

PHOTOS BY PHONE AND WIRELESS! (See page 9.)

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B.M.S. VICTORY GOING INTO ACTION AT TRAFALGAR! (See page 3.)

Turning the Tables

**COMPLETE IN THIS
ISSUE!**

In Koko's powerful grasp the sea-cook was swept from the deck, screaming heartlessly as he tumbled above the head of the great Kanakas!



Cast Off!

A BLUR of purple on an azure sea, far distant from the slowly-gliding ketch Dawn, the desert abill of Sulu'ua showed over the sea-line.

Ken King, the boy owner and skipper of the ketch, leaning heavily on the truck rail, asking from the strong tops cord that bound his wrists together behind his back, stared at the distant blur, and knew that it was Sulu'ua.

With the wind the Dawn would have run down to the coral atoll in an hour. But there was no wind—not the faintest puff stirred the glassy surface of the Pacific. In the dead calm the ketch moved sluggishly in the wake of the towing boat, where three Kanakas tugged at the oars, sweating under the broiling sun.

The Iliwa-On boys in the whaleboat were strong and muscular. But they had tugged at the oars for long hours in the blaze of the sun, and they were worn down with toil. Again and

again the towrope slacked into the sea, and the ketch slowly moved.

Wu-Fu-Wu, the sea-cook, when Ken had slipped at Lalinge at the commencement of the trip, standing in the bows, waved a receiver at the almost fainting boys and shouted threats.

"You Kanakas boy, you wackee-wackee plenty fast. You lazy lubber,

KING OF THE ISLANDS

gives his yellow-skinned rascally Sea-Cook—turned Pirate—a taste of his own noisome "soup" in this Exciting and Complete South Seas story by that Prince of Yarn-Spinners

CHARLES HAMILTON.

you wackee go along sea, cottee up along big lubber!" he shouted.

Creak! The weary Kanakas stirred into activity and tugged at the oars again as the sea-cook sent a shot over the boat. But it was worn for a few minutes. They were worn out, and dropped over the oars again.

The sea-cook's slanting eyes glistened with rage. He was playing a desperate game on the Dawn. Having got the job of cook by means of a forged recommendation from John Chin, the Chinese trader of Lalinge—a man whom Ken trusted implicitly—he had dragged the crew and made himself master of the ketch.

Keeping Ken, his young Australian mate, Kit Hudson, and Kato Iahahunga, the gigantic boatswain prisoner, Wu-Fu-Wu had put the crew to work and set a course for Sulu'ua, where his confederate awaited him.

Sulu'ua was in sight a last, but the little ketch was not visible from the island. Not for a long time to come would it be visible to the gang of sea-thieves who waited on the atoll.

The dead calm that had fallen on the Pacific had baffled, so far, the cunningly-laid plans of the sea-cook. Once it was a sight of the Chinese on Sulu'ua, a canoe would come off to tow the ketch in. But it was still too distant to be seen from the atoll, and the Iliwa-On boys were fainting at the oars. The sea-cook threats and the menacing resolve were losing their terrors for the exhausted Kanakas.

King of the Islands—as Ken was known throughout the South Seas, where he traded—and Kit Hudson watched the sea-cook grimly. Both the shipmates hoped that Wu-Fu-Wu, realizing that the Hira-Oa boys could never see the ketch within sight of Sulu'na, would take the chance of putting the white men to the cars. Once their hands were free the sea-cook's resolve would not stop them from making a desperate attempt to recover possession of the Dawa.

Wu-Fu-Wu's slanting eyes turned several times on Ken and his shipmates, and they could guess that he was thinking of it. But he shook his head at last—he dared not take the risk. Well the sea-cook knew that they were waiting eagerly for any chance, however desperate.

The sea-cook went below. In the main cabin of the Dawa, Kato-lalulalonga—Koko his shipmates called him—lay bound. The mighty

steamer's smoke. With equal keenness the sea-cook had momentarily watched the Pacific, dreaming the sight of a vessel that might run down the becalmed ketch to offer a tow.

As Wu-Fu-Wu went down into the companion Ken drew himself from the rail on which he had been secretly leaning. Kit Hudson's eyes met his shipmate's eagerly. But the Chinese had not gone down into the cabin; he stopped in the companion, and they heard his voice calling to the Kanaka, who lay bound below.

"You Koko—you come along deck."

There was no answer from Kato-lalulalonga.

The sound that Ken made in moving, slight as it was, caught the keen ears of the Chinese, and his head reappeared over the level of the deck.

"S'pose you no come, killer along knife."

"Me no come!" answered Kato-lalulalonga stubbornly. "You feller Chinese plenty had feller altogether, me no sorry take order along you."

"Good man, Koko!" breathed Hudson.

Both the shipmates could guess that Kato-lalulalonga was seeking to make the sea-cook leave the deck, hoping that it might mean a chance for the white masters.

Wu-Fu-Wu raised his head from the hatchway once more, with a threatening scowl, and then ran down into the cabin.

He had gone to force the Kanaka to come on deck. Koko's mighty arms were needed at the cars, and the only other Kanaka on board, Lango, was hiding among the water-casks in the hold, and was not likely to emerge under any persuasion of



The three Hira-Oa boys stood up in the whaleboat, waving their hands and shouting. For they saw Koko at the helm of the Dawa, and King of the Islands standing by the helm, and knew that it was not Wu-Fu-Wu returning for them!

Koko was worth any two of the Hira-Oa boys, sturdy as they were. But Wu-Fu-Wu feared the giant Kanaka about as much as he feared the white men, and he was loath to take the risk of loosening him. But the sea-cook was growing desperate now, as the calm showed no sign of breaking and it became clear that the exhausted Hira-Oa boys could never tow the ketch within sight of Sulu'na. Wu-Fu-Wu was master of the Dawa, and of the lives of all on board. But if the ketch should be sighted by one of the tramp steamers that plied to Tahiti, it was more than likely that his game was up.

All through the blazing morning Ken and Kit had hungrily scanned the sea, longing for the sight of a

His slanting eyes glittered at King of the Islands.

"You no playee tick!" he snapped. "You keepse along tail; you no playee tick along Wu-Fu-Wu! What you linker?"

Ken made no answer. He had hoped for a second that there might be a chance of trying his teeth on the tapa cord that bound his shipmate. But the sea-cook was too wary.

Wu-Fu-Wu gave the boy under a threatening glare and stepped into the companion again.

"You Koko!" he shouted. "You come along deck."

"No come along deck," came the answer of Kato-lalulalonga from the cabin below.

threat. And Wu-Fu-Wu dared not leave the deck unguarded long enough to hunt him out.

As the Chinaman's slippered feet pattered down the companion, Hudson made a stride across the deck to King of the Islands.

"No time," whispered Ken, answering the Australian's unspoken thought. "He will be back before we can get a single knot loose—"

"Call to the whaleboat!" breathed Hudson. "If they get back in time to loose us—"

"No time."

Hudson gritted his teeth. He realized, as well as his comrades, that there was no time. But he could see that some plan was working in the mind of King of the Islands, now

Turning the Tables!

(Continued from previous page.)

that the sea-cook was, for the moment, out of sight.

The ketch was almost motionless now, the Hiva-Oa boys resting on their oars the moment the sea-cook ceased to threaten them with the revolver. Ken scolded along to the boat. The eyes of the weary seamen were upon him from the whaleboat.

"You feller boy!" shouted Ken. "Yassar!" came back from Lufa. "You cast loose feller boat, plenty too quick altogether!"

Lufa's black eyes flashed. In an instant he had dropped his oar, and was tearing at the tow-ropes, secured at the stern of the whaleboat. The rope fell loose, the other two Hiva-Oa boys drove at their oars with frantic speed, and the whaleboat shot away over the glassy water, leaving the tow-ropes to sink into the sea under the ketch's catwalk—just as Wu-Fu-Wu came racing back to the deck—too late!

The Wind!

WU-FU-WU leaped into the bows of the Dawa, revolver in hand, his starting eyes blazing with rage. For the moment he did not heed King of the Islands. His eyes were on the whaleboat—his only hope of reaching Sulu'ua, unless the calm should break. For the moment the Kanakas had forgotten their weariness, and were tugging madly at the oars, seeking to drive the whaleboat out of range of the sea-cook's revolver.

Crack! Crack!

Wu-Fu-Wu fired twice, and the shots went close. But, enraged as he was, the sea-cook was not firing at the Hiva-Oa boys; he was seeking to scare them into returning with the boat.

"You Kanaka boy," he yelled, brandishing the smoking revolver, "you come along shiper—you come please quick! You no waitee killee along my shooter!"

But the Hiva-Oa boys did not heed. They strained at the oars, and the whaleboat shot away like an arrow.

Wu-Fu-Wu took aim now, his starting eyes gleaming over the revolver. As he pulled the trigger, King of the Islands stumbled against him, and the shot flew wide.

With a snarl like a wild beast, the sea-cook turned on Ken. A fierce blow from the barrel of the revolver sent the boy trader sprawling along the deck.

Wu-Fu-Wu turned to the boat again. The frantic efforts of the Hiva-Oa boys had taken it almost out of effective range. The sea-cook dived on his aim, and fired. There was a howl from Lufa as the bullet grazed his brown bare shoulder. But the whaleboat sped on, and the next shot flew wide of the mark.

The sea-cook stood on the little forecastle of the Dawa, almost dancing with rage.

Out of reach of the revolver, the Hiva-Oa boys rested on their oars, grinning back at the ketch. Lufa

stood up and waved a brown hand mockingly at the enraged sea-cook.

The Chinaman fired again in his rage; but the bullet did not pass within a couple of yards of the Polynesian.

King of the Islands had staggered to his feet. There was a black bruise forming under his thick hair where the barrel of the revolver had struck him, and his head was spinning. The Chinaman turned on him with a rage in his face that was almost demonic.

He thrust the revolver back into the holster at his belt and drew his long cook's knife. King of the Islands felt a sickness at his heart as the sea-cook stepped towards him, the long, razor-like blade gleaming in his hand. It seemed that his last hour had come—that the sea-cook, in his rage, would wreak his savage vengeance upon the boy trader who had luffed him.

"You makee loose boat?" Wu-Fu-Wu's voice was thick with fury. "You makee loose boat?"

"Ken's eyes gleamed at him. "Ay, ay, you heathen swab!" The boys were close near the ketch again, and you're stranded, you dog! Whistle for a wind, you piratical lubber—and then you'll have no hands to work the ketch. If there's a wind, we'll all go to Davy Jones' locker together!"

The knife glittered before his eyes. But the sea-cook did not strike. Now that the whaleboat was gone, his position was bristling with danger. There was no cloud on the burning horizon; no sign of a rising wind from any quarter. For the remainder of that day, at least, the Dawa would be adrift on the glassy sea, unable to stir. And the calm might last for days. Informed as he was, the sea-cook dared not plot his vengeance—not till he was safe at Sulu'ua. And then—

"You waitee!" he said, in a voice choked with rage. "You waitee little piecee! You waitee canoee along Sulu'ua!"

"You'll never get to Sulu'ua, you dog!" retorted King of the Islands. "Wait yourself, you scum, till we're sighted by a steamer!"

He knew that it was only that possibility that saved him from the knife of the sea-cook. But Wu-Fu-Wu was calm again now, and he thrust the cook's knife into his belt.

"Waitee!" he said. "Waitee little piecee! Mowee he comes to-morrow, please—we thankee please come to-morrow! Waitee little piecee!" And he padded away softly on his slippered feet.

King of the Islands leaned wearily against the mainmast, seeking what shade he could from the burning sun. Little hope remained in his heart. But he had debauched the sea-cook's designs for the present at least. There was a grim satisfaction in that. Had Koko's powerful arms helped the weary Hiva-Oa boys, sooner or later the whaleboat would have tossed the becalmed ketch within signalling distance of that purple blur on the sea-line.

Only too well King of the Islands knew what would happen if the ketch was sighted from Sulu'ua. A canoe crowded with Chinese pirates would

paddle swiftly out to join the sea-cook, and the Dawa would be towed rapidly into the lagoon. There she would be re-armed and disguised for the run to the China Sea. The fate of King of the Islands and his crew would be a secret from all but the sharks of Sulu'ua.

But the whaleboat was gone beyond the reach of recovery. In the distance, King of the Islands could see it, a speck adrift on the glassy water. The Hiva-Oa boys lay side in the boat, only stirring occasionally to fill the punkskins from the water-log.

Ken cared little what became of the boat. Lufa and his companions could pull, if they liked, for one of the stools below the cabin, where they would eat coconuts and water. He had rather expected them to do so, now that they were free of the sea-cook.

But loyalty held the faithful Hiva-Oa boys within sight of the ketch and their white master. Probably they expected that King of the Islands would yet turn the tables on the Chinese pirate who had seized his ship. To their simple minds, it would seem impossible that the yellow man should keep the upper hand of the white man.

Ken smiled faintly at the thought. He was helpless; the tapa cord bound his arms cruelly, and his limbs were so unsteady now by the bondage that he could scarcely have used them had his hands been freed.

He had little hope, even in the sighting of a steamer. There was a good chance of that—but it was only a chance.

At all events, he had beaten the sea-cook; the ketch would not reach Sulu'ua that day. Never before in his wretched life had King of the Islands been glad of a calm. But now to be thankful, from the bottom of his heart, for the dead calm that stifled the Pacific and turned the water into glistering glass.

The long, hot hours wore away. Neither food nor drink passed the lips of the shipmates of the Dawa. If a hope flared in their breasts that the sea-cook might grow weary, and sleep, it was faint. The Chinaman allowed no sign of it.

Incessantly his starting eyes scanned the sea, watching for a steamer—which might mean defeat and the prison at Fiji for him; watching for a sign of wind—which meant success and safety.

Ken, sitting on the hot deck, leaning back wearily on the mast, watched the sea, also, with aching eyes. Sometimes he closed his eyes from sheer weariness; but always they opened again to watch. The heat was overpowering. The sun, sloping now to the west, burned down fiercely from a sky of cloudless blue.

Wu-Fu-Wu padded restlessly about the deck, or sat on the hatchway coamings and chewed betel-nut. Calm and self-contained, impassive as the Chinaman was, he was growing more and more restless. His starting eyes burned when they turned on the whaleboat, idly adrift in the blue distance.

The hot hours seemed endless to King of the Islands. How was the boat to end! In death for him, death for

his command; and his crew, as seemed almost certain?

He almost began for a hurricane, to send the boat to the bottom of the Pacific with a l on board. Better than that the triumph of the cunning sea-thief who had seized the ship.

As the sun sank lower, a faint breath of wind touched the burning face of the boy trader. It came with delicious coolness, and he panted with relief.

For a few minutes he was conscious only of relief and pleasure, as the breath of a breeze came through the blinding heat. Then he remembered. It was the wind—the rising wind at last! He heard a soft, sibilant chuckle, and looked up at the mocking, gleaming face of Wu-Fu-Wa. The sea-cook grinned down at him, and waved his hand towards the south.

"Blessed be come!" chuckled Wu-Fu-Wa. "Blessed be come! What you think? We go along Sulu's! Blessed be come! You waitie little piece!"

Ken groined aloud in despair. So long as the calm had lasted, there had been a chance. So long as it lasted, at least, the sea-cook could not carry out his plans. But the long calm was breaking now. With the sunset came the breeze.

It would blow a squall! The wildest hurricane that ever lashed the ocean to fury would have been welcome to Ken. Better to founder at sea, better to be tossed in wreck on a coral reef, than to be taken to Sulu's.

But it was a light breeze that came from the south; a light breeze that stirred and rustled the sails of the Dawn. At long last the ketch began to move through the water. Wu-Fu-Wa paddled aft to the helm.

Had it been a squall, Wu-Fu-Wa would have had the choice between releasing the white men and Koko or going to the bottom. But the light breeze that came out of the south was exactly what he wanted. With a light and favourable breeze, one man could handle the ketch; and the sea-cook had already shown that he was a good and experienced seaman.

It was the last blow to Ken's hopes. But Hudson's voice reached him, hoarse with rage.

"The game's up! That yellow scum wins!"

King of the Islands made no reply. His heart was too heavy for speech!

"Koko Sees!"

KARO-LALU-LALONGA sat against the lockers, and his dark eyes were fixed on the dimming skylight above the cabin of the Dawn. Throughout the hot day the sun had blazed down on the uncovered skylight. The cabin ached with heat. Every now and then a shadow would fall across the glass skylight—the shadow of the sea-cook.

Karo-lalulalonga was heard with tugs and that were wound and wound round his powerful limbs and his sinewy body, the knots cunningly placed out of reach of his strong feet; and he had long ago given up hope of freeing himself. The sea-cook

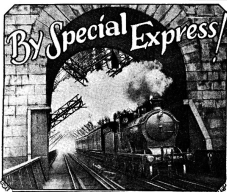
had done his work too well for that. Separated from the white men, who were kept on deck, Koko had no chance of helping them or of receiving help. Every possible chance was guarded against by the cunning of the Chinese.

Safely as he was heard, the sea-

cook spied on him at times, to make assurance doubly sure. Never for a moment was he safe from a sudden glance of the watchful slanting eyes.

Koko knew there was little hope; he knew, as the white men knew, that only the calm saved the Dawn's crew.

(Continued on the next page.)



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PRVATELY chartered trains are run on the railways more frequently than many of you fellows imagine. At most of the main line stations a special train can be arranged in about ten minutes, if required; but in country districts a good deal depends on the location of the nearest locomotive depot, or whether an engine, with stowen up, can be borrowed from a passing goods train. Even a local passenger train may be commandeered to serve as a "special."

Special trains are usually chartered as a matter of extreme urgency, most frequently by doctors and specialists attempting to defeat death by reaching their patients in record time. Business men use this method, too, to catch steamer connections, and special trains are also ordered by foreign princes and monarchs who are anxious to accommodate their suites and travel in truly royal manner.

As soon as a "special" is chartered, rail telegrams are sent by the line-side wires from the originating station advising the signalmen and stations throughout the intended route. "Special train without notice," is the official description of such a train, but there is rarely time to work out the actual timing of the train or plot out a path for it into the ordinary schedule.

Travelling at express speed, the special takes precedence over all other trains except crash passenger expresses, and signalside-side-track the scheduled trains for a few minutes to let the private special "through." Telegraphs as well as telegrams are pressed into service to send word ahead, and the train is passed from box to box as quickly as possible.

Some remarkable runs are made by these "specials," for engines and men rise to the occasion in true British fashion, and it is rarely that the journey is not completed before the scheduled time.

The cost of private special trains is fixed for all railways in Britain by agreement. A flat rate of ten shillings a mile for a single journey or fifteen shillings a mile for the double journey is made, with the additional feature of outward journey one day, returning the same day or the next day at the same return charge. There is a minimum charge of 50, and in addition the ordinary third or first class fares are charged according to the number of travellers and the accommodation provided.

It is a night and day service which the railways willingly provide for those whose desire to "get there" is very great!

Turning the Tables!

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from Sulu's end and death. And at sunset the lurching of the ketch told him that the calm was breaking, and that the wind had come at last.

The skylight above him was darkening. With the rising wind came the night; and before another day should dawn on the Pacific, he knew that the ketch would raise Sulu's. A canoe would bring a swarm of Chinese cut-throats on board, and that would be the end.

Koko's heart was heavy; not for himself, but for his little white master. It was of King of the Islands that he thought, as he sat with aching limbs, and panted in the heat.

Koko was, as he often said, no common Kanaka. Koko had an unusual amount of "savvy" for a man of his race. He was thinking, as he sat in the baking cabin, agitated against the lockers. The two white men, constantly under the eyes of the sea-cook, could do nothing; from the Hira-Oa boys nothing was to be expected. Save for the frequent spying glances of the sea-cook, Koko was unwatched.

All through the hot day he had agitated his brains to take advantage of that fact. He had sweated with his hands till his wrists and arms were sore and aching, and he knew that it was in vain. He had twisted almost like a snake in his efforts to get at them with his teeth, and he had failed. He would have submitted to his fate, with the stolid resignation of the South Sea Islander, but for the thought of his little white master.

King of the Islands was doomed if the ketch reached Sulu's; and that thought spurred on the Kanaka's mind to endless efforts to think of a way out.

If he could have got a knife in his teeth— But the sea-cook had thought of that, as of everything else. There were arms stored in the store-room amidships, but the door was locked and the key taken. From the cabin, carefully searched by the Chinaman, anything that could have been used as a weapon was gone. But there came, at last, into Koko's memory, the trade goods that were stored in the lazarette.

Among the bags and boxes of trade goods, intended for the natives of the islands where Ken drummed for copra, were mirrors, trade-bones, bells and rings and beads—and pocket-knives! Koko remembered a box of knives that had been opened for a dozen or so to be taken out at the last stop. That was what the Kanaka was thinking of now as he lay against the lockers and watched the skylight grow dimmer and dimmer in the sinking sun.

The lazarette, at the after end of the main cabin, occupied the stern of the ketch. There was no door to it; only a doorway. It would have been easy enough to crawl into the room.

But at any moment the spying eyes of the Chinaman might fall on him; and Koko, long hours after he had remembered the box of trade knives,

did not venture to crawl near the lazarette. He waited for darkness.

In the dark there was, at least, a chance. The sea-cook would not be able to see him from the deck, at least. And there was time—ample time. Since the whaleboat had ceased to tow the ketch, the little craft had lain like a log on the sea, scarcely stirring. As the shadows fell, Koko's heart was lighter with hope.

And then came the rising wind—and he felt the ketch gliding through the water, and he groaned aloud.

The ketch was heading for Sulu's. In that gentle breeze, the sea-cook could handle her—he had only to keep her before the wind. Every moment now King of the Islands and his crew were drawing nearer and nearer to the atoll where Wu-Fu-Wu's gang of cut-throats waited.

Free!

DARKNESS came and the last gleam on the skylight was blotted out. Night reigned on the Pacific and Koko stirred at last.

Silently, the big Kanaka crept along the cabin floor. The movement brought bitter pains shooting through his cramped limbs. But he did not heed them. His slippery arms were numb, almost dead, from the grip of the tapa cord. But he crept softly and silently aft to the lazarette, and into it.

The interior of the lazarette was black as pitch. But it was Koko's duty to sort out the trade goods when they were wanted, and he knew his way about blindfold. He knew where the box of trade-knives lay, and he groped for it with his feet. Like most Kanakas, Koko could see his toes as fingers.

That! Something fell in the darkness. The stern was not level, but to the startled ears of the Kanaka it sounded like thunder.

He lay and listened, with thumping heart. If the sea-cook heard—if he came below—

But in the rising wind blocks and cordage rattled and creaked, and the Pacific washed against the hull of the ketch. If the sea-cook heard the sound below him, he did not heed it.

Koko-hutalunga breathed again.

Cautiously, with infinite caution, he groped with his toes for the trade box, slinked among a score of other boxes and bags, and he knew when he had found it.

Lying on the floor of the lazarette on his back, he lifted the box out from among the other packages with his toes. To lift the lid with a toe was easy. His nimble, prehensile toes rammed in the box among the knives. All sorts of knives were there—pearl-handled penknives, heavy clasp-knives, yam knives, with short, sharp blades that did not close—and it was a yam knife that Koko was seeking.

To a white man, picking a knife out of a box with his toes would have been a strange and difficult task. From the habit of wearing boots, the white man's toes have long lost the

firmness power they once possessed. But the Kanaka's feet are always naked, and he uses his toes often to save the trouble of stooping to pick up a thing. A Kanaka who drops his cigarette is as likely to pick it up with his toes as with his fingers.

Koko, without even thinking about it, picked up a yam knife with his toes and drew it from the box.

In a minute more the handle of the knife was firmly gripped between his teeth.

Sitting on the planks, the Kanaka bent down, and, with the knife in his teeth, cowed at the tapa cords that were wound round and round him and knotted behind his back. Strained after strained parties, and in a few minutes the straining cords dropped away from him.

Koko lay for a few moments to rest and breathe and listen. He was not free yet; his wrists were tied together behind him, and with all his sinuous litheness, he could not reach them with the knife in his teeth. He decided to hear the step of the sea-cook in the companion—not because he feared Wu-Fu-Wu, but because it meant failure.

But there was no step; the sea-cook had looked in upon him just before sunset, and seen that he was safe, and he was satisfied. And with the ketch heaving now before the wind, it was difficult for the Chinaman to leave the deck.

The knife was transferred to Koko's slender, nimble toes again. Holding it with the handle resting on the floor, the blade upright, and kneeling, he inserted his bound wrists till the tapa cords sawed against the knife-edge, and at last fell asunder.

Koko-hutalunga gave a gasp. He was free—free, but so numb and cramped that he could scarcely stir the arms from which the bonds had fallen.

He sat on the lazarette floor, moving his arms slowly to restore the circulation, and, as the stiffness grew less and less, he massaged his bruised and swollen wrists with his hands.

All the while he was listening intently. Had the sea-cook come now. Koko would have taken his chance against Wu-Fu-Wu's revolver with the yam knife in his hand.

But the sea-cook did not come. Under the bright stars Wu-Fu-Wu stood at the helm, running the ketch before the wind for Sulu's. The purple blue that was Sulu's had vanished from sight at nightfall, but against the stars a black mass of palms showed in the far distance.

It would not be long now before he made it. The grin of triumph on the yellow face of Wu-Fu-Wu told of his satisfaction, and he was thinking of anything but the Kanaka boatwain, whom he believed to be helpless below, as he had lain all through the long, hot day.

Koko picked himself up at last. His limbs were still stiff, but capable of action now. He crept among the trade boxes, and picked out a short, heavy axe—the trade "tomahawk."

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of the South Seas. Then he crept out of the lazaretto.

He stepped at the trapdoor that led down from the main cabin into the hold. Somewhere below, in the darkness and the smell of bilge, Lempo was in hiding among the water-cocks. The trap was secured by a slatted bolt, which Koko was able to open now that his hands were free. He unbolted the trap, lifted it slightly, and peered down into the blackness below.

Leaning down in the opening, he whispered cautiously: "You feller Lempo?"

There was no answer. It was likely that the Hiva-Oa boy was hiding as far from the trapdoor as he could crawl, in his deadly fear of the sea-cook and his knife.

"You feller Lempo?" repeated Koko, raising his voice a little, but still speaking cautiously, lest the sea-cook on deck should hear a sound and take the alarm.

He heard a gasp in the darkness. "Feller Koko, he speaks along me!" came back Lempo's voice from the hold.

"Feller Koko, he speaks? You no talk mouth before you; feller sea-cook, he hear ear belong him. Me come plenty quick."

There was a sound of crawling in the hold. In the darkness, a darker shadow appeared on the ladder. Koko caught the glimmer of Lempo's startled, rolling eyes. He whispered a few words, and the Hiva-Oa boy understood.

Lempe crawled out into the cabin. Koko-lalulunga headed him the yam knife, and Lempe gripped it in a brown hand. The trade tomahawk gleamed in Koko's own strong hand.

"Feller sea-cook, he no savvy!" breathed Koko-lalulunga. "Feller sea-cook, he takes ketch along Sulu'ua. Plenty Chinese along Sulu'ua, killy Hiva-Oa boy 'fence so killy sea-cook. You savvy?"

"Savvy plenty!" "You come along Koko." Koko-lalulunga showed his white teeth in a fierce grin. "Feller Chinese, he no savvy—he savvy plenty soon!"

And, with the Hiva-Oa boy at his heels, Koko-lalulunga crept stealthily up the companion.

Bravo, Koko!

"SULU'UA!" breathed Kit Hudson.

From the black mass against the stern, which told where the steel lay on the beam of the Pacific, a light gleamed.

The ketch, gliding through the starry shadows, burned a single light—evidently lighted by the sea-cook as a signal to his confederates on the steel.

The answering gleam from the night showed that the light had been seen from Sulu'ua, and that the sea-thieves on the steel were replying to it.

"Sulu'ua!" repeated Hudson, between his teeth. "The game's up! That scam is getting away with it, Ken!"

King of the islands stared towards the distant twinkling light.

Until that moment Ken had not abandoned hope. While there was life there was hope. The calm had saved the shipmates of the Hiva for the time, and the casting-off of the whaleboat had saved them again. But fortune had favoured the sea-cook; the rising breeze had walled the ketch down to Sulu'ua. Wa-fa-Wa, at the helm, was grinning like an exultant demon now. In the star-shine his slanting eyes turned often on the shipmates, and his look told of what was in his mind. Before long now the splashing of paddles would be heard, and his confederates would be clambering on board the stolen ketch. And then—

"The sharks!" was Ken's unspoken thought.

Hitherto, it had been for the sea-cook's own safety that he had spared the lives of captain and crew. But when the ketch sailed for the China Sea, disguised and with false papers, and with a Chinese crew, it would be for the sea-cook's safety to leave no one behind him alive to tell tales. The shipmates knew what to expect the moment that Wa-fa-Wa's gang of sea-thieves set foot on the ketch. And there was no hope! Death was bitter; but more bitter still was the remembrance of the treacherous, wily sea-cook.

Ken's eyes turned desperately to the Chinaman. To rush upon him, to make an attempt to knock him out, was the fever thought born of despair. The same thought was in Hudson's mind; Ken heard him breathing hard. As well to fall before the sea-cook's revolver as to be tossed, with hands bound, to the sea and the sharks. Wa-fa-Wa's voice came to their ears.

"You waiter little piece, all same me teller! Chinese come plenty quick! You waiter little piece."

He tapped the revolver in his belt and chuckled. It was as if he had read the desperate thoughts of the white men.

From the blackness of Sulu'ua winked and twinkled the solitary light. It was still distant, but the ketch glided on steadily towards it. Many a long mile behind, the whaleboat and the Hiva-Oa boys had vanished into the shadows of the sea.

There was no hope! But the darkest hour is ever just before the dawn. King of the islands was suddenly conscious of a shadow that leaped from the companion, and there was a whining sound, and the gleam

(Continued on page 28.)

THE NEW STAMP COLLECTING.

BRITAIN'S BOLDEST EXPLORER.

By F. J. MELVILLE.

President of the Junior Philatelic Society.

IT is just 500 years since a son was born to a day labourer in a Yorkshire village—a boy whose adventures have thrilled other boys ever since! In the old parish register of St. Catherine, Marton-in-Cleveland, there is the birth record of his baptism.

Now, J. James, ye son of James Cook, of Juy labourer, baptised.

This was the boy who became Captain Cook, the greatest and most daring of British explorers. Hardly born, this boy lived to mark wide changes on the map of the world, to open up uncharted seas and new lands, and to extend British influence to the remotest parts of the globe.

In England we are celebrating the 250th anniversary of the great navigator's birth; in the Sandwich Islands they are celebrating the 150th anniversary of his discovery of those islands. Stamp collectors

have many little stamp souvenirs of the career of this famous Englishman.

For some years his portrait figured on the 4d. stamp of New South Wales, but I like the other portrait of him better, the one you will find on the 1½d. stamp of Altutaki, Niue, Penryn, and Rarotonga, all associated with the Cook Islands.

On the 4d. stamp of those islands you will see a picture of his landing in the Cook Islands, but I believe the picture is really copied from a sketch of his landing somewhere in the Hawaiian Islands.

His arrival at Poverty Bay in New Zealand is depicted on the 3d. New Zealand stamp of 1905, and there are many other stamps with which one could illustrate that most glorious of adventures.

In August this year two more stamps were issued in his honor, the United States 2 cents and 5 cents stamps, commemorated "Hawaii 1778-1928," in memory of his discovery of the Hawaiian (or Sandwich) Islands.



Captain Cook's portrait on a 1½d. stamp of Altutaki (Niue) and (right) a picture, on a 4d. stamp, of his landing in the Cook Islands.



Cook's "Voyage." In August this year two more stamps were issued in his honor, the United States 2 cents and 5 cents stamps, commemorated "Hawaii 1778-1928," in memory of his discovery of the Hawaiian (or Sandwich) Islands.

Turning the Tables!

(Continued from page 10.)

of an axe-blade as it whirled through the air. From Wu-Fu-Wu came a fearful yell as he staggered at the wheel.

"Koko!" shrieked Hudson.

The Kanaka had leaped out and buried the axe with the same movement.

But, swift as he was, the wily, wary Chinese had seen him as he leaped, and made a movement. Instead of the blade of the axe crashing upon the piggalled head, as Kato-lalalunga had intended, the sea-cook's swift movement saved him, and it was the handle of the axe that struck him on the jaw. But the blow was a violent one, and it sent the sea-cook sprawling.

"Koko!" panted King of the Islands.

Kato-lalalunga leaped like a tiger on the sprawling sea-cook.

He had no weapon now, and a couple of seconds would have been enough for the sea-cook, dazed as he was, to draw his revolver and fire. But not one second was granted him.

The brassy arms of the Kanaka grasped him as he clutched at the revolver.

Fighting like a wildcat, the sea-cook struggled in the sinewy grip of the Kanaka.

Koko's mighty grasp was round him like a band of steel, and his arms were planted to his sides. His fingers were on the butt of the revolver, but he could not draw it. Loupa leaped out on the deck. King of the Islands stared at the Kanakas, amazed. At the eleventh hour, with death hovering over him, the scales had been turned; and it was the faithful Kato-lalalunga who had turned them. Like a dream it seemed to King of the Islands and his shipmate, as the sea-cook struggled furiously in the grasp of Kato-lalalunga, and Loupa ran to help.

But Loupa was not needed.

In Koko's powerful grasp, the sea-cook was swept from the deck, his distinctive figure whirling above the head of the Kanaka, his voice screaming inarticulately as he whirled in the air. His loose garments fluttered in the wind as Kato-lalalunga flung him over the rail.

Splash! The sea-cook struck the sea like a stone, and the dark waters closed over him.

For a moment the adrifted stars in the sea were broken to a thousand fragments, and then the water rolled on where the sea-cook had sunk, reflecting once more the peaceful heavens.

Loupa grasped the wheel, and Koko turned to the shingles of the Dawn, chomping every white tooth in his head in a joyous grin.

"Feller sea-cook he make kah-kah along shark!" chuckled Kato-lalalunga. "Feller sea-cook he no stop any more altogether!"

He got a knife and cut through the bands of the skipper and mate.

"Koko!" panted King of the

Islands. "Koko, old bean, you've saved all our lives!"

Koko grinned.

"No sorry! Koko he no common Kanaka!"

Saved!

KING OF THE ISLANDS sat on the hatchway combings and chucked his swollen wrists. His Hudson emptied his fifth pannikin of food, clear water and chuckled. These were light hearts on board the

NEXT WEEK'S SPECIAL FEATURES!

BRITAIN'S SPEEDWAY CHAMPION!

Jim Knopfer, Britain's Champion Dirt-Track Rider, tells all about himself and his interesting life in an exclusive interview with **ROBERTSON BRY**. A particularly interesting article too, because Mr. Knopfer has promised to launch the new Douglas Motor-Bike which is offered as First Prize in our **ROBERTSON BRY** clearing coat race, and to present the bike to the winner! See page 26.

THE ARMOURD FARMAN!

Do you know where George Person—the Great Lad who sets out to make a living with a hat and a dog, and a big game of ten? Meet him next week in a jolly, complete yarn by George E. Robertson.

DRIVING THE FLYING BOYFRIEND!

What fellow has not been gripped by the lure of the Postoffice? Come with us, in this article, and stand on the engine of the great Flying Scotsman on her wonderful rush north to Edinburgh! A special photographic feature this.

THE STOWAWAY OF THE DAWN.

The South Sea has gripped King King, the boy trader known as King of the Islands, in the magic spell of the Tropics. Adventures come fast and furious to him and his crew on the little Dawn in this long and complete story by Charles Robertson.

YOUR WIRELESS BATTERIES.

The wireless beginner, as well as the fellow who knows "all about it," will welcome this most helpful and practical article.

Other Stories and Articles
— and —

A NEW COMPETITION —MAGNIFICENT PRIZES!

etch now. The light that burned on Sul'u'a was waning and sinking to the sea.

The ketch was tacking to the south, to seek the whaleboat and pick up the Hira-On boys. King of the Islands looked back through the starry night, and watched the faded signal-light fade into darkness. Sul'u'a, and the gang of sea-thieves who waited there for the sea-cook and his prize, vanished in the night.

"The scam!" said Ken. "Let them

wait there—dill we get word to you and a gubcock is sent to pick the up. It was touch and go for all of us, Ken."

"Ay, ay; and Koko did the trick. Koko he no common Kanaka!" said the Australian, with a chuckle.

"Tessie! Feller Koko he all same white feller!" said Kato-lalalunga, grinning over his shoulder. The sea-chiefs was banging once more at Koko's fingers, and he was chomping a song of triumph in his own strong tongue.

Hudson glanced over the taffrail Sul'u'a and its light had disappeared from view.

"Let them wait! They'll wait long enough before they see the sea-cook!" he said grimly.

"Hucker looked along feller shark and Kato-lalalunga, interrupting his interminable chant in the Hawaiian tongue to make that remark, with a joyous chuckle. "Feller shark along sea! Feller Wu-Fu-Wu, he no stop!"

Ken wondered. He knew that the sea-cook could swim like a fish; so there was a possibility that he had escaped the jaws of the sharks at the wrecked atoll. But he remembered how the dark waters had closed over the piggalled head, leaving a sign to be seen again of Wu-Fu-Wu, and he realized that it was not likely in the hour of triumph the sea-cook had gone to his account; and the tenderest heart could find no pity for him.

With light hearts on board, the ketch tacked seaward under the shining stars. Dawn was breaking, a ray flash from the east where the whaleboat was sighted.

"Feller boat he stop!" announced Koko.

And the ketch ran down to the drifting whaleboat, stared at wonder by Lufa and his companions. They could see Koko at the helm, a King of the Islands standing by theinnacle, and knew that it was Wu-Fu-Wu returning for them. The three Hira-On boys stood up in the whaleboat, waving their heads in a shouting; and as the Dawn was gliding down they seized their oars and pulled alongside.

"Feller Wu-Fu-Wu, what place stop?" asked Lufa, as the ketch came on board.

Koko chuckled.

"Feller Wu-Fu-Wu he stop at inside feller shark!" he answered. "Eye belong you as see feller Wu-Fu-Wu any more altogether."

"Plenty good!" said Lufa, in grateful relief.

King of the Islands, captain of his own ship again, set the courses. Tahiti. For the remainder of the run down to Papeete the ketch sailed without a cook. At Papeete a new boy was shipped, whose rank certainly did not compare with that of Wu-Fu-Wu. But as one on board the Dawn was likely to regret the sea-cook!

(Another long complete story King King and his adventures in the South Seas in crossing the ocean with Lufa in our **ROBERTSON BRY**. MAKE CERTAIN OF YOUR COPY BY ORDERING IT NOW