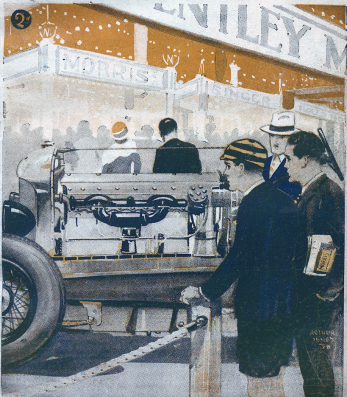


RESULT OF "MISSING LINES" COMPETITION.

The MODERN BOY

EVERY MONDAY,
Week Ending October 13th, 1920.

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MOTOR MARVELS AT OLYMPIA! (See page 3.)

Prisoners of the Dawn!

The sea-cook was now master of Ken King's ketch, the Dawn! That little grinning gnomo, scarce five feet high, single-handed had seized the ship! The yellow-skinned pirate held the lives of captain and crew in the hollow of his hand!

A Magnificent King of the Islands Story, by
CHARLES HAMILTON.



Crash! The sea-cook struck the sea-cook and flung him sprawling to the deck!

Wu-Fu-Wu Takes Control!

WU-FU-WU!
King of the Islands— young Ken King, owner of the ketch Dawn, in which he traded in the South Seas— stood blankly at the Chinese cook's. For the moment he did not understand.

Wu-Fu-Wu was sitting on the edge of the cabin table in the main cabin of the Dawn. One of his legs was crossed over the other, and on the ground knee he rested a slim sword, with Ken's revolver in it. He sat like a grinning little yellow gnomo as he sat there, swaying a little to the motion of the ketch, his staring eyes fixed on King of the islands.

King of the Islands was sitting on a floor, facing him. The drag that had robbed him of his senses had ceased—its effects seemed to have faded completely. But for the moment Ken did not remember. A dazed feeling was in his arms. An impulse to move there he discovered as they were bowed behind his back.

With that discovery came a rush of recollection!

He was a prisoner on his own ship! He had been dragged—as Kit Hudson, his mate, and Koko, his boatswain, and his Hiva-Oa crew had been dragged by that cunning little yellow demon who had slipped on board the Dawn as cook!

And while he lay unconscious Wu-Fu-Wu had bowed his arms with tapa cord—as no doubt he had done with the others. Wu-Fu-Wu, the sea-cook, was master of the Dawn—for out on the rollers of the Pacific, far from any island or port—far from intervention.

That little grinning gnomo, scarce five feet high, whom King of the Islands could have crushed in the grip of his hand, had seized the ship—single-handed. He held the ship, and the lives of captain and crew, in the hollow of his hand.

The look that came into the eyes of King of the Islands might have scared many a man. But the little Chinese only grinned.

Ken staggered to his feet. His hands were secured as if in steel manacles, but his feet were free. He lurched as the ketch rocked on the long Pacific rollers, staggered, and lung Pacific rollers, staggered, and brought up against the lockers that

ran along the side of the cabin. Wu-Fu-Wu made a significant motion with the heavy Colt revolver resting on his knee. One slim yellow finger was on the trigger.

"You scum!" said King of the Islands huskily. "You breathe scum! If my hands were free—!" He wrenched savagely at the cords.

"No can blanke," said Wu-Fu-Wu. "S'posse you blanke legs, we shooter kill-dead. What you tinkse?"

Headless of the threat, Ken wrenched furiously at his bonds. King of the Islands was strong and sturdy, and he exerted all his strength. The perspiration started out in beads on his forehead. But the effort was in vain. The tapa cord was strong, and it had been wound about his arms and knotted with skill. It gave hardly a fraction of an inch. Exhausted by the effort, King of the Islands bowed back against the lockers, his eyes gleaming fiercely at the sea-cook.

Wu-Fu-Wu had watched his strenuous efforts with cool, smiling eyes. The revolver was ready if King of the Islands succeeded in breaking loose! But the sea-cook knew that he could not break loose. He grinned at the crimson, enraged face of the boy trader.

"No can blanke legs," he said, placidly. "You all light! Kit Hudson be all light! Big Koko be all light! Hiva-Oa boy be all light!"

Prisoners of the Dawn!

(Continued from previous page.)

Mr. Wu-Fu-Wu, masted all leaved. What you tinker?"

"You heathen scum!" muttered Ken helplessly. "You yellow swab, you've seized my ship!"

Wu-Fu-Wu nodded. "And do you think you'll get away with it?" exclaimed King of the Islands.

"Me tinker," answered Wu-Fu-Wu calmly.

"Can you sail the Dawn single-handed?" said Ken between his teeth. Even now he was a witness of the success of the Chinaman's cunning scheme he could not see how the little yellow rascal was to "get away" with it. The ketch required four hands to sail her; but one man—and he a cook—could not handle her, especially in a breeze.

But Wu-Fu-Wu seemed to have no doubts. He sat on the edge of the table and grinned at King of the Islands in evident enjoyment of the situation.

"Makee nutree boy 'boy ordel," he said. "Pleasoe sail ketch along Sulu'ua. What you tinker?"

"Sulu'ua?" Ken remembered the name of an uninhabited atoll lying in the great sea between the Philippines and Tahiti. It lay a day's sail off the course of the Dawn.

"You yellow swab! There's nothing but an open beach at Sulu'ua, and not a man on the island, white or black," said Ken. "A ship doesn't touch at Sulu'ua once in five years!"

"Me seaves." "Then what—" But Ken broke off with the question unasked. It was because Sulu'ua was an uninhabited desert island that the sea-cook intended to head the captured ketch there.

"Friends waites along Sulu'ua," grinned Wu-Fu-Wu.

King of the Islands had already guessed it. Some gang of Chinese sea-thieves were in league with the sea-cook. Sulu'ua was the rendezvous.

Ken felt a spasm of rage. With cool assurance, the sea-cook had waited till the Dawn was so near Sulu'ua as her course was likely to take her before he had struck the treacherous blow that placed the ship at his mercy. Ever since the ketch had tumbled out of the bay of Lallage, Ken had been pulling her—closer and closer to Sulu'ua—for the benefit of this Chinese pirate. Only when the Dawn would have glided on past Sulu'ua on her way to Papete had Wu-Fu-Wu come out into the open and struck.

Wu-Fu-Wu grinned delightedly at the rage in the boy trader's face.

"White man great fool!" he said complacently. "Li'l Chinese waites white man leaved fagel. What you tinker? Five—six—seven Chinese waites along Sulu'ua."

"You scum!" muttered Ken bitterly. "And if you sail the Dawn to Sulu'ua—I'd rather see her sink to the deepest bottom of the Pacific—but if you sail her there, what then?"

"Takee 'long China See," answered Wu-Fu-Wu.

"And—uh?" "Big Sakoe in sea pleastes hungry," said Wu-Fu-Wu. "Big fishes in sea be likee Jordan. What you tinker?" He grinned like a gnom. "Pleasy paint ketch along Sulu'ua—makee altogether new shippes, you seavey. Chinese shippes, Chinese crew, Chinese shippes. Allee Chinese! Allee seavey pleastes shippes before. What you tinker?"

He slipped from the table and glided across to the companion ladder. Ken caught his breath hard. He knew the whole game now!

The ketch, beached at Sulu'ua, was to be repaired, altered in every possible way, beyond recognition; and this Chinese pirate would sail her as a Chinese ship, with a Chinese crew and Chinese papers—or forged papers from Hong-Kong. The deep Pacific would hide the captain and crew he had replaced. Dead men tell no tales! But not till the ketch was safe at Sulu'ua would the sea-cook venture upon a greater crime than he had already committed. On the open sea there was always a possibility of sighting a British or French gunboat, or of some trading skipper running alongside for a friendly "game."

Wu-Fu-Wu, cunning as a serpent, merciless as a shark, was running no unnecessary risks. If disaster fell upon him before he reached Sulu'ua, he had no lives to answer for—prison would be his lot; and no doubt he had seen the inside of a prison before now; nor was a prison likely to hold long the cunning Chinese. But once Sulu'ua was reached the lives of the white men and Kanakas on board the Dawn were not worth a fathom of shell-money.

Ken understood it all, and his eyes were in a blaze. It was useless to wrench at the strong tapa cords that bound his arms behind his back. But though his hands were fast, his feet were free. One hotly kick would haul the little Chinese across the cabin. King of the Islands would not have had the slightest hesitation in trampling the life out of the little demon who had seized his ship.

But Wu-Fu-Wu was not to be caught napping. As the boy trader swung towards him, he whirled round from the companion, and the revolver in his hand flashed up to a level, looking King of the Islands full in the face.

"No can!" grinned Wu-Fu-Wu! His slanting eyes glittered over the weapon.

"You swab!" muttered Ken thickly.

"You great fool!" said Wu-Fu-Wu.

A NEW COMPETITION

—MAGNIFICENT

PRIZES—

COMING SHORTLY!

(See page 28.)

"Sponsor you waites live, you sponsorly sold along me."

And he slipped up the companion to the blissing cabin on the deck.

In Merciless Hands!

KING OF THE ISLANDS stumbled up the companion to the deck. He came out into the glare of sunlight and stared round him.

"Ken?"

It was Kit Hudson's voice. The Australian lay on the little after deck, his arms bound with tapa cords like Ken's. He was as helpless as the boy trader, and even more enraged, to judge by the expression of his rugged, bronzed face.

Ken stumbled across to him, feeling strangely clumsy with his arms bound.

"He's got us, Kit!" said the boy trader grimly.

"That blinking little yellow deevil!" said the Cornstalk, with deep disgust and rage.

"Little fellow Chinese plenty big seller!" said Koko.

The big Kanaka boatman lay by the hatchway combings, bound even more thoroughly than the white men. Wu-Fu-Wu had had ample time while the opiate held his victims a thrall, and he had done his work with patience and skill. The mighty limbs of Kainialakalaka—Koko's aboriginal—were helpless.

Ken glanced at the Kanaka.

"Me go asleep?" said Koko. "I seavey what name me go asleep. Seavey me go asleep?"

"We were dragged, of course," said Hudson.

Ken nodded, and looked along the deck. Forward, the four Hira-o women sat on the deck. All of them had recovered consciousness, as their brown faces expressed after their willpower. Every man had his arms tied behind his back with tapa cords.

Wu-Fu-Wu had gone to the wheel. He had edged the ketch to port, far as he could without trimming the sails. But the breeze, which had been dying down all the morning, was almost gone now. The boat moved slowly through a squall of sea.

Wu-Fu-Wu secured the wheel, at for some moments staring up at sky, and fixed his slanting eyes on faint blur of cloud to the south.

The two white men watched his silence. Wind was what the Chinaman wanted to drive the ketch. Sulu'ua. In a breeze, the deevil was only a day's sail off, course the Dawn had been making. Tahiti. But in this light and the wind, even if it lasted, progress slow. And if there came a calm, Chinese pirate was baffled—so far the white men could see.

So far, there was only one hitch in his plans. The dying wind delay the run down to Sulu'ua. Instead a day's sail, it might be three, four, or more than that. It circumstance gave a gleam of hope. King of the Islands. Every hour, previous to the boy trader, who days were numbered by the law of the run to Sulu'ua.

Wu-Fu-Wu padded forward on

at feet. He stood and looked at the Hiva-Oa boys, who re-
 sists with unconscious and fear-
 ful faces blanched as he
 the cook's knife from his belt.
 caught his breath as he looked
 and the sea-cook changed his
 Desperate mortal as he was,
 could not intend to leave
 alone on board the ketch. To
 Hiva-Oa boys there was no doubt
 his intention, and their white
 shattered. They had to doubt
 the Chinese was a cannibal, and
 he was thinking of kai-kai.
 his black eyes awam with terror
 he looked at him and the long
 blade in his hand.
 You fellow Lompo!" said Wu-Fu-

Wa, ear!" stammered Lompo-
 wa. "You please no kill, ear!
 Oa boy he make plenty bad

And for a yellow man the Kanakas
 had no such awed respect as he had
 for a white man. The thoughts of
 the Kanakas were easy to read in his
 face; and the smiling placidity of
 Wu-Fu-Wu's look changed to a stare
 of cold and stony ferocity.

He came closer to the Hiva-Oa boy,
 the long knife poised in his hand.
 Lompo backed away from it. With
 the soft tread of a cat, Wu-Fu-Wu
 followed him up.

Twice or thrice was Lompo tempted
 to leap upon him, risking the knife.
 But each time he backed away
 instead. The strength of his power-
 ful arms would have been useless
 against the swift stab of the razor-
 like blade, and he knew it.

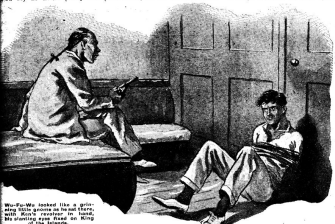
He backed and backed, the Chinese
 following him up, his slanting
 eyes gleaming ferociously over the
 pointed knife, till the trunk rail of the

he looked at King of the Islands as
 he passed him. The white man stood
 bound and helpless, unable to help
 him. Ken gave him a curt nod. It
 was useless for the Kanakas to dis-
 obey the sea-cook, even if he had the
 nerve to face death for disobedience,
 which he certainly had not. But the
 hapless Hiva-Oa boy was glad to re-
 ceive his master's permission to carry
 out the orders of the sea-cook.

He took the helm, standing there
 like a bronze statue. There was no
 hope of help from him for the white
 masters; the fear of the little fleet
 of a Chinese was too fearfully strong
 upon him.

Wu-Fu-Wu bent over Lufa. He
 cut the tapa cords that bound the sea-
 man, and motioned him to rise.

"You take lopo along me," he
 said.
 What he had seen had been lesson



Wu-Fu-Wu looked like a grim-
 acing Hiva-gaon as he sat there,
 with Ken's creature in front,
 his staring eyes fixed on King
 of the Islands.

had. Naha-hiva boy he good kai-
 Hiva-Oa boy he too plenty bad
 kai altogether."

Wu-Fu-Wu stared at him, and
 asked his relentless chuckle.
 "You Kanaka boy plenty fool!" he
 said. "Chines no make kai-kai
 you Kanaka fellow. Chines civilized
 is. You plenty great fool!"

Lompo eyed him with relief,
 and with doubt. He was glad
 that the Chinese were not
 cannibals; but he did not like the
 look of the razor-edged cook's knife.
 "He wanted you takes him!" said
 Wu-Fu-Wu. "You boy could 'long
 me as me cuttie you along small
 me. You survive!"

Wu-Fu-Wu slid the knife-edge over
 the tapa cord, and Lompo-lookme was
 free. He rose to his feet. The Hiva-
 Oa boy towered over the little Chinese.
 His heavy arms could have
 crushed him till the bones cracked.

Lompo stopped the retreating Kanakas,
 and he could go no farther. He
 backed against the rail, the point of
 the knife almost at his breast. It
 seemed to be the Chinaman's inten-
 tion to drive him overboard; and
 Lompo knew, without looking, that
 the fin of a shark glided over the
 water. His brown face became
 almost grey with fear.

The other seamen looked on breath-
 lessly; from aft, Ken and Kit and
 Koko watched in tense silence.
 Lompo did not speak; but his look
 was beseeching. There was the
 cruelty of a tiger in the slanting eyes
 of the Chinaman.

"You great fool!" he said at last,
 in a hissing voice. "You think you
 so 'big' Chinese. You takes
 helm!"

Lompo-lookme, perspiring with
 mingled relief and dread, padded
 away on his bare feet to the wheel.

enough for Lufa. He was prompt in
 his obedience.

The sea-cook looked at the other
 two Kanakas, and seemed to consider.
 But he shook his head. He was tak-
 ing the risk of letting loose two of
 the crew to handle the ketch; but
 he could dispense with the others if
 the weather remained calm, as to all
 appearance it would. He pointed to
 the forecastle.

"You goy down!" he said.

The two seamen went obediently
 into the left little forecabin of the
 Dawn. Wu-Fu-Wu closed the door
 on them and secured it. Then, with
 the help of Lufa, he tramped the
 deck. With the dying wind on her
 quarter, the Dawn glided north-east
 towards distant Naha'ua, but with
 every puff the wind grew fainter.
 King of the Islands gave his ship-
 mates a grim smile.

"We're lucky to be on a wind-

(Continued from previous page.)

hammer, Kit! If we had that engine you've always wanted, how long would it take that little yellow demon to run down to Sulu'na?"

And Hudson, for once, was glad that "Lizric" had never been installed on board the boat. Every hour that the sea-cook was delayed was life to them. And while there was life, there was hope!

In the Night.

KAIO-LALULALONGA sat on the hatch combings and swept the sea with his keen eyes as the sea sank to the west. Afar on the southern sea-line was a blur that might have been a cloud, but which Koko knew to be a sail—some brig or schooner coming up from the Cook Islands.

But it was too far off to bring hope; the little boat was unseen from her deck, or if seen, was unheeded. The speck of dim canvas faded into the blue again, and Koko heaved a sigh. His arms, bound with tapa cord, were aching; but the Kanakas did not heed that. His thoughts were for his little white master, a prisoner in the hands of a Chinese pirate, and whom he was unable to help.

Willingly Kairo-lalulalonga would have given his life to see King of the Islands standing free on the deck, master of his own ship again. A soft chuckle made him turn his head. Wu-Fu-Wa was watching him. The sea-cook had also seen the dim sail that had appeared for a few minutes and then sank under the sea-line again.

"No cooney!" grinned Wu-Fu-Wa. "Alice light!" He bent over Koko and examined his hands, and then padded away, softly in his slippers feet, to the binnacle.

"Feller might he come," Koko whispered to King of the Islands. "Flags feller Chinese he sleeps along night. Spese he sleeps, Koko make loose rope along feller foot."

King of the Islands nodded, without speaking. It was a chance if the Chinaman slept. While he waked, it was impossible. Koko's strong white teeth could have gnawed and torn the tapa rope that bound his master, but it would have been a long task. And the first movement would have caught the sea-cook's watchful eyes while he waked.

The sun sank lower to the rim of the horizon. Save for a few feeble puffs, the wind had died away, and the canvas flapped idly. Loupa was still at the helm. Lulu stood implicitly obedient to the slightest sign from the Chinaman. But after dark there might be a change in the two Kanakas—they only wanted a chance to deal with the sea-cook. He was not a white man. Apart from the

weapons carried, the yellow man had no terrors for them.

But ere the sun dipped below the sea, Wu-Fu-Wa showed that he was well on his guard. Hitherto he had taken little or no notice of his prisoners—outwardly, at least, though they had known that they were watched all the time from a corner of a slanting eye. But he was well aware of the danger of the dark. He came to the three who sat by the combings of the hatchway, and the cook's knife glittered in his hand.

"You Koko, you grey along cabin!" he snapped.

Koko did not move; and the cook's knife approached his brawny chest. "Go along cabin, Koko!" said King of the Islands hastily.

Kairo-lalulalonga went down the companion into the cabin. His heart was heavy as he went. Evidently he was to have no opportunity of guessing loose his master's bonds after dark.

bestial one moment if his own was threatened.

King of the Islands stepped across to the starboard side, and Hudson with fury in his heart, tramped across to port. The width of the deck was between the shipmates—and was to remain between them.

The sun dipped below the sea, and a glittering bank of stars rushed on in a sky of dark blue velvet. The Dawn glided on slowly, the walls tapping on the scarcely moving hull.

Ken sat with his back to the rail watching. He had no desire for sleep if the Chinaman slept!

He showed no sign of it. Wu-Fu-Wa padded along the deck in his slippers, almost soundless. He examined the fore-castle, where two of the crew were still imprisoned in a sturdy heat. He looked once more at the bonds of Kit Hudson and King of the Islands. He sat on the combing and chewed betel-nut. He looked again and again at the binnacle, and spoke to the helmsman.

A voice that was to be a color, but which had rung in it that made Loupa tremble. Hour after hour of the starry night wore away, and not an eye on board the Dawn was visited by sleep—least of the restless, almond eyes of the Chinese pirate.

Lulu had lain down to sleep on a tapa mat on deck at the foot of the mast. The Dawn burned lights. When at midnight the sea-cook went to the binnacle, Ken's heart began to beat a movement, as he saw a movement, as he saw the Hiva-Oa boat, whom he had believed to be fast asleep. Lulu raised his head and looked about him, his black eyes following the diminutive figure of Wu-Fu-Wa in the shadows.

As if some necessary instinct warned the Chinaman he came padding swiftly along the deck, and the glimmer of the stars shone on the bare blade of the cook's knife.

Lulu instantly resumed his attitude of immobility. The sea-cook bent over him.

Wu-Fu-Wa looped a tapa cord on the Kanaka's wrists and knotted with his nimble left hand. Lulu lay down on his mat again, and thus he slept. With his hands bound could sleep, but he was powerless to attempt to turn the tables on the cook.

King of the Islands felt his heart sink.

He had hoped for a moment. So intention of attacking the sea-cook had passed through Lulu's mind. It was over now. The little yellow demon was too wary. Only Loupa remained with his hands free, and Loupa was still at the helm. Ken had drooped on his chest and closed his eyes and tried to sleep, chance might come on the morrow.

With a suddenness that was striking in the stillness of the starry night there came a sudden crash—a yell of rage and the crack of a revolver.

NEXT WEEK'S SPECIAL FEATURES.

FLAGSHIP AT TRAFALGAR!
On October 21st N.M.S. Victory, flagship of Trafalgar of Admiral Lord Nelson, will "come" in the grand anniversary of her famous triumph. In this article we take you for a stroll round her deck!

TURNING THE TABLE!
King of the Islands gives his yellow-skinned rascally sea-cook a taste of his own cuisine—"soup" in the exciting and complete South Seas style by Charles Hamilton.

PHOTOS BY PHONE AND WIRELESS.
The world is speeding up at an almost incredible rate, the latest second-splicing device—the sending of photos by telephone and wireless—marking another step in the amazing progress of science.

THE PAKING OF SUZUKI.
Young George Morson, endeavoring to make a being with his six receptors, provides plenty of fuel in this book complete story by George H. Naylor!

AN UP-TO-DATE GONE SPEAKER.
The Wireless Page, conducted by Norman Edwards, M.I.R.E., etc., Editor of "Popular Wireless," etc.

TWO NEW ISLANDS DOWN UNDER!
Two young and interesting Gulling Islands take a holiday in the great Australian Bush, in the accompaniment of very interesting experiences.

THE ISLE OF PERIL!—ALL ABOUT RAILWAYS, etc., etc.

New Competitions, with many Magnificent Prizes.

"You cap'n, you stopper along starboard," said Wu-Fu-Wa, grinning. "You mate, you stopper along port. What you tinkers?"

The shipmates of the Dawn exchanged a look. It came hard to them to obey the orders of the sea-cook. The slanting eyes glittered at them.

"No wancies killed," said Wu-Fu-Wa. "But 'speace you give trouble, killed all same pig. You savvy?"

The shipmates knew that their lives hung on a thread. For the sake of his own neck, Wu-Fu-Wa was anxious not to shed blood till he had reached the safety of Sulu'na. But it was certain that he would not

I · SEE · ALL

Lampo Tries His Luck.

OMPO, standing like a bronze statue at the helm, had been watching.

Wu-Fu-Wu had sat down again on a hatchway combing and was chewing betel-nut. The sea-cook seemed to have no need of sleep. Lampto, on the corner of his eye, watched and watched.

There was a creaking under the iron-On boy's arm, from which he had been sucking the juice. And suddenly, with a swift subconscious that took even the watchful sea-cook off his guard, Lampto slid the coconut to his hand and burst it with warning aim.

Crash! It struck the sea-cook on the side of the head and flung him on the hatchway combing, sprawling on the deck.

Lampo, leaving the wheel, rushed woe on him.

"Oh, good man!" panted Kit Hudson.

feet. In the excitement of the moment he forgot that his arms were bound, and the sudden movement brought a rush of pain through his cramped limbs, and he rebelled against the rail. But his eyes lost nothing of what was passing.

The revolver in the sea-cook's hand was lifted for a second shot, which would not have missed. Lampto barely escaped by plunging headlong into the companion-way, the bullet missing his head by an inch as he went tumbling below.

The sea-cook, his yellow face twisted with rage, fell down the companion after the fleeing Kanaka.

A howl of terror answered from Lampto-lokuno. Again the sea-cook fired, and then he thrust the revolver into his belt, snatched out the cook's knife, and went skittering down the companion in pursuit. He had not a moment to lose, and he knew it. Koko lay bound below, and if Lampto had time to release him or to get hold

The hatch was closed, but Lampto, his funny brain stirred to unusual activity by the fear of death behind him, instantly tore up the flap and threw himself into the hold, careless how and where he fell so long as he escaped the lunge of the Chinaman's knife.

There was a heavy bump below in the dense darkness of the hold, a gasping heave from Lampto. The sea-cook's knife had lunged as he fell, and missed him by inches. Over the opening the Chinaman knelt, his staring eyes staring down the ladder down which Lampto had rolled in a heap. The distance was not great, or the Kanaka would have had broken bones. Wu-Fu-Wu listened and heard the terrified Lampto scrambling away among the water-cocks, seeking a hiding-place in the blackness of the hold.

"You Kanaka pig, no comey, no killee!" yelled Wu-Fu-Wu.

But he did not descend into the

THE GREAT IDEA— Stories of Invention that Changed the World. **No. 9.—THE BICYCLE.**



The modern bicycle grew its origin to the horse-drawn carriage on which no man could ride. The carriage had to be pulled by the horse. The horse was a beast of burden. The carriage had to be pulled by the horse. The horse was a beast of burden. The carriage had to be pulled by the horse. The horse was a beast of burden.

Then came the idea of driving the back wheels by hand-operated pedals. The early bicycle had no chain drive. The pedals were connected to the back wheels by a belt. This arrangement was not very successful. The pedals were connected to the back wheels by a belt. This arrangement was not very successful.

The tricycle was followed by the "ordinary," or, as it was more commonly known, the penny-farthing. This name was derived through the relative size of the front wheel and back wheels. It was a tragically unsuccessful machine, and getting into operation was a painful process.

About 1860 came the first type of modern cycle. The main improvements being a chain of cast-iron links and the driving wheel gearless and operated by a chain. The introduction of pneumatic tires, with greatly increased comfort in traveling, greatly enhanced it as a quick and easy means of transport and as a racing machine.

The Kanaka needed only a few seeds, and the Chinaman, once in a hazy grip, would have been as helpless as an infant. Only a few seeds and the sea-cook would have spun around the rail into the carry Pacific.

But Wu-Fu-Wu was on his feet again instantly, with the nimbleness of a cat. A swift backward leap freed him from the rush of the steersman, and he dodged round the hatchway.

There was a trickle of crimson over the yellow cheek. The blow on a head had been a violent one. It missed the sea-cook, but it did not disable him. As he dodged round the hatchway he dragged Ken's revolver from his belt. Lampto pursued him desperately, and the sea-cook fired at him as he came, and the bullet grazed a Hiva-On boy's brown cheek.

King of the Islands bounded to his

of some weapon, the chaps of the sea-cook were slim.

All was deeply dusky below. No lamp was burning, and the sea-cook, as he desperately pursued Lampto, was taking his chance of a blow or a missile in the dark.

But the gleam of the long knife in the sea-cook's hands was too much for Lampto. He had no weapon, and the sea-cook gave him no time to seek one, so time to make an attempt to release Kaka-lalalalanga. Lampto, panting and stumbling in the dusk of the cabin, heard the little yellow demon slither down the companion after him, and caught the glimmer of the knife as the Chinaman came.

He fled along the cabin, stumbling over Koko's legs as the big Kanaka sat against the lockers with legs outstretched. As he sprawled, his hands were on the trapdoor that led down into the hold from the main cabin.

hold. It would have been difficult, if not impossible, to hunt down the Kanaka in the thick darkness among the tiers of water-cocks. And Wu-Fu-Wu did not dare to leave his prisoners on deck unwatched. He slammed down the trapdoor, and shot home the bolt that secured it above.

Lampo-lokuno was a prisoner in the hold now, and the sea-cook had nothing to fear from him. He had escaped the sea-cook's vengeance, but he had shot himself up in a prison from which there was no escape.

Wu-Fu-Wu, panting, hurried up the companion to the deck again. He was only just in time.

King of the Islands had not had a second. Lampto had made his desperate attempt on the sea-cook, and failed; and as he fled below, with the Chinaman in pursuit, Ken scrambled across the deck to Hudson.

"Quick!" he panted.

Prisoners of the Dawn!

(Continued from previous page.)

His strong teeth fastened in the tapa cord that bound the Australian's arms behind him. He tore desperately at the cord. If the sturdy Australian got even one hand free, while the sea-cook was occupied below, he could seize a belaying-pin from the rail, and there was a chance—a chance that was worth the risk of life.

Had Wu-Pu-Wu pursued Looipo into the hold, and hustled him among the water-cocks, there would have been time. But the sea-cook was too cunning to give his enemies such a chance. Ken was tearing savagely at the tapa cord with his teeth, when Wu-Pu-Wu came scrambling up the companion again and leaped out on the deck.

His glaring eyes swept round fiercely, and he sprang towards King of the Islands with a snarl like a wild beast. The cook's knife gleamed over the boy trader. For a moment it seemed that the savage sea-cook would drive it home. But he saw that Hudson's hands had hardly begun to give; the Australian was still a helpless prisoner.

With his left hand he grasped King of the Islands and tore him away from his shipmate. Then, with a strength that was surprising in one of so slight build, he hurled the boy trader away to starboard. King of the Islands went rolling across the deck, and brought up against the rail with a crash.

"You yellow scum!" hissed Hudson, aimed and with rage and disappointment; and he kicked ferociously at the sea-cook.

The nimble Chinaman dodged the kick coolly.

Hudson stumbled after him; but he stopped at the glittering point of the cook's knife touched his breast.

"No tinko!" said Wu-Pu-Wu mockingly. "You waiter come along Sulu'ua!" said the sea-cook venomously. "No killee now—plaze white man's ship he come. You waiter come along Sulu'ua. You sinker along sea, saize up along big fisher. You waiter piecee time!"

He stuck the knife in his belt and went to the helm. His glaring eyes swept the Pacific in the twilight. The lurch was scarcely moving. The swell had died away on the sea, and the glittering water was almost as smooth as glass. Far off, in the

distance of the sea, scintillated a light throbbing. It was a Tahiti steamer, far away, on its course from Fiji to Papeete. The sea-cook listened anxiously to the faint sound as it throbbled afar in the night and died at last into silence.

King of the Islands heard the sound of the distant engine, and strained his ears to listen. But silence followed.

"No come!" said Wu-Pu-Wu derisively. He knew what thoughts were passing in the minds of his prisoners.

Ken closed his eyes wearily. There was no hope.

Under Way.

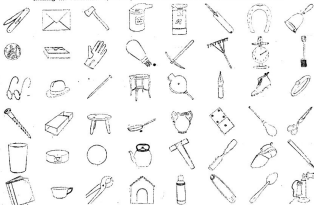
KING OF THE ISLANDS started into wakefulness. He had slept. The sun of the tropic morning was blinding down on the deck of the lurch.

Ken blinked in the haze of the sunlight, and started round him. Across the deck, Hudson sat against the rail, and he was sleeping. Weariness had overcome him. Lulu lay on his tapa mat by the mainmast, fast asleep. And the sea-cook was not

(Continued on page 25.)

"MISSING LINES" COMPETITION—CORRECT SOLUTION.

Here we reproduce all the forty-eight objects in their complete form, showing by shading the remainder of the objects on which three competitors had to fill in.



Shading from left to right, top row of pictures first—

- | | | | | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------|-------------------|
| 1. Penknife. | 8. Pen. | 17. Spectacles. | 26. Spoon. | 35. Tumbler. | 44. Tooth. |
| 2. Envelope. | 9. Golf Box. | 18. Tinny Hat. | 27. Match Box. | 36. Coffee. | 45. Cup. |
| 3. Hammer. | 10. Glove. | 19. Pin. | 28. Nail. | 37. Cloth. | 46. Theory. |
| 4. Collecting Box. | 11. Wireless Valve. | 20. Tinfoil. | 29. Spring Fan. | 38. Kettle. | 47. Knead. |
| 5. Filter Box. | 12. Pickaxe. | 21. Selloe. | 30. Yarn. | 39. T. Scales. | 48. Vacuum Flask. |
| 6. Cabinet Hat. | 13. Nail. | 22. Fire-rod. | 31. Donkey. | 40. Chair. | 49. Safety Pin. |
| 7. Horseshoe. | 14. Weighing Machine. | 23. Boot. | 32. Screw-driver. | 41. Hat Pin. | 50. Spoon. |
| 8. Nail. | 15. Fork. | 24. Ring. | 33. Saw. | 42. Pinch. | 51. Telephone. |

PRIZEWINNERS' NAMES APPEAR ON PAGE 26.

