

THE GRAVEL-PIT SPEEDWAY! COMPLETE DIRT-TRACK RACING STORY.

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WHITSUN SPEEDSTERS! Special Feature Inside.



Kit Hudson, the young Australian mate of the ketch Dawn, sets out to search the lonely wastes of the Pacific for his missing chum and skipper, who is in the clutches of pirates. With what luck is grippingly told in this long and complete yarn of adventure in the romantic South Seas

By
**CHARLES
HAMILTON.**

To The Rescue of Ken King!

As Ken stepped swiftly aside, whiz came an axe from the shadowy interior!

Glad Tidings!

KIT HUDSON, the young Australian, second in command of Ken King's South Seas trading ketch, the Dawn, stood by the binnacle, scowling at a grey and tumbling sea. A mist of thin rain hung over the Pacific.

Through the night and the morning the gale had lasted, blowing itself out towards noon. The wind was still strong from the west. The sun was shut behind banks of clouds, now and then a dazzling gleam coming through and dancing on the tumbling sea. Hudson watched the waters, as for many a long day he had watched them, with hope that grew less and less with each passing day.

Kaio-lalulalonga, the Kanaka bo'sun, commonly known as Koko, stood at the helm as the ketch drove through falling rain. Koko's brown face was dark and grim. No smile had lighted his face since that wild night when King of the Islands, as

Ken was called, had been tossed into the sea by the raiders who had looted the ketch in the waters of Oua.

Koko and the five Hiva-Oa boys who formed the crew mourned their white master as one dead, though Hudson still clung desperately to the hope that the boy trader lived. Weeks had passed since he had been thrown overboard, and day by day the ketch had searched for him in the lonely waters that lay west of Oua. Every sail or native canoe that was sighted was hailed and questioned, but no hint of news of the missing boy trader could be picked up.

From the mist of rain, driving before the wind from the west, a whaleboat plunged into sight on the tumbling waters. Hudson watched it as it loomed through the rainy mist. It was a large boat, swarming with blacks. No white man was to be seen.

"Starboard, Koko," observed the mate of the Dawn.

"Talk along feller boat, sar?"

Hudson nodded.

The ketch ran down towards the whaleboat.

"Black feller along boat no savvy King of the Islands, sar," said Koko sadly.

Hudson made no answer. He had little or no hope of picking up news of his lost shipmate now, but he would not leave a chance untried.

He watched the whaleboat rather curiously, wondering whether it belonged to some craft that had gone down in the storm the night before. If so, no white man had been saved; there were only blacks on board—fifteen or sixteen of them, fuzzy-headed Solomon Islanders. They looked as if they had had a bad time in the gale. The mast was broken off short, and five or six of the blacks were baling out water with coconut shells.

A dozen times since he had sailed

out of the lagoon at Oua in search of his shipmate Hudson had hailed some native crew in a canoe, and always drawn blank. Yet he still clung to the hope of picking up news. The chances were, he knew, that King of the Islands had gone down when he was flung overboard from the ketch. But there were chances in his favour.

He was one of the best swimmers in the Islands, and might have kept afloat for hours, or might have gained a footing on some floating mass of driftwood and been cast ashore on some solitary island or atoll. A trader or native canoe might have picked him up. So long as there was a single chance to which he might cling the Cornstalk would not give up hope.

The blacks in the whaleboat stared at the ketch as she bore down on them. They showed no desire to come alongside, possibly because of the risk of collision in the rough sea. Hudson, watching them, was struck by the idea that he had seen some of them before.

"Koko, you look along that boat, eye belong you," he said. "You savvy what island that black feller belong?"

"Solomon Island feller, sar," answered Kaio-lalulalonga, without a moment's hesitation.

"I reckoned so," said Hudson. "I've seen some of those black faces before—on board the *Mary Belle* at Oua. That's the crew of the *'Frisco* brig, Koko."

The Kanaka's black eyes gleamed. "The brig must have gone down," said Hudson. "But there were three white men aboard when we saw her at Oua—there's none in the boat."

"Walk about along bottom sea," said Kaio-lalulalonga, and he grinned. "We run along boat, sar, sendee black feller walk about along bottom sea, all same, sar."

Hudson shook his head.

"That feller, sar, makee feller King of the Islands walk about along bottom sea," urged the Kanaka.

"We're not sure of that, Koko."

Hudson shook his head again. He suspected that the *'Frisco* brig, the *Mary Belle*, was the secret raider that had attacked and looted the ketch that dark night by Oua. But suspicion was not proof.

"We'll speak that crew, Koko," he said. "We can make them talk and tell us the truth about the brig. If we fail to find King of the Islands, we want to find the men who put him overboard—and those niggers can tell us whether it was Captain Hartz and his mates."

The whaleboat was steering away from the ketch, and some of the Solomon Islanders were rowing. Evidently they were anxious to avoid a meeting. But the ketch swiftly ran it down. There was no chance for the black crew to escape.

Hudson put his hands to his mouth as soon as he was within hailing distance, and shouted:

"Ahoj, the whaleboat!"

The blacks pulled on.

"Lay to, or we'll run you down!" shouted Hudson angrily.

There was a jabbering among the

black crew, and the oars were taken in.

"That feller no wantee see us, eye belong him," said Koko. "That feller same feller came along this ship along night, sar."

"I reckon so," assented Hudson. "They're the crew of the *'Frisco* brig, and I reckon they're the same lot that looted the *Dawn* that night. We'll soon know."

The ketch ran closer to the waiting whaleboat. The Solomon Islanders were no longer attempting to escape.

"Yo! black feller!" shouted Hudson.

"Yes, sar!" called back one of the boat's crew. "What you wantee, sar, along this feller?"

a bullet clipped a coral comb from Pipaio's fuzzy head. There was a howl of alarm from the black boy.

"Feller white master no shoot this poor boy, sar! Me come along ketch altogether too quick."

"Look lively, then, you black swab!"

And Pipaio caught the line thrown by Lompo from the ketch, the whaleboat surged in, and the black man clambered on board as actively as a monkey, the whaleboat immediately standing off again.

Pipaio landed dripping on the deck of the *Dawn*. He gave a quick, uneasy glance at Hudson's stern face, at Kaio-lalulalonga, and at the Hiva-Oa crew. Evidently Pipaio did not feel himself secure on board the ketch, and Hudson was assured now



A chunk of coral struck King of the Islands on the chest as he leaped the chasm!

"What name belong you, you feller boy?"

"Name belong me Pipaio, sar."

"You feller Pipaio, you come along ketch, along me talk along you!" shouted Hudson.

"Me no wantee come along ketch, sar."

"Lompo! You throw one feller line along that feller boat!" Hudson drew the revolver from his belt. "You feller Pipaio, you catchy that feller line, you comey along this ship, plenty quick, or you dead feller."

Pipaio looked at him, and looked at the revolver that glinted over the rail of the *Dawn*. As he still hesitated, Hudson pulled trigger, and

that he was one of the blacks who had been with the disguised raiders when the ketch was looted.

"You no mad along this poor black feller, sar," said Pipaio. "Me plenty good feller, sar."

"You feller belong feller brig *Mary Belle*?"

"Yes, sar."

"What place feller brig he stop?"

"He stop along bottom sea, sar," answered Pipaio, grinning.

"What place feller Captain Hartz, feller Preece, feller Frenchy, he stop?" asked Hudson.

"Feller Cap'n Hartz he dead feller, sar. Feller Preece, feller Frenchy, he stop along island."

To the Rescue of Ken King!

"That feller same feller steal cargo along this ketch?"

"Yes, sar. That feller steal plenty cargo along this ketch, sar, along plenty ship, sar," answered Pipaio. "That feller take plenty cargo along island, sar. He plenty bad feller, sar. Us black feller good feller, sar. Us feller 'bey order along white master, sar, we plenty flaid along him. We no flaid any more, along that feller dead feller, sar."

Hudson whistled. He knew for certainty now that the 'Frisco brig was the secret raider; and he learned at the same time that the brig had gone down, that her skipper was dead, and her two mates apparently left on some island. He had thought of vengeance on the pirates if he failed to find his lost shipmate. But vengeance seemed to have fallen upon them without his aid.

As for the black crew, he had no thought of punishing them. They had obeyed the orders of their white masters, and were hardly accountable for what they had done. But if that was Kit Hudson's view, it was not the view of Kaio-lalulalonga. The Kanaka boatswain had given the wheel to Lompo, as he listened to what Pipaio had to say. Now he drew the Malaita knife from his belt. The glare in his eyes brought a howl of fear from Pipaio.

"You no killy this feller!" yelled Pipaio, dodging round Hudson.

"Stand back, Koko!" said Hudson hastily.

Koko showed his white teeth in a ferocious snarl.

"That feller along feller Hartz, along killy King of the Islands," he cried. "He plenty bad feller. Me killy that feller along this feller knife, sar, killy all black feller along boat, sar. All black feller he walk about along bottom sea, sar, along King of the Islands he dead feller."

"Stand back, I tell you!" rapped out Hudson, startled by the ferocity in the face of Kaio-lalulalonga. "Obey orders, you swab!"

"Me no 'bey that feller order, sar," answered Koko. "Feller white master belong me, he dead feller, along this black trash, sar. All this feller makee kai-kai along shark, sar, along King of the Islands he no stop any more."

Hudson grasped his arm.

"Stop, I tell you—"

There was a yell from Pipaio.

"You no kill-dead this poor black boy! Me plenty good feller along King of the Islands, along place he stop."

Hudson gave a violent start. Koko, in amazement, lowered the knife. To neither of them had it occurred that Pipaio knew anything of King of the Islands; and it had not occurred to Pipaio's fuzzy brain to mention the fact, till Koko spoke the name. Hudson turned from the boatswain, and grasped Pipaio by the shoulder, shaking him in his excitement.

"You black feller, you savvy King of the Islands?" he shouted.

"Yes, sar, me savvy that feller plenty."

"You see him, eye belong you?"

"Seeum plenty, sar," gasped Pipaio.

"Me house-boy along him, along island he stop."

"Good heavens!" breathed Hudson.

Koko's knife dropped on the deck. The big Kanaka stared at Pipaio, his black eyes bulging.

"You say feller King of the Islands he no dead feller?" breathed Kaio-lalulalonga. "He no finish?"

"He no dead feller, sar! He walk about plenty," gasped Pipaio. "Me house-boy along him, along island, sar. He good master along this black boy."

"When did you see him?" asked Hudson excitedly. "What day you see that feller, eye belong you?"

"Seeum day before, sar."

"Yesterday!" roared Hudson.

"Yes, sar," panted Pipaio. "He no dead feller, sar. One day before, sar, he plenty walk about."

Kit Hudson leaned against the mizzen, breathing hard and deep, almost overcome. The sudden news was overwhelming!

He had hoped against hope that his shipmate still lived; but with each weary day the hope had grown fainter. And now he was standing in the presence of one who had seen him alive only the day before. It was too good to be true—and yet evidently it was true.

It seemed to Hudson that the grey, tumbling sea, the murky sky, were suddenly bright with sunlight. His joy was reflected in the brown face of Kaio-lalulalonga.

Koko's eyes were dancing.

"Little white master he stop!" trilled the Kanaka jocosely. "Little white master he no finish up altogether! This feller plenty glad, along little white master he stop!"

Deadly Enemies!

KEN KING came out of the bungalow, on the lone island that Captain Hartz and his ruffians had used as their headquarters, his rifle under his arm. It was late afternoon, and the rain had ceased. The heavy blow from the west had dropped to a light breeze, and from the clearing sky came a blaze of sunshine.

The sea still rolled heavily round the island, and the waters in the little landlocked bay boomed on the beach and the circling rocks. In the passage between the tall cliffs at the entrance of the bay the surf roared and foamed. But the rain was gone, the sky blue once more, and the sea was going down.

On the strip of beach before the bungalow there were heaps of wreckage. The Mary Belle, which Ken had sunk in the passage, had broken up completely in the storm during the night, and fragments of the 'Frisco brig were scattered about the bay.

Ken wondered what had happened to the boat's crew of Solomon Islanders, who had sailed away the day before, leaving the two mates marooned with him. That heavy

gale from the west must have driven them back from their course, probably far to the east of the island—likely enough it had sent them to the bottom. He was never likely to know Pipaio's fate, or so it seemed to him then, so little did he dream of what was happening far out on the Pacific in those very moments.

He looked up towards the top of the high cliff over the bay, where he had lighted a signal-fire the previous day. The rain had washed it out—not a wisp of smoke rose against the sky. Ken wondered where Preece—the first mate of the brig—was. He had not seen the Yankee since the ruffian had fled from the bungalow in the night, after an attack in the dark, in which his comrade, Frenchy, had fallen under his knife, in mistake for King of the Islands.

Frenchy lay under the sand now; and of the men of the pirate brig who had landed on the island yesterday, only Preece remained, lurking somewhere out of sight. The ruffian was unarmed, and Ken had no fear of him, but he kept a wary look-out as he moved along the shore.

He came on the Yankee suddenly. He was squatted on the sand, leaning back against a rock, staring at the sea under knitted brows.

He glanced up at King of the Islands with eyes full of evil. Ken stopped. The ruffian eyed him bitterly. The look in his eyes told that he was calculating the chances of a sudden spring, in spite of the rifle.

"Better not," said Ken quietly.

"Hang you!" muttered Preece.

"If a guy had half a chance—"

"You won't get half a chance if I can help it," answered King of the Islands. "I'm a fool not to shoot you out of hand. I know that. That's what you'd do in my place."

"You've said it," sneered Preece. "And I ain't asking you to do anything else!"

"Last night you got into the bungalow," said Ken. "You attacked me in the dark, and killed Frenchy by mistake. I'm not taking the chance again. If you come near the house, day or night, after this, you get a bullet through your head. Keep that in mind."

"And what, about my rations?" growled Preece. "You've got all the stores in the bungalow, durn you!"

"I'm coming to that. You'll get your rations so long as you camp on the cliff and keep the signal-fire burning."

"Forget it!" grunted Preece.

"Can't you see it's as much for your own good as mine?" snapped King of the Islands. "We may be here for months, perhaps for years, unless we can signal to some ship—"

"There ain't a sail in these waters once in six months. And if we was picked up are you going to hold your tongue about the Mary Belle and the raided cargoes stored on this island?" sneered the Yankee mate.

Ken shook his head.

"Not likely! When we're picked up, you'll go to take your trial for the pirate and thief you are."

"I guess I ain't got any hunch to

be picked up on them terms," answered Preece.

"There's another thing," went on Ken. "We may be here a long time, as I've said, if we're rescued at all. There are plenty of stores in the house; but they won't last for ever. But there are the fields of taro and yams that Krell tended when he was left in charge here. We may want the food, and want it badly. If you're going to share the rations, you're going to share the work, and tend the fields with me."

"I guess I ain't looking for a landsman's job," jeered Preece.

Ken eyed him grimly.

"I know what you're looking for," he said. "You're hoping to find a chance of taking me by surprise, by some dirty treachery—getting me from behind with a rock, or something of that sort. It would suit you to have the house and the stores to yourself and to be picked up, if there were no one alive to charge you with piracy. I can read your thoughts pretty easily, Preece.

"Keep this in mind," went on King of the Islands. "At the first sign of treachery I will shoot you as I would a mad dog. You will not eat the bread of idleness so long as I am master here. Look for what rations you can find, and take your chance."

"I guess—"

"Keep clear of the house. If I sight you within a hundred yards of

it, I shall pull trigger. Take that as a warning!"

With that, King of the Islands turned away and strode along the shore.

Preece sat up, his hand closing on a loose fragment of coral. But he relinquished it again—he dared not take the risk.

Unheeding the ruffian further, the boy trader proceeded to clamber up the rugged rocks to the top of the cliff.

Firewood was stacked in the caves at the summit, and he lost no time in building a fire, banking it up with green wood to send up a thick column of smoke against the blue sky.

For a time he scanned the sea from the high cliff, but the Pacific stretched far and wide without a sign of a sail.

He descended the cliff at last, in the sinking sunlight, and returned towards the bungalow.

Doors and shutters were closed, as he had left them; but the boy castaway approached the house warily. It was more than likely that Preece had taken advantage of his absence to raid the stores, and still more likely that he was searching the bungalow for firearms and cartridges. Ken had taken care that there should be none for him to find. As likely as not the desperate ruffian was lurking in the house.

Ken threw the door wide open and,

instead of entering, stepped swiftly aside from the doorway.

Whiz!

From the shadowy interior of the house an axe came whirling, flashing past the boy trader, and falling with a crash on the coral platform. But for his precaution, King of the Islands would have fallen dead on the threshold.

As the axe crashed down, the boy trader leaped into the doorway, and fired into the dimness within. He followed up the shot with a rush, pulling trigger again as he came in.

From the rear doorway of the bungalow the Yankee mate leaped, fleeing for his life.

He tore across the coral platform at the back and raced for the shelter of the palm grove.

King of the Islands dashed in pursuit, pulling trigger twice again as the Yankee vanished into the palms.

A hoarse yell came from Preece, and he staggered for a moment; but he recovered himself and rushed into the trees and disappeared from sight among the slanting trunks.

Ken stopped on the coral platform, and emptied the repeating rifle into the palms.

He was tempted to pursue the treacherous ruffian, but he had seen Preece stagger, and knew that he had been hit. It was possible that that might be a warning to the mate of

(Continued on the next page.)

Training for School Sports.

THIS WEEK:—

THE HIGH JUMP.

YOU fellows who are out to earn honours at high jumping should never practise over an unyielding obstacle like a gate. It is a simple matter to fit up some temporary obstacle—sticks or poles—that will easily "give" if you fail to jump clear.

There are two things to be developed by the high jumper—upward springing and body control. You will get the best out of yourself if you concentrate your attention on each in turn.

To get height of spring you should run towards the obstacle, from whichever side you prefer, and then leap upwards from the rear foot. The leg nearer the bar you will fling forward and upward, both your arms going up with it, and the other foot will rise immediately after.

Do not, during this practice, be concerned with body position. Give all your attention to the upward spring, striving to clear the bar entirely by the strength of your leap.

But a really fine jumper often gets over a surprisingly high bar not because he has given a strong leap, but because, when at the highest point in the air, he so twists his body that his hips and legs rise, perhaps a foot higher than they would otherwise have reached in the ordinary course of the jump.

PRACTISE BODY CONTROL!

Therefore, as you progress, you should practise this body control. Tackle fairly low bars which you can clear without giving much attention to your spring, and then discover how you can juggle with the balance of your body when it is in



Over the bar! Snapped at the annual sports of the High School at Devonport.

mid-air. You may, for instance, change the position of your hips by dropping the head and shoulders sideways or backwards, and by flinging the arms beyond the head.

The exact method you will adopt depends largely on your own particular build, and you will have to experiment. You have probably seen a pole-jumper get over a very high bar with his body quite horizontal—well, it is the body position which enables him to do it.

Having practised springing and body balancing separately, you then combine both features in your jumps.

A very frequent fault in high jumping is to make the spring too soon, before getting properly "under" the bar. This means that you reach your highest point some little distance in front of the bar, and you are actually descending when you cross over the wood. Obviously, your highest point must be timed to come exactly above the bar.

(The next Training Chat will deal with Sprinting.)

To the Rescue of Ken King!

the 'Frisco brig. King of the Islands went back into the house, leaving the Yankee to his own devices.

The Signal!

PIPAIO, standing dripping on the deck of the Dawn, looked from Kit Hudson to Koko, from Koko to the Hiva-Oa crew, and from the Polynesian crew back to the mate of the Dawn. It was borne in upon Pipaio's fuzzy mind that he was decidedly "persona grata" on board the ketch, and that he was a most important person.

The joy and relief in every face made him realise the importance of the news he had imparted. Kaio-lalulalonga, whose knife had been drawn for grim vengeance, was now grinning with glee, and he handed the black boy a chew of betel-nut, as if they had been friends for life.

Pipaio chewed the betel and grinned cheerfully. He did not notice, nobody noticed at the moment, that the Solomon Island crew in the boat were pulling away from the ketch. The black crew, who had shared in the looting of the Dawn the night King of the Islands was tossed overboard, were anxious to get away; and with the cool indifference of the savage, they left Pipaio in the hands of the enemy while they made their own escape.

But Pipaio, as it happened, was not in enemy hands—he was in very friendly hands on account of the glad tidings he had given.

It seemed to Kit Hudson that years had dropped from him. Only at this moment, when he learned the happy truth, did he realise how faint his hope had been of finding his ship-mate alive. Kaio-lalulalonga had had no hope of such good fortune; and he jumped at a bound from the depths of dolour to happy exuberance of spirits.

"Little white master he stop!" repeated Koko. "Little white master he no finish up altogether! This Kanaka plenty big fool tinkee feller King of the Islands he finish. Bimeby me see little white master, eye belong me."

"Us feller see little white master eye belong us feller!" chuckled Lompo.

"My hat!" said Hudson at last. "It's too good to be true! Pipaio, you tell me all thing belong King of the Islands. You plenty sure he stop?"

"Me plenty sure, sar," grinned Pipaio. "Plenty sure altogether he stop along island belong Cap'n Hartz. He comey along island, along log, long time before. He plenty sink feller brig along dynamite—"

"What?" gasped Hudson.

"Feller brig he walk about along bottom sea, sar, along King of the Islands sinkee along dynamite," said Pipaio. "Cap'n Hartz he finish, along wantee killy little white master. Feller Preece, feller Flenchy, stop along island. Us black feller no flaid along that feller any

more, along no havem cartridge along feller gun, sar. We takee whaleboat along sea, makee run along Solomon Islands.

"Feller storm he comey along sea," added Pipaio. "Big feller wind he blow feller boat along sea. Us black feller no savvy what place feller boat he stop any more."

"What place feller island he stop?"

Pipaio waved a black hand to the west. That was all he could give of the bearings of the island.

Hudson questioned him closely. He gathered that the black crew had stood to the west in the whaleboat after deserting the two mates on the island, in the hope of reaching the Solomons, which they knew lay to the west.

The storm had caught them, and driven them eastward all through the night and the morning; and there was no doubt that they had been driven, in that length of time, to the eastward of the island they had left. Pipaio was sure of that much; he was sure that the island lay westward of the spot where the Dawn had fallen in with the whaleboat.

More than that he could not tell. But that was enough for the mate of the Dawn to know.

Hudson had calculated that if King of the Islands lived, he must have been swept far to the west of Oua by the currents that set westward past that island; and it was in the west that the ketch was searching, a good fifty miles now from Oua. Evidently the currents had swept Ken much farther west than that, afloat on a drifting log.

It was clear now that he had effected a landing on some uninhabited island in the waste of waters—uninhabited except by the pirates who had made it their lair. That island could be found by searching; and though Pipaio could not give him a course, at least he would be able to recognise the island as soon as he set eyes on it again.

Hudson had already decided to take the black boy along with him, when he noted the flight of the whaleboat. When he looked round, the whaleboat, and the black crew in it, were a fading speck far to the east, driving away as fast as the wind could drive.

Pipaio followed his glance, and uttered an ejaculation.

"Feller boat he no stop along me."

Hudson smiled.

"You feller Pipaio stop along this ketch," he said. "S'pose us feller findum King of the Islands, you rich feller—plenty shell money, plenty stick tobacco, good feller gun along you."

"Me plenty glad stop along you, sar," said Pipaio at once. "S'pose you findum King of the Islands, that feller tell you me plenty good feller along him, sar. Plenty good me stop along this ship."

The whaleboat vanished over the horizon; no one, not even Pipaio, giving it a further thought. The Dawn swept on long tacks to the westward, and every face on board was bright with hope. The search for the island might take a long time—days, perhaps weeks; but however long it

might take, the island must be found in the end.

Only one thought troubled Hudson—the fact that Ken had been left on the island with the two pirate mates. But as, according to Pipaio, the ruffians were unarmed, and King of the Islands well armed, there was every likelihood that he would be found safe. But Hudson was anxious to reach the island at the earliest possible moment, and he did not spare himself or the crew, as the ketch laboured through a tumbling sea against adverse winds.

Night fell on the Pacific. The last of the gale had gone, and a starry night gleamed on the rolling waters. The winds were shifting, but the ketch gained more and more to the westward.

With dawn on the following day there came a breeze from the south-east, and Hudson, who had hardly closed his eyes all night, gladly put the ketch before it.

Bright sunshine streamed down on a sapphire sea, as the ketch, under full sail, swept swiftly on.

Every eye scanned the sea, west and north and south, and Hudson's binoculars were continually at his eyes. It was possible that he might overshoot the mark, and only discover the island finally by long and weary quartering of an immense space. But fortune, which had persecuted the shipmates of the Dawn so long, seemed tired now of frowning on them.

Quite early in the morning Hudson's glasses picked up a purple blur to the north-west; and on examining his chart he found several dots at some distance apart, all "uninhabited." It was one of these dots that he had now picked up with the binoculars. He rapped out an order to the crew, and the ketch headed directly for the purple blur. The mate of the Dawn handed the glasses to Pipaio.

"You look-see, eye belong you," he said. "You sing out s'pose you savvy that feller island."

Pipaio scanned the purple blur with the powerful glasses. He grinned as he recognised the long, low hill beyond the shining lagoon that leaped into view in the binoculars.

"Me savvy plenty, sar!" he said. "That feller island he place where King of the Islands he stop."

The ketch swept on. Kaio-lalulalonga was twanging joyously on his ukulele, and chanting a psalm of joy in his own tongue. Pipaio had explained to Hudson that the anchorage was in a little bay on the western side, and the ketch made a wide sweep round the island, to come in from the west.

There was a shout from Kaio-lalulalonga, and he pointed with his ukulele.

"Feller smoke he stop, sar!"

From a high basaltic cliff at the entrance of the bay, a column of smoke rose against the blue sky from a fire burning on the summit. It was a signal!

The last doubt vanished now. This was the island where Ken King had been cast up by the sea; and the

signal-smoke told that he was there, and alive.

Kit Hudson forgot fatigue and weariness and long anxiety now. The ketch edged in to the reefs, the sails dropped, and the whaleboat manned to tow in through the narrow passage. At every moment now Hudson expected to see his comrade waving from the shore or the cliffs. But the boy trader was not to be seen. As the ketch towed into the passage, Hudson sighted the bungalow and the copra sheds across the bay. But the building looked deserted. A pang of uneasiness seized him.

King of the Islands must have lighted the signal-fire, and it was strange that he had not yet sighted the ketch. He had been left on the island with deadly enemies, and the terrible thought came to Hudson that he might have arrived too late!

The ketch glided across the bay, passing many floating fragments of the 'Frisco brig. The anchor dropped; and Hudson and Kaio-lalulalonga leaped into the whaleboat and hurried ashore. In deep uneasiness they leaped out on the sand and strode up the beach.

"Ken!" shouted Hudson. "Ship ahoy! King of the Islands! Ahoy!"

The echo of his voice from the hill answered him; but there came no other answer.

Standing before the deserted bungalow, Hudson fired his rifle into the air.

The report rolled along the cliffs. And as it died away, there came, from the distance, the answering crack of a rifle.

The Last Blow!

NEVER, since he had been cast up by the sea on the island, had Ken needed the help of his shipmate more. The boy trader had gone to the summit of the cliff in the sunny morning to bank up the signal-fire. Perhaps he had been less wary than usual as he descended the cliff again.

He was thinking of making an excursion across the island to set up a signal on the eastern side. Of the Yankee mate he had seen nothing since the previous day. The night had passed without alarm, and Ken, knowing that the ruffian had been hit by one of his bullets, believed that Preece was keeping his distance.

When the sudden attack came, King of the Islands was taken by surprise. He was leaping a fissure four or five feet wide, on his way down the rugged cliff, when a whizzing chunk of coral struck him on the chest, hurled from behind a boulder. His feet landed on the opposite side, but the blow had made him lose his balance, and he fell back into the chasm.

He dropped twenty feet into a deep pool left by the heavy rain of the storm. King of the Islands plunged into the water, and was drenched from head to foot. His rifle flew from his hand and landed on a shelf of rock a few feet above his head as he dropped into the water.

This Week's Anniversary.

THE 100th BIRTHDAY OF THE "BOBBY."

THE Metropolitan Police Force—the finest in the whole wide world!—celebrates its 100th birthday, chiefly by way of a mammoth parade before the Prince of Wales in Hyde Park (London), on Saturday, May 25th.

The police as we know them were founded by Sir Robert Peel in 1829—hence the nicknames "Bobbies" and "Peelers"—but there have been vast alterations since those early days.

Imagine a policeman on duty *in a top hat!* Yet that was the headgear of the early policemen! Another quaint item of their equipment was a large rattle, like those used at football matches by enthusiastic supporters, which was swung lustily to summon aid!

We have progressed far since then. Why, portable wireless transmitters are now being used in 80 m.p.h. cars of the Flying Squad!

The highwaymen were not all gone then, so the old "Peeler" must have had a pretty exciting time maintaining law and order. However, he was spared the duties of traffic control—one of the most arduous of the present-day policeman's jobs.

One hundred years ago there were 3,000, all told, in Sir Robert Peel's new force. To-day the Metropolitan Police Force numbers 20,000 men!



When policemen wore top hats!

He scrambled to his feet. The water rose to his waist. Round him was perpendicular rock, both sides of the fissure were as steep as the walls of a house, the ends of it hollowed out below and overhanging. Twenty feet above the evil, bearded face of the Yankee mate peered over the verge, grinning like a demon with savage glee.

"I guess I got you now, King of the Islands!" yelled Preece.

Ken panted, and stared up at him with gleaming eyes. The blow on his chest and the sudden fall had bruised and shaken him, but he was otherwise unhurt. Preece grinned down at him.

"I got you fixed," he chuckled. "You wait till I heave a few rocks down on you, King of the Islands! Jest wait a spell."

Ken tore his revolver from his belt. But it only clicked as he pulled the trigger; it was soaked with water.

"You scoundrel!" he panted.

He stared round him desperately. It was possible for an active sailor-man like King of the Islands to climb out of the rugged fissure; but not with an enemy watching above to hurl him back. The mate of the 'Frisco brig had the whip-hand at last.

"I reckoned I'd get you, sooner or later," chuckled Preece. "I guess I've been watching you—I reckoned

I'd get my chance at last. You've sunk the brig—and Cap'n Hartz is gone, and Frenchy's gone—but I've got you now, King of the Islands. I reckon you might as well have gone down the night we chucked you overboard from your ketch, durn you. You wait a spell till I heave down a few rocks."

The grinning, savage face disappeared.

Ken took his bearings. The fissure was less than five feet wide, not more than a dozen feet in length. To climb out with his enemy watching above was impossible. And as soon as the rocks began to fall his danger would be terrible. He sighted his rifle, lying on the ledge a few feet above the water, scrambled to it, and grasped the weapon.

With the rifle ready, he watched for the evil face to reappear above. He heard a rumbling, grinding sound, and knew that the Yankee mate was rolling a heavy boulder to the edge of the fissure.

Over the verge a brutal bearded face peered, and as it came into view King of the Islands fired. The Yankee mate jerked back his head barely in time, the bullet cutting through his tousled hair. The next moment the boulder came rolling over the edge and crashing down.

But King of the Islands had leaped away, and the crashing missile

To the Rescue of Ken King!

missed him by a couple of yards. A huge spout of water rose, and fell again in spray, as the jagged boulder sank from sight.

Breathing hard, Ken watched and waited.

Another boulder crashed down; but this time Preece dared not look over the edge of the fissure to spy out the boy trader's position. Watching for the fall of the rock, glimpsing it immediately it toppled on the verge, it was easy for King of the Islands to dodge its fall.

He heard the Yankee mate panting and muttering above, but the evil face did not come in sight again.

Splash, splash, splash!

Lumps of coral dropped, tossed into the chasm by the mate of the Frisco brig. Two or three of the dropping missiles narrowly missed the boy trader.

But he backed under the overhanging rock at one end of the fissure, and the bulge above protected him. There, his legs in water, his back pressed against the rock, he crouched, out of danger from the falling lumps.

All the time he watched for a chance of another shot at the Yankee, but Preece was too cautious to show himself again. The raining of the jagged fragments ceased at last. Whether the boy trader had been killed or stunned Preece could not tell; and Ken hoped that he would look down to ascertain. But he did not.

"You swab!" came his hoarse voice, shouting. "I guess I got you safe there, durn you. I guess I'll be pleased to see you trying to climb out, King of the Islands. I got a rock ready for you."

After that there was silence.

Ken waited.

The sun, moving to the zenith, blazed down into the fissure; but the chill of the water round him was cold and numbing. There was no sound from his enemy as the long minutes passed; but it was not likely that he was gone. He was watching, like a savage animal, waiting for his chance, a jagged rock ready to his hand if the boy trader's head rose into view. King of the Islands realised that his position was desperate.

Not until night came could he make any attempt to escape, without inviting destruction; and even after dark the chance was slight, with his savage enemy on the watch for him. The Yankee made no sound now, spoke no word. Ken guessed that he was seeking to give the impression that he was gone, to tempt the cornered boy trader to climb.

Ken waited while the long, long minutes crawled by.

Suddenly, from the silence of the island, came the ringing, echoing report of a rifle.

Ken started violently.

The Yankee mate had no firearms.

There was no one else on the island. Yet, from the direction of the distant bungalow came sharp and clear the crack of a rifle.

"Search me!" came a startled ejaculation from above, proving that Ken's surmise was correct, and that the Yankee mate had not gone. The rifle-shot had startled Preece as much as it had startled Ken.

The boy trader's face flushed with hope. What could the shot mean, except that the signal-smoke had been seen, and that white men had landed on the lone island?

He fired his rifle upward, in answer to the shot. The report filled the narrow fissure with deafening sound, and rolled away over the cliff and the bay.

Ken listened, with beating heart.

Crack, crack, crack! came three rapid shots, evidently in answer to his. And Ken fired three times rapidly in answer. Again the distant rifle rang, and again Ken replied to the shot. Whoever it was that had fired was seeking to ascertain his position. He could guess that easily enough. And now he reloaded, and proceeded to fire at intervals of a minute, listening between the shots for the sound of voices or footsteps.

He heard a loud, furious exclamation from the Yankee mate, followed by the sound of hurried, pounding footsteps on the cliff. The ruffian was running in full flight.

"Ken!" came a shouting voice. "Ken! Shipmate ahoy!"

"Little white master!" came another familiar voice.

Ken doubted whether he was dreaming. Someone had landed on the island, the rifle-shots told him that. But the voices he heard now were the voices of Kit Hudson and Kaio-lalulalonga.

"Ken! King of the Islands!"

It was Hudson's voice, beyond a doubt.

"This way!" yelled Ken, almost wildly. "Kit! Koko! Help! This way, shipmate!"

A white face and a brown looked over the verge of the rocky fissure. The next moment, with a yell of joy, Kaio-lalulalonga swung himself down and dropped into the pool. A few minutes more and King of the Islands was clambering out on the cliff and grasping the hand of his shipmate.

All's Well!

"KIT, old chap!"

"Ken, old scout!"

Kaio-lalulalonga, forgetful of his dignity as a boatswain, was capering wildly round the shipmates. The sight of his little white master seemed to have made Koko almost delirious.

"Little white master he stop!" chanted Kaio-lalulalonga. "Little white master he no finish. He stop altogether too much. Little white master he no walk about along bottom sea. He no finish up altogether. Me see um, eye belong me. Me see um plenty. This Kanaka he plenty too much glad."

Ken, when Hudson had done wringing his hand, grasped the huge brown paw of Kaio-lalulalonga.

"Koko, old coffee-bean." There was a break in Ken's voice. "Hudson, old fellow! It's worth a fortune to see you again! I can't believe it yet. I just can't."

Hudson chuckled.

The Yankee mate had vanished, unheeded. No one gave him a thought. King of the Islands, almost dazed with happiness, walked back to the bungalow between his two faithful shipmates. They had found him, they had rescued him—it was all plain-sailing now. It was his own handsome, graceful ketch that lay at anchor in the bay; his own Hiva-Oa crew that were waving their brown hands and yelling greetings to their captain.

It seemed to Ken like some dazzling vision that would pass, leaving him once more a solitary castaway on the lone island. But it was no vision; it was joyful reality. At the bungalow Pipaio greeted him with a grinning black face.

"Me comey back along white master!" grinned Pipaio. "You tell this feller me plenty good feller along you, sar."

"Feller Pipaio altogether too much good feller," said Ken, smiling.

It was a joyful evening at the bungalow. Somewhere on the island the Yankee mate was lurking, unremembered. The shipmates had much to tell, and much to hear, while Kaio-lalulalonga was content to sit and twang his ukulele, and watch his little white master with an incessant grin of satisfaction on his brown face. It was a late hour when the shipmates of the Dawn turned in that night—to wake again to a bright and happy morning.

And the next day the Dawn sailed from the lone island.

The stolen cargo of the ketch, which Ken had found stored on the pirates' island, was taken on board. The rest of the loot was left in the sheds, to wait for the visit of a Government ship to collect it—and to collect the Yankee mate at the same time.

Preece was left lurking on the island—left till called for, as Hudson expressed it. Nothing more was seen of him, before the comrades sailed.

Under the bright sun, her tall masts clouded with canvas, the Dawn stood away from the lone island. Ken looked back over the taffrail, as the island that had so long been his lonely home sank to a purple blur on the sea-line.

It vanished below the horizon at last. With a bright and happy face King of the Islands stood on his course for Lalinge!

("The Way of the Whaler!" Charles Hamilton calls his next week's story of Ken King. It really is a topping yarn, with the full flavour of life as lived in the great South Seas brought home with all the vividness for which this favourite writer is famous!)