

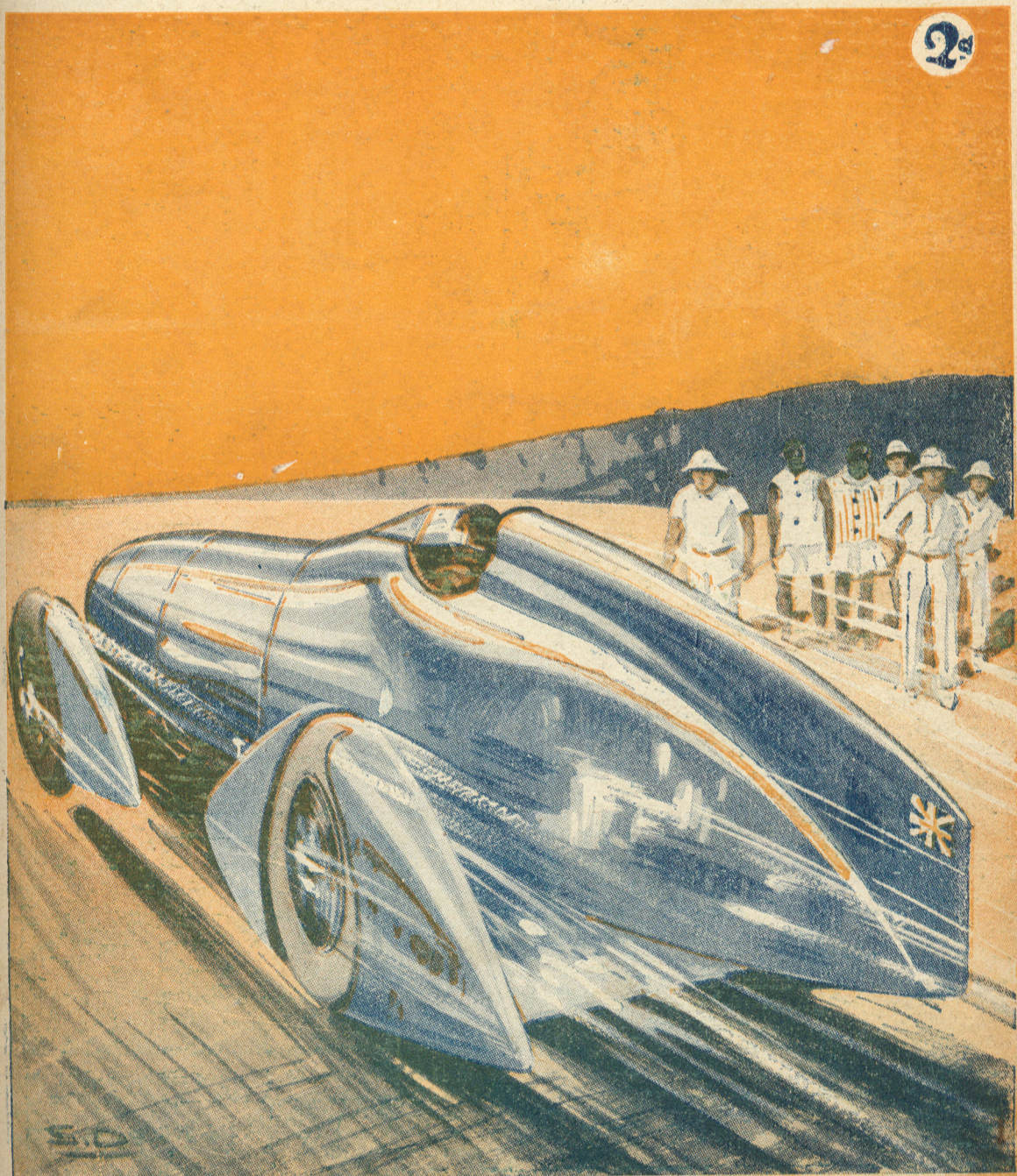
A FREE MOTOR-CYCLE—FOR YOU? *See inside.*

# *The* MODERN BOY

EVERY MONDAY.  
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2¢



THE DESERT SPEEDWAY! (See page 9.)

# Stand and Deliver!

Young Ken King, boy trader in the South Seas, thought that piracy on the High Seas was dead—until he suddenly found himself right up against it!

—\*:\*—

A tale of peril and adventure,

By

**CHARLES  
HAMILTON.**

*A sudden scrape, a howl of alarm from the Hiva-Oa crew . . . Ken grasped the wheel from Koko's hands and jammed it hard down!*

## The Schooner from Lukwe.

**F**ELLER schooner belong Lukwe!" exclaimed Koko, otherwise Kaio-lalulalonga, the Kanaka bo'sum of the ketch Dawn.

"Lukwe!" repeated Ken King, the boy owner and skipper of the ketch.

The island of Lukwe lay a dim blur to the north. King of the Islands, as Ken was known throughout the South Seas, was giving that island a wide berth on his way to Lalinge, his home port. From the direction of Lukwe, the schooner was coming down before the wind. Her tall sails had suddenly emerged into view from the mist that hung over the Pacific.

The boy trader was anxious to steer clear of any other craft, and especially a craft from the lawless island of Lukwe. In the cabin lockers below were packed bars and bars of gold; the reward of a long and perilous treasure-quest in unknown seas.

Twice that precious cargo had been imperilled already, and Ken was anxious to make Lalinge and get it safely landed.

Lukwe lay in his way to his home port; but the Dawn had given it a wide berth, only the summits of its hills showing dimly afar through the drifting mist. The Dawn had struck bad weather and shifting winds. Northward of her course, where Lukwe lay, clouds of mist drifted over the sea. Southward, a bank of fog rose like a wall. Slowly, from the south, that black wall was drifting. It rose from the grey tumbling waters perpendicularly, its edge almost as clearly defined as the wall of a building.

No storm at sea, even a typhoon, is so hateful to the sailorman as a fog. But a clear mile lay between the ketch and the drifting fog-bank. At that distance the Dawn was skirting it, as she passed within view of Lukwe—heading westward for Lalinge, still a day's sail distant.

"Lukwe!" said Ken, his eyes on the schooner. "What name you savvy feller schooner belong Lukwe, Koko?"

"See feller schooner along Lukwe, long time before, eye belong me," Koko said. "Feller schooner belong feller Furley."

Ken knew the name—that of a pearler, one of the companions of Dandy Peter, the sea-lawyer, who had already tried to lay hands on the treasure.

"Trouble?" asked Kit Hudson, his Australian mate and partner, glancing at the boy skipper.

"That's hard to say," answered Ken. "You know that Dandy Peter followed us eastward when we went after the Spanish treasure. We've left him there—a week behind us. I fancy; no danger from him. He can't have got back to Lukwe, or sent word—that's impossible. But that schooner is looking for us."

"Likely enough Dandy Peter told his friends, before he set sail, and if that crew of ruffians on Lukwe know that we have been sailing for treasure, it would be like them to try to intercept us on our way home."

"They can't know that we've got

## Stand and Deliver!

gold aboard," said Hudson. "If they knew—"

"If they knew, they wouldn't stop short of piracy. What we've got in the lockers below would turn every man in Lukwe into a pirate—if they knew."

Ken King's glance turned from the schooner and swept to the south. But the drifting wall of fog was not inviting.

"She's got the wind of us, unless we run into the fog," he said, "and that would be asking for Davy Jones' locker. We had luck raising the treasure, Kit; but we're not getting a lucky run home with it."

"She's signalling," said Hudson.

"They want to send a boat. After all, they don't know we've got treasure on board—they can only guess, at the most. We'll speak them fair—they may not mean trouble. But keep your gun handy."

From the schooner a number of faces could be seen, staring towards the ketch, clearly visible now that she was close at hand. Some of them Ken knew. He had been to Lukwe more than once, and had seen most of the crew of lawless traders, pearl-ers, smugglers, and kidnapers who lived in that unsavoury island. A powerfully-built man, with a thick black beard, and face bronzed almost to the hue of copper, towered over the rest. King of the Islands recognised Black Furley, the pearler—or pearl-poacher, rather—for Furley was well known to obtain his pearls from forbidden grounds.

Furley swung himself into the boat that was lowered from the schooner, and the four native boys pulled across the tumbling sea towards the Dawn.

Ken was relieved to see that Furley was the only white man in the boat. There were at least a dozen white men on the schooner, and if an attack had been intended, Black Furley would not have come alone.

"After all, they may only want a 'gam,'" said Ken. "No good meeting trouble half-way. Only keep your gun handy."

The ketch hove-to, waiting for the boat. There was a heavy swell on the Pacific, and the boat rose and fell like a cork as it pulled for the ketch. It ran alongside at last, and Lompo, at a sign from Ken, threw a line. Furley leaped actively on board the ketch, and the boat lay off at the end of the line, the heavy swell making it dangerous to keep close alongside. Furley shot a keen glance round him as he landed on the teak deck.

King of the Islands greeted his visitor civilly. He was more than anxious to avoid trouble with the Lukwe crew, if he could. But Furley declined the invitation to step below. He did not want to get out of sight of his followers, who were watching intently from the schooner.

"I reckon I've boarded you for news, Captain King," he said. "You're from eastern waters?"

"We've had a long trip," agreed Ken.

"Trading?" asked Furley.

"More or less."

"Rather less than more, from what Peter Parsons told me before he sailed," said Furley. "Have you seen anything of Dandy Peter in eastern waters?"

"Yes, we saw something of Captain Parsons," assented Ken. "We dropped his cutter astern more than a week ago."

Black Furley opened his bearded lips and closed them again. It was evidently not in Dandy Peter that he was interested, but in what had happened during the ketch's cruise in the unknown eastern waters. But what he wanted to know it was difficult to ask.

"Had a good trip?" he inquired at last.

"We're not grouching."

"Making Lalinge now, I reckon?"

"Ay, ay!"

There was another pause. Ken did not break it, and Hudson stood silent, with a faint smile on his face. It was clear that neither of the shipmates intended to give Black Furley the information he wanted; and the Lukwe skipper came gruffly to the point at last.

"You've got treasure aboard?"

### Hand to Hand!

FURLEY'S eyes were keenly on Ken's face as he shot out the sudden question. But the handsome, sunburnt face of the boy trader told him nothing.

"Treasure isn't picked up every day in the Pacific," smiled Ken. "If the Lukwe men think there's treasure to be found in eastern waters they're welcome to sail for it."

"I want a plainer answer than that," said Black Furley grimly. "Look here, King of the Islands, we shan't get anywhere beating about the bush! Dandy Peter followed you on the eastern tack in his cutter because he knew you were sailing for treasure. He reckoned he had a sporting chance of getting it away from you. He's failed, that's clear. But it's been the talk of Lukwe ever since he weighed."

"I heard the yarn when I got back in my schooner," went on Furley. "I've heard treasure yarns before—the beaches are thick with them—but Dandy Peter's no fool. If Peter thought there was something in it, I reckon he knew. And I've been cruising in my schooner ever since, watching for you. Luck's my way—I've dropped on you, before you could make Lalinge. Now I want to know."

"And what business is it of yours, Jim Furley?" asked King of the Islands coolly.

"I reckon if you've raised treasure there's more than you two to come in on the share-out," grunted Furley. "We're in the South Seas, King of the Islands—and not under the eye of the High Commissioner at Fiji."

"And what does that mean exactly?" asked Ken, still quietly.

"It means that if there's treasure aboard this hooker there's fifteen men

on my schooner who take shares in it," answered Furley. "I've got a gang with me that will wipe out your Kanakas if I lift my finger—and you along with them, King of the Islands."

"Piracy?" said the boy trader. "I reckon you can call it what you like," sneered Black Furley. "You ain't getting away with treasure with half Lukwe looking on. Now I want a plain answer."

"I'll give you a plain answer," said Ken coolly. "Mind your own business, Jim Furley, and get back to your boat."

"That means that Dandy Peter was right, and you've raised treasure!" exclaimed Furley.

"You've got your answer!"

"There's fifteen white men on my schooner, King of the Islands—and I reckon you know that Lukwe men ain't soft in their ways," said the pearler menacingly. "They ain't showing their guns—but they've got them, you can lay to that. If you've got nothing but copra and pearl-shell you can steer on your course and nothing said. If you've got treasure, that treasure is going on board my schooner. Yes or no?"

"If I said no, would you be satisfied?" Ken asked.

"Ay, ay—after I've searched the hooker from truck to keel!" answered Black Furley savagely. "I take no man's word!"

"You've got your answer—all the answer you'll get!" said King of the Islands.

"That's as good as saying you've got the gold aboard."

"Take it as you like," answered Ken, with a shrug of the shoulders.

Black Furley made a movement towards his hip-pocket. Kit Hudson dropped his hand on the butt of the revolver in his belt, his eyes on the Lukwe pearler.

"I'm giving you a chance, Ken King," said Furley. "I'm not hunting for trouble for nothing. If there's nothing on board but island cargo you're free to steer a course for Lalinge, or Davy Jones' locker, if you like. Will you let me search the ketch?"

"No!"

"You'd better, if there's no treasure aboard. It will save the lives of every swab on this hooker. Once a shot is fired your game is up. We can't afford to leave a man to tell what's happened. We're not wanting a gunboat to call at Lukwe. Is that clear?"

"Quite!" said King of the Islands.

"And you refuse a search?"

"I've refused already."

Jim Furley, his bearded face dark with rage, strode towards the boy trader, and his huge fist was shaken almost in Ken's face.

"Then look out for yourself!" he roared. "You've asked for it, and you'll get it, by hokey! You've got to fight fifteen of the toughest seafighters in the South Seas, Ken King—and I reckon your handful of niggers won't last long at that game. I'll send you to the bottom with all hands!"

"Will you?" said Ken grimly. "If that's the game, Jim Furley, you

won't go back to your schooner to set your gang on. You came here as an enemy, and you'll stay as a prisoner. Seize him!"

Black Furley sprang back, dragging out his revolver. It was knocked from his hand in a moment, and the next he was struggling in the powerful grasp of Kaio-lalulalonga.

The four Hiva-Oa boys who formed the crew rushed on him from all sides. Panting out threats, the Lukwe skipper struggled desperately.

There was a shout from the Lukwe schooner, whence the struggle on the deck of the Dawn could be plainly seen. A shot rang out, and a bullet whizzed through the rigging of the ketch. On the teak deck a struggling group rolled over, Black Furley fighting like a tiger in the grasp of the Kanakas. With a herculean effort the powerful ruffian wrenched himself loose and leaped away. The crew rushed him down at once. But the desperate man, with a backward spring, reached the low rail and, with utter recklessness, tumbled over it, and splashed into the sea. Splash! Black Furley shot down into deep water.

In the hope of avoiding bloodshed Ken had ordered the ruffian to be seized, for it was likely enough that the Lukwe gang might not venture to push matters to extremities deprived of their leader. But his face was grim as the Lukwe skipper disappeared into the tumbling waters.

The Lukwe boys in the boat had cast off the line and were taking to their oars. Suddenly from the tossing waves a head rose at a little distance from the boat. The Lukwe boys pulled for the swimmer. Furley was swimming with powerful strokes, but no swimmer could have lasted long in so rough a sea.

Kaio-lalulalonga touched the arm of King of the Islands.

"Feller gun!" he panted. "Plenty quick, sar—feller gun shoot along feller Furley!"

Ken smiled and shook his head. The Lukwe ruffian was clambering into the boat. He pitched into it, drenched and dripping, and the Lukwe boys instantly pulled for the schooner. Furley dashed the water from his eyes and shook a clenched, furious fist at King of the Islands. He was shouting, but the wind drowned his voice. But it was clear enough that he was shouting savage threats.

"We're for it now," said Hudson.

King of the Islands nodded, without speaking. It was plain enough that the crew of the Dawn were "for it," and that hostilities would begin as soon as Black Furley set his foot on the deck of the schooner. Against fearful odds the shipmates of the Dawn had to fight for the treasure they had won.

### The Last Chance.

There was a cackle of excitement from the Hiva-Oa crew on the deck of the Dawn. Rifles and cartridges were promptly served out to the Kanakas; even Danny, the cooky-boy, had come out

of his galley to grasp a rifle. There was no doubt that the crew would back up King of the Islands so long as he led them. But there was equally no doubt that if the desperate gang from Lukwe obtained a footing on the ketch the native crew would be swept before them like chaff. At close quarters the odds were overwhelming, and King of the Islands knew that the game was up if the schooner laid him alongside.

And that was Black Furley's object. Scarcely had the boat been swung up to the side than the schooner was put before the wind again and came speeding down on the ketch. Jim Furley, still dripping from the sea, stood on her deck shouting orders to his men. Under a mass of sail the Lukwe schooner drove through the tumbling water, rushing down on the little ketch like a sea-hawk on its prey.

Ken's face was hard set, his eyes gleaming. Already from the

schooner came the ringing of fire-arms. The shots flew wide and wild so far, but gave a plain warning of the enemy's intention. Once blood was shed Black Furley had left himself no choice but a fight with no quarter, for a single surviving witness of his piracy might have placed the rope round his neck. No doubt the ruffian had hoped that King of the Islands would yield to his threats and not engage in a desperate resistance against overwhelming odds. But Ken was not likely to yield up the treasure so long as he could lift a hand in defence of it.

The ketch glided away. With plenty of sea-room Ken would not have feared the contest, in spite of the schooner's greater spread of canvas. The Dawn was a water-witch, and her boy skipper knew how to get the last ounce out of her. But with the southern horizon walled with fog there was no sea-room. To

(Continued on the next page.)

# Ju-Jitsu VERSUS BOXING

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

This week:—THE INSIDE PUSH ON KNEE.

HERE is another very effective throw against a fellow who leads off at your face with his left fist. You need know only a very little about anatomy to understand that the *side* of the knee offers very little resistance when pushed, much more so than the front.

The back of the knee is very susceptible to a sharp tap. Many of you no doubt have performed the trick of creeping up behind a fellow who happens to be standing with his weight on one leg and given the back of his knee a sharp jab with the edge of your hand. Result—a sudden collapse of that leg, and he has nearly toppled over! The ju-jitsu method I give here is on the same principle.

As your boxing opponent makes a lunge out at you, duck your head sharply to your right side and go down on the ground on your right knee. Don't flop down or you will hurt yourself—lower yourself gently but rapidly. At the same time, place your right hand against the outside of his left ankle, your left hand against the inside of his left knee. Give it a vigorous push, and

he will topple over on to his left side.

If you do not tell him what you are going to do he will be greatly surprised at the easy manner in which he collapses to the ground. This is an excellent trick to use against a boxer, as it gets your head and body well out of the way of a follow-up punch,

as he may be doing what is called in boxing parlance a "one-two" hit at you; that is, he will lead off with his left fist and immediately follow that up with a hit with the right, with the object of getting a blowhome with the right in case the left misses its mark or is guarded.

Going for a boxer's legs is always more effective than guarding with the arms, as an opponent who is used to boxing methods would never think for one moment that you would do the orthodox thing and guard by raising your arm. A boxer is quite out of his element when wrestling tricks are used, unless, of course, he is a wrestler as well. Even so, he would never think of this trick unless he knew ju-jitsu, too. It's all so surprising.



Place your right hand against the outside of your boxing opponent's left ankle, your left hand against the inside of his left knee. Give it a vigorous push—and over he goes!

Next week:—Defence against Left Hook at Mark.

## Stand and Deliver!

run before the wind meant to plunge into the fogbank.

Once in the fog life and death became a matter of chance. Only in utter desperation could the boy trader think of that resource.

The ketch stood to the north-west—her course for Lalinge—and the faint blur that marked the island of Lukwe disappeared in the misty sea. Between the ketch and the vessel that was sweeping down on her the sea rolled and tumbled wildly. It was dangerous work to bring the two craft alongside, but that was clearly Black Furley's intention. To run in on the ketch and leap down on her low deck at the head of his ruffianly crew was the pearly's object. If he succeeded in effecting it nothing could save the boy trader.

But it was not easy for Jim Furley to outvail the ketch and outmanoeuvre her boy skipper. The schooner was almost within the toss of a biscuit when the ketch tacked, her boom swinging over with a roar, and shot away almost under Black Furley's bows. The schooner swung in pursuit.

There was a spattering of rifle-fire from the Lukwe crew. Bullets whizzed over the Dawn, tore through her canvas, and spattered on her planks. With both vessels in rapid motion, tossing on a swelling sea, the fire was wild enough; but many of the bullets came close. Kaio-lalulalonga gave a cry as a ball clipped by his ear.

"Plenty debble bad feller, my word!" roared Koko.

Ken spun round to him anxiously. "Koko! You're hit?"

"No hit, sar! Plenty kill feller ring belong ear belong me," growled Kaio-lalulalonga.

Ken laughed. The bullet had smashed the coral ornament that Koko wore in a ring in his ear. Another bullet struck the deck at Ken's feet, glanced on the hard teak, and missed him by inches. Another tore a lock of well-oiled hair from the head of Lompo.

Crack! Kit Hudson's eyes were gleaming along the barrel of his rifle. He pulled trigger, and the shot was followed by a fearful cry from the schooner, heard as far as the pursued ketch. From the schooner's cross-trees a man fell, his rifle falling into the sea, the man himself crashing down on the deck. A roar of rage came from the schooner, followed by a burst of furious rifle-fire, and bullets almost hailed round the ketch. The schooner was closing in, but again the long boom of the Dawn swung over and she eluded her pursuer almost like an eel.

The ketch was now standing to the north, within a few points of the wind, the schooner tacking in chase. For some minutes Ken hoped to get clear and show a clean pair of heels to the enemy. The Dawn could sail as close to the wind as any craft in the Pacific; and she was faster close-hauled than any other ketch in the islands.

But Black Furley's schooner had been planned for speed, as she needed to be, engaged in pearl-poaching in Japanese waters as a rule. More than once Jim Furley had owed his escape from a Japanese gun-boat to the speed of his schooner and his skill in handling her. Like a dolphin in pursuit of its prey the schooner came tearing on, sailing as close to the wind as the fleeing ketch and gaining on her.

Kit Hudson shrugged his shoulders as he watched the pursuer astern.

"It's got to be a scrap!" he said. Ken gritted his teeth. It was clear by this time that the Lukwe schooner was not to be eluded and that, dodge as he might, the ketch would be run down sooner or later. Nothing could prevent Black Furley from running alongside—at the risk of a collision that might send both vessels to the bottom in the rough sea. But the ruffian and his crew were reckless of that risk, and of any other, in their greed for the gold which they were now assured was on board the Dawn.

Ken's eyes swept the sea. He was two miles from the fog-bank now, which barred the southern horizon from east to west as far as the eye could reach. Like a huge black wall it drifted slowly, reaching from sea to sky. Between him and the wall of sea-fog was the pursuing schooner.

He rapped out an order, and the Dawn changed her course once more. Like a startled sea-bird she fled to the west, the wind now on

(Continued on page 22.)

# JOIN IN OUR TREASURE HUNT

JUST before his death, Ralph Waring's father tells his son to look in an old sea-chest hidden in the attic. Ralph does so, and finds a pile of torn-up sheets of paper. These fragments he pieces together, and finds that they are instructions written by his father and guiding him to the treasure of a Spanish galleon. Can you piece them together, too? Do so, and win MODERN BOY'S treasure—the splendid Motor-cycle shown opposite or one of the 110 Cash Prizes! Like everything else in MODERN BOY this contest is novel and up-to-date. Tell your pals about it!

—>>>||<<<—

## NEW READERS—

by getting a copy of last week's

## MODERN BOY

which contained the first two puzzles

—Can Start Now!

—>>>||<<<—

THIS week we give you the third part of our novel competition. Remember that there is NOTHING TO PAY to enter this contest, and that all the prizes MUST BE WON!

We have explained the idea of the competition, and on the opposite page are the fragments of the third torn-up letter giving details of Ralph Waring's father's experiences. You have only to cut out the fragments and piece them together, so that you can read the whole letter. When you have solved the contents of this letter to your satisfaction, write out your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper, then take the label portion marked "Treasure Hunt No. 3," attach it to your solution, and keep both by you, together with your previous solutions and labels, until next week, when the fourth torn letter will be given you to solve. There will be six letters in all, and with the final puzzle we shall give full instructions for the sending in of your efforts and the coupon which must accompany them.

correctly or most nearly correctly solves the series of six puzzles; the other prizes will follow in order of merit.

Every attempt must be separate and distinct in itself, and must consist of the six solutions and labels and the coupon. The Editor reserves the right to divide the value of the prizes if necessary, and his decision on all matters connected with this contest is final and binding. No correspondence will be allowed, and efforts bearing alterations or alternatives will be disqualified. Solutions must be written IN INK.

No one connected in any way with the proprietors of MODERN BOY may compete.

# Stand and Deliver!

(Continued from page 20.)

her starboard quarter. But swiftly the schooner swept round in pursuit, with a clatter of spars and a roar of bellying canvas. Koko, grasping the spokes of the wheel, looked anxiously at his white master.

"Starboard!" rapped out Ken.

Kaio-lalulalonga understood, and nodded as he obeyed the order. Hudson whistled between his teeth.

"The fog?" he asked.

"Ay, ay!"

A biscuit might have been tossed from the schooner to the ketch as the latter swung to port and headed south before the wind.

"It's the only way, Kit," said King of the Islands quietly. "They're too many for us at close quarters. We've got to take our chance in the sea-fog."

Death and disaster lurked in the fog that banked the Pacific to the south. But the alternative was a desperate fight against heavy odds, in which the shipmates could only have hoped to sell their lives dearly.

"If we go down, we go down with the treasure on board!" said Ken grimly. "Better than than letting it fall into their hands. Jim Furley can follow us into the bank yonder if he chooses—it won't profit him much."

"Sink or swim, he doesn't lay hands on the gold!" said Hudson.

The ketch flew before the wind. Fast behind came the schooner; and that Black Furley had divined Ken's intention of running into the fog-bank was clear. He was roaring to his men to clap on every inch of sail, and the schooner's numerous crew were busy, only two or three men continuing to snipe with the rifles. Fast as the ketch flew, the schooner, with her far greater spread of canvas, was gaining. But the distance was not great—every instant the gloomy fog-bank loomed nearer and nearer.

"Touch and go!" said Hudson coolly, as the Lukwe bowsprit crept up behind the fleeing ketch. A wave of mist from the fog-bank was over the ketch now. On the schooner's fore-castle a man lay behind his rifle, pitching bullets into the ketch. The grass-plaited hat spun from Koko's head as he steered, but his brown hands did not relax on the wheel. Hudson, with his rifle to his shoulder, was waiting for an aim, and suddenly his rifle roared and there was a yell in reply, and the man on the schooner's fore-castle was seen to roll over.

A second later the schooner vanished from the sight of all on the Dawn as the ketch rushed into the thick vapour.

There was a roar of rage from Black Furley. The prize had been almost within his grasp—a minute more, and the two vessels would have crashed together. But sixty seconds were more than enough.

"Port your helm!" rapped out Ken.

The instant she was swallowed by the fog, the ketch changed her

course. In darkness and vapour she ploughed on her way—vapour so thick that it was impossible to see across the little deck. Whether the schooner had followed her into the fog-bank the Dawn's crew could not tell. But the sound of rifle-fire, muffled in the vapour, soon told. Black Furley had not hesitated. Little chance as there was of finding the ketch in the sea-fog, the Lukwe pearler was still in pursuit, and the enraged and disappointed ruffians were blazing away in the vapour at random.

King of the Islands laughed grimly. The perils of the sea-fog were round him, deadly perils on all sides, but he no longer feared the schooner. The ketch plunged on through the vapour, and the crackle of the rifles died away into silence.

## The Luck of the Sea!

**K**EN had had experience of sea-fogs before, and knew the sailorman's deadliest enemy well. But this was the thickest and blackest that he had ever encountered. An enemy, indeed, he could scarcely consider it in this instance, for it had saved him and his comrades from a hopeless struggle against overwhelming odds. But that did not lessen the danger that lurked on every side.

The ketch, with very little way on her, hardly moved. No sound, save the wash of the waves, came through the vapour. Ken had shortened sail immediately the sounds of the schooner died into silence.

Whether the Lukwe schooner was near at hand or whether it was a mile away, whether Black Furley was savagely hunting through the fog or whether he had given up the chase, no one could guess.

The sea-fog told nothing. The ketch was wrapped from all eyes—almost from the eyes of those on board her. Yet at any moment the schooner might come looming through the vapour; at any moment some other fog-bound craft might crash into the Dawn; at any moment her keel might scrape on a hidden reef.

Coral reefs round which the Pacific dashed in spray, coral reefs sunk beneath the surface, betrayed to the eye only by a creaming of foam, abounded in the seas around Lukwe; and from the deck of the Dawn even the washing waves could not be seen, much less any hidden reef that lurked in the unseen waters.

Strange and fantastic are the forms of a sea-fog. From a bank of vapour thick and black, the ketch drifted into an open lane, on the farther side of which the wall of fog rose again, black and impenetrable. For no reason that the eye could discover the great mass was split, a lane three or four fathoms wide dividing two drifting masses. Patches of fog floated between in strange shapes and spirals.

Here and there long arms of vapour reached from one mass to the other. Otherwise the lane was clear, and the sun glistened down on tumbling, grey waters with a sudden change from darkness to light.

"My hat!" breathed Hudson. He

grasped Ken's arm, and pointed with the other hand. Scarce a biscuit's throw from the ketch, to the starboard, a bowsprit emerged from the wall of fog into the lane.

As the ketch plunged her bows into the farther mass, the bowsprit of the other vessel emerged from the mass behind, the whole shape of the vessel slowly following. In the silence of the sea-fog the sight was strange and uncanny enough.

"Feller belong Lukwe!" breathed Kaio-lalulalonga.

The schooner had been so close to the ketch—close, though unknown—that their booms might almost have touched as they drifted. Like a ghost ship the schooner emerged from the fog-bank into the open sea-lane, and a sudden roar of startled voices told that her crew had seen the stern of the ketch disappear into the bank beyond.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Half a dozen hasty shots rang after the ketch as she vanished once more into the embrace of the mist. Ken could hear the rattling of spars and cordage behind after the shots died away. The danger, close as it had been, had passed. The ketch was once more wrapped in fog, hidden from the eyes of those who were hunting her.

"A narrow escape!" said Hudson, with a whistle. "My hat! A collision here means Davy Jones' locker for the lot of us, and the galleon's gold for the deep-sea fishes."

The ketch drifted on, driven by the heavy swell. Ken had thought of letting go a sea-anchor to check her way, but with the schooner so close at hand, likely any minute to heave into sight, he abandoned that idea. Whither the current was bearing him he could not tell, or even guess; all was darkness and mystery in the grip of the sea-fog. In running into the fog he had taken his life, and his ship, into his hands, and his fate was on the knees of the gods.

A sudden scrape, a shaking of the ketch fore and aft, a howl of alarm from the Hiva-Oa crew! Hudson staggered, and caught at the binnacle to save himself; Ken grasped the wheel from Koko's hands and jammed it down. The ketch swung, scraping, along the sunken reef into deep water again.

Another scrape—and the Dawn floated free.

"My sainted Sam!" breathed Ken. He gave the wheel back to Kaio-lalulalonga, and wiped the perspiration from his brow. By the very edge of a sunken coral reef the Dawn glided—safe by a hairbreadth.

Even King of the Islands' iron nerve was shaken for a moment. But it was only for a moment.

"Feller fog he plenty bad feller along us!" murmured Kaio-lalulalonga. "S'pose us feller hit feller reef, us feller walk about along bottom sea, my word!"

"Hark!" shouted Hudson.

Crash! From astern, on the starboard side, came the sudden, grinding crash of a ship striking. Crash! Crash! From the blackness behind came the crashing of falling masts and spars, the cries and yells of

terrified men. The schooner had struck!

### All Clear!

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS leaped to the side and stared back through the fog, striving to pierce the blinding vapour. But he strove in vain.

From the impenetrable vapour came wild and terrible sounds—sounds of woe and horror from a crew of desperate ruffians who knew that they were doomed. Like phantom voices, they came from men that could not be seen. It was as if the fog-masses were peopled by demons.

Ken's face was white as chalk. The Lukwe crew had been hunting him for his life and treasure, taking the chances of the fog as they had forced him to take them. But the doom that had fallen upon them was terrible. The sunken reef, by the fatal edge of which the ketch had glided, had lain full in the way of the schooner. A cable's length had made all the difference—all the difference between the escape of the ketch and the utter destruction of the schooner from Lukwe.

King of the Islands strained his eyes into the fog, but he could see nothing. But he could hear—fright-

ful cries that rang and echoed, repeated and reverberated a thousand times in the echoing vapour. Hudson joined him at the rail. All the Hiva-Oa crew were staring back into the fog. Only Koko stood like a bronze statue at the helm, unregarding. There was a grim smile on the brown face of the boatswain of the Dawn.

"Good heavens!" muttered Ken. "Kit—if we could help them—we must help them somehow!"

"We can't," said Hudson quietly. Ken clenched his hands on the rail. They were his enemies, savage foes with no cause for enmity save greed of gold; but he forgot that in those terrible moments. His sailor-man's heart went out to the men who were wrecked and doomed. But he could not help. He knew he could not.

"What name little white master he talk fool feller talk?" growled Kaio-lalulalonga. "Lukwe feller walk about along bottom sea. Plenty good. Lukwe feller he walk about along bottom sea, my word!"

Ken did not heed the boatswain. He grasped the rail, staring into the baffling vapour, longing to give the help that it was impossible to give.

"They'll go into their boat," said Hudson. "Most of them, anyhow. They'd have time for that."

The cries and shrieks had died down. Whether all was over, or whether survivors of the schooner's crew had succeeded in getting their boat clear, and getting afloat in it, was impossible to tell.

"Give them a signal!" said Ken. "If there's survivors, we've got to help them, Kit. Foe or friend, it's all the same at sea. We've got to help shipwrecked men!"

He drew his revolver and fired into the air, six shots in rapid succession. The reports echoed and roared through the fog. From the unseen a shout came, and it seemed to King of the Islands that it was an answer to his signal. Hudson caught up his rifle and emptied it into the air. From somewhere the crack of a pistol replied. It was an answer.

"Lompo!" shouted Ken. "You blow along feller horn, plenty quick, plenty big feller noise."

Lompo blew lusty blasts on the foghorn. The Dawn, like most small trading vessels, carried the old-fashioned sea-horn that was blown by the mouth. By the laws of the sea, it should have been sounded at regular intervals while the ketch glided through the fog-bank. But Ken, of course, had not

*(Continued on next page.)*

### This Week's Anniversary.

## SIR HENRY BESSEMER, Inventor, Died 15th March, 1898.

**T**RY to imagine the world without steel! You will not get very far, but just have a try. That chair you are sitting in, the suit you wear, the food you eat—they have all felt the hand of steel at some time.

And it is the same with almost everything you can think of; they have all been made with steel tools or from steel itself.

Less than a hundred years ago steel was little used;

it was not till 1885 that Sir Henry Bessemer discovered the process by which it could be made cheaply and easily. Steel, as you know, is purified iron, containing about one-hundredth part of carbon, and a similar amount of another metal, generally nickel, for the purpose of strengthening.

In the Bessemer "converter" method of steel-making, the crude iron (which contains a large portion of carbon and other impurities) is melted, and a blast of hot air passed through the molten metal.

Under this treatment all the impurities are burnt out, and to the pure iron which is left can be added an exact proportion of strengthening material. The resulting metal is cast steel—one of the strongest materials in the world!

Bessemer's invention enabled steel goods to be sold at rather less than half the old rates. And it was really this discovery that paved the way for the growth of the British steel industry, which is now among the most important in the country.

A striking photograph, taken at night, showing molten metal being drawn from a blast furnace at Middlesbrough.



## Stand and Deliver!

sounded it while escaping from his pursuer. Now the blasts of the horn roared loud and deep, reverberating almost like thunder.

There was a sound of dashing oars. "Thank Heaven!" breathed Ken. There was an angry grunt from Kaiolalulalonga. The dash of oars, telling that survivors from the schooner were rowing to the Dawn, was not welcome to the ears of the Kanaka boatswain.

"Little white master—" began Koko.

"Belay it!" snapped Ken. He was not in a mood to listen to Koko's counsel, to send the enemy to "walk about along bottom sea."

"S'pose Lukwe feller come along ketch, kill-dead us feller, take feller gold along Lukwe!" growled Kaiolalulalonga. "Plenty much better Lukwe feller make kai-kai along feller shark."

King of the Islands started. For the moment, in his anxiety for the shipwrecked crew, he had forgotten the danger of a fresh attack from Black Furley and his gang, once they got to close quarters. But he remembered it now.

"My sainted Sam!" exclaimed King of the Islands. "Feller Koko he talk plenty good feller talk. Keep your rifle handy, Kit; we can't let them come aboard."

"No fear!" agreed Hudson.

Lompo was still blowing vigorous blasts on the foghorn. Guided by the roar of the horn, the Lukwe survivors pulled to the Dawn. Dimly from the vapour the shape of a boat loomed up. There were eight men in the boat, among them Black Furley; and in the grip of the pearl was a revolver—a sufficient indication of his intentions if he once set foot on the ketch. Ken leaned over the rail.

"Keep clear!" he called out. "I'll throw you a line, and give you a tow, Jim Furley. Keep clear, or we shall fire into you!"

"My schooner's gone to the

bottom!" came Black Furley's answer, in a voice hoarse with rage. "Take us aboard, King of the Islands. I'll swear that no man here shall raise a hand—"

"I'd as soon trust a ground-shark. Drop that gun into the sea, Furley."

Lompo had lighted a flare, and a dim illumination glimmered through the mist into the schooner's boat. It showed eight savage faces—Black Furley's the most savage of all, looking up spectral in the eerie gleam. Furley lifted his hand, the revolver in it; but four or five rifles were looking over the rail of the Dawn, ready to sweep the unprotected boat with bullets, and he paused.

"Drop that gun into the sea, or you die where you stand, Jim Furley!"

Hudson's rifle was levelled, his finger on the trigger. With a snarl, the ruffian flung the revolver into the Pacific. Ken tossed a line to the boat.

"Make that fast!" he called out. "Drop astern, and we'll tow you, Jim Furley. But if the line slacks, look out! We shall fire at the first sign of trickery!"

The bowman caught the line and made fast. The boat dropped astern of the ketch, out of sight of King of the Islands in the fog. The line tautened.

Kit Hudson, rifle in hand, leaned on the taffrail to keep watch. At a slackening of the tow-rope, which would indicate that the boat was pulling to the ketch, he was ready to fire. But the rope remained taut. The Lukwe crew had had enough; and they were thinking only of safety now. And even in that rough crew, probably, there were some who were unwilling to attack the men who had stood by to save them. If Black Furley strove to urge his followers to a desperate attempt, he failed. The tow-rope remained taut, the boat, wrapped in fog, gliding unseen behind the ketch; only the stretched rope telling that it was still there.

Stars were glinting in the sky when the ketch, with a suddenness that was dazzling, glided out of the fog-bank. Ahead was the open sea, tumbling and gleaming in the light of the stars; behind, the fog-bank rose like a wall. So sharp was the dividing line, that when the ketch was in full starlight the towed boat was still hidden in the fog, at the end of the long line. But a few seconds later the boat glided into view—with its haggard crew of drenched ruffians wearily baling out the boat.

King of the Islands looked back at them. If the Lukwe crew still wanted trouble, there was not much spirit left in them now. Even Black Furley was sunk in fatigue and dejection.

"Not much trouble left in that lot!" remarked Kit Hudson.

"We'll give them a tow as far as Kolu, Kit, and then cut the line," said King of the Islands, with a smile. "They can go ashore at Kolu, and get back to Lukwe anyhow they like!"

The wind had shifted with the fall of night, and was blowing from the south. Dense masses of fog rolled after the ketch as if in pursuit of its prey. But once in the open sea, King of the Islands made sail, and the drifting fog-bank was dropped astern. At the end of the tow-rope the boat plunged and rocked behind the ketch, shipping water at every plunge, and the weary Lukwe crew baled incessantly. Kolu lay half-way between Lukwe and Lalinge; and it was a long and bitter tow for the crew in the boat, drenched with salt water, lashed by spindrift, aching with the fatigue of incessant baling. Even Kaiolalulalonga's face became less grim as he looked at the hapless wretches astern.

But there was no help for it. They could not be trusted on board the ketch. Day was flushing the sky when Kolu was raised over the tumbling sea; and the ketch ran close in to the island, and Ken hailed the boat. But Black Furley and his crew, who had perhaps feared that they were being taken to Lalinge to be handed over to justice, did not need telling to cast off. Furley threw off the tow-rope, and his weary crew put out the oars and pulled for Kolu. On board the ketch more sail was shaken out to the wind, and she flew on like a sea-bird, and the boat and Kolu vanished astern.

Under the blaze of the noonday sun the Lills of Lalinge were raised in the distance.

"Home at last!" said King of the Islands.

"Feller gold he stop along us feller!" grinned Kaiolalulalonga.

With a bright face and a light heart, King of the Islands sailed in through the reef passage and glided across the lagoon. The Hiva-Oa crew were singing cheerily as the ketch moored at the coral wharf.

Lalinge lay bright in the tropic sun. It was home to the boy trader of the Pacific; King of the Islands was in port again, with the gold safe under hatches—after so many perils. Perils past did not trouble the boy trader. His heart was light as he stepped on the coral wharf and walked up the white beach into Lalinge!

(You'll find another of Charles Hamilton's topping yarns of Ken King's South Seas adventures in next Monday's MODERN BOY—and it's absolutely first-class, as usual!)

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