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WILLIAM
MORRIS

THRILLS ON THE WORLD'S SPEEDWAYS!

(See
pages 10-15.)

The Last Chance!

A rousing long and complete KING OF THE ISLANDS story

by
**CHARLES
HAMILTON.**

The bully of La'ava sets Ken King a problem for which the big owner and skipper of the trading ketch Dawn can find no solution—until the young-haired Kanaka la'ava takes a hand. How does their story give us this splendid South Seas page?

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.



An Hudson saw the columns of smoke rising above the forest in the far distance he jumped up from his chair, and the crew rushed to obey his rapid orders.

"Koko Savvy!"

"LITTLE white master, he no savvy!"

Kalo-lalalanga, commonly known as Koko, the Kanaka la'ava, asked that question.

King of the Islands—as the South Sea trader called Ken King, the young owner and skipper of the ketch Dawn—sitting on the tailrail of the boat as the ketch swung at anchor in the lagoon at La'ava, glanced up. He smiled and smiled faintly.

"Plenty no savvy," he answered. "No savvy altogether too much," Koko grunted.

Ken made no rejoinder. From where he sat he surveyed the sweeping circle of the La'ava lagoon, and his brow was perplexed with doubt.

Opposite the anchorage of the ketch was the native village of La'ava, grass houses sprawling back of the coral beach, backed by tall, nodding palms. More grass houses were in the course of erection, smiling and singing natives working under the direction of Father Durou, the French missionary. For King of the Islands had landed on La'ava the evening of refugees he had rescued from the hurricane-swept atoll of Loloko, and

Loloko people on La'ava, and they were busy making new homes and filling the larder. Many were building grass houses, others were working in the taro fields, others fishing in canoes in the lagoon, others coming back from the palm forest laden with coconuts.

But from that busy, happy scene Ken's glance passed on to the bungalow that stood to the right, farther back, on the fringe of the forest. There was his problem.

In that bungalow was Jabes Wild, the planter, the bully of La'ava, and the only white man beside the padre who dwelt on the island.

Before the Dawn dropped anchor in the lagoon Jabes had been undisciplined master of La'ava. With his crew of six Santa Cruz blacks, he ruled the island with an iron hand. Forced labour cultivated his plantation and cared the coops in his shade. There were few of the natives who had not felt the weight of his hand, and many of them had hoisted under the sting-ray tail which he kept in his bungalow as an instrument of punishment.

Hundreds of miles from any white settlement, Jabes was a law unto him-

self, and did that which was right in his own eyes. Now he was lying low in his house, bruised and shaken from his fight with King of the Islands—a trouble which had ended, much to Jabes's surprise, in his getting the thrashing of his life.

For the present he was harmless—and the natives danced and sang, forgetful of the reign of terror that had ended, in the happy-go-lucky way of the South Sea Islanders.

But when the ketch sailed—there was the rub! King of the Islands, who had lost almost his all in the hurricane at Loloko, could not afford to idle away days at La'ava. Yet he knew that the bully of La'ava was only waiting for him to sail, and then—

Three months, six months might pass before another white man's ship sailed into the lagoon. In that time what might happen on La'ava?

Kit Hudson, Ken's Australian mate, leaning on the mirror, glanced at his shipmate and smiled.

"We're still here, Ken! We've done our job here, and we're losing time and losing trade. We can't afford to, old man."

"Don't I know it?" said Ken. "Little white master he no savvy, feller Koko he savvy plenty," said Kalo-lalalanga.

"Wild may behave himself when we're gone," said Hudson. "He's had the thrashing of his life—it may have taught him a lesson."

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"Perhaps," said King of the Islands doubtfully.

"It was what he wanted," remarked the Cornstalk.

"Quite. But when we're gone—"

Ken wrinkled his brows. "The brute is lying low at present; but—"

"Koko savvy," repeated the Kanaka.

"Well, what feller thing you savvy, head belong you?" asked King of the Islands.

"Feller ketch he walk about along sea, feller Wild he comey along village," said Koko. "He kill plenty nigger along whip, and he kill-dead feller padre along gun."

Ken set his lips. The Kanaka had put his own fear into words. He could not help fearing that when restraint was removed the bully of La'ava would visit his vengeance upon the padre. That he would resume his reign of terror and brutality over the natives was a certainty.

And in that case Ken, who had lost so much in saving the Loloke population and transferring them to La'ava, would have placed the harmless, peaceful Polyynesians under the rule of a ruthless and cruel tyrant—which certainly was not what he had intended.

"He bad feller altogether," said Koko. "Plenty had men. Feller white master no savvy what make along feller Wild. Koko savvy."

"Well, what's the big idea, old coffee-bean?" asked Ken; though he could guess what was coming.

"Kill-dead feller Wild along gun," said Koko at once.

"You talk bad feller talk, mouth belong you," answered the boy trader. "White feller Christian no kill-dead white feller along gun."

"Me savvy," asserted Koko. "Little white master no wante killy, Koko killy. Koko go along bungalow, killy plenty quick."

Kit Hudson checked.

Kaka-lululunga looked from one white master to the other. His simple, direct mind could not understand why his easy plan of solving the difficulty was not adopted. Neither Ken nor Kit thought of adopting that method, simple as it undoubtedly was, and Kaka-lululunga did not see why. The killing of the tyrant would have brought joy to all the native population of La'ava; the only man on the island who would have raised objections was Father Duroc; and again Koko could not understand why.

"Feller white master, he no fadd?" asked Koko. "Feller white commissioner he plenty long way off—he no savvy."

King of the Islands laughed. "It's got me beat, Kit," he said. "The man will break out again after we're gone. If I were absolutely certain that he would harm the padre I'd go as far as collaring him and taking him away in the ketch, and manning him somewhere. But we can't handle a white man like that an' a completion. He would show fight, and if he began shooting we should

have to shoot—and we don't want to kill him. It's got me beat."

"Me, too," said Hudson; "and in the meantime, old chap, we're losing time and trade, and we can't afford to lose either as we're jolly near on the rocks."

"Me savvy, sir," said Koko.

"Oh, belay it!" growled King of the Islands.

"Me savvy 'nother feller way," expostulated Koko. "Me think plenty, head belong me. Me no common Kanaka, see."

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Kit Hudson.

"Koko's old nut is working at double pressure to-day. What's the next big idea, old coffee-bean?"

"Spooce ketch he sail," said Koko.

"Feller white masters stop along La'ava, stop along inside house. Feller Wild he no see, eye belong him. He see ketch sail along sea, think white masters gone altogether. He comey along village killy feller padre, no savvy white masters stop."

"My sainted Sam!" ejaculated King of the Islands. "Koko, you old brown swab, you've rung the bell this time! Kit, that's the goods!"

"Me no common Kanaka," replied the grinning Koko. "Think plenty too much altogether, head belong me."

King of the Islands jumped from the rail.

"It's the big idea, Kit. Koko and I will be law in the native village, and you can take the ketch out beyond the reef. That brute will think we're gone, and then he will show up what he intends to do. If he's learned his lesson, and means to play the game, it's all across—we'll join you in a canoe. If he means harm to the padre he will find me there and get what he's asking for. Koko's cracked the nut for us."

"It's the big idea," agreed Hudson.

At Last!

JAKE WILD came out into his veranda as the rising sun gilded across the Pacific and the island of La'ava and stared with a blank brow and glittering eyes towards the shining lagoon.

Every morning at sunrise Jake had come out to stare at the lagoon, and to utter a string of threats as he saw the Dawn still riding at anchor there.

Days had passed since the ketch had arrived and landed the refugees from Loloke. King of the Islands had filled his water coaks and taken provisions on board. Yet he did not sail.

Only too well the bully of La'ava knew why the boy trader lingered. Each day he glared at the anchored ketch and shook a savage fist at it. Many times he was tempted to open fire on the little craft with his rifle from the bungalow. But he did not venture on that; indeed, he was in half-expectation of being attacked himself, and he was ceaselessly on his guard and armed to the teeth.

Every day that passed was full of bitterness to the defeated bully. His stately face still bore the marks of his fight with the boy trader. The islanders, rejoicing in his defeat, un-

thinking of the narrow, openly mocked him. Even the half-breed Santa Cruz boys whom he had brought to La'ava with him had grown slack and careless, as if they feared him no longer.

They had been his assistants in herding it over the native population, but they had lost the upper hand now, as he had lost it—the mere sight of King of the Islands on the beach was enough to scare them into the bush. But for the influence of the padre the La'ava natives would have hunted them down and paid off old scores in the manner of South Sea Islanders.

Their once-frosted master could not protect them, and they had lost their respect and fear for a master who was defeated and driven to skulking in his house. So long as the ketch remained in the lagoon the power of Jake Wild was a broken reed in his hands.

But averagely impatient as he was, Jake forced himself to be patient. He dared not enter into a deadly conflict with the two white men and their crew of six—the odds were too great—though he was prepared to defend himself like a cornered wolf if he should be attacked by them.

The ketch could not remain at La'ava for ever. Ken was a trader and could not afford to waste time; and Wild knew how heavy his losses had been at Loloke. Sooner or later the ketch must sail. And then—

Jake's eyes glared at the prospect. The Santa Cruz boys would be brought back to instant obedience, the native population would fall under his sway, and Father Duroc should pay all that he could see cost from King of the Islands. Already, in his mind's eye, the bully of La'ava saw the padre writhing under the blows of the stang-ray tail, as many of the La'ava islanders had writhed.

After which the padre should be thrown into a canoe and conveyed to leave La'ava for ever—with the ruffian's revolver to enforce obedience. Jake had made up his mind that he would not tolerate the missionary's presence any longer on the island. If only the ketch would sail—

On this particular morning Jake Wild stared at the lagoon and could scarcely believe his eyes, as glad was the sight. The long-hoped-for had come to pass at last—the ketch had weighed anchor!

With glittering eyes the bully watched the graceful little vessel standing out to sea. The Elva-On crew were at half-yard and ahead; a white man was to be seen standing by the bowsprit, they in the distance.

Wild breathed hard and deep. King of the Islands was going. In an hour he would be gone!

It had been bound to come sooner or later. The boy trader had made up his mind to the inevitable at last and sailed.

With glittering eyes the ruffian watched the ketch picking her way through the reef passage. She was beyond the reef at last, and the whole spread of her canvas was shaken out to the breeze. Like a swift albatross

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The Last Chance!

(Continued from page 11.)

As Jaba spread her white wings and glided into the blue of the Pacific, Wild gave a hoarse chuckle. His enemy was gone, and by his going had automatically restored the broken power of the island tyrant.

For days the fields had lain unattended; no hand had attempted to repair the damage done to the cocoa plantation by the hurricane. And very houseboys had deserted the bungalow. Jaba had had the unacknowledged task of preparing his own meagre long as the ketch remained in the lagoon.

Labour appeared little to the Islanders at the best of times, and forced labour without pay, under the threat of the sting-ray tail, appeared none at all. The sting-ray tail had been long idle—see long, in Jaba's opinion. It was about to see active service now.

Not till the ketch's topsail had vanished below the sea-line did Jaba stir from the veranda. He could not be too sure.

But every sign of the ketch was swallowed up at last in the blue Pacific, and the belly of Lu'ava breathed freely.

He had had a lesson—a severe lesson. King of the Islands hoped, at least, that he might model his manners and pursue a better course. Nothing of that kind was in the ruffian's mind. Vengeance for all his humiliations—vengeance without limit—and a more savage tyranny than before, with twice the number of slaves to trample under his feet—that was the prospect Jaba marked out for himself.

He left the veranda at last. Carefully he looked to his revolver and stuck it in his belt. Then he picked up a whip, put it under his arm, and strode out of the bungalow. His steps led him to the huts occupied by the Santa Cruz crew.

The black boys were falling in the shade of the palms, chowing betel-nut. They did not rise as their master appeared. In former days they would have jumped to attention at once; now they stared at him stolidly, and one or two of them grinned.

Jaba had lost his terrors for them. With the idle carelessness of their kind they had not even glanced towards the lagoon, and did not know that the ketch was gone. They had not even looked forward to its going and to what might happen afterwards. The master who stalked in his house, in fear of King of the Islands, had no mastery over them. They feared the man who had defeated him—him they feared no longer.

Jaba surveyed them with a grim face.

"You feller boy, what name you stop along here?" he snapped. "What name you no native nigger be work along plantation?"

But black faces wrinkled in a sardonic grin.

"Feller nigger be no work any more altogether," said To'to, the leader of the Santa Cruz crew. "We

stop along here, along we likee stop. We no find along you any more."

And the other boys loudly nodded confirmation to To'to's statement.

"Feller King of 'is Islands, he plenty strong man," went on To'to. "We fald along him. No fald along you, sar. 'Specs you sing out along us feller boy, we no jump! You nobody."

"Plenty nobody," added another. And the others grinned and nodded.

"You black arm!" said Jaba between his teeth. "You no savvy King of 'is Islands he gross away altogether."

There was a jump among the blacks. Six heads turned towards the lagoon, as if moved by the same spring.

The lagoon was bare of a vessel except for the native fishing canoes. Blankness fell on the faces of the Santa Cruz boys.

In the unthinking way of the Islanders, never looking beyond the present day, they had not given a single thought to the possible departure of the ketch. The emptiness of the lagoon struck them like a blow.

"Feller ketch he plenty gone away," announced To'to. "Feller King of 'is Islands he no savvy."

He no stop any more altogether," snarled Jaba. "You feller boy you plenty too much, bad feller along we. We knock seven bells and a dog-whatch outer your black hide!"

He followed up the words with the whip. To'to yelled and hooted and dodged as the heavy thong lashed and lashed round his bare limbs. He threw himself on the ground, covering his head with his arms; and the planter stood over him, lashing with all the strength of his arm. Jaba was feeling better and better every moment as he plied the heavy whip.

This was like old times—like the ketch coming into his own again. It was days since he had struck a blow. Now he was making up for lost time.

The five other Santa Cruz boys stood round, staring at the whipping, and trem-bling. King of the Islands was gone, and Jaba was himself again. In one moment, fear and obedience had returned.

The planter lashed and lashed till his arm was tired. Then he ceased to lash at the wriggling, groaning black.

He turned his savage eyes on the others.

"You feller boy you jump, specs me sing out?" he bellowed. "You, sar!" came a trembling chorus. "We good feller boy, sar."

"My word, specs you no 'boy orders, we knock share and stripes outer you!" roared Jaba. "You feller To'to, you get up along feet belong you."

To'to crawled to his feet. There were great warts on his bare back, and he stood trembling before his master.

"You talk had feller talk along me any more?" roared Jaba.

"No, sar!" growled To'to. "Me plenty saddy sar! Me no talk had feller talk along while master any more altogether."

"Specs you no jump when me sing

out, me out feller skin of along back belong you?" snarled Jaba. "Now, you feller boy, you take long feller knife, and comey along village along me."

"Yes, sar!"

The Santa Cruz boys fetched their cutlasses from the huts. Jaba made them a sign, and they marched towards the Lu'ava village. The planter followed them. They had been reduced to terrified obedience; but Jaba knew too well to turn his back on them. He was quite well aware that at the first chance of catching him napping they would have cut him to pieces. To'to grinned dully as he marched off with his companions, and Jaba snarled at him:

"You feller To'to, you shut up mouth belong you."

To'to ceased to groan.

"Now we go along village!" snarled Jaba. "Specs nigger be no 'boy order along me sing out, you kill him dead plenty quick. You savvy?"

"Savvy plenty, sar."

"Get on, you scum!"

The Santa Cruz crew marched into the village, followed by the belly of Lu'ava. On all sides the natives scurried out of their way. The day before, mocking Lu'ava Islanders had lurked round Wild's bungalow, sporting gibes and singing derisive songs in the native dialect.

But now King of the Islands' ketch had disappeared into the Pacific; and that King of the Islands and Koko were inside the padre's house, only the padre knew. Like frightened sheep the natives fled from the approach of the restored tyrant and his myrmidons, with speculations of fear; it was through a deserted street that Jaba marched with his men to the house of Father Durco.

With a savage grin on his face, the ruffian planted himself before the house and directed to the padre to come out.

A Surprise for Jaba.

"YOU scum!" Jaba Wild's savage voice rang through the grass village. "You frog-eater! You sneaking scum, show a leg! Show up, you dog, or I'll have my boys pull that house down over your head!"

The Santa Cruz boys were grinning now. The whip had brought them back to obedience to their terrible master; but they, in their turn, had been restored to mastership over the timid Islanders. They were more than ready to use their cutlasses at a sign from Jaba; quite ready to pull down the padre's house, and to ring the padre himself into the lagoon, to the sharks, if Jaba ordered it.

Father Durco stepped from the house.

The plump little man was quite calm and composed, as he would have been even had there been no help at hand. He had lived among cannibals in the savage Solomonis, in constant peril of the cooking-ovens, without fear.

Jabes grinned at him savagely, and waved a rough hand towards the lagoon.

"Your friend's gone," he jeered. "You've carried your head high while that meddling trader, King of the Islands, was here, padre. You've set the niggers agin me. I'm done with you now. I've gone easy with you before. Now you're for it, savvy?"

"Mon ami," said the padre mildly. "I am a man of peace. In no church—I seek no trouble in you. Mais savez bien—know well and here you come no more. You are un verve bad man. Go back in peace to your house, and meddle not via me or via my people."

Jabes burst into a hoarse laugh.

"I'll show you whether I'll meddle with you or your people, you scam!" he said. "You've finished here on La'ava. My boys are going to take you along to my house and give you the sting-ray tail. Got that?"

The padre did not answer.

"After that," said Jabes gleefully, "you're going to be chucked into a canoe. You shall have food and water for three days—and you'll take your chance of making another island. You savvy?"

"Eat would be death—in mort?" said Father Darcy quietly.

"Take your chance!" jeered Jabes. "I've gone easy with you up to this—now I'm done with you. I reckon you might have known what to look for as soon as that meddling trader from Lalings was gone. You'll go in the canoe—and you'll go alone. You try to make this island again, and I'll shoot you dead. Mark my words."

The ruffian spat out the threat with savage emphasis. There was no doubt that he meant every word of it.

"But first," he said, between his teeth, "you're going to pay for what you've done—you're going to have a lesson that will make you remember La'ava and Jabes Wild. Call yourself lucky that I don't shoot you out of hand. After you're gone, I'll bring the niggers to heel fast enough. You won't stir up any more mischief on this island."

He turned to the grinning blacks. "You fellow boy, you takes that color padre along bangalore. Spere he no come, you cut off head belong him."

"Yes, sar?" grinned the Santa Cruz crew. And they advanced on the padre.

Jabes Wild looked on, grinning. His vengeance, long deferred, was to be glutted to the full at last.

"Betty there!" said a quiet voice.

Jabes started violently. The palm-leaf screen at the doorway of the grass house was tossed aside and a hard-featured figure in white ducks stepped out.

The bully of La'ava stared at him with drooping jaw. For a moment it seemed to him like some unreal vision, some trick of the brain. He had watched King of the Islands' ketch disappear over the horizon, and

their heads, scampering away for the bangalore.

Jabes Wild, stammering with rage and astonishment, stared at the boy trader, realizing that it was indeed King of the Islands who stood before him.

"You?" he gasped.

"You dog!" said King of the Islands, his eyes gleaming at the ruffian. "You've been given enough rope, and you've got to the end of it!"

"You—here!" stammered Jabes.

"Here—to put an end to your game," said the boy trader grimly. "You were given a chance, and this is what you've made of it. Sorry, ruffian, you scoundrel! It is not the padre who is going to leave La'ava. You're leaving La'ava—a prisoner on my ship."

The ruffian was trembling with



The Santa Cruz blacks were ogreting and jabbering in savage triumph around the bound man as he lay on the earth.

he could not believe that King of the Islands stood before him.

Behind the boy trader came Kai-luhulunga, with a grin on his brown face and a rifle in his hands.

The Santa Cruz boys jumped back. Keko's rifle was half-raised, and but for a sign from his master he would have opened fire on the Santa Cruz crew on the spot. But the rifle, and the sight of King of the Islands, was enough for the blacks. They backed away a few paces, and then, with one accord, turned and look to

rage. He understood now how he had been tricked into showing his hand. He had shown it with a vengeance; and it was too late for retreat. His savage hand groped at the revolver in his belt.

"So you've fooled me!" he said hoarsely. "I reckoned you was gone—and you fooled me!"

Kai nodded coolly. "My ketch is already hoisting back to the other side of La'ava," he answered. "It will be here as soon as a signal is given—to take you on board."

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"To take me on board?" repeated Wild. "You reckon that you're going to carry me away from this island?"

"Ay, ay!"

"You or me, then, you seem!" roared Wild, and he lifted the revolver.

But King of the Islands was watchful and ready, and he fired as the ruffian lifted his weapon.

There was a fearful yell from Wild as his right arm dropped to his side, smashed by the bullet.

The revolver went a harmless shot into the ground, and the weapon dropped from the ruffian's nervous hand.

At the same moment, Father Deacon struck up Koko's rifle, and a bullet whizzed away over the roofs of the grass houses.

Kata-lalalanga glared at the padre.

"What chance you got, feller, hand being you, along gun being me?" he roared.

"Belay that, Koko!" rapped out King of the Islands.

"Plenty good bill-don't feller, Wild!"

"Belay, I tell you!"

Jabez, with glancing eyes, made a clutch at his fallen revolver with his left hand. King of the Islands kicked it beyond his reach. His six-shooter bore full on the ruffian.

"Surrender, you scoundrel!"

Jabez leaped back, turned, and faced up the street the way his men had gone.

"Stop!" roared King of the Islands.

The desperate ruffian did not heed.

Ken fired a shot over his head. The ruffian tares on, his wounded arm hanging helpless at his side. To get to his bungalow, to grasp another firearm, to fight to the death, was the savage thought in the mind of the desperado. King of the Islands could not shoot him in the back; and the padre was holding the barrel of Koko's rifle.

Kata-lalalanga wheeled it free at last, rushed into the middle of the street of grass houses, and fired after the fleeing ruffian. But Jabez was out of the village now, pounding desperately up the coral path to his house, screened by the palms.

The bullet missed him by yards. Koko was dashing in pursuit when Ken alerted to him:

"Koko, you swab, you stop along me."

The Kanaka reluctantly returned. "No good you let feller Wild walk about home being him!" he grunted rebelliously. "Plenty good bill don't, sar!"

"You shut up mouth belong you, you swab!" answered King of the Islands. "You go make me smoke

along beach, make me ketch coming back along lagoon."

And Kata-lalalanga, greatly dissatisfied but obedient, proceeded to make the smoke-signal to recall the ketch.

The Man who was Wanted.

KIT HUDSON, stretched lazily in a Madeira chair on the deck of the Dawn, watched Lu'eva. He smiled as he saw a column of smoke rising from beyond the low hills of the island, and threw down a six-month-old Sydney newspaper.

The ketch had sailed away to the west and vanished from the sight of all on Lu'eva; but once out of sight of the island she changed her course, making a long sweep to the north, and tacking back to the island on its northern side. The low hills and the palm forests screened her effectively from the Lu'eva's village and the planter's bungalow on the west side.

far below. Hudson signalled to a canoe, and was paddled ashore at once.

King of the Islands met him as he stepped on to the beach.

"All seaward!" asked Hudson.

"Ay, ay!"

In a few words, Ken told what had happened in the grass village. Hudson's jaw set grimly.

"My hat! If we'd really cleared off when that villain thought we had be—"

King of the Islands knitted his brows.

"He had his chance!" he said. "He's got to quit the island now. I don't think he'll give much trouble—with a broken arm. Trouble or not, he's coming a prisoner on the Dawn; and we've got to fix it somehow that he doesn't get back."

"That's fixed!" said Hudson. "You remember I said when we first saw the brute that I'd seen him before somewhere?"



You see from this photo how the enormous gangway of the sturdy R.M.S. are attached to the frames. Note the workman standing on one of the girders. That will give you an idea of the general proportions of this wonderful ship of the air. (See opposite page.)

There the ketch was here-to-to wait. But she did not have to wait long for the signal from King of the Islands.

As Hudson saw the column of smoke rising from the forest in the far distance, he jumped up from the chair, and in a moment all was activity. The Hiva-Oa crew rushed to obey his rapid orders. Swiftly the ketch was under sail, and sweeping round the island to reach the reef passage once more on the western side.

As Hudson stared the ketch into the lagoon, under the starling afternoon sun, the beach was crowded with Lu'eva and Leleko natives, shouting and waving welcome. The ketch glided across to her former anchorage, and the cable ran out, the anchor dropping to the coral rocks

"I remember. But what—"

Hudson drew a folded newspaper from his pocket.

"It's a Sydney newspaper, six months old," he said. "I was looking it over while I waited for your signal. That's where I'd seen the face of Jabez Wild, as he calls himself here—there's a photograph of him. He's wanted for robbery and attempted murder."

"My painted Sam!"

"His name's Jabez Kurt, and he shot the overseer of a copra plantation down in Fiji, and escaped in a stolen boat with a gang of Santa Cruz boys, whom he seems to have driven into the boat at the mouth of a gun," said Hudson. "The overseer recovered afterwards, but there's no doubt that the brute believed that he had left him dead. Look!"

Ken looked intently at the photographed face in the Sydney paper. The hard features and close-set, sunken, savage eyes were unmistakable.

"It's Jabes Wild, without his beard!" he said.

"He grew that later," said Hudson. "It's the same man, beyond a doubt. We can give him a passage to LaLage, and hand him over to the captain of a steamer for Fiji."

"That settles the matter for him," Ken agreed. "If he'd led a decent life here, I shouldn't have felt called on to meddle with him. As the matter stands, he's got to go, and the Commissioner at Fiji is welcome to him. Now you're here, let's get along to his bungalow and finish."

"You bet!" said Hudson. Ken joined the shipmates, and the three proceeded together towards the coral path that led up to the bungalow. They went warily, with rifles in their hands. That the desperado would fight like a wildcat, if he was in a condition to fight, there was no doubt.

But no sign of hostility came from the bungalow. The hubs belonging to the Santa Cruz boys were deserted and silent, and there was no sign of the blacks about the house. All was silent and still.

"He's fed for the bush!" said Hudson.

"Likely enough!" asserted Ken. "But keep your weather-eye open—the brute may be watching us from a window—"

Slowly, and with caution, the shipmates approached the bungalow. But the caution proved unneeded; the house was deserted. A hurried search from room to room revealed that the bully of La'ava was no longer there.

Evidently he had fed into the bush, taking the Santa Cruz crew with him.

"Us feller we go along bush, see?" asked Keko.

"We go plenty quick!" answered Ken.

Beyond the limits of the copra plantation and the bare fields the bush extended to the low hills. It was easy enough to pick up the way the fugitives had gone. A bush path led away into the hills, and on either side the thorny thickets were almost impenetrable.

That the wounded ruffian could have gone far in the blinding heat of the bush, Ken knew was unlikely. It was more likely that he had sought a hiding-place, or some dense cover where he could stand at bay, and where his men could be persuaded or bullied into making a stand if he was pressed.

The shipmates advanced swiftly but warily up the bush path. It was walking with heat and throghed with myriads of mosquitoes.

Suddenly a sharp sound came to their ears, the report of a revolver ringing from the distance.

"Feller gun belong Wild, he take?" said Koko-hohohonga.

The sets of a yell followed the shot. Then there was silence.

King of the Islands knitted his brows. The shot had been fired somewhere near the passers, and it

was difficult to guess why it had been fired, unless Jabes wanted to guide his enemies on the track. But the explanation flashed suddenly into Ken's mind.

"The fool! He's got into trouble with the blacks!" he said. "Hurry!"

And the shipmates ran swiftly on up the bush path, deeper and deeper into the bush, till they came suddenly

on a startling scene—startling, but not unexpected.

Up Hook!

JAREK WILD had reached his bungalow after his flight from King of the Islands, panting and desperate. The Santa Cruz (Continued on the next page.)



ALL ABOUT THE WORLD'S WONDER AIRSHIP - THE R.101.

This week:—The Giant Gasbags.

IN previous installments in this series we have seen the R.101 simply as a hollow tube of metal framework, covered with an envelope.

Inside the envelope and framework are placed the gasbags, containing the hydrogen which will lift the mighty airship when building operations at Cardington are completed.

In the Zeppelins the framework was strengthened at intervals by radial wiring bracing the transverse frames—that is to say, dividing like the spokes of a bicycle wheel or a spider's web. This wiring divided the framework into 18 or 20 compartments, in each of which was a separate gasbag.

In addition, a wire called the "axial wire" ran from nose to tail down the centre of the airship, connecting the radial wiring. Thus, if one gasbag was inflated more than another the resulting pressure was taken by the radial wiring and distributed to the transverse members, and so to the longitudinals; while the radial wiring also prevented the transverse members from "giving" when the longitudinal members tended to bend outwards.

The gasbags cannot, however, be allowed to float freely in their compartments, otherwise they would press against the top, and all the strain would be taken by a few longitudinal girders. So in the Zeppelins each gasbag is enclosed in a cord net which is attached to the framework at different points.

In addition, "circumferential gasbag wires" run round inside the framework parallel to the transverse members at short intervals, against which the gasbags press, and which in turn are fastened to a set of wires running along the airship parallel to the longitudinal girders, and fastened to the framework.

In spite of this careful arrangement, most of the strain is transferred to the framework at the sides, while the principal weights are at the bottom. This has a tendency to pull the framework pear-shaped in section, and this is the problem the R.101 designers set out to solve. The solution they eventually found was as follows.

To begin with, each transverse frame was "triangulated," or made triple. The result is, the transverse frames are so strong they can do without any radial wiring at all. Instead, there is a system of wiring between each pair of gasbags which has been compared to two skeleton parachutes placed back to back with only one cover.

Round the edges of the "parachute" wire are chains, which are attached, so that they can slide freely, to the longitudinal girders only. Running across each gasbag, on top only, are wires connected to the parachute edges at each end. This means that when the gasbags press upwards they press against the wires, which in turn are supported by the "parachutes."

Owing to the fact that the "parachute" wiring is so fastened round the edges that it can slide, the pull of the gasbags is distributed equally to every point of anchorage. However one wire might stretch or another twist, the parachute wiring would slide slightly until all the wires were equally taut. Thus all the strain is transferred to the longitudinal girders and these only, and in such a way that there is no tendency to distort the frame.

And again, instead of the axial wire running from nose to tail, as in the Zeppelins, the R.101 has a stout girder running down the centre. No one sees that the designers of the R.101 have managed to do with a minimum of wiring in the framework itself, thus getting rid of a great source of weakness—for wire bracing has the disadvantage that it has to be kept at just the right tension to be of use, and yet is continually stretching and losing that tension.

The gasbags themselves are made of the finest silk, and lined, in order to make them gas-tight, with a substance called gold-beater's skin. This is prepared from the internal membranes of cattle, and in the R.101 the gold-beater's skin used is the product of many thousands of cattle slaughtered in the Argentine. Naturally, it is somewhat expensive, but no substitute has yet been found for it.

Next week:—About the Automatic and Measuring Factors.

The Last Chance!

blacks were there, jabbering in an excited group, and they eyed him wolfishly as he passed them. Jabes hurried into the house and secured his second revolver and emerged with the weapon in his left hand.

What thoughts were passing in the mind of the blacks he did not need telling, but the sight of the revolver in his hand, and his haggard, desperate, rage-infused face, daunted them. He was in a mood to shoot right and left among the black crew, and they cringed before him with more than their old fear.

At his savage order, To'to bound his wounded arm. The pain of the wound and the loss of blood were telling upon the ruffian, powerful and hardy as he was, and he was no longer thinking of holding the hangover against an attack when it came.

He knew that the blacks would see at the first shot, if not at the mere sight of the white masters. But in the bush the matter was different; the black man loves the bush. In the deep bush he might find a hiding-place and elude capture; in the tangle, they cover the blacks might fight under his threats. It was the only chance that was left him, the only alternative to being taken away a prisoner on board the Dawn.

Jabes's mind was soon made up, and with his right arm in a sling, the revolver gripped in his left hand, and a demonic look on his face that scared the blacks into prompt obedience, he ordered them to pack food and water and make for the bush.

They tramped away from the plantation up the bush path towards the hills.

But the desperado's strength was

sinking fast. In the arid heat of the bush, in the buzzing swarms of mosquitoes, he reeled as he walked—and the Santa Cruz boys were exchanging significant glances as they tramped on before him.

Jabes watched them. In the thick bush they would fight, at least against Kanaka, so long as the spell of obedience was on them, their fear of the wild-eyed man with the revolver in his grasp driving them. But if that spell was once broken—

His dizzy eyes failed to note the glances exchanged among the grinning Santa Cruz boys. When the outbreak came it came suddenly. Jabes stumbled over a trailing root, and before he could recover himself hands were laid upon him. He fired one shot wildly before the revolver was knocked from his almost nerveless hand.

Then he lay in the grass and ferns in a ruthless grip, and his limbs were bound with liana cords. The blacks had waited only till the weakness from his wound placed their master at their mercy. Now he lay bound and helpless in the bush path, surrounded by a ring of grinning, exultant savages. They grinned down at him and chuckled.

"You scum!" panted Jabes. "You black scum!"

He writhed desperately in the clutches of the knotted lianas.

"Feller white master be bring Santa Cruz boy now," chuckled To'to. "Feller white master be whip Santa Cruz boy too much plenty altogether. My word! We feller no fella along you, sir."

"You scum!" growled the bully of La'ua.

His dizzy eyes roved from face to face, reading only mockery and ruthless purpose there. He had ruled the blacks with a rod of iron, with the whip and the sting-ray tail, and so long as they feared him they had trembled at his frown and obeyed his lightest order with prompt obedience. But their fear of him was gone when he was wounded and weak; and they had turned on him like tigers to pay a long score of bitter grudges.

"We no fella long you any more altogether," chuckled To'to. "You nobody. You poor white trash. My word!"

Jabes struggled helplessly.

"You whip poor Kanaka boy plenty too much," growled To'to. "You plenty bad feller altogether. You fella along King of the Islands, you poor white trash! My word! We no fella along you! You kill us feller along whip, along feller tail belong sting-ray. Bunchy we make kai-kai along you!"

The wretched bully of La'ua, fainting with his wound and the cruel grip of the knotted lianas, lay helpless in the bush path. A myriad of mosquitoes had settled on his perspiring, haggard face. Round him the Santa Cruz crew jabbered and mocked, enjoying their triumph over the tyrant who had ridden them so hard in the day of his power.

(Continued on page 22.)

SKATING SKILL

This week —
**THE
DUTCH
ROLL.**

If you have followed our previous hints carefully you will have found that outside edges of skates are very difficult to perform on. Until you feel quite safe with them not much fancy skating can be done.

The Dutch Roll helps here considerably. It is a method of skating practiced a great deal in Holland, where everyone learns to skate almost before they can walk; and it is performed nearly all the time on outside edges.

First of all you will need plenty of room. In ordinary straightforward skating you probably do not use a track much more than a yard wide, and could travel along a narrow pavement quite comfortably. But for the Dutch Roll you need the width of a road—certainly three or four yards.

The Roll is not a fancy figure. It is simply a method of skating forward which is much more graceful, and much slower, than plain skating.

Start off with an ordinary stroke, but make it rather stronger than usual. Your body will naturally swing over from the throat, and you must allow it to go over quite freely until you feel yoomed on an outside edge. Supposing you are on the

It is the manner in which you perform the Dutch Roll that often follows advice, not the speed.

L.O.F. (you will have learned what that means from previous hints in this series), you will curve out to the left.

Take care to hold the edge for as long as possible, leaning steeply towards "the centre of the circle." When all the force of the stroke is used up, the right skate is put down on the floor, at right angles to the left; the weight thrown over on to it; and a vigorous stroke made from the left roller. The H.O.F. is thus reached.

This edge must also be held as long as possible, while you are sweeping across in a big curve to the right, and leaning once more to the middle of the circle—which in this case means leaning to the right.

When you get going properly you will readily see why this method of skating is called a Roll, for the word exactly describes it. Your body rolls across from right to left, or vice versa, at each stroke.

You do not get forward at a very fast pace, but that does not matter much so long as the Roll is well performed. It is the appearance that other fellows will admire, not the speed.

Take care that in all your bearing you do not bend at the hips. The whole body should be straight from head to foot, and should lean as a walking-stick would lean—not as grass would bend in the wind!

Next week — How to Skate the "Serpentine."



The Last Chance!

(Continued from page 20.)

He lay, expecting instant death—and death assuredly would have been his portion but for the pursuers—the enemies from whom he had fled—who were pushing along the bush path towards the spot.

King of the Islands came suddenly in sight of the scene at a turn of the path. Round the bound man, as he lay on the earth, the Santa Cruz blacks were capering and jabbering in savage triumph.

Bang!
The roar of the boy trader's rifle awoke a thousand echoes in the bush. There was a startled yell from the Santa Cruz crew as they spun round towards him in alarm. Ken had fired over their heads, but it was enough.

The sight of a white man rushing on them with smoking rifle, with another white man close behind, was more than enough for the blacks. With a yell they fled up the bush path, without even a glance at the prizes writhing on the ground.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Three shots burred after the fleeing blacks, passing over their heads, but driving them to faster flight. They vanished into the bush, howling.

King of the Islands stopped by the side of the bound ruffian. Jabes glared up at him.

"My saluted Sam! We didn't get here any too soon!" said Ken.

He cut the Diana cords that bound the bully of La'eva. Jabes staggered to his feet, with the help of the boy trader's strong arm.

"Lead me a hand with him, Kit. You feller Koko, you watch along path, eye belong you. Spoon you

see Santa Cruz feller, you shoot along feller gun."

"You, sar," greeted Kaiti-lalulunga. "All sence, sar, me tinkes plenty good lilly feller Wild, sar."

Koko, evidently, would not have interrupted the response of the Santa Cruz crew. King of the Islands paid him no heed. He suspected the bully of La'eva on one side, Kit Hudson on the other, and Koko brought up the rear, with ready eye and rifle if the Santa Cruz crew should turn back. But the blacks were thinking of anything but that, and already the crashing of their fleeing footsteps was dying away in the bush.

Half an hour later Jabes was lying in the padre's house at the grass village, and Father Duron was washing his wound and binding it with skilled hands. The relief was great to the desperado, and there was something of shame in his stabby face as he looked at the kind-hearted, gentle-disposed padre who was returning him good for evil.

"Up look!" said King of the Islands cheerily.

It was the following day and the bitch was lifting her snout to sail away from La'eva, this time in earnest.

Below, in the cabin, was Jabes, his arm in a sling and his legs in irons, a passenger on the Dawn, to be landed over to the authorities as soon as the bitch had made the long trip to Lalage.

Ken and Kit had bidden the padre a friendly farewell, and the little French gentleman stood on the beach, with most of his flock, to wave adieu to the bitch as it plucked out of the lagoon. Father Duron's days of trouble and tribulation on La'eva were over!

The ruffian who had lorded it over the island was gone, and the Santa Cruz crew were hiding in the bush—harmless now without their master—and the padre had hopes of bringing them in and adding them to his flock.

The padre's plump face was bright and beaming as he stood on the coral beach, among his happy flock of islanders, and waved farewell to the gliding bitch.

"Adieu, mea amis!" came his voice on the wind. "Adieu!"

And King of the Islands waved back.

"Feller padre he plenty good small feller altogether," remarked Kaiti-lalulunga.

"Plenty too much good, old coffee-ban," said King of the Islands, with a smile.

The Dawn ran out of the reef passage, and her white sails grew smaller and smaller to the watching eyes on the beach, till she disappeared into the blue.

King of the Islands went below to meet the savage eyes of the bully of La'eva—bully of La'eva no longer.

"You've got me," growled Jabes. "You've got me, you actum! Where'd you reckon you're taking me, King of the Islands? You've got to land me somewhere, bang you, and I ain't hiding what I'm going to do."

"And what's that?" asked Ken quietly.

The ruffian gritted his teeth.

"I'm going back to La'eva. I'll go easy with the padre—he's not a bad sort of fool. But I'll make him toe the line. I'll make them sigmas wath they'd never been born. I'll make the crimson pit look a nice place beside La'eva. And you come there agin, King of the Islands, and you'll find me ready for you! I'll shoot you dead as soon as you put your foot on the beach."

Ken picked up the old Sydney paper from a locker and held up the photographed face before the ruffian's eyes.

Jabes's jaw dropped.

"You're going back to Fiji, you actum," said the boy trader. "Lucky for you that the man you left for dead recovered afterwards. But you're going back to get what you're wanted. And you won't make La'eva again for a good fifteen years, at least."

And Jabes said no more.

It was nearly a week before the bitch made Lalage—an steamer day. The bully of La'eva was handed over to the steamer's captain for transportation to Fiji and the justice that waited for him there—and glad enough were the shipmates of the Dawn to see the last of him.

Glad enough, too, were Father Duron and his happy flock on La'eva—a paradise of the Pacific, and new without its serpent!

(Ken will be sailing the son of a-dreamer again next Monday in a fine gear entitled, "The Navigator's Secret!" Order your MODERN BOY to-day, then you are sure of showing his wiles!)

Am I Howling?

(Continued from previous page.)

according to the characteristics of the valve. Detector valves, as a rule, do not require more than 40 volts H.T., and they will work with considerably less.

Whenever you are in doubt as to whether your set is oscillating you can soon determine this by wiggling your finger and touching the aerial terminal. If you hear a click then the set is in a state of oscillation. Again, if you hear a howl and you are not quite sure whether you are the culprit, turn your aerial tuning condenser. If the note of the howl alters, then it is your set that is causing the trouble.

The more modern system of reaction control—by means of a variable condenser—has many advantages over the old style, and if you take the trouble to alter your set to the new method you will get increased efficiency.

In order to effect the change from swinging coil reaction to what is known as Roberts system you will have to buy a second variable condenser (L.0338) and an H.F. choke, and add

the wiring shown in dotted lines on the diagram. The wire marked A must be disconnected at the reaction coil B and joined to the high frequency choke at C. When employing Roberts reaction a smaller reaction coil than that used for swinging coil reaction should be used, and the coils must be coupled fairly tightly.

The choke can easily be accommodated inside the set, but fixing the new condenser to the front panel may cause you a little bother. Where before you have had one condenser mounted in the centre, you must now have the two properly balanced.

The best way to go about this is to remove the old condenser, fix the two in a well-balanced position on the panel, and either fill up the centre hole with black cobblers' wax or the melted wax of an old gramophone record, or introduce a replacement on your set which you may not have had before—a filament switch.

The Roberts system uses two plug-in coils, but they are permanently fixed together. You can use your old coil holder, with the reaction rod removed, keeping the two coil holders fixed together by means of an elastic band.