

FULL THROTTLE!

**EXCITING COMPLETE STORY OF
MOTOR-CYCLE RACING!**

The **MODERN BOY**

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THE RECORD-BREAKING CABLE SHIP! (See inside.)

The Luck of Dandy Peter!

Urged on by the lure of gold, Dandy Peter of Lullage makes desperate measures to reveal Jim Dams' secret from the King of the Islands step by step, and the result is a vigorous game of adventure in the Tropics—a really stirring story of the east Indian seas!

By

CHARLES HAMILTON.

King of the Islands was heading by one of the hollards on the wharf when Hudson came sailing on. "The rope's been cut," said Ken. "Sawed through with a knife!"



Lost!

KING OF THE ISLANDS, as Ken King was called, stared, rubbed his eyes, and stared again. For a moment or two the boy trader could not believe what his eyes told him.

The Pacific Company's bungalow at Lullage Manor with lights. From every door and window, wide open in the hot night, strains of music floated out over the lagoon. Every man and woman on Lullage was dancing at Mr. Hahnag's, the agent's, bungalow that night.

Ken's shipmate, Kit Hudson, was still dancing, enjoying himself in the thoroughgoing manner of a sailor-man ashore, when Ken strolled out into the veranda to breathe the cool night breeze from the hills.

He leaned on the veranda rail and looked out over the starlit lagoon and the glittering beach. His glance turned along the circling beach towards the coral Dawn wharf where he had left his ketch Dawn moored. It was then that he started and stared unbelievably. The Dawn had been the only vessel moored at the wharf that night. Now the wharf was bare. There was no sign of the Dawn at its mooring-place!

Ken stared in blank amazement. Under the palm-trees by the beach a

native dance was in progress, and among the islanders were the five Hiva-Oa boys who manned the ketch. But Eeko, the Kanaka boy, had been left in charge of the Dawn and of Jim Dams, the sick sailorman, who lay in the cabin.

"My sainted Sam!" ejaculated King of the Islands.

The coral wharf was at a little distance from the Pacific Company's building. But Ken could see it clearly enough in the brilliant tropic

**COMPLETE
IN
THIS ISSUE.**

starlight. The ketch was not there; and when his eyes swept the wide spaces of the lagoon, he could pick up no sign of it. The ketch was gone—and Eeko. Where was Eeko?

That the vessel could have gone adrift was impossible. It had been securely moored to the hollards on the wharf, and Eeko had been there. The night was calm, only a light breeze stirring from the hills. It was gone from the lagoon, and could only

have gone by the passage through the reefs to the open sea.

Ken's teeth shut together hard. The ketch had been seized. Some daring sea-thief had seized it while the shipmates, unsuspecting no danger, had been at the dance at the Pacific Company's bungalow. Ken made a stride towards the veranda steps, and then turned back and hurried into the house.

His ship was gone, and his heart was heavy with fear for Eeko. That the faithful Kanaka-Intuitanga—to give the boy his full name—would not have tamely allowed the ketch to be stolen was quite certain. It was only too likely that the faithful Kanaka had been thrown into the lagoon.

A dance had just ended, and Kit Hudson was leading his partner to a seat in the veranda. Ken met him in the doorway. Hudson glanced up at him, surprised by the look on his shipmate's face.

"Anything up, Ken?"

"The ketch is gone!" muttered King of the Islands.

"What?"

Hudson stared at him.

"It's gone! It's been taken from the wharf. It's no longer in the lagoon. And—and Eeko—"

Ken broke off and hurried away to

the veranda steps. There was no time to be lost.

Hudson hurriedly covered himself to his companion, and followed. Ken was running swiftly along the beach towards the wharf, the sand flying up like spray under his hurrying foot-steps. His face was set, his eyes gleaming like steel. He was leading by one of the bollards on the wharf when Hudson joined him, panting and breathless.

Ken looked up.

"The rope's been cut," he said. "Swim through with a knife."

"She's not been gone long," panted Hudson. "It's not an hour since I saw her from Delany's veranda."

Ken stood on the wharf, staring across the shining lagoon towards the reef. Far away, beyond the coral reef, rolled the wide Pacific, glimmering infinite in the starlight. In the shimmer of stars and sea it seemed to him that he could pick out a glancing sail out on the open sea. But whether it was the ketch he could not tell. He could not be certain that it was a sail at all.

"Who—?" he muttered between his teeth.

Hudson broke in eagerly:

"No need to ask that. Dandy Peter, of Lakoo."

"He left Lalage this morning," muttered Ken. "His cutter never came back into the lagoon."

"But Peter Parsons came back," said Hudson. "Who else would have done this? He was after the million man, Jim Daunt, and he's taken the ketch, too. And—she's got away!"

"I never dreamed—"

"If we had it wouldn't have happened," said Hudson. "We've got to get after him. No time to lose!" He pointed to a boat that lay tied up to the wharf, with mast and lug-sail lying in it. "Jim Daunt's lugger. Daunt came hundreds of miles in that boat, and we can follow Peter Parsons in it. There may be a chance yet."

"Quick!" said Ken. "We may pick up the ketch just outside the reef. There's a ghost of a chance!"

The shipmates lost no time. They jumped into the boat, cast off the mooring-rope and shoved out into the lagoon. Swiftly the mast was stepped and the lug hoisted. The wind off the

hills of Lalage filled the lug-sail, and the boat fairly skimmed across the lagoon.

Hudson steered, while Ken handled the dipping lug with skilled hands. The boat shot like an arrow for the reef passage.

The faces of the shipmates were set and tense. There was a chance—a remote chance—of picking up the ketch outside the reef. But if the thief had already made sail, there was but little chance of running it down in the lugger, swiftly as the boat flew under Ken's skilful handling.

The reef, with the Pacific screaming over it, white in the starlight, was close at hand, when a cry from the lagoon came to the ears of the shipmates.

Ken started and listened. It was a piercing cry from a swimmer in distress. Faintly but clearly it rang across the glimmering waters. If a chance remained of picking up the ketch outside the reef it depended on haste, on not losing a second. But no sailmaker could have passed unheeded that faint, wailing cry from a swimmer almost at the end of his strength.

The lug-sail dropped. King of the Islands stared round over the shining water. Again came the cry. And he picked out a dark head on the water at a distance.

"Ahoy!" shouted King of the Islands.

The lugger almost span in the direction of the floating dark head. A few

yards from the head a fin showed over the water. Ken knew what that meant.

"This way!" he shouted.

He was losing the last chance of seeing his ketch again, and he knew it. But a swimmer in danger from a shark counted first. There was a gleam of white as the shark rushed down on the prey and turned over to bite. But at the same moment the lugger glided by the swimmer, and Ken reached over and grasped a hand that was flung up, and by main strength dragged the man into the boat.

The boat rocked wildly, and it rocked again as the nose of the shark crashed on it, the gleaming teeth clashing with a snap that seized the swimmer by inches as he was dragged in.

But the man was safe now, sprawling panting in the bottom of the boat, dripping with water, gasping for breath.

"Little white master!" he panted.

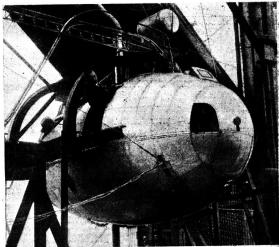
"Koko!" shouted Ken, in surprise.

It was the boy whom he had saved from the shark.

The Only Chance.

DANDY PETER, the sea-lawyer of Lakoo, grinned with glee. The lights of Lalage had faded into the sea behind the stolen ketch. Of Lalage, only the black mass of the hills against the starlit heavens remained in sight astern.

(Continued on the next page.)



One of the seven engines were of the world's wonder-ship, the *MAGI*, which, it is expected, will be flying to India very shortly. The photo shows how engineers will be able to repair the engines during actual flight. The propeller is at the other end of the engine car. (See chart on next page.)

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sinking into shadow. He had succeeded, beyond even his hopes.

The ketch, running before the wind, was having Lallings fast astern. A twang of pain from his bandaged right hand brought a cry to Dandy Peter's lips. But he grinned again with exultation. He had beaten King of the Islands.

The sailorman who knew the secret of the island of gold was in his power at last! King of the Islands could not protect him now. King of the Islands was stranded at Lallings without a ship. Let him perish, if he liked, in a canoe or a boat; his own ketch would show him a clean pair of heels. Dandy Peter chuckled at the thought.

The three Lukew boys handled the sheets, under Dandy Peter's orders. It was a small crew for the ketch, but the sea was calm, the wind fair, and by morning Dandy Peter would be on his own cutter again. The Sea-Cat had been left anchored at Kaka, while the opposition returned to Lallings in his boat. By entering the Lukew skipper would make Kaka, if the wind held; and he would be safe.

Reckless rascal as he was, Dandy Peter had no idea of keeping possession of the ship he had stolen—the Dawn was too well known among the Islands for that. He had no intention of being taken down to Pipi to be hanged as a pirate. Once he

reached the cutter the ketch would be scuttled, sunk to the bottom of the deep Pacific, with nothing remaining to tell of her fate.

King of the Islands might guess who had taken her from Lallings, but he could never prove it. Kaka, the only one who knew, had been flung into the lagoon, and long ago the sharks had accounted for him. The Lukew boys would tell nothing—this was not the first desperate deed in which they had helped their lawless master.

With the ketch running before the wind, his own boat trailing at the end of a tow-rope behind, Dandy Peter left Jacky at the wheel and descended the companion into the cabin. In the light of the swinging lamp he looked at the man who lay on the berth on the lockers.

Jim Daunt was awake now. He lay on his elbow, listening, aware that something was wrong on board, but not knowing what it was. But he knew when the dapper figure of the dandy of Lukew stepped into the light. Every vestige of colour left his haggard face as he stared at **Peter Peters.**

"You?" he stammered.

Dandy Peter grinned mockingly. "Where's King of the Islands?" asked Daunt faintly.

"Oh! You're in your senses now!" grinned Dandy Peter. "You were delirious last time I saw you! King of the Islands? He's ashore at Lallings—having a good time at a loup, I believe. This pack's in my hands, Daunt! Do you hear? I'm

skipper of the Dawn now—and shall be until she goes under the water to-morrow. Heave!

"King of the Islands laughs at your story of a Spanish galleon sunk in the sands. I reckon you wanted him to help you lift the treasure. He won't help you now. I reckon he's left with what he stands up in, and nothing more."

Dandy Peter showed his white teeth in a smile.

"I reckon he'll be looking for job before the mast now—pulling and hauling for his rations."

The prospect of Ken working before the mast seemed to enliven the ruffian, for he laughed loudly.

Daunt watched him, alarm on his haggard face.

"You—you've got me?" he muttered faintly.

"I've got you," grinned Dandy Peter. "You'll be on board my cutter to-morrow, and this hooker will be at the bottom of the Pacific. You'll be setting a course for the island of gold. You've got the bearings?"

The sailorman made no reply. "You'll talk freely enough to-morrow!" said Dandy Peter. "When you're on my cutter, we steer for the island—and you'll set a course."

Daunt shook his head. "You'll change your mind!" grinned the Lukew skipper. "A chain twisted round your neck will make you talk fast enough, I fancy. You're

(Continued on the opposite page.)



ALL ABOUT :

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

This week:—THE ENGINES.

THE R.101, the great new British airship, has seven engines of about 700 h.p. each, of a kind never before used in aircraft. Instead of petrol (at 12 lb. per gallon) they burn crude oil (at 5½ a gallon)—and use less of it. They have no magnets or sparking plugs or carburetors. They are what are called Diesel engines.

In the ordinary aero-engine, as in the car engine, petrol is turned into a vapour by mixing with air in the carburettor, compressed into the cylinder by the piston, and then it "explodes" by the sparking plug with a spark produced by the magnets. Now, one of the main dangers of petrol engines is the inflammability of the fuel. Ninety-nine per cent of the fires in aircraft are caused by the petrol catching alight.

The designers of the R.101 were

determined to eliminate this risk. Therefore, they turned to the Diesel oil-burning engine as a power plant, whose weight per horse-power is now only seven pounds!

These new engines are absolutely fireproof. The type of oil fuel used is such that a blowpipe can be played on the surface without it igniting. A fire can even be started with petrol, and if a can of the oil is poured over it the flames will be extinguished.

This is how the engine operates without a magnet. You know that when air is compressed it generates heat. The Diesel engine is so arranged that an extremely high degree of compression is reached, and the air is as hot as flame.

At the height of this compression the oil is sprayed into the cylinder

by a small pump. As it sprays into the air it immediately burns, generating a gas which forces down the piston. Thus when the piston is at the bottom of its stroke the burnt gas is expelled in the usual way.

Thus there is no necessity for a carburettor or a magnet. Not only that, but in the petrol engine all the petrol vapour ignites almost instantaneously, causing a sudden rise in pressure. In the Diesel engine the oil cannot, however, burn any faster than it is sprayed in, and the spraying is arranged to take place throughout the firing stroke.

In the ordinary petrol engine the pressure rises suddenly and drops steadily till the end of the stroke; but in the Diesel engine it is constant throughout the stroke. This results in much more even running and higher efficiency.

Each engine is of eight cylinders, arranged in a straight line, and housed in an egg-shaped cabin, similar to that in the photograph on page 5. These, owing to their shape, are called power eggs. They are so proportioned that there is plenty of space for the mechanics to work on them during flight, and even to take them to pieces. Each power egg is so arranged that the draught from one propeller does not interfere with the draught from another.

Next week we will describe the novel propellers used in the R.101.

not dealing with a man like King of the Islands now."

Daunt groaned and sank down on his pillows. His face was white as chalk in the lamplight.

Dandy Peter laughed, and left him, returning to the deck. The sailorman looked like a dying man; but there was no compassion in the heart of the seafarer. If Daunt lived long enough to tell his secret, that was all that mattered to Dandy Peter.

On the deck of the hetch Parsons looked back. The hills of Lalingo were a dim blue on the Pacific. No sign of a sail in pursuit was to be seen on the glimmering sea. Thoughts of riches beyond the dreams of avarice were in Dandy Peter's mind; of the treasure that lay on the unknown island—unknown to all but the sick sailorman, who lay on the lockers below—and the thoughts brought a smile to his lips, a glimmer to his eyes.

But his dreams of treasure did not make him any less cautious and clear-headed, and he gave all his attention to the sailing of the hetch, and to snarling at the Lukwe boys, who, worn out by a long night of coercion, would gladly have crept into the shadows to sleep—and would have slept, regardless of the safety of the ship, had their master's eye left them for more than a few moments.

Below, in the cabin, Jim Daunt lay long as Parsons had left him, his face white and dripping, sleep banished now. When he made an effort to move, he sank back on the pillows, white and gasping. But he made another effort, and another; and crawled from the berth on the lockers.

The terrible hardships through which he had passed, and the fever that had followed, had reduced the sailorman's great strength, and he was but a shadow of the man he had been. But a determined will was working on the enfeebled body.

Above him, he heard the padding of bare feet on the deck. The Lukwe boys were busy, and Dandy Peter was not likely to leave the deck, for a time, at least. Daunt, weak as water, but moved by an iron determination, crawled across the cabin floor to the doorway of the little state-room sanctuaries that belonged to Kit Hudson and King of the Islands.

So slow and painful were his movements that ten minutes were consumed in crawling across ten feet of space. But he reached the door of the state-room, pushed it open, and crawled in. His limbs were sinking under him; his brain reeling. For long, long minutes he lay in the

state-room, unable to move farther. But he stirred again at last.

The state-room was partly illuminated by the light from the cabin lamp. Daunt crawled to the bunk, grasped hold, and raised himself from the floor—slowly, with infinite effort. No one was had looked at the sick man would have believed him capable of that effort. But it was to save his life and his treasure; and he drove himself hard.

He was standing by the bunk at last, holding on with convulsive hands, feeling every moment that he must fall from sheer weakness, yet holding on. Presently his hand

Keeping the revolver in his hand, he crawled back to the doorway to the cabin. Again he had to stop and rest; again he would have been at Dandy Peter's mercy had the seafarer descended. But the Lukwe skipper was busy on deck, and the padding of feet overhead continued in the accompaniment of the creaking blocks and the swing of the boom. The sailorman crawled back slowly towards his berth on the lockers, the precious revolver in his hand.

Suddenly darkness fell upon him, and he lay inert, scarcely breathing. He had overtaxed his feeble strength.



For a second Dandy Peter feared that the man was dead, and his eyes glazed with fury.

groped in the shadow over the shell at the head of Ken's bunk.

Somewhere in the state-room, he knew, would be the boy trader's revolver—and that was what he was seeking. He knew that King of the Islands had gone to the dance at the Blinap bungalow, and he could not have taken his gun with him. If it was there—

It was there! The feeble, feverish fingers closed on the butt.

For long minutes Daunt stood leaning on the bunk, breathing hard. He lowered himself to the floor at last—slowly and carefully, lest he should collapse in a fainting heap.

and for a long time he lay still, unconscious of his surroundings. When his eyes opened at last, he gave a wild look round the cabin, and it was some minutes before he remembered and understood.

He reached up to the lockers and made a feeble effort to raise himself. But it was beyond his power, and with a groan he sank back again.

His intention had been to let Dandy Peter find him as he had left him in the berth on the lockers, the revolver hidden by a pillow—till the seafarer came within close reach.

But he could not get back to his berth, and lay helpless on the cabin

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door—helpless, but with strength enough to pull trigger when the time came for a last desperate effort to save himself from his enemy.

How long he lay he could not tell. Once consciousness left him, and he awakened with a feverish light in his sunken eyes. But he was keeping his senses. There was a glimmer of a stronger light than that of the stars on the skylight. Dawn was at hand. A footstep sounded in the companion, and Daunt drew a quick,

blazing breath. The hand that held the revolver slid under him as he lay.

Dandy Peter stepped down into the cabin. Dawn was dawning up over the Pacific; Kufa was in sight. The dawning light showed no sign of pursuit from Lalings. In an hour more Dandy Peter would have reached his cutter, and the ketch would be scuttled. Now he had spared a moment to come down to look at the sick man—not from motives of humanity; that had no part in Dandy Peter's nature. But Daunt's life was precious until the island of gold had been raised.

The sea-lawyer uttered a cry as he saw the sick sailorman lying on the floor by the lockers. He had no doubt that Daunt had pitched out of his berth in some roll of the ketch. He ran to him hurriedly.

Daunt did not stir, and his eyes had closed. For a second Dandy Peter feared that the man was dead, and his eyes blazed with fury. He placed his hand on the sailorman's heart, and was relieved to find it still throbbing.

"You swab!" muttered Parsons. "If you'd slipped your cable—"

Bang! The hand that was hidden beneath the recumbent figure slipped out, the revolver in it.

Dandy Peter, for once in his wary life, was taken utterly by surprise.

With a last exertion, Daunt lifted the revolver. The muzzle almost touched Dandy Peter as he fired.

He would have fired again, but the revolver sagged from his nerveless hand—and it was not needed!

One cry burst from the sea-lawyer, and he rolled away on the cabin floor and lay there, still. And the sailorman, utterly exhausted by his effort, sank back on the floor, senseless, and lay as still as the man he had shot.

Adrift!

KAKO-LALULALONGA lay back in the boat, the water running down his brown limbs, streaks of crimson from under his dark hair oozing upon his face. King of the Islands, heedless even of the fate of his ketch in his anxiety for his faithful follower, bent over him.

From the bottom of his heart he was thankful that, even with the fate of his ship at stake, he had listened to that cry of a swimmer in peril. Had the lagger passed on, his eyes would never again have fallen on Kako-lalulalonga.

"You're wounded, Koko?" he muttered.

Kako-lalulalonga tried to grin his cheery grin.

"Little feller scratch," he said faintly. "Feller Parsons no shoot good along left hand. No kill-dead Koko, sar."

"Parsons!" said Heales. "I know it!"

"Feller ketch he step along Cap'n Parsons, sar," murmured Koko anxiously. "No makeo plenty fight along feller Parsons and Lalwa boy—"

"I'm sure of that, Koko," said Ken; but he signed to the Kanaka to say no more till he recovered a little and examined the gash on Koko's head. He was deeply relieved to find that it was only a graze on the scalp. The gash was still bleeding, and it was the blood, no doubt, that had drawn the shark, from whose jaws Koko had so narrowly escaped, to the spot.

Ken, with gentle hands, bound up the cut with strips torn from his own jacket, the only material at hand. Koko submitted to the ministrations of his white master, but there was impatience in his brows

Ju-Jitsu!

The Japanese Art of Self-Defence

By Professor W. E. GARRUD, *Founder of the British and Dominion Judo League.*

This week—
THE TRUSSED ARM LOCK.

THE easiest way to set about learning this arm lock is to ask your friend to take up his stand in front of you at about an arm's-length distance, to bend his left arm and place his fist just on top of his hip-joint.

Then take a step forward with your right foot, so that your foot comes on the outside of his left foot, and at the same time place your left hand—with the back of your hand uppermost—on the top of his elbow joint so that your fingers hook round the back. That done, place the little finger edge of your right hand (again the back of the hand uppermost) against his wrist. This is the first position.

Now circle your left leg round behind, until it is level with your right foot, and as you do this movement turn your body half-way round to your left, so that you will come facing the same direction as your friend. Then slip your right hand up under his arm and on to the back of his left shoulder, taking care to give a good pull on his elbow with your left hand, so that his arm is bent almost double behind his back.

You next place your right foot down on the inside of his left foot to prevent him from turning round and escaping. Glance at

Look carefully at this photo and you will see the exact position you both should be in when the trussed arm lock is accomplished. The fellow bending down is the victim, of course.

the photo and you will have the exact position. If you press down on his elbow now with your left hand and raise your right arm a little you will be able to hold him quite helpless. Having practised the movements slowly and correctly, you can set about doing them quickly in two moves, as follows:

First move: Step forward with right foot; place left hand on his elbow; place right hand against his wrist. This is really three moves in one.

Second move: Swing your left leg round; pull on his elbow; slip right hand up to his shoulder; step to inside of his foot. These four moves in one should be done simultaneously, as in first move.

This trick can be done when your opponent has his arms at his sides. Do the movements as described, but as quickly as possible, and put more of a jerk on his elbow. It is an arm lock for use from many positions, as when you have your opponent on his face on the ground or if he hits out at you with his left fist. Simply knock his wrist, instantly gripping it with left hand, and then twist his arm round into position with your right hand.

It can also be practised if he grips you by the throat. I have never had occasion to use this lock myself in real earnest, but many of my pupils in the Dominions have found it very useful in defence against a revolver when their assailant has reached for one from his hip pocket!

Next week:—The Wrist-and-Elbow Lock.



face. He was thinking out of the "little feller scotch," but of his master's ship.

"Little white master," broke out the Kanaka at last. "Feller Parsons he take ketch along sea. We follow along feller Parsons."

"Tell me what happened at the wharf."

Koko briefly explained how he had awakened to find the ketch being towed across the lagoon; how Peter Parsons had fired at him as he jumped from his stoppage; and how, after a fierce struggle with the Lakawa boys, he had been flung over the rail.

Ken's face hardened as he listened. He could guess that it was because Handy Peter's right hand was crippled that the bullet had not been planted in the faithful Kanaka's brain.

"He shootee along me, along

lagoon, along left hand belong him," went on Koko. "Me swim along deep water, he no see, eye belong him. He tinker me plenty kill-dead. He take ketch along reef, along sea; me tinker swim along lagoon back along Lallings. Feller shark he comey."

Koko was sitting up now. Severe as his struggle had been, the powerful Kanaka was almost himself again.

"Feller shark he tinker make kai-kai along me!" said Koko, grinning. "Me no tinker ailer none feller shark. Me walk about along water, feller shark he walk about along me, long time."

Ken understood. He could picture the shark circling round the swimming Kanaka, Koko dodging the rushes of the savage brute when it closed in on him, dodging and diving, saving himself again and again

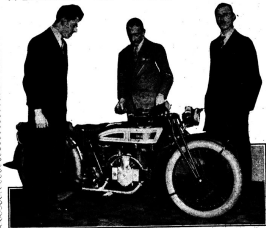
from the clash of the terrible teeth by watchfulness, swiftness, unflinching wariness.

But that fearful contest could only have ended one way had not the bigger come on the scene. Koko had been almost at the end of his resources when he had seen the gliding sail and shrieked for help, unknowing that it was upon the ears of his white master that the cry would fall.

"Spooe feller knife belong me, me kill-dead feller shark plenty quick," said Koko. "Me no 'foid feller shark, spooe feller knife belong hand belong me. Me no savvy little white master ailer boat—me tinker black feller go along reef along fish. Feller King of the Islands he see ketch no stop, eye belong him, he follow fider-ketch?"

"That's it," said Ken. He had (Continued on the next page.)

WINNER OF OUR MOTOR-CYCLE!



A Photograph
of the
Motor-cycle
to be awarded
in the next
**MODERN
BOY**
Contest will
be Published
Next Week!

MASTER GLEGG, of Honolulu, Lanai-ville, who appears above, admiring the splendid Douglas Motor-cycle awarded to him as first prize in our recent "Quintuple" Contest, together with "Smiling" Jim Kumpster (center) and your Editor, at the presentation ceremony in London, has written to **MODERN BOY** as follows. Describing himself as "the fortunate and proud winner," he says:

I was making my way home from an evening chess when I encountered my father, who was out to meet me. His first words were: "I have a telegram here, from London, for you. You know over the motor-cycle in the **MODERN BOY** 'Quintuple' Contest?" "What?" I asked. "Was the winner?" "I was troubled with excitement as I read the lengthy telegram in the light of a shop-window. It was good to read! I read it twice, slowly, carefully, the truth. I could only utter such stammering as, 'Well, no-oh-oh! Was the Douglas?' For quite a time, I had, at first, entertained some hopes of winning the machine, but never dreamed they would materialize. As Douglas motor-cycles, they are all things. Why, it was too good to be true!

My father, an ardent reader of **MODERN BOY**, could not be convinced of my earnest wish to bid good-bye to the telegram, and then he

was rendered speechless with joy, confronted with visions of golden ridges in the near future!

Afterwards arrived, following a day of excited anticipation—the day of the great presentation. I arranged in London, by train and coach, to arrive at the Douglas show-room. I felt very proud as I gripped hands with the Editor and Smiling Jim Kumpster, and then I was introduced to the machine, realizing my wishes.

I felt rather dumb as I realized that this glowing beauty was indeed my machine, which I was about to receive from Jim Kumpster. I soon realized, by the way, that no other motorcycle than that of "Smiling" could have been so admirably featured on this famous district road. After I had received the machine, and the photographs had been taken, I said good-bye to Smiling Jim Kumpster, saying that this would not be our last meeting.

Obviously the reason for my first visit to London will always be fresh in my memory. The splendid Douglas motor-cycle is a wonderful occurrence, and never shall I forget the hospitality extended by **MODERN BOY**!

Your devoted reader,
FRANK GLEGG.

P.S. In my next one or two issues of **MODERN BOY**, I am to be the 12th of last July.

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put the lugger before the wind again as he listened to Kaka's story, and the boat was already entering the passage of the reefs.

"You got feller gun along you, sir?" asked Kaka.

Ken started a little, and shook his head. Hudson whistled. In their haste to pursue the ketch, the ship-masters had stopped for nothing, and in the excitement of the moment they had hardly realized that they were unarmed.

"Suffering snakes!" murmured Hudson. "If we overhauled Dandy Peter, Ken, we shall want a gun!"

"I've no doubt of that," said Ken. But he kept the lugger on its course. "If we'd stopped, Kit, we might as well have given up the idea of getting sight of the ketch at all. As the matter stands, there's little enough chance. If we sight her, we can use our own judgment about tackling Peter Parsons. The first thing is to sight her."

"That's so," agreed Hudson. "We should have done no good by stopping a-hove, that's certain. I wish I had a gun, though!"

The boat started speed in the reef passage. A dipping lug was the last sign that Ken would have chosen for ransacking the reef; but there had been no choice in the matter. Fortunately, he could handle it well. The boat wound and glided through the coral reefs and, clear of them at last, shot out into the open Pacific.

The vast ocean, peaceful and calm, scarce rippling under the lead breeze, lay glimmering in the starlight, silent, immense, before Ken's anxious eyes, as he scanned the sea for a sign of the Dawn.

But there was no sign. The vast ocean lay deserted before his eyes, reflecting the spangled heavens like an immense mirror. Keeping the lugger before the wind, Ken rapped out a question to Kaka.

"How many feller boy along Cay's Parsons?"

"Five fellow boy, sir."

"Three?" said Ken. "That's the whole crew of Parsons' cutter, Kit. He had his boat and the whole crew of his cutter. He never went to Luakwe when he left Lallings. He couldn't have got back here in a boat to-night if he had. Where did he leave the cutter, without a man in her?"

"Kaka," said Hudson at once. "That's the only anchorage near enough. He couldn't have left the cutter adrift at sea."

"That's it," said Ken, the same thought in his mind. "He's got the ketch, and he's got Jim Deant. He will head for where he left his cutter. He would never dare run the ketch to Luakwe. What he's done to-night is piracy on the high seas; and even that crew at Luakwe would never stand by him in that. He will never dare keep possession of the ketch."

"Hardly," agreed Hudson.

"Put yourself in his place," said Ken, thinking hard. "He dare not

keep a stolen ship. He cannot take her to Luakwe. What would he do? Run across to Kufa, if he's left his cutter there, take Deant on the cutter, and sink the ketch to cover up his piracy. What?"

"I reckon so."

It was not difficult to follow the plan of the sea-lawyer, for there was little else that Dandy Peter could possibly have done in the circumstances. Only as Kufa could he have left his cutter, and it was practically certain that he did not intend to call the seas in a stolen ship, a ship known to every trader in the Pacific as King of the Islands.

"The wind is fair for Kufa," said Ken.

The lugger was fairly racing over the water now.

"Fair for him, too," said Hudson. "And I reckon the ketch sails three fathoms to our one, fast as this heat moves."

"There's a chance still. He may lose-time at Kufa. He has to get the cutter out of her anchorage and transfer his prisoners. We may pick him up in sight of Kufa; perhaps overhaul him there."

It was the slimmest of chances, and the commando both knew it. But it was all there was. The slimmest of chances was better than nothing. Through the remainder of the night the lugger raced on, three pairs of eyes watching the sea. The dawn flushed up at last over the Pacific, the swift dawn of the tropics, and the night vanished like a curtain that is drawn.

Over the eastern horizon the golden ball of the sun leaped into sight, and it was day. The lugger raced on under brightening sunshines.

There was a yell from Kaka.

"Feller ketch he stop along sea," he cried pointing far in the distance to the east to something glimmering on the billowing sea in the sunlight.

"Feller ketch," said Kaka-lalalanga again, positively.

The Kaka's eyes were keen as those of an albatross.

"My sainted Pan! I think—"

The lug-nail dipped, and the boat changed her course to head for the distant patch that glimmered on the blue waters.

Very soon it was plainly seen that it was a sail. Very soon afterwards King of the Islands knew his ketch. It was the graceful Dawn that floated there in the light of the morning sun. The lugger drove towards her through rippling water, leaving a long white wake behind.

Ken's face grew more and more puzzled as he ran down towards the ketch. Swift as the lugger was, the ketch could have outstripped her with ease. But she was not seeking to do so.

Had Dandy Peter sighted the pursuit, and was he waiting for the lugger to overhaul him? Out on the open sea, out of sight of land save for Kufa, showing like a purple haze to the east, did the sea-lawyer seek to draw his enemies under his fire and finish the struggle there and then, revolver in hand?

It seemed unlikely enough. Dandy

Peter could not know that the ship-masters were unarmed; and armed they would have been much more than a match for him, even within range. With his right hand crippled, his pistol of uncertain use in his left, Dandy Peter could not be seeking a fight against odds. Yet the ketch was not running!

Ken, with a millerman's eye, could see that there was something wrong with the ketch. Dandy Peter, accordingly as he was, was a good seaman, and no ship under the command of a good seaman ever behaved as the ketch was behaving now. She yawed and veered, as if left to her own devices. And as he drew nearer, Ken could discern that there was no man at the wheel.

The ketch wallowed in the sea, and then, as the mainmast filled with the breeze, she shot away like an arrow, only to yaw again, the boom thundering back across the deck, and the ketch's listing way and wallowing.

It was useless to puzzle. The mystery of it beat him. Dandy Peter had run the ketch out to sea and left her to drift. For a moment Ken fancied that the sea-lawyer had taken the prisoner in the boat and deserted the ketch, leaving her to drift whither she would, though he could not understand Dandy Peter leaving her adrift. But as he scanned her he could see that the whaleboat was still at the davits and the sea-lawyer's own boat towing astern. Parsons was still aboard.

Whatever might be the explanation of the strange mystery, one thing was certain—the ketch was drifting at the mercy of wind and wave, and to run her down in the lugger was the easiest of tasks.

Hudson wrinkled his brows as he gazed at the drifting ketch. Kaka-lalalanga stared at her open-mouthed with astonishment.

"No savvy this feller thing," said Kaka.

"Something's happened," said King of the Islands. His eyes were glancing. "She's sure, Kit!"

"Can it be a trick to draw us within range?" said Hudson. "If it isn't that it beats me hollow."

"If it is we're taking the chance," said Ken grimly. "The three of us will handle Dandy Peter, gun and all. But it's not that. He can't know we're unarmed. Something's happened. Goodness knows what."

The ketch's sails filled again, and she glided through the water, swift and graceful, for a few minutes, only to fall away again with chattering boom. It was clear that she was under no control, amazing as it was. The lugger drew closer and closer, every eye wary and watchful for a shot from the ketch. But no shot came.

Something, it was clear, had happened to Dandy Peter; something that had caused him to abandon command of the stolen ketch, leaving her to drift. But for that she would have been at Kufa before this, for it was evident that Dandy Peter had stored for Kufa.

The lugger was close to her, when the canvas filled again and the ketch shot away. But in a few minutes the

sails were flapping jolly, and King of the Islands ran daintily alongside, dipped the lug, and caught the low tail rail. The next moment he had swung himself on board.

Ken's Gratitudes.

KING OF THE ISLANDS landed on the deck of the ketch and stared about him. He grasped a boat-hook in his hand, the only weapon the lugger afforded. But no weapon seemed to be needed. Not a hand was raised as he leaped on board at ship.

Hudson followed him fast, and Koko stayed only to tie the lugger's painter to the rail. Then he ran aft to the wheel.

"What—" began King of the Islands.

He sighted the Lukwe crew now. Jacky, Kiki, and Taito were stretched on their sleeping-mats on the deck, fast asleep. They did not stir as the key trader and his companions boarded the ketch. King of the Islands stared at them blankly.

No doubt the Lukwe boys, who had been pulling and hauling all night, were sorely fatigued and glad to sleep, and, with the usual lumpy-gummy nature of the Kanakas, they had cheerfully left the ketch to his own devices while they slept. That alone proved that they were no longer under a white man's control.

But where was Peter Paramee?

"Have you checked him over-board?" muttered the perplexed Hudson.

"Looks like it! Danut may be able to tell us—"

Ken descended the companion. He went warily, lest it should, after all, be some kind of trickery—lest there should be a desperate man, revolver in hand, waiting for him in the cabin. But there was no movement below. The cabin lanes were still burning, though it had long been broad daylight.

King of the Islands, as he stepped into the main cabin, uttered a sharp exclamation. Two still figures lay extended on the floor. One of them stirred and opened wild eyes as the key trader appeared; the other—Peter Paramee—lay, without motion, in a pool of crimson on the planks. Ken stopped dead, his startled eyes riveted upon them. The revolver still grasped in Jim Danut's feeble hand told him what must have happened.

"Stand back, you lubber!" came in a muttering croak from the sick man. "You fellow boy, you step along deck!" He made a feeble effort to lift the revolver, and failed.

"Danut!" exclaimed Ken. "Don't you know me? I'm King of the Islands, shipmate!"

The half-conscious sailorman had evidently taken him for one of the Lukwe crew. Ken stepped to him and picked up the revolver. The sailorman knew his new

"King of the Islands," he muttered, "I—I reckon I get that awah! He won't lift the gold of the Spanish galleon now. He was going to scuttle

this packet—" His voice died away and his eyes closed as his senses left him.

"Lead a hand here, Kik!"

Unhooking the sea-lawyer for the moment, King of the Islands and Hudson lifted the sailorman to his berth.

"What on earth has happened here?" muttered Hudson.

"He must have crawled into the state-room and got hold of the gun," said Ken, in a low voice. "I'd never have dreamed he could have done it, in his state. But he did, and—"

"And saved the ship for us," said Hudson. "So that's why the ketch was adrift." He looked down at Dandy Peter. "We hadn't a chance in a thousand of running her down this side of Kufa, Ken. But for Danut, she would have been scuttled before this, and Dandy Peter away in his cutter."

There was little doubt of it, and Ken realized how much he owed to

the sailorman. He had saved Jim Danut from the Lukwe sea-lawyer, and the sailorman had more than repaid the debt. But for him, there could be scarcely a doubt, the waves of the Pacific would already have closed over the Dawn. That thought robbed the key trader of any companion he might have felt for the sea-lawyer.

Ken bent over Dandy Peter, and felt some relief to find that the man was not dead. He had been shot through the chest, and the wound was a terrible one. Had not help come, he must have bled to death where he lay. Whether recovery was possible, Ken could not tell; and, blood-thirsted as he was, he could care little. But what he could do for the wretch, he did; and Dandy Peter, swathed in bandages, was lifted into one of the bunks in the state-room. Still unconscious, he was left there, and the shipmates returned to the deck.

(Continued on the next page.)

THIS WEEK'S ANNIVERSARY

THE VICTORIA CROSS

Instituted January 29th, 1856.

A NYONE may win the Victoria Cross. It is awarded simply "For Valour." But it is the highest honor that the King can bestow on his subjects, so it is given very sparingly. Up to the end of the Great War there were only 1,122 cases in which the V.C. had been won, and 581 of these were given between 1914 and 1918.

"Conspicuous bravery or devotion to the country in the presence of the enemy," that is what brings the coveted medal, and the stories of the men who have won it make stirring reading. Second-Lieut. McLeod, an eighteen-year-old Canadian pilot, is a good example. He was flying over the German lines with an observer, during the Great War, when suddenly he was attacked by eight huge enemy triplanes.

He might have climbed and made a run for his home lines, but he preferred to take his chance in open fight. He turned on his attackers as they came swooping upon him, and so maneuvered his machine that his observer was able to open fire on each of the enemy planes in turn. In a few moments only five of the triplanes remained in the fight—the others were nose-diving madly to earth! McLeod had been wounded five times

"For Valour!" Two simple words inscribed beneath the lion and crown on the Victoria Cross. What a lot they signify! The intrinsic value of the Cross is little, for it is made only of brass. Its value as a token of bravery is beyond calculation.

in this battle, but he was still ready to take on the rest of the enemy, when suddenly he found his cockpit a mass of roaring flames. A tracer bullet (an incendiary) had set fire to the petrol, and the flames were making short work of his plane.

The young Canadian could no longer stay in the cockpit to manœuvre his machine, so he stepped calmly out on to the lower wing and worked the controls from there.

So cleverly, that the plane side-slipped to earth! Meanwhile, his plucky observer, Lieut. Hammond, was still pumping bullets at the enemy. When the machine finally crashed, Hammond had been wounded six times and was lying helpless in the burning wreckage.

It was then that McLeod did his magnificent deed. Although in agonies from his own wounds he dragged Hammond away from the blaze to a place of safety. All the time he was under machine-gun fire from the German trenches, and an exploding bomb added to his wounds.

For his bravery McLeod was awarded the Victoria Cross, the highest award in the British Empire!

The Luck of Bandy Peter!

The Lukew boys were awake now. They sat on their mats, staring at Koo-Isalings at the wheel, busied with amusement. Obviously they could not begin to guess how he had got there. Koko had a capstan bar at hand; but the Lukew boys were not thinking of attacking him.

Under Dandy Peter's orders, they had thrown him into the lagoon the night before; but without a white man's orders, they had no desire for trouble. They sat on their mats and blinked in stupefied amusement, till King of the Islands came on deck.

"Feller King of the Islands!" stammered Jacky blankly, scrambling to his feet.

Kiki and Talito scrambled up. "You feller boy, you belong me now!" rapped out Koo, tucking the revolver in his belt.

"Yes, sir!" answered Jacky obediently. If he had been disinclined to argue with Koko's capstan bar, he was still less inclined to argue with a white man's revolver.

"What name you go sleep along deck, leave ketch walk about along sea?" demanded King of the Islands.

Jacky made a grimace. "Feller white man shoot Cap'n Parsons along gun," he replied. "Cap'n Parsons he no talk any more mouth belong him. He deader along cabin. Lukew feller he plenty wanted sleep."

"Lukew feller sleeper, along wanted sleep," explained Kiki.

Koo smiled faintly. Dandy Peter had driven his crew hard; but the moment the master's hand and eye were withdrawn, their allegiance had fled away on the spot. Whether their master was dead, or only seriously wounded, they did not know, and did not care; they knew they were tired and wanted sleep, and they had stretched themselves on their mats and slept. That was the way of the Kanaka.

"You belong me now," said Koo. "Spese me sing out, you jump along rope plenty quick, or me knock seven bells out of you. You savvy?"

"Yes, sir!"

"We like belong feller King of the Islands," said Talito. "Feller Cap'n Parsons he plenty had feller. We jump plenty quick along you sing out, sir."

King of the Islands rapped out orders, and the Lukew boys jumped promptly to obey. Whether they liked to belong to King of the Islands might be doubtful; but there was no doubt that they did not want to provoke his wrath. In a very short time the ketch was tacking back to Lallage.

Leaving Hudson on deck—with a gun in his hand to enforce obedience—King of the Islands went below. His heart was light now. The ketch was heading for Lallage, in his own hands once more; but only too well he knew what a narrow escape he had had of losing his ship for ever.

Only that desperate effort of the sick sailorman—an effort of which Ken would never have dreamed him

capable, in the state he was in—had saved the ketch from being scuttled. Ken's heart was full of gratitude, and there was little that Koo would not have done to return.

The sailorman's eyes were open now, and they fixed on Koo as he came into the cabin.

"You saved my ship, Daunt," said King of the Islands.

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered the seaman. "That swab was going to scuttle her, and get after the treasure in his cutter—with me to steer a course. I'd never have set him a course—but a man can't say what he might be under-torture, and that was what he threatened me with. You've dropped him over the side!"

Koo shook his head.

"He is desperately wounded," he said. "But I'm taking him back to Lallage to let him have what chance there may be."

"Davy Jones' locker would be safer for a shark like that!" muttered the seaman.

Ken made no reply to that.

"That swab's a shark all through,"

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(See page 28.)

growled the seaman. "But have your own way, sir, on your own ship."

"The ship that you've saved for me," said Koo, with a smile. "You've made a friend for life, Daunt. If there's anything that I can do for you, you've only got to give it a name."

The man's look became eager.

"You mean that, sir?"

"Every word," said King of the Islands quietly.

"I know you're a man of your word, sir—the whitest man in the Pacific, so they say," muttered Daunt. "I'll take you at your word. You've got your ship back—you're free to sail and lift the treasure of the Spanish galleon."

"The treasure!" repeated Koo. "I know you believe it's only a dream—sunstroke, or the fancy of a man driven wild by thirst," said Daunt; "but I tell you, sir, there's the island, with the wreck of that

old galleon sunk in the sand, and bars of gold—bars and bars of Spanish gold—waiting to be lifted. I can't give you the right bearings of the island, but I reckon we can find it—we can find it if you'll sail."

Ken was silent.

"There's plenty for all," went on the sailorman eagerly. "Four shares—you and your shipmate and me, and one share for Hennessey's widow. That's fair play. You'll sail?"

His eyes were fixed eagerly, almost feverishly, on the boy before him. As Ken hesitated to reply, his face fell.

"You don't believe in the treasure?"

"Believe it or not," said Ken. "I'll sail. I see you too much to refuse. I'll sail, and if the treasure's there, we'll lift it."

"It's there, sir," said the sailorman earnestly. "I saw it with my own eyes—and Tom Hennessey saw it. It's there, sir—and it will make you rich!"

"If it's there, we'll lift it," said King of the Islands.

When he returned to the deck the hills of Lallage were rising from the sea. The ketch ran on towards the coral reef, screaming with foam in the sunlight.

"We're for it, Kit," said King of the Islands, a little grimly.

Hudson glanced at him.

"Daunt saved the ketch for us. I've promised to sail for his treasure island. You're with me?"

"It's up to us," Hudson grinned. "One good turn deserves another," said Ken. "The treasure island is all bunkum, I'm afraid. A man may fancy anything when he's in an open boat at sea, mad with thirst, and believe afterwards it was all true. The man believes every word of it, but—"

"King of the Islands shrugged his shoulders.

"And yet—"

"And yet—what?"

"Dandy Peter believed it. He's no fool. We haven't heard the whole story yet. Feller Parsons is the biggest rascal in the Pacific, but he's no fool, Ken. He knows—or thinks he knows—"

Ken stared at his shipmate.

"Then—you think—"

"I think there may be something in it," said Hudson. "We've had rotten luck for a long time, Ken, and it's time that luck changed. Perhaps this is where it changes."

"Perhaps," said Ken, smiling faintly.

The ketch ran into the lagoon of Lallage. Whether Jim Daunt's story was a fevered dream, or whether the sailorman had seen the wreck of a Spanish galleon of olden time on an unknown island, the matter was settled now for the shipmates of the Dawn.

When the ketch sailed from Lallage again she was to sail in quest of the island of gold—with what result only the future could tell!

(Dream or not, Ken is pledged to sail in search of the Spanish galleon and the treasure—a cruise that leads him into great peril and adventure.)

If you would go a-reading with Ken, make certain of your MODERN BOY by Ordering Your Copy TO-DAY!