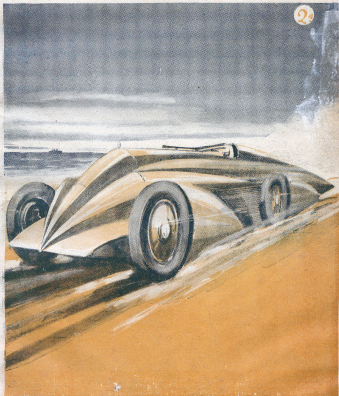


The **MODERN BOY**

EVERY MONDAY.
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2c



THE FOUR MILES A MINUTE CAR!

(See
page 1.)

£500 Reward!



A Long Complete KING OF THE ISLANDS Story that will transport you, in imagination, to the wild seas of the Tropics!

By **CHARLES HAMILTON.**

A Message from the Sea!

S FLASH! Ken King started to his feet from the deck-chair under the awning aft.

His ketch Dawn lay at anchor in the lagoon at Ita. Kit Hudson, his Australian mate, was asleep, with Koko, the Kanaka boy, and four of the Hiru-On boys, for wood and water. On the anchored ketch were only King of the Islands—to give her the name by which he was known throughout the South Seas—and Dunny, the cook.

Ken, taking it easy under the awning aft, was idly watching the shining waters of the lagoon. Dunny, the cook, sitting on the rail forward, chewed betel-nuts, sucking crimson spouts of juice into the sea. King of the Islands had forgotten the cooky-boy's presence so bound till the sudden splash in the waters of the lagoon reminded him of his existence.

Idly watching the glistening waters, Ken had fixed his eyes upon a little object that bobbed and bobbed in the lagoon. It twirled and whirled and spun with the motion of the water, glancing brightly at moments as it caught the rays of the burning sun. The tide was coming in at Ita, and the channels in the distant reef fringed with reef.

Through the coral rocks the floating bottle had come in from the open sea, and Ken watched it curiously as it rolled and bobbed. It was a hundred chances to one against the bottle floating through the reef unbroken; but it had come through, and now it was bobbing on the tide towards the beach.

Ken watched it without interest, chiefly because it was the only moving object in his view, wondering idly whether it would float on to the beach

inland, or whether the tide would dash it against the hull of the ketch, splinter into a thousand fragments. And then, with dramatic suddenness, came the intervention of Dunny, "You clumsy wretch!" exclaimed Ken, as he started up.

For the moment he supposed that the careless native had fallen into the sea from the deck rail. Carelessness of that kind might be a serious matter, for the lagoon of Ita was alive with sharks.

But the next moment he saw that Dunny was swimming—for the floating bottle! The cooky-boy had not fallen overboard; he had dived from the ketch, and his object was to secure the bottle that Ken had been watching.

"My sainted Sam!" ejaculated King of the Islands, his brows contracted with wrath.

As the bottle was afloat it was



A bottle floating in a lonely South Seas lagoon . . . a stained, crumpled sheet of paper . . . a desperate appeal for help—adventure and excitement come thick and fast to young Ken King and his shipmate Kit Hudson of the ketch Dawn!

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!

obviously corked; and a corked bottle might naturally be supposed to contain its natural contents—rum or beer. That was the idea in the mind of the cook. Bottled beer was highly prized in the Islands, and did not often come the way of a Kanaka cooky-boy.

Such a prize was worth the trouble of a dive overboard and a swim to a Kanaka as gnat or house in the water as on a shore or a dock. Dunny, thinking only of one thing at a time, in the way of a Kanaka, thought only of the prize, and forgot the sharks.

No doubt there was something in the bottle, as it was corked, but it could not have been full or it would not have bobbed. Some half or quarter bottle of stale beer, tossed overboard

from some trader, had tempted the fussy-brained cooky-boy into the very shadow of death.

King of the Islands put his hands to his mouth and shouted: "You lubber! You clumsy back along ketch plenty too quick!"

But, instead of less grace, and with the rush of the tide in his ears, Dunny did not hear or heed. He went on with long strokes for the floating bottle.

Ken's glance swept round on the shining waters. Only half an hour before a dozen or more sharks had been swimming under the rail, hungry for the garbage that Dunny tossed overboard from the galley. If even one was at hand now, Dunny's muscles were paralyzed.

Ken's teeth came together hard, and he made a leap for the loaded rifle that stood against the mast. Dunny was already twenty yards from the ketch on the seaward side, and not a dozen feet from (in a black bit of foam) from the water!

Unconscious of the peril, unconscious of the horrible jaws that were close at hand, Dunny swam swiftly on, grabbed the floating bottle, and struck it into his left elbow.

Then he turned to swim back to the ketch.

The grinding contactment in his brown face gave place to only fear as he saw the black fin of the monster that glided between him and the Dawn.

There was a gleam of white in the sunlight as the shark rushed down on the hapless Polynesian and brand over to life.

King of the Islands, rifle to his shoulder, stood like a rock. His nerve was of iron, and he needed all his steadiness at that moment. One shot was all there was time for before the sheering jaws glutted Dunny and bore him to the bottom of the lagoon. Ken's eyes glided along the barrel, and he pulled the trigger; the crack of the rifle ringing with a thousand echoes across the lagoon,

and rolling back in inches edging from the beach and the bush.

On the white throat of the shark came a blotch of red. A shark is hard to kill; but the hideous monster was laid low, and the snout of the mighty jaws raised Daney by a foot or more as the shark flurried under the sudden crash of the bullet.

The next instant Daney was swimming for the ketch with a spray that was almost like a streak of lightning.

Behind him, the shark flurried and thrashed, dyeing the water crimson.

King of the Islands dropped the rifle and ran to the side with a rope. Daney grasped it with one hand, clambering with the other. Half-drowning, half dizziness, he came dripping from the water and rolled breathlessly on the deck.

No water had run from the broken bottle that lay in a mass of fragments on the planks. But amid the fragments was a folded paper.

Ken stopped and picked it up. It was a message from the sea that the cooky-boy had brought on board the ketch. And King of the Islands, as he unfolded the paper and looked at it, and read what was written there, gave a long, low whistle.

The Man on the Rock!

DANDY PETER, the ruffianly trader from the Island of Lukwa, stood on the deck of his cutter and, with a grim, assassin's grin on his handsome, wicked face, looked across the tumbling waves at the tall island that rose from the sea.

The Sea-Cat was running before the wind, and Dandy Peter Farnum was giving Ha's—as the island was named—wide berth.

Unsuspecting the gull, suspicion of the landing party that were close at hand, Daney grabbed the floating bottle and turned to swim back to the ketch.

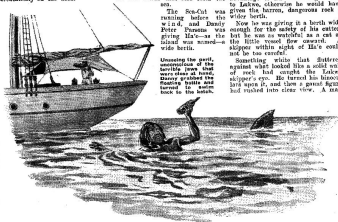
and Elwa-Ca, whence His native name, "Ha's" being the Polynesian name for a house.

Many a sailorman had seen that dangerous mass of rock from a distance, but no one, so far as Dandy Peter of Lukwa knew, had ever landed on it—till now. That some hapless seafarer was there now was proved by the signal that waved from a ledge of the rocky face of the island.

Not once in six months did a vessel pass within sight of Ha's; it was many a long mile out of the track of all traders, and there was nothing to tempt the most adventurous to visit it. Dandy Peter was only so near it by chance; he was short of water, and taking fullest advantage of the wind to get back to Lukwa, otherwise he would have given the barren, dangerous rock a wider berth.

Now he was giving it a berth wide enough for the safety of his cutter, but he was as watchful as a cat as the little vessel flew seaward. A skipper within sight of Ha's could not be too careful.

Something white that flittered against what looked like a solid wall of rock had caught the Lukwa skipper's eye. He turned his binoculars upon it, and then a grand figure had rushed into clear view. A man



swam! The bottle struck squarely in his forehead, came aboard with Daney. But as he fell on the deck, gasping, the prize came into sharp contact with the hard peak of the planks and smashed.

"You feller swim!" roared King of the Islands, anxiety changed to anger now that the cooky-boy was safe. "What name you jump along sea along feller shark?"

Daney spluttered. "Folky bottle he carry!" he gasped. "He think feller run in along feller bottle along sea!"

King of the Islands coiled the rope and brought the end with a mighty swipe across Daney's bare back. The rope yelled.

"You go along sea one more time no kill you plenty along rope!" snapped Ken.

Daney, howling, fled into the gully.

"My saluted Sam?" ejaculated King of the Islands, staring down at the deck.

No South Sea skipper who valued his stomachs ever went nearer to Ha's than he could help.

It was a small island of black basaltic rock, rising in the wastes of the Pacific like a story scolded out loudly in the waste of waters. There was no coral there, no reef, no lagoon, no beach—only the grim black rock rising steep from the sea, with madheaded waves dashing and roaring round it with incessant change.

Sea-birds unnumberable made it their home, and in the cliffs and gullies of the island, five hundred feet in height, were pools of water and patches of scrubby vegetation.

No anchorage was known at Ha's, and neither the lashing waters great rocks showed their teeth, like a scattering of boulders strewn by a giant's hand. Over and among the great rocks the sea foamed and roared with maddening din, tossing spray high in perpetual clouds. In shape the island was long and narrow, strongly suggestive to the eye of the long houses of Nuka-hiva

was standing on a narrow ledge on the face of the cliff, frantically waving something that fluttered—a rag of canvas, or perhaps a shirt—a desperate signal to the passing cutter.

The three Lukwa boys who manned the Sea-Cat stared at the rocky island, and glanced furtively at their skipper. To the Lukwa boys the eastward mattered nothing—they would forget his existence as soon as he was passed out of sight. But a "white feller" was different, and well as the Lukwa crew knew the hard, ruthless nature of their skipper, they supposed that he would stand in for the island.

For the man on the rock was clearly a white man, and even Dandy Peter might have been expected to take compassion upon a white man wrecked on a solitary rock in the boundless Pacific, with no food but sea-bird's eggs, no water but chance pools of rain in hollows of the rock.

But Dandy Peter gave no order. He watched the wild figure on the

\$500 Reward!

sliff with cool, cynical eyes, and lowered his glasses. The frantic signaling and waving continued, while the Sea-Cat, under full sail, rushed by.

"Likely?" answered Parsons. "No exchange, no shark known among the rocks—and no sheet of water! Likely?"

Dandy Peter was not the man to risk his ship in a thousand perils for the sake of one hapless cataway. He was not the man to lose a few hours when he was in haste, to save a life. Nor to feel a twinge of conscience in sailing unheeding by and leaving the cataway to his fate. With booming sails and rattling ropes, filled by the wind, the cutter rushed on, and the fluttering signal on the sliff was lost to sight.

The barrow island sank below the horizon, and Dandy Peter dismissed it from his mind.

It was two days later that the Sea-Cat anchored in the lagoon at Inakoo and Peter Parsons went ashore. The three-monthly steamer was in the lagoon, and all Luluva had gathered eagerly to read week-old newspapers from Sydney. Peter Parsons secured a paper and sat in the veranda of his bungalow reading. His face changed in its expression as an advertisement, in bold type, struck his eyes:

"\$500 REWARD!

For the rescue, or information leading to the rescue, of James Haviland, lost from the s.s. *Minikona* on October 23rd last. Or \$500 will be paid for authentic information of the death of the said James Haviland."

There was much more in smaller type, of which Dandy Peter read every word. It stated that the *Minikona* had met with a squall between Ita and Onaveva, that lifeboats had been scrued out to the passengers, and that one passenger—Haviland—had been swept overboard by a wave.

It was generally supposed that he had been drowned, but his relatives still clung to hope that he might have gained the shore of some island, or been picked up by some trader or native canoe. In that hope the reward was offered—a sum large enough to set every trading skipper in the Islands on the alert.

Dandy Peter read every word of it. He would have laughed at such a hope on the part of the missing man's relatives but for that episode at Ha'e. There was not a chance in ten thousand that a man swept from the steamer in a squall had survived, strong swimmer as he might be, and with a lifebelt. But back into Dandy Peter's mind came that wild figure frantically signaling from the "steep side of Ha'e."

Between Ita and Onaveva it was a wide stretch enough. But between Ita and Onaveva the black basaltic nose of Ha'e rose from the sea. A hundred shoals—a thousand shoals—to one that no storm-tossed cataway could have reached Ha'e and gained footing there. Such a chance Dandy Peter would have dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders. But—there was a man on Ha'e!

He muttered savagely. He had sailed past the cataway unheeding, and the cataway was James Haviland, worth five hundred pounds to the skipper who picked him up! Dandy Peter knew that the man of Ha'e was Haviland, because he could be nobody else. A year of drumming for opra and pearl-shell, and all the cunning tricks of his unscrupulous trade, did not give Peter Parsons that aim. And he had sailed unheeding by a reward of five hundred pounds!

Dandy Peter thrust the newspaper into his pocket and tramped down to the beach. The Luluva boys were ashore, but he kicked and buffeted them into the boat and rowed back to the cutter. His rowdy friends on the beach called to him, but he did not heed. Under the setting sun the Sea-Cat sailed out of the lagoon.

It was not too late! No man knew of the cataway on Ha'e, no man should know till Peter Parsons had picked him off the rock and earned the five hundred pounds reward. To be heard upon a mission of humanity was a new and strange experience for

A SPLENDID NEW SERIES

One of the foremost air experts of the day will take to pieces, for your benefit, the commonest airplane, the K-100, the very latest thing in giant aircraft, none being completed in her shed at Carrolington, Ohio, and will lay all the pieces out before you in orderly array, week by week, until there is no secret, not even in the inmost recesses of that amazing airship—"Islands." That has not been explained to you!

COMMENCING THIS WEEK!

Dandy Peter. And his feelings certainly were not humane—he was thinking, as his cutter drove through the sea, of the five hundred pounds and what it meant in riotous revelry at Sydney.

Common humanity would have placed the reward in his hands already had he stopped at Ha'e to pick up the unhappy man who had signalled. But it was not yet too late!

Up Hook!

KING OF THE ISLANDS looked up as Hudson stepped on deck. The whaleboat had returned with its cargo from the Ita beach, King of the Islands, under the evening, had in his hand a stained, crumpled sheet of paper, and in his left hand was a deep wrinkle of thought. Hudson gave orders to the Kanakas to sling the water-cocks up, and then crossed to the key trader.

"What's up, Kon?"

King of the Islands smiled. His comrade had read, in one glance at Ha'e's face, that something unusual had happened.

The rifle-shot on the beach had not been headed from the beach—it was too common a sound for special heading. But the expression on King of the Islands' face crossed Hudson's interest at once. His glance went to the paper that Kon held in his hand.

"It's news of a sort, Kon," said the key trader. "From the steamer from Dury Jones' locker," he added. Then, as the Australian stared blankly, he handed him the paper. "That paper was in a bottle that floated in on the tide. Goodness knows how long it's been drifting on the Pacific. Denny thought it was a bottle of rum, and dived for it. It was an old beer bottle—and this paper was inside."

"By gum!" said Hudson. "The man who wrote that paper must have found the bottle washed up by the sea," said Kon. "There was no cork to it, but he made a cork of a coat wrapped in leaves. Unluckily, it let some water in and the paper was soaked. On the other hand, it was soaked safely enough to keep it afloat. It smashed when Denny got it aboard, and I saw the paper. It can't all be read. But read what there is of it, Kon, and tell me what you think."

Hudson nodded and looked at the crumpled paper. Sea-water had oozed into the bottle, soaking it and obliterating a good deal of the writing. It had been written in indelible pencil of a purple colour, and many of the words were more blotches, the meaning not to be deciphered.

But there was enough decipherable to tell the story of one of the countless tragedies of the Pacific.

For money's sake, help!

If this paper falls into the hands of a white man, save me, save me.

... no food ... sea-bird's eggs, a little rain-water ... hunger and th ... the awful loneliness and suffering ... island unknown to me. It ... shaped like a native house on Naka-kia, Naveva, waterless ...

"Fear chap!" said Hudson in a low voice. "Fear chap! If we could see him, Kon, I'd say let the trade go to get till we'd done it. By gum, there's little I would not do to get that man on board the *Islands*."

"I thought you'd say so, Kon," said King of the Islands. "My goodness, goodness knows how the man is and how he came there. I dare say it was told in the part of this letter that's been washed out. We don't know his name, who he is, how to come there, but—"

"That matters little enough if we could save him." The Australian looked at the paper again. "No good trying to make out the words that are obliterated. It's a wonder that anything is clear. There's no information in that letter, Kon, to guide us to him."

"None!" asked King of the Islands. "He mentions Ita, but the contrary is lost. He may or may not mean that he was wrecked somewhere near Ita—where we are now," said Hudson. "That's a pretty vague clue, if it's

a clue at all. And how long this paper may have been floating. Ken-sense!

"No. The man cracked the bottle as securely as he could, but there was a leakage. Not many days, I think, or the writing would have been completely obliterated and unreadable."

"Good for you," assented Hudson. "But a bottle may drift far even in a few days—hundreds of miles possibly."

"Possibly. But—"

Hudson fixed his eyes on King of the Islands.

"What else, Ken?"

Ken read out a line from the Mottled letter:

"Shaped like a native house on Nuka-hiva. That's a clue, Kit."

Ken called to Kaini-lalibings—to give the boatman his full name—who was superintending the lowering of the water-masks into the field.

"You feller Koko, just come along me."

"Yoww!"

"You savvy feller island along Pacific, all same look like feller house belong Nuka-hiva?" asked Ken.

"No savvy plenty, sar," Koko said.

"Feller island be plenty long way from Ita, look all same along Nuka-hiva house, like pa-poo-ha's belong Nuka-hiva. Him call Ha's, along look same feller house."

"That's it," said Ken.

"No good feller island Ha's," added Koko. "Plenty rock, plenty surf, plenty danger along Ha's. No good, sar. No feller live along Ha's. Feller land be live, no other feller, sar."

Koko returned to his work with the water-masks. King of the Islands glanced at his comrade.

"There may be another desert island of that description, Kit, or a dozen, but that particular island is called by the natives Ha's, from its resemblance to a native house. They call it Ha's, and Pa-poo-ha's sometimes. Some think, Ha is mentioned in this paper. Now, the desert island of Ha's, or House, is within three days' sail of Ita. We may have only our troubles for our pains, Kit. But my idea is to run down to Ha's and see."

"What's the place like? No good, according to Koko."

"Just a chunk of rock sticking up out of the Pacific—perhaps half a mile long and a hundred yards broad, so near as I remember, but rising to five hundred feet or so. No beach, no lagoon—just rock. No known anchorage."

"My hat! A promising sort of place, especially if there's rough weather."

"A shipper who goes near Ha's in rough weather takes his life in his hands," Ken replied. "Even in the calmest weather you want to keep careful. The place is a centre of currents, and the rocks stretch out for miles under the water in places, sometimes deep down, sometimes near the surface, and the sea breaks on it in an awful way all the time. Nobody goes within sight of Ha's if he can help it."

Hudson whistled.

"Kit, it's ten to one that that message in the bottle came from a

castaway on Ha's," said King of the Islands. "If there's a castaway three ha's starving on sea-birds' eggs and shellfish, and likely to go insane with the solitude. It will eat us a week, and there's risk in running down to the island, and the man may not be there, after all, but—"

"It's up to any white man," said Hudson. "I'm game. Nothing to be got there in the way of coconuts or shell, I suppose?"

"Nothing. No inhabitants, and not a palm-tree on the island. Nothing but danger, and a starting castaway to be taken off and given a free passage," replied Ken. "I was bound to ask you, Kit, as partner, but—"

"I'm on, of course. We can afford it, and if we can't we'll manage to scrounge," said Hudson, laughing. "Up look—when?"

"Now," said Ken. "Now we've got the water on board."

Hudson gave his shipmate a whimsical look.

"We came here for trade," he said. "and there's a good stroke of trade to be done here, Ken. They've got pearl-shell, and before a week's cut I reckon some other trades will have dropped in and mopped it up."

"Likely enough, Kit, old man, I don't think I should sleep in my bunk to-night, thinking of that poor wretch on Ha's, if we weren't going all out to make the island and pick him up."

"Same here, old man. Up look as soon as you like."

The Ilva-Oa crew were surprised, though they never dreamed of questioning any decision of the boy skipper. The natives of Ita were surprised. All ready for trade with King of the Islands, they stared from the beach, watching the graceful ketch glide out of the lagoon.

The next day a French schooner



THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRSHIP!

IN a shed at Cardington, Bedfordshire, the most wonderful aircraft ever planned is being finished—the rigid airship R.101, almost twice as large as any airship yet built, and in almost every feature of its design quite different from any previous dirigible.

In this series we will explain how the R.101 is made, what she will be like, and how she "works." As the R.101 is the very latest in airship construction you will then know the very best the finest airship designers of Britain can do.

The R.101 is what is known as a "large rigid." That is to say, instead of the gas container being kept to its shape by the internal pressure of the gas itself, it has a rigid framework containing the gas-bags and covered with an envelope. All big airships belong to the rigid and all small airships to the "pressure" type.

Heretofore all rigid airships have been practically copies of the German Zeppelins, originated by Count von Zeppelin. The R.101 has been specially designed to eliminate all the weak points of the Zeppelin and improve on it in as many ways as possible, the result being that the R.101 is quite a different craft.

You may wonder why, since our designers were trying to do something new, they chose a larger size than had ever before been attempted. There are two reasons for this. The larger an airship is the easier it is to make it really strong; and the larger an airship is the higher the percentage of passengers and cargo it can carry. And the R.101, unlike all previous airships, is intended purely for commercial purposes.

The reason for this is simple, if you work it out. If you have any container like a hollow sphere or a cup, and increase its size, its contents or capacity will increase faster than its surface area.

With a rigid airship all the main weight—apart from the crew and cargo—consists of the rigid framework. And all the strain—"lift" comes from the gas in this framework. So you see that if you increase the size of the airship the framework corresponds to the surface of the cup or sphere, and the gas inside to the contents. The gas—or lifting power—increases faster than the framework or structure weight.

When fully inflated the R.101 will contain 5,000,000 cubic feet of gas. She will be 322 feet long, and 132 feet thick at the greatest diameter. If Nelson's Column were placed behind her, only Nelson's statue would be visible over the top!

From these figures you will realize that the R.101 has a lower proportion of length to breadth than any previous rigid airship, and this is yet another point in which the designers have shown their originality.

Next week we will explain the reason for this shape of the R.101, and let you into some of the secrets of her wonderful framework.

5500 Reward!

from Pageots was in the lagoon, taking on board the pearl-shell that King of the Islands had neglected.

King of the Islands, on the hatch out the waters of the Pacific, with a compass set for Ha's, certainly thought of the chances of profitable trade that he had missed. The pearl-shell on Ha was good, and it would have shown a handsome profit when turned over to John Chin, the Chinese trader at Lallage. But if the boy trader thought about it, so he certainly did, it was not with regret for his hasty departure from Ha.

This, no doubt, was not the way for a trader to make his fortune, but if there was a starving castaway on Ha's King of the Islands was going to save him, and the trade, as Hudson put it, could go to pot.

The Castaway of Ha's!

"FELLER Island he comey?" said Kalo-lalulalanga. "Feller island all some feller house along Marquessa."

Ha's was in sight. It was the fifth day from Ha. Three days' sail in fair winds from Ha by the delectable rock avoided by mariners. But light and baffling winds had met the Dawn, and King of the Islands had had to fight his way to Ha's. A week of last time was not a light matter to the boy trader; and now it was clear that the run down to Ha's meant a good deal more than a week of last time. It was close on sunset of the fifth day when the great rock was raised from the Pacific ahead. Far away, a dark mass on the sea, lay Ha's.

Like a sleeping whale, silent on the sea, it looked from the distance. Beyond it and beyond it stretched the vast Pacific, bare of land, bare of a sail. In the five days' run from Ha King of the Islands had sighted no sail, save a distant glimpse of a cutter far to the south—which his seaman's eye told him, even at a distant glimpse, was Peter Parson's cutter of Luhere.

Only for a few minutes had the Sea-Cat shown over the sea-line and then dropped below the horizon again. Of other craft in those solitary seas King of the Islands saw nothing.

And now Ha's was in sight far in the distance, a black mass against the sky red with the sunset.

As the hatch swept nearer, the shape of the island stood out more clearly. Like a rock wall on the sea it stood, strangely shaped like the "pa-pae-ha's" of the Marquessa. From at a great distance the rear of the breakers round the rocky base could be heard like distant thunder. At the foot of the sea-mountain the Pacific was never at rest.

His Hudson stared at the mass of black basalt, rising nearer and clearer, and whistled.

"The toughest corner we've been in. Ken, since I've sailed with you on the Dawn!" he remarked.

"Ay, ay!"

"Where any skipper can take his

ship, old man, you can take the Dawn," said the Cornstalk. "But I reckon there are few ships that could run into that surf without leaving their bones there. No wonder the sailmakers steer clear of Ha's."

Ken was watching the island intently through his binoculars. He was too far off to pick up any sign of a castaway. If castaway there was, the only sign of life was the flock of innumerable sea-birds winging over it. But as the hatch swept nearer, the apparently solid mass of rock was seen to be broken by numberless fissures and gulches and crannies, into some of which that were on the sea-level the waves dashed and rushed and roared. King of the Islands' face was grave.

Lower sank the sun into the sea, and shadows gathered over the mighty rock. Ken lowered the glasses.

"We're not making it tonight, Ken?"

"That would be asking for trouble. We anchor well out and wait for daylight," said King of the Islands. "At dawn we'll try getting ashore

**BUMPER
CHRISTMAS
NUMBER**

OF

MODERN BOY

NEXT WEEK!

See page 22.

Order YOUR copy
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in the whaleboat. I reckon I'm not trusting my ship too close to these rocks. We've had a rotten run here. But thank goodness the weather looks like keeping fair! A squall in these waters would bring us nearer to Davy Jones than I've any fancy for."

An darkness descended on the Pacific, the hatch swung to a southerly a mile off the island. The night was calm and starry, but round the rocky base of Ha's was no calmness; through the night came the ceaseless boom of breakers.

Ken slept peacefully enough so was his woe in his watch below, but in his wakeful hours he was greatly thoughtful. No anchorage, as he well knew, existed at Ha's. And from what he had seen so far, it would be no easy task to get a boat ashore.

The certainty that a hapless castaway was on the island would have made him ready to run all risks; but he was not, after all, certain. He resolved to edge as near as he safely could on the morrow and scan the rock for a sign of the castaway before risking the whaleboat.

And as soon as the first glimmer

of dawn broke the darkness in the east, Loope was ordered to lead and fire a rifle at regular intervals of a minute as a signal to any human being that might be on Ha's.

"Bang, bang, bang!" went the reports in regular succession, Loope grinning over his task like a child playing a game. It was an entertainment to the simple-minded Hiva-Oa boy.

From the sea-mountain the reports of the rifle rolled back in a thousand echoes.

Sea-birds rose, startled at the unaccustomed sound, innumerable sea-birds winged over the island, screaming.

Daylight flushed rosy on the sea.

"Bang, bang, bang!" went Loope's rifle merrily, pitching bullets into the sea, the sound carrying far and wide in the clear air.

King of the Islands ate a hasty breakfast before the shadows had cleared. Then he stood watching the island through his binoculars.

"My anchored Sam!"

From the face of the great cliff, where a rocky ledge ran, something white fattened and flew.

King of the Islands stared through the powerful glasses. On the cliff ledge was a fattened figure, frantically waving what looked like a torn shirt. There was no doubt now. It was the castaway. If he had been sleeping, the banging of the rifle had wakened him and awakened him.

Ken could guess with what feelings the wretched man had sighted the sail of the hatch. Like a madman, he waved the torn rag. And at moments he ceased to wave and clasped his hands and held them out in mute, beseeching appeal. That he was starving, too, as he waved Ken could guess, though his voice did not reach the hatch.

"That's the man," said Ken. "Thank goodness we came, Ken! I'll run up a signal to him, and then for the shore."

The signal that fluttered from the topmast head of the Dawn told the castaway that he was seen. The rag ceased to wave, and Ken saw the man fall upon his knees with clasped hands.

"Lower the whaleboat!"

The boat dropped into the sea. Four Hiva-Oa boys took the oars, Koko sat at the stern, King of the Islands stood in the bows. From the hatch, swinging to her sea-anchor, Hudson and Danny, the cocky-boy, watched the whaleboat as it pulled for the island.

Short and sharp, King of the Islands rapped out orders, standing in the carrying seat, watching the sea. The four oarsmen pulled hard. There was but one break to be seen in the circling foam, and for that Kalo-lalulalanga steered.

In the shallow currents that raced round Ha's the whaleboat was caught and tossed like a cork. But the Hiva-Oa men pulled steadily, and Koko steered like a man of bronze. There was no beach, only shelves of rock at the foot of the mighty mountain; a beach that might have made any skipper shudder to view it. Through lashing foam and staked rocks the whaleboat steered.

He may take the shadow of the beautiful moonlight and glide at last into comparatively calm water as an employment of the ebb.

The boat was made fast to a rock, and King of the Islands leaped ashore. Rugged shelves of rock lay before him for a score of yards, rising ledge above ledge; beyond, the steep incline of beach, broken into ledges and gullies, rising almost like the wall of a house, somewhere on the vast cliff was the gateway who had saved.

King of the Islands made a trumpet of his hands and shouted: "Ahoy! Ahoy!"

In the rear of the boatmen his voice was almost drowned. But through the rear came back a cry:

Down the rough rocks, from rugged ledge to ledge, a tattooed figure came leaping.

"This way!" shouted Ken.

A man in rags, with matted hair, scraggly beard, wild eyes, came scrambling nimbly across the shelves of rock. Splashing in pools of salt water, falling, springing up again, panting, dripping, the tattooed figure sped for the boat.

Ken ran forward to help him. Wild and smooth, tattooed, limber strokes, the wiry, wretched vessel extricated into his arms, and King of the Islands lifted him to his strong grasp and bore him to the boat.

The Unexpected!

King HEDSON watched the whole boat as it fought its way back through wild waters, his hand almost in his mouth. In the stern lay the tattooed figure of the rescued castaway—still. The Hivastis boys strained and gasped at the case, and the whistling shot at last from the mouth of one of the crew and called to the Dawn. Never had Hedson been so relieved to see his dejected step on the deck.

"Thank goodness you're out of that, Ken," he said, with a deep breath. "My hat! The answer we're quit of Hiv's, the better I shall like it."

"Ay, ay!" said Ken.

The castaway was passed up the side. He was unconscious; it seemed as if the scold from the long strain and suffering had been too much for him. Hedson looked with pitying eyes at the worn, convulsed face, the sunken eyes, the protruding cheekbones. The man had been through terrible suffering, and if the shipmates of the Dawn had thought of regretting lost trade and lost time, they had no regrets now. The unknown, tattooed man was carried below and placed in a berth on the

cabin lockers; and the hatch immediately made sail. Astern, the wild dusky rock sank to the sea while King of the Islands tended the hapless man he had brought on board.

He lay in deep unconsciousness. "He'll pull through," said Ken, in a low voice, "but he was pretty far gone, poor chap! He came down the rocks like a goat—and then fairly entangled up. I got from him that he was close on the island—then he fainted. Goodness knows who or what he is—he's no sailorman, as you can see by his clothes, what's left of them."

"Some passenger fallen off an island steamer?" hazarded Hedson.

"I reckon so—in a squall, perhaps; and he may have had a life-raft. I don't see how he got ashore otherwise. He had tremendous luck to get a footing on Hiv's. But—poor chap!"

A swimmer ashore had had luck to get his feet on land at all, but the hapless castaway had landed on the most inhospitable rock in the Pacific, and his days there must have been terrible. It was hours before he came

to his senses; and by that time Hiv's had dropped below the sea-line. The Dawn was heading for far latitudes, by way of Lahu and Lukew, under a blinding sun.

The castaway drank water greedily, and ate. In broken, husky tones, he thanked his rescuers, with tears streaming down his sunken cheeks. He was weak and spent; and curious on the shipmates were to know who he was and how he had been cast on Hiv's, they forbore to ask questions. They would know in good time. The man was saved and would need, that was the chief thing.

In the afternoon, while the rescued man lay sleeping on the deck, with Hedson watching him, and the shipmates were on deck, a sail was picked up for almost.

King of the Islands turned his glasses on it, and gave a whistle.

"The Sea-God," he said.

"Dandy Peter again!" said Hedson.

"Ay, ay! We'll give that Lukew another a wide berth."

King of the Islands stared rather

Ju-Jitsu!

The Japanese Art of Self Defence

By Professor W. H. GARRUD. Faculty of the British and American Judo Clubs.

This Week—Release from Body Grip.

WHEN I joined the school where the great Rais Uryoshi taught the art of Ju-Jitsu, the Russo-Japanese War was in full swing. The papers—including myself—used to tell Hako and the other Japs he had with him that condition would very quickly be over if the Japs were as good with their big guns as they were with their big thumbs!

As a matter of fact, the Japanese did use Ju-Jitsu on many occasions when they came to grips with the big Russians. We used to buy picture postcards of a Japanese throwing a big bear, and we pinned these pictures up in the dressing-room. The Japs used to wear it then—and then teach us these clever thrust and grips.

The trick I am going to demonstrate this week shows you how to release yourself from a grip round the body under the arm.

Whenever you are seized in this manner, as soon as your assailant has got his grip, place your hand under his chin. If his chin is near your left shoulder, use your left hand.

Use the heel of your hand—that is, the part of your hand where it joins the wrist; with it push up his chin and then away from you, as shown in the photograph. That will bring a good strain upon the muscles of his neck, and unless your adversary has a very strong neck he will be compelled at once to loosen and break his grip.

If he has an unusually strong neck, or has his chin so near your chest that you are unable to get your hand properly under it, you should place your thumb under his nose—and push, hard. That's a very tender spot!

There are other ways of release from this hold, and methods of following up with a throw or an attack, but I must leave these for a future article.

Next Week—The Cross Hook.



Unless your adversary has a very strong neck he will be only too eager to break his grip, as you see, by using your thumb under his chin in this way!

\$500 Reward!

perplexedly at the cutter that was coming up from distant Lukee.

On the first day out from Ha, he had glimpsed the Sea-Cat, far on the horizon, making for Lukee. Now the cutter was coming back directly on the course she had been following them. It was Dandy Peter's custom, as Ken well knew, to go ashore at Lukee for a cruise after a trap among the islands.

On this occasion, evidently, Dandy Peter could have stayed at Lukee but a few hours, and even so, he must have made great speed in returning on his course to reach the point he had reached now. And though the Dawn fell away a point, to give the cutter a wide berth, Ken noted that the Sea-Cat answered an ounce in head for her, and realized that Dandy Peter desired to speak.

King of the Islands had had trouble more than once with the Lukee ruffian, and had no desire for more. But it was not like him to evade a meeting, if he could not help wondering what Peter Parsons wanted. If he wanted trouble, he was welcome to it. Ken reflected grimly; and he stopped before to barkle on his holster, and came back on deck with his revolver ready to hand.

The cutter came down with the wind, and her boat, which the Sea-Cat towed, was pulled alongside, and Dandy Peter and one of the Lukee boys stepped into it. The Dawn lay to for Dandy Peter to come on board.

"What's his game, Ken?" asked Hudson, as pointed at the key trader. "That wretch hates us like poison, and he can't be coming aboard for a friendly yarn."

"Not likely! But we'll let him speak."

Dandy Peter leaped lightly aboard the ketch. Ken noticed that his keen glance swept swiftly round the vessel. It was as if Peter Parsons was looking for something that he was glad that he did not find.

He gave Ken a mocking salute. "What do you want, Captain Parsons?" King of the Islands rapped out. "I've stopped for you—but I've no time to eat to waste. Come to the point."

"Ay, ay!" answered Dandy Peter. "I reckon I was surprised to see you in these waters, King of the Islands. You're off your usual beat."

"That's my business, I suppose," said Ken, staring at the Lukee skipper. "You didn't come aboard to tell me that, I reckon."

"You're coming down from Ha's way?" said Dandy Peter.

"What about it?"

"I reckon you raised Ha's as you passed?"

"What about it?" repeated Ken, more and more surprised and puzzled. His old enemy had not come aboard

for trouble, it appeared, but to ask questions of which King of the Islands could not see the drift.

Dandy Peter drew a deep breath. "Speak out like a man!" he snapped. "Have you been to Ha's?"

"I don't see that it concerns you," answered Ken. "I suppose you guessed from my course that I've been to Ha's, or close to it. What the thump does it matter whether I've been to Ha's or not?"

"Can't you answer a plain question?" started Parsons. "I reckoned as soon as I sighted you that you'd beate me to it, hang you, and now I know. Give me a plain answer. I don't want to beat up to that wretched creek for nothing. Did you head at Ha's?"

"I did?"

"I needn't ask you why you headed in such a devil's cauldron—there was



The author of the article on the opposite page, Harold J. Shepley, F.R.G.S., with a lump of the mineral which forms the Devil's Giff Course, South Valley, where the photograph was taken.

only one reason," growled Parsons. "You saw the Sydney paper before I did, hang you!" He gritted his teeth savagely. "Hang you, King of the Islands, you seem to have been here to come aboard my ketch. You've got him on board!"

Ken looked at him steadily. "If you mean the custody of Ha's, Peter Parsons," replied Ken, "I've got him on board, and he's safe in my cabin now."

"You got the five hundred!" started Parsons. He dragged the folded Sydney newspaper from his pocket, tore it savagely across, and hung the pieces into the scupper. "I've wasted my time, after all—as soon as I raised your confounded ketch I knew that you had forestalled me! You got the five hundred, hang you—may ill-luck go with it!"

Dandy Peter leaped back into his boat and pulled for the cutter, turning twice to shake his fist at the

Dawn before he reached his own craft. As soon as he was on board, the Sea-Cat swung round and beat away for Lukee. King of the Islands stood roared to the deck with amazement.

"Is the man mad?" he exclaimed at last. "Is it mistake, or what? What did the fellow mean, Kit?"

"Ask me another!" said Hudson blankly. "He seems to have known there was a mistake on Ha's—but if he was going to accuse him, he's changed a lot since we saw him last. And even so, why should he care if we've saved him the trouble?"

"It beats me," said Ken, "and what he could have meant about five hundred, goodness knows."

He signed to a Kanaka to pick up the torn newspaper and bring it to him. Why Dandy Peter had sent it and hurled it away in disgust and rage he could not even begin to guess; but he ran his eyes over it to see what light it could shed on the mystery. He gave a sudden start.

"My sainted Sam?"

"What——" began Hudson.

King of the Islands, with flaming eyes, thrust the paper into his hands, his finger pointing to the advertisement headed "\$500 Reward!" Leaving Hudson staring at the newspaper, Ken went below.

In the cabin, the custody of Ha's was sitting up on the lockers, Danny holding a panicle of soap to his lips. There was some colour in the emarinated from now, some light in the sunken eyes. The man's glance turned on King of the Islands, with a gratitude in it that told eloquently of the horror from which the boy trader had saved him.

"You can speak now—only a few words!" said Ken. "Did you fall from the steamer *Maharano*, is a squall, with a lifelift cut?"

"You."

"Your name's Harildson?"

"You."

"My sainted Sam!"

Leaving the rescued man sipping the soup from Danny's panicle, King of the Islands went back to the deck. Hudson lifted his eyes from the Sydney newspaper and stared a him.

"Ken! Is it possible——"

King of the Islands chuckled. "Kit, old man, we coasted a losing two weeks, and a heap o' trade, for the sake of a shipwrecked man with nothing but the rags he stood up in. And we've got on board the man whose relations are offering five hundred pounds reward for his rescue!"

"My hat!" said Hudson.

It was all he could say!

Charles Hamilton has written another fine, long complete tale of Ken King and his South Sea adventures for next week's issue. Make sure you read Monday's **HUMPER CHRISTMAS NUMBER** of **MODERN BOY** by ordering your copy of now!