

WORLD'S CHAMPION RACING MOTORIST WRITES WITHIN!

The MODERN BOY

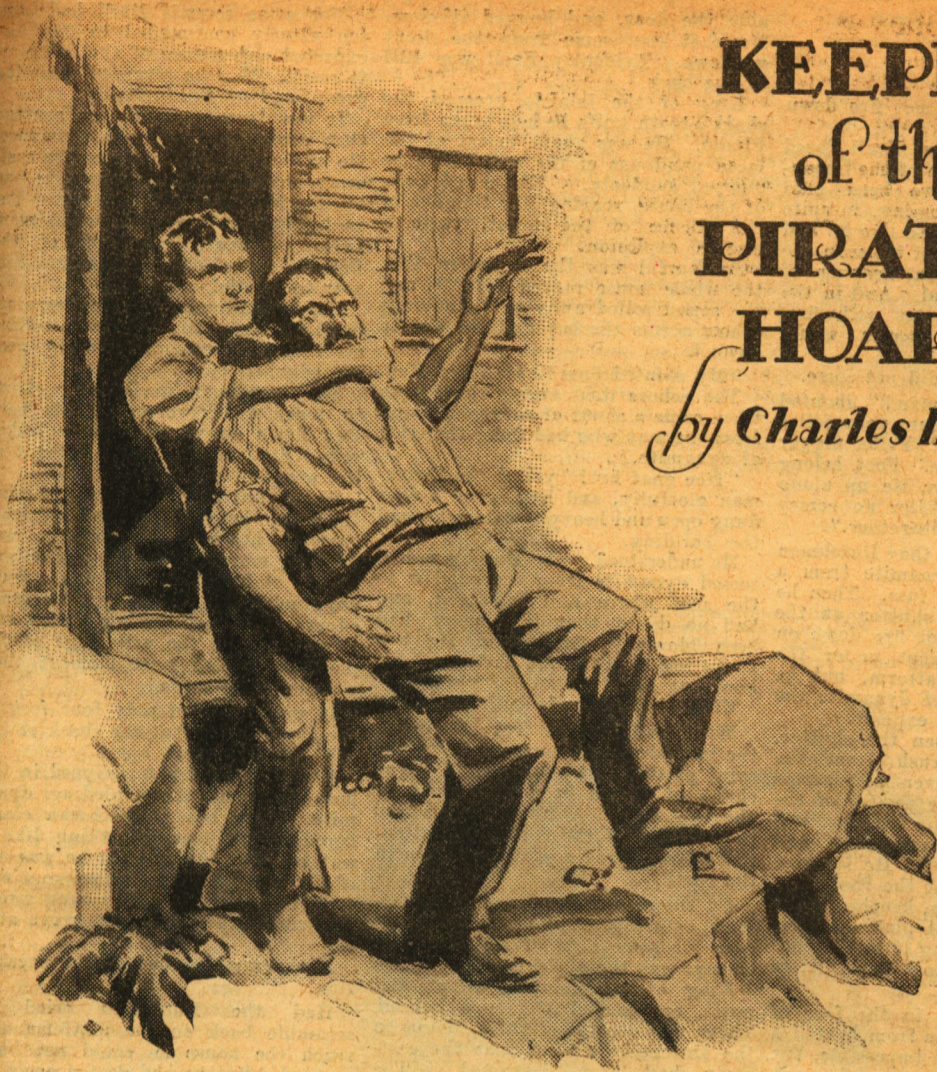
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LIGHTING THE AIRMAN'S WAY! Special Article Inside.

KEEPER of the PIRATES' HOARD/ *by Charles Hamilton*



The Dutchman was chuckling as he stared down at the wreck made by the dynamite. His chuckling changed to a gasp of terror as a strong grasp was placed on him from behind.

Boy owner of the ketch Dawn, trading in the South Seas, Ken King is quite accustomed to finding himself in startling situations. Read now how he acquits himself in a pirates' headquarters!

Face to Face!

KRELL, the Dutchman, peered from the loop-holed palm-wood shutter, smoking rifle in hand, and muttered gutturally in Dutch. High over the island sailed a silver crescent of moon, amid fleecy clouds, and silvery light fell on the sea, the beach, the bungalow in which he sheltered, the palm grove, and the steep hill behind.

But he could see nothing of the enemy who had chased him through the ravine from the other side of the island; nothing of the castaway whose life he had sought and from whom he had fled like a craven.

Every door, every window in the bungalow was fast. The Dutchman was armed with repeating rifle and revolver, and he knew that the castaway was armed only with a lawyer-cane. But his nerves were jumping as he peered from the loophole.

He had sighted Ken King, commonly known as King of the Islands, coming on from the palm grove, fired,

and missed. He had had no second chance. The boy trader had dropped below the level of the coral platform on which the bungalow was built, and the bullets that Krell blazed away passed over him harmlessly.

If he rose and approached the bungalow— But he did not rise. Krell dropped the butt of his rifle to the floor and wiped the perspiration from his brow. He shouted from the loophole:

"Wacht U op mij?" Then he remembered that Dutch was most likely a strange tongue to the castaway, and went on in beche-de-mer:

"You feller sailorman, you wait along me? You feller pig, you come along house belong me, s'pose you no flaid come along me."

King of the Islands, in cover under the edge of the platform, grinned. He was not likely to let the taunt draw him under the fire of the man

an answer from Ken.

The boy trader, keeping in cover, was planning his next step, and he was not in haste.

"You feller pig, you speak, mouth belong you!" shouted Krell. "What name you come along this house?"

"You feller Dutch pig," called back King of the Islands, speaking the beche-de-mer, which he guessed was the only English Krell knew, "what name you shoot feller gun

along me? Plenty many time you shoot feller gun along me, along this island. What name you send feller nigger

Pipao along me, along feller knife? My word! Me come along house killy feller Dussman plenty quick."

Bang! The rifle answered, the bullet whizzing over King of the Islands' head.

Ken laughed. The Dutchman had no chance of getting him unless he came out of the house. The edge of the coral platform was ten or twelve feet from the window whence Krell was firing, and without approaching

who was watching for a chance to shoot him.

The Dutchman waited in vain for

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Keeper of the Pirates' Hoard!

that edge Krell could not fire down on him.

And it was clear that Krell dared not leave the protection of the bungalow. Ken would have been glad enough to hear him coming, in spite of the rifle. If he was to live he had to get the upper hand of the man the sea-thieves had left in keeping of their loot on the island. And in the daylight, against a man with firearms, his chance of success would have been slimmer.

But the Dutchman did not come.

"You feller Dussman!" shouted Ken. "You savvy where your feller nigger Pipaio he stop? Feller nigger he prisoner belong me. Foot belong him, hand belong him, tie up along feller rope. That feller no comey help you any more altogether."

In the bungalow the Dutchman picked a stick of dynamite from a box and attached the fuse. Then he slowly unbolted the shutter at the window. He could not fire down on the castaway, who kept under the edge of the coral platform, but he could toss the stick of dynamite the distance, to drop and explode.

He hesitated to open the shutter, fearing a sudden rush from the enemy, who had driven him across the hill, and into the shelter of the building, in spite of his firearms. But he screwed up his courage at last, and the shutter was opened. He fumbled with a match to light the fuse.

King of the Islands, keeping below the level of the coral platform, was working his way along it to the end. He was determined to bring matters to a climax.

To rush the house in the face of a rifle spitting bullets from behind a loopholed shutter was impossible, but the Dutchman could not watch every side of the house at once. Ken worked his way silently but swiftly along the platform, reached the end, and turned it.

Still keeping below the top, he crept forward to the front of the house.

The bungalow was built of stout palm poles, planted close together on the coral platform and laced with pandanus. Once he was close to the wall his knife would cut an opening in such a flimsy defence.

In front of the bungalow coral steps led up from the beach to the platform. If Krell was still watching the back of the house, towards the palm grove, it was safe for the boy trader to approach the front. In front was a door, with a shuttered, loopholed window on either side of it. The Dutchman could not be watching from all the windows at once, and Ken had to take the risk.

Once he was close to the wall of the house he could not be fired on from the loopholes.

When he moved, he moved swiftly. With a rapid spring he was on the coral steps, and leaping up them to the summit of the coral platform. A swift rush, and he was across the ten or twelve feet from the steps to the building. He reached the wall be-

side the door, and hugged it close. No shot had come from the front windows. Evidently Krell was still at the back.

King of the Islands grasped the shark's-tooth knife he had taken from Pipaio. He was about to cut at the laced pandanus of the wall, when he stopped suddenly. From the back of the house, roaring like thunder in the silence of the night, came a terrific explosion.

So fearful was the explosion that the whole house rocked with it, and the sound rolled away in thunderous echoes across the bay and the Pacific beyond.

"My sainted Sam!" breathed Ken.

The echoes died away. Following them came a shout of savage triumph from the man who had flung the stick of dynamite.

"Hoe gaat het?" yelled the Dutchman gleefully, and Ken heard a door flung open and heavy footsteps beyond the building.

He understood. The Dutchman had tossed dynamite from the window to the spot where Ken had been, and had no doubt that his enemy had been blown to fragments. He was venturing to leave the shelter of the house at last.

King of the Islands smiled grimly.

With swift, silent feet he circled the bungalow, and came round to the coral platform at the rear. A great chunk of it had been torn away by the explosion. A huge gap yawned in the edge of the coral foundation, and below it was a great hole torn in the earth.

By the shattered edge of the platform, staring down with gloating eyes for some sign of his destroyed enemy, was the Dutchman.

King of the Islands, silent and swift, approached him from behind. There was not the slightest doubt in the Dutchman's mind that the castaway had been destroyed. The stick of dynamite had dropped in the very spot where he had been, and whence he had spoken, and that he had left that spot and reached the front of the house the Dutchman did not know.

Had Ken been still on the spot he would have been blown to atoms, amid the flying fragments of smashed coral. The Dutchman was grinning and chuckling as he stared down at the wreck made by the dynamite.

But this chuckling changed to a gasp of utter terror and alarm as a strong grasp was placed on him from behind.

For a moment or two he staggered, unresisting, twisting his head and staring in stupefied amazement at the castaway he had believed dead.

"Now, you scoundrel!" said King of the Islands between his teeth.

And, exerting his strength, he bore the Dutchman backwards with a crash, falling on him as he fell.

The Tables Turned.

On the verge of the shattered platform, locked in a savage grip, King of the Islands and the Dutchman fought.

For some seconds Krell had been too utterly confounded by the unexpected appearance of the castaway to resist. Now he returned grasp for grasp, and fought furiously.

It was terror rather than courage that drove him to fierce resistance. He expected no mercy from the castaway he had sought to destroy; and he fought like a cornered rat. Fat as he was, he was a powerful man, twice as heavy as King of the Islands, and Ken did not find him easy to handle.

For several minutes the desperate fight went on, the combatants rolling on the platform, dangerously near the edge.

The Dutchman made fierce efforts to reach the revolver in his belt. But Ken's sinewy arms were locked round him, and he could not get at the weapon.

Slowly but surely Ken was gaining the upper hand. The fat Dutchman, gasping hoarsely for breath, was yielding more and more. Terror was in his flabby face and his round, goggling eyes. He made a desperate effort to throw off the boy trader, and they rolled on the very edge of the platform. The next moment they were over the verge!

It was a fall of only four feet to the earth below, but the shock of the fall knocked them apart.

Ken, scrambling up, slipped in the hole made by the exploding dynamite. The heavy Dutchman clambered to his feet, breathing like a walrus. For the moment he was out of Ken's reach; and that moment was enough for Krell. He swung away, and started for the palm grove at a run.

Ken scrambled out of the excavation.

Had the Dutchman tried to scramble back on the platform and reach the house he could not have escaped. But he had darted away on the level and was running with a speed amazing in so fat a man.

King of the Islands stood panting for a moment. The struggle and the shock of the fall had winded him. The Dutchman, running with the speed of panic, reached the palm-trees, and plunged into the deep shadow amid the slender trunks.

Ken made a stride in pursuit; but he stopped.

The Dutchman had a revolver; and, coward as he was, he was too dangerous for an unarmed man to corner among the palms. King of the Islands climbed swiftly back on the platform and ran for the house. He was master of the bungalow now, and he knew that he would find weapons there.

The door was open, as the Dutchman had left it. The boy trader ran in swiftly and slammed the door behind him. Leaning against the open window-frame was the rifle the Dutchman had left there. Ken grasped it. It was empty; but cartridges were at hand, and the boy trader loaded it swiftly. Then, standing at the window, he looked out, ready for Krell if he sought to come to close quarters with his revolver.

But there was no sign of the Dutchman.

From a distance, where the dark ravine split the hill, the boy trader's ears caught faint sounds, and he laughed. Krell was still in flight, and making for the other side of the island.

There was nothing to be feared from him. Terror would make him keep on running till he dropped.

King of the Islands had succeeded almost beyond his hopes. He had gained the upper hand, and was in possession of the bungalow and the buildings where the sea-thieves stored their loot; among it, he had no doubt, the cargo that had been raided from his ketch, the Dawn, that wild night at Oua. The Dutchman was still free, and armed.

But with a rifle in his hands, Ken cared little for that. On the morrow there would be time to bring matters to a finish with Krell.

Ken closed the window shutter and secured it, and barred the door. There was little danger that the Dutchman would venture to attack him; but he neglected no precaution. Then he sought for matches, found them, and lighted a lamp.

Lamp in hand, he proceeded to make an examination of the bungalow, which was to be his home while he remained on the island—at least until the Mary Belle, the pirates' brig, appeared in the offing.

The bungalow was roughly furnished with tables and chairs of palm-wood, and a number of sea-chests and various articles that had evidently been brought ashore from a ship.

There were signs that a number of men sometimes occupied it; the after-guard of the Mary Belle, as Ken knew. One of the sea-chests was stacked with boxes of cartridges, and he found two or three rifles and revolvers. One of the latter he promptly loaded and put in his belt. In the kitchen he discovered stores of canned meats and a stove that had come from a cook's galley. Ample supplies of all kinds were there.

Ken's face was very cheery as he made himself steaming coffee, to wash down an ample meal from the Dutchman's supplies—very welcome to the boy castaway after his late fare of coconuts.

"My sainted Sam! I'm in luck!" said King of the Islands, as he rose from his meal.

The night was growing old.

From outside the bungalow no

sound came to King of the Islands, save the wash of the sea in the bay.

Ken looked to the fastenings of doors and windows, and then prepared to sleep.

He intended to be up with the first gleam of dawn, to cross the island and release Pipaio, the Solomon Islander, whom he had left a bound prisoner. Then would follow a hunt for the Dutchman. Ken could guess that Krell intended to lie low, in some recess of the island, till his confederates returned in the pirate brig.

But the boy trader did not mean to leave an enemy free on the island. He was likely to have his hands full when Captain Hartz and his crew arrived in the Mary Belle.

King of the Islands turned into a bunk, and, with his rifle standing

ing down on the island and a new day shining on the blue waters.

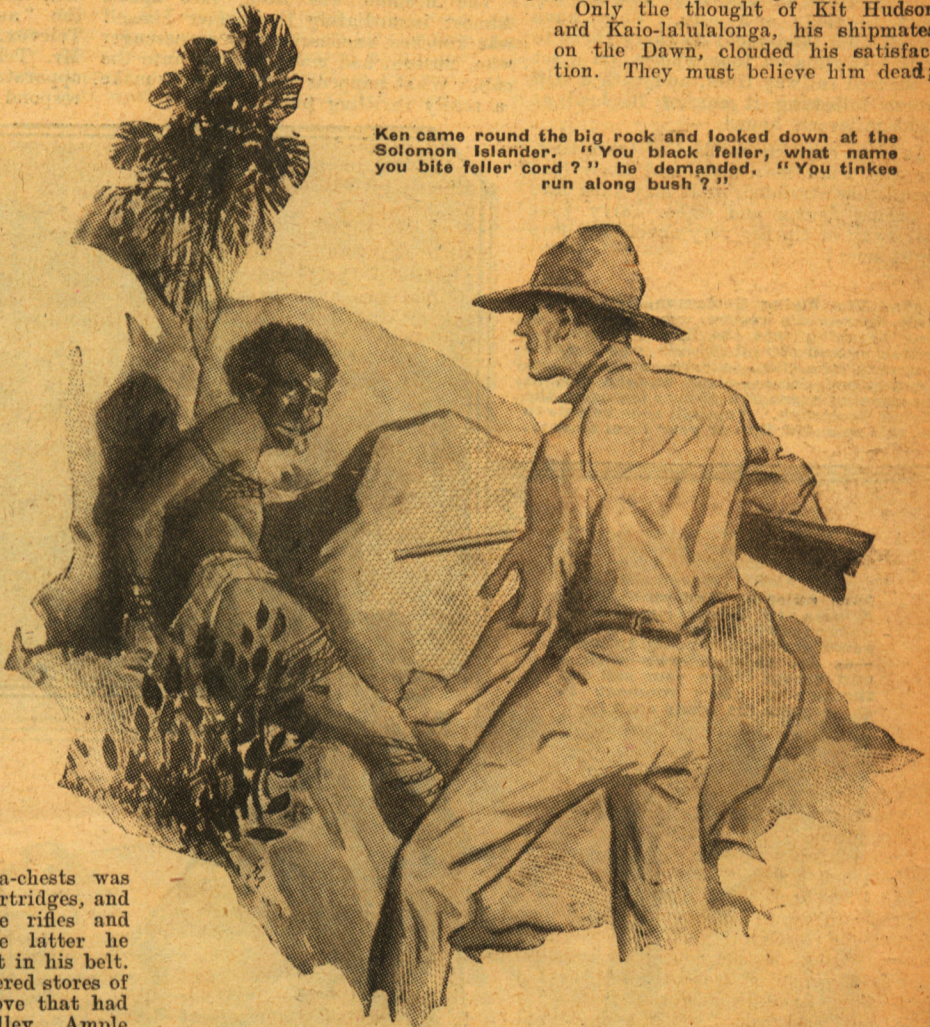
The Hunt!

KING OF THE ISLANDS threw open the door and looked out at the bay and the sea beyond, gleaming in the sunrise over the hill, his face wreathed in smiles.

The boy trader's situation was changed since he had been cast up by the sea on the island, tattered and unarmed and sniped at ruthlessly by a hidden enemy. The watchman of the pirates' lair was now a fugitive in his turn, and Ken was in possession of the house, arms and ammunition, and food and clothes far beyond his needs. So he smiled as he looked out of the bungalow on the tropic sunrise.

Only the thought of Kit Hudson and Kaio-lalulalonga, his shipmates on the Dawn, clouded his satisfaction. They must believe him dead;

Ken came round the big rock and looked down at the Solomon Islander. "You black feller, what name you bite feller cord?" he demanded. "You tinker run along bush?"



close at hand, his revolver by his pillow, closed his eyes and slept.

During the remaining hours of the night there was no alarm. All was silent round the bungalow, save for the ceaseless wash of the sea in the bay.

Ken slept soundly. Had the Dutchman returned and attempted to enter, he would have awakened promptly enough. But the Dutchman did not return. And the boy trader slept till the sun was stream-

though Ken was assured that Kit would seek him so long as the remotest chance remained of finding him.

It was at least within the bounds of possibility that if Hudson was seeking him in the Dawn, the graceful ketch might heave in sight of this lone island; and that thought brought a sparkle to the castaway's eyes.

He scanned the sea with a pair of
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Keeper of the Pirates' Hoard!

(Continued from page 13.)

binoculars that belonged to the Dutchman. But only the waste of rolling waves met his sight. No sail—no sign of a steamer's smoke. The island, he knew, was far out of the track of trade. No sail was likely to appear in the offing until the pirate brig returned—unless the ketch came.

Taking the loaded Winchester under his arm, Ken made a circuit of the place, his eyes wide open and wary. He did not believe that the Dutchman would return, but he was on the watch for a sniping shot.

Close by the bungalow was a row of roughly-built sheds. Ken looked into them. One was almost full of bags of copra, and in another was a stack of pearl-shell—evidently stolen cargo left on the island till it should be safe for the sea-thieves to seek to dispose of it.

The pearl-shell was worth over a thousand pounds, he calculated, as he examined it. An examination of the copra bags convinced him that a large part of it, at least, had come from his own ship.

It was his own cargo he was looking at, looted from the Dawn the night he had been flung into the sea.

Leaving the sheds, the boy trader circled round the bungalow, looked through the palm grove behind, and scanned the beach and the rugged slopes of the hill. But there was no sign of an enemy, and, leaving the rifle on a jutting coral rock, he plunged into the bay for a bath. Then he returned to the bungalow for breakfast, making an appetising selection from Krell's ample supplies.

After breakfast he prepared to cross the island.

The windows and the back door he barred securely. On the front door there was a stout lock, and Ken locked it and took the key. He had no choice but to leave the place unguarded; but if Krell returned during his absence, it would not be easy for him to enter.

With the rifle in the hollow of his arm, he ascended the rugged path to the ravine.

Even in the bright sunrise the narrow ravine, shadowed by trees, was dusky; and Ken was keenly on the watch for a possible ambush among the wildly-piled boulders.

He reached the summit of the pass, and from that point the tumbling stream accompanied him on his way down the eastern side, where the lagoon burst on his sight, shining in the tropic sun.

The hill that lay like a backbone across the island from north to south lay behind him now.

Ken walked along the beach, making for the spot where he had left the Solomon Islander the previous night, when he had started out to try conclusions with his enemy.

He wondered whether the fleeing Dutchman might have found the black boy and released him. But it

was not likely that Krell had come on him in the dark, little likely that he had passed anywhere near him in his flight.

In the sandy beach of the lagoon he picked up the tracks of the Dutchman. They followed the shore for a short distance and then struck off into the bush.

Evidently Krell had sought a hiding-place in the bush. Ken followed the track up from the beach; but in the high bush it was lost, and he returned to the lagoon. The Dutchman could wait.

Following the shore of the lagoon for another half-mile, he reached the big coral rock by the side of which he had left Pipaio.

"Me stop, sar!" gasped a frightened voice.

Ken came round the big rock and looked down at the Solomon Islander.

Pipaio lay close by the spot where he had been left. He was still a prisoner; but the cords of fibre with which Ken had bound him showed the marks of his strong teeth. Here and there the cords were gnawed through and hung in tatters. But the boy trader had made sure of him before he left him, and many more hours would have been needed for Pipaio to gnaw through his bonds sufficiently to get loose.

Ken frowned at him.

"You black feller, what name you bite feller cord, tooth belong you?" he demanded. "You tinkee run along bush?"

Pipaio blinked at him with dilated eyes, noting the rifle under his arm, which showed that he had gained the upper hand of the white man on the island.

"No, sar!" he gasped. "No tinkee run along bush, sar! No wantee run along bush. Wantee stop along white master, sar."

Ken laughed. He could guess how much the black man wanted to

"stop along" his new white master.

"You listen along ear belong you, Pipaio," he said. "Me master along island altogether. Feller Dussman he run along bush. House belong me. Rifle belong me. All thing this place belong me. You savvy?"

"Yes, sar!"

"You black boy, you no belong feller Dussman any more altogether, you belong me, all same feller house."

"Yes, sar!"

"You good feller along me, me good master along you," added King of the Islands. "You bad feller, my word, me killy you plenty too much."

"Me good feller along you, sar," said Pipaio earnestly. "Feller Dussman he plenty kill poor black boy, along rope, along stick, along boot belong him. Me no like feller Dussman, sar. Me plenty flaid along him. No likée. Me likee little white feller master, plenty too much. You good feller, sar. You no kill Pipaio along boot."

"Stick to that, and we'll get on all right," said Ken. "You good feller boy, me good feller master!"

He cut loose the remnant of the black man's bonds.

Pipaio rose to his feet, rubbing his cramped, brawny limbs.

"You stop along me," said Ken. "You belong me now, savvy? You run along bush, you hear feller rifle talk, ear belong you."

"No run along bush, sar," answered Pipaio cheerfully. "Feller Dussman along bush. No wantee see feller Dussman, eye belong me. S'pose little white master kill feller Dussman along rifle, me tinkee plenty good."

Ken had no doubt that the statement was correct. A Dutchman, as a rule, has a heavy hand with natives; and Krell was a particularly unfavourable specimen of his race.

There were plenty of marks on Pipaio's black skin that showed that the stick had been freely used. It was very probable that the change of masters was welcome to the black boy from the Solomons.

So long as Ken was armed, and had the upper hand, he was likely to have a faithful servant in Pipaio. If the Dutchman gained the upper hand again, Pipaio's allegiance would be retransferred automatically—but that was not likely to happen. So far as the black boy ventured to have a preference, he preferred the master who did not beat and kick him.

King of the Islands had brought a gunny sack packed with provisions from the bungalow. He handed out a can of beef to the black boy, with a handful of biscuits. Pipaio received that ample ration with wide-open eyes. His Dutch master had not fed him so generously.

He sat down on the coral and devoured the beef to the last shred, and munched the biscuits one after another until all were gone.

Ken strolled down to the lagoon while the Solomon Islander was feeding.

But Pipaio showed no disposition to bolt.

Ken called to him at last.

"You feller finish?"

"Yes, sar!"

Pipaio jumped up from the coral, cramming the last biscuit into his capacious mouth.

"You come along white master?"

"Yes, sar."

Pipaio joined the boy trader on the shore of the lagoon.

Ken started back along the lagoon, the Solomon Islander following him. He halted at the spot where the Dutchman's track led away into the high bush.

"You savvy this mark belong foot?" he asked.

"Yes, sar! Foot belong feller Dussman," said Pipaio, after staring at the track in the sand.

"We go along bush look-see feller Dussman. S'pose you see um, eye belong you, you sing out quick."

"Yes, sar."

Pipaio followed the track into the bush, and King of the Islands walked behind him, his rifle ready. The thick bush began at a short distance from the lagoon, and extended to the slopes of the long low hill. Ken had little doubt that he

ENGINEERING MARVELS ON STAMPS.

By DOUGLAS ARMSTRONG.

MANY marvels of modern engineering have been reproduced upon stamps. By referring to these miniature engravings, exact in every detail, you can make yourself acquainted with some of the greatest feats that have been accomplished by the world's most famous engineers.

The Panama Canal, completed thirteen years ago at a cost of \$80,000,000 and four years of herculean labour by the officers of the United States Engineering Corps, is a case in point.

To celebrate the completion of this tremendous task special stamps were issued in America, of which the 2 cents illustrates a working model of one of the great locks through which ships pass into the canal on their way from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, or vice versa, thus saving the former long and perilous voyage around Cape Horn.

Actually it is the locks at San Pedro Miguel that are represented, but by a strange blunder they were at first described as those of Gatun! Twenty million stamps had been printed off before the mistake was discovered, and the whole of this supply had to be sacrificed in the interests of accuracy.

A fresh printing was accordingly made, with the inscription under the picture altered to the non-committal "Panama Canal" which is always found on the normal stamp. Not a single copy of the error ever got into the hands of the public, although philatelists would pay a small fortune for it!

Further glimpses of the world's greatest ship-canal are afforded by some pictorial stamps from Panama commemorating the official opening in 1915. The subjects include a relief map of the canal throughout its 46 miles length from sea to sea, the famous locks of Gatun and the Culebra Cut, where the canal commences. A picture of the first ship to enter the canal will be found amongst the vignettes of a subsequent series issued three years later.

Egypt gives us in the design of one of her postage stamps a triumph of British engineering in the great dam and reservoir at Assouan, to which the land of the Pharaohs owes much of its present prosperity through successful irrigation. It was constructed by British contractors, and inaugurated by the Duke of Connaught in December, 1903.

The opening of the wonderful single-span bridge which crosses the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi River was the occasion of a special issue of postage stamps by the British South Africa Company, showing a panorama of the world-famous falls over which the first train passed successfully on September 12th, 1905, on its way from Bulawayo to Beira.

Engineering subjects are appropriately included in the stamp designs of the Saar Valley, the vast European coalfield administered under a French mandate. They comprise a mining shaft with winding machinery, a transporter bridge for conveying coal, and a blast furnace.



The Gatun Locks, Panama Canal.



The great Nile Dam, Assouan, a British engineering triumph in Egypt.

and that he was taking every cunning precaution to baffle the hunter.

"Us feller lose um, sar," said Pipaio anxiously. He eyed his white master warily, apparently in expectation of a kick.

Ken smiled.

"We lose um," he said. "New day he come, we find um. Now we go along house belong us."

The sun was at the zenith now, blazing down with torrid heat. Even the black boy showed signs of fatigue. They followed the rocky path through the ravine, watchful for an ambush; but the Dutchman was not there.

There was no sign of him about the bungalow when it was reached; it was locked and silent as Ken had left it. Krell had not ventured to return to the house. Evidently his

object was to keep out of reach till the pirate brig returned.

Ken was glad enough to get into the shade of the bungalow, where he rested and sipped lime-squash, and watched the sea, while from the kitchen, where Pipaio made himself busy, came a clattering of pots and pans.

The Last Blow!

EVERY day King of the Islands scanned the sea in the hope of picking up a sail—a hope that was mingled with uneasiness, for the only sail that was likely to appear in the offing was that of the Mary Belle, the pirate brig of Frisco.

But no sail broke the monotony of the illimitable blue.

could rely on the black boy, so long as he was master.

He kept a wary eye on Pipaio all the same. But the Solomon Islander showed no desire to bolt. He picked up the track of the Dutchman where Ken had lost it, and followed it, deeper and deeper into the bush.

As the sun rose higher over the island the heat in the bush became stifling. Myriads of insects buzzed and swarmed.

Pipaio seemed indifferent to heat, and to mosquitoes and bush flies. The boy trader streamed with perspiration, and panted for breath, but he kept on indomitably.

Sooner or later the pirate brig was certain to return; and before then he had to rid himself of the enemy who lurked on the island. Krell had to be a prisoner, unable to do harm, by the time Ken had fresh foes to deal with.

Through the baking heat, and the buzzing flies, Ken pushed on, in the track of the black boy. Pipaio picked his way through the bush with an accuracy that would scarcely have been possible to the white man. He found signs where the Dutchman had passed which Ken would not have been likely to discern.

His looks and his ejaculations betrayed his keenness to find his old master, in the expectation of seeing his new master make an end of him with the rifle. He stopped at a place where many signs indicated that the Dutchman had rested, probably slept. Fresher signs wound on through the stifling bush.

"Feller Dussman go back along lagoon, sar," said Pipaio.

"You tinkee?" said Ken.

"Me plenty sure along me say this thing, sar," answered Pipaio confidently.

The Solomon Islander was right. The trackers emerged from the bush at last, at a spot half a mile from where they had entered it. Krell had passed the night in the bush, but at some early hour in the morning he had left it, and returned to the lagoon—possibly while Ken was hunting him. It was likely enough that he had heard some sound of the trackers, or seen them from a tree-top.

Quite recent tracks led across the sandy margin of the lagoon and stopped at the water.

Pipaio chuckled.

"Feller Dussman he plenty flaid long us feller, sar," he said. "Me tinkee feller Krell he see us feller, eye belong him, and he run, sar, he plenty run along him. Yes, sar! He plenty flaid. He walkee along water, along eye belong us no see any more altogether."

Ken nodded. It was clear that the Dutchman had waded in the shallow margin of the lagoon, in order to leave no track for a pursuer to follow.

Which way he had gone, and where he had left the water, it was impossible to tell. Likely enough he had picked some spot where the beach was of hard rock that would leave no trace. It was obvious that the Dutchman knew that he was hunted,

Keeper of the Pirates' Hoard!

Each day the boy trader crossed the hill to the eastern side of the island to hunt for the Dutchman. Sometimes Pipaio went with him, but more often Ken left the black boy in charge of the bungalow. By this time Pipaio, in the way of the South Sea native, had almost forgotten that he ever had had another master.

In the absence of the blows and curses and kicks to which he had been accustomed, Pipaio wore a contented grin on his black face, and his squeaky falsetto voice was often raised in incomprehensible song. So far as he thought of his former master at all, it was with a desire of seeing his new master "kill dead" the old one, "along feller rifle."

There was no doubt that he would have regarded another change of masters as a disaster, and Ken was sure of his good faith. As for the inevitable return of Captain Hartz and his crew in the brig, Pipaio did not think of that at all. Like a true Kanaka, he lived only in the present, and did not look ahead.

Many times Ken found signs of the elusive Dutchman on the eastern side of the island. He came across traces of fires, where Krell had cooked bread-fruit and wild yams; and once he found a line set in the lagoon for fish.

The positions of the two white men on the island had been completely reversed. It was now the Dutchman who was the castaway, living on what he could find, and hunted by an armed enemy.

He was waiting for his comrades in the Mary Belle to return, when the odds against his enemy would be

overwhelming. But Ken thought it probable that, before many more days had passed, if the brig did not appear, the ruffian would grow desperate and make some attempt to turn the tables.

Often as Ken found traces of the skulking man, he never came on the Dutchman himself. Krell was keeping out of the way of the hunter, with the cunning and resource of a hunted animal.

But Ken did not give up the hunt. It was necessary to secure the Dutchman before the pirate brig came, and all the while Krell was at large the boy trader was in danger of getting a shot in the back in an unguarded moment.

More than a week had passed when Ken set out early one morning, leaving Pipaio in charge of the bungalow, with orders to fire a rifle if either a sail or the Dutchman appeared in sight of the house. Those were Pipaio's usual orders; but so far the signal shot had never been fired.

But it came at last. Ken was half-way through the rocky ravine, on his way to the eastern side of the island, when the report of a rifle echoed across the hill.

The boy trader stopped. Loud and sharp, with a thousand echoes from the hill, the rifle-shot rang from the bungalow.

"My sainted Sam!" ejaculated Ken. It was the signal from Pipaio. The black boy had sighted either a sail on the sea or the Dutchman on the shore. Ken could not guess which so far.

He turned back and hurried down the hill. As he emerged from the ravine and came in sight of the bay, his eyes swept the Pacific. Wide and blue, it stretched to infinity, with no sign of a sail.

Ken drew a breath of relief. It was not the Frisco brig yet. There was no sail on the sea, and the signal shot could only mean that the Dutchman was lurking near the bungalow.

He hurried down towards the palm grove, through which the bungalow on the coral platform was visible by glimpses.

A figure lurking among the slender trunks caught his eye, and he lifted his rifle. But it was the black boy, and Ken lowered his weapon again.

"Feller master, sar!" panted Pipaio. He came dodging among the palms. "Feller Dussman he comey along house, sar!"

"You see him eye belong you?" demanded Ken.

"Yes, sar!" gasped Pipaio. "Me see feller Dussman he come eye belong me. Me shoot feller rifle, sar, all same white master he say, and me run, sar; me run like debble, sar. Me plenty flaid along feller Dussman!"

"That feller he stop along house?" asked Ken.

"Yes, sar, me tinkee. Me run so plenty quick me no savvy altogether too much," confessed Pipaio. "Me tinkee feller Krell he killy black boy, sar, along black boy serve this feller white master, sar."

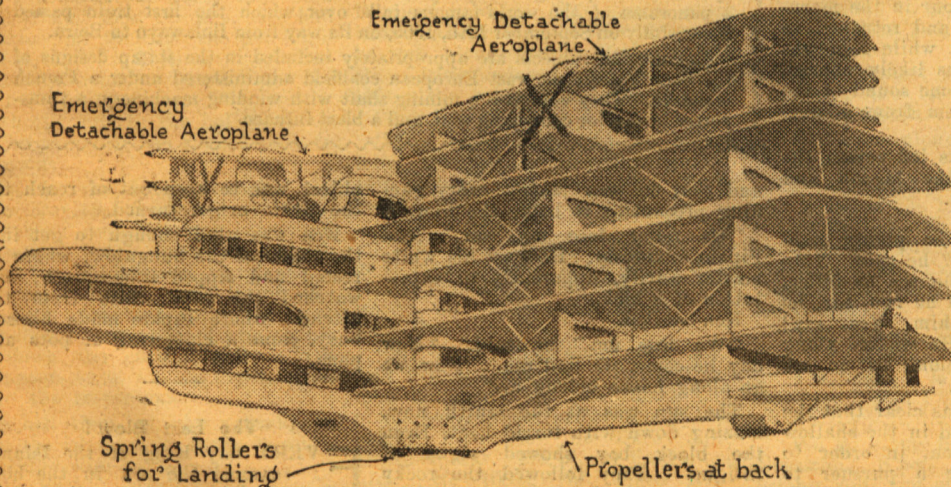
Ken smiled.

Pipaio probably had ample reason to dread his former master, since he had transferred his faith to King of the Islands. Evidently he had stayed only for one glimpse of the approaching Dutchman and had fled to hide in the palm grove, there to wait for Ken's return at the sound of the signal shot.

King of the Islands pushed on through the palms towards the bungalow. As he had more than half expected, the Dutchman had grown

(Continued at foot of opposite page.)

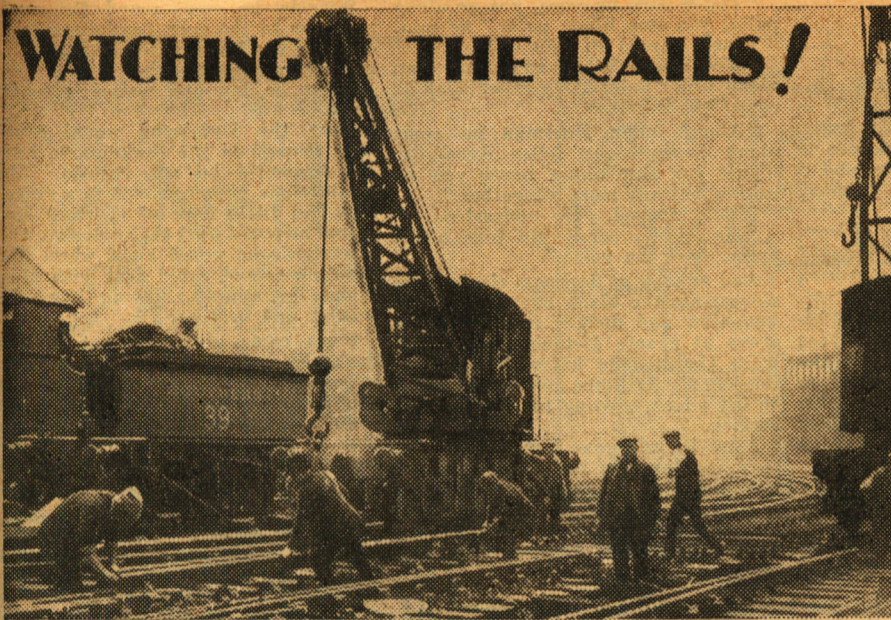
AN AIR-LINER OF THE YEAR —?



Our inventor-artist's impression of the type of air-liner which one day will become quite a usual conveyance for people whose business or pleasure takes them rushing through the skies!

Weird and apparently ungainly in appearance, this "dream" of an inventor who is also an experienced air pilot may one day come true. Who knows? You will notice the great air-liner is provided with spring rollers to make landing easy. And "safety first" has specially been borne in mind, emergency detachable aeroplanes being carried in case the passengers have to leave in a desperate hurry! They—the passengers—would clamber from the air-liner into the patent planes, which would then be unlocked from their positions. The aeroplanes would whiz away under their own power, and there would be no casualties. Aerial lifeboats, as it were!

WATCHING THE RAILS!



Platelayers and labourers relaying part of the lines at a busy railway station. They work at tremendous pressure—always against time!

You fellows doubtless recognise the phrase "British railways are the safest in the world!" as a commonplace remark. Do you realise what a tremendous lot lies behind the phrase, though? The safety of our railways is due very largely indeed to those hard-working men who spend their lives watching the rails!

sleepers are piled up there. The permanent-way men are going to replace a length of worn line, and the ballast has already

been shovelled out from beneath the old rails. Thus, the train must go slow.

When the time for that job comes, generally on a Sunday, the inspector and his men get busy. It is a marvellous bit of team work.

WORKING AGAINST TIME.

Every man has his own task, and the "breaking" of the line is done marvellously quickly. Bolts are unscrewed, fish-plates removed, wooden keys knocked out. With every man heaving at the length of rail—it weighs about 14 cwt. 1— it is "unfished." The old sleepers are pulled out and thrown aside.

In go the new sleepers, with the chairs for the new rails already fixed. The new rails are then bolted in, not forgetting the small pieces of steel between the ends to get the right distance apart.

Ballast is packed in—an expert job—and the inspector looks along the line. He can tell by eye whether the rails are truly laid. To make sure, measurements are taken—4 ft. 8½ ins. between the inner faces of the two rails. Then the small "distance pieces" are knocked out.

One thing only is left to do. The ballasting must be completed. But this is done slowly, and may take a week or more to finish, being done at intervals, according to the effect the trains have on the new piece of line.

THE permanent-way men, the gangers and platelayers, are the guardians of our railway trains. In all weathers they are inspecting, repairing, and making safe the 50,000 odd miles of railroad in Great Britain.

Each ganger has a portion of line allotted to him. Every twenty-four hours he walks along his stretch, carefully watching for any damage of the rails and doing any little repairs necessary, such as screwing up bolts and driving tight the wooden "keys."

In certain parts of the country, where rivers are near the line, he must always be on the look-out for any sinking, which may be caused by overflow of water. The drainage of the lines is very important, and anything which stops rain getting easily away must be removed. Sometimes, therefore, you may see him weeding—for weeds block up the holes in the ballast.

Again, in mountainous districts, the ganger must watch for the very first sign of landslides.

REPLACING WORN LINE.

Perhaps when you have been travelling in an express the train has slowed down, to gather speed again in a short time. Usually the signals are against her, but sometimes you may note a different reason. There are piles of ballast by the side of the track, and maybe new rails and

Keeper of the Pirates' Hoard!

desperate enough, after a week in the bush, to make an attempt on the stores in the house. The boy trader was glad of a chance to come to a finish. Pipaio, encouraged by the presence of his white master, followed Ken through the palms.

On the edge of the grove Ken paused to scan the building. Doors and windows were wide open to the sea breeze, but Krell was not to be seen. It was fairly clear that the Dutchman had been hiding in the vicinity before dawn and had watched for Ken's departure before approaching the house. It was likely that he had helped himself to stores and fled again, guessing that the signal shot would bring back King of the Islands.

For several minutes Ken scanned the silent house, and then, taking the chance, he ran forward, his rifle ready

if the Dutchman should appear at door or window.

In a few moments he had leaped up on the platform and was dashing into the bungalow, his rifle raised.

The house was empty. Krell, if he had entered it, was gone.

"That feller plenty too much flaid," grinned Pipaio, as he followed his white master in and found him searching from room to room. "He no stop see white master eye belong him. Plenty too much flaid along this white master."

That the Dutchman had been in the house was soon clear. A can of beef that Pipaio had opened for cooking was gone, and a bag of biscuits. In the store-room Ken looked at the sea-chest that contained the boxes of cartridges, but it did not seem to have been disturbed. But there was an excited squeak from Pipaio.

"Feller Dussman he take little stick makee plenty big noise, sar."

The lid of the chest where the dyna-

mite was kept stood wide open. Ken's brow darkened as he looked at it. The Dutchman had helped himself to one or more sticks of dynamite, and Ken guessed that that, rather than the food, had been the object of his raid.

Ken gripped his rifle and strode from the house. But his enemy was not to be seen, and the rocky shore of the bay showed no trace. After a brief search he returned to the bungalow, his brows knitted.

The boy trader did not leave the bungalow again that day.

Through the long, hot hours he kept watch, never closing his eyes even in the baking heat of midday. When the sun sank, in a blaze of crimson, into the western sea he was still watching tirelessly. But it was with the night, he reckoned, that the danger would come, though he could not venture to be off his guard for a moment.

In the night, covered by darkness,

Keeper of the Pirates' Hoard!

the Dutchman would creep from his hiding-place, the dynamite stick in his hand and murder in his heart. He had taken a desperate chance to get possession of the dynamite, and it could only be with the object of using it in an attack.

The boy trader's nerve was of iron, but he felt a shiver at the thought of the exploding dynamite crashing through the flimsy wall of the house, bringing it down in ruins on his head.

He had no doubt whatever that that was the murderous scheme of the Dutchman. Probably he had taken half a dozen sticks of the terrible explosive, to hurl them one after another from the darkness as soon as night should cover his approach.

As the sun's rim dipped in the Pacific, and the sunset glow died away on the sea, Ken prepared for action. He called the black boy to him and gave him his orders in a low voice.

"Feller dark he come, you go along palm, you stop along palm," he said.

Pipaio opened his eyes wide.

"Yes, sar. What name me stop along feller palm along feller dark he come?" he inquired.

"Along feller Dussman he come along house along feller dynamite. S'pose you stop along house you no walk about any more altogether."

Pipaio gasped. He understood.

"Me savvy, sar. Me hide along palm, dark he come."

And as soon as darkness cloaked his movements the black boy quitted the bungalow and dodged into the palm grove at a safe distance, content to leave the rest to his white master. Deep in the darkness among the palms he lay silent, waiting for what would happen.

After he was gone Ken lighted the swinging lamp in the living-room of the bungalow. Leaving it burning, to give the impression that the house was occupied, he slipped out quietly at the back and dropped from the platform.

Silently he crept round the coral platform to the open beach, and took cover in the black shadow of a high, rugged coral rock.

There he lay and waited, rifle in hand.

That the Dutchman would creep near enough in the darkness to hurl the dynamite he was certain. He would come unseen, silent as a snake. Ken had little hope of spotting him before he could hurl the explosive, but afterwards he would know where the villain was and could deal with him. Silent, grim-faced, rifle in hand, he waited and watched.

Stars came glittering out in the dark sky. A faint, uncertain light glimmered round the bungalow and the coral platform clear enough to show the enemy to Ken's watching eyes if he came to the front of the house. But he might approach from any point, and Ken could watch only one side.

Was he coming? Hour followed hour of patient watching. It was possible that Ken had mistaken the Dutchman's intention, though he did not think so. It was likely that the rascal's nerve might fail him; that he might fear to carry out his murderous intention. It was most likely that he was cunningly leaving his attack till a late hour, when the occupants of the bungalow would be asleep.

Ken had calculated on that in preparing the lamp. An hour before midnight the oil in the lamp was exhausted, and the light expired.

If the Dutchman, at a distance, had been watching the light that shone through chinks in the shutters he would be satisfied now that King of the Islands had gone to bed.

Minutes passed.

Late as the hour was, Ken had no desire for sleep. Every nerve was at its highest tension.

At any moment now might come the roar of the explosive, hung on the bungalow from the darkness. But silence still reigned—a silence that was eerie, creepy, fraught with lurking horror.

The faint wash of the sea seemed to sound loudly in Ken's straining ears. Was the man coming? Had he, after all, mistaken his intention? The answer to that question came in a soft, stealthy sound from the beach, and a shadow flitted for a moment before Ken's watching eyes.

He caught his breath.

Dimly in the star glimmer a shadow moved at the edge of the coral platform. Dimly he made out the bulky figure of the Dutchman, scarce six yards from him.

Krell had stopped by the steps of the platform. Ken rose to his feet, finger on trigger. The temptation was strong upon him to shoot him dead as he stood, but he held his fire. He would give the wretch a chance to surrender.

A faint, scratching sound, a sparkle of light. Ken realised that Krell was already touching the fuse. He shouted in haste:

"Stop! Stop, or you're a dead man!"

The Dutchman started convulsively
(Continued at foot of page 22.)

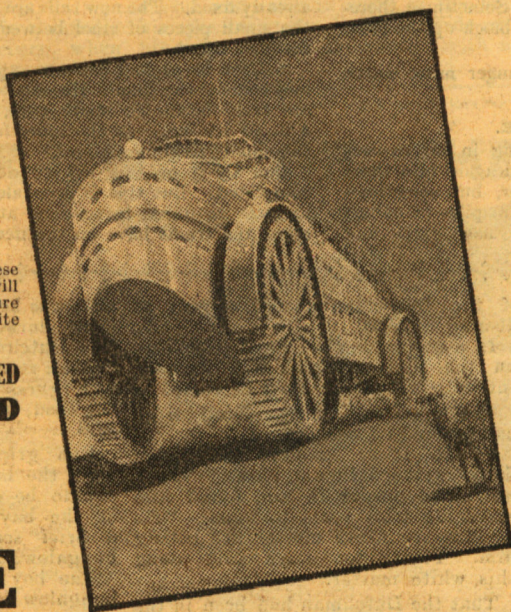
UNIQUE FREE GIFTS!

The SAHARA CONQUERED



No longer will the millions of miles of desert that cover the world present a formidable obstacle to mankind; no longer will the great Sahara Desert, 3,500,000 square miles in extent, be an appalling barrier to transit—for the DESERT LINER of the FUTURE will arrive to conquer these burning wastes. Everything that Science can do to make these enormous "ships of the desert" ideal for long-distance travel will be done. They will accommodate 150 passengers who will be able to travel in absolute comfort and security.

To get an idea of what these Desert Liners of the Future will be like, take a look at the picture on the right. This black and white reproduction of a



BEAUTIFULLY COLOURED
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16

IS GIVEN AWAY

FREE

In this week's issue of the "Gem." Fifteen other "MARVELS OF THE FUTURE" are being dealt with in this Topping SERIES OF CARDS, and every boy and girl should make a point of collecting THE FULL SET. Ask for

The GEM

On Sale Wednesday : : : PRICE TWOPENCE

BRIDGES ON END!

Already there are buildings fifty stories high. Is the 100 story building coming? Engineers are saying yes!

WHEN the number of people who are obliged to work in a certain place becomes too big for the space, there is only one thing to do. No more buildings can be erected, so the existing ones must be made taller.

But the ordinary building is built in such a way that the walls support the floors. This is quite a good method for comparatively low buildings, up to ten stories, but will not do for double or treble that height. The enormous pressure of the wind has to be considered, quite apart from the fact that a forty-story building built on that plan would collapse!

This was the tremendous puzzle New York had to tackle.

The architects looked around for new ideas. They saw the methods employed by the bridge-builders, and realised that a "bridge on end" would solve the problem nicely. The steel cage system was adopted, and the skyscraper was the result.

All skyscrapers are made of a framework of steel beams riveted together, rather like the lattice type of bridge. The walls are really only wind shields, and are supported by the floors, the foundations of which are steel girders.

In fact, the walls are so unimportant as regards strength that the upper ones are frequently put up before the lower!

All this is wonderful enough, but the safety of the structure above ground depends on firm foundations. Here again the skyscraper architect copies the bridge-builders' engineering feats. The caisson method is used.

Huge steel cylinders—the caissons—are sunk through the sand down to bedrock, a distance of 75 to 100 ft. As each caisson is forced down, a brick pier is built upon it. On reaching rock, the cylinder is driven in a short way and the rock inside it levelled off.

Lastly, the whole caisson is filled with concrete, and on top of the brick piers are erected the columns of the building. The number of piers used is sometimes as many as twenty.

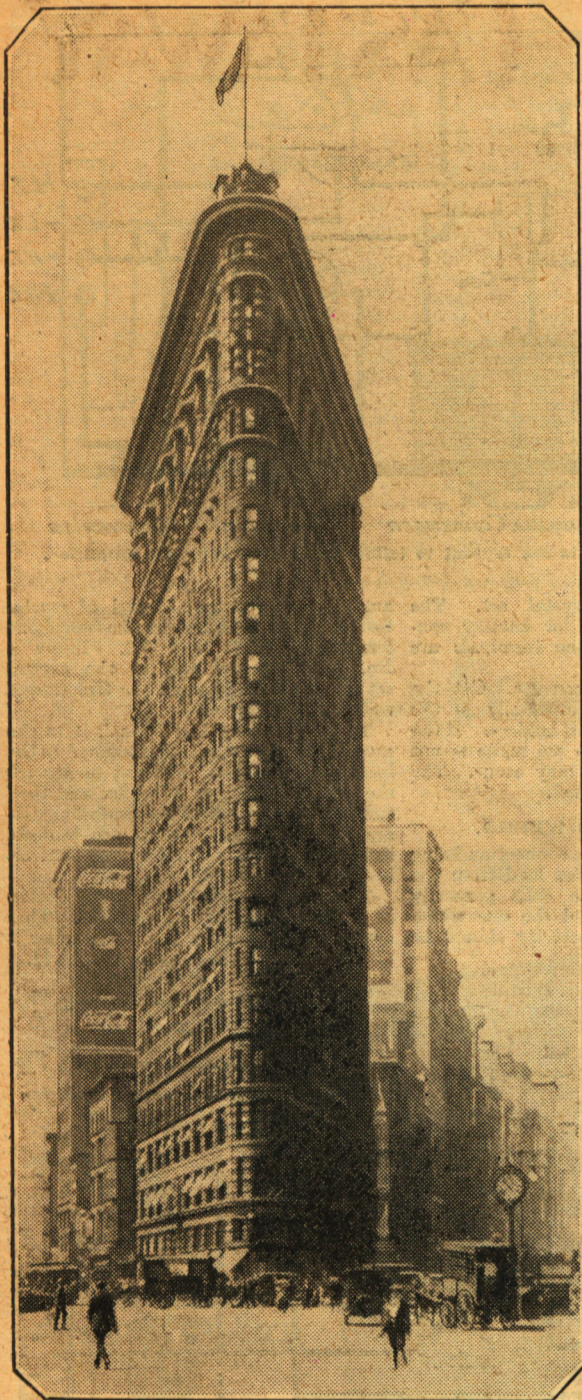
Included in many of the foundations of the larger buildings is an ingenious device like a small cantilever bridge. This is a steel beam which lies on top of each outer caisson. It supports the outer pier and the one next to it, and is itself pivoted on the caisson. In this way a portion of the weight of the outer walls is distributed towards the centre, thus giving a more even strain.

And what are the results of this ingenious method? One is the highest inhabited building in the world—the Woolworth Building, which is 793 ft. high, has 55 stories, and weighs over 35,000 tons!

In addition, there are many other mighty structures, like the Equitable and Singer Buildings, with over 40 stories.

Also, one most peculiar building has been erected. This is the Flatiron Building, which, shaped as its name suggests, is 20 stories high!

The skyscraper of to-day is as firm as a bridge, and during a storm very little vibration is noticed. Engineers are of the opinion that a 100-story building is quite practicable—and safe!



Here is the colossal and quaint Flatiron Building, seen edge-on. Quite an infant, really, in comparison with some skyscrapers, for it is only twenty stories high!

Keeper of the Pirates' Hoard!

(Continued from page 20.)

at the voice behind him, and spun round with a gasp of terror.

Something in his hand was sparkling.

King of the Islands realised what was coming, what must come, and he flung himself face down on the earth. Hardly had he touched the ground when there was a terrific roar. Fragments of earth and sand and coral

filled the air and rained on the boy trader as he lay, dazed and half stunned by the detonation.

Not a cry came from the Dutchman. His fate had been too sudden for that. He had lighted a short fuse, and the delay of a few seconds had been fatal. The dynamite had exploded in his hand. Where he had stood a great gap yawned in the earth and a wide cavity in the coral platform. The coral steps had disappeared.

The roar of the explosion rolled

back in thundering echoes from the hill, the shower of fragments ceased to fall. Ken, dazed and dizzy, scrambled to his feet. He stumbled forward over ground that was rent and torn. A great mass of the coral platform had been torn to fragments, a gulf yawned in the earth. But of Krell, the Dutchman, there was nothing to be seen!

(Ken has still the peril of the pirates' return to face, and his further adventures, in next Monday's MODERN BOY, on this lonely island will hold you enthralled!)