

*6-11-32*

# The MODERN BOY

EVERY MONDAY.  
Week Ending April 23rd, 1932.

No. 220.  
Vol. 9.

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Roundabout Ride for a Steel Giant!—*See* pages 16-17

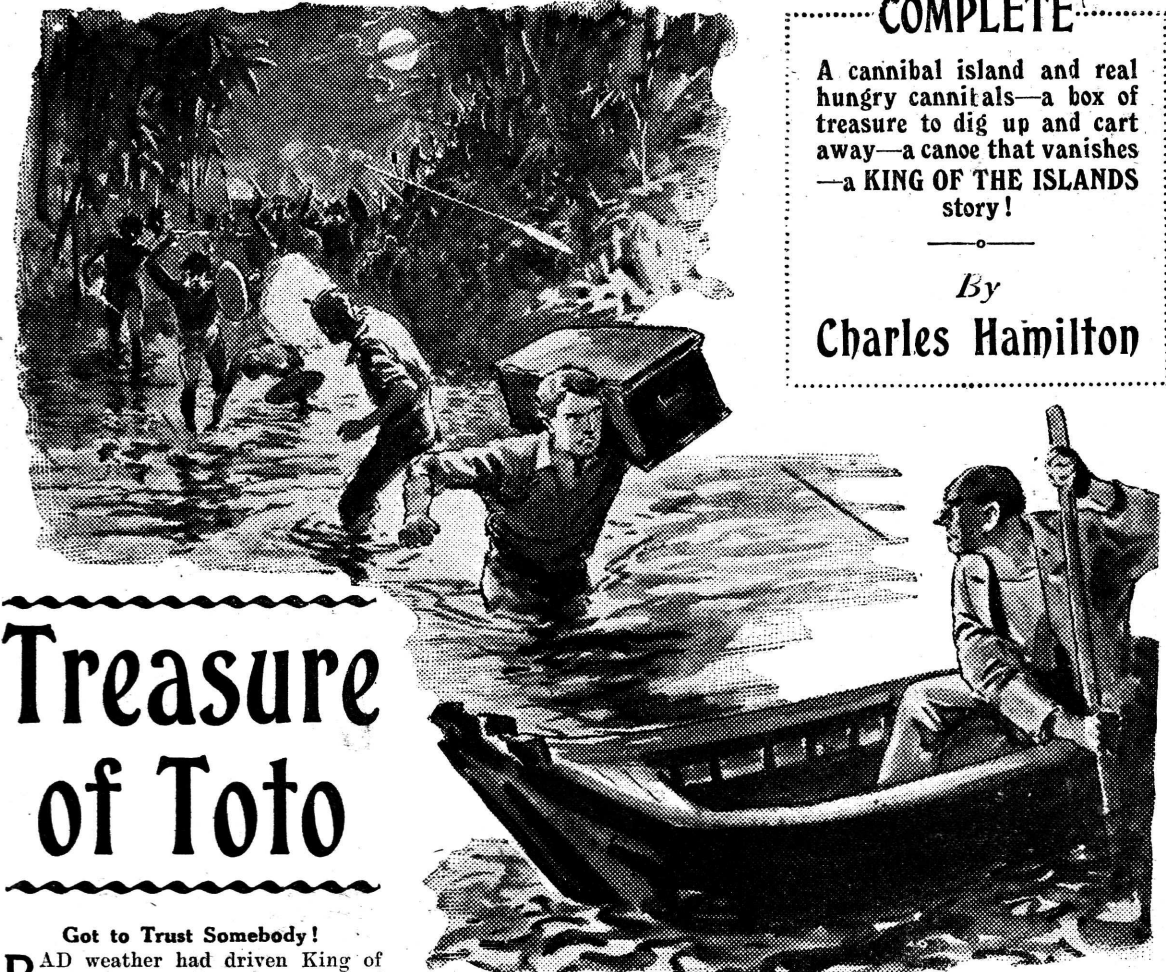


COMPLETE!

A cannibal island and real hungry cannibals—a box of treasure to dig up and cart away—a canoe that vanishes—a KING OF THE ISLANDS story!

By

Charles Hamilton



# Treasure of Toto

## Got to Trust Somebody!

**B**AD weather had driven King of the Islands into the lagoon of Ululo. There was little trade there, and in what little there was Ken King had no share. But the ketch Dawn made a longer stay at Ululo than Ken was accustomed to make at any island. The boy skipper's ketch had been severely knocked about in a hurricane; and now, during long, sunny days, the Hiva-Oa crew, and native boys hired on the beach, laboured at repairs under the direction of the skipper and his Australian mate, Kit Hudson.

Time was money to the boy trader of the Pacific. Island calls had to be postponed, and cargoes that the Dawn would have carried were snapped up by other craft. It meant loss to the boy trader, and that, perhaps, made Ken all the more willing to give ear to the story told by Ezra Bonk, the Yankee trader of Ululo.

Treasure tales were almost as thick as pebbles on the Pacific beaches. Ken had heard them by the score, generally with a smile. Some of them were true. No doubt there were bags of pearls hidden by dead and gone pearl-ers. There were sacks of Australian sovereigns tucked away in secret places by wary native chiefs who refused to touch paper money. There were hidden places where the precious "pink" coral was to be picked up by the ship-load—perhaps!

King of the Islands, as a matter of fact, had picked up treasure in his

"You got it?" breathed Ezra, in the canoe, as Hudson came staggering through the water. "Yes! Get it aboard—quick!" came the answer—and a bunch of wild black figures appeared, leaping from the bush.

time. Nevertheless, he generally turned a deaf ear to treasure tales from island traders and imaginative beachcombers. Drumming for cargo paid better, in the long run, than hunting for elusive riches!

Only because the Dawn had to keep her anchor down in the sandy bottom of the Ululo lagoon until she was repaired did Ken give attention to Mr. Bonk.

There were a good many white men on Ululo, and all of them, Ken found, had heard of the treasure of Toto. Some of them believed in it. More did not. And not one had the least inclination to hunt for it.

Even Ezra Bonk, a keen believer in the treasure, did not want to go in quest of it. In his store on the beach his head was safe on his shoulders, which certainly would not have been the case had he ventured into the dim interior of Ululo looking for treasure!

Ezra, in fact, was looking for a catspaw—someone to get the treasure for him. And probably the simple good faith and genial good-nature of the boy trader made Ezra calculate that he had found the catspaw he wanted!

Ken, if he found the loot, could be trusted to keep faith with the man

who put him on the scent of it, and that could hardly be said of all the trading skippers in the Pacific. Ken had more courage in his little finger than Ezra had in his whole six feet of body. And courage was needed by any man who penetrated beyond the high bush into the dim, untrodden, untamed interior of Ululo.

Ken was the very man Ezra wanted to meet, and the circumstance that he was hung up at Ululo for repairs to his ketch was a stroke of real good luck from the Yankee storekeeper's point of view.

So one evening, as Ken and Kit Hudson walked on the beach, after a hard day's work on the ketch, Ezra hustled them into his store for a yarn.

Most of Ezra's trade had been taken away by a rival storekeeper, a half-caste, whom Ezra described as a dog-goned nigger. His store was depleted of almost every kind of goods and was falling into disrepair. He could no longer afford to keep even one native house-boy, and he served few customers with his own hands. Only by the skin of his teeth, as it were, did Ezra continue to hang on, and every day he was expected to shut up shop finally and take to

## Treasure of Toto

combing the beach. So the treasure of Toto appealed to him all the more.

Neither Ken nor Kit wanted a chat with the sly-eyed, cunning trader; neither did they like the strong aroma of rum that clung about him. Of all the white men on Ululo, Ezra was the man they liked the least, and they would not have trusted him farther than they could see him—if so far as that.

But they fell in with his desire for a yarn, though they politely refused the drinks. And Ezra told them the story of Toto-to-laloo, which they had already heard several times from others. But Ezra had more to tell than the others. Ezra had a clue.

"You want to know!" said Ezra. "Any guy on Ululo can tell you that Toto-to-laloo was a big chief on this island a dozen years ago, and that he was killed by another bulldozer with a long name, who went to the cooking-oven in his turn. They sock one another fairly free and promiscuous in the bush on Ululo; and nobody minds, so long as they keep to their side of the bush and don't come head-hunting on the beaches.

"But old Toto had a treasure. Yep! I guess you can smile! I guess I smole some when they first pitched me the tale. But you want to know that this is the goods."

"Heave ahead," said King of the Islands, leaning back in his chair.

"It's been the talk of Ululo that old Toto had a treasure, and hid it away before they got him," said Ezra. "Whether he kept it in hiding, or whether he jest hid it when he knew his number was up, I ain't guessing. But he had it, and it was hid."

"Australian sovereigns in a sack?" asked Kit Hudson. "It's generally that. Or pearls?"

"Nobody knows! I ain't guessing. But it was there! You've heard that all along the beach. But you ain't heard that there's a guy who can put his finger on it. I'm the guy!"

"Then why haven't you put your finger on it?"

"I ain't the man to do it," Ezra said frankly. "I ain't got the nerve. Them niggers in the interior of Ululo is pizen. Step into the bush, and your head ain't safe on your shoulders. I guess my hand shakes too much to handle a gun to any great extent. But you—" His look and tone grew persuasive. "You're the man to do it, King of the Islands—you, the boldest sailorman in the Pacific. And your mate, too!"

The shipmates chuckled. Ezra was ready to hand out flattery in the largest chunks if he could secure his catspaw thereby.

"Don't you guys figure that I'm stringing you along," said Ezra. "I'm telling you this is the goods. I got it from an old native, who was with Toto in his last days. He helped him bury the loot.

"I got it all fair and square. He'd never seen the stuff, but he'd seen the big teak box that Toto kept it in. He helped Toto bury that box in a certain spot that he described to me. I tell you, it cost me a small fortune in rum to get the whole story out of

that nigger. But I got the whole story out of him, and I worked it out that it was true. Yep!"

"He may have told the same story to a dozen others at the same figure," said Hudson, laughing

"Nope! A shark got him in the lagoon, and I guess he never told any guy after that.

"I got it fair and square," Ezra went on earnestly. "I'll say I can lay a finger on that treasure. I ain't saying I know what it is—I don't. Sovereigns or pearls, I reckon—one or the other. What ever it is, it's packed in a teak box three feet long, locked, and the key lost, I reckon. A box that old Toto got from a trader, and I guess I've seen that trader and asked him, and he allows it was so.

"That box is buried only five miles from this identical store we're a-setting in; but them blacks is thick in the bush. That's what gets my goat."

"And where is the teak box buried?"

"That's what I'm telling to the guy who will go after it on equal shares!" said Ezra Bonk.

The shipmates exchanged glances. "Might be something in it," yawned Hudson. "But—"

"You're the guys to do it," said Ezra Bonk. "I'll trust you! I know the word of King of the Islands is as good as solid dollars."

"I hope so," said Ken. "But—well, if you like to give us the details, we'll think it over. If we decide not to take it up, we'll promise, of course, not to say a word outside this store, and your secret will be safe with us."

Then came a long pause of indecision on the part of Ezra Bonk. That he believed himself that he could lay his finger on the treasure of Toto-laloo was evident from his extreme reluctance to give the particulars.

As he dared not venture into the bush himself he had to trust somebody, and he knew that King of the Islands was to be trusted. Yet it was only with difficulty and reluctance that Ezra forced himself to speak. And the shipmates of the Dawn listened with attention, half convinced that there was something in it when Ezra had told them all.

"You're taking it on?" Ezra wound up. "Two bold sailormen like you two guys, crammed with grit—"

"We'll think it over," said Ken, rising.

"Jump at it!" urged Ezra. "Jump at it with both feet!"

"I've only one head on my shoulders," Ken pointed out, "and my mate is fixed the same way. We've got to think this over."

And the shipmates walked back to the beach, leaving Ezra in a hopeful mood, mixing himself another drink.

### The Faithful Koko.

LITTLE white master tinkee plenty too much, head belong him" Koko, the brown boatswain of the Dawn, made that remark a day later.

Ken smiled. Another day's work had been done in the ketch, but a good deal more remained to be done before the handsome little craft would be ready for sea. During the day Ken had been very thoughtful. That mood had been shared by his chum, the mate of the Dawn.

Koko's keen eyes had observed the unusual abstraction of his little white master. He wondered what troublesome thoughts were passing in the "head belong him." During the day Ezra Bonk had twice come off from the beach in his sailing canoe, seeking word with King of the Islands, but Ken had been too busy to attend to him. And Koko, the Kanaka, had looked on the storekeeper with eyes of deep distrust.

Ken was now sitting on the taffrail, in the sunset, looking towards the beach. His brow was knitted in thought. On the beach, Ezra Bonk could be seen lounging before his store with a black cheroot in his mouth, looking out across the lagoon towards the ketch.

There was no doubt that Ezra was anxious for the shipmates of the Dawn to take on the treasure search. He was anxious to "cinch" it, as he would have expressed it, before the ketch was ready for sea.

"Little white master no tell this feller Kanaka what thing stop along head belong him?" asked Koko.

"No can, Koko," answered Ken. His promise of secrecy to Ezra Bonk prevented him from confiding the matter even to the faithful Koko.

"This feller Koko no common Kanaka, sar!" said the brown boatswain, shaking his dusky head. "This feller savvy plenty too much, sar."

"What you savvy, head belong you, old coffee-bean?" asked Kit Hudson, with a grin.

"Me savvy that feller Bonk plenty bad feller, sar," said Koko. "Me savvy that Melican feller plenty too much. S'pose he talk along little white master, plenty better little white master no listen, ear belong him."

"I dare say the old brown bean's right," said Hudson to Ken. "I never saw a more thoroughly mean-looking swab than that man Bonk."

"That's so," agreed Ken. "But what he's given us is straight. He believes in it himself."

"Yes, I agree!" assented Hudson. "And if it's the goods, he can't double-cross us. The stuff will be in our hands till we divide up."

"I'm thinking of having a shot at it, Kit," said Ken thoughtfully.

"Me tinkee plenty too much better little white master no listen, ear belong him, along that Melican feller!" Koko grunted. Having delivered that opinion, the brown boatswain moved away and sat down on the hatchway coamings with his ukulele.

Ken glanced after him thoughtfully. He had much respect for the judgment of the faithful Koko, who was no common Kanaka. His personal opinion of the storekeeper was in accordance with Koko's. But, after all, it did not seem possible that

Bonk could double-cross the shipmates.

All they had to fear, so far as Ken could see, was that Ezra's hopes had led him to believe too easily in the tale told him by the old native, and that the treasure might prove to be non-existent when the shipmates searched for it at the risk of their heads.

But if the treasure of Toto was there, the shipmates were the men to lift it, if anyone could.

"After all, it's a short trip, and at night we might get through without trouble with the natives," said Ken slowly. "We can leave Koko in charge of the ketch. Ezra can run us up the creek in his canoe—he's got nerve enough for that much. From the creek it's a mile through the bush to the cache, and, according to Ezra, there's a runway in the bush that will take us straight there."

"Looks an easy thing!" said Hudson

"If the man's got it right, we shall easily recognise the spot," said Ken, going over in his mind what the storekeeper had told him. "A big rock in the midst of the bush, carved with gods and devils by the native witch-doctors—we can't mistake that. No native village within a mile of it, if Ezra's right.

"The teak box is buried at the foot of the rock, directly under a big carved god on the face of the rock. Looks like getting the bearings easily enough. There'll be a moon to-night,

The sun sank lower into the Pacific, turning the lagoon into a sheet of glowing gold. Shadows were lengthening on the beach of Ululo. And the lanky figure of the Yankee storekeeper could still be seen, loafing outside the store, staring towards the ketch.

As the dusk deepened, the shipmates discussed the enterprise in low tones, while Koko tinkled on his ukulele, and sang a soft, haunting song with endless verses in the lisping Hawaiian tongue.

The Hiva-Oa crew, resting after a day's labour, lolled on the forward deck, chewing betel-nut, or sprawled on their sleeping-mats. A tinkle of pots and pans came from Danny, the cooky-boy, in the galley.

And cannibal feasts took place on the appointed days. Savage and ruthless warfare was incessant between the three or four different tribes—with no object but the capture of heads for trophies and prisoners for cannibal feasts.

If white men on Ululo went into the bush, they went in parties, armed to the teeth. More than one careless white man, wandering into the bush to shoot wild pig, or perhaps to search for the treasure of Toto, had never returned, and his fate remained unknown—though easily guessed.

Toto, in his time, had been one of the fiercest of the chiefs of Ululo, and was well known to have had a collection of smoked heads—both



With spade and pick the shipmates dug as silently as possible in the shadow of the eerie, gigantic figure. "Hark!" whispered Ken suddenly.

Kit, old man I'm getting keen to have a shot at it."

"I'm keen already," Hudson laughed. "It looks easy, Ken. But if it was easy, Ezra wouldn't have taken two in to share the loot. No good blinking the fact that we shall be taking our lives in our hands, old chap. It's well known on Ululo that any white man who goes into the bush is more likely than not to leave his head there, to be smoked in the native huts."

"We've risked that before now." "Many a time," agreed Hudson. "I'm game, Ken, if you are. Old Toto's hoard may pay us for the time we've lost here, and the bill for repairs."

"I was thinking of that," said Ken, with a smile.

The shadows deepened. Lights began to twinkle from the bungalows along the beach. Beyond the settlement was the high bush—the dark, mysterious bush trodden only by the feet of the wild native tribes, untamed by the white men whose power did not extend beyond the edge of the bush.

Savage black cannibals, as fierce a race as any in the Pacific, dwelt on Ululo. They had been taught to respect the white men's settlement, and sometimes they came down unarmed to trade. But in the bush little was changed since the old days before a white face had been seen in the Pacific.

Devil-doctors carried on their ceremonies. Heads were smoked in wood fires to be preserved as

black men's and white men's. Nobody on the beach had been sorry when the old savage fell under the spear of some rival cannibal.

Ken and Kit stared towards the darkening bush beyond the beach—dim, mysterious, haunted by cruelty and horror. They knew what they had to risk if they stepped into its shadowed runways. Death in terrible shapes dwelt there among the shadows.

But they were making up their minds. Only fear kept the Yankee storekeeper from attempting to lift the treasure in which he implicitly believed. And fear had little influence on the shipmates of the Dawn.

The sun dipped into the Pacific, and darkness fell like a cloak on the island and the lagoon. Ken rose from the taffrail.

"What about it, old man?" he said.

"Let's," said Hudson.

"Done, then! Lompo—you feller Lompo!" called King of the Islands.

"Yes, sar!" The Hiva-Oa boy came through the shadows.

"You show feller lamp along rail, signal along beach," said Ken.

"Yes, sar!" A light gleamed over the rail of the Dawn. It was the agreed signal to Ezra Bonk that the shipmates of the Dawn were "taking it on."

A quarter of an hour later there was the splash of a paddle under the rail of the ketch. A canoe



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floated alongside, with the tall, bony figure of Ezra Bonk standing up in it.

"You guys ready?" came his husky voice, in eager tones.

"Ay, ay!" Ken spoke a few words to Koko. The Kanaka boatswain listened with a clouded brow.

"Me no likee little white master go 'long feller Bonk!" he said. "This feller Kanaka tinkee plenty too bad altogether, white master go 'long feller Bonk."

"All serene, old coffee-bean!" smiled Ken. "We shall be back before morning." The shipmates swung into the canoe. Ezra drove at the paddle and they glided away into the shadows of the lagoon, and vanished from the watching eyes of the faithful Koko.

### In the Bush.

**S**TARS spangled the sky. Like a mass of jewels, the Southern Cross gleamed and sparkled. But it was dark on the shallow creek that flowed down from the hilly interior of Ululo into the lagoon. On either side of the creek the black bush grew down to the water's edge, and here and there invaded the water. Like a black wall it rose on either side, barring in the stream.

Ken and Kit sat in silence, neither inclined for talk. Nor was it judicious to make a sound that could be helped now that they were within the high bush of Ululo. They had taken paddles to help Ezra, and only the sweep of the paddles in the water broke the silence.

But an occasional mutter came from Ezra, who was in a state of suppressed excitement and twittering nerves. There was not likely to be danger until the treasure-seekers landed, but the shadows of the bush were full of terrors.

Ezra did not intend to land with the shipmates. The treasure of Toto and all the treasures of the wide Pacific would not have tempted him to set foot in the bush!

His companions were made of sterner stuff. But they were grave and serious, well knowing while they despised Ezra's fears that those fears were only too well founded.

The canoe glided up the creek, here and there bumping in shallows. The beach had long been left behind, the winding creek taking the adventurers into the very heart of the dim bush.

There was a mast in the canoe with a furled sail. There was no wind in the bush, and the sail was useless on the shadowed creek. But the mast was stepped; the shipmates did not know why. On such an expedition they would have expected Ezra to unship the mast, and leave mast and sail behind as useless encumbrances. More than once the mast brushed against some overhanging branch and rocked the canoe.

Ken had observed, too, that there was a keg of water and several

packages in the bottom of the canoe. Why Ezra had placed them on board for a trip into the bush was a mystery. In answer to a question, he had mumbled that they happened to be on board, and he had not taken the trouble to shift them, and that they did not matter, anyhow.

That was true enough, and the shipmates gave no special attention to the matter. They had plenty to think of without bothering about the oddities of the storekeeper.

There was a steady current against the canoe, and progress was not rapid. But by the time the silvery crescent of the moon showed overhead Ezra announced that they had reached their stopping-place. He pointed with his paddle to a gloomy opening in the black wall of bush on the bank.

"I guess that's the runaway," he whispered huskily. "I'll say I've been as far up as this before and used my eyes. But I guess I never had any hunch to go farther!"

"I guess not!" grinned Hudson. "But we're going farther!"

Ezra tooted the canoe in to the bank.

"You got the bearings?" he muttered. "I guess I'll tell you all over agin if you want!"

"We've got our bearings all right. Push off when we're ashore and wait for our whistle," said King of the Islands.

The canoe bumped on mud, shadowed by dim branches. The black opening of the runaway looked anything but inviting. The shipmates were not surprised that Ezra had never ventured farther. Once on shore, his head would not have been safe on his shoulders.

The shipmates stepped off into clinging mud. Ezra fumbled in the canoe, and handed a pick and spade over the side.

"You want to hurry!" he muttered. "This here ain't a holiday, you guys! I guess I shall be feeling my head to make sure it's still there all the time you're gone. You got your guns?"

"Not likely to forget them!" chuckled Hudson.

"I reckon not. You may want them. Say, I'll wait till the first pop of dawn, if you ain't back before then. No good waiting longer than that!"

King of the Islands smiled grimly. If the shipmates did not return to the canoe long before dawn, it would be because Ululo knives had separated their heads from their shoulders in the bush. But it was solely of his own head that Ezra was thinking.

"I guess that box will be heavy!" muttered Ezra. "A teak box, three feet long. But you hefty guys—"

"We'll carry the treasure all right, if we get it!" said Ken. "Wait—and watch!"

Ezra promptly pushed off from the bank as the comrades plunged into the darkness of the runaway. The canoe waited in midstream.

Dark and silent was the black bush as the shipmates trod along the runaway. Overhead the branches met, the

path below running like a tunnel. Only here and there a faint glimmer of moonlight came through. But they were used to the bush and its ways. Their eyes were accustomed to the gloom, and dim as the runaway was, they could pick their way easily enough.

The path was well trodden, showing that it was often used by natives. On either side the bush was thick and almost impenetrable. At midnight there was a chance, at least, that no natives would be abroad from their huts. The shipmates had a hope of getting through without trouble.

But it was a faint hope. They knew how watchful were the eyes of the bush, how stealthily savages crept in the dark runways on murderous expeditions.

A faint rustle caused both the shipmates to halt with suddenly thumping hearts. Like the hiss of a snake came the whiz of a spear that passed within an inch of Ken King's shoulder.

The heavy iron spade in Kit Hudson's hands rose and fell. A scarcely seen body slumped on the runaway. Ken caught his breath. His revolver was in his hand, and he watched like a cat. But the savage had been alone, and he lay where he had fallen after launching his spear, his skull cracked by Hudson's swift blow.

"Only one of them, Ken," Hudson's voice came in a whisper; "and that swab won't lift a head again in the bush of Ululo. Come on."

"Lucky we didn't have to shoot!" breathed Ken.

"It would have brought a hornets' nest round us, old man." Hudson chuckled softly. "A shot would wake half Ululo! But the coast's clear. Come on!"

### Fighting the Cannibals.

**T**HE moon glimmered down into the wide clearing in the midst of which, free from the bush, stood a tall, flat-faced rock carved with strange figures and emblems, strange and eerie.

On feast-days, when prisoners were to be killed and eaten, the clearing would swarm with black animal-like faces, and strange ceremonies would be performed to the island gods carved on the rock. But at night, under the gleam of the moon, the spot was silent, deserted.

Round it circled the high bush like a black wall. King of the Islands and Kit Hudson stood alone in the solitude. They had reached their destination. This was the spot described by Ezra. The old native had told him a true tale. It only remained to ascertain whether the treasure of Toto really was buried at the foot of the sacred rock.

Among the strange, grotesque carvings on the face of the tall rock was one of a gigantic figure with the body of a man, the legs of a goat, and the head of a shark. Hideous enough it looked in the glimmering light. Directly under this figure, according to the old native's tale, Toto had buried the teak box that held his treasure.



He had buried it in secret, only one native helping him, and that native had kept the secret till Ezra had tempted him to babble. If this was true the treasure box was still there, and the shipmates had only to dig.

Spade and pick were ready in sinewy hands. The shipmates lost no time. The high bush round them was silent; the single savage they had met on the runway had not lived to give the alarm that white men were in the bush.

As silently as possible they plied pick and spade, but some noise it was impossible to avoid. And even a slight sound carried far in the silence of the night. They worked swiftly, though with watchful eyes glancing round from moment to moment.

Swiftly the hard earth was turned up. It was hard and firmly set, trodden by countless feet in the savage ceremonies that took place before the sacred rock. But the arms that wielded pick and spade were strong and sinewy. The perspiration ran down their brows. Ken, who was wielding the pick, uttered a sudden exclamation as he felt the implement jar on something harder than earth.

More swiftly than ever then they threw out earth from the excavation. A surface of hard teak, grazed by the pick, was revealed.

"Suffering cats!" breathed Hudson. "It's there, Ken—and we've got it!"

"Hark!" Ken whispered. It was a sound from the dim bush. Softly, but clearly, a drum tap echoed through the silence. Hudson gritted his teeth.

"They're up—found that carcass in the runway, perhaps! We're not chucking it now, Ken—niggers or no niggers! Go to it!"

**W**ITH almost frantic haste now, with the knowledge that the blacks knew that white men were in the bush, the shipmates tore earth out of the excavation till the teak box was clear.

Grasping the box, they dragged it out of the pit. It was large and heavy, three feet long by a foot either way. There was a lock on it, thick with rust. But as if Toto had not wholly trusted to white men's contrivances in the way of locks, the lid was fastened down also by long nails.

The shipmates panted as they lifted it out. Pearls, or Australian sovereigns, or whatever constituted the treasure of Toto, could hardly have filled the spacious interior of a box of such size. But probably other possessions of the savage chief had been packed in, to save them from his enemies. Nevertheless, heavy as the box was, it did not seem that the contents could be very weighty. The weight of the box was not much more than that of the teak of which it was made.

Hudson, bending over the box, suddenly straightened up, his revolver in his hand. Crack! A wild yell answered his shot, and a savage figure tumbled out of the bush and sprawled in the clearing. The Australian had seen the savage in time, with arm lifted to hurl a spear.

"Quick!" he breathed.

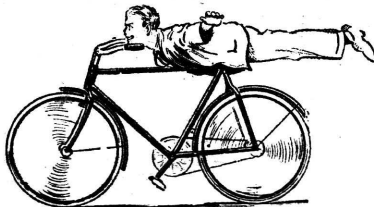
# Tricks on Your Bike

By **SID G. HEDGES**, who will answer Free, by Post, any cycling queries sent to the Editor, **MODERN BOY**

**E**VER tried the "speed wobble"? Cycle along at a good pace, then press your knees tightly together under the crossbar. At the same time spread your arms level with the shoulders and wobble your body quickly from side to side. This will set your machine wobbling in very curious fashion.

You should also practise steering the bike by swaying your body, and get the knack of riding in small circles—circus ring sort of idea, you know! It looks very showy.

Now try the swallow glide. Get up a fair pace, then ease yourself forward until you are lying with your stomach on the saddle, your legs stretched out behind, quite straight and together. Keep your feet pointed, and don't let there be sagging anywhere from your shoulders to your toes, and your head should be held up so that you can look to the front.



Here's the Swallow Glide—tummy on the saddle, legs stretched out behind, arms spread sideways in line with your shoulders. Choose a soft spot to fall on until you can do it!

At first you will keep hold of your handles, but as you become more proficient you will come a little farther along the saddle until you are perfectly balanced, and then spread your arms sideways in line with your shoulders, your palms flat and facing downwards.

Only the very clever cyclist can ride on his back wheel, but you can begin to get the knack of it by sitting on your carrier, leaning well back, and jerking your front wheel off the ground every now and then as you go along. It is all a matter of balance, and gradually you will get the knack.

Get plenty of practice with all the feats I have described in my previous chats, until you can be sure of pulling them off every time. To have someone watching and then to fizzle your trick isn't much fun for either of you.

Never do trick cycling on main roads or busy streets. Let safety-first be your motto all through. Keep your machine in good trim, well oiled, free from rust and dirt, and with every nut tight. And keep fit yourself, too!

Fierce yells rang from the bush. From three or four directions came the yelling of the savages. Black men, knife and spear in hand, were swarming round the clearing. Kit hoisted the box on his shoulders.

"Keep them off, if you can, old man!" he said between his teeth, and started at a run for the bush path.

He was equal to carrying the box, but he could not use his weapon while he carried it. Ken ran by his side, revolver in hand.

A spear whizzed by. Another and another followed, but the comrades darted into the runway, and the blackness swallowed them. Yells of surprise and rage came from a crowd of savages gathered about the pit under the carved rock, in which the spade and pick had been left. There was a rush of pursuing feet in the runway.

"Keep on, Kit!"

The sinewy Australian tramped swiftly on, bending under his load. Ken faced round with lifted revolver. He fired fast at yelling shadowy forms. Cries and groans answered, and the rush momentarily stopped. King of the Islands rushed after his comrade.

Black figures started up in the darkness. There were savages in the

runway. Ken swept a clubbed revolver, and the comrades were through, running for the creek.

Running footsteps sounded behind. King of the Islands grasped Hudson's revolver. His own was empty. And again he faced back and pumped bullets.

Once more, with fiendish yelling, the cannibals of Ululo backed from the deadly fire. The shipmates ran on, Ken reloading as he ran. Twice again he stopped to face round and fire into the thick of the savage mob packed in the runway.

"The creek!" gasped Hudson. The glimmering of moonlight on the shallow waters ahead was a glad sight to the shipmates. Again and again the savage pursuers had been daunted and checked by the fire, but it could not have lasted. And when the rush came in earnest the shipmates had no chance against overwhelming numbers. But the creek was ahead, and like a shadow on the glimmering water lay the canoe.

Hudson tramped knee-deep in mud, the teak box on his shoulders. Ken faced back, firing into the runway.

"Bonk, you fool!" roared Hudson. "Quick, man—quick!"

The Yankee storekeeper was still in midstream. With the savages up he



## Treasure of Toto

had not dared to draw to the bank, where the shipmates had expected to find him ready. His bony face showed like a chalky patch in the gloom. But at the sight of Hudson, staggering under the long teak box, Ezra drove his paddle into the water and the canoe glided shoreward.

"You got it!" breathed Ezra, greed mingling with terror in his husky voice. "You surely got it!"

"Yes, you fool! Get it aboard—quick!" The revolver in the hand of King of the Islands cracked as a bunch of wild black figures came leaping from the runway.

Ezra grasped the box, and it rolled into the bottom of the canoe.

"Look out!" panted Ezra. "They got your pardner!"

Hudson swung round to his shipmate. At the same moment, Ezra thrust out the paddle and shoved the canoe off from the bank. It shot away to midstream, and the Yankee storekeeper plied the double-bladed paddle swiftly. Like a gliding shadow the canoe shot away down the stream. Hudson, for the moment, did not even see it go. He leaped back to King of the Islands on the muddy bank. Ken had fired his last shot, but the rush from the runway had been checked. Yelling blacks sprawled on the earth. "Into the canoe—quick!" panted Ken.

"That fool said——" Hudson had turned, expecting to see his shipmate in the hands of the enemy. But there was no enemy within a dozen feet of King of the Islands.

"Quick—before they get us! Jump for it!"

The shipmates trampled through mud down to the water.

"Where's the canoe?" panted Ken.

Hudson gave a roar of rage. "That coward—he's run—in the canoe——" It was gone!

Far in the darkness, in the direction of the distant lagoon, came back the splash of a paddle. Ezra Bonk had fled, leaving the shipmates to their fate. For the moment, King of the Islands did not suspect more than that.

The bank was crowded with yelling savages now. They poured in a swarm from the darkness of the runway. Ken stared after the vanished canoe. But there was not a second to waste.

"Swim for it, Kit—quick's the word!" They plunged into the water. Whizzing spears followed them, and yelling blacks leaped into the creek in pursuit. Keeping under water, the shipmates swept down the stream in the strong current. When they came up they were far from the runway. But yelling and splashing, and trampling on the bushy banks, told that the enraged cannibals were still in hot pursuit.

Swimming hard, helped by the current, they swept down the creek. For long wild minutes it was like some fearful nightmare. But they swept out into the lagoon at last and the yells of the disappointed cannibals died away in the darkness. Beyond the bush the blacks of Ululo dared not pursue white men.

And glad were the shipmates to see, at last, the graceful spars of the Dawn standing out against the stars of the Southern Cross.

### Dried Heads!

**K**OKO, the Kanaka, watched from the rail of the Dawn, with uneasy eyes and a clouded brow. Faint and far, but easily distinguished, came the sound of firing from the black bush of Ululo. He watched and listened, while the Hiva-Oa crew, roused from slumber, muttered together in low voices.

The firing died away. Men on Ululo, who had looked out of their bungalows at the sound, went back to their bunks. But there was no sleep for Koko.

He started as a sail glanced in the glimmer of the moon on the lagoon. From the direction of the mouth of the creek a canoe shot across the lagoon, with sail set before the wind.

Handling the sheets stood a tall bony figure, and Koko scowled at Ezra Bonk. The sailing canoe shot by almost within a biscuit's throw of the anchored ketch, heading for the reef passage to the open sea.

Koko stared at it. His white masters had gone in that canoe with Ezra; but the Yankee storekeeper was alone in it now. And he was not going back to the beach, to his store. He was heading for the sea!

"Hoy! You Melican feller!" Koko shouted to the Yankee.

Ezra glanced towards the ketch at the sound of the Kanaka's voice.

"What name feller King of the Islands he no come back along ketch?" shouted Koko.

Ezra did not answer. The canoe, with the sail filled by the off-shore wind, raced on to the reef passage, and vanished into the vast spaces of the Pacific. Ezra Bonk was gone—from Ululo.

Koko's eyes turned to the shore again. The Yankee storekeeper had fled—not only from the bush but from the island. Where was Ken King—where was Kit Hudson?

Long minutes crawled by, of bitter anxiety to the faithful Koko. Ezra and the canoe had long since vanished into the Pacific when Koko gave a sudden start at the sight of two dark specks on the lagoon.

"Ahoy, the ketch!" A voice rang from the lagoon.

"You feller boy!" roared Koko. "You throw feller rope along feller white master."

King of the Islands and Kit Hudson swept down to the ketch, grasped the ropes, clambered on board, and stood dripping and panting on the deck. Koko's eyes danced.

"Feller King of the Islands come back!" he exclaimed. "Me tinkee feller King of the Islands kill-dead along bush along cannibal feller."

"My sainted Sam!" gasped Ken. "You were right, Koko, old coffee-bean—I was a lubber to trust that Yankee swab an inch. He ran for it and left us to the blacks."

"But, by gum, we'll make him cringe for it," said Kit Hudson savagely. "We've got to let him have

his share of the treasure—but we'll give him a dose of lawyer-cane along with it."

"Feller Melican no stop along Ululo!" Koko exclaimed, and pointed a brown finger to the reef passage. "Me seeum, eye belong me. He go along sea, along canoe, plenty too quick altogether."

For a moment the shipmates stood dumb. They understood now. It was not only from terror of the blacks that Ezra had fled in the canoe and left the shipmates to take their chance. He had planned all along to leave them stranded as soon as the treasure was on board the canoe.

King of the Islands stared towards the Pacific. Ezra was gone—in a swift-sailing canoe—and he might be making for any of a hundred islands. And the Dawn was not ready for sea.

"My sainted Sam!" said King of the Islands at last. "Kit, I'll meet that double-crossing swab again some day, and I'll twist his bony neck till he's the deadeest Yankee in the Pacific."

**E**ZRA BONK grinned. Sunrise was flushing over the wide waters of the Pacific Ocean. Far from Ululo, on the boundless sea, the canoe was still running before the wind. In the bottom of the craft lay the long teak box that Ken King and Kit Hudson, at the risk of their lives, had lifted from its hiding-place in the bush of Ululo.

Ezra had not had time yet to examine his prize. He grinned with glee as he thought how he had fooled two unsuspecting Britishers.

He unpacked food and ate, washing it down with a draught from a black bottle. Then he gave his attention to the box. It was impossible to open it save by staving in the teak, and that was not an easy task. But there was an axe in the canoe, and Ezra picked it up and started.

It was a long time before he broke open the weighty lid and stared into the interior. Coconut fibre packing met his eager eyes. It had been packed with care. He dragged out the packing. And then his starting eyes stared at the treasure of Toto!

He stared, his eyes almost starting from his bony face, a groan of misery breaking from his lips.

In the spacious interior of the teak box a large number of objects were carefully packed—objects that had been the dearest treasures of the heart of the savage old chief of Ululo. But there were no pearls, no yellow Australian sovereigns. The treasure of Toto, inestimable treasure to the savage mind, was not what a white man reckoned treasure. Any native on Ululo would have jumped at its possession. Any white man would have spurned it away.

Packed in the box were a number of dried, smoked, shrivelled human heads!

The canoe drifted on, with a crumpled figure staring with stony eyes at the treasure of Toto!

(Another exciting story by Charles Hamilton next week—with the chums of the ketch Dawn up to their ears in Adventure again!)