

**SPEEDWAY CAVALIERS!** COMPLETE DIRT-TRACK RACING STORY WITHIN.

# *The* MODERN BOY

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**A NEW WONDER-LOCOMOTIVE! See page 3.**

# The RETURN of the RAIDERS!

By Charles Hamilton

*Things threaten to be extremely lively for young Ken King, the boy trader of the Pacific Islands, when the South Seas pirates return to their headquarters and find him in possession! That promise is handsomely fulfilled in this topping adventure story.*

**COMPLETE IN  
THIS ISSUE.**

## Trouble Brewing.

"PIPAIO!"

"Yes, sar!"

"What you see, eye belong you?"

Ken King, sitting at breakfast in the veranda of the bungalow on the nameless island on which he had been cast up by the sea some weeks back, stopped his steaming coffee-cup halfway to his lips.

Sunrise was on the Pacific, flushing the long rollers with gold and rose-red.

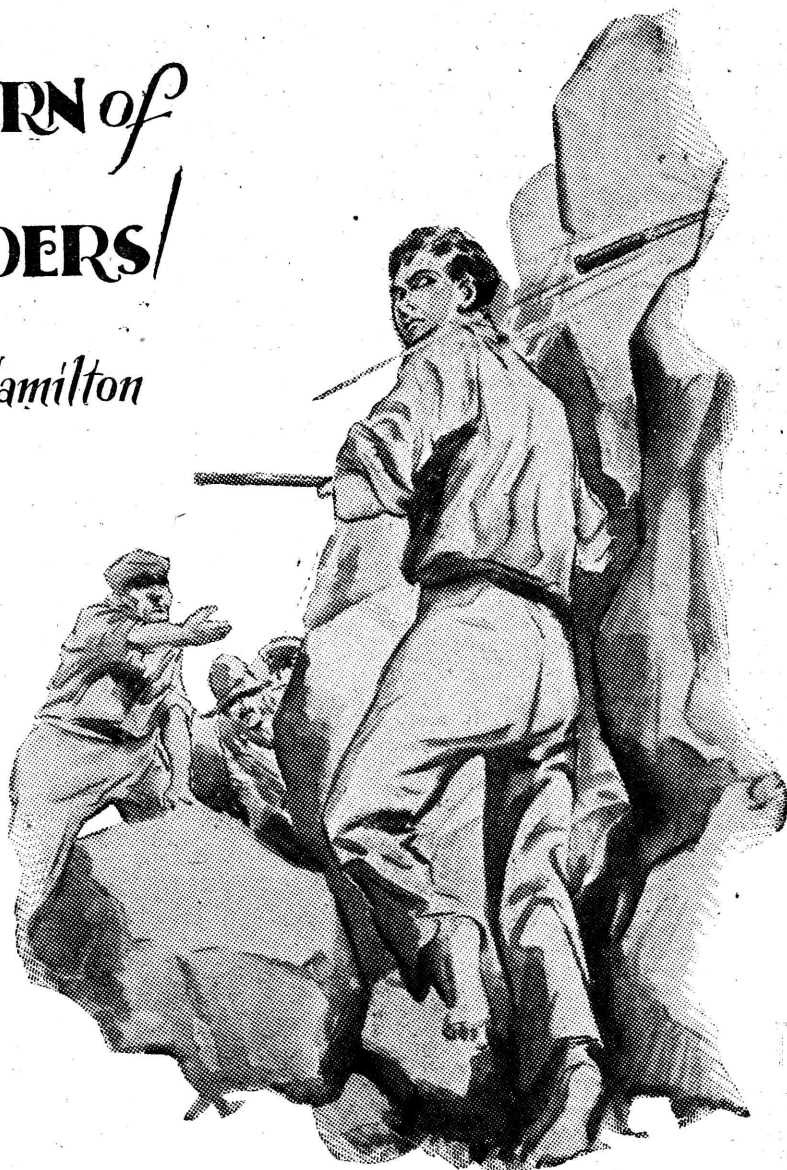
Pipaio, the Solomon Island boy, who was the island's only other inhabitant, stood at the other end of the wooden veranda, shading his eyes with a large black hand and staring seaward across the rock-encircled bay.

Evidently the black boy saw something, far out on the Pacific from the shore of the island.

"See feller sail, sar, eye belong me," answered Pipaio, turning to his white master.

Ken set down his coffee-cup and jumped from his seat. His keen eyes swept seaward.

From the bungalow, which was built on a coral platform three or four feet high, the beach shelved down to the bay. Save for the spot where the bungalow stood, there was no beach. Both sides of the bay were shut in by high rocks that rose steeply to the circling hill. Behind the bungalow, beyond the palm grove,



Swiftly as the thrown knife flew King of the Islands stepped aside in time, and the steel rang on the rocks behind!

the hill rose almost like a wall, shutting off the greater part of the island.

The boy trader of the Pacific gazed over the western sea, gleaming in the sun that was rising over the hill. Far away, a mere speck on the horizon, was the sail that had caught the keen eye of the Kanaka. A less keen eye might have taken it for a winging sea-bird. But Ken King knew that it was a sail.

"Pipaio, you bring long-see glass belong feller Krell."

Pipaio fetched the binoculars from the house.

King of the Islands, as Ken was known throughout the South Seas, turned the glasses on the distant speck. From a speck it rushed into view as a topsail.

A cloud came over the boy trader's face. At the distance he could not recognise the craft; but he knew that it was not his ketch, the Dawn.

Three weeks had passed since the

Dawn had been raided by pirates and Ken had been thrown overboard. He had drifted for days, and then been cast up by the sea on this island—the island where the thieves had their headquarters. Since Krell, the Dutchman, who had been left in charge by the thieves, had perished in the dynamite explosion by which he had sought to destroy the castaway, Ken had been master of the island. Krell's black boy passed into his service as naturally as the bungalow and the stores passed into his hands. But that state of affairs could only last till the sea-thieves returned to their lair in their brig, the Mary Belle of 'Frisco.

Ken had hoped to see the Dawn. He was assured that his shipmate, Kit Hudson, was searching the Pacific for him, even if he had little or no hope of finding him alive. A happy chance might have brought the ketch within sight of the lone island where the boy trader was cast away.

It was a remote chance, and he knew it; but he had hoped. But whether the ketch came or not, the 'Frisco brig was certain to come sooner or later. In the sheds by the bungalow were stored stolen cargoes; among them the cargo that had been looted from Ken's own ship. Sooner or later the sea-thieves must return, either to add to their looted store or to carry away a cargo for disposal.

And Ken, as he watched the topsail slowly rising from the distant sea, knew that it was a thousand to one that it was the 'Frisco brig that was coming. Few sails were likely to pass within sight of that lonely island, lost in the wastes of the Pacific. Only the ketch, if Hudson in his search came that way, or the returning pirates—and it was the latter that had appeared in the offing.

It was what Ken had expected, though not what he had hoped. He watched the rising topsail for long minutes, and lowered the glasses at last.

With a thoughtful brow he returned to his interrupted breakfast.

Pipaio watched him, a curious expression in his black eyes.

Captain Hartz, of the Mary Belle, had left Krell, the Dutchman, in charge of the loot on the lone island,

and the Solomon Island boy with him. The "boy"—he was twice Ken's age, but all Kanakas are "boys"—had been glad enough to serve the English trader in the place of the brutal Dutchman. Like a true Kanaka, he had given no thought to the future, and had apparently forgotten the existence of the 'Frisco brig.

Now the sight of the returning pirate brought the facts back to his fuzzy mind, and reminded him of Captain Hartz; Preece, the Yankee mate; Frenchy, the second mate; and his fellow-islanders, who formed the crew of the Mary Belle.

Ken fixed his eyes on the Solomon Islander.

"You tinkee feller sail belong Mary Belle?" he asked.

"Yes, sar, me tinkee."

Ken had no doubt of it. But the sail was still far distant, and the brig would not be in for a long time yet. He had plenty of time to act, and his measures had long ago been planned.

"S'pose feller Hartz he come along island, you stop along me, Pipaio?" asked the boy trader.

Pipaio grinned and shook his fuzzy head.

"No, sar! S'pose me stop along you, sar, feller Hartz he plenty killy

this Kanaka. Feller Hartz he plenty mad, along feller Dussman no stop any more. He killy you, sar, plenty quick."

"Plaps me killy feller Hartz," said Ken, with a laugh.

Pipaio shook his head again.

"No can, sar! Feller Hartz, feller Preece, feller Frenchy, plenty black feller, along Mary Belle. Along brig he comey, you no stop any more altogether."

"We shall see." Ken finished his coffee, apparently not alarmed by the prospect. "You likee feller Hartz, he killy this feller?"

"No, sar! Me plenty solly along feller Hartz kill-dead little white master. Me no wantee feller Hartz kill-dead this Kanaka, sar. S'pose feller Hartz he comey, me go back along feller Hartz plenty quick."

Evidently Pipaio was prepared for a new transference of his allegiance.

King of the Islands smiled. He had not expected the Solomon Islander to stand by him against the captain and crew of the 'Frisco brig. He had to let Pipaio go, or shoot him out of hand—which was not an alternative Ken was likely to think of.

Pipaio watched him warily. Possibly he expected Ken to make a movement towards his revolver; in

(Continued on the next page.)

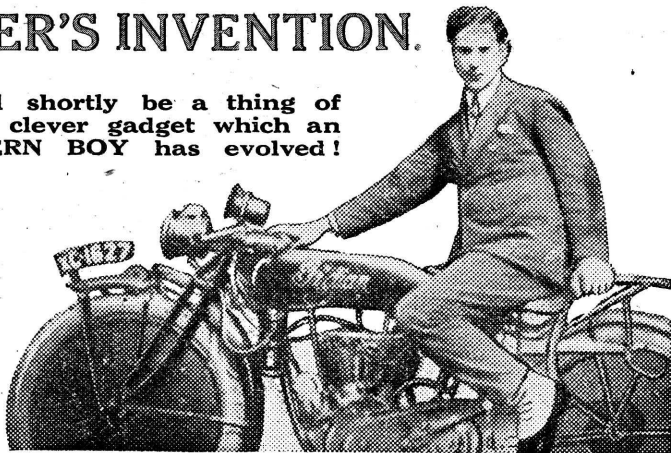
## A MODERN BOY READER'S INVENTION.

The noisy motor-cycle should shortly be a thing of the past—thanks to this very clever gadget which an enthusiastic reader of MODERN BOY has evolved!

THE problem of silencing motor-cycles has for years taxed the best brains in the engineering industry. One of those who has given considerable thought to the subject is Mr. H. A. Gaskin, a MODERN BOY reader who has been experimenting for rather more than six years with the improved type of silencer which you see here. Our reader's invention has been subjected to exhaustive tests by Professor A. M. Low, and has been favourably reported upon by him and also by other experts who have tested it.

As you will see from the sketch, a moving fan is incorporated in the design, and the exhaust gas, passing into the silencer, propels this at a very high speed, so bringing about a partial vacuum in the exhaust pipe. This exerts a sucking effect on the gas, with the result that the gases are more efficiently expelled (or "scavenged") from the cylinder; also the hot exhaust gases are cooled and broken, and the outward flow of exhaust gas is speeded up.

One of the drawbacks to efficient silencing is back pressure.



Mr. H. A. Gaskin, whose very important invention is described here.

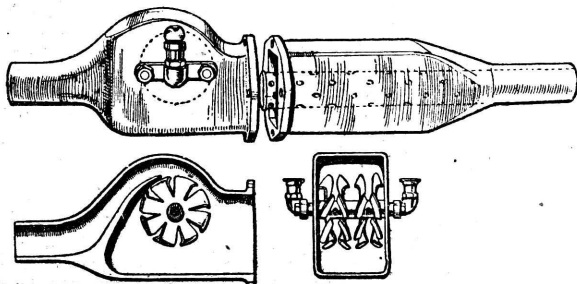
It is quite easy to make a silencer which will render a motor-cycle engine almost inaudible, by choking the exhaust gases with a silencer which does not allow them to pass easily into the air, but considerable loss of power would result from this.

With an open exhaust—that is, with no silencer fitted at all—there would be very little back pressure. In fact, the only back pressure would be that due to the resistance of the air. An efficient silencer is one that brings about a working compromise between these two extremes.

This the Gaskin silencer undoubtedly does, and virtually therefore it increases the power of the engine. Not only this, it keeps the engine cool and ensures a clean charge of gas being drawn into the cylinder, because it draws out all the used gases from the latter, also it reduces carbon deposit to a minimum. The propellers are lubricated, so that they can revolve quite easily.

The Gaskin silencer has attracted the attention of aeroplane experts, and the inventor is now making an experimental silencer for a 250 h.p. aero engine.

Under test it was found that the noise compared with open exhaust was reduced by over 40 per cent and that the sound produced was not of an offensive nature. It certainly shows a great advance over existing designs, and the noisy motor-cycle should shortly be a thing of the past!



Sketches of the Gaskin silencer. The top one shows the complete silencer. Those below are views of the fan, which is revolved by the exhaust gases.

## The Return of the Raiders!

which case Pipaio was ready to dodge and flee, and hide in the bush until the 'Frisco brig was in the bay. But the good-humoured expression of the boy trader reassured him. "You no mad along me, sar?" he asked.

"Me no mad along you, Pipaio. You go along brig along canoe, s'pose you likee."

Pipaio looked relieved.

"Little white master he plenty good feller along this Kanaka," he said. "Me plenty too much solly feller Hartz he kill-dead little white master."

Pipaio evidently regarded the outcome of the coming conflict as a foregone conclusion.

There was a pause. Pipaio stared towards the sea, where the brig's topsail stood out clearer against a rosy sky. There was no doubt now that it was the Mary Belle.

"Little white master." The black boy turned to Ken again. "S'pose you feller takey canoe, run along sea, plaps feller Cap'n Hartz he no catchy, sar."

Ken smiled, and shook his head.

"Feller Hartz he comey, me plenty fight along all feller belong brig," he answered.

"No can, sar."

Ken shrugged his shoulders.

"You go along feller brig, Pipaio. You tell feller captain what me say, mouth belong me. You say feller King of the Islands he stop along this place. You say feller King of the Islands he stop along top-side cliff along bay, along feller dynamite. S'pose feller Cap'n Hartz he comey along bay, me plenty sink feller brig along dynamite."

Pipaio's black eyes opened wide. His glance turned on the entrance of the tiny bay—barred on either side by towering, rugged cliffs. His fuzzy head nodded slowly.

"Me savvy," he said.

"You tell feller Cap'n Hartz all thing me say. S'pose he comey along bay, you no stop along brig, or you kill-dead along other feller. Savvy?"

"Yes, sar!"

Pipaio went down to the little beach and pushed his canoe into the water.

Before entering it, he turned, and looked back at King of the Islands dubiously.

Ken smiled. He had been a kind master to the black boy—a welcome change after the brutal Krell—and, apparently, it had made some impression on the fuzzy, barbarous mind of the Solomon Islander. It seemed that Pipaio was reluctant to leave him to his fate.

But the black boy's hesitation was brief. If he had some concern for the little white master, he had much more for his own black and fuzzy self.

He stepped into the canoe. Ken watched him paddle across the little hill-locked bay, and through the narrow passage between the high cliffs to the sea. The swift canoe became a speck on the blue Pacific.

Pipaio was gone—and the crew of sea-thieves were coming! King of the Islands had no time to waste now. That sunny morning on the lone island in the Pacific life and death hung in the balance!

### Warned Off!

"THAT confounded Dutchman!" growled Preece, the chief mate of the Mary Belle.

The second mate—Frenchy, as he was called—shrugged his shoulders as he stood looking towards the island.

"He sleeps, or he is drunk, mon ami," he remarked.

Captain Hartz came on deck, stared towards the distant island, and picked up his binoculars to scan the shore.

"No signal!" he said. "Why does not the fool make the signal as usual?"

"I guess he ain't awake yet," said Preece.

"The house is open—and I saw somebody moving in the veranda!" grunted the skipper. "He is awake—but he makes no signal. I will give him boot-leather when we run in."

The brig stood on towards the island.

The three white men aft watched the shore, and the crew of Solomon Island blacks watched it. There was nothing in the aspect of the place to hint that anything was amiss. Windows and doors of the bungalow were wide open, as was usual in the morning, and from the chimney a thin spiral of smoke rose. Through his glasses the skipper had had a glimpse for a moment of a figure that had moved in the veranda.

That any enemy could have landed on that remote islet, lost in the wastes of the Pacific, was unlikely enough. But Hartz was of a cautious nature, and the Dutchman had orders to signal all clear to the brig when she appeared in sight of the bungalow. But no signal had run up the tall palm-trunk that served as a signal-mast.

Hartz knitted his brows, vaguely uneasy.

The trade of a pirate in the South Seas was not what it had been in the old, lawless days. It was a risky and uncertain business, though there was easy money in it, with luck and caution.

Below the hatches of the Mary Belle was stacked a stolen cargo of copra and pearl-shell. An anchored schooner at a lonely trading station had been boarded and looted from boats, the three white men leading the raid disguised as blacks, as on the occasion when they had looted the Dawn. The brig had lain out of sight while the looting went on.

It was cleverly and cunningly done. There was nothing to connect the Mary Belle with the unknown raiders—and identification of the disguised pirates was impossible. It was a cunning game, and up to now it had been successful; though how long it was going to last successfully was a question the sea-thieves often asked themselves.

Disposing of the looted cargoes was not an easy matter, but they could be stacked on the lone island until opportunity came.

The island was uninhabited, never visited by ships—the lagoon had no entrance for any vessel larger than a canoe. Only on the western side of the island, where the steep hill ran abruptly down to the sea, was the little bay, shut in by tall cliffs, where an anchorage could be found—by one who knew. But looking from the sea, few would have guessed that the opening in the wall of cliffs told of an anchorage within.

Hartz had discovered it by chance long ago, but it was known to few. Against the wall of rock the sea broke with unceasing fury, and most skippers would have been careful to give such a shore a wide berth.

Through the opening of the tall cliffs the little beach and the bungalow could be seen, but only when the vessel drew near the island. A slight change of course, and the cliffs shut the bungalow out of sight.

From the gateway of the cliffs a canoe suddenly shot, swiftly paddled. Preece pointed to it.

"That's Krell's nigger, I guess," he said.

"Why does he send the nigger, instead of running up the signal?" snarled Hartz.

"Somezing has happen on the island while we are away," said Frenchy.

The canoe paddled swiftly out to sea. The brig stood on her course, rapidly nearing the little dug-out.

Pipaio waved a paddle to the ship. Hartz snarled an order to his black crew. A line was flung to the canoe as it drew near, and Pipaio caught it and made fast. From the towing canoe the black boy clambered on board.

Captain Hartz scowled at him.

"What name feller Krell send you along ship?" he grunted.

"Feller Krell he no send this feller, sar," answered Pipaio. "Feller Krell he no stop any more altogether."

"Dead?" shouted Hartz.

"Yes, sar! Kill-dead along dynamite!"

Hartz made a stride towards the black and gripped him by the shoulder in a savage grasp that almost made the bones crack. Pipaio gave a howl.

"You lying nigger!" snarled Hartz. "What do you mean? I saw Krell on the veranda."

"No feller Krell, sar, another feller!" gasped Pipaio.

"Who, then?" roared Hartz.

"Feller King of the Islands, sar!"

Hartz released the black boy and stepped back, staring at him blankly.

"King of the Islands?" he gasped.

"Yes, sar!"

"Pas possible!" exclaimed the second mate. "King of the Islands was thrown into the sea when we looted the ketch, a hundred miles from here. He lies!"

"Search me!" muttered Preece. "That trader from Lalinge is some lad, I allow. If he's got here—"

"Pas possible!" repeated Frenchy.

"Fool!" growled Hartz. "Someone

is there—as likely King of the Islands as any other. Only a castaway could have landed there. You feller Pipaio, you tell me all thing happen along island after me no stop.”

Pipaio babbled out his tale.

The three sea-thieves listened, with scowling faces, while he told how King of the Islands had been washed ashore on a floating log; how the Dutchman had sought his life, and how at last Krell had been blown to pieces by the dynamite he had intended for the boy trader.

“Then King of the Islands is master yonder,” said Hartz, between his teeth. “It might have been worse—we shall soon deal with him.”

“Feller King of the Islands he say, sar, he stop along top-side cliff, along dynamite, sinkee feller brig, s’pose he go along bay, sar.”

“Get forrard!” snapped Hartz in reply.

Pipaio went forward among the black crew.

The brig kept on her course, and Captain Hartz turned his binoculars on the gateway of the cliff-locked bay.

At the distance, the opening looked like a mere slit, though it was in reality six fathoms or more wide. On the left side the cliff was taller and more perpendicular than on the other, and on that summit a figure in white ducks and a Panama hat appeared against the blue sky.

“King of the Islands!” said Hartz. Through the glasses he recognised the boy trader of Lalinge.

Preece whistled.

“I guess he’s got a cinch on us, Hartz,” he said. “We can’t make the bay if he’s got dynamite up there—and I reckon Krell had plenty of it in the bungalow.”

“We’re going in,” snarled Hartz. “Are we going to leave that boy in possession of the island? He will not dare to hurl the dynamite. There is no other anchorage—do you want telling that a ship cannot enter the lagoon on the east side?”

He shook a brawny fist at the figure on the cliff-top as the brig stood on her way. He rapped out a savage order to the crew at last, and the sails dropped; the boat was manned by the blacks and a tow-rope run. Pulled by a dozen brawny Solomon Islanders, the whaleboat towed the brig through long lines of coral reefs over which the Pacific creamed, towards the cliff-locked entrance of the bay.

Preece and Frenchy exchanged glances, and the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. Captain Hartz stood in savage silence, watching—his hand on the revolver in his pocket. He was watching for a chance to take a

sudden shot at the figure on the high cliff—a shot that would end the danger to the brig and the boy trader’s mastery of the lone island.

Ken King dipped the short fuse in the flame of the lantern, leaned over the edge of the rock—and the bundle of dynamite sticks whizzed down!



That the pirates could land at other points on the island and attack him by land was certain; but the position was a strong one. On the landward side the cliff fell away in rugged fissures and broken slopes of basaltic rock towards the hill. Enemies approaching by the rugged rocks would have to choose their path carefully, and could be picked off like part-ridges in the daylight. And if they came by night, the boy trader needed little more defence than the yawning fissures and gaps in the rocks.

Day by day Ken, helped by Pipaio, had carried stores to the almost inaccessible cliff-top. Pipaio had laboured cheerfully, without even thinking of asking why the white master was storing provisions on the rugged summit of the cliff.

Almost the whole of the stores in the bungalow had been taken there, and kegs of water, stacks of coconuts and bananas, arms and ammunition, and the whole stock of dynamite that had been left by Krell.

The top of the cliff was honey-combed with fissures, nooks, and crannies, in which the stores were safely placed. In one Ken had fitted up a bunk, in another kitchen utensils and fuel were stored.

All had been ready for his retreat days before the 'Frisco brig showed her topsail over the western horizon.

King of the Islands had little doubt that he could make good his defence, in his eyrie, against any force that the sea-thieves could bring

The faces of the sea-thieves were set hard, their hearts beating, as the brig, drawn slowly on by the towing whaleboat, glided into the shadow of the towering cliffs.

### Sunk!

SEVENTY feet above the eddying water of the narrow passage through which the brig must pass, Ken King stood in a niche of the cliff close to the summit.

During the weeks that he had spent on the lonely island, Ken had had time to think of his plan of campaign, and he had worked it out thoroughly.

It was impossible for a single defender to hold the bungalow against an attack in force; but even had it been practicable, Ken had no desire to be besieged in the building. The end of such a siege would have been inevitable.

From the cliff-top overlooking the passage he was master of the anchorage, and he could deal as he liked with the brig if she strove to force a way in.

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against him; but as a last resource retreat was open to him by way of a rope down the cliff to the water. In one of the nooks of the rock a long rope, made of many lengths securely spliced, lay ready in case of need.

Ken had had the choice of fleeing to sea in a canoe, instead of taking the chances of a conflict. But the risks of an open canoe on the boundless ocean were hardly less than those of a fight against heavy odds on the island, and the boy trader was unwilling to run away from the seafarers who had looted his ketch.

Ken was well aware that it would have been his best strategy to allow the brig to tow in, unsuspecting of danger, and sink her with the dynamite before the sea-thieves were on their guard. But though it was fairly certain that they would show him little mercy if they gained the upper hand, the boy trader could scarcely think of commencing hostilities with so terrible a massacre.

He had sent a warning to the pirates; if they chose to disregard it, they could take their chance.

Save in the little land-locked bay there was no anchorage. If the pirates heeded his warning the brig had to remain at sea, standing off from the island—and at the first sign of bad weather they would have to run, for the steep coast was a terribly dangerous lee-shore. The *Mary Belle* could only remain off the island so long as the weather was fair. It was not likely that the pirates would go and leave him master of their rendezvous and the loot stored there. But King of the Islands had given them the chance.

Keeping in a rugged nook near the top of the high cliff, Ken watched the brig closing in to the reefs, and watched the boat towing her through the reefs to the passage.

His face set grimly.

On a ledge of rock beside him lay a bundle of dynamite sticks bound together with pandanus fibre, with a short fuse attached. An open lantern burned close at hand. To touch the fuse to the flame and toss the bundle below would take a second. All was ready.

Into the passage below the cliff the whaleboat glided, with a dozen brawny blacks tugging at the oars.

The boat slowed, and every black face was turned anxiously upward. Pipaio had told the black crew what King of the Islands intended, and all their fear of the skipper had been needed to drive the black boys to their perilous task.

King of the Islands leaned over a sharp edge of rock, and waved a hand to the black crew.

"You feller stop!" he shouted. "You stop along boat plenty quick, you no wantee walk about along bottom sea."

The blacks ceased rowing at once.

The bows of the *'Frisko* brig were entering the passage between the high basaltic pillars. The tow-rope slackened, and the ship lost way.

A revolver-shot whizzed from the after-deck of the *Mary Belle*, sudden and sharp; but King of the Islands was on his guard. He drew back as the bows came in sight, and the bullet smashed on the rocks above him.

"Give way!" came Captain Hartz's savage roar. "You black feller, you washy-washy plenty quick, you washy-washy debblish quick."

The oars dipped again.

King of the Islands looked down.

The three white men were staring anxiously up at the cliff, Hartz with a revolver in his hand.

"Fire another shot, and the dynamite falls!" shouted King of the Islands.

The skipper was raising his hand; but Preece grasped his arm and dragged it down.

"Let go, you—"

"You loocoed fool!" hissed Preece. "Our lives are in his hands! Are you mad?"

"Himmel! I tell you—"

"Talk to him!" snarled Preece. "Make terms—say anything—gain five minutes, and we are in the bay. Once past that durned cliff we're out of his reach."

"You black feller stop along boat!" roared King of the Islands, as the oars dashed. He picked up his rifle and fired a warning shot.

The bullet splashed into the water by the boat's gunwale, and there was a howl from the blacks. They ceased rowing at once.

The tow-rope hung slack; but the brig under her own momentum glided at a snail's pace on into the channel.

"You hear me, Captain Hartz, pirate and thief!" shouted Ken, his eyes on the group of three desperadoes. "Lift that gun again, you scoundrel, and I toss down the dynamite. You know what will happen then."

Hartz controlled his rage, fighting for self-control. The brig was almost under the cliff now, within reach of the bomb if the boy trader chose to toss it.

The gain of a few minutes would be enough, if the black crew dared to pull. While they lay on their oars the brig floated at the mercy of the boy trader.

"What do you want?" Hartz called up to the boy trader on the cliff, his voice husky with rage.

Ken showed his hand, with the bundle of dynamite sticks in it. Preece was white as chalk as he saw it, and the Frenchman wiped the damp from his brow. Even in the hard, bearded face of the German skipper fear was mingled with fury.

"I'll tell you what I want," answered Ken King coolly. "Mind, if your boys dip an oar again without my leave, you get the dynamite. One stroke of an oar will be enough."

The Solomon Islanders in the boat sat almost frozen with terror, staring up. They were not likely to dip an oar without leave from the boy trader, who held their lives in the hollow of his hand.

The brig was almost motionless now.

"You know me, Captain Hartz?" went on Ken, his eyes on the savage bearded face below. "You saw me at Faloo, where you sold a stolen cargo to Gideon Gee, the half-caste trader. I am the skipper of the *Dawn*, whom you tossed into the sea the night you looted my ketch. You know me?"

"I know you!" hissed Hartz. "By what fiend's luck did you reach my island?"

Ken laughed.

"I am here—and master of the island," he replied. "Now I will make terms with you, though a rope and a yard-arm are your deserts. I will make terms—or, rather, I will give you your orders."

"You fancy that I will take your orders?" hissed Hartz.

"If you value your life, yes. You will lower your third boat, and you three scoundrels will step into her and pull out to sea."

Hartz stared up at him blankly.

"Abandon my ship!" he stuttered.

"Ay, ay; abandon her, or see her sink under your feet, as you prefer!" answered King of the Islands coolly.

"Himmel! You think to take my ship?" gasped the skipper of the *Mary Belle*.

"Your ship and your crew!" answered Ken. "And be thankful that I spare the lives of the three vilest scoundrels in the South Seas. I take your ship or sink her, as you choose; but if she sinks, you sink with her, you thieving swab!"

The skipper was speechless with rage.

"You fool!" breathed Preece savagely. "You loocoed swab, you've asked for it! If you'd stood off the island—"

"Silence, you!" snarled Hartz.

He stared up at King of the Islands with burning eyes. Only a few minutes were needed for safety, if the black crew pulled with a will. And the hurtling bomb might miss the brig, and plunge harmlessly into the water—even if it struck her, it might not sink her. In spite of the grim earnestness in Ken's look and tone, Hartz doubted whether he really would hurl the bomb.

"Make up your mind!" snapped King of the Islands. "I'm not waiting long."

"You dare not!" hissed Hartz.

"Don't count on that," answered the boy trader. "I dare—and will. You thief of a pirate, I've found my own cargo stored on this island—and what have you done with my ketch, you dog?"

"I guess your ketch is safe, shipmate," called up Preece anxiously. "Not a man was harmed—she's safe at Oua."

"If I'd foreseen this, I'd have sunk her with all hands!" roared Hartz savagely. "And I'll sink her yet! Next time I sight the *Dawn*, King of the Islands, will be the last hour she will float on the sea!"

"Stow it, you fool!" hissed Preece. "Are you mad?"

"You ask for death," muttered the second mate.

Hartz's answer was a savage snarl. "I've offered you a chance,"

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retorted Ken, glaring down angrily. "I was a fool to do so; but I stand by what I've said. You three in the boat—and pull out to sea—your last chance!"

Hartz roared to the boat's crew.

"Pull, you black scum! Washy-washy along bay, debblish quick, or you kill-dead along gun! Quick, you scum!" He fired over the heads of the terrified boat's crew. "Quick, you dogs! Give way!"

The next instant the revolver was turned upward, and the ruffian was blazing away shots at King of the Islands.

The boat's crew rowed again, well knowing that disobedience meant that the skipper's revolver would spray bullets among them. And in fear of what was above, they rowed

It did not miss. It struck the Mary Belle amidships, and as it smote the deck there was a fearful roar of explosion.

In the midst of a spout of foam and spray, the 'Frisco brig reeled and lurched like a stricken animal, with a great gap torn in her side, and settled down to port. Before the thunderous roar died away, the waters were washing over her decks, and the brig sank in the middle of the passage on an even keel, her topmasts sticking out of the water to show where she lay.

### In Full Flight!

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS stared grimly down from the high cliff.

The whaleboat was dancing on wildly agitated water. Pipaio was in the boat, and he had cut the tow-rope. The whaleboat rocked and tossed on the surging waters, but

feebly, apparently dazed, almost stunned by the shock of the explosion. But he gained a hold on one of the unsubmerged topmasts and clung on. Preece and Frenchy were swimming for the bay.

King of the Islands looked down. His rifle was in his hands now, and the lives of the pirates were his to take. But he shook his head. Bitter foes as they were, and dangerous as their escape must prove for him, he could not fire on helpless men struggling for their lives in the water.

The black crew were rowing again now, and the whaleboat shot into the bay. The swimmers, black and white, followed, and in a few minutes were out of range of Ken's rifle. But Captain Hartz was still clinging to the topmast in the tossing water, almost directly below the boy trader.

As he clung there, the pirate's eyes turned upward, and fixed on Ken as he leaned from the rugged cliff, blazing with hate. He released

## NEXT WEEK'S SPECIAL FEATURES!

### FLYING CINDERS!

"They're such hot stuff," said Con Onslow to his pal, Dave Knight, referring to the American dirt-track riders whom they had been watching, "that they've had their speedrons painted red!" Yet the two Schoolboy Speedmen challenge these doughty champions, the leader of whom, accepting the challenge, declares: "You'll think you're chasing a bullet when we start!" There are surprises in this breathless complete story, and hairbreadth escapes that will set you aquiver as you read! By ALFRED EDGAR.

### HUNTING THE WHALE!

A wild and adventurous life it is still, chasing the great whales in the ocean wastes, though machinery and steam-driven whaling ships have revolutionised the conditions under which this most hazardous calling is followed. This chatty article introduces you to the most modern methods of making fortunes out of the Leviathans of the Deep!

### IN THE RANKS OF THE MOUNTIES!

Capt. H. B. GREAVES, who has served in the most romantic Force in all the world—the famous North-West Mounted Police—relates the exciting incidents of his first real job as a "Mountie": how he got his man in the trackless Frozen North, single-handed, and single-handed landed him at last at Headquarters. A slice of REAL life, exclusive to MODERN BOY.

### ALADDIN'S CAVES—TO-DAY!

Treasures untold lie beneath the streets of London and other big cities of the world, stored in impregnable strongholds that are marvels of engineering imagination and accomplishment. The streets of London may not be "paved with gold," but colossal fortunes are only a few feet below where wayfarers tread! Our Special Correspondent tells you all about the wonders of his visit to some of these Aladdin's Caves of to-day.

### THE WHIP HAND!

Beset with perils on all sides, young Ken King, boy trader of the Pacific Islands, stirs up a regular hornets' nest of South Seas pirates. With the odds heavily in their favour, the pirates are out for vengeance, and in this long and complete story by CHARLES HAMILTON you will feel a longing to go to Ken's aid and give him assistance in his lone-hand fight!

### BIG BEN'S BOOMS.

Next week's Wireless Page will be of special interest to all who have listened to the deep, sonorous booms of Big Ben coming through loud-speaker or earphones. In this chat is told—and shown—how the hours as they chime are picked up and broadcast from the great Clock Tower at the Houses of Parliament. The Big Bell of Westminster, like the Big Clock which shares its name, is in several ways a very striking fellow!

## DON'T MISS THE GREAT ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 28.

with maddened energy. The brig heaved into motion again.

King of the Islands had drawn back into the nook among the high rocks. His face was set and stern.

He had given the pirates their chance. A few minutes, and the brig would be in safety—and the whole swarm free to attack him, or besiege him on the cliff. That was not to be. He dipped the short fuse in the flame of the lantern, and there was a sputter of sparks.

He leaned over the edge of rock, and a bullet passed within a foot of him as he leaned.

Then the bundle of dynamite sticks whizzed down.

Preece and Frenchy hurled themselves down the companion—the few blacks on board scurried into the sea, leaping overboard instantly. Only the burly skipper stood where he was, loosing off shots, yelling to the boat's crew to pull. If the bomb missed—if it missed by an inch, there would be no time for another—

her crew had not been harmed, save that they were dazed and deafened by the roar of the exploding dynamite.

Four or five men were in the sea, swimming. Among them Ken picked up Preece and Frenchy. They had bolted up the companion as the brig heeled over in the water and leaped overboard. Captain Hartz had been flung into the sea by the force of the explosion; but he was swimming.

Ken's first feeling was one of relief. Only the three white men had been on board the brig when the bomb struck her, and they had escaped with their lives.

The pirate brig was sunk. Her topmasts emerged from the water; and, so long as the weather remained fair, it was possible that she might be refloated. The task, however, was not likely to be undertaken so long as King of the Islands commanded the spot from the top of the high rock.

Captain Hartz was swimming.

one hand from its hold, to shake a clenched fist at the boy trader.

Ken's lip curled contemptuously. A bullet from his rifle would have sent the sea-thief floating away to the sharks of the Pacific. But he did not fire.

The skipper hung on to the mast for long minutes; but at last he made an effort, released his hold, and swam into the bay. There, where the bulge of the cliff covered them from Ken's rifle, the crew of the whaleboat had stopped to allow the swimmers to clamber on board. They waited for the skipper, and Preece lugged him aboard.

Exhausted and dripping, Hartz sank down in the boat. He snarled an order to the crew to pull ashore. The oars dipped, and the whaleboat glided on to the beach in front of the bungalow.

Captain Hartz sat staring back at the topmasts of the sunken brig.

"Search me!" muttered the Yankee mate. "I guess you've asked

for it and got it, Hartz—and we've got it, too! Where's our ship and cargo now, durn your Prussian hide!"

"She's sunk in shallow water!" snarled Hartz. "We shall get her out again."

"With that son of John Bull dropping dynamite sticks on us while we're doing it!" snarled Preece. "Forget it, you simp!"

"He will not live to see the sun set!" answered Hartz, between his grinding teeth.

"I guess he feels pretty safe where he is," jeered Preece, "or he wouldn't have let us get clear. He could have picked us off—"

"Fool that he did not! There are three of us—and sixteen blacks. It will be easy to finish with him, and then—"

"I guess it won't be so durned easy!" growled the mate.

"Easy or not, it will be done—and before sundown!" hissed Hartz.

The boat grounded on the strip of beach, and the sea-thieves tramped savagely up the coral path to the bungalow.

What they found there did not calm them. Little of the stores remained; not a weapon of any kind, and not a single cartridge. King of the Islands had taken care of that.

The bungalow echoed with the fierce threats of the pirates. There was food, though not much of it. But what the sea-thieves wanted was cartridges for their revolvers—and not a cartridge was to be found.

They ate and drank in the veranda in sight of the forlorn topmasts that stuck out of the water in the channel; and the meal was seasoned with recriminations. Even in the old days of the South Sea pirates never had the tropic sun shone down on so savage a crew.

"We've got to get him," said Preece. "He's got all our stores—all the cartridges—everything. He must have worked for days getting this surprise-packet ready for us."

"We can raise the brig," said Hartz. "It will not be easy, but it can be done. But first we must finish with that trader. The wreck is under his fire. We're marooned on this island now—and unless we're to put to sea in the whaleboat, we've got to get that trader. But I tell you—"

The burly German brought down his fist on the table with a crash that made the glasses dance and sent a bottle crashing to the floor of the veranda.

"I tell you," he went on, "not for a fortune would I leave this island and leave that trader alive! He has sunk my ship—and I will sink him for the ground-sharks to tear in pieces!"

"When you get him!" sneered Preece. "I guess there will be some shooting first. He's got the guns!"

"Parbleu! We have no choice," said Frenchy. "He has everything—and we have nothing!"

"Come!" snarled Hartz. He strode out of the veranda and called to the black crew. The

Solomon Islanders gathered at his savage call, but their obedience was not so prompt as on board the Mary Belle. Had they understood that the white men were unarmed, probably their obedience would have ceased at once on the spot.

"You feller boy," said Hartz, with a savage glare that daunted the blacks. "You savvy white feller along cliff he stop. Us feller go plenty quick get that feller. S'pose you feller get um, me give you feller plenty shell-money, plenty stick tobacco, all you feller rich feller."

"Yes, sar!" answered the islanders, a little dubiously, however.

"Me give whaleboat along feller get that white feller," added the skipper. "Good feller whaleboat, good feller gun, heap shell-money."

There was eagerness among the blacks at once. To a black boy a whaleboat and a gun were riches undreamt of.

"Us feller get that white feller, sar!" answered a dozen voices.

Pipaio's voice was as loud as the rest. Pipaio was already forgetting his attachment to King of the Islands; and no Solomon Islander could have resisted the temptation of a whaleboat and a gun.

"Follow me!" snapped Hartz.

He tramped away along the strip of beach. Preece and Frenchy followed him, and the swarm of jabbering, excited blacks brought up the rear. From the beach they clambered on the rocks, and picked

(Continued on the next page.)

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their way along towards the great basaltic cliff that jutted out at the entrance of the bay.

The afternoon sun was blazing down on the island. To the blacks the heat was nothing, but the white men sweated and panted as they clambered over the hot rocks.

As they drew nearer to the cliff, they expected to hear every instant the ring of a rifle. But there came no shot, and they indulged a hope that the boy trader was sleeping in the heat of the day and might be taken off his guard.

That hope was brief. Hartz, tramping ahead of the party, stopped at a wide, deep fissure that barred the way. It was seven feet wide, with shelving edges, and it cut the tall cliff off from the shore, leaving it standing like a hill. Every man in the party could have leaped it; but, as they reached it, there came a hail from the high rocks beyond:

"Back, you pirate scum!" Hartz glared across the chasm. Beyond it the cliff rose in irregular masses of dark basalt, rugged mass piled on mass. From some nook in the rugged rocks rang the voice of King of the Islands.

He rose suddenly into view from behind a boulder, his rifle to his shoulder, his eye gleaming over the levelled barrel.

"Back, you scum!" he repeated. Hartz's hand was on the knife in his belt. In an instant it flashed out, the skipper's hand jerked forward, and the gleaming weapon flew. Straight as a bullet it whizzed for the boy trader. And as it whizzed, Hartz leaped fiercely across the fissure.

But King of the Islands was on his guard. Swiftly as the thrown knife flew, he stepped aside in time, and the steel rang on the rocks behind him. A second more, and the leaping skipper would have been upon him, with the whole savage crew following. But in that second the boy trader's rifle rang out.

There was a gasping yell as Hartz's feet touched the opposite rock. And for a moment it seemed that he had landed. Then his heavy weight sagged back, and he disappeared backwards into the yawning abyss. From far below came the faint echo of a thudding crash.

Crack, crack, crack! King of the Islands fired over his assailants as they turned and fled wildly over the rocks. The blacks fled like rabbits, and the terrible fate of the skipper was more than warning enough for the two mates.

They fled as fast as the blacks, scrambling, falling, stumbling, in their haste to escape, while over their heads spattered the bullets from the rifle of King of the Islands!

(Ken encounters desperate perils on this island in next week's yarn - perils that will hold you spellbound, till with a sigh of regret you come to the end of the story. Miss it? Of course you would not, on any account.)

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