

MOTOR-CYCLE AND 232 OTHER PRIZES AWARDED!

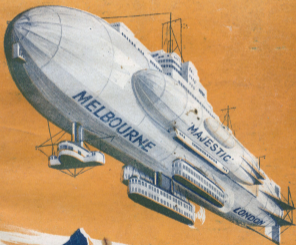
WINNERS' NAMES INSIDE.

The **MODERN BOY**

EVERY MONDAY,
Week Ending January 26th, 1926.

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2^d



THE AIRSHIP OF THE FUTURE? (See pages 8-9.)



By
CHARLES
HAMILTON.

Ordered Off:

KING of the Islands—to give Ken King, the boy skipper and trader, the name by which he was known throughout the South Seas—came on the deck of his boat, Dawn, as the first rays of the sun glimmered on the Pacific and the lagoon of Lallings. At that early hour little was astir.

There was no sign of life in the bungalows along the circling beach. Offices and warehouses were silent and still. A beachcomber sat up in his bed asleep in the sand, yawning, and lay down again. One or two fishing-canoes glided on the lagoon. A sleepy coon yawned on the coral wharf.

On the fore-deck of the Dawn the five Hiva-Oa boys who formed the crew were sleeping on their tape mats. Kit Hudson, Ken's Australian mate and partner, was in his bunk below. Kato-lalalongs, the Kanaka boy—Koko for short—sat on the taffrail, planking occasionally at the strings of his ukulele, and yawning. He jumped up with his usual cheery grin as the boy trader came out of the companion. Ken gave the Kanaka a nod, and turned his eyes upon the little cutter that was moored to the wharf a short distance away. His brows knitted.

"The Sea-Cat's still here," he said. "Feller Cap'n Parsons he stop

along Lallings, sar," said Koko. "Me talker along Lukwe boy belong cutter. Lukwe boy he say feller 'ap'n Parsons he plenty mad, sar."

"Very likely," said Ken. King of the Islands had no doubt that Peter Parsons, of Lukwe, was "plenty mad." He had rather expected to find that the Lukwe cutter had left her moorings during the night. But Dandy Peter, as Parsons was called, was still there.

King of the Islands stood looking thoughtfully at the cutter. He could see the three Lukwe boys who composed the crew sleeping on her deck. Peter Parsons was not to be seen; doubtless he was in the cutter's little cabin.

Dandy, the cocky-boy, came along from the galley with a steaming pannikin of coffee. Ken, as he sat on the rail and sipped his coffee, continued to look at the cutter. The expression on his face was grim. After what had happened in the night, it had seemed probable that Dandy Peter would get out of Lallings without losing time. But there was no limit to the nerve, or the impudence, of the sea-lawyer of Lukwe. He was still there, and apparently intended to remain.

Ken set down the pannikin, stood up, and locked to the revolver in his belt. Then he swung lightly over the rail to the wharf.

" . . . In a cabin aft there was a skeleton sitting at the table, with a rusty sword in his hand, and by his side a chest crisscrossed with bars and bars of yellow gold. . . . A rattling fire-spore of passing Ken King, boy trader in the South Seas, and Dandy Peter, the rascal from Lukwe!

Bars of Gold

"Little white master go along cutter?" asked Koko.

"Ay, ay!"

"Feller Koko he come along little white master," said the Kanaka. "Feller Cap'n Parsons he plenty had feller."

"No need," said Ken, with a smile. "I can look after Peter Parsons if he give trouble."

"Lukwe feller no good feller," answered Koko. "S'pose Cap'n Parsons he sing out, Lukwe boy stinker feller kade along feller white master."

"Come if you like," said Ken, and Kato-lalalongs tucked a capstan bar under his brawny arm and followed the boy trader along the wharf.

Ken stopped on the edge of the coral wharf, looking down into the cutter that floated below. The Lukwe boys were up now, blinking at him and rubbing their eyes. Ken nodded them.

"Feller Cap'n Parsons he stop along cutter?"

"Yes, sar," answered Jacky, the boat-steerer. "Feller cap'n he stop along cabin along sleep."

"Call him!"

"No can, sar," answered Jacky in alarm. "Feller cap'n he plenty mad. S'pose Jacky call um, he mad along Jacky, plenty kill Jacky along rope."

"I'll call him myself, then."

King of the Islands leaped lightly down to the deck of the Sea-Cat. Koko followed him, handing a second later. The mosquito door of the little cabin was closed. King of the Islands kicked it open without ceremony.

(Continued on page 16.)

Bars of Gold!

(Continued from page 11.)

"Peter Parsons!" he shouted.

There was a savage growl from the dark interior. That growl indicated that Peter Parsons was in one of his most savage tempers, all the more savage for being awakened at such an early hour. But the Lukwe skipper's savage temper had no terrors for King of the Islands.

"Show a leg, Parsons!" rapped out Ken.

"Get off my ship, hang you!" came Parsons' snarling voice.

"Are you going to show a leg, or do you want me to come in and row you out?" answered Ken.

There was a sound of movement, and Dandy Peter stepped into view. He was dressed; but his usually neat clothes were rumpled and disordered, showing that he had slept in them. His right hand was thickly bandaged. His handsome, ruddish face was pale, his eyes sunken; Dandy Peter had evidently slept ill.

"Hang you!" he snarled. "What do you want, Ken King? If you're come for trouble, I can handle a gun with my left hand."

"I've come to tell you to clear," Ken answered. "You're at Lallage now, Parsons, not at Lukwe. Last night you made an attack on my ketch—at least, on the sick man I've taken aboard. I got back in time to stop you—and you've got my trade mark on your paw now. You deigned to get the bullet through your head." Ken's eyes gleamed. "You can't play that sort of game here. I give you one hour to get out of the lagoon and leave Lallage."

"You haven't bought this island?" sneered Dandy Peter. "From what I've heard, you're down on your back, and hanging on at Lallage because you can't get a trade cargo."

Ken pointed across the lagoon to the bangalow of Mr. Belnap, the agent of the Pacific Company.

"Belnap will be about in an hour's time," he said. "He's the island magistrate, as you know. If you're

still here in an hour, Peter Parsons, you will be placed under arrest."

"Arrest!" snarled Dandy Peter.

"Just that! There's law on Lallage, if there's none on Lukwe. Yesterday you chased Jim Dumst into the lagoon in his lugger. Last night you made an attempt to kidnap him off my ship. That's the limit. Nobody wants trouble among white men—it's bad for the natives, and bad all round. That's why I'm giving you a chance to up hook and go. Take it while it's offered. Belnap has the power to arrest, you, and he will do it fast enough."

"No—while I can pull a trigger," said Peter, between his teeth.

Ken tried that game last night, and it doesn't seem to have prospered. "All Ken, with a glance at the bandaged hand. "You'd better get it into your head that you're not at Lukwe now. That's all. I give you one hour to go."

A rage that was almost domestic blazed in the eyes of the Lukwe scallywag. But he controlled it.

"You're still got Dumst on your ketch?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Has he told you—"

"He's told me nothing," said Ken. "Yesterday he was delirious, and now he's sleeping. Anyhow, that doesn't concern you."

"Listen to me," said Dandy Peter. "That sailorman, Dumst, has a secret that may be worth thousands—tens of thousands. He went peering in a lugger, and struck an unknown island—"

"But!" interrupted Ken. "The beach is thick with such parsons. If you believe in it, you're a bigger fool than I am."

"I tell you, I got it from the man," said Parsons. "I got it at Lukwe, where he put in after he got back. I tell you, it's square—he may be delirious now, but he was all right when he got to Lukwe. He and the man with him found the wreck of a Spanish galleon—"

"A Spanish galleon—in these seas!" scoffed Ken. "He went off his head with thirst and fainted it. He's a square man—he believes what he says. But it's all dreaming."

"Then—you're not after the treasure?" snarled Dandy Peter, staring at the boy trader.

"Scarcely," answered Ken, laughing.

"Then what's your game?" demanded Parsons. "Why have you taken the man on your ship? Why are you sticking to him?"

"Because he's a sick man that needs help; and to save him from falling into your clutches."

"I suppose you're fast enough!" said Dandy Peter, after a moment's pause. "It's like you—a meddling fool! But I tell you I got enough of the story at Lukwe to know that it's square."

"All the more reason to keep him out of your hands," said Ken. "Not that I believe a word of it. But if you believe it, I can guess what your methods would be like to get at his secret."

"Come into it with me," said Dandy Peter. "You've got the man.

He slipped through my fingers, but you've got him. I'm willing to go equal shares; and the Dawn and the Sea-Cat can sail in company—unless to be stacked with danger, from what I heard from the man. Together"—he lowered his voice, and his eyes gleamed with greed—"together we can get hold of the Spanish treasure. It may make both of us rich for life."

Ken stared at him, amazed.

"There's no treasure?" he replied. "It's the dream of a sick man. But if the fellow had a secret worth thousands, do you think I would join you in robbing him of it? Are you mad?"

"I tell you—" began Parsons.

Ken interrupted him.

"One hour to get out of Lallage," he said curtly. "I warn you that if you don't go while the going's good, you'll regret it. That's all!"

Ken turned back to the wharf.

Dandy Peter stood staring at him, the rage he had barely controlled boiling up in his breast. He made a movement to his belt with his right hand, forgetting that it was wounded and bandaged, and uttered a cry of pain. The next moment his left hand dragged out a knife, and the weapon was raised to throw.

Crash! The captain bar under Koko's arm leaped into his hand as if by magic. It crashed across the Lukwe skipper's shoulders as he was hurrying the knife. The weapon clattered to the deck, and Peter Parsons sprawled over, yelling.

Koko, with a hiss in his eyes, swung up the bar for a second blow. Dandy Peter stared up at him dizzily, helpless to escape the blow that in another moment would have cracked his skull like an egg-shell. In the nick of time, King of the Islands grasped the Kanaka's arm and dragged it aside.

"Easy that, Koko!" he said coolly.

"He plenty had feller!" roared Koko. "Plenty good altogether killy head belong him."

"Get back to the ketch!"

King of the Islands jerked away the captain bar. He gave the sprawling, groaning Lukwe skipper a contemptuous glance.

"One hour!" he said tersely.

With that he went back to the wharf, signing to Koko to precede him. King of the Islands and the Kanaka returned to the ketch.

The hour of grace was more than enough for Peter Parsons. Within fifteen minutes the Lukwe boys were in the boat, towing the cutter across the lagoon towards the passage to the reef.

Dandy Peter, standing on the deck, shook his round fat at the ketch as he went.

"I'm going, King of the Islands!" His voice rang furiously across the widening space of water. "I'm warning, you dog! But you haven't seen the last of me!"

Ken shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. The cutter glided away through the reef, and was

WONDERFUL

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The "Popular Wireless" Constructor's Guide

Everyone interested in Radio should make sure of this wonderful Free Book. Never before has so much practical and up-to-date wireless information been collected and published in one book. It is GIVEN AWAY with this week's

POPULAR WIRELESS

Out on Thursday, January 24th.
Make one of a crew.

Peter Parsons stood up, straining his eyes towards the west. Like a shadow in the moonlight, Jacky was there cowering with a knife at the masting ropes of the hatch down!



swallowed up in the vast spaces of the Pacific.

The Treasure!

THE man lay in the berth on the cabin deck, propped on pillows, his tanned face haggard and drawn. But there was no sign of delirium now. Jim Dant had awakened from a long sleep, refreshing sleep; and he had awakened in his right senses. He was strong and hardy, with muscles of steel; but he had been ill in when he got aboard the *hetch*. What he had been through, the shipmates of the *Down* vaguely knew guessed from his delirious ravings, and they knew that it would have killed a man less sturdy. It was no wonder that he was weak now. The wonder was that he was alive! Weak as he was, he was evidently recovering, and it was a relief to Ken to see him in the clear possession of his senses.

King of the Islands had been busy aboard that day, but when he came back towards sundown he received word that the sick man had been waking for him. He went down to the cabin. Dant's eyes turned on him as he came. And Ken stood at his side and looked down at him with a smile.

"Better, I'm glad to see," he said. "I reckon I've been bad, sir," replied the sailorman. "I don't seem to rightly remember anything after I got on this ship. I do say I've been off my head."

"A little," said Ken. "Talking wild, I do say, sir," said Dant. "It was like that sometimes in the ligger, when the thirer was bad on me. You got my ligger, sir?"

"Tied up alongside." "You're King of the Islands?" asked Dant. And, as Ken nodded, he went on: "I do say you ain't

seen me, but I've seen you sometimes—down at Lalala, and once at Thursday Island. I knowed you was the squarest skipper in the Pacific, from what they say along the beaches, sir. That's why I was glad to see your *hetch* here when I got into the lagoon, with that born chack. Peter Parsons, arter me in his outfit. I knowed I'd be safe with King of the Islands. I was just about spent, sir, when I got in. I'd had more than a week of it on the sea afore I ran into Lakwe. And I had to run from Lakwe to get away from that sea-lawyer, and you swear I wasn't in a state to put me agin. That sea-lawyer in the offing now?"

His face grew anxious. "He's gone," said Ken. "He's been warned off, and he towed out of the lagoon first thing this mornin'."

"That swab's a pirate, sir," said Dant, his face clearing. "I reckon if I'd took him to the island, it's little I'd have seen of the gold arter Peter Parsons clapped his deadlights on to it. A bullet through my shoulder or a walk on a plank would have been my whack!" He fixed his haggard eyes on Ken. "You're different, sir. You're square. I've heard sailorman say you're the whitest man in the Pacific."

"A white man, at least, I hope," replied Ken, smiling.

"I been thinkin', sir, lyin' here to-day," said Dant. "I got to get back to the Black Rock Island. I got to lift that treasure. You're a square man, and you'd give a sailorman fair play. We found it, sir—me and Hennessy, in the ligger. Hennessy's dead!"

Ken's face clouded. He feared for the moment that the man's delirium was returning. But Dant's look was quite calm and collected. "You don't want to think it's just a sailor's yarn, sir," he said earnestly. "We found it—me and Tom Hennessy. We went in the ligger for pearls. We was blown out of our course in a squall, and that's how we sighted the island. The sea-devil in the cave got Hennessy; but that was arter we'd seen the treasure. I got away in the ligger."

"The sea-devil?" repeated Ken. "I reckon it was an octopus!" said Dant, shuddering at the recollection. "That's what it would be—but big—so big as you'd never believe, sir. The eyes of it—the awful eyes of it—was big as dinner-plates!—and the look in them—!" His voice trembled away.

"Don't think of it now," said Ken gravely. "Don't think of it! Spine me the yarn when you're fit!"

"I've got to speak, sir," replied Dant feverishly. "That pirate—"

Bars of Gold!

Fascina—he knows! He'll be hunting my island; and he knows I came from the south-east in the lugger. Suppose he hit on it by luck, same as me and Hennessy did—though goodness knows it was no luck for poor Tom at the finish. There's bars of gold, sir—Spanish ingots by the sack in that wreck; and dead men sitting around 'em they was when they slipped their cable hundreds of years back. A Spanish galleon, sir—what's left of her."

"My dear chap—" murmured

Ken. He hardly knew what to say. The man was in deep earnest, and believed that he had seen what he stated. But that an old-time Spanish galleon could have drifted so far east in ancient days and found a lost resting-place in the Polynesian seas was not improbable for belief to Ken's mind. The whole thing was, more likely, a fantasy inspired by suffering and sorrows.

Duant, reading the expression on the boy trader's face, smiled faintly.

"I know what I'm talking about, sir. I'm only a common sailor-man; but I've read books. I've seen pic-

tures of them old Spanish ships that used to carry the gold from Peru to Spain. There ain't a ship about these days that's anything like it—any thing like the wreck that lies in the middle of that island."

"In the middle of the island?" ejaculated Ken.

"That's it, sir, and I know it sounds hard to believe," said Duant; "but that's where we found her. There's been a shifting of the island since them days—or of the rocks at least—the hasn't bare her o' from the sea now, and you get into the island through the great cave. It's all rocks. Steer down to the sea—not a landing-place all round the island, and no beach; but at high water a vessel of light draught can sail into the big cave, where the sea devil lives."

"We went pearling, me and Hennessy," went on Duant. "We had the lugger, and plenty of food and water, and we reckoned we'd try Monasta, but never got to Monasta. A squall struck us, and we drove before it, and I'd never say for certain how long we was driving. I left us, after days and nights, out o' sight of any land, and all our instruments washed away, and most o' the grub—nothing left but a little biscuit and water. We reckoned we was done—we hadn't a notion where we was, and not even a sextant left. But we knew we was somewhere south-east of these islands, as though how many hundred of miles we couldn't guess. We stood for the star-west as soon as we could get way on the lugger, and chanced it."

He paused.

"Three days after that it was, as we sighted the island—looking like a big black mountain standing up out of the sea, and the Pacific howling round it, dashing on the rocks like thunder, though it wasn't a rough day. We edged in to see if there was any landing, for the water was abber we wasn't thinking of pearling anymore—we'd lost the whole outfit—the squall—but of saving our precious lives."

"There was not an inch of landing to be seen; but when we got closer we sighted the big cave, with the water running in. Hennessy said there be rain pools in the rocks."

"Well, sir, we ran into the cave west an Duant," as big a cave as ever you'd dream of—more like a split in the side of the island. The lugger slipped in, and farther up the cave was a beach of sand, and we made fast to a jag of rock or jumped out, and glad we was, stretch our legs again. Then Hennessy—poor Tom!—he pointed to the cave, and swore he could see daylight ahead—and when we went o' sure enough there it was—that cave was a good bit like a big tunnel leading through the rock, and it was open at the other end; and the light at the other end, sir, when we got there, struck us with wonder."

Kit Hudson had come down to composition. The Australian sat at the edge of the cabin table, without interrupting. Duant gave him glance, and went on:



ALL ABOUT:

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

This week — THE CONTROLS.

IN last week's chat we saw how the captain of the great airship R.101 will want to force his airship down or up by the use of his controls. He will also need to use his controls to move from side to side, as when altering course. Obviously, therefore, he must have controls for both those purposes.

Now, natural stability is given to an airship in just the same way as it is to an aeroplane—by means of a horizontal and a vertical surface. In an aeroplane the horizontal surface is called the tail plane and the vertical the fin, but in an airship they are both called stabilisers or fins.

They are grouped round the tail end of the airship in the form of a cross, and set just as do the feathers of an arrow. Thus, when the airship is proceeding in a straight line, the airstream, or draught, is moving parallel to the surfaces and therefore is equal on each side. If a gust knocks the airship's tail sideways or upwards, the stabilising surface is tilted slightly across the airstream and one side receives a greater pressure than the other.

If its tail is pushed upwards it is the top of the horizontal surface, if downwards it is the bottom, while if pushed to the starboard, it is the starboard side, and if to the port, the port side of the vertical surface which receives the greatest pressure. In any case, this pressure pushes the tail back into position again directly the gust has subsided.

This, however, will not enable the captain to control his ship. In order to do this, flaps are hinged to the ends of the stabilisers. Those attached to the horizontal stabilisers are called elevators. When raised above the level of the fin, the airstream flowing over the top strikes them and forces them and the tail down, thus raising the nose, and the nose is depressed when the flaps are lowered. The flaps on the vertical fin are called rudders and work just like the rudders of a ship, swinging the nose from side to side.

The controls of an airship differ from those of an aeroplane also in their enormous size. The total area of the R.101 control and stabilising surfaces is 2,700 sq. ft.

Obviously this cannot be controlled, as in an aeroplane, by one man. In fact, the control of an airship is very similar to that of an ordinary ship, except that in addition to the man at the helm looking after the rudder there is another man beside him looking after the elevators, while in the same control cabin sits the captain studying his instruments or his charts and giving orders to the men at the rudder and elevator controls and in the engine room.

In addition the captain has in the R.101 another "control" in the form of a compressed air device which will blow the fuel, or water ballast, from any part of the ship to the other. Thus, whether one gasbag is leaking, or all the passengers are assembled in the fore-end of their quarters, the ship can be trimmed to fly level by shifting the ballast.

The control cabin is situated in front of the centre of the underside of the ship, where it sweeps up to the bow, where a good view is obtained. Immediately behind the captain's compartment in the control cabin is the wireless operator's room, and the cabin itself communicates with a walking way, which runs from stem to stern of the craft, leading to the crew's and passengers' quarters and a little cabin in the tail from which the working of the control surfaces can be watched.

Next week — The Airship's Engines.

"The interior of the island, sir, was just one big basin. At one time I reckon it had been a lagoon, but it must ha' dried up. It was a deep, round basin, with high cliffs circling round it shutting it in from the sea; and the tide at the ebb never got high enough to flow in. But there was water there—pools of water. At sight of the water shining in the sun we scrambled down into the hollow and got to it. Wherever there was water there was willow and something growing—palms and papaws, and hibiscus, and a lot of things I hardly know the names of. Little patches of green, with the drifting sand and stones all about. After we'd drunk all we wanted, and soaked ourselves in the water, we reckoned we'd gather all the fruit we could, and take it back to the lagger, and fetch the keg. Well, sir, then it was that Tom Hennessy saw the ship."

"The ship?" repeated Ken.

"Such a ship as our eyes had never clapped on afore, sir, except in pictures. Her masts was gone by the board, and the old hull was half sunk in sand and rotted; but she stood there, slanting on her side, just as I reckon she'd lain hundreds of years. We was wild with astonishment at the sight of her, and clambered on to her—the rotten planks cracking under our feet as we moved. There was drifted sand over part of her, and dead men's bones in the sand, and in a grand cabin aft there

The "heart" of the gigantic British steamer R. 522 (now nearing completion)—the Central Cable, whence all the steamer's movements will be directed—is shown here. See opposite page.

was a skeleton sitting at the table, with a rusty sword in his hand; and in a big chest in the next cabin, sir, there was bars of gold—bars and bars and bars of yellow gold."

Danutt's eyes were gleaming with excitement now.

"Bars and bars of gold, sir," he said. "Bars of it! The gold they used to carry from Mexico and Peru in the old days to the King of Spain. We just stood and stared at it, like we was 'mazed, and 'mazed we was, that's the truth. It was a terrible thing, standing there among those dead men's bones, looking at that wonderful treasure. It seemed like a dream to us, and for a time I wondered if it wasn't sanstrokes."

King of the Islands had little doubt of it; but he made no remark. "We got off the ship at last," went on Danutt. "We agreed we'd get the lagger loaded with coconuts and water, and fetch as many of the gold bars as we could carry, to take away with us, and come back in a bigger ship to lift the rest when we could, keeping the secret, sir, for it's a secret that would set men wild to hear it."

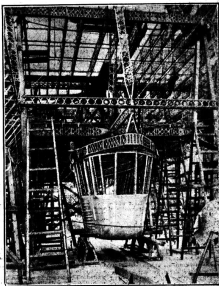
"We was laughing and singing as we went back through the dark cave, never dreaming of danger; and then suddenly something whipped out of the dark, and I heard Hennessy dropping his coconuts and a golden ingot he was carrying, and he yelled

out in a voice I'd never hear before in a voice human. I stood dumb-founded, sir, scared so that the sweat was running down me—and Hennessy yelled to me again to run."

Danutt's voice grew husky, and the perspiration streamed down his face.

"I saw him, sir, for a second, there in the dark—and the eyes of that sea-devil—just for a second, while he was shouting to me to run, and then he vanished from my sight, dragged away into the dark by that monster. I had no weapon—I was scared stiff. I remember grabbing up a rock and rushing after him; but he was gone, and the fearful beast was gone with him—sank under a tidal

"He was a good molemate, was Tom, sir. His last words was to shout to me to run. He's left a widow in Sydney, and she's going to have his share, if so be I ever have the luck to lift that treasure. I don't know how long I drifted in the lagger afore I pulled myself together; but it was night when I first looked round me and the island wasn't to be seen. After that, reckoning I was south-east of these islands, sir; I steered a course north-west by the stars. I reckoned I'd hit Lukwe, and if I missed Lukwe I'd be sure to bring up at Lallings on the same tack. Days and nights—days and nights—hunger and thirst. But I made Lukwe."



[R.A.P. Official. Cross copyright reserved.]

pool in the cave. The thing might have had me, too, sir, if it had wanted, for I stood there a long time, quite off my head, shouting to Hennessy, though I knowed that he was dead."

"When I come to myself a little, I ran down the cave, jumped into the lagger, and shoved out to sea—like a madman I was, sick with what I'd seen, and not for all the gold in the galleon, just then, would I have stayed another minute on that island. I got the lagger before the wind, and just lay down in the bottom of the boat and tried not to think."

He broke off, shuddering.

He sank back exhausted.

"Water!" he muttered.

Ken placed a panikin to his lips. "Rest now," he said. "When you've rested we'll talk about it."

Danutt nodded, and his eyes closed. The recital of the horrors through which he had passed had exhausted him. That he wished to engage King of the Islands in a search for the Spanish treasure was clear; but his strength was spent, and he was sleeping when Ken and Ken went softly up the companion.

On the deck the shipmates looked at one another.

"What do you think of the yarn, Kit?" asked King of the Islands.

Bars of Gold!

"Rusticate," answered Hudson.
 "I reckon so."
 "Only," added the Australian,
 "Peter Parsons believes in it—his
 proved that. That beats me."

Ken nodded. He, too, was per-
 plexed by the evident belief of the
 cool, hard-headed sea-lawyer in that
 strange, wild tale of the Pacific.

The Clutch of Dandy Peter!

KAI-O-LALULALONGA glanced
 across the stretch of the lagoon
 from the coral wharf to the
 Pacific Company's quay. Night lay
 on land and sea and clusters of bril-
 liant stars, in the deep blue sky, were
 reflected in the shimmering surface of
 the lagoon as in a mirror.

Back of the Pacific Company's quay
 stood the bungalow of Mr. Bainsop,
 the Pacific Company's agent, and
 that building was brilliant with
 lights. Every window gleamed into
 the night; the gardens were lighted
 with fairy lamps; across the beach
 and the lagoon came the strains of
 merry music. There was a dance that
 night at the Pacific Com-
 pany's headquarters, and all
 white Lallage was there, and
 among the guests were King
 of the Islands and Kik
 Hudson.

Koko had remained in
 charge of the sick man on
 the beach; the Hiva-Oa crew
 having shore leave. He had
 left the sick sailorman fast
 asleep in his berth below and
 come on deck to enjoy the fresh air and
 the brilliant starlight and listen to
 the strains of the violins from Mr.
 Bainsop's bungalow in the distance.

On the beach there was a native
 dance, and among the gliding figures
 of the brown-skinned Lallage folk
 were the Hiva-Oa boys of the Dawn.
 They were enjoying themselves that
 starry evening as well as their white
 masters.

Moored to the wharf, in a low-
 stiding place like Lallage, there was
 no special need for a watchman to
 remain on the berth now that Peter
 Parsons had called away. But as
 soon as Dandy was sleeping soundly
 Koko had crept to the deck, dis-
 liking the close confinement of small
 spaces, like all his race.

From the deck he watched the
 dancing natives on the beach and
 listened to the music from the Pacific
 Company bungalow until he yawned
 and rubbed his eyes. At last he laid
 a tarp mat on the deck close by the
 companion hatch and stretched his
 brawny limbs to rest upon it. There
 he would hear if Dandy awakened
 and called; there, he would not fail
 to start up if any unwatched foot
 trod the deck. There was no need
 to keep awake.

A minute after he had laid down
 Kai-lalulalonga was fast asleep.

A native leaped along the wharf
 in the starlight, making no sound
 with his bare feet on the coral. He
 stopped by one of the bellards and
 stood staring upon the vessel. The
 tide was in, and the hatch floated

with her deck almost level with the
 wharf. For long minutes the brown
 man stood there watching, and then
 he glided away as silently as he had
 come and stopped again in the
 shadow of a stack of packing-cases.

"Well?" sneaked a soft, silky voice.
 Dandy Peter, of Lukwe, fixed his
 eyes questioningly on the brown face.
 He was completely hidden in the
 shadow of the cases.

"You feller Jacky, what you see,
 eye belong you?"

"Feller Koko he stop along berth,
 see," the Lukwe boy grinned.

"Alone?"

"Eye belong me no see other
 feller," answered the Lukwe boy.

Parsons stood some moments in
 thought. Under the edge of the
 wharf, deep in shadow, lay a boat,
 with two Lukwe boys in it—the
 boat that had brought Peter Parsons
 ashore under cover of night. The sea-
 lawyer had sailed that morning, at
 Ken's order; but though he dared
 not let his cutter be seen in the
 lagoon again, he had returned.

Fortune seemed to be smiling on
 Dandy Peter, even in one respect.
 Had one of the Hiva-Oa boys been

Talito handed him the end
 coil of strong rope. The sea-lawyer
 proceeded to make it fast; there was
 no sound, or hardly a sound, as
 he moved, and all the time he shrewd
 glances oft and Koko should wait
 the mat stretched by the com-
 panion hatch. But there was nothing to
 disturb Koko, and he slept on.

Parsons, breathing hard, stepped
 the rail again and swung his
 down to the boat. Without a sound
 it pushed away from the berth,
 rope uncoiling in Kiki's hands as
 went.

Peter Parsons stood up, stead-
 ing his eyes through the dimness of
 starlight towards the wharf.

Like a shadow in the moonlight,
 Jacky was there sailing with a boat
 that had an edge like a razor,
 the mooring-rope of the Dawn.

A flash in the starlight. It
 Jacky waving the knife as a sign
 that his work was done.

The boat glided into the wharf,
 the Lukwe boy stopped in.

Unmolested now, the hatch shut
 the nearest trifle as the tide lapped
 softly against her sides.

Dandy Peter, cool as he was, with
 a nerve of iron, felt his heart
 beating fast as he climbed
 over the stern of the boat
 again.

All had gone well so far.
 But if Koko awakened, or a
 rapid shot would alert the
 situation then. And a shot
 would ring across Lallage
 the still night. Even if a
 shot laid Koko dead on the
 berth it might mean discovery, or
 if he was only wounded—if he
 missed—that was failure—and a
 penalty of failure. Well he knew
 Kai-lalulalonga would fight like
 a tiger in defence of his master's ship.
 But the slight motion of the boat
 had not awakened Koko.

The boat glided out into the
 lagoon. The rope stretched from
 the boat to the bows of the boat
 moored and the bows swung close
 away from the wharf.

In the boat the three Lukwe boys
 strained at the oars. Towing the
 hatch was a heavy task for the
 men, brawny as they were.

But the Dawn moved through
 water, and Dandy Peter, standing
 her helm, with his damaged hand
 the wheel, had the other close to
 revolver in his belt.

From where he stood now he could
 see the mighty form of Kai-
 stretched in slumber on the mat,
 the companion. The Kanaka
 slept. The easy, gliding motion
 the hatch was not likely to awaken
 him, nor the accustomed sound
 came on the lagoon.

The lights on shore grew dim
 in the distance, and the strains
 music died away into silence as
 the hatch glided on, farther and farther
 across the lagoon, towards the town.

It was close to the reef now,
 lights of Lallage but a glimmer in
 distance across the wide stretch
 the lagoon.

From the cabin below came a sound
 —the sound of a sick man awak-
 ing.

(Continued on page 25.)



A CHEAP STAND-BY CRYSTAL SET.
 The receiver completed for mounting the
 same and accessories at the same price
 as the set described on the opposite page.

left in charge of the berth all would
 have been plain sailing; but he feared
 Koko—his watchfulness, his mighty
 strength, his devotion to King of the
 Islands.

At last he muttered a few words
 to the Kanaka and crossed the wharf
 swiftly to the boat, where two men
 waited. He stepped in and the boat
 pushed softly and silently along to
 the berth. Jacky, still on the wharf,
 moved in the same direction.

The boat stopped under the bow
 of the berth. Kiki held on to the
 hatch, while the sea-lawyer stepped
 on the gunwale and Talito helped him
 up. Peter Parsons grasped the rail,
 drew himself higher and looked over.

He could not see Koko, who was
 aft; but all was silent and still,
 and he had no doubt of the correct-
 ness of Jacky's report. Like a cat he
 climbed silently over the rail.

"THE TITAN THREE"
*The Radio Set You Cannot
 Do Without.*

Bars of Gold!

(Continued from page 20.)

and turning unexpectly in his berth. In the stillness there was a muttering voice:

"Bars of gold! Bars of gold!"
Then silence. Jim Deant slept again.

Dandy Peter grinned. But the grin died off his face as he saw that Koko was stirring. The sound, slight as it was, had reached the Kanaka in his sleep. Koko-labalabanga stirred, moved, stretched his brawny limbs, and sat up on the榻 mat. The sea-lawyer of Lukwe threw a loop over the wheel and grasped his revolver.

Koko's Last Fight.

"FELLER dream he step along me!" gasped Koko. For the moment Koko-labalabanga could not believe his eyes as he opened them and glanced round in the light of the stars.

air and crashed down on the deck a dozen feet away. The dapper little dandy of Lukwe was swept off the deck in the Kanaka's grasp, his brain whirling as he swept. But Dandy Peter, though in awe and strength he was an infant to the powerful Kanaka, was wily and active as a cat, and he gave grasp for grasp.

The Kanaka's powerful hand gripped Dandy Peter's throat, and the sea-lawyer screamed to the Lukwe boys.

"You feller Jocky—Kiki—Taithe—you come along ketch—you—" His choked voice broke off in an agonised gasp.

The three Lukwe boys came scrambling on board. Three pairs of hands grasped Koko-labalabanga, and he was torn by main force away from the gasping, throttled sea-lawyer.

"You feller Lukwe swear!" roared Koko-labalabanga, and he turned on the boat's crew like an enraged lion. Locked in a struggling bundle, they roared and rolled and tumbled, with peating cries and ejaculations.

The Kanaka's head disappeared.

Peter Parsons jammed the empty revolver into his belt. He had little doubt that the Kanaka was dead—that if he had escaped that shower of bullets, the sharks in the lagoon would account for him. He gave Koko no further thought, but stood holding on to the rail, weak and sick from his desperate struggle, and staring away towards the lights of Lalage. If the firing had given the alarm—! But the whole width of the wide lagoon lay between him and those distant, glimmering lights. He was safe, though his escape had been narrow enough.

"You feller boy go along boat!" he rapped out harshly. "You wasy wasy along reef, plenty too much detabish quick!"
"Yes, sir!"

The peating Lukwe boys jumped down into the boat and sat to the oars. The tow-rope tautened again, and the ketch moved through the starlit water.

The ketch glided slowly but surely

SKATING SKILL

This week:—SKATING THE TURNS.

THE word turn has a very special meaning in skating—nothing whatever to do with turning to right or left. Think what often happens when you are taking a long slide across a piece of ice. You start off squarely, and keep a straight line all right, but half-way along you somehow twist right round and finish up, although you are still travelling in the same direction, with your face toward the starting-point—on a backward edge, so to speak. Well, when that happens, you have simply performed a "turn."

Let us see how it works out on the rollers. Suppose you start off with a strong forward edge on your right foot. When you have travelled some distance you will lean your weight slightly forward so that it is on the front wheels of the skate, and at the same time you will swing your left shoulder forward so that your body revolves to the right. This will cause your feet also to swing sharply round, and your weight then is changed

back evenly on to the whole length of the skate so that you continue, still in the same general direction, but now on a backward edge of the right foot. The actual turn will have occupied just a fraction of a second.

There is just one other thing to understand about the turn—it can be performed in a good many fashions. For dependent on the edges which precede and follow it. For instance, you can have: OF to IB; OF to OS; IF to IS; IF to OB, all of which symbols have been explained in a previous article in this series. When you come to reckon up all the possibilities suggested by these facts, you will find that each type can be performed in four ways. Thus the four varieties of the second style are IF to IB; IB to IF; OF to OB; OB to OF.

But first of all master the easiest, beginning on ROF. Throughout the entire movement you must be looking in the direction in which you are going. Immediately the left shoulder has swung round for the turn it must be swung back again, and your head twisted round over it for the RIB. Do not lean too far to the left during this latter part, or your backward edge will not be as long as it should be. In all turns make the halves of equal length.

As you practise these turns you will come to understand what a tremendous lot the would-be expert skater has to learn. Half the fun of fancy skating comes from the fact that you are tackling a really big thing.

Next week:—Head-in-Head Skating.

The ketch was no longer at the wharf; the houses and lights of Lalage were not to be seen. The ketch was out in the lagoon, gliding down to the reef passage at the end of a tow-rope, and at the wheel stood Dandy Peter, a revolver in his hand.

But that was only for a moment. Then he knew that it was not a "feller dream" that "stopped along" him. He sprang to his feet, wonder changing to rage in his face.

Hang! Dandy Peter's revolver roared out at the same moment.

The bullet ploughed through Koko's thick, dark hair, cutting a strip of skin from his scalp, inches from where the ruthless sea-lawyer had intended to plant it. Dandy Peter could use a pistol with his left hand, but it lacked the deadly accuracy of his right.

Before the Lukwe skipper could pull trigger again, Koko was on him with the leap of a tiger.

The revolver went flying in the

The struggling mass of brown humanity rolled into the scuppers. Koko, outnumbered and overwhelmed, was putting up a furious resistance.

The three Lukwe boys were making desperate efforts to fling him over the low rail into the lagoon. For long their efforts failed; but the heavy odds told at last, and Koko, panting, spent, went over the rail, and there was a heavy splash in the water.

Dandy Peter staggered to his feet.

"Feller gun—" he gasped.
Kiki snatched up the fallen revolver and handed it to Parsons. Gripping it in his left hand, the ruffian staggered to the rail, and held on to it with his bandaged hand to steady himself.

A dozen yards from the ketch the dark head of Koko showed over the shining water. Peter Parsons lifted the revolver in his shaking hand and fired again and again. The bullets splashed on the shining lagoon, knocking up sprays of spray.

through the tortuous passage of the reef, and drew into the placid Pacific. Dandy Peter shouted to the boat's crew, and the Lukwe boys came alongside and clambered on board. The mainmast was rashed up, the night breeze off shore killed it, and the ketch glided away.

Dandy Peter shook his fist at the lights of Lalage, sinking into the sea.

"King of the Islands, I've beaten you!" he snarled. "Search the lagoon for your Kanaka—search the Pacific for me, if you like! I've beaten you at last, King of the Islands!"

(Has Peter Parsons beaten King of the Islands? Kim's not the fellow to take a blow lying down—All back and all border then the other chap is his motto, so he proves in next week's exciting page entitled, "The Luck of Dandy Peter!" Don't forget your copy is safe only if you order it in advance. Do it NOW!)