

**AEROPLANE PICTURES IN FULL COLOURS—FREE!**

# *The* **MODERN BOY**

EVERY MONDAY.  
Week Ending February 15th, 1930.

No. 106.  
Vol. 5.

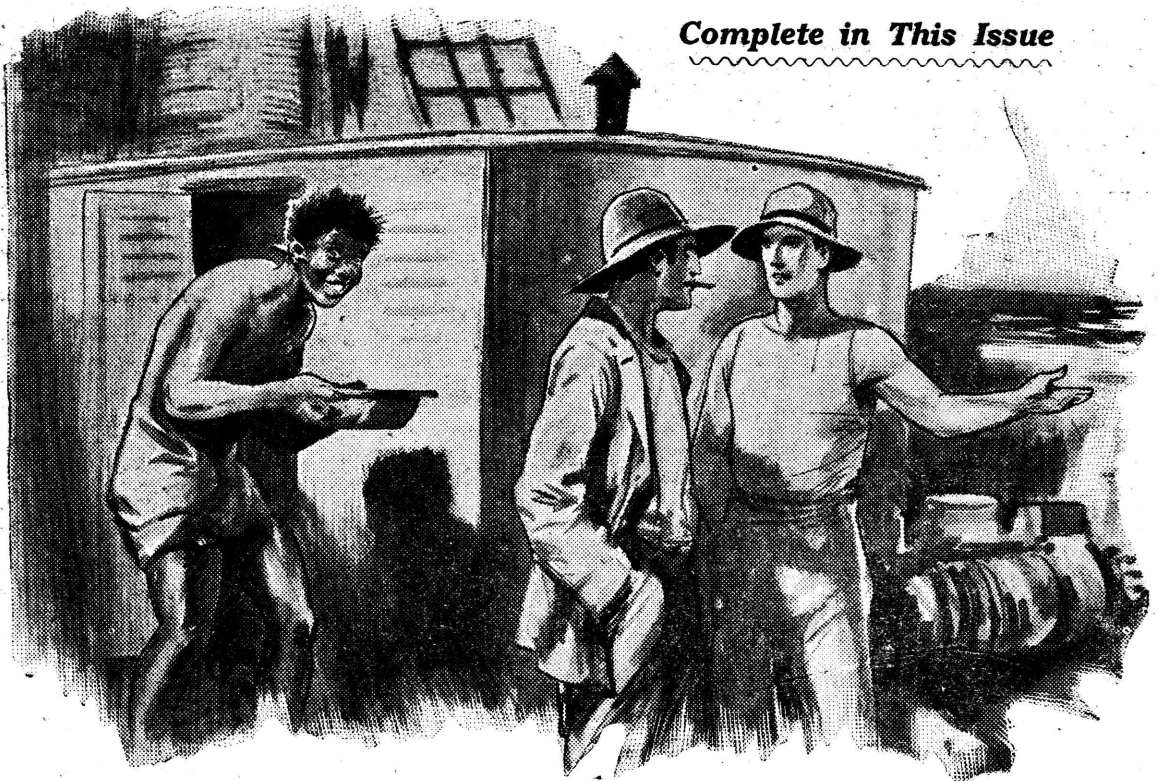
2<sup>U</sup>

**F  
R  
E  
E!** **2 MORE  
COLOURED  
PICTURES**  
*of Famous British*  
**AEROPLANES** **INSIDE!**



**A LIFEBOAT OF THE SKY! See page 3.**





Danny pattered away, grinning, past Pedro Prado and Ken King, who were talking on the deck.

**Storm-Tossed.**

FOR two days and nights the gale had blown, and the ketch Dawn had driven before it under bare poles. Now it had blown itself out, and a glimmer of sunshine came through a grey sky, and the tumbling waste of grey waters gleamed back. From a wet and slippery deck Ken King, the young owner-skipper, looked over endless surges that rolled to the dim horizon. For two days and nights the boy trader had hardly closed his eyes, and he was wet, and worn and weary.

The ketch rolled and pitched on the heaving surge. Kit Hudson, the mate, sitting on the taffrail, looked every moment as if he would plunge headlong into the sea. One moment he was above Kaio-lalulalonga, otherwise Koko, the Kanaka bo'sun, who stood at the wheel, the next down below him. But he swung easily to the swing of the ship, and was in no danger of falling.

King of the Islands, as Ken was known, with a sailorman's firm footing on a deck that incessantly slanted at a different angle, stared over the waste of tumbling water.

The fierce wind had dropped to a mild breeze, but it was likely to be long before the wild sea went down. As far as the eye could reach in every direction, nothing broke the monotony of the heaving waters, save in one spot.

There a speck showed on the sea. It was upon that speck that Ken King's eyes were fixed.

"Where are we, Ken?" yawned Hudson.

"Many miles out of our course, Kit. But I fancy I know that rock." The boy trader made a gesture towards the distant speck on the sea. "If I'm right, that's the Albatross reef—which means that we're sixty miles off our course to Ia'o."

Ken turned to the boatswain. "You feller Koko, you look eye belong you," he said "You savvy that feller rock along sea?"

Kaio-lalulalonga turned his gaze on the speck, gave it a long and earnest look, and nodded.

"Me plenty savvy that feller rock, sar. Him Albatross reef. Savvy him plenty too much."

"Sixty miles off our course, and the wind astern," said Hudson. "It will be a long tack to Ia'o. But it occurs to me, Ken, that we're lucky that this hooker did not hit that reef in the gale."

"It would have been Davy Jones' locker for all on board if it had," answered Ken. "Except for that reef there's nothing in these waters."

Hudson rose from the taffrail, and, standing with a hand on the mizzen to steady himself, gazed across the swelling Pacific towards the speck.

"Anybody there?" he asked.

"Only sea-birds. Not even a palm-tree. Nobody's ever lived on the Albatross."

From an opening in the drifting clouds came a blaze of sunshine. The mate of the Dawn shaded his eyes with his hand and stared fixedly at the rock that rose above the surging waters in the far distance.

Ken glanced at him curiously.

"What is it, Kit? There's nobody on the Albatross. It's sixty miles out of the nearest track of ships."

"Smoke," said Hudson briefly.

King of the Islands

# The Cooky-Boy's Find!

*Danny, the native cooky-boy aboard Ken King's South Seas trading ketch, is honest as cooky-boys go. But never for a moment does he dream of handing over the little object which he finds in the ketch's hold. And thereby comes tremendous commotion in the South Seas, landing King of the Islands in all sorts of desperate adventures.*

By

**CHARLES HAMILTON**

caught up his binoculars. Smoke—if it was smoke—on that lonely rock, lost in the wild wastes of the Pacific, could mean only one thing—a shipwrecked man's signal.

With the glasses to his eyes, Ken scanned the rock that rushed suddenly into nearer and clearer view.

A high, rugged rock, honeycombed with gullies and rifts in which innumerable sea-birds had their nests, rose fifty feet from the sea-level. Round it was a mass of reefs—some submerged, some half submerged, some lifting their jagged edges a few feet above the water. It was a spot that any skipper would have been glad to avoid, especially in a rough sea.

But what caught Ken's attention was a drifting mass of smoke that rolled away before the wind. It was the smoke of a fire that burned somewhere on the lonely rock.

"My sainted Sam!" ejaculated King of the Islands, handing the binoculars to his mate. "There's someone on the rock. Kit, old man, we've lost two days running before the gale and we shall lose two or three more beating back to our course. But I'm not grousing. There's a shipwrecked man on the Albatross, and we're going to take him off."

Ken shouted orders to the Hiva-Oa crew, and the weary Kanakas turned to at once. Sail was shaken out on the ketch, and she glided more swiftly towards the distant rock.

Danny the cooky-boy, came zigzagging aft, with pannikins of hot coffee. Overhead the grey clouds rolled away, and the sun came out brighter and brighter, hotter and hotter. The dim, grey horizon cleared to unclouded blue

Against the blue the tall rock, bedded in reefs, rose black and sharply defined. From its summit the smoke rolled on the wind, and a flash and gleam of flame could occasionally be seen below the smoke.

Time was money to the boy trader of the Pacific, but he no longer regretted the time he had lost in the gale. Only by some such mischance did any vessel ever sight the Albatross reef. The castaway who had lighted the signal-fire might have waited and watched there till he perished of hunger or went mad with solitude but for the chance that had driven the Dawn so far out of her course.

Evidently the castaway, watching the sea at the first glimpse of

dawn, had seen the ketch labouring in the wild waters at a far distance, and had gathered driftwood and lighted the signal-fire to attract her attention.

Nearer and nearer the ketch ran down to the reef. The shipmates could make out the fire clearly—a mass of driftwood piled high on the rock, sending up a dense column of smoke. The binoculars picked up the figure of a man who stood by the fire, his hands outstretched towards the approaching ketch.

"A white man," said Ken, after a long and earnest look at the figure by the signal-fire. "My sainted Sam! There's something familiar in his looks. I've seen him before."

It was a little figure—a man of diminutive stature. The face was almost as dark as a Kanaka's, but the clothes, torn and ragged, were those of a white man. The castaway was making wild gesticulations now, waving his hands and almost dancing with excitement. Closer and closer the ketch ran down to the reef.

"Prado!" exclaimed Ken suddenly. "It's Pedro Prado, the pearl-buyer of

Lalinge. My sainted Sam!" And he waved his hand to the man on the rock.

The Portuguese pearl-buyer waved back in frantic excitement and shouted, though the wind carried his voice away from the ketch. And a few minutes later the Dawn hove to at a safe distance from the teeth of the reefs, and the whaleboat dropped into the water and pulled for the rock.

### The Watchers.

THE coral atoll of Ia'o lay shimmering in burning heat, in the blaze of the tropic sun. And Dandy Peter Parsons of Lukwe, the worst ruffian in the South Seas, reviled the sun, the heat, and the haze on the sea, as he stood on the beach and stared seaward.

He had watched the sea for days. And with each passing day his temper grew sourer and more savage, till even his companions, a rough gang of pearlers from Lukwe, eyed him with something like fear.



In the daylight from the open trap above Danny examined his find—and caught his breath as he stared at it.

## The Cooky-Boy's Find!

Ia'o was a little atoll, one of the thousands scattered in the Pacific between Samoa and the Gilberts. A ring of coral, broken in one place by a passage to the open sea, surrounded the shining lagoon. Not a single white trader dwelt there, but there were a hundred or so natives, of Polynesian race. A white man's ship called in about every two months to trade with the natives.

The natives dwelt in grass houses at the back of the beach, tending their little fields of yam and taro, under the rule of their chief, Tao'oa, content with the produce of their fertile atoll, and with the trade goods they received in exchange for copra. White men had never stayed there long—till the pearling gang from Lukwe ran into the lagoon.

Why this crowd stayed was a mystery to Tao'oa and his tribe. They did not come to trade, and they did not come to plant, as the natives had at first feared. They built themselves a grass hut for shelter near the beach, and loafed there through the long, sunny days, smoking, drinking, gambling, and watching the sea.

Always they watched the sea—most keenly of all, the handsome, dapper little man who was now watching it, Dandy Peter. Food they bought from the natives. There were only five of them, and rough and lawless as they were, they did not venture to seize what they wanted by the strong hand. Tao'oa and his tribe were numerous enough to massacre the Lukwe crew, armed to the teeth as the latter were, if trouble had arisen.

Trouble might have arisen but for Dandy Peter, the most lawless and unscrupulous of the whole crew, whose savage temper kept the others in awe. Trouble with the natives would not have suited his plans on Ia'o.

Peter Parsons stood on the dazzling beach, his eyes bent seaward—watching. But on the circle of boundless blue that surrounded Ia'o there was nothing to be seen—only sea and sky. And the man muttered fiercely as he watched in vain for a sail that came not.

In the shade of the grass hut, at a little distance, the Lukwe pearlery lounged and loafed. One of them was sleeping, two of them were playing cards and smoking, wiping the perspiration from their brows with the backs of their hands as they played. The fourth, a burly, black-bearded pearler, was standing looking out of the hut at Peter Parsons.

He strode out at last and joined the dandy of Lukwe on the beach. His eyes, under his shaggy, black brows, swept the sea, and he scowled. "She ain't coming, Peter Parsons," he growled. "I reckon King of the Islands is giving this atoll a miss."

Dandy Peter gritted his teeth. The same thought had occurred to him, and it was a dismaying one. His plans were cut and dried, but they were knocked to pieces if the Dawn did not, after all, touch at Ia'o.

"I reckon the ketch was put out of her course by the gale," growled Parsons, in reply. "That would account for it."

"Mebbe. But if she's foundered and taken the big pearl to the bottom with her—what then?" growled Black Furley.

"King of the Islands is the best skipper in the Pacific. She hasn't foundered!" snarled Parsons.

"Well, she ain't in the offing," grunted Furley. "We've been following your lead so far, Peter Parsons, and there ain't much to show for it. You reckoned for certain that King of the Islands would touch at this atoll—"

"I tell you, I picked up all I wanted to know at Lalinge!" snarled Dandy Peter. "There was no secret about it—a dozen men at Lalinge knew the course he was going to steer. He was booked to pick up copra here from Tao'oa, and was scheduled to be here three days ago. I've talked to Tao'oa, and he's expecting King of the Islands. He'll come."

Black Furley shrugged his shoulders and grunted. The waiting at Ia'o was telling on the nerves and tempers of all the Lukwe crew.

"And what would you have done if

## ANOTHER COLOURED PICTURE

of a famous British plane—the Supermarine S6, the 329 m.p.h. winner of last year's Schneider Trophy race, the fastest thing that ever took the air—WHI  
:: :: be given :: ::

### FREE NEXT MONDAY

with every copy of MODERN BOY.

Don't risk spoiling your set of  
Fourteen Coloured Pictures—  
ORDER NEXT WEEK'S  
"MODERN BOY" TO-DAY!

you hadn't followed my lead, Furley?" snarled Parsons. "Do you reckon you could have followed that ketch in your whaleboat? I couldn't have kept sight of her stern in my cutter, the Sea Cat. If we'd followed King of the Islands he would have walked away from us in his ketch, and laughed at us."

"There was only one chance, and that was what I banked on. King of the Islands was calling at a dozen places—and we had plenty of time to get ahead of him to Ia'o. I picked out Ia'o because it's a lonely atoll, with no white men here. We don't want white men on hand when we're after the big pearl."

"That's so. But—"

"We came in the whaleboat, to keep our presence here dark. If King of the Islands spotted my cutter in the lagoon he would be on his guard at once. He will come in, never suspecting that we're on the island"

"If he comes!" growled Black Furley.

"He will come!" Dandy Peter's

eyes swept the sea again, in search of a sail. But there was no sail, only the endless blue of sea and sky. "The gale has delayed him—that's all."

There was one thing Dandy Peter feared. If the Dawn had been damaged in the gale, it was on the cards that King of the Islands might miss Ia'o, where there was only a ton of copra to be picked up, and run on to the next white man's port to refit. He had laid his plans carefully, but he had been unable to calculate on the incalculable chances of the sea.

Dandy Peter knew, and the Lukwe pearlery knew, that in the hold of the Dawn lay a hidden fortune—a great pearl worth £10,000. Captain and crew of the ketch never dreamed of it, but the Lukwe gang knew.

The shipmates of the Dawn, likely enough, had almost forgotten the incident of Egan, the fugitive pearler, who had been for a short time on the ketch, and who had tossed the great pearl into the hold, unknown to them. He had gone to his death in the sea afterwards, though not till he had taken Dandy Peter into the secret.

Egan had hoped to recover it, and his desperate attempt on the ketch had cost him his life. In the harbour of Lalinge, the Lukwe gang had made another attempt—and failed. On Ia'o, Dandy Peter's plans were laid to succeed—if the Dawn came, as she was scheduled to come. But if she did not come—

He turned his back on the grumbling, black-bearded ruffian and strode away towards the native village at the back of the beach. Under a palm tree, Tao'oa, the chief, sat, chewing betel-nut, a native boy fanning the flies away from him with a huge palm-leaf.

The chief looked coldly on the Lukwe sea-lawyer. The presence of the rough gang was not welcome on Ia'o.

"You feller Tao'oa," said Dandy Peter. "What name you tinkee feller King of the Islands he u comey along Ia'o?"

"Me no savvy."

"You tinkee that feller he comey?"

"Me tinkee."

"You tinkee plenty too much sure that feller he comey?" persisted the sea-lawyer of Lukwe.

"Feller King of the Islands he good feller," said Tao'oa. "Me like that feller plenty too much. He good feller along this Kanaka. That feller he say comey along Ia'o. That feller talk good talk. mouth belong him. He say comey along Ia'o; he comey along Ia'o." And the chief resumed chewing betel-nut.

Dandy Peter left the chief, and walked back slowly to the beach, and resumed his watch on the sea. Tao'oa's belief that King of the Islands would come, according to his word, was a relief to him. He remembered that the boy trader, unlike many a Pacific skipper, made it a point to keep faith with the natives, even in the slightest matter, never failing to be as good as his word.

Black Furley went grumbling back to the grass hut, into the shade from the blinding sunshine. All the Lukwe crew were grumbling and grouching. They were men of action—of rough



and lawless action—and waiting was wearing out their nerves, as the endless days of the Pacific crawled by.

Dandy Peter realised that a few more days without sight of a sail, and even the prospect of finding a fortune on the Dawn might not keep the Lukwe crew there—every hour they grew more restive and impatient, and there had already been talk of putting to sea again in the whaleboat, and searching among the islands for the ketch.

Wearily, savagely, Peter Parsons turned from the beach at last and tramped back to the shade of the hut. There he sat, smoking cigarette after cigarette. He heard, without heeding, a buzz of native voices on the beach. But the sound drew his attention at last, and he stepped out into the sunlight. Tao'oa, the chief, was standing on a coral rock, shading his eyes with his brown hand.

"You feller Tao'oa, what feller thing you see, eye belong you?" Dandy Peter called, as he ran towards the chief.

"This feller see feller ketch belong King of the Islands," answered the chief of Ia'oa.

The sea-lawyer's eyes blazed. He leaped on to the coral rock beside the native. Far out at sea the blue was broken by a dancing sail. One long, searching look the sea-lawyer gave; and then he leaped down from the rock and hurried back to the hut. His look, as he entered, was enough for the Lukwe crew. They leaped up, with questioning eyes.

"The ketch!" said Dandy Peter.

"By hokey!" muttered Black Furley.

"Look to your weapons! In an hour she will be in the lagoon."

King of the Islands was in the offing. The ketch, with the hidden pearl under her deck, was tacking down to Ia'oa.

#### The Castaway.

PEDRO PRADO, the pearl-buyer of Lalinge, ran down the rugged rock as the whaleboat from the Dawn glided in.

"Bom! Bom!" he ejaculated.

"Senhor King of the Islands! Bom!"

King of the Islands leaped ashore from the whaleboat. Down the rugged slope the pearl-buyer came running, his dusky face beaming, his black eyes shining. He reached the boy trader, and threw his arms round him, embracing him hysterically.

"Bom!" he gasped. "You save me, senhor—you save me! Bom, bom, bom!"

Ken smiled, and disengaged himself from the excited Portuguese.

"You're alone here?" he asked.

"No, senhor! My boat-steerer—he lies on the rock. He is sick—he faint. That feller he soon die, you no come. Me soon die, you no come!"

"How long have you been on the rock?" asked Ken. He handed the pearl-buyer a can of water from the boat, and Pedro Prado drank greedily before he replied. Kit Hudson landed and clambered up the rock, with water for the native boat-steerer. The latter, a Raiatean Kanaka, lay half-conscious, worn down by privations on the solitary rock. But the

water revived him, and the mate of the Dawn helped him down to the boat.

"Three week—four week," said Pedro Prado, between his gulps of the cool water. "We eat shell-fish. We drink a leetle water from the rock. We thirst. We hunger. We think to die! Oh, senhor!"

"Nothing to take off?" asked Hudson, as he helped him into the whaleboat.

"No, senhor! Those villains—thieves—they leave us nothing!"

Ken started. He had taken it for granted that Pedro Prado had been wrecked on the Albatross reef. The pearl-buyer, in his whaleboat with a single native boat-steerer, was accustomed to making long voyages among the islands. Ken had concluded that a hurricane had blown the pearl-buyer's boat away, and stranded him on that solitary rock in the midst of trackless waters. But the pearl-buyer's words revealed that it was not a case of shipwreck.

"You were marooned on the Albatross?" exclaimed the boy trader.

"Yes, senhor! Marooned!"

"By whom?" exclaimed Hudson.

"Black Furley of Lukwe!" hissed Prado. His teeth, yellow with tobacco, showed in a snarl of rage. "He leave me to die on the reef—Black Furley, the pearler!"

"Furley robbed you, Prado?" questioned Ken.

"Yes, senhor!" The little Portuguese half-caste seemed to forget his weakness, his sufferings on the lonely rock, in his memory of the meeting

with Black Furley and his crew. "That scoundrel—that wretch!" He gesticulated with both clenched fists in the air. "He rob me of the great pearl—a pearl that is ten thousand of your English pounds if I sell him. Oh, senhor, a pearl of wonder—a pearl that is like the moon in the sky! Oh, senhor!"

And the spasm of rage passing, the excitable little man collapsed on his seat in the boat, covered his face with his hands, and groaned.

"My hat!" said Hudson, in a low voice. "So that was how Black Furley got hold of the pearl!"

King of the Islands nodded.

"A Lua—A Lua!" the little Portuguese was muttering. "That pearl of wonder, senhor, it was like the moon—I name him the Moon—A Lua in my tongue. It was a great fortune—and it is taken from me by those sea-thieves of Lukwe.

"It is one night," he went on brokenly. "They run us alongside—they board us. One of them, he is called Egan, he say perhaps we have pearls on board. They search—they find no pearls. The Moon Pearl, senhor, is all that I had on my boat—and he is hidden, oh, so carefully hidden, in the sleeve of my shirt. A great sum I give for that pearl, to a chief of the islands who find him.

"I sew him up in the sleeve of my shirt. But the Lukwe men, they are disappointed—they say, surely there are pearls, this man he is a pearl-buyer. They beat my boat-steerer—he sing out that there is a pearl, in

(Continued on the next page.)

## A Book-length Yarn for 4d. ONLY!

Bullets have  
no terrors for  
him—  
Death he defies  
**WHO is**  
**THE IRON SPY?**



The whole of the British front line trenches are menaced by the terrible German nicknamed the Iron Spy, who steals valuable plans from the British lines. This is the man that Bob and Dick—both under-age youngsters—have sworn to bring to book. How they do it makes thrilling reading.

Ask for No. 227 of the

# BOYS' FRIEND Library

Buy a Copy TO-DAY!

4d. each

## The Cooky-Boy's Find!

the sleeve of my shirt, to save his back from much beating.

"Then he of the black beard, he seize me, he rip the shirt from my back, and he find that great pearl. Picture yourself the delight, the wonder, senhor, when those thieves of Lukwe see with their eyes that wonderful pearl. I think to me, they kill me now, for that pearl he drive them mad. Some are for killing me, senhor, with a weight to the feet in the deep sea. But one called Finn he say, maroon them, and he of the black beard, he say, 'Ay, ay, maroon them.'"

"And they brought you here?" said Ken.

"Si, senhor! The man Finn he say from the Albatross they never get off—or if they do, it is weeks and months, and perhaps years—then let them tell their tale, if they like, the man Finn say. So they run before the wind to the Albatross, they throw ashore my boat-steerer and me, they sink my boat, then they sail.

"I see them no more—I see nozzing but sea and sky, till I see your ketch, senhor, this morning. I die of hunger and thirst; but all the time I think of the great pearl—the Moon Pearl."

"It must be the same pearl," said Hudson.

Prado looked up suddenly.

"Senhor, you know something—you hear somezing of that great pearl?"

"Ay, ay!" said Ken. "Nearly three weeks ago we took a man off Lotu—a man named Egan. He had deserted the rest of the Lukwe gang, and stolen from them the great pearl."

"A Lua!" ejaculated Prado. "The Moon Pearl."

"Yes—it must be the same. Furely's boat came after him—we searched Egan for the pearl, and found nothing. We did not guess then that they had stolen the pearl, Prado. But it was not on Egan. What he had done with it I cannot say—unless, as he declared, he had lost it in the sea. He may have hidden it on Lotu before we took him off."

"Possible—possible!" muttered Prado. "Perhaps I find once more that big pearl. The man Egan—where is he?"

"At the bottom of the Pacific," answered Ken.

"What he did with the pearl he can never tell now."

"At least, those Lukwe thieves have lost it, Prado, if that's any comfort," said Hudson.

"That at least is good," said Prado fervently. And he seemed to draw consolation from the knowledge that the Lukwe crew who had robbed him had lost the prize, and that the worst of the gang had gone to his last account.

The whaleboat reached the Dawn, and Pedro Prado and his boat-steerer were helped aboard by the shipmates.

The whaleboat was swung up to the

pearl he had lost at the hands of the Lukwe sea-thieves.

Bitter as his hardships had been on the rock, the wiry little half-caste was himself again in a couple of days. The Kanaka boat-steerer was longer in recovering.

The ketch was beating down to Ia'o; but contrary winds following the gale delayed the passage. Daily the little pearl-buyer walked the deck, and talked of "A Lua," its wonder and its beauty and its immense value.

Little did he dream—little did the shipmates dream—that while they listened to Prado's talk of the great pearl, the pearl itself lay below the deck of the Dawn—hidden in the gloom among the water-casks under the lazarette. The secret of the ketch was still a secret to all who sailed in her.

### Danny in Luck.

DANNY, the cooky-boy, lifted the big trapdoor, with a grunt, took his lighted lantern, and descended the shallow steps from the lazarette. It was the cooky-boy's daily duty to fetch the supply of water for the cabin and the galley; and every day the Hiva-Oa cook performed the duty, little dreaming of what lay hidden in the close space where the water-casks lay chocked on their sides between the orlop-deck below and the lazarette floor above.

Danny's bare feet pattered down the ladder, and with the clumsiness that was a part of his nature, he tripped at the bottom and fell.

"Golly! My word!" he ejaculated as he landed with a thump.

The lantern, in its fall, went out, and Danny was left in darkness, save for the glimmer that came from the lazarette above. In the ketch, where space was at a minimum, the lazarette was in the extreme aft of the vessel, merely partitioned off from the main cabin by wooden bulkheads.

Nobody on board the Dawn was very far away from anybody else, and Danny knew that Kaio-lalalonga was in the cabin just then. So, sitting where he was, rubbing his bruises, Danny sang out:

"You feller Koko!"  
"What name you call this feller?" came back the bo'sun's voice from the cabin.

## STARTLING THINGS ABOUT YOURSELF

These facts about the human body, sent in by a MODERN BOY reader who is also on the biochemical staff of a famous University, will interest every fellow and probably amaze many.

**YOUR** blood travels 61,320 miles at 7 m.p.h. during one year.

The skin on your palm is 76 times as thick as your eyelid. Four hours of thinking exhausts the tissues of your body as much as ten hours of manual labour.

Hair grows two inches each month.

Your heart beats 92,160 times a day.

Nails grow fastest on the right hand. They grow fastest on the middle finger and slowest on the thumb, and faster in summer than winter.

In one year 100 tons of blood flows through the hearts of 200 people, one quart of which contains five million million red blood corpuscles.

Your lungs possess 725,000,000 air sacs, and the area of the walls of your lungs is enough to carpet a room 30 feet by 35 feet.

The atoms of your body move at 50,000 miles per second. There are 3,000 sweat glands to the square inch on your hand.

If you look at a man six feet high and forty feet away, his image upon the retina of your eye is one-fourteenth of an inch—yet in this you distinctly see eyes, nose, and lineaments.

If you live in a smoky city you breathe at least five times your own weight in soot and dirt every year.

All your blood can be pumped round your body in fifteen seconds.

You lose about twenty-five ounces of sweat a day.

There are more muscles in the body of a moth than in yours.

Your ear can sense vibrations up to 30,000 per second.

Your great toe is your chief lever in walking.

Your strongest muscles are at your thighs, next in order come those of the shoulders.

The hottest part of your body is your liver.

There are 230 joints in your body.

Your teeth can bite with a pressure of 150 pounds to the square inch; artificial teeth, only 35 pounds.

If you live in the country your lungs are pink, if in a town slate-colour, and if you become a miner they will be black.

Each of your hairs is one-five-hundredth of an inch thick.

You have well over 250 bones.

And that's that!

Prado again, and the ketch got under way. The ocean was still rolling with a heavy swell; but the sun shone brilliantly as the ketch tacked away from the solitary rock that had so nearly been the last resting-place of Peter Prado.

From the deck of the swift-gliding ketch Prado looked back at the Albatross reef, with the circling sea-birds screaming round the summit of the high rock, where the signal-fire was dying down.

He was thinking not of the terrible fate he had escaped, but of the great



"This feller fall along this feller ladder, him feller lantern no stop," called Danny. "You bring this feller boy feller matches."

"You plenty lazy nigger, you show a leg, along you fetch feller matches," snorted Kaio-lalulalonga.

Danny grunted disgustedly, picked himself up, remounted the ladder into the lazarette, and sorted out a box of matches. Then, box in hand, he descended again, and looked round for the fallen lantern.

But the Dawn was rolling a good deal, as she beat down to la'o, and the lantern had slid somewhere out of sight among the chocked casks. Danny struck matches, and rooted after it, muttering to himself the while.

Match after match gleamed and flickered as he hunted for the lantern, and more than once the cooky-boy knocked his clumsy head on a cask, and yelped.

Suddenly Danny gave a jump. The light of the match in his hand gleamed on something that shone—shining, to Danny's startled vision, like a gleaming eye in the dark.

So amazed was Danny that he crouched where he was between two casks, staring at that point of light till the match burned down to his fingers and he gave a howl of pain. Darkness enwrapped him again; but through the darkness he seemed still to see that point of shining light.

Anything out of the common was likely to scare the Kanaka mind—and Danny was fearful that it was the eye of an "aitoo"—devil—that was gleaming at him from the gloom. And at that thought he almost bolted back to the lazarette. But curiosity held him where he was.

He struck another match, his brown fingers trembling, his breath coming thick and fast. Then he crawled among the casks to the spot where the point of light caught the gleam of the match-flame. And there he remained spell-bound, unable to move.

He had heard the talk of the great pearl—from Black Furley and his crew when they had run alongside the Dawn in the waters of Lotu, from Egan, who had been searched for it,

and incessantly from Pedro Prado since he had been aboard.

And now, Danny knew he was looking at the great pearl of which he had heard so much—the pearl that Prado had bought for a big sum from a native chief, of which Black Furley and his crew had robbed him, and which Egan had stolen in turn from his associates.

The truth filtered into Danny's thick skull. Egan had flung it down under the lazarette before he was searched! Now Danny knew why the pearler had made that desperate attempt to seize the ketch which had cost him his life—it was to regain the hidden pearl. The cooky-boy stared at the glimmering treasure till the match went out.

Danny struck another match and picked up the pearl. Forgetting the lantern of which he was in search, the cooky-boy made his way to the ladder, and in the daylight from the open trap above examined his find.

The pearl lay in the palm of his big brown hand—and Danny caught his breath as he stared at it. It was a wonderful pearl—an amazing pearl! Like most Island boys, Danny knew something of pearls and their value—but he could not compute the value of this!

It was beyond all his reckonings, but he knew there was not enough shell-money in a dozen islands to buy such a pearl; he knew that yellow Australian sovereigns would be poured out like water for such a pearl.

Danny trembled with excitement. Visions of wealth and easy living in his native island of Hiva-Oa flooded his brain. He would have a house and own a whaleboat. Have servants to wait on him, and do no work—just sit in the shade and laze. He would be a great man on the island, and even the feller white men should respect him. All these glorious visions were to be realised by means of the pearl that lay in his palm.

Danny was an honest cooky-boy, as cooky-boys went. But never for a moment did it even occur to him to give up the pearl he had found. Findings keepings was the cooky-boy's simple code.

He would not have thieved in the cabin or in the trade-room of the ketch. But this was a different matter. This great pearl did not belong to his white master. Danny had found the pearl, and the pearl was his—if he could keep it.

That was the only doubt in Danny's mind—could he keep it? Well he knew that there were thousands of men in the Pacific who would regard a life as a cheap price for such a treasure—or a dozen lives for that matter. Danny gloated—but he trembled.

There was a footstep above. Danny gave a start, and his brown fingers closed convulsively on the pearl. Kaio-lalulalonga looked down from the lazarette.

"You feller Danny, what name you stop plenty too much?" asked the Kanaka boatswain.

"Me stop along me lose feller lantern," Danny stammered, stepping back from the ladder. The startled, almost drawn look in his brown face drew a curious stare from Koko.

"What name you flaid?" asked the bo'sun. "You tinkee you see feller aitoo along dark, eye belong you?"

Danny did not answer. He retreated out of the boatswain's line of vision, and Kaio-lalulalonga went back to the cabin, giving him no further thought.

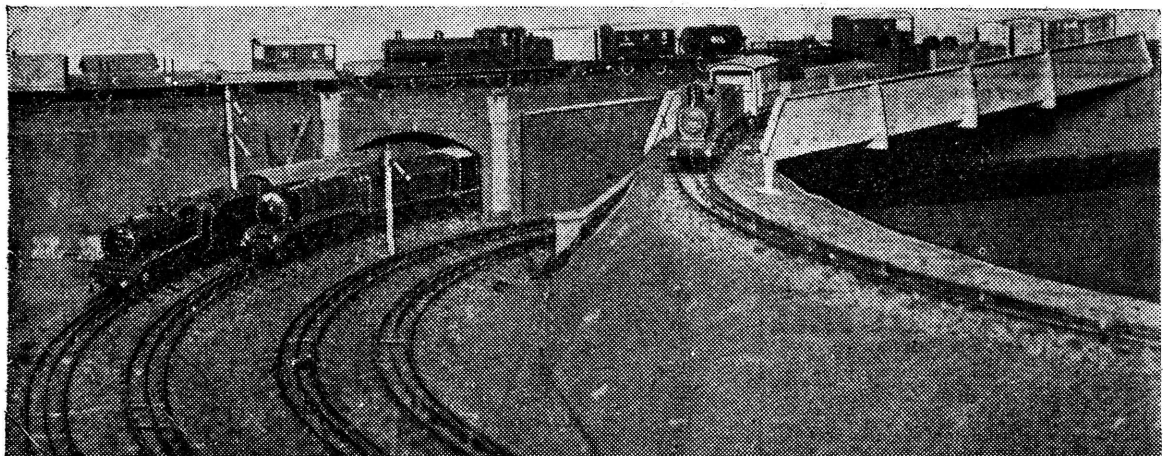
Deep in the shadows, the cooky-boy clutched the great pearl. To keep it, he had to hide it. Danny's clothing was sparse, consisting of little more than a loin-cloth. Like most Kanakas, he was accustomed to carrying small articles in his hair.

But his thick mop of hair was no safe place for a pearl.

In a slit in the lobe of an ear, Danny carried a pipe—a usual place for a Kanaka to carry such an article. He took out the pipe, placed the great pearl in the bowl, and packed down tobacco on it, securely jamming it into its hiding-place. Then the pipe was restored to his big ear.

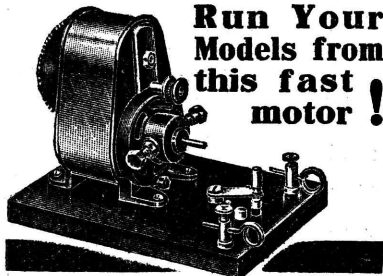
"Eye belong other feller never see feller pearl!" murmured Danny. "Feller pearl he belong this feller my word! This feller plenty rich

*(Continued on the next page.)*



Here is a clever idea for *Modern Boy* readers who want to make an out-of-the-ordinary model railway—a two-level crossing over a river. Simple enough to make, too, if you take a little trouble. In the system shown in this

photo, the upper level is for goods trains, the lower one for expresses. It is easy to operate, all the locos being electrically driven and their speeds, therefore, easily controlled. The river in our photo winds from the right to the top left.



**Run Your Models from this fast motor!**

**Cheap to buy— Cheap to run!**

Here's a Better and Cheaper Motor for working your models. IT'S GEARED, has removable brushes, oiling holes, control switch, and, by reversing the battery, can be driven forwards or backwards. Uses 1/2 amp. running free and increases to only 1 amp. fully loaded. Saves accumulator costs. Get one NOW!

12/9 post free. Postage abroad 1/9 extra.

L. WILKINSON, 8, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

**AEROPLANE PACKET FREE!**

12 Different Airmail Stamps  
40 Different British Colonials

We will present this remarkable offer to all Stamp Collectors sending 2d. for postage requesting approvals. 12 genuine Airmail stamps depicting aeroplanes, etc. Fine Colonials from Gwallor, Jamaica, Hyderabad, Straits, Indian Native States, and Canadian, African, and Ceylonese sets. Free, but cost of postage must be sent.

LISBURN & TOWNSEND (Dept. M.B.), Liverpool.

**ORIENTAL PACKET**

Contains 30 splendid stamps of the Orient only, pictorials, etc. Sets of PALESTINE, EGYPT, and TURKEY, including high values. 6 ALGERIA, new and obsolete IRAC, SYRIA (fine), MECCA (quaint looking stamp), 4 BERSIA, LEVANT (obsolete), 8 TUNIS (pictorials and new issues), etc. 41d. Postage 1/4d. extra. Purchasers of this packet, asking for Approvals, will receive FREE 10 BEAUTIFUL MOROCCO (Air Post, Mosques, Minarets, etc.), usually sold at 1/-. Senders of addresses of stamp-collecting friends receive an additional set free — H. C. WATKINS (M.B. Dept.), Granville Road, BARNET

**"DIAMONDS"**

MANY RARE STAMPS have been found by purchasers of The "DIAMOND" Packet, which is guaranteed to contain 1,000 Unsorted Stamps 1/3 (from Convents abroad), 2 packets 2/6; 3 packets 3/6; 4 packets 4/6; 5 packets 5/6. All post free. (Abroad 3d. per pkt. extra.)

O. NERUSH, Importer (Dept. M.), 68, Turnpike Lane, Hornsey, N.8.

**WHICH SET WILL YOU HAVE? FREE**

A. 14 Ukraine Pictorials. B. 6 Large Crète. C. 8 Pre-War Russian. D. 8 Swiss (Fine). E. 15 Different. Many Unused. Cat. over 6/-.

Send for Ours. THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS APPROVALS AND ILLUS. LIST OF STAMP BARGAINS

Send 1/4d. stamp (overseas 2/4d.) for packing and postage.

R. WILKINSON, TRINITY STREET (W.) L.LANDUDNO. (Late of Colwyn Bay.)

**VATICAN PACKET FREE**

A fine packet of ALL DIFFERENT STAMPS, containing the new issue of the Vatican State. Jamaica 2/-, Hayti 1904 Centenary cat 9d, Medellin 1915 pictorial unused, Spanish Morocco, Indore, Ghibia surcharged cat. 3d., Central Lithuania, Decan, Lebanon, Kouane-Tocheou, Bulgaria pictorial, St. Pierre and Miquelon, Victoria 1901, free to all asking to see my famous approval sheets and enclosing 2d. for postage and packing (abroad 3d.). — S. HAMMOND, 2, Chesham Fields, RURY. COLLECTIONS PURCHASED.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS : : PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER : :

**The Cooky-Boy's Find!**

(Continued from previous page.)

feller along Hiva-Oa, along sell this feller pearl along white man."

And again the vision of the good times to come danced before Danny's dazzled eyes. But he drew himself from the contemplation of them, and hunted for the lost lantern. He found it at last, lighted it, and went about his duties. The richest native in Hiva-Oa of the future was still the cooky-boy of the Dawn in the present.

Danny closed down the trapdoor of the lazarette, grinning. He would have liked to dance and sing as he went back to his galley, but he controlled himself. No one must suspect, for if anyone suspected, the great pearl would belong to Danny no longer.

He heard the voice of Pedro Prado, talking to Ken King as he moved on the deck—the Portuguese was speaking of "A Lua." Danny pattered away, grinning. The Portuguese was a half-caste, though King of the Islands treated him like a white man, but he was not a feller white master in Danny's eyes. Not for a moment did the cooky-boy dream of taking any heed of the claim Pedro Prado might have to the great pearl.

The great pearl was Danny's. He had found it, and it was his. But the sight of the pearl-buyer reminded Danny how very careful he would have to be.

King of the Islands, halting beside Lompo at the wheel, watched Ia'o rise from the waves.

The Dawn sped on until it was close to the reef passage of the atoll. Beyond the low reef lay the shining lagoon, bright in the sunshine; and natives could be seen loafing by the grass houses at the back of the beach.

There was no craft other than native canoes in the lagoon. The whaleboat in which the Lukwe crew had come had been dragged up the

beach and concealed. No white man was to be seen—only the lounging natives. King of the Islands had a keen eye on the reefs of Ia'o—but of any other danger at the atoll he did not dream.

The Dawn glided into the reef passage, and her stem cut the shining waters of the lagoon. Down dropped the sails and the cable ran out. Graceful as a swan the Dawn rode at her anchorage.

"Lower the whaleboat!"

The boat dropped to the lagoon, and Koko and Lompo manned the oars. King of the Islands and Kit Hudson stepped into it, and the Kanakas pulled for the beach.

From behind a mass of coral rock on the beach, where five rough and savage-faced men crouched out of sight, Dandy Peter watched the boat advancing, his eyes gleaming with triumph.

"They're in our hands—the game's ours!" he muttered. "Once we've got King of the Islands and his mate, the Kanakas won't give any trouble. And then—"

"Then—the pearl!" muttered Black Furley.

In an hour more, Dandy Peter reckoned, the ketch would be in the hands of the pearlers. For days, if necessary, the search could go on for the lost pearl, till it was found at last in its hiding-place under the lazarette.

And that the lost pearl was no longer where a desperate hand had flung it Dandy Peter could not know, and did not suspect. This was the hour of his triumph—and with gleaming eyes he watched the whaleboat from the Dawn draw nearer to the beach!

(Next Monday's stirring adventure of young Ken King, by Chas Hamilton, is another real breath the South Seas! Be certain of reading it by ordering your "MODERN BOY" TO-DAY!)

**THREE RIPPING FREE GIFTS!**

This Week—

A "Swallow-Flight"

**BOOMERANG THROWER**

Just like the real article, this splendid boomerang, when propelled from the thrower, will fly through the air and return to you. Next week it will be a "shoot-straight" INDOOR CATAPULT—just the thing for the keen-eyed boy—and the third week, a "Home-Jazz" KAZOO HUMMER. Make sure of every one of these splendid gifts.

**NELSON LEE**

NOW ON SALE - - - 2d.

