

**THE BLUE FLASH!** A CHUMS OF THE POWER  
STATION YARN—Complete.

# *The* **MODERN BOY**

EVERY MONDAY.  
Week Ending July 27th, 1929.

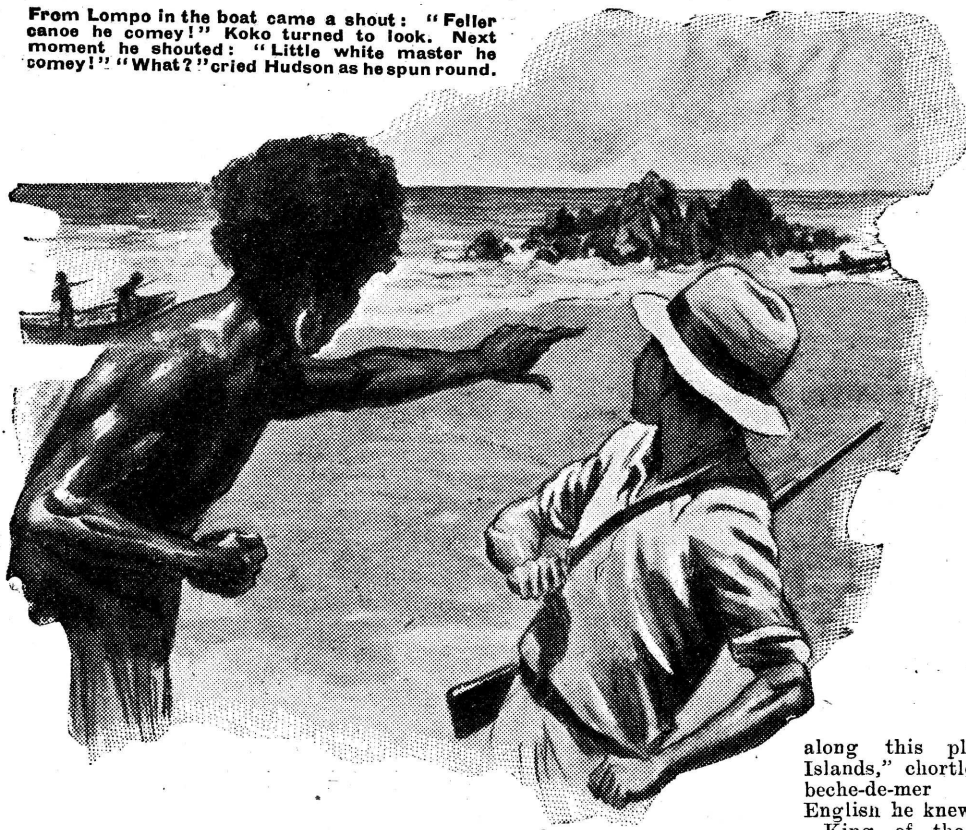
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**THE LATEST IN LAND BATTLESHIPS!** See Inside.



From Lompo in the boat came a shout: "Feller canoe he comey!" Koko turned to look. Next moment he shouted: "Little white master he comey!" "What?" cried Hudson as he spun round.



**COMPLETE**  
**IN THIS**  
**ISSUE.**

A gripping KEN KING yarn of Adventure amidst cannibals of the South Seas.

By  
**CHARLES HAMILTON.**

### The Dutchman's Vengeance!

**T**HE bush steamed with heat. Over the island of Vana-Vana the sun sailed in a sky of cloudless blue. On the wide Pacific, on the island beach and the coral reef, the sunshine was a blinding blaze. In the shadowy run-ways of the bush there was less light, but the heat was more intense.

In a clearing in the heart of the bush, where several run-ways met, stood Vanderbank, the Dutch trader of Vana-Vana.

Round the clearing was the high bush, rising far above the Dutchman's head, big man as he was. It rose like a wall of vegetation, thick, thorny, almost impenetrable, tangled with flowering creepers and huge juicy lianas, broken only here and there by the shadowy openings of the run-ways.

Myriads of insects buzzed round the Dutch trader as he stood there, but he did not heed them.

His eyes were fixed on the run-way that led through the bush in the direction of the native village on the shore of Vana-Vana.

He grunted impatiently as he waited and watched. From the silence of the bush there came at last the sound of padding naked feet. Natives—more than one—were approaching from the direction of the island village. Vanderbank's eyes gleamed, and he made a stride forward to meet the blacks as they emerged from the bush-path.

Two brawny Melanesian blacks came into his sight, bearing on their shoulders a white man, bound hand and foot, with cords of fibre, gagged

with a lump of folded tapa. The bully of Vana-Vana grinned savagely. As the two blacks emerged from the shadowy run-way they stared round in the bright sunshine of the clearing, and Vanderbank shouted to them.

"You feller boy! You bring that

# FROM *the* JAWS of DEATH!

feller King of the Islands along this place."

The two blacks hurried towards him. Vanderbank made a gesture, and the prisoner was lowered to the ground. He lay there helpless, unable to stir hand or foot. His eyes, as he lay, fixed on the brutal face of the trader of Vana-Vana, gleaming scorn and contempt.

Vanderbank grinned down at him. "This feller plenty glad see you

along this place, King of the Islands," chortled the Dutchman in beche-de-mer English—the only English he knew.

King of the Islands could not speak. The gag that had been thrust into his mouth kept him silent.

Vanderbank turned to the blacks.

"You feller Tamano, you tell big feller chief O'otu this feller plenty glad. You tell um, me send plenty tobacco, plenty square-face, feller gun, feller knife, along him."

"Me tell um, sar."

"You feller findum that feller house-boy, Sululo, he run along bush, feller house-boy belong me?" asked Vanderbank.

"No findum that feller house-boy, sar! He stop along bush, plenty hide along bush," answered Tamano.

"Findum bimeby plenty quick, sar."

The Dutchman snarled.

"You tell feller chief O'otu he findum that feller house-boy plenty too quick, or me comey along house belong him, me plenty mad along him."

"Yes, sar."

Vanderbank made a gesture of dismissal, and the two blacks departed the way they had come.

The Dutch trader was left alone with King of the Islands.

He stooped over him, and dragged the tapa gag from his mouth.

"You talk now, s'pose you wantee," he said mockingly. "Feller Hudson, feller Kao-lalulalonga, feller Hiva-Oa boy no hear you, ear belong them. My word, you plenty sorry bimeby you lay hand along this feller."

King gasped for breath.

"You dog!" he panted. "Then it was you that put that black scoundrel O'otu up to this! I wish I'd put a bullet through you instead of thrashing you, you scum!"

The Dutchman passed a hand over his heavy, bearded face, blackened

with bruises from his fight with the boy trader the day before.

His little piggy eyes gleamed at the boy skipper of the Dawn.

For long years Vanderbank, the only white man on Vana-Vana, had lorded it over the island. The black cannibals went in fear of him, and any white trader who touched at the place carefully avoided trouble with the truculent bully. His first defeat had come from Ken King, otherwise King of the Islands, the boy trader and owner and skipper of the ketch Dawn, and was all the more bitter on that account.

On the beach of Vana-Vana Ken had caught the bullying Dutchman mercilessly thrashing his house-boy, Sululo, and had thrashed the trader till he howled. Sululo had bolted and taken the news of the bully's beating to the native village. Well the Dutchman knew that the natives had rejoiced to hear of it. He knew that they hated him as much as they feared him, and that only their fear of him saved him from the cooking-oven.

Likely enough, the news might diminish their dread of him—might cause their fuzzy thoughts to turn into a channel dangerous to him. Since he had cowered and yelled under the blows of the boy trader, the Dutchman's thoughts had been only of vengeance. Vengeance on King of the Islands, and such a vengeance as would be a warning to the blacks.

The trader had called on O'otu, the chief of Vana-Vana, and had offered a big reward for the capture of Sululo. At the same time he had arranged to have Ken King kidnapped and brought to him here in the bush.

Whilst Hudson, the young Australian mate of the Dawn, and Kaio-lalulalonga, the Kanaka bo'sun, traded on the beach with the natives, Ken had walked unsuspectingly into the trap baited for him. And now he was at the mercy of the Dutch bully—and there was no more mercy in Vanderbank than in a tiger shark.

The bully of Vana-Vana gloated over the boy trader, bound and helpless at his feet.

"You plenty beat this feller!" he said, between his teeth. "Feller O'otu, all feller along this island, plenty glad. Me savvy! You plenty beat me, along me beat that house-boy Sululo! Bimeby me beat that feller house-boy, along lawyer-cane, along he kill-dead! You no see, eye belong you. You dead feller along this place!"

Ken breathed hard.

Where he lay was a mile or more from the beach. The Dawn was anchored off the beach, Kit Hudson trading with the natives—still unconscious, probably, that his skipper had been treacherously seized in the chief's house, and hurried away into the bush.

There was no help—no rescue!

But the eyes of the boy trader were steady—there was no fear in the look he turned on the gloating bully.

"You dead feller along this place, plenty too quick altogether!" grinned Vanderbank.

"Take care, you scoundrel!" said Ken steadily. "My men may not find me here, but they will know—"

Vanderbank laughed savagely.

"S'pose feller Hudson, he comey

along bush, he kill-dead along black feller," he said. "S'pose he sail away along ketch, he no savvy what place you stop. He no savvy you kill-dead along this feller. He no savvy anything."

Ken did not answer.

The Dutchman stooped over him, grasped him in his powerful hands, and lifted him to his feet.

He set the bound prisoner against the trunk of a tree on the edge of the clearing, his back to the bush.

Standing a few paces distant in front of him, he drew a revolver from his belt.

Ken's heart throbbed.

There was murder in the face of the man he had beaten, merciless vengeance gleaming in his little piggy eyes. His bruised, blackened face burned with hatred.

Slowly the Dutchman raised the revolver his eyes gleaming over it at the pale, set face of King of the Islands.

"You kill-dead along this place!" he said, grinning. "Feller Hudson he no savvy. Only black feller he savvy plenty. Black feller he comey bimeby, takee head belong you,

Some of the Islanders were running to the grass-houses for their weapons. Others were dragging a canoe down to the water.



## From the Jaws of Death!

smoke along canoe-house. S'pose white feller savvy, he tinkee you kill-dead along black feller!"

The boy trader did not speak.

Many a time had King of the Islands faced death. Now that he faced it without hope his courage was not wanting.

Standing steady, in spite of the cramping bonds on his limbs, he faced the bully of Vana-Vana, his eyes unflinching.

The Dutchman slowly raised the revolver to a level, as if in his vengeful hatred he found pleasure in prolonging the suspense of his victim.

But it was aimed at last—the stubby finger was pressing on the trigger. A second more—

From the tangled bush came a flash of light—the flash of shining steel as a thrown knife whizzed.

A fearful yell pealed from the Dutchman.

The revolver, still undischarged, crashed to the ground as the trader of Vana-Vana staggered back, a knife buried to the hilt in his right arm.

### In Doubt.

**K**IT HUDSON, sitting in the stern of the Dawn's whaleboat, his rifle at his side, watched the beach of Vana-Vana. In the boat with him were Lompo and Lufu. The three others of the Hiva-Oa crew were on the ketch, anchored at a distance towards the outer reef. On the beach, presiding over the scales where the copra was weighed, was Kaio-lalulalonga, intent on business, watching with an eagle eye the trickery of the Vana-Vana natives, and coolly frustrating it.

A hundred or more blacks swarmed on the sunlit beach, jabbering and babbling and chaffering, and among them were many women and children. The scene was peaceful enough—there were few weapons to be seen—and Hudson was not expecting any trouble from the Vana-Vana blacks. Had they intended trouble, the women and children would not have been present, and weapons would have been in evidence.

It was from the custom of caution in dealing with the natives of remote islands that the whaleboat lay off the beach, with watchful eyes and loaded rifles, ready for anything that might happen to interrupt the trading.

But Hudson, though he was not anticipating trouble, was growing a little uneasy about his skipper.

It was long since Ken had gone up the beach to the village on the edge of the bush, and disappeared behind the pandanus-screen in the doorway of the chief's house.

He had gone to speak to O'otu, the chief, who had sent Tamano to ask him to come. Hudson knew that it was Ken's intention to ransom, if he could, Sululo, the house-boy, who had fled from the Dutchman's bungalow, and whom Vanderbank had bribed the chief to hand over to him again. Sululo was hiding in the bush; hiding from the Dutch trader, and from his own tribesmen, who were hunting him.

Likely enough, Hudson thought, O'otu was bargaining, putting up the price of the house-boy when he found that Ken wanted him. That was the way of the South Sea native.

Still, it was strange that the bargaining should last so long, and Hudson was anxious to see his comrade emerge into the sunlight from the grass-house of O'otu.

He did not suspect that King of the Islands, ambushed in the chief's house, had been carried through the house into the bush behind, and was already far away.

Had there been a sign of hostility on the part of the natives swarming on the beach, Hudson would no doubt have suspected treachery on the part of O'otu. But there was no such sign. If the chief meditated treachery, his tribesmen were not in the secret—they crowded unarmed under the rifles on the whaleboat and the ketch.

At a word from the mate of the Dawn, bullets would have been pumped into the swarming crowd, and the result would have been a massacre. O'otu, as a matter of fact, had no intention of attacking the white trader and the ketch, and landing himself into trouble with the white men.

He had been unable to resist the bribe the Dutchman had offered for treacherously seizing King of the Islands, but the wily Melanesian hoped to carry the matter through without trouble or danger to himself.

Hudson was puzzled, and as King of the Islands did not reappear, he grew a little anxious.

"Koko!" he called

Kaio-lalulalonga, who was called Koko for short, glanced round.

"You savvy what name feller King of the Islands he stop along house belong O'otu?" asked Hudson.

Koko shook his head.

"No savvy, sar! Plenty talk along big feller chief, plaps! Plenty talk along buy feller house-boy Sululo belong Dussman."

Hudson nodded, and sat down in the boat again.

That was his own idea; that O'otu, finding that the white skipper was anxious to buy Sululo, was drawing out the negotiation in order to extract the last possible rise in price.

But he was growing uneasy now. He had decided to send a man up to the chief's house to inquire, when the pandanus screen in the doorway was thrown aside, and the fat chief came out.

Hudson watched him, expecting to see King of the Islands emerge from the grass-house with him.

But O'otu came alone.

A vague feeling of disquiet seized on Kit Hudson. He watched the chief with suspicious eyes as O'otu came down to the beach.

Yet the chief came unarmed, with a good-humoured grin on his black tattooed face, his manner one of friendliness and confidence.

He joined the crowd of chaffering blacks on the beach. Hudson signed to Lompo and Lufu to push the boat in, and stepped ashore. He put his rifle under his arm.

O'otu grinned at him amicably.

"Plenty feller trade along this

island, sar," he said, with a nod towards Koko and the chaffering blacks. "Plenty feller copra, my word! This feller O'otu he plenty glad see feller King of the Islands along Vana-Vana! He plenty good feller—no same feller Dussman, sar."

"Where King of the Islands he stop?" asked Hudson. "What name he stop along house belong chief?"

"He no stop along house belong O'otu," answered the chief.

Hudson started.

The house of the chief was in full view from the beach and the sea, and it was impossible that King of the Islands could have left it without being seen by the mate of the Dawn unless he had gone out of the back of the grass-house into the bush.

"He no stop along house?" repeated Hudson.

"No, sar," answered O'otu affably. "He go along bush, along feller Tamano, look findum feller house-boy Sululo."

"Oh!" said Hudson, taken aback.

O'otu nodded and grinned.

Lying came as easily to O'otu as breathing. Ken's attempt to ransom the Dutchman's fugitive house-boy had furnished the Vana-Vana chief with a plausible story.

"That white feller master sar, he buy Sululo along me," explained O'otu. "He give O'otu five-five shell money, five trade-box along bell he ring, plenty stick tobacco, along that feller house-boy. Sululo he hide along bush—Tamano no savvy what place he stop. Feller white master he go along Tamano, along bush, findum that house-boy. Bimeby he comey along ship, Sululo he comey along King of the Islands."

Hudson stood silent. The tale was plausible enough. But it was strange that Ken should have started into the bush to fetch the house-boy without a word or a sign to his shipmate.

"What time feller white master he comey along ship?" asked the mate of the Dawn.

O'otu pointed to the sun, and then to the sky directly above his head, intimating that King of the Islands would return by noon.

Hudson scanned the black tattooed face. But it was smiling and confident, and friendly. He knew too well the Melanesian character to think of trusting O'otu; but there was, after all, little ground for alarm. He knew how anxious Ken was to save the fugitive house-boy from the vengeance of the savage master from whom he had fled, and it was likely that he had decided to lose not a moment in getting the boy aboard the Dawn, safe out of the Dutchman's reach.

But there was a lingering uneasiness in his mind.

It was not long now to noon, and, according to O'otu, King of the Islands would return at noon, bringing the house-boy with him. Hudson felt that he could do nothing but wait.

As the sun rose higher, and baking heat streamed down on the beach of Vana-Vana, the trading came to an end. The last bag of copra had been weighed; and the purchase price paid over in trade goods. Many of the



natives streamed back to the grass-houses of the village; others sat about the beach, under the palms, ringing the bells of the trade-boxes they had acquired with infantile delight. O'otu returned to his house.

The copra was ferried across to the ketch in the whaleboat, passed on board and stacked away.

Hudson remained on the beach, waiting anxiously for the sun to reach the zenith, his uneasiness growing. That uneasiness was reflected now in the brown face of Kaio-lalulalonga.

"Feller white master he stop plenty long time, sar!" said the boatswain of the Dawn.

"What you tinkee, Koko, head belong you?" asked Hudson. "Feller O'otu he say King of the Islands go along bush fetch feller house-boy Sululo. You tinkee that feller talk good feller talk"

Kaio-lalulalonga reflected.

"No savvy," he said at last. "Me no likee that feller O'otu! Black feller he no good feller."

"But—" said Hudson.

He broke off, and stared anxiously towards the bush beyond the native village.

"If he doesn't come back at noon—" he muttered.

He moved about uneasily.

If anything had happened to Ken in the house of the chief, it must have been dramatically sudden. The boy trader was armed and wary. It was strange if he had been overcome without a shot being fired. After all, most likely the chief's tale was true—Ken had ransomed the house-boy and gone to fetch him from his hiding-place in the bush.

That the Dutch trader might have had a hand in the matter did not occur to Hudson. If O'otu had been guilty of treachery, there seemed little motive for it. It was plain, at least, that he desired to maintain friendly relations with the mate of the Dawn.

The sun passed the meridian. In the baking heat there were few of the natives to be seen; only six or seven recumbent figures under the shade of the palms.

"Feller little white master he no comey!" said Kaio-lalulalonga.

Hudson made a decision.

"Come with me, Koko! We'd better see the chief."

He called out to the Kanakas in the whaleboat to keep on their guard, and walked up to the village with Kaio-lalulalonga. From the shade of the grass-houses, black faces looked at them, but without hostility. Hudson stopped before the house of the chief, and struck on the pandanus screen.

The screen was drawn aside, and a black face looked inquiringly at the mate of the Dawn.

"What name?" asked the native.

"Me come talk along O'otu."

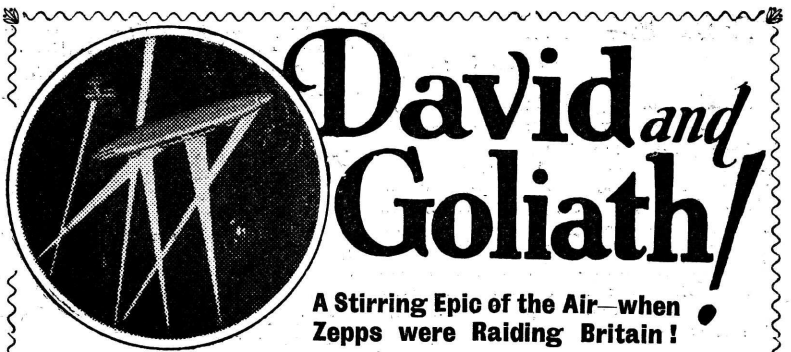
"Feller big chief he no stop."

"What?" exclaimed Hudson.

"Feller big chief O'otu he go along canoe," said the black man. "He no stop along house belong him."

"What time feller big chief he comey back along house?"

"No savvy, sar! Plaps new day he come."



**A Stirring Epic of the Air—when Zepps were Raiding Britain!**

**D**URING the latter part of 1916, "B" Flight of the 39th Home Defence Squadron of the R.F.C. was stationed at Sutton's Farm, near Hornchurch, Essex, right in the path of the London-bound Zepps. There were four airmen in the flight, and three of them—Pilots Robinson, Sowerby, and Tempest—brought down raiding machines.

And here is an account of 2nd-Lieut. Tempest's "night out."

It was 10 p.m. on October 1st when this twenty-five-year-old pilot went up to search for the Zepps which were known to be nearing London. Beneath and around him was inky blackness, except when the beam of a searchlight picked him out and almost blinded him with its light.

The pilot climbed very high, over ten thousand feet, and then went round and round in wide circles—waiting. After some while, he noticed that all the searchlights were converging on one spot to the north-east, and where their beams met—he almost shouted in his joy—there was a silvery cigar-shaped thing, caught like a fly in a spider's net.

He watched it for a time dip and rise in an endeavour to avoid the lights.

Tempest made straight for the Zepp, his engine roaring, climbing higher and higher. When he got within a mile or so of the monster the men on board must have seen him, for they hastily dropped all their bombs. Thus lightened, the Zepp rose and sped away to the north, Tempest still on its tail. His position was made very uncomfortable by the fact that the anti-aircraft guns were all blazing away at the airship, their shots falling short, nearer to little David than the big Goliath!

As the Zepp rose, so Tempest zoomed higher, until he had manoeuvred his plane into the right position. Then the intrepid pilot made straight for the airship, his machine-gun sending a stream of bullets into the huge body.

The pilot kicked his rudder just as he reached the Zepp, and as he dashed past her he pumped lead into the gondolas, a stream of bullets coming from the cabins in reply.

For some time plane and Zeppelin flew side by side. Then Tempest banked his machine up and over, and, as he put it, "sat under her tail," watching eagerly for that red glow which would tell him that his shots had found their billet.

Before long he saw it. Just a flicker at first, then a rush of flames, and the airship tilted up her nose!

Now came the most exciting moment of that thrilling night, for the Zepp began to fall backwards on top of the little plane. What an awful moment! It seemed to Tempest that the Zepp must hit him and drive him down, down, down to inevitable death.

But now the pilot managed to nose-dive his plane at a terribly acute angle, and so, for moments which seemed like years, plane and airship hurtled earthwards together.

How Tempest kept control of his machine under such circumstances it is impossible to imagine. Watching his opportunity, he spun it and corkscrewed out of the way just in time to see and feel the raging furnace, which not long before had been a proud and careless raider, hurtling earthwards past him.

2nd-Lieut. Tempest landed safely, and for his breathless work on that never-to-be-forgotten night was awarded the D.S.O., and became a major.

"To-morrow!" Hudson gritted his teeth. "You savvy where feller King of the Islands he stop?"

"No savvy, sar."

The black man's face was expressionless.

"Feller King of the Islands he no stop along this house?"

"No, sar."

"Me look, eye belong me," said Hudson brusquely.

"You look, eye belong you, sar, s'pose you likee."

That ready permission was proof that Ken, if he had fallen into the hands of the blacks, was no longer in the chief's house. But the mate of the Dawn and Koko searched through the grass-plaited building. As they expected, they found nothing.

They returned to the beach.

"There's been trickery!" said Hudson, his eyes glinting. "O'otu has gone away in a canoe to keep out of the way."

"Me tinkee, sar."

"Then where is King of the Islands?"

Koko shook his head.

"No savvy, sar! Plaps he along bush. Plaps—"

Koko broke off, his voice faltering.

Hudson stared towards the high bush that covered the interior of Vana-Yana. If King of the Islands had been taken by the blacks, no doubt he had been hurried away into the bush. To seek him, if he yet lived, was a hopeless task; but the

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# From the Jaws of Death!

(Continued from page 13.)

Australian realised, with a pang at his heart, that if the natives had treacherously seized his shipmate, it could not be with the intention of keeping him alive, a prisoner.

Was his comrade dead, slain by treachery, or might he, at any moment, emerge from the bush, alive and well, bringing Sululo with him to the beach? Hudson's face grew white and haggard in the torture of doubt.

## Sululo Steps In.

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS stared at the staggering, bulky form of the Dutch trader, blankly.

There had been no sound in the bush, save the incessant drone of buzzing insects. From the tangled thickets the knife had whizzed suddenly, without warning.

It was buried in the Dutch trader's brawny arm to the very hilt, with so terrible a force had it been hurled.

Vanderbank staggered back, howling with pain, blood streaming down his arm in a flood.

He stumbled over a trailing root, and fell.

Ken's glance swept round him.

He remembered Sululo.

He had caught a glimpse of the fugitive house-boy in the bush, while the blacks were bearing him away from the native village. That it was a native who had come to his aid was certain; no white man could have hurled the knife with such force and accuracy. Throwing the knife was a native trick, and the weapon had come from a black man's hand. King of the Islands had saved Sululo from the brutality of the Dutch trader; but he had not looked for gratitude, or even remembrance, from a Black Islander. But it could only be Sululo who had intervened.

There was a rustling in the bush.

A black, fuzzy-headed figure, in a dirty loin-cloth, stepped out into the clearing.

It was the house-boy Sululo.

His black eyes turned on the boy trader, and he nodded and grinned. Then, as he looked swiftly at the sprawling Dutchman, the grin died away. Vanderbank lay sprawling, wounded, streaming with blood, but there was fear in the face of the house-boy who had so often cowered under his savage blows.

Yet, to save King of the Islands, he had hurled the knife at the bully, the mere sight of whom made him afraid. It was a devotion such as Ken would never have dreamed of finding in a native of the Black Islands.

Vanderbank raised himself on his left elbow, his bearded face distorted with pain and fury. His eyes burned at the black boy. But the terrible pain of the wound, the loss of blood, caused him to sink back again, with a deep groan.

It seemed to Ken that, had the Dutchman gained his feet, the black boy would have fled, though there was a sharp spear grasped in his hand, so great was his dread of the bully whom he had struck down. For Sululo

backed away two or three paces, breathing in gasps, his eyes rolling like a scared animal's.

But as the bulky form sank to the earth again, Sululo recovered his nerve.

He made a quick spring towards the Dutchman, his spear lifted to drive the sharp point into the fallen man's breast.

Then King of the Islands found his voice.

"Sululo!"

The ruffian's weapon had been raised to take the boy trader's life; but Ken would not see him butchered thus if he could prevent it.

"Sululo!"

The black half paused

"Yes, sar! Me kill-dead feller Dussman!" he panted

"No!" exclaimed Ken. "Quick—release me—you cut feller rope along me, Sululo, plenty too quick altogether."

Sululo hesitated.

"Feller Dussman he plenty bad feller, sar! He tinkee kill-dead feller white master along gun, sar."

"Cut me loose!"

"S'pose me no kill-dead feller Dussman, he kill-dead this feller bimeby, sar!" protested Sululo. "He plenty bad feller, sar! He kill-dead this poor black boy, sar."

There was no doubt that Sululo's fear was well founded if the Dutchman ever had it in his power to take vengeance on the house-boy. For a moment Ken was tempted to let the black islander have his way. Surely if ever a ruffian deserved death, Vanderbank deserved it.

But more merciful thoughts prevailed.

"Me take you along ship belong me, Sululo, s'pose you no kill-dead feller Dussman," said King of the Islands. "You go along 'nother island, plenty far away."

Sululo grinned.

"Me likee plenty go along ship, along feller King of the Islands," he said. "Me plenty glad go along you, sar."

He turned reluctantly away from the groaning Dutchman, and with the keen cutting edge of the spear-blade severed the cords that bound King of the Islands.

The freeing of the boy trader occupied less than a minute, the fibre cords falling in pieces round him; but in that brief space of time the wounded Dutchman made a supreme effort.

He rolled over on the ground and crawled to the revolver he had dropped when the whizzing knife pierced his arm. His left hand stretched out to the weapon, his fingers touching the butt.

Had he been able to grasp it, the ruffian's vengeance would yet have been taken. But Ken, as his bonds fell loose, saw his action in time, leaped forward, and kicked the revolver out of his reach.

The Dutch trader sank back, exhausted by the effort, his face ghastly in hue.

"You scum!" muttered King of the Islands.

He picked up the Dutchman's revolver and thrust it into his own belt. From the ground Vanderbank

glared at him with all the venom of a wounded snake.

Sululo's eyes turned ferociously on the trader.

"Much better kill-dead that feller, sar," he said, taking a grasp on his spear.

"Let the brute live," said Ken contemptuously. "He cannot harm us now."

"Me 'bey order along you, sar," said Sululo. "Me takee knife belong me, us feller go away along bush."

He stepped to the Dutchman, and drew the knife from his arm. The wretched man moaned.

Ken knitted his brows.

He had no time to lose; any moment foes might appear from the run-ways of the bush. But he could not leave the wretch to bleed to death like a pig where he lay.

The Dutch trader, exhausted, half fainting, was unable to help himself. Ken dropped beside him, tore off his ragged shirt, tore it into strips, and bound up the gashed arm.

The flow of blood was stopped. Vanderbank, only half conscious now, was muttering in Dutch as the boy trader tended him.

Ken rose to his feet. It was all he could do for the brute, and more than he deserved. He had to take his chance of getting through the steaming bush and back to his bungalow.

"Us feller go along bush, sar," said Sululo anxiously. "Black feller he look findum Sululo along bush—plenty black feller, sar—s'pose findum Sululo, kill um dead, all same feller white master. Me kill-dead two black feller along bush, sar!" Sululo grinned and held up his spear. It had not touched the Dutchman, but there was blood on the keen blade.

Hunted in the bush by his fellow-tribesmen, Sululo, evidently, had proved a dangerous quarry. He had slain two of O'otu's bucks who were hunting him. Probably there were a score or more of the blacks now beating the bush for the fugitive house-boy.

"No go back along village belong O'otu, sar," said Sululo, as Ken made a step towards the run-way by which he had been brought to the clearing. "Plenty feller black man he stop. Makee kai-kai along this feller, along he kill-dead two feller belong O'otu. Makee kai-kai along feller white master."

Ken paused.

He had to get back to the beach, and he was prepared to fight his way through the blacks if there was no other way. In the trackless wilderness of the high bush he was hopelessly lost, unless he followed the way he had come. But he realised that Sululo would know the ways of the bush.

"You savvy go along bush, along beach, 'nother feller way?" he asked.

"Me savvy, sar," said Sululo. "Me findum way, sar, plenty go round. No go along village belong O'otu. This feller he savvy, sar! You come along this feller, sar."

Sululo led the way. The clearing was left behind, and by a shadowy run-way, like a tunnel through the



thick bush, the islander led, King of the Islands hurrying after him.

### Koko's Jealousy.

"**A** LIVE or dead?" muttered Hudson, his face haggard under the strain of uncertainty.

Kaio-lalulalonga's dark eyes glinted.

"S'pose little white master he deader, us feller plenty kill-dead black feller along this island," he said.

Hudson did not reply.

He was perplexed and helpless. It was possible—Hudson clung to the possibility—that O'otu had told the truth, and that the boy trader had gone into the bush for Sululo. It was possible that there had been delay, that he would yet return, alive and safe. But—

But it was borne in upon Hudson's mind that there had been treachery. Ken would not have gone without a word, without a sign.

If his shipmate had fallen a victim to the treachery of the savages, nothing could help him now. Only vengeance remained—and that was little. O'otu had cleared out, and evidently did not intend to reappear in his village till the ketch had left the island. At the first shot the blacks would take to the bush, and it was death to pursue them in the intricacies of the wilderness.

To burn the grass-houses and shoot a few stragglers was all that Hudson could do if his thoughts turned to vengeance, and it was futile enough.

If there had been treachery, it had been on the part of O'otu and a few others; that the rest of the tribe knew nothing of it was clear from the confident way they loafed, unarmed, in the presence of the white man and his crew, armed with loaded rifles.

Hudson's haggard eyes were on the bush—watching, in the blaze of the tropical sunshine, wearily, hopelessly, and yet with a lingering hope. The doubt was torturing!

Had O'otu remained, he would have seized on the chief and forced the truth from him—if necessary, under the blows of a bamboo. But the cunning chief had disappeared.

Suddenly from Lompo in the whaleboat there came a call.

"Feller canoe he comey, sar."

Hudson did not turn his head. The coming or going of a native canoe was nothing to him.

But Kaio-lalulalonga glanced round. Next moment he gave a shout.

"Little white master he comey!"

"What?"

Hudson spun round.

His eyes fixed on a small fish-canoë with a clumsy log outrigger, coming along swiftly between the beach and the outer reef, from some point along the shore of Vana-Vana.

The black man at the paddle was Sululo, and in the canoe, wielding another paddle, was King of the Islands.

Hudson stared at him blankly.

"Ken!" he panted.

It was his comrade, alive and well—with Sululo! Hudson had looked for him to come, if he came at all,

from the bush; but it was along the shore of Vana-Vana that he came, in the canoe.

"Oh, good luck!" panted the mate of the Dawn.

He rushed down to the water, beckoning to the whaleboat. The boat drew in, and Hudson leaped aboard, followed by Kaio-lalulalonga.

"You feller boy, washy-washy along canoe, plenty quick!" panted Hudson.

The oars dipped, and the Kanakas pulled to meet the approaching canoe. King of the Islands waved his paddle to his shipmate.

On the beach a number of natives stood staring at them. There was a jabbering of excitement as Sululo was recognised.

Swiftly the whaleboat and the canoe approached one another. They ran alongside, and King of the Islands stepped into the boat, Sululo following him, leaving the canoe adrift.

"Ken!" Hudson's voice was husky. "You've given me a rotten time, Ken—what the thunder did you go into the bush for—"

"Because I was a bound prisoner in the hands of the niggers, old man," answered Ken. "I was seized by trickery in O'otu's house this morning, and carried into the bush—"

"Then that black villain was lying when—"

"Vanderbank was at the bottom of it," said Ken.

"The Dutchman?"

"Ay, ay; and I should be a dead man now, if Sululo had not followed through the bush and saved me."

*(Continued on the next page.)*

## The New Stamp Collecting.

# SPEED STAMPS

By DOUGLAS ARMSTRONG.



A convoy of armoured cars, flying the tricolour of France, is depicted overtaking a camel caravan in the design of some postage stamps of Tunis.

*(Stamp enlarged.)*

dream of postal expansion, about the middle of the last century. Since then each new method of rapid transit has been adapted to the service of the Post.

To-day mechanical transport is widely employed in speeding up the mails, and the stamps of several countries bear witness to this phase of postal progress. For the earliest representation of a motor-car upon a postage stamp we must turn to the U.S.A., where one of the first automobiles was introduced into the design of a 4 cents stamp of the commemorative series of 1901.

The car was a motor-cab then in use at the Washington Station of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway, a photograph of which was specially taken for reproduction in stamp form in the grounds of the Capitol, which are visible in the background. An extremely rare "error" of this Speed stamp exists whereon the centre has been accidentally printed topsy-turvy. It is valued at £35.

By the year 1912 motor-cars were regularly employed by the United States Post Office Department. One is seen collecting mails from a New York postal station in the vignette of a 15 cents Parcels Post stamp issued at that time. A motor-van of a more up-to-date model figures on the current 20 cents Special Delivery Stamp.

Where once the leisurely ship of the desert paced the caravan route over the arid Sahara, the motor-mail now speeds its burden across the burning sands from Gabes (in Tunis) to the shores of Lake Tchad. A convoy of armoured cars flying the tricolour of France is depicted overtaking a camel caravan in the design of some postage stamps of Tunis.

The motor-cycle also contributes its share towards the present day efficiency of the postal service, having been extensively adopted as a means of delivering Express letters upon which a special fee is payable.

An Egyptian motor-cyclist postman wearing the national Fez races across the present express delivery stamp of that country, whilst Mexico on some of her stamps presents a postal messenger driving a motor-cycle combination. A motor-cycle likewise appears in the foreground of the 10 cents United States Special Delivery stamp.

Contrasting the old-time idea of speed with that of our own times, we have upon the Roumanian stamps of 1903 a spirited picture of an early nineteenth century mail cart, drawn by a team of fiery horses, leaving the old G.P.O. at Bucharest.



The motor-cycle postal Express in Egypt.

*(Stamp enlarged.)*



## From the Jaws of Death!

"My hat!" said Hudson. Ken sat down in the stern of the whaleboat.

"Washy-washy along Dawn, plenty quick!" ordered Ken.

From the beach came shouting and jabbering. Among the blacks there Tamano appeared, shouting, and pointing to the boat. Many of the islanders were running to the grass-houses for their weapons. Others were dragging a canoe down to the water.

Ken, in a few words, told his shipmate what had happened in the bush. Hudson's eyes blazed as he listened. "We'll settle with that Dutchman before we leave Vana-Vana," he said, between his teeth.

"Sululo has given him something on account," said King of the Islands grimly, "but I reckon we will stop at his bungalow before we make for Luva. He has got to answer for bribing the niggers to kidnap a white man!"

"My hat!" said Hudson. "Sululo is a trump!" He gave the black boy a thump on the shoulder, and Sululo grinned, with a flash of white teeth. Sululo, evidently, was greatly pleased with himself.

"Sululo guided me out of the bush," said Ken. "We struck the beach a couple of miles from the village and got the canoe—Sululo got it, rather. Sululo's coming away on the Dawn. His life would not be worth a chip of coral on Vana-Vana now."

"Me plenty likee comey along feller white master," grinned Sululo. "Me house-boy along him, all same along feller Dnesman before."

Kaio-lalulalonga turned his dark eyes on the Vana-Vana boy. There was a strange expression in them.

But Koko did not speak. After his first outburst of joy at the sight of his little white master, the Kanaka had been silent.

The boat reached the Dawn, and King of the Islands stepped on board his own craft once more. The whaleboat was swung up to the davits. Hudson, his rifle in his hands, looked towards the beach. Crowds of blacks were jabbering there, and a canoe with a score of men in it was paddling out towards the ketch.

Ken tapped Kaio-lalulalonga on the arm. The silence of the faithful Kanaka had struck him at last.

"You feller Koko, you plenty glad see this feller along ketch?" he asked, with a smile.

"Me plenty glad, sar," answered Koko.

King of the Islands gave him a keen look. Something was troubling the faithful Koko's mind, he could see that, though he did not know what it was.

"What feller thing you tinkee, head belong you, Koko?" he asked. Koko glanced towards Sululo.

"That black feller he comey along this ship, sar?" he asked, with all the contempt of a brown man for a black.

"He comey along this ship, along we go along Luva," said Ken. "That

black feller he save um life belong me, Koko."

"Plenty good he save life belong little white master, sar," said Koko. "Plenty good givum shell-money, feller gun, feller knife, along he save life belong little white master. No good-he comey along this ship."

"S'pose he stop along Vana-Vana, black feller makee kai-kai along that feller," said Ken.

Koko grunted. "Me tinkee no good he comey along this ship, sar!" he answered.

"What name you tinkee no good he comey along this ship?" exclaimed Ken impatiently. "That black feller he plenty good feller along me!"

"No likee black feller comey along little white master," muttered Koko sulkily. "No likee black feller altogether."

Ken stared at him, and then burst into a laugh. It was a touch of jealousy at Sululo's obvious devotion to the little white master that was troubling the loyal heart of Kaio-lalulalonga.

"You swab, you no tinkee bad feller thought, head belong you," said Ken, and Koko turned away, still grimly silent.

Bang!  
It was Hudson's rifle that roared. The canoe from the beach was drawing near. The mate of the Dawn fired over the heads of the paddlers. The canoe stopped, and an excited black stood up and waved to the ketch.

"Keep your distance!" shouted Hudson. "You black feller, you stop along that place. What name you comey along this ship?"

"Comey along ship along feller Sululo, sar!" shouted back the islander. "Big feller chief O'otu he wantee that feller Sululo!"

Hudson laughed. "Big feller chief he can whistle for Sululo," he answered. "You go along beach, s'pose you no wantee gun he talk."

The blacks in the canoe hesitated. Hudson fired another shot, and a smashed paddle dropped from a black hand. That decided the islanders. With a howl they started paddling back to the beach. Hudson's glance followed them, and passed them, and rested on the crowded beach.

"If that feller big chief was in the offing, I'd see that Vana-Vana got a new chief before we left!" he growled.

But O'otu was not to be seen. "Up hook!" said Ken. "We've finished at Vana-Vana—except for the Dutchman—though I'd like to give O'otu six dozen with a lawyer-cane before we go. We'll get clear before those brutes make up their minds to give trouble."

The Dawn glided away from her anchorage.

On the beach of Vana-Vana the blacks crowded, waving spears and working themselves into a fury of excitement—a strange contrast to the morning's peaceful scene of trading, but a common enough sight on a Pacific beach. Had the ketch remained at her anchorage, it was likely enough that trouble would have accrued.

But the white-winged Dawn glided

swiftly away, like a sea-bird against the sinking sun, and vanished from the sight of the islanders. The beach of Vana-Vana and its savage swarm disappeared.

### The Last of Vanderbank.

THE Pacific was red in the sunset when the ketch hove-to opposite the Dutch trader's station, a few miles from the native village along the island shore. The whaleboat carried King of the Islands and Kit Hudson to the beach, and they landed and walked up to the Dutchman's bungalow—gun in hand, eyes alert. Ken had resolved to take the bully of Vana-Vana on board the ketch and convey him where the law could deal with him.

All was silent as they approached; the place seemed deserted. Doors and windows were open, but not a house-boy was to be seen. Not a man appeared in or near the Dutchman's warehouse. The shipmates entered the bungalow and found it untenanted. Evidently the wounded Dutchman had not returned from the bush, and his boys had deserted the place in his absence. There were many signs that looting had taken place before they left.

"Likely enough, he expected this visit, and is keeping clear till we've left the island," said Hudson.

"Likely enough," agreed Ken. "He was wounded—and if the blacks came on him in the bush—and there were a crowd of them hunting for Sululo—" King of the Islands paused. "They were afraid of him—but if they found him helpless—"

"They would turn on him like tigers," broke in Hudson. "I fancy Vanderbank was about the worst hated man in the islands. If he has found trouble with his cannibal friends, he's got what he asked for. Nothing to be done here, anyhow."

The shipmates returned to the Dawn. The last gleam of the sun disappeared as the whaleboat was swung up again. Darkness descended on the Pacific, and, like points of fire, the stars came out in the velvety sky.

Vana-Vana was a dark shadow astern when the silence of the sea was broken by a rending din from the island. From the direction of the village lights flared—the dancing reflection of a great fire.

The roar of blown conch shells, the thunder of drums, made a din that echoed across the starry sea to the swiftly-gliding ketch.

"Big feller kai-kai he stop along Vana-Vana!" said Kaio-lalulalonga.

Ken's eyes met Hudson's. Neither spoke.

The Dawn, gliding swiftly before the wind, dropped the last echo of the savage uproar in the distance. But the shipmates knew what had been the fate of the trader of Vana-Vana!

*(Yes, life is very uncertain in the South Seas—the unexpected is always happening—and peril and adventure dog the footsteps of hardy fellows like Ken King who earn their living dealing with the treacherous natives. Another great yarn of this boy adventurer is waiting for you in next Monday's MODERN BOY, entitled, "Cabin Boy of the Dawn!")*