

FLYING WITHOUT AN ENGINE! (See page 9.)

The MODERN BOY

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2^d



GLIDING OVER THE OCEAN!

**COMPLETE
IN THIS
ISSUE!**

Abandoned!



At a word from Dandy Peter the oarsmen ceased to pull. He stood up and waved his hand. "King of the Islands, ahoy!" he shouted. The masking grin on his face told the castaways how little they had to expect from him.

Sail Ho!

FLASH!

King of the Islands started, and stared across the green expanse, dotted with coconut-palms and paw-paws, in the blaze of the tropical sunrise.

A bunch of palms, growing on the very edge of the tiny floating island on which he stood, leaned perpendicularly over towards the sea. A great mass of earth had plunged into the water, and the palms, loosened at the roots, were sinking over the verge. Ken Hudson watched them with a fascinated gaze. Slowly but surely the bunch of palms descended and descended, and there was a mighty splash at last as they crashed down into the blue Pacific.

"She's going!" said Kit Hudson.

"Feller ished le no stop!" remarked Koko the Kamiko, ceasing for a moment his operations on a juicy fruit of the paw-paw.

King of the Islands realized. He, his comrade Kit, Koko, and Lulu, a Kamiko native, had been wrecked on this island over a fortnight. Now it was breaking up, visibly, under their eyes.

How many months, or years, that great detached mass had floated on the surface of the ocean the castaways knew not, nor means of guessing. But its day was coming at last!

The fierce hurricanes which had wrecked King of the Islands and his comrades, and smashed the canoe in

which they were travelling to fragments, had shaken the floating island to its very centre. Almost every hour great masses broke off from it and floated away or sank. The mangroves in which they had landed in the storm had almost wholly gone. The palm-groves that had bordered the isle on the other side were falling away. Here and there great cracks and fissures yawned in the earth. But in the centre the vast bayan,

was drifting—whither, Ken could not tell. Caught in some current of the Pacific, the island drifted on, and there was hope, at least, that it might drift into the track of ships, or

There was no sign of a sail, no trace of a steamer's smoke. As far as the eye could reach stretched the sparkling blue of the sea, till it met the rim of the horizon. The floating island and the four castaways were lost in a blue immensity.

The island, breaking up piecemeal, was drifting—drifting, and turning slowly as it drifted. Whither, Ken could not tell. Caught in some current of the Pacific, the island drifted on, and there was hope, at least, that it might drift into the track of ships, or that it might crash, at last, on the shore of some isle of the Pacific.

But day followed day, and only the boundless blue met the anxious eyes of the castaways. And day by day their floating home was slipping away from under their feet.

Ken had shifted the camp to the centre of the floating island, between the great bayan and the rain-pool. But there had been no rain since the storm, and the pool was drying up under the fierce southern sun, only little patches of muddy water remaining here and there. Food, of a kind, was in plenty—coconuts and wild yams, the fruit of the paw-paw, and pigeons snared by the shore in nets of vegetable thins plaited by Koko's canning hands. But the water was drying up, and only the milk of the drinking-nuts remained to supply its place. And day by day the floating island

North and south, east and west, the Pacific stretched blue and boundless. There was no sign of a sail, no trace of a steamer's smoke. The floating island and the four castaways were lost in a blue immensity! Breaking up piecemeal, the island was drifting—whither, Ken could not tell!

The boy leader of the South Seas—young Ken King and his companions were to go for an adventure this week. He likes to think for young fellows, or old ones for the matter of that, have ever been called on to experience. A rattling fine pair

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CHARLES HAMILTON.

stood as firmly as ever, a grove in itself, its immense roots holding the floating island together.

"She'll last some time yet," said Ken.

"And then?" said Hudson.

"Before then we may be picked up."

King of the Islands stood up and swept the sea with his keen eyes. North and south, east and west, the Pacific stretched, blue and boundless.

Abandoned!

(Continued from previous page.)

grew smaller as more after more became detached and plunged into the sea. The waves washed now where the castaways had camped their first day on the island.

On the trunk of a palm by the camp Ken cut a notch every morning with his knife, to keep count of the passage of time. There were fifteen notches now on the slender stem. Fifteen days had passed since the castaways had been thrown on the strange island that drifted with the ocean currents.

On the shore—which was now within a short distance of the great bay—an, and growing closer and closer with each passing day—lay a raft. Every day the castaways laboured at the raft—their only hope if the island should break up before rescue came. Saplings, trimmed by the knives of the Kanakas, were crossed and re-crossed, bound together by pandanus fibre.

But the raft was a last and desperate resource. Afloat on the raft, provisioned with coconuts and yams, the plight of the castaways would be a desperate one. But no sail showed on the sea; and the castaways watched in vain for land—watched for a sight of land while on land themselves!

"While there's life, there's hope," said Kit Hudson cheerfully. No danger could damp the spirits of the clever Australian.

King of the Islands nodded; but his sunburnt face was thoughtful. He was thinking of his hotel, the Dawn, moored at the coral wharf at Lalinge; the Hiru-Oa boys waiting for the return of the white master who did not come. He wondered whether he would ever tread again the boat deck of the Dawn.

"We're short of the wild man, at any rate," said Hudson. "What do you reckon has become of him, Ken?"

"He may have gone with some part of the island that's gone since we've been on it," said Ken. "We've seen nothing of him for a week now. If he's still on the island, he's lying very low."

Kalo-halihalenga glanced round. He was afraid of this wild man, an escaped convict from the French penal settlement in New Caledonia, whose crazed mind saw harm in the castaways.

"Dibble he stop?" he said.

"You yeah?" said Ken. "I tell you the wild man is noibble, but a convict escaped from New Caledonia—a Frenchman called Jean le Diable."

Koko shook his head.

"No Frenchman," he said. "Feller dibble! Feller Frenchman he no 'low! along island all same nitoo."

"He's crazed," said Ken. He tapped his forehead to make his meaning clear to the Kanaka. "Brain bolting him no walk about any more."

"No tikee, ear," said Koko.

To Koko and Lalo, the Lalinge boy, the strange, crippled inhabitant of the island was a "dibble." But "dibble" or not, he seemed to have vanished from the island since the night when Ken had fixed at him and

wounded him. His wild howls had not been heard again, and the creeping, misshapen figure had not been sighted. Either he had been terrified into skulking in deep hiding, or he was gone from the floating island.

"Dibble he stop along island, all time island he stop," said Kalo-halihalenga, as Koko was called in his own language. "Supose we no watch, eye bolting on, dibble he come along night, makes kah-kah along us plenty too much altogether."

Ken smiled and tapped the revolver in the holster at his belt.

"Dibble he plenty 'fraid along gun," he remarked. "Supose we doobie, you swab, what name he 'fraid along gun?"

Koko made no reply to that; but he shook his dusky head, unconvinced. To Koko and to Lalo the wild man of the island, crazed by solitude, living the life of a wild animal in the bush, was a "dibble"; and at night the Kanakas secretly closed their eyes, in their fear of the lurking "nitoo."

For several days King of the Islands and Hudson had hunted for the crazed convict, but they had not found him nor any trace of him. He had deserted his old den under the big banyan, and the last trace of him had been picked up in the grove of palms on the edge of the island, which had since fallen away into the sea. It seemed likely enough that Jean le Diable had gone with them, and the castaways could not help hoping that he had; though there were still many tangled and shadowy nooks where it was possible that he had hidden himself from their sight.

From Lalo, the Lalinge boy, clinging, sixty feet up, to the stem of the notched palm, came a sudden shout.

King of the Islands looked eagerly up at the Lalinge boy. Clinging to the swaying palm with one hand and both feet, the "boy" shaded his eyes with the other hand and stared west across the blue, still sea.

"He can see something!" exclaimed Hudson breathlessly.

"Ahu!" shouted Ken. It was plain that the Lalinge boy, swinging high over the heads of the castaways, could see something on the far waters that was hidden from those on the earth below. "You feller Lalo! What name you sing out?"

Lalo looked down from the palm. "Feller sail he come?"

"A sail!" shouted Hudson.

His eyes were dancing. "Feller cutter he walk about along sea," shouted the Lalinge boy.

"Oh, good luck!"

King of the Islands scanned up the swaying palm with the activity of a monkey and swept the sea with his eyes. And he gave a shout as he caught the glancing of a white sail against the red sunset in the west.

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Signal Smoke!

A SAIL!

Ken shouted the words in joyous tones.

It was good news to the castaways. For long, long days they had watched in vain for a ship; and now Ken's eyes saw the white shapes of a sail.

For several minutes he clung to the palm and watched the sail. It was bearing down upon the floating island from the northwest, the little vessel almost hidden by the huge, billowing canoes. On its present course, the cutter would run right down to the island. Ken's eyes danced as he watched it. He glistened down the palm at last and dropped to the earth.

"Feller ship he come?" asked Koko.

"Feller cutter he come plenty quick along island," said Ken. "Yes feller Koko, Lalo, you light feller fire plenty too soon, makes signal along cutter."

"Tear?"

"Didn't I say that while there was life there was hope?" grinned Hudson. "We're in luck after all. If they see us—"

"They'll see us," answered Ken. "They must see the island already. They can't miss a smoke signal."

The castaways worked quickly.

A stack of dry wood was soon kindled into a fire and damp wood placed on top, sending up a thick column of smoke that eddied in the breeze and floated away to the blue sky.

Thick and dense, in black eddies, the smoke rolled upward—a signal visible for many miles across the sea.

The sun was sinking to the horizon; the west was in a flame of purple and gold and crimson. But there was ample time for the cutter to make the island before the sun's rim dipped and darkness checked the ocean.

Anxiously the castaways watched for the sail, which was soon seen from the ground. The great mass of canoes—huge for so small a craft—was a joyous sight to their eyes. Lalo, the Lalinge boy, was dancing in his glee, at the prospect of being taken off the island where a "dibble" lurked in the weeds and cannibals. Koko twanged joyously on his ukulele, his most precious possession, which he had saved from the wreck of the canoe fifteen long days ago. Larger and larger leaped the white pillar of smoke that swept out of the red northeast.

But Kalo-halihalenga suddenly ceased to strum and sing.

"Feller island he no stop?" he claimed.

The floating island was drifting out of the course of the oncoming cutter. Ken's brow grew anxious for a moment.

The cutter had been making direct for the island when he had sighted the sail from the top of the palm. But the island was drifting, and faster than the castaways had supposed. Unless the cutter changed her course, she would not make the island after all, but would sweep by a mile or more to the west.

"But they must see the smoke!" exclaimed Hudson.

"They must have seen it," said Ken. "But they might take it for a native fire, and fear cannibals! My aintie Sam! She's changin' her course! She's bearing down on us!"

The oncoming cutter altered her course, and was making the island directly again.

"They understand," said Hudson.

"Ay, ay!"

Ken chuckled.

"I fancy that skipper is a bit paniced, if he doesn't guess that the island is what."

"He wouldn't guess that in a hurry."

"Not likely!"

Kao-lah-lah-sang's whistle twanged again, and his powerful voice woke the echoes of the island.

Closer and closer the cutter swept, till the castaways could catch glimpses of figures, tiny in the distance.

But the brightness faded out of the face of King of the Islands. There was something familiar to his eyes in the cutter that was sweeping down on the floating island—and it grew more and more so as the leaning pillar of canvas swept closer and closer.

"My Sam!" he muttered.

"Wherever she is, she'll pick up shipwrecked men," said Hudson. "The skipper will be a white man."

"I know that craft," said Ken quietly. "Look at the way she looks over under that last of sail. That's Dandy Peter's cutter from Lukow."

"Dandy Peter!" ejaculated Hudson.

"Peter Parsons—and that's the Sea-Cat!" said Ken. "You saw her at Lukow, Bill."

Hudson whistled.

"After all, we saved Dandy Peter's life at Lukow, when the niggers had him in their hands," he said.

"That wouldn't make much difference to Dandy Peter. He would only think we feeds for our palms," said Ken bitterly. "He's more likely to remember that we stopped him from drowning Captain Mac and stealing his ship. That's the sort of thing Dandy Peter will remember."

The Australian compressed his lips.

"He couldn't be villain enough to abduct shipwrecked men."

"I hope not; we shall see."

But there was no hope in King of the Islands' face now. Well he knew the callous nature of the dandy of Lukow.

His hand strayed to the revolver in his holster. He had still a few cartridges left.

"If he comes ashore, we've a chance," he said. "If he refuses to take us off the island, we shan't stand an ceremony with him. But—"

He said no more, but waited in silence.

The whistle was silent again. Kao-lah-lah-sang had recognized the cutter of the Lukow seafarers, and his opinion was the same as his white master's. He did not expect help from Dandy Peter.

The cutter came sweeping and tearing down to the island, with the rocklessness that was characteristic of Peter Parsons, and swung suddenly into the wind. As the sails dropped, a slight, neat, dapper figure leaped into view aft, and a pair of keen eyes swept the group of castaways standing by the big banyan.

It was the dark, handsome, wicked face of the Lukow seafarer that the castaways saw. And the look of recognition that leaped into the dark face told that he knew King of the Islands.

Dandy Peter grimmed.

For a long minute he stood, staring at the castaways, and then turned. They could see, though they could not hear, the scoldingly calling out order to the Lukow boys who manned the cutter. A minute more, and a boat was putting to the shore, a single Lukow boy pulling a pair of oars, and Dandy Peter sitting in the stern with a ride across his knees.

"Come!" said Ken ironically.

He walked down to the shore, followed by Hudson and the Kanakas. They stopped at the water's edge, waiting for the cutter's boat.

But the boat did not reach the shore. At a word from Dandy Peter the oarsman ceased to pull, and the boat stopped a dozen fathoms out.

Dandy Peter stood up and waved his hand. The mocking grin on his face told the castaways how little they had to expect from him.

"King of the Islands, shay?" he shouted.

"Alay!" shouted back Ken.

The boat edged a little nearer. But Dandy Peter was evidently taking care that it did not come near enough to be within reach of any desperate attempt of the castaways.

"Where's your ketch, King of the Islands?"

"At Lalling."

"Then you're not wrecked?" asked Parsons, puzzled.

"Wrecked in a sense, in the hurricane fifteen days ago," said King of the Islands. "You'll take us off this island, Captain Parsons?"

"You've got no craft?"

"None!"

"Then I reckon you're hooked if you ain't taken off that island," said the captain of the Sea-Cat.

"I'll pay for a passage to Lalling or to Lukow, or any island where I can pick up a ship," said Ken.

Dandy Peter grimmed unpleasantly.

"Will you pay me the value of the cargo on Captain Mac's brig, that I should have handled if you hadn't crossed my ketch?" he asked mockingly. "If you can pay to that tune, I'm your man, King of the Islands. If not, I'm not taking passengers this trip."

Ken set his lips.

"You refuse to take shipwrecked men off a desert island, Captain Parsons?"

"And you call yourself a white man?" shouted Higgins, as the seafarer laughed without replying. "I've laid my stock-whip round you once, Peter Parsons, and I'll live to lay it round you again."

"You were plenty too handy with that stock-whip when you had the

Ken running towards the canoe, with pole gripped, the raft resting nearby.
"Bash, you want?" he shouted.

Abandoned!

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upper hand. Kit Hudson," grinned the sea-lawyer. "You filler boy, you wimpy-wimpy along either."

The boat glided back to the Sea-Cat.

"Filler Parsons he plenty bad filler," measured Koko. "No good filler along Lukree."

Ken dropped his hand to his revolver.

He was quite prepared, had it been practicable, to force the Lukree sea-lawyer to give him a passage on the cutter. But Peter Parsons had the whip-hand. He looked back, watching the group of castaways, as the boat glided away, and the Winchester was in his grasp, half-raised, ready to sweep the group with a stream of bullets had King of the Islands raised his weapon.

Ken's hand fell away from the gun.

In grim silence, with a black bower, he watched the boat recede the cutter. Dandy Peter leaped lightly on board the Sea-Cat; and the boat was hooked an anchor at the end of a line. The Sea-Cat was not large enough to carry a boat; and Dandy Peter was accustomed to tow his whaleboat astern, like many other small vessels that traded among the islands.

Up went the circling majama of the cutter. As the sun dipped to the sea, the Lukree cutter was under way again, sweeping on, and the last glimmer of the sun showed the little, dapper figure of Dandy Peter waving a mocking hand at the castaways he had abandoned.

In the Night!

HERE was deep gloom in the camp of the castaways that night, under the shimmering jewels of the Southern Cross.

King of the Islands would not allow himself to give way to dependency; but he was silent and grim. Hudson was in a bitter mood, longing for vengeance upon the Ruthless sea-lawyer who had left them to their fate. Koko and Lulu grieved their souls in gloomy silence.

The visit of the Lukree cutter had left the castaways no worse off than they had been before. But it had made them feel their situation more bitterly and keenly. The hope of rescue had been dashed before their eyes, and vanished never again. Black and bitter were their feelings towards Dandy Peter of Lukree.

By chance—a chance

in a thousand—a vessel had sighted the island that drifted on unknown currents in trackless seas. It was a chance that was not likely to recur. And that chance had failed them, and left them more hopeless than ever.

"My sainted Sam! I could wish that I had shot that lubberly swab in his boat!" King of the Islands snarled.

"That wouldn't have saved us!" said Kit, with a faint smile.

"See—but—well, it's no good grouching. But if I meet that swab again on dry land or a deck—"

Ken clenched his hands hard.

Splash!

From the gloom of the night came a deep,ullen splash as another mass of the floating island became detached and plunged away into the dim sea.

A tremor ran through the earth under their feet.

"Filler island he no stop!" snarled Koko-lalulalanga; and there was a squall of alarm from the Lingding boy.

"We've still got the raft!" said Ken, and he stretched himself on his bed of palm-leaves to sleep.

The night was hot. But the palm-wood door of the hut was closed and fastened. Likely as it seemed that the wild man was no longer on the floating island, the castaways took no chances. Koko and Lulu, at all events, were assured that the

"dabbie" of the island was still at hand, and every night, when darkness fell, they feared to hear his savage howling or the heavy dragging of his crippled limbs as he crept and crawled.

King of the Islands slept soundly enough. He was dreaming of the Dawn, dreaming that he stood on the polished deck of oak, with the tall cedar mast leaning and heading before the trade wind, when he was suddenly awakened.

"Little white master!"

It was Koko's trembling voice.

King of the Islands started up instantaneously.

"What—?"

"Filler dabbie he come!"

Ken was on his feet in a second, his revolver gripped in his hand. He listened intently. No sound came to his ears through the night save the wash of the Pacific on the crumbling shores of the floating island.

"No hear nothing, ear belong me," said Ken.

"Me hear, ear belong me," whispered Koko-lalulalanga. "He no come along hut; comey along shore."

Ken listened again, intently. Painfully from the distance he heard a sound, from the shore where the waves were breaking.

"My sainted Sam! The raft!"

"The raft!" repeated Kit Hudson. The Comonuk was wide awake now. "It's the contact, and he's at the raft!" King of the Islands dragged away the palm-wood screen from the doorway of the hut. "Filler on!"

Ken ran out swiftly into the dimness of the starlight. From the black shadows of the banyan he ran towards the shore. His revolver was gripped in his hand. On the shore, only thirty yards distant now from the banyan in the centre of the island, as fast were the waves cutting away their floating home, lay the raft, the outcome of a week of heavy labour, last resource of the castaways.

The dim, uncertain light bathed over the horn eyes of King of the Islands; but he made out a black shadow that stirred by the margin of the sea; and he could hear a heavy dragging sound. That one man could shift the heavy raft had not appeared possible to the castaways. But they had not allowed for the human strength of the crazed savit.

The raft was already at the water's edge, lapping in the curling waves, and a dark, hairy, misshapen figure stood upon it, grasping a long pole.

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A Tariff of Payments for flying-men who are willing to risk their lives and honor in the making of sensational drama films has just been issued by the Hollywood picture "kings." Read it—and wonder!

Changing planes in mid-air \$20
Changing from plane to train 20
Changing from motor-car to train 30
Changing from motor-boat to plane 50
Parachute jump 10
Upside-down flying 20
Upside-down flying, man on landing gear 30
Fight on upper wing, one man knocked off 40
Double parachute jump, two men on one parachute 30
Crashing planes by flying into trees, houses, etc. 200
Changing planes while upside-down 90
Looping the loop with man on centre 100
Collision of motor-car and train at level-crossing 30
Head-on collision between motor-cars 50
Spinning plane to earth in crash 240
Blowing up plane in mid-air 300

Abandoned!

(Continued from page 8.)

Crack! King of the Islands, raising his hardest, cried as he can. A savage yell answered the shot. Kea pointed on.

The wild man of the island was not gone, as he had hoped. For days and days he had lain in hiding, watching the castaways from the distance. His fear of them was greater than their fear of him, though Kea was well aware that it was only his bare arm that scared off the crazed malefactor. Undoubtedly he had watched them at work on the raft, watched them day by day, though he has never ventured near their camp since the night when Kona's bullet had struck him through the palisaded wall of the castaways' fort.

He was dragging and pushing the raft into the sea. Even his crazed brain understood the meaning of the tremblings that ran through the floating island, and understood that at any hour his drifting home might break up and plunge him into the waves. And the last resource of the castaways was now in the hands of the madman; and even as Kea raced furiously down to the shore, he floated off on the calm waters.

Kea fired again and again.

Wild yells from the wild man of the island answered him—yells of savage ferocity.

But in the uncertain light, the crooked, leaping and bounding like a wild animal on the raft, was a difficult target, and Kea knew that he was not hit. Twice King of the Islands stumbled over sprawling roots as he raced down to the shore and rolled over, only to leap up again and rush on. But every second was precious now. He reached the sharp edge of the island; but the raft was about six feet from him, and the interval of water widened every moment.

Kea raised the revolver and took steady aim at the wild figure on the raft. It was no time to think of sparing the madman—the lives of the castaways might depend, at any moment, on the raft, with the island breaking up under their feet. He aimed point-blank and pulled the trigger.

Crack! There was no report. His last cartridge had been expended. Kona's teeth came together hard. The few cartridges that remained of his little stock were in the hull.

The wild man, driving furiously with the pole, shoved the raft farther off into the water. He had no time to reflect. He only knew that if the raft was lost, it was more than likely that all the lives on the floating island would be lost. He made a desperate leap, and crashed on the raft, even as it was gliding out of reach. His hands grasped at it and held, and he dragged himself on it, but the impetus of his leap drove it farther out, an eddy of the current caught it, and it shot away from the shore.

"Kea!" yelled Kit Hudson.

The Australian reached the shore, breathless, panting. He stared out into the darkness of the sea.

"Kea!"

The voice rang across the waters, but it did not reach King of the Islands. The raft, whirling on the eddying current, had shot off almost like an arrow, and it was already lost to the Cornstalk's sight. He shouted, and shouted again, but no answering shout came back. He strained his eyes wildly across the dim waters. If he could have seen the raft, he would have made a desperate attempt to reach it by swimming. But the raft, the madman, and King of the Islands were swallowed up in shadow.

Kit Hudson groaned aloud. King of the Islands was gone! Koko-halihaloong, passing, reached the Cornstalk's side, as he stood staring with haggard eyes into the night that engulfed up his comrade.

"Debbie he gone?" said Koko, through his chattering teeth.
"Debbie he no stop? Debbie he take King of the Islands along sea. Aie, aie, aie."

The wailing cry of the Hauaka rang eerily in the night. Koko-halihaloong, his faithful heart heavy with grief, was mourning the little white master whom he never expected to see again; the little white master who had been taken "along sea" by the "taiso" of the floating island. Hudson did not hear him. He stood as if turned to stone, his eyes fixed upon the shadowed water, seeking for a sign of his comrade, and finding none.

Adrift with the Madman!

KING OF THE ISLANDS, on his knees on the rocking raft, held on to the pandanus cords that bound the palm fronds together. The raft rocked and plunged wildly, and the sea washed over it from side to side. At the other end of the raft the wild man stood, crouching on his one sound leg, the long palm pole in his strong hands. His sunken, glittering eyes watched Kea, sparkling under his thick, hooded brows.

One blow of the pole would have buried King of the Islands into the sea, or cracked his skull like an eggshell; and for the moment Kea had his hands full to keep on the rocking, plunging raft, as it spun in a whirling eddy.

But the wild man did not draw near to him. He had not forgotten the force of the revolver that was still gripped in Kea's right hand, and which he did not yet know was useless.

He remained at his own end of the raft, twenty feet from Kea, watching him like a wild animal, alert, vicious, ferocious.

Kea watched him in return, as he clung to his precarious hold; but he soon saw that he had no immediate attack to fear. It was the crazed convict who was in fear of an attack. Kea clambered farther on the raft, and rose to his feet at last. The wild man crouched back to the farthest extremity, his eyes gleaming with the light of insanity, fixed on the boy's legs.

Only a sailorman could have kept his footing on the raft as it rocked and plunged. But Kea stood easily,

and his glance swept round towards the island he had quitted. It had vanished from sight.

High above, in the blue dome of the sky, stars twinkled and glittered; but they did not reveal the tall palms, the mighty banyan. The floating island was gone. The raft was moving rapidly, whirled along in some current. But short his teeth hard. He had made his desperate attempt to save the raft, only to be carried out upon it to the open sea, with the madman of the island for company.

But he did not give up hope. The island would be in sight at dawn, and he would make it again, on the raft, if he duly survived that wild night. Paddles, shaped by Koko's cunning hands, were fasted in their places; the raft was not wholly at the mercy of the waves. The pole in the madman's hands had been born for a road to carry a coil of plaited pandanus fibre. Once the dawn came—

But dawn was still far distant, and King of the Islands, far from his comrades, was alone on the raft with a madman.

As he stared round in the darkness, seeking to pick up a sign of the lost island, a motion of the gulf warned him, and he sprung round to face the wild sea. The wretch was creeping towards him, dragging his crippled leg as he crept, the pole gripped in his hands. Kea levelled the revolver.

It was useless, unended now, and soaked with water. But it had not lost its spell for the crazed mind of the wild man. Twice he had been struck by bullets from the firearm, though the wounds did not seem to have sapped his giant strength. And his crazy mind did not realize, so far, that the weapon was now an empty threat.

With a burst of terror the wild man leaped away, leaping on his sound leg with the activity of an island goat.

Once more he retreated to the extremity of the raft, where he crouched and watched the boy trader with a mingling of ferocity and terror. Kea's heart beat quickly.

For the time, the empty revolver horrified the demented convict. But if he guessed the truth—that the firearm was harmless now—there would come a struggle, and only too well Kea knew the fearful strength of the wild man in whose grasp the sturdy Australian had crumpled like an infant. King of the Islands, with hands of iron and muscles of steel, had held his own in more than one desperate fight; even Dally Bussen, of the schooner *Shark*, had gone down before him; but he knew that he had no chance in a hand-to-hand struggle with this wild man. So long as John Barker, the comrade of New Caledonia, dreaded the revolver he was safe, but no longer than that. Kea would have given the golden treasure he had lifted at Paloo for one of the carriageways left in the hut on the floating island.

The raft rushed and whirled on, the sport of the unknown current that bore it along. But it was floating level now, and the waves no longer washed over it.

The Southern Cross hung low on the horizon. The wind was fresh from the northwest, but the sea was calm. Ken sat down on the logs, his face to the grits, terrible figure twenty feet away from him, never taking his eyes from the wild man. Once, when the watch made a movement towards him, he lifted the revolver again, and the wild man struck and crunched back, babbling strange words in his sharp teeth.

A long, long hour wore away. The night seemed endless; and King of the Islands prayed for dawn to come. But dawn was still far away.

The wild man stirred again. His deep-banked, glinting eyes watched the boy trader, and the gleam of meaning in them struck Ken. Craned as he was, the convict had the cunning of a crazy man, and the fact that King of the Islands did not fire upon him became significant, at last.

The convict had dropped the pole. It lay on the raft behind him, and he seemed to have forgotten it. Stealthily, dragging his useless legs, he crept and crawled nearer to the boy trader—with the heavy dragging sound that Ken remembered so well—the sound he had first heard when the wild man was prowling round the hut on the island.

Ken watched him, nervously for the terrible struggle that was close at hand. Closer and closer the wild man crept. There was a splash in the sea beside the drifting raft, and Ken's eyes turned for a moment upon a black fish that shone over the surface in the starlight. In spite of his courage, a shudder ran through him. Beside the raft a shark was swimming, as if some instinct had drawn it there, telling it that the prey was coming.

The wild man was only a few feet

short of his shoulder, sending him spinning sideways.

The raft was rocking wildly, and the wild man went plunging along it into the sea. There was a sudden splash and a choked yell.

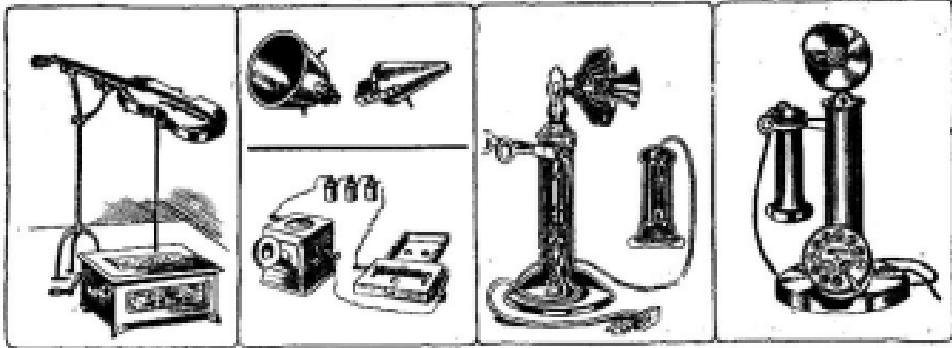
"My saluted Son!" panted King of the Islands.

He thought of the shark. The convict's hands grasped the edge of the raft, and he was clambering furiously back to safety. There was a ripple on the water behind him, gleaming like silver in the star-shine. Through the rippling water a hideous snout showed for a second. It was only the fact that a shark must turn on its back to bite that saved the convict. He had a second, and in that second he scrambled furiously on the raft, and the snap of the terrible jaws missed him by inches.

Dropping with water, rolling with rage, the wild man leaped at King of

THE GREAT IDEA—

Stories of Men who Changed the World.
No. 6.—THE TELEPHONE.



The telephone, now the bane of Charles Wheatstone, a Manchester engineer, who discovered that it is possible to send messages by means of a liquid and it will respond to the vibrations of the human voice, was invented by a man named Bell. His invention, first made in 1875, has revolutionized the world. The telephone, as it appears to-day, is shown in the bottom picture, above, in the original Bell telephone.

A great advance was made by Bell in 1876. He caused a disk, set into vibration, to move in front of a magnet, and the resulting current of electricity, the sounds of a violin being played before the disk, was transmitted by telephone. This telephone, which Bell called the "harmonic telegraph," is shown in the second picture, above, in the original Bell telephone.

Stephen Bell took out a patent on this, and when he learned his telephone of 1876 was being used, he regarded it as a toy and refused to have anything to do with it. The telephone, however, became very popular for a short time. Bell applied for an improvement. From 1877 to 1879 he worked hard to perfect his telephone. Finally, in 1879, he got his "improved" telephone, as Bell's voice name through.

From that day Stephen Bell, inventor, was an omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent, and the carrying-power of the telephone has been added to until it can now carry voices from one place to another. In America and England, two billion telephone calls are made up "clicking" the queer number on the dial.

to him. He made a crushing movement towards the boy trader, and his feet and sprang upon him. Ken lifted the revolver again, but with a sinking heart. He realized that the useless weapon was losing its spell.

This time the convict did not retreat. He stopped where he was, watching King of the Islands; and long minutes passed. Then he crept a foot or two nearer, and Ken made a motion of pulling the trigger. But the wild man did not move; crooked as he was, he understood now. The fear was gone from his looks; only ferocity blazed in his sunken eyes, and with a sudden tiger-like spring he covered half the distance that separated him from Ken.

King of the Islands set his teeth, and gripped the revolver by the barrel, to use it as a club. He knew that the struggle for life or death was coming now.

distant, where Ken leaped suddenly to the other end of the raft.

Cash! The heavy revolver-butt descended upon the wild, hairy head, and a scream of rage and pain broke from the convict.

King of the Islands clutched his savage clutch, and passed him, leaping to the other end of the raft.

He thrust the revolver into his belt, stooped over the palm pole, and grasped it in both hands. He swung towards the convict, with the pole raised.

"Back, you scum!" shouted King of the Islands.

The wild man was leaping after him. The heavy pole came down with a crash, aimed at his head; and had the blow reached his aim, the crooked convict of New Caledonia would have been stretched lifelike on the raft. But the madman dodged the blow, and it missed his head, and

the Islands, with claw-like hands outstretched, the pole came crashing down again, but this time the convict escaped it; and Ken had no time to lift it for another blow. The wild man was upon him, and he dropped the pole to defend himself, giving grip for grip as the savage clutch closed upon him.

"Le mort!" yelled the convict, his hairy lips drawn back from his teeth in a snarl like that of a wild beast. "Le mort!"

King of the Islands fought fiercely for his life.

Locked in a deadly grip, the boy trader and the wild man struggled and fought, rolling over and over on the rocking raft, washed deep in the sea that flooded over the frail structure; and as they fought, and the raft rocked and shifted, beside it swam the shark—patient, watchful, waiting!

Abandoned!

(Continued from previous page.)

From the jaws of Death!

A SUDDEN rush of water choked King of the Islands, and involuntarily he relaxed his grip on his enemy. At the same moment he felt himself released.

The struggling foes had rolled to the edge of the rocking raft, and it had tilted under their weight; and, still locked in that deadly grip, they rolled together into the sea.

But as if by some instinct they lessened their grip as they plunged deep down. Water closed over the head of King of the Islands. He struggled—not now with the steel-like, gripping arms of the crazed comate, but with the water that choked and blinded him. His foe was lost to him in the deep water; whether he was near or far, King of the Islands did not know; and it was not the thought of the wild man that was in his mind; it was the thought of the shark, the still more terrible enemy, that was dogging the raft.

The plunge bore him deep down; and it seemed to Ken that his lungs would burst before he struggled to the surface again and his mouth charged to draw in gulping draughts of the life-giving air.

But almost before his lungs were filled, his eyes were searching round him, for the black fin, the white belly, the shearing jaws of the demon of the deep.

A sound rang across the water to his ears—a fearful cry that thundered in his ear-drums. He knew what it was, and a shudder ran through him. But with his horror, thankfulness

was mingled. The cry was not repeated. King of the Islands knew that no human ear could ever hear again the yell of the wild man of the Floating Island.

The boy trader swam with powerful strokes. In the deep shadows of the sea the raft had vanished from sight. Whether he was swimming towards it, or from it, the boy trader had no means of guessing; but he carried himself to his utmost, clearing the water with vigorous strokes, to escape from the shark whose fearsome jaws had already claimed one victim. Every moment King of the Islands expected to feel the rush of the torpedo-like brute—to feel the snap of the rough skin, or to hear the snap of the shearing jaws.

Overhead the stars gleamed prettily in a sky of deep blue velvet. Their beams were reflected on the surface of the sea—he seemed to be swimming between two heavens, sprinkled with stars. But the starlight did not reveal the raft. He had escaped the shark, but he had lost the raft; and he was adrift on the vast Pacific, to float so long as his strength lasted; and then—

Into his mind came the thought of Dandy Peter and his captor—Dandy Peter of Lukwe, who had abandoned the castaways on the Floating Island. It was to this that the Lukwe lawyer had left him—to the drowning wash of the sea, to the jaws of the sharks who would suck him out as he floated. He was lost—lost beyond hope, and he knew it. But he still swam—the will to live was as strong as ever, though all hope was lost.

His thoughts were getting confused, crowding dimly upon one another. He was still swimming, but it was from instinct, without thought—that instinct which urges all living

things to keep alive. But his strength was going—it was almost gone; and round him was only the cruel sea, over him the shining, pitiless stars. And the stars were dancing now before his dizzy eyes; sea and sky were swimming round him.

As in a dream, he felt his hand close upon a rope that dragged through the water. He was dreaming—delirious—for whence could come a trailing rope in the midst of the desert Pacific? Yet his grip clung on the rope with the tenacious clutch of a drowning man. He was dragged up from the sea as the rope tautened—how and why he knew not. Then again, suddenly, came a wave of clamor to his dizzy brain; and he knew what he was grasping—the shock of a rope that towed a boat behind a larger vessel—a rope that shrank and sank in the sea when the boat drifted closer to the ship, and rose and tightened when they drew farther apart.

And King of the Islands, too far gone now for a cry, clung to the trailing rope, and worked his way along it till his hands felt the boat at the end of it. He grasped the low gunwale, and with the last ounce of strength, dragged himself over it, and rolled into the boat and sank down insensible.

And if Dandy Peter, of Lukwe, awoke under the mosquito net on the deck of his captor, dreamed, he did not dream that King of the Islands was in his wake, lying in the boat that towed astern of the Sea-Cat, as she cut the rollers of the Pacific!

King of the Islands has a chance to pay off with Captain Dandy Peter, and now there comes to you a chance of life doing so. If you want to read how he fares next Monday, order your MODERN BOY—MARCH 12.

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