

**PERCY F. WESTERMAN Story Inside!**

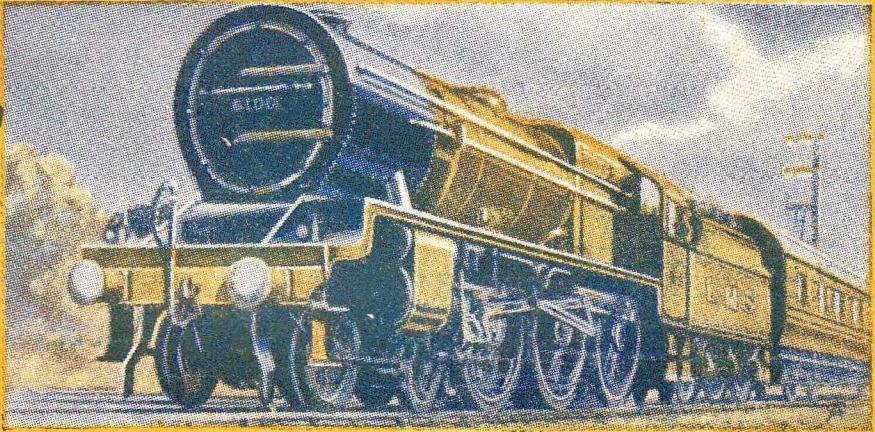
# *The* **MODERN BOY**

EVERY MONDAY.  
Week Ending March 7th, 1931.

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2<sup>D</sup>.

**FREE**  
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**ENGINE**



**LARGE COLOURED PLATE INSIDE!**



**MOTOR LIFEBOAT to the RESCUE!**



# The MASTER of FUFA

BY  
**CHARLES  
HAMILTON**

*Shall Ken King leave his old chum marooned on the lonely coral island—amidst enemies in the savage South Seas? King of the Islands has a tremendous decision to make!*

**COMPLETE**



**Doubt and suspicion came back to Kit Hudson with full force as he looked at the man. . . . "It's false!" said Craye, huskily. "I've nothing that's not my own!"**

## In the Stockade.

**W**ITHIN a stockade on the lonely Pacific atoll of Fufa, Kit Hudson sat with a rifle across his knees, leaning wearily but watchfully against a tree. The Southern Cross hung low in the sky, and the stars were paling at the approach of dawn.

In a little hut of palm-poles and pandanus-leaves built within the stockade, Aileen Craye was sleeping. Her brother, Montague Craye, worn out with watching and fear, had thrown himself on the ground and was sleeping fitfully.

Without lurked Barney Hall, the rascally trader from Tonga, and his crew of Solomon Island savages, who had been combing the islands in search of Craye.

Craye had been manager for the Pacific Company at Apia. He had bolted when £10,000 in banknotes was found to be missing, and a reward of £500 was offered for his capture. His sister, firmly believing his innocence, had fled with him.

Ken King, the boy trader of the South Seas, known far and wide as King of the Islands, had found the Crayes hiding on uninhabited Loya, when he had put in at the island in his ketch Dawn. Barney Hall had

turned up at the same time, and Ken had taken the Crayes off to prevent Aileen falling into the rascal's hands.

For the girl's sake Ken had promised to land them on uninhabited Fufa, and say nothing about them to the outside world. But believing Craye had stolen the money and was carrying the banknotes in his money-belt, he had insisted on the man handing over the money to be returned to the company.

Craye had protested his innocence, and had refused to show the contents of his money-belt. Ken had resorted to force, and Kit Hudson, the young Australian mate of the Dawn, and Ken's loyal comrade, bewitched by Aileen's pretty face, had unexpectedly sided with Craye, declaring that he believed in his innocence.

Rather than come to blows with his comrade, Ken had dismissed Hudson from his post and put him ashore at Fufa with the Crayes.

Now Barney Hall had tracked them down, and all night Hudson had kept watch, ready to beat off an attack. He jumped to his feet as Hall's voice hailed from the other side of the stockade, and Craye started to wakefulness.

The voice of the Tonga trader was

startlingly close at hand. He had approached close to the barred gate of the stockade, and was standing by it.

"What do you want, Hall?" called Hudson. "Show your figure-head over the stockade, and you'll get a bullet through it!"

"You've got Craye with you," replied Hall, "the man who ran from Apia with £10,000 belonging to the Pacific Company. I want him!"

"I've got Craye here," answered Hudson. "But he never ran with the company's money. I've taken his word about that. If you're after the Pacific Company's money, you're on a wild-goose chase. As for the reward, you'll have to get past my rifle to earn that."

"I haven't cruised for three months in these waters for the reward!" snarled Hall. "Craye's got £10,000 in banknotes in his belt, and that's what I want. Throw that bundle of banknotes over the wall, and I'll put to sea in my canoe at dawn. I'll take my niggers away and leave you to roost on this island as long as you like. You can keep Craye—unless you like to hand him over for the reward yourself. It's the loot I want."

Kit Hudson opened his lips to

## The Master of Fufa

reply, but closed them again, his eyes fixed on Craye. As if instinctively, the man's trembling fingers were on the belt that showed plainly under his thin cotton shirt—the belt in which King of the Islands believed he carried the stolen money.

Hudson did not believe it—was determined not to believe it. And yet, at the bottom of his heart, the ex-mate of the Dawn knew that but for Aileen Craye he would have believed the same as his shipmate.

He had forced doubt and suspicion from his mind. He would not, and could not, believe that Aileen's brother was a fugitive thief. But now, as he looked at the man, doubt and suspicion, in spite of himself, came back with full force.

Craye caught his eyes, and understood. A crimson flush came over his pale, haggard face as his fingers left his money-belt.

"It's false!" said Craye huskily. "I've nothing that's not my own!"

The pandanus screen at the doorway of the hut was pulled aside, and Aileen Craye's pale, startled face looked out. The sight of the girl checked the words on Hudson's lips. He nodded, and turned from Craye. He had parted with his old shipmate for ever, as he supposed, because he had stood by Craye against his skipper. It was too late now for distrust.

"I'm waiting!" came the hoarse growl of Barney Hall from the other side of the barred gate. "Throw over the bundle of banknotes and save your lives. How long do you think you'll hold this stockade against my crew?"

"I reckon we can hold it," retorted Hudson. "You're welcome to try your luck. If you beat us, you'll get nothing for your pains. There are no banknotes here!"

"That's a lie!" roared Hall. "You swab, if my men come over the stockade, they won't leave a soul alive. I reckon you know what Solomon Island cannibals are like when they get going. I couldn't stop 'em if I wanted to. You've got a woman there. Will you save her life by throwing over the banknotes?"

"We can hold the stockade!" breathed Craye, his trembling hand on Hudson's arm.

"I reckon so. But——"

Hudson paused, dark suspicion in his eyes again as he watched Craye's working face. There was a struggle in the wretched man's breast, and it showed in his tormented face. What did that struggle mean if he was, as he had declared, an innocent man who had fled from an unjust suspicion?

"But—but what?" muttered Craye.

"I've believed in you, Craye"—Hudson's voice was a whisper, low

and husky—"I've stood by you against my skipper—against the best friend a fellow ever had. But if that scoundrel outside is right—if you've got the money——"

"I've nothing!" said Craye, through quivering lips.

"If you've got the money," repeated Hudson, "do as Hall asks. We can hold them off, but you know as well as I do that it will be touch and go. I wouldn't make terms with the rascal to save my own life, but we've got your sister to protect. And if those black demons get in——"

He broke off.

The struggle in Craye's face was pitiful. What he would have said, Hudson never knew. Aileen came silently from the hut and joined them. Her face was pale, but perfectly calm, and the wretched man seemed to derive courage from her.

"My brother cannot do as that ruffian asks," said Aileen, in a quiet, clear voice. "He has nothing to give."

"Nothing!" repeated Craye. "I left Apia because I was suspected. I had nothing—nothing."

But his fingers fumbled convulsively with the money-belt even as he was speaking.

Hudson turned from him sick at heart. He knew now. It was for this that he had defied his skipper on his own ship, had turned down the friendship of his best friend, to find himself the companion—almost the confederate—of a thief!

But he said nothing. Not to save his life would he have uttered a word to shake Aileen's faith in the wretched man whose flight and wild wanderings she had bravely shared, believing in his innocence.

"I'm waiting!" roared Barney Hall again. "What have you got to say, Kit Hudson?"

"Mr. Hudson has answered you!" It was Aileen who replied. "You are making a mistake. My brother has nothing to give you."

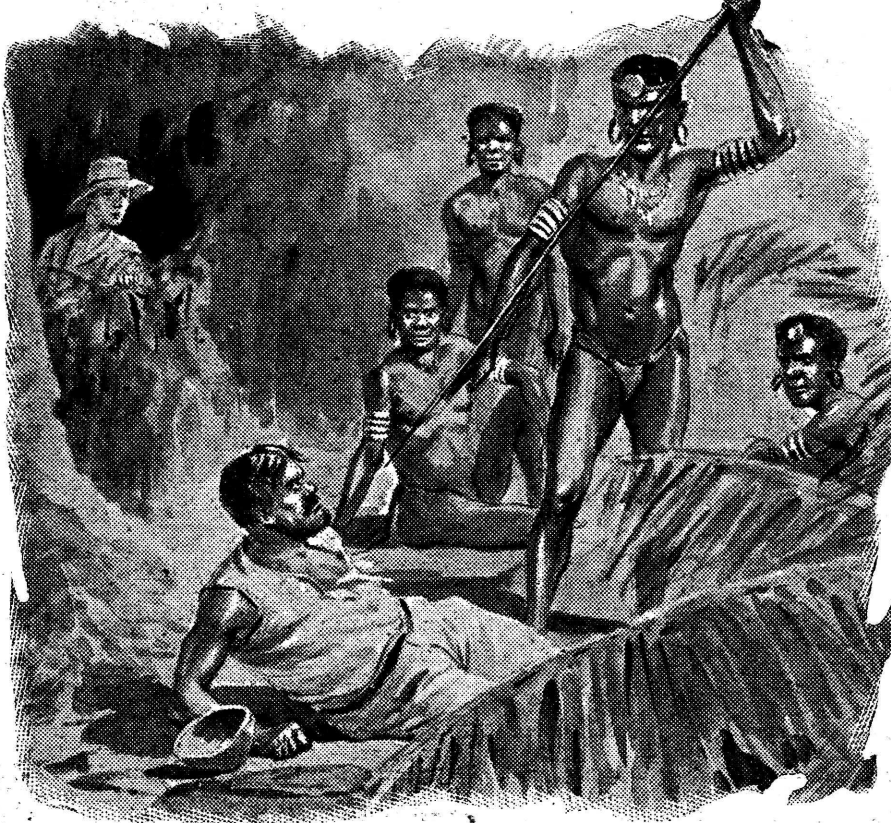
"You can tell that to the marines!" shouted Hall. "I'm asking you for the last time——"

"Belay your jawing tackle, and get under way!" snapped Hudson. "Come on as soon as you like."

Crack! It was the report of Hall's revolver, fired in the air. For a second Hudson did not understand what was meant by that random shot. The next instant he knew that it was a signal. From the back of the stockade there was a sudden pattering of naked feet, a leaping and clutching and

(Continued on page 22.)

Hudson caught his breath as one of the blacks stepped forward, with spear uplifted for a thrust at the sprawling Tonga trader.





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## The Master of Fufa

(Continued from page 20.)

scrambling at the stockade, and black faces and fuzzy heads came hideously into view in the starlight.

Aileen gave an involuntary cry of terror. There was a groan of despair from Montague Craye as his trembling hand grasped his revolver.

Hudson spun round with blazing eyes. He knew now that Hall had kept him in talk at the gate while his black crew crept close to the stockade on the other side.

Almost in the twinkling of an eye eight savage black faces glared over the top of the palm-pole wall, and wild and savage yells rang over Fufa.

Hudson's rifle leaped to his shoulder. Bang, bang!

"Shoot!" he roared.  
Craye's shaking hand lifted his six-shooter. But his bullets flew wide and wild.

There was a scrambling at the gate. While his black crew clambered over the back wall the Tonga trader clambered at the gate, and his rugged, tanned face and rough beard came into sight, and his brawny chest rested on the top bar.

His right hand, with a revolver in it, was over, and he took aim at Kit Hudson's back as the ex-mate of the Dawn faced the attack of the black crew. Hudson's hands were full. He could not turn his head, and Barney Hall's savage eyes glared along the revolver as he lifted it to fire.

Crack! Face white as death, but hand steady as steel, Aileen Craye fired at the Tonga trader. There was a yell from Barney Hall. He slithered helplessly down, and dropped outside the stockade.

The fall of their white leader instantly stopped the attack of the blacks. With a suddenness that was almost ludicrous, the yelling crew dropped from the wall.

Hudson, springing forward with clubbed rifle to beat them back, found the stockade clear of foes. One of the savage crew lay inert at the foot of the wall, but seven were scrambling away among the palms.

The revolver dropped from Aileen's hand. She leaned, white and shaken, on the wall of the palm hut. Hudson ran towards her. From outside the gate the groans of the Tonga trader could be heard as the yelling of the blacks died away into silence.

"Aileen!" panted Hudson.

"He would have fired on you—I had to!" she whispered.

"You've saved my life!" said Hudson simply.

There was a padding of bare feet, a groan from the Tonga trader. Then the padding of feet and the groaning of the ruffian from Tonga died away. His men had carried him back into the palms.

"We're saved!" muttered Craye.

Hudson did not speak. His loathing for the man he was defending was too strong for words.

There was silence in the stockade and silence in the palm grove. From the enemy came no further sound as

the last hour of that wild night wore wearily away, and the sun of a new day rose on Fufa.

### The Uplifted Spear.

**B**ARNEY HALL lay on a heap of tapa mats under the shadow of feathery palms as the sun rose higher over the atoll of Fufa. The lagoon shone in the sunlight, and out on the reef the sea-birds circled and screamed. Round the lonely atoll, wide and blue, rolled the endless Pacific.

Aileen's bullet had passed clean through Hall's shoulder, leaving a hole fore and aft, as Barney expressed it. The wound was serious enough, but not dangerous in any spot but a solitary South Sea island. But in burning tropical heat, and without medical care, the slightest wound might be dangerous.

Hall had made Popoo, one of his crew, wash the wound carefully, and bind it with the cleanest cotton strips that were to be found in his canoe. Now he lay almost helpless, consumed with a burning thirst. He longed for the stimulation of strong drink, but, tough as hickory though he was, Hall knew that he had to take care if he was not to end his cruise on that lonely atoll.

"You feller Popoo," he called, "you fetch water along me plenty quick!"

The trader glared savagely at Popoo as the black boy stood looking at him. There was a peculiar gleam in the eyes of the savage.

"You hear me, ear belong you?" roared Hall.

"Me hear you, ear belong me, sar!" answered the Solomon Islander.

"Then jump to it, you black scum!"

Popoo turned away and went down to the lagoon with a gourd. But his movements were slow and leisurely, not at all like the obedience to which the bully of Tonga was accustomed.

The other Solomon Islanders were sprawling under the palms. They were silent for the most part, but occasionally they muttered in their own dialect, and sometimes glanced towards the wounded trader.

Slowly, carelessly, Popoo came back from the lagoon with the gourd. He had filled it with fresh water where the tiny spring from the palm grove trickled into the lagoon. He swung the gourd as he came along, spilling water at every step.

Barney Hall watched him, eyes burning under his knitted brows. He knew what this carelessness and disrespect on the part of his black crew meant. In sailing with a crew of black savages he had been playing with fire. So long as he was strong, ready with a heavy hand to back up his orders, and with a revolver to back up his fist, the black crew jumped to obedience.

But he was on his back now, his strength sapped, and the obedience of the savages had dropped from them like a cloak. If unconsciousness or delirium came on, as was

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# The Master of Fufa

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likely, he knew that his life would be in danger.

But the ruffian was incapable of fear, and the slackness and disrespect of his men only exasperated his savage temper. His eyes burned with rage as he watched Popoo.

He took the gourd from the hand of the black boy, and drained the contents. Popoo stood and watched him, a grin dawning on his black face.

"You black scum!" snarled Hall, as he lowered the gourd. "You tinkee you no jump obey orders along me. I'll cut the black skin from your back when I'm on my pins again."

"Feller white master talk plenty too much, mouth belong him." Popoo's grin became derisive. "Me tinkee feller white master he go finish. Plenty time feller white master kill this boy along stick, along fist, along butt belong gun. No kill this feller any more altogether. White master go finish along this feller island."

The sprawling blacks looked on, all of them grinning. Only a few hours ago they had been ready to rush on a white man's rifle at Hall's order. Now they openly mocked him.

Every man in the black crew knew the object of his cruise, and stood to share in the plunder if it was successful. But the unthinking blacks recked little of that. The reign of the iron hand was over, and that was all they thought of.

Gritting his tobacco-stained teeth, Hall made an effort to rise. He sank back on the tapa mats, groaning.

"White master no stand along legs belong him," chuckled Popoo. "White master he go finish."

"White master go finish!" echoed the other blacks, chuckling in the curious falsetto of the Solomons.

Hall's hand closed on the empty gourd. With all the force that remained in his arm, he flung it at the grinning black face of Popoo. The

boy dodged the missile, and it crashed on the ground behind him.

"White master no can kill this feller," said Popoo cheerfully. "S'pose white master he bad feller along this Kanaka, this Kanaka plenty kill feller white master."

And Popoo swung carelessly round, turned his back on his impotent master, and strolled away on the beach. There he flung himself down in the shade of a palm and chewed betel-nut.

Barney Hall lay back on the mats, breathing hard. He was weak from loss of blood. His huge, animal-like strength, which he had unreflectingly regarded as a permanent possession, had deserted him. He was at the mercy of his crew if they chose to turn on him, and well he knew their treacherous nature.

The ruffian's thoughts were bitter as he lay panting in the tropical heat, which was growing more and more intense as the sun mounted to the zenith.

Three months and more he had cruised in search of the lost man from Apia. By sheer good fortune he had found him, and this was the outcome. King of the Islands had saved the man from him at Loya—here, on Fufa, the ex-mate of the Dawn had saved him. Craye, with the ten thousand pounds belonging to the Pacific Company, was still a free man, and Barney Hall lay helpless, his life in danger from his own crew.

His hand caressed the butt of the revolver in his belt. That, he realised, was all that stood between him and his men. He was tempted to draw it and open fire on the sprawling savages under the palms. If his senses failed him, he knew what would happen—a thrusting spear or a crashing axe, and then the black boys would steal the canoe and its stores and put to sea for their own island.

But that fierce and desperate thought left him, for he was dependent on the blacks for food and drink

as he lay in weakness and pain. So long as he kept his senses they would not dare.

He would keep a firm hand on himself, must not let his mind wander. But already the fever was on him, and his surroundings seemed to be growing unreal to his eyes as the long hours passed.

He heard, like one in a dream, the cackle of the black boys. A shadow bent by his side—a shadow that loomed large, gigantic, to his dizzy eyes. He tried to pull himself together, but his brain was hot with fever now, limbs heavy as lead. He felt a touch without realising what it meant.

Then, through the mists of his dizzy brain and his dulled hearing, came a cackle, and the voice of Popoo:

"Little feller gun no stop." Barney Hall understood. Feebly he groped for the revolver from which his nerveless hand had dropped. It was gone. Popoo had stooped over him and taken it away.

His brain cleared for a moment, dizzy eyes cleared. He stared wildly round at a circle of grinning, merciless faces.

But it was only for a moment. The next a veil dropped on mind and sight, and he slid into semi-unconsciousness. He heard himself talking wild words of delirium that seemed to be uttered by another voice than his own.

"Washy-washy! You feller boy, you washy-washy debblish quick! Durn your black hides, you washy-washy plenty quick, or me knock seven bells and a dog-watch outer you!"

He was in the canoe once more, and King of the Islands' ketch was running him down. He shouted to the black boys to paddle; but the shout left his lips in a husky whisper. Above the muttering of the delirious trader sounded the cackle of the black boys.

"Feller white master he no savvy what feller thing he talk, mouth belong him!" chuckled Popoo.

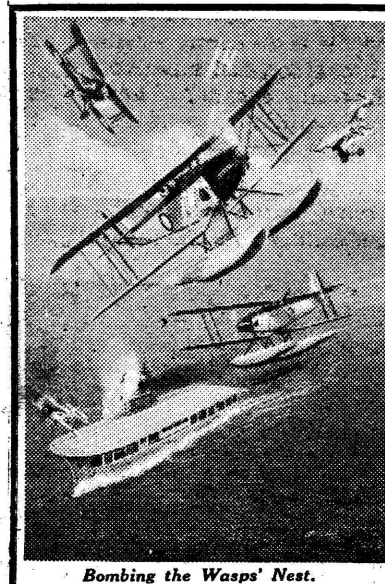
"That feller go finish!" said another of the blacks. He picked up a broad-bladed spear. "He go finish! Canoe belong us feller, gun belong us feller, all thing belong us feller." "Me tinkee plenty good!" said Popoo.

The man with the spear stepped closer to the babbling trader. A brawny arm was lifted, the other blacks standing in a circle, looking on with grinning faces.

Bang! The hand that held the uplifted spear sagged down, a bullet through the shoulder. The rest of the crew, with startled howls, spun round in the direction whence the shot had come.

### Driven Off.

KIT HUDSON stood on the bench inside the wall of the stockade, looking over. Between the slanting trunks in the palm-grove he could see glimpses of the blue of the lagoon shining in the sun. Once or twice he had caught sight of black figures moving at a distance, but no one had approached the stockade.



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The young Australian had waited and watched through the hot morning hours. But he realised that there was no attack to expect. Barney Hall, wounded or dead, was on his beam-ends, and without their white leader the Solomon Islanders were not likely to face a white man's rifle. Whether Hall was dead or alive, it was clear that he was hard hit, as there had been no sign from him.

Hudson stepped down from the bench. He examined his rifle and revolver with sedulous care, and Craye, looking from where he sat slumped against the stockade wall, watched him sulkily.

Not a word had been spoken on the subject of the stolen money, but Craye realised that Hudson knew the truth.

Hudson, in fact, was aware at the back of his mind that he had always known it. It was only for Aileen's sake that he had forced himself to doubt what could only be true.

But further doubt was impossible. Obviously, it had been in Craye's mind to yield to Barney Hall's demand, and give up his plunder to save his life. Hudson reckoned that he would have done it in his fear, but some last rag of shame held him back from letting Aileen know that he was guilty.

Hudson stepped towards him. He loathed the man, but there was something of pity mingled with his dislike. For Aileen's sake Hudson tried to control and conceal his instinctive hostility.

"I'm going out to reconnoitre," he said abruptly. Craye stared at him. "Barney Hall's down," Hudson continued; "either dead or knocked out—and this is our chance. If he's only wounded, we've got to deal with that gang before he recovers. If he's dead, I reckon they won't give us a lot of trouble."

"You're mad!" grunted Craye. "We're safe here. I'm not setting foot outside the stockade, I know that."

"I'm not asking you to, don't want you to. Sooner or later we've got to deal with that crew, and our best chance is now, while their leader's on his beam-ends. But we'd better not both go. If anything happens to me, you've got Miss Craye to care for. I reckon I shall get through, but we can't risk leaving her alone."

Hudson did not add that Craye would have been useless in the coming struggle. Behind the walls of the stockade he might fight like a rat in a corner, but he was not the man to join in the sortie that Hudson planned.

Craye nodded curtly, cheeks flushing and eyes glinting. Perhaps he could guess the thoughts that the ex-mate of the Dawn did not utter.

Hudson strode to the wall, clambered to the top of the stockade, and after a keen look round among the palms, dropped lightly on the outer side.

It was nearly noon now, and if Barney Hall was dead or disabled, as

seemed certain, it was probable that the blacks would be sprawling under the palms, sleeping or dozing in the tropical heat of the day. Hudson hoped to take them by surprise and drive them to the canoe. Seven men were left of the black crew, but Hudson did not fear the odds so long as he had only blacks to contend with.


Cautiously he picked his way through the slanting palm-trees towards the beach. On the beach lay the tall-prowed, long black canoe in which the Tonga trader and his crew had reached the island. Hudson guessed that the enemy would be camped somewhere near the canoe. Without a sound, finger on trigger, watchful as a cat, he trod among the palms.

From the beach at the edge of the palm-grove a sound of cackling voices reached his ears. He paused, listening.

The blacks were not dozing in the heat of the day as he had reckoned. Half a dozen excited voices were cackling on the edge of the palm-grove. Something was going on in the camp of the Tonga trader. With redoubled caution Hudson trod on his way.

Through an opening in the palms he had a sudden view of the Solomon Islanders. They were gathered in a group under a tall tree, and something lay in the midst of the group.

(Continued on the next page.)



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## The Master of Fufa

Halting in the cover of a thick trunk, Hudson peered round it and watched.

Amid the bare, black legs of the savages he made out the object that lay on the ground under the tree—Barney Hall, stretched on a heap of tapa mats.

Evidently the Tonga trader was disabled. Hudson watched the scene curiously, wondering what it portended. He caught his breath as one of the blacks stepped before the others and lifted a spear for a thrust downward at the sprawling form of the trader.

"My hat!" breathed Hudson. He knew all then. For a second he was tempted to look idly on and leave the ruthless ruffian to his fate—the fate he had brought on himself by brutality and greed. But the man, brute as he was, was a white man. And only too well Hudson knew the intentions of the wild crew who had turned on their master. His rifle leaped to his shoulder, and he fired as the uplifted spear flashed in the sun.

The bullet went through the man's shoulder, and the spear dropped from his nerveless fingers. With a wild howl, the rest of the crew spun round towards Hudson.

Bang! roared the second shot, and one of the black crew pitched over and lay groaning. Almost in the twinkling of an eye the rest of the crew had turned and were racing down to the beach. One glimpse of Hudson's fierce face and levelled rifle had been enough for them.

Bang! Bang! roared the rifle, the reports thudding with shattering echoes through the silence of the palms. Hudson was firing over the heads of the fleeing blacks now. But he sent the lead close enough, and Popoo screamed with terror as a lock of his fuzzy hair was torn away.

The five blacks reached the beached canoe, and began desperately to drag it down to the water. Hudson ran forward and reached Barney Hall.

The wounded Solomon Islanders were crawling after their comrades. They joined them as they dragged the canoe into the water, and crawled in. Five brawny savages shoved the canoe off and grabbed the paddles. Their only thought was to escape the "feller white master" with the fierce face and roaring rifle. The paddles dashed into the water, and the canoe shot out on the lagoon, making for the reef passage.

Hudson looked down at the Tonga trader. Barney Hall, babbling incoherently, stared at him with feverish, unseeing eyes. There was nothing to be feared from him. The Australian reloaded his rifle and ran down to the beach.

Bang! Bang! He pitched the bullets into the water on either side of the canoe. Howls of fear answered the shots, as the Solomon Islanders slaved at the paddles.

It would have been easy for Hudson to pick off the whole crew one after another before they were out of range. But so long as he drove them

from Fufa he was satisfied. And the blacks were fleeing as fast as they could wield their paddles.

Again and again he fired after them, tossing up spouts of water round the rushing canoe. To the terrified blacks it seemed that every shot was aimed to kill. They paddled frantically for the sea.

The canoe glided swiftly through the reef passage and drove out on the open sea. It became a speck on the Pacific, and then vanished from sight.

Hudson dropped the butt of his rifle to the sand and laughed. The Solomon Islanders were gone, Barney Hall lay in the grip of delirium, and he was once more master of Fufa.

### Ken's Decision.

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS leaned on the taffrail of the Dawn, his eyes fixed moodily on the white wake furrowing astern of the ketch. The breeze was light and fitful, and the ketch was making a bare three knots.

Kaio-lalulalonga—Koko for short—sat on the hatchway coamings, his ukulele across his sinewy bare knees, idly touching the strings as he hummed a Hawaiian tune. Many times the dark eyes of the giant Kanaka bo'sun turned on his white master. King of the Islands had been long silent, but Koko could guess what was in his mind.

Many days had passed since the ketch had sailed away from Fufa, leaving Kit Hudson marooned with the fugitives from Apia. From Fufa the Dawn had sailed on to Pita, and from Pita to island after island, the store of copra and pearl-shell in her hold growing.

But since the day he had parted with his comrade King of the Islands had not seemed the cheery, brisk, cheerful South Sea trader of old. He did his work, and did it thoroughly, but the old verve seemed to be gone.

The Hiva-Oa crew—Lompo, Lufu, Tomoo, Kolu, and Danny, the cooky-boy—had almost forgotten by this time that Kit Hudson had ever been mate of the Dawn. In the manner of the Kanaka, their thoughts were only on the passing day. But Koko, as he often said, was no common Kanaka. And he knew that thoughts of his shipmate were lingering sadly in the mind of King of the Islands.

Ken's cruise was coming to an end. He had but few more calls to make, and these were all on the homeward way to Lalinge. But as the ketch glided slowly through the water it was in the boy trader's mind that he was unwilling to steer for his home port. He was far from Fufa now, but once he set a course for Lalinge he would leave Fufa farther and farther behind.

The thought irked him sorely. His comrade had been unreasonable, intractable. It was the bright glance of Aileen Craye that had bewitched him. And, after all, they had parted friends. With each passing day Ken

King thought more and more of the friend he had lost.

But sorely as he missed his shipmate, that was not all that troubled the boy trader. His thoughts ran on Barney Hall, combing those lonely waters for the lost man from Apia. On the track of plunder, Hall was like a bloodhound.

And Ken could not help thinking that the chances were that sooner or later Hall would run down the hunted man, would arrive at Fufa with his cannibal crew. His comrade might even then be in deadly peril. More and more it seemed to him impossible to set a course for Lalinge and leave matters as they were.

From Tomoo on the little fore-castle came a sing-song call.

"Feller canoe stop along sea!"

Canoes, voyaging among the islands, came into sight often enough. But Kaio-lalulalonga, standing on the hatchway and staring towards the distant object on the sunlit waters, ejaculated:

"Feller canoe belong Barney Hall!"

"Barney Hall's canoe!" exclaimed King of the Islands. He lifted his binoculars, and turned them on the long, dark, tall-prowed canoe.

In the powerful glasses, the canoe rushed into sudden-clear vision. It was Barney Hall's canoe, but there was no white man on board. Four blacks sat at the paddles, and one stood up, waving. There was no one else on board.

"They're signalling us," said Ken. "We'll run down and speak." And he gave an order to Lompo at the helm.

The boy trader loosened his revolver as the ketch ran down to the Solomon Island canoe, and Koko went below for a rifle. But there was no hostility in the looks of the savage crew from the Solomons. The five looked gaunt and haggard, and had plainly been through a hard time. Popoo, waving the paddle, was signalling for help of some sort.

The canoe paddled under the rail of the Dawn. Ken looked down at the haggard crew, his revolver resting on the rail.

"You feller boy, what name you signal along this ship?" he asked.

"Us feller plenty too much thirst, sar!" answered Popoo. "Us feller tinkee white master give water along this feller boy."

"What place Barney Hall he stop?" asked Ken suspiciously. He was wondering whether the cannibal crew had risen against the Tonga trader.

"Feller white master Hall he stop along Fufa, sar!" answered Popoo.

"Along Fufa! You've been to Fufa?" demanded Ken, his heart throbbing with anxiety, as the black boy's answer realised his forebodings. "You fight along feller Hudson? Is he alive?"

"White feller Hudson he stop, sar." Popoo grinned ruefully. "Gun belong him talk plenty too much along this feller crew, sar. Kill plenty feller boy. Us feller run

(Continued on page 28.)



## The Master of Fufa

(Continued from page 23.)

along sea, sar—five-two feller run along canoe."

"Five-two!" repeated Ken. Five-two was seven, and there were only five blacks in the canoe.

"Two feller plenty too much kill along bullet, sar," said Popoo. "They go finish."

"You plenty sure white feller Hudson he stop?" asked Ken.

"Plenty too much sure, sar! Along we go along sea, that white feller shoot along gun, plenty too much."

"What name Barney Hall he stop along Fufa?" asked Ken, puzzled. He gathered that Hudson had beaten off the blacks, and that they had fled in the canoe. "That feller he dead feller altogether?"

"He kill along shoulder belong him, sar, along bullet, no kill-dead," said Popoo.

Ken nodded. Barney Hall had been wounded, and the black crew had fled in the canoe, leaving him on Fufa. That was clear.

"S'pose white master give this feller water, this feller plenty too much glad, sar," said Popoo. And the black crew looked up anxiously at King of the Islands. "Us feller go along sea plenty too much quick, feller water he no stop. S'pose you give this feller crew water, sar, this feller crew go finish altogether."

"How long since you left Fufa?"

asked Ken. "How many day you feller stop along sea along canoe?"

Popoo reflected a few moments, and held up the five fingers of his black hand. After a little further reflection, he held up another finger.

"Five-one day, sar," he said.

"Give that feller crew feller keg, Koko," said King of the Islands. "Give um feller banana, feller yam, plenty feller food."

Kaio-lalulalonga grunted. To the brown boatswain's mind, it was a sheer waste to break out stores for a crew of black cannibals, every one of them a savage enemy. But he obeyed the boy trader promptly the while he grumbled under his breath. And the Solomon Island crew grinned with glee as food and water were lowered into the canoe.

The canoe paddled away, and the ketch glided on her way.

King of the Islands paced the little after-deck, his brow lined with thought. He knew now what had happened at Fufa. But it was six days since the black crew had fled from the atoll. What had happened since?

Barney Hall was on the island, wounded, perhaps dead. But if he lived, he lived as a treacherous and remorseless enemy. Kit Hudson had had luck. He had beaten off what Ken had feared would be, if it came at all, an overwhelming attack. But since—?

Kaio-lalulalonga watched his white master's face curiously. He knew every turn of expression there, and

he understood the troubled and doubting thoughts in the mind of the boy trader. And before Ken himself knew what his decision would be, the Kanaka boatswain had guessed what was coming.

Koko had taken the helm from Lompo. With his hands on the wheel, his eyes on his white master's face, the brown boatswain waited.

King of the Islands turned to him, and a faint grin dawned on the brown face of Kaio-lalulalonga. He had wondered when it would come, and now it was coming.

"Sou'-west and by south!" said King of the Islands.

"We go along Fufa, sar?"

"Ay, ay!"

"This feller plenty glad, sar," said Koko simply. His faithful heart had been heavy for the trouble that had haunted his white master's face during the long days since he had parted from his shipmate. "This feller Kanaka he plenty too much glad altogether, sar."

Ken smiled, and, under the westerling sun, the Dawn glided before the light breeze, heading for distant Fufa.

King of the Islands felt his heart grow lighter with every knot that reeled off and drew him nearer and nearer to the lonely atoll and his lost shipmate!

*(The dark clouds are lifting for Ken King, and if you would know what befalls him you should make certain of reading next week's magnificent follow-on story!)*

## The Editor Talks

Address your letters to:

The Editor, **THE MODERN BOY,**

Fleetway House,

Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

**GUINEAS for Photos!**—Do YOU want a guinea? Yes, you would be justified in calling that a really foolish question. But let me explain. I am proposing to publish in MODERN BOY each week a school group photograph, and to award the sender of each one published a prize of ONE GUINEA.

The group may consist of any number of fellows from six upwards, and preference will be given to photographs bearing the names of the fellows concerned. The photo may be a complete school group, a Form group, the footer or cricket team, or, as I have said, just a half-dozen or so fellows snapped by a schoolmate or by a professional photographer.

The name and address of the actual sender of the photograph must be clearly written on the back. So you with cameras get busy at once. And you others with interesting photographs, please send them to me. The first-comers will get the first GUINEAS!

**Competitions.**—The above is NOT a competition, but one is due to make its appearance in MODERN BOY later on this month. There will be one really

big and exciting First Prize and numerous splendid Consolation Prizes. The competition will take a form which from past experience I know to be extremely popular. I assure you this is something splendid to look forward to. Meanwhile, get one of those GUINEAS!

The result of our previous competition—"Motor Names"—will be published directly the judging is completed. Watch MODERN BOY—your name may be in the list of prizewinners.

**Ends and Beginnings.**—There is always fascination in the beginning of something and in its end—even more so, perhaps, than in the midway course. You will therefore be more than ordinarily interested in next week's issue, for there the King of the Islands stories by Charles Hamilton and the motor-racing yarns by Alfred Edgar both reach their conclusion.

Their places will be taken, the week following, by stories specially written for MODERN BOY by those two famous authors JOHN HUNTER and CAPT. F. A. M. WEBSTER, who will be joining PERCY F. WESTERMAN to complete the "hat trick"!

Once again readers of MODERN BOY will be enjoying the finest fiction programme to be found in ANY boys' paper.

**Coloured Plates.**—Many of you will be very glad indeed to know that a limited number of the splendid coloured plates of famous railway engines already given away with previous issues of MODERN BOY have been specially reserved for late-comers and others who wish to complete their sets up to date.

Very prompt application for these is necessary if you are not to be disappointed. Ask any newsagent to get for you the back number or numbers concerned. Or you may have the issues containing the plates direct from MODERN BOY Back Number Dept., Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, for 3d. each, post free.

The "Ranger."—Have you seen the new boys' paper, THE RANGER? Not only because its Editor is a great friend of mine but because it really is a jolly good weekly paper. I want to recommend it to you. Especially will you appreciate the superb coloured plates that THE RANGER is giving away free—a series showing modern fighting aircraft in action. I strongly advise you to get a copy of THE RANGER to-day—2d. Several pages, by the way, are printed in colour, and the Editor rightly claims it to be Britain's Best Boys' Coloured Paper.

## The Editor.