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# *The* **MODERN BOY**

EVERY MONDAY.  
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2d

*This*  
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**AEROPLANE**  
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**COMPLETE IN  
THIS ISSUE.**



*With bars galore of Spanish gold yours for the merr taking, then suddenly to find yourself faced by great and unexpected perils—how would YOU act?*

*That is the position in which young Ken King, trading and adventuring in the wild South Seas, is placed in this breezy yarn of the untamed Pacific!*

By

**CHARLES HAMILTON.**

# The Lost Galleon

Seated at a large mahogany table was what had been an officer—perhaps the captain—of the galleon four hundred years ago!

## The Treasure!

"PLENTY dead feller he stop!" muttered Koko. The Kanaka's voice was hushed and awed.

King of the Islands, as Ken King, the boy owner and skipper of the South Seas trading ketch Dawn, is known, stood silent. Even Kit Hudson's exuberant spirits were subdued by the strange surroundings.

Beneath the shipmates' feet was the rotting deck of a wrecked Spanish galleon; once a proud ship of Spain, now rotting away piecemeal, half-buried in the sand, the home of countless birds.

Masts and spars were gone and every fragment of tackle. Great gaps yawned in the huge hull and in the decks. Even as the shipmates stood there, gazing round them, startled birds came scuttling from holes in the deck and fissures in the woodwork of the towering poop.

Round the wreck lay the piled sand and powdered sea shells as far as the circle of basaltic cliffs that shut in the island. Sand had drifted over the wreck and lay piled in the deep, dark interior. The shipmates crunched sand and shells under their feet as they trod. By the stump of the mainmast a grinning skull lay, gleaming in the sunshine. At the foot of the rusty poop ladder were three skeletons, half hidden by drifted sand.

For some moments at least King of the Islands forgot the treasure of which he had come in quest to that island of death and mystery.

Hundreds of years had passed since that proud ship, laden with the spoils of Peru, had run upon some unknown rock in the heart of the lonely Pacific. For four centuries she had lain there, known only to the sea-birds, her treasure untouched beneath her rotting decks.

King of the Islands drew a deep breath.

Jim Daunt, the man he had protected from Dandy Peter Parsons, the ruffianly skipper from Lukwe, had not been romancing—his story had been proved now. The shipmates of the Dawn had found the lost galleon he had told them about. The Spanish treasure was theirs for the taking.

Hudson broke the silence.

"Let's look round her, Ken."

"Ay, ay."

They trod carefully on the rotten deck. Here and there whole planks were gone. All were cracking and decaying. Lizards crawled round them as they moved, and crabs scuttled from decaying crevices.

The bows of the galleon were deep under sand, her stern high. The roundhouse aft was high in the air. Picking their way, with the rotten timbers cracking and creaking under their feet, the shipmates reached the roundhouse. Rusty hinges hung where the door had been and the house was open to sun and wind.

"My sainted Sam!" muttered Ken, as he stared in at the opening.

In the centre of the roundhouse was a large mahogany table. Seated at it was what had been an officer—

perhaps the captain—of the galleon four hundred years ago. The skeleton leaned forward on the table, the arms outstretched, the skull resting on the dark wood. Rings of dull gold and dimmed gems were on the bony fingers, and a rusty sword, the hilt richly encrusted with jewels, was by his side. A silver-mounted pistol, blue with age, lay on the table. Fragments of the gold embroidery of rich clothing hung upon the skeleton.

"The captain, likely enough," said Hudson.

"Too much dead feller he stop along ship," muttered Kaio-lalulalonga—to give Koko his full name—and the Kanaka stayed outside as the shipmates entered the roundhouse.

"Look!" breathed Hudson.

In the sunlight that glinted through a dozen openings of the roundhouse there was a yellow gleam. It was the gleam of gold.

"Bars of gold!" said Hudson, with a deep breath, repeating the words of Jim Daunt. "Bars of gold! Spanish gold!"

"Bars of gold!" repeated Ken.

The shipmates were treading in the footsteps of Jim Daunt and his dead comrade. They were beholding what only Daunt and Hennessey had beheld for long centuries—since the last of the Spanish crew had perished on that lonely island.

A great chest lay open under their eyes. The lid, once strong and massive,

rotted with the years, and it had been broken away by Daunt and his companion. Heaped within the chest were bars of dull yellow gold.

The shipmates gazed at them, fascinated. It was the treasure they had come to seek; the treasure of which Daunt had told them at Lalinge; the treasure for which Dandy Peter of Lukwe was following them through the crackless spaces of the Pacific.

"Gold!" breathed Hudson. He picked up one of the bars. It weighed several pounds, and in the great chest were dozens of them.

Hudson's eyes glinted. "Ken, old man, we're made men! I told you it was time our luck turned!" he cried. "There's a fortune here for all of us—once we get this safe on the Dawn!"

"Plenty of time for that," broke in Ken. "Let's look farther."

Hudson dropped the bar and followed him from the roundhouse.

Overhead, the sea-birds were still wheeling and screaming. Some of them had returned to the galleon and perched, blinking at the shipmates.

The forepart of the wreck it was impossible to examine; it was buried in sand. But the shipmates picked a way down the companion, into the cabin aft. Drifted sand was thick on the rotting floor; and in the sand lay white bones. Hudson picked up a dulled old coin from the sand, and as he rubbed it, it gleamed yellow. It was a Spanish doubloon.

Death and decay surrounded them, and they were glad to return to the fresh air and sunshine of the deck.

"Not a sign of a boat," remarked Hudson. "The boats are gone—there'd be some fragment of them otherwise. I fancy most of the crew got away in the boats after the wreck. I wonder what became of them."

"I wonder!" said Ken. "Three or four hundred years—I suppose Queen Elizabeth was on the throne when this ship was wrecked. Henry the Eighth, perhaps! And ever since it has lain here—"

"For us!" said Hudson. "To be found, by chance, by a couple of pearly blown away in a squall," said Ken. "But for that, it might have stayed here untouched till the end of time. And now we've found it. Let's get back to the ketch, old man. The sooner we get the gold on board and get away the better. We're on the deadliest lee-shore in the Pacific if the weather should change."

They clambered down from the galleon, and, tramping through the deep sand, reached the steep acclivity that led up to a tunnel-like cave piercing the basaltic cliffs. At the opening of the cave they paused. From the deep dark hollows they could hear booming echoes, the sound of the sea beyond. But there was no gleam of daylight from the farther side, where they had left the whaleboat.

Deep in that black cavern lurked the

giant octopus to which Daunt's comrade had fallen a victim, and which Kit Hudson had so narrowly escaped. Hudson lighted the hurricane lamp.

"Keep your weather eye open for the sea-devil, Ken," he said. "We know where the brute is now—in that pool halfway through the cave. A stick of dynamite dropped into the pool will do his business—and you've got the stuff in the boat. We'll deal with him before we get back to the ketch."

"Ay, ay," assented Ken.

Hudson led the way into the cavern, holding up the lamp. King of the Islands

almost to a tunnel. Midway, the daylight was lost at either end.

Past the pool where the giant octopus dwelt the cavern narrowed again. But the fresh wind from the sea was in their faces, and they heard the lapping of the water. A gleam of blue sky came to their eyes, a glimpse of the white foam that splashed incessantly at the mouth of the rocky cavern.

Crash! The hurricane lamp, smashed by a bullet, was hurled from Hudson's hand, and the report of a rifle followed, filling the hollows of the cavern with thundering sound.

King of the Islands and his comrades stood in black darkness, deafened by the roar that rang and echoed from every hollow of the rock.

### Dandy Peter's Chance!

DANDY PETER PARSONS, of Lukwe, lifted himself from the deck-chair. His eyes gleaming as he stared across the sea.

"It's the Dawn!" he muttered. "It's the Dawn! We've run her down—it's King of the Islands' ketch."

The sea-lawyer of Lukwe could scarcely believe in his good luck. There is a proverb that Satan helps his own; and really it seemed to be true in the case of Dandy Peter Parsons.

Far across the blue Pacific the ketch Dawn stood out against the black rock of the basaltic island. Most of her canvas was furled, and she lay almost motionless on the calm waters.

Dandy Peter stared at her, and at the island beyond.

Towering cliffs rose abruptly from the sea, split in one spot by the great cave that rived the basalt almost from sea to summit.

"The island!" grinned Dandy Peter. "Jim Daunt's island! The island of the Spanish galleon and the treasure."

The sea-lawyer's luck had been phenomenal. Weeks had elapsed since the Dawn had sailed for treasure from Lalinge, and Parsons had followed on her course in his cutter.

He had had no chance of keeping sight of the Dawn, and had known that he was taking a desperate and almost hopeless venture. All he knew for certain was that the treasure island was far to the south-east of Lalinge.

But he had hoped to fall in with the Dawn again. Daunt did not possess the exact bearings of the island, and the ketch would, as Parsons knew, have to search the boundless seas for it, losing days, perhaps weeks. And day after day the Sea-Cat searched the lonely seas for a sign of the ketch, and at last had found her.



With a cry, Dandy Peter tried to drag his leg free. But the sinuous thing that held it was creeping higher, gripping tighter as it came!

followed him, and Koko brought up the rear, axe in hand. But when they passed the deep tidal pool in the depths of the cave, there was no sign of the giant octopus. The hideous brute had withdrawn to the depths of the pool, and the dark surface, glistening in the lantern-light, was calm and untroubled.

They trod cautiously past the margin of the pool. Behind them, the narrow orifice of the cave disappeared in darkness, and as yet there was no glimmer of daylight ahead. The cave, which extended from the outer rocky shore to the dried-up sandy basin which formed the interior of the island, was more than a hundred yards in length, and in places it narrowed

## The Lost Galleon!

"Feller ketch belong King of the Islands, sar," said Jacky, his boat-steerer, and Parsons grinned and nodded.

Distant as the little vessel was, he knew every line of her, and he was sure.

With all sail set and drawing, the cutter bore down on the distant ketch, approaching her rapidly.

The Dawn was standing off the island, about a mile from the tall cliffs, and Parsons could guess that some of her company had already landed.

His binoculars showed him that the Dawn's boat was gone. Moreover, the Dawn would not be waiting idly there except for a landing party. As the cutter drew nearer, Parsons could see the stalwart figure of Jim Daunt on the ketch with the Hiva-Oa crew. All were watching the Sea-Cat, and he could see that every man had a rifle in hand, evidently prepared for war. Jim Daunt was apparently in charge of the ketch. He could see no sign of Hudson or King of the Islands on board her.

Parsons breathed deep and hard. During the weeks that the search had taken, he had almost recovered from the wound he had received when he attempted to steal the Dawn with Daunt aboard, and he was ready for any desperate deed.

Though fortune had favoured him in finding the Dawn, the struggle before him was one that might have dismayed anyone but a reckless and desperate adventurer. His crew of three Lukwe boys were no match for the Hiva-Oa crew of the Dawn, and he could hardly believe himself a match for three white men. The odds were heavy on the side of the boy trader if it came to open fight.

But if trickery or treachery could serve the sea-lawyer, it would not come to that, though he was ready, in the last resort, for a desperate fight against heavy odds. At any cost he was determined to lay his hands on the treasure of the Spanish galleon, and prepared to set his life upon the chance.

Jim Daunt, from the ketch, watched the Sea-Cat. Her appearance in that solitary sea could not surprise the sailor-man. He had felt all along that Dandy Peter Parsons was not done with.

At the first sight of her he was on his guard. The Hiva-Oa men stood ready, rifle in hand, and Daunt waited grimly, his Winchester under his arm. If Parsons intended an attack on the ketch, while her skipper and mate were ashore, Daunt was ready, and he had no doubt of the outcome.

As the cutter swept close, it seemed to be the intention of Dandy Peter to run alongside. But the Sea-Cat was still half a mile distant, when she fell away, and raced on towards the island, avoiding the ketch.

Daunt stared after her.

Under all sail, sweeping along like a sea-bird, the cutter rushed towards the mass of basalt, on which the waters of the Pacific broke with an endless booming.

"Feller cutter he run along shore!" said Lompo in wonder; and, indeed, for the moment it seemed as if the Sea-Cat was rushing to destruction.

But Dandy Peter knew what he was about. The little cutter was of much lighter draught than the Dawn, and

It was a terrible chance to take, and there was a jabber of alarm from the Lukwe boys as they comprehended their skipper's intention. Jacky, at the helm, turned scared eyes on the Lukwe skipper.

"We all go dead along rock, sar!" he gasped.

"You shut up mouth belong you!" Dandy Peter snarled at him.

Like a great sea-bird, the cutter rushed on towards the towering cliff. Dandy Peter's face was a little pale, but it was set like iron. He rapped out orders in staccato tones, and the Lukwe boys, scared as they were, obeyed him promptly.

From what he had learned of Daunt's story, Dandy Peter knew that the sea flowed into the great cave, and that Daunt's lugger had floated there. If there was water to float the Sea-Cat, all was well. If not, only a miracle could save him from piling up the Sea-Cat.

It was a desperate chance, but it was the only one left to Dandy Peter, for the ketch was already closing in on him from the seaward. The sea-lawyer was a gambler to the finger-tips; he was gambling now with life and death.

He took the helm himself and steered for the cave. The Lukwe boys jumped to the ropes at his snarling orders.

There was ample room under the great arch of the cavern for the cutter's topmast, and Parsons did not think of striking it. Both gaff and jib topsails were taken in, but the great mainsail continued to draw till the Lukwe boys were trembling with affright, and they threw themselves upon it eagerly when Parsons gave the order at last. Under only her jib, the cutter raced on into the vast opening of the cavern.

The ketch was following now, Daunt staring at the cutter with wide-open eyes. Dandy Peter had no time to take soundings, unless he was to allow the ketch to come within effective shot; and Daunt could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw the Sea-Cat rushing, as it seemed, to her doom. But the cutter seemed to bear a charmed life as she threaded through foaming water and bristling rocks and glided in under the great span of the cavern roof.

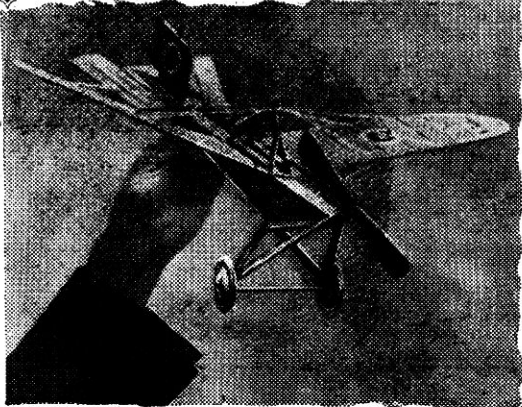
Once more Dandy Peter's luck had held good.

But the sweat was streaming down his face as the cutter floated in the shadowed water under the arch of the cavern. The cable roared out, and the Sea-Cat anchored in the cavern, scarce a couple of fathoms from the edge of the rocky floor.

Dandy Peter wiped his brow. He had taken chances which only an utterly desperate man would have dreamed of taking; but he had made good.

He was safe from the ketch now. Twice the cutter had jarred and trembled over hard rock as she glided into the cave. The ketch, with her deeper

## THE MODERN BOY GIFT AEROPLANE!



*This is an actual photograph of the Free Model Aeroplane, the first part of which will be given away to every purchaser of next Monday's MODERN BOY. The mechanism will be given away with the following issue. Designed by an expert, it not only looks like a real plane but behaves like one! Coloured red and blue, it is made so substantially that with ordinary care it will last indefinitely!*



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could go where King of the Islands' ketch could not go.

To attack the ketch was hopeless. And Parsons knew well that if he hove to and manned his boat to go ashore, a volley from the ketch would be poured into the boat. He had to take desperate chances, and the sea-lawyer was the man to take them.

The Sea-Cat swept on to the island and steered for the opening of the great cave. Dandy Peter intended to run the cutter into it, taking the chance of finding safety there for his ship.



draught, had no chance of getting near her. And she had no boat to send—the boat was already ashore. Dandy Peter, for the present, could snap his fingers at Daunt and the Hiva-Oa boys.

For the present, at least, he was in no danger from the sea. His danger, if any, was from the white men already ashore.

He wiped his streaming brow and stared into the dimness of the cave. At a little distance the Dawn's whaleboat was moored to a point of rock. In the sand of the cavern floor footprints were clearly visible leading away up the cave.

Beyond lay blackness, and the blackness hid everything from the sea-lawyer's eyes. But he grinned as he saw the boat.

The Sea-Cat, like many cutters, towed her boat; there was no room to carry it aboard. Dandy Peter rapped out an order to the Lukwe boys, and the boat was drawn alongside. He jumped into it, and Kiki handed him his rifle, and followed him in. From the boat Parsons stepped into the Dawn's whaleboat, grinning. With the whaleboat in his possession, King of the Islands was cut off from the ketch, and he had succeeded in dividing his enemies into two parties, out of communication with one another.

"Feller light he comey!" said Kiki.

Parsons started and stared up the black cavern.

It was the light of a lamp that was approaching from the blackness.

The sea-lawyer had only just been in time. King of the Islands was returning—the approaching light told as much. He lifted his rifle and took steady aim at the glimmering light far off in the blackness.

Crack! The light was instantly extinguished and deafening echoes filled the cavern with noise.

"You feller boy, cast loose feller boat!" snapped Parsons.

The whaleboat was unmoored and dragged away. Both boats were secured on the seaward side of the cutter. Dandy Peter, on the Sea-Cat's deck, rifle in hand, waited—ready for his foes when they came on out of the darkness of the cave.

#### Face to Face.

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS stood rooted to the sandy floor of the cavern. Round him rolled the deafening echoes of the shot.

The shot had taken the shipmates utterly by surprise. The hurricane lamp lay smashed on the cavern floor, and they stood in total darkness, save for the tiny distant glimmer of light at the

mouth of the cave. In the far distance was that glimmer of sunlight and blue; but where they stood the darkness was so intense that they could not see one another.

"What——" breathed Hudson.

"My sainted Sam! Who fired?" muttered King of the Islands, utterly amazed. Not for an instant had he dreamed that there were foes on the island, except for the giant octopus that lurked deep in the pool.

Hudson groped for the smashed lantern and picked it up. As the booming echoes died away, and silence succeeded, the shipmates listened. Only the distant lapping of the sea came to their ears.

"Feller Parsons he comey along island, sar!" said Koko.

"Dandy Peter!" breathed Hudson.

"But he could never——" King of the Islands broke off. Amazing as it was, it was impossible to doubt that Dandy Peter had tracked the treasure-seekers to the lonely island. No one else could have fired on them.

"But what was Daunt doing, to let them get a boat to the cave?" exclaimed Hudson. "Is he mad—or has he gone to sleep on the ketch?"

"I can't understand it," said Ken. "Daunt was on the watch—he would never let them get a boat ashore——"

(Continued on the next page.)

## OUR RECORD-BREAKING FREE GIFT!

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Given Free to every reader of **MODERN BOY**, this splendid Model Aeroplane constitutes a record in gifts! It is 14 inches long, 18½ inches across the wings, rises off the ground under its own power and flies for 150 feet. Hand-launched it flies for 240 feet! It rises to 30 feet, and then volplanes safely down exactly like a **REAL** machine.

This Model Aeroplane will be given away in two parts—the Plane next week, the Mechanism the week after. Any fellow can assemble the parts in a very short time—no tools required, only a pair of scissors and a ruler. **EVERY COPY OF NEXT MONDAY'S "MODERN BOY" WILL CONTAIN THE FIRST PART. Order YOUR copy to-day. If you miss it you will lose the FINEST FREE GIFT EVER OFFERED!**

## The Lost Galleon!

"But they're there—that shot was fired inside the cave."

"I can't understand it,"

"We've got to get on!" grunted Hudson. "If it's Dandy Peter, or somebody else, we've got to deal with him. Come on!"

"Feller light he no stop," said Kai-lahualonga.

"We don't want a light—to show us up for that scoundrel's rifle! Keep your weather eye open, and come on!"

"Ay, ay; but steady does it!" said Ken quietly. "Follow me!"

Treading cautiously, feeling every inch of the way, King of the Islands moved on slowly towards the distant glimmer of daylight. Hudson, controlling his impatience, followed with Koko. Only that blue glimmer far ahead guided them—once beyond the narrow way the cavern broadened out, its distant sides wrapped in darkness.

The thought of the sea-devil was in their minds as they picked their way slowly onward.

Again and again Ken stopped, and groped at the edge of some crevice or of a tidal pool. But the opening ahead grew wider and clearer: in the distance they saw the foam, the blue sea beyond, the sunlight glinting on the waters, and a glimpse of the distant ketch.

"My sainted Sam!" breathed Ken.

He stared in amazement at the sight of the mast and spars of a cutter outlined against the blue.

"Dandy Peter's Sea-Cat!" ejaculated Hudson.

"The mad fool must have run into the cave," said Ken. "That's why Daunt could not stop him. No one could have been prepared for that. It was a thousand to one that he would pile up the cutter."

"He has Satan's own luck!" growled Hudson.

"Keep close. You can depend upon it that he's watching and that his rifle's ready!" said Ken.

There was no doubt now as to the identity of the enemy. The Sea-Cat was anchored in the cave, her light and graceful lines clear against the blue. Ken and his comrades dropped on hands and knees, keeping in cover of rocks and boulders as they crept on.

They were in twilight now and could see their surroundings. It did not take Ken long to ascertain that the whaleboat was gone. The floor of the cavern ended abruptly a dozen feet from the anchored cutter—that width of water separated them from Dandy Peter, if they made an attack. To swim off to the cutter, under Dandy Peter's rifle, was impossible, and the comrades came to a halt at a little distance from the water.

No man was to be seen on the cutter. Dandy Peter and his Lukwe crew were

lying down in cover of the low rail, but it was certain that they were watching.

"Satan's own luck!" repeated Hudson savagely. "Twenty chances to one against the scoundrel getting here at all—a hundred to one against his getting the cutter into the cave without piling her up. But he's done it—and he's got us cornered!"

"He can't touch the ketch," said Ken. "There's six men aboard—on their guard. The Dawn's safe."

"Thank goodness for that, at least! But he's got our boat, and we're marooned on the island. We've got the treasure," added Hudson grimly, "and Dandy Peter's got us!"

The murmur of their voices in the deep silence seemed to reach to the cutter, for a hail came from Peter Parsons.

"Ahoy, King of the Islands!"

"Ahoy, you swab!" called back Ken. A light laugh from Dandy Peter floated on the wind from the sea.

"I've got you fixed, King of the Islands! You're not done with Peter Parsons yet!"

Bang! Kit Hudson fired on the cutter, and the bullet smashed splinters from her polished deck.

"You can burn all the powder you like!" jeered Parsons. "Come out into the light, and I'll burn powder, too!"

(Continued on page 10.)

### This Week's Anniversary.

## PANCAKE DAY.

FEBRUARY 12th.

**A** MOULDY, dried-up fragment of ancient pastry kept under a glass case in a drawing-room—it seems a queer trophy, yet that is the treasured possession of at least one man. He won it in the annual Shrove Tuesday

"Pancake Greeze" at Westminster School, so no wonder he values the relic!

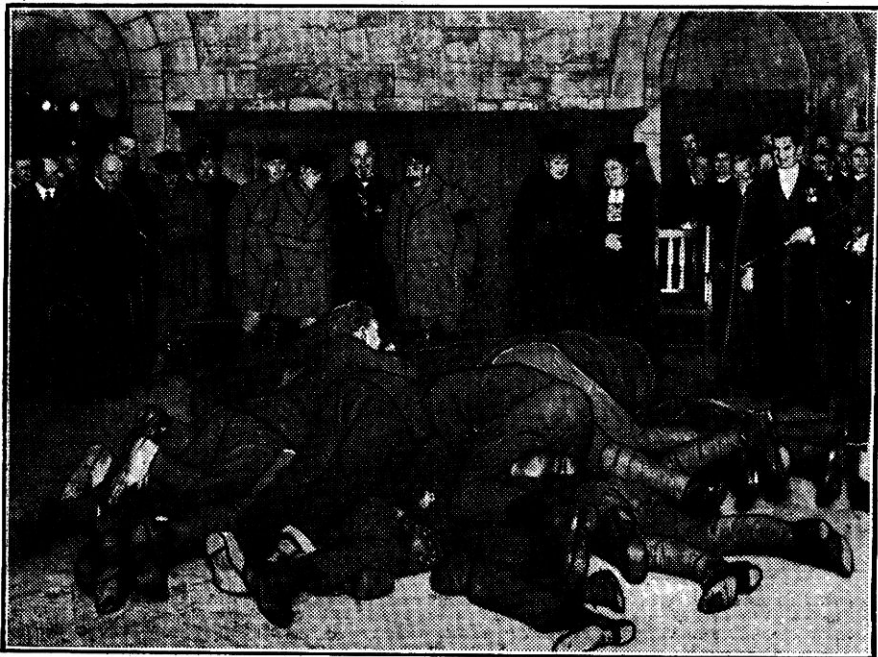
The "greaze" (the word simply means crowd or mob) is a scramble for the largest piece of a pancake that is thrown over a bar in "Up School," as the Westminsters call their big school-room.

The fellows who take part in the scramble are specially chosen representatives of each Form, and the winner—the fellow who secures the largest portion—keeps his piece of the pancake and is presented with a guinea as well. He

deserves the money prize, too, for by the time everyone has had a fight for the pancake there is very little left of it!

Another Shrove Tuesday celebration is the public skipping at Scarborough. No one knows how the custom started, but now, every year on that day, hundreds of people flock to the seashore there and skip until they are worn out!

The greatest of all the Pancake Day sports is the "Uppies and Downies" football at Ashdowne. The whole town take part in the game, a contest between two neighbouring parishes. The goals are a quarter of a mile apart and the pitch covers a road and a river! On occasion, when the football has been kicked into the river the players have not hesitated to plunge in after it!



The King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York watching the struggle for the Pancake at Westminster School.

# The Lost Galleon!

(Continued from page 8.)

"You rascally pirate!" grated King of the Islands.

From the cover of the rocks he watched, along the barrel of his rifle, for a chance to get in a shot. But the cutter's crew were in careful cover.

"Oh, belay it!" retorted Parsons. "I'm here, King of the Islands, and you've got me to reckon with. Your ketch can't get near the cave, and she's got no boat. Your crew might as well be at home in the Marquesas for any harm they can do me. You dare not come out into the light—I'll fill you full of holes the instant you show yourself! I'm ready to make terms if you are."

"What terms, you scoundrel?"

"You've got the treasure?"

"Ay, ay!"

"Honest?"

Dandy Peter's voice had a husky note of eagerness. Perhaps, in spite of his belief in the treasure of the wrecked galleon, some doubt had lingered in his mind.

"Ay, ay! Bars of gold that would sink your boat!" answered King of the Islands.

"Then you've found the galleon?"

"Yes."

"I'm willing to share with you," said Dandy Peter. "I've got you marooned, and can keep you off your ship as long as I choose. You've got me barred off from the island—I'm not fool enough to walk on your rifle. Let us make terms, and share."

"The treasure's not mine to share. Half of it belongs to Daunt and his shipmate's widow in Sydney."

"Oh, cut that out!" jeered Dandy Peter. "The treasure belongs to the men who can get their hands on it."

"And if it were mine to share, do you

think I would trust a sea-wolf like you?" said King of the Islands contemptuously. "I should expect a knife in my back soon afterwards."

"You'll never get the treasure lifted!" snapped out Dandy Peter. "I can afford to wait as long as I choose, but your ketch is on a lee-shore if the weather breaks, and Daunt will have to run for it or go ashore if there's a squall. You can't afford to wait, and I can!"

"Wait!" answered King of the Islands coolly. "Wait—but you'll never get the treasure. By to-morrow it will be buried deep, and if you can find it again you'll be welcome to it!"

"Then you'll die on this island!" said Dandy Peter hoarsely. "Your life or the Spanish gold, King of the Islands!"

"If you want either, come and take them."

Crack! rang the sea-lawyer's rifle. In his rage he raised himself and took a shot in the direction of the boy trader's voice. The bullet glanced on the rock and flew away into the cavern. Like an echo Hudson's rifle answered the shot, and there was a yell from Dandy Peter as he dropped back into cover, a fragment of skin torn from his tanned cheek by Hudson's bullet.

"Try again!" called out Hudson mockingly.

A stream of furious words answered him as the sea-lawyer dabbed the blood from his torn cheek.

Silence followed.

"Sea-Devil He Come!"

"LITTLE white master!"

There was a shake in the whispering voice of Kaio-lalulalonga. The Kanaka was staring into the dark depths of the cave, his big black eyes dilated.

King of the Islands glanced round at

him. The twilight in the cavern was deepening. Six or seven yards of sandy rock and a dozen feet of water separated the shipmates from the cutter where Dandy Peter and his men lay.

Lying in cover, watchful for a chance to shoot, they had turned over the matter in their minds and discussed it in whispers. But they could come to no decision, except that the state of affairs was "checkmate" to both parties.

They could not attack the cutter with any hope of success; still less could Dandy Peter attack them; and neither party was likely to give the other much chance at sniping. The ketch, riding the sea a mile out, was helpless to intervene—she could not approach near the mouth of the cave, and her boat was in Dandy Peter's possession.

Matters had come to an impasse, so it seemed. To wait and watch, hoping that the sea-lawyer's impatience and cupidity would drive him to taking a false step, seemed all that King of the Islands could do. The reckless adventurer of Lukwo was not the man to allow long hours to pass in inaction, with the treasure of the galleon almost in his hands. The man who had run his cutter into the cave with almost mad recklessness was the man to make some desperate move when he found that his enemies were content to wait.

Beyond the cavern the sun was almost touching the rim of the ocean. The cutter, anchored under the high rocky arch, was growing invisible against the darkening sky.

Behind the shipmates was impenetrable blackness. Through the darkness came the lapping of the water. They could hear the sound of the cutter dragging on her cable as the tide washed in at the mouth of the cave, floating her in ever deeper and deeper water, lifting her topmast higher and higher towards



ALL ABOUT

## THE WONDERFUL R.101.

### This Week:—THE PASSENGERS' QUARTERS.

IF an airship is falling rapidly—through a leak or a down-draught of air—it is essential that the weight should be rapidly reduced. For this purpose water ballast is carried in tanks attached to the framework of the R.101, the British-built monster airship whose trial flight all the world is anxiously awaiting. By touching a lever in the control cabin this ballast can be released and the load lessened, when the airship will at once begin to ascend.

Not only the water but also the fuel can, in a grave emergency, also be used as ballast. Special cutters, like the cutters on cigarette tins, are arranged in each tank, and a lever in the control-cabin will operate this and allow all the fuel to drop away.

An airship must always fly level, for least resistance—otherwise it will climb or fall unless the elevators are brought into action, in which case there is again fresh resistance. If all the passengers are congregated in one room, or one of the gas-bags is leaking, you will see that the airship will not be in equilibrium and one end or the other will droop.

To remedy this, the water and fuel can be pumped from any one fuel or water tank to any other by air pressure, and thus the weight can be balanced and the ship made to fly level—all this being done through a couple of controls in the control cabin.

The R.101 is designed to carry in comfort up to 100 passengers and a

crew, for several days, non-stop. The passengers' quarters in the R.101 are on two stories, inside the envelope, in the middle of the hull, where the movement of the passengers has the least effect on the balance.

The accommodation includes cabins, a dining-room, a smoking-room, a lounge which can be used as a dance hall, and long promenades, besides the kitchen and the crews' quarters. The rooms and promenades are lighted by glass windows in the envelope. The quarters are heated by steam, and for this reason the engines are steam—instead of water-cooled.

That is to say, the water in the jackets of the engines is actually boiled (the water in boiling absorbing a great quantity of heat) and then the steam only is led partly to pipes in the passengers' quarters and partly to radiators which can be drawn in and out of the envelope. Here and in the pipes it condenses, and the condensed water is pumped back to the engine. As more steam is used in the passengers' heating pipes the radiators can be drawn in, thus keeping down air resistance.

Next week, the last of the series, we will describe the largest mooring masts in the world, built specially for the R.101.



the arch of the cavern. The sea crept inch by inch up the sandy floor of the cave, closer and closer to where the shipmates lay, filling the fissures and crevices in the floor about them, flooding the hollows. But the rocks where they lay were well above the highest level of the tide.

But every fissure in the floor was now a running stream, every hollow a pool; and more than half the cavern floor was flooded for a great distance from the mouth of the cave.

King of the Islands, his thoughts on the problem before him, had given little heed to the incoming tide. He knew that it could only cover the cavern for a short distance—beyond which the rocky floor rose too steeply to be reached by the tide. The streams and deepening pools round them meant no danger to the shipmates. If it became necessary to retreat, they could wade back the way they had come, the water hardly to their knees.

And then, in the deepening darkness, came the Kanaka's tremulous whisper, and the shake in his voice told of alarm.

King of the Islands peered at him.

"Me hear something, ear belong me, sar!" whispered Kaio-lahulalonga, staring into the blackness of the interior.

"What you tinkee hear, ear belong you?" asked Ken.

"No feller he stop along island, only us feller."

"Me savvy, sar! Sea-devil he stop!" answered Koko.

Ken listened. The cavern was full of the swishing noise of the water, echoing in the hollows. No other sound came to his ears.

But it came into his mind that the tidal pool, where the giant octopus lay hid, would be connected with the sea at high-water. The higher portions of the irregular broken floor were above the tide—but round them the water flowed and swirled, at any depth from a few inches to two or three feet where there were deep depressions.

"My hat!" muttered Kit Hudson, catching his breath.

"If that fearful beast came out of his pool—"

King of the Islands shuddered. That thought was in his own mind now, and he could read it in the rolling eyes of the Kanaka.

He stared into the darkness, but could see nothing save here and there a gleam of water. But the mental picture of the giant octopus rising from the tidal pool back in the cave, its seven huge tentacles, thirty feet long, feeling and groping through the shallow water for its prey, made his blood run cold.

He strained his ears to listen, and heard only the low swishing of the water. Then suddenly came a soft splash. A loose pebble, on the edge of some crevice filled by the tide, had been displaced and had fallen into the water—displaced by something that crawled in the darkness. Ken felt the blood thrill to his heart.

"Feller sea-devil!" Koko's teeth were chattering and his words came in a gasping whisper.

Hudson gripped his shipmate's arm. "It's coming, Ken," he breathed. "Either it's making for the sea, now the tide's in—or—or it knows we're here—!" He broke off with a shudder.

Ken shut his teeth hard. He knew that at any moment an eel-like tentacle, with its powerful suckers, might come whipping out of the darkness. Once it closed on body or limb, in the enshrouding darkness, life and hope were lost.

The cutter was swallowed up in darkness now. There was little danger from Dandy Peter and his crew. Firing, if it came, would be at random. In any case, danger from the Lukwe cutter was as nothing compared with the fearful peril that was creeping on the shipmates in the darkness of the cave.

Something touched Ken's foot and

A flash lit the gloom for an instant from the direction of the cutter.

Dandy Peter could have seen nothing, but he must have heard the trampling and splashing, and fired at random into the cave.

Bang, bang, bang! came the shots from the rifles of the Lukwe boys, filling the cavern with deafening echoes.

Bullets crashed on the rocky walls where the cavern narrowed farther back.

King of the Islands did not heed them. The firing died away again and there was silence.

"We've got to get out of this!" Hudson's voice was a husky whisper. "That fender knows we're in the cave. He's missed us now, but he will be feeling about for us. We've got to chance it and get back into the island."

It was the only thing to be done. That the giant octopus was seeking them in the darkness they could not doubt, and, once he found them, it was death!

"Come!" muttered King of the Islands.

They groped their way along the rough, rocky side of the cave. There was a splash as Hudson slipped from the rock into the water.

"Kit!" panted King of the Islands.

"All serene! It's a foot deep here," replied Hudson.

He was on his feet again in a moment.

Wading, groping, slipping, hurrying, blinded by the darkness, with the horror of the feeling tentacles in their minds, they pushed through the cavern. Once Hudson felt a touch, but if it was a tentacle that touched him he was beyond its reach the next moment.

They tramped out of the water at last, beyond the pool where the octopus had lain and which was now connected with the sea by the flooding tide. They felt the ground rising under their feet. But they groped and tramped on, till at last the stars shone in their eyes at the opening on the inner side of the great cliff.

They came out in cool, clear starlight. Overhead was a sky of deepest blue, spangled with stars. At a distance, down in the sandy hollow, the starshine gleamed on the wreck of the Spanish galleon.

King of the Islands wiped his forehead. It was streaming with perspiration. He looked at Hudson, and saw his face white as chalk under the stars, and knew that his own was as white.

"Safe enough here," said Ken. "The brute won't leave the water. But—I never want to go through that again, Kit!"

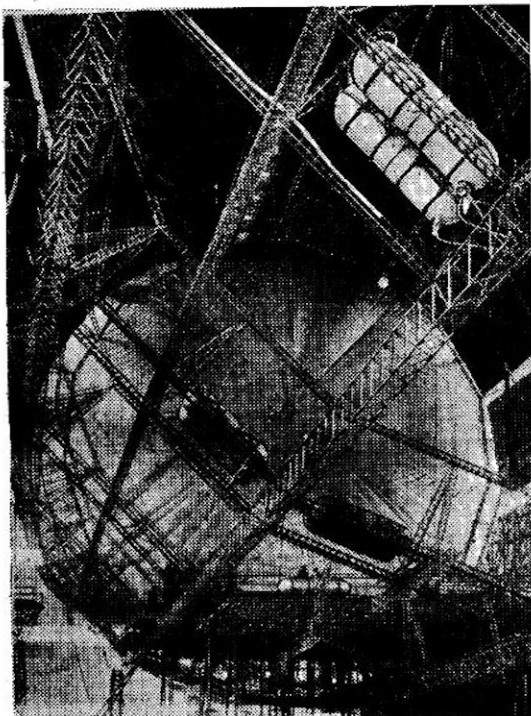
"We've been lucky!" muttered Hudson. "If that devil had got us—!" He broke off. "No good thinking of that. I'd rather face a hundred Lukwe sea-lawyers!"

"Me tinkee, sar—" began Koko.

Ken smiled faintly.

"What you tinkee, head belong you, old coffee-bean?" he asked.

Now that the fearful peril was past



Between the criss-cross of girders forming the ribs and skeleton of the giant airship R.101, in her building shed at Cardington, you can see the cylindrical tanks which hold the fuel and water ballast about which our Air expert chats to you on the opposite page.

glided away. It was only an instant's contact, but it sent a shudder of horror through his whole body. For he knew what had touched him—the extremity of a groping tentacle.

He leaped back, hardly repressing a cry. He could hear the swish on the rock of the tentacle groping back for what it had touched. The sea-devil knew!

"This way!" panted Ken. "Quick!" He grasped Hudson's arm and drew him towards the side of the cave.

"This way, Koko!"

"Yessar!" breathed the Kanaka.

They trampled through the flowing tide to the side of the cavern. The last glimmer of twilight was gone now and all was dark. At the side of the cave the rocky floor rose higher, and they all scrambled, in the dark, well above the water.

Bang!



## The Lost Galleon!

Koko had dismissed it from his mind more easily than the white masters could.

"Me tinkee plenty coconut stop along here, sar," said Koko. "Inside belong me, he plenty want kai-kai!"

"Koko's right!" laughed Hudson. "Dandy Peter's got our boat and grub, but now I think of it, I'm more than hungry!"

"So am I," said Ken. "You feller Koko, you go get plenty coconut," he ordered, and the Kanaka scrambled down into the sandy basin to a group of cocoa palms that grew by the spring near the wrecked galleon.

Sitting on the rocks by the opening in the cliff the shipmates ate their supper of coconut meat, washed down by the milk of young drinking-nuts. Kaio-lalulalonga gathered leaves and twigs to pile on heaped sand for a bed, and lay down and slept. But sleep did not come so easily to Ken and Kit. All their plans had been deranged by the sudden appearance of the Lukwe cutter at the treasure island.

They sat long discussing the situation and the problem that lay before them, but without being able to reach any solution. They were barred from the ketch, as Dandy Peter was barred from the treasure, unless the reckless im-

patience of the sea-lawyer led him to take one chance too many. And in that, which was likely enough, lay their hope.

### The Octopus Grips!

**D**ANDY PETER, staring from the anchored cutter into the blackness of the cavern, muttered beneath his breath.

Luck had befriended him more than he could have hoped. He was anchored in the mouth of the cave, the only access to the treasure island, and King of the Islands was separated from his ship and crew. So far, he was master of the situation. But there his advantage ended. He was within a few hundred yards of the Spanish treasure, but it was as far from his clutches as if it had lain still in the mines of Peru.

The thought of it, of the bars of gold, of shining ingots packed in chests, burned in the greedy brain of the sea-lawyer. But three men—two white men and a Kanaka—were between him and the treasure.

For some hours he had hoped that King of the Islands would make an attempt on the cutter. That would have placed the game in his hands—the boy trader and his shipmate would have been shot down without mercy, with little chance of setting foot on the Sea-Cat.

But King of the Islands knew that as clearly as Dandy Peter, and no attempt had been made.

After darkness had fallen, Parsons still hoped that the attempt would be made in the dark, but as the hours glided away to midnight, he knew that it would not come. He had little doubt that King of the Islands and his companions had returned to the interior of the island: there was no sound from the cave, no answer to the sniping shots he occasionally sent into the darkness.

He pictured them camped on the island—perhaps in the wrecked galleon: perhaps burying the gold in some remote spot where it would defy a search if the fortune of war went against them. At that thought the Lukwo skipper ground his teeth with rage. The treasure was in Ken King's hands, to do with as he chose, and it was only too likely that he would place it for ever out of the reach of his rival, if he was given time.

It was that consideration, added to the natural reckless daring of his character, that decided Dandy Peter. To wait for an attack that would never come would serve no purpose. If he was to touch the Spanish gold, he had to make up his mind to fight for it. The shipmates might be sleeping in their camp on the island. If so, there was a chance of taking them by surprise in the dark, and even if one of them fell to his rifle, it would reduce the odds against him. Only desperate measures could serve him, and Dandy Peter was prepared to take them.

Calling the Lukwe boys from their sleeping-mats, where he had allowed them to sleep since sunset, to render them more wakeful when he wanted them, he gave his orders.

"You feller boy," he shot at them, "me go along island. You feller no sleep along cutter, you savvy? You watch plenty good, eye belong you."

"Yes, sar!"

"Spouse you sleep, me cut skin along back belong you, along sting-ray tail," said Dandy Peter, with a snarl that showed his white teeth. "You watch along night. Spouse any feller he come, you shoot, gum belong you—kill-dead altogether! You savvy?"

"Yes, sar!"

"Me comey back plenty quick," said Dandy Peter. "Spouse me findee you sleep along cutter, my word, me kill you too much."

"Us feller no sleep along cutter, sar," said Jacky. "No shut feller eye belong us feller."

Dandy Peter looked to his revolver and rifle, and placed a knife in his belt. Then he stepped into the boat, and Jacky pushed ashore, taking the boat back to the cutter after the sea-lawyer had landed in the cave.

For a few minutes Dandy Peter stood listening and watching.

Saved for the lap of the water, there was dead silence in the vast tunnel-like cavern.

He was assured that the shipmates of the Dawn were no longer there; but he did not venture to show a light. Forward through shallow water and up the shelving floor of the cave he tramped. For some distance he was guided by backward glances at the startle opening of the cavern, but soon the dim light faded from his sight and he stood in blackness. There was no sound, no movement. His foci were not there. Still he dare not strike a light, for it was

(Continued on page 22.)

## Ju-Jitsu!

The Japanese Art of Self Defence

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

This week:—  
**THE SCISSORS THROW.**

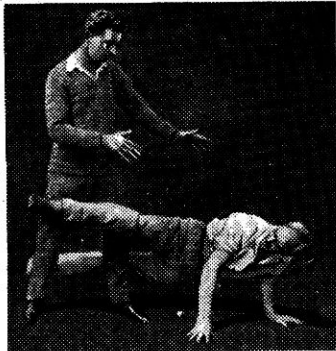
**T**HIS is one of the advanced throws of ju-jitsu and requires rather a lot of practice before it can be done properly. The best way to start learning it is to get your friend to stand with his left leg slightly advanced and on one side of a mat so that he falls on it straight backwards and not on the floor.

Now lay down on the mat in front of him on your left side, and stretch your left leg behind both his ankles, then place your right leg in front of his thighs just above the knees. Having done this you roll over on to your back, pressing your right leg against his legs—and he will fall over.

The next stage is to stand facing your friend at about arm's length, then quickly place your hands on the mat just on the outside of your left foot and, keeping your arms as straight as you can, bring your right leg forward, stretching it out in front of his thighs.

**The beginning of the Scissors Throw. The fellow on his feet will very swiftly find himself flat on his back!**

At the same time, stretch your left leg behind both his ankles, then roll on to your back, pressing with your right leg, and throw him as already explained. It is possible to do this throw without placing your hand on the ground at all. You simply throw up



your legs into position, clinging to your opponent with them and throwing him, going on to your back as you throw.

When done in this way it is called "The Flying Scissors," and has the effect of taking your opponent completely by surprise.

Next week:—How to Break a Fall.

pit-plank by then, trying to grin through his pain while his father cut at the faces of his boot.

"Go 'on, Slim!" Brian gasped. "You'll do better than me. Catch Gus! Put it across him! Go on!"

"How far are we behind?" Slim yelled to one of the schoolboy pit attendants who had been charting the machines.

"Just a lap—here comes Cooper!" was the answer.

While the words were on the air the Saxon was off, beating the roaring Ace to the bends, hurtling through them, and accelerating with bullet-like swiftness down the straight beyond.

"A lap behind—nearly three miles to make up and under a hundred to go!" Slim thought. "I'll do it, or I'll bust!"

### The Last Mad Dash!

OFF the grey concrete into the breadth of the straight came the low-built shape of the Saxon. It flung down in mad and breathless speed, seeming to leap at the bunched, black shapes of Cannonball Grainger and Phil Dunning, who were still duelling together for second place.

There was yet thirty miles of the race to go, and Slim had made up half a lap. The crowd gasped as they saw him storm past the two, weave into the first bend with what looked like unchecked speed, then go through the hairpin with his tyres scabbling on the concrete and streak onwards, while the other two were yet entering the turn.

A mile and a half to make up in thirty miles, with the Ace pit telling Gus Cooper to ride all he knew! The crowd watched Slim come round again, and the machine seemed steady for all its belloved speed.

It came like some projectile—came with a shattering roar and passed with a fury of sound, like a thunder-bolt!

They got to calling it a thunder-

bolt, because the Saxon was like nothing else now.

For Slim the grey of the track was a haze that swept towards him. The bends were momentary checks which flashed past his machine as he lurled it through them, holding the bike down by steely sinew, and braving disaster by his nerve.

And he was cutting the big bends now, just as he had seen Cooper do. He was forcing the Saxon to the insides of them, gaining yards, never easing the throttle, doing all he knew to gain speed and still more speed.

Time after time the flying mass of metal came past the watchers, and with each passage of the man-

his tired Ace for just that shade too much. Into its roar there came a wild clattering; the roar gave place to a fluffy bellow, and the Ace slowed as though it had run into mud.

"Cracked up!" Slim gasped the words into the wind as he heard the Ace fall behind. "Beaten him! He's finished! There can't be more than two laps to do, and I'll make 'em the fastest yet!"

There was a little crowd at the Saxon pit. Brian sat on the plank, with his foot—his ankle had been badly wrenched—in a fat mass of bandages.

He had sat there since Slim had brought the winning machine home. Brian had heard his father and Mr. Saxon talking; both could see that this big win had established the bike's name, and now the struggling little garage couldn't help blossoming out into a big firm.

So far as Brian could tell, everything looked bright for everybody except himself. He glanced at Slim, and he grunted:

"You're all right, you'll be leading the Saxon team in the next T.T. race an' every other race there is, but what about me? As soon as this gammy foot's better, I'll get packed back to the bank with my umbrella an' bowler hat."

"Bank?" His father whirled round on him. "The bank's finished with you, my boy! When they telephoned me this morning, the manager said that he would be glad to receive your resignation at the earliest possible moment. In other words, you're sacked!"

"Sacked?" A slow, joyous grin spread on Brian's rugged face.

"Sacked?" "Sacked—out of a job!" said his father grimly.

"Out of a job, is he?" asked Slim. "Then what about comin' into the new Saxon works with me, Brian? How about you and me riding Saxon machines in the next T.T., eh?"

Questions like that required no answer!

THE END.

## THE INVADERS FROM MARS!

*When the startling news came, only Professor Powerby and his two wards, Ron and Will Neville, could at first believe it. The War Office was helpless. The countryside was in a panic, which swiftly spread to London, and then to every town and hamlet in the world. The Martians had invaded this planet! The saving of civilisation—of every living thing on earth—became the responsibility of the professor and the two boys!*

*The first complete story of this intensely gripping New Series appears in next Monday's MODERN BOY.*

*Order YOUR copy TO-DAY. There is no other way to avoid disappointment!*

mounted thunderbolt the crowd saw that he had gained on Cooper.

When there were three laps to run, he caught him.

It was on the railway straight, with both machines holding the limit of their speed. Slim came up, pulled wide, and then shot level. He could see Cooper's straining form as he took the Saxon a yard in the lead.

They roared up on to the banking, with Cooper flogging his machine for last fractions of power. He held Slim—held him as he came off the banking to the flat, and held him into the sandbanked turn.

Coming out of the sandbanks, Cooper tried to hold the Saxon's tremendous acceleration, and he asked

With a cry, Dandy Peter tensed at his leg, to drag it free. But it was held, and the sinuous thing that held it was creeping higher, gripping tighter as it crept! Suddenly something unseen whipped round his waist, and as his hands flew to it to tear it off, they came in contact with a slimy surface, horrible to the touch. And then Dandy Peter knew, and a cry broke from him.

Back into his mind came the story of Daunt's shipmate—dragged to death by the sea-devil that lurked in the black cavern—a story he had disregarded or forgotten. For an instant his brain reeled, as he knew that he was in the grip of an octopus—that the slimy, sinuous thing that had twined round him was the tentacle of a devil-fish! The next moment he was fighting madly for his freedom.

He dragged the knife from his belt, and

slashed and slashed and cut and hacked like a madman. The hold on his waist was suddenly loosened—he sprang away. But the hold on his leg dragged him back—and a whip-like tentacle flashed round his right arm, gripping it, holding it, and his knife was useless. In mad desperation he changed it to his left hand, but another sinuous gripping thing was twining round him, and his left arm was pinned to his side. He knew then that he was doomed, that he was being dragged to death, and in horror and despair he shrieked and shrieked again, till the black cavern echoed with his frantic cries!

*(Ken and Kit meet with further strange adventures in next week's thrilling story of the South Seas. Your newsagent will reserve MODERN BOY for you weekly without additional charge, you know!)*

## The Lost Galleon!

*(Continued from page 12.)*

only too likely that the shipmates might be prepared for his desperate attempt, and be watching the cave from the inner extremity. He groped along the rough rocky wall of the cavern, feeling and groping his way onward.

It was slow work, but he knew that so long as he kept to the side of the cavern it must lead him aright, however long it might take. Sooner or later he must see the stars shining at the farther end.

But he was still in deep darkness when something touched him in the shallow water. Some fish or floating crab—he shook his leg and tramped on. But the thing that had touched him had curled round his calf and was holding.