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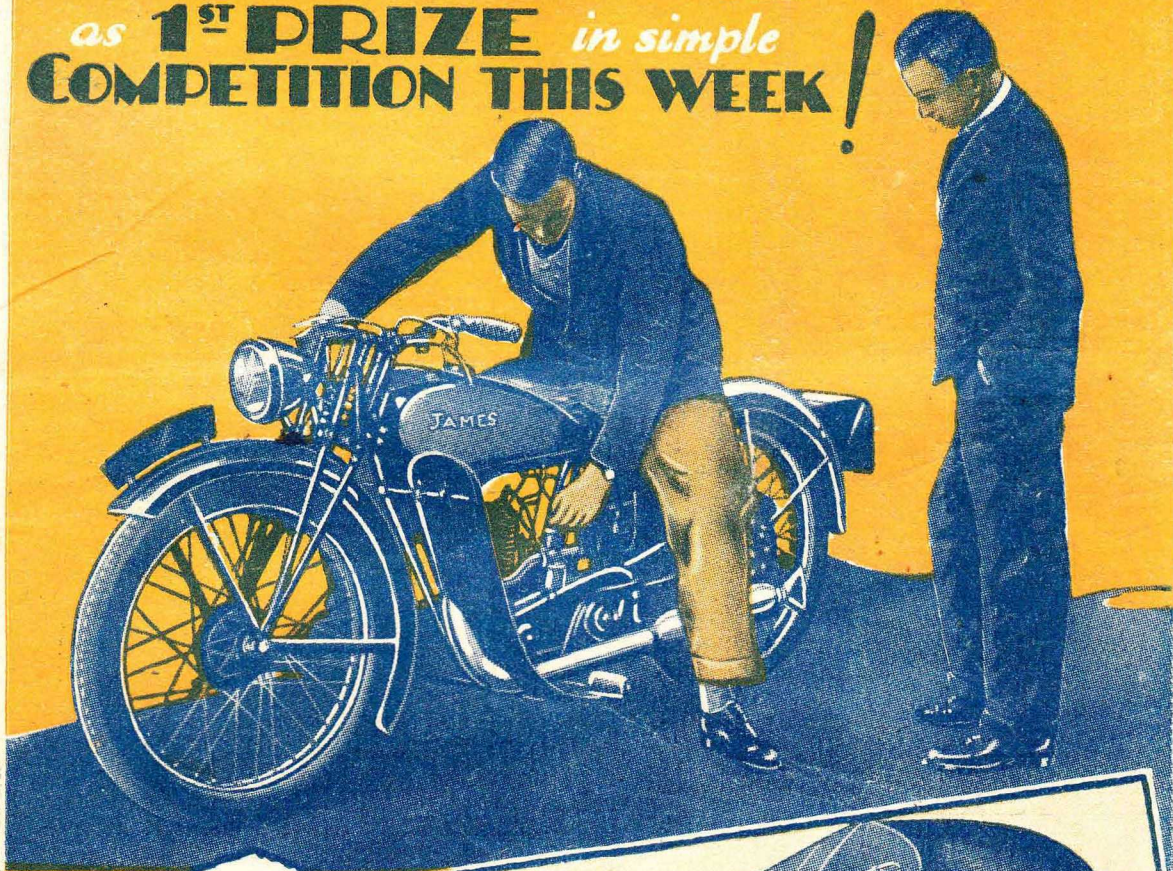
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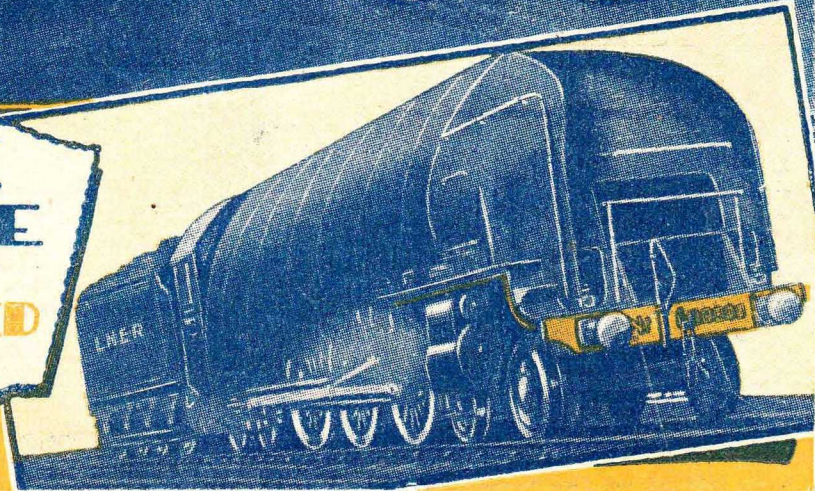
EVERY MONDAY.
Week Ending January 31st, 1931.

No. 156.
Vol. 6.

This "JAMES" MOTOR CYCLE
as 1ST PRIZE in simple
COMPETITION THIS WEEK!



FREE
INSIDE
SPLENDID
COLOURED
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P. GILLES.

UNCLE MAC of the B.B.C. writes for us!

"My hat!" the mate of the ketch ejaculated. "Look!" He grasped Ken by the arm, and pointed.



Spectre of the South Seas

King of the Islands felt a chill run down his spine as a white figure flitted among the ruins of the bungalow. "The ghost's at home!" exclaimed his chum, Kit Hudson, smiling grimly. . . . A story of the mysterious South Seas that will set YOUR spine tingling, too!

COMPLETE

By CHARLES HAMILTON

The Ruins.
"HAUNTED—so they say!" said Ken King, the boy skipper and owner of the South Seas trading ketch Dawn, with a smile.

Kit Hudson, the young Australian mate of the Dawn, looked towards a purple patch that showed on a sea crimsoned by the sunset where, a hundred miles or more from any other land, the coral isle of Loya rose from the waves of the Pacific. The Dawn, leaning to a six-knot breeze, was running down to the island, with the red glare of the sinking sun astern.

The scene glowed with the gorgeous colours of the Pacific. The sky, a mass of crimson and purple and gold, reflected in the glistening sea, and the island, as the ketch drew nearer, leapt to the eye in startling white and green—a dazzling beach of sand and powdered coral, backed by fringes of tall, nodding palms and masses of dense tropical vegetation.

But the shipmates of the Dawn were used to the glorious colouring of the South and hardly observed it. King of the Islands, as the boy trader of the Pacific was called, was thinking chiefly of the passage through the reef into the lagoon of Loya, and the supply of fresh water for which he

was calling at the lone island. The mate was thinking of what his shipmate had told him, and was watching the beach of Loya with curious eyes.

"A haunted island?" Kit rejoined. "And nobody there?"

"Nobody but the ghost."

"Who probably will not be on view while we're there," laughed Hudson.

But Kaio-lalulalonga, the giant Kanaka bo'sun who was at the wheel, did not laugh. Koko, as the bo'sun was called for short, was looking grimly serious. And the Hiva-Oa crew of the Dawn—Lompo, Lufu, Tomoo, and Kolulo—generally light-hearted, had unusually grave faces, and cast uneasy glances towards the island. Danny, the cooky-boy, had stepped out of his little galley, with a saucepan in one hand and a polishing rag of tapa in the other, and was staring at Loya with uneasy eyes.

"The boys don't like it, Ken," remarked Hudson, glancing round at the crew.

"This feller he no like, sar," said Kaio-lalulalonga. "Plenty feller debble aitoo belong that feller island, sar!"

"Eye belong us no see that feller

debble. Koko, along we stop along that island," said Ken.

"Plenty feller eye see that feller debble, sar!" said Koko. "Plenty feller savvy aitoo stop along Loya."

"You've been to Loya before, Koko?" asked the mate.

"No, sar. This feller no stop along Loya. No feller along this ship stop along Loya. All samec, us feller savvy plenty that feller island he no good along us."

The island rose into clearer and clearer view as the ketch ran swiftly down—a scene of almost unearthly beauty. Save for the tropical birds of many bright colours, and the lizards crawling on the hot beach, there was no sign of life on Loya. It looked as if a human foot had never trodden its shore.

Far from any other island, far out of the usual track of ships, Loya was seldom visited—except by some skipper in want of water, who happened to be aware that an abundant supply was to be found there. But not once in two or three years, probably, did an anchor drop in the glistening lagoon.

Even had the island been less remote and inaccessible, the tragic story that clung to it, known on all

Spectre of the South Seas

the beaches of the Pacific, would most likely have kept sailormen away. And to the superstitious Kanakas the haunted island was taboo.

"A lovely spot to be uninhabited," said Hudson. "Never any natives?"

"Once," said Ken. "They were cleared off by a slaving schooner for the Queensland plantations, after the killing of the planter and his wife.

"It's a tale common enough in the Pacific. It was a good many years ago, long before our time. A man came here in a lugger to settle on the island, built himself a bungalow, laid out a plantation, sent for his wife from Sydney, and lived here for years on friendly terms with the natives.

"Then there was some trouble—nobody knows why or what—but when a ship came into Loya they found the bungalow in ruins, the plantation a wilderness, the planter and his wife gone. There had been trouble and the natives had killed them.

"Somehow the story arose of the poor woman haunting the scene of the massacre, and there are plenty of sailormen who have seen—or believe they have seen—a white figure gliding among the ruins of the bungalow.

"You know how such a yarn spreads from one sailorman to another, till it is told as gospel on all the beaches," added Ken.

"Plenty true, sar, that feller story!" said Koko.

"That's how I've heard the story," went on King of the Islands. "But it's told a dozen different ways, only agreeing on one point—that a phantom woman haunts the island. That's how the white men tell it. But to the Kanakas, of course, the phantom is an aitoo—one of the innumerable devils of their imagination."

Koko gave a grunt. In all other matters, the opinion of his white master was a law to Koko. But on the subject of aitoos Koko differed widely from King of the Islands.

Kaio-lalulalonga would have been glad to give the wheel a twirl and send the ketch spinning past the island. Even shortage of water at sea would not have troubled him so much as the aitoos that haunted the coral isle of Loya.

"A little nearer, and you will see the ruins of the bungalow," said Ken. "The walls are still standing—overgrown with creepers now. It lies back of the beach, close by that bunch of high palms. I looked into it when I touched at Loya long ago on another ship before I had the Dawn."

"And you didn't see the ghost?" asked Hudson, with a grin.

"Not that time. Perhaps we shall have better luck this trip," said King of the Islands, laughing.

Kit fixed his eyes on the bunch of tall palms at which his shipmate had pointed. As the ketch drew closer to the opening of the reef he made out the shape of an old building close by the palms—walls of coral blocks, roofless, overhung with tropical trail-

ing plants. The slanting rays of the sun blazed in at doorless and windowless openings.

The mate of the Dawn gave a sudden start.

"My hat!" he exclaimed. He grasped Ken by the arm, and pointed with the other hand. "Look!"

King of the Islands, puzzled, stared across towards the ruins of the planter's bungalow. Then he gave a jump.

"My sainted Sam!"

A white figure—the figure of a woman—flitted among the ruins of the building.

The figure was still distant—too distant for clear view. But it seemed to the watchers that the white figure stood there, looking out to sea—looking forth from the ruined bungalow at the ketch that was approaching the island.

It was only a matter of seconds. The strange figure vanished almost instantly.

Something like a chill ran down Ken's spine. For an instant he felt a superstitious thrill. He stared again. But the figure was gone. If it had not been a trick of the imagination, it had vanished.

The shipmates exchanged a startled glance. For a long minute neither of them spoke. Then Hudson broke the silence.

"The ghost's at home, Ken!" He smiled, but it was a wry smile.

Ken did not answer. He was still staring at the desolate building where the strange figure had appeared and vanished. There was a muttering from the Hiva-Oa boys. They, too, had seen what the shipmates had seen. Koko, his brown face almost grey, ventured to touch his skipper on the arm.

"White master!" The Kanaka's voice was shaking. "That feller island he plenty no good. Plenty feller debble he stop along that island. What name we no keep along sea, sar?"

But King of the Islands recovered himself very quickly.

"There's somebody on the island, Kit. It's not deserted now. That's the only explanation. Keep on your course, Koko!"

"Ay, ay!" murmured the Kanaka.

King of the Islands' order was law to Koko, and though his powerful brown limbs were trembling, his hand was steady on the wheel. As the sun dipped to the glowing sea westward, the ketch ran down to the reef passage of Loya.

Burned Wood.

THE Dawn's anchor dropped sixty feet sheer to the coral bottom of the lagoon, and a cable's length from the beach she came to rest in still, shining water. The sun was level behind the ketch now, and the shadows of her tall masts cast on the lagoon almost reached to the shore.

Save for the crying of the gulls out on the reef, there was no sound of life on Loya. Silent, still, as if in sleep, the coral island lay in the red of the sunset.

The Dawn had anchored opposite the ruined bungalow. Here and there, on the sandy beach, traces could be seen of an old landing-place, long since crumbled to decay. Detached coral blocks showed where a little quay had once been built. Back from the beach the ruined home of the planter lay in the nodding shadows of the palms. The coral path that led to it was still discernible, and the steps of coral blocks up to the veranda were still intact.

King of the Islands had been too busy to give further thought to the figure that had been seen in the ruins. But the looks of the native crew showed that they had not forgotten it for a moment.

The boy trader had declared that there was somebody on Loya—that the island was no longer uninhabited. That in itself would not have been surprising. A white man had settled there once. Lonely as Loya was, it was a fertile spot, and a white man might have settled there again.

But if there was a white man on Loya, where was he? In such a place he might have been expected to appear immediately at the sight of a ship coming into the lagoon. A white man's ship could only have been a glad and welcome sight to the eyes of a man on the lonely isle.

Perplexed, King of the Islands scanned the shore. Unless his eyes had deceived him, he had seen a living figure moving in the shattered bungalow. That could only mean that someone, white or native, was on Loya. White or native would naturally have appeared on the beach when the ketch came into the lagoon. But no one had appeared.

"Somebody's on the island, Kit," said the boy trader. "That's certain. But—"

"It's dashed queer, Ken!" said Hudson, as Ken paused. "Anyhow, we shall see when we get ashore. You feller boy, you lower that feller boat along lagoon!"

Much more slowly than was their wont, the Hiva-Oa boys obeyed, and the whaleboat dropped into the water. Ken glanced at the brown boatswain with a smile.

"You plenty flaid go along shore, Koko?" he asked.

"Me plenty too much flaid altogether, sar!" answered Koko. "Me no flaid along black feller, along white feller, along feller shark, but me plenty flaid along feller aitoo!"

"It's too late to get the water today, Kit," said King of the Islands. "It will be dark in ten minutes. But I think we'd better stop ashore and see who is on Loya. It might be a shipwrecked man, or a maroon. I can't understand his not showing up. But somebody's on the island!"

"It was a woman we saw," said Hudson. "She couldn't be here alone. But where and who is her companion? Anyhow, we shall soon see what's up."

Reluctantly, Kaio-lalulalonga and Lompo took the oars. The shipmates scanned the beach curiously as the Kanakas pulled. There was absolutely no sign of human life to be

seen. The ruined bungalow was silent as the tomb, and looked deserted.

The shipmates had buckled on their revolvers before stepping into the boat. There was no telling what they might meet with on the lonely island. A white man who did not care to show himself when a ship came in might be some desperate mauler marooned by his skipper and dangerous to encounter.

The boat bumped on the smooth soft sand close by the remains of the dismantled quay, and the shipmates jumped ashore.

"You feller boy stop along boat," said Ken.

"Yes, sar!" said Lompo, in great relief. "This feller Kanaka he plenty glad stop along boat, sar!"

But Kaio-lalulalonga hesitated. His belief was that his reckless white master was going into danger—danger all the more terrible because it was of supernatural origin. The aitoo of the lone island was more fearsome than black cannibals or white freebooters.

"Me no likee you go along that feller house, sar," faltered Koko. "But s'pose you go along that feller house, this feller Koko he go along house all same, sar." And the brawny boatswain stepped on the sand and followed his little white master up the beach.

The sun had dipped now, and the short, tropical twilight hung over Loya as King of the Islands and his shipmate followed the path of powdered coral and chips and reached the steps of the old bungalow. They ascended, and slowly, but resolutely, Kaio-lalulalonga followed them.

The roof of the veranda had long ago fallen, but some of the palm poles that had supported it remained standing in the coral foundation. The aspect of the place was lifeless and desolate, and, hot as the day was, it gave the shipmates something like a chill. They felt as if they were treading in the presence of death, but resolutely King of the Islands passed through the doorless aperture into the building.

The entire roof of the bungalow was gone but the walls remained. They were built of coral blocks, and the roof had probably been of palm thatch.

It was not a large building. Within was a central hall-way with a room on either side. All were empty.

"Nobody here, at all events," said Hudson.

Koko remained on the shattered veranda. His dark, startled eyes were constantly about him, in momentary expectation of seeing some grisly shape appear.

The shipmates explored the building, and then passed out by the doorway at the back, where, behind the bungalow, tall palms nodded, laden with nuts. At a little distance the bush began.

There were signs of ancient cultivation, where fields had been laid out for taro and yams. But in the years that had passed since the island was

deserted, the tropical bush had encroached and almost covered them.

King of the Islands stared towards the thick bush, black and impenetrable in the thickening dusk. Was that white figure that had been seen a trick of the imagination? It was scarcely possible to think so, for every eye on the Dawn had seen it. But if a white woman had been there, where was she?

"This beats me, Kit!" said King of the Islands, breaking a long silence. "It beats me to the wide."

"Me, too!" said Hudson. "It wasn't fancy, Ken. We saw someone in the ruins, and it was a woman—or—"

"Or the phantom," Ken smiled

In the room that had been a living-room was an iron stove, red with rust. Ken struck a match and examined it, then drew a deep breath.

"Somebody's been here, Kit. This stove has been used quite recently. There's wood in it freshly charred. It was burned not longer ago than yesterday—perhaps to-day."

"A castaway—"

"It couldn't be anything else. And—a woman, unless our eyes deceived us. My sainted Sam!" muttered King of the Islands uneasily. "A woman—alone in this solitude! I'm glad we ran down to Loya for water, Kit! We've got to find that poor woman, and save her. No good



Ken's heart throbbed as he spun round, and his hand gripped the butt of his revolver.

faintly. "If we don't find somebody on the island, I shall begin to believe in spooks."

"A shipwrecked woman—alone here!" he pondered. "It's possible—just possible, Kit! And the poor woman might be afraid to show up, seeing a ship come in. She wouldn't know what sort of a crew it might be. But if she was here, she must have gone into the bush. Crazy, perhaps, by solitude—goodness knows what! I can't make it out, Kit, and that's a fact!"

They went back into the bungalow. The dusk within was very deep.

"If anyone has lived in this ruin, Kit, we shall find traces of them at daylight," said Ken. "Not much good looking now—it's too dark."

stopping here now—we can do nothing in the dark. At dawn—"

They left the bungalow. Outside Koko was standing, scared eyes peering into the thickening gloom, and he gave a gasp of relief as the white masters reappeared.

They returned to the whaleboat, and Koko and Lompo pushed off from the beach in haste. The boat shot back to the Dawn, the two Kanakas rowing as if for their lives.

A Surprise Alarm.

KING OF THE ISLANDS stood leaning on the mizzen; gazing towards the beach of Loya shimmering in the brilliant starlight of the tropics.

Spectre of the South Seas

It was eight bells—midnight. The island of solitude and mystery lay spread before his eyes, lighted by the brilliant stars. Overhead the spangled sky was without a cloud. Southward the Southern Cross blazed like a mass of jewels. There was no motion on the still lagoon; faintly from outside the reef came the murmur of the surf breaking on the coral.

Hudson was taking his watch below. But the Kanaka crew were not sleeping. Stretched on their tapa mats on the forward deck, dark heads lifted occasionally, and uneasy eyes looked towards the haunted island. Koko sat on the hatchway coamings. His ukulele was across his brawny, brown knees, but he was not touching the strings. It seemed as if he feared to break the heavy silence of Loya.

Ken was thinking deeply as he gazed shoreward. The traces of a recent fire in the bungalow showed that someone was on the island, and had inhabited the ruins until the arrival of the Dawn. And it was a woman's figure that the shipmates had seen there. It seemed that she had fled from the place at the sight of the approaching ketch.

Yet the flight had not been a hasty one, for care must have been taken to remove the signs of habitation from the place. Only by the burnt wood in the stove had Ken found evidence that the place had been inhabited at all.

Who could she be? How had she come there? It was impossible to tell, and Ken could only conclude that she was a castaway, the survivor of some vessel that had gone to pieces on the reef of Loya. Whatever the truth might be, it was his duty to find her and take her off the desolate island.

He could not sail on the morrow as he had intended, and leave her to her fate. That was a settled thing in the boy trader's mind.

It was not quite a palatable task, though. There was little accommodation for a woman on board the ketch, and finding her on the island might prove a long task.

And Barney Hall, the South Seas bully, and his crew of Solomon Islanders were cruising somewhere in those waters.

Ken had fallen in with the bully on the way to the island. After telling the boy skipper that he was searching for a Pacific Company's agent who had absconded with thousands of pounds, Hall had attempted to loot the Dawn of her stores. Ken and his men had beaten the ruffian off, but he was anxious to avoid any further encounter with the man.

Hall knew that Ken was making for Loya, but he was unlikely to run down to the haunted island if he could help it. He had a full share of the superstition of the Pacific sailormen, but he was short of water and he might have no choice in the matter.

The last thing Ken desired was to be at anchor in the lagoon if Barney Hall and his savage crew ran their canoe into Loya. But there was no help for it.

He could not think of leaving Loya as matters stood.

"White master!" The voice of Kaio-lalulalonga, usually deep and powerful, was a shivering whisper.

His brown hand trembled as it touched the arm of the boy trader. Ken came out of his reverie and glanced at him.

"What is it, Koko?" he asked.

"You look, sar, eye belong you," said Koko huskily.

He pointed to the ruined bungalow in the shimmer of the stars.

Ken started violently. In the strange lights and shadows of the decayed building a glimmering white figure appeared.

It was the figure he had seen from the sea—the figure of a woman in white—strange, eerie, ghostly in the gleam of the stars. It moved, gliding among the ruins, appearing and disappearing at intervals. Ken felt a contraction at his heart.

"Feller aito, sar!" whispered the Kanaka hoarsely. "O sar, no good stop along this feller island, sar! Much better this feller ship he go along sea, sar."

Ken did not answer. His startled eyes followed the white figure as it moved and glided, appearing and disappearing.

Steps sounded in the companionway, and Kit Hudson came on deck. The mate looked round him in surprise. The whole crew were on their feet, staring towards the beach with dilated eyes.

"Look!" said Ken, his voice shaking in spite of himself.

"My hat!" breathed Hudson softly, as his eyes fixed on the gliding white figure in the starry distance.

"We lost, sar," mumbled Kaio-lalulalonga. "This feller ship he go walk about along bottom sea, sar. No feller belong this ship stop any more altogether."

The figure vanished at last. Beyond the bungalow, Ken fancied that he caught a glimpse of white moving among the palm-trees towards the bush. But that was all.

"This is beginning to get on my nerves, Kit," Ken said, in a low voice. "Who—what can she be?"

It was much later before King of the Islands slept that night. And he was awake at the first gleam of dawn.

As the sun came up, Loya lay before his eyes, silent, still, deserted. Lizards and crabs crawled from their holes on the beach. The return of daylight did not diminish the uneasiness of the Kanaka crew. They moved about fearfully, and spoke in hushed whispers, eyes continually turned towards the desolate beach.

Kaio-lalulalonga, as he often said, was no common Kanaka. But he shared to the full the uneasy terror of the native crew. All the pearls in the Pacific would not have tempted Koko to set foot again on the beach of Loya if he could have helped it.

But there was no help for Koko. Water had to be taken aboard, and that was the first task Ken set himself. The casks were landed, and the Kanakas rolled them up the beach, only Danny, the cooky-boy, being left on the ketch. And the cooky-boy was very glad to be left there.

Never, till now, had there been any hesitation on the part of the native crew in carrying out the boy skipper's orders. But now the Kanakas were slow to move. Even Kaio-lalulalonga was listless.

But the work had to be done. Under Ken's eye, the casks were rolled up the beach. From the hidden depths of the bush that covered the interior of Loya, a little stream flowed down from the hill behind to the lagoon. At a little distance up the stream the water was fresh and sweet.

Only the sharp eye and sharp voice of King of the Islands drove the unwilling Kanakas into the shadow of the bush. The dark bush was peopled with grisly shapes to their terrified minds. The fact that the two white men were unmoved by such terrors did not encourage the Kanakas. They knew that "white feller no savvy."

Leaving the Kanakas filling the casks, Ken and Kit walked away to the bungalow. They were eager to ascertain whether any trace remained of the strange apparition of the previous night.

In the daylight, with bright sunshine streaming into the roofless building, it was easy to pick up signs of recent habitation. It looked as if the inhabitant of the ruin had done everything possible to obliterate those signs, with the intention of concealing the fact that there was any living being on the island.

But here and there were unmistakable traces, and the shipmates had the impression, though they could not be sure, that there had been more than one occupant. That only added to the strange mystery.

But the search in the ruined bungalow was suddenly interrupted. From the distance came a sound of terrified yells. It was followed by a rush of footsteps.

"My sainted Sam! What——"

King of the Islands drew the revolver from his belt and rushed out of the bungalow, Hudson, weapon in hand, at his heels.

From the bush, where they had been filling the water-casks, the Kanakas were running in a frightened mob. They cut across the beach towards the whaleboat, running like hares, evidently having abandoned the casks in the bush. The whole crew—Kaio-lalulalonga, Lompo, Kolulo, Lufu, and Tomoo—went racing down to the lagoon, yelling with terror as they ran.

The shipmates' first impression was that blacks were in the bush, and that there had been a sudden attack. They cut across to intercept the savage pursuers they expected to see issue from the bush on the track of the fleeing Kanakas. But no one appeared. There was no pursuit.

King of the Islands lowered his revolver with an angry exclamation. Evidently it was not a human foe

Free Coloured Plate

— No. 2. —

The famous HUSH-HUSH Engine of the L.N.E.R.

THE L.N.E.R. locomotive No. 10000 is the largest passenger engine so far constructed for service in Great Britain, and the first of the 4-6-4 type in this country. The high pressure compound locomotive engine has 14 wheels and an 8-wheeled corridor type tender—22 wheels in all. It differs in general appearance from other locomotives particularly in boiler design, for it is fitted with a special type water-tube boiler having a working pressure of 450 lb.

The length of engine and tender over the buffers is 75 feet 3 inches and a fraction, with a 64 feet 3½ inches wheel base. Its total weight in working order is 166 tons 10 cwt. The four cylinders work on the compound principle. The inside (high pressure) cylinders drive on the leading coupled wheels, and the outside (low pressure) cylinders drive on the middle pair of coupled wheels.

The very unusual streamlining of the exterior of this engine was the result of experiments with small models against artificially created "wind." It is a scientific attempt to reduce wind resistances. The peculiar design of the front of the engine was necessary owing to the boiler being built to the extreme limitations of the gauge, and no funnel, dome, or safety valve of ordinary pattern, projecting above the top line of the boiler, was possible in this case.

This experimental engine is certainly a pioneer of extraordinary and daring design. It has been constructed to ascertain the possibility of reducing the coal consumption by using steam under high pressure, and its behaviour under all kinds and conditions of working is being very closely watched.

NEXT WEEK'S FREE COLOURED PLATE



that had frightened the Kanakas away from the casks. Some stirring shadow, perhaps, had impressed their scared minds as an aitoo.

"You feller boy!" roared King of the Islands. "You stop along this place! You hear me, ear belong you?"

The Kanakas heard, but they did not heed. They raced down to the boat and threw themselves into it. With frantic haste they pushed off from the beach.

The shipmates raced to the boat. The Kanakas were pushing off hurriedly and clumsily, getting in one another's way as they struggled to get the boat clear.

"You feller Koko!" shouted Ken, panting on desperately.

Kaio-lalulalonga looked round. His dark eyes were starting from his head with terror.

"You feller boy, you stop!" he panted. "White master he come! You stop along white master."

But the terrified Hiva-Oa boys did not heed. They shoved frantically with the oars.

King of the Islands, with a desperate spurt, reached the water's edge and leaped into the boat as it floated off.

A Desperate Face.

"YOU swabs!" roared King of the Islands. For once the boy skipper of the Dawn was really angry.

In their terror, the Hiva-Oa boys would have shoved off, regardless of their skipper. But Koko had been recalled to himself, and was standing waist-deep in the water, holding the gunwale of the boat with his brawny hands, and keeping it to the beach.

Ken did not stand on ceremony with the Hiva-Oa boys. A sounding smack across his bare shoulders sent Lompo crashing into the bottom of

the boat. The next moment Lufu was laid across him by a blow on the chest. Kolulo and Tomoo jumped away, immaterial fears of an aitoo replaced by more material fears of a white master and his hefty fists!

Koko threw the painter to Hudson, who had reached the lagoon a few moments after Ken. The Australian re-tied it to a peg of coral.

The four Hiva-Oa boys huddled in

the extreme stern of the boat, whimpering with terror.

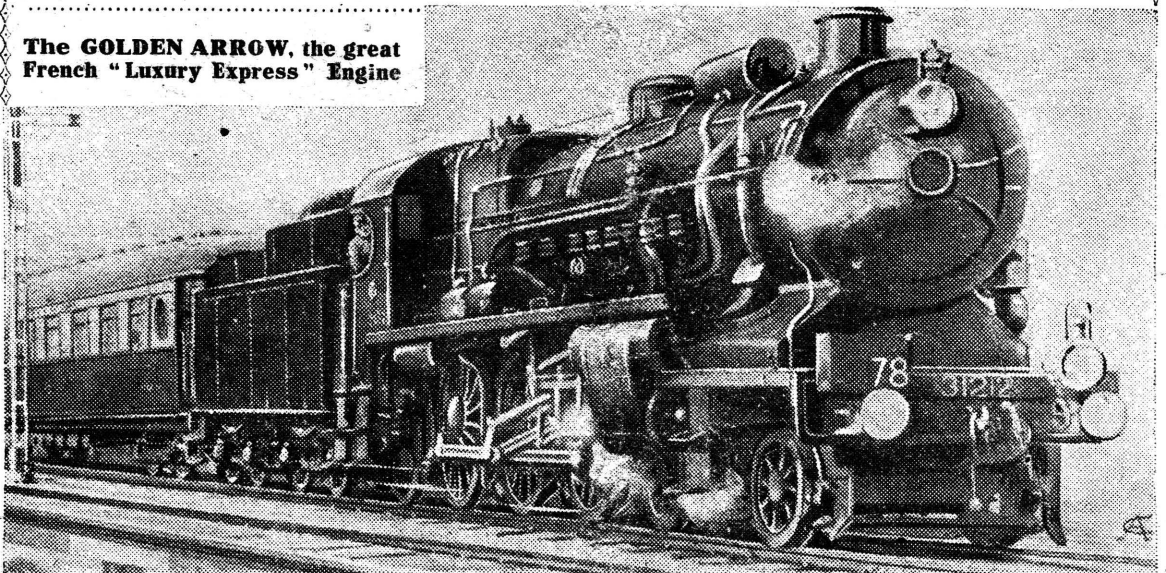
"You plenty bad feller!" roared the boy trader. "What name you go along sea, along boat, no stop when white master he call out along you?"

"Us feller see aitoo along bush, sar, eye belong us!" babbled Kolulo. "Us feller plenty too much fright along that aitoo."

(Continued on the next page.)

Presentation Plate of this engine in Three Colours FREE Next Week

The GOLDEN ARROW, the great French "Luxury Express" Engine



Spectre of the South Seas

"You feller boy plenty too much big fool!" snapped Ken scornfully. "You too much afraid along shadow he here."

"No feller shadow, sar," babbled Tomoo. "Feller white Mary, sar, along that feller bush, dead feller Mary, sar, walk about along bush. We plenty too much fright along that feller Mary."

In the beche-de-mer pidgin English of the South-Sea natives, "Mary" is the equivalent of woman. And that peculiar language being free of genders, a Mary is spoken of as he, or him, or feller.

"Yes, sar, same feller Mary us feller see along bungalow along night," chattered Lompo through his rattling teeth. "Him dead feller Mary, sar, stop along this island. Us plenty fright!"

"Koko! You see, eye belong you?" asked Ken.

"Yes, sar!" muttered Kaiolalulalonga. "Me see, eye belong me, sar! See um feller Mary all same along bungalow! Dead feller Mary, sar, walk about along this feller island. Me plenty fright, sar! Me no common Kanaka, sar, but this time me plenty fright all same Hiva-Oa boy."

"You plenty big feller fool all same Hiva-Oa boy, Koko!" rapped out King of the Islands. "That feller Mary no dead feller! That feller Mary no kill Kanaka feller!"

"Me plenty afraid, sar."

"You feller boy, you get ashore plenty quick!" snapped the boy trader. And as the Hiva-Oa boys hesitated to obey, he collared Lompo and hurled him headlong into the water.

Lompo splashed ashore, and stood on the beach shaking the water from his bronze limbs. Tomoo and Lufu and Kolulo jumped ashore, and all four stood in a shivering group on the beach.

It was all that King of the Islands could do to drive the trembling Kanakas back to the spot where the casks had been left. They shivered and muttered, gazing about them fearfully as they came into the shadows of the bush.

This time the shipmates were careful not to leave them to themselves. Under the eyes of the white masters the Polynesian crew filled the casks in the stream.

Ken's brows were darkly knitted. The incident surprised and troubled him. Obviously, the white woman of Loya had appeared in the bush, and frightened away the Kanakas while they were filling the water-casks. Why, was a mystery to him.

He could understand a solitary woman, castaway fleeing to the bush when a ship came into the lagoon, not knowing what lawless crew might be on board. But that did not explain her return to the ruined bungalow in the starlight, and still less her having approached the Kanakas at the stream.

If she had ventured to show herself to the Kanakas, it would hardly be fear that had driven her to flight in the first place.

There was no sign of the white woman to be seen now near the stream. Koko pointed out to the boy trader the spot where she had appeared, in an opening of the bush at a little distance. Nothing would induce the boatswain to approach that spot, however.

He had not the slightest doubt that the white figure was the spirit of the planter's wife who had been

killed on Loya long years ago, or else an aitoo in her shape.

"There's trickery here, somehow, Kit!" the boy trader said at last, as they stood watching the Kanakas at work with the casks. "I can't make it out. It looks to me as if feller Mary, whoever she is, was deliberately trying to frighten away the Kanakas.

"She's not afraid to show herself, that's clear. And, if so, why doesn't she show up and speak to us? A castaway would be glad enough of the chance of being taken off this island!"

"I reckon so," assented Hudson. "It's a chance that doesn't happen once in a year. I can't make it out—unless—" He tapped his forehead significantly.

"Crazed by solitude—it's possible," Ken nodded thoughtfully. "Poor soul! All the more necessary to find her, and save her, if it's so. We can't sail without knowing how the matter stands, Kit."

"We can't," agreed the Australian. "Keep an eye on the boys, and see that they don't bolt again, while I scout in the bush," said King of the Islands. "She must have left traces. Get the water on board when the casks are filled, and wait for me on the beach."



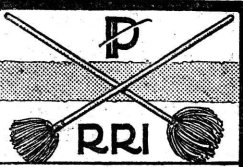

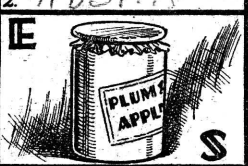

Ken strode away towards the opening in the dark bush where, according to Koko, the mysterious figure of the "feller white Mary" had appeared.

The Kanakas at the stream looked around as he went, and there was a muttering among them. Had Hudson gone with him, undoubtedly there would have been another scampering flight to the beach. But the eye of the Australian mate was grimly upon them.

(Continued on page 12.)

START HERE for a "JAMES" Motor-Bike!

"MOTOR NAMES" SET 1.

 BR ce 1. ROLLS-ROYCE.	 BA IN 2. HUSTIN	 P RRI 3. MORRIS
 IE S 4. INDIAN	 S 5. JAMES	 VA 6. MINERYR

HERE you have the First Puzzle-Set reprinted specially for those who missed it last week. Can you see what "Motor Names" these puzzles denote? The answer to No. 1—ROLLS-ROYCE—shows you how they are solved. As you find the answers, write them IN INK in the spaces underneath. Then when you have completed these puzzles, turn to this week's set on the opposite page.

RULES.—The "James" Motor-cycle will be awarded to the reader whose solutions of the four sets of "Motor Names" puzzles are correct or most nearly correct; and the other prizes will follow in order of merit.

In the event of ties, the Editor reserves the right to divide the cost of the prizes as he thinks fit, but no competitor may receive more than one prize or share of a prize. The Editor's decision will be final and legally binding. You may send in as many attempts as you like,

but only complete attempts made out IN INK on the "Motor Names" Puzzle-Sets (Nos. 1-4, inclusive), for each attempt, will be considered.

Only one name may be written under each picture. Entries mutilated or bearing alterations or alternative solutions will be disqualified. No correspondence will be allowed. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no responsibility can be taken for entries lost or mislaid, or delayed in the post or otherwise. Employees of the proprietors of MODERN BOY must not compete.

Spectre of the South Seas

(Continued from page 10.)

"You feller boy, you look alive along that feller cask!" called out Hudson sharply.

And the work of filling the casks was resumed with a concentrated haste that was very unlike the usual way of Kanakas. The Hiva-Oa boys were in a hurry to get their task over, since it had to be done, and to get back to the Dawn with the water. Every moment that they lingered on the haunted island was full of terror to them.

Meanwhile, King of the Islands reached the opening in the bush at a little distance and plunged in among the thick, tropical growth. The sun was high in the heavens by this time, streaming down heat on Loya. In the close, stifling bush the heat was intense. A myriad insects buzzed and hummed amid the tangled growths.

King of the Islands heeded neither the heat nor the insects as his keen eyes scanned the bush for traces of the "feller white Mary."

He soon had evidence that the figure was no figment of the terrified Kanakas' imagination; evidence, too, if he had needed it, that it was no phantom from another world. On a thorny bush a fragment of white tapa fluttered, and Ken took it from the thorns and examined it.

Obviously, it was a fragment torn from a dress of native material. The "feller white Mary" had passed that way, and it was scarcely possible to thrust a way through the tangled bush without being torn and scratched by the thorns.

On an inhabited island run-ways

would have been cut in the bush. But on Loya Ken did not expect to find a path. As he pushed on, he found that the going was easier than it had looked, however, and he guessed that he was following an ancient run-way from the stream, cut in the old days when natives lived on Loya.

It had been completely overgrown by the bush, but there the growth was less thick than on either side of the ancient path. Suddenly he stopped. In a mass of rotten vegetation, soft and pulpy to the touch, a footprint showed. He scanned it closely.

From its small size it was evidently a woman's foot-print. And from the fact that it was shed it was obviously not a native's.

It was the track of the white woman of Loya—the strange woman who, consciously or unconsciously, was playing the part of the phantom reputed to haunt the island.

Ken pressed on, his eyes keenly about him. He was determined to probe the mystery of Loya, and that could only be done by finding the mysterious "white Mary" who was hidden somewhere in the bush.

A shipwrecked woman, crazed by solitude—that was the only theory he could form in his mind, though it did not satisfy him. But if that was the truth, there was little that the boy trader would not have done to help to rescue her.

But whatever the truth was, he was close upon its discovery now. Again and again he found fragments of white tapa that had been torn by the bush, and picked up traces of fresh footprints. Broken twigs and trodden leaves told that the overgrown run-way had recently been hurriedly traversed.

Suddenly, through a narrow opening in the thickets, he had a glimpse of white. There was a sound of hurried brushing in the bush as if of flight. Then the white dress vanished.

"Stop!" called out King of the Islands. "You have nothing to fear. I am a white man—a British skipper! I am here to help you!"

He knew that his call reached the unseen woman in the bush. The rustling ceased, and he fancied that he caught a faint, tremulous cry.

He waited a few moments, but there was no other sound, and he pushed on again. As he did so, there was a rustle in the bush behind him, and he stared quickly round.

But there was no one to be seen, and he pushed on towards the spot where he had seen the flutter of the white dress.

Again a rustle behind him, this time unmistakable. King of the Islands spun round, his hand going instinctively to his revolver. The mysterious woman was ahead of him. But someone was behind. And it flashed into his mind that there had been traces of more than one occupant of the bungalow.

His heart throbbed as he spun round, and his hand gripped the butt of his revolver—too late!

He had an instant's glimpse of a sun-tanned, bearded, desperate face, with light-blue eyes that gleamed and glistened, lips drawn back from the teeth in a snarl. Then a heavy lawyer-cane crashed on his head, and he dropped in the tangled run-way, stunned and senseless!

(Hard luck indeed for the boy skipper, but he comes up smiling again in another thrilling complete South Seas story in next Monday's MODERN BOY. Be sure you read it!)

Model Plane Chat

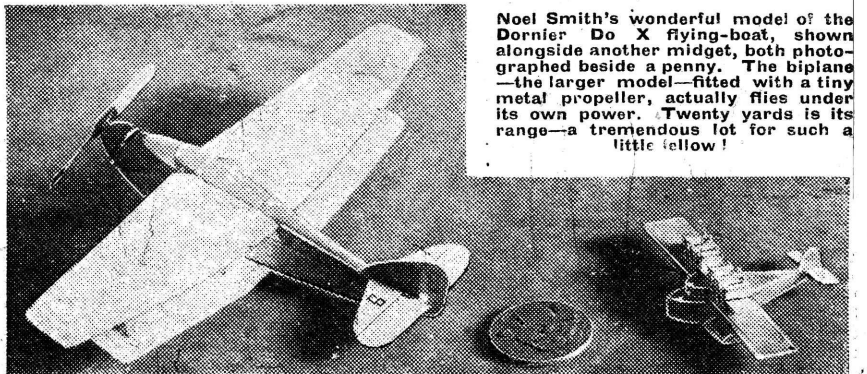
The Air Expert who conducts this Chat will keep you up to date in all Model Aeroplane matters, and will answer through the post any Air queries that any reader cares to send to the Editor

NOEL SMITH, of Oldham, Lancs, is to be congratulated most heartily on his tiny but detail perfect model of the twelve-engined giant flying-boat Dornier Do X, shown here. It is a wonderful example of what can be done by trying. It is exceptionally light, and had Noel not painted it, the Air Expert could have made it fly!

Noel asks, "Can I claim to have the smallest model of this monster of the skies?"

So far as we can trace, he certainly is the proud constructor of the world's smallest model of the Do X, or any other flying-boat for that matter!

"My model," says Noel, "is two inches long, with a wingspan of three inches. Made entirely of paper, the wings, floats, fuselage, and engines are hollow. The engines are supported on a small wing which is held up by four supports (cut-down pins) to each engine, to which four-bladed propellers are fixed.



Noel Smith's wonderful model of the Dornier Do X flying-boat, shown alongside another midget, both photographed beside a penny. The biplane—the larger model—fitted with a tiny metal propeller, actually flies under its own power. Twenty yards is its range—a tremendous lot for such a little fellow!

"My brother and I decided to see who could build the best model of the Do X, and we both started planning. I got an old bill, on which I drew up a small plan which I afterwards cut out, thus making a small fuselage minus the top deck.

"Next day I stood watching my brother planning a larger model, and, playing about with my own small experimental fuselage, I put a deck on it. Seeing how well it turned out, I then added wings and floats. It looked more like the Do X then, and in earnest I commenced on my hardest task of model-making—the erection of the engines. After that, I fixed on the control cabin.

"If you know of anyone who has made a smaller model of the Do X will you please let me know?"