

A Merry Christmas to all Readers!

# *The* **MODERN BOY**

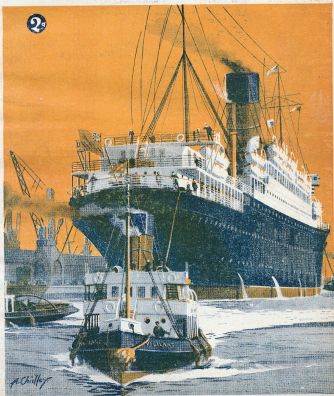
EVERY MONDAY.

Week Ending December 26th, 1933.

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**FAGGING FOR THE OCEAN LINERS! See page 9.**

# White Man's Luck!

Ken King, the boy trader of the *Down*, has picked up many strange cargoes in out-of-the-way places and in queer circumstances—but nothing so strange as the shipment he tells about his trip to Lolohe this trip!

A LONG, COMPLETE story that strongly portrays the men and customs of life in the South Seas.

Told by . . .  
**CHARLES HAMILTON.**

## A Trip to Lolohe.

"**L**OLOHE!" said Kit Hudson, mate of the *Loke* *Down*.

"**Yes,**" replied Ken King, his skipper and owner.

"**Never** heard of it."

King of the Islands, as Ken was known throughout the Pacific Ocean where he traded, smiled.

"**A** heap of people have never heard of it," he said. "It's just a coral atoll, about three hundred miles from the Marshalls—dotted down in the middle of the Pacific and left there. You won't find it on the charts. I put in there once for water, or I should never have heard of it, either."

"**Any** trade?"

"**That's** what we're going for. Once a year, perhaps, a trader slips into the lagoon and takes coconuts and pandanus from the natives. There are not more than two or three hundred of them—men, women, and children. You can bet they're mighty glad to see a white man's sail. And it's a good thing for the trader who makes the trip. It's so far off the usual beat that a man can make his own terms for cargo."

"**Loko,** a good thing," admitted Hudson.

"**You** see, I kept my eyes open when I was there, and I know what they want," said Ken. "John Chin's warehouses here are stuffed with the goods they want at Lolohe. We've just netted five hundred pounds in a lump. My idea is to put it all into

a special cargo for Lolohe and make the trip. It ought to turn out all right."

The comrades of this *Down* were discussing the proposition on the deck of the *Down*, moored to the coral wharf at Lolohe.

Unexpected good fortune had fallen the way of the two shipmates.

That morning Mr. DeLong, the agent of the Pacific Company, had handed King of the Islands the sum of five hundred pounds, received from Sydney—the reward due to the boy trader for the rescue of a castaway.

It was from business matters, and in the lolohe that he was losing time and losing trade, that King of the Islands had gone to the rescue of the castaway on the lonely rock of Dr.'s. Quite unexpectedly he had learned that a reward of five hundred pounds was offered for saving the missing man. King of the Islands had counted the reward before he had heard of it. Now it had come to hand.

It was a large sum to the boy trader. In the South Seas trade there were losses as well as gains. Sometimes the losses outweighed the gains, and at all times it was an uncertain business sailing from island to island in search of cargoes.

"**This** is five hundred between us, Kit," said King of the Islands. "The trip to Lolohe ought to double it and make it five hundred each."

"**It** sounds good," smiled Hudson.

"**You** agree?" asked Ken.

"**All** along the line. It's us for Lolohe," said the Cornstalk. "When do we get to sea?"

King of the Islands rose from the deck and on which he was sitting. His face was bright.

"**I'll** get along and see John Chin at once. We can get the cargo on board to-day, and tow out of the lagoon at dawn. So good-bye; time now we've got the trip fixed."

"**As,** ay!" murmured Hudson.

King of the Islands stopped ashore on the coral wharf, and walked away cheerily to John Chin's office.

It was December—the closing December of the Southern Hemisphere. The path of powdered white coral that led to John Chin's office was glowing and dazzling in the rays of the sun. King of the Islands had spent his Christmas ashore; but holidays were brief to the boy trader. Before the new year began the *Loke* was to cross the wide, lone waters that lay north of the Manihiki group and seek the lagoon of solitary Lolohe.

On board the *Down* that was a busy day. Kaulas and cooies came incessantly down to the wharf with goods from John Chin's warehouses—goods selected by the boy trader with a keen eye to the requirements of the Lolohe natives.

Ken and Kit superintended the stowing of the cargo, and Kit-Isa-Isa-long, the Kanaka boy—Koko for short—and the five *Live-Oh* boys who formed the crew, were kept busy from noon till dusk eve.

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## White Man's Luck!

(Continued from page 11.)

On board the ketch stowing space was limited, and with a full cargo on board every available foot of space had to be utilized.

The store-room aft was crisscrossed from the floor to the deck above, and packages and boxes overboard into the main cabin. Even in the little state-room amidships, where the shipmates binged, room was found for cargo. There was cargo on the deck and guys stretched in every available place to swing bunches of bananas and sacks of yams.

King of the Islands was too good a skipper to scold his craft, but there was no doubt that the Dawn was loaded to capacity for this trip.

Under the bright starlight the loading of the ketch was completed, and when the shipmates went below they had to throw their way through stacked cargo that half-filled the main cabin.

"Plenty too much better cargo altogether," Kato-lululunga remarked.

"I reckon we've got to the limit, Ken," Kit Hudson observed, as he sat down to supper at the cabin table on a sheet of trade knives, with his feet resting on a case of looking-glasses.

"Just about," said King of the Islands, with a smile.

"If we get shut of this lot at Loloko—"

"We could get shut of three times as much if no other trader has called there lately," answered Ken. "And the place is no far for the heaviest track that it's more likely than not. In any case, we shall get shut of all we've got aboard."

"Good business!" said Hudson. "There was bread sleep for the shipmates that night—it was past midnight when they turned in, and at early dawn they were on deck.

A hired crew of busy Tabei boys towed the ketch out of the lagoon, through the reef passage to the Pacific. Outside, the tow-boat cut off and pulled back to Lalanga, whilst the Dawn spread her white wings to the wind and sped on her long trip to Loloko.

Then, blazing day following day, the ketch glided swiftly through the shining Pacific waters.

Good weather and favourable winds were encountered, much to the relief of the shipmates, for if foul weather had been met, some of the deck cargo would certainly have had to go.

But on a calm sea, under a smiling sky, the ketch covered the long miles of lonely water, till at last one sunny morning came the announcement of Loope, on the look-out aloft:

"Feller island be stop!"  
And the ketch ran down to Loloko.

### Rival Traders!

"FELLER schooner be stop along Loloko!" Kato-lululunga remarked.

From a distance the masts of a schooner could be seen over the low island.

Kit Hudson made a grimace.  
"A trader at Loloko, Ken," he remarked.

"Plenty of trade for two," answered King of the Islands cheerfully. "You can take my word for it that we shouldn't have a yard of coffee or a trade pocket-knife left after a week at Loloko, old man."

The Cornstalk watched the island curiously as the ketch ran down to it before the wind.

Loloko was like many a thousand of the tiny islets scattered over the wide waters of the Pacific. It consisted of a ring of land, enclosing a vast lagoon. From the lagoon in the centre to the rolling Pacific outside, the land was nowhere more than a mile in breadth.

Nowhere did it rise to a height of more than six feet above the sea-level.

The outer rim of the island was of hard coral rocks, on which the ocean broke with a deep roarment in calm

weather and roared with tempestuous fury when lashed by a gale.

The inner rim of Loloko was of shaly sand, slanting to the eye, bordering the circular lagoon.

Between lagoon and outer ocean, groves of palm-trees waved and nestled in the bays, fields of yams and taro stretched wide.

Only in one spot was it possible to enter the lagoon by a narrow, tortuous channel through sharp coral reefs, where at some past distant date the rage of the Pacific had broken the circling barrier.

So low lay the island that the lagoon could be seen in all its extent from the open ocean, with the native grass houses clustering along the shore. In the lagoon was anchored a schooner, the only vessel there, except for the native canoes that paddled over the glistening waters.

Certainly, King of the Islands would have been better pleased to land the lagoon unentered by any white man's craft. But, as he had said, there was trade enough for two, indeed for more than two.

Canoes was taken in, and under the forest along the Dawn glided into the channel of the reef, threading her way through the sharp teeth of the coral.

Across the lagoon, opposite the reef passage, lay the native village, and the ketch glided on over the shining waters towards it.

From native canoes came calls and gestures of friendly welcome; on the beach a crowd of natives gathered to watch the ketch come in, and wave welcoming hands. There was no doubt that the inhabitants of Loloko were pleased to see a white man's ship in their lagoon.

But matters seemed different on board the anchored schooner. From that vessel, which bore the American colors, a good many eyes were turned on the ketch, and the looks were not friendly.

A tall, lanky man in a peaked cap, dirty cotton shirt, and cotton shorts, turned a pair of binoculars on the ketch as she entered, and watched her as she glided onward. Finally he lowered the glasses and still stood watching her, a scowl on his face.

"Feller skipper he no like see ketch, eye belong him," remarked Koko, with a grin.

"No plenty no like!" grinned Hudson.

King of the Islands shrugged his shoulders. He was prepared to share the trade of Loloko with any other trader who had thought it worth his while to run a cargo to the lonely islet. If the other skipper was not prepared to share, so much the worse for him. A scowling, angry face was not likely to affect him or change his intentions.

The Dawn dropped her anchor in fifty feet of water, a dozen natives lilly from the beach. Half a dozen canoes were paddling about her at once; and from the schooner a white-boat dropped and pulled towards her. In the stern sat the tall, lanky skipper, and Ken noted that the hull of a schooner peeped from his belt.

"Trouble?" asked Kit.  
"Possibly! We shall see."

## Christmas Japes —By Post!

EVERY Christmas the post-man becomes an honest acrolympic in "working" a number of practical jokes. Here is a good one.

A public school boy bought a new top-hat and turned up at his school wearing it. There was a great deal of good-natured juggling over the matter—on these occasions, in such cases—and a lively friend, an accomplished practical joker, saw a chance for the jape of the term.

He took a hatbox into his confidence and arranged that the hatbox should buy up all the old and damaged hats he could lay hands on. All was going well, and the number of old hats was growing fast, when the Christmas holidays came.

On Christmas Day numerous parcels, bulging with all these old top-hats, battered and scoured warriors all, arrived at his friend's house, much to the latter's bewilderment and the amusement of his acquaintances.

Another joke was played on a fellow, a keen hobbyist, who made a dog-kennel at school just before going away for his Christmas holidays. On Christmas Day a large parcel arrived for him at his home's house. It contained the dog kennel, complete with blankets, pieces of wood, petty odds of tools, and an odd horse or two.

There is one jape that is played regularly—the "literature" joke. Fellow who are known to be of a studious turn of mind are flooded with children's story books, and others, whose idea of a good present is a new wristlet hat or football, receive neatly-bound volumes of some dry-as-dust tome which to them is of no conceivable interest or use!

The wheelman pulled with swift strokes across to the ketch, lay to under the rail, and the man in the cotton shirt and peaked cap stepped on the truck deck.

King of the Islands saluted him politely. He received a grin and curly glare in response.

"I guess you've dropped your hook in the wrong harbor, you?" was the greeting of the schooner's skipper.

"I think not," said Ken, with a smile.

"Look here," said the Yankee skipper gruffly, "the Abe Lincoln was not built—you can't doze that."

"Can't there room for two?" asked Ken.

"Three can't," said the skipper of the Abe Lincoln emphatically.

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A vivid scene of fighting bore across the sky. For a moment the ketch, the schooner, and the island were all crowded in ghastly light.



"I guess we better have this out plain," said the skipper, his eyes glittering at King of the Islands. "You ain't taking this here trade money from Sugaral Scales, of Friben, and you can't get your million dollar on that. I got here first, and the trade's mine, savvy?"

"Have you bought tobacco, by any chance?" asked Ken politely.

"Captain Scales' heavy hand made a movement towards the keel of the schooner that peeped from his belt.

"Stick it, captain," said Ken coolly. "You don't fancy that you can scare us away, savvy?"

"I guess I'll do something more than scare you, if you don't up hook and compass," said Captain Scales.

"We're a good many hundred miles from everywhere here, and there's nobody to tell tales. You want to put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"If you cause hunting trouble, you'll find all you want, and perhaps a little more," laughed Ken contemptuously.

"We're here on reasonable terms; but we know how to take care of ourselves. There's plenty of trade on this island for two craft—plenty for half a dozen, come to that."

"Malice," said Captain Scales, "but it's a question of prices. A trader here alone can fix his own prices for copra and pearl-shell. With two in the game, the niggers will put their prices up, and you know it as well as I do."

"Not if you're giving them a fair price for their copra," answered King of the Islands.

"Aw, can't?" started Scales. "I don't mind telling you that I'm getting copra here at below half price on any other island. With no other sail in the lagoon the niggers are glad to take what they can get."

"I thought as much," said Ken, with a curl of the lip. "Well, I'm not here to get copra at half price, Captain Scales. I'm here to make a good bargain and a good profit, but not to skin the niggers. I expect to make a bigger profit on a trip like this than by drumming round the islands. But I'm not here to sell tobacco. I'm willing to come to an arrangement with you about prices, but I warn you that I'm going to give tobacco fair play, whether you like it or not."

Captain Scales' face flushed angrily.

"You got half a dozen hands on this hooker," he said. "I've got twelve men, all out of 'Trisco-Barbary toughs at that. How long do you reckon your hooker will stay afloat if there's trouble?"

Ken glanced towards the schooner. The crew could be seen crowded along the rail, staring across at the ketch. Scales' description of them was justified by their looks. There were a dozen white men on board the Abe Lincoln, and they looked one of the toughest crews Ken had ever seen in the Pacific—every man of them a genuine Barbary tough from San Francisco.

Some of them were scowling, and some grinning, as they stared at the ketch. Obviously they all knew their

## White Man's Luck!

skipper's object in visiting the British trader.

Ken's glance returned to the bay, scowling face of Samuel Seales.

"That's a threat, I suppose?" he asked quietly.

"Just that!" answered Captain Seales. "You've got to get out of this lagoon and stand off the island till I'm through. After I'm through you can come back and pick up what's left. I guess there ain't one of your damned John Bull gunboats within three hundred miles. I'm here, young fellow-me-lad, and don't you forget it. Hit it for the Pacific and save trouble."

"Is that all?" asked Ken.

"That ain't all, by long chailes. I'll give you till the morning to make

up your mind, on condition you don't trade today. Begin trade with the niggers, and we open fire from the Abe Lincoln. Once the lead begins to fly, it won't stop flying till you're wiped out, and I reckon your Seales will go to the bottom of the lagoon."

Ken drew a deep breath.

The sea was already slinking to the west; the interval for reflection allowed by the bullying skipper was short. Not that King of the Islands required any time for reflection.

"If you've finished, get back to your ship," he said curtly. "We're here to trade, and we stay to trade. If you begin shooting, you'll find that we can do some shooting on this leader. To-morrow morning we begin trading with Lololea!"

Captain Seales gripped his tobacco-stained teeth. The man-power of the schooner, compared with that of the ketch, was so overwhelming that the Prince lolly had plainly expected to carry off matters with a high hand. The cool defiance of King of the Islands surprised him, and enraged him still more.

"You damned, pooky son of John Bull," grabbed the skipper between his teeth. "I guess we won't make more'n a mouthful of you, if you git on your hind legs and grove trouble. I guess—"

"That's enough!" interrupted King of the Islands. "Get back to your boat!"

"You damned—"

"Are you getting back to your boat, or are you waiting to be put?"

asked King of the Islands, with a gleam in his eyes.

"My lolly!" roared Captain Seales. "If you calculate that you can put me, you better get on with it."

And he strove towards King of the Islands, not shook a bow and furious fist in the boy trader's face.

The next moment that boy fist was knocked aside with a rap that brought a grip of pain from Captain Seales. A moment more, and he was hurling himself at King of the Islands, lashing out blows. But Lincoln and Koko made a simultaneous movement, but their aid was not needed. King of the Islands, with glowering eyes, met the Yankee skipper with right and left, and Captain Seales, much to his surprise, was knocked spinning, and came down on the main deck with a crash.

"Give way!" he snapped.

The boat's crew started up at him, and pulled away from the side. Captain Seales shook a frantic fist at the boy trader as the whaleboat pulled back to the schooner. His voice, yelling threats, died away across the lagoon.

### No Surrender!

**KING OF THE ISLANDS** frowned grimly.

There was no doubt that the situation was an awkward one, and might very soon become a dangerous one.

It was not a new experience to the boy trader to come upon a bully of Captain Seales' caliber. In remote places of the far-flung Pacific lagoon trade was carried on more or less lawlessly. For a craft strong in

members to bully a smaller craft away from a good trading station, or a paying pearling ground, was nothing new.

Many a skipper in Ken's position would have weighed anchor and stood out to sea, leaving that particular patch to the Abe Lincoln, coming back perhaps for what was left when the bully was gone.

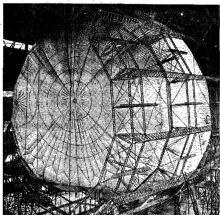
But that was not King of the Islands' way. It was prudent, no doubt; but Ken had too much respect for the flag he sailed under to adopt that course. If the rival traders attacked him, he intended to defend his ship to the last bullet, and the last man, and go down with all hands rather than yield.

Kit Hudson was in the same mood;

and Koko, the boatman, was as keen as the Constable. As for the Iliwa-Oa boys, they were ready to back up their white master, whoever he led them, though what sort of a fight they would put up against a gang of Iliwa toughs was another matter.

There was no thought of surrender on the lagoon.

The ketch was there to trade with Lololea; and King of the Islands intended to stay as long as he chose. And though the odds were formidable to the crew of the Prince schooner, the most prudent ruffian on the Abe Lincoln could not have been unaware that victory would cost a high price—and that price it was very likely they would be unwilling to pay. Bullying a competitor out of the lagoon was one matter; fighting a determined crew to the death was quite another, even with victory assured.



The framework of the mighty steamer R-101 is an amazing example of engineering if ever there was one! This photo shows the " ribs " being steadily built up. See article on opposite page.

For a second or two he lay there, dazed and gasping. Then he scrambled up, with murder in his savage face, grasping at his six-shooter.

He had no time to draw it.

Ken was on him with the spring of a tiger; the revolver was torn away and tumbled into the lagoon. Then the boy trader's powerful grip fastened on Samuel Seales, and he was whirled to the reel. With long arms and legs flying wildly in the air, the Yankee skipper was flung over the low rail, and tumbled down into the waiting whaleboat.

There was a loud from the boat's crew as he landed among them. The bullying skipper sprawled in the boat, gasping and breathless.

Ken looked over the rail his eyes flashing down at the Prince bully, and a revolver in his hand now.

As the sun sank lower on the wide ocean, on the strutting island and the lagoon, there came no hostile movement from the Aie Looeas.

There was a good distance separating the two vessels, though they were within easy rifle-shot. But either Captain Seales was giving the English skipper till the morning to make up his mind, or he was in no hurry to begin a lawless attack, which with the best of luck would have cost him at least half his crew.

"Gas, I reckon!" Kit Hudson remarked.

"Gas can't be certain, though," replied Ken. "None likely gas than business; but they're in such strong force that they may chance it. We shall want to keep our weather-eye open after sundown."

Ken gestured towards the sea. "There's a dead calm coming—we couldn't weigh anchor if we wanted to. We could tow out, of course; but I reckon we're not clearing off at the order of a 'Prince bully.'"

"Not while we can fight!" said the Australian grimly.

"We're sticking here—that's settled. But carrying on trade with the natives is a rather different matter," said Ken carefully. "I've no doubt whatever that they will attack if they see a chance to take us off our guard. I fancy Seales is rather sure over the reception he get here."

"Very likely," Hudson grinned. "If we send men ashore they'll have a chance to cut them off. But the natives will come aboard to trade."

"I hope so."

That there was trouble between the two white men's ships the natives of Lolohe evidently knew. The stories that had gathered round the Dawn had departed, not even waiting to sell fruit to the new arrivals. No canoe came off to the ketch; and the friendly gestures and welcoming calls of the natives on the beach had ceased.

Ken could guess that Captain Seales had intervened, probably with a threat to fire on any canoe that approached the ketch.

Trade, however, was going on with the schooner.

The masts of the Aie Looeas and several other ones were on the beach, with stacks of trade goods, and the scene was like a market.

Ken frowned; his lips set as he watched.

He had refused to be baited out of his merchandise, but to be baited out of his trade was as bad. Yet to send a boat's crew ashore was practically to place the ketch at the mercy of a sudden attack from the schooner. And the men on the beach would be exposed to fire from the 'Prince vessel' if Seales chose to carry off his threat.

The situation was a difficult one; and Ken wholly took time to think it out. He had not intended anyhow to begin trade before the morning, as the ketch had come to her anchorage so late in the day. But he had expected the preliminary visits from the chiefs of Lolohe to the ketch; and so far the natives had carefully kept away from communication.

On the schooner the rough crew stared at the ketch, and occasionally some mocking gibe fluted across the water.

With the approach of night, the usual calmness of the evening did not fall. The great heat of the day seemed to intensify towards sundown. "Plenty too much hot altogether!" remarked Koko, as he fanned himself with a palm leaf.

The breeze that had wafted the Dawn to Lolohe, and into the lagoon, had completely died away.

Outside the ring of the coral island the Pacific lay like a sheet of glass; within the lagoon was absolutely still. Not a breath of air disturbed the palms on shore; the featherly

fronds that had waved and nodded when the ketch arrived were now still, lifeless.

"Warm, and no mistake!" remarked Kit Hudson.

"A furnace with the lid off!" said Ken, with a faint smile. His eyes were a little anxiously on the sea and the sky. "There's a strange coming. Luckily there's plenty of sea-room in the lagoon, if we get a big blow."

The tropic night closed in on Lolohe. A geyser glittering stars spanned a sky of deepest blue. From the south the Southern Cross sparkled like flames.

Koko, sitting on the hatchway (Continued on the next page.)



### This Week—More About the Enormous Framework.

**W**E saw last week the different types of stresses to be taken by the framework of an airship. In the giant R.101 they are taken in the following way:

Hinge supports, known as the longitudinal girders, run from stern to stern of the airship immediately under the fabric. Each one is in section, a triangle built up of three tubes of stainless steel running lengthwise, with cross-pieces of duralumin. The triangle, as you probably know, is a very strong engineering structure and is used throughout the R.101.

Now, since these members are curved, you will realize that the engines pushing the nose into the wind will tend to bend them out, while with the wind tagging at the fabric when the airship is anchored to a mooring mast there will be a tendency for the girders to be bent inward. Similarly, the rubbers and cleavages will thrust strains on them which, even with the stiffens given them by their triangular shape, they could not resist unless made too heavy. Therefore at intervals they are stiffened by transverse girders.

Each set of transverse girders really makes up a little frame in itself. If you look at the photograph on the opposite page, which shows the R.101 being built, you will see that each transverse frame consists of three transverse polygons. Two connect the longitudinal girders, and the third is smaller and is connected to the larger two by three cross-pieces at the angles, and two cross-pieces between these.

Since each girder itself is, like the longitudinal, built up of three stainless steel tubes with duralumin cross-pieces, you will see that each transverse frame is made triangular in every possible way. This makes, without the use of any wires, a tremendously stiff structure. In fact, a transverse frame, as a test, was hung from the roof of the Cardington shed—where the R.101 is being completed—and a load of forty tons fastened to the bottom. The whole frame, 140 feet high, only "gave" four inches!

The short girders that you can see running between the main longitudinal at intervals play no part in the strength of the framework. They are called roofing beams, and their use will be explained later.

When I speak of longitudinal girders running from stern to stern, I do not mean that one is all made in one piece. Each girder is made in lengths and joined together. As it would be inconvenient to join together the longitudinals, and then connect the stems together by means of the transverse girders, the R.101 is built up in sections.

Every bit of the framework between two transverse frames, including the transverse frames themselves, is put together separately and then bolted up. You will see this in the photograph, where the framework is all ready for another section to be bolted into place.

Duralumin has a habit of corroding in contact with the atmosphere. To prevent this all the duralumin in the R.101 is first suspended in a special solution and an electric current passed through the solution, the girder itself forming the anode or positive pole of the current. This process is similar to electro plating, but instead of anything being deposited on the duralumin an oxide of the duralumin itself forms on the surface and prevents rusting.

Next Week—The Enclosure of the R.101.

## White Man's Luck!

awakenings, twanged on his ukulele and hummed a song. But occasionally he ceased to hum and to twang, and turned his dark eyes searchingly to the horizon.

There was no sleep for the ship-owners of the Dawn that night. If Captain Scales meant trouble, it was likely enough that the attack would come under cover of the night. Hille had been carried out to the Kiva-Oa cove; and Ken and Kit were armed and watchful.

Light glimmered from the schooner, and the sound of rough voices raised in storm could be heard till a late hour of the night.

On the beach a crowd of natives were dancing in the starlight, among them some of the crew of the *Abc Lincoln*.

"Feller storm be coming," said Kio-lalo-lalo at last.

He pointed with his ukulele to the southern horizon. The blaze of the Southern Cross was blotted out in a leaden sky; and the linden hue was slowly spreading over the whole of the wide lagoon.

"Me sorry, Kio," said King of the Islands. "If I know anything about weather signs, Kit, we're going to have a hurricane, or it will hit Loko before dawn."

"Looks like it," agreed Hudson.

"But there's not a breath—"

"It will be more than a breath when it comes," said Ken grimly.

At midnight there was scarcely a star to be seen. Blackness hung over the island and the surrounding ocean like a suffocating cloak.

The beach, the native houses, the schooner, all vanished from view. The ketch seemed to be floating alone in an uninhabited world of deep darkness. So deep was the darkness that Ken could scarcely see from rail to rail of the ketch; and he was burning no lights at his anchorage lest they should guide an attack.

Suddenly, in the gloom, Kio-lalo-lalo touched his master's arm.

"Feller boat be come!" he murmured.

Ken listened intently. A moment or two later he caught what the Kanaka's kee-oo had already heard. Muffled oars were sweeping the waters of the black lagoon.

"They're coming," said King of the Islands, drawing his revolver. "Pass the word forward, Koko. You tell feller lay be shoot when we sing out."

"Yes, sir."

Koko glided away in the darkness. The ketch lay motionless at her anchorage; the sails fell straight as a rod to the coral bottom. The water was still as death; the air motionless. Not faintly, fuses afar, there came through the deep silence a low moaning wail. It was the first whisper of the wind that was coming.

The sweep of the oars was louder now. A black shadow glided from blackness under the rail of the Dawn. It was the whaleboat from the *Abc Lincoln*, crammed with men. "Blow off!"

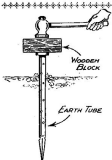
King of the Islands' voice rang sharply, loudly, in the silence. A

bank of voices from the boat answered.

"Sheer-off, or we die!" shouted King of the Islands.

A revolver cracked in the boat, and a bullet whizzed across the ketch. The boat bumped on the hull. A moment more and Ken's revolver would have given the signal for firing.

But in that moment there came a vivid blaze of lightning across the black sky, tearing open the vault of Heaven, as it seemed. For one second the ketch, the lagoon, the island were all revealed in ghastly light. Blackness closed in again like a blanket as the thunder rolled—a deafening roll that seemed to shake the island like an earthquake. And with the roar of the thunder came the wind, and the lagoon, again as glass a few seconds before, was suddenly agitated, as though some gigantic monster was stirring in its depths.



When driving a wireless writing-table into the ground you must place a block of wood between your hammer and the top of the tube, to prevent the latter being damaged. See "Kerolis That Never Fail," on the opposite page.

"My saluted Sam!" bellowed King of the Islands.

From the boat came a howl of alarm and terror, and the oars beat again. Flushing like a living blaze across the blackness of the lagoon came another terrible flame of lightning. It showed the whaleboat pulling back to the schooner at fantastic speed, over the tossing lagoon. King of the Islands thrust his revolver back into his belt.

There would be no attack that night, for in a few minutes more both vessels and their crews would be fighting for life against the unchained forces of Nature!

### The Hurricane.

"U P look!" The ketch rode free in the lagoon.

The wind had come, and it was such a wind as King of the Islands

had known once or twice before—such as few sailormen know more than twice or three in a lifetime.

At once like Mowat at a giant's banquet, drawing the voice, cutting off the breath, striking like a hail!

The air was filled with deafening sound. Hounded the ring of the island the Pacific transferred its mad waves on the coral rocks. Within, the lagoon was stirred to fury. No cable could have held in that wind. The stoutest chain would have snapped like a post-thread.

King of the Islands would have given half the cargo of the ketch to be sold out at sea, with no land within fifty miles. But ransacking the reef passage was not to be thought of, and, luckily, there was ample space in the lagoon.

The Dawn tossed on the roaring water, dragging a heavy sea-anchor. Blackness as of the pit surrounded her, and the roar of the water thundered back from the beach. In the brief lulls of the mad rain of terror and consternation could be heard from the beach, where the hapless natives had left their houses in panic terror. The wind plucked the grass houses from the ground and tossed them away through the air like wisps of hay.

Out in the center of the lagoon fragments of grass houses and branches of trees had just the ketch on the wings of the wind.

Only those lamentable wives, occasionally heard, told that there was an island there at all; nothing was seen in the blackness. The schooner had vanished from sight, and Ken prayed that she would not drive on the ketch in the darkness and send both vessels to the bottom. Once he thought he heard voices shouting on the wind, but he could not be sure, and the sound died away in the sea.

There was nothing to do but to fight it out and hang for dawn. Speech was impossible in the terrible wind; breathing was difficult. To face the wind was to have the breath cut off, as if a hand had been clapped over the mouth.

All these things on the deck had been swept away—sticks of gunnys, bunches of bananas, all things that were not lashed fast. The deck of the Dawn was swept clear. The crew clung to rail or rope or stanchion, that they might not be swept away also. Something crashed away in the darkness, and Ken knew that the whaleboat was gone. It mattered little, for if the ketch did not live the whaleboat would not have saved her crew—no boat would have lived for weeks in the hurricane.

The lugged-for-down was slow to come. Hour by hour the wind increased in intensity, and King of the Islands sought the hurricane to save his ship. In a blaze of lightning a canoe crammed with terrified natives shot past the ketch; before the blinding canoe had gone under, sending thirty or more Islanders to death in the mad water.

Ken knew from the sight of the canoe what must be happening to shore. No native would have got

(Continued on page 22.)

# White Man's Luck!

(Continued from page 20.)

about in the hurricane if he could have helped it.

The Pacific was breaking over Lolohe. Where the native boats had been six feet of rearing water waited and roared, cluttered with ruins and bodies.

The lightning showed Ken the heading, striking trees, with clinging natives, blinded and drenched by wind, clinging for their lives—men clutching women, women clutching children, all clashing wildly and desperately at the launches, and every moment some hapless wretch torn away by the wind and tossed to destruction.

King of the Islands hardly dared to believe it, at last, when the fearful wind showed a sign of slackening. But it slackened with the dawn, though still it came with mighty force. From the blackness overhead came a pale gleam; the fearful night was over. The darkness rolled away like a curtain that is drawn; but no sun could be seen in a leaden sky.

But the horror of great darkness was gone. The fiercest fury of the wind was over, and the crew of the ketch could look at last upon the scene of dreadful havoc that surrounded them.

## Ken Plays the Game.

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS looked, and his heart was sick in his breast.

Where the island of Lolohe had lain radiant and smiling the previous day, the black ocean reeled.

In stately procession, hills of water came rolling down on Lolohe—vast seas that were like moving mountains between one huge wave and another was a valley of a mile or more, broken up by smaller waves, still-bags. Over the island, and beyond to infinity, that stately procession marched, blotting out Lolohe.

Here and there, above the water, rose trees that had survived the wind; and every surviving tree, stripped bare of leaves and nuts, bore its load of human frailty.

No canoe remained; broken fragments tossed on the wild waters, and that was all. No building stood; and not a fourth part of the tall trees that had waved so proudly twelve hours ago. Not the highest ridge of Lolohe showed over the water. The wind was still falling; but the swell on the ocean showed no sign of abating, and was not likely to abate for days.

For twenty-four hours, at the least, no footing would come to light where Lolohe had been. Over Lolohe was water deep enough for the draught of the ketch. Ken could have sailed his vessel across any part of the buried island.

"Where's the schooner?" panted Hudson. He could make his voice heard now.

"Follier schooner he step along lagoons!" said Kalo-lanuhouga. He pointed a brown finger to a kiel that floated in the distance. It was all that was left of the *Abe Lincoln*. Of

captain and crew no sign was to be seen.

Lead and pitiful cries came from the wretched people clinging in the trees on the submerged reef. Wild gestures were made, beseeching sticks were borne on the wind. The white man's ship that had lived through the storm was the only hope of the islanders.

They had nothing to give—after destruction had fallen on the once smiling reef; in a few hours, those whose strength still lasted, who still clung to their precarious hold, would be furnishing with language, maddened with thirst. Without help, the population of Lolohe was doomed!

But a white man's ship was there—the white man on the South Sea in command. Well was it for Lolohe that it was the *Dawn*, and not the *Abe Lincoln*, that had survived the hurricane.

"We've got to save them, Kii—all we can!" said King of the Islands quietly.

"You bet!" said Hudson. The wind was falling fast to a stiff breeze. The *Hiva-Oa* crew were still trembling with the terror that was past. Some of the natives were slipping from the high branches now, to swim out to the white man's ship. The ketch closed in for the shore, and hands were waved to the islanders to measure time.

Even in those moments exhausted natives were falling from their hold, and King of the Islands wasted no time. He had come to Lolohe to trade—and the trade of Lolohe was dead and gone. He was there now to save life; and he did not count the cost.

Swimming islanders were helped on board by the *Hiva-Oa* men. Others came floating on tree-trunks and wreckage, and were taken fast on the ketch. Scarcely the deck was crowded, men, women, and children swarming fore and aft, closely packed. And still they came, swimming, or floating on wreckage, in streams for their only lives.

The hatchway was covered, and a space cleared round it. King of the Islands' face was set and a little pale. He knew what a white man and a Christian had to do, and he was ready to do it; but he knew also what it meant to him.

From the main cabin of the ketch cargo was dragged on deck and pitched into the lagoon, to make room for the arriving refugees. The *Hiva-Oa* boys worked hard and fast, helped by the more venturesome among the Lolohe men. Cases and cases, packages and packages came up from the cabin, to be tossed over the side to float or sink. Boxes and barrels, trade sheets and trade goods went over the rail. In the place of cargo, the islanders packed thick in the cabin. And still more came—and more—and more, till the stream of refugees ceased endless.

With a grim brow King of the Islands ordered the store-room to be emptied, the trade goods stacked there piled up.

"There's no help for it, Kii," he said, in a low voice, as boxes and

barrels hammeringly crashed into the sea. "You're with me in this?"

"You don't need to ask that, old man," answered the Coonstall.

"I know."

"It's white man's luck," said Hudson, slugging his shoulders. "There goes our special cargo for Lolohe—into the Lolohe lagoon. There goes our five hundred pounds reward, old man—and some other hundreds along with it. Let it go, and be hanged to it."

Ken pressed his arm.

"It's ruin to me, old man—we've got to jettison every ounce we board excepting food and water, or leave them to die; but we're white men, and we've got to play the white man's game. Let it go." His brow clouded. "This trip to Lolohe was my idea, Kii—it looked a good thing, and I've made you a bigger man well as myself."

"Not?" said Hudson. "Thank Heaven we came—it's worth it to save a hundred lives and more."

King of the Islands nodded. His heart was heavy, but he knew his duty, and he knew that his comrades was with him heart and soul.

"We've got the ship left, and our lives," said Hudson. "We've got to begin again, and keep a stiff upper lip." He turned to the laboring Kanakas. "Quick with that cargo—you better boys, get a move on."

Splash, splash, splash! went the cargo into the luring waters, to the last box or bale that had been carried down from John Cain's warehouse to the coral wharf at Laitape. Splash after splash, spelling rain to the tides.

Little more than food and water remained on the ketch when the jettisoning was ended and the last of the drenched, shivering islanders had been taken on board. Food and water could not be spared; only the strictest rationing could make the supply last so many till a place for landing them could be reached. And even when the last of the cargo was gone, space for the swimming islanders was still close, and the interior of the *Dawn* was like an ant-hill.

King of the Islands searched the charts.

"La'oua, seventy miles north-east, is the nearest high island, Kii," he said. "A ketch we can land there there. There'll be plenty of water and coconuts—and the wind's good for La'oua. A run of seventy miles—with the ketch packed like a sardine can. Well, we've got to make it."

Swarming below, and with a crowded deck, the ketch got under way; the keel gliding over the submerged reef, hidden deep under rolling waters, as King of the Islands put his ship before the wind.

With almost all he possessed in the world, excepting his ship, lying at the bottom of the Lolohe lagoon, Ken set his face resolutely to the future.

Life was left, and courage, and it was White Man's Luck!

(King of the Islands and his strange cargo went with many adventures to meet another's doom, complete page. Make certain of your MODERN BOY by ordering it now.)