

The MODERN BOY

EVERY MONDAY
Week Ending October 23rd, 1928.

No. 25.
Vol. 2.

2d



THE CATAPULT AIR MAIL! (See page 3.)



The SEA-COOK!

The little Chinese advanced, knee-fowling deeply. "What is it?" asked Ken, "Quick—we're busy here!"

Danny Asks for It!
CRASH! The inquirer tumbled in the hands of Danny, the Kanaka cook of the ketch Dawn, and coffee and eggs went to the deck together.

There was a smacking of crockery and a splashing of hot coffee, and a roar from Kit Hudson, the young Australian mate. The coffee had splashed over his knees, and this linen trousers were not much defence against the steaming fluid. Hudson leaped to his feet.

"You clumsy scrub!" he roared. Danny jumped back. Ken King, the boy owner of the ketch, rose from his deck-chair. He, fortunately, had escaped the steaming coffee, but he could understand and sympathize with the feelings of his shipmate.

"You black lubber!" he exclaimed. "What name you spill fellow coffee along fellow legs belong white master!"

Danny backed farther off. "No savvy, sar!" he answered.

King of the Islands—as Ken was known throughout the South Seas, where he sailed in search of trade-eyed him sternly. Such an accident—if it was an accident—would have earned the cook-boy a stiff rope's-end from almost any other skipper in the South Seas. And Danny did not even say that he was "pleasy solly." He did not even look sorry. There was a lurking grin on his brown face as Hudson hopped with pain and mopped at his steaming trousers.

"You no savvy?" exclaimed Ken sharply. "No, sar!" And Danny, without waiting for an order, poked back with his bare feet to his tiny galley. And there his valor was heard a minute later raised in stinging; and

the Hiva-Oa seamen, as they heard his song, exchanged glances and grinned at one another.

Kit Hudson went below to change his trousers. The Australian had been powerfully tempted to pick up his stockship and lay it round the bare brown limbs of the cook-boy. But he took it for granted that the spilling of the coffee was an accident, and he restrained his wrath.

But Ken, as he sat in his deck-chair after his comrade had gone below, and waited for his breakfast—which did not arrive—looked grimly thoughtful.

King of the Islands knew the

COMPLETE SOUTH SEA YARNS!

Wherever he sails, the boy owner and skipper of the ketch Dawn— young Ken King—finds Peril and stirring Adventure.

CHARLES HAMILTON,

in his own fascinating way, relates what befalls when Ken engages a new Sea-Cook!

Kanaka through and through; the strange, irresponsible nature of the children of the South had few secrets for him. The "boys" who sailed with King of the Islands all came from the island of Hiva-Oa, in the Marquesas, and they had sailed long with the boy trader and were devoted to him. Danny, the cook-boy, had been as devoted as the rest. But since King of the Islands had returned to his ketch, after a long absence, there had been a change in

Danny.

For long weeks the ketch Dawn had been moored at the coral wharf of Lalings while King of the Islands was

away. Ken had returned, and had not been surprised to find that the crew, loyal to him as they were, had spent their days in loafing and chewing betel-nut, with a cheerful and stolid neglect of all their duties.

With a Kanaka crew, the "master's eye" was everything. But immediately the "little white master" returned to his deck the Hiva-Oa crew turned to with shrewd willingness, and decks were scrubbed and metal polished, and things began to look shipshape again. Ken knew the Kanakas too well to complain of what was naturally to be expected of their infatigable nature. As soon as he trod the plank deck of the Dawn discipline was restored, and that was enough for him. But the cook-boy was an exception.

For several days, while the ketch was getting ready for sea, Danny, the cook, had been on his worst behavior.

Ken was surprised, for hitherto his crew had been happy and contented. But he knew the signs. A Kanaka who is dissatisfied with his master does not tell him so. He will sulk or never say that he wishes to go. But he will proceed, by a series of conspiring blunders and accidents, to force his master to send him away.

When the eggs were half cooked or doubly cooked, when the game was burnt, when the biscuit was dripping with water or burning with pepper, Ken recognized the infatigable signs that Danny was asking for the sack.

But he had been loath to recognize the signs. It was a point of pride with King of the Islands that no native boy ever wanted to leave his ship. He preferred to think that Danny was still suffering from the effects of his long spell of liberty.

while his master was away. But the accident with the coffee that morning settled the matter. Trivial offenses having failed to produce the desired result, Danny was going further.

King of the Islands was puzzled. A Kanaka boy acting in such a way was generally under the influence of some white man who wanted to get him away from his master. Had Danny been an efficient seaman, or a good punt-driver, or an experienced boat-sweeper, Ken could have understood it; or even if he had been an extra—specially good cook. But Danny was nothing but a cocky-boy; and not by any means a specially brilliant cocky-boy. A dozen such cocky-boys could have been picked up on the beach at Lallage any day. No other white skipper was likely to be yearning for Danny's services; no white planter or trader on the island was likely to want him. So it was not the usual cause that produced the effect.

So Ken was quite puzzled. But if Danny was asking for the kick, Ken was quite prepared to give it to him, even if he had to go to sea without a cook. It was an awkward time for engaging a new boy for the galley, as the ketch was to sail that afternoon. But a word passed along the beach would fill the vacancy; the job that Danny appeared to despise would be highly prized by any cocky-boy who happened to be at Lallage out of a berth.

Ken decided to speak very plainly to Danny when he came up with the breakfast. But he did not come. His voice was heard from the galley, singing; a song on three notes—a sort of interminable chant. The Hira-Oa boys grinned and nodded to one another as they heard it, and cast covert glances at their white master.

Ken's brows grew grimmer. He knew a good deal of the Hira-Oa dialect, but not enough to understand the song of the cocky-boy, which was largely in abusive phrases and colloquialisms known only to the Islanders. But that the seamen understood it, and knew that Danny was mocking his white master, was clear. Ken knew well the old trick of the natives of insulting a white man by phrases worked into a song, sung under his unconscious nose. And if Ken had doubted, the look that came over the face of Kiko-lalulalunga, the great boatman of the ketch, would have enlightened him. Koko—as the skipper called the boys—knitted his brows blackly, showed his white teeth in something like a snarl, and picked up a thick bamboo.

"You feller Koko!" called out Ken. "Yesus!" Kiko-lalulalunga came up. Evidently he had intended to head for the galley when he picked up the bamboo; but he came out at once at the voice of the white master. "What name feller Danny he sing out along galley belong him?" asked King of the Islands.

Koko did not reply. "You savvy plenty?" asked Ken. "Koko savvy."

"You speak tongue belong you what feller Danny he sing."

Kiko-lalulalunga wriggled uncomfortably. It was plain that he shrunk from translating the song of the discontented cocky-boy.

"You speak plenty quick!" said Ken sharply.

"Feller Danny he sing little white master he plenty fool, feller Danny he no bring feller breakfast, feller Danny he make big laugh along spill coffee along white master Hudson feller treasurer."

"I thought so!" said Ken grimly. "Feller Danny he wantee leavum ship?"

"No tinkoo, sar."

"You savvy what name feller Danny he wantee leavum ship?"

"No savvy, sar! Tinkoo feller Danny plenty fool wantee leavum white master King of the Islands!" said Kiko-lalulalunga, simply.

"You feller Koko, you take stick, go along galley, plenty kill feller Danny all time he stop along ship."

Koko, grinning, answered: "Yesus!"

Almost with a bound, the Kanaka boatman reached the galley. The mocking song of the cocky-boy ceased at once.

There was a yell and a crash, and the cocky-boy came sprawling out on the deck, with a asceptan in his hand, which he had vainly grasped as a defensive weapon. After him came Kiko-lalulalunga, wielding the thick bamboo.

Whack, whack, whack! The cocky-boy reared and jelled and squirmed as the bamboo lashed on his bare limbs. He leaped up, yelling, and brand the asceptan at Koko. Koko caught it by the handle as it spun, swept it aloft, and brought it down with a crash on the thick head of the cocky-boy. A white man would have been stunned by the crashing blow; and even the cocky-boy was staggered. He gave a wild howl and fed madly along the deck; and Koko, grasping the bamboo, again pursued him. The Hira-Oa crew were roaring with laughter now, as they watched the chase. King of the Islands looked on with a grim eye; and Kit Hudson, as he



With his senses reeling from the effects of the drug, King of the Islands fired again and again down the hatch into the shadow below.

The Sea-Cook

(Continued from previous page.)

came up from below, stared at the scene.

Whack, whack, whack!

"You sing, you feller cook!" roared Koko. "You sing plenty had feller talk along little white master! My word! He make you sing plenty too much altogether!"

Whack, whack! Danny made a wild leap over the rail, and landed on the coral wharf on his hands and knees. Koko leaped the rail after him, still leaping with the bamboo. The hapless cooky-boy sprang up and roared along the wharf; and after him went Koko, laying on the bamboo with an energetic arm. Followed by roars of laughter from the Hiva-Oa boys and the loungers on the wharf, the fleeing cooky-boy and the Kanaka boatwain disappeared along the beach, the wild yells of Danny fluting back to the accompaniment of the resounding whacks of the bamboo.

The Sea-Cook!

WU-FU-WU stepped on board the Dawn that afternoon, as Ken was giving orders for the whaleboat to be manued, to tow the ketch out of the bay. The little Chinese—he was not more than five feet—appeared on deck with a bag of damage under his arm, and an irritating grin on his face, and his gleaming eyes glimmering under heavy lids. Kit Hudson was the first to spot him, and he called out at once:

"Here, you feller Chink, you beat it sharp!"

"Admirable Mister Captain—" began Wu-Fu-Wu.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Hudson. "Ken, here's a Chink with a message or something for you—from John Chin. I repeat."

King of the Islands glanced round. The little Chinese advanced towards him, bow-towing deeply.

"What is it?" asked Ken. "Quick, we're busy here!"

Ken supposed, like Hudson, that the little Chinaman had brought some message from John Chin, the Chinese trader of Lalage, from whose warehouses the ketch had been shipping cargo for the trip among the islands.

"Admirable captain!" said the seewoman, bow-towing again. "Mr Wu-Fu-Wu!"

"Well!" rapped out Ken.

"Me cooker. Wantee sailor along admirable captain," said Wu-Fu-Wu. "Me cooker best chop. Please captain say Wu-Fu-Wu good cooker. Me sailor along plenty captain. John Chin he like Wu-Fu-Wu cooker verry mucher."

Ken looked at the little Colonial, who stood smiling and bowing, as if worked by a spring. He had been very busy that morning, preparing for sea, and he had not taken, so far, any step towards replacing Danny, the cooky-boy.

Indeed, Ken had rather expected

that Danny would return to the ketch with tons of repentance and beg to be taken back; in which case the boy trader would have succeeded at once.

But Danny had not returned; and Ken would have been pained by that circumstance had he had time that busy morning to give the matter any thought. For Danny had thrown up a good berth, and was not likely to get one so good on any other craft, and certain not to get a better, but Danny had not come; and the ketch would have sailed without a cooky-boy but for the appearance of Wu-Fu-Wu on her deck. Kanaka cookery was not exactly like the art of a French chef; and one of the Hiva-Oa boys could have taken Danny's place temporarily, without much deterioration in the cooking. Still, Ken was glad to ship a cook before he sailed, instead of picking up a cooky-boy at Lau, the next stop.

"Mister John Chin he send like letter!" said Wu-Fu-Wu. "He think Wu-Fu-Wu please good cooker."

"If you've got a recommendation from John Chin, that's all O.K.," said Ken. "Give me the letter."

Wu-Fu-Wu groped among his loose garments and produced a letter. Ken opened it hurriedly and glanced at the contents. Any recommendation from John Chin was good enough for the boy trader.

"I recommend Wu-Fu-Wu as a good cook and an honest man."

"JOHN CHIN."

John Chin, though he talked in pidgin English, like other Chinese, wrote the language like a white man. Ken knew his hand well, and was satisfied. He dropped the letter into his pocket.

"You can hop into the galley, Wu-Fu-Wu," he said. "No time to talk now—if you don't like the berth you can hop ashore at Lau."

"Like verry mucher, admirable captain!"

"That goes, then!" replied Ken. And, giving no more attention to the little Chinese, King of the Islands turned back to his work. Wu-Fu-Wu glided away and disappeared into the galley.

Ken forgot his existence the next moment. The whaleboat was manued, and four Hiva-Oa men bent to the oars, to tow the ketch out of the passage in the coral reef.

None stood at the helm as the graceful ketch glided across the bay.

King of the Islands stood in the bows, with a watchful eye, occasionally calling to the Kanaka. Even in calm weather the reef at Lalage required careful negotiation.

Outside the reef the whaleboat was swung in and the sails hoisted. In a light breeze the Dawn glided away over the blue Pacific. King of the Islands set a course for the steersman and dropped, at last, into his deck-chair by the combing of the cabin hatch. The boy trader had had a long and hard day, and he was glad of a rest, and he was ready for tiffin. He needs that day had been two or three hurried matches.

He remembered then, with satisfaction, that he had shipped a cook. Chinamen often were good cooks; and it was quite probable that Wu-Fu-Wu would be an improvement on Danny.

"You feller cooky!" called out Ken.

Wu-Fu-Wu appeared immediately, as if by magic. His gliding, slippered feet made no sound on the deck. Almost before Ken had finished speaking, the little Chinese stood before him, bowing and smiling.

"Admirable captain he wantee cooker!" said Wu-Fu-Wu softly.

"I haven't had time to speak to you yet, Wu-Fu-Wu," smiled Ken.

And the boy trader proceeded to go into the matter of wages and rations, Wu-Fu-Wu smiling and nodding assent to every word. Evidently, the little Chinese was satisfied with his berth on board the ketch.

"But how did you know we wanted a cook on the Dawn?" asked Ken, rather curious on that point now that he had time to think of it. "I hadn't sent word along the beach."

"Me see cooky-boy run along wharf!" explained Wu-Fu-Wu. "Me see big teler whacker cooky-boy. Me tiber like sailor along admirable captain."

"I see. Well, I'm glad I've shipped you, Wu-Fu-Wu, and I hope you can cook."

"Cookeer verry please good, sir."

Ken and Kit Hudson took their meal on deck, under the glowing sun, as the ketch glided eastward towards Lau. That meal was rather a surprise to them. King of the Islands, young and healthy, and with the keen appetite of the salt water, had never given very much attention to matters of cookery, and he had been satisfied with Danny's rather crude performances in that line. But Wu-Fu-Wu's cookery was a revelation of the art.

"My Sam!" said King of the Islands, with a grin, to his shipmate. "We've shipped a chef this trip, Kit!"

"This beats the best hotel in Sydney!" answered Hudson. "Wu-Fu-Wu is a comic little beggar to look at, but he's worth his weight in parrot-shell. Several taste plates like these before!"

"Never!" said Ken, laughing. "And the turtle soup!" said Hudson. "My hat! It makes me feel like an oldman!"

"We've got a prize-pocket," said Ken. "But why the dickens does a cook like that ship on a trading ketch? He could get a berth on a first-class liner for the asking."

"Don't tell him so," grinned Hudson. "If Wu-Fu-Wu knew his value, we should lose him at the next berth!"

"If the goods keep up to sample, we'll double his wages," chuckled King of the Islands.

"Yes, rather. Shore the turtle this way again."

The two white masters were not the only ones who were pleased with the sea-cook. The Hiva-Oa boys grinned and watched their lips over their rations. Koko, the Kanaka, saw some that tasted as jams had never tasted

him before, though Koko himself would cook. He discovered business wisdom that made him grin with delight.

Nevertheless, Koko-lalulalonga eyed the Chinese cook several times, and once or twice dropped into the galley to speak to him, and each time he emerged with a thoughtful expression on his brown face. Ken noted it at last, and questioned him. Koko was, as he often said, no common Kanaka, and King of the Islands knew that he had "plenty savvy."

"You likum along new feller cook, Koko?" asked Ken.
"Likum feller kai-kai heap plenty, sar," answered Koko. "Feller kai-kai along new cooky-boy be plenty good."

"But the cook—you likum along cook?"

Koko was silent.
"You no likum?" asked Ken.
"No, sar!" answered Koko at last.

"No likum along feller cook."
"What name you no likum along cook?" asked Ken.

Koko scratched his head in a perplexed way.
"No savvy, sar," he answered.

"No savvy what name no likum—but savvy plenty no likum."

And with that Koko-lalulalonga went back to his trick at the wheel. Kit Hudson laughed.
"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell; the reason why I cannot tell" is the answer. "Why the dickens doesn't old Koko like that ripping cook, Ken?"

"Goodness knows! But"—Ken frowned thoughtfully—"Koko's got plenty savvy, and I think a lot of his opinion. But the man must be all right; he's recommended by John Chin, the whitest Chinaman in the Pacific."

Ken picked the letter from his pocket and glanced at it again. This time he examined it more attentively. His brow became more thoughtful, and he handed John Chin's letter to Hudson.

"Looks square to me," answered the Australian, after glancing at it.
"My hat! You don't think Wu-Fu-Wu has written himself a recommendation, do you?"

"No; but—er—John Chin's writing, or twin brother to it; only John Chin always uses a special sort of rice-paper for his correspondence, and this is ordinary mate." Ken parkered his brow. "A man might be able to copy his fat without being able to get at his private supply of paper."

Hudson whistled.
"He might. But why—to get a job as cook on a trading ketch? A cook like Wu-Fu-Wu could have got a berth on the best steamer that ever put into Lalage."

Ken nodded, and dropped the letter into his pocket again. Koko's instinctive distrust of the sea-cook, which the Kanaka himself could not explain, had made Ken for the moment suspiciously alert. But he dismissed the doubt with a laugh!

Treasury!

FROM Lap the Dawn sailed southward, in the vast spaces of the Pacific between Samoa and the Society Islands. At many an atoll,

little known and seldom visited, King of the Islands had conversations with native chiefs, and picked up bags of copra and pearl-shell, in exchange for glass beads, pocket-knives, trade-hoes and bells, and other goods that took the fancy of the simple islanders.

As day followed day on the sunny sea, and island after island was visited and dropped astern, Wu-Fu-Wu settled down in his place as sea-cook, and was no longer regarded as an arceuter. Chinese as he was, he made friends with the Kanaka crew—appealing to them chiefly through their stomachs, for never had the

different ways, all of them excellent. He made coffee like a magician, as Kit Hudson said; he made cooling drinks that were like a dream on a hot day—and most of the days were hot.

The Dawn was more than a week out of Lalage when, one blazing morning, Wu-Fu-Wu came bowing to the little after-deck, with a lacquer tray containing jug and glasses. There was a swell on the sea, and the Dawn was pitching a little to the long rollers of the Pacific, leaning over to the wind; but the little Chin was as active as a cat, leaping and balancing and never in danger

THE NEW STAMP COLLECTING.

GOOD-LUCK STAMPS.

By F. J. MELVILLE.

President of the Junior Philatelic Society.

YOU may have read, as I did the other day, of that strange riot among the schoolboys of Bangalore, the capital of the Indian native State of Mysore.

The trouble began over some supposed interference with a Hindu idol which had been removed from the school compound and placed inside the school building so that the boys could worship it without disturbance to themselves and others.

The Hindu god was an old friend of mine, Ganesha by name. I have long since learned to respect other people's religions, and it is in no spirit of irreverence that I write of Ganesha as an old friend. It is thirty years or so since I made his acquaintance, soon after the Indian State of Dattin (sometimes spelt Datin) began to issue its own postage stamps.

All the stamps of this state, from the beginning in 1893, depict this divinity



Two of the quaint stamps of Dattin, India, showing Ganesha—the god of Good Luck in the estimation of Hindu schoolboys.



acquainting in a meditative attitude. Let us study the quaint figures on the stamps.

You will see Ganesha in a hefty fellow, with the head of an elephant and four hands and arms. Ganesha, the story goes, lost his original head, which was cut off in anger by the god Shiva, but another god did what he could to repair the loss, by substituting an elephant's head.

Ganesha has only one task, for he lost the other in a great struggle with Rama of the Aho. Most of these details you can see from the stamps, although these stamps are crude little things printed at a small native press in Dattin town.

Ganesha has ample claims for the devotion of the Hindu schoolboys, for he is the god of wisdom and of good luck, the patron of learning, and the remover of difficulties.

In many respects he compares with the Egyptian god Thoth, shown on the Egyptian stamps of 1833, who was the god of wisdom and learning, and the inventor of writing, and the scribe of the gods!

rations on the ketch been so palatable to the Hiva-Oa boys. Only Koko retained some reserve towards the smiling, bowing, ingratiating little Chin, and even Koko-lalulalonga seemed to forget his instinctive distrust as day followed day and the sea-cook continued as he had been at first—smiling, polite, obliging, deferential—and a wonderful cook.

At every island at which the Dawn touched fresh supplies of some sort were obtained, but canned beef was a staple article of diet, as throughout the South Seas. Wu-Fu-Wu had a magic way of dealing with canned beef, which he prepared in a dozen

of losing his footing. Hudson was taking a trick at the wheel, and Ken stood speaking to him, and neither observed the sea-cook till he was close at hand with the wonderfully balanced tray.

"Mistal admirable captain!" murmured the Chin.

Ken turned his head and smiled. It was homemade, cool almost as ice, that the jug contained—delicious on that hot morning. More than delicious was a change from a draught of tepid water.

"Mistal admirable captain likee distance!" murmured Wu-Fu-Wu.

The Sea-Cook!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Mister admirable mate be like drinkee also mazer?"

"You're a jewel, Woo!" said Hudson. The name of Wu-Fu-Wu had been cut down to Woo for general use after the first day. "Mister admirable captain and mister admirable mate like drinkee so and, and thinker you admirable cookes."

The Chink grinned and bowed. A word of praise seemed to make Wu-Fu-Wu wriggle with pleasure like a cat that is stroked.

Ken and Hudson drank gladly of the cool lemonade, that had a lingering favour of aromatic spices. Wu-Fu-Wu was incessantly performing little unasked services like this, often for the crew as well as the white masters.

Having received back the glasses

After serving the drinks he went down the companion into the main cabin—a proceeding that drew no attention, as Woo had many duties to perform in the white masters' quarters.

The ketch glided on before a slight breeze, Hudson at the wheel, Ken standing by the binnacle chatting to his comrade, and Koko lollying on the hatchway combings and twanging his ukulele, and singing in a soft crooning voice a song of Honolulu.

King of the Islands gave a deep yawn. He smiled as he noticed Hudson in the act of doing the same thing.

"Hot!" he said.
"And sleepy!" said Hudson. "I shall be glad when Koko takes his trink. I've never felt so thumping sleepy in the day-time before. I'll be glad to roll on my mat on deck."
"I'm feeling just the same, and I

knackling his big black eyes with a drowsy look. Ken glanced at him.

"What's the matter with you, old coffee-bean?" he asked.

"No sorry, sar," Koko answered, blinking, perplexed. "Feller sleep he come along me, me no sorry what name feller sleep he come."

Huup! Lompokdoko, who had been standing by the rail, lurched and fell on the deck. Ken started forward.

"Here, you feller boy, what name you fall along deck?" he exclaimed. His impression was that Lompo had chawed too much boat-meat.

Lompo did not answer. He rolled over, half-consciously pillowed his head upon his arm, and snored. Ken stared at him. He stared at the other three Hiva-Oa men. One of them, going down into the tiny fore-cabin of the ketch, stumbled on the step, fell headlong, and lay where he had fallen. The other two had not

THE GREAT IDEA— Stories of Inventions that Changed the World. No. 8.—THE STEAMSHIP.



One of the first experimental steamships was built in 1783 by James Watt, who in 1784 produced with the best shown in upper cabinet. When Watt's invention was first used in the Humber in 1801, it was the first steamship to be used in regular service. The first regular service of the Humber was in 1801.



The paddle steamer Savannah crossed the Atlantic in 1819 and claimed to be the first steam vessel to do so, but it was her only voyage. She was built in 1817 and was used in regular service. The paddle steamer was the first steamship to be used in regular service. The first regular service of the Savannah was in 1819.



Then came the screw propeller, introduced by James Watt in 1784. It was the first steam vessel to use the screw propeller, which replaced the paddle wheels. The screw propeller was the first steamship to be used in regular service. The first regular service of the screw propeller was in 1801.



The Great Eastern was the largest steamship of its time, built in 1850. It was the first steamship to be used in regular service. The first regular service of the Great Eastern was in 1850.

from the admirable captain and the admirable mate, as he persisted in calling them, Wu-Fu-Wu did not immediately retire. He stood wriggling and bowing.

"Lefty and admirable captain like drinkee Wu-Fu-Wu mazer?" he asked.

"Topping," said Ken, with a smile.

"Wu-Fu-Wu he make please; like give along Kanaka spooze giant and admirable captain be likee."

Ken laughed.

"Serve it out forward by all means," he answered. "You're a good little Chink, Woo."

"Spooze admirable captain he likee Woo, Woo he velly happy," murmured the sea-cook.

And he glided away with his tray, and a few minutes afterwards served out his aromatic lemonade to the Hiva-Oa boys.

had plenty of sleep last night. I suppose it's the best."

There was no doubt that it was hot. The breeze was dying down, and it looked like a calm coming.

King of the Islands glanced over the sea, blue and shining, with a haze of heat on the horizon.

"Looks like a calm before night," said Hudson, yawning deeply.

"My hat!" he ejaculated. "Am I going to sleep at the wheel? Blessed if I understand this, Ken! What's coming over me?"

"What's coming over me, too?" exclaimed Ken, rubbing his eyes again. "It was fairly wedding!"

For a moment, sea and sky seemed to shift their position and whirl, to the eyes of King of the Islands. He pulled himself together with an effort. The twang of the ukulele ceased. Koko sat on the combings,

down on the deck, heedless of their duties, and lay back against the teak rail, nodding.

Sleep had seized on all the Hiva-Oa boys, and it was sitting upon Ken—strange, uneasy, unexplainable, restless.

There was a heavy fall. Koko, the giant Kanaka, had stilled helplessly off the hatchway combings and collapsed on the deck. He struggled against the sleep that was overpowering him, and sat up, clutching at the combings for help.

"Koko! What—in Heaven's name, what—?" Ken's voice died away in a whisper.

"No sorry, master?" groaned Koko, his big black eyes staring wildly at King of the Islands. "Me no sorry what scary along me. Me takee aiboo-dabibi he comey along ship."

(Continued on page 16.)

The Sea-Cook!

(Continued from page 8.)

get! No no wance sleep—feller sleep be comey along me plenty too much strong altogether."

Koko sank back on the deck. A shudder ran through his frame as he made one more desperate effort to resist sleep; but he failed, and his head sank to the polished teak planks, and he slumbered.

Ken staggered back to the binnacle. The deck was floating under his feet, or so it seemed. He missed his footing, staggered, and fell to his knees. Mists swam before his eyes. It was but a few steps to the binnacle; but in his present state it was to the boy trader a journey of toil and pain and suffering.

Kit Hudson's rugged, bearded face swam before his eyes. He had been going to speak to Hudson, but when he reached him no words came. He found himself standing helplessly, staring at the Australian, wondering what he was doing. Yet what Hudson was doing was plain enough, had not Ken's eyes and brain been swimming. The Cornstalk, unable to resist the deadly grip of sleep that was upon him, was lurching the helm.

Slowly, with terrible slowness and still more terrible determination, for his hands felt like lead and his brain was numb, the Cornstalk secured the helm, to save the ship from yawing when the wheel dropped from his relaxing grasp—as he knew it must soon drop. With terrible slowness, but from resolution, he worked—and the helm was lashed—and a second later Hudson reached and fell at full length, at the feet of King of the Islands!

The Last Struggle!

KING of the Islands laid a hand on the binnacle for support, and gazed round him with wild eyes.

He sighted a bucket of water amidships, from which the Kanakas had been drinking, plunged towards it, and dipped his burning face into it. The water was tepid; but it seemed delightfully cool to the boy trader, and the cool plunge revived him a little. His brain seemed to clear as he lifted his face, dripping with water.

What had happened? He must not lose his senses—do must not—he kept telling himself. And yet he knew that it was coming! He alone, of all on board, retained his senses, unless Wu-Fu-Wu, the sea-cook, had escaped the strange sleep that had fallen like a blanket on the ship.

Wu-Fu-Wu! As he remembered the Chink, a glimmer of the truth came into King of the Islands' mind.

Treachery!

He knew it now. That cooling drink—that cool and aromatic lemonade which Wu-Fu-Wu had served out to white masters and crew alike! That drink, of which every man had partaken, was followed by this! Like a blinding flash, illumination came to the dazed brain of King of the Islands.

White men and brown men, on

board the gliding helix, far out in trackless seas, were dragged—only the yellow man, skulking in some corner, was grinning and chuckling with glee, waiting for the drug to work—waiting for the moment when the ship should be at his mercy.

Ken reeled against the mizzen, clatching his temples.

He knew it now—he did not need proof—proof apart from the fact that his men lay as senseless as logs, and that the powerful drug was creeping over him and overpowering his own senses. Koko had distrusted that yellow demon, and he had not heeded Koko. In a few minutes more he would be as senseless as the rest, struggle as he might, and there—then—

What was the demon's object? To seize the ship, that was certain, and clear—to scuttle her, perhaps, and escape in the boat with what he could lay his hands on—or—so he was in league with some crew of scoundrels, waiting for a chance to run alongside in a lugger or a cutter. That was more likely. Was this the first time the grinning little fiend had played this treacherous game? Many were the ships that had gone to sea and never returned, their fate unknown.

The rage that possessed King of the Islands, now that he knew how he had been tricked, helped to steady him. A forged letter from John Chin had lulled him into security, and the sea-cook had chosen his moment well, when the helix was on the point of sailing, so that the cheat could not be discovered in time. But had he, after all, succeeded? King of the Islands fought back the influence of the drug, and dragged the revolver from his hip pocket and gripped it in his hand.

He was not senseless yet, and he would find the traitor before he fell, and him and kill him; and when the drug passed he would be master of his own ship again.

With the revolver gripped in his hand, he started for the galley; but he stopped. His brain was clear for the moment. He remembered that the Chink had gone below into the main cabin; he knew why now. The treacherous rascal was hiding—hiding away below until the poison worked. King of the Islands would not find him in time, if the cunning Oriental could prevent it.

Taking a grip on himself, fighting back the creeping drug with average resolution, King of the Islands lurched to the hatchway, and almost fell down the ladder to the cabin. But he landed there on his feet; and his fierce eyes gleamed round for Wu-Fu-Wu. The Chinaman was not to be seen.

He dragged himself into the little state-room amidships where were the two bunks that belonged to him and his mate. Was the skulking demon there? A roar filled the little room with deafening noise. Ken did not know that he had fired till the booming at the report almost stunned him. At what had he fired? The Chink was not there.

He turned and staggered out of the state-room into the main cabin

again. At the other end of the cabin, aft, was the lanarrette and store-room. It was there that the Chink would hide—it was there that he would find him. Ken dragged himself the length of the cabin, and suddenly found that he was on his knees. He did not attempt to rise to his feet again; he knew dimly that if he did he would fall, and that that would be the end. On his knees he dragged himself into the dusky lanarrette. Trade-boxes and rolls of tobacco-sticks—trade goods and canned goods—but the little empty space amid the stores was vacant. The Chink was not there.

Ken groaned aloud in misery. Where was the yellow devil skulking?

The hold—there was a trapdoor into the hold, where the water-casks were stacked in tiers. That was where he would find the Chink—harking in darkness, like the rat he was.

To lift the trapdoor was impossible in his present state; at the first effort Ken sank across it, almost senseless. But he dragged himself across of fury and despair, and a sudden up and stroke again—and a sudden sense of fury and despair seemed to give him strength, for he found the trap open and himself on his knees staring down into the dusky hold—dark, shadowy, rocking of helix.

Did he see a yellow face, with starting, mocking eyes, peering and gibing at him from the shadows below? He thought to see it, and fired. He fired, and fired again, and yet again—pressing the trigger now with his eyes closed, a weight as of lead upon the ribs, so heavy that he could not lift them. He was pressing the trigger once more when he lurched sideways and fell on the cabin floor, and the revolver dropped from his hand.

One more effort King of the Islands made—once a slender ran through his steady limbs, shamed now in the deadly drug. Then he lay still. His eyes closed, his body motionless, King of the Islands lay like a log.

And still there was no sound, no movement; nothing but the creaking of the spars on the helix that glided before a dying wind. The sea-cook was cautious and cunning; he was giving the poison ample time. For half an hour Ken had lain there senseless, when there was a soft tread on the ladder from the hold, and the watchful face of Wu-Fu-Wu emerged above the level of the cabin floor.

He grinned as he looked at the still form of the boy trader, and stepped out into the cabin, senseless in his slithered feet. Soft as a cat, he crept up the companion and glanced out into the blazing sunshine of the deck. Then he pulled back to the cabin, and stood over the boy trader, grinning down at him. Wu-Fu-Wu, the sea-cook, was master of the helix, and of his feet, senseless and helpless, unconscious of his fate, lay King of the Islands!

(Now that he has Ken King and the crew of the *Prize* in his power, what does the treacherous Wu-Fu-Wu plan to do? Read next week's thrilling complete story of the South Sea Boy's fight to save his MOTHER BOY in advance—50¢ per issue.)