

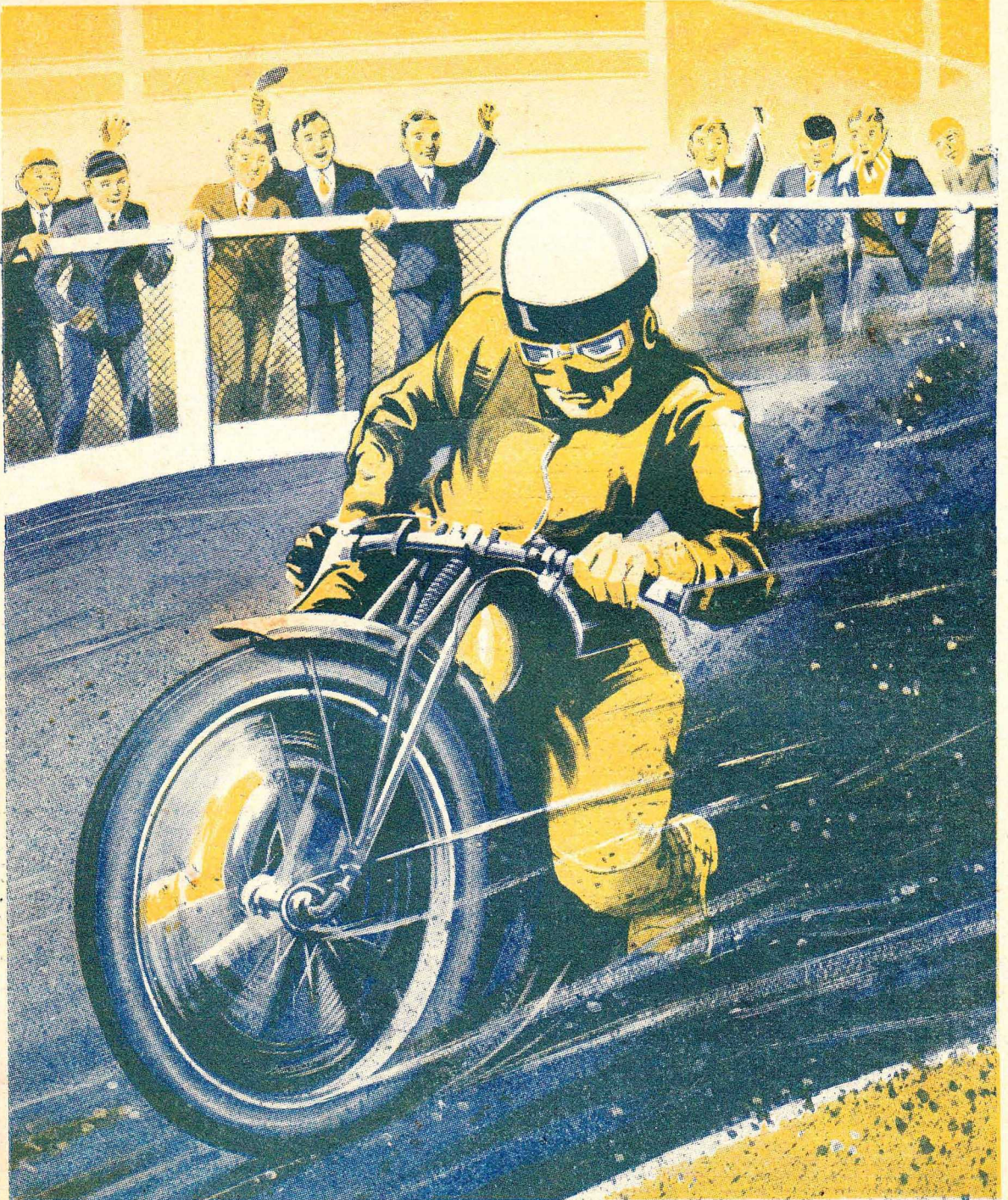
10,000 GIFT BOOKS for READERS! *See page 7*

The MODERN BOY

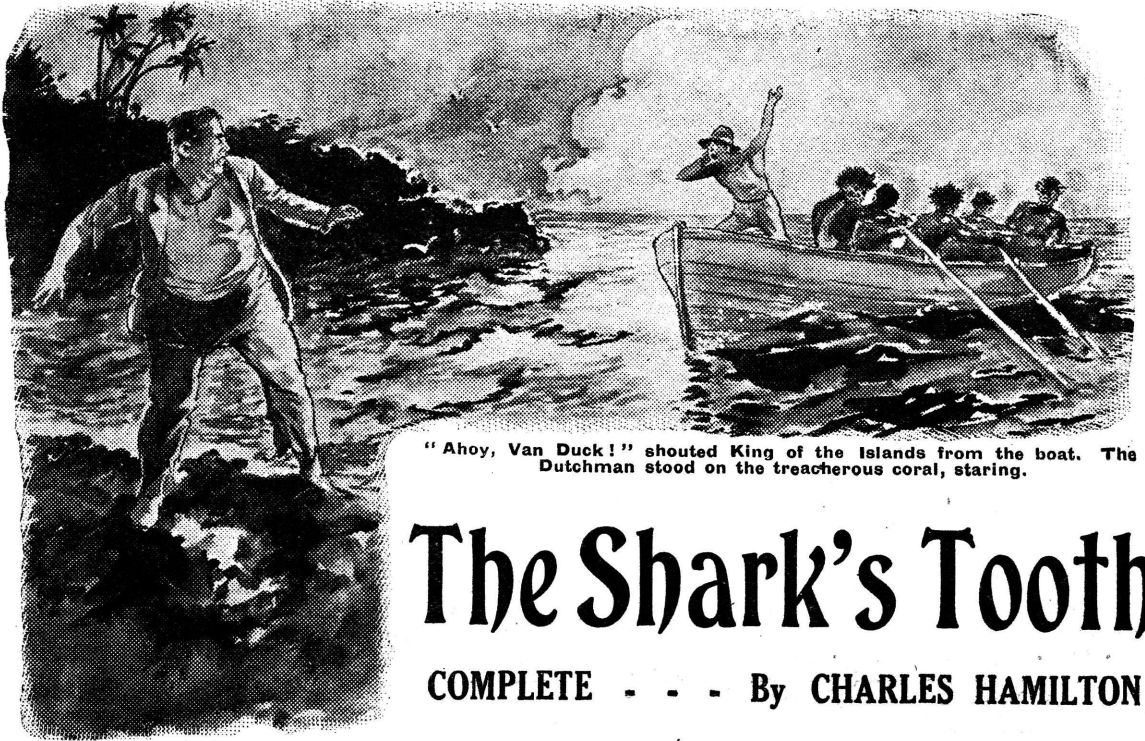
EVERY MONDAY.
Week Ending May 14th, 1932.

No. 223.
Vol. 9.

2^{D.}



DIRT-TRACK HAIR-RAISERS!—See pages 16-17



"Ahoy, Van Duck!" shouted King of the Islands from the boat. The Dutchman stood on the treacherous coral, staring.

The Shark's Tooth

COMPLETE . . . By CHARLES HAMILTON

Touch and Go!

HARD-A-PORT!" Kit Hudson, mate of the ketch Dawn, yelled the order, his bronzed face gone suddenly white.

King of the Islands stared round in astonishment. Koko, the Kanaka boatswain, whose sinewy brown hands grasped the spokes of the wheel, gave a jump, but he obeyed the order mechanically. There was a buzz of surprise from the Hiva-Oa crew of the Dawn.

Under burning sunshine, the heat tempered by a six-knot breeze, the ketch was gliding through the passage in the Shark's Tooth Reef, thirty miles west of Ulua.

In rough weather the Shark's Tooth spelled deadly danger to steamer or windjammer, and even Ken King, the boldest as well as the youngest skipper in the Pacific, would have given it a wide berth.

But the weather was fair, the sea as calm as a pond, save for the ruffle of the breeze. The boy trader was bound for Ulua, and the Shark's Tooth lay directly in his course for the island. Rounding either end of the immense reef meant the loss of a day, and the passage through was as safe as Sydney Harbour in calm weather.

A dozen times at least had Ken King run his ketch through the reef passage, and he would have undertaken to sail her through with his eyes shut. North and south stretched the great reef, most of it under water, but sharp teeth of coral jutted up here and there, where seagulls rested and screamed. The passage was a cable's length in width, plainly marked by water-worn cliffs of coral that rose high from the sea.

King of the Islands was seated on the taffrail, a pencil in his hand and

an account-book on his knee. He was busy with figures referring to his business with Van Duck, the Dutch trader on Ulua.

Koko, at the helm, hummed a Hawaiian song as he steered. Kit Hudson was watching the passage ahead, though in no expectation of danger. It was Hudson's sudden warning that saved the ketch from disaster.

On the deep blue water that flowed between coral rocks Hudson's eyes caught a gleam of foamy white. And he yelled his warning just in time.

It was fortunate that Koko, startled

Young KING OF THE ISLANDS, trading in the wild South Seas, meets a Dutchman who "puts it across" the shipmates of the ketch Dawn. But the Dutchman's chuckles are not the last laugh!

as he was by the sudden and unexpected order, obeyed swiftly and without question.

King of the Islands, almost pitched from the taffrail by the swing of the ketch, dropped account-book and pencil and leaped to his feet. The next moment he was shouting orders to the Kanaka crew.

His face for the moment was as white as Hudson's. Swiftly the ketch came about, and there was a low grinding sound which told how narrow the escape had been. The hull of the Dawn scraped on iron-hard coral.

There was a cackle of alarmed excitement from the Hiva-Oa crew. But

the danger was over as swiftly as it had arisen. The ketch had escaped the sunken reef which barred the passage where there had always hitherto been deep water.

Hudson wiped a trickle of perspiration from his brow. Ken, breathing hard, stared over the rail at the creamy white line that ran across the once-open passage from north to south, barring the way to any vessel that drew more water than the lightest canoe.

"If we'd hit that, Kit—" he muttered. "We shall be late at Ulua," he went on. "But better late than never. Jolly old Nature has been busy here, Ken, since the last time we ran the passage!"

King of the Islands nodded. A month since, he had run the Shark's Tooth with a hundred feet of water under his keel. But there had been a big change since then. Volcanic action in time past had thrown the coral rocks high above the sea, and evidently there had been a recurrence of the same subterranean process in recent days.

Where there had been a hundred feet of water, a coral reef reached almost to the surface unseen—revealed only by a creamy glimmer of foam that had caught Hudson's eyes in the nick of time. The passage through the Shark's Tooth Reef no longer existed.

"My word!" murmured Koko. "S'pose white master Hudson no sing out along this feller, this feller ketch no stop any more altogether. This feller ketch walk about along bottom sea, my word!"

"A miss is as good as a mile, old coffee-bean!" said the Australian mate. "We've got to beat back, Ken, and go round the reef. We lose a day's time, but—"

The Shark's Tooth

"But we're lucky to have the chance!" said King of the Islands quietly. "We've had some narrow escapes since we've sailed together, shipmate, but I reckon this was one of the narrowest. If we'd hit that coral—"

King of the Islands shivered. Had the ketch piled up on the new-formed reef, there would have been little hope for any man on board.

"It was touch and go," said Hudson. "As the song says, there's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to watch over sailormen. We've got to report this on Ulua, Ken!"

Ken's face was very grave as he toolled the ketch back along the channel in the Shark's Tooth.

Danny, the cooky-boy, picked up the account-book Ken had dropped on the deck and handed it to his master. Ken thrust it into his pocket, unheeded now. His account with Van Duck, the trader of Ulua, which had been causing him some troubled thought, was a slight matter after what had so nearly happened.

It was nearly sunset when the ketch won her way out of the reef at last, and Ken was able to set a course to round the Shark's Tooth at the southern end.

"We should be raising Ulua by this time if we'd been able to get through the reef," remarked Hudson.

"No packet will ever get through the Shark's Tooth again!" said Ken. "Thank goodness we were able to get back! I've run that passage in the dark before now. If we'd run it in the dark this time—"

"No good thinking of it," said Hudson. "It's all in the day's work. But"—he laughed—"I fancy there's a man on Ulua who would not have been sorry if we'd piled up the Dawn, Ken!"

"Van Duck?" said King of the Islands.

"I fancy so. According to what they are saying up and down the beaches, Van Duck won't be pleased to see us with our little bill!"

"They say a lot of things on the beaches, Kit," Ken King said. "I've done a good deal of business with Van Duck, and he was always slow to pay. There mayn't be anything in what we heard!"

"And there may be a lot," said Hudson dryly. "We've had a narrow escape in the Shark's Tooth, but I'm glad we decided to run down to Ulua a week before Van Duck expected us there. If he's up to trickery, we shall catch him by surprise!"

Ken nodded. The rumour that had spread among the Islands that Van Duck was planning to "pull out" had worried the boy trader a good deal. He had ninety pounds to collect from Van Duck, and that was a very considerable sum to him.

It was for that reason that he was making Ulua a week ahead of the scheduled date for his call at the island. But Ken was thinking more of his ketch's narrow escape than of the Ulua trader's possible default.

It was not till sunrise was glimmering over the Pacific that the ketch rounded the far southern end of the Shark's Tooth and was able to forge ahead under full sail once more for Ulua.

A Lime-Squash!

"G A weg!" snarled Van Duck, the trader of Ulua. The native who was house-boy at Van Duck's bungalow did not understand Dutch. But he understood the black scowl on the trader's beefy face, and still more clearly he understood the hefty kick from a heavy sea-boot that crashed on him.

He howled, jumped out of the veranda, and dodged out of sight. Why Van Duck was in a fiendish temper that afternoon his house-boy did not know. Van Duck's temper never was good, and it was generally at its worst in the morning, when he was slowly recovering from overnight revelry. But on this particular golden afternoon the Dutch trader was in a more savage temper than the house-boy had ever seen him in before.

The hapless boy dodged away through the palm-trees, leaving the Dutchman alone on his veranda. Van Duck stood at the rail and stared seaward.

His brows were black, his little piggy eyes glittered. His thick lips were drawn back in a snarl.

What he saw, as he looked from his veranda, seemed to stir his savage temper to its depths. Yet the scene was one that might have pleased any eye.

The lagoon rolled before him like a sheet of gold in the sunset. Along the beach were the traders' bungalows and warehouses, for there were a good many white men on Ulua. Natives loitered on the white shelving beach, or paddled canoes on the lagoon. Tall, slanting palms nodded against a sky of deepest blue, shot with gold and crimson by the setting sun.

By the little wooden pier lay the Dutchman's cutter, its sails furled, a Kanaka loafing and chewing betel-nut by the mast. Far across the lagoon, coming in from the open sea through the island reef, was a handsome ketch, towed by a crew of Hiva-Oa boys in a whaleboat.

And upon that handsome ketch the Dutchman's deep-set piggy eyes fixed, with a glare of animosity. It was the sight of King of the Islands' ketch that had roused the Dutch trader's rage and earned the house-boy a kick.

Not for a week had King of the Islands been due at Ulua. Yet here he was, towing into the lagoon.

"King of the Islands!" muttered the Dutch trader. "And to-morrow I should have gone."

He scowled blackly at the ketch. The Dawn came in from the west, under furled canvas, towed by the whaleboat. The wind, which had blown from the west and wafted the light-winged ketch to Ulua, had failed towards sundown, and a breeze springing up off shore was now dead against King of the Islands.

For the last hour the ketch had been tacking down to the island, and now she was being towed in against the wind. Slowly, gliding after the whaleboat, in which the brawny Kanakas tugged at the oars, the Dawn came into the Ulua lagoon.

Van Duck's eyes never left her for a moment. He picked up the figure of King of the Islands on her after-deck, the muscular Australian mate sitting on the taffrail, the tall form of Koko at the wheel. He could see that the two white men were looking towards his bungalow, and guessed that they had spotted him staring from the veranda.

The Dutchman's hand slid to the hip pocket at the back of his baggy trousers. But it was only to make sure that the revolver was there.

"King of the Islands—first!" he muttered. "Plenty of others to follow. It has leaked out that I have sold my plantation—that I've sold my warehouse and stock and other things. News spreads fast on the beaches! One more day—"

One more day and he would have been gone from Ulua in his cutter, fleeing before the wind, with plenty of money in his pockets—leaving many a creditor to whistle for his due.

His intention was more than suspected on Ulua, as he knew. But on Ulua he owed nothing, and no hand would have been raised to stay his flight. He was free to go—free to show a clean pair of heels to the skippers and traders who would be seeking him.

His plans were cut and dried. Only one more day and he would have laughed at all who sought him. The wide Pacific would have swallowed him up, and at some distant island he would have picked up a steamer for Sydney or San Francisco. He cared little which, so long as he got safely away from the Islands.

AND now here was King of the Islands, nearly a week ahead of time. It meant that others knew, that others would be coming. King of the Islands to-day, another skipper to-morrow, someone else the next day—and the banknotes stuffed in his belt would fade away to nothingness with the paying of debt after debt—if he paid them! The Dutchman gritted his teeth.

"Toppoo!" he called—and the scared face of the house-boy peered at him from a distance. "You go along house belong you. Me no want you along this place any more this feller day!"

"Yes, sar!" replied Toppoo; and gladly enough the native boy scuttled away for the beach and vanished among the native houses, half a mile away, while the trader continued to watch the ketch.

Slowly the Dawn came across to the wooden pier and moored alongside. The Kanakas returned on board, the whaleboat was swung up. The Dutchman watched King of the Islands step on the pier.

Kit Hudson followed him. The Australian mate walked away across the beach, and King of the Islands

came alone towards the bungalow, up the path of powdered coral.

He gave the Dutchman a smile and a nod as he reached the palmwood steps of the veranda. It was a relief to the boy trader to see Van Duck there. He did not wholly credit the rumour he had heard at Sua that the trader was getting ready to pull out of the Islands, though it had sufficiently impressed him to cause him to make an early visit to Ulua. The sight of the heavy Dutchman lolling on the rail of his veranda was reassuring.

"You're early on Ulua, King of the Islands!" said Van Duck, as the boy trader came up the steps.

The scowl was gone from his heavy visage now. A grin that was meant to be a smile had replaced it.

"Ay, ay. I've cut out a couple of calls and come on from Sua," answered Ken.

"Ach! I am glad to see you. I have cargo for Lalinge," said Van Duck. "I should have shipped it with Captain Silas Hook." He made a gesture towards a brig that lay at anchor out in the lagoon. "But I can do better business with you, Captain King."

Ken smiled. He was quite relieved now. If Van Duck had cargo for Lalinge it did not look as if he was shutting up shop on Ulua.

"My dear man, don't trouble," said King of the Islands.

"Mynheer, it is no trouble!" said Van Duck, and busied himself for a few minutes. His own drink was rum, neat, in a long glass, which he drank, while King of the Islands sipped the cool lime-squash.

Van Duck's piggy eyes were on Ken's handsome, bronzed face, and the grin still lurked about his mouth.

"Ach! You are very early in Ulua!" he said. "I think perhaps you have heard some talk on the beaches, Captain King. A trader cannot sell a plantation, or buy a cutter, without setting the beaches in a cackle. You have become uneasy about your little bill."

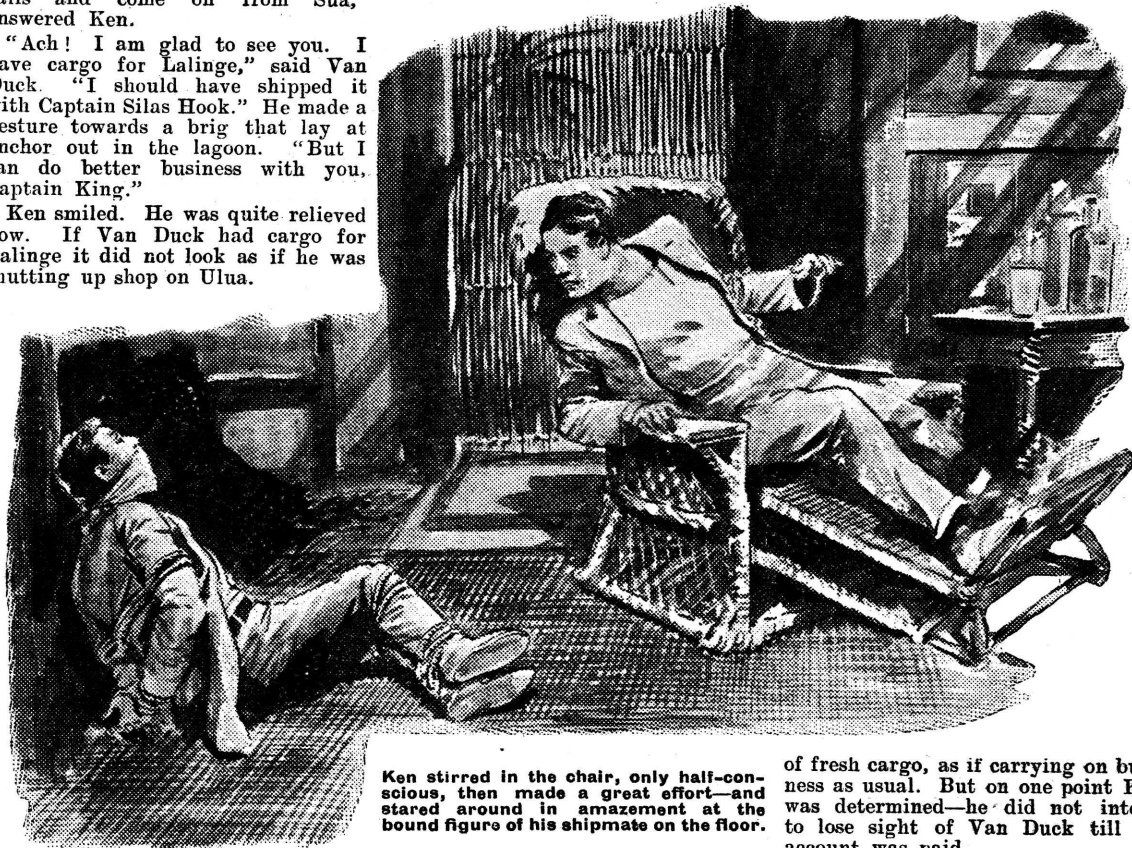
"My little bill is more than three months overdue, Mr. Van Duck," said

"Ninety pounds!" Van Duck regarded him thoughtfully. "No, it is not a large sum. But is there not a proverb in your language, Captain King, that if one is to be hung, one may as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb?"

"What do you mean by that?" asked King of the Islands quietly.

"Nothing—a mere jest!" The Dutchman laughed. "Wait a few minutes, Captain King, while I fetch my cashbox. Your little bill shall not trouble you any longer." And he left the room by an inner door.

Ken finished his lime-squash, and leaned back in his chair to wait. Something in the Dutchman's manner, and more in his words and his uneasy grin, made him dubious and suspicious. Yet the trader talked



Ken stirred in the chair, only half-conscious, then made a great effort—and stared around in amazement at the bound figure of his shipmate on the floor.

"Come in!" added Van Duck, throwing aside a pandanus screen in a doorway at the back of the veranda. King of the Islands entered the bungalow. The Dutch trader followed him in, and waved him to a seat.

"My house-boy is absent," he explained. "I was not expecting anyone to-day. But it is no matter."

He sorted out bottle and glasses. Ken shook his head, with a smile, and said:

"Not for me, thanks!"

"Ach! I had forgotten that you are a temperance skipper!" said Van Duck, scarcely troubling to conceal a sneer, though he was trying to be polite and amiable. "But at least I may offer you a lime-squash."

the boy trader, "and, to be quite frank, I'd prefer to collect it before taking on more business. It costs money to run a ketch, you know—even a little packet like the Dawn."

"We Dutchmen are slow to pay, isn't it?" grinned Van Duck. "But what of that, if we are sure as well as slow? I can offer you good terms, as well as more cargo, to give me another month."

"Come, come, Mr. Van Duck!" Ken said. "It's well known that you have sold a plantation on Ulua, and another on Toteega. They say on the beaches that one went for fifteen hundred and the other for a thousand. Ninety pounds is not much to you, but a great deal to the skipper of a trading ketch."

of fresh cargo, as if carrying on business as usual. But on one point Ken was determined—he did not intend to lose sight of Van Duck till his account was paid.

The Dutchman had asked him to wait a few minutes, and Ken could hear him in the next room, moving about and fumbling with papers. Ken, leaning back in the chair, closed his eyes. He opened them again, and rubbed them, in surprise. He was sleepy.

He had been wide-awake enough when he entered the bungalow. Now a deep and heavy drowsiness was creeping over him. He half rose, and sank back into the chair again. The dingy walls, the table with its bottles and glasses, seemed to swim before his eyes. Again his lids drooped, and opened again more slowly.

From the inner doorway Van Duck looked at him. The Dutchman's heavy, grinning face seemed to dance before Ken's blurred vision.

The Shark's Tooth

"Ach! Have I keep you waiting too long, mynheer?" chuckled Van Duck.

Ken stared at him dizzily. The truth forced itself into his dazed mind. He made an effort to rise, but his limbs seemed glued to the chair.

"Drugged!" whispered King of the Islands. The grinning face seemed like the face of a mocking demon. With a terrible effort, Ken reached to his hip-pocket for his revolver. Van Duck stepped towards him, picked the weapon from his nerveless hand, and tossed it across the room.

"Neen, mynheer!" he chuckled. Ken's heavy eyelids sank over his eyes. The Dutchman was still grinning down at him as he lapsed into unconsciousness.

The Fallen Mate.

"LITTLE white master stop plenty time along bungalow belong Dussman, sar!" said Koko to Kit Hudson.

It was long past sunset when the mate of the Dawn came back to the ketch. He had had business to attend to while Ken was calling on Van Duck. But he had expected to see his skipper when he returned to the ketch.

It was more than two hours since Ken had walked up the coral path to Van Duck's bungalow, and it was difficult to imagine what could be keeping him so long.

Hudson, standing by the rail of the ketch moored at the pier, only a few fathoms distant from Van Duck's cutter, stared across at the bungalow, back of the beach, in the soft starlight.

Lights twinkled from most of the bungalows along the beach of Ulua. But Van Duck's house was dark. Hudson was puzzled.

"Ken can't be there all this time," he said. "You no see feller white master leave bungalow belong Dussman, eye belong you, Koko?"

"No see um, sar."

Hudson glanced across at the cutter. The Ulua boy lounging on the little vessel was looking towards the ketch. The mate of the Dawn made a sign to him.

"You feller boy!" he called out. "You savvy feller King of the Islands stop along master belong you?"

"No savvy, sar!" called back the Ulua boy.

"You savvy feller Van Duck stop along house belong him?"

"No savvy, sar."

Hudson grunted, and he stared again towards the Dutchman's bungalow. His suspicions of Van Duck were keener than Ken's. All he had heard of Van Duck's late operations convinced him that the trader of Ulua was preparing to "pull out," and he had little doubt that when Van Duck pulled out of the Islands he would leave his creditors to whistle for their money.

A vague suspicion of foul play was in his mind. Yet it seemed too wild to be entertained.

Ulua was a law-abiding island, with a white community and a magistrate.

The Dutchman was, he believed, a rogue, but he was not the man to risk his neck. Even if he was planning to run, and the unexpected arrival of the ketch had alarmed him, he would never dare to use desperate measures. Yet why had not King of the Islands returned to his ketch?

Neither was Ken a fellow to be handled easily. As for shooting, that was out of the question. A shot in any of the bungalows would have been heard all along the beach. But Hudson's uneasiness grew.

He paced the deck for some time. The Hiva-Oa crew had turned in on their sleeping-mats. Only Danny, the cooky-boy, was still awake in his galley, waiting to serve supper to the white masters. And Koko was wakeful on deck. Hudson paced, in troubled thought. He made up his mind at last.

"Me go along bungalow belong Dussman, look see little white master, Koko," he said, and stepped on the pier. Koko, sitting against the mizzen, twanged his ukulele softly, while the Hiva-Oa boys slept. Danny, in the galley, ceased to clatter pots and pans, and his snore could now be heard.

Under the stars, gleaming from a sky of deep and cloudless blue, the lagoon lay like a sheet of silver, ruffled by the wind that was now blowing steadily from the east. From somewhere under the palms on shore came the sound of music and dancing, from a happy crowd of Ulua natives. It was a scene of calm tropic beauty. But Kit Hudson had no eyes for it as he tramped up the coral path to Van Duck's bungalow.

He reached the building, and became aware of a point of fire in the darkness of the veranda. It was the glowing end of a cheroot.

"Oh, you're at home, Van Duck!" he called out.

"Ja, mynheer!" came the harsh voice of the Dutchman, and his little piggy eyes peered from the gloom. "Is that Mynheer King of the Islands?"

"No; it's his mate. Isn't King of the Islands here?" exclaimed Hudson.

"Here?" repeated Van Duck. "Neen, neen! He leave me a long time ago, and go along the beach. Is he not on his ketch?"

"No!" answered Hudson.

He stood on the palmwood steps of the veranda, in doubt. In the shadows he made out the heavy figure of the Dutchman, stretched in a chair, smoking. Van Duck's manner was cool and indifferent.

"You don't know where my skipper is?" asked Hudson, at last.

"Neen, neen! I have not seen him since he leave me. Perhaps he go along to see Mister Bruce at his bungalow."

Hudson reflected. Bruce was the magistrate on Ulua, and it had been Ken's intention to give him information regarding the new reef at the Shark's Tooth. That information had to be officially notified, for the safety of all sailormen.

But Ken had intended to return to the ketch after seeing the Dutchman. And Koko, whose eyes were as those of an albatross, had not seen Ken leave Van Duck's house.

The conviction was growing in Kit's mind that there had been foul play, and that King of the Islands was still in the building. Yet if it was so, it was amazing that the Dutch trader should be sitting coolly on his veranda, smoking his cheroot. Hudson's mind swayed in doubt, but he did not go.

The Dutchman's piggy eyes peered down at him again.

"Ach! Will you not step in, Mynheer Hudson?" he asked. "I am alone here, and shall be glad of your company. You will smoke a cheroot with me, isn't it?"

Hudson mounted the steps and entered. He had no desire for the company of the Dutchman, but he was glad of the excuse to look round for his shipmate.

"You will step in and take a drink with me?" the Dutchman said hospitably; and without waiting for a reply he pushed aside the pandanus screen of the doorway, held it aside for Kit to enter, and stepped into the living-room of the bungalow.

IN the light of the lamp Hudson's keen eyes swept round the room.

Within ten feet of him was a long cane chair, and in that chair a well-known figure was huddled, apparently asleep.

In utter amazement Hudson's eyes fixed on King of the Islands. But it was only for a second—a split second—that he saw the boy trader. The next instant there was a crash, and a million sparks danced before his eyes as he reeled forward under the blow of a revolver-butt in the hand of the Dutchman.

There was a heavy fall. Van Duck stood for some moments, breathing in jerks. Then he bent over the fallen mate of the Dawn. The weapon in his hand was ready for another blow, if needed.

But it was not needed. Kit Hudson was stunned, and lay like a log at the feet of the trader of Ulua. A sour grin wrinkled the Dutchman's harsh face.

"Ach!" he muttered. "You think to find King of the Islands here, mynheer—ach! You have found him!"

He extinguished the lamp, picked up a tapa cord, and bound the mate of the Dawn hand and foot. By the time he had finished, Kit Hudson's eyes had opened. They turned dizzily on the burly form of the Dutchman blocking the starlight in the open doorway. The pain that shot through his bruised head brought a groan from his lips.

A few moments more and the Dutchman had gagged him with a rag of tapa.

"You will not call, my friend!" murmured Van Duck. "Neen, neen,

Keep This Coupon! See page 7.



not so long as I am on Ulua! Good-night!"

The pandanus screen dropped into place, leaving the skipper and mate of the Dawn in dense darkness.

Under the Shining Stars.

KOKO nodded drowsily over his ukulele, no longer plucking the strings. He had ceased the almost interminable crooning song he had been murmuring, but he was still awake when there was a soft sound of movement at the wooden pier.

The hour was late. Lights were extinguished in the bungalows along the beach. The native dance had long ceased, the Ulua natives were sleeping in their grass huts.

Koko had wondered drowsily why his white masters did not return to the ketch. But what his white masters did was their own affair—it was not for a Kanaka to trouble his head about their proceedings. And there was no suspicion in his mind that the white masters had met with foul play in the house of another white master on Ulua.

As he heard the soft sounds on the pier, Koko lifted his head and looked over the rail, thinking that it might be Ken or Kit returning.

But the burly figure that was coming along the wooden pier was that of Van Duck. Koko carelessly wondered what the "feller Dussman" was doing out of his house close on midnight. But the matter did not concern him, and he watched the man with idle interest, careless of what he did.

But even the unreflecting Kanaka was struck by something stealthy in the manner of Van Duck. Heavy man as he was, he was moving with hardly a sound, creeping along the pier to the spot where his cutter was moored.

He carried a large bag in either hand and a package over his shoulder. Behind him trod the Ulua boy who had been on the cutter during the evening. The Ulua boy carried more bags.

Apparently the Dutchman was going out in his cutter. It was an unusual hour for starting on a trip among the Islands, and from the Dutchman's manner it could be easily guessed that he did not want any inhabitant of Ulua—white or native—to observe his departure.

He reached the cutter and stepped on board. The Ulua boy followed, and there was a light thud as a package dropped on the little deck. Muttering in Dutch followed the clumsy action of the native. Koko grinned, expecting next to hear the sound of a blow and a howl from the black boy. But no blow was struck. The Dutchman was controlling his savage temper.

There was a slight sound of movement, of rustling ropes, on the cutter. The husky mutter of the Dutchman reached Koko's ears on the moored ketch.

"You feller Solulo, you make plenty noise, me knock seven bells outer you, kill you too much along lawyer-cane."

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

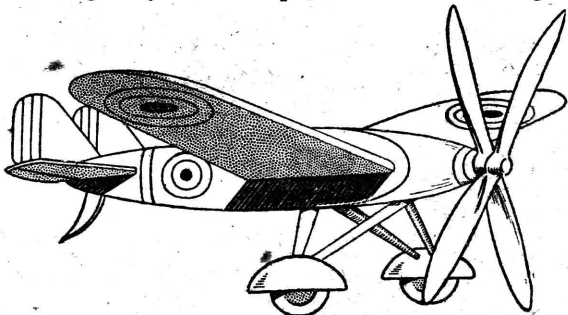
Model Plane Chat

ONE of the very latest experiments, a model plane with two propellers—one immediately behind the other—is shown in this sketch. Fine results have been obtained with this model, which has reached 35 m.p.h. The novel "twin-screw" arrangement almost entirely does away with torque—a word which means the tendency of the revolving propeller to turn the machine over on its side.

IS there a pond or stream, or any slow-moving water, in the field where you fly your model? If there is, what about building up a seaplane or amphibian? You might even convert an old landplane for the purpose. The main difference between seaplanes and ordinary planes lies in the undercarriage. A seaplane carries plain floats only, while an amphibian is also fitted with wheels for landing on ground.

It is necessary for the floats, of either type, to displace a greater weight of water than the weight of the completed model. An easy way to calculate the proper float dimensions is to allow one cubic inch of capacity for every ounce that the model will weigh. Then the floats will supply plenty of buoyancy without looking bulky. For example, if the model is to weigh six ounces, make the capacity of each float six cubic inches.

The floats should be as streamlined as possible, and about eight times as long as their width or depth. They must be completely enclosed, or water is liable to slop in and sink the float.



TO find the position of the floats under the body, first find the centre of gravity of the model, and then the centre of buoyancy of the floats. These three points should all be in line—that is, the centre of gravity of the body should be directly above the centre of buoyancy of the floats.

Make sure that the floats are parallel to the line of the rubber motor. The track (the distance between the floats) should be equal to the diameter of the prop, or one third of the wing span.

THE machine should be built as lightly as possible, for unless the floats are fitted with wheels, landing on ground will put a big strain on the floats, undercarriage legs, etc. The lighter your model the less likely are parts to break or become bent when landing.

A seaplane has no tail skid, so see that the floats extend well back towards the rear. The floats are usually almost as long as the body itself, and they should project about one sixth of their length beyond the nose. They must be low enough for the propeller to be held quite clear of the water.

"Me no make plenty noise, sar!" mumbled the Ulua boy.

"Silence!" hissed the Dutchman.

There was a whispering of canvas as the Ulua boy worked as silently as he could.

KOKO sat back again against the mizzen, and idly tinkled his ukulele. In the stillness of the tropic night the tinkle, faint as it was, carried far. There was a startled exclamation from the cutter, and the Dutchman's dark face showed over the side, staring towards the ketch.

Koko grinned as he saw the startled face. Staring hard, the Dutchman picked out the figure of the Dawn's boatswain sitting against the mast. To Koko's amazement he

caught a glimmer of metal, and knew that Van Duck had a revolver in his hand.

"My word!" ejaculated Koko. "You no shoot along this Kanaka, sar! What name you mad along this Kanaka?"

Van Duck gave him a grim stare. But he realised, from Koko's amazed brown face, that the boatswain of the Dawn had no suspicion of him. He thrust the revolver back out of sight.

"What name you stop wake, along night?" he grunted.

"Me stop wake, along me wait for feller white master comey back along this ketch!" answered Koko. "Me no savvy what name feller King of the

(Continued on page 18.)

The Shark's Tooth

(Continued from page 15.)

Islands no comey back along ship belong him."

The Dutchman gave him a harder stare, then grinned savagely and turned away. He was not likely to tell Koko "what name" King of the Islands did not return.

Solulo had cast off the moorings, and the cutter, under the pull of the tide, glided away from the pier. The Dutchman gave Koko no further heed. The faint tinkle of the ukulele followed him as the cutter came into the wind. Van Duck grinned as he glided towards the reef. Fortune was favouring him!

It was easy to negotiate the passage out of the lagoon, which lay on the west side of Ulua. Then the open Pacific lay before him, with a strong wind to bear him westward.

Not till sunrise, at the earliest, would King of the Islands wake from the effects of the drug. Hudson was as helpless as his skipper, and on board the Dawn there was no suspicion. Pursuit after sunrise he could afford to laugh at. He would be six hours ahead of pursuit, far away to the west, lost in the boundless spaces of the ocean.

Sunrise would find him far beyond the Shark's Tooth, and if King of the Islands hunted him, he would have all the Western Pacific to choose from.

Out of the lagoon, outside the coral barrier, the cutter heeled over under her tall sail. The Ulua boy squatted at the tiller, while the Dutchman handled the sheets. It was a fast cutter, and Van Duck knew how to get the most out of her.

Under the shining stars, under the blaze of the Southern Cross, sparkling like a mass of jewels in the sky, his cutter ran swiftly before the wind, and Van Duck patted the well-stuffed money-belt round his waist and grinned. King of the Islands, and the crowd of other creditors that would follow, could hunt for him now if they liked!

On the Rocks.

KING OF THE ISLANDS stirred, and groaned. Half-conscious, he lay for some moments in the long chair without movement, trying to understand where he was, and what had happened. A sound came to his ears, as if from a mist. Ken made an effort, and sat up in the chair.

It was dusky in the dingy room, but shafts of sunlight came in through the pandanus screen at the doorway. Kit Hudson, his face white and haggard, stared at him from the floor. It was from the mate of the Dawn that the faint mumbling sound came. He was trying to speak, but the gag choked his utterance, and only a faint mumble came.

Ken gasped in amazement. It was day; the sun was high over Ulua. He had slept through the long night. He dragged himself from the chair.

"Kit!" he gasped. With swimming head, he stooped over the bound man,

fumbled for his knife, cut the tapa cords, and removed the gag from Kit Hudson's mouth. Then, overcome by the effort, he sank back in the chair again.

Hudson rose to his feet. He felt tenderly over his head, where there was a large bruise under the thick hair. Van Duck had struck hard.

"What—what's this game!" gasped King of the Islands. He passed his hand over his forehead. "I remember now—Van Duck drugged me with a lime-squash—the treacherous hound! And you—"

"I came to look for you," said Hudson grimly. "The swab got me from behind with the butt of his gun."

Ken struggled from the chair.

"I'll get after him—I'll break a lawyer-cane across his Dutch carcass—" he panted.

"I reckon you won't find him on Ulua, old man," answered Hudson. "Van Duck didn't knock us out for a merry jest! He's gone. And he's not likely to hang on and meet us, after the way he's handled us."

Ken King staggered to the doorway and dragged aside the pandanus. The cool wind blew in his face and revived him. The ketch, moored at the pier, met his eyes, and the American brig anchored out in the lagoon. But the first glance told him that the Dutchman's cutter was gone.

The bungalow was silent, deserted save for the shipmates. There was no sign of Van Duck's house-boy. On the deck of the Dawn, the native seamen could be seen, and Koko was staring towards the Dutchman's house. He stared harder and jumped at the sight of the haggard faces of skipper and mate as they came out on to the veranda.

"We're done, old bean," said Hudson. "That Dutch skunk has double-crossed us, and got away with it. Goodness knows where he is now."

Ken nodded, and descended the steps of the veranda, Hudson following. They walked down the beach to the pier. Koko's startled face stared at them as they came on board the ketch. The Hiva-Oa crew regarded them curiously.

"Little white master!" ejaculated Koko. "What name you look plenty too much sick?"

Ken smiled. He had no doubt that he looked "plenty too much sick," after lying for hours under the effect of the drug. His head was heavy and aching, though he had not suffered so severely as Hudson.

"You sleep along night, Koko?" asked Ken. "You no see feller Dussman, eye belong you?"

"Me see feller Dussman, eye belong me, sar!" answered Koko. "Me see um take cutter belong him, sar, run along sea."

"How long ago?"

"Along eight bell, sar."

"He went at midnight," said Ken, "and it's now past nine o'clock. Too much of a start for us to have a chance, Kit."

"If we ever meet the double-crossing swab again—" muttered the mate of the Dawn between his

teeth, then went below to attend to the bruise on his head.

Ken, revived by the fresh morning breeze, took his coffee on deck, and felt better. But his brow was dark and grim. The Dutchman was gone, and the boy trader's ninety pounds had gone with him.

Koko, when he heard what had happened, clenched his brawny brown fists. It would have fared ill with the Dutch trader had he been within reach of the boatswain!

A SCHOONER, which Ken had sighted outside the reef, came towing into the lagoon. As she came within hail of the Dawn, her skipper waved to King of the Islands, and called.

"Ahoy, King of the Islands! Is Van Duck still on Ulua?"

Ken smiled grimly. Evidently this was another creditor of the defaulting Dutchman.

"He's gone!" called back the boy trader. "He pulled out last night in his cutter!"

The skipper of the schooner went hurriedly ashore and tramped up the beach.

"Another man after Van Duck!" said Ken, with a gesture towards the beach when Kit Hudson came back to the deck, his head bandaged. "There'll be a crowd later, I reckon!"

"We came early to avoid the crush!" grinned Hudson. "It hasn't done us a lot of good. If we had a chance of getting after him—"

"Me tinkee me savvy, sar!" said Koko suddenly.

"What you savvy, old coffee-bean?" asked Ken, with a smile.

"Savvy plenty too much, sar," said Koko. "Tinkee savvy catchee bad feller Dussman, sar. Tinkee feller Dussman run before feller wind, sar, along he plenty too much hurry."

"What about that, old bean?"

"Him no savvy feller passage along Shark's Tooth no stop any more altogether, sar!"

The skipper and mate of the Dawn gave a simultaneous jump.

"No feller along Ulua savvy, sar," said Koko. "Me talkee along feller along beach, sar, no feller savvy that new feller reef along Shark's Tooth."

Ken's eyes met Kit's.

"It's so, Ken," breathed the Australian. "I mentioned it to two or three traders last evening on the beach, and not a man had heard that the channel in the Shark's Tooth was closed. It's quite recent. There's been no packet in from the west since. You never told Van Duck, Ken?"

"It wasn't mentioned. My hat! Kit, we've got him!"

"If the sharks haven't got him first!" said Hudson grimly.

"We'll chance that, and get after him. We might even find him stranded on the coral rocks."

The next moment King of the Islands was roaring orders. The Hiva-Oa boys jumped to obey as they had never jumped before. With amazing swiftness the ketch was under way and standing out of the lagoon.

Bowling along before the south-east wind, the Dawn spread every inch of canvas to the stiff wind, skimming the blue Pacific like an albatross. Ulua dropped rapidly behind. Ken's eyes gleamed as he watched the sea for the first sight of the creaming surf on the Shark's Tooth, thirty miles west of Ulua.

"You tinkee this feller savvy, sar?" grinned Koko.

"Me tinkee brain belong you walk about plenty too much altogether, old coffee-bean," said King of the Islands. "A thousand to one we find the Dutchman piled up on the Shark's Tooth."

It seemed certain to the shipmates. The Dutchman had fled, with a stiff wind behind him, dead on the long reef that ran north and south. He did not know that the channel through the Shark's Tooth was now blocked by a new coral reef, thrown up by recent volcanic action. He would run the Shark's Tooth—and as he would easily have reached it before sunrise, he would have run it in the dark. If that was the case, he had piled up his cutter.

Eagerly the shipmates watched for the reef ahead, as the ketch sped swiftly on. It was ten thousand to one that he had run the passage—or, rather, attempted to run it.

The boom of the eternal surf on the Shark's Tooth came across the sea. North and south, for miles, stretched the sunken and half-sunken coral teeth. The high coral rocks marked where the old channel lay, the channel now barred to all craft. Ken shortened sail as he drew near, and at a safe distance the ketch hove to, and the whaleboat was lowered.

There was no sign of a sail, but Ken did not expect to see a sail if Van Duck had tried to run the passage before dawn. He knew that the cutter must have crumpled up on the coral. It was for floating wreckage and shipwrecked men that he looked as the Kanakas bent to the

oars and the whaleboat steered into the blocked channel.

"OCH! Oeh!" groaned Van Duck. The Ulua boy, squatted on the coral, gave him no heed. Solulo was not expecting to live to see another day dawn, and the "feller white master" was nothing to him now.

In rage and despair the Dutchman muttered. The belt of banknotes was still safely buckled round him, but it was useless to him now.

He hardly knew what had happened. Under the stars he had run into the channel in the Shark's Tooth Reef as he had run into it under the stars half a dozen times before. A sudden grinding shock and surf beating over a sinking cutter had spelt the end of all things for the fleeing trader of Ulua.

Sunrise found him not fleeing away to the west before the trade wind, but tramping, desperate and forlorn, on the coral rock to which he had clambered when the cutter went down under his feet.

Hardly a vestige of the wreck remained—only here and there a broken spar washing on the rocks. Food and water he had none. Already thirst was tormenting him. The thought of the banknotes stuffed in his belt was like a mockery. Thousands of pounds could not buy him a single draught to ease the burning thirst in his throat.

The dash of oars came like a sound of Heaven-sent hope to the trader. He stared round. Far away on the sea the tall spars of the Dawn stood dark against the blue sky, and a whaleboat manned by Kanakas, with a white man steering, was feeling its way into the channel.

"King of the Islands!" breathed Van Duck huskily.

Solulo stared. His eyes bulged from his head at sight of the whaleboat, and he leaped up with a yell

of delight and plunged into the water and swam towards the approaching boat.

Van Duck stood on the coral, staring. King of the Islands had pursued him, and his pursuit meant life instead of death to the fleeing swindler.

But the Dutchman scarcely knew whether to be glad or not. Life was sweet to him, but not life without money. He could see all his money being taken from him now that King of the Islands had found him.

He knew that the boy trader would run him back to Ulua, there to face his creditors and pay what he owed them.

And it would be useless for him to attempt to bribe Ken King to take him to some other island. He knew Ken wouldn't do that.

"Ahoy, Van Duck!" shouted King of the Islands, and waved his hand from the boat.

Without a word, the Dutchman scrambled through the water and was dragged into the whaleboat. He sat in silence while the Kanakas pulled back to the ketch and he was passed up the side.

He stood with a haggard face of despair while the ketch tacked back to Ulua. And Kit Hudson, who had carefully selected the thickest lawyer-cane on board, laid it aside again and left the wretch to himself.

King of the Islands landed Van Duck on Ulua, where the schooner's skipper was ferociously glad to see him, and where before long a dozen other skippers and traders gathered to deal with him.

The boy trader did not wait to see the end of the affair. He sailed the next day from Ulua. And in Van Duck's pocket, as a memento of King of the Islands, was a receipt for the sum of ninety pounds.

(Join up with the boy South Seas traders again, in a splendid Charles Hamilton story in MODERN BOY out on Saturday, May 14th.)

ONE GUINEA

has been awarded to E. THORNYCROFT, Court House, Milford, near Derby, for this photo of the HERBERT STREET SCHOOL, BELPER, gym team. E. Thornycroft is standing on the chair on the left.

FIVE SHILLINGS

will be awarded to the OWNER of the RINGED HEAD if he will send his full name and address, vouched for by E. Thornycroft, in envelope marked "Claim," to the Editor, MODERN BOY.

