

C. J. CUTCLIFFE-HYNE'S GREAT STORY *INSIDE!*

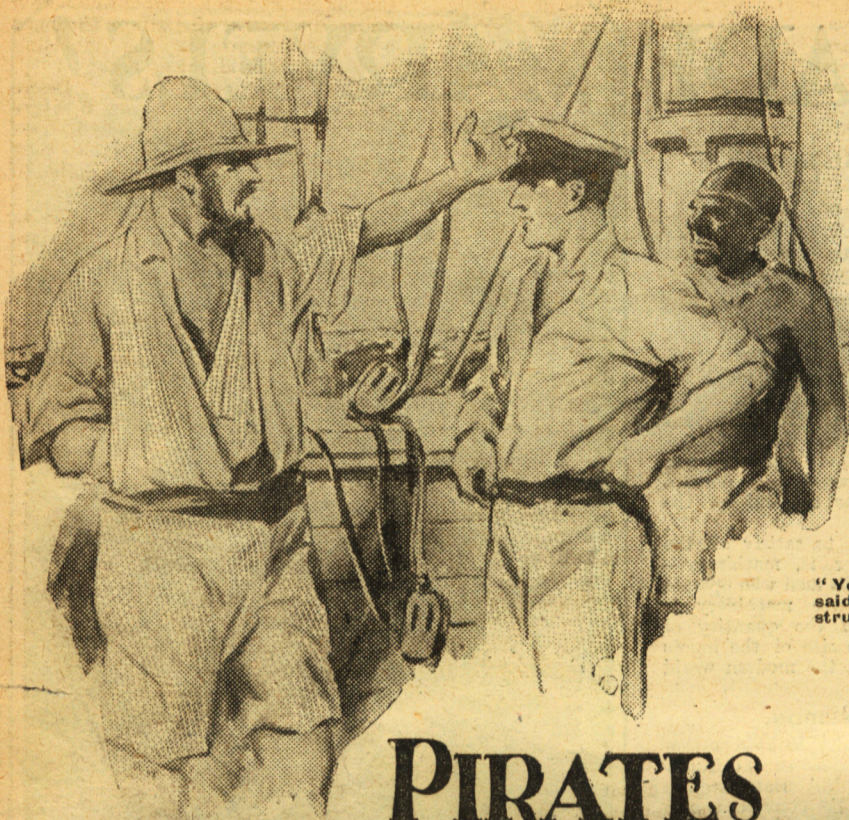
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THE MARVELS OF A STEEL-WORKS! See Inside.



Despite wireless and British gunboats, there are still men ready to take a big chance and hold up a ship at sea. Ken King, the boy trader of the South Seas, falls in with a gang of them, and — things become lively, indeed!

"You've struck trouble, captain!" said King of the Islands. "I've struck a swab of a pirate!" the skipper hooted.

PIRATES

of the

PACIFIC!

By Charles Hamilton

On the High Seas.

PLENTY trouble along that feller schooner!" said Kaio-lalulalonga—otherwise Koko, the Kanaka bo'sun of Ken King's ketch, the Dawn.

"My hat!" said Kit Hudson, mate of the Dawn. "What's happened to that packet, Ken?"

"Ask me another," answered Ken, staring across the curling waves, his brows knitted in a puzzled frown.

Lalinge lay astern of the Dawn, the purple hills sinking to the sea. The ketch was only a couple of hours out of Lalinge; and the schooner, heading for the island, lay almost directly in her course.

Even at a great distance the strange aspect of the schooner had struck King of the Islands—Ken's nickname—and he had run the ketch closer to observe her. Seen closer, the schooner's appearance was startling to a sailorman's eye.

She looked as if a hurricane had played havoc with her masts and rigging. Her booms were completely gone, her ropes mostly cut to tatters, loose ends floating in the wind. Her bowsprit hung trailing in the sea like a bird's wounded wing. Lifts and guys and stays fluttered in rags. She moved slowly and clumsily under a rag of canvas seized to the fore gaff, which was broken short. And yet there had been no hurricane—not even a squall; no foul weather to account for the dismantled state of the schooner.

Half a dozen Kanaka seamen could be seen on her deck, and one white man, evidently the skipper.

"Looks as if some lunatic had gone over that hooker with an axe," said King of the Islands. "Anyhow, she wants help."

The ketch ran down to the schooner. The sea was almost as calm as a pond, scarce ruffled by the south-east trade.

"Ahoy, the schooner!" shouted King of the Islands. "I'm coming aboard!"

The ketch ran close alongside, and the boy trader, with a light spring, leaped to the schooner's rail, and thence to the deck. He landed there lightly, and turned to the skipper—a brawny, weather-beaten man clad in cotton shirt and shorts, with a palm-leaf hat, and his arm in a sling.

"You've struck trouble, captain!" said King of the Islands.

"I've struck a swab of a pirate!" he hooted.

"A what?" Ken stared at him dumbfounded. What had caused the wreck of the schooner's spars and rigging, Ken had been unable to imagine. Certainly he had never dreamed of imagining that it was the work of a pirate. Piracy in the South Seas was a thing of the dim past—or at least was supposed to be. Ken stared blankly at the skipper.

"I tell you, a swab of a pirate!" The trading skipper's bronzed face was mottled with rage. "I was boarded at dawn, under the

lee of Kolo, by a crew in a canoe—and they got my cargo. Ten tons of copra they took out of this packet, King of the Islands!"

"My sainted Sam!" ejaculated the boy trader in amazement.

"A dozen of the swabs," went on the skipper. "Nine of them niggers, and the other three white men, with their faces blackened. They laid me aboard before I knew what their game was. Held me up on the high-seas, like they was hoodlums holding up a bank at 'Frisco! I pulled a gun, and got it in my fin." The skipper made a gesture to his wounded arm. "Piracy on the high seas, by hokey! I've sailed the Pacific, man and boy, for forty years, and never saw the like! A crew of beach-combers with their faces blackened and—" The skipper broke off, spluttering with rage.

"A canoe?" asked Ken.

"Ay, ay—a big canoe like a Solomon Island war-canoe. A dozen

of them—three white men and a crew of niggers—Solomon Island bucks, I reckon, from their looks. Plugged me in the arm," said the skipper, breathless with rage, "and told me I was lucky not to get it through my figure-head! By hokey! Hauled out my cargo—ten tons of copra, if it was a pound—made my own niggers help to break it out. You believe me! Took both my boats, loaded down to the gunwale with copra, and towed them away after the canoe!

"And then played the Old Harry with my spars and ropes," went on the skipper. "Look at my ship! Look at it! They reckoned they'd give themselves time to get clear, afore I passed the word that there was a pirate in these waters. I've been doing about one knot since they left me. Look at my ship!"

Captain Higgins, the skipper of the dismantled schooner, almost wept with rage. The state of his vessel was enough to make any sailorman weep.

"I reckoned I'd try to make Lalinge," he added; "that was the nearest port. If you'd give me a tow, Captain King—"

"Ay, ay," answered Ken. "You don't know any of the crew that attacked you—"

"Not from Adam! They had their faces blacked, and dressed like niggers. But three of them was white. This is a new game in these waters, shipmate. Pirates, by hokey!"

"What course did they steer after they dropped you?"

"They went round Kolo, and that was the last I saw of them." The skipper waved his hand to the southeast. "If they're on Kolo, I reckon a gunboat will root them out, when the word's passed. They couldn't get a long way with a loaded canoe, and towing two boats loaded down to the gunwale. I reckon they'll be caught. But—look at my ship!"

"I'll give you a tow into Lalinge," said King of the Islands. He returned to his own vessel, greatly amazed.

In a very short time a tow-rope was run, and the ketch was put before the wind, heading back to Lalinge, towing the almost helpless schooner in her wake.

"This is a new game in these waters," said Kit Hudson. "It's a return to the days when men like Bully Hayes, the notorious pirate, terrorised these seas, Ken. But I don't quite make it out. If they're on Kolo, they'll be rooted out fast enough."

"They're not on Kolo." King of the Islands shook his head.

"But a loaded canoe—and two loaded boats—" said Hudson. "What chance have they got of getting clear, once it's known what they've done?"

"I fancy they had a vessel pretty near at hand," answered Ken. "Most likely hidden in the lagoon at Kolo—it's uninhabited. They'll put the copra on their vessel, scuttle the boats, and clear."

"And turn up somewhere with a cargo of copra, in some trading ketch or schooner—"

"That's it!"

"Ten tons of copra, at about twenty pounds the ton," said Hudson. "Not

a bad haul, for a gang ready to take the risk. Cheaper than trading it from the islands. My hat! What a game!"

"This is their first haul, so far as we know," said Ken. "It won't be the last, if they're not caught. Traders in these waters will want to keep their weather eye open after this, Kit."

"They will get a surprise if they try that game on with the Dawn," laughed Hudson. "I rather wish they would!"

The mate of the Dawn did not guess how soon his wish was to be realised.

At Faloo.

KING OF THE ISLANDS stepped on deck and looked at the purple blur—that was the island of Faloo—rising from the sea in the blazing sunshine.

It was a week since the Dawn had fallen in with the crippled schooner and towed her into Lalinge. The boy trader had not lingered there. He had lost a day in doing that good turn to a fellow-skipper in distress, and he did not regret it; but he put to sea again at once, leaving Lalinge in a buzz of excitement. From Mr. Belnap, agent of the Pacific Com-

pany and local magistrate, down to the raggedest beach-comber who loafed under the palms, all Lalinge throbbled with excitement at the startling news of that bold act of piracy.

Some enterprising and lawless gang, it seemed, were trying to revive the days of Bully Hayes and the freebooters of the 'seventies. That they would be run down and brought to account was the general opinion.

King of the Islands did not feel so sure of that. That the freebooters sailed in some vessel, ostensibly a trading vessel, he had no doubt; but that vessel had not been seen, and could not be identified—and the blackened faces quite hid the identity of the raiders themselves. They might sail into Lalinge itself to dispose of their copra, and no one would be the wiser. So long as they kept their own counsel, it was not easy to see how they were to be detected.



King of the Islands, flung bodily over the rail, splashed into the water and shot down into the depths!

Pirates of the Pacific!

When the Dawn left Lalinge again, and ran down from island to island, an unusually keen look-out was kept; and the shipmates never left their revolvers below. From island to island the news had swiftly spread, and in every trading station, and on every beach, the one topic was the raid on Captain Higgins' schooner.

But there was no news of any fresh raid, and after a few days the shipmates of the Dawn gave little more thought to the matter. It was probable, after all, that the raid was an isolated act of piracy, and that the unknown crew did not think of venturing to repeat the performance.

The Dawn was standing to the west now, far from the Lalinge group, on a course for Faloo. Faloo, though hardly out of the geographical bounds of Polynesia, was a Melanesian island; the natives black like the Solomon Islanders, instead of golden brown like the men of Nukahive and Hiva-Oa.

It was long since Ken had visited the place; not since the time when he had defied the taboo and raided the late king's treasure house.

On Faloo there was only one white man—Gideon Gee, the trader, a man of many mixed bloods, Portuguese predominating. For twenty years or more Gee had lived there, among the cannibals; and it was a standing wonder in the islands that Gideon's head was still on his shoulders, and not smoking in one of the native canoe-houses. He had lived under the protection of old Mafoo, until Mafoo was killed by his rebellious subjects, and then Gideon had made his peace with Ta'a'ava, the new chief, with presents of tobacco and rum and coloured glass and Tower muskets. Gideon was reported to be one of the most thoroughgoing rascals in the Pacific—which was saying a great deal—but in the way of trade a skipper had to meet all kinds of men, and King of the Islands had a cargo of trade goods for the Portuguese trader.

"Faloo again!" said Kit Hudson, his eyes fixed on the dark, shadowy woods of the cannibal island. "You remember our last time there, Ken?"

"I'm not likely to forget it," Ken smiled. Many times there had come back into the boy trader's mind the recollection of that fearful night in the taboo grove, when he had lain bound hand and foot, under the shark's-tooth knife of the devil-doctor.

"Plenty bad feller along Faloo," said Kaio - lalulalonga. "Feller trader he no good feller."

"He good feller along us feller, Koko," answered King of the Islands. "But we'll get through and pull out of the lagoon before sundown, Kit. We had plenty of trouble with the blacks when we were here before, and we don't want any more."

The Dawn glided on to Faloo, and as she entered the reef passage the masts of a brig at anchor in the lagoon were seen.

The brig was anchored close inshore where the coral rock dropped

away sixty feet almost sheer to the bottom of the lagoon. Black faces lined her rail, to watch the ketch coming in. A white man, swinging in a hammock under an awning aft, sat up to stare at the ketch. Another white man put his head out of the companion and looked at King of the Islands' graceful little vessel. He stepped towards the man in the hammock and exchanged a few words with him, and both fixed their eyes again on the Dawn.

"They seem rather interested in us," remarked Kit Hudson.

"There's not often two white men's ships in this lagoon at once," answered Ken. "I suppose a trader doesn't come in more than once a month, as a rule. Gideon's getting an unusual lot of company to-day."

As the Dawn glided past the anchorage of the brig, the man in the hammock scrambled out, came to the side, and waved his hand.

"Ahoy, the ketch!"

"Ahoy!" answered Ken cheerily.

"You're the Dawn, from Lalinge, I guess?" The man spoke in a strong American accent.

"Ay, ay! Who are you?"

"Mary Belle, from 'Frisco. Say, bo, you don't want to land in a hurry."

"Why not?"

"I guess the niggers are giving trouble," answered the brig's mate. "Gideon Gee's warned us, and Captain Hartz has ordered all hands on this hooker to keep aboard."

And the other man, apparently the second mate of the Mary Belle, chimed in:

"Voyez! Zose cannibals leave no man alive, you go ashore, mon capitaine."

"Thanks!" answered Ken. "We'll take care."

The Dawn glided past, leaving the two mates of the brig staring after her and muttering together. The black crew were also staring and jabbering.

Ken's eyes met Hudson's.

"A Yankee and a French mate, and — from the name — a German skipper," he said. "A mixed afterward on that hooker, Kit. Something's going on here! They've warned us against going ashore; but their skipper is on shore—there's his boat on the beach."

"I've heard that Gideon Gee's business isn't all done with honest traders," replied Hudson. "This is a lonely island, with a reputation that keeps a lot of craft away from it. Just the place for a pearl poacher to run into."

"Anyhow, they're not pleased to see another craft here," said Ken, "and I don't see any sign of trouble among the blacks."

He scanned the shore. The trader's bungalow stood alone, built of palm wood on a coral foundation. At a little distance was a sprawling village of grass houses. Among the huts a number of blacks could be seen loafing, and others were scattered among the palm-trees. But there was no sign of excitement among the natives. Battle, murder, and sudden death were of frequent

occurrence on Faloo; but just then all seemed to be calm and peaceful. On an island like Faloo, however, it was not safe to trust to appearances—the treachery of Ta'a'ava and his tribe was too well known. It was possible that the warning of the brig's mate was given in good faith.

The ketch came to anchor. In the veranda of the trader's bungalow two men could be seen—one the trader himself, the other a bulky fat man in white ducks and a peaked cap. The latter evidently was the captain of the Mary Belle. They were sitting on either side of a table on which stood bottles and long glasses, deep in discussion of some matter of trade.

It was usual for Gideon Gee to come off in his whaleboat to greet a new arrival. There were many skippers who did not care to set foot on the beach of Faloo. But though the trader looked round several times at the ketch, he did not rise from his long cane chair. There was an uneasiness in Gideon Gee's looks that did not escape Ken; and he wondered whether the ketch's arrival was as unwelcome to the trader as it seemed to be to the men on the brig.

"We've dropped into something, Kit!" said King of the Islands. "To judge by his looks, Gee wishes we were anywhere but here—and that fat swab with him is scowling at us, too. What the dickens are they up to? Gee had bird-of-paradise plumes to sell once, that he got from a smuggler out of New Guinea. Something of that kind, perhaps."

"Might be anything—except something above - board," answered Hudson. "Gideon Gee's got the juiciest reputation in the islands. Going ashore?"

"Well, we've got to get through. I don't want to hang on here after sundown. Depend on it, Ta'a'ava hasn't forgotten our last visit; and if we hang on we shall hear the war-drums."

"Plenty bad feller along Faloo!" said Koko. "Plenty much better no stop along Faloo, dark he come."

"Ay, ay, old coffee-bean!" said King of the Islands.

And the whaleboat was lowered, and the boy trader pulled ashore. Kit Hudson, with a loaded Winchester under his arm, watched him land and walk up the coral path to the trader's bungalow.

A Cargo of Copra.

KING OF THE ISLANDS walked up the coral path, his manner casual and careless. But he was on his guard, and the revolver in his belt was very near his hand. From the native village a good many eyes were turned on him. There was no sign of hostility; but any white man who walked the beach of Faloo did so with his life in his hand. He was prepared for a treacherous attack; and Kit Hudson stood ready to sweep the beach with bullets from the Winchester. But no Melanesian buck came near, and Ken was almost certain of what he had already suspected—that the brig's mate had warned him against

the natives merely to keep him from landing. For whatever reason the 'Frisco brig was at Faloo, her after-guard did not want a white man's eyes on their business.

That was no concern of Ken's. He was quite aware that much of Gideon Gee's business was of a shady character; that he dealt with pearl-poachers and smugglers, and all sorts of lawless seafaring men. But Ken was there to deliver his cargo, not to inquire into matters outside his own business.

A number of Gideon Gee's house-boys were busy, as Ken came up the coral path. They were shifting sacks of copra into the trader's warehouse.

"Copra!" murmured Ken.

It was obvious that the copra had been landed from the 'Frisco brig. That, perhaps, was what the 'Frisco mate had not wanted Ken to see.

He could not help being struck by the sight.

Faloo, like other islands, exported copra, which Gideon Gee bought from the natives in exchange for trade goods—such goods as Ken had brought on this trip. But it was not a place where an island skipper would bring his cargo for sale. The copra was to be stacked in Gideon Gee's warehouse, to be sold along with the Faloo produce, when a trader came in for a cargo. It was very unusual, at least, for a skipper to run into Faloo to dispose of his copra. Gideon Gee, certainly, was always ready to buy anything, from pearl-shell to hawksbill turtle; but he was not famed for giving good prices. There were a dozen islands where the 'Frisco skipper could have sold his copra to better advantage than on Faloo.

Strange thoughts were rising in Ken's mind as he walked on to the trader's bungalow. He was near the building when Captain Hartz came down the steps of the veranda, apparently having finished his business with Gideon Gee. The captain was a powerfully-built man, with a fat face, and keen, steely-blue eyes that turned sharply and suspiciously on the boy trader. Ken saluted him civilly in passing, and Hartz, with the briefest nod, tramped on heavily down the powdered coral of the path towards the beach.

King of the Islands mounted the steps of the veranda. Gideon Gee came forward to meet him, with both hands extended, and a welcoming grin on his wizened, brown-parchment face.

"Bom!" he exclaimed. "Bom! King of the Islands! My verree good friend! You make good speed here. I did not expect see feller ketch along Faloo two-three day he come, I guess."

Ken smiled. Gideon Gee's language was as mixed as his descent—a mingling of Portuguese, American, and beche-de-mer English.

"You no savvy feller Hartz?" went on the trader.

"I've never met him!" said Ken.

"Good feller, plenty good feller, I calculate," said Gideon. "Plenty good trade along him. Pearl-shell along Paumotus, you savvy, senhor?"

Ken smiled again. If Gideon Gee

had tried to think out the clumsiest lie possible, he could not have got further than the statement that a trader had brought a cargo of pearl-shell from the Paumotus to Faloo.

"Pearl-shell!" repeated Ken.

"Good feller pearl-shell!" said Gideon.

"Not copra?"

Gideon gave a little start, and his sharp black eyes shot a glance towards the house-boys who were carrying away the last sacks to his warehouse.

"Nao, nao, senhor!" he exclaimed hastily. "Here, I do not buy copra from ships—only from the Faloo niggers, senhor. Copra! Bom! This is one good joke! Verree good! Ha, ha!"

The Portuguese gave a dry,

cracked chuckle, and led Ken into the veranda, and waved him to a seat, so placed that its back was to the beach and the house-boys.

The half-caste was bursting with effusive good humour; but that he was uneasy beneath it a less keen observer than King of the Islands would have noted. The early arrival of the Dawn at Faloo had taken him by surprise; but there was no reason why that should have troubled him—unless his dealings with Captain Hartz furnished the reason.

"And what news you bring from Lalinge, senhor?" he asked, in a voice that was not quite steady. "Nothing? Nada! In the islands nothing he ever happen, I guess."

"Something this time!" said Ken,

(Continued on the next page.)

Ju-Jitsu VERSUS BOXING

This week:—THE BACKWARD CROSS-HOCK.

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

IMEDIATELY your boxing opponent has made a good straight left lead off at your head, raise your right arm and guard the blow with your forearm—meeting his forearm with your own. Then push his arm slightly outward and catch his arm with your right hand, quickly sliding it down to his wrist, which you then grip in a firm hold.

Without losing an instant, raise your left leg and bring it quickly behind your aggressor's left knee—that is, the "hock." At the same time place your left hand on the front of his left shoulder. A glance at the photograph shows the exact position you will now be in.

Without waiting an instant in this position you must execute three movements simultaneously: (1) Give the back of his left knee a vigorous kick-up with your left leg, thus knocking his support away. (2) Push his left shoulder round in a

circular motion to your right, and then downwards. (3) Twist his left wrist further over to your right, at the same time pulling it towards you.

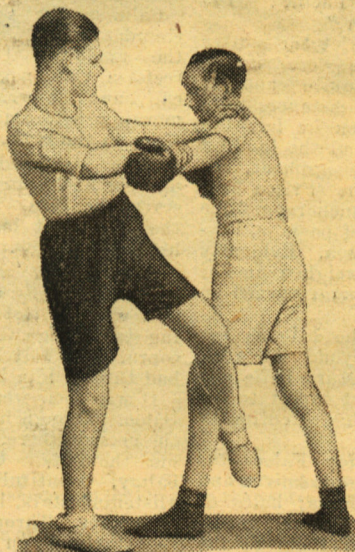
These movements, if done all together and in a smart manner, will throw your opponent round and down to the ground on your right side,

where, if necessary, you can follow up by securing the foot on chest arm-lock.

The points to note are: (1) Wait until your opponent has made a straight lead, putting his weight well behind the blow. (2) Have your hands open. (3) Have your weight well balanced upon your right leg as you do the throw.

When I was ju-jitsu instructor to the 2nd Life Guards, I threw a big fellow—well over six feet—in this way, and as he was fourteen stone, he fell with a terrible thud and lay there on the mat—which was rather a hard one—for a few seconds without a movement. Then he got slowly up and said: "Where's the horse gone?" When I threw him he was facing the vaulting horse, and he imagined he had got up in the same direction that he had gone down!

I used to have the very same sensation when I was learning from the Japanese. When I used to regain my feet after being thrown it was always some seconds before my sense of location became normal. I used to look around and actually wonder where I was. Many others have had the same experience!



The fellow on the left is in the position to send his boxing opponent round and down to the ground on his—the ju-jitsu fellow's—right side. And a very jarring sort of fall it is!

Pirates of the Pacific!

with his eyes on the parchment face of the trader. "A week ago a schooner was held up at sea and robbed of a cargo of copra."

"Held-up! Impossible!" ejaculated Gideon Gee.

"Not only possible, but true!" answered Ken. "A crew in a canoe did the trick; but I reckon they had a ship somewhere in the offing, to take the cargo on board."

"Que vergonha! I guess that sure gets my goat!" ejaculated Gideon, breaking suddenly from Portuguese into American; and he ran on in pidgin English: "Plenty bad feller steal cargo no belong him, belong other feller, my word! And they are caught, those sea-lawyers—those pesky ginks? What?"

"They're not caught yet."

"Vossa merce surpriende! I guess you surprise me some!" exclaimed Gideon. "But they are known—they are searched?"

"They're not known—they had their faces blackened when they boarded Captain Higgins' schooner between Kolo and Lalinge."

"Que pena!" sighed Gideon Gee.

"But there were three white men and a crew of blacks," said Ken, his eyes fixed on the trader, "and it's fairly certain they'll look for a trader on an outlying island to sell their plunder to—some trader who's not too particular what he buys, so long as he buys it cheap."

Gideon Gee shook his head sadly.

"De veras?" he said. "There are such traders—my word, plenty bad feller trader along Pacific! Too much plenty altogether."

King of the Islands let the matter drop. His suspicions were strong; but certainty was quite another matter. All the circumstances were suspicious. And when he left the bungalow to superintend the landing of Gideon Gee's consignment, he noted at once that the 'Frisco brig was no longer at the anchorage. She was already at the reef passage, towing out to the open sea. Evidently the Mary Belle had weighed anchor immediately her skipper returned on board.

Ken looked after the brig as her masts disappeared beyond the reef, doubtfully. But the Mary Belle was gone, and Ken did not expect to see her again. He gave his attention to the business in hand.

The consignment for Faloo was broken out; cases of trade knives and boxes of toys and clocks; bales of coloured calico and cotton goods. The whaleboat ferried them to the beach, and the house-boys carried them up to the warehouses. The sun was sinking when Ken completed his business with Gideon Gee and took leave of him.

Gideon shook hands with him very effusively, having come down as far as the water's edge to see him into his whaleboat. After Ken was on board, the trader grinned and waved his dusky, oily hands, and he was still standing there, watching, when the ketch passed the reef and glided away into the sunset. But with all Gideon's effusiveness, Ken had a

very clear idea that the Faloo trader was glad to see him go.

"We dropped in at Faloo at an awkward moment, Kit," he said to his Australian mate, as the Dawn glided away from Faloo. "Gideon Gee is mixed up in so many queer transactions that this affair mayn't be what it looks like. But—"

"But it looks—" said Kit.

"It looks as if the copra thieves have found a market at Faloo—as if that all-nation gang on the 'Frisco brig are the gang that robbed Higgins' schooner at Kolo. But—"

Ken dismissed the matter with a shake of the head. It was all suspicion—somewhat vague suspicion. But the matter could not be quite forgotten; and during the following days, while the Dawn was drumming round the islands for copra, Ken thought many times of the 'Frisco brig, and wondered whether he would ever see her "all-nation" afterward again.

Attacked!

It was a soft, balmy, tropical night. Stars innumerable spangled the vast dark-blue dome of the heavens, and were mirrored in the calm Pacific below. The Dawn was hove-to on the stormy sea.

Kaio-lalulalonga sat on the taffrail of the Dawn, extracting sweet music from his ukulele. The Hiva-Oa crew were asleep on their tapa mats forward. Hudson was below in his bunk; whilst Ken was leaning against the mizzen and idly watching sea and sky.

Calm as the night was, a distant thunder of surf came echoing through the shadows. It came from the reefs of Oua, which was Ken's next call, and he was standing off till morning before taking his ketch in through the reefs.

Koko twanged softly on the ukulele and gazed dreamily at the starry heavens. But he rose from the taffrail at last, to go down for his watch below.

Ken, leaning on the mizzen, was thinking, chiefly of matters of trade. Oua was his last call before returning to Lalinge with a full cargo of copra. The soft beauty of the night had thrown him into a dreamy mood.

It was some weeks since his call at Faloo. Though he had not forgotten the episode there, it was no longer in his thoughts. Certainly, on that balmy, beautiful night, under the glistening stars, he was not thinking of danger. Through the dimness of the starlight on the sea came the steady boom of the surf on Oua. Far in the distance he could catch the gleam of white, tossing spray. He was looking towards the island, dim and dark on the sea, as he leaned on the mizzen. Oua lay on the port side. On the starboard side stretched the wide ocean, unbroken by any land.

On that side a shadow moved on the dim sea, but Ken did not see it. If there was a faint sound of muffled oars, the boom of the surf from Oua was enough to drown it. It was a faint thud on the starboard quarter

that first caught his ear and made him step away from the mast and look round.

He was in time to see a dark figure spring actively on the low teak rail, apparently leaping from the bosom of the ocean. As he stared at the figure, five or six more came scrambling over the rail, from the boat that hung on below.

Ken rushed to the side, grasping the revolver in his belt. In the starlight, the dark figures that had so suddenly boarded the ketch were all black, save for the loin-cloths they wore; and his first impression was that a canoe crew of Oua natives had come out to the ketch. Oua was a peaceful island, and there was nothing to be feared from its natives. But it was quite unlike South Sea Islanders to approach so silently and stealthily, if their intentions were not hostile.

"You feller boy, you stop along boat!" shouted Ken, drawing his revolver.

Bang! A bullet flew past his shoulder, grazing the skin.

For a second King of the Islands was taken utterly aback. He realised that it was an attack, and that the blacks had firearms. Then, with a rush, the truth came into his mind. The blacks were not Oua natives, the Dawn was attacked by the copra thieves. The gang who had robbed Captain Higgins' schooner were swarming over the side of the ketch.

And as that realisation came to King of the Islands, he threw up his revolver and fired. There was a fearful yell, as a dark figure fell back over the rail and splashed into the sea. But Ken had no time to fire again. Before he could pull trigger a second time, the revolver was struck from his hand, and three or four pairs of hands were grasping him.

"Hold the fool!" came a rasping voice—the voice of a white man—as Ken struggled desperately.

Hudson and Koko had been awakened by the shots, and he could hear them stirring below. But four or five of the assailants had dashed to the companion ready to tackle them as they came on deck. Another man—a white man evidently, though he was blackened like the rest—had run forward, a revolver in either hand, and the Hiva-Oa crew, starting up from their sleeping-mats, crowded back in alarm from the weapons.

"You feller boy, you go along fore-castle, plenty quick!" rapped out the pirate, and a reckless shot fired among the Kanakas sent them scurrying in obedience.

Ken, rolling on the deck in a desperate struggle, exerted all his strength. He was in the grasp of a powerful man, twice his weight. The others had left him, leaving him to the bulky man to deal with. Strong and sturdy as the boy trader was, he had met his match in the hefty, muscular man with whom he was fighting.

"You fool!" hissed his adversary. "Give in—give in, you fool, or I will throw you into the sea!"

The crash of Ken's fist in his

blackened face was the boy trader's answer. A fierce snarl broke from the ruffian, and his grasp closed more savagely on the young skipper.

Hudson, revolver in hand, rushed out of the companion, only to fall stunned under a crashing blow from a pistol-butt. The next moment Koko was on deck, and grappling with four or five enemies. In spite of his herculean struggles, the Kanaka boatswain was dragged down and bound hand and foot with tapa cord.

The surprise attack had succeeded. Hudson lay senseless—Koko was a bound prisoner; and the Hiva-Oa crew, driven into the fore-castle under the muzzles of a pirate's revolvers, were locked in there. Only King of the Islands was still resisting.

Two or three of the assailants ran below. Others gathered round their leader, who was grappling furiously with the boy trader. One reached at Ken to grasp him; but a kick from Ken's foot sent him staggering back, and he rolled over to the rail.

The big man released one hand from Ken, to snatch a knife from his belt. The blade flashed in the starlight.

"Give in, you fool, or—"

Ken caught the thick wrist, and, exerting all his strength, turned the blade against the broad chest of his enemy. There was a howl of pain and rage from the ruffian as the point of the knife sank an inch into his chest. He tore his hand away and dropped the knife, and Ken dashed his fist again into the blackened face. But it was his last effort, for three or four of the blacks collared him at once, and he was torn away from the ruffian.

The latter scrambled to his feet, foaming with rage.

"Throw him overboard!" he yelled. "You feller boy, you put white feller a'long sea!"

Ken, struggling desperately, was dragged to the side. Another of the white men ran up breathlessly.

"Captain! No murder—remember—"

"Silence, you!" roared the enraged ruffian. "Throw him into the sea!"
Splash!

King of the Islands, flung bodily over the rail, splashed into the water and shot down into the depths.

Looted!

KIT HUDSON opened his eyes. His head ached and his senses swam. It was long minutes before he could collect himself and understand what had happened and what was passing. He stared round him dizzily.

All he knew was that he had been struck down as he ran out of the companion. But now he knew all. In the starlight the deck of the Dawn showed a strange and busy scene. More than a dozen hurrying black figures met his eyes. Some of them were white men; but in their

(Continued on the next page.)



This Week:—FROM BRUSSELS TO COLOGNE.

Continuing our Air Flight from Croydon Aerodrome.

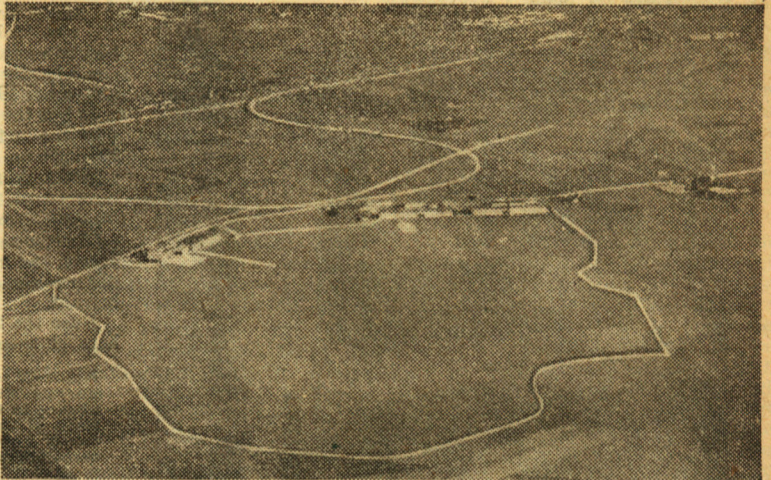
IT is 13 o'clock when we take off again in our great air liner from Brussels, for the airways keep Continental time. Two and a quarter hours later we sight a battery of eight tall factory chimneys (they belong to a huge peat factory), and then the twin Gothic spires of the famous Cologne Cathedral. Very familiar to us is the name of Cologne, both from its War-time associations and its celebrated eau-de-Cologne, which is still manufactured here.

A busy, bustling town, railway junction, air-line centre, river port, and manufacturing district, Cologne with its half a million people is one of Germany's greatest cities.

Next we notice the equally well-known Hohenzollern Bridge, with its huge fan-shaped spans, thrown over the Rhine.

As we look below, before gliding down to Bickendorf Aerodrome, you will notice that right in the centre of the city (which stands on the left bank of the river) is a dark patch, closely packed, and then encircling it a wide space, after which the city opens out more. The explanation is that when, in 1880, the old fortifications were dismantled a series of splendid wide boulevards, called the Ring, were built.

So the dark centre patch is the shopping, theatre, and business district, then



The great landing and taking-off field at Cologne Aerodrome, with the aerodrome sheds and buildings in the centre of the photograph.

the Ring cuts them off to give way to residential suburbs. Within the Ring the thing that strikes you most is the extremely narrow and winding streets.

Fortunately, they are flat, but even so, it is impossible to run tramcars through them, and congestion of cars and people is so great that there is a law which compels everybody to walk on the right-hand side of the pavement. If you don't a policeman will walk up and fine you on the spot!

Cologne has been nicknamed "City of Churches," and it does possess a large number, nearly all of them inside the Ring. Saint Peter's Cathedral is the largest. You see it as you walk over the bridge to enter the city, a very beautiful, impressive piece of architecture, with two tall spires, the second highest in Germany. It was rebuilt in 1248 after being destroyed by fire, but fell into disrepair and had to be restored a century ago.

Cologne's churches are its sole features of historic interest. Otherwise, it is a very modern-built city, and recently added another very advanced note by building a striking seventeen-story skyscraper in red stone.

Pirates of the Pacific!

disguise it was impossible to pick them out from the blacks.

Hudson was bound to the mizzen mast. He made one effort to wrench himself loose, and realised that it was futile. He could only look on.

The Dawn was under sail, gliding through the sea. The dark mass of Oua had disappeared. Behind the ketch trailed the boat in which the enemy had come from the night. Cargo was being broken out; bag after bag of copra stacked on deck, obviously in readiness for removal.

Hudson knew what that meant. It was the unknown gang of copra thieves who had attacked—and captured—the Dawn.

Where was Ken? He could see the brawny figure of Koko, lying bound hand and foot. A sound of yelling and jabbering from the fore-castle told him where the Hiva-Oa crew were. But where was the skipper?

There had been firing on deck that had aroused him from sleep. Had his shipmate fallen? He wrenched at his bonds again. But the effort was useless; and it made him almost faint with the rush of pain through his aching head.

"You swabs!" he panted hoarsely. "You dirty gang of sea-lawyers!

What have you done with King of the Islands?"

The black crew did not heed him. But Koko turned his head. His face was white under the brown, and his eyes haggard.

"Feller King of the Islands he stop along sea," faltered the boat-swain. "He walk about along bottom sea. He dead feller!"

"What?" panted Hudson. "He dead feller!" groaned Kaiolalualonga. "Black feller put white master along sea!"

Hudson gave a cry. The ketch was moving swiftly through the water. If King of the Islands had been thrown overboard, he was far behind the gliding ketch now.

"The scoundrels!" hissed Hudson. "Oh, to get a hand loose—with a gun in it!" He struggled frantically with the tapa cord that bound him to the mizzen. But he struggled in vain.

The captors of the ketch paid him no heed. A crowd of them were stacking the bags of copra on deck. Others were rummaging below in the cabin and state-room, evidently searching for money and valuables.

Hudson was helpless, and could only watch the looting of the Dawn, his heart aching with anxiety for his lost shipmate.

Hardly even the hope of vengeance, of punishing this crew of sea-thieves for their crime, was left to him. They were only black shadows to his eyes, and he knew that he would not see the vessel to which they planned to tranship the cargo of copra. They had come in a boat, and they would go in a boat, leaving the Dawn crippled as they had left Captain Higgins' schooner at Kolo.

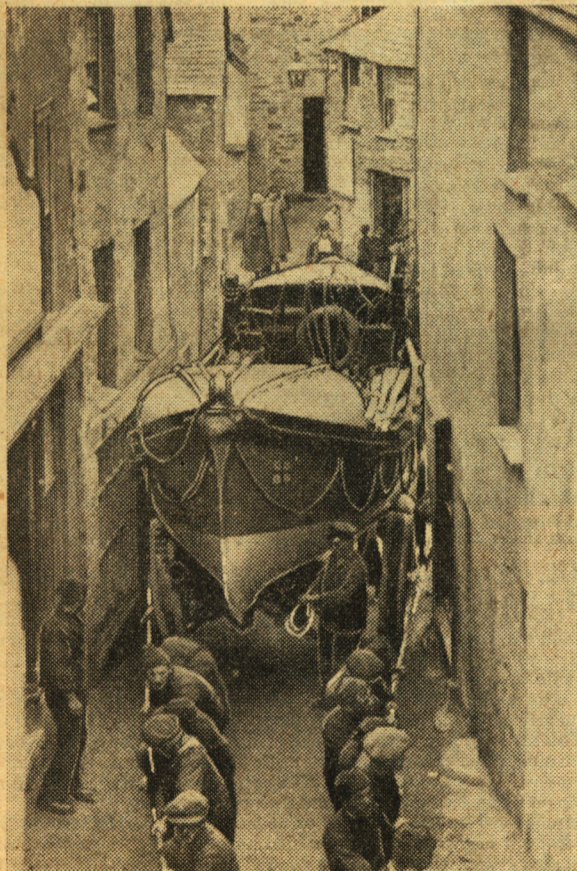
An order was rapped out, and the ketch hove to. Out of the starlit sea rose a coral rock—a bare rock a score of yards in extent—treeless, herbless, barren. The Dawn's whale-boat was lowered and the towed boat drawn alongside. Both boats were stacked with bags of copra. Hudson watched the blacks row them to the coral rock, where the copra was stacked ashore. They pulled back to the Dawn for another load.

Again and again the boats came and went, till the cargo of copra that the Dawn had gathered among the islands was stacked on the rock. There, Hudson could guess, it was to wait to be picked up by the ship to which these scoundrels belonged—but not in sight of the Dawn.

The landing of the bags of copra
(Continued on page 18.)

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

Founded 105 Years Ago.



IT is strange, but nevertheless perfectly true, that many inventions which are now widely used were never taken up when they were first brought out. Safety-razors were known years ago, and their inventor could hardly sell a single one! Nowadays few men use any other kind.

It was the same with lifeboats. Nobody knows who was the actual inventor. But it was probably a Frenchman, who devised a nine-seater rowing-boat which could not be sunk or capsized. But his idea was never used, and it was many years before the first lifeboat was built.

There are now hundreds of these vessels round our coasts, and in some parts, if a wrecked ship sends out distress signals, three or four lifeboats can hurry to her aid.

Even the biggest liners sometimes have need for the help of these wonder-craft with their wonder-crews.

A tough tussle to get the lifeboat through the narrow High Street of Port Isaac, Cornwall, is shown in this photo. The boat is housed at the back of the village, and has to be dragged 400 yards through the narrow High Street, with sometimes only an inch on either side to spare!

The tremendous risk they run was shown by the Rye Harbour disaster last year, when the whole of the crew of a lifeboat were swept into the water by a wave and drowned.

But the boats are usually so efficient that, with all the danger from a stormy sea, it is rare indeed for any of the men to be lost. No wonder His Majesty the King is proud to be the patron of so magnificent a service!

Some time ago a map of England was published on which were marked with tiny black dots all the positions of known wrecks. Round such well-known danger-spots as the Goodwin Sands the coast looked like a currant cake—with more than the average number of currants!

If this wreck chart has been added to yearly, the ominous dots must now, in parts, have run together into one black smudge!

Pirates of the Pacific:

(Continued from page 10.)

completed, one boat returned to the Dawn with half a dozen of the pirates. Towing the boat, the ketch was put before the wind again, and in a few minutes the coral rock sank out of sight in the starlit Pacific.

The loss of the cargo troubled Hudson little. His thoughts were of his shipmate. Ship and cargo, and all he had in the world, he would gladly have given to see King of the Islands alive.

And now sail was taken in. And the pirates, axe in hand, proceeded with the work of havoc that Hudson knew would follow. The ketch was to be left crippled, helpless on the sea, to give the thieves ample time to escape with their plunder.

The main boom was cut away and slipped into the sea. Halyards and sheets and shrouds were recklessly hacked through. The blacks laboured at the work of destruction, grinning like mischievous imps. The deck was littered with wrecked hamper from aloft.

Then the black crew crowded into the boat. One man remained—a white man, as Hudson guessed, though he wore a loin-cloth, and was black from head to foot like the rest. He went forward, and opened the scuttle to release the Hiva-Oa crew from the fore-castle.

Then he jumped into the boat, which pulled away immediately and vanished on the sea.

From the fore-castle the Hiva-Oa boys came out, staring about them with startled eyes.

"You feller boy!" shouted Hudson. "You come along here quick!"

"Yes, sar!" stammered Lompo.

Hudson and Koko were quickly released. The Australian ran to the side, staring after the departing boat. It was disappearing in the direction of the coral rock where the copra had been landed—now far out of sight. In a few minutes the boat was out of the range of his vision.

The sea-thieves were gone, safe with their plunder. While the Dawn rolled helplessly on the waves, the stolen cargo was being picked up from the lonely rock by an unseen, unknown vessel. But Hudson gave little thought to that. The fate of his shipmate blotted all other things from his mind.

To splice the hacked ropes, to get some sort of a rag of sail on the Dawn, to get back to Oua and search the sea for his lost comrade—that was Hudson's only thought. Hours had passed. Already the stars were paling towards sunrise. But Hudson refused to give up hope.

Kaio-lalulalonga had abandoned hope! He sat on the coamings of the skylight, his head drooping in

his hands, and rocked himself and muttered.

Hudson shook him by the shoulder impatiently.

"You feller Koko, you look alive!"

Kaio-lalulalonga looked up with a haggard face.

"Little feller white master he stop along bottom sea!" he muttered. "Eye belong me no see little white master any more altogether! Aie! Aie!"

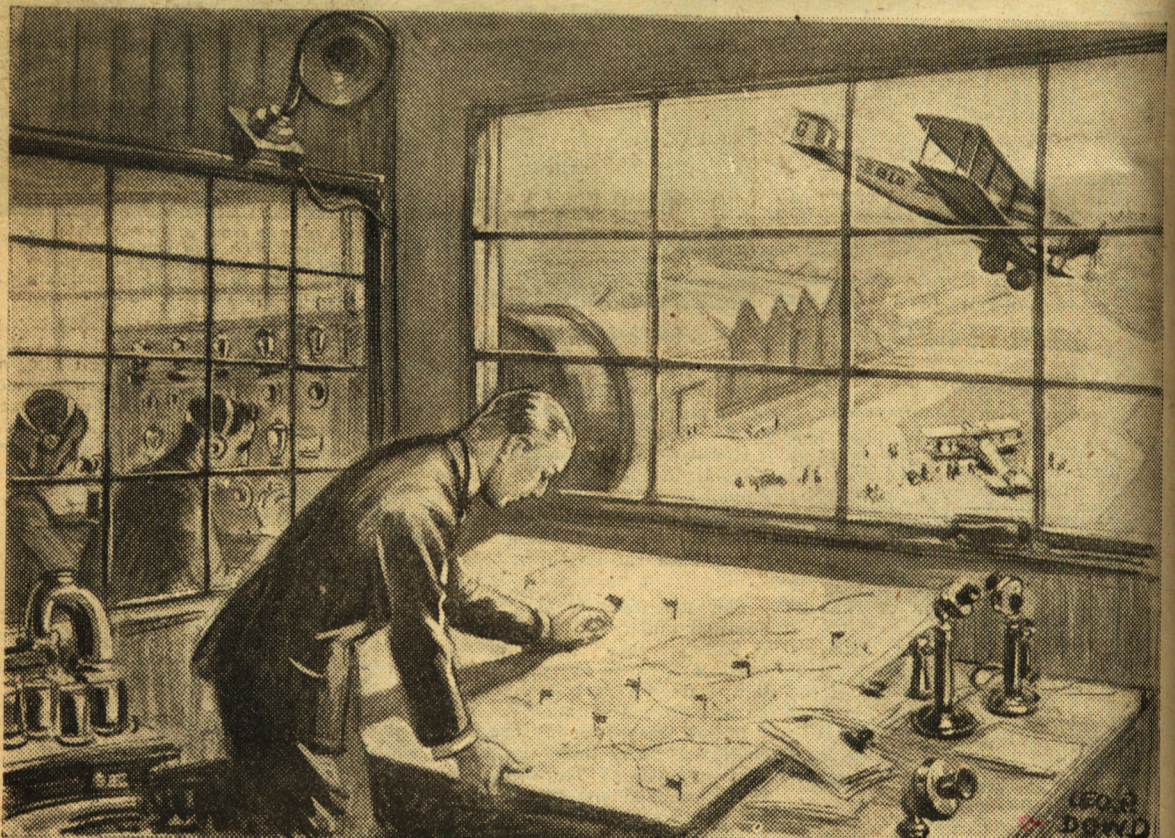
"King of the Islands is the best swimmer in the Pacific! There's a chance——"

"Aie! Aie!" moaned the Kanaka. Hudson dragged him to his feet almost savagely.

"There's a chance, I tell you! We've got to find him if he's living. We've got to bend a sail on the ketch and get back to Oua! Look alive, you swab! I tell you we'll find King of the Islands yet!"

Koko obeyed. But there was no hope in his stricken face. There was no hope in the hearts of the crew as they laboured to repair the damage done by the sea-thieves and to get the ketch under way. Only Kit Hudson clung passionately, desperately, to the hope that he would yet find and save his comrade!

(You'll find another long and complete yarn of Ken King and his South Seas adventures in next Monday's MODERN BOY. Play for safety—ORDER your copy NOW—TO-DAY! Then you will be sure of getting it!)



Here you see the Traffic Officer in the Control Tower at the great Croydon Aerodrome plotting the exact positions of aeroplanes approaching London's airport. He does this by moving the flags on the big map which covers the table before him. Thus constant touch is kept with all air traffic en route for London. Approaching pilots constantly announce their position by wireless messages, which are received by the operators seen on the left, this information being passed on to the Control Officer through the loud speaker fixed above his head. (Picture by courtesy of "The Evening Standard.")