

WALLY HAMMOND'S OWN STORY!
and A GREAT NEW COMPETITION This Week!

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BY SUBMARINE TO THE NORTH POLE! *See inside.*

The WAY of the WHALER!



King of the Islands watched the boat as it pulled for the Dawn. "A set of prize beauties, Ken!!" murmured his Australian mate, Kit Hudson.

The Yankee.

"FELLER whaler!" remarked Kaio-lalulalonga, the Kanaka bo'sun of Ken King's ketch, the Dawn. Koko, as the bo'sun was called, sniffed the wind as he spoke.

That the brig to windward was a whaler, every one of the eight men on board the Dawn was fully aware. The scent that came down on the seabreeze was more than sufficient to tell them so!

Probably that American brig had lately captured a whale, and boiled down the blubber for oil on board ship in the old-fashioned way. At such times a South Sea whaler—never sweet—is highly scented, and not liked at close quarters by other craft.

Ken King, the boy trader, familiarly known as King of the Islands, fixed his eyes on the stranger.

His first impulse, when that powerful scent came down the wind, was to fall away a few points and give the whaler a wide berth. He did not do so, however, for two good reasons.

In the first place, there was a sunken coral reef to leeward—a reef not marked on any chart, and scarce marked on the sea by a creaming here and there of white foam, but which Ken King knew well. Sailormen in the lonely waste of waters stretching south-west from Tubuai [Tooth Reef].

In the second place, the brig was signalling to speak the Dawn.

Ken had no desire for a "gam" with the whaler's captain, but the signal was not to be disregarded. The fellowship of the sea forbade that. It might mean that there was trouble on board—shortage of water,

or want of medicines for the sick, or something of the kind.

So instead of changing his course to avoid a meeting, the boy trader called to the Hiva-Oa crew to shorten sail.

Kit Hudson, Ken's young Australian mate, standing by the boy skipper's side, stared curiously at the whaler. Men were to be seen looking towards the ketch, but not a large number of them. As a rule, a whaler carried a very full crew.

The men who could be seen looked a rough crowd—but that was not un-

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A Long and Complete adventure yarn of life in the South Seas. Young Ken King, the boy trader known far and wide as King of the Islands, and Kit Hudson, the Australian mate of Ken's ketch, the Dawn, encounter surprising experiences in this splendid story.
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By
CHARLES HAMILTON.

usual on an American whaler; the reverse would have been unusual.

"Sick on board, very likely," remarked Hudson.

Ken nodded.

"I don't like their looks," he said. "But if we can give help we're bound to give it."

"Little white master!" murmured Kaio-lalulalonga. The boatswain was staring towards the brig with a frowning brow. Koko had once been shanghaied on board an American

whaler. Kanaka memories are short, but that experience had remained in Koko's mind.

"Well, old coffee-bean?" asked Ken, with a smile.

"No likee feller brig," said Koko, shaking his head. "No likee feller Melican whaler, sar! What name little white master he stop along sea this time? Plenty better he no stop."

"They're lowering a boat," said Hudson.

One of the numerous boats of the whaler dropped into the calm water. Six rough-looking hands tumbled into it, and a lean-faced man in a peaked cap sat in the stern. King of the Islands watched the boat as it pulled for the Dawn.

"My hat!" murmured Hudson. "They look a set of prize beauties, Ken—even for a Yankee whaler."

"They do!" agreed Ken.

"This Kanaka no likee!" grumbled Kaio-lalulalonga.

Ken's brow wrinkled thoughtfully.

He had a clear view of the Yankee skipper's face, in the glaring sunlight, as the boat pulled nearer. It was a hard, tanned face, lean and sharp, with little gimlet-like eyes, and a vicious jaw. It was the face of a bully—the kind of South Sea skipper who was readier with a blow than with a civil word. Ken could guess, from that face, that the whaler was one of those ships which a sailor-man would describe as a floating hell.

"They can't mean trouble," said Ken slowly. But somehow the expression on that hard, sharp face gave him a feeling that trouble was coming, unlikely as it seemed.

"You never can tell with a crew like that," said the mate of the Dawn. "We're in lonely waters,

Ken—a good many hundred miles from anything that looks like law.”

“You don’t fancy that that skipper is taking up piracy as a change from whaling?” asked Ken, smiling.

“No,” said the Cornstalk, laughing. “But—”

“But what?”

“Well, he looks like a man to take what he wants by force, if it’s not given.”

“Likely enough,” said Ken. “But we’re willing to give him anything he may be in need of, if we’ve got it. More likely than not it’s water—and we can spare a few casks.”

“That’s so,” agreed Hudson.

“This Kanaka no likee!” repeated Koko, shaking his dusky head. His dark eyes were fixed on the whaleboat with grim hostility.

“Might as well keep a gun handy,” murmured Hudson. “You never can tell, old scout.”

“Ay, ay!” assented Ken. “You feller Lompo!”

“Yes, sar.”

“You go along cabin, bring feller gun belong me, belong mate.”

“Yes, sar.”

Lompo went below, and returned with the revolvers from the cabin. Ken and Kit slipped them into their pockets. It seemed unlikely enough that guns could be wanted, when a stranger skipper came aboard for a “gam.” But in lonely waters, far from land and far from law, one could not be too careful.

“Plenty better no stop!” growled Kaio-lalulalonga.

Ken wondered whether the Kanaka boatswain was right. But he had little choice in the matter.

The brig had the wind of him, and fast as the ketch was, she had little chance in a race with a ship four times her size, built for speed, even with plenty of sea-room.

And there was no sea-room! Leeward stretched the long lines of the sunken reef

of the Shark’s Tooth—mile on mile of jagged rock hidden by the waves.

A light vessel like the Dawn, drawing little water, might have run the reef in safety; but it was not a chance that King of the Islands was likely to take if he could help it.

If the whaler’s skipper chose to come on board, there was nothing to stop him, unless Ken ran for the reef. And the Shark’s Tooth Reef was a thing to be avoided more warily than the most truculent-looking Yankee skipper.

The whaleboat pulled in to the ketch. The bow-man hooked on, and the whaler’s captain swung himself up the low side of the ketch and stepped heavily on deck.

“Get Those Niggers!”

KING OF THE ISLANDS stepped forward and greeted his visitor politely. The whaling captain answered with a kind of gruff civility, his little, keen eyes scanning Ken, his mate, and boatswain, and the five Hiva-Oa boys forward. It was quite clear that he had not come on board merely to exchange the greetings of the sea, though he introduced himself as Captain Enoch Skeet, of Martha’s Vineyard. While he answered Ken, his interest seemed

to be chiefly fixed on the Kanaka crew.

“Trading?” he asked.

“Ay, ay!”

“I reckoned p’r’aps you was a recruiter.”

Ken shook his head, with a smile.

“Nothing of that sort,” he answered.

Captain Skeet looked disappointed.

“I’m short-handed,” he explained curtly.

“Oh!” said Ken. He understood now the object of the whaling captain’s visit.

“Men deserted?” asked Hudson, speaking as sympathetically as he could. From Captain Skeet’s looks, it was not hard to imagine that desertions from his crew would be pretty frequent; in fact, that they would take place whenever opportunity offered.

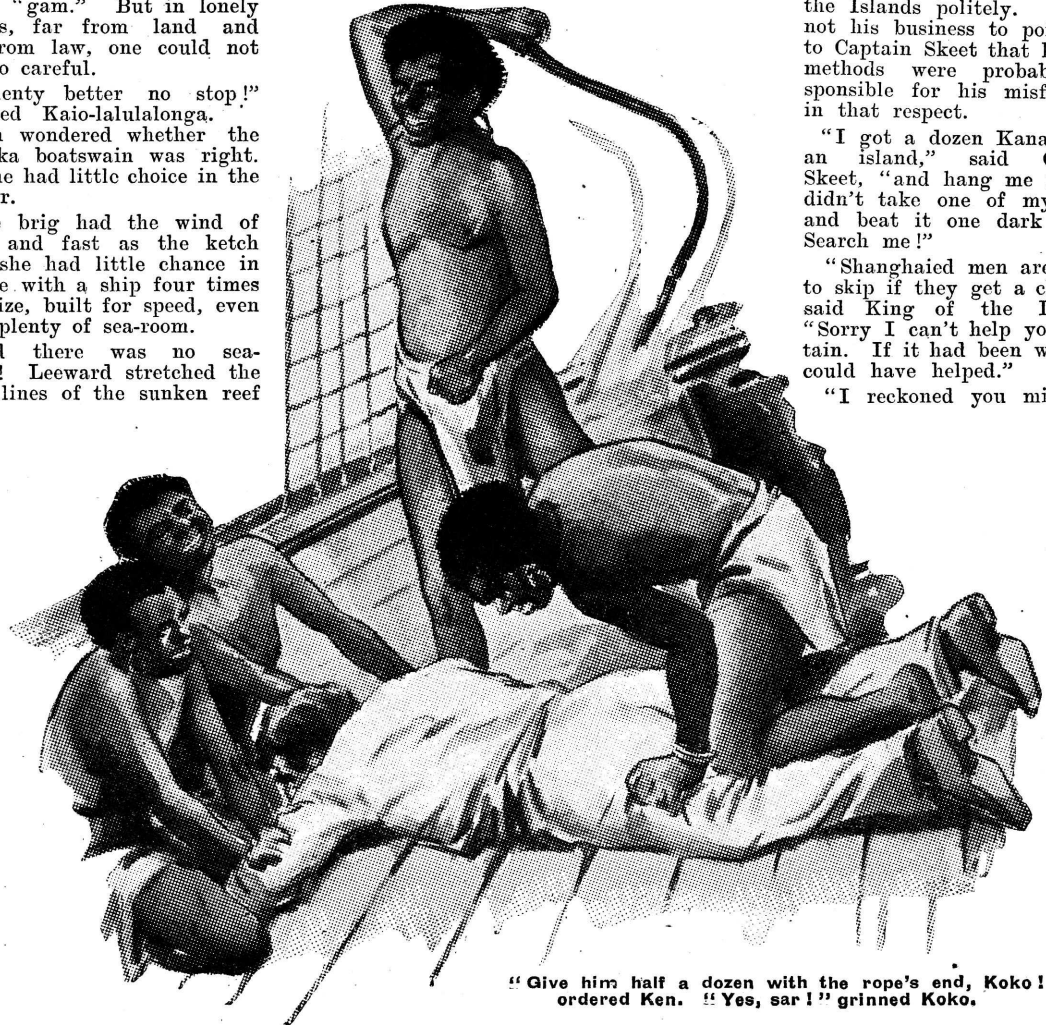
“That’s it!” grunted Captain Skeet. “I guess you know that you want a full crew on a whaler. We’ve been a year at sea, and had pesky bad luck looking for whales. A skipper can’t put in for wood or water at the loneliest durned place without a man bolting. Durn me if some of my hands wouldn’t rather maroon themselves on a cannibal island than stick to their ship!”

“Hard lines!” said King of the Islands politely. It was not his business to point out to Captain Skeet that his own methods were probably responsible for his misfortunes in that respect.

“I got a dozen Kanakas off an island,” said Captain Skeet, “and hang me if they didn’t take one of my boats and beat it one dark night. Search me!”

“Shanghaied men are liable to skip if they get a chance,” said King of the Islands. “Sorry I can’t help you, captain. If it had been water, I could have helped.”

“I reckoned you might be



“Give him half a dozen with the rope’s end, Koko!” ordered Ken. “Yes, sar!” grinned Koko.

The Way of the Whaler!

one of them recruiting ketches!" grunted the whaling captain. "I came here for niggers."

Ken smiled. "If we'd been recruiting, captain, we couldn't have let you had the niggers," he remarked. "Recruiting is under law now, you know. The days of the blackbirders, or kid-nappers, are over!"

"Aw, forget it!" grunted Captain Skeet. "When I want a nigger, I grab him, if there's one handy. When I'm on the high seas, I don't give a cuss for the law about niggers!"

"Well, this ketch isn't a recruiter, anyhow," said Ken, who saw no object in entering into an argument on that thorny topic. "Sorry there's nothing I can do."

"You've got five men forrard," said Captain Skeet.

"That's so."

"That the lot on board?"

"Yes; we don't need a big crew for a ketch this size."

"Jest what I was thinking," said the whaler captain. "I reckon you could handle this ketch with a couple of niggers to help till you hit home. You've got six in all—and this big buck looks worth two of the rest!" The skipper glanced at Kaio-lalulalonga. "I guess I'll trade with you, Captain King."

Ken stared at him for a moment in astonishment, and then laughed.

"Thanks; but I'm not parting with any of my crew," he answered.

"I guess I want four of them," said Captain Skeet. "I'll pay a fair recruiting price. What say?"

"Nothing doing."

Hitherto, the whaler captain had spoken with a gruff civility. Now his civility, such as it was, dropped from him like a cloak, and a very ugly look came over his tanned, lean, bearded face. His sharp jaw protruded a little, and his gimlet eyes gleamed at the boy trader.

"Guess again!" he grunted. "I'm leaving you two niggers, ain't I? And I guess I ain't bound to leave you any. I want this big buck." He made a gesture towards Koko. "I'll let you keep any two of the others. Pick them out, and let's get down to brass tacks!"

Ken compressed his lips.

"I'm not parting with a man in my crew, Captain Skeet!" he answered. "You needn't name a price. Your whole outfit wouldn't buy a man off this ship!"

"I guess I've told you," said Captain Skeet grimly, "that I don't give a cuss for the law when I'm on the high seas. I'll pay for the recruits, or I'll take 'em without paying. That's your choice. You figure that this is the first ship I've took men off without saying by your leave or with your leave? You want to know that I've took white men off a ship afore this, let alone black boys—yes, sir, and had 'em feeding out of my hand afore they'd been aboard my brig three days!" His little sharp eyes glittered under his shaggy, grey brows. "You don't want to give me any back-chat, Captain King. Name your figure, and make it cheap. I ain't paying tall prices for blacks!"

Ken pointed to the boat that waited under the low rail of the Dawn. The half-dozen men in her were watching and listening to the talk and grinning among themselves.

Captain Skeet followed with his eye the direction of the boy trader's pointing finger as if he did not understand.

"What you mean?" he grunted.

"Get into your boat!" snapped Ken.

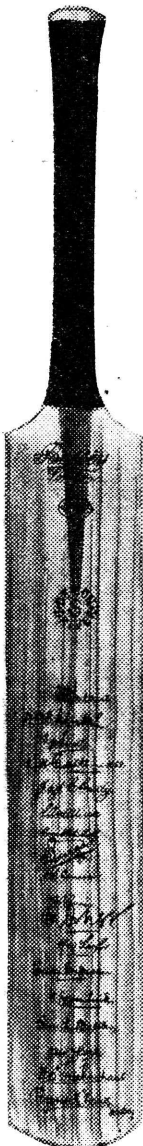
"With the niggers?"

"Without a man belonging to this ketch, you bully," said the boy
(Continued on page 22.)

"CRICKET PICS"



THE FIRST PRIZE!



FULL LIST OF NAMES.

The answers to every one of the puzzles throughout the competition can be found here. So be sure you cut out and keep this list for reference.

SOUTH AFRICAN TEST TEAM.

Bell, Cameron, Catterall, Christie, Dalton, Deane, MacMillan, Merve, Morkel, Ochse, Owen-Smith, Quinn, Siedle, Mitchell, Taylor, Vincent.

ENGLISH TEST TEAM.

Ames, Chapman, Duckworth, Freeman, Geary, Hammond, Hendren, Hobbs, Jardine, Larwood, Leyland, Mead, Sutcliffe, Tate, Tyldesley, White.

AUSTRALIAN TEST TEAM.

A'Beckett, Bradman, Fairfax, Gregory, Grimmett, Hendry, Jackson, Kippax, Oldfield, Oxenham, Ponsford, Ryder, Woodfull.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

Blundell, Killick, Shea.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

Barber, Benson, Cazalet, Hill-Wood, Kingsley, McIntosh, Skene.

DERBYSHIRE.

Carter, Elliott, Hutchinson, Slater, Storer, Townsend, Worthington.

ESSEX.

Ashton, Crawley, Cutmore, Eastman, Franklin, Hipkin, Nicholas, Nichols, O'Connor, Perrin, Russell.

GLAMORGAN.

Arnott, Bates, Clay, Davies, Lewis, Mercer, Morgan, Riches, Ryan, Sullivan, Turnbull.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Barnett, Dipper, Goddard, Lyon, Neale, Parker, Seabrook, Sinfield.

HAMPSHIRE.

Boyes, Brown, Day, Hosie, Jameson, Kennedy, Livsey, McBride, Newman, Tennyson.

KENT.

Ashdown, Beslee, Bryan, Capes, Collins, Deed, Evans, Hardinge, Legge, Marriott, Woolley, Wright.

LANCASHIRE.

Eckersley, Hallows, Hodgson, Hopwood, Iddon, Macdonald, Makepeace, Sibbles, Watson.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Armstrong, Astill, Bale, Berry, Bradshaw, Broughton, Dawson, Shipman, Sidwell, Skelding, Snary.

MIDDLESEX.

Durston, Enthoven, Haig, Hart, Hearn, Kidd, Lee, Peebles, Price, Robins.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Bagnall, Bakewell, Bellamy, Clark, Jupp, Liddell, Matthews, Thomas, Timms, Walden, Willis.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Barratt, Carr, Gunn, Lilley, Payton, Staples, Voce, Walker, Whysall.

SOMERSET.

Bridges, Case, Earle, Hill, Hunt, Ingle, Luckes, MacBryan, Rippon, Young.

SURREY.

Allom, Barling, Brooks, Daily, Ducat, Fender, Fenley, Gover, Jeacocke, Peach, Sandham, Shepherd.

SUSSEX.

Bowley, Cook, Cornford, Duleepsinhji, Gilligan, Hollingdale, Langridge, Parks, Wensley.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Calthorpe, Croom, Hewetson, Howell, Kemp-Welch, Kilner, Mayer, Partridge, Santall, Speed, Wyatt.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Fox, Gibbons, Gilbert, Higgins, Jewell, Lane, Nichol, Quaffe, Root, Summers, Tarbox.

YORKSHIRE.

Holmes, Jacques, Macaulay, Oldroyd, Rhodes, Robinson, Shackleton, Turner, Wood, Worsley.

The Way of the Whaler!

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trader quietly. "You've uttered threats on my deck. And for two pins I'd pitch you over the side! Get into your boat, and go!"

"You ain't letting me take them four niggers?" demanded Captain Skeet, his voice husky with rage.

"No! Get going before you're put!" snapped King of the Islands.

"Then I'll durn well take the six, and leave you and your mate to handle this here ten-cent yawl on your own!" roared the whaler captain. "And, by jumpin' Jehosaphat, if you give me any more of your chin, I'll shanghai the pair of ye, and leave your craft a derelict!"

He beckoned to the boat's crew. "Git aboard, you lubbers, and git them niggers!" he roared.

The half-dozen ruffians came swarming up over the low rail. Enoch Skeet jerked a heavy Navy revolver from his hip.

"Now, you lift a finger!" he roared.

King of the Islands promptly lifted more than a finger. He leaped like a tiger at the whaler, and his clenched fist drove full in the hard, bearded face. Captain Skeet spun backwards, and went to the deck with a crash that almost shook the Dawn.

Rope's Ended!

"BACK!" shouted King of the Islands.

His revolver was in his hand a second after the skipper of the Martha's Vineyard had crashed to the deck. The muzzle swept up at the ruffianly crew clambering over the rail.

Hudson had already drawn his gun. Kaio-lalulalonga gripped a capstan bar in his brawny hand.

Three of the whalers were already on deck; three of them half across the rail. They hung back for the moment, taken by surprise by the prompt resistance on board the ketch.

Captain Skeet sat up, roaring with rage. Hudson had kicked his revolver into the scuppers, and the whaler glared round for it in vain. Fierce threats poured from his lips.

"At them, you cowardly lubbers!" he yelled. "You hear me? By hokey, I'll shanghai every man aboard, white and black! I'll—" He scrambled to his feet, foaming with fury.

"Bear a hand, you feller boy!" shouted Ken to the Hiva-Oa crew; and the Polynesian boys promptly obeyed.

Lompo and Lufu and Danny rushed on the skipper and collared him, and Captain Skeet struggled in the grasp of three pairs of hands.

He struggled like a madman, striking heavy blows with his great horny fists, and spitting out threats.

The boat's crew rushed to his aid. Evidently they had come prepared for violence, if needed, for each of the ruffians was armed with a cap-

stan-bar. King of the Islands and Hudson met them with clubbed revolvers, Koko with the heavy bar in his powerful grip.

It was a wild and whirling scene on the little deck of the Dawn.

The fight was fast and furious.

Fierce blows were given and received. Two of the Hiva-Oa boys went stunned to the deck; and one of the whalers dropped senseless under Koko's crashing bar.

From the side of the brig another boat dropped to the water and pulled towards the ketch.

Eight men manned her, pulling hard, to come to the support of Skeet and his boat's crew. Few hands remained now on the brig; and those few were in the rigging, watching the fight with grinning faces.

King of the Islands had hoped to get through without shooting; but that hope was vain. His clubbed revolver was of little use against capstan bars wielded in reckless, brutal hands. He knew that if the second boat reached the ketch before the conflict was decided, the game was up.

He reversed the revolver, leaping

Bang! The second boat was close at hand now; and a mate of the whaler was standing up in it, revolver in hand. He fired at King of the Islands. The boy trader, his eyes blazing, promptly returned the shot. The mate's arm dropped to his side, broken by the bullet. His yell floated across the sea to the ketch.

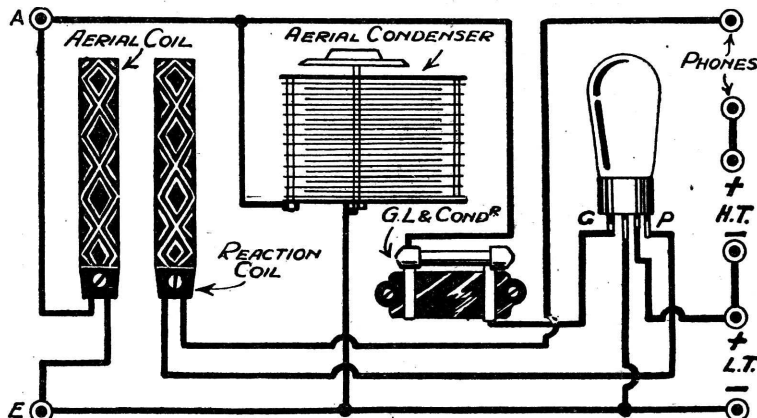
King of the Islands levelled his revolver at the boat.

"Back, you scum!" he roared. "Back, or I'll pitch lead among you! Keep your distance, you dogs!"

And the second boat promptly backed. As a couple of bullets flew over their heads, the crew made haste to pull back towards the brig.

Then King of the Islands turned his attention to the boat that lay under the rail of the Dawn. Three of her crew were disabled; the other three cowering from the revolver and the flashing eyes of King of the Islands.

"Stand off, and wait to pick up your captain!" snapped Ken. "Obey orders, you scum, if you want to live to get back to your ship."



THE CHEAPEST ONE-VALVE PORTABLE.—This diagram shows how the wiring-up is to be done. Full instructions on opposite page.

back to escape a vicious slash at his head as he did so. His assailant followed him up, heedless of the gun, or perhaps believing that the boy trader would not venture to pull trigger.

Crack! There was a yell from the ruffian, and he went crashing to the deck with a smashed leg.

Crack, crack, crack! Hudson was firing, too. Koko, half stunned by a savage blow, lay dazed on the deck. Captain Skeet was still struggling furiously with the three Hiva-Oa boys who held him, and their hands were full.

Three of the boat's crew retreated to the side, before the cracking revolvers. The fire drove them back to their boat, and they leaped down into it.

Koko staggered to his feet, rubbing his dizzy head.

"Pitch those dogs into the boat!" shouted King of the Islands.

He menaced the men in the boat with his revolver, while Hudson and Koko pitched the other three over the rail unceremoniously.

And the boat promptly pushed off from the ketch.

Kit watched the boat's crew, revolver in hand. Ken turned to Captain Skeet, who was still struggling with the Kanakas.

The powerful ruffian was not overcome yet. But Koko lent a hand now, and Enoch Skeet was borne to the deck and held there. He lay gasping in the grasp of the Kanakas, his little piggy eyes burning with rage as he glared up at the boy trader.

"By hokey!" he gasped. "I'll shanghai every soul on board! You hear me, you confounded son of John Bull? I'll make you crawl! You wait till I get you on my ship!"

"Koko!" rapped out Ken. "Give him half a dozen with a rope's end!"

"Yes, sar!" grinned Kaio-lalulalonga.

Three Hiva-Oa boys turned Enoch Skeet over on his face on the deck, and held him there.

Lash after lash came down, with

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all the force of Koko's strong arm, and the Yankee whaler writhed and roared and howled.

Not till the last had been delivered did Ken give the boatswain the signal to cease—which Kaio-lalulalonga unwillingly did.

Captain Skeet staggered to his feet.

His tanned face was colourless with rage, and he babbled and yammered in his fury.

But his rage had no terrors for King of the Islands.

"Pitch the scum into the sea for his men to pick up," he ordered.

"Yes, sar!" grinned the Kanakas.

And the panting ruffian was seized, and tossed over the teak rail, landing with a mighty splash in the Pacific.

His men dragged him into the boat.

"Get back to your ship!" Ken made a menacing gesture with his revolver. "Keep your distance after this, you scum! Get going!"

The boat got going fast enough. As it pulled back to the waiting brig, Captain Skeet, drenched, breathless, mad with fury, shook his fist frantically at the ketch.

Running the Reef.

KIT HUDSON whistled softly. Ken's brow was still dark with anger. But it cleared as he met the glance of his shipmate, and he smiled faintly.

The ship's company showed plenty of signs of the struggle. Every man on board had received more than one hard knock. One of the Hiva-Oa boys was still unconscious; another sat holding his aching head in his hands, and groaning.

Kaio-lalulalonga tied a bandage round his dusky head, and there was an ooze of crimson through the bandage. The whalers had been defeated; but the struggle had been fierce. But the defeated ruffians were not done with yet, and both King of the Islands and his mate were well aware of it.

Captain Skeet had gone back to his ship foaming with rage. He had gone without the men he had intended to take from the ketch. He was not likely to rest satisfied with the way matters had gone.

The rough and lawless South Sea skipper had force on his side; and on the wide and lonely waters there was nothing to prevent him from using it unless King of the Islands could prevent him. The boy trader of Lalinge was well aware of his danger.

"Now for the fireworks, Ken!" said Hudson, rubbing his head where a capstan bar had grazed it.

"They may let us alone after the lesson they've had," said the boy trader, his glance following the boats towards the brig.

"Not likely!" Hudson shrugged his shoulders. "Skeet came here for

hands, and all he's got is three of his own men put on the sick list. If he was short-handed before, he's worse off now."

Ken nodded.

"I fancy this isn't the first time that brute has bullied the skipper of some small craft into letting him take black boys," he said. "That sort of thing is supposed to be played out in the Pacific, but more things happen in these waters than are reported to the High Commissioner at Fiji. But it's not a game he could play on this ship."

"No fear!" agreed Hudson.

"But—" He whistled again.

"Those boats will be up the side in another minute, Ken. They've got the wind of us, and I reckon that brig, if they clap on sail, will move two knots to our one. They're short-handed for a whaler, but they've got more than a dozen hefty swabs on that brig—nearer twenty, I reckon. And if they lay us aboard—"

"Us feller fight plenty too much, sar!" said Kaio-lalulalonga, swinging his capstan bar as if anxious to get that weapon into action again.

Hudson grinned.

"Us feller fight plenty debblish too much, old coffee-bean!" he answered.

"But if it comes to shooting—"

"You wouldn't have advised letting him take the boys, Kit, old man?" said King of the Islands quietly.

"No fear! Not while there's a shot in the locker," said the Cornstalk. "But I can't help thinking, old man, that if Enoch Skeet means business, he's got us cornered."

"He means business right enough," said King of the Islands. "But if shooting begins in earnest, he's risking his neck; and he may have sense enough to stop short of that. He's had a lesson, and it may teach him manners."

"It may!" said Hudson, with a laugh. "But my impression is that he will get back to his brig hopping mad, and ready to sink this ketch with all hands."

As a matter of fact, that was King of the Islands' impression also. The savage, vengeful rage of the whaler captain was not to be mistaken. He was accustomed to bullying his way, and he had hardly dreamed of vigorous resistance from a small ketch with a native crew. He had been defeated, and he had been rope's-ended, and at least three of his crew and one of his mates were disabled for duty.

There was little doubt—or, rather, there was no doubt—that he would push matters to extremity, and carry out his threat to shanghai the white men as well as the black from the ketch—if he could. And all that Kit Hudson could see for it was a desperate fight to a finish against heavy odds—a prospect from which the Cornstalk did not shrink.

Surrender was not a word in the Australian's vocabulary!

From the brig, lying to windward, King of the Islands' glance swept over the sea, towards the Shark's Tooth Reef.

From the east came the wind, and the brig would soon be moving swiftly before it, bearing down on the ketch.

North and south, on the westward, ran the long lines of the hidden reef—mile on mile, like a natural barrier built in the sea. King of the Islands was penned between the whaler and the reef—he had been tacking northward when the brig ran down.

Little sign of danger was there on the blue sea, shining under the blaze of a tropical sun, even to a sailor-man's eye, where the reefs lay. Here and there foam creamed over some point of rock that approached the surface, or rose slightly above it, like summits of sunken islands. But the greater part of the Shark's Tooth was hidden under deceitfully smooth waters.

Hudson, following the boy trader's glance, started a little.

"Ken, you're thinking—"

"If they attack us, it's the only way, Kit," answered King of the Islands quietly. "It's a big risk—but the ketch may run the reef and live. But Heaven help the brig that follows her!"

Kit Hudson's face was grave.

The Dawn was under way again now, standing to the northward on a long tack that brought her closer to the reef on the west.

If the brig pursued—

The brig was already pursuing. Captain Skeet waited only for his boats to be swung up before he clapped on sail.

Under a cloud of canvas, rushing before the wind, the brig from Martha's Vineyard swept down on the ketch.

The brig was a dirty ship and an evil-smelling ship, but she was a fast ship. The ketch was a water-witch, and King of the Islands knew how to get the last ounce of speed out of her. But she had no chance in contest with the mountain of canvas that towered astern.

Ken looked back grimly.

Kaio-lalulalonga, with his head swathed in a crimson-stained bandage, stood at the helm. Several times Ken shifted his course a point or two, and the pursuing brig followed every movement. Twice or thrice a puff of smoke came from the whaler, and a rifle bullet holed through the canvas of the Dawn.

There was no doubt now of Enoch Skeet's intentions. He was running the ketch down—to lay her alongside and board at the head of his ruffianly crew. If he succeeded, that was the finish for King of the Islands, for the odds were overwhelming. He had beaten off the boat's crew, but there was no chance of beating off the whole ruffianly crew of the whaler at close quarters.

Indeed, the brig was large enough, and heavy enough, to run down the ketch and cut her in two, if the whalers failed to board. King of the Islands had to save his ship and his crew, and there was only one way.

"Starboard, Koko!" said the boy trader quietly.

The wheel swung over.

The ketch ran to the west before the wind. She was running for the reef.

"My hat!" murmured the mate of the Dawn. "It will be touch and go now." And he whistled.

It was a stern chase now—the brig, under towering canvas, almost directly astern. She sailed two fathoms to the Dawn's one, and gained visibly with every passing minute.

Several times Ken caught a glimpse of the hard, evil face of Enoch Skeet, staring at the chase. Again and again he saw the whaler captain shake his gnarled fist.

But as the ketch drew closer to the Shark's Tooth, Ken ceased to waste a glance on the whaler.

All his attention was needed for the reef.

His look grew grimmer.

The Hiva-Oa boys stood ready for orders. Not till he was close on the Shark's Tooth did Ken take in sail. Iron-nerved as he was, he was not thinking of taking the Shark's Tooth at a rush.

Hudson, looking back, laughed softly.

The brig came sweeping on under full sail, gaining faster than before. That was a proof that Enoch Skeet did not know in what perilous waters he was sailing. Where the sea creamed over teeth of coral, his eye told him that there were reefs; but where the treacherous water rolled blue and calm there was nothing to betray the danger that lay below—and his charts told him nothing of the Shark's Tooth.

That wide stretch of water was one of the vast stretches of the Pacific as yet unsurveyed and uncharted. Ken King knew, and many sailormen of the islands knew, but the whaler from Martha's Vineyard did not know.

Closer and closer came the towering pillar of canvas astern. So close was the whaler now that the faces of her crew could easily be made out, staring after the ketch. Doubtless they wondered why she slackened speed in a sea that looked, to the

eye, open and clear, and perhaps understood it as a sign of surrender.

Hudson glimpsed the bearded face of Enoch Skeet, grinning now with savage glee. Then there came a heavy scraping, and the Dawn shook and trembled through her whole length.

On the Shark's Tooth.

THE next instant the ketch was clear.

That sudden jarring of the keel had set every heart leaping.

But King of the Islands had calculated his chances well.

There was no passage through the Shark's Tooth for a vessel of deep draught. But in more than one place the water gave depth enough for a light craft like the Dawn. And Ken knew the reef. The risk was great; the miscalculation of a fathom's length, in a distance of miles, meant all the difference between safety and destruction. But that was a risk the boy trader had to take, and he had taken it with a cool head and a nerve of iron.

Another scraping jar—sharper than before! Hudson clenched his teeth to keep back an exclamation. Koko, at the wheel, stood as unmoved as a statue of bronze. But there was a startled babble from the Hiva-Oa boys.

Ken drew a deep, hard breath.

It had been touch and go, as the Cornstalk expressed it. But he knew that he was through now.

The Dawn glided on through shallow water—but water deep enough to give her a clear keel. A few feet beneath her hull, sharp fangs of coral lay like the bared teeth of a beast. But the graceful little ketch glided on into deeper water.

King of the Islands passed his hand
(Continued on the next page.)



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The Way of the Whaler!

over his brow to wipe away the perspiration. His eyes met Hudson's.

"All clear!" said Ken quietly, answering the unspoken question of the mate of the Dawn.

The Dawn flew on before the wind. All eyes were turned back at the pursuing whaler now.

Under belling canvas, racing through the blue water, the brig came tearing on.

"The fools!" muttered Hudson. "The fools! If they knew—"

"Feller whaler he no savvy!" grinned Kaiolalulalonga. Bimeby he savvy plenty too much altogether!"

It was a matter of moments now.

Only the hidden reef was there to save the Dawn and her crew from the vengeance of the ruffians astern. King of the Islands felt a pang as he looked back at the tall ship, rushing to destruction. He would gladly have warned her of her danger; but no signal would have been heeded by the vengeful ruffian who sailed the brig. And while the thought was yet in the boy trader's mind, the crash came.

One moment the brig, crowded with canvas, was tearing through the water like a thing of life. The next she crumpled up like a sea-bird with broken wings!

The crash as she struck the sunken reef came sounding across the sea to the ears of all on board the Dawn.

Almost on an instant the masts were whipped out of her, crashing down in masses of wrecked rigging and spars.

From the brig rose a fearful yell.

Above the startled yelling of the crew rose the fierce voice of Captain Skeet, roaring out frantic orders.

The brig heeled over on the reef. She had struck with such terrific force that whole timbers had been torn out of her hull. The sea rushed into her like a flood.

"My sainted Sam!" muttered King of the Islands; and his face was pale and set.

Hudson stared in grim silence.

But from Kaiolalulalonga came a chuckle of glee. Koko had no pity to waste on the South Sea ruffians.

"Feller brig he no stop any more!" chuckled the Kanaka. "Feller whaler he no stop! Feller whaler he walk about along bottom sea, my word! That feller he makee plenty kai-kai along feller shark!"

And Koko's triumphant chuckle was echoed by the Hiva-Oa boys. They stared back at the wrecked whaler with grinning faces.

King of the Islands rapped out sharp orders, and the ketch heaved to. His enemy was down now, and King of the Islands was the man to help him in his hour of need.

The wreck was a scene of the wildest confusion.

The brig had piled up on the reef, almost on her beam-ends, in a tangle of rigging and spars, the sea washing over her. The whaler's crew were making frantic efforts to drag the boats free of the almost inextricable tangle of wreckage. Some of them were swimming; some waving their hands wildly towards the ketch for help.

Three boats were got afloat, and the whaler's crew scrambled into them. Some of them seemed to be making efforts to save their dunnage; but they had no time for that. In one of the boats Captain Skeet was to be seen, gesticulating like a madman. His voice, hoarse and furious, came down the wind to the ketch.

The boats pulled clear and headed for the Dawn, leaving the mass of wreckage sprawling on the reef, washing and rocking in the Pacific billows.

The whalers had saved their lives, but there had been no time to provision the boats. There were twenty of the rough crew, with not a keg of water or a bag of biscuit among them. They were pulling for the ketch—with what intentions Ken could easily guess.

Enoch Skeet gripped a revolver convulsively in his hand, his eyes fixed on the little craft that lay hove to, waiting for him.

Nothing would have been easier than for King of the Islands to have shaken out sail and vanished like a sea-bird across the blue waters, leaving the boats astern. But he lay to and waited for them to draw near.

There was nothing to be feared from the whalers now, though their intentions were bitterly hostile enough. Kit Hudson stood by the

rail with a Winchester rifle in his hands, ready to pump bullets into the boats if they tried to close in.

King of the Islands waved his hand to the whalers as a signal to stop.

"Keep your distance!" he called out.

Captain Skeet, standing in the stern of his boat, threw up his revolver to fire, his eyes glittering over it. Kit Hudson pulled trigger instantly, and the whaler's right arm sagged down and the revolver dropped from his hand.

He sank back into his seat, clasping his wounded arm with his left hand, spitting out husky threats.

The boat crews ceased to pull. They were at the mercy of the fire from the ketch, in open boats.

"Keep your distance!" repeated King of the Islands. "You scum, if you pull another stroke I'll leave you to your fate! You want a week to make the Cook Islands in your boats—that's your nearest land—and I've stopped to give you food and water. Try any tricks, and it's you for Davy Jones!"

"Plenty much better Melican man he go dead along sea, sar!" grumbled Kaiolalulalonga.

But King of the Islands did not heed his boatswain. Ruffians as the whaling crew were, he would not leave them to their fate.

But he was on his guard. Every man in the brutal crew would have been glad of a chance of rushing the ketch and taking possession of it.

Kit Hudson, rifle in hand, watched them grimly. He was ready to pump bullets into the boats if they attempted to draw dangerously near.

But the whalers had had their lesson. Only a supply of food and water from their foes could save their lives, and that was what they were chiefly anxious about now.

Not a weapon was shown, and the rough crew took their orders from King of the Islands like lambs. Two boats were ordered to pull out of range, taking all the gang but two. Two of the whalers, in the third boat, were allowed to pull under the rail of the Dawn to receive the rations.

Kegs of water, bags of biscuit, cases of canned beef, bunches of bananas were passed down the side.

Then the boat pulled away and joined the others at a distance.

"Up mainsail!" said King of the Islands.

The ketch glided through the water. Ken looked back at the whaleboats as the Dawn spread her white wings to the wind and stood away.

The whalers were making sail in the boats for the long and weary run to the nearest land. The wrecked brig had slid from the reef and gone under, only tangled fragments of wreckage still floating on the sunny waters. Down the wind came the hoarse voice of Captain Skeet, still roaring threats.

It died away as the ketch gathered speed, and the three boats became mere dots in the blue distance astern, and dropped at last from sight!

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