"Splash! Across the island came the
sudden, echoing sound as a tall palm
on the edge of the island sank over
and pinged into the sea."

"It's going!" said Hudson, with a
groan.

"The hurricane last night gave it
a shake up," said Ken. "On one
side it's falling away fast. But it
may last for months—perhaps till it
floats to some shore and jams there.
That's a chance for us that we never
thought of, Kit. We might be cast
away here for years—perhaps for our
lifetimes—but with the island afloat
we've a chance of getting some-
where."

"If it doesn't break up under our
feet," said Hudson.

"It won't break up in a hurry,
after standing the hurricane last
night," said King of the Islands con-
fidently.

"If we could rig a sail to a palm
and steer—" suggested Hudson
laughingly.

Ken laughed, too. His face was
bright now. The mystery that had
puzzled and perplexed him was ex-
plained. And the fact that the little
island was afloat brought new hope.

On a tiny, lonely island, the caya-
wags might have watched the sea for
long years in vain for a sail or a
steamer's smoke. But the floating
island was drifting—and who could
tell where it might drift? Across
the track of ships, perhaps, or to the
shore of an inhabited island! There
was hope in the thought.

Lower sank the red sun behind the
sea-line. Darkness was creeping over
the floating island.

"And the man whose footprint we
found by the rain-water pool," said
Hudson suddenly—"a caywaga like
ourselves, do you think?"

"If he were a white man, he would
show up," answered Ken, with a shake
of his head. "He's keeping out of
sight."

"Some native who was on this
piece when it broke away," said
Hudson.

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The Haunted Isle!

(Continued from page 13.)

carried off when it floated out to sea?" asked Hudson.

"Maybe! Or a nigger swabbed as we were."

Koko the Kanaka looked over his shoulder as he stood plaiting palm-leaves, with which he was building a hut.

"No more, sar! Debbie!" he said.

"You chump!" said Ken impatiently. "I tell you no debbie be step along island!"

"No see you eye belong me, sar?" answered Koko. "Debbie crawl like land-crab, sar. Jump all some feet. Him eye all some fire, sar! He had teller debbie along island!"

"A white, sar! Debbie!" he said. "No native boy, sar. Face him white, plenty hair he got, all some blackness. Eye belong him, all some fire."

"A white man with a red beard?" said Hudson.

"No man!" insisted Koko-kahala-langa. "Debbie! Aftter debbie, sar!"

"Had teller debbie!" said Lolo, the Lallage boy, with a scared glance made into the darkening palms. "S'pose he come along night, we all dead!"

"S'pose he come along night, we shoote along revolver," said King of the Islands. "Kill me dead along gun!"

"Debbie no kill dead, sar!" The sun was gone, and the brief tropic twilight faded. Darkness rushed on sea and land, and, like glittering gems, the stars came out in the dark-blue vault of the sky. Far on the horizon scintillated the jewels of the Southern Cross.

King of the Islands examined his revolver carefully. On the floating island there was one other beside the castaways—the man whose footprint they had seen—the "debbie" who had scared the Kanakas out of their wits, but of whom the white men had seen nothing save the track by the mistletoe. From the Kanakas' description of the "debbie," Ken could make little. A being that was white, with red hair, that crawled like a crab and jumped like a goat, seemed to him more like a fragment of frightened fancy than anything else. But whether the unknown was man or "debbie," it was more likely than not that he was an enemy; and now that darkness had fallen, it was necessary for the castaways to be on their guard.

Ken's revolver was the only firearm; but the Kanakas had their knives, and Kit Hudson had cut himself a thick lawyer-cane to use as a club. The white man, at least, did not fear a visit from the "debbie." They ate a supper of coconut meat under the stars, washed down by the milky fluid of the drinking-water. Silence lay on the floating island, broken only by the wash of the sea round the crumbling shores.

Suddenly, from the direction of the great bayonet that grew like a grove of numberless stems in the centre of the island, came a sound that broke the silence hideously.

It was a strange, eerie, prolonged

howl, and it was followed by another and another, ringing and echoing across the island. There was a bubble of terror from the Kanakas.

"Debbie him slag out along night!" wailed Lolo.

"Had teller debbie he come!" panted Koko-kahala-langa.

Ken and Hudson exchanged a startled glance. Again and again the fearful cry was repeated; but whether it was the cry of man or beast they could not tell. Ken felt his heart beating in quick throbs. Every nerve in his body thrilled to the will, eerie yell from the darkness.

"What—" breathed Hudson.

"Heaven knows!"

Silence followed.

The Horror of the Night!

"TURN IN!" said King of the Islands at last.

Koko and Lolo crept tremblingly into the hut they had made. Lolo threw himself on his bed of leaves, half impossible with fear. Koko, usually brave as a lion, fearless of human foes, was trembling like the Lallage boy. Against expectations from his courage was of an avail. That the unknown island was haunted by a "debbie"—some fearful and inhuman "aftter"—the Kanakas did not doubt for a moment.

King of the Islands and his shipmates certainly did not share that first of the uncertainty. But their faces were very grave, and they felt their nerves jumpy. The strange mystery of the island was oppressing them. What danger the darkness might conceal they could not guess; but at any moment they half expected to see some dark and grisly shape lurking in the shadows under the thatched palms. The footprint they had found was that of a human being. But what human being could it be who crawled and leaped, as the Kanakas had said, and who howled in the night like a wild beast? What was the unknown horror that lurked in the bush and howled from the black shadows under the bayonet?

The comrades followed the Kanakas into the hut. Ken drew the door of wadded branches across the opening. But no one was thinking of sleep. The hut was a shelter; but it was not strong enough for defense. The walls of plaited branches and cocones and leaves, could not have kept out an enemy.

"I'll take the first watch, Kit!" said King of the Islands.

"I reckon I'll watch with you—I'm not keen on sleep just now," answered Kit.

In the gloom of the hut the black eyes of the Kanakas stared wide open. Sleep was not likely to visit Koko or Lolo yet. They lay on their palmetto beds; but their eyes did not close, and their quick, fearful breathing could be heard.

But there came no alarm as the hours of the night glided away. Only the wash of the sea came through the silence.

It was not till midnight was past that another sound reached the tense ears in the hut. It was a soft, stealthy, creeping sound.

Ken started, and his heart

thumped. His grip closed hard on the butt of his revolver. A faint moon from Lolo beat the stillness in the hut. The Lallage boy was shivering with fear. Koko made no sound, but his eyes seemed to grow larger, dilating in the shadows.

The stealthy, creeping sound—a strange sound of soft dragging—approached the hut under the palms.

Ken remembered the Kanakas' description of the debbie that crawled like a land-crab. What was it that was crawling, creeping, outside the hut in the darkness?

A hostile savage, bent on attack, might creep—but he would creep silently. He would not drag his limbs on the ground—and what the castaways could hear was a sound of dragging limbs.

They listened with scarce a breath. The crawling came nearer and passed round the hut. It made the circuit of the thatched building, and there were sounds of the plaited walls being touched, as if some animal were gnawing for entrance.

Instinctively they drew away from the walls into the centre of the hut.

King of the Islands gritted his teeth.

"Man or devil, I'm going to see what it is!" he said; and he threw aside the wadded screen at the doorway.

The creeping sound ceased. Outside the narrow doorway a faint glimmer fell from the stars through the palms. All was shadowy and uncertain.

Ken, his teeth set, the revolver gripped in his hand, stepped out into the open. He stepped swiftly, and swung round, his weapon half raised, with a creepy feeling that he might be sprung upon from behind. But there was no movement—no sound! Whatever it was that had crept and crawled was as still as death now.

Hudson followed King of the Islands from the hut, leaving the Kanakas quaking with terror within.

"Ken! Can you see—"

"Nothing!"

"Listen!"

A faint sound, and a shadow that moved among shadows. The comrades hardly knew what they saw the next moment—something hideous, terrible, misshapen, with eyeballs that glowed like burning flames. The silence was torn by a fearful cry, or rather a screech; a yell that rang and vibrated with mad ferocity. Whatever it was, the creature leaped in the darkness and came crawling towards them—and Ken fired on the instant.

Bang! The crash of the shot seemed like thunder. A terrible ray rang in answer, and the shadowy thing, whatever it was, leaped away with the agility of an ape.

It vanished into black shadows.

"Shoot!" panted Hudson.

Ken fired again, in the direction the thing had taken. Then the comrades ran in pursuit. Whatever it was, beast or human, the thing was in retreat, hurt by Ken's first shot. But in the darkness it was difficult to follow. They caught glimpses of a body that leaped and leaped, like a goat, with an activity that seemed

scarcely noticed. They rushed after it from the palms, into the open stretch of grass that lay between the palm grove and the bayran. In the open, the starlight showed them the leaping body, and they had a glimpse of bristling red hair, a slung form, and then the thing vanished into the black shadows under the bayran.

King of the Islands halted and caught Hudson by the arm.

"Stop! We can't follow it there!"

Hudson came to a breathless halt.

"Ken! What was it? What?"

"I don't know. Let's get back!"

From under the bayran came screeching yells—yells of a rage that seemed more heart-like than human. But the comrades did not think of pursuing further. Under the massive bayran, in the winding aisles among the innumerable stems and trunks, the darkness was like pitch. To follow the hideous thing into the black den was impossible.

The companions returned to the hut.

"He was hit!" said Ken. "Whatever it was, he was hit! He may leave us alone after this."

They entered the hut, and Ken blocked the doorway again.

"Debble he go, no?" stammered Koko.

"Debble he go, take bullet along him!" said Ken. "It's no debble, you see, though I don't know what it is. Eh, we're hunting that brute as soon as daylight comes; we're got to get clear of it!"

"You bet!" said the Cornstalk.

The comrades watched in turn for the remainder of the night. But there was no fresh alarm. The creature of the island, whatever it was, did not approach the hut again. But the companions were relieved when the rising sun filtered at last through the slits in the palm-leaf roof. That night of horror was over!

The Den Under the Bayran!

ASURE sea, stretching to infinity; azure sky over-arched. Sunshine in a burning blaze, drawing feet steam from the mangroves, wings of mist from the ocean! King of the Islands had swung himself high up a tall palm, and, straining to it, swept the blue horizon with his eyes. Not a coil, not a hint of smoke. But it was not only for a passing ship that he looked. He looked also, with eyes of hope, for land, strange as it seemed to be on the look-out for land white on an island! But there was nothing—nothing to break the far blue rim where the sky and the sea seemed to meet.

He descended from the palm at last.

"Nothing!" asked Hudson.

"Nothing."

"The island's drifting. The hut faced the sunrise when we turned out; now it faces north." Hudson grinned. "I've got used to the island being adrift already. But it's queer. It's floating with a swing to the left—revolving on its own axis, I suppose. If we had a chart of the currents, and some idea where we are, we might work it out. But, dash it all, the dashed old hecker will have to drift somewhere, Ken. We've got a thousand more chances than we thought we had."

"Ay, ay!" answered Ken cheerfully. "Men have been wrecked on an isle and watched years and years for a sail. We're better off than that. The ocean currents will drive us somewhere—and anywhere is better than being anchored fast in an unknown sea. We're in luck, in a way!"

He had been thinking of his botch, scored in the lagoon at Laloage; the Hiva-Oa crew waiting for his re-

turn, and wondering why he did not come. But it was useless to think of that. King of the Islands had a practical mind, accustomed to think of the matter in hand, to concentrate upon it and make the best of it.

"Now for the hunt, Kik!" he said. "We've got to get hold of that alien, man or beast—whatever it is, or he is. We can't live on this island with an enemy loose. And the Kanakas are afraid to go a yard from the hut, and if they see it again they'll bolt like rabbits. He—or it—ought to get one of us off our guard. We've got to deal with it."

"The island's not large—we shall soon root him out," said the Australian. He gazed up his lawyer-eyes, to which he had bound a heavy stone, turning it into a war-club. "And, wherever he is, he's declared war. He meant to attack us last night."

"No doubt about that. But we'll avoid a killing if we can—we may make the creature a prisoner," said King of the Islands.

"Koko come along little white monster," said Kait-lalilalanga.

"You plenty said debble, Koko; you stop along here!" laughed Ken.

"Too much said stop along here s'pose feller King of the Islands no stop!" answered Koko.

"Come if you like, then."

And Koko and Lolo followed behind the white masters, though in abject fear and trembling, and prepared to bolt at a sign. Ken did not lead them. He led the way towards the great bayran, under which the mysterious haunter of the island had disappeared in the darkness of the night. He had no doubt that in those dark recesses the fearful creature had its den.

"You feller Kanaka, you watch eye belong you s'pose debble he run along island?" called back Ken.



URR, okay!! . . . The wild man leaped up from Hudson and tore away into the wood as King of the Islands came peering up!

The Haunted Isle!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Yes, sir!"

And the comrades stepped under the immense roof of foliage, supported by countless stems that were like the pillars of a temple.

Even in the blazing, tropical day, it was dusky under the immense tree. From every huge branch drooped stems that, taking root, grew up into trunks and spread their branches. Overhead was a thick roof of green, through which the sun faintly filtered. But as the eyes became accustomed to the dimness, it was easy to see in the dusky recesses. Winding, shady aisles ran among the many trunks, here and there checked with thick, juicy lianas that hung pendant from the branches, some of these with stalks thicker than a man's arm. There was cover for fifty men under the banyan to lie in hiding, and the comrades of the *Dava* soon realized that their task was not an easy one.

They scanned the shadowed earth for signs of the strange being that they sought, and found plenty. Here and there were traces as if a heavy body had dragged over the ground; here and there lianas were broken or twisted aside. They advanced cautiously, their eyes well about them, listening intently. If the creature was there, either he would attack them or flee, and in either case they should hear him. But for a long time there was silence, broken only by their own movements.

Koko and Lolo, standing well out of the radius of the banyan, watching with the vigilance of deer, could be relied on to call if the hunted creature broke cover and fled across the island—though they were fairly certain to see at the same moment.

"Beho, in his dread of the island 'debbie," was scarcely to be recognized as the same man who had faced many a terrible peril by the side of his white master. He made an effort to follow Ken into the depths of the banyan, but stopped, his superstitious horror too strong for him. Outside, in the sunshine, he waited and watched with dilated eyes, Lolo trembling by his side.

Ken and Kit followed winding aisles after aisles under the banyan, and again and again they came on signs of a lurking inhabitant. In a dozen places they found little heaps of cream-picked bones of birds and fishes, showing that this was undoubtedly the den of the strange creature. There was nowhere a sign of a fire having been lighted, and that argued that the man, whatever he was, could not be a white man.

A white man would have contrived a fire to cook his food; some polished shell would have served as a burning-glass to ignite it. Even a savage—except a savage of the lowest race—would have contrived a fire for cooking; but Ken knew there were savages in the South Seas who had not the secret of fire-making. He remembered, in New Guinea, having met a Papuan savage journeying to a neighboring tribe to borrow a fire-stick because the village fire had gone out.

The floating island was many a long hundred miles from New Guinea; but the indications were that it was some savage of the same benighted ignorance who was here. And yet the Kanakas had said that he had a white face and a red beard and hair—if their terrified eyes had not deceived them. They had also said that he crawled like a crab and leaped like a goat, and that part of the description, at least, Ken had seen to be true in his glimpses of the creature during the night.

"Here's his den!" exclaimed Hudson suddenly.

He stepped at the parent trunk of the banyan—a gigantic hill of timber many yards in diameter. On one side the trunk was decayed, and a great hollow had formed. The hollow cut like a cove into the heart of the vast trunk, a couple of yards wide, ten or twelve feet in depth. The interior was dusky dark, and a sickening smell came from it.

At the opening the ground was almost carpeted with the bones of birds and fishes, among them the skeleton of a young shark three feet long. Many of the bones were very old; others still had rotting fragments clinging to them. Within the cove in the trunk were more bones, and a spread of crumpled pandanus-leaves that had evidently formed the creature's bed.

Ken stared into the hollow trunk, his revolver ready. But there was no sound, no movement.

It was the den of the islander—that was clear; but he was not there. Either he had skulked away silently at their approach, or he had been gone when they arrived.

"That's where he lives when he's at home," said the Australian. "More like a bear's den than a man's."

"Man or beast, he lives the life of a beast," said King of the Islands. "Poor wretch! We shall not harm him if we can help it, Kit, but we've got to keep him from doing harm to us. He's not at home. We shall have to hunt in the open."

They retraced their steps, and emerged into the brilliant sunshine outside the shade of the banyan. Koko gave a gasp of relief when they reappeared.

"You've seen nothing eye belong you?" asked Ken.

"No, sir."

They tramped to the rain-forest beyond the banyan. As they flung coconut shells to quench their thirst Ken noticed that the level of the water was lower than on the day before. The heat of the sun was sucking it away, and quite likely there was percolation underneath, through the unknown depth of the floating island into the sea. Hudson noted it also, and gave a whistle.

"That pool dries up at times, Ken!" he said.

"No doubt of that! A rainstone fills it again—but I reckon it's dry half the year or more," said Ken.

"There can't be a spring on a floating island!" Hudson whistled again. "The pool won't last a week, unless there's rain—and it doesn't look like rain. There's no other water on the island. Ken, how has that devil-man lived without water?"

"There ain't always the cocoanuts—and the night dew. He has lived somehow—he must have suffered," said King of the Islands. "Perhaps"—he started, as the thought came into his mind—"is this solitude, and under such fearful hardships, he may have gone crazed. Crazed or sane, we've got to stop him from doing mischief. Come on!"

There was a yell from Koko. "Aitoo! Aitoo!"

King of the Islands eyes round. "Where?" he shouted.

Koko pointed with a shaking finger towards a clump of palms that grew close by the abrupt edge of the island, where the earth crumbled down to the sea.

"We see um-eye belong me!" he stammered. "Debbie!"

"Come on!" breathed Hudson.

Whatever the Kanakas had seen had vanished in the palms. Ken and Kit rushed to the spot, but the Kanakas did not follow them now. They stood looking after them with fearful eyes.

The comrades rushed through the palms. If the creature had been there, it had disappeared. But a nest of platted grass, half filled with fallen nuts, lay on the ground. Hudson pointed to it.

"He was gathering nuts, Ken! He can't be far away—you go to the left. I'll follow the shore to the right—we're bound to get him. Shout if you spot the brute—I'll do the same!"

"Right!"

And the comrades separated, following the broken shore in either direction, and were quickly lost to one another's sight.

A Fight for Life!

KIT HUDSON gripped the lawyer's case hard in his hand as he tramped through the palms along the broken shore. He did not intend to pass beyond hearing of his comrades, but he had no fear of the islander—the creature was evidently in flight, and the sturdy Cornstalk had no doubt that he was a match for any man, white or black, who might be on the island. One blow from the leech lawyer's case would have crushed the hardest skull in the Pacific.

He hurried on his way, here and there forcing his way through a jingly growth of creepers that matted together the trunks of the palms.

Now far he had gone he did not know, when as he bent aside a mass of lianas with his club he heard that strange, crawling, dragging sound that had thrilled his blood with horror the night before. He stopped dead and listened. What fearful creature was it that dragged its limbs like a wounded snake on the ground? In spite of his courage and his iron nerve, the Australian felt a shudder of horror pass through him.

"Ken!" he shouted.

It did not occur to him, for the moment, that his comrade was probably too far away to hear his call. At the sound of his voice the dragging sound instantly ceased; the creature was still, Hudson forced his way resolutely through the lianas,

and as he did so there came a crashing of the tendrils and something leaped on him.

The loaded lawyer-cane swept through the air, but a thick tendril of liana caught Hudson's arm and broke the force of the blow. The creature was upon him the same instant. The blow had landed, but its force had been lost; and the next instant the lawyer-cane was flying from Hudson's hand and he crumpled in the savage grip of the creature he was hunting.

Hudson was sturdy and strong, thoroughly fit all through. His muscles like steel. There had been wild days of strife in his life, and he had fought with strong men. But never had he known a grip like that which was laid upon him now.

It was a grip of superhuman strength; he might have believed that he was in the clutch of a gorilla.

Heard of that face fascinated him, and every hideous detail of it was burnt into his mind.

The skin had once been white—but was burned brown by the sun. Thick, reddish beard covered the face to the eyes and the ears, and a tangled mass of hair topped on the uncovered head.

The thick lips were drawn back from the teeth in a snarl like that of a savage beast. Most fearful of all were the eyes, glowing from under the tangled mass of hair—deep-set, burning, crazed.

The creature—he could hardly be called a man—was clothed in leaves and bark, like a bushman of the islands. The heavy chest, the shaggy arms were almost as hairy as an ape's. And the strength in them was terrific.

Hudson struck with clenched fists at that fearful face; but the blows had no effect. He grasped the wild

a shaggy knee was planted on him. Two huge and hairy hands grasped at his throat, and Hudson fought them manly away. Once that fearful grip was on his throat it was the end.

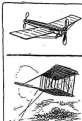
But his strength was not equal to the test. He knew he was defeated; the grinning face of the wild man told that he knew it also. There was mad triumph and ferocity in the glare of the crazed eyes.

"On me shereks!" came the jabbering words again. "Moi—moi—moi. Jean Barbé! La mort! La mort! Moi, Jean le Diable!"

A screech followed the jabbered words.

The grip was on Hudson's throat now. He fought wildly, and kicked at the wild figure that crashed him down. A cry burst from the smothering, grinning wretch, a cry in which pain was mingled with rage.

THE GREAT IDEA—Series of Men who Changed the World. No. 5.—THE BROTHERS WRIGHT.



The interest taken by the Wright brothers—Wilbur and Orville—the first came to go—in 1900 they came back to the day when their father presented them with an elementary model of a glider. They were eleven and twelve years of age respectively. It was a glider they turned to studying, experimenting with, testing, and then, in 1903, they presented the one pictured above, on which their first successful glider was based.

Hudson had been experimenting with his own plans previously, and in fact, in their line heers, had taken advantage of the air pressure tables constructed by others. When he heard that according to these tables their glider did not fly, he finally, by a great velocity of wit, but their method of control by means of elevators was rather new, and proved a big advance on the old idea of control by movement of the body.

The Wright brothers continued to experiment and improve, and finally built the airplane men above, in which they installed a 12-hp internal combustion engine of their own design. On December 17th, 1903, Orville stepped the first airplane in this manner. Taking off at the mouth of a strong wind, he succeeded in remaining in the air for twelve seconds—long enough to prove that flying was possible. Later, larger flights were made.

From then on to 1914 progress in flying was slow. Then the Great War put the airplane in a new, never before, out of which it emerged with honors. Her amazing discoveries have been made during this period regarding the principles governing the action of fluids, but wonderful improvements have been made in engine design, resulting in the great passenger-carrying airplanes of today. Above it shows a still slight-military aircraft.

For a second, as that fearful grasp fastened on him, the Australian's stout heart almost failed. But he returned grip for grip, fighting fiercely, knowing that he was fighting for his life.

Two naked hairy arms were round him, crushing the life from his body, as it seemed to these terrible moments.

He reeled, strove to maintain his footing, failed, and went crashing over, dragging down a tangled mass of liana in his fall.

In the midst of the tangle of stems and leaves and twisting tendrils he fought and struggled, with that iron grasp upon him and a dreadful face only a few inches from his own.

It was a human face—or had once been human. Even in these wild moments, struggling for life and knowing that he was fighting in vain, the grip he could not loosen, the

man and strove to tear loose the terrible grip that was almost cracking his ribs, but he strove in vain.

The wild man was snarling and grinning, screeching like a wild animal as he fought; and strongly to Hudson's ears came words amid the screeching of the crazed wretch. "La mort! La mort!"

The words were indistinct, as if the wretch's lips had forgotten the use of words; but Hudson caught them. Rolling in the tangled liana, they fought like wildcats.

Hudson tried to cry out to his distant comrades, but only a lousy gasping escaped his lips. The creature was crushing him to the earth, and the hideous face grinned and jabbered over him; but somehow Hudson twisted him over and came up again.

It was only for a moment; the terrific clutch dragged him over, and

Hudson was conscious of wonder that a kick from a foot clad in a canvas shoe should have drawn a cry of pain from so powerful and ferocious a creature.

The grip on his throat relaxed, as the wild man howled with pain. Strongly to Hudson's ears came the dragging sound—the sound that had been heard round the hut in the darkness of the night; and it was borne in upon his mind what it meant. One of the islander's legs was crippled, and he dragged it after him, a useless mass, as he moved.

It was that discovery that saved Hudson's life. For it told him that this fearful being, strong as a gorilla, savage as a shark, had a weak spot—in the useless, crippled limb he was vulnerable. That was why the kick had drawn a cry from him. One leg was huge, massive, knotted with muscles; the other a twisted stump.

The Haunted Isle!

(Continued from previous page.)

The three hands were at Hudson's throat again. And he strove, with desperation, to plant another kick on the broken limb, and succeeded. Again a yell of anguish peaked from the wild man, and he released Hudson and called blindly away from him.

The panting Cornstalk staggered to his feet.

His senses were reeling; his breath came in sobs. The wild man was only a few feet from him, and in the haze of sunshine between the palms Hudson had for the moment a full and clear view of the terrible creature. On the hairy arms, on the sound leg, were marks that were not to be mistaken—the brand of manacles that had ground into the flesh for years. Once the wild man had been in chains, and Hudson knew what he must be—some wretch who had escaped from the French penal settlement at New Caledonia.

Hudson stood for a moment or two panting, trying to recover his breath, his strength at its lowest ebb. He could not run—his legs were failing under him. But he strove to speak. The creature was already scrambling up on his sound leg, the crazed eyes ablaze, the teeth bared in a snarl of ferocity.

"Ken! King of the Islands! Help!"

Hudson had time only for that one cry before the wild man was upon him again, leaping like a goat. Once more the iron grasp was on him, and he went down into the tangled thicket.

"Ahoy!" Like music to his ears came Ken's shout. There was a crashing in the thicket.

"Ken! Ahoy!" A softness of baffled rage burst from the hairy throat of the wild man, and he leaped up from Hudson and tore away into the wood as King of the Islands came panting up.

"Crack!" The revolver rang out, answered by a headlong howl, and the wild man vanished into the woods.

A Terrible Fool!

"**K**EN!" King of the Islands, the smoking revolver in his hand, ran to his comrades. A crashing in the palms and creepers told that the wild man was in full flight, but Ken did not heed him. The sound died in the distance as he dropped on his knees beside the panting Cornstalk.

"Ken! You!" He raised Hudson with an arm round his shoulders.

Hudson panted, almost sobbing for breath. His brain was reeling; every ounce of strength had been exhausted in the terrible struggle. His throat was bruised; he was bruised all over his aching body from the convulsive grip that had been his hands of iron.

He looked heavily on King of the Islands. But in a few minutes his voice came back to him.

"Ken! Thank Heaven you came! You saved me!"

"I heard him," said Ken. "It was his howling that brought me here, Ken, and then I heard you call. I think I missed him—he got a scratch at the mouth. You've been through it."

Hudson shivered. "My word, yes! I'm no weakling. But I was a child in his hands."

"You think—?"
"I know." Hudson, his voice hoarse, repeated the jumbled words that had fallen from the wild man. King of the Islands started.
"Jona Barbo! Jean le Diable! My Sam!"

"You've heard of him?"
"Ay, ay! A few years ago he was the talk of the islands. I believe it's ten years since he got away from the convict prison. He killed two wardens in escaping, and was shot and wounded, but got away. He's said to have strangled an islander and get away in his canoe. They tell a lot of tales about him. But it's supposed that he perished somewhere; he's never been heard of for years. And we've found him here—the wretch who was a scoundrel six times over!"

"And now a madman, too—or half mad," said Hudson, with a shudder.

"I suppose he would get half-crazed alone on this island for years," added Ken. "But before that he was more like a wild beast than a man—the most desperate villain at New Caledonia! We shall have our hands full with that wild brute, Ken, till we get him. We'll stick alone together after this. If you can walk now, we'll get back to the Kanakas. If he should fall on them—"

"I'm all right now," said Ken, as Ken helped him to his feet.

There was no sound or sign of the wild man now. Crouched on the coast, well undisturbed by his mad cunning, at least, to warn him that he could not face a firearm. The creature moved away through the palm wood and reached the palapa near the big hangar, where Hudson stooped to the water and drank deeply and bathed his

burning face.
"Koko ahoy!" called out King of the Islands.

Koko-Isihahonga came up with a pair of naked feet, followed by the Lattaga boy.

"We think Feller King of the Islands he kill dead along debble," said Koko, in great relief at seeing his white master again.

"That feller he no debble," said Ken. "Feller Flossman run away along prison. Feller brain broken him he no walk about any more."

"No tinkus," Koko answered. "Tinkus feller debble." He stared at Hudson's torn clothing and bruised arms and neck. "Feller debble he plenty kill white master."

"Ken run plenty too much altogether," said Hudson, with a faint grin. "Let's get back to the hut."

(Continued on page 37.)

NEXT WEEK'S SPECIAL FEATURES!

THE FLEET REMAINS!

The British Fleet Remains! Longships in the North Sea for days on end under conditions as near as possible to actual war-conditions. Next week you will read all about it in an article written by an ex-Naval officer and illustrated with some striking photographs.

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You've read the amazing story this week, in the Sea story, "The Speed-Boat Longships!" of the two shows, the Wake and the Bay Cruise. Future issue featuring this further stirring account in our week's complete part, "Troubled Waters!"

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It's a crazed man, Ken—half-crazed, at least. We'll not separate again unless we can get him safe." He shivered.

"I had only a glimpse of him as I fled," said Ken. "But you—"

"I've seen him now. So wonder he scared the Kanakas yesterday!" said Hudson, in a shaking voice. "Keep your eyes peeled, Ken. If he should come back—"

"He's afraid of the revolver," said Ken. "Black or white, he knows what a gun means!"

"He's white," said Hudson—"a Frenchman, or was—a wild beast now. I suppose the white man must have crazed him—that a murderous wretch to begin with. He's got the brand of letters on his arms and legs—his left leg's crippled—as escaped convict from New Caledonia. That is the leg getting away, perhaps!"

The Haunted Isle!

(Continued from page 20.)

Ken, I want to give Jean le Diabla a min for a time after this!"

"Ay, ay?"

In the heat of the day the castaways rested in the hut. Once through the silence and the ticking heat there came the sound of the yelling of the wild man—the crazy howling of a wretch who was only partly in his senses. Hudson slept on his bed of leaves; but King of the Islands watched at the doorway of the hut, his revolver ready in his hand. At any moment, he knew, the half-crazed ferocity of the convict might urge him to an attack; and the struggle, if it came, would be a terrible one.

The wretch, lurking in silence and attitude on the floating island—haunted by the innocent fear of pursuit and capture—had become half-crazed. And, doubtless, in his distorted mind was the idea that the castaways were there in pursuit of him—to drag him back to the convict prison—to chain and mangle. Mad or sane, he was a fearful enemy within the narrow confines of the floating island. Until he was secured, every moment was fraught with peril for the castaways.

When the fierce heat of the tropical day was past, and King Hudson was feeling himself again, the hunt for the wild man was resumed.

There were signs that he had revisited his den under the lagoon, but he was not to be traced there. In the palm grove, in the thick bush, traces of his passage were found. Once Ken thought he heard the heavy dragging of the crippled leg at a distance.

The creature knew that he was hunted, and was skulking in cunning flight with all the stealthy evasions of a wild animal.

I T was not till the sun was touching the horizon that the castaways gave up the hunt. To seek him in the darkness was impossible. They returned to the hut, and ate their supper of coconuts and wild fruits, tired and weary and uneasy of what the night might bring.

Darkness enshrouded the floating island—drifting under the stars, a slave of unknown currents; drifting by trackless ways through the vastness of the Pacific.

In the dead hours of the night, as Ken sat watching, straggling against sleep, there came from the surrounding darkness the soft, dragging sound that he now knew so well.

He started up, all desire for sleep gone, a thrill running through him. Swiftly, stealthily, the dragging sound moved round the hut. And Ken, listening with beating heart, heard a groping and a scuffling at the palm-leaf wall. In the darkness

he could see nothing; his companions lay sleeping on the beds of leaves. He did not awaken them. He waited tensely, listening the sound of the groping, clawing hand that was working a way through the wall, seeking a deadly grasp in the darkness.

Without a sound, he crept to the spot, only the twisted palm-leaves between him and the hideous monster that lurked without. He placed the muzzle of the revolver to the sliray wall and pulled the trigger.

The report of the revolver rang through the silence like thunder, filling the hut with a deafening sound.

From the night without came a fearful yell—yell after yell of mad ferocity—and the sleepers in the hut started up. Amid the howls of terror from the Kanakas around the yelling of the wild man—fainter in the distance.

"Ken!"

"He's gone," said King of the Islands quietly. "He was hit. I reckon it will stop his prowling!"

Faintly from afar came a dragging sound in the bush. Then there was silence!

Another King of the Islands story—long and complete—will appear in MODERN BOY, old as Monday next! You are wishing disappointment if you do not order your MODERN BOY in advance! So order YOUR COPY TO-DAY!

The Speed-Boat Smugglers!

(Continued from page 8.)

like. The man as wants to know about the submarine is helping Peegolly with his smuggling; he's lost him that fast water-boat you say you saw—and the smuggling's all just a cloak for the other part of it."

He looked at them, to see if they understood what he was saying. They perceived the meaning of it all clearly enough, and he went on:

"I got word from the commander about to-night, and he was down in the cave while I was up here. It's the first time I've heard from him in a week. He reckoned the man he was after would be in th' boat; but he wasn't. They caught the commander an' dragged him up here, an' he put up another fight where we're standing now. I dropped in w' this—and he jerked the transmitter—"so they ran an' left th' commander. "Carry on, Jackson," says he to me, then he laughs a bit an' rubs the place where he'd been cracked on th' head. "You'll hear from me later," then he ran off to the road, an' that was all I saw of him."

The castaways paused, looking from one to the other of the boys as he added:

"Well, I've told ye all I know. Keep still tongues in your heads, and maybe we all three can help the commander whenever he knows a bit more about what he's doing. You'll not speak of this to a soul, eh?"

"Not a word to anybody!" Jim exclaimed. "My lad, Ray, but I can see why Geoff built the Silent Cyclone now—to chase the power-boat that Peegolly's using! There's some big spy behind that gang of smugglers, trying to find out what we're doing in Ireland Bay!"

"I said your brother was a Secret Service man, didn't I?" asked Ray, and his eyes lit up. "You bet we'll lend a hand if we can—and we're going to have some excitement before we're through!"

! ("Troubled Waters") is the title of the next part in this gripping New Series, to appear in next week's MODERN BOY. You have had a taste of its quality in this week's story! Don't wait till it's too late to get it!

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