JACKIE COOGAN—SPECIAL INTERVIEW!

# The MODERN BOY

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QUARTER MILE LEAPS—THE NEW SPORT! See page 11.

# BULLY o' the SOUTH SEAS!

**COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.**

Wild's rough hand dropped on the revolver in his belt. "Leave that gun alone, man," said King of the Islands quietly. "There are sharks in this lagoon. You don't want to be dropped among them, I suppose?"

*King of the Islands—boy trader in the vast South Seas—encounters a particularly tough nut, which he proceeds to crack in his own inimitable way. The cracking is not enjoyed by the bully—but YOU will thoroughly enjoy this long complete sto*

*BY*

**CHARLES HAMILTON.**

### A Full Cargo!

"PLENTY too much feller he stop along ketch!" grunted Kaio-lalulalonga, the giant Kanaka bo'sun of the ketch Dawn.

Ken King, the boy owner and skipper, smiled.

Koko, as the bo'sun was known aboard, coming aft to take his trick at the wheel, threaded his way through the swarming Polynesians, men and women and children. He bumped into one islander, stumbled over the outstretched legs of another, and tripped over a brown baby that crawled on the deck.

"Plenty too much feller!" repeated Koko emphatically.

There was no doubt that there was "too much feller" on board Ken King's ketch.

On a craft that measured under seventy feet from stern-post to cutwater, there were nearly a hundred and fifty passengers. All that survived of the whole population of the hurricane-swept atoll of Loloko were packed on the ketch. The Dawn was a hive of brown humanity.

Above deck and below deck the homeless natives swarmed. On deck they got continually in the way of the crew, and every time the boom swung there was a shouting and running and dodging. Below deck they swarmed in the cabin and in the store-room. The stuffy little forecastle overflowed with them.

Few of them had saved anything but their lives from the disaster that had overwhelmed their native island. They had what they stood up in—not more than a loin-cloth and a coral necklace, as a rule.

Overloaded with brown humanity, the Dawn was beating her way, with variable winds, towards the high island of Lu'uva, where Ken hoped to land that unaccustomed cargo.

Far behind Loloko had disappeared into the Pacific. Literally, for the flooding ocean had rolled completely over the low-lying atoll, leaving only the tops of tall palms above the water.

King of the Islands—the name by which Ken was known throughout the South Seas—had hoped to make Lu'uva in a day's sail with a good wind. But the wind had changed. And now it was towards the end of the second day, and still the Dawn was beating down to Lu'uva on long and weary tacks.

On the Pacific there was a mighty swell, which carried the ketch like a cork, swinging up one minute to the summit of a mountainous roller, sweeping down the next into a valley of water. And with every plunge of the vessel yelling natives went rolling and tumbling over one another.

Thirty-six hours under such conditions had tired captain and crew. Fortunately, save for the heavy swell on the sea and the shifting winds, the weather was favourable. What would have happened in a squall, with the ketch clustered fore and aft with swarming passengers, King of the Islands hardly dared to think.

"Plenty too much feller, sar," said Kaio-lalulalonga for the third time, as he took the wheel from Kit Hudson, the young Australian mate.

Koko surveyed the swarm with great disfavour.

"You swab!" said King of the Islands. "You no wantee leave Loloko feller walk about along bottom sea."

Koko grunted.

"Plenty good feller cargo walk about along bottom sea, along takee Loloko feller along ketch," he said.

Koko had seen with very mixed feelings the jettisoning of the Dawn's cargo at Loloko to make room for the refugees. His white master had faced ruin to save the survivors of the hurricane; and to Koko's mind his white master was of more importance than all the natives of the Pacific, brown and black.

King of the Islands made no answer. He turned his binoculars to the north-east, where a purple blur showed against the sky.

"Lu'uva?" asked Kit Hudson.

Ken nodded as he lowered the glasses.

"Ay, ay! We shall make the island by sundown. My sainted Sam! I shall be glad to drop the hook and land this crew."

"The sooner the better," said Hudson. "The water's running short already, and the food won't last much longer. The Dawn wasn't provisioned for a hundred and fifty passengers."

"We've had luck," said Ken soberly. "If we'd been kept a few days at sea I don't like to think of what would have happened. And if a squall had struck us—— Luckily, the hurricane blew itself right out. We've had luck, considering."

Hudson nodded and smiled. The shipmates of the Dawn had put almost all they possessed into the cargo they had run to Loloko, and that cargo had been dumped into the lagoon. Every inch of space had been needed, and more than needed, to pack the swarming refugees from the flooded atoll. And the food and water, on the strictest rationing, could not last long with so many hungry and thirsty mouths.

The hurricane had ruined Loloko, and saving the survivors had very nearly ruined King of the Islands and his shipmate. But it was "white man's luck," as Hudson put it, and they were not grousing. And, at least, fortune was favouring their attempt to save so many lives. Lu'uva was rising on the horizon, and on Lu'uva, a high island, where there was no danger of floods, the refugees would be safe, and there was plenty of fresh water and food there.

King of the Islands was thinking less about the disastrous outcome of his voyage than of what might have happened had contrary winds kept him at sea with his swarming cargo of hungry natives.

Higher rose the hills of Lu'uva from the blue waters as the ketch swung on long tacks, bearing down on the island. Kit Hudson watched the hills growing higher and clearer, and the palm forest that came into sight on their slopes.

"Anybody on Lu'uva, Ken?" he asked.

"A handful of natives," answered Ken. "It was a well-populated island once, but the blackbirders — slavers — cleared it in the old days. Not more than a hundred, I believe."

"Plenty of room for that lot, then?" said Kit, with a nod towards the teeming deck.

"Plenty. There's a missionary on the island, and he'll help get them settled. A French missionary from the Marquesas. So far as I know, no other white man. But it's more than a year since I touched at Lu'uva, and there may have been changes since then."

"Peaceful natives, I hope."

"Ay, ay! Very like these Loloko men. In fact, most likely Loloko was peopled from Lu'uva long ago. It's the nearest big island. The language, so far as I understand it, is much the same—a Polynesian dialect."

The Dawn beat on wearily in the heavy seas. Danny, the cooky boy, was serving out water and rations amid a jabbering and chattering and grumbling that was reminiscent of Babel.

Like all Kanakas, the Loloko people lived only for the passing day. They were hungry, they were thirsty, and they would willingly have cleared the ketch of food and water without a thought of the future. Rationing they attributed to some stinginess on the part of the white captain, and there was an ample allowance of grumbling.

As a matter of fact, even strict rations could not have lasted much longer, and King of the Islands was deeply relieved to see Lu'uva growing nearer and clearer in the sinking sunlight, slow as was his approach to the island of refuge.

The last glimmer of the sun had disappeared before the Dawn ran down to Lu'uva. Of the anchorage there Ken knew little, and he did not intend to risk his ship on the coral reefs in the dark. The ketch lay-to outside the reef to wait for morning.

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### The Boss of Lu'uva!

JABEZ WILD, planter, trader, kidnapper, and many other things, stepped out on his veranda with a black brow and a glinting eye.

Except for the French missionary, who lived in a grass house in the native village on the lagoon, Wild was the only white man on Lu'uva. He had been on Lu'uva less than a year; but in that space of time he had made his presence felt there severely.

For what reasons Wild had sailed to that lonely island in his whaleboat, with a Santa Cruz crew, nobody knew excepting Wild himself. Doubtless, in more populated parts of the Pacific, the arm of the law was

*(Continued on the next page.)*

# Ju-Jitsu! The Japanese Art of Self Defence

*This Week:—*

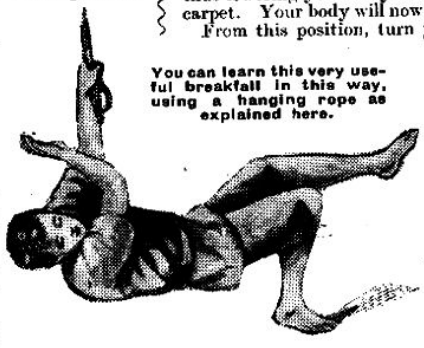
***HOW TO FALL WHEN THROWN FROM STANDING POSITION.***

**By Professor W. H. GARRUD.** *Founder of the British and Dominions Ju-Jitsu League.*

IT is extremely useful—indeed, essential—to know how to fall from a standing position so that when your opponent throws you down you will be able to take the fall without getting hurt in the least.

If you have followed my previous lessons you have learned how to "beat the mat" with either left or right hand whilst flat on your back. Now, with the assistance of an ordinary chair, stand erect with your left hand on the back of the chair to steady yourself; raise your left leg and bend your right leg, thus lowering your body until you are about twelve inches from the floor or carpet. Your body will now be supported by your right leg and left arm.

From this position, turn your body slightly to your right and let it fall backward and down, beating the ground with your right palm as explained in one of my previous chats.



**You can learn this very useful breakfall in this way, using a hanging rope as explained here.**

An excellent method of learning this particular breakfall, providing you can suspend a rope from a beam (do not try it on the gas bracket!), is to hang on the rope thus suspended and proceed as described. By using a rope you can graduate the height of your fall.

You can also practise from a prone position, by raising yourself with both hands—pulling yourself up on the rope a few inches and then letting go and beating the ground with one or both hands at the same time. You can gradually pull yourself higher and higher until you can fall safely from a standing position without the aid of the rope.

Apart altogether from ju-jitsu, this forms a splendid exercise for strengthening the biceps of the arm. This is the "pulling" muscle, situated between the elbow and the shoulder in front. If you place your left hand on this part of the arm and then clench your hand and bend your arm you will feel this muscle swell up into a ball more or less hard according to how strong you are.

In a strong man, this muscle, when flexed, should be as big and as hard as a cricket ball. It should not, however, be developed out of proportion to your other muscles. The Japanese, the greatest exponents in the world of ju-jitsu, believe in an all-round development, but especially in having a strong grip consequent on the development of the muscles of the forearm situated below the elbow. I hope later on to tell you how to develop this grip.

***Next Week:—The Shake-Hands Trick.***

## Bully o' the South Seas!

stretched out for him. He was not the only white man, by many a one, who found it convenient to disappear from the company of other white men and to make a home in a place where the law never reached.

Wherever he came from, and for whatsoever reason he came, Jabez Wild had sailed into the lagoon one day, with six Santa Cruz boys for a crew, and landed on the beach and taken possession of Lu'uva.

There was no one to say him nay.

Kidnapping raids, in the old black-birding days, as the practice of tearing the natives from their homes and selling them as labourers elsewhere was called, had cleared Lu'uva of most of its population. Hardly a hundred natives lived in the grass village by the shore of the lagoon, and they were peaceful and timid. Among them lived Monsieur Duroc, the little old missionary from the Marquesas, like a shepherd among his flock, or a father among his family.

The greater part of Lu'uva was uninhabited; rich and fertile as it was, it was too many hundreds of miles away from other land, too far from the track of any ships to tempt a settler. Its loneliness in the vast Pacific suited Jabez Wild—no island could be too lonely for a man who was due to be hanged if he ever came within reach of the authorities at Fiji.

Lonely as it was, occasionally a trading sloop or ketch would run into the lagoon, generally for water; and then Jabez would do a stroke of trade, selling copra and pearl-shell for canned meats and tobacco.

On Lu'uva the ruffian was monarch of all he surveyed, and there were none to dispute his rights.

The peaceful, idyllic days of Lu'uva were over once the ruffian had established himself there. Alone, he could have lorded it over the peaceful natives; and his six Santa Cruz boys were hefty fellows, armed with cutlasses and obedient to his orders. Quite likely they would have turned on him and killed him had he given them an opportunity. But Jabez knew the ways of the Pacific, and he was never off his guard. He never moved out of his house unarmed, and at night he slept behind barred doors. And he kept the tail of a sting ray as an instrument of punishment.

His bungalow had been built rapidly by forced labour from the native village. Natives from the village worked in his yam and taro fields without pay. Jabez had no money for pay, neither did he believe in paying niggers for their labour. A touch of the sting-ray tail was more effective. In extreme cases a bullet from his revolver silenced objections.

The Santa Cruz boys loafed and idled in the eternal summer of Lu'uva, and helped to bully and awe the native population. Little Monsieur Duroc wrung his hands and wept over the trouble that had fallen on his peaceful island, and the difficulties put in the way of his task of conversion, by the conduct of a white man.

But there was no help. Whether Lu'uva properly belonged to France or to Great Britain was not even known, and in either case it was too far off the map for anybody to care. Lu'uva had to work out its own destiny, and for the present its destiny was embodied in the ruffianly carcass of Jabez Wild.

On this particular morning Jabez came out on to his veranda in a particularly savage temper.

The late hurricane had damaged his copra plantation, for one thing—that meant a loss in his next deal with a calling trader. But that was not the worst. It was six months since a vessel had wandered to the lone island; and Jabez's stock of tobacco was running low and his stock of spirits was almost exhausted. As Jabez was a heavy drinker the matter was getting serious. Every morning he scanned the sea, and snarled when he found it bare of a sail.

Of late Jabez's knuckly fists and the sting-ray tail had been unusually active, and the labourers from the native village trembled at the sight of the scowling bearded face and sunken glinting eyes of the ruffian in his veranda, and the Santa Cruz boys were very wary with him.

Last night Jabez had finished the last of the spirits, and he was in a dangerous temper.

Jabez stared at the glistening sea, stretching to infinity, from his veranda that fronted the lagoon, with savage, bloodshot eyes.

There was no sail.

"Feller breakfast he ready," faltered the houseboy, putting a terrified face from the doorway into the veranda.

Jabez's answer was a back-handed blow that sent the houseboy spinning back into the house. Then he scanned the sea again, a little comforted by the loud howls of the boy.

# SKATING SKILL

*This Week:—*
***HOW TO CUT A FIGURE-OF-EIGHT.***

BEFORE describing how you may begin your first bit of fancy skating—the figure eight—I had better deal with two points which may have been giving you some difficulty: how to turn, and how to stop.

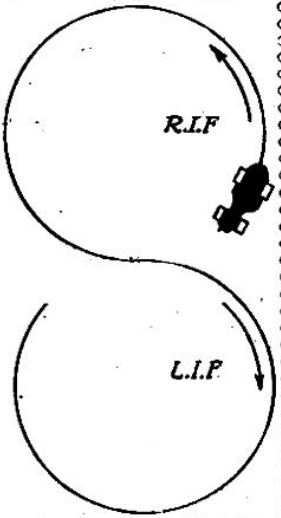
Any turn on skates is always caused by a movement of the *body*—never by a movement of the feet. If you try to twist your feet, say, to the right, you will certainly crash over. In order to turn to the right you must *change your body into the position it will have after the turn*, and your feet will then twist obediently of themselves.

It is a good plan to practise all sorts of sharp turns—always leaning your body inwards as a motor-cyclist does when taking a corner.

Suppose you want to stop when you are travelling forward at a good speed. The safest way is to place one of your feet across the rear of the other—like the top of a letter T—so that the sides of the wheels drag on the floor and pull you up. If you are travelling backwards you will press the toe of your lifted boot on to the floor, and so check yourself.

Look at the diagram of the figure eight. It is not very difficult to understand—and yet it looks very showy when you can whirl it out on a skating-rink! Actually it consists of two long inside "edges," one on each foot.

Last week I explained about this business of "edges," and now for this figure eight you must specialise on the R.I.F. and L.I.F. Each circle should be about six or eight feet in diameter, and must be made from a single thrust. It will need a rather strong thrust to carry you round a full circle, but if you persevere it should not be long before you accomplish it.




**This diagram explains the movements of the figure-of-eight, which looks so very showy when you can whirl it out on a skating rink.**

Having mastered your two circles you will next join them in the full figure. Start off with a strong R.I.F.—a mark on the floor will give you a "centre" to which you can skate. When you come back to this centre, at the end of your circle, your left foot will, of course, be clear of the floor. But now it will be put down; your right skate will turn outward and lie over on to its two inside wheels, and you will make a fresh, vigorous thrust with the right foot so that you go round on an equally strong L.I.F for the second circle.

Remember always to lean towards the centres of your wides.

***Next Week:—How to do the Dutch Roll.***

But the sea, shining under the morning sun, was bare. On the path up from the beach a little figure came into view. Jabez scowled at the sight of the French missionary coming up to the house. Once a week, or so, the French missionary ventured into the tiger's lair to remonstrate with Jabez—to attempt to bring him to better things. Hitherto the ruffian, from some rag of decency that seemed to linger in him, had kept his hands off Monsieur Duroc. But his look was deadly now as he eyed the little gentleman coming up the coral path. His temper that morning was that of a fiend, and he wanted a victim.

Duroc came up the steps of the veranda and bowed politely to the scowling ruffian.

"Bon jour, monsieur!" he said, in his squeaky little voice.

Monsieur Duroc was clean and neat from head to foot, with a Frenchman's regard for appearances even on a lonely Pacific island. He formed a startling contrast to the hulking, unshaven, slovenly ruffian who was master of Lu'uva.

"What do you want, hang you?" snarled Jabez. "You come here to jaw again, you swab of a frog-eater!"

"Monsieur, I tell you vunce more you must cease—you must stop," said Duroc. The French missionary spoke the Polynesian dialect of Lu'uva like a native, but his English was sadly defective. "You shall leave off to beat my boys—mes enfants—comprenez? Taliko he come to me, he show one back all cut and bleeding, he say, white man do this thing. Now he lie sick in his house. Monsieur, it is needful zat you cease."

Jabez had listened to such remonstrances many a time before, sometimes with derisive laughter, sometimes threatening the Frenchman with his revolver. But Jabez was worse than usual this morning.

"You feller boy!" he roared.

"Yes, sar!" came the trembling tones of the houseboy.

"You bring me feller tail belong sting-ray."

"Yes, sar!"

Monsieur Duroc jumped.

"Sare, you do not zink you beat me wiz sting-ray tail!" he ejaculated, in horror and alarm.

"Don't I?" snarled Jabez. "I'll beat you till the skin peels off your back! I'll make you sicker than Taliko—you wait a minute! You feller boy, you hurry up, or me knock seven bells outer your hide!"

Monsieur Duroc gave the ruffian a glance and realised that he was in earnest. He made one long jump down the steps from the veranda.

"Stop, you lubber!" roared Wild. Monsieur Duroc did not stop.

The bully staggered away. After him went a howling and cackling of derision from the natives.

Jabez rushed down the steps after him without waiting for the sting-ray tail. His heavy hand smote the missionary, and sent him rolling into the coral path.

"Mon Dieu!" gasped Duroc.

He picked himself up and fled. After him pounded the enraged ruffian, kicking him savagely.

With loud shrieks Duroc put on speed and vanished along the path, outdistancing the breathless ruffian.

Jabez dragged out his revolver.

Bang! Bang!

Duroc hopped and jumped and dodged into the palms.

Jabez stood revolver in hand, breathing rage. But at that moment his eyes fell on a white sail that glanced beyond the reef.

A ship—a ketch—was threading her way into the lagoon from the sea.

The fury died out of Wild's face. He thrust the revolver back into his belt.

It was a trader at last; and with the prospect of renewing his supply of spirits, Jabez became almost good-humoured. He strode down to the beach, shouting to the Santa Cruz boys:

"You feller boy! You feller nigger! Show a leg, durn you! You run feller whaleboat along lagoon, plenty quick, or I'll knock stars and stripes out of you!"

And the Santa Cruz boys rushed to launch the whaleboat, and Jabez Wild put off to meet the incoming ketch.

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### Trouble Ahead!

KING OF THE ISLANDS looked shoreward as the ketch glided into the lagoon of Lu'uva. A hundred other pairs of eyes looked shoreward, too. On Lu'uva many signs of the hurricane that had overwhelmed Loloko could be seen—swathes of fallen trees in the forest, wrecked palms nearer the beach, fallen native houses in the village. But Lu'uva had not been so fully in the path of the devastating storm as Loloko, seventy miles away; and, being a high island, it had not been swept by a tidal wave. Coconuts by the myriad had been blown down, and that was the chief damage, a damage soon remedied on that fertile isle.

On the Pacific, only a glassy swell remained to tell of the late disturbance, and the swell was subsiding. Cloudless blue heavens arched over the shining sea, and the wind was a light breeze. Earth and sea and sky were smiling in the bright sunshine.

# Bully o' the South Seas!

"A Paradise of the Pacific!" Kit Hudson remarked, as he looked towards the curving shores of the lagoon.

"A Paradise without the serpent!" said Ken, with a laugh. "Only one white man here, and he's a padre—one of the best. Father Duroc will jump at the chance of welcoming this crowd—he will look on them as more lambs for his flock. We couldn't have hit a better place for landing them."

The Loloko islanders were gazing eagerly towards the shore. After the fearful havoc on Loloko, and two days on short rations on the crowded ketch, with scarce room to move, Lu'uva looked good to them. Plenty of water, plenty of coconuts and yams, under a smiling sky — it was a change from the havoc and horrors from which they had been rescued.

Famine would have been their portion on the atoll, had they survived till the waters went down; and King of the Islands had brought them to a land of plenty. That his humanity spelt heavy loss to the boy trader did not worry them; they were thinking little, and what little they were thinking was wholly about themselves.

At the sight of Lu'uva the horrors of Loloko seemed to fade from their infantile minds; they stretched out hands towards the smiling shore, chattering eagerly, many of them bursting into song. More and more of them crowded up from below, till the deck was packed like a sardine-can. The Hiva-Oa crew had to clamber along the rails to get fore or aft.

Ken smiled as he glanced at the crowd of happy faces. Many had perished in the hurricane at Loloko; and it was fortunate, no doubt, for the happy children of the sun that black memories did not linger.

The ketch dropped her anchor in the lagoon, opposite the native village. Natives in lava-lavas could be seen on the beach, staring towards the ketch. Hudson touched Ken's arm, and pointed.

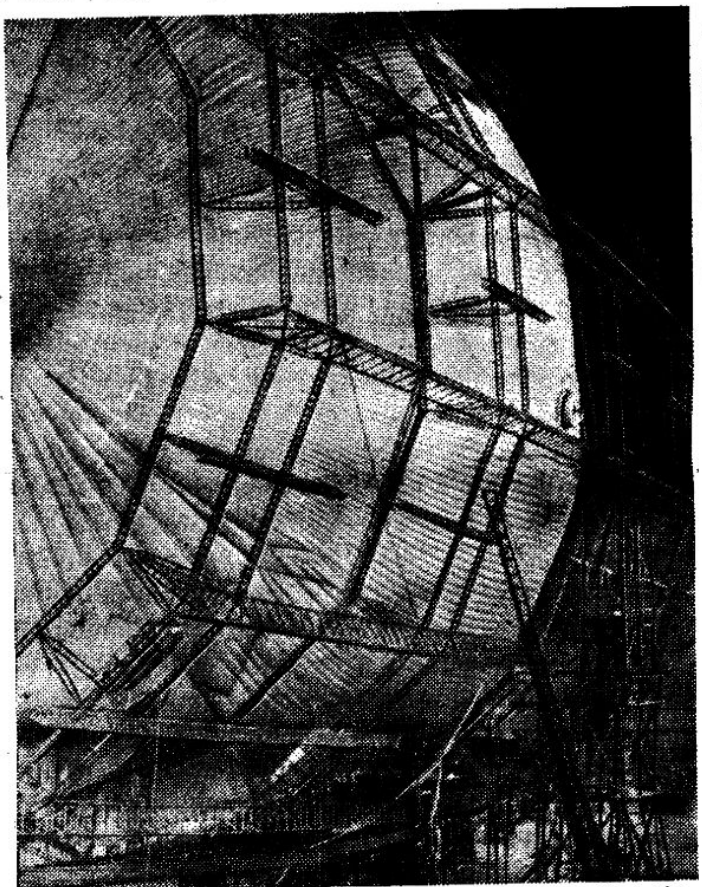
"That's a bungalow—to the right of the village. Is that the priest's house?"

"No, that's new—since I was here a year ago," answered King of the Islands. "Father Duroc lives in a grass house in the village—or did! But he is sure to come off in his canoe, and we shall see."

"Feller white man he comey along whaleboat!" remarked Koko.

"My hat!" said Hudson. "That's not the padre, Ken."

Ken stared at the rough, bearded, slovenly white man, in cotton shirt and trousers, and an immense grass hat, who sat in the whaleboat.



Here you can plainly see the short reefing booms which run parallel to the longitudinal members in the framework of the mighty airship R.101. The reefing booms can be pushed out to hold the fabric of the envelope quite taut. (See chat on opposite page.)

"No," he answered. "Nothing like him. "There's been changes in Lu'uva. Some planter has settled here—though that swab looks more like a beachcomber than a planter."

"May make a difference about landing the Loloko crowd here."

"We've got to land them," said Ken. "Anyhow, the island can't belong to that fellow, and there's room for a thousand. I hope he's not going to object—but it can make no difference if he does."

The whaleboat pulled swiftly out to the anchored ketch.

It glided alongside, and the man of Lu'uva stood up and grasped the rail. There was scarce standing room now on the deck of the Dawn, with the natives swarming up from below; but Koko and Kit Hudson shoved and elbowed the Loloko men back, to make room for the stranger to step on board. Jabez Wild grasped the rail with his huge, rough hands, and swung himself on deck, staring blankly at the mob of Loloko islanders.

"You the skipper of this hooker?" he asked, picking out Ken.

"Ay, ay!"

"What's this game—blackbirding?"

Ken smiled.

"No; nothing like it."

"You've got a heap of niggers here," said the man of Lu'uva, eyeing them. "I've sailed in blackbirding craft, but I never saw a ship so overloaded as this with niggers. You'd have lost your cargo if you'd hit a squall."

"This isn't a cargo," explained Ken. "We've picked up the survivors of an atoll wiped out by the hurricane."

Wild stared at him.

"You ain't selling them?" he asked.

"Ha, ha! No!"

Jabez looked puzzled.

"Then why in thunder have you loaded your hooker with them?" he demanded.

"To save their lives."

Jabez grunted.

"I didn't come off to hear your little jokes," he said. "If you're recruiting for the island plantations you've got nothing to be afraid of here, I'm the only white man on the island, excepting a padre. I've been in the blackbirding line, and I'm death on niggers. You can afford to tell me the truth."

"I've told it" said Ken, smiling.

This man was about as unpleasant a ruffian as Ken had ever met in the Pacific; but the boy trader had no desire to quarrel with him.

Jabez grunted again, and ran his eyes over the Loloko crowd. They were backing away from his gaze, so far as the swarming state of the ketch permitted.

"I can use some of them," he announced. "You've got more than you can carry, if the sea turns

rough; it'll be a dead loss to you, after feeding them, to slip them over the side. I'll take a bunch of them off your hands for my plantation, and pay you in copra."

"Can't you get it into your head that we're not blackbirders?" exclaimed Kit Hudson.

"Oh, don't give me that guff!" grunted Jabez. "You didn't pick up that mob of niggers for the pleasure of their company, I reckon. If you ain't selling them, what do you reckon you're going to do with them?"

"Land them on Lu'uva."

Jabez stared at the shipmates. Difficult as it was for him to believe, he was driven to the conclusion that he had come across two men who were fools enough—as he considered it—to rescue and feed a crowd of worthless niggers and carry them to a place of safety. The contempt the ruffian felt for such folly showed plainly in his rugged face.

But a grin stole over his stubbly features.

"Land them on Lu'uva!" he repeated. "Well, I reckon there ain't no objection to that. Land 'em as soon as you like. I reckon I'll take my pickings when I want."

King of the Islands eyed him sternly.

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" he snapped.

"Won't I?" said Jabez unpleasantly. "And who's going to stop me? I'm the boss of Lu'uva. But I ain't come here to quarrel," he added, more amicably. "Do with the blooming niggers as you like; it ain't my business. I've come off in my boat to trade."

"We're open to trade," said Ken. "Unluckily, we had to jettison our cargo to make room for this crowd. We're cleaned out of trade goods."

"You jettisoned your cargo to make room for them niggers?" stuttered Jabez.

"Just that."

"Well, I've struck some fools in my time," said Jabez, grinning, "but this takes the biscuit."

He burst into a roar of laughter.

Hudson's face flushed with anger, but King of the Islands only smiled. He did not expect a character like this to take any other view. It was futile to resent the ruffian's mockery.

"But coming back to trade," went on Jabez. "I've got a stack of copra cured, and I've been waiting for a trader to come in. I ain't in want of trade goods. What I want is whisky and tobacco. And this is the first hooker I've stepped on where I ain't been asked to take a drink."

"We've a few sticks of tobacco left," said Ken, "but there's no drink on board this hooker."

"A temperance ship!" gasped Jabez.

"Exactly! You're welcome to a soft drink——"

"Keep it!" snarled Wild. "Look here. If you're gammoning, cut it out. I've got plenty of copra, and I reckon you want copra. I'll make you a low price, too. I get it cheap, and I can sell cheap. But what I want in exchange is a few cases of Scotch and a barrel of rum."

"If you offered us the whole island we couldn't give you a single bottle of Scotch or a noggin of rum," answered Ken, smiling. "We don't trade in that line at all. You're welcome to the tobacco, but we haven't enough left for trade. The whole stock, nearly, went to the bottom of the lagoon at Loloko. I'll gladly make you a present of what we've got left. Koko, you fetch feller tobacco along deck."

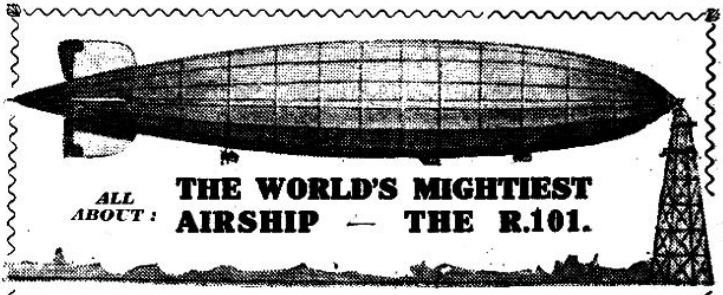
"Yes, sar!"

Kaio-lalulalonga elbowed his way through the Loloko natives and struggled below.

"No Scotch! No rum!" Jabez Wild's eyes glinted with rage. This was the first Pacific trader he had stepped on that carried no spirits. His savage rage rose in his disappointment. "You namby-pamby swab——"

"Belay that!" interrupted Ken. "You look as if you've soaked up enough whisky in your time to float a gunboat. It may save your life to go without it. Not that it's worth saving, from the look of you!"

(*Continued on the next page.*)



ALL ABOUT: **THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST AIRSHIP — THE R.101.**

### *This Week :—The Great Envelope.*

THE envelope is a very important part of a rigid airship—it is not just a covering to make the airship look neat, you know! To begin with, it has to take nearly all the stresses applied to the framework—chiefly caused by the air. This air or "wind" can only affect the airship framework by pressing on the envelope, which in turn presses on the framework. So you see that the envelope has to bear all the stresses first of all. It is the "first line of defence."

The fabric used for the R.101 is a special variety chosen for its immense strength. It is tested by being gripped in two steel jaws which are pulled apart until it tears. Any specimen tearing before a certain "load" is reached is at once rejected.

In the R.101 it has to be specially strong because, there being so few frame members in comparison to her size, the areas of fabric unsupported by framework are very large. In fact, they would be altogether too big if it were not for the special device I shall describe later.

The fabric on the envelope has to be specially prepared by painting it with what is called "dope," a substance similar to the cellulose finishes now used on cars. This dope shrinks the fabric, makes it waterproof, and gives it a smoother surface. The fabric is then, as a rule, painted, generally with aluminium paint. On all previous rigid airships the fabric was first fixed in position and then doped and painted.

This was a more awkward business than painting it on the ground, but it was necessary, because it was impossible to make the already doped fabric sufficiently taut. If the fabric were put on undoped and stretched as tightly as possible, then when the dope was painted on the fabric would shrink and become sufficiently taut.

In the R.101 all the fabric patches are doped and painted on the floor before being joined together on the airship. The fabric is then somewhat loose. Between each longitudinal girder, as shown in the photo on opposite page, you will see a series of little short girders that seem to have no use. These are called the reefing booms, and they are mounted on supports in such a way that they can be pushed out, pressing against the fabric and so drawing it taut.

When an airship has seen a little service, the fabric begins to hang loose and to wrinkle again, in spite of the doping. This has an appreciable effect on the airship's performance, for the air can no longer flow smoothly as it can over an unwrinkled surface. With the R.101 these wrinkles can be taken up again without removing the fabric, by means of the reefing booms.

In addition, the booms support the fabric in the centre between two girders just where it most needs support. Also, instead of the airship being (when looked at nose-on) a polygon with eleven flat sides, each angle being represented by a girder with the fabric stretched taut between, it becomes one with twenty-two flat sides, the angles between the girders being formed by the reefing booms. This is a step nearer the circle, and therefore a step more efficient.

One thing is not generally realised about an airship. It is quite light inside the envelope, just as it is light inside a tent without any windows. The envelope from inside looks just like the walls of a gigantic tent, a pale yellow material through which the light filters.

***Next Week:—About the Giant Gas-bags.***

# Bully o' the South Seas!

Wild glared at him, his hands working with rage.

"I reckon I know you now," he said. "I've heard of you. You'll be the baby-faced kid they call King of the Islands."

Ken laughed.

"I don't know about the baby face," he said, "but they call me King of the Islands. You haven't told me your name yet."

"And I ain't going to!" snarled Jabez.

Kit Hudson looked at him hard.

"I've seen you before somewhere, my man," he said.

"That's a lie!" said Jabez promptly. "I don't know you and you don't know me."

"I don't know you and don't want to," said the Cornstalk contemptuously. "But I've seen your face somewhere, though I can't place you for the moment. If I'd ever visited a convict prison I should reckon that was the spot where I'd seen you!"

Jabez's lips came hard together, and his eyes glittered. Hudson had spoken with careless contempt, but his words seemed to have gone closer home than he had expected. Wild's rough hand dropped on the revolver in his belt.

"Leave that gun alone, man," said King of the Islands quietly. "There are sharks in this lagoon, and you don't want to be dropped among them, I suppose?"

Wild glared at him, but he relinquished the revolver. Bully and brute as he was and reckless desperado, he realised that he could not carry matters with a high hand on the ketch. At a sign from King of the Islands the Hiva-Oa boys would have tossed him into the lagoon.

He choked back his rage.

"I ain't come here to quarrel," he muttered, "I come here to trade. If it's straight that you ain't got the stuff——"

"Quite straight."

"Hang you, then! I wish a squall had sent you to Davy Jones' locker, you and your crew of niggers!"

"Thank you!" said Ken politely. "Will you have the tobacco?"

Koko had returned to the deck, carrying half a case of tobacco-sticks—all that was left of the stock that King of the Islands had carried to Loloko for trade.

Jabez opened his mouth for an oath, but he checked it. He nodded sullenly.

"Tell your nigger to drop it in the boat. I'll pay for it with copra."

"You needn't trouble. Take it as a present," said Ken. "I'll trade with you for copra for cash when I've landed this lot and got shut of them. To-morrow will do for that. I'm sorry I can't offer you a stiff drink, but we carry none on this hooker. Anything else——"

"Oh, stow it!" growled Jabez, as the tobacco was dropped to the Santa Cruz boys in the boat. He turned to the rail and then turned back with an evil light in his eyes. "You been here before, King of the Islands?"

"Yes; before your time."

"You savvy the padre?"

"Quite well."

"That sky-pilot came to my house this morning," said Jabez evilly. "He jest got away in time before I could give him the sting-ray tail."

Ken knitted his brows.

"Lucky for you he got away in time!" he said. "If you lay a finger on Father Duroc, my man, I'll run you down and hang you at the end of my boom!"

"You'll what?" roared Jabez.

"Hang you!" said King of the Islands grimly. "Bear that in mind. If you've heard of me you may have heard that I'm a man of my word."

The man of Lu'uva trembled with passion.

"He got away," he muttered. "He won't get away next time! Hang me, will you, you baby-faced kid? By hokey!" He waved his hand towards the shore. "This is my island. Keep clear of it. Up hook and go! You hear me? Take your temperance ship and yourself back where you belong. Land your niggers if you like. I'll take my pickings of them. Keep clear of the beach. Land yourself and I'll shoot you dead!"

And, shaking his fist at the unmoved face of King of the Islands, the enraged ruffian leaped into the whaleboat and yelled to the crew to give way. The boat shot back to the beach.

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### The Tyrant's Fall!

KING OF THE ISLANDS stared after the departing whaleboat.

"My sainted Sam!" he muttered.

"This is rather a go," said Hudson. "There's been a change on Lu'uva with a vengeance, Ken. We've got to land the Loloko crowd. We've neither food nor water to carry them farther, even if we could put to sea again overloaded like this. But to land them along with that brute——"

"We couldn't foresee this, of course," said Ken. "But it couldn't have made any difference. It was Lu'uva or nothing. I can't imagine how Father Duroc has been getting on with that desperado. He must have had a high old time with him. By gum"—his eyes gleamed—"if I find that he's laid a hand on the padre I'll burn his house over his head! The swab!"

"I'll go ashore and speak to the padre."

"Better take your gun," said Hudson. "Remember that ruffian's threat."

Ken signed to a canoe, manned by half a dozen Lu'uva boys, and stepped into it to go ashore. He had buckled on his revolver, though he gave little heed to the threat uttered by Jabez.

The skipper of the Dawn was quickly paddled to the beach. He stepped from the canoe and called to one of the Lu'uva boys who had paddled him ashore.

"Feller white master missionary he stop?" he asked.

"He stop, sar," answered the Lu'uva boy. "He stop along house belong him. He good feller, sar," added the Lu'uva boy.

Ken nodded and walked up the beach. He was anxious about the Frenchman, whose life must have been a troubled one since Jabez Wild had established himself on the island.

"Ah, mon ami!" Father Duroc came out of the grass house where the sick man, Taliko, lay, and, catching sight of the boy trader, ran towards him with outstretched hands. "Mon ami, cher ami! It is zat you come viz yourself vunce more."

The padre's face beamed as he shook both hands of King of the Islands again and again, almost embracing him in his eager welcome.

King of the Islands smiled.

"I'm glad to see you again, padre. You've had trouble on the island since I was here last?"

The padre's eager face clouded.

"Ah! Zat wicked Wild," he said. "He call himself Jabez Wild. I know not if zat is his name. Un homme terrible!

"He beat my people. He take zem away to work on ze plantations. He pay nozzing. He beat, and he beat, and he beat! He is vun verree bad man. Perhaps"—the little padre blinked hopefully at King of the Islands through his glistening spectacles—"perhaps if you speak to him, mon ami, he listen. He listen not to me. Me he deride viz ze contempt. Me he threaten viz sting-ray tail. Allons! I fear him not, but I am man of peace. I have no weapon, and if I have him I must not use him. Since he come, he and his Santa Cruz crew, zey rule ze island, and zey beat—zey beat mes enfants."

The Frenchman was leading King of the Islands up the street of grass houses as he spoke with voluble excitement. Ken listened with a grim face. The padre was a brave man. For forty years he had carried his life in his hand among cannibals in the Solomons, living and working in the shadow of the cooking oven before he had come to Lu'uva. But he was, as he said, a man of peace, and utterly powerless to deal with a brute like Jabez Wild.

King of the Islands, however, was a man to deal with him, and he was grimly resolving to do so without loss of time.

As he passed among the grass houses Ken was lost to sight from the ketch anchored out in the lagoon. A howling and scuttling among the natives broke out as Ken stopped with Father Duroc before the padre's house. From the palms on the land side of the village a burly and terrifying figure strode, scowling right and left, and the Lu'uva people scattered from his path as from the path of a tiger.

"You've landed?" shouted Jabez, as he strode up to the boy trader. "You've landed on Lu'uva after I warned you off."

Ken eyed him with cool contempt.

"I've landed," he assented.

"And you'll hang me from your boom if I lay a finger on that frog-eater?" roared Wild. "You said so?"

"I said so, and meant every word," answered Ken.

"Look, then!" shouted Jabez, and he made a rush at the padre, swinging up his heavy hand to strike.

(*Continued on page* 22.)

## Bully o' the South Seas!

*(Continued from page 10.)*

With a leap, King of the Islands was between them.

He met the rush of the ruffian. Wild's descending fist was struck aside with his left, and his right was planted full in the bristly, stubbly face.

The master of Lu'uva reeled back, spluttering.

The ruffian dragged at the revolver in his belt. Before he could draw it King of the Islands closed in on him. A crashing blow on the point of the jaw sent Jabez down on his back, and Ken wrenched away the pistol and slipped it into his pocket.

"You're better without that, Mr. Wild," he said coolly.

"By hokey!" gasped Jabez.

He lay gasping and spluttering, glaring up at King of the Islands.

Wild eyed him like a tiger. For a long moment they looked at one another, as if measuring strength; and then, springing up, Jabez came on to the attack.

The huge, muscular ruffian towered over the boy trader, sturdy as Ken was. But King of the Islands did not yield an inch. He was hard as nails, active as a cat, cool as ice. He met the furious attack with ready hands, and hardly one of the smashing blows of the ruffian reached him. And back came blow on blow, from fists that seemed like iron as they crashed on the stubbly face.

The padre leaned against a tree that stood before his house and gazed at the scene with wide eyes. Forgetting for the moment that he was a man of peace, he had made a movement to help the boy trader. But he quickly saw that Ken needed no help. Huge and powerful as the bully of Lu'uva was, he had met his match in King of the Islands.

Blow after blow crashed into the hard, evil face, and the ruffian staggered under them, panting with pain and fury. Round them slowly gathered a circle of awed natives, looking on in wonder, awe-stricken at the sight of the dread ruffian handled in this way.

There was a sound of running feet, and Kit Hudson came panting in among the grass houses, rifle in hand. He had hurried ashore in a canoe as soon as Ken disappeared from sight in the village. He stopped, and the anxiety in his face changed to a grin as he came on the scene.

"Good man, Ken!" he chuckled.

Crash! Jabez Wild went down on his back, and there was a crowing cackle from the circle of Lu'uva natives. Their dreaded tyrant was down. Their terror of him faded as they saw him beaten. Mocking laughter buzzed among the natives. But Jabez was not beaten yet. He staggered to his feet, spat out a couple of teeth with a mouthful of blood, and, snarling like a wild beast, charged madly at King of the Islands.

Ken met the charge like a rock.

Once, twice the savage blows of the bully of Lu'uva came home as they closed, and there was blood on the handsome face of King of the Islands. But crash, crash! came his hammering fists into the stubbly face, blow on blow that seemed like the blows of a flail. For three long minutes the bully of Lu'uva stood up to it, and then he went down heavily, beaten to the wide, and lay, gasping and groaning, on the earth.

He lay helpless, panting, glaring dizzily through half-closed eyes. The circle of natives closed in on him with eager looks, and Father Duroc, recovering from his trance of astonishment, shrieked to them and waved them back.

Slowly, painfully, the bully of Lu'uva staggered up. He stood uncertainly, panting. He gave King of the Islands a dizzy glare and staggered away, taking the path to his bungalow. After him went a howling and cackling of mockery and derision from the natives, more bitter to the fallen tyrant than the defeat at the hands of the white man. Even the Santa Cruz boys were grinning and chuckling. The tyrant of Lu'uva had fallen from his high estate!

. . . . .

Father Duroc gladly welcomed the refugees from Loloko to the island, delighted by the addition to his flock.

Canoes came and went incessantly, ferrying the swarm of Loloko natives to the beach. And as fast as they landed Father Duroc and his disciples took charge of them and led them away. And when the last of the swarm were landed the ketch's water casks were refilled and food, such as Lu'uva afforded, taken on board. But King of the Islands was in no hurry to sail.

The bully of Lu'uva lay beaten and cowed in his bungalow, deserted and derided. But when the ketch sailed and disappeared into the boundless Pacific, what then? An answer to that question had to be found before King of the Islands sailed for Lalinge.

***(In next Monday's MODERN BOY Ken King decides the fate of the Bully o' the South Seas—a theme that has provided Mr. Hamilton with material for a really excellent yarn, and one that on no account should you miss reading. Make certain by ordering your copy NOW!)***

# WONDERFUL RECORDS

### *HATS OFF TO 1928!*

SOME of the biggest records, the most marvellous developments in every realm of world activity, ever achieved in a single span of twelve months—book that up, please, to the credit of 1928!

Just think of the tremendous strides science has taken during the past fifty-two weeks.

Already one of our greatest stores has started to manufacture television receiving apparatus to be fixed to an ordinary wireless set. That shows which way the wind is blowing, and it will not be long before we shall all be "seeing" as well as "hearing," and taking this wonderful new invention, just as nowadays we take wireless, very much as a matter of course!

Then what about the talking picture? That has only come to these shores within the past few months, and already it has shown signs of ousting the silent screen. A play by one of our most popular novelists has been filmed with the "talkie" process, and music-hall turns are becoming all the rage on the screen. Soon in every cinema throughout the land it is likely that we shall be able to listen to the pictures, and the talking film bids fair to out-rival the legitimate stage at no distant date.

Photographs can now be sent by telephone and wireless, and soon it may be possible to take a photograph in Australia and *in a few moments* flash it right across the world to be printed in the daily papers of Britain.

Wireless is bigger and better than ever. Great things have been achieved during 1928. Empire broadcasts are now becoming almost commonplace, and in 1929 it may be that there will be a regular series of broadcast concerts relayed to us from Australia and Canada.

As for our British railways, look at the wonderful non-stop run from London to Edinburgh—a distance of 392 miles—in, roughly, eight hours!

Britain's road transport has forged ahead during 1928 to an unbelievable extent. Vast quantities of merchandise, coal, timber, petrol, are rushed along the roads of this little island of ours in countless powerful lorries. Passengers are also carried in tremendous numbers by the luxurious fleets of charabancs that link up every town, city, village, and hamlet of Britain.

Perhaps the biggest record achieved in road passenger transport is the recently inaugurated service between London and Manchester in beautifully appointed motor coaches each containing tiers of bunks and a kitchen at the rear for serving light refreshments during the journey! Thus it is possible to cover the distance by road by night and sleep as soundly as if one was in one's own bed.

The year has seen two Atlantic flights and three Channel swims. Speed on land has risen to 207.44 m.p.h by Ray Keech, while in the air Flight-Lieut. Greig has reached the terrific speed of over five miles per minute!

And we must not omit mention of the astounding discovery of a young Britisher named Tate who, it is claimed, has found a metal which will float in air, thus defying all the laws of gravity!