

GREATEST GIFT EVER OFFERED! IN 2 PARTS.

The **MODERN BOY**

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2d

This Splendid
Long-Distance
**MODEL
AEROPLANE
FREE**
WITHIN
(THIS WEEK:- The 'PLANE
NEXT WEEK:- The MECHANISM)

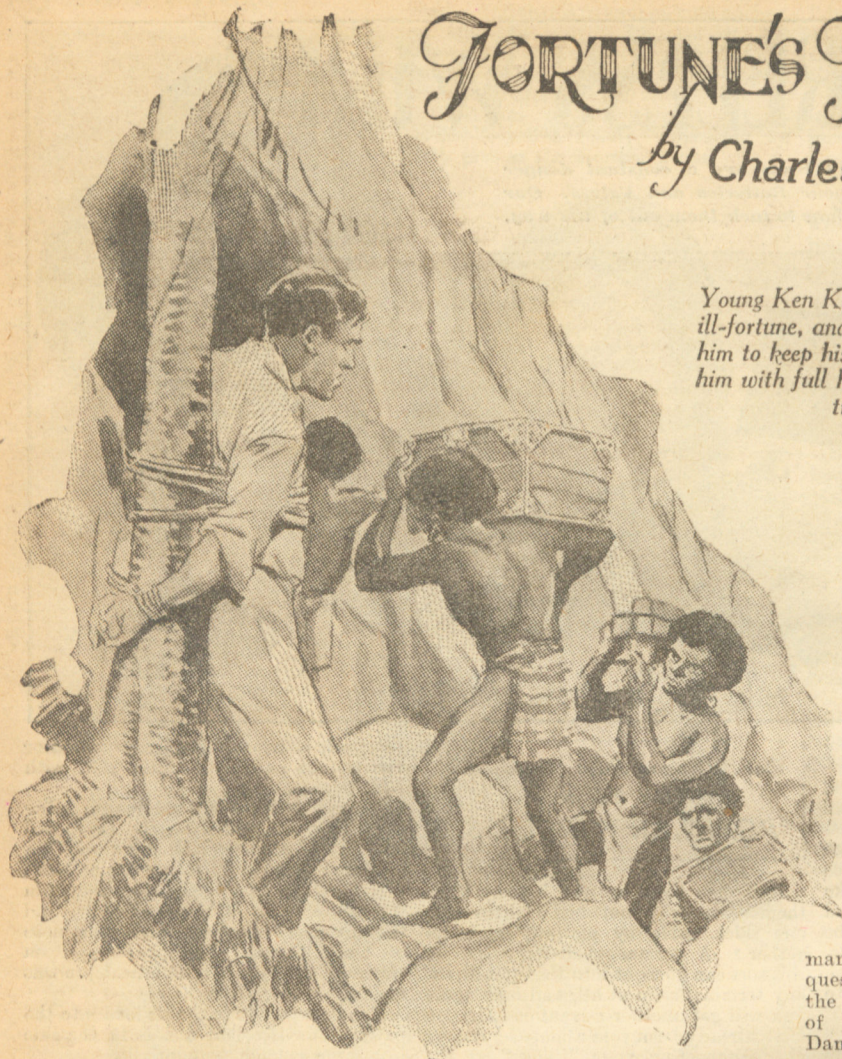


It Flies!

C. J. CUTCLIFFE-HYNE: New Story Inside!

FORTUNE'S FAVOURITE

by Charles Hamilton



Young Ken King has had to fight hard against ill-fortune, and it has not always been easy for him to keep his pecker up. But Luck comes to him with full hands in this fine yarn of adventure in the Tropics!

**COMPLETE IN
THIS ISSUE.**

Dandy Peter looked impotently on whilst the treasure was carried through the caves.

Saving an Enemy!

KEN KING, the boy trader and owner of the ketch Dawn, known throughout the South Seas as King of the Islands, sat leaning back against a rock under glinting stars set in a sky of deep velvety blue. It was midnight on the lone island, but the boy trader was not inclined to sleep. Kit Hudson, his mate, and Koko, the Kanaka ho'sun, lay sleeping on their beds of leaves close at hand.

In the gleam of the brilliant stars, the great sandy basin that formed the interior of the island was almost as light as by day. Dark and forbidding rose the circle of high basaltic cliffs round it. Beyond the circling cliffs rolled the Pacific, invisible to Ken's eyes, though he could hear the thunder of the surf on the outward face of the cliffs.

From where he sat he could see the wrecked Spanish galleon, half-sunk in sand. Ken was thinking as he sat there by his sleeping comrades of what the island must have been like in ancient days before some convulsion of Nature had driven the masses of basalt high out of the sea—when the sandy basin had been a flowing lagoon, and the great

Spanish ship had come to grief on a sunken reef.

Centuries had passed, and grinning skulls and whitened bones in the rotting wreck were all that remained of the captain and crew of the galleon. Dry sand and sea-shells were heaped where the great ship once had floated, and the circling cliffs shut it off from all human knowledge—since the days when Philip reigned in Spain and Elizabeth in England.

But the gold remained—the yellow gold for which Indian slaves had toiled in the mines under the whips of cruel task-masters—gold intended for the coffers of a monarch long since dust, and now in the hands of the boy trader of the Pacific. Fortune had tired of persecuting the boy trader, and when he sailed from the lone island, with the Spanish gold on board his ketch, he would be a rich man.

At that thought Ken turned his head to glance into the dark opening of the cliffs that led into the great tunnel-like cavern, beyond which was the open sea. The Spanish gold was not on board the ketch—yet! The ketch was standing off the island, with Jim Daunt, the sailor-

man who had started Ken on this quest of Spanish gold, in charge of the Hiva-Oa crew, and between King of the Islands and his ship was Dandy Peter Parsons, of Lukwe—the sea ruffian who had followed for hundreds of miles in the hope of twisting Ken out of the treasure.

Dandy Peter's cutter, anchored in the cave, cut him off from his ketch. So long as the Lukwe sea-lawyer was there, it was impossible to leave the island. And in the cavern, flooded on the seaward side at high water, was the giant octopus, a more terrible enemy than Dandy Peter! King of the Islands had found the galleon's gold—but getting it away from the spot where it had lain for four hundred years was another matter.

His rifle across his knees, Ken was waiting, watching—hoping that the sea-lawyer's eagerness to grasp the treasure would lead him to attempt an attack. It was more than likely that Dandy Peter, in his greedy impatience, would make some attempt under cover of the night. But midnight had passed, and there was no sound from the cavern.

Kit Hudson awakened, and sat up on his bed of palm-leaves and rubbed his eyes. He rose to his feet and picked up his rifle.

"My watch, Ken!" he said. "No sign of Dandy Peter yet?"

"None. But—unless I'm mistaken in him—we shall hear from him

before dawn," answered King of the Islands.

"I hope so!" exclaimed Hudson. "If he comes, he won't catch us napping—though he will hope to. Once I get a sight of his figurehead—" Hudson did not finish the sentence, but his look was grim.

Ken stretched himself on the bed of leaves, though he was little disposed to sleep. The problem of dealing with the Lukwe sea-lawyer occupied his mind.

"Hark!" exclaimed Hudson suddenly. From the opening of the dark cave came a piercing cry. King of the Islands sprang to his feet. Kaio-lalulalonga—to give Koko his full name—awakened by that fearful cry from the cavern, opened wide, startled, dark eyes. Another cry followed, and another. Then scream on scream, ringing and echoing from the cavern like voices of pandemonium.

"Feller aitoo!" gasped Koko. "Feller aitoo debble he howl along cavern, sar!"

"It's Dandy Peter," breathed Kit Hudson—"Dandy Peter—and—"

"The octopus!"

The scared expression on the brown face of Kaio-lalulalonga changed to a grin. He realised that it was not the howling of "aitoos" that rang from the cavern.

"Feller sea-devil he catchy feller Parsons!" chuckled Koko. "Feller Parsons he come along cavern, feller sea-devil he catchy. Plenty good!"

Ken's face was white as chalk as he listened to the fearful cries pealing from the blackness of the hollow cliff. He knew what must have happened. The Lukwe skipper, creeping silently through the dark cavern—stealing, as he thought and hoped, towards a sleeping camp—had fallen in with the "sea-devil," which the shipmates had narrowly escaped.

The tentacles of the giant octopus were round Dandy Peter, and in hideous fear and horror he was shrieking the shrieks of a man doomed beyond hope. For an instant or two Ken stood rooted, almost unnerved by the horror of it. Then he snatched up an axe.

"We can't leave him to it, Kit! If we can't help him, we must try—we must—"

The boy trader was already hurrying towards the opening of the cavern as he spoke. It was with murder in his heart that the Lukwe sea-lawyer had been creeping through the dark cavern, but Ken did not think of that now. The thought of the hapless wretch struggling, in vain, in the gripping tentacles of the devil-fish banished all other thoughts.

"Wait!" shouted Hudson. "We must have a light!"

"Quick, then!"

Hudson hurriedly lighted the hurricane lamp and followed. The glass had been smashed, but in the still air it burned steadily. Koko stared after them in strong disapproval. But he did not linger. Where his white master went, the faithful Kanaka followed. With a

heavy bush-knife in his hand, Koko hurried after the white men.

Cry on cry filled the cavern with hideous sound. Hudson held up the lamp, and almost heedless of crevices and pitfalls, the comrades hurried on. King of the Islands splashed into shallow water on the flooded seaward side of the cave. The terrible shrieking was close to him now. In the glare of the lamp wild lights and shadows flickered and danced on the rocky walls of the cave.

In the shallow water a terrifying thing writhed and twined—a thing that seemed all slimy tentacles, with hideous, saucer-like eyes that reflected the glare of the lamp. Three or four of the immense tentacles were twined round a struggling form—the form of a man who fought, and

wrestled, and screamed, with a face of fear and horror and despair!

A Desperate Fight!

DANDY PETER, of Lukwe, struggled and shrieked in the grasp of the twining devil-fish. His resistance was desperate, but hopeless. He knew that it was hopeless even while he struggled madly.

Slimy tentacles, gripping with their hideous suckers, were round him, round his waist, round his arms and legs, tightening, clutching, dragging.

Somehow he had kept his footing, dragging back against the drag of the octopus. He knew what would happen when he went down.

Continued on the next page.

Ju-Jitsu!

The Japanese Art of Self Defence

This week:—

**BREAKING
A
FALL.**

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

THE "breakfall" I am chatting about this week is, perhaps, the best of the whole lot. It should be used if you are thrown by a ju-jitsu trick, or if you are out of reach of a dangerous assailant and wish to get near enough to throw him.

Also it is an excellent breakfall to do if you are running fast and happen to trip; it will bring you up again on to your feet so nicely that you can keep in your stride, but in this instance you do not cross your left foot over your right as mentioned in the following description. Many of my football pupils have used it to advantage. I have used it myself in running over uneven ground, as well as in self-defence.

It is performed with a jump. But you must lead up to it gradually, learning the trick with the aid of an ordinary gymnasium jumping rope, one that you can raise a peg at a time. Kneel on the extreme corner of a thick mat, on your left knee, with your right leg stretched out behind you. Place your left hand and forearm flat on the mat, just in front of your face and at right angles to it, your fingers pointing to your right.

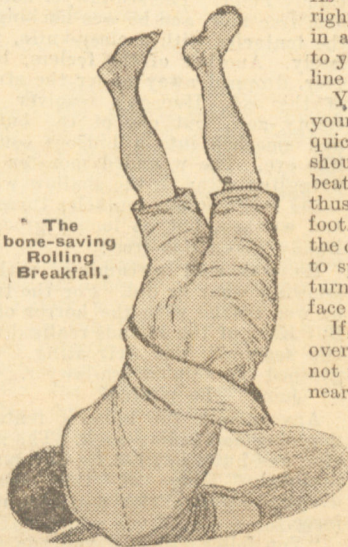
Place your right hand close to your left hand, your right-hand fingers pointing straight forward. Now lower the left shoulder down to the mat, and turn your head so that you look up to the ceiling to your right.

As you turn your head, throw up your right leg over your head and roll your body in an oblique line from your left shoulder to your right hip, as indicated by the dotted line in diagram.

You will now come down slightly on your right side, beating your right hand quickly on the mat. As you descend you should cross your left foot over your right and beat the sole of the foot as you beat the hand, thus breaking the fall with one hand and one foot. Your feet should now be pointing to the opposite corner of the mat. It is possible to spring up on your feet with a half-right turn immediately after the beat and thus face your opponent at once.

If, however, you are throwing yourself over to get at a dangerous assailant you do not rise but hook your right foot round his nearer ankle and kick his knee with your left foot, which will bring him down on to his back. Practising with a friend, you mustn't kick—simply press firmly on his knee.

*With the next article we commence a new, short series—**JU-JITSU versus BOXING!***



Fortune's Favourite!

The long feelers were dragging him into deeper water, dragging him to the tide-pool where the giant octopus dwelt, and from which the hideous creature crept forth at high tide in search of prey.

He was in deeper water now; it splashed high round his waist. Somehow he kept his footing on the slippery rocks, with the strength of desperation. But four or five of the feelers were grasping him, thickening like great cables as they tightened; and each of them had a pull that the strongest man could not have resisted for long.

He was going—he knew that he was going—even the strength of madness could not hold him back against that resistless drag. Scream after scream pealed from his white lips. He did not know that he was screaming. There was no help—no help! Not for the treasure of the galleon would the three Lukwe boys have ventured in the black flooded cavern, from which they heard that fearful screaming. They quaked with terror on the anchored cutter as they listened to it. There was no help! On the landward side was King of the Islands; but Peter Parsons did not even think of him.

But it was from King of the Islands that help was coming—from the foe whose life he had sought.

A flashing of sudden light came to his dizzy eyes, and in his dazed ears rang a shout.

"Hold on! Hold on! We're coming!"

He hardly heeded, only screaming and screaming, as he was dragged deeper by the gripping tentacles.

The shallow water in the flooded cave, agitated by the movements of the octopus, glimmered in the light of the hurricane lamp, held high by the Australian. King of the Islands plunged shoulder deep in water, axe in hand.

His face was as white as Dandy Peter's, in the glare of the lamp. Well he knew that he was risking his life, sharing the fearful danger of the Lukwe sea-lawyer. Seven tentacles, strong as steel cables, were writhing in the water, and any one of them might drag him to death. But without hesitation the boy trader plunged towards the struggling man, and the axe rose and fell with a mighty sweep.

Dandy Peter, at the end of his strength, was falling when the tentacle that gripped him round the body fell loose. That mighty stroke had cut it in halves. A knife would have been almost useless, but the heavy axe, with all Ken's strength behind it, cut through.

"Hold on!" panted Ken.

The sea-lawyer was still screaming incoherently.

Ken struck again and again. Another tentacle hung crippled; another writhed away like an eel. The water was agitated wildly, as if by a submarine volcano. Waves, thrown up by the struggles of the wounded sea-devil, washed over Parsons and King of the Islands. Deep in the water, something slimy and gripping closed round Ken's leg and dragged him over as he struck with the axe. He was in the grasp of the octopus!

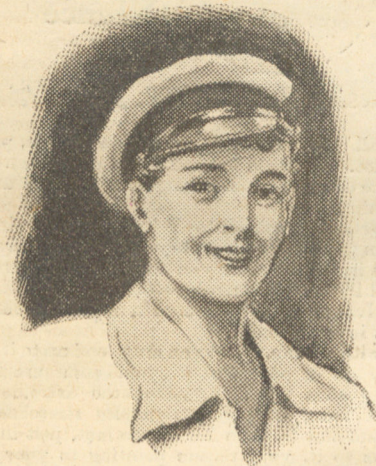
The axe struck the water, futile, as the boy trader went reeling over in the sudden drag. There was a yell from Kaio-lalulalonga. The Kanaka plunged into the water, the heavy bush-knife in his hand.

Ken had gone under the surface, but he struggled up, against the drag on his ankle. Koko grasped him.

"It's got me—the leg!" panted Ken.

The Kanaka disappeared under the water. The heavy bush-knife slashed and slashed, and King of the Islands suddenly found himself free.

Koko came above the surface, panting. Kit Hudson, up to the waist in the water, was still holding up the hurricane lamp. Once in the darkness, all would have been lost. But in his left hand was his revolver, and he was blazing shot after shot into the shapeless mass that writhed in the tide. The cavern echoed and roared with thunderous sound.



KEN KING—King of the Islands, boy owner and skipper of the ketch Dawn.

Ken was still gripping the axe.

Again he slashed at the feelers round Dandy Peter. The sea-lawyer had an arm free now, and he was hacking at the tentacles with a clasp-knife, uselessly. Another of the feelers, however, dropped away under the stroke of the axe. Hudson's revolver was empty now, but one of the bullets had smashed into a hideous saucer-like eye. The wounded monster was wriggling away in the shallow water—the long sinuous tentacles thrashed and writhed, but no longer grasped. Dandy Peter was free!

He was still screaming, without knowing what he did. For the time, he was insane with the horror of it. But King of the Islands realised that the sea-devil was retreating. He grasped the helpless sea-lawyer.

"Quick!" he panted.

Any instant the hideous tentacles might come winding back. The monster was hurt, but not by any means disabled. King of the Islands dragged Dandy Peter away by main force.

"You feller Parsons, you run, foot belong you!" shouted Koko.

But the sea-lawyer was a helpless

burden in the arms of the boy trader. Ken hooked the axe to his belt, grasped Parsons with both arms, and hoisted him bodily on his shoulder.

The dapper dandy of Lukwe was no great weight, and the boy trader was strong and sturdy. He tramped through the water, with the still screaming wretch on his shoulder, Hudson lighting the way, and Koko bringing up the rear, his eyes watchful for the sea-devil.

The bright starlight, the fresh air outside the cave, seemed like paradise to Ken as he staggered out upon the landward side. He could hardly believe that he was clear at last of that den of horror and darkness and death. But he was clear; and he laid his burden on the rocks and sank down breathless on a boulder.

Hudson doused the hurricane lamp. In the starlight his face was like chalk. Peter Parsons lay senseless on the ground, his wild screaming stilled at last.

"My sainted Sam!" breathed Ken.

Hudson shivered.

"I don't want to go through that again!" he muttered.

"I thought I was gone—for a minute!" breathed King of the Islands. "Koko, old bean, you saved me. S'pose you no come, me no stop any more altogether."

"Koko no common Kanaka, sar!" said Kaio-lalulalonga complacently.

There was a shuddering moan from Dandy Peter. His eyes opened, staring wildly in the brilliant light of the stars. He stared uncomprehendingly at the shipmates of the Dawn.

"You!" he muttered. "But what—what—"

A long, trembling shudder ran through his limbs. He sat up, supporting himself against a rock.

"The octopus—he got me!" he muttered.

Kaio-lalulalonga stooped over the sea-lawyer and searched him for weapons. Dandy Peter did not attempt resistance.

"You got me out?" he asked, his eyes on King of the Islands.

"We did!"

The sea-lawyer passed his hand over his brow, and sat silent for some minutes, trying to collect his thoughts. In the starlight, his eyes fell on the hulk of the Spanish galleon, half buried in the sand of the island basin. He started convulsively, and a blaze came into his eyes.

"The galleon!"

"The galleon!" assented Ken, with a curl of the lip. It was easy to read the sea-lawyer's thoughts in his face.

"And the treasure?" breathed Dandy Peter.

"And the treasure!" said Ken, with a nod.

"And—and I—"

"And you are a prisoner," said King of the Islands, "and you can thank your lucky stars that you are a prisoner and not at the bottom of the water with the octopus."

The Lukwe skipper made no answer. He sat against the rock, his eyes fixed on the shadowy hulk of the great galleon in the glint of the stars, as if the sight of it fascinated him. The Spanish treasure

was under his eyes, but there was little chance of Dandy Peter laying his greedy hands upon it.

The Upper Hand!

MORNING dawned on the island. The sun climbed over the circling barrier of cliffs and poured down burning rays into the sandy basin of the island. The shipmates were bright and cheery. The horror of the night's adventure had passed away. King of the Islands was only waiting for the tide to be fully ebbd. At low tide, as the shipmates knew, the giant octopus retreated to his den at the bottom of the tide-pool; it was only when the cave was flooded that he emerged from his lair.

There was always the danger of a twining feeler reaching out from the pool, but that danger had to be risked. Dandy Peter was a prisoner now, and the next step was to deal with the Lukwe crew of his cutter. That did not present a difficult task. Without their leader, the three Lukwe boys were not likely to give much trouble.

Dandy Peter eyed the shipmates curly as they prepared to start. Kaio-lalulalonga had watched the Lukwe skipper keenly, and if he had thought of attempting to escape through the cave, back to his cutter, he had had no opportunity. It was doubtful, however, whether even the non-nerved sea-lawyer would have taken that risk after his frightful experience with the giant octopus.

"Feller Parsons he no stop loose long island?" asked Kaio-lalulalonga; and he stepped towards the sea-lawyer with a rope of coconut fibre.

"Make him safe, Koko," ordered Ken.

"You're afraid of an unarmed an!" sneered Dandy Peter.

Ken made no reply to that. He had no intention of leaving the sea-lawyer at liberty on the treasure land, unarmed as he was. Saving Dandy Peter's life had not made him anything but an enemy, and he was as watchful as a cat for a chance of turning the tables on the shipmates in the Dawn.

Kaio-lalulalonga bound his arms behind his back, knotting the rope carefully. Parsons was left the use of his legs to move about as freely as he liked. Leaving Dandy Peter howling after them, King of the Islands and his comrades entered the cave. Hudson carried the lamp, and he was with wary eyes that they advanced into the gloom of the hollow gulf.

There was no sign of the octopus. The monster had evidently retired to his lair, and no crawling tentacle appeared above the murky surface of the tidal pool as the shipmates trod cautiously by. But they were glad when they were past the pool and in the glimmer of daylight from the mouth of the cave.

Beyond the vast arched opening of the cavern the Pacific rolled wide and blue. Under the soaring arch

THE NEW STAMP COLLECTING.

A BIG-GAME HUNT.

By DOUGLAS ARMSTRONG.

WHO will come with me on a big-game hunt? It won't be an arduous or costly expedition and you need not even leave your own fireside, for it will take us no farther afield than the all-surveying pages of our stamp album. East Africa is the modern sportsman's paradise, so it is thither we will go in search of quarry for our (imaginary) guns.

In the untrodden wilds of ancient Abyssinia roam all manner of wild beasts, and, turning to the picturesque stamps issued there in 1919, we encounter in turn the lyre-horned antelope, the giraffe, a leopard, a rampageous rhino, ostriches, an African elephant with mighty tusks, a water buffalo, and the king of beasts with his mate in search of prey. Somaliland, too, is a famous "lion country," so that the heads of a lion and an elephant are appropriate to the stamps of the Italian Protectorate.

Following the trail southwards we reach Kenya Colony, where at times lions still hold up traffic on the railway between Mombassa and Nairobi. Wherefore a brace of lions support the Queen's head upon the British East African stamps of 1896-97. Elephants and lions are likewise met with on the designs of the 1898 series of the neighbouring Protectorate of Uganda.

Troops of stately giraffe inhabit the East African hinterland, and for this reason the territory of Tanganyika has adopted a giraffe's head as its official crest. This may be found upon the first Tanganyika postage stamps.

Zebra are also to be seen upon certain stamps of Portuguese Nyassa, as well as more giraffes, which also appear in company with an elephant on those of Northern Rhodesia. In the Union of South Africa we may stalk the agile springbok, whilst gnus with their crumpled horns career wildly across the current "shilling" denomination.

Continuing our expedition up the West Coast of Africa, we seek the panther in his lair on the stamps of the French Equatorial Africa, and engage in an elephant hunt in the Belgian Congo. Excellent sport is likewise forthcoming in the Black Republic of Liberia, where, if its stamps are to be believed, hippopotami, leopards, antelope, elephants, and palm civet abound.

A tiger hunt is our next objective, and in search of "stripes" we cross the Indian Ocean to far-off Malaya, where the lord of the jungle still holds sway—a tiger springing from ambush having been for many years past the subject of the stamps of the Federated Malay States. Near at hand, British North Borneo offers many attractions for the "hunt" in the form of wild boar, stag, rhinoceros, and Asiatic elephant.



A Malayan tiger "sat" for this portrait.



An elephant hunt on the Congo.
Both stamps enlarged.

lay the Sea-Cat at anchor. Ken scanned the waters beyond, hoping to pick up the ketch in the distance. The Dawn was not to be seen, but he had no doubt that the ketch was safe and sound somewhere out of sight beyond the cliffs.

On board the anchored cutter three dark faces stared at the shipmates as they advanced to the water's edge. The Lukwe boys had rifles standing ready on the little deck, and with Dandy Peter in command they would doubtless have used them. But the matter was different now that the master's eye was withdrawn.

Jacky, the boat-steerer, stood staring at the comrades, the other two Lukwe boys at his side. Not one of them was touching a weapon.

"You feller boy!" called out Ken.

"Yes, sar!" called back Jacky.

"You bring boat belong me, plenty quick."

King of the Islands' whaleboat was tied up to the cutter, far out of reach. But the shipmates were quite prepared to swim out to it if the Lukwe boys proved obstinate.

"No can, sar," answered Jacky. "Feller Cap'n Parsons he no like!"

"Feller Cap'n Parsons doesn't count now!" grinned Kit Hudson. "Feller Cap'n Parsons he prisoner along us feller."

Jacky rolled his eyes.

"Me no savvy what name Cap'n Parsons he no comey back along cutter," he said. "Feller Cap'n Parsons he sing out, us feller shoot s'pose you comey along cutter. You stop along shore, sar."

King of the Islands raised his rifle.

"Bring that boat!" he rapped out.

Jacky hesitated. The other two Lukwe boys looked to him for guidance. The hapless Jacky was in sore doubt.

Fortune's Favourite!

To fire on white men, except at a white man's order, was not easy for the Kanakas. And at that game the Lukwe boys had little chance against Ken and Hudson.

"Cap'n Parsons he say——" stammered Jacky.

"Bring that boat along!"

"Sar, you talk good feller talk, Cap'n Parsons he prisoner along you?" asked Jacky anxiously.

"Me talk good feller talk," said Ken. "Plenty true talk me talk along you."

"S'pose Cap'n Parsons he prisoner, feller King of the Islands he master," said Jacky. And he cast loose the whaleboat.

Ken was relieved. He was quite prepared to shoot if it was necessary, but certainly he did not want to fire on the Lukwe crew. But as soon as Jacky believed that Parsons was a prisoner, the matter was settled. The Lukwe natives were not likely to continue a struggle that their white leader had lost.

With a powerful shove, Jacky sent the whaleboat rocking across the intervening stretch of water. It thudded on the rocky floor of the cave, and Koko grasped it at once. King of the Islands and his comrades stepped into the boat and pushed it out to the cutter.

The Lukwe boys offered no opposition as they stepped aboard the Sea-Cat. Now that Captain Parsons was defeated and captured, the man who had mastered him was their master, too; that was the simple philosophy of the black crew of the cutter.

At a word from Ken, Kaio-lalulonga collected the rifles and tossed them into the sea. Then he searched the tiny cabin for firearms, and such as he found followed the rifles into the water.

The Lukwe boys watched stolidly. "No wantee feller rope along me," said Jacky, as Koko picked up a coil of cord.

Ken made a motion with his rifle. "You wantee feller bullet along you?" he asked.

"No, sar!" answered Jacky, in great haste.

"You no wantee feller bullet, you shut up mouth belong you," said King of the Islands.

The arms of the three Lukwe boys were bound behind them. They sat in a row on the deck, leaning against the rail.

"And now—for the treasure!" said Kit Hudson. "The coast's clear now, Ken!"

King of the Islands made a gesture towards the cavern.

"The sea-devil first!" he answered. "We've got to finish with that fiendish brute before we begin shifting the gold!"

And leaving the Lukwe boys bound on the cutter, the shipmates stepped into the whaleboat and pushed back to the rocky margin of the cave.

From the boat's locker Ken took a package of dynamite. Then, with Hudson carrying the hurricane lamp again, they returned up the cave, and stopped by the murky waters of the tidal pool.

— — —

Exit the Sea-Devil!

KING OF THE ISLANDS cut the fuse, testing a portion of it with a match to make sure that it was in good condition. Dynamite needs careful handling, and Ken had seen too many one-armed men in the Pacific to take unnecessary chances. The section of fuse burned well, and, satisfied, he trod it out under foot. Then he fixed the fuse, of carefully calculated length, to the package of dynamite.

He stood with the powerful explosive in his hand, within a few feet of the edge of the deep pool where the sea-devil lurked.

Well he knew the danger in which he stood—of the thrashing tentacles that might flash out, covering the ground for thirty feet distance, when the monster was in its death struggle. And there was danger,

too, of falling rocks when the explosion took place.

But it was the only way of dealing with the sea-devil. To remove the Spanish treasure necessitated continual coming and going through the cave, and every step was fraught with peril so long as the gloomy recesses were haunted by the giant octopus.

"All ready!" said King of the Islands. "Put the lamp down, Kit, and get back to the cutter with Koko."

"Thanks, I'm staying here!" smiled Hudson.

"Little white master he talk big fool talk!" exclaimed Kaio-lalulonga indignantly. "Me stop along feller white master."

"There's some risk," replied Ken, "and there's no sense in taking risks for nothing. Get going."

"Give me the dynamite, then, and clear, old bean," answered Hudson.

Ken shook his head again. "We're wasting time," he said. "Clear off, both of you! Get back to the cutter and wait for me there."

There may be rocks falling from the roof when the charge explodes."

"My head's no softer than yours, drawled the Cornstalk. "We'll take the chance together."

"Don't be an ass, old chap," said Ken tersely. "Get back a dozen yards then, and let it go at that."

"Me stop along white master," said Kaio-lalulonga obstinately. "Me tinkee plenty good Cap'n Ken give feller dynamite along me, me throw along feller sea-devil."

Ken laughed. He was not likely to trust dynamite in the hands of a Kanaka, if he could help it. He had seen plenty of Kanakas handling dynamite as if it were yams or coconuts.

"You talk fool feller talk, Koko," he said "Now get out of it! If you won't go as a pal, Kit, you've got to go as mate of the Dawn, at your captain's order. Look lively."

"If you mean that, confound you—"

"Every word! Belay your jawing tackle, Mr. Hudson, and obey your skipper!" said King of the Islands.

Hudson shrugged his shoulders, and tramped back a dozen yards towards the mouth of the cave, leaving the hurricane lamp on a rock. Kaio-lalulonga did not stir.

"You hear me, Koko, ear belong you?" snapped Ken. "You feller Kanaka, you no 'bey order along me?"

"No, sar," answered Koko coolly. "Me no 'bey order along leave little white master. Me stop along you, sar."

Ken's eyes flashed. "You go along feller Hudson, or me put you ashore along Lalinge, me stop along me any more altogether." And Kaio-lalulonga unwillingly, with a frowning brow, moved away up the cave, and stood beside the Cornstalk at a distance.

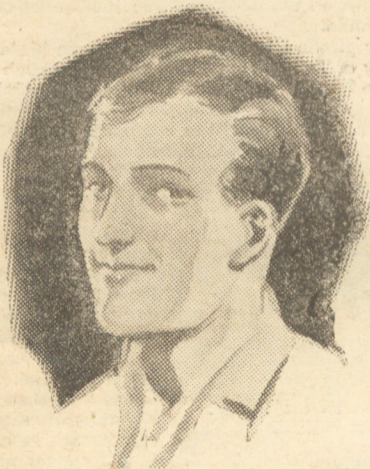
King of the Islands turned back to the pool. His hand rose with the package of dynamite in it, and there was a gleam of the lighted fuse. The deadly explosive circled over the murky pool and dropped in. At the same moment Ken leaped back and ran towards his comrades.

Crash! Like a thousand thunder-claps rolled into one came the terrific roar of the explosion. It roared and boomed through every hollow of the great cave, with a deafening din. Crash on crash followed, as loose fragments of rock hurtled down from walls and roof.

The water of the tide-pool was wildly shaken and agitated. From the black depths hideous tentacles flashed, writhing and whirling in the air madly. Something struck Ken as he ran and curled round his leg, and he fell on his face as his feet were plucked from under him. In an instant he was dragged back towards the pool, where the giant was struggling and thrashing, wriggling and writhing and twining.

He tore the axe from his belt and slashed. The tentacle parted like a rope that is cut, and King of the Islands, sick with horror, jumped to his feet and tore away to join his friends, who were running towards him.

(Continued on page 28.)



KIT HUDSON, the young Australian mate of the ketch Dawn and Ken King's good pal.

Fortune's Favourite!

(Continued from page 26.)

"Keep on!" panted Ken. "Keep on!"

And they ran on towards the mouth of the cave. The hurricane lamp had been left; but a falling fragment of rock, dislodged by the explosion, struck it, extinguishing it, and plunging the cave into darkness. From the blackness behind the shipmates came the sound of the octopus, thrashing and splashing in the tossing pool.

On the very edge of the cavern floor, in the blessed daylight, the shipmates stood and waited, staring back into the darkness of the cave with straining eyes. The octopus was still. But the echoes of the explosion were still booming from the hollows, and fragments of rock still falling, clattering on the cavern floor.

Silence came at last, but for a long time the shipmates did not move.

"Get another lamp from the cutter, Koko," said King of the Islands at length.

"Yes, sar."

Koko stepped into the whaleboat, and fetched a hurricane lamp from the Sea-Cat. He lighted it, and Ken took it and led the way up the cave.

They halted by the margin of the pool, finding that the edges of the rock had been broken away by the explosion. The pool was still tossing, and on its surface floated a hideous, shapeless, smashed thing, some of the tentacles still wriggling feebly, though the monster was dead.

The hideous thing began slowly to sink into the murky depths of the pool. Ken and Kit watched it, with a kind of fascinated horror. Koko made a step towards the pool; the practical mind of the islander remembering that the octopus was good food, while the white men were only conscious of the horror of the hideous thing.

"Feller rope me catchy," said Kaio-lalulalonga anxiously. "Feller sea-devil he makee plenty good kai-kai."

But there was no rope at hand, and the two white men, at least, were glad of it; they were anxious to see the last of the fearful thing. But it was with regret that Kaio-lalulalonga watched the slain octopus sink into the murky depths of the pool.

"Plenty good kai-kai he walk about along bottom feller water," sighed Koko.

Good "kai-kai" as it was, the carcass of the octopus disappeared from sight, and King of the Islands breathed more freely when it had sunk.

"Thank goodness!" said Ken. "We're done with him now!"

The waters closed over the sea-devil, and the surface settled down to calmness. Not a sign remained of the sea-devil that had barred the way to the galleon's gold.

"Let's get out of this!" said Kit, drawing a deep breath. "The treasure—now—"

"The treasure now!" agreed Ken. And they tramped through the cave to the opening on

the best of it—it's better than deserve!"

Heedless further of the sea-law and the string of bitter threats spat from his lips, the shipmates the Dawn tramped away through the sand to the wrecked galleon.

A Golden Cargo!

JIM DAUNT, on the deck of Dawn, grasped his rifle and shouted to the Hiva-Oa crew

"You feller boy, you ready ab rifle?"

"Yes, sar!" answered Lompo; the five Polynesians grasped their weapons.

From the towering arch of great sea-cave a boat was emerging into the sunlight. Daunt, in ketch, was standing off a half-mile from the island, and from the east peep of day he had been watching the cave.

Since Dandy Peter had run cutter into the cavern, the sailor man had been able to do nothing get into communication with King of the Islands. The ketch drew much water to approach near cavern's mouth as the little Sea had done, and her only boat was the cave. Dandy Peter and his crew were between Ken and his ship; every hour had been fraught with the keenest anxiety to the sailor.

Now, as a boat shot out from under the arch of the cave, he had doubt that it was Dandy Peter and his crew venturing at last to attack the ketch. And the fear was in his heart that the sea-lawyer had already accounted for King of the Islands and his comrades.

But as the boat pulled out beyond the overhanging cliff there was sudden shout from Lompo:

"Feller King of the Islands comey!"

Daunt started.

"What—"

"No Cap'n Parsons," said Lompo grinning and pointing to the advancing boat. "Feller King of the Islands he comey along boat a ketch, sar."

"By hokey!" muttered Daunt, caught up the binoculars, and told him what the Kanaka's keen eyes had already discovered. It was the Dawn's whaleboat that was proaching, pulled by King of the Islands and Kaio-lalulalonga. The sailor man's bronzed face lighted as he lowered the glasses. "Oh, luck! They've downed that lawyer!"

He rapped out an order, and the rifles were laid aside, and the ketch edged in towards the island to pick up the boat.

The whaleboat ran alongside, and Ken's face was bright, and seemed to be walking on air as he trod his own deck again.

"You've downed Peter Parsons!" exclaimed the sailor eagerly.

"Dandy Peter's a bound prisoner and his men, too—and Hudson's in charge of the cutter," answered Lompo smiling. "The treasure's safe in the prisoner, Peter Parsons! Make do is to carry it aboard."

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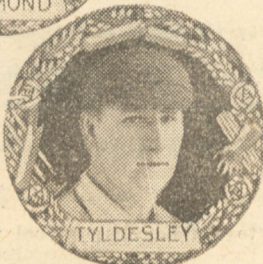
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"And—and the sea-devil?" faltered Daunt.

"Blown to bits!" answered Ken. "We're going to borrow the Sea-Cat to get the treasure aboard the Dawn to save pulling to and fro in the whaleboat. We shall manage it in one trip. I'll leave you one man and take the rest to carry the bars of gold down to the cutter."

Leaving Danny, the cooky-boy, with the sailorman on the ketch, King of the Islands ordered the other four Hiva-Oa boys into the boat and pulled back to the cave.

The remainder of that day was busy and toilsome. While Dandy Peter, with bitter rage in his face and rancour in his heart, looked impotently on, the treasure of the galleon was carried through the cavern and loaded on the cutter. The Lukwe boys were released to help in the labour, Dandy Peter being bound to a tree in the meantime to keep him from any attempt to make mischief.

Every bar of gold that the galleon held was handed down the side of the great ship and carried away by the Kanakas. It was enough—more than enough—to reward richly the treasure-seekers, and the sun was sinking when the last of the treasure had been removed.

Fortune had persecuted King of the Islands, and the boy trader had come near to ruin; but the fickle goddess had favoured him at last. From the lone isle he was to sail a rich man—Fortune's Favourite once more!

And when the last of the treasure had been stowed on the cutter, Dandy Peter was taken on the Sea-Cat, still securely bound.

The Dawn's whaleboat, manned by the Hiva-Oa boys, towed the cutter out of the cavern under the setting rays of the sun. Outside, the boat was tied on, the canvas spread, and the cutter ran out to sea to join the ketch.

The treasure was transhipped to the Dawn. Then King of the Islands returned to his own ship. As the sun sank to the rim of the Pacific, sail was shaken out on board the ketch. The Lukwe boys released Dandy Peter from his bonds, and the first use he made of his freedom was to shake a furious fist at the ketch as she moved away from the Sea-Cat under full sail.

"Feller Parsons he plenty mad!" remarked Kaiolalunga.

King of the Islands, with a smile, waved his hand to the enraged sea-lawyer.

"And now for Lalinge!" said Kit Hudson. "Our luck's turned, Ken! Didn't I tell you it was time Fortune smiled on us?"

"You did," said Ken, with a smile. "And she has with a vengeance!"

And before the booming trade wind the graceful ketch ran swiftly for distant Lalinge, with a joyous crew on board and the treasure of the Spanish galleon stowed safely below!

(Ken King and his shipmates play leading parts in another ripping yarn of South Seas adventure in next Monday's MODERN BOY—one more reason why you should not miss that Great Gift number!)



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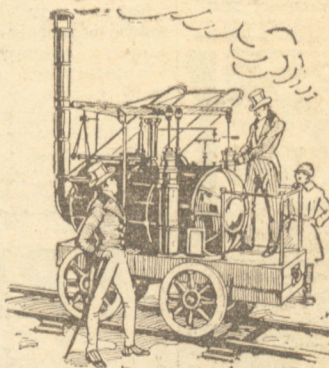
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