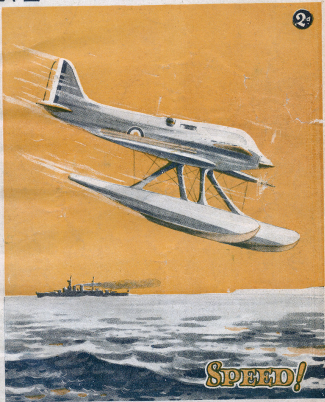


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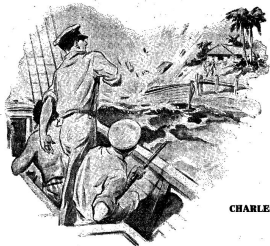
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SPEED!

FASTER THAN MAN HAS EVER MOVED BEFORE!

(See
page 3.)



A thrilling and swift-moving story of the Boy Trader of the South Seas and his comrades, aboard the ketch Dawn.

By

CHARLES HAMILTON.

Visitors!

"A MERRY Christmas!" said King of the Islands.

Kit Hudson smiled.

It was the Christmaside of the Southern Hemisphere; as unlike the Christmaside of the North as could be imagined.

Dawn came up over the Pacific in a rosy flush, on a sky of cloudless blue. The lagoon at Lading was smooth as a pond, shining in the rays of the tropical sun. The softest of breezes stirred the feathery fronds of the palm-trees along the shore. Natives in white lava-leevas lounged on the dazzling beach and under the palms. Early as the hour was, it was already hot, giving promise of a blazing day.

The ketch Dawn—owner and skipper, Ken King, known throughout the South Seas as King of the Islands—was moored to the coral wharf. Except for the native canoes, there was no other craft at the wharf or in the lagoon. With and his stretched the lagoon, with its dazzling shores of sand and powdered coral. Only in one spot was the dazzling circle broken, where the rocky channel ran out through the reefs to the open Pacific.

King of the Islands, seldom idle, was idle that day. His Christmas was to be spent ashore. The Hiva-Oa crew, free from duty, were along the beach; only Danny, the cooky-boy, remained on the ketch. Kato-halalanga, the boatwain—Koko for short—sat on the cabin skylight, strumming happily on his ukulele, and singing a Hawaiian song.

Ashore, Mr. Bolnap, manager of the Pacific Company, could be seen in the veranda of his bungalow, in his best slacks, examining his morning cocktail. Easa Hank, the Yankee stern-keeper,

Ken King's Island Christmas!

stood in the open doorway of his store, with a Mauii sweetest between his bluish teeth and an unusually amiable expression on his hard, sharp face. Two or three beach-combers who had slept under the palms were loafing lazily along the beach, looking for shell-fish. Overhead, the sun rose higher and higher, blazing down on ocean and lagoon and beach and nodding palms.

"A merry Christmas—and a warm one," said Kit Hudson, the Australian mate of the Dawn, cheerily.

"Christmas Day is good feller day, na!" remarked Kato-halalanga, sending for a moment to steam on the ukulele. Like a true Kanaka, Koko welcomed a day without work.

"Ho plenty good feller day," said King of the Islands, with a smile.

Ken's glance had turned across the shining lagoon to the distant reef. A dark object had caught his eye, threading the tortuous passage through the reefs, and through the silence of the sunny morning came the thrub of a petrol engine, faint from afar.

"A motor-launch," said Kit Hudson, following his glance.

"Christmas visitors for Lading, very likely," replied Ken.

"The name the member," Hudson remarked.

Danny, the cooky-boy, brought a meal on deck for the crewmen of the Dawn. They sat down to it with cheery faces. Christmas in the tropics was not like Christmas at home; but it was Christmas. Koko, the Kanaka, strummed on the ukulele on the white mast-logs etc. But after a time the brown-skinned boatwain ceased to steam, laid down the ukulele, and stood with his eyes fixed on the passage in the reef, watching the motor-launch that was winding its way to the lagoon.

"Plenty had feller along launch, na!" the Kanaka remarked at last.

Ken looked up.

"What's that, Koko?"

"Had feller along launch, na! Plenty had," said Kato-halalanga, shaking his dusky head. "No no like feller along launch."

King of the Islands rose from his Mahini chair, shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked across the lagoon. The motor-launch was out of the reef passage now, and coming like a black streak across the shining water. Ken's eyes became grave and a little perplexed as he watched the launch. It was crowded.

He could see eight men, and there were probably others whom he could not see. And this man he could see looked the hardest crowd that Ken's eyes had ever lighted on!

They were dressed in nondescript fashion—some in duds, two in Malay sarongs, one in a native lava-leeva. But they wore all white, with tanned, bronzed faces. The sunlight glistened on

a barrel of rifles, and every man had a roller belted to him.

"My sainted Sam!" muttered King of the Islands.

Hudson looked up from a plate of hot bananas.

"What's the row, Ken?"

"Look at that crew!"

The Australian rose and stood by Ken's side, watching the motor-launch. It was not heading for the wharf. It was sliding back in a direct line for the beach opposite Mr. Belpap's bungalow.

"Looks a rough crowd!" Hudson said. "I reckon they can't be friends of the Pacific manager, coming for bananas."

"Not likely."

"Beach-combers, every man in the gang," said Hudson. "But they've got money from somewhere—that launch cost good money, and they didn't pick up their guns on the beach. Forty men ago it might have been Billy Hayes, the freeloader, and his lawless gang as an island raid!" He laughed.

But King of the Islands did not laugh. His face was growing grim as he watched the launch rapidly nearing the beach.

Hudson glanced at him.

"Only some gang of rascals from an outlying island, coming in for Christmas or for supplies," he said. "Billy Hayes has been dead a long time, old chap, and he left nobody to carry on the business."

"I don't like their looks," said Ken slowly. "The days and days of Billy Hayes and men of his kind are supposed to be over in the South Seas. But—the Islands are always the Islands. That launch is crammed with men and every man armed to the teeth. No man needs to carry a gun on Lallage."

"If they're strangers, they ain't his kind. There are islands within a few days sail where a man's life may depend on his gun."

King of the Islands fell silent, watching the launch. Some of the bearded ruffians on board her were glancing towards the beach, and they could be seen muttering to one another. But the launch throbbed on towards the Belpap bungalow without a pause.

Opposite the bungalow was a small wooden quay, where Mr. Belpap's white boat lay tied by the painter. The launch swung into the quay, and the engine ceased to pulsate.

"They're the Belpap," said Ken.

"Ay, ay."

Mason gave him a rather amazed glance.

"You don't reckon it's a raid?"

King of the Islands did not reply. The days of desperate raiding in the

South Sea Islands were over—or he believed to be over. But Ken had not sailed the Pacific so long without knowing that many a dark deed was still done by lawless men in outlying corners.

"If this were some small island like Lallie or Nuka—" he said at last.

"But it's not," said Hudson. "There are enough white men on Lallage to cut that crew, tough as they look. They can't have come here for trouble."

"I suppose not," said Ken slowly. "But—hello, old coffee-bean, get down to the state-room and bring up Heller!"

King of the Islands continued to watch the newcomers. They were landing on the little quay, only two men remaining on the launch, so far as he could

see. But there were more of them than he had seen at first, for the men on the quay numbered ten.

Manager Belpap, in his wanda, could be seen staring at them with astonishment in his face, not unmixed with fears. His look showed that, so far as he was concerned, the arrival of that rough gang at Lallage was entirely unexpected.

"Hallo, they're coming this way!" exclaimed Hudson.

The motor-launch shot away from the Pacific Company's quay and strobed across the water towards the second beach at the wharf. In a few minutes it was rocking opposite the tank and the doors, and a man stood up and waved his hand to the shipmates.

"Ketch aboy!"

"Hello!" called back Ken.

"Keep on your ship!" The man, a heavy bearded ruffian in a wanda, stared at the shipmates with threatening insolence. "We're here on business with the Pacific Company, savvy, and we don't want any hitting in. We ain't after your ten-cent ketch, and you don't want to worry. Keep on your ship—there'll be shooting if you stop asking. That's a warning."

Without waiting for a reply, the motor-launch shot away and returned to the quay. The men who had landed proceeded up the coral path that led to the manager's bungalow. Hudson's eyes, startled, met Ken's.

"It's a raid," he said. King of the Islands resolute. He knew it now; the days of Billy Hayes were over, but that famous freeloader had, after all, left successors in the wide waters of the Pacific.

The Raid on Lallage.

JOHN BELPAP stood in his wanda staring like a man who could not believe his eyes. The gang of rough and rowdy men, armed to the teeth, who tumbled up the path of powdered coral to the bungalow, seemed to him like a vision out of a nightmare.

There had been wild days in old times at Lallage; "old times" in the Islands being well within the recollection of men yet living, and who had not grown old. But the wild days of Lallage were over and half-forgotten. Of all labor of the Pacific, Lallage was the most peaceful and law-abiding. Mr. Belpap was a magistrate; his authority was upheld by a force of native police—four grimacing outlawed Lallage boys, armed with weak clubs to maintain law and order.

That small force of native police was all that was ever needed on Lallage, for the natives were peaceful Polynesians,

SKATING SKILL

This Week: FIRST STROKES.

YOUR first practice, if you followed last week's hints, will have been in rocking about on your skates, with short steps. Now that the strangeness of being on rollers has worn off, and you have learned to keep your balance fairly well, you may begin the real thing.

The principle of skating is this: You have simply to make a thrust from one foot so that you glide forward or backward on the other. You now have to learn how to make that plain thrust or stroke. It is best to begin without any support or assistance from others.

Stand evenly balanced on both feet, then let your weight go over on to the left skate, and turn the toe of your right foot outward until it is practically at right angles to the left. The right foot should also be lifted back a few inches, and then you will notice that only the two inside wheels of the skates are actually touching the ground, which is as it should be.

Now thrust against your right foot, which cannot slip because it is turned crossways, and you will be sent gliding forward on the left foot. Be careful to bend slightly forward, so that your balance is well over that foot as you will find yourself left behind while your left skate travels away to the front!

A proper thrust should send your body along with the feet, and your right skate will then be lifted and put down alongside the left so that you slide forward on them both. When the glide is finished you will gradually bring your weight on to the right foot; turn the toe too outward, and so make the second stroke from the left skate—so to be more exact, from the two wheels on the inside edge of it.

These plain strokes from both feet should be practiced until they each are strong enough to propel you several yards. Try to avoid putting down the striking foot on to the ground until the very last moment. Your aim must be to glide on one foot, holding the other off the ground behind.

And now about the inevitable learner's troubles! When you feel yourself going, don't make frantic struggles to keep on your feet; simply make the best of it and let yourself go. Don't stiffen any muscles, but just collapse limp as a piece of rag and you won't hurt yourself.

Next Week: Your Skate-Rigging.



Note: skater's position with feet.

Ken King's Island Christmas!

and a granitation had passed since there had been native war. Nobody on Lalage ever carried a gun; there were guns in the bungalows, but they were never seen. A man who displayed weapons openly on Lalage would have been in trouble at once with Mr. Belnap and the four native police.

And there was an unwritten law at Lalage—unwritten but rigorously enforced—that a white man there had to wear white man's clothes. A trader who looked in a string or a loin-cloth was politely but firmly warned, and if he did not heed the warning he was escorted back to his ship.

So it was no wonder that Mr. Belnap could scarcely believe his eyes, as that wild crew tramped up to his bungalow.

His first thought was to sound the local siren, which was a signal to the four native police to leave off chewing betelnut under the palms and turn up for duty. But that thought was quickly discarded. The Lalage boys would not have been of much use against this armed crowd. Moreover, from his veranda, Mr. Belnap had a view of his native police, distinguished by scarlet loin-cloths. They had already seen the invaders from a distance, and four scarlet loin-cloths could be seen streaking for the bush.

"God!" said Mr. Belnap, addressing the long glass that he had just emptied, and he repeated harshly, "God!" He set down the glass with a shaking hand, as the crew came tramping up the wide wooden steps of the veranda.

They were led by a tall, powerfully-built man, who wore patched duck trousers, a cotton shirt, and a skipper's cap. His dark boarded face was crossed by a long white scar, left by some slash of a knife. White man as he was, his face was tanned so dark as a native's by sun and weather. Evidently this was the leader of the gang. He saluted the extended Pacific Company manager with mocking politeness.

"You wasn't expecting visitors this morning?"

"No!" stammered the manager.

"Who—?"

"We wasn't come to spend Christmas with you, sir," said the man in the patched cap, and there was a hoarse chuckle from his followers. "We got a little business to do with the Pacific Company."

"Who are you?" gasped the manager.

"You ain't seen my picture in the Sydney papers?" grinned the ruffian.

"But I reckon you've heard of Wolf Williams."

"Oh!" stammered Mr. Belnap.

"Black-briber, pearl-poacher, smuggler, scoundrel, and convict!" said the scowled man, as if he were reciting a list of titles to distinction. "That's me—Wolf Williams."

The Pacific Company's manager stared at the man, spell-bound. He had heard of the desperado and his reputation. Since he had escaped from a convict prison ten years before, Wolf Williams had made himself a name in the Islands—from the Solomon to the Marquesas.

Many charges of kidnaping natives, robbing lonely trading stations, luring native canoes, and paddling on pearl fisheries, were laid against him. Instant arrest awaited him if he showed up in

a white man's part, and Mr. Belnap had never dreamed of seeing him at Lalage.

The native police had fled at the sight of him, and there was little chance of gathering the men or any of white plasters and trackers on the island to deal with this gang!

Wolf Williams grinned, evidently gratified by the effect of his name on the plucky gentleman in white ducks.

"We're here on business," he said.

"I—I—there is no business doing to-day," Mr. Belnap stammered. "To-morrow you can come to my office."

Wolf Williams burst into a roar of laughter, which was echoed by his gang.

"I reckon our business won't wait till to-morrow, Mr. Belnap," he said.

"We ain't hanging on in Lalage—cool hang enough for you to bring up a crowd from the sugar plantations, though I reckon we could walk over any crowd you could get together on this island. But we'll come with you to your office. I reckon the safe's in the office!"

Wolf Williams turned to his followers.

"Three of you like along to Jack's store. I reckon there'll be good pickings there. Knock him on the head if he lifts a finger—but I reckon he won't argue. The rest of you stay here and live as easy men that shows up armed—and shoot to kill. Mr. Belnap, I'm waiting for you to lead me to the Pacific Company's safe."

The manager panted.

"I will not! I—"

He broke off as a heavy revolver in the scowled ruffian's grip looked him in the face.

"Say that agin!" said Wolf Williams with a savage grin.

Mr. Belnap did not say it again.

"Now then, sharp's the word," said Wolf Williams. "I tell you we ain't hanging on here long. Get a move on!"

Dazed, Mr. Belnap led the way into the house. The native servants had already scattered away in terror, and the bungalow was empty and silent. With lagging steps he led the freebooter to the company's office. His face was white and clothed with perspiration. He was unarmed, even if he had thought of resistance. And the scowled ruffian was obviously ready to pull trigger. One more lie mastered very little to the man who had shed blood in every quarter of the Pacific.

But in the office the manager laid round on the man.

"You'll never get away with this," he faltered. "You're going over the limit this time, Williams, and you'll never get away with it. You'll be hunted out of the Pacific."

"Open that safe."

"I warn you—"

"If I have to open that safe with a stick of dynamite, the Pacific Company will want a new manager on Lalage."

said the ruffian grimly. "You're playing with death, Mr. Belnap."

The manager knew that only too well. The revolver was thrust into his face, the heavy eyes of the freebooter glittering over it. In those savage eyes the manager read that the scowled ruffian was about to pull trigger, and he turned hastily to the safe and opened it.

"That lets you out," said Wolf Williams, and he lifted the heavy revolver, and struck the manager on the head with the barrel. With hardly a cry, Belnap fell to the floor.

Wolf Williams ran to the safe, and thrusting his revolver back into his

belt, cleared out the contents with greedy hands. Bundles of bills, roll-ups of gold coins were swept hastily into a leather sack buckled to his belt. Little bags of pearls worth thousands of pounds followed them; the freebooter busily planning at his plunder as he stowed it away in his belts. The loading of the Pacific Company's safe was a rich prize; already he had packed in the leather sack enough to make the whole island hang rich!

The iron safe cleared, the freebooter gave one glance at the scowled body on the floor, and strode back to the veranda. Sharp shots were ringing. Two or three white men, seeing that something was wrong, had come out of their bungalows, but the reckless firing from the Pacific Company's veranda drove them in again faster than they had come. Natives were shouting and yelling on the beach, dodging away from random bullets that whizzed and sang. The whole native population of Lalage was already running for the bush!

"Quit that!" rapped out Wolf Williams. "Follow me to Hank's store, and then I reckon we're going." And the whole gang tramped down the steps of the veranda, and headed along the beach for Ken Hank's store—loading off shots as they went whenever they saw a face or a running figure in sight.

At the store they found Ken Hank already bound hand and foot, lying on his floor, and expressing his feelings vigorously. Headless of the Yankee trader's fury, the freebooters looted the store inside out.

Ken Takes a Hand.

KING of the Islands stood on the deck of the moved boat. In all directions around natives were fleeing, and shouts, howls and yells rang and echoed from the palms. The Hivaoa crew had come bolting back to the beach from the beach, leaping on board in wild alarm, jabbering with excitement.

It was a wild Christmas Day at Lalage. Ken and Kit had knuckled on their revolvers, and Koko the Kanaka stood with a rifle under his arm. If an attack had been made on the beach, there was no question of what was to be done, even against such overwhelming odds; King of the Islands and his crew would have defended the vessel to the last shot.

But no attack seemed to be threatened, though there was no telling what the gang might do later, encouraged by success and impunity. Probably the freebooter, bent on rich booty at the Pacific Company's office, cared nothing for a little trading beach; nor were they likely to have too much time on their hands.

Given time, the white inhabitants of Lalage could have rolled in force, backed by any number of natives, and matters might have gone hard with the raiders. It was not likely that the gang would remain long enough to loot the warehouses. For the time they carried all before them; but the next reckless ruffian in the gang never knew how far he could not be gone too soon.

For once, King of the Islands was uncertain how to act. He and his comrades and Koko were three against a dozen if it came to a fight. Against desperate white men, his Hivaoa boys were of little account. Bills had been served out to them, to defend the beach, if it

came to that, and under Ken's lead they would fight. But leading such a feeble force when to encounter the desperate gang that held the beach was futile; it was merely asking for destruction.

Yet to remain idle while Lallage was plotted was too bitterly against the grain!

Almost every white man on Lallage was a friend of the boy leader. He and his shipmates were invited guests for a Christmas celebration at Mr. Johnson's bungalow, with most of the white men of Lallage. He could not stand idly by, even if his own ship was uninvited, while his friends and acquaintances were robbed and looted.

Yet to lead with his comrades and face such overwhelming odds was out of the question. Had there been other ships in the lagoon, the matter would have been different. But he could guess that the freebooters had spied out the list of the land well ahead, and timed their raid cunningly. No other ship was at anchor there; and it was only that morning that the ketch had run into the lagoon, after being held up at sea by fog. Likely enough, the freebooters had expected to find the anchorage bare of all craft but native canoes.

Ken had watched the raffish gang crowding away from the Pacific Company bungalow, and he had no doubt that they had looted the Pacific Company safe—Mr. Johnson could not have resisted them. Now they were returning in and round Ross Hank's store. For the hard-fisted Yankee trader, Ken had small concern; but even so he watched, with grim, angry brows, half-a-dozen of the ruffians tramping along the beach to John Chin's warehouse and office.

John Chin, the Chinese merchant, was a good friend to King of the Islands. And in his office was lost far in excess of that of even the Pacific Company. John Chin was the richest "Chink" in the Islands.

"It's Wolf Williams' gang," said Kit Hudson in a low voice. "I see him among them—that scoundrel, leech in the pocket cap. By gosh! this raid will be a treat to him, if he gets away with it."

Ken set his lips.

"We can't stand by and see it, Kit! John Chin's a square man, and they're looting for his warehouse now. We've got to take a hand."

"Two against a dozen—and that dozen the heaviest gang in the Islands," said Hudson with a whistle.

"If the plunders offend—"

Hudson shrugged his shoulders. "They don't look like robbing."

That was true enough. Hours and hours had been slung round, belted in the bungalow along the beach. The sudden raid had taken Lallage utterly by surprise, and the armed gang held the place without resistance. The few white men who had ventured out had been driven in again by reckless volleying,

some of them wounded. From the natives nothing was to be expected—few of them were still in sight, and those few were running for the bush.

"That gang won't give time for a rally. They'll have cleaned out the place and gone inside an hour."

Crack! crack! crack! crack! came the ringing of rifles. Ken's eyes fastened on the building of which John Chin's office formed a part. From a shattered window came gulls of smoke, and they knew that the Chink was shooting. Shouts of rage rose from the freebooters, and they raised bullets at the building.

Only one rifle was crackling from within—John Chin's warehouse staff and servants had evidently fled from the place

From the hatch the comrades could see past the Chinese man's building. Suddenly into view at the back of John Chin's house, came a little figure in Chinese garb, running for the bush, a smoking rifle in his hand.

"He's gone!" said Hudson.

John Chin, running hard, vanished into the bush, while the freebooters spread over his house. The Chink had not stayed to resist them; he had fled from certain death, leaving warehouses and office to be looted.

"Hold on, old man—no good throwing your life away!" said Hudson.

Ken coughed, breathing hard. The shouts of the freebooters could be heard from John Chin's warehouses, where they



The wreck of Kit Hudson's rifle rang, and the Wolfe's men responded to his order. The rest of the gang held up their hands and yelled surrender!

by loud yells. Wolf Williams, wielding a heavy axe, was standing at the door, and the timber door of pain wood was already lying in splinters.

"Man down!" shouted Hudson.

One of the ruffians, a burly man in a red sarong, was seen suddenly to reel and fall headlong to the beach. He did not stir again. The Chinese merchant's rifle had taken toll of the assailants!

A roar of rage rose from the rest of the gang, and there was a furious rush at the building. The door was down now, and they swarmed in.

"We've got to help John Chin!" exclaimed Ken, and he made a stroke towards the shore.

"Hold on!" Hudson caught his arm. "Look!"

were searching in search of plunder. Ken noted that the two men left in charge of the motor-launch had gone ashore, to join the rest of the gang; the launch lay motionless to the wooden quay. Ken's eyes rested on the launch, long and thoughtfully.

Had the traders and phantoms of Lallage gathered to deal with the raiders, the shipmates had been rushed ashore instantly to join in the fighting. But except for the shore fired by John Chin, there had been no resistance. Bang-tians had been no resistance. Bang-tians had been locked and barred, and that was all. Given time, no doubt there would be a rally; but there was no sign of it as yet. And Ken guessed that once the rich booty of John Chin's place had been seized, the freebooters would

Ken King's Island Christmas!

retreat, without staying to loot the other treasurers. Such a desperate raid, to be successful, had to be brief and rapid.

"If we're out to pieces, Kit, we're not letting that gang get away with the loot," said King of the Islands, between his teeth.

"I'm with you, all the way. But how—what?"

Ken capped out a sharp order to the crew, and the motorings of the ketch were cast off.

"Up mainsail!"

Under the light breeze, the ketch glided away from the wharf. King of the Islands muttered an order to Koko, at the wheel, and ran down the companion. He came back to deck with a net, grin,

face, and a stick of dynamite in his hand.

"The launch!" breathed Hudson.

"Ay, ay!"

"Good man! But you know what it will mean—they'll want the ketch to get away in, and we shall have to fight for our lives—"

"We're ready for that!"

Koko, at the wheel, grinned as he steered across the space of water that separated the coral wharf from the Pacific Company's quay. Light as the breeze was, the graceful ketch glided swiftly. All but one of the gang of treacherous were inside John Chin's buildings, busy looting. One was standing outside the house, rifle in hand, watching for any possible intervention on the part of the Laifings traders. He looked at the ketch as she glided away from the wharf, but without any special

interest, obviously not guessing the intention of King of the Islands.

The ketch glided on, past the wooden quay where the launch was moored. The Hira-Cha crew were standing at the sheets, and, as a sign from Ken, the ketch edged in to the quay, passing within a biscuit's throw of the moored launch. A spark gleamed, and Ken's arm rose and fell, and the dynamite stick dropped into the launch as the ketch glided past.

So swift was the action that the men watching from John Chin's door hardly saw it, and did not know what had been done till—with the ketch some six inches onward—a sudden and horrible roar arose every echo of Laifings.

Fragment of wreckage flew in the air, dropping in the lagoon, on the ketch, on the quay, and on the launch. There was a yell from the watching treacherous, drowned in the sobbing roar, and he fled at the ketch, a hurried shot that whizzed through the mainsail. But the shot that came to reply from Kit Hudson's rifle did not miss, and the ruffian rolled on the coral path.

"Feller launch is an stop!" chuckled Koko-lah-lah-lah.

With a gap a foot wide blown in her timbers where the engine had been—an engine that was now scrap metal, scattered far and wide—the motor-launch sank at her moorings. She was on fire before she sunk. The lapping waters closed over her and extinguished the flames in clouds of thick smoke.

With yells of rage and volleys of furious firing, Wolf Williams and his gang came crowding out of John Chin's building, as the ketch, with scolding boom, glided away across the lagoon.

Ju-Jitsu!

The Japanese Art of Self Defence

By Professor W. H. GARRUD, founder of the British and Dominion Ju-Jitsu League.

This Week:—The Breakfalls.

IF you are taking up Ju-jitsu seriously and have a friend with whom to practice I advise you to learn the breakfalls before you actually throw each other about much, so that no injury to joints can result and also so that the throws can be given on the Japanese method—as hard as possible! The breakfalls are made with one or both hands, or with one hand and one foot, also with both hands and both feet at the same time—similar to a cat falling on all fours.

The heave-and-bare-moving trick consists in beating the mat or carpet as forcibly as possible at the moment of falling. At first years will be rather a feeble heave, but you should practice until you can put many pounds of striking force into the blow. The palms of the hands or the soles of the feet should be made to touch the mat first, but only for a fraction of a second before the forearms, head, spine, shoulders, or any joint touches the carpet, thus avoiding injury to these parts.

Your arms and legs act as strong braces or springs—stretch absorbers—in taking your body down gently. The natural instinct when falling is immediately to thrust out the arms and fall on the hands, which tends the wrists backwards and may badly sprain or even break them.

With regard to the position of the head when falling, if you tuck your chin well into your chest and tense the muscles of your neck you will save your head from bumping on the mat.

Start by spreading yourself on the mat (a thick carpet will do) on your back, with your legs well bent and your head raised. Now cross your left arm over your chest and raise your right leg, as shown in the sketch, and from this position swing your arms down as rapidly and strongly as you can, striking the palm on the mat at your left side and about ten inches away from your body, taking care to have your arm perfectly straight at the moment of beating.

As you swing your arm down, bring the sole of your right foot down on the mat near your left foot so that both left hand and right foot beat simultaneously. The dotted lines show your position when beats are made. Repeat this on the other side an equal number of times.

When you have got a little accustomed to this you can practice beating left and right arms alternately, at the same time giving your body a roll to the side on which you beat.

Next week I will tell you how to fall from a standing position and when thrown.



The way to practice the Breakfalls—having heavy straps and possible broken bones.

The Attack on the Ketch!

KEN KING stared grimly back at the launch. The motor-launch was a stolen wreck; the occupants of the freebooting gang were cast off. The freebooters were crowding down to the beach, firing furiously after the gliding ketch. Bullets hissed like bees over the deck; but the crew were lying down behind the tank rail, and already the beach was out of range.

Kit Hudson's eyes were dancing.

"We've done it, Ken!"

"We're not finished yet, though."

The firing from the launch slackened; the freebooters appeared to realize that they were wasting powder and

shot. Wolf Williams, his back, boarded those David with rage, stood shaking his clenched fist at the ketch.

He was soon to stoop on the edge of the quay, pouring down at the stolen launch. To raise it was impossible without long delay; and raised, it would have been useless, for the engine was in fragments. The ruffian seemed to realize that at once, for he turned away and shouted to his men.

Two boats were seized and run down to the lagoon; one a large boat with a big sail, the other a dingly with oars. Ten desperate ruffians creased into the

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Ken King's Island Christmas!

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boats—five with Wolf Williams in the large boat, four in the dinghy. The two boats shot out like arrows heading to cut off the ketch from the reef passage—Wolf Williams evidently fearing that the ketch was attempting to get to sea.

Ken King was not thinking of that. The slow passage of the reef channel would have given the enemy ample time to lay him aboard, and at close quarters numbers would inevitably have told in the desperate struggle that was coming. The ketch steamed for the centre of the lagoon, to give her plenty of sea-room.

King! came the report of a rifle from the shore. Manager Behrup, face white as chalk and streaked with blood, stood in the veranda of his bungalow, staring dully out. The sight of the freebooters in the boat in hurried flight, was enough for him. He had grabbed up a rifle, and now he stood pumping bullets after them. But his hand was clumsy, his aim wild, and the shots flew wide.

But now, from other bungalows, traders and pleasure came hurrying, rifle in hand, as if the retreat of the raiders was all the signal they wanted for battle.

Bang! bang! bang! came whirling from the beach, and some of the bullets crashed into the boat, rapidly as they flew. The lag sail of the Wolf's boat dove well in the breeze, and carried him rapidly out of effective range; but the dinghy was not so lucky. One of the crewmen threw up his hands with a wild yell, dropping his ear, and fell back in the boat. The other three pulled desperately to escape the fire.

The two boats drew out of range of the beach, and closed in on the Dawn. They kept well apart, obviously with the intention of taking the ketch on either side when they closed in.

King of the Islands rapped out a sharp order: the Hiva-Oa men ran to obey, and there was a crackling of boom as the boats swung. Whirling about in her own length, the ketch rushed down on the boats. Almost in the twinkling of an eye the sharp prow of the ketch, copper-shod, was crashing on the dinghy, cutting it almost in two, and driving it under. The three raiders who remained on her crew were flung into the water, scattered by the wash of the ketch, and vanished in foam.

Beaten at the Finish!

FIRE!" King of the Islands rapped out the word.

The Hiva-Oa boys, grinning now, pumped out bullets. From Wolf Williams and his gang, in the remaining boat, came a crackle of rifle fire. Six of the gang remained, and five of these were firing on the ketch, while the Wolf handled the lag sail.

The Wolf's face was white with rage, bearded lips drawn back from his teeth in a snarl like that of the animal from whom he drew his name. Outragedly had the Wolf planned that desperate raid on Lallago, calculating on the surprise and alarm to see him through, and to get away with his loot before force could be called against him. And he had succeeded—but for King of the Islands!

Had the sea fog, which had kept Ken

at sea all through Christmas Eve, lasted over another day, the raid would have been a complete success, and the freebooters would have vanished into the vast distances of the Pacific far from pursuit.

To lay her aboard, to scumple on her polished deck, to bail without mercy every soul on board—that was the Wolf's savage thought now, even more than his need of the ketch to escape in. Once he had the boat alongside the crew of the Dawn would not stop him. For the Kanakas he cared nothing, and there were but two white men against six of the most desperate raiders in the Pacific.

He heaved the lag sail well, starting with ferocity as the boat rushed down on the ketch. With both vessels in rapid motion, the firing on both sides was wild, but once alongside it would be hand-to-hand, and the Wolf had no doubt of the result.

Twice the boat almost rushed in, but the ketch eluded her and shot away, and then, with the wind astern, Ken came sweeping down on the boat, seeking to run her down as he had done the dinghy.

But the Wolf escaped the threatening copper-shod prow, dashing away almost like a gull. Kit Hudson fired into the boat as the ketch swept past, and one of the freebooters fell across the deck. The wind of a better that came back forced his cheek as it passed.

The boat swung to the ketch again, the lag sail full of wind, and for a second Wolf Williams crested on success. But the Dawn, under mainmast and foremast, rushed on like a winged albatross, and the boat dropped astern. Swiftly the ketch flew till half a mile separated her from the boat, and then King of the Islands tackled to sweep back on his enemy.

"We've got them back!" said Hudson between his teeth. "We've got them back, Ken!"

"They've got one chance—to board us—but they won't board us in a hurry," replied Ken.

In the distance the ketch of Lallago was crowded now, white men and brown watching the fight with bated breath. Manager Behrup and five or six traders were crowding into a boat to pull out and join in the fight, and a dozen native canoes were being manned with the same object.

Ken long remembered that would be answering round the command of the freebooter gang.

With the wind astern, the ketch came sweeping down again on the boat. Wolf Williams met a savage glance at the beach—at the beach and canoes that were puffing out into the lagoon, then at the copper-shod prow of the ketch that came speeding upon him—and then he put the boat before the wind and headed desperately for the reef passage.

It was the last throw of the dice for the freebooters; all that were left of them knew that the game was up.

Ken had no intention of allowing the boat to get through the passage in the reef and take to the open sea. The ultimate escape of the freebooters in such a craft was unlikely, but Ken did not mean to give them that chance, such as it was.

Ten thousand pounds of loot and more were stashed in the leather sack buckled to the Wolf's belt, and the rest were loaded with plunder. Swift on the

track of the new sailing boat sped the ketch, with canvas billowing before the wind. Sailing at many three fathoms to the boat's own, King of the Islands rapidly overhauled the fugitive.

The reef passage was still distant when the Dawn's tall spread of canvas boomed over the boat. Wolf Williams dragged at the sheets and yelled to the steerman and hoisted escaped the craft. The boat rocked on the wash of the ketch, and the Wolf, in mad rage, blazed away with his revolver. The crack of Kit Hudson's rifle rang and the Wolf's arm dropped to his side, shattered by the ball.

As the Wolf staggered and collapsed in the rocking boat, the rest of the gang held up unarméd hands and yelled surrender.

King of the Islands had won, and the raid on Lallago had been beaten at the finish.

Manager Behrup, with bandaged head, came forward with outstretched hand to greet King of the Islands, as he stepped from the ketch on to the coral wharf. "The five native police, in their market kinkies, held as firm now, crowded into the boat that the ketch had tried to in secure and drag astern the displaced raiders who had surrendered.

Wolf Williams, his right arm hanging helplessly at his side, his left gripped by a grinning Lallago police boy, was marched away, laggard eyes glancing up and down at King of the Islands as he went. Ken did not heed him. Manager Behrup was shaking his head as if he would never stop appreciating thanks and congratulations and admiration.

"But for you!"—gasped the Pacific Company's manager—"but for you—a thousand is away, six thousand is gone—from my safe alone!"

As he shook Ken's hand with his left, Manager Behrup grasped in his left the leather sack that had been taken from Wolf Williams' belt, grasping it even more eagerly than the hand of King of the Islands.

"Bully Hiva-Oa crew again!" gasped Manager Behrup, still working Ken's hand. "You will teach the Pacific Company for something handsome for this, King of the Islands!"

Ken laughed and shook his head.

"Not at all! There's nothing to make a fuss about!"

The Pacific manager grinned.

"You wait till you show up at my bungalow this evening and see if there isn't!" he said.

Wolf Williams and the survivors of his gang, fettered and watched, were locked in a warehouse to await the arrival of the Fiji steamer. King of the Islands would gladly have allowed the matter to rest at that. But it was not to be so.

All the white inhabitants of Lallago gathered at the Behrup bungalow that evening to celebrate Christmas, but it was King of the Islands chiefly that they celebrated. His dignified ease in his share of the creation. But it was the boy trader who was the hero of the hour, and for the shipmates of the Dawn it was, after all, a very Merry Christmas!

There will be more fiery things ahead—the Dawn steams to meet **Blockading MORGAN MORGAN**—an out-fitting. Ken King's the fellow pearl-diver, and those in the lagoon with their eyes, still catches great quantities!