

**ANOTHER FREE GIFT NUMBER!**

# *The* **MODERN BOY**

EVERY MONDAY.  
Week Ending February 1st, 1930.

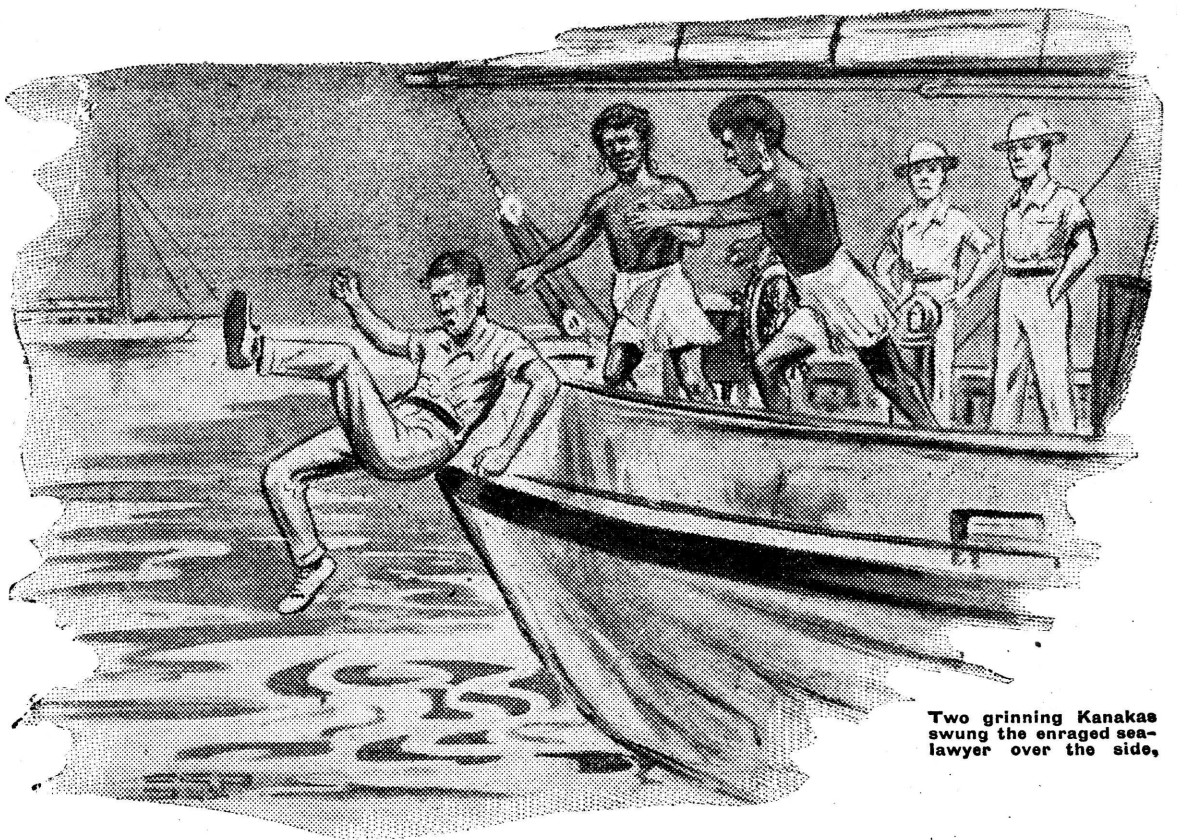
No. 104.  
Vol. 4.

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**F** TWO MORE  
**R** FIGHTING PLANE  
**E** PICTURES *in*  
FULL COLOURS  
**! — INSIDE!**



**A MOTOR-BIKE and 50 MODEL PLANES TO BE WON!**



Two grinning Kanakas swung the enraged seafarer over the side.

## A Bid For a Fortune!

### The Man in Irons.

A BUNCH of feathery palms, nodding over the blue Pacific, told where the island of Lukwe lay, and the ketch Dawn, leaning to a stiff wind from the south-east, bore down swiftly on the island.

The Dawn was owned and skippered by Ken King, the boy trader known throughout the South Seas as King of the Islands. For crew he had a young Australian mate, Kit Hudson; Kaio-lalulalonga—Koko for short—the giant Kanaka bo'sun; and five Hiva-Oa boys—Danny, the cooky-boy, Lompo, Lufu, Kalulo, and Tomoo.

Ken King's face was thoughtful as he watched the island rising from the sea. It was seldom that he put in at Lukwe. The traders and pearlers on the island were the most lawless crowd in the South Seas, and Ken had more than one enemy there. The less he saw of Lukwe, the better he liked it.

But King of the Islands was a trader, and he never refused cargo. He had cases of machinery to land for Dixon's plantation on Lukwe, so the ketch had to run into the lagoon.

Bowling along before a six-knot breeze, the Dawn approached the island swiftly. The low hills rose into sight; the shining lagoon, the reef whitened by the endless breaking of the surf, and the warehouses and bungalows dotted along the

glistening beach. In the lagoon a handsome little cutter lay moored to the coral wharf—a craft that the boy trader knew. It was the Sea-Cat, owned by Peter Parsons, commonly known as Dandy Peter.

"Dandy Peter's at home, Ken!" remarked Kit Hudson, with a smile.

"Looks like it," assented Ken. But it was not of Dandy Peter, the desperado of Lukwe, that King of the Islands was thinking. He glanced round and called to one of the Hiva-Oa crew.

### COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

**Lawless Lukwe is a South Seas island that young Ken King, boy owner and skipper of the trading ketch Dawn, fights shy of in the ordinary way. But he is glad when he sights it this adventurous trip—for reasons explained in this long and complete yarn by**

**CHARLES HAMILTON**

"Lompo, you bring feller prisoner along deck."

Lompo went below.

"You're going to land Egan here, Ken?" asked Hudson.

"If he's willing to go ashore on Lukwe—yes," answered Ken. "I should be glad to be shot of him—and he can't find it pleasant to stay aboard in irons. I'd rather not take him on to Lalinge."

The shipmates were talking of a man they had rescued from the island of Lotu. This man had afterwards

held Ken up with a revolver when a pearling cutter from Lukwe, owned by Black Furley, had wanted to speak with the Dawn. He had been overpowered and put in irons.

Furley had accused the man of stealing a valuable pearl they had found, but a search of his clothing had failed to bring it to light.

Egan had been released from the leg-irons after the first day, but the manacles were constantly on his wrists. The Dawn could not have carried a more unwelcome passenger, and Ken was taking no chances with the desperate ruffian.

Jim Egan scowled savagely at the boy trader as Lompo hustled him on deck. Then his glance swept round, and he started at the sight of Lukwe in the distance.

"You're making Lukwe!" he exclaimed.

"We shall be dropping the hook in the lagoon in half an hour," answered King of the Islands.

"You're not putting me ashore there?" exclaimed the pearler.

"Why not?" demanded Ken. "It's your home port. Do you want to be carried on to Lalinge—in irons?"

"Knock off the irons!" snarled the pearler. "You've taken my gun—I am unarmed! What are you afraid of now?"

"Nobody here's afraid of you," answered Ken scornfully. "But

nobody has time to watch you, and you're not to be trusted. If you want your freedom go ashore at Lukwe. I shall be glad to see the last of you."

"How long do you stop at Lukwe?" "What difference does that make to you, Egan?" asked Kit Hudson, eyeing the ruffian very curiously. The pearler did not answer that question. He remained silent, staring across the blue waters towards the beach of Lukwe, growing nearer and clearer every moment. It seemed as if he was in doubt.

"Make up your mind, Egan!" Ken broke in impatiently. "I know your life won't be safe on Lukwe when Black Furley's boat comes in, but we've left it more than a day's sail behind. For a day at least Black Furley won't be back at Lukwe. You can make yourself scarce before that if you go ashore."

"Keep me on the ketch till you make Lalinge," muttered Egan. "Knock off these irons, and I'll work my passage. You've nothing to fear from me."

"If you stay on this hooker you'll stay in irons," answered Ken coldly. "Take your choice."

Again the ruffian seemed in doubt. Whether he feared to go ashore at Lukwe, or whether he had some other motive for keeping on the ketch, it was difficult to say. His former comrades were far away across the Pacific—it was not even certain that they were heading for Lukwe—and Egan did not look like a man to be scared by a remote danger. Yet what possible object he could have in remaining on the ketch was a mystery.

"I reckon I'll stay," he said, making up his mind at last. "You said you'd carry me on to Lalinge, Captain King, and I hold you to it."

"That goes, then," said King of the Islands. "You'll stay—in irons."

"Knock off the irons," Egan muttered. "I swear you have nothing to fear from me. I was excited—mad—when I pulled that gun on you. I mean no mischief. I'll work my passage—"

"You'll stay in irons," said Ken curtly.

He turned away as he spoke, and gave the pearler no further heed.

Egan scowled at him blackly, and moved away forward. There he threw himself down, and sat leaning against the teak rail, watching the island rise into clearer view as the ketch bore down to the reef passage.

#### In the Bilge.

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS almost forgot the pearler's existence as he ran the ketch through the reef passage and sailed her into the lagoon of Lukwe, where the anchor was dropped, and the Hiva-Oa boys set to work breaking out the cargo for Dixon's plantation.

The whaleboat was lowered and the cases swung into it. King of the Islands and Kit Hudson went ashore in the boat, with Kaio-lalulalonga and three of the Hiva-Oa boys, leaving two of the native crew on the ketch—Kolulo and Danny, the cooky-boy.

The pearler rose to his feet and stood leaning against the teak rail, watching the scene at the coral wharf.

The cases having been landed, King

of the Islands and Kit Hudson walked away by the path leading to Dixon's plantation, beyond the palm grove at the back of the beach. Kaio-lalulalonga and the Hiva-Oa boys lounged along the beach, at liberty till the time came for the boat to return to the ketch.

The pearler breathed hard. For the first time since he had been a prisoner on the Dawn, the two white men and the watchful Kaio-lalulalonga were away, and he was out of their sight. But for the irons on his wrists—

"You feller boy!" he called hoarsely.

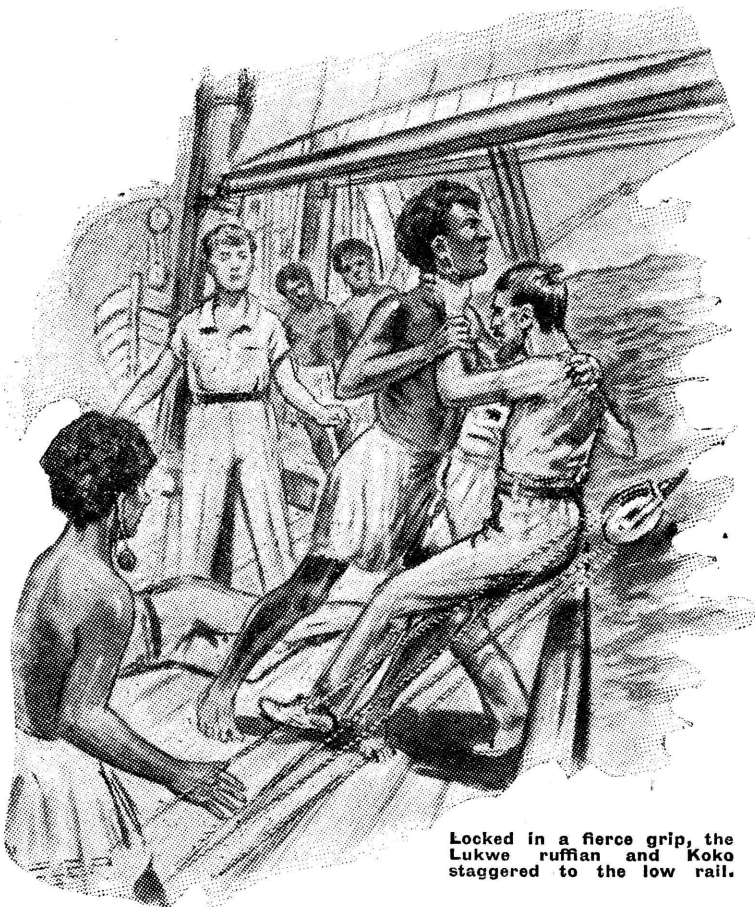
Kolulo turned his head carelessly. He stared disrespectfully at the pearler. A white man was a white

"What name?" asked Kolulo.

"Five-five feller piecee gold, s'pose you knockee off feller irons, along me stop along ketch," repeated Egan.

"No can," grinned Kolulo. "Feller King of the Islands he plenty mad along this feller. You no talk along me any more, you poor white trash." And Kolulo turned his head away from the prisoner.

The pearler glanced towards the wharf again. Ken and Kit had disappeared beyond the palms, and the seamen ashore had mingled with the crowd of natives on the beach and were lost to sight. But the two white men would not be long gone, he knew that. They were not likely to stay to tiffin with the planter. He knew that



Locked in a fierce grip, the Lukwe ruffian and Koko staggered to the low rail.

man, but a white man in irons did not inspire respect in a Kanaka.

"You talk along me, you white feller?" asked Kolulo carelessly.

"You hear me, ear belong you, you feller boy," said the pearler, taking no notice of the native seaman's insolence. "You wantee plenty money, along buy feller whaleboat, feller gun?"

"Me likee plenty!" grinned the Hiva-Oa boy.

Egan held up his manacled hands. "No can do!" Kolulo grinned and shook his head. "Feller King of the Islands give order along me. You stop along ketch, feller irons he stop along hands belong you."

"Plenty money he stop along me," breathed the pearler. "Five-five piecee gold in um pocket belong me."

the boy trader was anxious to get the hook up and sail out of the lagoon before sundown.

His eyes rested on the little cutter moored to the wharf at a distance. On the deck of the Sea-Cat a dapper figure was lounging, staring towards the ketch, and smoking a cigar. It was Peter Parsons, and Egan noted the black look on the handsome, evil face. Dandy Peter was an old enemy of the boy trader, and the sight of the graceful ketch anchored in the lagoon was sufficient to bring that black look to his face.

Egan pondered for a few minutes, and then leaned over the rail. Two or three native canoes were paddling near the Dawn, and the pearler called to one of them in the Lukwe dialect.

Kolulo looked round. He did not

## A Bid for a Fortune!

understand the Lukwe dialect, which was quite different from his language of the Marquesas. He glanced at Egan, and then at the native canoe-man who was paddling away towards the wharf, and gave the matter no further heed.

The pearler watched the canoe paddle alongside the cutter, and saw the Lukwe native stand up and call to Peter Parsons.

Dandy Peter came to the side, listened to the message, and then stared curiously across the lagoon at the ketch. Then he stepped down into the canoe, which paddled at once out into the lagoon again, and approached the anchored ketch.

As the canoe drew alongside Kolulo looked round. He waved a brown hand to Dandy Peter as the Sea-Cat's skipper grasped the teak rail to pull himself aboard.

"Feller Parsons no comey along this ketch!" called out the Hiva-Oa boy.

Dandy Peter did not heed the Kanaka. He leaped lightly on to the deck of the Dawn.

Kolulo looked at him dubiously. He had grasped the fact now that the pearler had sent a message to Parsons, to call him to his aid. But dealing with Dandy Peter, now that he was aboard, was beyond the Kanaka's powers. The ruffian would have clubbed him with his revolver butt had he interfered.

"Gad! Does King of the Islands carry his passengers in irons?" exclaimed Parsons, staring at the pearler, a grin on his face.

"Get me loose!" said Egan. "I'm a prisoner here. Get me loose, Peter Parsons, before King of the Islands comes back."

"You sailed out of Lukwe in Black Furley's boat, on a pearling cruise," replied Parsons. "You've come back on King of the Islands' ketch—in irons. What's the game?"

"Get me loose—"

"Not till I know how the matter stands," answered Parsons. "I'm not interfering on another skipper's ship without good reason."

"There's a fortune to it," breathed Egan. "We got a pearl on that cruise—never mind how—"

"One pearl?"

"The biggest pearl ever found in the Pacific. I got away with it from Black Furley's boat, and swam to Lotu."

"You double-crossed Black Furley and his crew?"

"What does that matter now?" snarled the pearler. "I got to Lotu—counting on getting a native canoe and getting clear. The niggers got after me. I should have been kiskaied, but King of the Islands took me off. Furley's boat ran into us later, and I threatened King of the Islands with a gun to make him drop them astern—"

"I know now why you're in irons!" laughed Parsons. "I'd have put you over the side, in King's place."

"Likely enough!" snarled the pearler.

"Give me the yarn straight! King of the Islands never stood by you in

keeping the pearl away from the gang."

"They searched me for it, but I got below for a couple of minutes," breathed Egan. "I'd just time to fling it into the hold. There was no time to hide it. I had barely time to get rid of it before the Kanakas had hold of me—and then I was searched."

"Gad!" muttered Peter Parsons. "And then—"

"I've been in irons ever since," muttered the pearler. "In irons—unable to get it back. And that accursed boy trader intends to keep me in irons so long as I stay on the ketch—"

The skipper of the Sea-Cat whistled. He could understand the rage and chagrin of the ruffian, in irons, powerless to search for the fortune he had flung into the hold.

"A big pearl, you say?"

"The biggest ever found in the Pacific," said the pearler hoarsely. "Ten thousand pounds at Sydney, and—"

"And it's on this hooker—lying in the bilge," breathed Dandy Peter. "And King of the Islands knows nothing of it?"

"Nothing. He fancies that I got rid of the pearl on Lotu, as it was not found when they searched me on board."

"You're sure of the value?"

"Do you think I don't know pearls—and me a pearler for twenty years!" snarled Egan. "Get me loose before they return. They won't be long. King would have put me ashore here—but I'm not leaving the Dawn without the pearl. But if he carries me to Lalinge in irons—" He broke off, with a gesture. "Halves with you, Peter Parsons—it's a fortune for us both. Get me loose." He panted. "There's no time to lose."

Dandy Peter cast a swift glance towards the wharf. Natives in white lava-lavas could be seen lounging there; but there was no sign as yet of King of the Islands and his mate coming back through the palms.

"It will mean trouble with Black Furley when his boat comes in," said Parsons.

"Are you afraid of Furley?" hissed the pearler. "And do you think they found the pearl in an oyster-bed? That pearl cost us two lives when we got it—nothing more."

"We share," said Dandy Peter briefly. He turned towards Kolulo, who was cycling the two white men from a distance, dubiously and uneasily.

"You feller boy," he said. "You savvy where feller key he stop, along irons stop along this feller?"

"Stop along feller Kaio-lalulalonga, sar," answered Kolulo.

"You bring feller tools plenty quick, along break feller irons along this feller," ordered Parsons.

"No can, sar," said Kolulo. "Feller white master King of the Islands plenty mad along this boy, s'pose me do this feller thing."

Next moment the Hiva-Oa boy jumped back with a howl, at the sight of a glistening revolver in the ruffian's hand.

"You jump plenty quick, along me give order along you, or you plenty dead boy!" snapped Parsons. And Kolulo "jumped" very quickly indeed.

Danny, the cooky-boy, looked out of his galley. Dandy Peter's revolver glistened in the sun as he made a motion with it, and the cooky-boy backed hurriedly out of sight.

There was a clinking of metal as Kolulo knocked off the irons from the wrists of the pearler, working swiftly under the threatening muzzle of the sea-lawyer's revolver. In a few minutes Jim Egan stood free—breathing hard and deep, his eyes glinting. He looked to the shore—still only Lukwe natives were to be seen there.

"Quick!" he said. "No time to lose—any minute now—"

At the muzzle of the revolver Dandy Peter drove Kolulo and the cooky-boy into the forecabin and locked them in. Then the two ruffians hurried down the companion aft. Egan led the way to the lazarette abaft the cabin. In the floor of the lazarette was a hatch, below which the water-casks were stored. Egan dragged up the trapdoor.

Dandy Peter stared down into the darkness below. For the first time he realised the extent of the task that lay before him.

"You flung it there?" he exclaimed.

"And I had barely time for that," answered the pearler, "barely time to lift the trap and fling down the pearl, when the Kanakas got hold of me. If they'd been a few seconds quicker they'd have seen me—"

"Let's get busy," broke in the sea-lawyer. And he lighted a lantern and went down the wooden ladder, Egan following.

### No Luck!

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS sat down in the stern of the whale-boat, Hudson by his side, and at his order Kaio-lalulalonga pushed off from the coral wharf. The boy trader had finished his business on Lukwe. A brief visit to the planter's house had been all that was necessary, and the cases for the plantation were left piled on the wharf, to be carried away by Dixon's native boys.

There was no other business to keep the Dawn at Lukwe. Ken was keen to get the anchor up, and get out of the lagoon before sunset. By the time the sun went down he hoped to be well on his way to Lalinge. As the boat neared the ketch, both Ken and his shipmate scanned the Dawn rather curiously. Neither of the Kanakas who had been left in charge was to be seen on deck, and the prisoner also was invisible.

The boat thudded on the hull, and Ken swung himself on board by the low rail. That anything was wrong on the ketch had not yet occurred to him, though he was surprised that neither of the Kanakas was to be seen.

"Kolulo," he called. "You feller boy Kolulo, what place you stop?"

There was a hammering from the little forecabin.

"Something's up here, Ken!" cried Hudson. "The fo'c'sle's closed and fastened, and the Kanakas—"

Without replying, Ken ran along the deck to the forecastle. In a few moments he had the scuttle open. Kolulo and Danny emerged blinking into the sunlight. King of the Islands stared at them.

"What name you feller boy stop along forecastle?" he demanded. "What feller lock um door belong forecastle?"

"Feller Dandy Peter, sar," stammered Kolulo.

"Captain Parsons!" exclaimed Ken. He glanced at the cutter moored at the wharf. Then his glance returned to Kolulo.

"Where is the prisoner?" he exclaimed. "What place feller Egan he stop?"

"Me no savvy, sar," answered Kolulo. "Feller Cap'n Parsons he come along ketch, makee this boy knockee off irons belong that feller pearler, along gun belong him, sar, makee this feller stop along fore-

"Me tinkee feller pearler he stop along ketch, sar. Tinkee two feller stop along ketch, sar. Me hear, ear belong me, sar."

"My hat!" exclaimed Hudson blankly. "D'you mean that Egan and Dandy Peter are still on board?"

"Me tinkee, sar," said the cooky-boy.

Ken and his shipmate exchanged a glance of amazement. There was a sound of a movement below, that confirmed the cooky-boy's statement. Ken was utterly perplexed. Why Egan had called Dandy Peter to his aid after deliberately refusing to go ashore was a puzzle. But why the two men should have remained on board after the pearler's release was still more puzzling. But that they were still auzzing was clear. Movements, and a muttering of voices, could be heard below.

"My sainted Sam!" exclaimed Ken, his face clouding with anger. "I'll teach that swab Parsons not to root about my ship while I'm ashore!"

the Islands was not to be allowed to guess that there was a treasure on board his ship.

The pearler clenched his brawny fists in helpless rage as King of the Islands shouted down the companion. "If we'd had time—" he muttered desperately.

"It would take hours at least—more likely days," said Dandy Peter. "We've got to find another chance."

"What other chance shall we find?" replied Egan. "After this, King of the Islands will not keep me on board. And if he did, I should be in irons, and watched!"

"Keep the secret—"

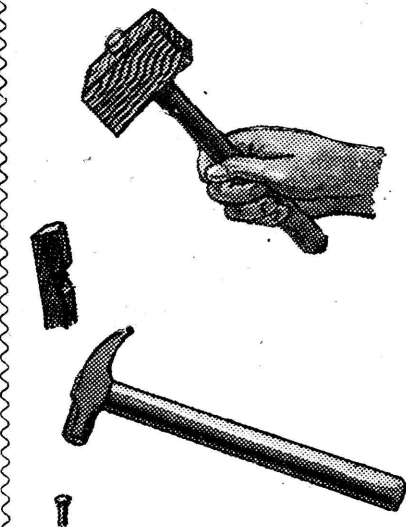
"D'you think I should tell him?" snarled the pearler. "If I don't get my hands on it, it can remain there in the bilge till it rots—till the ketch rots! But—"

"Below there!" shouted King of the Islands again. "Step on deck, and look lively!"

"The game's up for the present," said Dandy Peter quietly. "The chief thing is to keep King of the

### "Modern Boy" Wheezes

## YOUR TOOLS WILL LAST YOU LONGER IF—



YOU probably know the old expression, "Wood against wood won't hurt!" No doubt you have often used it jokingly when a fellow has accidentally bumped his head against something very hard.

Taken in the serious sense there's a lot of truth in it, and if you remember the expression in connection with your tools they'll appreciate it by giving you considerably longer and more efficient service.

Use a wooden mallet when knocking anything wooden, such as a tent-peg or the handle of a chisel. Use a hammer only on metal, as when driving in a nail or when using a cold-chisel. Never use a hammer on wood, or try to drive in a nail with a mallet.

Put your tools to the correct use, and in addition to them being longer lived the job you are tackling will be finished in a workmanlike fashion. Also, stow them carefully away after use. Pitching them carelessly aside leads to loss and breakages.

castle, sar. Me no savvy plenty too much."

"Is the pearler gone?" exclaimed Hudson.

"Me no savvy, sar," answered Kolulo. "Me stop along forecastle, sar, no see, eye belong me."

"I don't make this out, Ken," said Hudson. "Egan was free to go ashore if he chose—he elected to stop on the ketch. He seems to have changed his mind while we were gone, and got Parsons to help him. He could have had his irons knocked off, and gone with us in the boat, if he'd liked. What the dickens does it mean?"

King of the Islands shook his head. He was quite mystified.

"If we were staying at Lukwe, I'd have something to say to Peter Parsons about meddling on my ship," he said. "As for that scoundrel Egan, he was free to go if he liked—and I'm glad he's gone. I'd rather be without his company to Lalinge."

"Me tinkee, sar," said Danny.

"But what's his game?" asked Hudson. "Dandy Peter's a knave. But he can't have come down to pilfering in a ship's cabin!"

"I can't make it out," said Ken. "But I'll soon know." And he strode aft to the companion. "Below there!" he shouted.

There was no reply. Below, in the cabin, Dandy Peter and Jim Egan stared at one another with startled faces. The thud of the whaleboat on the Dawn's side had warned them of the return of King of the Islands, and they had hurried up immediately from the hold, and closed the trapdoor in the lazarette.

The search for the lost pearl had not lasted long—and it had been in vain. Somewhere in the darkness, among the water-casks, the tiny object had fallen—and disappeared! The search for it was likely to take more hours than they had had minutes at their disposal. The first thought of both was not to be found searching the hold. King of

the Islands from guessing that the pearl is on board. Get on deck."

"You've a gun," said the pearler hoarsely, gripping his arm.

"Fool! There's two of them—and a crew of Kanakas. And we're not on the high seas now!" snapped Parsons. He shook off the desperate man's hand and strode to the companion ladder. King of the Islands was shouting again.

"I give you one minute to step on deck. If you have to be fetched, you'll be sorry for it!"

"Coming, shipmate!" sang out Dandy Peter lightly, though his heart was bitter with rage and disappointment.

Dandy Peter had his foot on the first step when Egan grasped his arm and dragged him back. The sea-lawyer turned impatiently, to stare at a face that was convulsed with passion.

"Fool! Let me go!" he muttered angrily. "I tell you there's nothing doing now."

## A Bid for a Fortune!

"It's you that are the fool!" hissed the pearler. "If we lose this chance, we shall never get another. If we go ashore now, all is lost—the Dawn sails to-day. I tell you"—his voice sank to a hoarse whisper—"it's a fortune! Ten thousand pounds at Sydney—a fortune! It's cost two lives already. Are you afraid to fight for a fortune?"

"You're mad!" muttered Dandy Peter. "If we were on the high seas, out of sight of land—"

"We're at Lukwe, and guns have been used at Lukwe before now. You have friends ashore, and King of the Islands has none. Take the risk now!" The pearler's voice was husky with savage excitement.

For a moment Peter Parsons hesitated. The temptation was strong, and the Lukwe sea-lawyer was as lawless and unscrupulous as the man who whispered savagely in his ear.

But he shook his head. There was little or no chance of success, and he knew it. The odds were too heavy for that. And open piracy on an anchored ship in sight of a score of warehouses and traders' bungalows was hardly feasible—even at Lukwe.

"You're mad!" he repeated. "Let me go! Keep the secret, and wait for another chance."

With a cry of rage, Egan snatched the revolver from the sea-lawyer's belt. Dandy Peter made a grasp at it. But he sprang back as his own weapon was levelled in his face.

"You madman!" he cried. "I tell you—"

"Go, if you choose!" hissed the pearler. "I stay—with the pearl! Stand by me, and share—"

Dandy Peter went up the companion ladder. For all his nerve and coolness, the sea-lawyer's look was uneasy as he stepped on deck to meet the stern eyes of King of the Islands and the mate of the Dawn, and the staring gaze of the native crew.

"Seize that man!" said the boy trader curtly.

Kaio-lalulalonga and Lompo stepped to the sea-lawyer and seized his arms. Dandy Peter made a movement as if to resist. But no resistance was possible.

"You've meddled on my ship in my absence, Peter Parsons!" said Ken. "You've released a man I put in irons, and threatened my Kanakas with a revolver! I've a mind to have you tied up to the rigging and given three dozen with a rope!"

Parsons gritted his teeth, but he did not speak. One word of insolence at that moment would have cost him dear, and he realised it very clearly.

Ken raised his hand and pointed to the moored cutter.

"Get back to your own craft," he said. "Put him over the side, Koko."

"Your boat—" muttered Parsons.

"The boat's not at your service," answered Ken coolly. "You chose to

come here, and you can get back the best you can!"

"Call a canoe!" muttered the sea-lawyer.

"I shall not call a canoe. You can swim for it," said King of the Islands. "You may think twice next time before you butt in on my ship and bully my Kanakas, you swab. Put him over!"

The two grinning Kanakas hustled the enraged sea-lawyer to the side and swung him over the low teak rail.

Splash! Dandy Peter went headlong into the water and momentarily disappeared. When he came up, his fierce eyes turned on the grinning faces lining the Dawn's rail; then he swam towards the wharf. A few minutes later, dripping with water, Dandy Peter stood on his own deck, shaking a furious fist at the ketch.

King of the Islands did not give him even a glance!

### The Fight!

"BELOW there!" shouted Ken. There was no answer from the desperate man who lurked in the Dawn's cabin, the sea-lawyer's revolver in his grip. That the man was armed, Ken was not yet aware, and that he had a secret and powerful motive for remaining on board the ketch did not occur for a moment to the boy trader's mind. He shouted again angrily down the hatchway.

"Below there! Show a leg, you swab! We're lifting the hook in a few minutes, and you're going ashore before we sail. Show a leg, or I'll send down a Kanaka to help you on deck."

Still there was no reply and no sound of movement.

"You feller Koko, you bring that feller along deck!" rapped out King of the Islands. And the Kanaka went down the companion.

Bang! The sudden roar of a heavy Navy revolver awoke every echo of the ketch. There was a yell in the companionway, and Kaio-lalulalonga came scrambling back on deck, the blood flowing from a gash on his bronzed cheek.

"That feller he got gui along him!" gasped the boatswain. "This boy plenty too much kill along gun beyond that feller."

"He must be mad!" gasped King of the Islands. "Koko, you—"

The boy trader's face was white with anxiety.

"Me no kill dead, sar. Little feller scratch, sar," said Koko, dabbing at the blood that flowed from the cut where the bullet had grazed. "That feller plenty too much quick along that feller gun, sar."

"He must be mad!" repeated Ken, relieved of his anxiety for the faithful Kaio-lalulalonga.

The hasty shot had barely grazed the boatswain's cheek. But it was only too clear what the desperate man in the Dawn's cabin had intended.

There was a defiant yell from below. "Come down, King of the Islands! Come down, you swab, and face the man you put in irons!"

(Continued on page 26.)

## Smuggled to School!

By  
Martin  
Clifford



**A  
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'Erbert! That was all he'd had by way of a name ever since he could remember . . . this little waif of the slums. Ragged, destitute, half-starved, but made of the real right stuff, it's a lucky day for him when he meets Tom Merry & Co., the chums of St. Jim's. Sheer pluck and grit win 'Erbert their friendship and then comes a change in the waif's life that leaves him almost dizzy. This fine long story—one of Martin Clifford's very best—will hold you from the first line to the last!

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## A Bid for a Fortune!

(Continued from page 24.)

"All in good time, you scoundrel," replied Ken. "You won't go ashore at Lukwe now. You'll finish the voyage in irons, and you'll be handed over to the magistrate at Lalinge."

"We're not at Lalinge yet," snarled the pearler. "Come down that ladder, King of the Islands, if you dare!"

Ken made a movement towards the companion, but Hudson grasped him by the arm and dragged him back.

"Don't play the goat, Ken," he said. "It's throwing your life away."

Bang! The revolver roared again, and a bullet whizzed up the companion and whistled away through the rigging.

"Keep back, Ken! The man's as mad as a hatter!" said Hudson.

"Close down the companion," Ken ordered. "He will keep. We can deal with him later."

The companion hatch was closed and secured, leaving the pearler a prisoner below decks.

Ken had no intention of delaying sailing. His voice called sharply to the native crew, and the excited Kanakas ceased to buzz and cackle, and hastened to obey. The anchor was swung up, and the ketch glided away from her anchorage.

From the deck of the Sea-Cat Dandy Peter watched the ketch glide out to sea, and wondered.

Unknown to captain and crew, the ketch carried a fortune below her hatches, known only to the armed and desperate man who lurked below, and to Dandy Peter. Dandy Peter wondered what was to happen on the Dawn's trip to Lalinge. He would have given much to know.

King of the Islands stood by the binnacle in consultation with his mate as the palm-trees of Lukwe sank into the Pacific astern.

From the man below came no word, no sign, but he could be heard raving

around. Once his footsteps ascended the companion ladder, but the fastened hatch kept him from emerging on deck, if that had been his intention.

Twice Ken had shouted to him to surrender. Only a defiant yell had replied. Since then there had been no word.

"We've got to get him, Kit," said King of the Islands at last. "Either he's mad or he has some idea of seizing the ketch. In either case he's got to be put in irons. If we have to shoot, it can't be helped."

Ken stepped to the companion and listened.

For some time there had been silence below, and the pearler's restless movements could no longer be heard. It was unlikely that he was sleeping. Most likely he was waiting, watching, weapon in hand, for an attempt to be made to seize him.

Ken signed to the Kanakas to open the hatchway. With his revolver in his hand, the boy trader looked down the companion.

Bang! Ken leaped back at the flash of the revolver below, and the bullet hummed over his head. The next instant, with the spring of a tiger, the pearler was on deck. His silence was explained now. He had been waiting, crouching in the companion, for the hatch to be opened.

Before the desperate ruffian could pull trigger again, King of the Islands was upon him. Egan went with a crash to the deck, in the grasp of the boy trader, where he struggled savagely with King of the Islands.

"Bear a hand, you feller boy!" yelled Ken.

The revolver in the ruffian's grasp cracked again. But Ken had seized his right arm and forced it away. The bullet hummed harmlessly across the deck. Then, as Hudson and the Kanakas leaped at him, the pearler tore his right arm free, and the barrel of the revolver crashed on Ken's head with stunning force.

With a groan the boy trader rolled on the deck. The pearler leaped up, with hands grasping him on all sides. Hudson struck the revolver from his grasp, and it clattered on the deck.

"Seize him!" shouted the mate. He gripped the desperate ruffian and bore him backwards. But with fierce strength the pearler tore himself loose and sprang away.

It was only for a moment that he stood free. Then the powerful grip of Kaio-lalulalonga closed on him. The sight of King of the Islands stretched senseless on the deck, blood flowing from under the thick hair on his forehead, maddened the brown boatswain. With blazing eyes he hurled himself on the Lukwe pearler and grasped him in his sinewy arms.

Locked in a fierce grip, the Lukwe ruffian and the Kanaka staggered to the low rail.

There was a shout from Kit Hudson. He leaped at them a second too late, as the ketch, slanting to the wind, dipped her rail to the sea. In the twinkling of an eye the two struggling figures plunged over the rail and splashed into the Pacific.

King of the Islands sat up dizzily on the deck. A blinding ache was in his head, and blood oozed from a cut under the thick hair. He staggered to his feet, and held on to the mizzen to save himself from falling as he took in the scene around him.

The Dawn was hove to. Hudson, at the rail, was throwing a line to a swimmer. Ken looked on dazedly as Hudson dragged in the rope, Lompo helping, and the dark head of Kaio-lalulalonga, dripping and gleaming with water, rose over the rail. The Kanaka boatswain scrambled over to the deck, and stood panting.

"Koko, what—"

Kit Hudson hurried to his shipmate, and gave him a supporting hand.

"They went over together, Ken," he muttered.

"And the pearler?" Ken queried. "That feller he stop along sea, sar," panted Kaio-lalulalonga. "That feller he makee kai-kai along feller shark, along he walk along bottom sea, sar."

Leaning on his shipmate's arm, Ken approached the rail and stared at the sea. On the blue waters that rolled gleaming under the westering sun there was no sign of a swimmer. But a thick black fin glided for a moment below the rail of the Dawn, and Ken shuddered and turned away.

King of the Islands was himself again by the time the Dawn dropped her anchor in the lagoon at Lalinge.

Captain and crew, as they trod the deck of the Dawn, never dreamed of the fortune that lay hidden below—of the great pearl hidden from all eyes in some shadowy recess of the hold.

That secret was known only to one man—Dandy Peter, of Lukwe. Whether he would attempt to find the pearl only the future could tell.

(With a fortune hidden in the Dawn's hold and the secret known to the most desperate ruffian in the whole South Seas, there are stirring times ahead for Ken King and his comrades. Read all that happens to them, in next Monday's MODERN BOY, and share in the great excitement!)

## Isn't it annoying—

Annoying when the other fellow talks about the numerous foreign stations "all round the dial" and you know that it is only with difficulty that *you* can get Radio Paris, for instance. Annoying, too, when the folk next door are enjoying a particularly good programme which no amount of tuning will bring to *your* 'speaker or 'phones. POPULAR WIRELESS will show you how to bring your set up to scratch; how to get all the long-wave stations with perfect clarity.

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