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CINEMA FILMS UNDER THE SEA! (See inside.)

Whichever sailorman
forgets her's
usually remembrance
of weeks and last
forenoon. . . In this
wild South Sea story
young Ken King, the
boy trader known as
King of the Islands,
encounters a sailor-
man seeking sanctuary
from enemies and
bringing with him
a secret that leads
to trouble and excitement
galore!



"The sea-devil in the cave!" said the
man hoarsely, struggling up in his bunk,
with wild eyes. "Dead men's bones in
the sand! The sea-devil's got them!"

The Luck of the Lagger!

"GOOD sailorman," said
King of the Islands,

He paused. Whether the
man who was coming through
the reef was a first-class sailorman
or a lagger, it was rather
difficult to say off-hand.

If the former, he was the
best hand with a lug-sail that the boy
trader had ever seen. If the latter,
he was having uncommon luck.

One or the other he certainly was
to be coming at top speed through
the reef passage at Lallage under a
dipping lug.

King of the Islands' ketch, the
Down, was moored in the lagoon at
Lallage. For a good many days she
had been moored there, idle.

It was not like Ken King—to give
King of the Islands his correct name—
the boy trader of the Pacific, to let
his ship lie idle. But the circum-
stances were unusual.

In a hurricane Ken and his mate
and partner, Kit Hudson, had lost
almost their all. Almost all the
money they had had been spent on a
cargo for the remote island of
Looko; but the cargo had been jettisoned
to make room for refugees
when the sea had washed over the
island. King of the Islands had
saved a hundred and fifty lives, and
had been left with little more than
his ship. The whale-boat had been
washed away, and the new boat that
was awaiting at the davits had very
nearly exhausted the eschequer.

The SAILORMAN'S SECRET!

By
CHARLES HAMILTON.

John Chin, the Chinik merchant of
Lallage, was more than willing to
supply new cargo on any length of
credit that the boy trader required.
But of that resource Ken hesitated
to avail himself.

So for the present the Down lay
moored to the coral wharf, while
King of the Islands and Kit Hudson
considered the matter.

That matter they were discussing
under the awning on deck in the
blazing tropical afternoon, when
Ken's eyes fell on the man who was
making the reef passage.

Naturally, his attention was
arrested at once, as any sailorman's
would have been. To see a boat
racing through the reefs under a
dipping lug was enough to make any
sailorman open his eyes very wide.

The reef passage from the open
sea into the lagoon at Lallage was a
difficult and tortuous one. Ken, as
good a seaman as any in the South
Sea, always negotiated that passage

with care. In the open sea, Ken
had handled a dipping lug him-
self—a useful sail on wide
waters. In a narrow channel
winding among reefs with razor
edges it was about the last rig
that he would have handled
willingly. He jumped up, and
fixed his eyes on the boat that
was coming in from the ocean,

quite forgetting the matter that had
been under discussion, important and
pressing as it was.

At every moment it seemed certain
that the newcomer must go crashing
on the teeth of the coral. But either
the boat or the man in it bore a
charmed life.

"My hat!" exclaimed Kit Hudson,
standing beside his shipmate, and
watching the stranger from the sea.
"If that fellow isn't the hardest
sailorman in the Pacific, he's the
luckiest!"

King of the Islands watched
eagerly.

Far across the shining lagoon from
the wharf lay the passage through
the reefs. The man was too far off
for help if disaster came. And it
seemed to be only by a series of
miracles that disaster did not come.

At every rise and fall of the
lug-sail King of the Islands expected to
see the crash.

"Fool's luck!" said Hudson.
"Feller brain behind him as walk
about any more," remarked Koo-
laloalaloa, the Kavaika bo'rum. By
which Koko—as he was called—

meant that, in his opinion, the man in the boat was a brute.

"He's as mad as a hatter, and as volatile," said Hushon. "And what's his hurry, anyhow? He could drop that sail and pull in with the crew without risking his boat and his life."

Koko pointed a brown finger to the open sea, sailing beyond the low-lying coral reefs.

"Feller cutter is swifter catchy-plays," he remarked.

"That's it," said Ken.

Beyond the reef, sweeping down towards it, was a cutter that the shipmates knew by sight. It was the Sea-Cat, owned by Dandy Peter Parsons, of the island of Lakore.

That the Lakore cutter was in pursuit of the lugger looked very probable. It was the only way of accounting for the frantic haste of the man who was making the reef passage with such recklessness.

It was perplexing, Dandy Peter, ruffian and seelawyer as he was, was entirely a pirate. And had he been one, he would not have ventured upon piracy within sight of a crowd of white men at Lakore. It was hard to guess why he was seeking to run down the lugger.

But whether the Sea-Cat was in pursuit or not, there was no doubt about the frantic haste of the man in the lugger. He was taking chances that made King of the Islands catch his breath.

Ken watched him. Even if the distance he could make out the man clearly enough; a white man, bareheaded by the sun, dressed in cotton shirt and pants, with a great hat of plaited grass. There was a mark across his tanned cheek that looked like a recent wound, as if a bullet had grazed there. He looked like a beachcomber in hard luck; but he looked the best like a horn scum.

The boat was a shabby old whaler's boat, creaking at the oars for want of paint; the lugger who torn and patched. Boat and boat-sterner looked as if they had seen the hardest of times. There was nothing else to tempt the sea-lugger of Lakore, if Dandy Peter had a fancy to turn pirate. But that the Sea-Cat was in pursuit was very soon proved.

"Feller gun he talker," said Koko.

Faces the cutter came a puff of white smoke. The report followed, echoing faintly from the sea. The bullet dashed up a spray of spray within a few yards of the racing lugger.

"The wook!" gasped King of the Islands. "He's firing on him!"

The man in the lugger did not look back. He paid no heed whatever to the riddled from the pursuing cutter. A second's hesitation would have piled up the lugger on the reefs.

"Send that he comes safe through!" muttered King of the Islands.

The lug dipped and dipped. There was long admiration in Ken's face now. The man was no brute. He was taking deadly chances to escape from a pursuer, but he was taking them with a cool head and an iron

nerve and a scum-like skill that made Ken's heart warm towards him. The man who could run the reef in a stiff breeze under a dipping lug, single-headed, was a man after Ken's own heart.

There were many eyes on the lugger now. Every beachcomber on the Lakore beach was staring at it; a crowd of natives had their startled eyes on it; Mr. Behang, the Pacific Company's agent, had come out into his wounds with his binoculars to watch; Ken Hank stood in the doorway of his store, gazing. Half Lakore had their eyes fixed on the lugger, and the set, resolute face of the man who knifed it.

"Thank Heaven he's through!" gasped King of the Islands; and he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

The lugger was out of the reef at last. It had been a matter only of minutes; but it had seemed like hours to the anxious watchers. The

big lugger came skimming like a sea-bird across the lagoon.

King of the Islands jumped on the look rail, holding to a guy with one hand, waving the other to the man in the lugger. He knew Dandy Peter, and knew his ways, and was more than ready to help any man in flight from him.

"Alo! the lugger!" roared King of the Islands. "Alo! This way, shipmate! Friends here!"

The man had been heading for the beach, towards the Pacific Company's quay. But he heard the shout, and the lug dipped again, and the boat shot towards the wharf and the moored ketch.

It was alongside almost in a twinkling, and the sail dropped. Standing in the rocking boat, holding a line from the ketch, the scum turned his wild eyes on the bay trader.

"This the Dandy?"
"Ay, ay!"

(Continued on the next page.)

Ju-Jitsu!

The Japanese Art of Self Defence

By Professor W. B. GARRUD, Professor of the British and
International Amateur League.

THIS armlock is one I taught Sir Gerald de Maurier when he was learning for his part in the play "Anne Lippin," one of his earlier successes. In the play Sir Gerald had to obtain some secret papers from a man who had called upon him, and a Ju-jitsu trick had to be brought into the scene for this purpose.

I showed Sir Gerald several methods, and we finally selected the one I am about to describe. The Ju-jitsu trick was to be practiced as the man was leaving the room, all peaceful efforts having failed. Sir Maurier in his efforts to get possession of the secret papers. The man was congratulating himself on having concluded the business in hand in a satisfactory manner and successfully "getting away with it." Sir Gerald had a surprise in store for him!

First he threw the man by means of the hand-trick, carried out in this way. You grasp your opponent's right hand with your left, your hand covering his thumb with your fingers along his palm. Then you twist his hand suddenly over and outward to your left side, which brings him down flat on his back. Now for the actual armlock.

We will suppose that you have got your friend to lie flat on his back on the carpet or rug. Stand at his left side, take hold of his left wrist with your left hand, raise his arm, and gently place your left foot on his chest close to the armpit.

Now draw his arm across your leg so that his elbow joint comes against your shin bone. Then pull his arm back over your leg until his shoulder has been pulled enough. This care to have his thumb upward when you are doing the lock, or his arm will bend the natural way and you will lose the lock. You can get extra power by pushing against his arm with your leg. Refer to the photo below you attempt the lock, in order to be sure of the exact position.

This lock can be secured from several throws. For instance, having thrown your opponent by the "cross back," you can grasp his wrist nearest you, and proceed as already described. You can also use both your hands on his wrist if you like, instead of holding him with one hand. This gives you much extra power over a strong fellow.

Next week: The Shoulder Throw.

This week -
**THE
FOOT-ON-
CHEST
ARMLOCK.**



Refer to this photo before attempting the foot-on-chest armlock, to be sure of the exact position you and your adversary should readily be in.

The Sailorman's Secret!

"King of the Islands?"

"Yes."

"You'll help me?"

"That's why I invited, Juny aboard."

With a spring, the man came over the low rail, leaving the lugger to rock. He roared as his feet landed on the deck. King of the Islands caught him in his strong arms as he fell senseless.

Dandy Peter Asks for It.

"MY sainted Sam!" murmured King of the Islands.

The man lay a dead weight in his arms. It was plain that he was all in; that that desperate race through the reef had taken the last ounce out of him. His haggard face told of long suffering, of hunger and thirst. In the lugger was no sign of food or water; yet he had come from the open sea. That he had been through a terrible experience the shipmates did not need telling.

"Get the lugger, Koko," ordered the boy trader. "Load me a hand with this cheap kit."

Koko-shalunga made the lugger fast, while Ken and Kit carried the senseless man below and placed him on a mattress on the cabin floor.

He lay there like a log, breathing faintly.

"My hat!" said Kit Hudson. "The man's been through something. Ken! Hunger—and thirst—and other things!"

"And that scoundrel Peter Parsons after him!" said Ken. He wotted the lips of the senseless man with water. They were dry and parched.

"I don't catch on," said Hudson. "What can Parsons want with him? He's got nothing—nothing but his rags. The lugger's worth an old song." The Australian's face broke into a grin. "If he's some beachcomber who's stolen that lugger from Lukwe, Ken—"

"He's no beachcomber," replied Ken, "to handle the boat as he did. He knows my ship, and knows me by name. He wouldn't expect help here if he were a thief."

"That's so," agreed Hudson.

"There's always some devilment on at Lukwe, among the rough crew that hang out there," said Ken. "Goodness knows what he ran from. He will tell us when he comes to. In the meantime, Dandy Peter won't get his hands on him."

"No fear!" agreed Hudson.

"It's plain that he can take tollage for refuge, Dandy Peter's the man to follow him anywhere, and demand him at the muzzle of a gun. He's a magistrate; but Parsons wouldn't care a fig about that if he's set on getting the man. I fancy he's sailed on the Dawn—and he's bound to think so himself. Look after him, Kit, while I keep an eye on the cutter."

"Leave him to me," said Hudson. Ken buckled on his revolver before he returned to the deck. It was more likely than not that he might need it, in dealing with the deeds of

Lukwe. He hurried back to the deck, leaving the senseless man in his mate's charge.

"Feller, cutter he come along lugger, air," said Koko, as Ken came out of the companion.

The Sea-Cat had reached the reef. But Dandy Peter, reckless sailor as he was known to be, was not running the reef so the man in the lugger had done. The Sea-Cat was creeping in cautiously, and taking her time about it.

Ken watched the cutter grimly. What the trouble might be between the scow-lapper of Lukwe and the man of the lugger he could not guess; but he had little doubt that the lawless Lukwe skipper was the man on the wrong side.

In any case, he did not seem to allow Dandy Peter to get near the fugitive until he knew clearly how the matter stood. The Sea-Cat crept from the reef at last, and stood across the lagoon for the while.

Dandy Peter, dagger, spats in white ducks and well-fitting white shoes, his handsome, wicked face hidden under the shade of a Panama

FULL RESULTS

of

"QUESTIONPICS"

CONTEST

Will be published

NEXT WEEK!

hat, stood on the little deck with his crew of three Lukwe boys.

If he had not seen the fugitive board the Dawn, the sight of the lugger tied up enlightened him. The cutter stood across to the beach, and swung alongside, only a few feet separating the two vessels.

"What do you want, Peter Parsons?" Ken rapped out.

"Only a friendly word," said Dandy Peter, showing his white teeth in a smile. "I see you've got the lugger."

"Well?"

"You've got the man, too."

"He's below."

"And open you a pass by this time, I've no doubt?"

"He's said nothing so far. He was all in when he got here, and he's unconscious now."

Dandy Peter's eyes glistened. King of the Islands could guess that it was welcome news to him that the man had not yet spoken.

"I've followed him from Lukwe," said Parsons casually. "I dare say you guessed that I was after him."

"I saw you fire on him, you wretch!" growled Ken.

Parsons shrugged his shoulders.

"Only a warning to him to stop," he explained. "I could have put the ball through his head if I'd liked."

Ken knew that that was probably true. He knew the deadly marksmanship of the Lukwe sea-lapper.

"Well, what do you want with him?" demanded Ken. "I suppose you understand that he's under my protection now."

"Are you setting up as protector of all the lawless beachcombers in the Pacific?" sneered Parsons.

"He doesn't strike me as a thieving beachcomber. But I'm ready to hear what you've got to say."

"Have you appointed my Deputy High Commissioner, by any chance?" inquired Dandy Peter politely.

"I've appointed myself protector of a man running from a fellow I know to be a lawless rascal," answered Ken coolly. "You'll get plain English here, Peter Parsons."

"So it seems," sneered Dandy Peter. "The long and the short of it is that that beachcomber, Dawn, has stolen that lugger from Lukwe. It belongs to Dawn—you know Dawn, the plaster—well I've followed him to take it back. Is that good enough for you, Mr. Meddling King of the Islands?"

"Not quite," answered Ken. "You'd see Dawn, or anybody else, in Hazy Jones' back before you'd take so much trouble for him."

Dandy Peter's eyes flashed with anger.

"I've told you how the matter stands," he rapped.

"I'll hear what the man says when he comes to," retorted Ken.

"I'm afraid I can't wait," said Dandy Peter. "My time's of value, if yours doesn't seem to be."

"You say you're after the lugger," Ken replied grimly. "You'll be satisfied to take the lugger and leave the man on my ship?"

"No. The thief's wanted as well as the lugger—I've undertaken to take him back to Lukwe."

"There are enough thieves at Lukwe," answered Ken coolly. "You and your friends among the number; you don't want any more."

"You mean that you refuse to hand the man over?" asked Dandy Peter, setting his teeth.

"I mean just that," said King of the Islands. "I don't believe a single word you've said. That man handles a dipping lug too well to have packed the boat up by chance a day or two ago. I should say that he's made long trips in that boat. Anyhow, I'm going to hear his story before I even think of handing him over. Make your story good, and you can have him fast enough. You'll have to bring proof. I wouldn't take your word against a Lu's word."

Dandy Peter's hand glided to his belt. But he checked it. He was in sight of all Lukwe, and it was no time for Lukwe methods. King of the Islands gave a scornful laugh.

"You'd better leave that gun alone, Parsons. I'm ready to play you at that game if you like."

"You meddling wretch!" said Dandy Peter between his teeth. "I'll offer Jim Dawn, and I'll have him

if I have to sink your hooker and shoot every man on board!"

"All that for a lugger worth ten pounds?" asked King of the Islands. "You don't bear out your own story." He laughed.

Dandy Peter eyed him wearily. The wicked gleam in his eyes showed how strongly tempted he was to leap on board the ketch, pistol in hand. He was reckless and obstinate enough for that, or anything else when his black temper was roused.

King of the Islands dropped his hand on his revolver-belt. He was quite as good a shot as Dandy Peter, and the Lukew son-of-a-bitch had no terrors for him. For a long minute they stood silent, watching one another. Again the Lukew skipper reached to his belt, and again he checked the motion. His eyes glared with rage.

"This isn't the first time you've meddled in my business, King of the Islands," he said at last. "You'll repeat it?"

"Threatened men live long," answered the boy trader cheerfully. "You haven't exactly got the best of our little troubles so far, Parsons!"

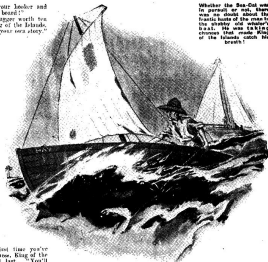
"The man's as mad as a hatter!" snarled Parsons. "He's been in an open boat at sea, driven mad by sun and thirst. He will spit you a beautiful yarn of an island of gold if you're fool enough to listen to it!"

"Is that why you want him?" asked Ken, laughing. "You can leave such tales from half the beach-combers in the Pacific if you want to listen to them. Usually it's pearls—gold is rather a change. There are men on the beach here at Fatigue who will tell you of pearl islands where you can fill your hat, if that's what you want."

"Will you lend him over?" snarled Parsons.

"No!"

With a flash of rage in his eyes, forgetting all pretense as his savage temper mastered him, Peter Parsons sprang over the rail of the ketch, his revolver in his hand. It was a simple leap, and it landed him on the deck of the *Boss*, within a few feet of King of the Islands. Ken jerked out his revolver, nothing doubting that a desperate fight was on hand. But before Parsons could lift his weapon Koko's powerful arms closed round him and he was swept off his feet. His revolver went flying into the lagoon, and the dapper little dandy of Lukew, with spinning brain, was tossed high into the air



Whether the *Boss-Cat* was in pursuit or not, there was no doubt about the frantic haste of the crew to the stability and whaler's hull. He was taking strokes that made King of the Islands catch his breath!

in the grasp of the powerful Kooka and sent flying after it;

"Splash!" heels over head Dandy Peter shot over the rail and plunged into the lagoon.

"Peter Parsons, he plenty had fellow!" Koko chuckled. "He stop along ingots, ear."

Peter Parsons' dark head rose from the water. His face was convulsed with rage as he struck out. Ken ran to the rail, anxious. There were sharks in the lagoon of Fatigue.

But Parsons, with the help of the Lukew boys, scrambled back swiftly enough on the cutter. There, drenched and dripping, his white ducks limp and clinging to his limbs, he shook his clenched fist at the ketch, waving out threats. Ken laughed, picked up his Panama hat, which had fallen to the deck, and tossed it back on the *Boss-Cat*.

"Shut off!" he cried.

The cutter moved along the wharf and moored a score of yards from the lagoon. Evidently Peter Parsons was not thinking of returning to Lukew!

Golden Ingots!

"GOLDEN ingots! Golden ingots!"

Ken started as the husky manning voice fell on his ears. It was going down the companion to the ketch's cabin to see how the men of the lugger was proceeding when he heard that croaking voice uttering strange words.

"Golden ingots! Bars of gold!" came the croak. "Bars of gold! Bars of gold!"

Ken hurried into the cabin. On the mattress spread on the lagoon the man lay on his elbow, conscious now, but only with the consciousness of delirium. His dark, tanned face was lighted up as though a fire burned within, his eyes ablaze. He stared at Hudson, who stood by his side taking care that he did not pitch to the floor in his wild and restless stirrings, but without seeing him. The delirious man was lost to his surroundings; his endurance had reached breaking point, and he tossed and moaned in delirium.

Hudson looked round at Ken. "We've got something on our hands," he said. "He's worse up-raising! He's been through it, poor chap."

"Bars of gold!" babbled the hapless man. "Bars and bars and bars! You dog, hands off! Hands off! It's mine—mine and Brancey's! Brancey's dead! Bars of gold! Water—water!"

The last word came in a shriek. Hudson placed water to his lips, and he drank greedily, then sank back on the mattress, a little calmer. Hudson placed the pillow under the burning head. From the lips, coated with long thins and salt spray, came muttered, incoherent words.

The shipmates looked at one another.

"Poor fellow," said Ken. "I fancy

The Sailorman's Secret!

he's been adrift in that lugger, dying of thirst—goodness knows how long. And that dog from Lukew might have helped him and saved him from this. He kept up long enough to get clear of Dandy Peter, and then—"

"And then cracked up," said Hudson. "I don't get it clear. He must have been to Lukew, or Parsons wouldn't have got on his track. He's been babbling about bars of gold and golden islets, and an island with a cave and a sea-devil in a cave, and all sorts of rot. He never got his head stuffed with that at Lukew. Where can he have been?"

"We shall find out if he recovers," replied Ken. "Parsons has a reason for wanting to get hold of him—he may take stock of the man's talk

against it—ruined in a hurricane, and now loaded with a delicious island on our hands. But we've got to play up."

"Of course. We may be able to get him taken care of in a bungalow ashore, when we're ready to sail. I'll pounce my tickler with Leon Blank to see him through," said Hudson, with a grin.

"Only we've got to see him safe from that hearse Parsons," said Ken. "Belnap or Richards or Legans would take him in, and welcome, but—Parsons has secured his cutter, and that means that he's still after the man. We've got to protect him. Anyhow, we're not ready to sail yet—we haven't closed with John Chin's offer."

"Anyhow, another day or two won't bankrupt us," answered the Corn-stalk cheerfully. "One thing's certain—we're going to keep this poor chap out of Dandy Peter's clutches. I heard all that the rascal said to you—he's after this Jim Dandy like a shark."

The restless man made

Through what scores had the hapless man passed, to bring such fearful fancies into his delirious mind?

He settled back on the pillow, still babbling.

"Jim Dandy, that's me—and Hevensey—not sweet, and we'll make Lukew and if we miss Lukew we'll make Lalings on the same tack! Two hundred miles, and not a drop of water! Follow me if you like, you brute—follow me! follow and follow, but you'll never get me! I'll make Lukew with this wind, and leave you gasping your teeth! One—two—three—four of them, watching and watching! I'll never be food for sharks! I'll make Lukew in this wind! Not sweet, and if we miss Lukew, there's Lalings on the same tack!"

His voice sank to a whisper, and he was almost silent. His eyes, wide open and staring, fixed unseeing on the plying sails of the shipmate.

Ken wiped the perspiration from the man's brow. From these wild, babbling words he had formed an idea of what had happened. He touched Hudson's arm.

"Do you understand?" he said, in a low voice. "He must have come from the south-east in that lugger—making Lukew as the nearest land. From the south-east, Lukew came first, Lalings further on, on the same tack. He made Lukew, and fell into the hands of Dandy Peter there. The brand did not help a—didn't help a—didn't help a—made him a prisoner—and the man got back to his lugger and escaped here."

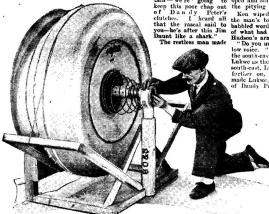
"Looks like it," said Kit.

Ken set his teeth hard. From somewhere in the distance was to the south-east the man in the lugger had come, babbling, dying of thirst, to run into Lukew for help. And there he had met Leon instead of friends—see! for, at least, the sea-

lawyer of Lukew. Haggard with want, worn out with suffering he had fled to sea again, to make Lalings for safety—and Dandy Peter had pursued him to his cutter. That was clear to Ken of the island now; and in his anger and indignation he was tempted to go aboard the cutter and call Peter Parsons to account.

But Dandy Peter could wait. For the present, the delirious man claimed the care of the boy trader.

"He's a square man," said Hudson. "Parsons was lying—this chap is square. He fancies he knows of a treasure—and he seems to have been after it with a man named Hevensey—and he accuses Hevensey's widow to have the dead man's share. He's square as a die, though, of course, his treasure island is only a Pacific yarn."



This is one of the combined automatic and reamworking valves on the great steamship, not the least of the remarkable features of that colossal craft, now building, about which see Air Expert has something to tell you on the opposite page.

about an island of gold. Mess feel he!"

"Dandy Peter's no fool," said Hudson, with assurance. "Every sort of a rascal, but no fool. If Dandy Peter thinks there's something in it, there's something in it, Ken."

"An island of gold—in those waters?" said Ken, with a smile. "Pears to be the usual tall story."

"There's tons of gold in New Guinea—"

"We're six hundred miles from Papua; he never came from Papua in that lugger, clearly as he handles it. But we shall know later; now we've got to take care of him."

"And no doctor within two hundred miles," said Hudson.

"We've got to care for him ourselves. Kit, old man, we're up

a movement, evidently having caught his name on Hudson's lips.

"Jim Dandy, that's me—there was me and Hevensey," he muttered. "The sea-devil got him—Hevensey's dead. The sea-devil got him in the Black Cove. Hevensey's dead. But he's left a widow in Sydney, and she's got to have his share—Hevensey's share! Bars and bars and bars of gold! Spanish ingots! I tell you I've seen it with those eyes. Hevensey's seen it, and he's dead!"

He sat up, with wild eyes.

"The sea-devil in the cave!" he said hevensey. "Dead men's bones in the sand! The sea-devil's got him! Hevensey's dead!"

He would have struggled off his bed, but the shipmates held him. They were feeling a thrill of horror.

"Here of gold! here and here of gold!" came the frenzied uttering. "Mine and Branscov's! Branscov's dead! Water! Water! Hands off, you thief—you grinning little thief! Shoot if you like! I'll not say a word!" His hand went to the graze of a bullet on his cheek. "Shoot if you like! Not a word! Not a word!"

"We won guess what he went through at Lakeo, Ken," said Kit Hudson, in a tense voice. "That was how that villain treated a wrecked seaman!" I'll take my stock-ship and go on the outer—"

"Hold on!" said Ken. "Dandy Peter will keep. We shall hear the rights of the story when Dandy comes to his senses."

"If he does," said Hudson, with a glance at the haggard, worn face, the sunken cheeks and staring eyes.

"We've got to pull him round between us!" said Ken.

Tricked!

NIGHT had fallen on Lallage. A myriad of glittering stars were reflected on the shining surface of the lagoon.

King of the Islands, on the deck of the ketch, leaned on the sterner, his forehead wrinkled in thought.

Dandy had fallen into a deep sleep in the cabin below, his habiting silence of last. Kit Hudson had gone ashore for a walk under the palm-trees, tired from his watch over the sick man. The Hiva-Oa crew were on shore, Koro-koro-koro with them. In the distance Ken could see a native dancer going on in the starlight on the beach, kaka and the Hiva-Oa men among the throng of Lallage natives. Only Dandy, the cook-boy, had been posted in the cabin to keep watch over Dandy, in case he should awaken in delirium again.

King of the Islands was alone on deck. He would gladly have gone ashore with his stigmata, but he did not care to leave the ketch unguarded, with Dandy aboard, and Dandy Peter's cutter moored so near at hand. That the Lakeo skipper would make any attempt on the man so long as he was aboard the Dawn did not seem likely; but Ken knew the desperate nature of the family of Lakeo, and he was taking no chances.

Ken had ample food for thought as he stood there leaning on the sterner, idly watching the native dancer in the distance. It was a scene of beauty that lay before his eyes: the white beach glistening as brilliant starlight, the waters of the lagoon lapping softly on the sand; the graceful dancing figures in snowy hula-hulas, with scarlet blossoms twisted in their hair; beyond, the tall, nodding palms, backed by the forested hills of Lallage.

But it was not of the beauty of the scene that Ken was thinking, though it was not lost on him.

Matters were growing serious with the skipper of the Dawn. Every day that the ketch lay idle was eating up what remained of their slender

(Continued on the next page.)



ALL
ASPECT:

THE WORLD'S WONDER- AIRSHIP — THE R.101.

THIS WEEK:

THE AUTOMATIC AND MANEUVERING VALVES.

LAST week we saw how the gasbags on which the "lift" of an airship depends are fastened in. Although these are gas-tight it is necessary to allow the gas to escape under certain conditions, and sometimes very rapidly.

The reason is because the atmosphere, as you know, gets thinner the higher one goes. As the "lift" of hydrogen is proportional to the density of the air, the higher an airship rises the less the lifting power, until a point is reached when there is no tendency at all to rise—and at that height the airship must remain.

Therefore, if the air were perfectly calm there ought to be just one height at which the airship, considered as a whole, is the same height as the surrounding air, and at that height it would remain.

But another factor enters—heat. The warmer the hydrogen in the airship, the more it expands and the lighter, therefore, it becomes. This would be all right if the surrounding air got equally hot and expanded, too. But it does not always do so, and then what is known as "superheating" takes place. The sun's rays, generally due to the sun's rays impinging on it, grow hotter than the surrounding atmosphere and starts rising suddenly.

Or mist condenses on it, and then, evaporating, cools it, so that it sinks. Or it runs into a layer of warm or cold air and again sinks or rises. Then an airship may rise or fall above or below the height to which its gas—of temperature equal to that of the air—would cause it to rise to.

THE AIRSHIP CAPTAIN'S RESOURCES.

In addition to that, air is never still. Besides winds parallel to the earth's surface, winds blowing upwards and downwards are met with. Some of these are very strong and rapid, and when present on a small scale in the form of rain-bearing gusts are known as bumps or air pockets.

At first sight it looks as if the airship, what with vertical winds, varying air temperatures, and its own varying temperature, is very much at the mercy of weather conditions. This is true of the balloon, but the airship captain has other resources. He can make use of his dynamic lift, or lift due to motion, as opposed to his static lift, or lift due to gas.

By pushing up his elevators or pulling them down, the airship will fly forwards with nose up (pitched up) or down (pitched down), and then the air, striking the top or under-sides, will push it down or up.

The dynamic lift achieved by this means is considerable, and the airship captain can hold his airship up or down when it is considerably heavier or lighter than the atmosphere in which he is flying.

But with a sudden rise due to vertical wind, or "superheating" of any magnitude, he is powerless. Now, supposing, as it is possible, the airship suddenly gains height by a thousand feet. The gas, due to the new air, will tend to expand suddenly, as the pressure of the atmosphere on the gasbags will be decreased, and the air would soon burst under the internal pressure if valves were not provided which would automatically open under the pressure and let some of the hydrogen pass out.

RIISING 4,000 FEET A MINUTE!

Again, the captain may wish his airship to become heavy enough to lose height or to land. His dynamic lift may not be sufficient to do this, and in any case it involves waste of power. In that case he must be able to release hydrogen. Therefore, valves must be provided that can be opened by hand.

In the R.101 special valves of a remarkable design are fitted half-way up the side of the airship and they discharge straight into the atmosphere. They do not open against the pressure of a spring; the light spring you can see in the photo on the opposite page is only to help return the valve to the closed position. They work on a siphon principle, any big difference in pressure causing a column of gas to rush at high speed into a control chamber. This valve itself is constructed on the bellows principle, and opens fully under the action of the gas in the control chamber. Thus the valves are either fully open or not at all. They can also be operated by hand.

So efficient are the valves that they can cope with a rise on the part of the airship of 4,000 feet per minute. No previous airship could do this, for it was not even realized, as it is now, that such rapid vertical ascents are possible. It was in a part of this description that the airship Shenandoah was wrecked, owing to the inadequacy of her valves.

Next week:—The Airship's Controls.

The Sailor's Secret!

resources. John Chin's generous offer was in Ken's mind, though he was slow to close with it. The alternative was to take a chance at peartling. Not for a moment did he regret of the sacrifice he had made at Lakwe to save many lives. But it had left him in a tighter corner than he had ever faced since first he had started to trade in the islands.

Now he had a sick man on his hands in addition. A dozen white men on Lullinge would have opened their doors gladly to a sick and ship-wrecked seaman. But with an enemy like Peter Parsons watching for a chance to get him, he would not have been safe there. The man was safe on Ken's ketch; he was likely to be safe nowhere else. And this new burden, when he had already too much on his hands, was the only to the reckless wickedness of the sea-lawyer of Lakwe. It was no wonder that Ken's thoughts grew black and bitter when he glanced towards the cutter moored along the coral wharf.

To deal with a sick man aboard was scarcely practicable—there was no time for nursing at sea. To leave him where was to leave him at the mercy of the Lakwe skipper, so long as Peter Parsons remained at Lullinge. And plainly he did not mean to go. He had no business at Lakwe—apart from his determination to get hold of the man who talked of bars of gold and Spanish ingots. That was why he was waiting. Ken's face grew grim.

More than once he had had trouble with the sea-lawyer of Lakwe. The man loved and thrived on trouble. But how to deal with him now was a puzzle.

Along the deserted wharf came a Kanaka, looking round him. He came opposite the ketch, and called out.

"Feller King of the Islands stop along ship?"

"Here!" called out Ken. He crossed to the rail.

The man was one of the natives who worked on the wharf. Apparently he had come with a message.

"Feller white master Hudson he send Pops along ketch," said the Kanaka. "Feller white master Hudson he say, feller Captain Ken he comey along beach, along feller Hudson shootey along gun belong Cap'n Parsons."

"My master Sam?" speculated Ken. "Where is he?"

"He stop along beach along house belong John Chin," answered Pops. "He no kill-dead. Leg belong him as walk about any more."

Ken clenched his teeth. He had stayed to watch on the ketch, but the sea-lawyer should make some attempt. And while he was idly waiting there, Dandy Peter had picked a quarrel with the Cornstalk ashore, and Hudson was wounded! Or more likely the sea-lawyer had fired on him from ambush. Ken put his hands on the rail to keep to the wharf. But he stopped a second to shoot down the companion.

"You feller Dandy?"

"Yesar!" came the sleepy voice.

"Space belong' erther he comey along ketch, you shoot along gun?"

"Yes, sar?"

Ken leaped to the wharf, and dashed away in the direction of John Chin's warehouses, at a considerable distance along the circling beach. Pops looked after him, showed his white teeth in a grin, and vanished into the night. With breathless haste, King of the Islands ran on the shoving sand, his face white, his heart thumping with mingled awe and rage. His compass lay wretchedly wounded by the hand of Dandy Peter.

He wished now that he had shot down the dapper little scoundrel on the deck of the Duwa. If King Hudson was badly hurt, that should cease to be—the sea-lawyer should not live to escape. John Chin's warehouses lay beyond the Pacific Company's quay. Ken reached the buildings, panting; but they were closed for the night—no light gleamed in warehouse or office. He stopped, panting for breath.

"Hallo, old bean?"

Ken spun round, almost falling down in his amazement.

Kit Hudson came scurrying from the shadow of the palms. He stared at Ken.

"You've left the ketch?" he asked.

"Yes—"

"You're not wounded?" Ken gasped hoarsely.

"Wounded?" Hudson stared dumbly. "No! I've had a stroll to the end of the beach here. I was turning back—"

King of the Islands gave a yell of rage.

"Tricked?"

"What the thunder—" exclaimed Hudson.

"Tricked!" blazed King of the Islands. "If I hadn't run into you here I might have searched an hour for you before I found out! I got a message that you'd been wounded by Dandy Peter here—a trick to get you away from the ketch! And that villain is at work while I'm gone—"

Ken's relief at finding his shipmate safe and sound was keen enough; but his thoughts immediately turned to what must be happening on the ketch. He had not doubted the message—but even had he doubted it he could not have passed it unheeded. That false message could only have been sent by the Lakwe sea-lawyer—no one else at Lakwe could have had any object in tricking him away from the ketch now with the sick seaman— and what was happening there?

"Come!" said Ken, between his teeth.

He turned and moved back along the beach, Hudson at his heels. The coral sand flew up like spray under their racing tread.

The Secret.

DANDY PETER grinned—an evil grin—as King of the Islands vanished from the coral wharf. The sea-lawyer was watching from the cutter. As Ken disappeared, Peter Parsons leaped lightly ashore, and hurried along the wharf to the

Duwa. He climbed quickly but quietly on board.

There was no one on the deck; and the sea-lawyer crept softly to the open companion. With the stealthy tread of a parrot, making scarce a sound, he crept down the companion and looked into the cabin.

Silent, sleeping, the man of the ligger lay on his bed on the lockers. In a chair close at hand sat Dandy, the cocky-boy, his eyes half closed. By the lockers stood a rick, which the cocky-boy had ordered to fire if any of the cutter's crew came on board. But the cocky-boy was nodding to sleep, and neither saw nor heard the stealthy of Lakwe.

Peter Parsons crept softly into the cabin, his revolver in his hand. It was not till he was within three paces of the doorway cocky-boy that Dandy became aware of his presence.

Then Dandy started to his feet in alarm. He was hardly out of his chair when the pistol-bolt crashed on his head, and the ill-fated boy fell prone, stamped by the crashing blow.

Dandy Peter stooped over him for a second, to ascertain that he was unconscious. He was ready to deliver another savage blow, had it been needed. But it was not needed.

Dandy lay like a log.

Peter Parsons stood listening intently for a few moments. The fall of the cocky-boy had not awakened the sleeper. There was no sound on the ketch save the whispering of the waters of the lagoon against her hull. Dandy Peter made a stride to the stationer's standstaps and glanced in to make sure. It was empty. He crossed back to the companion, mounted softly to the deck, and peered out.

He was sure that the ketch was deserted; but he could not be too sure. The deck was unoccupied; there was no use to be seen on the starlit wharf. Quite reassured now, Parsons descended to the cabin again, and stood beside the bunk on the lockers, staring down with glowing eyes at the sleeping seaman.

He had succeeded as thoroughly as he had hoped. King of the Islands had been tricked away—and the seaman lay at his mercy. At Lakwe he had occupied the sea-lawyer, though the gun on his cheek showed how narrow his escape had been. Dandy Peter had not been prepared for the desperate fight of the man, who was exhausted, famished, worn down, yet desperately ready to take his chances on the sea main to escape with his secret. He would not escape again—he was at the sea-lawyer's mercy now.

Dandy Peter shook the seaman by the shoulder, and the sleeping eyes opened, staring at him wildly. The muzzle of the pistol was pressed to the burning forehead.

"I've got you this time, Jim Dandy!" said Dandy Peter, in a low, steady voice. "You dodged me at Lakwe—you beat me at Lullinge. You won't dodge me again! I've come to learn the bearings of the gold island—you see?"

The wild eyes stared at him.

"You wet me?" snarled Dandy

(Continued on page 12.)

The Sailor's Secret!

(Continued from page 18.)

Peter. "I know you came from the south-east when you ran your lugger into the lagoon at Lukoo. Where did you come from? Give me the bearings of the island." He pressed to listen again. "I've no time to waste on you. Give me the bearings of the gold island or I'll blow your brains out where you lie, and take my chance of finding the island by steering south-east."

"Bars of gold—bars of gold!" muttered the sick man, still staring at him with wild, unseeing eyes. "Spanish gold—bars and bars and bars! There it lies, in the island of black rock—bars and bars and bars! Stocks of gold in the old galley—bars and bars of gold! Democracy's dead!"

Dandy Peter stared at him blankly. For a moment he suspected trickery; but the next moment he saw how it was. The man was in delirium.

The rage that consumed the baffled sea-lawyer shook him from head to foot. He bent over the delirious man, his eyes blazing.

"You fool! You mad fool! Where's the island?"

"North-west and by north, north-west and by north" babbled the sick man. "If we raise Lukoo in the night, we'll make Lakoo on the same tack. Follow and follow and follow—you'll never get me. I'll never be shark's bait. Follow and follow and follow!"

Dandy Peter, white with rage, ransomed his revolver back in his belt. The babblings of a fevered brain told him nothing.

The man was useless to him now. No threat could draw his secret from him in his present condition. To get him to the cutter—to make the open sea with him before King of the Islands could intervene—that was all

that remained to Dandy Peter. But it was obvious that Dandy would collapse if taken from the bank; and the dapper little scoundrel was quite unable to carry the big man. The Lukoo boys had to be called from the cutter—if there was time! If there was time!

Dandy Peter ran up the gangway, leaving the sailorman babbling, Dandy still senseless on the floor. He leaped to the wharf—a quick glance showing him that no one was yet in sight—and ran along to the moored cutter. He shouted to the sleepy Lukoo boys:

"You follow here! You follow Kiki, Yulito, you can't lose either cutter—you follow Jacky, you come along ketch along me."

"Yes, sir!" gasped the Lukoo boys.

Jacky, the most powerful "boy" of the three, jumped to the wharf. The other two began to cast loose the moorings. There was no time to cut to waste—Dandy Peter knew that. At any moment King of the Islands might discover that he had been tricked, and come racing back to the ketch. And, haste as he might, time was required to carry the sick man on board the cutter and get the Sea-Cat out to sea. Dandy Peter ran back along the coast wharf with Jacky at his heels.

"You follow here, you go along cabin below ketch, bring sick feller along back along you—you savvy?"

The Lukoo boy leaped on the ketch. There was a sound of running feet in the distance, and two figures showed up in the starlight at the end of the wharf. Dandy Peter spat out a furious word. King of the Islands was returning, and with him Kit Hudson. The sea-lawyer desperately dragged the revolver from his belt. But there was a revolver in the hand of King of the Islands as he came racing up the wharf.

Woe! A yell of rage and pain

leaped from Dandy Peter as the revolver flew from his hand, and away from his grasp. A stream of blood spouted from his hand, and he gritted again with the pain.

The shipmates came panting up. "You dog!" shouted King of the Islands, his eyes blazing; and he struck Dandy Peter full in the face.

The Lukoo skipper crashed down on the coast.

Ken leaped on board the ketch, Jacky upon rascal in alarm and fled from the white man's furious yell, leaping to the wharf and being for the cutter like a frightened rabbit. Dandy Peter staggered to his feet, staggering with fury. Kit Hudson drove his church key into the Lukoo skipper's face, and he went crashing down again, and Hudson followed his comrade on the ketch.

They hurried below. On the floor of the cabin, Dandy was stirring and groaning. On the bed on the deck the sick man tossed and turned, babbling of tons of gold, of Spanish ingots.

"We were in time!" panted Hudson.

It was long before the delirious man could be soothed to slumber. But he slept again at last, a deep sleep that gave promise for the morrow. On board the cutter, Dandy Peter bandaged his wounded hand with a fury in his face that drove the Lukoo boys from him in fear and trembling. But his fury was impotent so far as the signature of the Deems were concerned.

The night passed without another sign from Dandy Peter, but Ken knew that so long as Jim Dandy remained on the ketch he would have to be on the alert for further trouble from Parsons.

(Continued with Dandy Peter comes to a head next week in a fine piece of Ken and Kit, entitled "Bars of Gold!") *Thrift's price beginning at 50c!*

SKATING SKILL

The first of this very popular series—explaining how to keep your balance when first you ever take an roller skate—authored by MERRILL ROY dated December 14th. A few back numbers are still available. This in response to very numerous inquiries. *Ridder.*

This Week:—HOW TO DO THE SERPENTINES.

THE Dutch Roll, described last week, will help you a lot to perform this new Serpentine figure. Have you ever seen a good skater travelling forward on one or both feet, with a long, sweeping, regular curve? That is the Serpentine.

You begin by practicing the method in which both feet are kept on the ground. Choose a clear stretch, then take a few soft strokes forward. When you have got sufficient pace, put your skates side by side, and remain equally balanced on both of them for the remainder of the movement.

As soon as your second skate is down, swing your body to the left, and you will thus move on an LRP and RRP, the meaning of which letters was explained in the skating chat in *Merrill's* Day dated December 28th. When you have progressed a yard or so, allow your body to swing back gradually to the right, which will bring your rollers over to an RRP and

LRF, so that you will now be curving to the right. In another moment your body will have swung over now to the LR, and this regular changing will carry you along in a fine serpentine track.

Each time you make a turn the knees should be bent and a sort of upward and forward spring made from the feet—though, of course, the rollers will not leave the ground or be in any way disturbed.

This spring will give you new impetus, so that when the bending of the knees and swaying of the body is properly performed you can continue your serpentine line for as long as you please without losing speed.

Take care that you do not bend of the hips, but let the whole body swing in a straight line from the feet.

The Serpentine can be performed on backward edges, though naturally rather more skill will be required.

When you have mastered the double-foot serpentine line you may begin the single-foot Serpentine, or Change, as it is sometimes called.

This consists simply of a single change of edge, and makes the figure like a large letter S—or a figure 8 performed on one foot. These serpentine are usually written down in a set of four letters.

For example, RPRH, which means right, forward, inside, outside. To perform this you start off on a strong RLF. When you have completed the inside your knee will give the usual spring, and you will swing over to the RPF for the second curve.

There are seven other serpentine, the working out of which will afford you no end of exercise and fun.

Next week: Skating the Turns.