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# *The* **MODERN BOY**

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**AFTER THE LAUNCH—PREPARING FOR SEA!** (See page 3.)

# The GREAT PEARL of GOLA!



*Diving—diving—diving, day after day, year after year, hauling up shells from the sea-bed and eagerly searching them for the pearl that will crown the end of all adventures and then, at last, the great find! A gem that will bind you in the spell of the Tropics!*

**COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!**

## The Fugitive.

THE man was running—running hard! Hatless, in the blaze of the scorching tropic heat, his tanned face streaming with perspiration, breathing in panting gasps, his right hand tightly clasped, as if it held something he was fearful of losing, he raced across the burning beach of Gola.

Ken King, owner and skipper of the ketch *Dawn*, stared across the gleaming lagoon at the wild figure. The man who raced, bareheaded, in the burning sunlight was asking for sudden death!

"Mad as a hatter!" said Kit Hudson, Ken's young Australian mate. "Plenty of them in the Islands. Sunstroke, I reckon!"

All eyes on the ketch *Dawn* were turned on the running man. The ketch lay a hundred yards off the beach of Gola. The anchor was up. Ken had been about to order the crew of *Hiva-Oa* to lay into the whaleboat, to tow the *Dawn* out of the lagoon. On Gola hardly a breath of air was stirring; lagoon and beach and straggling native houses lay baking in the tropic sun. On all Gola there was stillness as of death in the scorching heat—save for that one wild figure that raced and panted and gasped.

Outside the reef, King of the Islands, as Ken was called throughout the South Seas, leaped to pick up wind, his business at Gola was done, and he was due at Itu. And though all the signs were of a calm, Ken hoped for a wind, as the skipper of a windjammer always will.

But he paused, with the color unspoken, at the sight of the man who raced across the beach. Unless the man was mad, so Kit Hudson said, his actions were difficult to account for. There was no sign of a pursuer

behind him; besides, on Gola the natives were peaceable—it was not a cannibal island. The pearlers who worked in the outer-reefs of the lagoon were a rough crew—rough and lawless—and from his looks, Ken guessed that the running man was one of them.

But if some stinky with his rough associates had put the man to flight, they did not seem to be in chase of him. It was more likely that he was, as Hudson said, a "hatter"—that it was a case of sunstroke and sudden lunacy.

"Feller white man he run along beach, jump along sea!" said Koko, the giant Kanaka bo'wan. "Brain

said Hudson. "Not the kind of passenger we want—if we wanted any."

"No fear!" agreed Ken.

But he watched the man curiously. The man, rough, unkempt, stubble-bearded, dressed in ragged dark trousers, with bare chest and bare feet, was evidently one of the pearlers of Gola—there were few white men on Gola, save the pearlers who dived for oysters in the lagoon and rattled out the shells on the beach at a distance from the native village. Desperate quarrels and affrays were common enough among the pearlers, on an island where there was no law but that of a native chief.

The man might have fled from some affray in which knives had been drawn. As his frantic shouting and gesticulating passed unheeded, the man suddenly plunged into the lagoon, swimming out desperately towards the ketch.

"The mad fool!" exclaimed King of the Islands. "There are sharks—"

He broke off, to rap out an order. The man, whoever he was, and whatever he sought, was not wanted on board the *Dawn*; but he had to be saved from the terrible peril into which he had recklessly flung himself.

The whaleboat, with four sturdy *Hiva-Oa* boys pulling, raced for the beach. Longo leaped over the gunwale and dragged into the boat the desperate man who was swimming.

With the Gola man panting, dripping with water, in the boat, the Kanakas pulled back to the *Dawn*.

King of the Islands looked down into the boat as it bumped alongside, and fixed his eyes sternly on the dripping man.

"You fool!" he rapped out. "What do you mean—and what do you want? Don't you know there are sharks in the lagoon?"

The man dashed water from his

## KING OF THE ISLANDS

Young Ken—King of the Islands—and his chum, Kit Hudson, gazed dumb-founded at the largest pearl that eye had ever seen, glimmering with a thousand lights as it lay in the rough palm of the pearler.

But there is great trouble in that magnificent sphere as well as beauty, and the telling of this long complete yarn makes an enthralling South Seas adventure story!

By CHARLES HAMILTON

belong him no walk about any more.

King of the Islands nodded. It looked as though the man who had lost his senses was rushing down to the lagoon to leap into the water. There was no time to stop him, if it was so: he was close on the sandy margin of the lagoon now.

But on the water's edge—up to his knees in lapping water—the man came to a halt. He waved his hands frantically to the ketch. He was shouting, but at the distance his words were indistinguishable. But there was no mistaking his meaning.

"He's asking to be taken aboard,"

# The Great Pearl of Gola!

eyes and his shaggy brows and stared up at the key trader.

"You're King of the Islands?" he panted. "Then take me aboard!"

"We don't take passengers on this hooker," answered Ken. "If you want a passage out of Gola, you can get it on one of the native boats, or wait for the steamer."

"You don't understand—let me aboard!"

"Nothing doing!"

"You'll have a life on your hands, King of the Islands! Another hour on Gola, and I am a dead man!"

"What have you done?" asked Ken coldly.

The fugitive's looks, on a closer inspection, were far from reassuring. All the peelers on Gola were rough and lawless; and this man looked as rough and savage as any of them.

"Nothing! You don't savvy! I tell you, I'm a dead man if you don't take me aboard. I'll explain. Let me on board. I'll pay my passage—a hundred pounds if you like."

Ken burst into a laugh. The peeler did not look as if he had a hundred pounds in the world. He looked, too, as if, when he had money, it was spent without delay on imported whisky or native kava.

"Give me a chance!" he pleaded. "My name's Kavanagh—I'm one of the peelers. I tell you they'll cut me to pieces. Give me a chance!"

"You can come on board," said Ken. "I'll hear what you have to say, but we're taking no passengers, and especially your sort, Mr. Kavanagh. Step up."

The man scrambled up the side. He stood panting and gasping on the deck in a pool of water that ran from his dripping boots and drenched trousers. His eyes turned back towards the shore—still, breathless, asking in the sun-blaze. There was no movement there—no sign of life. The few natives who could be seen were sleeping in the shade of the palms.

"They're not after me yet!" He gasped out the words. "But they know—Black Harris knows—I'm a dead man if I step on Gola. The whole gang will be after me—the whole gang, if they cut one another to pieces afterwards for it."

"For what?"

"Take me into your cabin, King of the Islands, and I'll tell you." The man's glance roved suspiciously round at the wondering faces of the Kanakas, the keen, attentive face of Kit Hudson. "I'll trust you—I've got to trust you—and they say you're the squardest man in the Islands. I'll trust you fair—get me safe away with it, and you shan't lose a hundred pounds—a thousand pounds!"

"Like a fish the explanation came to King of the Islands."

"You've made a bad!"

"Yes," breathed Kavanagh.

"Something out of the ordinary run, if you fancy that the peeler will turn on you to take it away!"

Ken's eyes dwelt on the cowering head. Even in attempting to swim

out to the hatch, the peeler had not unclenched that hand.

"Let's see it, then," said Ken. "Not here—not here! You're mad! Take me below!"

"Very well! Get into the cabin! Come on, Kit!"

"You alone?" snarled the peeler. "I've got to trust you, King of the Islands, but I'll trust you alone—nobody else."

"You lubber!" said Ken. "You'll trust my shipmate if you trust me. I'm not asking for your trust, or for you either. The boat's ready to take you back to the beach."

"I'm a dead man if I get foot on Gola again. I saw your ketch from the hill where I was hiding. I ran all the way. I lost my hat and did not dare to stop for it. I might have been killed by sunstroke. I tell you, it's a secret worth a hundred men's lives." The man panted heavily.

"King of the Islands, I'll trust you, and you alone."

"There's the boat," answered Ken coldly.

"Have it your own way, then, Ken King!" snarled Kavanagh furiously.

"If your shipmate puts a knife into your back one dark night, thank yourself."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Hudson, and he burst into a shudder.

"Step below, you scab!" rapped King of the Islands curtly; and the dripping, tattered peeler tramped down the companion into the cabin, followed by Ken and his shipmate.

## Thrice a King's Ransom!

**K**AVANAGH stood panting, his hand on the cabin table. He was exhausted, spent from his desperate race to the beach, and seemed hardly able to stand. There was fear in his eyes, as well as wild excitement. His right hand was still tightly clenched, almost convulsively.

Ken and Hudson looked at him anxiously. Many a "bad" had been made among the oyster beds of Gola, but as a rule the pearls found there were of moderate value. The peelers had a hard, rough life; they worked at what was called "maked" diving on Gola; there was no man in the whole crew who could have raised the money for a diving-suit.

Generally they found seed pearls that kept them in food and stores; sometimes a pearl worth fifty or sixty pounds would be discovered, and then the lucky man would spend the money in gluttony, revelry so long as it lasted. But as a rule they were hard up.

Like all the peelers of the South Seas they indulged extravagant hopes—every man of them dreamed of some wonderful find some day—of a wonderful pearl that should make him rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Yet taken all in all, it was a hard and unprofitable life, and there were few of them who could not have made as much, in the long run, by working before the mast of a trader.

That Kavanagh had made such a find, or dreamed that he had, was clear. And if he had—if he had won a pearl that ran into thousands

—as great pearls sometimes did—his alarm was well founded. There were few in the peeling crew at Gola who could have resisted the temptations of a fortune.

"Well, show the thing up," said King of the Islands impatiently.

"You're wasting time, man."

But the peeler's hand still clenched the hidden gem, as if his own will-power was not strong enough to unclasp his fingers from it.

"King of the Islands," he said hoarsely, "I'll trust you fair—I'll stand you a hundred pounds for a trip to Lallage. Take my right on to Sydney, and I'll charter your ketch at twenty pounds a day. I'll sign the papers fair and honest."

Ken made an impatient gesture.

"I'm a beggar now—but I'll let you at Sydney I shall be rolling in more money than I could count," said Kavanagh hoarsely. "Take my word for it, King of the Islands, I swear—"

"You're wasting time!" snapped Ken. "If you've got a pearl there, let's see it, and if I think you're really in danger on Gola I'll give you a passage at a fair price, to be paid when you've sold your pearl. Cut the corkle and come down to business."

"In danger?" Kavanagh laughed hoarsely. "I tell you there's not a man on Gola who would not shed blood like water for what I hold in my hand. I tell you the whole gang will go mad and be as mad as a pack of wolves."

"Well, we shan't go mad on this ketch, whatever you've got in your hand," said Ken contemptuously.

"How do I know that?" breathed Kavanagh. "You're said to be a square man, but once you've seen what I've got in my hand, how do I know that you won't go as mad as the rest and throw me to the sharks for it?"

"My misterd Sam!" ejaculated King of the Islands.

"I tell you it's enough to drive the whitest man in the Pacific out of his senses," panted Kavanagh.

"When I got it—and I tell you I got it out of a common-looking oyster—as common-looking as any I've seen on Gola—when I got it, I tell you, I sat down and cried. It's the pearl I've dreamed of—that every peeler's dreamed of—and it's come true!"

"Unless it's a fancy, and due to your hot bottle of whisky," said Ken coldly. "I've heard these tales of wonderful pearls before—they're told up and down every beach in the Pacific."

"I tell you—"

"Seeing is believing," said Hudson. "You duffer, don't you know a white man when you see one? If your pearl's worth a couple of thousand, in good Australian quids, it's safe on this ketch."

"A couple of thousand! You're a fool!" snarled Kavanagh. "Do you think I don't know the value of pearls—after peeling for ten years, and wearing out my life at it? You're a fool!"

"Look here, we're wasting time,"

woke in Ken. "My men are waiting to tow out of the lagoon. If your tale's true I'll stand by you, Kavanagh—but I've got to know whether it's true. If you can't trust me, get out of the ship; if you can, show up the pearl without losing more time."

The man stood looking at the boy trader with haggard eyes. It seemed as if he was not only unwilling, but dared not show the pearl, for fear of the effect it might have on the shipmates of the *Daunt*.

"I'm at your mercy here," he muttered. "I'm between the devil and the deep sea. If I go ashore I'm a dead man before sundown—and if the pearl tempts you what's to stop you from throwing me to the sharks?"

"Nothing," answered Ken—"nothing but my being a white man, who has never played a dirty trick yet."

"Yet—but you've never seen a pearl worth fifty thousand pounds!" growled the wretched man.

"What!" roared Ken and Hudson together.

"I've told you now!" panted Kavanagh. "I've told you! Let it go at that—and don't ask to see it! I tell you, the whitest man alive might—"

"Cut it out," said Ken—"you're dreaming! And I advise you to let the whisky alone next time you find a pearl worth a liver."

"Will you take me on this ketch?" Kavanagh cried.

"Not without knowing more than I do now," answered Ken. "I've known the tricks of beach-combers ever since I've sailed in the Pacific. How do I know you're not pulling my leg? If you're not, it's a thousand to one that you've made a mistake—a pearl worth fifty thousand pounds is found about once in a century, and it's not found on Gola, either. You're dreaming."

"Look at it, then!" almost screamed Kavanagh, opening his hand.

In the hard, horny palm lay the pearl—and King of the Islands and Kit Hudson looked at it, stared at it, silent. They could not speak—they could not have spoken at that

moment had they tried. In rapid silence they gazed at the white sphere, glimmering with a thousand lights of beauty, that lay in the rough palm of the peacemaker.

It was a pearl—a large pearl—the largest pearl that eye had ever seen. So large that it seemed impossible that it could be real. But it was real. King of the Islands had traded in pearls, and he knew one when he saw it.

He stood breathless, with fixed gaze. Glimmering and glowing with a thousand fires, the great pearl

of the Islands' ketch? That terrible question brought haggard fear into the peacemaker's eyes.

Ken found his voice at last.

"Wonderful!" he said, with a deep breath. "Wonderful! Good god, man, you've got a king's ransom there!"

"A king's ransom?" said Kit Hudson, and there was a shiver in his voice. "Thirty a king's ransom! My hat! For a pearl like that—"

He broke off.

"Put it away, man," said King of the Islands. "We've seen it—that's enough! You were right not to let the Kanakas see it—we don't want mutiny and murder on the *Daunt*. Put it away."

Kavanagh's fingers closed over the pearl again. To the eyes of the shipmates it seemed as if light had been withdrawn from the cabin.

Kavanagh's eyes searched their faces.

"You'll play fair?" he said huskily. "I'll pay handsomely—I'll treat you well—"

"You'll pay a fair passage on the *Daunt*, and nothing more," said Ken quietly. "I'm not robbing you because you've made your fortune. Your pearl's nothing to me."

The peacemaker eyed him hopefully, doubtfully.

"You know what they'd do on Gola," he muttered.

"I know!" Ken smiled faintly. "You're not on Gola now—lucky for you, too! You're safe here—only keep that pearl dark! My men have smiled with me, risked their lives with me, followed me faithfully—but I'd not trust them

with that pearl in their sight. There's not one man in ten in the South Sea that I'd trust in sight of that pearl."

"There's not one that I'd trust if I could help it," said the peacemaker. "But you'll play fair, you'll play fair." Doubt and fear lingered in his face and in his voice.

"You've got to trust me, man. If you stay on my ship," said Ken, "Lucky for you, you can do it safely. Your story's true—your life is worth about as much as a mosquito's on



"Keep clear!" commanded Ken. "A hand on my rail and my revolver begins to talk!"

seemed to gather to itself all the light in the cabin.

Kavanagh was trembling from head to foot. His eyes were on the two rapt faces with haggard fear in them. Well he knew what new-mangled men—would have done for that wonderful pearl; well he knew that so long as he held it his life hung in the balance.

On Gola the man's life was not worth an hour's purchase, with the great pearl in his hand.

Was it worth more on board King

# The Great Pearl of Gola!

Gola, if they know you've landed a pearl like that—

"They know—Black Harris saw it in my hand."

"Stay here, then; we're getting out of the lagoon as soon as the boat is manned."

King of the Islands returned to the deck, followed by Hudson. The Australian's rugged, tanned face was grim and thoughtful. Ken looked at him once—twice.

"Kit!" he said quietly.

Hudson started and explained.

"All wrong!" he said, frowning a frown. "Ken, that pearl might tempt a saint. But I've not forgotten that I'm a white man. But—I wish the thing had never come on board."

"We can't refuse to save the man—they'd cut him to ribbons for it, and cut each other to ribbons afterwards."

"I know! It's up to us. But—the sooner the fellow and his pearl are off the boat, the easier I shall breathe. Ken, the Kanakas would lose their senses if they saw it."

"Not Koko—but the rest—you!" said Ken. "They will not see it! Better for everybody, perhaps Kavanagh himself, if it were swung into the lagoon. The history of every great jewel is a history of crime. There will be lives spent for the great pearl of Gola, Kit—if Kavanagh gets safe away with it."

He dropped the subject, and gave rapid orders to the Kanakas. The whaleboat was manned, the cable run from it to the bows of the ketch, and with the Iliva-Ona boys tagging at the oars, the Dawn glided away from her anchorage and headed for the open sea.

## Pursuit!

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS stood by the binoculars, a thoughtful shade on his brow, his eyes watchful on the lagoon. Steadily, in the wake of the towing whaleboat, the Dawn glided across the placid water, heading for the passage in the reef. Koko, at the helm, stole furtive glances at the face of the boy leader. Several times Koko seemed about to speak, but checked the words on his lips.

Ken watched the lagoon and the white beach that circled it. Kavanagh was below, keeping out of sight—the great pearl still in his hand. Unless he had been seen going aboard the ketch, it was advisable to keep his presence there a secret from the peering crew ashore. Some of them, as he had told Ken, had seen the great pearl—all of them, probably, knew of its existence by this time.

He had fled from the peering ground, where the pearlers roiled out the shell, and hidden himself on the hill—but there was little doubt that the others were in search of him. Some of them, at least, would hesitate at nothing to obtain possession of the pearl. The less they knew of his movements, the better it was for his safety.

What the rough crew of Gola were likely to do, Ken could guess from the fact that he dared not trust his own Kanakas with the secret. The simple, faithful Iliva-Ona boys were not to be relied upon if they knew what was on board the Dawn.

But had Kavanagh been seen coming out to the ketch? If so, King of the Islands was prepared to see something of the peering crew before he got clear of the lagoon.

He called to the boat's crew to hasten, and the Kanakas moved hard. Ken was anxious to get clear. If there was hostility from the pearlers, he was bound to stand by the man he had taken on board. But he was anxious to get clear without a collision with Black Harris and his comrades, which might very easily go to the length of bloodshed.

"Beat ahead, Ken!" sustained Hudson.

"It's trouble!" replied Ken, compressing his lips.

Ahead of the ketch, interposing between her and the reef passage, a boat had shot into view.

Four rough-bearded men in dingy duds pulled at the oars. A fifth man, a powerful fellow with black hair and a black beard, stood up in the stern, one hand on the steering-oar. Ken knew the man by sight; he had seen him on Gola once or twice. It was Black Harris—the toughest and most desperate of the lawless crowd that hunted pearls in the Gola lagoon.

Each of the Gola pearlers worked independently of the rest; each had his own ground, his own boat or canoe. But Black Harris, by his rancor and desperate character, had a sort of leadership among them. He was the wildest spirit in the whole wild crew, feared by white men and native alike on Gola.

He was standing in the boat, watching the ketch as it glided along at the end of the tow-rope. That was enough to tell Ken that the pearlers knew that Kavanagh was on board. His brow set grimly.

"Darny!" he called out. "You go below, fetch fellow give he stop along starboard."

"Yessar!"

Darny came back to the deck in a couple of minutes, with the holder containing the revolver that King of the Islands was when it was useful to go armed. Ken buckled it to his belt.

That every man among the pearlers carried a knife, Ken knew; but it was not likely that they had firearms. He still hoped that it would not come to a deadly affray. With the ketch under sail, he could have studied the whaleboat, there was no cluding it. He had to be prepared to resist an attack, if the pearlers attempted one.

The pearlers' boat pulled alongside the Dawn. Ken waved his hand to them.

"Keep clear, there!"

Black Harris met his eyes grimly. "I'm coming aboard, King of the Islands," he said.

"Keep your distance," answered Ken. "I warn you, Harris, I shall

see if a man lays a hand on the rail." He jerked the revolver from the holder.

"Tell your Kanakas to stop pulling while I speak," shouted back Harris. "No time to lose—I'm hoping to pick up a wind outside the reef."

answered King of the Islands. "You won't pick up a wind to-day—you're towing out into a dead calm. Stop, I tell you!"

"Nothing doing!"

"Hang you!" shouted Harris furiously. "Do you want me to lay aboard your whaleboat and check your Kanakas to the sharks?"

"Lay aboard the whaleboat," Black Harris, and you'll see how straight I can shoot," answered King of the Islands. He lifted the revolver. "Keep clear of that whaleboat. I warn you that I've never yet missed my aim."

Black Harris withdrew a wood in the scummen. The boat, keeping a few yards from the ketch, moved to keep pace. King of the Islands was known by reputation to the pearlers of Gola, and they knew well enough that with either rifle or revolver he could put a bullet where he liked, at any possible range, and they knew enough of him to know that he uttered no idle threats.

"We've not come here for trouble, King of the Islands," said Black Harris, standing in the boat, watching Ken across the narrow intervening strip of water like a cat. "We've no quarrel with you. What's the matter with a man stopping on board?"

"No time for visitors when we're towing out," answered Ken. "If you wanted a chat you could have seen me any time up to to-day at the store ashore. Give me a look in when I come back to Gola if you want my company."

The words in the boat grained savagely.

"He knows," muttered one of them. "He knows all right," answered Harris.

"Keep clear!" called out Ken, as the boat edged a little nearer. "A hand on my rail and my revolver begins to talk. Come closer than you can and I'll have a pig of fat heaved into the boat. If you want a swim among the sharks you've only got to ask for it."

Harris's boat altered off. But it kept within easy speaking distance of the ketch, the scummen pulling to keep pace with the Dawn.

"Let's speak out, King of the Islands," said Black Harris between his teeth. "You know as much as I can tell you. I can see that. You've got Mike Kavanagh on your ketch."

Ken made no answer.

"What's the good of hauling about the boat?" shouted Harris savagely. "I tell you I watched him come aboard. I picked him up with my glasses a long way off. We've been hunting him, and the sharks kept on sight in some anxiety. But I tell you I saw him running for the beach. That's why I got the boat out to head you off. Now you know!"

"I guessed that much already," answered Ken coolly.

"You've seen the pearl?"  
 "I'm answering no questions."  
 "That means that you've seen it. You've got Kavanagh on board with the biggest pearl ever picked up in the Islands. Do you think we're letting you get away with it, Ken King?"  
 "I think you're not stopping me from putting to sea," answered Ken.  
 "You'll try it at your peril."  
 He cast a glance towards the whale boat. The Kanakas were pulling their hardest, but the reef was still distant. Blazing with heat, streaming with perspiration, the Hiva-Oa boys strained at the oars. But the pearl's boat kept pace. Kit Hudson quietly stopped below for his rifle. It was clear that trouble would come before the ketch could be towed out through the reef.

"Listen to me, King of the Islands," said Black Harris hoarsely.

pearl like that. Fair play all round. If some other man had found it, do you think Kavanagh would have stood for letting him get away with it alone? He would have been after him as fast as we are."  
 "Very likely," agreed Ken. He had no doubt that the statement was true enough. "But a man's own is his own, all the same."  
 "You want me to believe you're letting him keep it when you've got him there in your own hands, at your mercy?" shouted Black Harris.  
 "Don't give me that stuff, King of the Islands. An like as not you've put him over the side already and got the pearl in your pocket."  
 Ken shrugged his shoulders.  
 "We'll take you in as partner and treat you fair," went on Black Harris.  
 "But we're wanting the pearl. What about it?"  
 "Nothing about it," answered Ken.  
 "Then your blood will be on your

a deadly trick practiced by all natives, and common enough among white men of Black Harris' kidney. Swift as the knife flew—so swiftly that it seemed certain that the boy skipper must fall transfixed by the keen blade—King of the Islands was smiling.  
 The report of the revolver was simultaneous with the crack of the bullet on the whirling knife. It was such a shot as few marksmen would have attempted. The knife, struck as it flew, clanged to the deck a dozen feet from King of the Islands.  
 Black Harris stood as if rooted, staring. Kit Hudson, with a shout of rage, levelled his rifle over the rail of the Dawn.  
 "Hold on, Kit!" shouted Ken.  
 "The murdering villain! I'm going—"  
 "Hold on!"  
 Hudson's finger was on the trigger, his eyes blazing with rage at the

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**THE GREAT IDEA**— Stories of Inventions that Changed the World  
**No. 14.—STEEL.**  
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Here, an array of iron and carbon, was not the tough metal we are familiar with when we see a hammer, chisel, or a file. It was a soft, malleable metal, and was used to make the tools of the blacksmith. He discovered that practically all the carbon had gone from these parts. This led him to design the converter shown above.



Here is a sectional view of a blast furnace in which the raw iron is prepared. Coke, iron ore, and lime stone are conveyed to the top and changed to iron. A blast of hot air forced through, heats the iron, and it is allowed to cool in the converter. The hot air returns to the oven for reheating.



Having been mixed with the correct amount of carbon in the converter, the iron becomes steel, and is cast in a molten state. It can be rolled, drawn, or cast into any form. It is the modern steel-making process, and is used to make the machinery of the world. The hot air returns to the oven for reheating.



The train passes on to the cutting room, and is there cut into suitable lengths and thicknesses by the wonderful machine shown above. The iron is then rolled into a series of coils, which are used for the manufacture of the steel. The steel is then ready for shipment in all parts of the world.

"Mike Kavanagh's nothing to you. He's found the biggest pearl known in the South. I tell you I've seen it. He sat like a man in a dream, with the pearl in his hand, after he got it, and I tell you five or six of us saw it. There isn't any doubt about it. It's worth fifty thousand pounds if it's worth a sixpence. That pearl isn't going out of Gola on your ketch, if we have to cut to pieces every man on board and sink you in the lagoon!"  
 There was a growl from the pearlers pulling at the oars. Fierce and desperate eyes stared at the gliding ketch. There was madness—the madness of cupidity—in every breast there.  
 "We want no trouble with you, Ken King, we want the pearl," said Black Harris. "We're going to have it. We'll share equally with Mike Kavanagh. You can tell him so. A man can't walk off on his own with a

own head!" said Black Harris hoarsely.  
 His hand had been resting on his belt. It came up, and in it was the knife from the sheath there. The hand of Black Harris moved with the swiftness of lightning, and there was a gleam in the sunshine as the knife flew straight as a bullet for the heart of King of the Islands!  
 Defeated!  
**B**ANG!  
 The report of Ken's revolver rang with a sound almost like thunder in the stillness of the calm lagoon.  
 King of the Islands was not taken off his guard, sudden as the desperate action of the pearlers had been. Well the boy trader knew the island trick of throwing the knife—

ring-leader of the peering gang. But King of the Islands stopped him in time.  
 "No harm done," he said coolly. "I was watching for that trick. No harm done, old man."  
 He leaned over the rail, revolver in hand.  
 "Pull for the beach," he ordered. "You've seen some shooting. Do you want to see any more?"  
 Black Harris posted. The pearlers in the boat, furious as they were with rage and cupidity, started away from the revolver after what they had seen. Every life there was in the hollow of Ken's hand, and they knew it. Black Harris gave a turn to the steering-oar, and the boat darted off. But it did not go far. The pearlers rested on their oars again, all eyes fixed savagely, wolfishly, on the ketch.  
 (Continued on page 18.)

# The Great Pearl of Gola!

(Continued from page 14.)

It seemed as if the peering crew could not bear themselves away from the vicinity of the great pearl of Gola, even with death staring them in the face if they caught it.

Kit Hudson took aim with the rifle. "Full for the beach!" he shouted. "I give you one minute before I open fire!"

The crew stopped, but they did not pull. Black Harris stood staring at the ketch. Obviously it was in his mind to dare all in a desperate attack, setting his life upon the coast.

Crack! Hudson's rifle rang, and the bullet cut through the brain of the black-bearded pearder's great hat.

With a gasping shout Harris dropped in the boat, grumbling what cover he could in the gullies.

Crack! Hudson fired again, and one of the crew was slivered by the ball.

Crack, crack! On either side of the boat sprays of spray were tossed up, splashing the pearders.

Crack, crack! The bullets splintered the timbers of the boat. And then the pearders, who had for the moment fancied that the Cornstalk was shooting wild, realized that he was playing with them. Every bullet would have found a human target had he chosen.

"Is that warning enough?" shouted Hudson. "Full for the beach, you dogs, or you'll hear this rifle talk in earnest!"

Black Harris ground his teeth with rage. The rifle cracked again, and the grass hat spun from his head, and with it went a strip of skin. There was a yell from the pearder.

"Give way!" he hissed.

And the pearders pulled, and the boat shot away towards the distant beach.

Black Harris, standing and shaking his hat back at the ketch, shouted threats as he went!

## Fear!

"**W**ERE clear of that lot?" remarked Hudson, as he dropped the bolt of his rifle to the deck.

"Thank goodness for that!" said Ken, with a breath of relief. "I hardly hoped to get clear without bloodshed. Now for the open sea!"

In the whistling, the Hiva-Oa boys were pulling without cessation. The ketch was drawing near to the reef at last.

Ken looked back at the island. The pearder's boat, tiny in the distance, had bumped on the sand, and the rough crew had stumbled out. Some of the Gola natives, startled by the firing, had leaped down to the beach, and were staring across the lagoon towards the ketch. Nelson had Ken been so glad to leave an island astern.

The whistling pulled on steadily, and the Dawn glided into the passage through the coral rocks. The beach of Gola was a bar behind in the sun-blue now. On into the open

Pacific the ketch glided; the reef dropped astern, and the swell of the sea was round the little craft. Ken's eyes swept the cloudless blue sky anxiously. Save for a slight swell, to which the ketch rocked gently, the sea was like glass—calm, placid, untroubled by the light breeze. Ken recalled the whaleboat.

"We'll get the breeze with us—down, Kit!" he said. "Anyhow, there's a chance of it!"

"There's a chance!" assented Hudson, eying the burning sky doubtfully. "Anyhow, we're better outside the reef, in the circumstances. If we'd stayed in the lagoon, the whole crew of them would have been on to us after dark."

"You can bet on that!" said Ken.

The whaleboat was swung up to the davits. It still wanted hours to sunset, when the evening breeze was likely to blow off the island. A whisper of a wind was all the ketch needed to get her under way; and King of the Islands had hoped to find it outside the reef. But the air, aching with heat, was still.

There was a step in the companion, and the rough-bearded face of Kavanagh looked out. There was a knife in the pearder's belt, and the belt was an inch from the scabbard. Evidently the ruler of the great pearl of Gola had gripped the weapon as he heard the voices of his former associates. His haggard glance, as he came on deck, swept back to Gola. His right hand, tightly clenched, showed that the great pearl was in his grip.

"We're clear of Gola, King of the Islands!" he said, in a pasting voice.

"Ay, ay! We've got to wait for a wind," answered Ken. "I reckon we shall get under way of sundown."

"Half a mile of blue water won't stop Black Harris if we're here after sundown!" muttered Kavanagh. "The whole gang will be after us."

"They'll find us ready!" said Ken.

"I was watching!" muttered Kavanagh. "Why in thunder didn't you put a bullet through Black Harris when you had the chance? I tell you, that man will follow me all the way to Sydney for the pearl. Wouldn't I in his place? Wouldn't any man?"

"Not any man, Kavanagh, or your pearl would not be safe on board this hooker!" replied Ken. "There are two men here who would not have to follow you so far as Sydney."

Kavanagh started, and gave the boy trader almost a wolfish look.

"King of the Islands! If you—"

"Relay that!" interrupted Ken curtly. "Your pearl's safe, you swab—no man here will touch it. You'd better find a safer place for it than your fist, though. If you'd like me to lock it up in my safe in the storeroom—"

"You won't get it out of my hands—not without killing me first!" snarled the pearder. "And I've got a knife—"

"Relay, I tell you!" snapped King of the Islands, his brows knitting in anger. "Another word like that, and by gum, I'll run you back to Gola to take your chance there."

"No offence, King of the Islands! If you had a fortune like this in your hand, you'd trust no man. I know you're square—I trust you."

But the haggard glare of the pearder told of anything but trust. His life and his treasure were in the hands of the boy trader, and he was haunted by the black fear that the temptation might prove too strong, truly too well the wretched man knew that it would have been too strong for himself in the boy trader's place. While the great pearl of Gola was in his hands, fear was to be his companion by night and day.

Ken, as he read the pearder's doubts and fears in his tanned, haggard face, had an impulse of compassion.

"Pull yourself together, Kavanagh!" he said, more kindly. "You're safe here, and your pearl's safe. I'll find you something to keep it in—keep it in your own hands if you can't trust it out of them. Pull yourself together, and don't give yourself away to the Kanakas by looking as if you expected a knife in your back every minute."

Kavanagh grimaced shamefacedly; but his haunted glance travelled round the deck suspiciously, uneasily.

"If we get a wind we shall be at sea in three days—and you can pick up the steamer for Sydney there," said Ken. "Take a light on your nerves, man; you'll be a real basket in a few days if you keep on like this. Come below—I'll find you something to keep the pearl in."

Kavanagh nodded, and moved to the companion; but he drew back to let King of the Islands go first, as if he dared not trust a man behind him. Ken paid no heed, the man's nerves were to a jangle with fear and distrust, and it was futile to take offence at the distrust of a man to whom the whole world seemed peopled with foes.

A few minutes later the great pearl was packed in a leather pouch, which Kavanagh bound with cord inside his belt. Ken left him to it—the man seemed to dread letting his eyes fall on the wonderful pearl again. Yet the man was, as Ken had no doubt, no coward—he was as rough and lawless, as full of animal courage, as any of the peering crew on Gola. It was the possession of a fortune, the haunting fear of losing it, that set his nerves in a twitter.

Ken returned to the deck with a clouded brow. He did not want the pearder on his ship; still more, he did not want the pearl there. But he had scarcely had any choice in the matter. He longed for a wind that would fill his sails on its, the nearest spot where he could get rid of pearl and pearder without throwing both into the hands of the Gola gang.

"Little white master!"

Kato-labalanga—to call Koko by his correct name—spoke softly, with a strange note in his voice. Ken glanced at him sharply. The Kanaka's eyes were gleaming, with a gleam that struck King of the Islands like a shock.

(Continued on page 20.)

# The Great Pearl of Gola!

(Continued from page 18.)

"What you tinker, Robo, head belong you?" he asked, very quietly.

Kato-lalalanga breathed hard.

"Little white master, me see feller pearl, eye belong me, along sky-light," he whispered. "Feller pearl be big feller. Whole feller Kaveenagh be plenty bad feller—plenty white trash. S'pose you sing out, take pearl belong him, big feller pearl belong King of the Islands plenty quick."

Ken caught his breath for a moment.

"You speak!" he said. "You lubber! You tinker plenty bad feller thought, head belong you. S'pose you tinker same like you say any more, you go along beach along him, never see this feller again any more altogether."

"No hear, ear belong me, ear," said Kato-lalalanga, bowing his dark head abashedly. "No tinker bad feller thought any more—s'pose little white master be no like."

"Keep to that!" said Ken.

He stared at the sky and the sea. If such thoughts were in the faithful Kato's mind, what were the Kana-kas forward likely to think if they knew of the great pearl? Already the Hira-Oa boys knew that something unusual was toward; already they could be seen whispering and exchanging glances. King of the

Islands longed for a wind as he had never longed before!

The blissing sun sank lower to the west, in clouds of purple and gold. On the glassy surface of the sea came, at last, the first stirring—the caprice that heralded the coming of the evening breeze. Ken's heart lightened as he saw it.

With the dark would come the wind—the wind he had longed for through the blissing sun, moon, Aoteroa, Gola lay, purple on the sea in the sunset, the Pacific breaking in a white line on the coast, the gulls crying over the reef; King of the Islands longed for the breeze to fill his canvas, and for Gola to sink below the sea-line. But the wind heralded by the catpaw was slow in coming.

The red ball of the sun dipped; darkness studied over the sky. Gola vanished in shadow. Stars in myriads glittered from the dark blue vault overhead. There was a murmuring in the canvas of the Dawn, a stirring of ropes and blocks. Would the wind never come?

"It's coming, old man," said Kit Hudson.

Ken nodded.

Kaveenagh was on deck again now. His haggard eyes were straining through the darkness towards Gola. Ken heard him catch his panting breath.

"They're coming, King of the Islands!" The pearder's voice was hoarse. "They're grifting the first of the breeze—they're coming."

"You can hear nothing."

"Listen!" The man's voice was a husky creak. "Listen!"

From the silence of the sea it appeared to Ken that some faint sound was wafted. Some indistinct shadow flitted against the stars, and he knew it was a lug-sail. A boat under a lug-sail was coming off Gola. But the wind was rattling the Dawn's canvas now; the ketch, long idle, was beginning to move through the water.

There was a dash of ears on the dark sea. But the ketch was moving—gliding away to the wide Pacific. Ken stared back grimly. For a moment, in the glitter of the stars, he sighted the boat—with lug-sail drawing and desperate ears pulling, and a black-headed pearder standing at the steering-oar, with desperate eyes glancing at the ketch.

Then, as the Dawn gathered way, the boat vanished again, dropped far below in the graceful ketch glided through the water. With booming sails the ketch rushed on through the night, carrying far from the group of the pearder crew the Great Pearl of Gola!

(Pursued by the pearder, and with the cunning pearder on board, see Ken King get caught in a net? What is the question Mr. Haverdine answers in his own surprising manner in a most interesting story in next week's MODERN BOY, entitled "A Fatal Fatale!" Make sure of reading it by ordering next Monday's issue NOW!)



## LONG DRINKS FOR ENGINES!

Railway locomotives are thirsty creatures, and cannot work on coal only!

**T**HUNDERING onwards at eighty miles an hour rushes the mighty non-stop express. She has covered about seventy miles of her journey, during which her fireman has steadily fed the furnace with coal. But whilst the tender carries coal for a run of 300 miles or more, the water supply is already getting low, as the indicator shows. The tender holds as much as 4,000 gallons, but the supply is now in need of replenishment.

Railway locomotives are thirsty creatures, and cannot work on coal only. Like ourselves, they require a drink—and a long drink at that—occasionally!

Stand on the swaying footplate of the great engine and take a look through the "spectacle" on to the track ahead. There you will soon see what at first looks like a third rail between the lines. As it rushes towards us it becomes a slender ribbon of water. It is the water-trough from which the engine will stake its thirst.

As we watch, the trough seems to rush swiftly under the engine. At this moment our fireman lowers the water-scoop beneath the tender. The greedy scoop plunges through the water, which is forced upwards, and is deflected by a large inverted saucer into the water-tank of the tender. All of this is done in a matter of seconds, and necessarily at high speed.

As a matter of fact, water cannot be taken by this means at a lower speed than about twenty miles an hour, but at a speed of fifty to sixty miles an hour it is possible to pick up about 2,500 gallons in from fifteen to twenty seconds!

As the water pours into the tender, the fireman, watching his indicator, raises the scoop when the necessary supply has been obtained. The engine is satisfied, and goes speeding on her way untroubled.

What about the equipment which enables this miracle to be performed? The scoop is lowered by means of gear controlled from the footplate, and is hinged under the bottom of the tender, against which it lies closely when not in use. The steel troughs which hold the water between the rails are about eighteen inches wide by six inches deep, and, in some cases, as much as a quarter of a mile in length. They are supported on the sleepers by steel brackets. The scoop dips off, as it were, about three inches of the surface of the water in its swift foray through the trough.

Water is supplied to the troughs from a large tank or reservoir alongside the railway, and the level of water in the troughs is maintained by an apparatus which in principle is very like the ball-valve cistern in domestic use, so that as soon as a locomotive taking water has passed the troughs they are immediately refilled.

It is in this ability to pick up water without checking the speed of the train, more than anything else, which has made the long non-stop train run possible. It has enabled the Flying Scotsman to run non-stop from London to Edinburgh, the Royal Scot London to Carlisle, and for twenty years before these runs were initiated enabled the Great Western Railway Cornish Riviera Express to make her daily non-stop trip from London to Plymouth.