

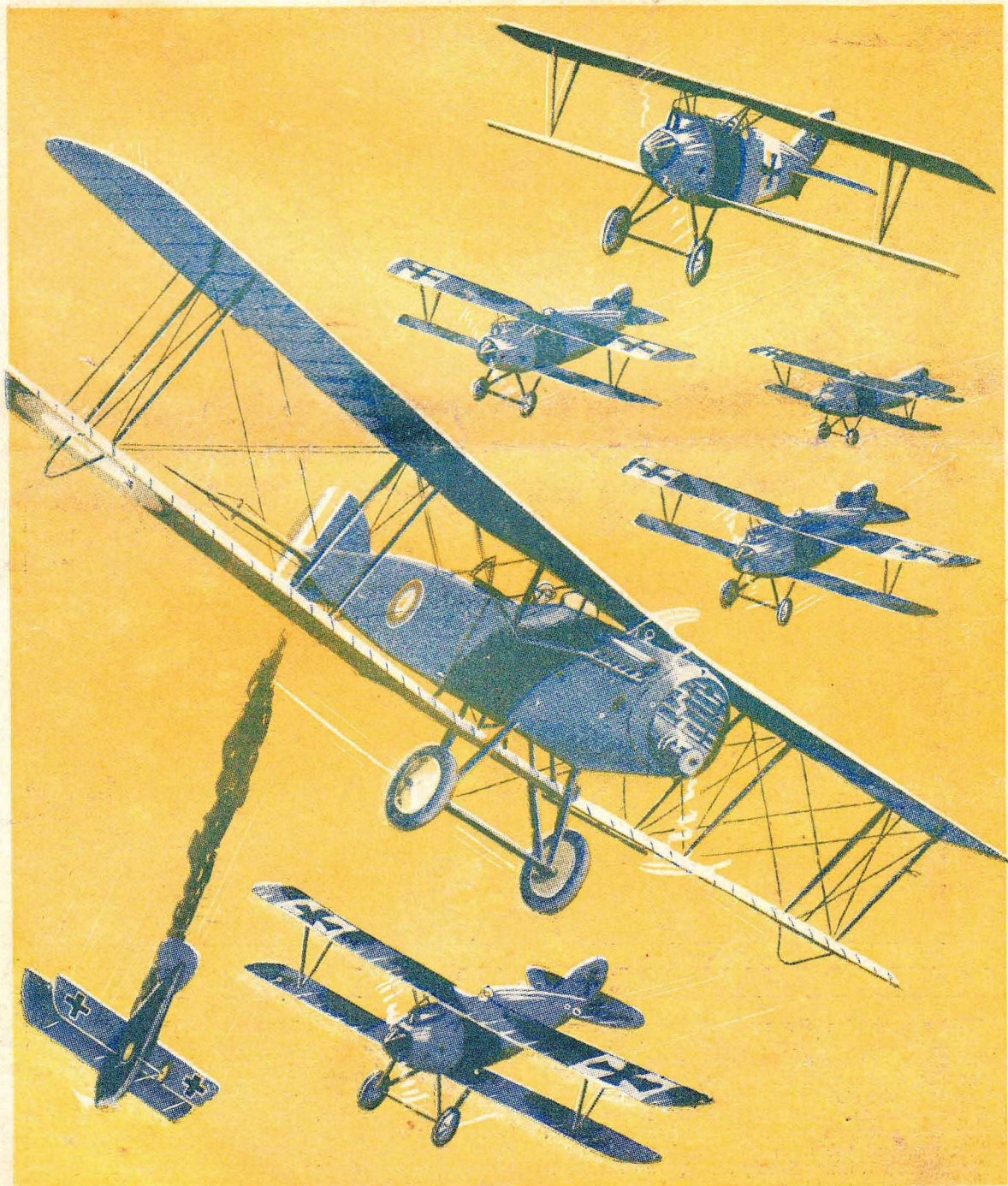
Complete **MODEL RAILWAY AWARDED!**—See page 27

The MODERN BOY

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DUELS IN THE AIR!—See page 3

The Bully of the Octopus

much. No stop along beach, along Captain von Marck he come along Ululo. Black feller plenty too much fright along shanghai, sar."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Hudson. The shipmates understood now. Looking towards the beach, they had not observed the Octopus coming into the lagoon till Koko drew their attention to the newcomer. King of the Islands laughed. Standing by the binnacle of the brig he made out a squat, stocky figure with a beard, and recognised Von Marck, the German trader.

Another white man, the mate of the brig, could be seen. Only three native scamen were visible on deck. The brig required a crew of at least ten, and was evidently short-handed.

That was no new thing on the Octopus. Von Marck had a heavy hand with native seamen—and generally a heavy belaying-pin in that heavy hand. He could hardly put into any port without some of his men deserting.

All through the islands Captain von Marck was known, and only by "shanghai" methods—forcibly pressing natives into his service—was he ever able to man his brig at all. The Octopus was evidently known at Ululo. The mere sight of the brig coming into the lagoon had been sufficient to scare every native on the beach into the bush.

There was law on Ululo, and one of the white traders was invested with a magistrate's authority to enforce it. But Captain von Marck was not accustomed to giving much attention to the law. When he wanted men he took them, if he could.

Plainly he wanted men now, with only three seamen on his deck. The Ululo boys, wise in their generation, were not giving him a chance. Captain von Marck would have thought nothing of driving a dozen of them into his boat at the muzzle of a revolver. Indeed, it was probably for that very purpose that he had sailed into the lagoon.

Ken and Kit watched the brig coming across the lagoon, and heard the guttural voices of the German skipper and mate as the anchor was run out. The brig anchored a biscuit's toss from the ketch. Scarcely was she at anchor when a black figure in a dingy loincloth leaped over the rail, plunged into the lagoon, and swam for the beach.

"A deserter!" said Hudson. "That black feller no wantee stop along Cap'n von Marck," grinned Koko. "No black feller wantee stop along that hooker, sar."

The black man swam desperately. The shipmates heard a roar of wrath from the brig, and saw the German skipper tramp to the side, dragging a revolver from his hip. Then bullets splashed up the water round the swimmer.

Ken caught his breath. He knew the methods of Captain von Marck, and had seen the ruffianly skipper a good many times. The Octopus was a ship no white sailorman would have served on for love or money. Neither

would black sailormen, if they could have helped it. But they could not always help it.

Crack! Crack! Crack! It was impossible to intervene. Captain von Marck loosed off the shots rapidly. The swimmer was seen to vanish under the water. For a moment the shipmates held their breath. The life of a black man was more in their estimation than in Captain von Marck's.

But the man had only dived to escape the fire. He was seen to come up again at a distance, swimming hard for the beach.

Gladly enough the shipmates of the Dawn saw him scramble from the water, glistening with wet, and race up the beach and disappear from sight. Captain von Marck was left brandishing an empty revolver, his harsh face purple with rage.

"I reckon that black boy won't be seen again till the Octopus has cleared from Ululo!" Kit Hudson chuckled.

"The man's a fool, as well as a brute," said King of the Islands. "He won't get a crew on Ululo."

"Not likely!" grinned Hudson. "No black boy stop along beach, along that feller white master stop along lagoon," said Koko sagely.

The brown boatswain was right. Not a native returned to the beach. Ululo, judging by appearances, might have been a desert island, so far as natives were concerned.

The Hold-up.

"CAPTAIN KING!" Standing by the rail of the anchored brig, Captain von Marck put his large red hands to his mouth to make a trumpet and hailed the ketch.

Ken glanced round at him. As the native boys had fled from the beach, leaving the half-laden boat rocking by the jetty, King of the Islands either had to fetch the copra aboard himself or leave it where it lay. He was about to give orders for the whaleboat to be lowered when the German skipper bawled from the brig.

"Ahoj!" called back Ken. He had no desire whatever to talk to Captain von Marck, or to have anything to do with him. But he answered the hail civilly.

"Come aboard!" shouted back the skipper of the Octopus.

"Sorry—no time! We're getting ready for sea!"

"And you're not exactly the kind of skipper we want to talk with!" added Kit Hudson, but he did not make that remark loud enough for Von Marck to hear.

The German skipper scowled across the intervening strip of water.

"Please yourself, Captain King!" he snorted. "I've news for you from your home port, if you want to hear it. But please yourself." And he turned away.

"Oh, that alters the case!" said King of the Islands. It was many long weeks since King of the Islands had sailed out of Lalinge on a round trip among the islands. If the skipper of the Octopus had brought news

from Lalinge, the boy trader certainly wanted to hear it, little as he liked the bearer of it.

"If the man's got news, why can't he come aboard with it?" Kit Hudson said. "It's like the unmannerly brute to give us the trouble."

"Well, we can take the trouble, as we're to hear the news," said Ken, with a smile. "You get the copra on board, Kit, while I see what Von Marck has to say."

The whaleboat dropped to the lagoon, manned by Lompo, Lufu, and Koko. Ken and Kit stepped into it, and the Kanakas pulled towards the brig.

Their brown faces were far from easy in expression as they pulled. Tomoo, Kolulo, and Danny, left on the ketch, looked after them with equally uneasy expressions. Like the natives of Ululo, the crew of the Dawn knew Captain von Marck and his evil reputation, and they disliked the idea of getting near the bully of the Octopus.

"Washy-washy, you feller boy!" rapped out King of the Islands, as the Kanakas slacked with the oars.

"This feller no likee that feller brig, sar!" said Lompo. "Cap'n von Marck he plenty too much bad feller altogether!"

"No likee altogether too much, sar!" said Lufu, shaking his head.

"You feller plenty too much fool!" said Koko scornfully. "You tinkee head belong you, that feller Von Marck shanghai feller belong King of the Islands?"

King of the Islands smiled.

"You feller plenty too much safe along this feller," he said reassuringly. "You washy-washy plenty quick."

And the Kanakas unwillingly pulled for the brig. The whaleboat bumped on the hull of the Octopus and Ken swung himself lightly on board.

"Call your mate up, Captain King!" said the German skipper, greeting the boy trader civilly enough.

"My mate's going ashore in the boat for cargo," said Ken. "We've really no time for a talk, Captain von Marck. The wind's waiting for us outside the reef."

"I've said I've got news for you!" grunted the skipper of the Octopus. "It concerns both of you. But please yourself."

Ken looked puzzled. It was difficult to guess what news Von Marck could have brought from Lalinge which it was necessary for both the skipper and mate of the Dawn to hear. But he nodded.

"Very well, I'll call him." The whaleboat was pushing off when Ken stepped to the side again. "Step on board, Kit, will you?"

"If you like. But what the dickens for?" asked the Australian, looking up from the boat.

"Von Marck says he has news for both of us." So Hudson swung on board, with a grunt.

"Koko, get the copra on board, then bring the boat back here for us," said the boy trader.

"Yes, sar!" The whaleboat pulled

for the jetty, Lompo and Lufu pulling with a will now. Evidently they were glad to get out of the offing of the Octopus.

"Step down to the cabin, gentlemen!" said Captain von Marck, with a civility he did not often display, his manners being usually as rough-and-ready as his looks and his customs.

King of the Islands and his mate stepped down into the cabin of the brig. Von Marck followed. It was a dingy cabin, stuffy, with crawling cockroaches. King of the Islands had seen many a dirty ship in his time, but the Octopus was the limit.

However, that was not his business, though he was careful to knock a couple of cockroaches off a seat before he sat down. Hudson remained standing. Both the shipmates were impatient to be gone. They disliked the

the bully of the Octopus, so he added no comment. There was a sound of trampling on the deck above, the voice of the German mate raised in bullying tones, and a howl. The trampling died away forward.

The shipmates could guess that the mate had driven the last two remaining native scamen into the forecabin, no doubt to secure them from deserting.

Ken made a restive movement. "Well——" he began again.

"Come down to brass tacks," said Kit Hudson abruptly. "If there's news for us from Lalinge, cough it up, captain."

"I'm coming down to brass tacks," grunted Von Marck. "I'm short-handed, and it looks as if I shall get no men on Ululo. Every skulking nigger in the place ran for the bush at the sight of my ship."

"They seem to know your ship, captain," Ken laughed.

"I've picked up men here before,"

would not live long enough to brag of it," said Von Marck, with a sour grin. "Now you're here, listen to what I have to say to you!"

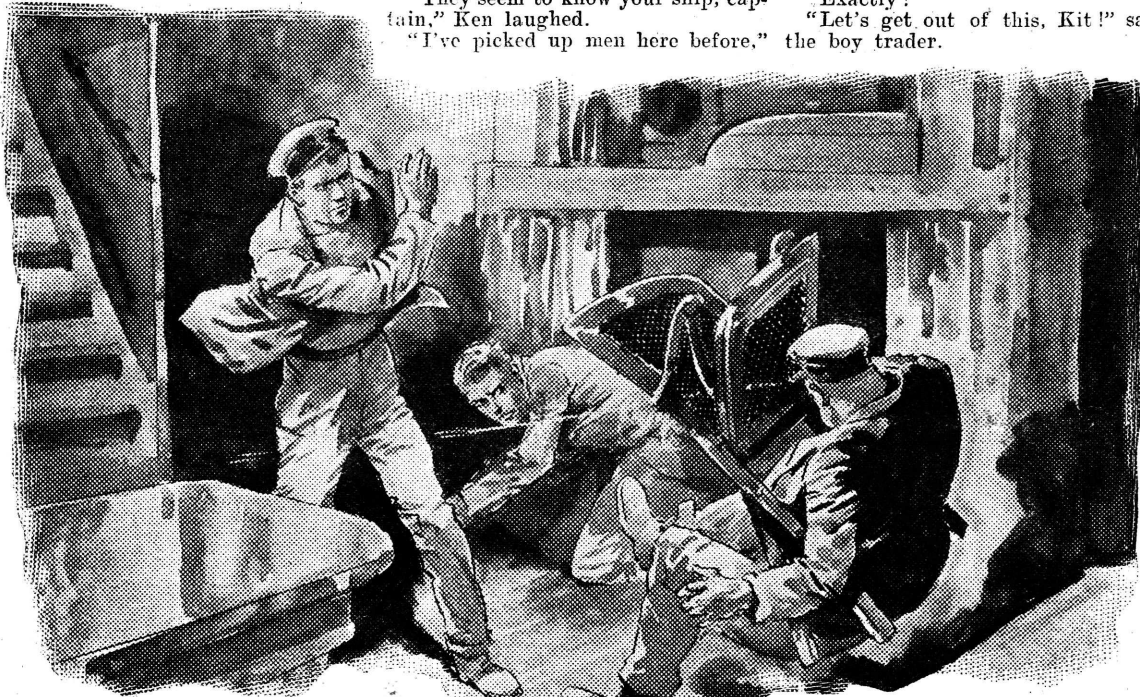
"Cut it short, then!" said Ken.

"I want men," said the skipper of the Octopus. "You've got five Kanakas on your ketch, Ken King—all of them pretty good men. You can ship fresh hands, as many as you like, at Ululo. There's not a native boy in the Pacific who would not sail with you. You won't lose the wind—you can pick up a fresh crew in a couple of hours if you choose. I'll give you ten dollars a head for your Kanakas. Is it a trade?"

"I fancy you know it isn't," answered Ken contemptuously. "I wouldn't ship my worst enemy on this packet, Captain von Marck. So you tricked me on board here to put up a proposition like that?"

"Exactly!"

"Let's get out of this, Kit!" said the boy trader.



Before Kurt could fire a second time, and as he staggered under the crash of the chair, King of the Islands was upon him!

skipper they were visiting, and disliked his ship, and they wanted to get to sea.

But Captain von Marck seemed in no hurry to communicate the news he had brought from Lalinge, and which, according to his statement, concerned both the shipmates of the Dawn.

He poured himself out a long drink, and offered the same to his visitors, both of whom declined.

"Well, what's the news, captain?" asked Ken. "I've told you we're pressed for time."

"You're not the only man in the Pacific pressed for time, King of the Islands!" grunted Von Marck. "I've had to crawl under shortened sail, short-handed, owing to more than half my crew deserting at Tula. I had only three men left, and one of them has got away—you saw him."

"I saw him!" said Ken dryly. He had not come there to quarrel with

said the skipper of the Octopus. "I reckon they remember me. But I want men."

"You haven't brought us on board to tell us that, I suppose?" said Kit Hudson.

"Your mistake—I have!" answered Von Marck coolly.

Ken stared at him, and rose.

"If you've got news from Lalinge, get it out," he said. "I don't understand you, captain, and I've no more time to waste."

"I've no news from Lalinge," answered Von Marck. "I gave you that to get you to step on board."

"You cheeky piccan!" broke out Kit Hudson angrily. "You're wasting our time for nothing! You're asking to have your face punched on your own ship."

"A man who punched my face

"The sooner the better!" said Hudson.

"Stop!" Captain von Marck barked out the word, and as he spoke he jerked a revolver from his hip. The levelled weapon stared in the faces of the shipmates. They started back, staring.

"Why, you——" gasped Hudson.

The cold, hard eyes of the German skipper glinted over the revolver.

"You know me and my reputation," he said grimly. "I don't want to shoot a white man if I can help it, but if you make any attempt to leave this cabin you're dead men! I want your Kanakas, and I'm going to have them. Stand where you are!"

Where's Danny?

KING OF THE ISLANDS breathed hard. Hudson was trembling with rage. But the shipmates were helpless. They were unarmed. Never for a moment had they dreamed

The Bully of the Octopus

that even the most reckless ruffian in the Pacific would resort to measures like these in a white man's port, within sight of the warehouses and bungalows of white men.

It was, perhaps, the limit even for the bully of the Octopus. But without a crew, and without any other chance of getting one, he was desperate.

He would have "shanghaied" a crew on the beach had it been possible. But the Ululo natives had seen to that! He was driven to attempting to shanghai a crew from another vessel, and King of the Islands' ketch was the only other vessel in the lagoon.

There was grim determination in the hard, leathery face and cold, hard eyes that glinted over the revolver. Von Marck, as he had said, did not want to shoot a white man if he could help it. Even that desperate ruffian had some fear of consequences. But he was ready to shoot if he had to. There was no doubt whatever about that. His finger was on the trigger, and he was ready to fire on the instant.

There was a heavy tread on the companion. The German mate came down and stood by the skipper in the cabin. That he was in the desperate scheme was clear, for he had a revolver ready in his hand. The ship-mates knew now why he had locked the two native seamen in the fore-castle. They were to have no chance to desert while their masters were getting fresh hands by this unusual method.

"Keep them covered, Kurt!" grunted Von Marck. The mate grunted something in German and lifted his revolver. The bully of the Octopus gave a harsh laugh.

"You're cornered, King of the Islands!" he said. "I'm leaving you here with my mate, while I go on board your ketch and get the niggers. If you give my mate trouble while I'm gone, I'm sorry for you!"

"And you reckon you're getting away with this?" Ken asked quietly.

"I reckon so! You won't stop me, at any rate!" said Von Marck. "Kurt, if they lift a finger, drop them on the cabin floor!"

"Rely on me!" grunted Kurt. Without another word to the ship-mates, Captain von Marck turned, and tramped up the companion to the deck.

Ken's eyes met Hudson's. The Australian made a movement. The stubby finger of the German mate stirred on the trigger.

"Stand back!" he said.

"Hold on, Kit!" said King of the Islands quietly. "These sea-lawyers have got us! Hold on!"

Hudson checked his rage. It was death to advance on the revolver. The ruffian was ready to shoot. Captain von Marck's heavy steps died away up the companion and across the deck. Leaving the ship-mates under guard of the mate, the German skipper stood by the rail and looked towards the jetty.

Lompo and Lufu, under the direction of Koko, were loading the bags of copra into the Dawn's whaleboat.

Not the faintest suspicion had the Kanakas of what was happening on board the brig. They had feared the bully of the Octopus on their own account, but it never crossed their minds that their white masters might be in danger on the German brig!

The bags of copra were pitched into the boat and stacked there, Von Marck watching with a sour grin on his hard, bearded face.

The three Kanakas entered the boat, pushed off from the jetty, and pulled back to the brig. Koko was bringing the boat back to take off Ken and Kit Hudson, as his master had instructed him.

THE whaleboat reached the brig, and the Kanakas looked up uneasily at the hard face with the beard staring down at them.

"Feller white master he comey, sar?" asked Koko.

"I reckon not!" grunted Von Marck. He swung himself down into the whaleboat. His revolver was in his hand again now, grasped by the barrel.

"Washy-washy along ketch!" he rapped.

Koko stared at him.

"Us feller stop along this ship, along take off little white master," he said.

Crash! The heavy butt of the revolver came down on Koko's head without warning before the blow fell. The brown boatswain gave one faint groan, staggered, and fell senseless in the bottom of the boat.

Von Marck glared at Lompo and Lufu, who goggled at him in sheer terror.

"You feller boy, you belong me now!" he snarled. "You washy-washy along ketch, along fetch other feller Kanaka, you savvy? Plenty too quick, along you no wantee me knock seven bells outer you."

"Yes, sar!" gasped Lompo. Under the scowling, threatening glare of the South Sea ruffian, the Kanakas sat to the oars again. Koko lay insensible where he had fallen. Von Marck had a heavy hand with natives, and the brown boatswain had had the first sample of it. Lompo and Lufu did not want a sample. They pulled to the ketch without a word.

From the rail of the Dawn Tomoo and Kolulo and Danny watched the scene in the boat in utter terror. As it approached the ketch the three Kanakas disappeared from view, bolting below. The boat bumped on the Dawn.

"You feller boy get aboard!" snarled Von Marck. He did not intend to trust the Kanakas in the boat while he rounded up the others. Lompo and Lufu scrambled on the ketch. Koko did not stir. Von Marck gave him one searching look, then followed the Hiva-Oa boys up the side of the Dawn.

None of the three Kanakas left on board was to be seen. They had scuttled below like scared rabbits. Captain von Marck's deep, savage voice roared down the hatchway.

"You feller boy! You tumble up!

You hear me, ear belong you? You show a leg, plenty too quick altogether!"

He stamped on the deck. But there came no reply from the Kanakas. They had bolted into hiding, realising only too clearly what Von Marck wanted on board the Dawn; and they were not likely to tumble up if they could help it.

"You hear me, ear belong you?" he roared. "S'pose you no tumble up, you feller boy, me comey along below, knock seven bells outer you!"

But the trembling Kanakas still lay low. The bully of the Octopus turned to Lompo and Lufu. He was well aware that they were watching for an opportunity to escape by jumping into the boat or the lagoon.

"You feller boy go below!" he snarled; and with raps from the butt of his revolver he drove them down into the cabin.

"You stop along this place. You hear me, ear belong you?"

"Yes, sar!" stammered Lufu.

Leaving the two Kanakas in the cabin, but with an eye on them, in case they attempted to bolt up to the deck, Captain von Marck rooted after Tomoo, Kolulo, and Danny.

Tomoo was driven out of the state-room, where he had been hiding under a bunk. Kolulo was kicked from behind a packing-case in the lazarette. But Danny, the cooky-boy, was not so easily found.

Danny, as a matter of fact, had bolted down into the hold under the lazarette and hidden himself among the water-casks, a hiding-place whence it was far from easy to root out the wily cooky-boy.

With threats, Von Marck hunted for him, yelling to him to "show a leg," which Danny, trembling in the darkness among the casks, declined to do.

Four Kanakas, in a bunch, stood shivering in the cabin, not daring to stir a limb. Koko lay senseless in the boat riding beside the ketch, and Captain von Marck, foaming with rage, searched and searched, and shouted and threatened. But the cunning Danny remained invisible.

There was no doubt that Captain von Marck would knock "seven bells" out of Danny when he found him, and all the more for that reason the cooky-boy was anxious not to be found. In shuddering apprehension Danny listened to the heavy tramp and shouting voice of the German skipper—and lugged cover in the darkness and made no sound.

The Last of His Crew

SUFFERING cats!" murmured Kit Hudson. From the direction of the ketch, anchored only a short distance away, the ship-mates could hear the bullying voice of Captain von Marck. The mate of the Octopus grinned over his revolver.

King of the Islands was pale with rage. Helpless under the threatening revolver in the grip of the German mate, he stood and listened, while Von Marck tramped on his ketch and rounded up his crew.

It was not likely to take the bully of the Octopus long, and when he returned to the brig he would bring with him the Hiva-Oa crew of the Dawn. Then it would be up anchor and away! All Von Marek wanted at Ululo was a crew, and he was getting a crew.

The German mate, standing by the foot of the companion, was watching like a cat. He was ready to shoot, and there was no doubt that he would carry out his skipper's orders and shoot if the shipmates attempted to pass him. The shipmates watched him almost like wolves, ready to leap at the slightest chance.

Minute followed minute. Von Marek seemed to be delayed on board the ketch. He could still be heard shouting, or rather roaring, his enraged voice echoing far over the lagoon.

Ken did not expect his native crew to venture to resist the bully of the Octopus, but he could guess that they had run into hiding, and that the German was not finding it easy to root them out.

The delay gave him time—if only he had a chance! His eyes burned at the ruffianly mate standing by the companion. Had he been armed, he would have taken all risks. But with empty hands it was asking for death or disablement.

Yet he knew that when it came to the finish, he would rush on the revolver, rather than allow his crew to be shanghaied under his eyes. But it was Kit Hudson who solved the problem. As if making up his mind to the inevitable, the mate of the Dawn moved towards a chair to sit down.

The German mate grinned at him. "Take it easy!" he said. "You have not long to wait. My skipper will soon be back with your crew. You would have done better to take ten dollars a head for your Kanakas."

"Looks like it," agreed Hudson, shrugging his shoulders. He stretched his hand to the back of the chair and pulled it towards him. The next instant the chair was flying through the air, straight at the head of the man standing by the companion.

Hudson threw himself down. Bang! The German's revolver roared as the chair whizzed. The bullet missed Hudson by a bare half-inch as he threw himself on the planks.

The whizzing chair crashed on the mate of the Octopus. King of the Islands leaped. Hudson's action had been as unexpected on his part as on the German mate's, but he was ready to take instant advantage of it.

Before Kurt could fire a second time, and as he staggered under the crash of the whizzing chair, King of the Islands was upon him.

A clenched fist hard as iron drove at the point of the German's jaw, and Kurt was lifted off his feet and went over like a ninepin. His revolver exploded again as he went, the bullet flying crashing through the skylight above.

A second more, and the weapon was kicked from his hand, and King of the Islands grasped him.

"Oh, good man!" panted Hudson.

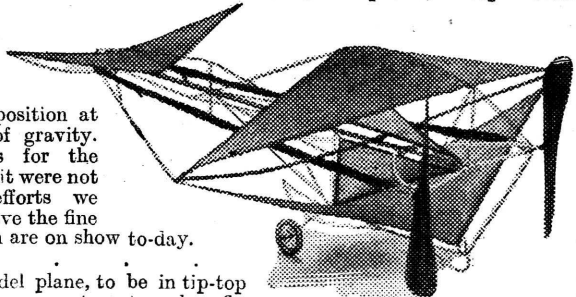
The Expert who conducts this regular feature will keep you up to date in all Model Aeroplane matters, and will answer, Free, through the Post, any Air queries that any reader cares to send to the Editor

Model Plane Chat

WHILE progress was slowly being made with real aeroplanes just before the Great War, the model side was not being neglected, and here is a photograph of one of the foremost models of that time—a really fine performer. It was designed by Mr. Sayers, who is now very actively engaged on the experimental side of the real heavy bombers in use to-day.

By the way, did you know that Mr. Fairey, the designer of the beautiful Firefly biplane, so much admired by all governments, is one of the original model pioneers, and owes lots of his knowledge to his experiments in this direction?

You will see several curious points about the model plane in our photo. It is a biplane of two triangular wings, the top with adhedral, or downward, sweep, and the bottom with dihedral, or upward, sweep. Then look at the position of the stabilising-fin and rudder, combined in a position at the centre of gravity. Three cheers for the pioneers! If it were not for their efforts we would not have the fine models which are on show to-day.



YOUR model plane, to be in tip-top condition, must not only fly steadily and obey all the controls but must be able to take off realistically and without fuss on a long run. If the plane will not take off well, or will not land well, overhaul the undercarriage.

First make sure that all the struts and wires are straight and not out of place. Next look at the wheels. Are they a suitable size for your model? They should be a quarter or a fifth of the diameter of the propeller. Remember that a very fast model has wheels much bigger than the general rule. Naturally, the heavier the machine the thicker the wheels must be.

WHHEELS are often parts where quite a lot of weight can be saved. It is unnecessary to have solid wheels, unless they are extra-light balsa ones. In fact, if the wheels are of three-ply wood, four spokes and a rim, all $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch wide, will be quite strong enough.

Having made sure that the wheels are of the correct type, and that they revolve truly and freely on their axles, consider the position of the undercarriage. It is usual to put the undercarriage as far forward as will allow the machine to take off easily, which moves the centre of gravity forward, resulting in a better wing position, which in turn will give the tail surfaces a much smoother action.

His grasp was on the German mate the next moment. Kurt struggled savagely.

But his struggle was brief. King of the Islands had no time to waste on the ruffian and no idea of standing on ceremony with him.

He grasped the fallen revolver by the barrel, swung it up, and brought down the heavy butt with a crash on the German's head. The mate of the Octopus went to the floor like an ox, stunned.

"So much for Fritz!" chuckled Hudson.

"Come on!" breathed King of the Islands. With the mate's revolver in his hand, the boy trader ran up the companion, Hudson at his heels, leaving the senseless German where he lay. In the brilliant sunshine on deck King of the Islands stared towards his ketch.

Captain von Marek was still below, rooting after the hidden cooky-boy.

But he must have heard the two pistol-shots on the brig, and King of the Islands expected to see him rush back to the deck.

But the German skipper did not appear. Certainly he had heard the shots, but in the circumstances, no doubt, he took it for granted that the mate of the Octopus had fired on the shipmates to stop an attempt at escape—and stopped it.

It was not, in fact, likely to occur to him that the two shipmates, cornered, unarmed, had succeeded in getting the upper hand of the man watching them with levelled revolver.

His savage voice could still be heard shouting to the hidden cooky-boy to show a leg, and he did not emerge on the deck of the Dawn.

"Get the niggers out of the fo'c'sle, Kit, and get a boat down!" said King of the Islands over his shoulder, as he watched the ketch,

(Continued on page 18.)

The Bully of the Octopus

(Continued from page 15.)

the mate's revolver in his hand. He was ready to fire across at the ketch if Von Marck showed up on deck.

Hudson ran along to the fore-castle and opened it. The two native seamen of the Octopus blinked at him.

"You feller boy, you run along deck!" rapped Hudson. "You 'bey order along me, you run along beach plenty quick!"

The two blacks jumped out of the fore-castle. The prospect of "running along beach" was an attractive one. With the help of the two seamen, Hudson rapidly lowered the gig.

"Ready, Ken!" he called.

"Good!" King of the Islands stood up in the brig's gig, watching the ketch as the boat pulled across.

Had Von Marck appeared on deck, Ken was ready for an immediate exchange of shots. But the German skipper did not appear.

A few strokes of the oars carried the boat across the short distance. Ken's eyes glinted at the sight of Koko, lying senseless in the bottom of the Dawn's boat.

But he had no time to delay, even for the faithful Koko. The gig touched the hull of the Dawn, and the shipmates scrambled on board. The moment they were out of the gig the two native seamen pulled for the beach. They rowed as if for their lives, grounded on the sand, and, leaving the gig where it lay, ran for the bush. Captain von Marck had lost the last of his crew!

And now he had to deal with King of the Islands!

Koko's Cane.

CAPTAIN VON MARCK glared down through the trapdoor in the floor of the lazarette, into the dim recess where the water-casks were stored. He had found out now where the last of the Hiva-Oa crew was hidden, and he roared to Danny to "show a leg."

Seeking the cooky-boy in that dark corner meant giving a chance to the other Kanakas to bolt while he was out of sight, and for long minutes the bully of the Octopus sputtered threats, the only effect of which was to cause Danny to hug cover more closely.

He swung round at last to the trembling group of Kanakas in the cabin. He had heard two shots on the brig, and he had no doubt that King of the Islands and Kit Hudson lay there, wounded or dead. Desperate ruffian and bully as he was, Von Marck placed a proper value on his neck, and he was anxious to be gone from Ululo before the white men ashore could learn what had happened. He had no more time to waste.

He gave the four Hiva-Oa boys a glare, that made them shiver, over the revolver that glinted in his hand.

"You feller boy, you get along deck!" he grated.

"Yes, sar!" faltered Lompo.

Leaving the cooky-boy in his

hiding-place, realising that it would take too long to root him out, Von Marck drove the four Kanakas up the companion before him at the muzzle of the revolver.

He had secured four of the Hiva-Oa boys, and the boatswain, senseless in the whaleboat, was at his mercy. That made a total of five shanghaied hands to take back to the brig.

Lompo and Lufu, Tomoo and Kolulo emerged into the sunshine of the deck, the bully of the Octopus following them.

"Get along boat, you scum!" snarled Von Marck. "You—" He broke off with a yell of rage and amazement. There was a cackle of glee from the Kanakas.

On the deck of the ketch stood King of the Islands, revolver in hand, and Kit Hudson was following him over the rail.

"Feller white master come back!" yelled Lompo.

"Drop that gun!" King of the Islands' voice rang sharply. His revolver was levelled at the bearded face of the German skipper, convulsed with rage.

Von Marck's pistol was in his grip, and he half-raised it. He lowered it again just in time to save his life, for Ken's finger was already pressing on the trigger.

"You dog!" said King of the Islands. "Drop that gun, or I'll drop you where you stand! Sharp!" There was no doubt that the boy trader meant every word he said. The German skipper's pistol crashed on the deck.

"Lompo, throw that feller gun along sea!" The revolver, picked up by the grinning Hiva-Oa boy, splashed into the lagoon.

Captain von Marck stood stuttering with rage. He stared at King of the Islands almost like a man in a dream. Not for a moment had he doubted that the boy trader was safe on the brig, under guard, or dead, or wounded. He could not begin to understand how the tables had been turned. But they had been turned. He had to realise that.

"That fool Kurt!" gasped Von Marck. "He has let you escape,

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then! I will beat him to a jelly! I—I—" He made to step to the side.

"Stand where you are!" Ken's voice rang sharply.

The bully of the Octopus glared at him.

"I am done here!" he panted. "You have beaten me, you Englander scum! I go back to my own ship!"

King of the Islands smiled grimly.

"You don't go back to your own ship, Captain von Marck," he answered coolly. "You choose to come on my ship, and you'll leave when I choose—not when you choose! Lompo—Kolulo, take a rope and trice up that feller white captain. Knock him on the head if he resists."

"Yes, sar!" chuckled the Kanakas. They grasped the bully of the Octopus gleefully. Von Marck struggled in their brown, brawny hands.

"What do you mean by this, King of the Islands?" he yelled furiously. "I go back to my own ship!"

"You don't!" answered Ken. "You came here to shanghai my men—and you're shanghaied yourself! Got that?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Kit Hudson. "Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander! Ha, ha, ha!"

"You feller boy, tie rope along that feller!" said Ken.

The German skipper struggled frantically. But he had no terrors for the Kanakas now. Lompo and Kolulo flung him to the deck, and he was bound hand and foot and left writhing.

Then Ken, contemptuously disregarding the ruffian, who lay foaming with rage, gave his attention to Koko, who was lifted from the whaleboat and brought on deck. His dark eyes opened, to see King of the Islands bathing his bruised head with cool water. He blinked dazedly.

"Me no savvy!" he gasped.

"All serene now, old bean!" said Ken. "You've had a knock on the head—but you've got a jolly hard old coconut!"

Koko rubbed his head.

"Me savvy, sar! Feller Von Marck knock along head belong me along gun belong him! Him plenty too much bad feller." Koko's eyes turned on him. "Feller Von Marck stop along this hooker, sar?" he ejaculated.

"Ay, ay! He's a shanghaied man."

Koko stared, and then grinned.

"Plenty too much good, sar!" he said. "Me make that feller jump along 'bey order along this ship, my word!"

Koko, his head bandaged, was soon on his feet. The bags of copra were handed up from the whaleboat and stacked away in the trade-room. The boat was swung up to the davits. Danny, the cooky-boy, heard the shouts of his comrades, and emerged, grinning, from the water-hold.

On the beach of Ululo, several white men were staring towards the anchored brig and ketch. They had heard the shots, and wondered what was passing. But still not a native was to be seen.

On board the brig, the German mate, who had come to his senses at last, staggered on deck, his hands

pressed to his dizzy head. He stared at the ketch.

The anchor was swinging up. The Dawn was getting under way. King of the Islands had finished at Ululo, and he was going out to sea. And the bully of the Octopus was going with him.

Kurt stared dazedly across as the ketch glided past towards the reef passage. He waved a hand and shouted:

"King of the Islands! Where's my skipper?"

"Here!" called back the boy trader. "He's shanghai'd on board this ketch. And if I had the time to waste, I'd shanghai you along with him, you scum!"

The German mate was left staring dazedly as the Dawn glided out through the reef—the only man left on board the brig.

King of the Islands glanced at the foaming bully of the Octopus when the Dawn was outside the reef and picking up the wind.

time, and an unruly nana was left to the boatswain to deal with.

And Koko, with a lump on his head as large as an egg left by the butt of Von Marck's revolver, was not likely to err on the side of gentleness in dealing with him.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Von Marck, yelling with rage, sprang at the boatswain. With his left, Koko knocked him spinning again. The lawyer-cane rose and fell once more, with all the vigour of the brown boatswain's powerful arm.

UNDER the hefty lashes the bully of the Octopus writhed and roared, and howled and yelled, amid loud laughter from the Kanakas.

"You 'bey order along me, you poor trash?" demanded Koko. "You turn to, like good feller boy? My word, s'pose you no turn to, me knock seven bells and a starboard watch outer you."

Livid with rage, the bully of the Octopus turned to. There was no

And he gave the bully of the Octopus his own measure, and perhaps a little over.

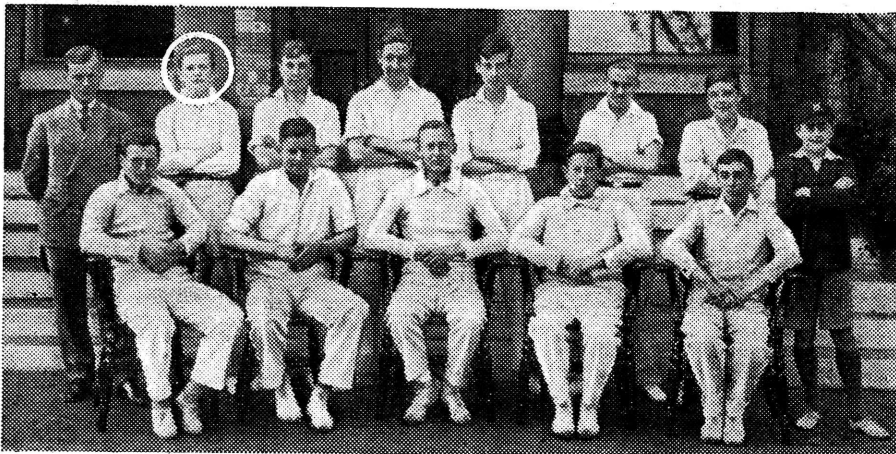
For the first three days Captain von Marck raged and resisted. Twice he got hold of a belaying-pin, twice of a knife, and each time he was promptly disarmed, tied up, and given a dose of lawyer-cane that left him wriggling. After which, Von Marck submitted to his fate and became as obedient a "hand" as any boatswain could have desired.

On the sixth day from Ululo, Sua was raised on the sea-line. By that time the boatswain of the Dawn had the new recruit feeding from his hand.

"My word, sar!" said Koko, as the Dawn ran into the lagoon of Sua. "That feller Von Marck plenty good deckhand, along me give um plenty too much lawyer-cane. Me like plenty keep that feller along this hooker. Him plenty bad skipper, plenty good deckhand. S'posee keepee that feller stop along ketch, sar?"

ONE GUINEA

has been awarded to **B. COOK**, 5, Feversham Crescent, York, for this photo of the **NUNTHORPE SECONDARY SCHOOL, YORK**, Cricket Team. B. Cook is standing on the extreme right.



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"Cast that man loose and set him to work, Koko!" he said.

"Yes, sar!" chuckled Koko.

Von Marck's bonds were cast off, and he staggered to his feet. His eyes blazing with rage, he leaped like a tiger at King of the Islands. His hands were clenched, his teeth gritting. The boy trader eyed him calmly.

Von Marck did not reach him. Koko's brawny arm swung up, and a blow on the side of the jaw sent the German skipper spinning into the scuppers. There was a cackle of laughter from the Kanakas. Koko picked up a stout lawyer-cane.

"You feller Von Marck, you get along feet belong you!" he shouted, as the dizzy ruffian sprawled. "What name you stop along deck, along back belong you?"

Whack! Whack! Von Marck staggered up, under a shower of blows from the lawyer-cane.

He glared round at the grinning Kanakas like a wild beast, at the skipper and mate of the Dawn, but they did not even look at him. Captain von Marck was a "hand" now, shanghai'd in his turn, as he had shanghai'd many "hands" in his

help for him. He had always had a heavy hand with a native, and now a native, in his turn, had a heavy hand with him. As he had done to others, so Captain von Marck was done unto.

And as the Dawn fed before the wind, and Ululo dropped to the sea-line, the one-time skipper of the Octopus sweated at scraping paint in the blazing sunshine. And every time he slacked, a lick from the lawyer-cane spurred him on.

The hurricane that had driven Ken into Ululo had driven him far from his course, and it was a week's sail to Sua, where he was long overdue.

During that week, there was an extra hand on board the ketch, and that extra hand did more work, probably, than all the other hands put together.

Koko saw to that!

The big Kanaka boatswain, generally kind-hearted and sweet-tempered, was hard as nails with the shanghai'd skipper of the Octopus.

Koko had had a narrow escape of being shanghai'd on board the Octopus, and he knew how he would have been handled there had Von Marck succeeded—with a belaying-pin, and a revolver to back it up.

King of the Islands laughed, and shook his head.

"I think he's had enough, Koko," he said. And Von Marck, who was listening with breathless anxiety, gave a gasp of relief.

"Him plenty good sailorman, along me give um plenty too much lawyer-cane altogether!" said Koko, shaking his dusky head.

But King of the Islands signalled to a canoe. The canoe glided under the rail of the Dawn, and the boy trader turned to Von Marck.

"Jump!" he said tersely.

Von Marck opened his thick lips—and closed them again. Koko's eye was on him, and there was a lawyer-cane in the brown hand. Without a word, the shanghai'd skipper jumped, and the canoe glided to the beach with him.

"A lesson for a bully, Kit," said King of the Islands. "It may do him good!"

"We'll hope so!" said Hudson laughing. "At any rate, I don't think he will ever try to shanghai a man on board this hooker again!"

(King of the Islands is on deck again next week—another tip-top South Seas Adventure story!)