

TOPPING HOLIDAY READING!

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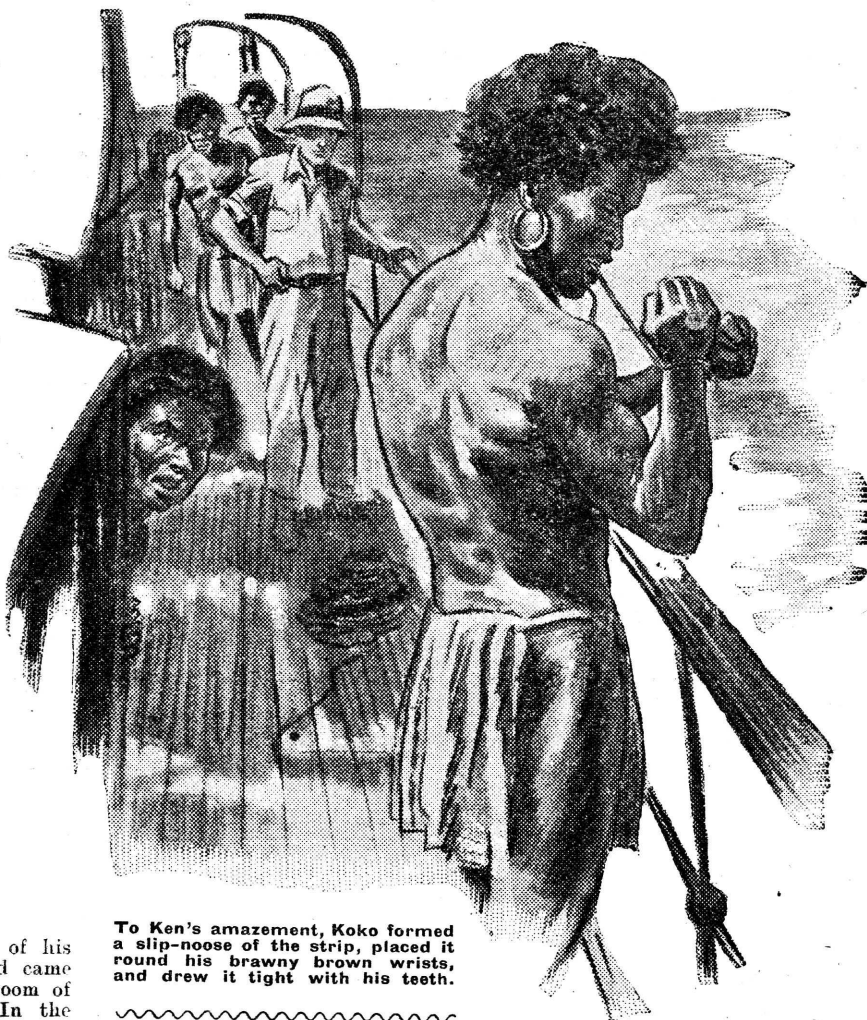


THIS WEEK'S BATTLE O' THE YACHTS! See Inside.

FOES of the Dawn!

LONG AND
COMPLETE.

By
**CHARLES
HAMILTON.**



To Ken's amazement, Koko formed a slip-noose of the strip, placed it round his brawny brown wrists, and drew it tight with his teeth.

Trouble Aboard!
KIT HUDSON turned out of his bunk at four bells, and came out of the little state-room of the Dawn into the cabin. In the light of the swinging lamp he saw Sululo, the black boy who had been taken aboard at Vana-Vana, stretched on the lockers in the berth usually occupied by Koko—otherwise Kaio-lalulalonga—the Kanaka bo'sun. Sululo was not asleep, late as the hour was.

He lay motionless; but his black eyes were open and glinting in the lamplight.

Hudson paused to speak to him, on his way to the companion ladder.

"You feller Sululo!"

The black fellow jumped to attention immediately.

"Yes, sar!"

"What name you stop along this place?" asked the mate of the Dawn. "That place you stop belong Kaio-lalulalonga. Place belong you along fore-castle, you savvy."

"Feller white master he tell this feller stop along cabin, sar," answered Sululo.

"King of the Islands told you to berth here?"

"Yes, sar."

"Very well!" said Hudson; and he passed on up the companion to the deck, a little puzzled.

Sululo watched him go, settling back on the lockers when the mate was out of sight; but he did not close

his eyes. He lay there with busy thoughts working in his fuzzy Melanesian brain, a fierce gleam growing in his eyes.

Hudson reached the deck. The Dawn was gliding along under the stars, under easy sail. King of the Islands, as Ken King, the youthful skipper and owner of the Dawn, was called, stood near the binnacle, and the mate joined him there.

KING OF THE ISLANDS—

young Ken King, boy trader of the South Seas—finds life aboard his ketch extremely lively when he takes on a new hand. The fo'c'sle finds it lively, too. Between them all—and the bo'sun—a gripping yarn of adventure is produced!

Ken King was looking worried.

He gave his shipmate a nod as he came up; but the worried look did not clear from his face.

"Anything up, Ken?" asked Hudson. "Sululo's below in the cabin. He says you told him to berth there."

"That's right."
"Where's Koko, then?"

Hudson had glanced round for Kaio-lalulalonga, but the boatswain was not on deck.

"In the fo'c'sle!" said Ken.

"But what—"

"Locked in!" added Ken.

Hudson whistled.

"Something serious has happened in my watch below!" he remarked. "Trouble between Koko and the Vana-Vana boy?"

"That's it," said Ken.

"Sululo might have gone to the sharks."

"My hat!" said Hudson.

"So bad as that?"

"Ay, ay! You know we passed within a few miles of the O'o'u atoll to-night—and if I had not chipped in Koko would have made the black boy drop over the side to swim to O'o'u. Luckily I found out what was going on and stopped it. Koko's a good man;

but he has a big streak of the savage in him still, I'm afraid."

"We can't land Sululo for three days yet, Ken," remarked Hudson.

"That black feller must have had plenty too much fright!" he added, with a smile, in the beche-de-mer.

"He was scared stiff," said King of the Islands. "He would have gone over the side—and, of course,

Foes of the Dawn!

he might have made good the swim, and reached the atoll—that was what Koko meant. But there are sharks in these waters—

"And you've locked Koko in the fo'c'sle?"

"For the present, yes! I don't know what to do with him," confessed King of the Islands. "Any other man I'd put in irons and turn off the ship at the first beach. But not—"

"Not Koko!" added Hudson.

"No. He's taken a regular South-Sea savage hatred to the Vana-Vana boy, but Koko's too good a man to lose. And he's worth a dozen of the black boys—though Sululo saved my life on Vana-Vana, and I'm grateful. I hate to keep Koko locked in, but I—"

King of the Islands broke off. Hudson, too, was silent, thinking. It was not an easy matter to deal with.

Ken glanced along the deck.

Not a sound came from the locked forecabin.

The Hiva-Oa crew of the ketch were all on deck—two on duty, the other three asleep on tapa mats under the stars. The boatswain had the forecabin to himself. It was irksome enough to Ken to make a prisoner of the faithful Kanaka, who had followed him through so many perils, and who would have thrown away his life with a light heart to serve his white master.

It was all the more irksome because Koko's bitter feud with the Vana-Vana boy was caused by his devotion to his master—a devotion that had a strain of jealousy in it. It was because Sululo had devoted himself to the white man who had saved him from the cruelty of the Dutch trader of Vana-Vana that Koko resented his presence on board the ketch.

His own devotion was unbounded; but he was not willing to allow the same devotion to any other islander of the Pacific.

Ken made a move to go forward, and paused.

The position of affairs troubled and worried him. Koko, in his present mood, was not to be trusted within reach of the Vana-Vana boy.

And Sululo, loyal as he was to the white master, was a savage of the Black Islands, fierce and vengeful under an outward veneer of grinning good humour, valuing a human life little higher than a mosquito's.

The whole affair was irritating; but at the same time there were all the elements of a tragedy in it.

"I can't keep him shut up," said the black trader at last. "I reckon I'll speak to him, Kit—and while I'm below, you keep an eye open, old chap!"

"Right!" agreed Hudson.

Ken went forward, and stopped at the little forecabin. No sound came from within.

He wondered whether Koko was sleeping, as he quietly unfastened and opened the door. The interior was in darkness, and there was no sound or movement. But a luminous

gleam in the shadows revealed two wakeful, staring eyes.

"Koko, you're awake, then!" said King of the Islands.

"Yes, sar." Koko's voice was subdued and low.

"You feller Koko, you tinkee along that feller thing you do!" said Ken. "You savvy plenty that feller thing he bad thing."

No answer.

"S'pose that feller Sululo go along sea, feller shark makee kai-kai along him," said Ken. "That feller he save life belong me, along Vana-Vana."

There was only an obstinate silence from Koko. The fact that Sululo had saved his master's life probably only added to the Kanaka's resentment. Certainly he was glad that King of the Islands had been saved; but he resented the fact that it was Sululo who had saved him.

"You listen to me, ear belong you," said Ken. "Me likee you plenty too much, Koko. Me no likee you stop along this place, all same feller prisoner. You no makee any more trouble along that feller Sululo, me no mad along you any more."

SURPRISE GIFTS

Carry a copy of MODERN BOY with you at the seaside on your holiday this year. Our representatives are on the look-out for readers displaying their copies, for the special purpose of presenting to such readers a surprise gift selected from the following: Kites, Windmills, Large Balloons, Mystery Packets, and Flags.

There may be one of them FOR YOU!

"Me no makee any more trouble along that feller Sululo, sar!" said Kaio-lalulalonga, in a scarcely audible voice.

"That's right!" said Ken, relieved. "Me savvy you plenty good feller, Koko! Me plenty trust you. You come along deck!"

Koko emerged from the little forecabin.

His brown face was set and grave, his manner subdued. He did not look at his white master.

"You stop along deck, Koko!" said Ken. "You no go along cabin, where Sululo he stop."

"Me savvy, sar!"

King of the Islands returned aft, and after a few words with Hudson went down the companion for his watch below.

In the cabin he glanced at Sululo, stretched on the lockers. The black boy was still wide awake, his sleepless eyes glistening in the lamplight. But he closed them as he heard the boy skipper of the Dawn coming. Ken's careless glance rested on him

only for a moment, and he fancied that the black man of Vana-Vana was asleep as he went to the state-room and turned into his bunk.

Black Vengeance!

FROM the east a faint glimmer told that dawn was coming.

Kit Hudson yawned, and looked across the starry sea, glad of the sign of the coming day. At the helm stood Kaio-lalulalonga, taking his turn at the wheel. Since Sululo had come aboard the ketch at Vana-Vana, Koko had said little—and now he had become completely silent, answering only when spoken to, and in the briefest possible way.

His brown, set face expressed nothing. It might have been supposed that his brain was wholly idle, an unthinking blank; but Hudson, who glanced at him many times, knew different. Behind that mask of impassive calm, the Kanaka's thoughts were busy; Hudson was sure of that.

What they were he could not guess; but he knew that Koko was brooding, and that he was sunk in the deepest despondency. Koko, like all Kanakas, was talkative; and this grim silence was a strange change in him.

Hudson was troubled, as was Ken. He liked the faithful, loyal Kanaka, and missed his usual happy good-humour in this strange, sulky mood of unreasoning jealousy that had mastered him.

During that watch on deck Hudson had kept an eye on the bo'sun; but he did not really believe that Koko needed watching. Kaio-lalulalonga was, as he had often said, no common Kanaka; and both the shipmates believed that he would keep his word to avoid further trouble with Sululo.

"New day he come, Koko!" said the mate, as the gleam of light came from the eastern sky.

"Yes, sar!" answered Koko stolidly.

"Three more day, and we come along Tolo," said Hudson. "That Vana-Vana boy he go ashore along Tolo."

Koko did not answer.

"Look here, oid coffee-bean!" said Hudson good-naturedly. "You no likum that black feller Sululo. You likum plenty he go ashore. Three more day, he go along Tolo. You grouse plenty too much, Koko."

"No tinkee feller Sululo he go ashore along Tolo, sar," said Koko.

"What name you no tinkee?"

"He likum plenty little white master," said the Kanaka. "Little white master he likum plenty that feller Sululo. Sululo no wantee go ashore—little white master no makee go."

Hudson was silent. He wondered a little whether Sululo really would leave the ketch at Tolo. Once before he had hidden himself in the hold to avoid being sent ashore, although Ken had, in his gratitude, offered him presents that would make him a rich man as natives count wealth.

Certainly he was determined to remain with King of the Islands if he could, and the fact that he had

risked his life to save Ken from death made it difficult, if not impossible, to treat him otherwise than with kindness. Likely enough Sululo would not go—unless he was tossed bodily into a boat.

A dark, bitter look came for a moment over Koko's face, as the mate did not reply.

"Sululo he stop!" said Kaio-lalulalonga bitterly. "Me savvy!"

"Well," said Hudson uncomfortably, "s'pose Sululo he stop. Koko, he good feller, that black boy. He house-boy along Vana-Vana—he plenty good cabin-boy along this ship. What name he no stop?"

Koko made no answer to that.

His face was set and expressionless again, as if the matter had no special interest for him.

"What name you no likum that black feller!" said Hudson. "You no tinkee good he save life belong King of the Islands?"

"Me tinkee plenty good, sar."

"Well, then—"

"No likum black feller, sar. Tinkum black trash, sar!" said Koko. "No likum altogether."

"That bad feller talk, Koko."

"Yes, sar. White master savvy. Poor Kanaka no savvy anything."

"Look here, old bean," said

Hudson, "this won't do! You can't go on with Sululo like feller cat and feller dog."

"No, sar! S'pose Sululo he stop, this feller no stop."

Hudson started.

"You swab, you will not leave King of the Islands?"

No answer from Kaio-lalulalonga.

"You tinkee go ashore along Tolo, s'pose Sululo no go?" asked the mate, really concerned.

"No, sar. No tinkee go along Tolo," answered Koko, his dark eyes turning upon Hudson for a moment, with a strange expression in them that perplexed the mate of the Dawn.

"You tinkee bad feller thought, head belong you, Koko," said Hudson. "King of the Islands he plenty sad, s'pose you no stop along ketch."

Kaio-lalulalonga shook his dusky head.

"No wantee Koko, sar, along Sululo he stop. Wantee black feller. This feller he no good any more."

"You silly ass!" said Hudson.

He turned away, and took a turn up and down the little after-deck of the ketch.

It was evidently useless to argue with Kaio-lalulalonga. The idea was firmly fixed in the Kanaka's mind

that he was set aside in favour of the Vana-Vana boy, and no amount of talk would shift it.

A bright gleam in the darkness of the companion-way caught Hudson's eye suddenly.

He stopped and stared down.

From the dusk of the companion, into the faint light that was now penetrating the shadows on deck, a black head and bare black shoulders emerged.

A black arm was raised, a knife firmly gripped in the fingers ready for throwing; and the eyes of the man peering from the companion were fixed on the tall figure of Kaio-lalulalonga.

For an instant Hudson was spell-bound. Then, as he realised that the knife was about to be hurled, he made a spring at the hatchway.

In the very nick of time he kicked at the hand, and the knife, even as it was launched, was knocked aside.

The glimmering weapon flew, missing Koko by a yard or more, clattered on the taffrail, and dropped to the planks.

"You black rascal!" shouted Kit.

Sululo gave a startled howl as Hudson reached at him, grasped his fuzzy hair, and jerked him on deck.

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"You plenty big fool, Koko!" exclaimed Ken.
"Me savvy, sar!" said Kaio-lalulalonga, humbly.

Foes of the Dawn!

(Continued from page 13.)

Kaio-lalulalonga had not stirred. He stood like a bronze statue, his brown hands on the spokes, as if totally unconcerned by the attempt on his life. Only for a moment a grim, bitter smile crossed his face.

"You black rascal!" repeated Hudson. "What name you throw feller knife along Koko?"

Sululo squirmed in his grasp. "That feller make this poor black boy walk along sea," he said. "Make this poor feller boy kai-kai along shark! Plenty good me kill-dead that bad feller."

"Oh, my hat!" said Hudson.

He released the man, picked up the knife, and tossed it into the sea.

Sululo rose to his feet, eyeing him anxiously. He was not repentant of what he had done, or attempted to do; that seemed "plenty good" to his benighted Melanesian mind. But he was apprehensive of the wrath of the white master.

"Go below!" snapped Hudson. "Stop along cabin."

"Yes, sar!" gasped Sululo.

"S'pose you had feller any more, you stop along hold, along irons," said Hudson. "Feller King of the Islands he plenty mad along you."

"Me solly, sar," said Sululo humbly.

"Get below, and stay there!" Sululo disappeared down the companion.

Hudson remained in a very disturbed mood until King of the Islands came on deck.

When he reported what had happened, the boy trader's face grew troubled.

"My sainted Sam!" he said furiously. "I've a good mind—" He broke off. "The black savage knows no better, Kit; and he saved my life. And Koko would have put him over the side, to take his chance of swimming to the atoll. We can't be hard on him; but—"

"But they can't both stay on the ship," said Hudson decidedly.

"No, that's impossible. Sululo must go ashore at Tolo. Until then we must keep an eye on both of them somehow. I'd put the black boy in irons, but it goes against the grain to imprison a fellow who's saved your life. And Koko started the trouble, too. I'll talk to Sululo. Perhaps a wiggling will make him keep the peace."

King of the Islands went down to the cabin to talk to Sululo.

He talked to him with emphasis, reducing the boy to a state of trem-

bling submission; but failing entirely to convince him that there was anything wrong in seeking the life of his enemy.

"That feller Koko he no likum this poor boy," said Sululo. "He make this poor boy walk about along sea. He bad feller, sar! Plenty trouble along that feller, sar. S'pose he deader, no trouble."

"If you touch a knife again, Sululo, you'll be put in irons," said Ken. "You make trouble along Koko any more, me plenty mad."

"No makee trouble any more, sar," said Sululo humbly. "Me good feller, sar. Me plenty good feller."

And King of the Islands had to leave it at that. But he was anxious for the ketch to raise Tolo. The trouble was getting out of hand, and it was clear that both Koko and the Vana-Vana boy could not remain on the Dawn.

Koko's Farewell.

THE soft twang of a ukulele jingled musically on the Dawn in the blazing heat of the tropic afternoon.

King of the Islands heard it, without heeding. He was standing looking up at the sails, flapping almost idly against the masts.

(Continued on next page.)

rushing along over the desert on the way to Karachi, when they suddenly noticed white smoke coming from their engine. No use to land. The airmen would only have died of starvation or thirst.

The plane shook in a most nerve-racking manner. One of the pistons broke. Then small parts of the engine began to fly out of the exhaust pipes, carrying portions of the wing fabric with them.

One piece narrowly missed stunning the pilot as it whizzed past his ear. He and his engineer stood up in their cockpits so that they could keep a better look-out for fire in the misfiring engine, and from then until they finally landed they continued to stand up—and the temperature was well over 100 degrees!

The engine squirted back oil into their faces by the pint; but the pilot kept the machine flying, and eventually landed it at a R.A.F. aerodrome.

Then when the two remaining machines of the four that had started had crossed the Atlantic via Iceland, they found themselves above a thick bank of clouds laying low—so low that, knowing there were high mountains in the vicinity—Greenland—they dared not attempt to plunge through them.

Here and there along the rocky shore below them were townships, but between these places it was all barren land where the airmen might be lost for ever. How were they to find their way through the clouds?

Providence stepped in and helped them. There came a tiny rift in the clouds, and through it the pilot of the leading plane caught sight of a trail of smoke from a steamer.

Down went the planes through the hole in the clouds, and landed safely at Fredriksdal!



Blazing an Air Trail!

Some truly
Breathless
Moments
in the Air!

WHEN eight United States Army airmen set out to blaze a flying trail round the world five years ago, they knew full well that they were bound to experience some absolutely breathless moments in the air. The thrills they actually had were far more terrifying than even the most imaginative of them had thought possible.

The first part of their flight lay north from Seattle over Canada and Alaska, over hundreds of miles of rocky snow-capped mountains, uninhabited islands, and glaciers. The four planes endeavoured to keep close together; but, as for hours they had to fly either through dense fog or blinding snowstorms, this was impossible.

Before Alaska was left behind the flag-plane of the flight, the Seattle, had to make a forced landing. Its occupants were fortunate to find a salmon cannery hard by, where they got assistance, and later they set off in an endeavour to overtake the other three planes somewhere near the Aleutian Islands.

Major Martin, the commander of the expedition, was at the joystick,

while Sergeant Harvey attended to the navigation, when suddenly the intrepid aviators found themselves forced to fly blindly through another terrific snowstorm.

They could hardly see each other, and anything like proper navigation was impossible. Nevertheless, they kept on at full speed, trusting to luck to bring them through.

Luck failed them, however, for of a sudden the snowstorm lifted for a moment—to disclose not a hundred yards in front of them, barring their way, a huge, snow-capped mountain. The major made a gallant attempt to swing the machine to one side, but failed, and it crashed deep into the snow.

It was a miracle that the men escaped with their lives, especially as they found when they scrambled out of the machine that they had landed on the very edge of a 1,000 feet precipice!

Just as trouble overtook this expedition in the Arctic cold, so in the Asiatic heat one of the planes nearly met with disaster.

Lieutenant Nelson and Sergeant Harding, in the New Orleans, were

The favourable wind had died away, and only shifting gusts came after long intervals of calm. Ken, in haste to raise Tolo, was still far from that island when the wind failed him.

Far in the distance the smoke of a steamer blurred the cloudless blue sky. The ugly, rusty iron tub was rolling on its way, leaving the white-winged Dawn astern—a sight irritating enough to the eyes of the skipper of a windjammer.

"Whistle for a wind, Kit," said King of the Islands.

Hudson smiled.

"What price Lizzie now?" he asked.

"Oh, bosh!"

Hudson smiled again as his shipmate turned away. King of the Islands was in no humour to discuss his mate's pet project of installing a petrol engine on the ketch.

Slow progress often fell to the lot of a windjammer—it was all in the day's work. But Ken was anxious to reach Tolo, not on account of trade, but because of the trouble on board.

Since the incident of the knife-throwing there had been no open trouble between the two islanders. But both Ken and Kit had a feeling that they were treading over a volcano that might erupt at any moment.

Sululo berthed aft now, sleeping on the lockers in the cabin, while Koko, refusing to share the same quarters as the black boy, berthed forward with the crew.

By that means the two natives were kept apart. And when Sululo was on deck he was forbidden to go forward, so that he was always under the eye of either the mate or the skipper.

The black man and the brown never exchanged a word, and seldom even a look. When they did exchange looks Koko's dark eyes gleamed with scorn and aversion, Sululo's with suppressed ferocity.

Kaio-lalulalonga was keeping his word to avoid trouble with the black boy, and Sululo's hatred was kept in check by his fear of the white master's anger. But the trouble, as Ken well knew, was only in abeyance. He was anxious to raise land quickly, when the wind failed.

Ken stared gloomily at the steamer's smoke disappearing over the sky-line. The ketch was hardly moving through the water.

The Hiva-Oa crew lounged listlessly about the deck. Danny, the cooky-boy, stood in the doorway of his galley, polishing a saucepan. Hudson sat on the taffrail, occasionally exchanging a word with Lompo at the helm. Sululo was below in the cabin—finding work to do there, in spite of the tropical heat and the natural laziness of the black.

Sululo, resolved not to leave the ketch if he could help it, yet dreading that his rival had a stronger claim on the white master, sought to make himself exceedingly useful, and there was no doubt that he was successful in that line.

Everything in the cabin was speckless; brass shone like gold, even the swinging lamp Sululo cleaned as if he

England Invaded!



Sudden death lurks in this bracken! Note the belt of bullets waiting to tear through the machine-gun.

Our Terriers are booked for an exciting time on Thursday, when the 47th (2nd London) Territorial Division will attempt to land on the Sussex coast, under cover of fire from the battleship Iron Duke, and invade the county. Five thousand men of our Air, Land, and Sea Forces will take part in the exciting war!

ON Thursday, August 8th, there will be an invasion of England! But no one will be bombed in their beds or anything like that, for it will be only mimic warfare—training manoeuvres of our Land, Sea, and Air Forces.

The great idea behind Thursday's warfare is that one section of the forces forms the troops of the State of Downland, an imaginary country with London as its capital, the other section being the army of the equally imaginary Greyland, which has its capital at Cardiff.

The war is supposed to have been going on since April. In that time Greyland has gained the supremacy of the sea, and has bottled up the Downland fleet in Portsmouth Harbour.

Greyland has now decided on an invasion of the enemy territory, and her troops will embark at Bristol next Tuesday and make a surprise attack on the Sussex coast in the early morning hours of Thursday.

A flight of aeroplanes will probably lead the invaders, but the main body of troops will make the journey to the shore in landing-boats, escorted by 40 m.p.h. coastal motor-boats.

A great and exciting sight this attack will be, with the slow-moving landing-boats gradually nearing the shore, and the white washes of the tremendously speedy motor-boats gleaming in the semi-darkness of the dawn.

Once ashore, there will be lively times ahead for the invaders. Every step of the advance will have to be won against heavy ("blank"!) fire from the defenders—showers of bullets ("blanks" again!) from machine-guns and shrapnel (still "blanks"!) from the light field-guns.

In this dog-fight type of warfare machine-guns always play a big part in attack and defence. A well-guarded machine-gun nest can hold up a whole line of attack.

The heavier guns and the tanks will have a chance to show their worth only if the attackers manage to get a firm footing ashore. If they do get going—well, the sparks will start to fly.

Very few attacking parties can hold out against a shrapnel barrage followed by a strong Tank Corps attack. Rifles and machine-guns won't stop a modern big tank—it takes a direct hit from a fairly heavy shell to do that!

Judgment as to whether the invasion has failed or not will be given by specially-appointed umpires.

loved it. Danny had been quite relieved of his duties aft, which was very agreeable to Danny.

Sululo's experience as house-boy to an exacting master came in useful for his new place as cabin-boy on the Dawn. He made himself useful to Hudson as well as to the white master to whom he was devoted, doubtless with some idea of having a friend at court when the pinch came.

Clothes were carefully brushed and folded, shoes beautifully pipe-clayed, no speck of dust was allowed to lie in the state-room or the cabin.

Hudson had remarked that they would miss Sululo when he went, and Ken assented. But for the disconcerting conduct of Kaio-lalulalonga, both the shipmates would willingly have gratified Sululo's desire to "stop along white master."

Foes of the Dawn!

But a kind word spoken to Sululo was enough to bring an angry glitter to the eyes of the brown boatswain. And Ken could scarcely speak anything but kindly to the black boy who had saved his life, and who seemed to live only to serve him.

Indeed, King of the Islands was growing irritated with the boatswain, and as his efforts to break through Koko's stony reserve had all failed, he had ceased to make them, and allowed the Kanaka to go his own way.

From what Kaio-lalulalonga had said to Hudson, Ken concluded that he meant to leave the Dawn at Tolo, if Sululo remained. And the boy trader, in his irritation and impatience, began to think that perhaps that would be the best solution. Kind and good-natured as he was, and attached to Koko, Ken had no idea of being dictated to by a Kanaka on his own ship.

But as he heard the jingling notes of the ukulele, Ken glanced towards the brown boatswain.

Koko was forward, sitting on the deck, and leaning against the foremast, the ukulele across his knees, his brown fingers plucking idly at the strings. His gaze was fixed on the sea, blue and boundless, stretching as it seemed to infinity, like a dark blue wall rising to the distant horizon.

In unoccupied moments the ukulele had been Koko's constant companion; but he had touched it only once since Sululo came aboard, singing to it an improvised chant in the Kanaka manner. That was when he had sung the song of the black boy who was put "along sea" and forced to swim to a lonely atoll—and thus betrayed his intention to King of the Islands.

Now he was not singing; but the strange expression on his brown face as he stared at the blue of the sea struck Ken. With a feeling of angry impatience Ken realised that this very likely meant more trouble—and with a failing wind and an idle ship, he had trouble enough on his hands, without more from the Kanakas.

In a low voice Kaio-lalulalonga began at last to sing.

He sang in the Hawaiian dialect, of which Ken knew little; but the words, even if they had been comprehensible to him, did not reach his ears, as Koko was at a distance along the deck, and his voice was subdued. Only the musical murmur of his tones reached Ken's ears.

But Lufu and Koluio, who were near the boatswain, turned their lazy heads and glanced at him, as if interested in the song; the tongue, though different from their own dialect of the Marquesas, being more or less comprehensible to the Kanakas.

Danny, the cooky-boy, came out of the galley with a pail of slush to throw over the side. He pitched the garbage into the sea, and two or three ugly snouts rose from the water. Black fins glided for a moment or two.

Then the sharks disappeared again. Kolulo idly threw a banana from

the deck, and there was a cackle of amusement from the Kanakas as it struck on a gliding snout before the shark sank once more.

Danny, returning to the galley with the empty pail, paused to speak to Kaio-lalulalonga.

"Feller shark he stop along sea, my word!" said Danny.

Koko did not heed. He did not seem to hear, or even to see, the Hiva-Oa cooky-boy. His eyes were fixed on the spaces of the sea, with a far-away look in them. It was as though the Kanaka looked beyond the edge of the world and saw strange things there.

Danny, standing pail in hand, watched the rapt face of Kaio-lalulalonga in silence for a few moments. Then he spoke again:

"Plenty feller shark he stop! My word! Feller shark he makee kai-kai along feller go along sea."

Still the boatswain gave him no heed.

Danny, with an impatient shake of the shoulders, went back to the galley, and the sound of clinking pots and pans followed. But every now and then the brown face of the cooky-boy looked out on deck.

Little that happened escaped the eyes of King of the Islands. He had seen and noted this, and knew that something in Koko's song had struck the other Kanakas. His uneasiness and, at the same time, his irritation increased. He had little doubt that the chant of the Kanaka referred to his feud with Sululo. Likely as not the Kanaka was working himself into a mood for some new outbreak.

Ken was more than tired of the trouble on the Dawn. Much as he shrank from severe measures with either Koko or Sululo, he resolved that the next who broke the peace should be put in irons.

His attention now was fixed on Kaio-lalulalonga. The rapt expression continued on the Kanaka's face. His eyes gleamed under his dark brows, and his voice became unconsciously louder in the intensity of the emotion of his strange song.

All the Hiva-Oa boys were now intently watching Koko. Their grinning and chattering had died away, and they were silent and intent. Danny had come out of his galley again and remained outside.

It was a strangely melancholy melody that came from Koko's lips—endless repetitions of three or four notes, with strange words. To Ken's ears it sounded like a dirge.

It closed abruptly at last.

Kaio-lalulalonga laid down the ukulele on the polished teak deck and rose to his feet. For some moments he stood there, a tall and mighty figure, and looked to the four quarters of the heavens. North and south, east and west he looked, his dark eyes steady and unwinking in the brilliant sunshine.

To Ken, the Kanaka looked like a man who was gazing for the last time at a familiar scene—taking his leave of earth and sea and sky. He tried to shut the uneasy thought from his mind, but it would not leave him.

Kaio-lalulalonga moved at last,

Ken, half expecting him to come aft to seek his enemy Sululo in the cabin, made a movement towards the hatchway to intercept him, if such was his intention.

But Kaio-lalulalonga did not come aft. He went into the fore-castle and came out again with a strip of tapa in his brown hands.

To Ken's amazement, watching from the length of the ketch, he formed a slip-noose of the strip, placed it round his brawny brow wrists, and drew it tight with his teeth.

To the boy trader the action was incomprehensible. Koko had deliberately bound his own hands, drawing the knot almost savagely tight with his strong white teeth.

But if the action was incomprehensible to King of the Islands, it was not so to the native crew. Ken saw them exchange swift glances, and then their eyes fixed on the boatswain again. Danny made a step towards him.

"Feller shark he stop along sea, you feller Koko!" he said, in a low voice. "Plenty feller shark he stop."

Koko did not seem to hear. Having fastened his hands, he looked up. For the first time he glanced at his white master, and caught Ken's curious eyes fastened on him.

The bo'sun moved aft.

"Koko!" called King of the Islands as he drew near. "Koko, what—" He broke off, perplexed, oddly alarmed; yet there was nothing in the Kanaka's calm face to evoke alarm.

"Little white master!" Koko's voice was calm and clear. "This feller savvy he bad feller along you, sar! This feller he solly! This feller Koko he no good along white master any more! Savvy plenty! Feller Sululo he plenty good along white master! Feller Sululo he stop—this feller no stop! This feller plenty solly along all bad thing. This feller go finish altogether! Little white master no wantee this feller. He go finish!"

And before Ken could divine his intention, the Kanaka, with a bound, stood on the teak rail of the Dawn. "Koko!" At last Ken guessed his intention and dashed desperately towards him.

For an instant the tall figure of the Kanaka stood balanced on the rail of the gliding ketch. But before Ken could reach him, Kaio-lalulalonga was gone. A leap carried him from the rail into the sea, and he disappeared into the shark-infested Pacific!

Hectic Moments!

FOR a moment Ken stood rooted to the deck with sheer horror. He understood now.

That melancholy chant that had fallen from Koko's lips was the Kanaka's song of death. When he had stood on the deck, looking to north and south, east and west, he had been taking his last farewell of the living world. The crew had known, and with the strange indifference of the Kanaka to the

affairs of others, they had not even thought of intervening.

The cooky-boy had warned Koko of the sharks, but it had not occurred to him to interfere. As Danny and the others would have said: "S'pose feller he likum go along sea, feller he go along sea!"

Deliberately the bo'sun had bound his own hands tightly with a cord before he made the plunge to death to place it out of his power to swim, if instinct at the last moment drove him to struggle for his life.

He had vanished like a stone under the water, and anger and irritation passed away instantly from Ken in that moment. The brave and loyal Koko, believing that his little white master wanted him no longer, had gone to his death. It was not at Tolo that he had intended to leave the boy trader's service—it was in the depths of the sea! He had sung his own death-chant to the twang of the ukulele and gone to his death.

Only for a moment—a moment packed with horror—did King of the Islands stand there, rooted, almost stunned. He woke to life again swiftly.

"Hudson!" he roared. "Hudson, on deck! You feller boy, you lower whaleboat plenty too quick!"

With the shout barely out of his mouth, King of the Islands leaped on the rail, put his hands together, and dived.

He struck the water not a yard from the spot where Koko had sunk, and cleaved his way downward through the deeps like an arrow.

There was a wild cackle of excitement on the deck of the Dawn. Kit Hudson, at Ken's shout, came racing on deck, too late to see the boy trader's dive.

"Ken!" he shouted.

There was an excited howl from Lompo at the wheel.

"White feller captain go along sea!"

"What?" yelled Hudson.

"Feller Koko he go along sea, white feller captain he go along sea along feller Koko!" babbled Lompo.

The Hiva-Oa boys were already swinging down the boat.

Hudson rushed to the side.

There were sharks in the sea—tiger-sharks, ravenous for prey. His face was white as chalk.

"Quick with that boat!" roared he.

"You feller boy, plenty quick! Ken! Ken!"

He grasped a rifle, and leaped into the boat as it touched the water. On the smooth, shining surface of the Pacific, gleaming in the blaze of the tropical sun, there was no sign of either the skipper or the boatswain of the Dawn. Hudson's heart was like lead in his breast.

King of the Islands was deep down.

The boy trader was as much at home in the water as any Kanaka. The force of his dive expended, he was swimming downward, teeth shut hard and eyes open.

His groping hand clutched at a dusky head. Getting a grip on Koko's thick hair he fought his way upward.

With a rush, he came at last to the surface of the sea, with dizzy brain and bursting lungs.

Koko was a dead weight in his hands. The Kanaka was making no effort to save himself. Inert as a log, he was swept up to the surface with the upward rush of the boy trader, and his brown face emerged from the water.

Within a yard of them, as they

(Continued on the next page.)

New Gramophone Gadgets!



Modern representatives of a very ancient corps, the Beefeaters of the Tower of London, show tremendous interest in a most up-to-date machine, the latest in electric reproducing gramophones.

ONE of the great drawbacks in connection with gramophones has been the fact that personal winding was necessary before each record. Now, however, there is a machine which automatically winds itself as its lid is lifted.

It is a simple matter of two cords, pulled up by the lid, which rotate a barrel attached to the springs and so wind them up.

Records are as vital as the machine itself, of course, and one wonders how much disappointment and monetary loss have been caused by unexpectedly broken records.

But those days will soon be past, for an unbreakable record, which rolls up like paper, is already being manufactured in this country.

Even more remarkable is another revolutionary invention recently perfected by a British inventor after five years of careful research work. Instead of the ordinary disc record, a coil of thread which has been made specially for the

played right through—without once getting up to change needles or wind up.

One of the most popular machines to-day is the handy portable, so useful in the summer for taking on picnics or in the garden. Inside the lid one carries about half a dozen disc records. That means a store of some twelve tunes, and perhaps an hour's music. With the new thread coil records, the "portable" enthusiast will be able to carry in the same space no less than twelve hours' music!

The thread coil records can scarcely be damaged even by the most careless treatment, such as being knocked about or dropped. Furthermore, if they do happen to get broken, mending can be carried out without their reproductive powers being spoiled.

They do not require some especially expensive gramophone to play them properly, for they can be adapted to any machine by an attachment costing only a few shillings. So they will be within everybody's reach.

Gramophones are constantly being improved. Inventors won't leave them alone—and so the best of our latest gramophones are really extraordinarily wonderful!

purpose, and looks like grey hair or extremely fine violin string, is used.

This new method will put as much music on a coil of this thread weighing an ounce or so as ten modern discs hold. This holds out extraordinary prospects of gramophone entertainment in the near future.

The enthusiast owning one will actually be able to put on the thread coil record of a fine opera, wind the machine up, sit down in a comfortable chair, and enjoy hearing the whole opera

Foes of the Dawn!

floated, a black fin glided. It vanished, and reappeared a few yards away.

"Koko!" panted King of the Islands. "You mad fool!"

Koko stared at him amazed. It seemed like a miracle to him to find his little white master in the rolling waters by his side, to realise that it was the hand of the boy trader that had dragged him from the depths of the sea.

Ken swept a desperate glance round, still grasping Koko.

There was little way upon the Dawn; but the ketch had glided on, even in a few moments, and lay more than a cable's length from the boy skipper. He saw the whaleboat splashing into the sea, and saw the white, tense face of the mate as he jumped into it.

Closer still he saw the gliding fin of a shark—and then another—between him and the boat and the ketch.

"Koko! Swim, you fool!" he panted.

"This feller go along sea, sar!" said Koko, unmoved. "This feller he walk about along bottom sea. What name you jump along sea along this feller?"

Suddenly the dark head of the Kanaka shot up from the depths. A knife, gripped between his white teeth, flashed in the sun.

Then Ken understood. It was not Koko's blood that reddened the water round him.

Something rushed to the surface, only a few yards away, and thrashed the water in the death-flurry, spurted crimson. It was the shark, mortally stricken.

Like one in a dream, Ken heard Hudson's voice shouting; heard the dash of oars and the crack of a rifle. Crack, crack, crack! Black fins were rising round—from all sides the sharks gathered, drawn by the scent of blood. Kit Hudson emptied his rifle among them as the boat rushed up, brushed by the carcass of the flurrying shark, and reached the swimmers.

The mate dropped the rifle, reached over, and dragged Ken into the boat by the collar, with one wrench of a stalwart arm.

Kaio-lalulalonga's brown hand was on the gunwale. Hudson turned to him, and dragged him into the whaleboat in the nick of time, the Kanakas striking with their oars at a hideous form that rushed by.

"Ken!" panted Hudson. "Safe, old man? Safe?"

dripping, still pale from the horror he had passed through—made a step towards Koko. The Kanaka stood before him with bowed head.

"You plenty big fool, Koko!" exclaimed Ken.

"Me savvy, sar!" said Kaio-lalulalonga humbly.

"You go along sea, finish along shark, along you tinkee bad feller thing, head belong you!" said King of the Islands. "You givum good word you no go along sea any more altogether?"

"Me no go along sea any more altogether, sar," muttered Koko. "Me no wantee go along sea, sar, any more altogether! Me savvy this feller he plenty big fool, sar."

Ken smiled. "Me savvy little white master he likum this feller, sar, along he go along sea, along shark, savum life belong this feller, sar," said Kaio-lalulalonga earnestly. "Me plenty solly, sar! Plenty too solly altogether along me bad feller Kanaka, sar. Me 'bey order along you, sar, me likum little white master plenty too much. Me likum feller Sululo, sar, s'pose you say!" added Koko, with an effort.

"Me plenty glad along you likum that feller Sululo," said Ken. "Me plenty glad s'pose you no bad feller any more altogether, Koko."

"Me good feller altogether, sar!" murmured Koko. "Now me savvy, me plenty solly along me bad feller."

King of the Islands went below to change into dry clothes.

When he came back to the deck, Hudson met his eyes with a smile, and nodded towards two figures standing amidships. Ken glanced at them, and he smiled, too. Kaio-lalulalonga and Sululo were standing together, talking in a mixture of Polynesian, Melanesian, and beche-de-mer English, with grinning, friendly faces. Koko, repentant of the dark shadow that he had allowed to rise between himself and his white master, had resolved to demonstrate his repentance by making friends with the Vana-Vana boy—and he had done the job thoroughly.

Sululo, cheerfully forgetful of the knife-throwing episode, chattered and grinned, and showed his white teeth, evidently in a happy good-humour. Koko, now that his black mood had passed, seemed as happy as the cabin-boy.

He looked round as he found Ken's eyes on him.

"Me good feller now, sar!" he said. "Little white master tinkee this Kanaka he good feller?"

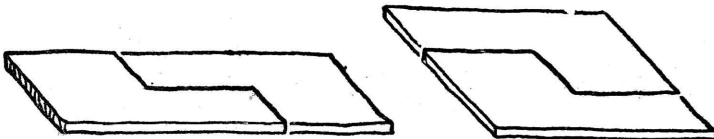
Ken laughed. "Me tinkee you plenty good feller, Koko. Me likum you plenty along you good feller."

"Me stop good feller, sar!" said Koko.

The clouds had rolled by, much to the relief of King of the Islands and his shipmate. Almost there had been a tragedy; but the trouble was past, and the foes of the Dawn were foes no longer!

(You'll find another ripping adventure yarn of the Chums of the Dawn in next Monday's MODERN BOY, entitled "The Secret of the Banyan!" A complete story of mystery and peril.)

The PROBLEM of the BOX COVER.



HERE IS THE SOLUTION to the problem on page 8. The diagram on the left shows how the piece of wood is to be cut. That on the right shows how the two pieces are to be fitted together to form the cover.

Ken dragged the Kanaka's bound hands up and wrenched the cord away from the wrists.

"Swim for your life!" he hissed.

Something came hurtling through the water. Ken felt the Kanaka's strong hands grasp him and drag him deep. Something—he knew what it was—passed over him, with a snap of disappointed jaws. A wave of horror ran through King of the Islands.

Deep in the sea, he choked for breath. He came up again, the brown face of Koko close beside him.

"The shark!" breathed Ken.

The hideous monster had turned, and was making another rush. It was only that the brute had to turn over to bite that saved the swimmers from his yawning jaws.

As it turned the boy trader and the Kanaka dived desperately, and again the monster missed them.

Ken came up to the surface again—choked, dizzy, panting. He saw the boat surging towards him, a terribly long way off. Koko was not to be seen, and it came into Ken's mind that the shark had got him. The water round him was reddened—reddened with blood.

"Koko!" groaned King of the Islands.

"Safe, old man!" said Ken, with a faint smile.

The sea was alive with sharks now. Snouts rose round the boat, and gliding fins followed the whaleboat back to the Dawn.

Kaio-lalulalonga sat silent, motionless, in a pool of water, his head bowed and his face strange in expression. The desperate stress of emotion that had led the Kanaka to cast himself into the sea had passed now. The cloud had gone from his brow and from his mind. His little white master had dared the jaws of the sharks to save him—it was almost by a miracle that King of the Islands had not been torn to pieces in the sea; and from the mind of Kaio-lalulalonga the shadow of resentment, of jealousy, and of dark and brooding bitterness had passed.

When the boat reached the Dawn, closely followed by the sharks, Kaio-lalulalonga swung himself aboard. The black face of Sululo was looking over the side. Koko looked at him, but without the gleam of hatred and anger in his eyes which the sight of the Vana-Vana boy had hitherto called forth. The whaleboat was swung up and the ketch put under way again, the sharks still following.

King of the Islands—drenched,