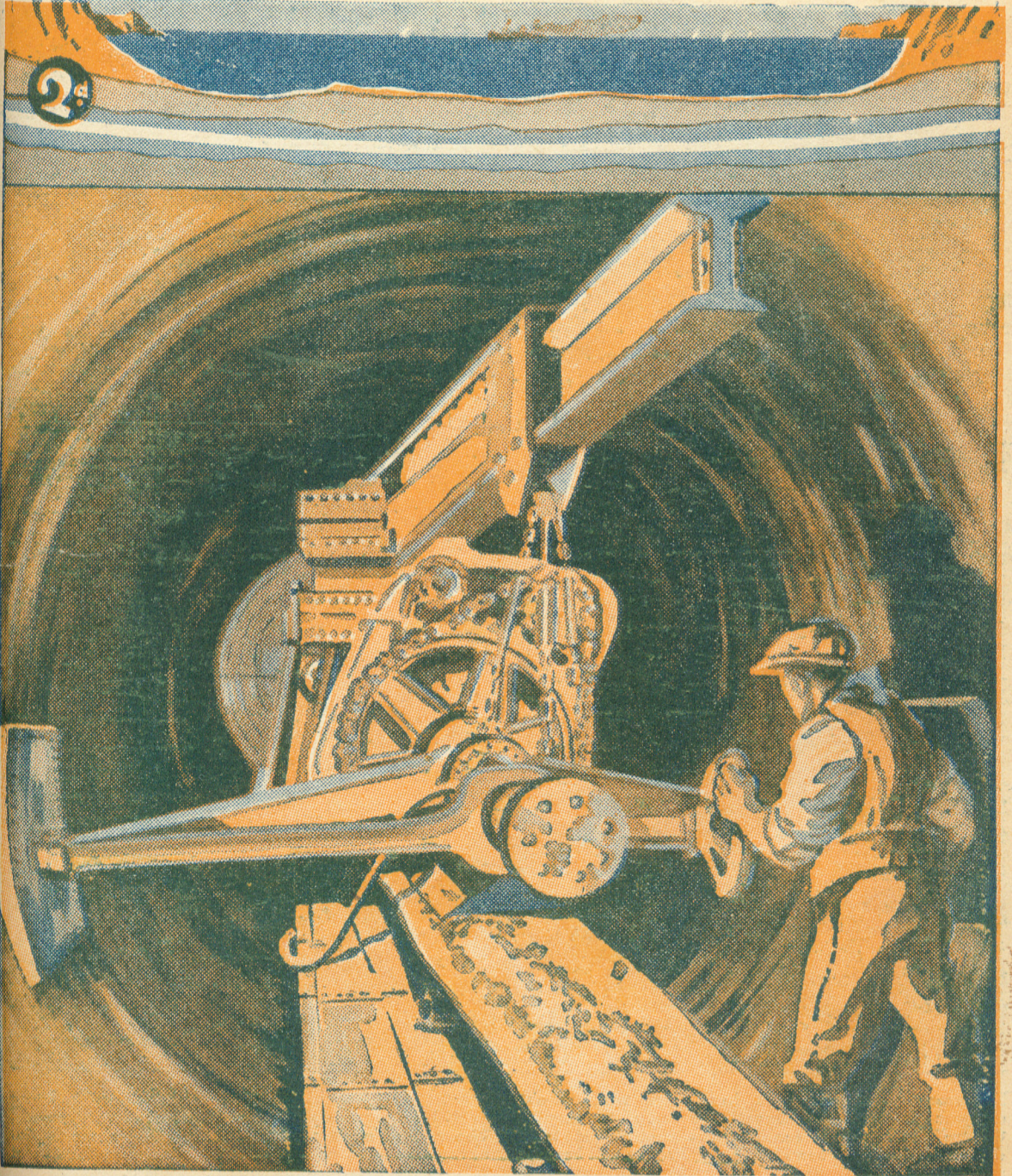


A "JAMES" MOTOR-CYCLE OFFERED FREE! *See inside.*

The MODERN BOY

EVERY MONDAY,
Week Ending March 23rd, 1929.

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BORING THE CHANNEL TUNNEL! *See page 9.*



A
Rattling
KING
of the
ISLANDS
Yarn!

LONG AND
COMPLETE.

Continually while he talked Pullinger turned his head, and the comrades of the Dawn knew that he was reptiliously scaming the parcels and bundles as they were brought in.

Monarch of the Atoll!

By

CHARLES
HAMILTON.

Up to Ken King!

"IT'S up to us!" said Ken King, owner and skipper of the trading ketch Dawn cheerily.

Kit Hudson, his Australian mate and partner, nodded assent.

Manager Beinap, of the Pacific Company's station at Lalinge, coughed apologetically. He had come on board the Dawn, now moored at the coral wharf, in full expectation that his request would be acceded to. Still, he knew that it was a lot to ask. Nine Pacific traders in ten would have received such a request with a point-blank refusal. But King of the Islands, to give Ken the name by which he was known throughout the Pacific, was the man to sail leagues out of his course to lend a helping hand to friend or foe. And King of the Islands, just then, was on the crest of a wave of good fortune. He was in funds and could afford to spare time helping a lame dog over a stile.

"I wouldn't ask you," said Mr. Beinap, "but it's a year since a sail's passed in sight of Motu. Pullinger may be dead for all I know. I'm not saying he's the pleasantest fellow to meet. But—"

"I know," King of the Islands nodded. "I'm glad you've asked me—you know what good luck we've had, and we can afford to take a

pleasure trip. Send the stuff on board this morning, Mr. Beinap, and we'll pull out of the lagoon to-day."

And the fat and genial Mr. Beinap, with many expressions of apologetic thanks, rolled off the Dawn to the wharf, and returned along the beach to the official residence of the Pacific Company. Kit Hudson, swinging his legs on the taffrail, looked at his chum with a good-natured grin.

"I'm with you, of course," he said. "Our bank balance is so high that we can afford to chuck a week away if we like. But let a fellow know. Where and what is Motu—and who the thump is this man Pullinger? I gather that he's well known at Lalinge; but I'm not so acquainted with Lalinge as you are, Ken."

"I've never seen Pullinger," answered Ken. "He was here long before my time. But I've heard a lot about him. It's said that he belongs to a big family in the Old Country, and I reckon he came out here as a remittance-man. But the remittances stopped, and he was left combing the beach."

"A beachcomber?"

"Yes. But he was pulled out of it

by the other white men here. It's no secret that he owed money to every white man on Lalinge—even Ezra Hunk, the Yankee storekeeper—though goodness knows how Pullinger got anything out of him!" said Ken, laughing. "And along with that, he had a large allowance of swank about his connections at home, and the great things that might come to him some day if a lot of people conveniently died out of the way. According to accounts, he was a gentleman of sorts, and the fellows didn't like seeing him combing the beach—so he got his chance on Motu."

"And what and where's Motu?"

"The smallest and farthest island in this group. It's a clear hundred knots from here, and off any known track. No skipper ever has any reason for going that way, and consequently never goes—unless it's specially to visit Pullinger."

"That wouldn't happen often, I reckon," remarked Hudson.

"Not once a year," said Ken. "Pullinger wasn't popular here, and, by all accounts, he's a bore, and puts on side. But in the islands white men stand by one another to a wonderful extent. One year the missionary pulled across in his whaleboat to carry a stack of newspapers to Motu. Another time a French schooner

made the trip to take him a collection of things that had been made for him in Lalinge—clothes and tobacco and fowls and cartridges and so on.

"Several times a native canoe has been hired to make the run to send him assistance. You see, Motu is the loneliest place ever—stuck out in the Pacific, out of sight of any sail or steamer—just a speck dropped down there and lost. You can't help feeling a certain amount of fellow-feeling for a lone white man there—even if he isn't the pleasantest fellow in the wide world.

"Not that there's any harm in Pullinger," went on Ken. "He gets on well with the natives—there's about a dozen—on Motu, and so long as they bow and scrape to a sufficient extent, and treat him as their king, he's as kind a master as they could want. He has a bungalow and a plantation, and lords it over the island, and every now and then, when there's a favourable wind, a canoe comes over to Lalinge with a begging letter—Pullinger wants something or other. And you'd be surprised how the men here play up."

"The islands are full of queer characters," Hudson laughed. "Doesn't he ever visit Lalinge himself?"

"The trip's too long, and he's a poor sailor. He's been on Motu for years and years, and seems satisfied and happy there. Only, of course, he's always keen to see a white man."

"And now he's going to see two?" smiled Hudson.

"Yes. There's been a collection made for him, as well as a bundle of newspapers landed from the last Sydney steamer, and we're going to run the stuff across in the Dawn. Belnap's caught us at the right moment. I fancy he's asked about a dozen skippers already," said Ken, laughing. "Of course, in most cases it couldn't be done—time's money to a skipper with his daily bread to earn. Oh, and here comes the stuff!" he added, rising from the deck-chair. "Belnap's lost no time."

Lascar coolies were already bringing the goods down from the Pacific Company's warehouse to the wharf. Ken called to Koko—otherwise Kaio-lalulalonga, the Kanaka bo'sun—and the four Hiva-Oa boys who formed the crew, and they were quickly busy. The collection of goods that had been made for the lone man on Motu was extensive and various. Almost every white man on Lalinge had added something. It was characteristic of the man on Motu that when he wanted anything he made no bones about asking for it. It really seemed that he fancied he had some sort of claim on Lalinge because he had combed the beach there and borrowed money of every man in the place. What was more surprising, he seldom begged in vain. Possibly, however, the Lalinge men were not wholly unselfish in the matter. The more contented Pullinger was on Motu, the less likely he was to brave the long sea-trip back. And certainly no man on Lalinge wanted him back there.

Goods of all kinds were stacked away on the Dawn. Most precious of all for a lonely man was the bundle of newspapers—weeks old from Australia, months old from England; but precious every one of them to a man who had had no news for perhaps a year.

"We go along sea, sar?" asked Kaio-lalulalonga, a little disappointed. Koko had looked forward to a long spell of laziness ashore,

after the Dawn's last long and successful trip.

"Us feller go along Motu, Koko," answered King of the Islands.

"What name us feller go along Motu?" asked Koko. "No trade along Motu—no feller go along Motu."

"We go along Motu, along see white feller live along Motu."

"Savvy white feller plenty," said

(Continued on the next page.)

The New Stamp Collecting.

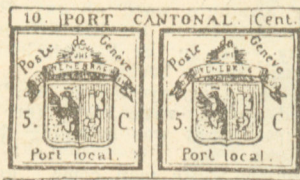
CURIOUS BITS AND PIECES.

By F. J. MELVILLE,

President of the Junior Philatelic Society.

It must have occurred to many modern fellows with ideas that it would be very useful at times to be able to split a penny stamp in two and use the halves as halfpenny stamps. The notion has been suggested hundreds of times to successive Postmasters-General at home, but they would have nothing to do with it, although in many foreign countries and in some colonies the use of split stamps has been permitted and in some cases specially sanctioned.

The idea of the divisible stamp is almost as old as the adhesive postage stamp. About three years after England produced the first stamps, Geneva issued its first stamp, now famous among stamp-collectors as the



Left:—The famous "double Geneva."

rare "double Geneva." Glance at the picture of this and you will see that it is formed of two small stamps similar in design, each part being marked "5c port local." But the two parts are linked by a tablet across the top marked "10 cent Port Cantonal." This was a very useful plan for the Geneva people, for the charge on letters posted for delivery within one commune or district was only five centimes, but to places elsewhere in the canton it was ten centimes. If your letter was a local one you cut your stamp in half, or if it was to go farther afield you used the whole stamp or two halves. We find cantonal letters sometimes franked with two halves wrongly cut, but that did not matter so long as the proper postage was denoted.

The Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin carried the notion still further in 1856, when producing her first 1 schilling stamp, composed of four distinct and complete quarter stamps. Each quarter has the buffalo's head of the Mecklenburg arms, and inscriptions on all four sides, the whole 1 schilling stamp being less than three quarters of an inch square, and each quarter about three-eighths of an inch square. The plan evidently worked all right, for a new issue in 1864 included a similarly quartered schilling stamp. On old letters we find some pretty blocks of these miniature stamps, as well as single quarters. Sometimes six, eight, or ten quarters appear on one letter or cover, and when all in one unsevered block are very attractive items.

Brunswick produced a somewhat similar

Above:—Brunswick's stamp of four quarters.

Left:—Stamp of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, made up of four complete miniature stamps.

All stamps enlarged.



divisible stamp in 1857, a composite gütengroschen stamp formed of four 1/4 gütengroschen parts, but they are not so clearly divided as the Mecklenburg-Schwerin stamps, and in cutting off your quarter you cannot help spoiling two of the other quarters. When I say "spoiling," they are spoiled for a collector, though they

were quite good for postage in those olden times.

All these were stamps originally designed to be used either as a whole or in fractions. There are others which governments have issued during temporary shortage of stamps consisting of whole stamps perforated down the middle, and the separate portions surcharged. Some interesting and cheap examples are found among the Portuguese colonies.

Monarch of the Atoll!

Koko, grimacing. "Savvy him along Lalinge, plenty time before. No good white feller."

"You've seen Pullinger, old coffee-bean?" asked Hudson.

"See um, eye belong me, long time before," answered Koko, by which he meant a long time ago. "He fat feller, plenty wind along head belong him."

The shipmates grinned. They had heard from other sources that Montague Pullinger had a swelled head—along with being the most persistent and brazen cadger in the South Seas. But that made no difference. They were prepared to do the man a good turn, swelled head or not. And with the assorted cargo for Motu under hatches, the Dawn glided out of the lagoon and set sail for the distant atoll.

Monty Pullinger at Home!

"YOU feller James!"
Montague Pullinger lifted himself from the Madeira chair in the veranda of his bungalow on Motu, shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked across the reef and the blue waters. Far out at sea appeared a white sail. Seldom did a sail, unless it was the lug-sail of a native canoe, appear in sight of the tiny atoll. It was a red-letter day on Motu when a white man's ship was seen in the offing.

Motu lay far off the track of ships. There was no trade to draw the keenest skipper there. The atoll was small—merely a ring of coral enclosing a lagoon, a mile in circumference. On the narrow ring was a belt of good soil, where coconut palms and bread-fruit grew, sufficient to feed the handful of Polynesians who inhabited the island, and the lagoon swarmed with fish. On Pullinger's little plantation were fields of taro and yams, and a grove of coconuts. He cured a little copra, but too little for trade.

The man was satisfied with existence on Motu. Tiny as the atoll was, it was his kingdom. There he was monarch of all he surveyed, master of all to whom he spoke. On Lalinge he would have been only a beachcomber. On Motu the dozen or so golden-skinned natives respected him and served him. On Lalinge the natives, knowing the estimation in which he was held by the other white men, would have given him saucy words and looks. Here on Motu he was the recipient of many kindnesses from distant white men. Closer at hand, he was eluded as a bore and a dreaded borrower.

"You feller James!" repeated Pullinger, as he stared across the blue waters, his eyes lighting at the sight of a white man's sail.

"Yes, sar!" The house-boy came out into the veranda.

The boy's Polynesian name had many syllables, more than a white could conveniently remember. Pullinger called him James. James was reminiscent of better times in the distant island in the North Sea, where Monty Pullinger—according

to his own account, at least—had once been "somebody." When Pullinger called his house-boy "James" he could fancy that he was calling to a butler, or at least a footman.

"James" was clad in a single clout of tapa cloth about his loins. Pullinger, in point of fact, wore little more. Motu was hot, and, like many other white men in the Pacific, he approximated to native garb, except on special occasions. But the visit of a white man's ship was a special occasion. Not for worlds would Pullinger have allowed a white man to see him dressed in a tapa loincloth. And there were white men's clothes in the bungalow—gifts of the charitably disposed at Lalinge.

"Feller ship he come along Motu," said Pullinger. He would have preferred a loftier style in addressing James, but the Motu boy understood only his own language and the beche-de-mer English. As Pullinger had never troubled to learn a single word of any Polynesian dialect in all his fifteen or twenty years in the Pacific, he had to speak in the beche-de-mer.

"Me see, sar, eye belong me," answered James, with his glance on the ketch that was sweeping down on Motu.

"Feller white man come, 'gam' along white master," said Pullinger. "You makee ready plenty quick, coat belong me, trousers belong me, all thing belong me. You savvy?"

James disappeared into the bungalow to carry out his master's orders. Pullinger stood watching the ketch as it swept on to the island. He knew that it must be coming there on his account—for no other reason could a white skipper ever have touched at Motu. His begging letters, dispatched by a Motu canoe, had evidently produced at long last the desired effect. It was high time. Tobacco and cigars were running out, and he was hungry for news of the world.

Pullinger went into the bungalow. He emerged after a long interval with three days' beard shaved off, clad in white ducks, newly pipe-clayed shoes, and spick and span from head to foot. Anyone looking at him then might have taken him for a prosperous planter, and his peculiar air of confident superiority might have hinted that he was very prosperous indeed.

The ketch was very near the reef nod. She had run up no signal for a pilot. Apparently her skipper felt able to run the reef unaided. But it was Pullinger's custom to meet a ship in a native canoe and pilot her in. He walked down to the beach, where the whole population of Motu was already gathered to stare at the approaching ship.

Pullinger issued his orders right royally. In theory, the Motu people were under no compulsion to obey his orders, excepting those whom he employed in his house and garden. In practice, they never dreamed of questioning the order of a white man. A canoe was promptly run down the beach into the lagoon, manned by natives, and Pullinger took his seat in it, and was paddled

out to the passage through the reef. As his approach was seen from the ketch the latter lay to, and waited for him to come on board.

The canoe glided out through the reef channel, and ran alongside the ketch. Two white men and half a dozen Kanakas looked at Pullinger from the deck. The Dawn's rail was so low that no accommodation ladder was needed, and Pullinger stepped on board.

"Mr. Pullinger?" asked Ken, regarding him with interest. He shook hands, and introduced himself and his mate.

"I've heard of you, Captain King," said the King of Motu. "You are called King of the Islands, I think. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance. Glad to see you at my little island. You're from Lalinge?"

"Ay, ay, with a cargo for you," said Ken.

"I'll take your ketch through the reef. A pretty little ship," added Pullinger, with a glance round. "More like a yacht than a trader. As like my own old yacht as two peas."

"You've a yacht here?" exclaimed Ken in surprise.

"No; I was speaking of the old days. There was a time when I sailed my own yacht," the man of Motu explained. "I was not always a bit of flotsam and jetsam in the Pacific, Captain King. There was a time—" He shook his head, as if dismissing a painful subject.

"So I've heard," said Ken, suppressing a smile. He could guess that he was going to hear a good deal from Montague Pullinger of the glories of the dear dead days beyond recall. Pullinger dismissed the canoe with a wave of the hand, and stepped to the helm, where Koko held the spokes. Somewhat to Ken's surprise, he showed himself quite capable of sailing the ketch into the lagoon. Probably his tale was true, that he had handled his own yacht in his time.

As soon as he was sure that the man knew what he was about, Ken left the ketch in his hands. Pullinger piloted her safely into the lagoon of Motu, and the anchor was let go opposite the bungalow. Ken and Kit accepted Pullinger's invitation to tiffin in his house ashore, and they pulled to the beach in the whaleboat. Koko was left to superintend the landing of the supplies, while the two white masters walked up the coral path to the bungalow with Pullinger.

The house, built of plaited pandanus on wooden piles, on a foundation of coral rock, was small and flimsy, though a sufficient shelter in that climate of almost eternal summer. The man of Motu introduced his guests into it with an air of proud humility.

"Poor quarters, Captain King!" he said. "Poor quarters! There was a time—"

He shook his head sadly. A house-boy brought long glasses and a square bottle into the veranda. Ken and Kit were content with lime-squash, but Pullinger gave a good deal of attention to the square bottle.

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Monarch of the Atoll!

(Continued from page 22.)

He talked to his guests, as they sat in the shady veranda, and perhaps his seeing white men so seldom was the reason why he talked incessantly, never waiting for a reply, and barely listening to one when it was made.

But the shipmates of the Dawn did not mind that. Neither was much given to talking; and they were more than willing to give the solitary man on Motu his head. Their visit to Motu was an act of kindness to the lone dweller thereon, and they were prepared to let him talk nineteen to the dozen, if he liked.

In keeping with his character of a man of fortune who had fallen upon evil times, Pullinger affected not to notice the supplies from the ketch that were being carried into the bungalow by the house-boys. His pride held him from appearing anything like eager on that subject.

But continually, while he talked, his head turned, and the comrades knew that he was surreptitiously, as it were, scanning the parcels and bundles as they were brought in, and doubtless appraising the nature and value of the contents.

Presently, on the grounds of seeing to the preparations for tiffin, Pullinger excused himself and went into the house, leaving the shipmates sipping lime-squash in the veranda. They were quite well aware that it was not tiffin but a keen desire to examine the gifts from Lalinge that had drawn him away. Indeed, a little later they heard his voice, incautiously raised; pandanus walls do not shut off sounds to any extent, as Pullinger had forgotten for the moment.

"You plenty sure no feller whisky along this feller stuff, James?"

"No, sar! Feller whisky he no come."

"Just like Belnap!" Pullinger's voice was bitter. "Whisky costs money! Odds and ends—everything a man doesn't want! Sendin' me old clothes, by gad! That coat's been worn—those boots have been worn! Do they think I'm a beggar? By gad, they treat me like one!"

Pullinger sank his voice to a murmur, and no more words reached the veranda.

King of the Islands' eyes met Hudson's, and both smiled. Gratitude, evidently, was not strongly developed in the man of Motu. He was more disposed to grouse about what he did not receive than to feel thankful for what he did receive. But that did not surprize the shipmates. They had already taken the measure of the man on Motu.

Great Expectations.

KING OF THE ISLANDS looked out of the shady veranda the next morning at the sunny beach, the smiling lagoon, the sea creaming over the reef, the vast blue Pacific stretching to infinity. Kit Hudson was strolling under the palm-trees below, whistling cheerily.

At Monty Pullinger's pressing invitation the shipmates had stayed the night at the house; and Pullinger

had kept them up to a late hour—his conversation apparently inexhaustible. The shipmates had learned all they could possibly want to know—and more—of Monty Pullinger's former high estate, and of the wealthy relatives in the distant island in the North Sea.

Indeed, it appeared that there were only three lives between Mr. Pullinger and a great fortune; and it did not seem that he would be deeply grieved if fatalities happened in his family.

He was asleep when Ken and Kit turned out in the morning. After a bathe in the surf they came back to the bungalow, and found that Pullinger was still sleeping.

The Monarch of Motu appeared at last, in his pyjamas. The morning was hot, as it generally was on Motu. Pullinger looked rather tired and lined, doubtless the result of late hours, but he greeted his guests with an air of polished courtesy, and excused his late rising in a graceful way.

Ken had intended to weigh anchor that morning. But Pullinger pressed them so eagerly to stay that the shipmates assented, and it was arranged that the hook should be lifted the following day.

Ken and Kit had, however, duties to attend to on board the ketch—chiefly, to tell the truth, a desire to get a brief rest from Mr. Pullinger's conversation. Pullinger walked down to the beach with them, and reluctantly saw them into the whaleboat; and he was still talking when the Kanakas pushed off. The shipmates were to be back in an hour—but that hour was likely to be longer to Mr. Pullinger than to them.

The man walked back to his house, threw himself into a Madeira chair in the veranda, and unwrapped, at last, the bundle of newspapers.

When the shipmates got back they noticed a change in Pullinger. He was sitting bolt upright in his chair, a newspaper clutched in his hands, his eyes fixed on it, or, rather, glued on it.

The expression on his face was perplexing. He was utterly rapt from his surroundings. Even when the shipmates stood before him, he did not look up. He was not reading—his eyes were glued on a paragraph in the newspaper in a sort of trance.

That some news in the paper had startled Pullinger, and, in fact, almost paralysed him, was clear. He gave a deep, deep sigh at last, and looked up. A flush was in his face and his eyes sparkled. His glance fell on the shipmates.

"Oh! You, King!" he said carelessly. Ken was no longer, apparently, "Captain" King. "Good! How long will it take you to weigh anchor?"

"What?" ejaculated Ken.

"I want you to take me to Lalinge." The King of Motu rose to his feet. His hands were trembling with suppressed excitement. It was all that he could do to speak calmly; but he endeavoured to speak with a casual air. "There's some news in the paper that rather concerns me," he said.

Ken had guessed that already, and he wondered what it was. Whatever it was, it had caused Monty Pullinger's gracious politeness to fall from him like a cloak.

"Yacht lost at sea—storm in the Atlantic," quoted Pullinger, tapping the paragraph in the paper. "The Silver Seud—my uncle's yacht. Both his sons were with him on the yacht. Lost at sea! Who'd have thought it? And that news months old! If I'd known—"

He stared about him with a bitter look.

"Stickin' in this hole!" he said savagely. "Hangin' about a filthy island, hob-nobbin' with tradin' skippers—patronised by a set of cads at Lalinge! Gad! With a cool million waitin' for me at home—a cool million, an estate in Surrey, a house in Park Lane—a yacht, half a dozen cars— And I never knew!"

Grief for the relatives who had been lost in the yacht did not seem to be troubling Monty Pullinger. He was thinking of what it meant to him—the cadger of the islands. What he had never dreamed of had happened, and he was a rich man—more than rich.

"All three drowned?" asked Ken. "Sorry!"

"Oh! Ah, yes, of course!" said Pullinger, a little confusedly. He was not expecting sympathy. "A blow, of course. Poor fellows—poor fellows! With that he dismissed his hapless relatives. "Now I've got to get to Lalinge—it's close on steamer day, I've got to get the steamer for Sydney. I'll be ready in ten minutes. King. Get back to your ketch and prepare to weigh, without losing a moment."

"Are you giving me orders, Mr. Pullinger?" asked Ken.

The Monarch of the Atoll stared at him for a moment, and then laughed.

"You'll be paid," he said. "I'm not askin' for a free passage—I'm not a beggar, though there are people at Lalinge who've chosen to treat me as one. Name any figure you like, my man."

"My man!" repeated Hudson.

"You cheeky swab—"

"That's enough," said Pullinger brusquely. "Don't presume on my civility, Mr. Mate, or whatever you are. I'm hiring your ketch for the trip to Lalinge, and I'm not boggling about the price—ask what you like in reason. Only lose no time."

"You're not hiring my ketch, Mr. Pullinger," answered Ken, smiling grimly. "Come on, Kit, let's get out of this."

The shipmates left the veranda and walked down the path to the beach, leaving Pullinger staring blankly after them as they went down to the waiting whaleboat.

A Bumptious Passenger.

STOP!" Pullinger fairly shrieked. For a moment or two he had stood staring after the shipmates, as if he could scarcely believe his eyes. Then he made a bound from the veranda, taking the steps in one

(Continued on page 26.)

Monarch of the Atoll!

(Continued from page 24.)

jump. "Stop!" he yelled again. The shipmates took no notice.

There was a pounding of hurried footsteps on the coral path behind them. Chips of coral flew from Monty Pullinger's feet as he raced after Ken and Kit. He reached them as they arrived at the boat. In his excitement he clutched Ken by the shoulder.

"I'm hiring your ketch!" yelled Pullinger. "Can't you understand, man? I'll pay you fifty pounds for the run to Lalinge. A hundred pounds."

"My ketch isn't on hire," said Ken coldly, jerking his shoulder free.

"Are you mad?" howled Monty. "I tell you I'm a millionaire—I've got to get the steamer to Sydney. Name your own price."

He almost danced with alarm and rage at the prospect of being left on Motu. Every hour was precious to him now, and if the ketch weighed without him he might watch the sea for weeks in vain for a sail.

"I'll give you passage on my ketch—a free passage if you're civil. I'll take no money from you, and certainly you can't hire my ship or any man aboard her. I'll be ready to up hook in an hour—he on board by that time." With that, Ken turned away and entered the boat.

"I'll be aboard!" Pullinger called out, relief in his voice. "I'll be ready in less than an hour."

Long before the hour had elapsed a canoe brought Monty Pullinger alongside, and he came on board with his few possessions.

Prosperity, in anticipation, had not improved the monarch of the atoll. It had brought to light the unpleasant side of his character, and that side was very unpleasant indeed. Swank had been his failing, even in adversity. As a prospective millionaire, with an estate in Surrey, a house in Park Lane, a yacht and half a dozen motor-cars, it was natural that that failing should be brought out in strong relief.

The Dawn glided out of the lagoon and set sail for Lalinge. But the favourable wind that had brought her to Motu was still blowing, and it was not favourable for the return trip. The ketch swept on her way in a series of long tacks, covering great distances without much headway.

Monty Pullinger was not seen on deck again that day, or the following night. He was a poor sailor, and he lay on his bunk on the cabin lockers, and groaned. But in the afternoon he was himself again, and he appeared on deck dressed in his best ducks—one of the gifts from Lalinge. He scanned the sea and the sky, and turned to Ken, who was standing by the steersman.

"We get to Lalinge to-night?" he asked.

"No; to-morrow night," answered Ken. "We've got the trade wind almost in our teeth—we've got to beat up every foot of the way."

"But to-morrow's steamer day at Lalinge!" exclaimed Pullinger. "I've

looked it up. There isn't another steamer for a month. I can't hang on in that putrid island a month, waitin' for a steamer."

"I don't see any help for it," answered Ken. "Certainly we shan't make Lalinge before to-morrow night—or the next morning, more likely."

"A rotten windjammer!" snarled Pullinger. "What vile luck—stuck on a filthy trading windjammer at a time like this! Oh, it's altogether too thick!"

Ken made no reply to that. He was strongly tempted to knock the new-made millionaire headlong into the scuppers. But he refrained and turned away without a word. Pullinger tramped the deck savagely, staring every other minute at the sky in the hope of a change of wind.

But there was no change. At nightfall the Dawn was still beating up against the adverse trade. All through the night, while Pullinger lay sleepless with anxiety on his bed in the cabin, the ketch strove on her weary way. The next day there was still a long row to hoe. Ken, as anxious to get rid of his passenger as Pullinger could possibly be to get to Lalinge, made all the speed he could. But he could not work miracles. When the sun sank again in a blaze of purple and gold, the Dawn was still far from Lalinge.

"Steamer day," said Pullinger bitterly next morning. "The Sydney steamer's at Lalinge this very minute—to-night she'll be gone! Can't you get anything more out of this wretched tub of a yawl, King? You're dawdling!"

"I've told you to shut up," said Ken, looking at him steadily, "and you'll obey my orders on this ship, Mr. Pullinger. Another word—"

"You confounded copra grabber—"

"That does it!" exclaimed Kit Hudson; and he grabbed the man of Motu by the back of the collar, ran him to the mizzen, and banged his head thereon.

"That will do, Kit!" exclaimed King of the Islands, laughing.

Hudson ran him to the hatchway, and pitched him unceremoniously down the companion. Monty Pullinger was not seen on deck again till Lalinge was in sight. There was no sign of a steamer in the lagoon as Ken took the ketch in through the reef. The Sydney steamer had come and gone!

Shattered Dreams.

MR. BELNAP came on board the moment the ketch was moored. The plump agent of the Pacific Company shook hands with Ken and Kit.

"You found Pullinger all right?" he asked. "Too bad to give you a long trip like that, old fellow—and you can't have had a pleasant run back. But, after all, everybody does something for Pullinger. Did you leave him well?"

"We didn't leave him, Mr. Belnap," said Ken. "We've brought him back to Lalinge."

"You've brought him back!" ejaculated Belnap.

The news did not seem to cause delight. He looked round and sighted Monty Pullinger.

"So you're back, Pullinger!" he said. "Tired of Motu—what?"

"Sickenin' hcle," said Pullinger contemptuously. "The Sydney steamer's gone, of course?"

"Of course! She's left us a bundle of newspapers," said Mr. Belnap. "You can see them at my house."

"I shall have to charter some vessel for Sydney," said Pullinger interrupting him without ceremony. "I'd like you to pick me out the fastest craft that can be found at short notice! I'll pay a good figure for the charter."

"I'll see you about it at your bungalow," went on Pullinger. "I'm sick of this putrid trader!" And he stepped on the wharf.

Mr. Belnap turned a wondering look on Ken and Hudson.

"What is it?" he asked. "Sun stroke?"

"No; Pullinger's seen some news in the paper—about his uncle's yacht, the Silver Scud. He seems to have lost his relations and come into a million pounds, from what he says."

"That must have been an earlier erroneous report," said Mr. Belnap.

(Continued on the next page.)

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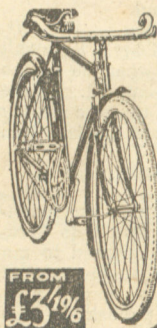
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Monarch of the Atoll!

(Continued from opposite page.)

"I never happened to see it. The latest news is different. I remember the paragraph. I thought it might refer to some relations of Monty's, as it's the same name, and he's swanked a lot about his uncle's yacht."

"But what—"

"The yacht Silver Sead, belonging to Mr. Randolph Pullinger, the well-known millionaire," said Mr. Belnap, reciting the paragraph, "which was reported lost with all hands in the late gale in the Atlantic, has arrived safely at Madeira. There was no loss of life, and the delay was only due to a breakdown of the engines—"

"Oh, my hat!" roared Hudson.

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

Belnap stared at them, and his fat face broke into a grin.

"Oh gad! Did Pullinger think— Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the shipmates of the Dawn.

Monty Pullinger had not, after all, lost his relations:

The next day the most dismal man in the islands might have been seen walking the beach of Lalinge. When he came along the wharf he was exceedingly civil to Captain King, of the ketch Dawn.

It was King of the Islands finally who found the necessary cash to hire a trader to run Pullinger back to his island. The Lalinge men agreed that it was worth the money to see the last of him. He went—and was forgotten—his existence being remembered on days when there was a fair wind from Motu, and a native canoe ran across with a begging letter from him. The brief glory had departed from the house of Pullinger; the imaginary millionaire was once more Monarch of the Atoll!

(Charles Hamilton has written another absorbing tale of South Seas adventure for next Monday's MODERN BOY. Don't miss it—Order Your Copy To-Day!)



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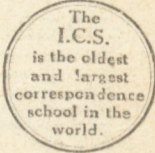
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