

DAREDEVIL RACING!—By SIR H. SEGRAVE.

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ADVENTURES IN A POWER STATION—Complete Story *Inside.*



Sululo stood before Ken, grinning amiably, one of Ken's shoes, neatly pipeclayed, in a black hand. "You sing out along this feller, sar?" he asked cheerfully.

Sululo Stops!

"LUVA!" exclaimed Ken King, the boy trader known as King of the Islands, pointing towards a bunch of palms, rising from the waves, which told where the atoll lay, though of the island nothing could be seen.

Ken's ketch, the Dawn, leaning to a stiff breeze, cut swiftly through the blue waters of the Pacific.

The bo'sun, Kaio-lalulalonga, otherwise Koko, who was taking his watch at the wheel, glanced at King of the Islands.

"Us feller stop along Luva, sar?" he asked.

"Only long enough to send the boat ashore with Sululo," answered the boy trader.

Koko's face, which had been clouded, brightened. Ever since the Dawn had dropped the island of Vana-Vana astern, there had been a cloud on the brown face of the Kanaka boatswain. But it lifted now, and Koko showed a magnificent set of white teeth in a grin.

"That black feller Sululo he go along Luva, sar?"

"Ay, ay!"

"Plenty too much good!" said Koko.

Ken glanced at the Kanaka, and smiled. He had noted the cloud on Koko's brow, and guessed its cause. It was Koko's devotion to his little white master that had caused him to take a deep dislike to Sululo, the black man of Vana-Vana. He could be grateful to Sululo for having saved the life of the feller white master when he had been facing death at the hands of Vanderbank, the Dutch trader on the island, but at the same

time he had a jealous idea that Ken "likum that feller Sululo plenty too much."

"You plenty swab, Koko," said King of the Islands. "That feller Sululo he save life belong me, along



COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.

CABIN BOY OF THE Dawn!

A grand story of young Ken King and his shipmates aboard a trading ketch in the sun-splashed South Seas,

BY

CHARLES HAMILTON.



bush along Vana-Vana. That feller he plenty good feller along me."

"No likum black feller, sar," Koko answered.

"Where's Sululo?" King of the Islands glanced round. "You feller Lompo, you sing out along that feller Sululo he comey along deck."

Sululo was fetched on deck. Since the black boy of Vana-Vana had been on board the ketch, he had berthed forward with the four Hiva-Oa seamen and Danny, the cooky-boy, who formed the crew. He was no seaman, and did not work with the Hiva-Oa boys. He had constituted himself cabin-boy, to the annoyance of Kaio-lalulalonga, who watched him with a lowering and suspicious eye when he hovered about King of the Islands. Sululo now had been engaged in pipeclaying a pair of Ken's shoes, and he came up the companion with one shoe in a black hand.

He stood before Ken, grinning amiably. He was clad in clean calico shorts, instead of the loincloth he had worn on Vana-Vana. His fuzzy head was adorned with a coral comb, his ears bore rattling strings of spent cartridge clips, and his black nose was adorned by the spout of a teapot.

"You sing out along this feller, sar?" he asked cheerfully.

Ken nodded, and pointed to the bunch of palms that marked Luva. Sululo followed the direction of his pointing finger, and his face fell.

"That's Luva," said Ken. "Bimeby we stop along Luva, Sululo. You go ashore along feller whaleboat."

"No wantee go ashore along Luva, sar," said Sululo. "Me plenty want stop along white master King of the Islands."

Cabin Boy of the Dawn!

Kaio-lalulalonga gave a grunt. The black boy did not heed it. His eyes were fixed anxiously on the boy trader.

"Me come along this ship, sar, along stop along white master," he said. "Me no savvy feller along Luva. No wantee stop along Luva. Plenty too much wantee stop along white master."

Kit Hudson, Ken's young Australian mate, who was sitting on the taffrail, grinned. The blackening scowl on the brow of Kaio-lalulalonga rather entertained him.

But Ken King did not smile. He had taken Sululo away from his native island to save him from his fellow-tribesmen. It was Ken's idea to land him on another island at a safe distance, with a rich reward for his services. Sululo had risked his life to save the boy trader, and Ken was not likely to forget such a service. But he had never thought of keeping the Vana-Vana boy permanently on board the Dawn.

"Me stop along you, sar!" said Sululo. "Me good house-boy, sar! Me savvy plenty thing white master wantee along this feller ship."

"You listen, ear belong you," said King of the Islands. "Me givum shell money—"

"No wantee shell money, sar! Wantee stop along white feller master."

"Me givum feller knife—"

"No wantee feller knife, sar!"

"Feller gun!" said Ken.

Sululo's black eyes glistened. To the black man, the possession of a gun was only second to the possession of a whaleboat. But he shook his fuzzy head.

"No wantee feller gun, sar! Wantee stop along little white master."

"Plenty feller he stop along this ship," said Ken. "More feller he no can stop."

"Little white master he no wantee this feller stop along this feller ship?" Sululo asked. "He no likum this feller he stop?"

"Me likum plenty," said King of the Islands hastily, "but me tinke much better you stop along Luva, Sululo. Plenty thing me givum, you stop along Luva—you rich feller along that island."

The black boy stood silent.

Ken's heart smote him. It was rare enough for a black Islander to show fidelity to a white master, but since Ken had saved the black boy from the blows of Vanderbank, Sululo's devotion had been dog-like. It had led him to risk his life to save the boy trader—but for him, Ken would have perished in the bush on Vana-Vana. King of the Islands was tempted to change his mind, but before he could speak, the black boy backed away, still silent, and disappeared down the companion-way. The ketch stood on towards Luva, whose coral reef could now be seen under the fall palms, with the white surf breaking on it.

Ken was thoughtful as he watched the atoll rising into view. Kaio-

lalulalonga frowningly watched his face.

"That black feller he no good along this ship, sar," said the brown boatswain. "He makee kai-kai along long-pig, along Vana-Vana! He plenty bad trash, sar!"

Ken met Hudson's eyes.

"After all, the boy will be better off on Luva, Kit," he said. "We'll make him a rich man for a nigger, and land him. Blacks do not have long memories—he will forget the Dawn in a few days."

"Or less," smiled Hudson. "He's no sailor—except in a canoe—and we don't want a house-boy on the Dawn. Much better land him—and he will be happy with a knife and a gun!"

"Ay, ay!"

Kaio-lalulalongo hummed a Hawaiian tune as the ketch ran down to the island. He was his old cheerful self now that the black boy was going ashore.

There was no passage in the reef at Luva and the ketch hove to outside for the whaleboat to take Sululo ashore.

On the deck was a pile of gifts that the house-boy of Vana-Vana was to take with him—a pile that would have delighted the heart of any black man in the Pacific.

Ken stepped to the companion, and called, when the boat was in readiness to take the black boy ashore.

"Sululo!"

There was no answer.

Ken descended the companion. The cabin was empty; the adjoining lazarette and state-room were empty—Sululo was not to be seen.

"You feller Sululo!" shouted King of the Islands.

Then he discerned that the trap in the floor of the lazarette which gave access to the hold was open. He stooped over it and shouted again:

"You feller Sululo! You show a leg along you! Sululo!"

But the black boy did not answer. Somewhere in the deepest recesses of the ketch he had hidden himself, and evidently did not intend to show up while Luva was in the offing. Ken, perplexed and a little angry, returned to the deck. He was losing a favourable wind, and he could not afford to make a prolonged stay at Luva. Hudson looked at him inquiringly as he came up.

"Where's Sululo?"

"The swab's hidden himself in the hold," answered Ken. "He doesn't mean to go ashore if he can help it."

"That nigger means to stick to you, Ken," Hudson chuckled. "But if we miss Luva, we don't see land again for days—"

"We can't hang on here rooting the swab out—"

"Me go along hold, findum that feller Sululo," said Kaio-lalulalonga, with a glitter in his eyes.

"You stop along deck, Koko," said Ken sharply. He knew that Sululo had a knife tucked away in his calico shorts, and there was no telling what might happen if the boatswain sought him in the dark recesses among the water-casks.

"Me no flaid along knife belong that feller, sar!" said Koko, reading the thought in the boy trader's mind.

"Stop along deck."

Koko unwillingly obeyed. Ken and Hudson consulted for a few minutes. They were losing the wind, and if Sululo was determined to remain hidden, as evidently he was, it would be a long task to root him out—and using violence to the black boy who had saved Ken's life was impossible. The Dawn was put before the wind, and Luva dropped astern—and on the brow of Kaio-lalulalonga, the dark frown settled down, and did not lift again.

Koko Flares Up!

"YOU plenty bad black trash!" It was the following morning. The ketch, far out of the sight of land, was speeding before a six-knot wind, under the rising sun.

Kit Hudson was taking the morning watch on deck. Ken was below in the state-room, asleep. Kaio-lalulalonga had just turned out of his berth on the cabin lockers and the first object that met his eyes was the figure of the black boy of Vana-Vana, in his red-striped calico shorts, busy about the cabin.

During the night Sululo had not been seen—long after the ketch had dropped Luva he had remained out of sight. But evidently he had decided that it was safe to emerge from his hiding-place with the new day.

He was singing to himself, in the falsetto tones of the Melanesian, as he moved about the cabin, polishing and cleaning. Sululo was in many respects unlike most boys of the black Islands. Possibly he had no more liking for work than other black boys, but in the service of King of the Islands he was industrious. Instead of leaving his jobs till he felt a white man's boot behind him, he looked for work, and did it faithfully.

Koko, standing by the lockers, glared at him.

The fact that Sululo was making himself useful, and did not intend to eat the bread of idleness in the usual Melanesian way, did not placate the boatswain of the Dawn. He disliked the black boy intensely—feared that he might one day take the place that was now his in Ken's affections. Sululo's devotion to King of the Islands touched the wrong chord in Koko's breast.

For his little white master, Koko would willingly have died. But he was willing to allow such devotion to no other native in the Pacific.

Sululo glanced round at him, and grinned.

"Me stop along this feller ship," he remarked complacently.

"You black trash!" snapped Koko.

"You talk bad feller talk along me, mouth belong you," said Sululo. "What name you talk bad feller talk along this feller?"

"Me no likee you altogether," growled Koko. "Me no likee you stop along this ship, along little white master."

"Me likee plenty that white master," said Sululo. "He plenty good feller along this poor black boy. He plenty kill feller Dussman, along feller Dussman he beat this black boy along lawyer-cane. This feller

never leave little white master any more altogether."

"You likee little white master, you poor black trash," said Koko scornfully. "Plaps you likee makee kai-kai along him. You black feller along Vana-Vana plenty make kai-kai along white feller. Me savvy!"

Sululo's good-humoured grin left his black face.

"This feller no eattee long-pig!" he said.

"You eattee plenty long-pig along Vana-Vana! You makee kai-kai along white man, along black man, all samee along pig, along dugong."

It was very probable that Sululo, in his time, had joined in more than one feast of "long-pig." But no cannibal in the Pacific likes to be called a cannibal. The white man's horror of cannibalism impresses the fuzzy black mind. Few natives, even in the Solomons, will admit themselves to be eaters of their fellow men. The reproach of cannibalism is an insult, even among cannibals! But that peculiarity of mind is not confined to the black race. Among white men, a dishonest man does not like to be called a thief, or an untruthful man to be called a liar. Somehow, the action does not seem so bad when it is not put into words.

Sululo had been polishing an aluminium jug, which was already shining like bright silver. Now he ceased to polish, and gripped the jug as if with the intention of hurling it at Kaio-lalulalonga.

"You makee plenty kai-kai along white man, along black man," jeered Koko tauntingly. "No good you stop along this ship. S'pose you stop, you go along fore-castle, along Hiva-Oa boy."

"Me stop along this place," answered Sululo. "Me serve little white master all same house-boy."

"House-boy no belong ship," replied Koko derisively. "You no savvy anything belong ship! You belong along island. Little white master he no wantee house-boy along this feller ketch. You go along fore-castle. Bimeby you go along shore."

"Me stop along this place," answered Sululo obstinately. "Me no savvy work along feller sailorman. Me savvy house-boy work—me stop along this place, serve white master all samee house-boy."

Koko's black eyes glittered, and he made a stride towards the house-boy.

Kaio-lalulalonga, as boatswain, was in authority over the native crew. This was resistance to authority. He pointed to the companion.

"You go along deck, along me tell you!" he snapped.

"No go along deck," answered Sululo.

That was enough for the exasperated boatswain.

He jumped at the black boy of Vana-Vana, very likely glad that Sululo had given him a pretext for using his powerful hands on him.

Sululo himself was a strong man, but the big Kanaka towered over him.

"Now, you go, you black trash!" snapped Koko, as he grasped at the house-boy.

The aluminium jug went up, and came down with a terrific crash on Kaio-lalulalonga's head.

The blow dented the metal jug out of shape, and sent Koko reeling, to fall with a heavy bump to the floor.

For a moment Koko sprawled there, dazed by the blow. Then he leaped to his feet, and with a roar of rage hurled himself on Sululo.

A moment more, and the brown man and the black were staggering and reeling about the cabin, locked in a furious grasp, and fighting fiercely.

Brown Man v Black!

"MY sainted Sam!" King of the Islands sat up suddenly in his bunk. The uproar in the adjoining cabin had effectually awakened him. He

knuckled the sleep from his eyes and listened.

Sounds of trampling feet, panting breath, and muffled ejaculations of rage reached him.

The boy trader whipped out of his bunk and ran to the doorway.

He stared in amazement at the scene that met his eyes.

Black man and brown were fighting furiously, eyes blazing, teeth bared, and snarling like dogs.

Kaio-lalulalonga was the stronger, and he was getting the best of it; but Sululo was fighting hard.

"You feller boy!" roared Ken.

But the voice of the white master was unheeded by the two infuriated natives.

"You feller boy! You no fight along this place!" shouted King of the Islands. "You hear me, ear belong you? My word, me plenty mad along you feller!"

Still the voice of the white master was not heeded. With a crash, Sululo went down to the planks, Kaio-lalulalonga sprawling breathlessly over him. There was a sudden gleam of steel. A knife was in Sululo's hand, jerked out from somewhere behind his calico trousers.

King of the Islands leaped forward. He grasped the black man's wrist and dragged away the clenched hand with the knife in it



With a roar of rage, Koko hurled himself at Sululo. "You feller boy! You no fight along this place!" shouted Ken, springing forward to part them.

Cabin Boy of the Dawn!

With a twist of his strong hand, the boy trader forced Sululo to release the knife, and tore it away from his grasp. The next moment it was tossed through an open port-hole into the flowing waters beside the ketch.

"My sainted Sam!" ejaculated Ken. "Stop this—you hear me, ear belong you? Koko! Hands off!"

He wrenched the boatswain away from the Vana-Vana boy, and fairly hurled him back. Koko staggered against the lockers, panting. Sululo scrambled to his feet. He gave the Kanaka a glare of hate, and backed away a few paces, breathing in great gasps. The sweat was running down his black limbs in streams.

"You swabs!" exclaimed King of the Islands angrily. "What does this mean? What name you feller boy you fight along cabin belong me?"

"Me plenty solly, sar!" gasped Sululo. "You no mad along this poor black boy, sar."

"Me plenty mad along you!" growled King of the Islands. "S'pose you touch feller knife again, hand belong you, you plenty kill along stick, all same along feller Dussman along Vana-Vana."

The boy trader turned to Kaiolalulalonga. The brown boatswain was panting, glaring implacably at Sululo. But for the fact that King of the Islands stood between them, Koko would have renewed the contest.

"What name?" snapped King of the Islands.

"That black feller trash he no 'bey order along me, sar," said Koko sulkily. "Me no likee that black trash, sar—me no likee he not 'bey order along me. Me sing out along that black trash go along deck—me no likee that black feller cannibal he stop along this place."

"Me stop along this place, sar," panted Sululo. "Me no savvy work along feller sailorman. Me savvy work along house-boy along white master."

"You shut up mouth belong you!" roared Koko.

"Me no shut up mouth belong me, along you say!" retorted Sululo. "Me shut up mouth belong me, along white master he say. You feller nigger, all same this black boy. S'pose you come along Vana-Vana, me takee head belong you, smoke along canoe-house! You nigger!"

"Stand back!" shouted King of the Islands, as the enraged boatswain made a move forward.

"Me plenty kill that black feller, sar!" panted Koko.

"Stand back, I tell you! Get on deck!"

"Me tinkee—"

"Get on deck!" ordered King of the Islands, greatly exasperated. "S'pose you no go along deck, along me say, me put you ashore next island we stop."

Kaiolalulalonga stood quite still for a moment or two. Then, without a word, or another look at his white master, he went on deck.

King of the Islands went back to the state-room to dress.

He was feeling angry and exasperated. The trouble between the two natives had its ludicrous aspect, but for all that it was very serious. Sululo had fully intended to use the knife he had drawn in the struggle; and had Koko been armed, it was more than likely that he would have used a weapon. There might have been a tragedy in the cabin of the Dawn had not Ken intervened in time.

Ken was not likely to forget Koko's long and faithful service, but the boatswain was quite in the wrong. Sululo was useless on deck. So long as he had to remain on the ketch, he was useful in the cabin, and he was there by the skipper's leave. By seeking to turn him out, Koko had been contravening the skipper's orders. Sululo had been quite within his rights in resisting. At night—except the night when he had been hidden below—Sululo berthed forward with the crew, but by day, ever since the ketch had left Vana-Vana, he had acted as cabin-boy aft. Koko's jealous dislike of the black man had led him astray. And loyal and faithful as Koko was, Ken did not intend to let a Kanaka assume command on his ship. He dressed and went on deck.

Sululo remained in the cabin, polishing metalwork, and singing to himself, already forgetful of the trouble with Koko in the happy way of the black man.

Kit Hudson greeted Ken with a faint grin as he came on deck. Lompo was at the wheel, and Kaiolalulalonga stood looking gloomily out to sea. He did not turn his head as Ken came up from the companion. Hudson had spoken to him, but Koko made no answer. The Kanaka seemed to be plunged in a deep, silent gloom.

"What's the trouble, Ken?" asked the mate of the Dawn.

"Koko's got his back up with the black boy," Ken growled. "The silly swab seems to have pitched into him for nothing. I was in time to get Sululo's knife away from him."

"My hat!" said Hudson, and he whistled.

Ken glanced up at the canvas of the Dawn. A six-knot breeze was bowling the graceful ketch swiftly through the blue waters.

"We don't sight land for four days at least, Ken," said the Australian. "That swab Sululo is booked to stay on board, unless we drop him over the side."

"Confound him!" muttered King of the Islands. "If he'd gone ashore at Luva—"

"He won't go ashore at all if he can help it," chuckled the mate. "The boy's taken a fancy to you, Ken."

"We must drop him at the next island. Until then those swabs have got to keep the peace!" growled Ken. "Here, you feller Koko!"

Kaiolalulalonga turned his head.

"Koko, you no kick up hullabaloo along that black feller Sululo any more altogether," said Ken. "You no talk bad feller talk along him, mouth belong you. S'pose you talk along

him, you talk good feller talk. You savvy?"

"Me no talk along that feller boy, sar," answered the Kanaka disdainfully. "Me no likum that feller boy."

"Well, leave him alone, whether you like him or not," said Ken impatiently. "This feller captain no likum shiny along ship belong him. You keep plenty long way far off along that feller Sululo. That feller he cabin-boy, all same house-boy, along this ketch. You savvy?"

"Feller Sululo he no good!"

"That feller talk he fool talk," answered Ken brusquely. "Feller Sululo he savum life belong me. Me no likum that feller beat. Me plenty mad along you, s'pose you beat that feller boy any more altogether."

Koko stood silent, and the boy trader turned away. Ken had other matters to occupy his mind, far more important than the feud between the brown man and the black.

Except when duty made it necessary, no word passed Koko's lips during the remainder of that day.

When he was off duty his ukulele was silent, and he did not hum Hawaiian tunes, as was his custom.

"Koko's sulking, Ken," Hudson remarked, with a smile, later in the day.

"He will get over it. The old coffee-bean is the best-tempered Kanaka in the Pacific," said Ken.

But the cloud did not leave Koko's brown face that day. Kaiolalulalonga let the sun go down on his wrath—wrath that grew deeper and more bitter with brooding. His little white master had taken the part of the black boy of Vana-Vana against him—or so it seemed to Koko. And all the more because he could not feel bitter towards King of the Islands, his bitterness concentrated on Sululo.

And Sululo, in the manner of a black man, feeling that he had triumphed, was not tactful. He had to rub it in.

"Me stop," he said when Koko came down for his watch below that night. "You see, eye belong you, this feller stop."

Koko glared at him but made no answer. He turned and went on deck again, and his berth on the lockers remained vacant that night. The bo'sun slept on a tapa mat with the crew.

Bitter Blood!

THE next day saw the Dawn still running before a favourable breeze, with the vast expanse of the Pacific round her, far from the sight of land.

Ken, when he sighted Koko's face on deck in the morning, frowned a little.

Koko's brown visage was like that of a bronze statue. It was expressionless. Gone was the good-humoured grin, and the affectionate fidelity with which his eyes were wont to follow his little white master had vanished.

Not that Koko had become careless in his duty. No boatswain, no sailor-man, could have been more meticulously dutiful than Koko in this new, strange mood of sulky resentment. No fault could have been found with him had anyone been desirous of finding fault, which, of course, no one

was. Everything that duty required Koko to do he did, and did well.

But all the animation was gone out of him. From a high-spirited fellow who joyed in his work he had become a frozen-faced automaton. His manner to King of the Islands was as respectful as of old, but it was the respect that any Kanaka might have shown to any white captain.

That the faithful fellow should be offended, that he should be brooding over fancied wrongs and feeling himself slighted and neglected, was painful enough to Ken. It was a mood in the infantile, emotional nature of the Kanaka—a mood that Koko had never displayed before, and that was not easy to deal with. For several days at least the bone of contention—Sululo—had to remain on board the ketch, unless he was, as Hudson had humorously suggested, dropped over the side. Even when the next land was sighted Ken felt a repugnance to

driving away the black boy, whose only fault, after all, was a devoted attachment to himself—gratitude for what the boy trader had done for him on Vana-Vana.

Sululo was making himself exceedingly useful, and though a cabin-boy was not exactly wanted on so small a vessel as the Dawn, the former house-boy of Vana-Vana was worth his rations. Danny, the cooky-boy, at least, was glad to be relieved of some of his duties aft. Danny was not a glutton for work, and the more Sululo took off his hands the better the cooky-boy liked it. And Sululo was willing to take off his hands every duty that brought him into personal touch with King of the Islands. Indeed, when Danny butted into the cabin, Sululo showed an irritation not unlike the irritation Koko had displayed towards the Vana-Vana boy.

Willingly enough Danny kept to his

galley or sat in the shade and chewed betel-nut when duty did not call, and hoped that Sululo would remain a fixture on the ketch.

The Hiva-Oa crew found entertainment in the feud. Their sympathies were with Koko, as a Polynesian like themselves. They had no liking for Black Islanders. But they certainly found the quarrel a relief from the monotony of a voyage that, in fair weather and out of the sight of land, had few incidents. A scrap on the deck, even with the use of knife or hatchet, would not have come amiss so far as the native crew were concerned. Indeed, they found it amusing to feed the fires of Koko's wrath on the subject of Sululo.

"My word, that black feller Sululo he tinkee he plenty big feller along this ship!" said Lompe. "He tinkee plenty too much along himself, my word!"

(Continued on the next page.)

The PRINCE'S PILOTS.

Capt. Jones, one of the most sought-after of the Imperial Airways pilots and who has flown with the Prince of Wales as his passenger, is here seen shaking hands with Chief Eagle Elk, of the Sioux Tribe, before taking that Redskin brave for his first flight.



Our Prince's enthusiasm for flying is kept within bounds only by those whose duty it is to see that he does not tempt Fate by emulating the amazing stunts of the professional-flying men! And his air-pilots, as you might imagine, are selected for him with the very greatest care.

IT is ten years since the Prince first took to the air, and one of his first flights was made in a two-engined Handley-Page bomber over London. Later that same year he was taken up by one of the pilots of the Gosport air station for a long-distance flight which included all the stunts then known.

The first occasion, however, on which our Prince used a commercial machine was during the General Strike. He was on the Continent when the strike started, and it fell to the lot of Capt. O. P. Jones to carry the Prince home to Croydon Aerodrome.

This was no small responsibility for the pilot, but Capt. Jones is a man without nerves, and with the Prince beside him, interesting himself keenly in the mechanism and controls, the journey passed without untoward incident.

Capt. Jones, known as "Phil" among the host of friends he has made since he took up cross-Channel work seven years ago, again piloted the Prince, from Paris, last April, when he returned from Maréchal Foch's funeral. There was a heavy fog over the Channel, and the Prince was advised not to attempt the air journey. He asked Capt. Jones' opinion. The pilot felt sure that he could make the journey.

"Right-ho! Come on, then!" said the Prince. "Never mind those other people!" The pilot had to climb thousands of feet to get above the clouds, and from Le Bourget to Croydon they never once saw the earth. Again the Prince, in the cockpit, showed no nervousness at all.

Capt. Jones is a dark, thick-set man of a little over thirty, with merry, twinkling eyes, and the cheeriest of dispositions—the sort of man you would feel safe with in any emergency. After War service, he bought an Avro three-seater and toured the country, giving joy rides and exhibitions of stunt flying, having for a companion a pilot who was then unknown but

who is now the hero of countless thousands of fellows—Sir Alan Cobham!

Now he is one of the most experienced and most sought-after of the Imperial Airways pilots. During his commercial flying career he has flown 6,000 hours and has carried more than 26,000 passengers without so much as scratching a single one of them! No wonder the life of the Heir to the Throne was entrusted to his care!

I knew Phil Jones when he was a boy at school, and I am not in the least surprised that he has done so well. He has always refused to be tempted into such hazardous stunts as Atlantic flights, preferring wisely, I think, to stick to the job at which he is so competent.

Now, of course, the Prince has a plane of his own. It is stationed at Northolt Aerodrome, and is kept always ready for instant use if called for by H.R.H. One of a squadron of fast bombing planes, it is a Wapiti two-seater, equipped with the Handley-Page slotted wings which make that terror of the air, stalling, impossible.

Squadron-leader Don, the pilot of this private plane, is a typical R.A.F. man, without fear and with nerves of iron. He has had thirteen years' service in our Air Force. Gazetted flying-officer observer in the R.F.C. in June, 1916, he was granted a permanent commission as Flight-Lieut. in August, 1919, and became squadron-leader last January.

He is not the type of man to shout about the fact that he is the Prince's pilot, and has stated on several occasions that there are other pilots equally suited for this responsibility.

The Prince's life, when he flies with pilot Don, is in the best of hands. I should like to meet the man who could teach Squadron-leader Don anything about aeroplanes—Wapitis in particular!

Cabin Boy of the Dawn!

Grunt from Koko.

"Feller white master he likum that black feller plenty," remarked Kolulo. "You feller Koko, you savvy what name white master he likum that black feller too much?"

"He likum plenty," chimed in Lufu. "He givum that black feller plenty thing, givum feller tick-tock. He likum that black feller."

Koko turned furiously on his tormentors.

"You feller boy, you talk too plenty much mouth belong you," he snarled. "You tinkee you stop along this ship along you talk and no work? My word! You look alive, you feller boy, along you scrape that feller boat."

And Lompo and Kolulo and Lufu found themselves set to work scraping the whaleboat—which really did not need scraping—under the hot sunshine. But while they scraped they grinned and winked at one another.

During Koko's trick at the wheel, later in the day, King of the Islands came aft, looked at the binnacle, and stopped beside the helmsman. Koko stood there like a bronze statue, expressionless. Ken regarded him for some minutes in silence, troubled, and a little angry.

"You plenty big fool, Koko!" he said at last.

"Yes, sar," said Koko, unmoved.

"What name you mad along me, Koko?" asked Ken, half smiling, in spite of his vexation. "You no likum any more little white master?"

The Kanaka was silent.

"You hear me speak ear belong you?" snapped Ken. "What name you no answer along me speak?"

"Me boatswain, sar," said Koko. "Me 'boy order along white feller master. S'pose you givum order along me, me jump. You sing out this feller jump along sea, me jump along sea. Me no talk."

"You no wantee talk along me, Koko?" asked Ken sharply.

"No, sar."

King of the Islands turned away impatiently. But the remembrance of Kaio-lalulalonga's long and faithful service was in his mind, and he turned back. The Kanaka's look was one of utter indifference. What he felt, if he felt anything, was completely hidden from the keenest eye, as if he had retreated, like a hermit-crab, into the depths of a shell. To be rebuffed by a Kanaka was a new experience to Ken, and not an agreeable one. But he made one more effort.

"Look here, Koko, you listen, ear belong you," he said. "Me good feller along that boy Sululo, along he savum life belong me. Me no likum that feller all same me likum feller Koko. You savvy?"

Not a sign from the Kanaka. Kaio-lalulalonga was wrapped in sulky resentment as in a garment.

Ken's face flushed angrily, and he opened his lips as if about to speak sharply to the sulky bo'sun; but he bit back the words and turned

abruptly away. For the first time since Kaio-lalulalonga had sailed on the Dawn, King of the Islands was angry with him.

Koko's dark eyes followed him wistfully for a moment, as he turned away. Then his glance turned to the sea and the stolid expressionless immobility settled on his bronze face.

That stolidity was broken, for another moment, when Sululo came on deck. The "tick-tock" King of the Islands had given him—a large silver watch—adorned the black boy's chest, hanging on a coral necklace. Sululo was immensely proud of that new adornment; and at times he would lift the watch to his ear and listen to its ticking, with ineffable delight in his black face.

He went to man after man in the crew, holding up the watch for the happy sharer of his joy to listen to the sound that came from it, and at last he came to the Kanaka at the wheel. The blaze that came into Koko's eyes at that moment was startling, and it caused Sululo to back away a pace or two, instead of holding up the watch.

Hudson, who was on deck, hastily interposed.

"You feller Sululo, you go along cabin," he said.

"Yes, sar," said Sululo obediently. "You likum listen along tick-tock belong me, sar, ear belong you?"

He held up the watch.

Hudson, with an involuntary grin, listened for a moment to the ticking of the wonderful thing, and motioned Sululo below.

In the cabin Sululo found new joy in winding his watch, though he was surprised and a little disappointed to find that it would not wind indefinitely. But the ticking kept on. The possession of that "feller tick-tock" raised him, in his own estimation, far above an ordinary Kanaka, and, indeed, made him feel almost like a feller white master. In his happy satisfaction the feather-brained boy gave no thought to the black looks of Kaio-lalulalonga, and, indeed, forgot his existence.

But Kaio-lalulalonga did not forget!

Desperate Measures.

IN the red sunset the Pacific rolled like a sea of flame. Far off on the reddened sea a purple blur showed above the water. King of the Islands had stood with his eyes fixed on it for some minutes, and then he nodded, as if he recognised it.

"That's O'o'u, Kit," he said. "Plenty of reefs round that atoll; but we're giving it a wide berth."

The red sun was dipping to the sea in the west. Kaio-lalulalonga, standing like a statue, stared across the glowing waters at the distant atoll. To the keen eyes of the Kanaka it was possible to pick up the gleam of the breaking surf on the long coral reefs.

"You savvy O'o'u, Koko?" said Ken, breaking the long silence that had reigned between him and the Kanaka.

"Me savvy him, 'sar," answered

Koko coldly. And he turned away his head.

Ken bit his lip. He was growing impatient—fed up—with the impassive stolidity of the Kanaka, so strange a contrast to his usual affectionate impulsiveness.

With the fall of darkness Hudson went down for his watch below, whilst Ken remained pacing the deck. He had ceased to give heed to Koko now; but he was reminded of the Kanaka by the subdued twang of the ukulele that came through the soft air of the night. He glanced round. Koko, a shadowy figure, was seated on the hatchway coaming, softly twanging the ukulele, and singing to himself in the Hawaiian dialect.

It was a relief to Ken to hear the ukulele. It seemed to hint that Kaio-lalulalonga was returning to his old mood. Standing by the binnacle, watching the sea as the ketch drove on under the stars, Ken gave ear to the soft twanging, and the rising and falling murmur of Koko's singing voice.

Something in the Kanaka's tone struck his attention after a time. It was no Hawaiian love song, no Kanaka song of the sea, that Koko was singing now. Words came to Ken's ears, words that caused him to start and listen with more attention. He moved nearer to Kaio-lalulalonga, and glimpsed his face in the glimmer of the stars—and saw it fixed in expression, the eyes gleaming strangely. Koko, in the Kanaka manner, was improvising his song as he sang. And with every moment his dark face was growing darker and fiercer. Ken went back to the binnacle, and he glanced at the face of Lompo, who was at the helm, in the light of the lamp. He saw the steersman start.

"You feller Lompo, what that feller song Kaio-lalulalonga he sing along ukulele?" asked Ken, in a low voice.

Lompo hesitated, with the hesitation of a Kanaka to give another Kanaka away to a white master. Ken made an angry gesture.

"Feller Kaio-lalulalonga he sing, along black feller stop along little feller island along sea," stammered Lompo. "He say black feller swim plenty long way along sea, plenty long way, sar, along little feller island he stop. He say bad black feller stop along little feller island altogether."

Ken was perplexed. He knew the way of the Kanakas of expressing thoughts and feelings in an improvised chant. The "little feller island" undoubtedly was O'o'u, within a few miles of which the ketch would pass on her course; and the "bad black feller" was, of course, Sululo. If Koko's strange chant merely expressed his wish that Sululo was marooned on the lonely atoll, and left behind by the ketch, it was a matter of no moment. But the fierce look on the bo'sun's face haunted Ken's mind—he suspected that Lompo had not told him all that he had surmised from the song of Kaio-lalulalonga.

Ken approached the boatswain
(Continued on page 20.)

Cabin Boy of the Dawn!

(Continued from page 10.)

again. Koko, the fierce look still on his face, did not heed him till Ken spoke. Then the Kanaka seemed suddenly to become aware of his presence, and he started and rose from the hatchway coamings.

"That feller song he plenty bad song, Koko," said King of the Islands. "Me likum plenty you sing Hawaiian song. You sing the song of the surf-riders, me plenty glad. Me no likum that feller song."

Kaio-lalulalonga laid down the ukulele.

"Me no sing any more altogether, sar!" he said quietly.

"You sing plenty much, s'pose you wantee, but you no sing that bad feller song," answered Ken.

"Me no sing, sar."

Ken turned away from him. For some time he paced the deck, with an occasional word to the steersman. More than once it struck him that Lompo, with his hands on the spokes, was listening, as if for some expected sound. But the steersman avoided the eyes of the white master.

Ken, with his uneasiness growing, looked round for Koko. The Kanaka was no longer to be seen.

As Koko was not on duty, there was no reason why he should not go below to his berth on the cabin lockers. Sululo was somewhere forward, sleeping on his tapa mat, either in the forecabin or on the forward deck. Ken stepped down the companion and looked into the cabin. The swinging lamp, so brightly polished by Sululo, was burning there; it showed the cabin empty. Koko was not below.

Ken returned hurriedly to the deck. The strange chant that Kaio-lalulalonga had sung to the ukulele was still in his ears. He had a foreboding that there was mischief brewing. Koko had gone silently forward in the darkness of the deck—and Sululo was forward! If some thought of vengeance, the fierce vengeance of the South Sea native, had taken possession of the Kanaka's brooding mind—

Ken went hurriedly forward. Kolulu and Lufu were on deck on duty. Danny, the cooky-boy, was sleeping at the door of his galley, and the other Hiva-Oa boy was stretched on a tapa mat, fast asleep. Ken could see nothing of the boatswain, and he called to Lufu.

"Where that feller boy Sululo he stop?"

"He stop along forecabin, sar!"

"You see Kaio-lalulalonga, eye belong you?"

"He stop along forecabin, sar!" said Lufu again.

Ken ran forward. Sululo was sleeping in the forecabin and Koko had gone there—why?

Ken, his heart full of misgiving, hurried to the open scuttle. The interior of the little forecabin was dark, but in the darkness there was something that gleamed. As his foot

was on the step of the forecabin, a low, menacing voice came to his ears.

"You speak one feller word, mouth belong you, you dead Kanaka! You shut up mouth belong you, you feller Sululo!"

Ken caught his breath as he heard the whispering, menacing voice of Kaio-lalulalonga.

"Me no kill-dead you black feller along knife." At those words Ken stopped. "Little white master he no likum you kill-dead along knife, along ship belong him. You go along sea, you plenty swim along feller island—you Vana-Vana boy, you savvy little feller island O'o'u plenty too much. All Vana-Vana boy he swim plenty good, all same feller fish. You swim along O'o'u, you stop along O'o'u. You savvy?"

There was a faint sound, as if a reply had been choked back by a strong hand on a throat.

"You no speak, mouth belong you! You listen ear belong you, you bad

black feller! You come along deck, along this Kanaka. You go over side, along water, you savvy? You no speak—you no sing out—s'pose you sing out, you kill-dead along this feller knife. You plenty quiet, you black trash, or you dead Kanaka! You savvy?"

King of the Islands stood motionless. There was a stirring in the darkness of the tiny forecabin. With the knife at his throat, under the strong terror of death, the black boy of Vana-Vana was obeying the bo'sun. Ken stepped aside from the forecabin door, his face set and stern.

He knew now the meaning of that chant that Kaio-lalulalonga had sung to the twanging of the ukulele. With the knife at his throat, Sululo was to be forced to slip into the sea in the darkness. Doubtless the Vana-Vana boy could have made good the long swim to the atoll—it was a place he knew, and the Vana-Vana blacks were like fish in the water. But it was a long swim—and there were sharks in the sea!

Two shadowy figures, close together, one in the grip of the other, emerged silently from the forecabin. The black boy's face was set with dread, the knife in Koko's brawny fist was touching his bare skin. King of the Islands made a sudden movement, and in an instant the knife was torn from Koko's grasp and flung along the deck.

Kaio-lalulalonga gave a violent start. His eyes blazed fiercely round for his assailant, but as he recognized King of the Islands, the fierceness died away. Without waiting to be bidden, he released the shrinking black. Then Ken spoke.

"Sululo! You go along cabin! You stop along cabin altogether!"

"Yes, sar!" panted Sululo. He vanished along the deck.

Kaio-lalulalonga stood facing the boy trader, silent and shamefaced, as if awaiting sentence.

"You plenty bad feller, Koko!" rasped King of the Islands.

No answer.

"Me plenty mad along you, Koko."

"Me savvy, sar!"

"You swab, you ought to be put in irons!" exclaimed Ken angrily. "But—but I can't!"

"You put this feller along irons, s'pose you likum, sar," said Koko unmoved. "You put this feller along sea, s'pose you likum. You master, sar."

Ken drew a deep breath.

"Get back into the forecabin," he said. "You stop along forecabin along this night!"

Without a word, the Kanaka stepped back into the forecabin, and Ken closed and secured the scuttle, leaving him a prisoner there. Then, with an angry frown on his brow, the boy trader returned aft.

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