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The MODERN BOY

EVERY MONDAY.
Week Ending October 27th, 1936.

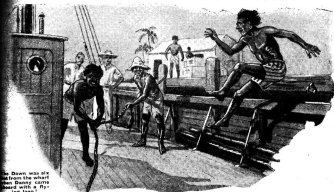
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F. B. KILIN

DRIVING THE FLYING SCOTSMAN! Special Feature Within



The Dawn was all a flutter when she saw Danny come aboard with a flying leap!

The STOWAWAY of the Dawn!

No Room for Danny!
DANNY circled Ken King, the young owner and skipper of the sailing ketch Dawn.

"The cocky-boy!" said Kit Hudson, an equally youthful Australian mate. The Dawn was gliding into the lagoon at Lalage. King of the Islands, as Ken was known throughout the South Seas, stood on the deck, watching the little town sprawled along the dazzling beach. Lalage always looked the same, and always beautiful—the long line of copra warehouses, the white bungalows of the traders, the grass houses of the natives further off, with brown figures in snowy lava-lavas moving about among them; far in the distance the groves of tall, nodding palms, backed by hills thick with bush and forest, and close at hand the coral wharf on which the shining waters of the lagoon washed and rippled.

King of the Islands was returning from Tahiti, and he was glad to see again the place he knew best in all the wide South Seas—the place that was most like home to the boy trader of the Pacific.

As the ketch drew nearer to the coral wharf Ken's glance became fixed on a little dark figure standing there, watching.

It was Danny, once cocky-boy of the Dawn. Danny had stayed behind when last the Dawn had sailed out of Lalage, and at Papette Ken had shipped a new cook—a smiling brown

Tahitian named Melville—Melons to Ken and Kit—who was even now singing and clattering pots and pans in the little galley.

Danny was watching the ketch as she came on with the wind, and his look and his manner testified great joy at beholding King of the Islands' ketch again. He waved his brown hands, and grinned from ear to ear, and danced a shuffle on the wharf. King of the Islands and Kit Hudson grinned as they watched him.

"Feller Danny he like see feller

The Dawn swung to the wharf almost like a car to a pavement. The sails dropped. The ketch's rail was six feet from the wharf when Danny came on board with a flying leap. He stumbled over a guy-rope, and rolled on the deck amid a loud chuckling from the four Hiva-Oa boys who formed the crew. Danny picked himself up with the activity of a monkey and ran aft to King of the Islands.

"Me cocky back, sar," he announced.

Ken stared at him.

Danny had not socked himself from the Dawn. In the manner of a Kanaka he had reproached his master by a series of outrageous blunders and accidents and studied impudence till his master had kicked him out. Danny, apparently, had now repented, and was ready to report for duty.

But it was rather too late.

Danny, certainly, was a better cocky-boy than Melville, but the Tahitian boy had been given the job, and, as Kit had remarked, fair play

was a jewel.

"Me plenty sorry," went on Danny. "Me sorry me velly bad feller. Plenty bad feller, my word! S'pose me cocky back along ketch me plenty good feller."

Ken shook his head.

"Feller cocky-boy belong Tahiti, he cocky-boy along ketch," he said. Danny's face fell.

"Me plenty good cocky-boy, sar. Feller belong Tahiti he no good feller cook. Feller along Tahiti he all bad

Complete in This Issue!

The South Seas have gripped Ken King, the boy skipper and trader known as King of the Islands, and thrilling adventures fall to his lot in the ketch Dawn as he sails from island to island in search of trade!

A long and complete story by popular

CHARLES HAMILTON.

ketch, eye belong him," remarked Kalo-lalaitonga, the Kanaka boy who was steering. Koko, as the ship-mates called him, grinned as he spoke. "Me tinky feller Danny he wante cocky back along ketch, sar."

"No can," said Ken, shaking his head.

"Melons is rather a worse cocky-boy than Danny was, if possible," remarked Kit Hudson. "But he does his best if it's a good deal like Danny's. worst—and fair play's a jewel!"

"Ay, ay!" roared Ken.

he was sure, and it could only have been Melons or one of the crew. His dodging away in the dark while the boy trader came down showed that he had been there for no good purpose.

Ken left the galley, puzzled and annoyed. Lulu was on duty. The other two Hiva-Oa boys were stretched on tapa mats on the forward deck. If they were sleeping they awakened at their skipper's footfall, and they started at once to their feet.

"Which way feller boy he go along cabin along dark?" demanded King of the Islands.

"No feller he go along cabin, ear." Ken returned stiff and went below again. He began to think that he must have been deceived about the stealthy sound he had heard. All the ship's company were on deck—Hudson, Koko, and Lompo aft, the cook in the galley, Lulu and the two officers forward. It was barely possible that a soft-footed native boy might have slipped up from below unnoticed, but it was not likely.

It was Hudson's watch on deck, and Ken, forgetting about the mysterious incident, was asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow.

"Debble He Stop!"

MELILLILO came out of the galley in the rosy dawn, his dark face darker with rage. In his hand he carried an empty tapa sack. King of the Islands and Kit Hudson were both on deck and both thinking of breakfast as the berth twisted along beside a six-foot breeze in the rising sunlight.

The four Hiva-Oa boys were on deck, only Koko being still asleep in his bed on the cabin deck. Melillilo came off with the tapa sack in his hand, jabbering with wrath in his own Tahitian dialect, evidently too excited to remember to speak in the berko-de-mer.

King of the Islands frowned at the excited Tahitian.

"You feller Melons, what come you sing out along deck?" he exclaimed.

A food of excited Tahitian from the Papete boy answered, and then Melons, remembering, broke into berko-de-mer English.

"Feller tuf he come along galley along night," he yelled. "What come feller boy he come take bananas belong cooky-boy? Feller bananas he go altogether."

Melons held up the empty tapa sack.

"Feller bananas he stop along here?" he boared. "Feller bananas he no stop any more. Feller tuf he take along galley along night."

Melillilo glared at the Hiva-Oa boys, evidently with the suspicion that the thief was to be found among them. There was an outbreak of in-
sultant denial from the crew.

"No feller he go along galley take bananas," shouted Lompo.

"Tufko feller cooky he make hat along along banana, take all up mouth along him!" declared Lulu.

"Well my hat!" said Kit Hudson,

with a whistle. "Surely we haven't got a thief on the Dawn, Ken?"

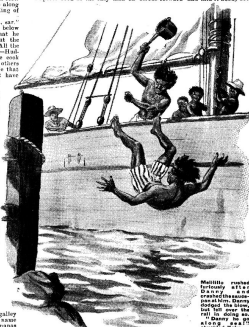
"Looks like it!" grunted the boy trader.

He eyed the cooky-boy dubiously. He remembered the stealthy sound in the cabin the evening before. Someone had been lurking there. Now a bag of bananas had been pilfered from the galley while the cook slept. The evening before Ken had thought of the Papete cook as the only man on

"Here, helay that!" roared Ken, as the Tahitian turned on Lompo and smote him with the empty sack. Lompo made a leap at Melillilo, and they grappled with one another and rolled over on the deck.

"Belay, I tell you!" roared King of the Islands.

But the excited native boys rolled and struggled furiously till Kit Hudson, handling his stock-whip, strode forward and laid it about both



Melillilo rushed furiously after Lulu and crashed the tapa-sack at him. Lulu dodged the blow, but fell over the rail in doing so. "Benny he go along with Koko."

board he did not know and trust. But it was impossible to suppose that the cook had robbed himself—the bananas must have been taken by one of the crew. Yet that was puzzling, too, for the rations were ample on board the Dawn, and no Kanaka on board ever had less than the fullest amount that he could eat. And the tapa sack had held not less than fifty or sixty bananas.

"Bananas he go altogether," spluttered Melillilo. "No can make along white master's breakfast. Feller tuf he belong Hiva-Oa."

"No true!" exclaimed Lompo. "Feller tuf he belong along Papete."

of them impartially. Then, with wild yells, the Hiva-Oa boy and the Papete boy separated and scuttled away from the lashing thing.

Ken thought it over after breakfast. Evidently Melillilo suspected that he was persecuted by the Hiva-Oa boys, because he had taken the place of their fellow skander. Ken knew that it was quite possible, and a little later he called Lompo to him.

"E'pose feller boy he had fellow along cooky, me plenty mad along him," he said. "You savvy?"

"Me savvy, ear," said Lompo. "Me plenty sure no Hiva-Oa boy had along feller cook. Plenty sure, ear."

The Stowaway of the Dawn!

(Continued from previous page.)

Ken dismissed him, more puzzled than ever. He believed Looze, and yet the sack of bananas had been emptied during the night. And he could not help thinking of the stealthy, lurking sound in the cabin. It was possible that Melville was a pilferer, and was pretending to be robbed in order to avert suspicion from himself. And yet whoever had been lurking in the cabin on that occasion, nothing had been taken.

That, however, might be accounted for by the fact that Ken, coming down from the deck, had interrupted the pilferer.

King of the Islands resolved to keep his eyes very much on the alert during the run down to Luluia. He had no use for a thief on board the Dawn; and if the Pagesto boy was one, he would land on the Luluia beach with a boat to help him there.

Kako-lalabulanga came on deck. Ken saw him staring towards the galley, where the voice of Melville was raised in a Tahitian song.

"Feller cook he stop along galley, see?" exclaimed Kako, with a look of wonder.

"Ay, ay! What name he no stop?" asked Ken.

"Me hear feller along lasaretto, ear belong me," answered Kako. "Me tinkie feller cook."

"You've been dreaming," said Ken. "Every man on board is on deck, and the cook hasn't been below."

"Me wake up along locker, me hear feller along lasaretto." Kako looked bewildered. "Me lookie, tinkie feller cook go along store. Me plenty see me hear, ear belong me."

"My Sam!" exclaimed King of the Islands. "Is the ship haunted, or what?"

He tramped down the companion and went into the lasaretto. Chests and boxes, sacks and bags were stacked there; but there was nothing else to meet the eye. He came back to the deck with a frowning brow.

"You dream along sleep, Kako," he said brusquely.

"No tinkie, ear," said Kako-lalabulanga. "Me hear, ear belong me. Pagestie aitee he stop along ship."

"You see?" exclaimed Ken, greatlyasperated. "You shut up mouth belong you, and no talk fool feller talk."

During the day Lulu was observed hunting about the deck and in the forecastle, with an angry and troubled face. On inquiry from aft, it transpired that Lulu missed his taps mat, on which he was accustomed to sleep on deck, in his "watch below." Another taps mat was forthcoming; but it remained indelible that Lulu's mat had disappeared. Ken noticed whispering among the crew, and when the sun set the Hivoo boys cast anxious glances into the shadows. Even Kako-lalabulanga, brave as a lion as he was, looked perturbed. And Melville no longer sang Tahitian songs in the galley, but was silent and uneasy.

"The niggers have got the wind up," said Kit Hudson. "They're

talking about an aitee being on board, Ken."

"The silly idiots!" granted King of the Islands. "All the same, it's queer, Kit—it looks as if somebody's playing tricks. And no nothing of the kind happened before we shipped Melville."

"Only Melvone seems as scared as the rest," said the Australian.

"That's so! I don't savvy this at all."

"Koko savvy, ear!" ventured Kako-lalabulanga. "Deblee he comey outside, come along betch, stop along betch. White feller no believe. Kowaka feller plenty believe."

"Kawaka feller be plenty fool," answered Ken. "Feller brain no walk about head belong him."

King of the Islands could not catch on to the meaning of the mysterious happenings on board the Dawn; but he was certainly not likely to adopt the Kanaka's theory that a con-devil had come out of the Pacific and landed on board. But the matter worried him a good deal, and his brow was thoughtful and frowning as he paced the deck under the glitter of the Southern Cross.

The Mystery of the Night!

II

Kit Hudson fairly groaned.

He had awakened, and sat up in his bunk in the little state-room amidships. King of the Islands was taking his watch on deck. Kako, who lurked in the cabin, was at the wheel, and so there was no one below but the mate of the Dawn—or should have been no one.

The night was hot, Kit had awakened thirsty, and stretched out his hand in the dark for the water-bottle that was kept at hand, on a little shelf close by the head of his bunk.

He did not need to strike a light; he knew exactly where the bottle was. And he reached for it, and closed his fingers round the narrow neck.

But his hand did not close on the cold glass. It closed on a set of fingers that were already grasping the bottle. Kit had a nerve of iron, but the sudden surprise and shock made him gasp. In the black darkness of the state-room there was someone—hidden from his eyes by the darkness—already holding the water-bottle, and the unexpected contact with warm fingers instead of cold glass was unaccountable.

Hudson let go as suddenly as if he had grasped a snake. He heard a quick, startled breath and the hurried patter of a naked foot. In the same instant he rolled out of the bunk.

He could see nothing; the cabin lamp was out, though it had been left burning when Hudson turned in, and its light should have glimmered from the cabin through the open doorway of the state-room. But it was out, and all was dark as pitch.

But the stealthy sound of a fering foot was enough for Hudson. And there was only one way out for the intruder—through the doorway into the main cabin. In that direction

the Australian made a spring, and his hands grasped a dodging figure in the dark.

"Now, you ladder!" panted Hudson.

He heard a stifled exclamation of alarm. The unseen man—evidently a native, for the limbs were bare—turned on him and returned grasp for grasp. There were few natives who could have handled the sturdy Australian; but his grasp slipped on the smooth, bare limbs, and with the activity of a monkey the unseen man twisted out of his grasp and sprang away into the darkness.

"You snail!" panted Hudson. And he rushed fiercely into the cabin after the vanishing intruder.

"Oh! Cooook!" He crashed on the cabin table, stumbled over, and fell on the floor. It was rather a painful fall, and Hudson's eyes were glittering as he picked himself up, the lurking native fallen into his hands again just then, certainly the man would have been rather roughly handled.

But the intruder was gone! Hudson groped for matches and lighted the swinging lamp. The light showed the cabin empty, except for himself. He strolled round him in intense expectation and ran into the companion. It was empty, and he darted to deck.

"Here!" he called out breathlessly.

"Hallo! You hot to sleep?" asked King of the Islands.

"Who come on deck a minute ago?"

"Oh—what? Nobody."

"Someone did!" exclaimed Hudson. "He just got away from me. He must have come on deck, Ken."

"But who—what—?"

Hudson hurriedly explained.

"My Sam!" exclaimed King of the Islands, angrily. "This time we will nail the ladder, whoever he is. No body come on deck, I was sitting here on the coaming, and no one could have passed me without me seeing him. He's still below."

"He may have dodged into the lasaretto," said Hudson, between his teeth. "I'll get my stock-whip and look for him. By gum, I'll give him a lesson this time!"

"Give him one for me, too," said Ken. "I'll stand here and see if he doesn't dodge on deck!"

Hudson tramped below. He put up his stock-whip and went into the lasaretto. Only the stacks of tin goods for Luluia met his eye there, and he came out again, angrier than ever. He searched through the cabin and the state-room, and examined the bulk of the trunks that led into the hold. It was empty. The intruder had not dodged among the water-trunks. In a state of mingled perplexity and exasperation, Hudson returned to the deck.

"Well?" asked Ken.

"He's not there," granted Hudson. "I've searched every corner."

"I've searched every corner. I must have got on deck," answered Ken.

"I'm sure of that. I was close here by the companion, as the lasaretto hatch is fastened."

Nobody could have got out."

(Continued on page 24.)

The Slowway of the Dawn!

(Continued from page 12)

"Then he's killing in some neck," growled Hudson. "Anyhow, we can beat out who it was if he's still alive. We're only got to see who's missing from deck."

King of the Islands went forward. Lompo and Lulu, the watch on deck, were in sight, and he found the other two Hiva-Oa boys asleep on their mats. Koko was at the helm, watching King of the Islands with wide-open eyes. Koko, at least, had no doubt of what had happened; he was quite assured that a sea-devil had got on board the Dawn.

King of the Islands, with a black brow, went to the galley. All the grogs were accounted for; as it was certain now that it was Mellillo who was the man who was wanted.

"My saluted Koro!" he ejaculated. With his head out on the deck for air, Mellillo was fast asleep on a mat.

King of the Islands stared at the cook.

"He's here!" he exclaimed. "Then who's better?" exclaimed Hudson. "If every man's accounted for, who the thump was in my stateroom?"

"Sea-devil he come along hatch, no?" said Kato-lahilonga.

"Oh, rot!"

"Then's somebody on board the hatch that we know nothing of?" asked Ken. "There's a slowway on the Dawn, Kit."

"A slowway!" exclaimed Hudson. "It can't mean anything else. And he's hiding among the cargo in the lazaretto," said Ken, with conviction.

"A slowway. But—" Hudson whistled. It seemed the only explanation, yet it was almost incredible.

"Some Lulu boy who wanted a cheap passage home from Lalago, perhaps," said Ken.

"He possible," said Hudson doubtfully. "But—"

"Anyhow, it's surebety. And as soon as it's daylight we'll root out the slowwete and have him out," said King of the Islands.

Hudson went back to his bunk, and King of the Islands peered the deck. But for the Kanakas on board there was no more sleep that night. The Hiva-Oa boys and the Tahitian cook had awakened. Lompo and Lulu had whispered to them in terrified whispers what had happened, and the Kanakas remained in a wakeful group, peering into the shadows, muttering to one another, their eyes dilated with fear. When Hudson came up to take the helm, Koko did not go below to his berth; he remained on the main deck with the crew. The shadow of fear lay on the whole crew, and Ken eyed them with great exasperation.

King of the Islands did not think of sleep that night. He remained on deck, with his eyes on the terrified crew. And he was glad enough when darkness rolled away and a new day dawned on the Pacific.

The Slowway!

"GET hold of your whip, Kit!" "You bet!" granted Hudson. King of the Islands and his shipmate went below. Koko made a step to follow them and stopped.

"Little white master!" he called. "You feller Koko stop along deck." "You back Ken good-bureastedly." "You plenty feller debble."

The whole affair irritated Ken very considerably, but he could not be told of temper with the faithful Kato-lahilonga.

The shipmate descended the companion, and, rather to their surprise, Koko's bare feet pattered down after them. Ken looked round at him.

"You no find along debble?" he asked.

"Plenty feller along debble," answered Kato-lahilonga. "Spore tomatoe debble, no stop any more altogether." By which the Kanaka meant that it was death to touch the wate. "Spore little white master he no stop, Koko he no wate stop any more."

And in the conviction that he was facing a danger more fearful than that of sharks or sting-rays or sun-burn, the Kanaka followed the white men into the lazaretto.

Ken looked round the store-room. It was staked with stores and cargo, and there seemed little room for a hiding-place.

But he had turned the matter over in his mind during the night, and he

was convinced now that some stranger looked on board—evidently a slowway. The goods that had been taken convinced him of it. The Kanaka pointed in the night from the galley had been taken for food, the tops and Lulu for sleeping on, and the hand that had grasped Hudson's water-bottle was that of a thirsty man seeking water, it was clear. Ken was sure of it, and he had no doubt that the slowway was hidden in the lazaretto.

"He's here right enough," said King of the Islands. "He don't have scuttled into the hold, as the hatch is hatched, and he's somewhere else on the ship. He's skulking in some corner among these goods, Kit."

"I reckon so," asserted the Corn-stalk.

"Shift these cases, Koko, unless you see plenty feller debble," said King of the Islands, with a laugh.

"Hark!" exclaimed Hudson.

There was a sudden sound behind a stack of trade chests. It sounded like a scuttling rat.

"The debble's taken the alarm!" grinned Ken, quite certain now that some unknown native was hidden in the lazaretto.

The chests had been started close, but he could see that they had been shifted to make a narrow space next to the ship's timbers. In that narrow space the slowway had hidden, lying close, and crawling out among the boxes in the night. The sound was perfectly comprehensible to Ken and Kit. They knew that the hidden man was alarmed and was seeking to creep away from observation.

Ken grasped the chests and dragged them aside.

"Look!" ejaculated Hudson.

In the space behind the chests lay a heap of bananas and human-skins and a tapa mat.

Koko stared at them blankly.

"Me no savvy," he stammered.

"Me savvy plenty!" said King of the Islands, laughing; and he dragged away a heap of sacks as he heard a scuttling sound behind them. A dark figure in a dirty loam-cloth dodged and jumped.

"Feller nigger!" gasped Koko.

(Continued on the next page.)

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The Slowaway of the Dawn!

(Continued from previous page.)

Creak! Hudson's stock-whip fairly rang round the limbs of the native who had been thus suddenly revealed to view.

A wild yell rang through the hammock. The slowaway leaped out of the open doorway into the main cabin, with the whip lashing on his legs. Then Ken, as he saw him in the full daylight, gave a shout.

"Danny!"

"Danny?" yelled Hudson. "That confounded cocky-boy!"

"Feller Danny," stammered Koko. "He no doblin. He feller cocky-boy stop along ketch."

"No kill feller Danny!" yelled the slowaway. "No kill Danny along whip! Danny be plenty solly stop along ketch. Danny be good feller!"

Koko gave a roar of wrath. All his supernatural terrors had been caused by Danny, the cocky-boy, who had slowed himself away on board the Dawn before she left the wharf at Lalala.

Hudson threw down his whip and stared with laughter at that simple though unexpected explanation of the mystery of the haunted ketch. But Koko-labalanga did not laugh. He rushed after Danny and snatched him hip-and thigh.

"You feller cocky-boy!" he roared. "You had feller cocky-boy! You make feller doblin stop along ship! My word, no kill you plenty too much altogether along rope!"

The cocky-boy fled wildly by the companion, with the exasperated Koko in hot pursuit. Ken and Kit followed, convulsed with laughter. Danny leaped out on deck, and there was a howl of terror from the crew, which died away at once as they recognized Hudson. Koko leaped out after him and jammed him along the deck, catching up a rope as he went.

"You no kill feller Danny!" shrieked the cocky-boy as he fled and dodged and twisted wildly to escape.

He dodged into the galley, and was hoisted forth at once by the indignant Melville. He darted to the fore-castle, but the Hiva-Oa boys headed him off. He roared back along the deck. Koko behind him, lashing with the rope.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared King of the Islands. "That will do, Koko. You kill plenty too much feller Danny."

Koko nastily dropped the rope. Danny collapsed, gasping, at the feet of the white masters.

"Feller Danny wantee stop along white master," he gasped. "No wantee stop along Lalala. Comey along ketch along night. Eye looking crew no see. Wantee sail along feller King of the Islands."

Ken laughed.

"You can berth with the crew till we raise Lalala, and then you go ashore."

And Danny limped away forward.

"Feller Danny He Stop!"

THE Dawn dropped anchor the following day in the lagoon at Lalala. Danny, the cocky-boy, eyed the island morosely, and King of the Islands, noting the saddened look on Danny's long face as he gazed at Lalala, was sorry, although there was nothing to be done.

But there was a surprise in store for both King of the Islands and Danny. As the native canoes of Lalala came circling round the

content with his job on board the Dawn.

Melrose nodded and grinned.

"Feller Mary wait along Lalala, waites Melville be come," he explained. "Melville be comey along Lalala, along ketch, no pay feller money along comey."

The Papete boy was cheerfully explaining that a feller Mary—in the South Seas all the feminine sex are Marys—was waiting for him at Lalala. Melville was going to marry this Mary, and he had been waiting for a cheap passage from Tahiti to join her at Lalala. He had shipped an cook on the ketch for that purpose to save the passage money and to earn a little on the way. He had not taken the trouble to explain all this to the white master, but the white master should not care to engage such a very temporary cook. Now that he was at Lalala, however, there was no need of further concealment, and, besides, he was ready to go ashore. He had already signed to a native canoe, which waited under the quarter to take him to the beach.

King of the Islands stared at him. At an island like Lalala he would have found some difficulty in shipping a new cook. That did not matter to Melville, who in the easy way of a Kanaka was thinking only of one thing at a time, and that himself.

"You better!" said King of the Islands. "I've a good mind to lift you over the rail at the end of my foot! What name you no tell me you wantee stop along Lalala?"

"Space me tell, you no follow me along cook," explained Melville cheerily. "Now me comey along Lalala, tell."

Ken laughed. Quite unintentionally the Papete boy had solved the difficulty of Danny. Ken paid him, and he jumped over the rail into the canoe, with his topa bag, and vanished.

Ken beckoned to Danny. The Hiva-Oa cocky-boy came hopefully aft.

"Feller Melville be no stop," said Ken. "Space you wantee stop along ketch, you stop."

Danny gave a howl of delight.

"No stop, sar."

"But no more of your tricks," said King of the Islands. "Space you stop along ketch, you good feller Ken, of my word, me knock away ketch and a starboard watch enter you. You sorry?"

"Me sorry, sar. Me good feller say," stammered Danny. "Me stop plenty good feller boy altogether too watch."

And Danny scuttled into the galley, where his voice was soon heard raised in cheerful song as he covered pans and pots. And when the ketch sailed out of the lagoon of Lalala and headed for the coral atoll of Ava, the brightest face on board was that of the Hiva-Oa cocky-boy who had been the slowaway of the Dawn!

(The Dawn, with Ken King and his jolly crew aboard, will be calling the New of Adventure again in next week's MODERN BOY. Make certain of reading with them by ordering your copy in advance.)

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anchored ketch, Melville came out of the galley with a tape sock that contained all his worldly possessions. He came up to King of the Islands, bowing and grinning.

"Lalala be stop, sar," he said, pointing to the island. "Space white master be pay feller Melville, Melville be go stop along Lalala."

"You want to leave!"

Ken stared at him. He was puzzled, for Melrose had appeared since then

I · SEE · ALL