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# The MODERN BOY

EVERY MONDAY.  
Week Ending October 27th, 1923.

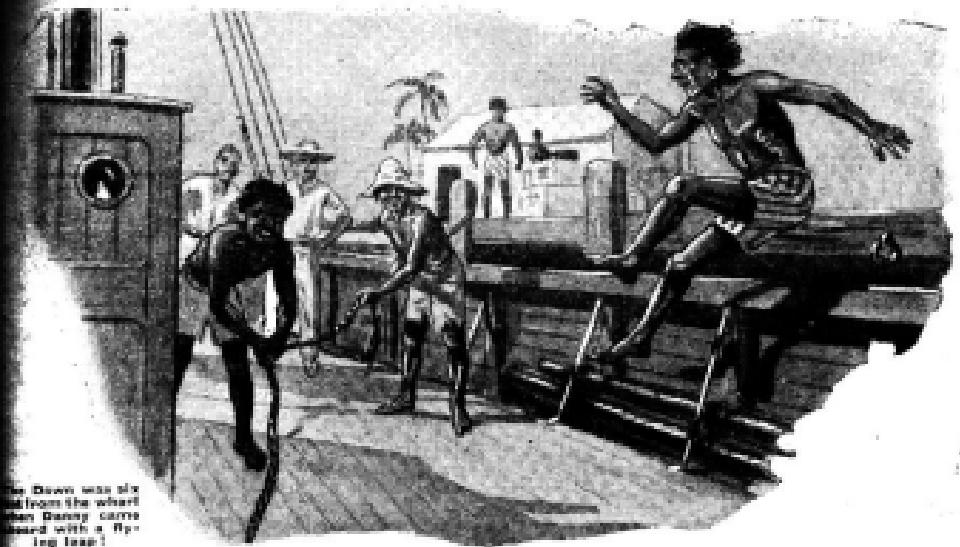
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E. B. GIBSON

DRIVING THE FLYING SCOTSMAN! Special Feature Within.



Danny was six  
from the school  
and Danny came  
back with a flying  
trap!

# The STOWAWAY of the DAWN!

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

"The cooky-boy!" said Kit Hudson, an equally youthful Australian mate. The Dawn was gliding into the port of Lallinge, 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.

Danny always looked the same,

and always beautiful—the

long line of copper hair leaves the white bareglow of the traders, the green leaves of the native farther off, with brown figures among lava-lavae moving about among them; far in the distance the groves of palm, swaying 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 cooky-boy of the Dawn. Danny had stayed behind when last the Dawn had sailed out of Lallinge, and at Papeete Ken had signed a new cook—a smiling brown

Tahitian named Melihiki—Meloma to Ken and Kit—who was soon new 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 be like no feller

The Dawn swung to the wharf almost like a car to a platform. The sail dropped. The boat's tail 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 comey back, see," he announced.

Ken stared at him.

Danny had not cracked himself from the Dawn. In the manner of a Kanaka he had compensated his master by a series of outrageous blunders and accidents and studied impertinence 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 cooky-boy than Meloma, 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 carry no welly bad feller. Plenty bad feller, my word! I'pose me comey back along ketch me plenty good feller."

Danny shook his head.

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

"Me plenty good cooky-boy, see. Feller belong Tahiti he no good feller cook. Feller along Tahiti be all bad."

Complete in This Issue!

The South Seas have gripped Ken King, the boy skipper and trader known as King of the Islands, in the magic spell of the Tropics, 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 Kato-hata-hoga, the Kanaka boy who was steering. Koko, as the shipmates called him, grinned as he spoke. "Me tidy feller Danny be wonder comey back along ketch, sir."

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

"Meloma is rather a worse cooky-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!" assented Ken.

# The Stowaway of the Dawn!

(Continued from previous page.)

faller altogether. No make kai-kai will come feller Danny, see."

From the little galley the Tahitian boy looked out. Melons stared at Danny with wrath in his eyes. He knew from the crew all about Danny. His job on the trading barge called Melons, and King of the Islands was a kind old easy-going master. If the guns were burned, or the canvas leaked, or the song watery, he might be annoyed, but he never had a belaying-pin round the cookspoon as some skippers would have done. Moreover, the barge was going on to Lai-Lai, and Melons had reasons of his own for wanting to go to Lai-Lai. So his indignation was great when he heard Danny claiming to return to his old job.

"Sorry, Danny," said King of the Islands. "No can do. Tahiti boy he good boy—wants stop along barge."

"Danny savvy he plenty had feller," said the cooky-boy. "Plenty silly Chinese man he give Danny plenty silver along Lai-Lai, makes Danny no stop along barge. Silver he no stop any more, feller Danny he come back along little white master."

Ken laughed.

Wu-Pa-Wu, a Chinese pirate, had tried Danny to keep his job on the barge so that he could take his place, got control of the barge, and had it over to his going of another—a plot that had come within an ace of success.

Lemps and Luu and the other Hiva-Oa boys looked on, grinning, but in plain sympathy with Danny. Danny was a Hiva-Oa boy, too, and they would have preferred him to the Tahitian. But King of the Islands shook his head drily.

"No can do," he repeated.

Danny's brown face was very long. He glanced round at the galley and crept at the Tahitian cooky-boy. Melillo stood back warily.

"You Hiva-Oa boy, you no good!" he called out scornfully. "You plenty bad cook!"

"Tahiti boy he plenty bad feller altogether," retorted Danny. "Make kai-kai along white man! Make long-pig along Papalagi!"

Melillo's brown face grew purple with rage. The accusation of cannibalism was a deadly insult; all the more because there was always a possibility of truth in it. Melillo's father had been cannibal, and possibly Melillo, in his early youth, had known the taste of "long-pig"; but to be called a cannibal was the last word in obloquy.

The Tahitian cook picked up a saucer and began to scraping and scalding forth from the galley.

"Hiva-Oa boy he tell plenty lie mouth belong him!" roared Melillo. "Me Melillo plenty kill Hiva-Oa feller!"

"You want make kai-kai along Hiva-Oa feller!" mocked Danny.

The Tahitian made a rush at him, brandishing the assegai. Danny dodged, back to the rail.

"Today that!" shouted King of the Islands.

Han Melillo, as his rage, did not heed. He rushed furiously after Danny and crashed the sliding panel at him.

Danny dodged the blow, but fell across the rail in doing so, and there was a heavy splash in the water between the hatch and the wheel.

"Danny he go along on," chattered Ken.

Melillo leaned over the rail, glancing down at Danny and brandishing the assegai.

"You bad feller, you comey along barge any more altogether, we plenty kill you along assegai!" he roared.

Danny swam for the wharf and scrambled out. He stood on the coral, shaking the water from his brown hair.

"You Tahiti boy, you make kai-kai along white man!" he bawled.

"You plenty had cannibal feller!"

And with that last threat to the enraged cook Danny turned and scuttled away along the wharf and disappeared on the beach.

## Mysterious!

**K**LICK OFF THE ISLANDS landed at the bimini, spoke a word to the steersman, and went down the companion. The last red gleam of the sun was vanishing in the west, and the stars were rising in a sky of dark blue. Far astern the lights of Lai-Lai were sinking into the sea. King of the Islands was at sea again, bound for Lai-Lai.

With a fair wind on a calm sea, the Daven glided gracefully on her way, like the water-witch she was.

Below in the cabin all was dark. The swinging lamp had not been lighted. It was the duty of Melons to light the cabin lamp at dark; but the Tahitian was not so mindful of his duties as Danny had been in his time.

Ken groped in his pocket for matches. As he did so a soft movement in the darkness of the cabin caught his ear.

"Hullo! Is that you, Melons?" he called out.

There was no answer.

"You feller boy, you speak mouth belong you!" rapped out King of the Islands sharply.

Still there was no reply, but the stealthy movement was heard again. Then there was silence.

"My Sam," muttered King of the Islands.

He found his box and struck a match. Holding up the flickering flame, he looked around him, wondering who was in the cabin.

No one was to be seen. At the after end of the cabin was the open doorway of the lazaretto; the closed door of the stateroom was amidships. Along the sides of the cabin ran the berths. The space was large for a barge, but King of the Islands could see in the light of the match that no one was there but himself. Ken's brows knitted.

He lighted the swinging lamp, and the cabin was fully illuminated. He gave one more sharp glance round, though he was sure that he was now alone in the cabin. Then he strode

out into the lazaretto, which was dimly lit by the light from the cabin lamp. The lazaretto was stacked with stores and trade goods, and no one was to be seen there.

King of the Islands turned back and walked toward to the state-room and there open the door. In the state-room were two trunks that belonged to Hudson and himself, and their personal belongings. Ken examined the little room, but it was vacant.

"My Sam," repeated King of the Islands, in perplexity.

He looked at the trapdoor that led down into the hold. But the sturdy brass bolt was in its place. The bolt could not have been fastened by anyone who had slipped down into the hold and closed the trapdoor after him.

Grimly puzzled, King of the Islands returned to the deck. Hudson, who was sitting on the tailgate near the sternpost, glanced at him inquiringly. Lemps was at the helm. Ken sat on the hatchway railing, stretching on his shoulders.

"Anything up, Ken?" asked Hudson.

"Has anyone come up from below since I went down?"

"No, I should have seen him." The Australian shuddered. "What do you mean, Ken?"

"There was somebody in the cabin when I went down," answered Ken. "He dodged away somewhere."

"The cooky-boy, perhaps. But he was there he's there still. I'm sure he should have seen anyone who came up, though I can't say I was looking specially."

"I'll come see if it was Melons, anyway."

King of the Islands went forward to the galley. A lump was burning there, but there was no sound of the cooky-boy. The silence was explained however, when Ken looked in. Melillo was stretched on the deck, his head resting on a sack of grain, fast asleep.

Ken looked at him. If the Tahitian boy was feigning slumber he was doing it very well. The "boy," in the way, was a good ten years older than King of the Islands, but in the South Seas all the natives are called "boys."

Ken staggered and shook Melillo by the shoulder.

The cook opened his eyes and yawned, and jumped up at the sight of the white master.

"What name you no light tell lamp along cabin?" demanded King of the Islands severely.

"Sleep he comey along cabin," answered Melillo, rubbing his eyes. "Too much teller helo-helo along cabin altogether."

"What name you go along cabin along dark?"

Melons stared, evidently astonished.

"No go along cabin along dark," he replied. "Sleepes along cabin."

"Some teller boy he go along cabin along dark, no stop along me cabin," said Ken.

"Hiva-Oa boy, please, sir," said Melons. "Hiva-Oa boy no good together. Me no savvy."

Whether the cooky-boy was lying telling the truth Ken could not guess. That someone had been in the cabin

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

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

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

"No feller boy go along cabin, sir."

Ken returned aft 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, Lafe and the two others forward. It was barely possible that a soft-skinned 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.

#### "Debbie He Stop!"

MELLILLO came out of the galley in the early 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 lurch twisted along before a six-light beacon in the rising sunlight.

The four Hiva-On boys were still on deck, only Koko being still asleep in his bed on the cabin deck.

Mellillo came aft with the tapa sack in his hand, jabbering with wrath in his own Tahitian dialect, evidently too excited to remember to speak in the berbere-de-mor. King of the Islands frowned at the excited Tahitian.

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

A flood of excited Tahitian from the Papete boy answered, and then Mellillo, remembering, broke into broken-de-mor English.

"Feller tied he come along galley along night," he yelled. "What name feller boy he come take bananas along cookey-boy? Feller bananas he go altogether."

Melons held up the empty tapa sack.

"Feller bananas he stop along deck?" he bawled. "Feller bananas he no stop any more. Feller tied he come along galley along night."

Mellillo glared at the Hiva-On boys, evidently with the suspicion that the thief was to be found among them. There was an outbreak of instant denial from the crew.

"No feller boy go along galley bananas bananas," shouted Lompo.

"Tinko feller cookey he makes kai-nakau bananas, eat all up mouth along him!" declared Lafe.

"Well my hat!" said Kit Hudson,

with a whistle. "Surely we haven't been Melons or one of the crew. His get a thief on the Dawn, Ken?"

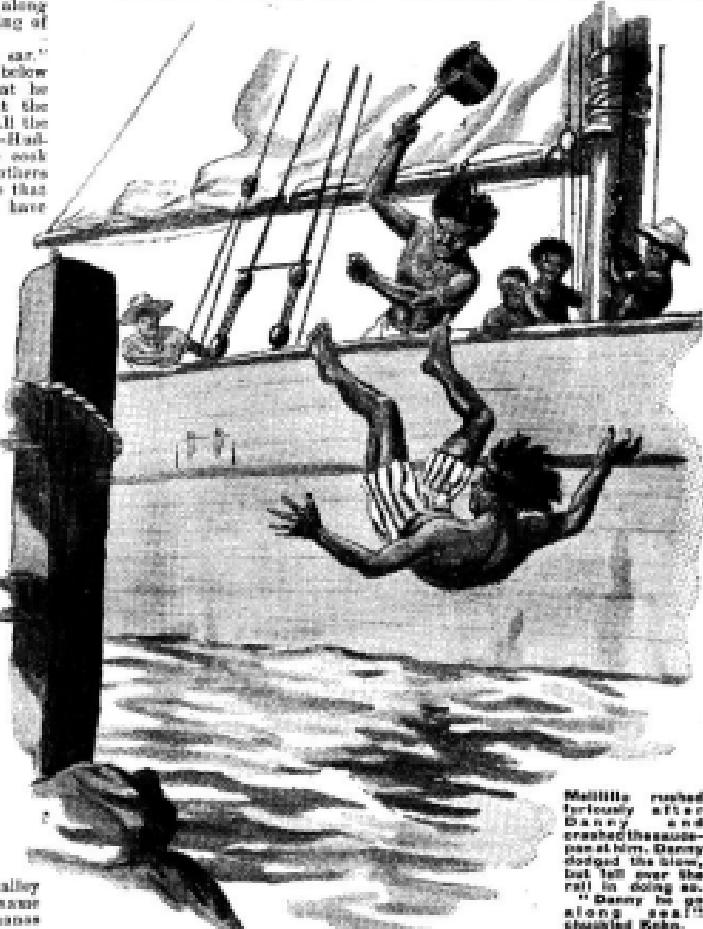
"Looks like it," grunted the boy trader.

He eyed the cookey-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 boy trader had been glibbered from the galley while the cook slept. The boy trader had thought of the Papete cook as the only man on

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

"Halei, 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



Mellillo rushed forwardly after Debbie he stop along deck, and smote the cookey-boy with the empty tapa sack. Debbie dropped the bacon, but fell over the rest in doing so.

"Debbie he go along, see?" chattered 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 held not less than fifty-six bananas.

"Bananas he go altogether," spluttered Mellillo. "You can make along white master's breakfast. Feller tied he belong Hiva-On."

"No, true," exclaimed Lompo. "Feller tied he belong along Papete."

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

Ken thought it over after breakfast. Suddenly Mellillo supposed that he was persecuted by the Hiva-On boys, because he had taken the place of their fellow trader. Ken knew that it was quite possible, and a little later he called Lompo to him.

"Feller boy he had fallen along cookey, ma plenty mad about him," he said. "You savvy?"

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

# The Stowaway of the Dawn!

(Continued from previous page.)

Ron dismissed him, more puzzled than ever. He believed Laihi, 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 McMillin was a pilferer, and was pretending to be robbed in order to avert suspicion from himself. And yet whosoever had been lurking in the cabin on that occasion, nothing had been taken.

That, however, might be accounted for by the fact that Ron, 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 Laieito. He had no use for a thief on board the Dawn; and if the Paepae boy was one, he would land on the Laeio beach with a boat to help him there.

Koko-lahaluhanga came on deck. Ron saw him staring towards the galley, where the voice of McMillin was raised in a Tahitian song.

"Feller cook he stop along galley, ear!" exclaimed Koko, with a look of wonder.

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

"Mo hear feller along lazarote, ear belong me," answered Koko. "Mo tinker feller cook."

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

"Mo wake up along looker, mo hear feller along lazarote," Koko looked bewildered. "Me looker, tinker feller cook go along stava. Me plenty sure 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 lazarote. Chests and boxes, stools 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, Koko," he said broughmly.

"No tinker, ear," said Koko-lahaluhanga. "Mo hear, ear belong me. Plaies ailes he stop along ship."

"You see!" exclaimed Ron, greatly exasperated. "You shut up mouth belong you, and no talk fool feller talk."

During the day Laihi was observed hunting about the deck and in the forecastle, with an angry and troubled face. On inquiry from art, it transpired that Laihi released his tape and, on which he was accustomed to sleep on deck, in his "watch below." Another tape mat was forthcoming; but it remained indistinguishable that Laihi's mat had disappeared. Ron noticed whispering among the crew, and when the sun set the Hawaiian boys cast uneasy glances into the shadows. Even Koko-lahaluhanga, brave as a lion as he was, looked perturbed. And McMillin 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 extra being on board, Ron."

"The silly idiots!" grunted King of the Islands. "All the same, it's queer, Kit—it looks as if somebody's playing tricks. And as nothing of the kind happened before we shipped McMillin—"

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

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

"Koko savvy, ear!" ventured Koko-lahaluhanga. "Doblets he comey autes so, eave along ketch, stop along ketch. White feller no believe. Kakaia feller plenty believe."

"Kakaia feller be plenty fool," answered Ron. "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 Kakaia theory that a soulard 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 glint of the Southern Cross.

## The Mystery of the Night!

Kit Hudson fairly gasped.

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. Koko, who berthed 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 the 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 something hidden from his eyes by the darkness—already holding the water-bottle, and the unexpected contact with warm fingers instead of cold glass was unnerving.

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 fleeing 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 lubber!" 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 grub!" panted Hudson. And he dashed furiously into the cabin after the vanishing intruder.

"Oh! Ouches!" 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. Had 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 lit the swinging lamp. The light showed the cabin empty, except for himself. He stared round him in intense suspicion and ran into the companion. It was empty, and he dashed on deck.

"Hoo!" he called out breathlessly. "Hello! You hot to sleep?" asked King of the Islands.

"Who come on deck a minute ago?"

"Uh—what? Nobody."

"Someone did!" exclaimed King of the Islands. "He just got away from me. He must have come on deck, Ron."

"But who—who—"

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

"He may have dodged into the latrine," said Hudson, between his teeth. "I'll get my stock-whip to teach him. By gawd, I'll give him a lesson this time!"

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

Hudson tramped below. He picked up his stock-whip and went into the latrine. Only the stacks of trade goods for Laeio met his eyes there, and he came out again, angrier than ever. He searched through the cabin and the state-room, and examined the bolt of the trap that led into the hold. It was fast. The intruder had not dodged down among the water-casks. In a mood of mingled perplexity and anger, Hudson returned to the deck.

"Well?" asked Ron. "He's not there," grunted Hudson. "I've searched every corner. Must have got on deck."

"Nobdy got on deck," said Ron. "I'm sure of that. I close here by the companion, the latrine hatch is fastened. Nobdy could have got on."

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# The Stowaway of the Dawn!

(Continued from page 18)

"Then he's hiding in some nook," growled Hudson. "Anyhow, we can't tell who it was if he's still alive. We've only got to see who's missing from deck."

King of the Islands went forward, Lamps and Lufo, the watch on deck, were in sight, and he found the other two Hiva-Oa boys asleep on their mate, 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 scoundrel had got on board the Dawn.

King of the Islands, with a black handkerchief over his face, went to the galley. All the crew were accounted for, so it was certain now that it was Melillo who was the man who was wanted.

"My captain, Sam!" he ejaculated.

With his hand out on the deck for air, Melillo was fast asleep on a mat.

King of the Islands signed at the cook.

"He's here!" he exclaimed.

"There who's below?" exclaimed Hudson. "If every man's accounted for, who the hellup was in my stateroom?"

"Sandwich he come along hatch, me?" said Koko-hulalulu.

"Oh, rot!"

"There's somebody on board the hatch that we know nothing of," said Ken. "There's a stowaway on the Dawn, Kit."

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

"A stowaway. But—" Hudson whirled. It seemed the only explanation, yet it was almost impossible.

"Some Lalalo boy who wanted a cheap passage home from Tahiti, perhaps," said Ken.

"It's possible," said Hudson doubtfully. "But—

"Angels, it's surely. Just as soon as it's daylight until root out the hammock and have him out," said King of the Islands.

Hudson went back to his tank, and King of the Islands paced 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. Lamps and Lufo had withdrawn to them in terror, whispering 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 suspicion.

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 Stowaway I

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

"Little white master!" he called.

"You fellow Koko stop along deck," called back Ken, good-humouredly. "You plenty bad fellow debbie."

The white man irritated Ken very considerably, but he could not be out of temper with the faithful Koko-hulalulu.

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

"You no find along debbie?" he asked.

"Pirsty find along debbie," answered Koko-hulalulu. "Spose teacher debbie, we stop any more altogether." By which the Kanaka meant that it was death to touch the master. "Spose little white master he no stop. Koko he no wante stop any more."

And in the conviction that he was facing a danger more fearful than that of sharks or sting-rays or cannibals, the Kanaka followed the white man into the hammock.

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

But he had thrashed the matter over in his mind during the night, and he was convinced now that some stranger indeed was aboard—evidently a stowaway. The goods that had been taken convinced him of it. The bananas purchased in the night from the galley had been taken for food, the tops not belonging to Lufo 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 stowaway was hidden in the hammock.

"He's here right enough," said King of the Islands. "He can't have scuttled into the hold, as the hatch is bolted, and he's nowhere else on the ship. He's sheltering in some corner among the cases and dunnage, Kit."

"I reckon so," asserted the Comptroller.

"Shift these cases, Koko, unless you see plenty bad debbie," 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 debbie's taken the alarm!" grunted Ken, quite certain now that some unknown native was hidden in the hammock.

The chests had been stacked 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 stowaway had hidden, tying close, and crowding out among the beams 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 banana-peels and a tapa mat.

Kit stared at them blankly.

"Me savvy plenty!" he announced.

"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 tapa-cloth dodged and jumped.

"Feller nigger!" gasped Koko.

(Continued on the next page.)

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# The Stowaway 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 lagoon. The stowaway leaped out of the open doorway into the main cabin, with the whip lashing at his legs. Then Ken, as he saw him in the full daylight, gave a shout.

"Danny!"

"Danny!" yelled Hudson. "That confounded stowaway!"

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

"No kill feller Danny!" yelled the stowaway. "No kill Danny alone whip! Danny he plenty wily stop along ketch. Danny he good feller!"

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

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

"You feller cocky-boy!" he roared. "You bad feller cocky-boy! You make like a feller double stop along ship! My word, we kill you plenty much altogether along rope!"

The cocky-boy fled wildly up the companion, with the unperceived 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 Danny. Koko leaped out after him and pursued him along the deck, coiling up a rope to be ready.

"You will kill feller Danny!" shrieked the cocky-boy as he fled and dodged and twisted wildly to escape.

He dodged into the galley, and was hauled forth at once by the indignant McMillin. He darted to the forecastle, but the Hivado boys haled him off. He raced 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 unwillingly dropped the rope. Danny collapsed, gasping, at the feet of the white masters.

"Feller Danny wantee stop along white master," he gasped. "He wantee stop along Lalaino. Convey along ketch along right. Eye belong crew no wry. Wantee sail along feller King of the Islands."

Ken laughed.

"You can berth with the crew till we raise Lalaino, 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 Lalaino. 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 Lalaino, 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 Lalaino came circling round the

boat with their oars, the crew were content with his job on board the Dawn.

McMoss nodded and grinned.

"Feller Mary will along Lalaino,妻子 McMillin he come," he explained. "McMillin he convey along Lalaino, along ketch, so pay feller money along conney."

The Peppermint boy was cheerfully explaining that a feller Mary—in the South Seas all the females are Marys—was waiting for him at Lalaino. McMillin was going to marry this Mary, and he had been waiting for a cheap passage from Tahiti to gain her at Lalaino. He had shipped as cook on the boat 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, lest the white master should not care to engage such a very temporary cook. Now that he was at Lalaino, 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 Lalaino he would have found some difficulty in finding a new cook. That did not matter to McMillin, who in the easy way of a Hivado was thinking only of one thing at a time, and that himself.

"You father?" said King of the Islands. "I've a good mind to lift you over the rail at the end of my boat! What name you tell me you wantee stop along Lalaino?"

"I pose you tell, you no take me along cook," explained McMillin cheerfully. "Now we convey along Lalaino, tell."

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

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

"Feller McMillin he no stop," said Ken. "I pose you wantee stop along ketch you stop."

Danny gave a burst of delight.

"Me stop, sir."

"But no more of your tricks," said King of the Islands. "I pose you stop along ketch, you good feller boy, or, my word, we knock every bone and a starboard watch outta you. You savvy?"

"Me savvy, sir. Me good feller boy," chirruped Danny. "Me stop, plenty good feller boy altogether you catch."

And Danny scuttled into the galley, where his voice was soon heard raised in gleeful song as he scraped pots and pans. And when the boat sailed out of the lagoon of Lalaino and headed for the penal atoll of Aua, the brightest face on board was that of the Hivado cocky-boy who had been the stowaway of the Dawn!

The Dawn, with King of the Islands and his jolly crew aboard, will be utilizing the *New Age of Adventure* again to read weeklies' *MODERN BOY*. Make certain of reading with them by ordering your copy in advance!

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anchored hatch. McMillin came out of the galley with a traps sack that contained all his worldly possessions. He came up to King of the Islands, bowing and grinning.

"Lalaino he stop, ear!" he said, pointing to the island. "I pose white master he pay feller McMillin, McMillin he go stop along Lalaino."

"You want to leave?"

Ken stared at him. He was puzzled, for McMillin had appeared more than

I • SEE • ALL