

# The MODERN BOY

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**R.A.F. LIFEBOATS to the RESCUE!**  
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The FIRST of a NEW SERIES of Complete Stories of KING OF THE ISLANDS, boy skipper of the South Seas trading ketch the Dawn!

# The QUEST of WU FANG

## A Drifting Boat.

"KOKO, what name you look along sea belong you?"

King of the Islands, sitting on the taffrail of the ketch Dawn, as it ran before a five-knot breeze, had been watching Koko, the Kanaka boatswain, curiously for some minutes before asking that question.

It was a blazing day on the Pacific. The sun burned from a sky of unclouded blue. But for the breeze the heat would have been overpowering. The Hiva-Oa crew lolled on deck. From the little galley the voice of Danny, the cooky-boy, could be heard singing as he clattered pots and pans.

Kit Hudson, the young Australian mate of the ketch, was stretched in a long chair under the awning aft, half asleep. Ken King had been watching the tall masts bending under the bellying canvas till his attention was transferred to Koko.

Shading his keen dark eyes with a brown hand, Koko was staring across the shining waters as if he picked up some object in the far distance. Only the illimitable Pacific, deep blue to the horizon, met Ken's gaze when he turned in the same direction.

But he knew that Koko had almost the vision of an albatross, and he had no doubt that the boatswain saw something beyond the range of his own eyes, keen as they were.

Koko gave one last, long stare and turned towards his white master.

"Feller boat stop along sea, sar. Me see um, sar, eye belong me," he exclaimed. "Little feller boat he walk about along sea, sar."

King of the Islands slipped from the taffrail. The Dawn was a hundred miles from the nearest land. It was not uncommon to pick up a native canoe at such a distance from

land, but a white man's boat was another matter. The boy trader fixed his eyes intently on the spot indicated by the boatswain's brown finger.

But he smiled, and shook his head. If there was a dim blur on the blue waters, he could not be sure of it.

"You plenty sure you see feller boat?" he asked.

"Plenty too much sure, sar."

"No feller canoe?"

"No feller canoe, sar. Feller boat," answered Koko positively.

"What feller stop along that boat?"

"No see feller stop along boat, sar. Tinkee no feller stop along boat."

Kit Hudson sat up in his chair, rubbed his eyes, and blinked at the boy skipper of the Dawn and the boatswain.

"What's the row, Ken?" he yawned.

"Koko thinks he's spotted a drifting boat," answered Ken King. "Or, rather, he knows he has. Koko's eyes are as good as a pair of binoculars. I fancy we'll run down to it. If it's a ship's boat lost in a gale, it may be worth picking up and towing to Lalinge. Lompo, you fetch big feller glass along cabin."

Lompo ran down for the binoculars.

Kit Hudson stared across the gleaming water, but he, like Ken King, failed to pick up the distant object that had caught the keen eyes of Koko.

"No see feller boat eye belong me, Koko!" he grinned.

"Who the dickens are you, and what do you want?" exclaimed Ken King, staring at the kow-towing Chinaman in astonishment.

"O born-many-centuries-before-me, this humble person is Wu Fang!" was the answer.

"Feller boat he stop, sar," said Koko confidently. "Feller master he see along he look along big feller glass, sar."

Lompo came back with the binoculars, and King of the Islands clapped them to his eyes, then uttered an exclamation as a drifting object rushed into the field of vision.

"It's a boat. Looks like a ship's quarter-boat. Nobody in it that I can see," said King of the Islands.

He stared steadily at the distant boat. As the powerful glasses brought it clear to his eyes it lurched and drifted on the Pacific rollers, at the mercy of the sea. It had neither mast nor sail, but he could see an oar that lay idly over a gunwale. What looked like a fold of weather-worn canvas lay crumpled in the bottom of the boat. Of a human occupant there was no sign.

Ken passed the glasses to Hudson.

As the Australian mate of the Dawn turned them on the distant boat King of the Islands rapped out an order, and Tomoo, at the helm, put the wheel over to starboard. Hudson got the range, and stared long and hard at the drifting boat.

"Nobody aboard, unless that old canvas covers something, Ken. And I reckon if there was a shipwrecked man aboard he would be standing up to signal," he said.

Ken nodded. From the boat the tall sails of the Dawn must have been long in sight, if there were eyes to watch.

\*\*\*\*\* COMPLETE \*\*\*\*\*

By

Charles Hamilton

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## The Quest of Wu Fang

"Some skipper's lost that boat in a gale of wind, I reckon," added the mate of the Dawn.

"No tinkee, sar," said Koko.

"Eh? What name you no tinkee?" demanded Hudson.

"Feller oar he stop along boat, sar," answered Koko. "S'pose feller big wind he blow, sar, feller oar no stop."

"Good old coffee-bean!" Hudson chuckled. "Koko's right, Ken. If that boat had broken loose in rough weather, the oars would have washed out of her. It wasn't that."

Ken nodded again, his face grave. The ketch had already changed her course, swerving to port to run down the drifting boat. Evidently it was not, as the shipmates had been inclined to suppose, a boat that had broken loose in a gale. In the islands, where small trading ketches and cutters often towed their boats for want of room aboard, such mishaps were not uncommon. But the loose oar that jutted idly across the gunwale showed that the boat had not been adrift in a rough sea.

"There is—or was—some man aboard," said Ken, and his eyes fixed on the crumpled canvas in the bottom of the boat.

The ketch, once headed for the boat, ran down swiftly, and it was now clearly visible to the naked eye. Every eye on board was turned on it. Even Danny had come out of his galley, a saucepan in his hand, to stare. The crew of Hiva-Oa boys—Tomoo, Kolulo, Lufu, and Lompo—watched it curiously.

No sign of life could be seen as the ketch drew rapidly nearer. Unless the ragged canvas hid something, the boat was deserted.

King of the Islands wondered whether some hapless survivor of a wreck, or a fire at sea, lay sheltered under the canvas from the burning sun—dead, perhaps, or dying. A castaway able to stir would have watched the sea for a sail, and would have been signalling frantically to the ketch.

Closer and closer ran the Dawn till she was within a cable's length, when King of the Islands hove to and the whaleboat was lowered. The boy trader stood up in the whaleboat, with anxious face and fixed gaze, while Koko and Lompo pulled at the oars.

### "Twenty On the Line!"

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS stepped into the drifting boat as Koko held it by the gunwale. Another oar, an empty keg, dry as a bone, and a biscuit bag in which no crumb remained, lay in the bottom. He stooped and lifted the weather-worn canvas, dreading what he might see when it was removed.

A huddled figure lay there, apparently lifeless. The mouth was open, the lips black and cracked with thirst. The closed eyes were sunk in the gaunt, haggard face. The man had been of powerful frame, but the

huddled limbs seemed shrunken and slight.

The face, little more than skin and bone, was burnt to a coppery hue as dark as a Kanaka's, but it was the face of a white man. He was dressed in tattered cotton shirt and shorts, loose on the emaciated form.

Ken's sunburnt face was clouded with pity. Hunger and thirst had ravaged the gaunt face on which he looked. How long had the hapless man been adrift on the boundless Pacific? Days—perhaps weeks—watching, with weary eyes, for the sail that did not come! There had been food and water in the boat—both exhausted, probably long since.

Hopeless at last, the castaway had dragged the canvas over him, to shut off the burning sun, and lain down to die. There was a sail at last, on the endless sea, but the closed eyes could not see it. The skeleton hands could wave no signal. Had it come too late? But for the keen eyes of Koko, the ketch would have swept on towards distant Lalinge, leaving the boat to drift unseen, unknown. Ken, as he knelt beside the senseless castaway, prayed that he was not too late to save him.

Koko and Lompo stared from the whaleboat, curious, but with the indifference of the unthinking natives of the south.

"My word," said Lompo, "that feller white master he no stop any more altogether."

"That feller he no walk about any more!" agreed Koko. "He go finish. Feller boat he plenty good, s'pose white master takee along Lalinge."

Ken's hand was on the shrunken breast under the ragged cotton shirt. The castaway's heart was beating faintly. King of the Islands felt a throb of relief.

"Water!" he said. Koko passed over a tin pannikin of water. Ken placed it to the dry, cracked lips, lifting the head of the castaway. A quiver ran through the unconscious face, and the sunken eyes opened wildly. It was only for a moment, and they closed again, but the castaway sucked deliriously at the cool water.

"My word!" said Koko. "That feller he stop!"

"He lives!" said King of the Islands. "We shall save him yet. You feller boy, you put feller rope along boat, washy-washy along ketch, plenty too quick."

"Yessar!" said Koko. The drifting boat was taken in tow, and the Kanakas pulled for the Dawn.

Kit Hudson stared down as they came alongside, his eyes fixed compassionately on the shrunken face of the castaway.

"Alive, Ken?" he asked.

"Ay, ay! Pretty far gone, old man, but we shall save him, I hope," answered King of the Islands. "Help me get him aboard!"

Gently the unconscious man was lifted to the deck of the ketch. The shipmates carried him below, and he was laid in Ken's own bunk in the little state-room amidships.

King of the Islands remained with him. There was little he could do beside make the unconscious man comfortable in the bunk and moisten his lips with water. Kit Hudson returned to the deck to take charge. The whaleboat was swung up to the davits, and the Dawn put before the wind again on her course to Lalinge, with the drifting boat now towing astern.

The mate came back to the cabin. "No name on the boat," he said. "Nothing in her but the oars, an empty keg, an empty biscuit-bag, and a rag of canvas. I wonder what ship she may have belonged to and what may have happened to her."

"We shall know when he comes to—if he does!" said Ken. "Poor fellow—he's been through it, hard! Nothing about him to show who he is, or where he came from. A white man—that's all we know—a sailor-man or a pearler, I should fancy."

"He's coming to!"

The sunken eyes opened again, fixing on the shipmates at the side of the bunk with a wild stare.

The dry lips moved, but no word came.

"You're with friends now, my poor fellow!" said King of the Islands softly. "You're on board ship! You're saved!"

**B**UT there was no intelligence in the staring eyes. The boy trader's words seemed to convey no meaning to the castaway.

Ken placed the pannikin to his lips, and he drank greedily. Then he lay back in the bunk, his bright wild eyes fixed on them like the eyes of an animal. They closed at last, and the man slept, his breathing faint but regular.

"Looks like delirium!" whispered Hudson.

Ken nodded. The wild, unintelligent glitter in the sunken eyes in those moments of consciousness told that the castaway had not come to his right senses.

"Goodness knows what he may have been through," said Ken. "Days and days, perhaps, of parching thirst—and the sun! But he's sleeping now. I'll leave a man to watch him, and get Danny to fix up something for him when he wakes."

The shipmates returned to the deck. Kolulo was left to watch the sleeping castaway. Under the burning sun the Dawn fled swiftly on, the shipmates pacing the little after-deck and talking in low tones. Danny was preparing an appetising broth for the castaway, for he was in no state to take solid food. The shipmates waited for him to wake.

It was a couple of hours later, and the red rim of the sun was sinking to the sea-line, when Kolulo put a startled face out of the companion.

"White feller he talk, sar!" said Kolulo. "He talk plenty too much, sar, mouth belong him. Brain belong that feller no walk about any more, sar!"

Ken nodded, and ran down the companion. The castaway was sitting up in the bunk. His eyes were wide

open and staring, and he was muttering, thick and fast, words that seemed to tumble over one another, few of them distinguishable. Ken laid a soothing hand on his shoulder, and the man started back as if he had been struck.

From his swollen lips came a husky babble of words, in an incoherent stream. Then suddenly, loud and clear, came the words:

"Twenty on the line! A cable's length on the beach, and five fathoms in the bush! Twenty on the line!" Then a meaningless babble of delirium followed.

### "You No Savvy?"

**W**U FANG walked along the coral quay at Lalinge, a diminutive figure, looking oddly like a mushroom under his big Chinese hat. Kanakas and coolies, loafing on the quay, glanced at him as he passed, and some of them grinned. For many days, the little Chinaman had been a familiar figure at Lalinge.

He had arrived at the island on a trading cutter from Lukwe, and every

Lalinge was John Chin, a Chinaman. Wu Fang would not have attracted any special attention had he followed any occupation like any other Chinese.

But he seemed to have no occupation beyond watching the sea for a ship that never came, and he watched incessantly, with the impassive patience of the Oriental. Many people had questioned him.

Even Mr. Belnap, manager of the Pacific Company, and a magistrate, had asked him what his game was. And every time the little Chink answered politely, with his bland smile:

"Look see fiend comee along Lalinge!"

But the "friend" never seemed to come and the loafers on the quay, sprawling in the shade of packing-

and towed in. That fact was clear to Wu Fang, and it seemed to interest him mightily.

Seldom had the little Chink addressed a word to one of the loafers of the quay, unless first spoken to. But now he turned to a Kanaka who was watching the ketch come in, in the hope of picking up a job at handling cargo.

"You feller savvy that feller ketch?" asked Wu Fang.

"Savvy plenty!" the islander answered.

"What name belong that ketch?"

"Name belong ketch Dawn."

"You savvy feller skipper belong Dawn?"

The Lalinge native looked almost contemptuous. The Dawn and her boy skipper were not only well known at Lalinge, which was Ken King's



"Koko, you break in this fellow door!" ordered Ken. Crash, crash went the capstan bar in the brown boatswain's powerful hands, and the door of the bungalow flew in pieces under the mighty blows.

day since he had haunted the beach and the quay, from sunrise till dark. Almost every minute of every day his slanting eyes were turned on the passage in the reef, where the ships came into the lagoon from the Pacific.

And when a ship came in, whether it was a pearling lugger, a trading ketch or yawl, or the Sydney steamer, Wu Fang's almond eyes fixed on it intently, and watched it to its anchorage. Afterwards, Wu Fang would get into talk with some of the crew, in his queer pigeon English.

But whatever it was that Wu Fang expected, he seemed to be disappointed every time, for he continued, day after day, to walk the beach and the quay and watch the reef passage across the lagoon.

Chinamen were not uncommon at Lalinge, which was a large island and a centre of trade in that part of the Pacific. The wealthiest merchant on

cases, or sitting on the bollards, would grin and cackle as the little Chinaman passed them. Which Wu Fang did not seem to mind in the least.

On this particular day, however, it seemed as if Wu Fang was to be gratified at last. He came to a halt on the coral quay, his eyes fixed on a handsome ketch that was coming in from the open sea. As the ketch wound her way through the passage it could be seen that she was towing a boat after her—it looked like a ship's quarter-boat. And Wu Fang, standing very still, fixed his eyes on that towed boat and they seemed to burn as he gazed.

Often enough he had seen some cutter or yawl towing its boat. But this towed boat, obviously, was not the ketch's own boat, for the ketch had a whaleboat swung at the davits. Obviously the quarter-boat was a craft that had been picked up at sea

home port, but through the length and breadth of the Pacific—from Honolulu to Hiva-Oa; from Thursday Island to Easter Island.

"Feller King of the Islands skipper belong Dawn!" answered the Kanaka. "You no savvy feller King of the Islands? My word!"

The slanting eyes gleamed for a moment. It seemed that Wu Fang had heard the name of the boy trader of the Pacific. He moved away to the end of the quay, and stood watching the Dawn as she emerged from the reef passage and came sweeping across the wide lagoon. He picked up King of the Islands and his mate on deck, and the Kanaka crew, but the slanting eyes searched and searched, as if for another that they did not see.

Then Wu Fang watched the towed boat again as intently as if he would have bored into its weather-worn, sun-blistered timbers with his piercing eyes. Its interest for Mr. Wu was very deep.

King of the Islands was looking towards the quay with a cheery smile on his sunburnt face. After a long trip among the islands, Ken was glad to be home again—Lalinge was home to the boy trader. Few scenes in the



## The Quest of Wu Fang

South Seas were unfamiliar to his eyes, but the most familiar of all was the circling beach of Lalinge, with its rows of warehouses and bungalows, the native village back among the palms, and the hills rising beyond.

Hands and hats were waved on the beach as the Dawn came in. There were few on Lalinge, white or native, with whom the cheery boy trader was not popular. Even Esau Hunk, the Yankee storekeeper, looked out of his store doorway with an amiable grin on his bony face. King of the Islands, standing by the binnacle, waved a hand again and again in return to some waved greeting as the ketch glided on to the quay.

Several other vessels were anchored in the lagoon or moored at the quay, among them John Chin's brig, and Dandy Peter's cutter from Lukwe, and Black Furley's pearling lugger from the same island. Lalinge was a busy port, and it was seldom that there was no vessel in the lagoon.

As the ketch glided down to the quay, Wu Fang moved again, approaching the space between the lugger and the cutter, where he could see that King of the Islands intended to moor the ketch.

He heard the boy trader rap an order, and watched the fall of the sails; watched a rope thrown from the ketch caught by a Kanaka on the quay and fastened to a bollard. And almost at the moment that the Dawn was moored, Wu Fang jumped from the quay to the deck of the ketch.

The next moment he was kowtowing to King of the Islands, who stared at him in astonishment.

"Who the dickens are you, and what do you want?" exclaimed the boy trader.

"O born-many-centuries-before-me, this humble person is Wu Fang!" answered the Chinaman. He was not speaking pidgin English now.

King of the Islands smiled. As he was at least twenty years younger than the Chinaman, that polite form of address had its comic side.

"Well, what do you want, Wu Fang?" he asked. "Cut it short. This is my busy day."

The Chinaman pointed to the quarter-boat, bobbing on the water at the stern of the ketch.

"You pick up a boat?" he said. "Ay, ay!" answered Ken. "What about it?"

"This humble person search for a friend who is lost at sea in a boat," said Wu Fang softly. "Seeing a boat, this worm crawl at your feet to ask if you find a man in a boat."

"My hat!" ejaculated Kit Hudson. "If this is somebody who knows the man we picked up, Ken—"

"But the man we picked up isn't a Chinaman, whatever he is," said Ken.

"No Chinaman," said Wu Fang quickly. "This poor person's friend is white man of name Keefe—Ben Keefe."

The slanting eyes searched Ken's face. But he could see that the name

was unfamiliar to the skipper of the Dawn.

"You no savvy, sar?" he asked, dropping into pidgin English.

"We picked up a man at sea in the boat yonder a couple of days ago," answered Ken, "but we don't know his name or anything about him. He has not come to his right senses. But you can go down and see him. I'll be glad to find anyone who knows him and can put me in touch with his friends. Take him down to the cabin, will you, Kit?"

"This way, Wu Fang," said the mate of the Dawn, and the little Chinaman followed him down the companion.

### "Get Off My Ship!"

THE castaway lay in the bunk which the kind-hearted skipper of the Dawn had given up to him. He was dressed now in a suit of old ducks that Ken had sorted out for him. His gaunt, worn, coppery face showed plainly the traces of the terrible sufferings he had been through, but he looked very different from the starving, parching man who had been picked out of the drifting boat.

Kind and careful attention and feeding had restored him. There was a faint colour in his thin cheeks, a glimmer of light in his sunken eyes. The fit of delirium had passed. Since the first day he had not been delirious, and it had been a great relief to the shipmates when the fevered babble of words ceased to echo from the cabin. Now he lay quiet, staring with fixed eyes. But in those eyes there was no recognition or intelligence.

Soothing words drew from the hapless man only that rigid stare. His



SLOGGER BILL!

Our Cricket XI were playing a most important match, and Slogger Bill, the hope of our side, was in. A fast ball came down. Bill gritted his teeth and hit out. . . . The ball flew in bits and the handle came completely out of his bat. WOULD you believe it?

Five shillings for the above has been awarded to E. Owen, 44, Romilly Road, Cardiff, who declares that this startling incident really happened at his school.

name, his ship, were unknown—not only to the crew of the Dawn, but evidently to the man himself. He remained like a man stunned, eating and drinking mechanically what was given to him, and speaking no word—his silence a strange contrast to the incessant babble of his earlier delirium.

Already his physical strength was returning. But the mind was not so soon to recover, though the shipmates had no doubt that, with careful nursing, he would be himself again in the course of time. And, with hardly a word said on the subject, the shipmates had settled that he should have the care he needed.

He was a stranger to them, thrown on their hands like a fragment of the flotsam and jetsam of the Pacific, but they were the men to stand by a sailorman on his beam-ends.

The castaway did not stir, and his fixed stare did not change, as Kit Hudson came through the doorway from the main cabin into the little state-room. Lying in the bunk, resting on his elbow, he stared with dull, unwinking eyes.

The Chinaman, following Hudson, stopped at the doorway in the bulkhead, his slanting eyes gleaming into the state-room before he entered. Had the mate of the Dawn observed him, he might have fancied that Wu Fang wished to see the castaway before he was seen himself. But the Australian's eyes were on the man in the bunk.

"You're awake, old bean?" said Hudson gently.

The man did not answer, and his fixed stare looked past the mate of the Dawn, fixed unseeingly on the opposite bunk. He was awake, but the words he heard seemed to convey no meaning to his dazed mind.

"Is your name Keefe?" asked Hudson. If it was the man's name, Hudson reckoned that it might wake him to intelligence when he heard it. It seemed to him that for a moment the dull eyes brightened, but the man gave no sign.

"Come in, Wu Fang," Hudson glanced round. "If you know him, he won't know you—he knows nothing. Look at him, and tell me if you know him."

The Chinaman glided softly into the room, and stood well back from the bunk as he fixed his eyes on the castaway. Hudson saw his yellow face harden.

"It is Ben Keefe!" said Wu Fang softly.

"Sure you know him?" asked Kit.

"This poor person knows him," said Wu Fang. "He does not know Wu Fang, for his senses are gone, but Wu Fang knows him. It is many years, benevolent one, that he has been the good friend of this poor Chinaman. With the leave of the white lords I will take him into my care, and he shall want for nothing that this humble person can give."

"Oh, good!" said Hudson. He stepped to the companion and called up to King of the Islands. The boy trader came down to the cabin.

"It's all O.K.," said Hudson cheerfully. "He's Keefe right enough, and



the Chink knows him. He says he's willing to take charge of him."

"Good man!" said Ken. The shipmates were prepared to keep the castaway on their hands until his recovery. But it would have been rather a task on a busy trading ketch, and it was a relief to find that he had a friend at Lalinge who was willing, indeed keen, to take charge of him.

Wu Fang bowed and smiled.

"This poor person's heart is joyful to behold once more the friend he had mourned as dead!" he said. "The blessing of Kwan be upon the benevolent ones who have saved him!"

"That's all right," said Ken, with a smile. "Of course, we shall be glad to hand him over to a friend who will care for him." He paused a moment, and eyed the Chinaman rather keenly. "Are you living on Lalinge?"

"This humble person has a bungalow which is hired from the Melican man Hunk!" said Wu Fang.

"Oh!" said Ken. It was easy to see, from Wu Fang's looks and manner of speaking, that he was no common Chinese coolie. But Ken had wondered whether he was "fixed" to take a helpless man on his hands. That point was settled now. It was evident that Wu Fang had money.

ANYONE who could afford to hire Esau Hunk's furnished bungalow could not be poor. The Yankee storekeeper was accustomed to let that "bung" to tourists, and he charged as much for a month's hire as it had cost to build it.

"This humble person is wealthy," said Wu Fang, as if he read the boy trader's unspoken thought, "and all that he has shall be given for the sake of his friend."

"You're a good sort, Wu Fang," said King of the Islands. "I'll get my men to fix up a litter and carry the man ashore at sundown, if you will be ready to take him in then."

"All shall be ready, lord, and I will send my servants with a litter to carry my friend."

"Just as you like." Ken and Kit exchanged a glance of satisfaction. Friendly care in a bungalow on shore was undoubtedly better for the castaway than what the shipmates could do for him on the ketch. For the man's own sake, as well as a little for their own, they were glad that Wu Fang had turned up.

King of the Islands turned towards the man in the bunk. He gave a start as he observed that a change had come over him.

The castaway's eyes were fixed on Wu Fang in the same fixed stare as before, but now the eyes were dilated, and it seemed as if a terrified recognition was struggling into them. The coppery face, which had been set and expressionless, was quivering, and the lips moved, though no word came.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Hudson. "Is he coming to his senses? Looks as if he knows Wu Fang, after all."

The Chinaman drew a hissing breath and stepped back quickly, placing himself so that King of the

## TOWING a GLIDER

*The Expert who conducts this regular Model Aeroplane Feature will answer Free, through the Post, any Air queries that any reader cares to send to the Editor*

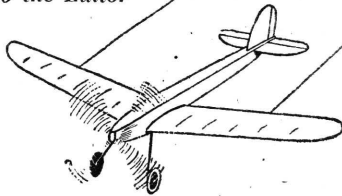


Fig. 1.—This is how the two tow-lines of crochet thread are attached to the rear edges of the wings of the model plane and to the leading edges of the wings of the light glider.

HAVE you ever set your model plane the job of towing a model glider through the air? You want as light a glider as possible, in order not to put too great a strain on the plane. The glider should be about one-quarter the weight of the plane. So if your plane weighs six ounces, the glider should not weigh more than one ounce and a half.

Use two tow-lines of crochet thread, as at Fig. 1. The lines are tied to small loops of thread sewn to the rear edges of the wings of the plane, and to the leading edges of the wings of the glider.

Two tow-lines attached to the wings of the plane in that way give an even and steady pull, whilst the glider, with its nose free to rise and fall to the tugging of the tow-lines, keeps its balance much better than when secured at the nose by a single line.

WHEREVER possible, plane and glider should be made to take-off from the ground. If you have to hand-launch, two of you must do it—one for the plane, and one for the glider—plane and glider to be launched at the same time.

You can also tow a model glider behind a model clockwork car. The tow-line should be fixed to a small upright, about six inches high, in the back of the car, as at Fig. 2. That allows the glider to rise high above the ground, and clear of obstructions. The crochet-thread tow-line is fixed to the nose of the glider by means of a simple hook, as at Fig. 3. The hook is a piece of wire bent to an angle of 60 degrees, the straight portion fitting upright into the nose of the glider.

Fig. 3.—For towing behind a model clockwork car, the tow-line is hitched to this hook which fits into the glider's nose.

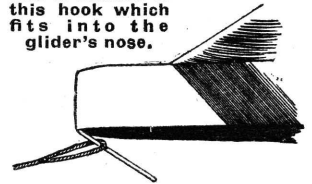


Fig. 2.—How a model glider can be towed behind a clockwork model car, the tow-line being fixed to a small upright in the back of the car.

Islands stood between him and the man in the bunk.

But the staring eyes of the castaway followed him, and the look of terror that grew in them was now unmistakable. Hudson caught his breath, and Ken's face set sternly. For the first time, suspicion shot into their minds of the Chinaman who claimed the castaway as a friend. For it was plain that the hapless man knew him, and that the terror of the recognition had roused him, in part at least, from the torpor in which he had been sunk.

"The Chink!" The words dropped in a husky, gasping mutter from the castaway. "The Chink! The Chink!"

He shrank back in the bunk, stretching out his skinny hands as if to ward off the Chinaman.

For a second the smiling yellow mask of Wu Fang's face changed and the rage of a demon burned in his slanting eyes. But it was only for

a fleeting second. Then he was the smiling, impassive Celestial again.

"He knows this poor person!" murmured Wu Fang. "But his senses are gone."

King of the Islands knitted his brows.

"He knows you—and not as a friend!" he rapped out. "Get out of this state-room!"

"O born-before-me—" pleaded Wu Fang.

"Get out!" roared King of the Islands.

The Chinaman backed through the doorway into the main cabin. He was only in time. In another moment King of the Islands would have grasped him and flung him headlong out.

"The Chink!" came the castaway's voice in a scream. "The Chink!"

"Look after him, Kit!" said King of the Islands. He followed Wu Fang



## The Quest of Wu Fang

into the cabin and grasped the Chinaman by the shoulder. The slanting eyes burned at him.

"You dog!" said Ken, between his teeth. "So you were tricking me! You're no friend of that poor fellow—not an enemy, and the sight of you has frightened him out of his wits! You villain, what was it you intended or him?" He shook the Chinaman savagely. "What's your game, you yellow scoundrel?"

"What have you done to that man that the sight of you has driven him nearly insane? And I came near handing him over to you—you treacherous hound! Get off my ship!"

With a swing of his powerful arm the boy trader dragged the struggling Chinaman up the companion and wung him out into the blazing sunshine on deck.

There he flung him down, and Wu Fang sprawled on his back, gasping, and spitting out savage words in Chinese in a shrill scream of rage.

There was a cackle of astonishment from the Hiva-Oa crew. They gathered round, staring. Seldom had they seen such fierce anger in the face of their white master. The knowledge that he had been within an ace of landing over a helpless man to an enemy, the mere sight of whom drove him frantic with fear, roused the boy trader's deepest anger.

Who the Chinaman was, what he wanted with the castaway, what their previous dealings had been, Ken could not begin to guess. But one fact was clear as daylight—Wu Fang was the man's enemy, a cruel enemy who aspired him with mortal terror.

"Koko!" shouted Ken. "Throw that Chink into the lagoon!"

"Yessar!" grinned Koko.

Wu Fang scrambled to his feet like a cat, and ran for the rail to leap back to the quay. But the boatswain of the Dawn grasped him before he could leap, and the Chink swung in Koko's mighty arms.

There was a flash of steel in the sunlight. The Hiva-Oa boys gave a startled yell. A knife glittered in the hand of Wu Fang.

But he had no chance to use the weapon. A swing of Koko's arms sent him whirling over the rail into the lagoon, and he disappeared with a splash. There was laughter from the native crew, and they ran to the side to watch the man in the water.

Wu Fang came up like a cork. His hat floated away as he struck out for

the quay. He scrambled on the coral, and stood there dripping, his loose garments, soaked with water, clinging round his limbs. For a few seconds he stood panting, dripping, and muttering in Chinese. Then he turned and ran along the quay and disappeared up the beach.

### The Lukwe Cutter.

LIKE a yellow sickle the moon hung over Lalinge. The lagoon lay like a sheet of molten silver. Tall palms nodded black against the blue of the sky, and from the palms came the sound of music and laughter, where a crowd of natives, in white lava-lavas, with scarlet hibiscus-blossom twined in their dark hair, were dancing.

Among them were the Hiva-Oa boys from the Dawn, on shore leave—with the exception of Danny, the cooky-boy, who had the duty of keeping watch on the moored ketch and keeping an eye on the sick man below.

King of the Islands and Kit Hudson came up to the deck in their shore-going outfit, spotless ducks and pipe-clayed shoes. They were going to supper at Manager Belnap's bunaglow, the largest residence on Lalinge, from which lights were gleaming out in the dusky tropical night.

Keefe—if the sick man's name really was as the Chink had stated—was sleeping peacefully in his bunk. After the visit of Wu Fang, the hapless man had shrieked and raved for minutes, and the shipmates had feared a return of delirium. But he had calmed down at last, and now he slept, much to the relief of Ken and Kit.

"You feller Danny!" called out Ken. "You stop along-cabin belong me, you watch feller along bunk, eye belong you. You no shut eye belong you. You no leave that feller."

"Yessar!" said Danny cheerfully. "Me watch that feller, sar, plenty too much, eye belong me."

And the cooky-boy went down to the stateroom.

Ken and Kit stepped ashore on the quay. As they moved along they passed the cutter moored near the Dawn, and the soft notes of a flute, well played, fell on their ears. Peter Parsons, of Lukwe, sat in a chair on the cutter's little deck, extracting music from his flute. Dandy Peter, the handsome, dapper blackguard of Lukwe, the toughest and most ruthless of all the rough crew on that

island, looked anything but the ruffian he was as he sat there.

It was odd to see the soft-toned flute in the hands that were ready to crack a native boy's head with a capstan bar. But the dandy of Lukwe played remarkably well, and Ken and Kit paused for a moment to listen, forgetful that they were on the worst of terms with Dandy Peter and likely to meet only as enemies when they met at all.

The flute ceased as the Lukwe skipper sighted the two figures on the quay in the moonlight. Dandy Peter rose—a slim, elegant figure. He was the only skipper of Lukwe who ever wore a full suit of clothes, or knew how to wear them. In other days Peter Parsons had been something other than a trading skipper in the South Seas.

"Ahoy, King of the Islands!" he called out.

"Ahoy!" answered Ken cheerily.

"What name you throw feller Chink along lagoon?" asked Dandy Peter, unconsciously falling into the broken English he used in speaking to his Lukwe crew.

Peter Parsons had witnessed the episode of the afternoon, and he was curious.

"He asked for it," answered Ken briefly. "Do you know the man?" he added.

"I gave him a passage here from Lukwe weeks ago," said Dandy Peter. "He was still here when I ran into the lagoon yesterday. Looking for a friend lost at sea, according to his yarn."

"That's what he told me," said King of the Islands, "and it was a lie."

"I reckoned so," said Parsons, with a grin. "I saw him handling a knife on your deck. Some old enemy of yours?"

"No. I'd never clapped eyes on him before to-day."

"What was his game, then?" asked Parsons.

Ken told him. There was no secret about it, and the boy trader intended to inquire up and down Lalinge in the hope of finding someone who might know something of the mysterious castaway. Peter Parsons looked thoughtful as he mentioned the name.

"Keefe!" he repeated. "I knew a pearler named Keefe in the Paumotus. Might be the same man."

"Step on board to-morrow and have a look at him," said Ken.

"But why was the Chink after him?" asked Parsons.

"You must ask Wu Fang that!" answered Ken, and with a nod to the skipper he walked on with his comrade.

Dandy Peter sat down again, and watched the shipmates till they disappeared up the beach towards Manager Belnap's bungalow. His face had a thoughtful expression. He stared across the water towards the moored ketch standing out dark against the moonlight. The flute lay unheeded on his knee.

His three Lukwe boys, who had been listening to the music from

## WHILE YOU ARE ON HOLIDAY—

You MUST make certain you get your weekly copy of MODERN BOY—by ordering it definitely from a News-agent. . . . It's the Safe and Certain way!



their skipper's instrument, curled up on their mats and went to sleep now that the music had ceased. Peter Parsons leaned back in his long chair, and his eyes half closed. But he was not sleeping; he was thinking.

Faintly from the shore came the tinkle of ukuleles, where the native dance was going on under the palms. An hour passed, then the plash of a paddle in the lagoon came softly to the ears of the Lukwe skipper. He did not heed it, for plenty of natives went out in their canoes to fish at night in the lagoon.

But a minute later there was a soft thud, and he knew that the canoe had touched alongside the ketch moored only a biscuit's toss from his cutter. The Lukwe skipper sat up, his eyes wide open and alert, and stared at the Dawn.

Vague in the dim moonlight, a canoe floated under the rail of the Dawn, and a black hand was holding on. A black, fuzzy-haired Santa Cruz boy was standing, holding on to the ketch, and three others knelt to the paddles.

And a little figure, whose slanting eyes caught for a moment the gleam of the moon, was climbing silently on the ketch.

Dandy Peter watched. There was a mocking grin on his hard face. He gave no sign and made no sound.

King of the Islands and his comrade were in the Belnap bungalow, unsuspecting. The crew were ashore, dancing under the palms with the natives. If a Kanaka had been left on board, more likely than not he was sleeping.

**A**ND Wu Fang, silent as a snake in the dim moonlight, was creeping on the ketch, the sick man at his mercy! The blackguard of Lukwe watched, grinning derisively. King of the Islands was no friend of his—they had been foes, and Dandy Peter had not forgotten it, if Ken King had. Peter Parsons had no intention of intervening. He stood silent in the shadow of the cutter's tall mast, strange thoughts in his mind.

The Chinaman stepped on the deck of the Dawn, and stood with bent head, listening. He knew that captain and crew were ashore. The ketch had been watched. He made a sign, and two of the black boys followed him over the rail. With the little Chink in the lead, they disappeared down the companion.

No sound reached the ears of the Lukwe skipper. Whatever was done on the ketch, out of his sight, was done in silence. He waited and watched, hardly breathing in his tense excitement.

A minute passed—another—and another—then there was a movement on the ketch again. The Chinaman emerged from the companion and shot a rapid, suspicious glance round, over the lagoon, the quay, and the other moored vessels at a little distance. But Dandy Peter had taken care, and the sharp, slanting eyes did not pick him out in the cover of the cutter's mast.

Wu Fang made a gesture, and the two black boys followed him out of

## Handling a Cricket Ball

*Our Cricket Expert will answer free, through the Post, any Cricket queries sent by readers to the Editor*

**T**HE groundwork for all types of bowling—fast, medium, or slow paced—is to learn to bowl a good length ball. Once the ball has bounded from the ground, it cannot alter the direction of its flight.

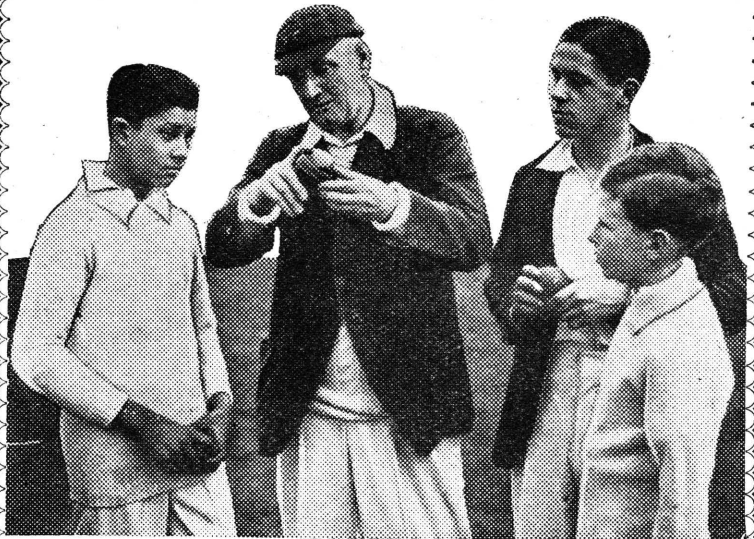
Therefore, a ball which pitches so near the batsman that it allows him the shortest possible time in which to make up his mind which direction it is going to take after hitting the ground, is the most difficult to play. That is what is meant by "a good length."

No matter at what speed you bowl, always grip the ball in the fingers of your bowling hand—never in the palm. Fast bowlers rely on sheer speed to beat a batsman, so grip for them is not so very important. But their best grip is with the first and second fingers lying along the seam of the ball.

For medium and slow paced bowlers who rely on break or spin for beating a batsman, grip is all-important. The ball should be gripped with the first finger over the seam of the ball, as the coach in our photo is holding it.

Break is applied by the action of the wrist at the moment the ball leaves the hand. Turning the wrist inwards causes the ball to break in from the leg when it hits the ground. Turning the wrist outwards makes it break in from the off.

Spin is applied by turning the ball in the fingers at the moment it leaves the hand. The ball goes spinning through the air, spins off the pitch, and is still spinning when the batsman plays it. It is then liable to cock up and offer a catch.



To make a cricket ball spin, or revolve, through the air when bowling, you must grip it correctly between the fingers, as shown by the coach in this photo. Note particularly the position of the first finger of his right hand.

the companion. They carried between them an inert form, and Dandy Peter did not need telling that it was that of the castaway—either unconscious, or bound and gagged.

The inert form was passed down to the waiting Santa Cruz boys in the canoe, and laid there. Then Wu Fang and his companions dropped over the rail, and a paddle shoved the canoe off from the Dawn.

The castaway lay silent and still where he had been placed in the bottom of the canoe. Wu Fang squatted beside him, and Peter Parsons caught, for a moment, the glitter of his eyes. Four paddles dipped, sweeping the water almost without a sound, and the canoe glided away from the Dawn.

But it did not turn towards the beach. As Parsons fully expected, it shot away across the lagoon, heading

for the reef passage. Wu Fang, with the castaway in his hands, was making for the open sea.

Dandy Peter drew a deep, deep breath. He watched the canoe till it was lost in the moonlight on the lagoon. Then he stepped towards his crew and shook them into wakefulness. The Lukwe boys opened their eyes, staring stupidly at the tense, set face of the skipper of the Sea-Cat.

"You feller boy, you show a leg along you!" hissed Dandy Peter. "This feller cutter he go along sea, plenty too quick."

Surprised as they were, for they knew it had been their master's intention to remain several days at Lalinge, the Lukwe boys jumped to obey. They knew better than to hesitate when Dandy Peter had that look on his face—he was ready to back up

## The Quest of Wu Fang

his orders with clenched knuckles or a capstan-bar.

Swiftly the mooring-ropes were cast loose, the cutter shoved off from the quay, the sail shaken out, and under the night wind from the hill the Lukwe cutter glided out to sea in the wake of the fleeing canoe.

### The Deserted Bungalow.

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS jumped lightly down from the quay to the deck of the ketch, followed by Kit Hudson and Koko. The brown boatswain had joined his white master on his way back to his ship, but the rest of the crew were still absent for the native dance was not over yet.

The boy trader had noticed, as he came along the quay, that the Sea-Cat was no longer moored there, but he gave that no thought, only supposing that Dandy Peter had taken advantage of the night wind off shore to start on his return trip to Lukwe. So far, not the remotest suspicion crossed his mind of what had happened on the ketch during his absence.

But as the boy trader descended the companion, a faint, mumbling sound came to his ears. He started, and stared in amazement.

Danny lay stretched on the planks, bound hand and foot with tapa cords with a rag of tapa stuffed in his mouth. The hapless cooky-boy stared up at Ken with dilated eyes, struggling to get rid of the gag.

Ken stared at him, for a second, in blank astonishment. Then he ran to the cooky-boy and dragged the gag from his mouth. Danny spluttered and gasped, and Ken, opening his sheath-knife, cut through his bonds.

"Suffering cats!" exclaimed Kit Hudson. "Who's done this?"

The cooky-boy staggered up, with a helping hand from his master, gasping for breath.

"Feller Chink, sar!" gasped Danny. "A Chink!" exclaimed Ken. "Wu Fang?"

"Yessar, same feller Chink comey along ketch, sar," spluttered Danny. "Name belong him Wu Fang, sar! Santa Cruz boy comey along that feller, sar! Chink put feller knife along neck belong this feller, sar! Santa Cruz boy tie um rope along leg, along arm, belong this feller. My word! This feller boy plenty too much fright, sar!"

It was clear that the cooky-boy had been made a prisoner under threat of the Chinaman's knife. But why? Ken's thoughts raced to the sick man in the stateroom. That the Chink had wanted to get the castaway into his hands was certain, though Ken had never dreamed that he would dare, or that he had a sufficiently powerful motive, to use desperate measures like this.

"Sick feller he stop!" exclaimed Ken.

"No, sar! Sick feller he no stop," answered Danny. "Santa Cruz boy carry away sick feller, sar. Me see, eye belong me."

Ken dashed across the cabin into the little stateroom. But he hardly needed to look. The castaway's bunk was empty. Kit Hudson and Koko stared in from the cabin.

"Gone!" gasped the mate of the Dawn.

"That sick feller he no stop any more!" said the amazed Koko. "That bad feller Chink he takee sick feller, my word!"

"Get your gun, Kit!" Ken said tersely. He jammed a revolver into his pocket. "The Chink's got him—and by gum, we'll get the Chink! If he's harmed the man, there'll be a dead Chink on Lalinge before the night's much older. Follow us, Koko!"

King of the Islands ran back to the deck, Hudson at his heels. The boatswain followed, staying only to catch up a capstan-bar before he jumped to the coral quay after his white master.

Ken's eyes were glinting as he ran up the beach. What the mysterious Chinese wanted with the castaway, King of the Islands could not know, but the hapless man's terror at the sight of him, showed that he had cause to dread the slant-eyed little Chink. And now Keefe was in his hands—forcibly seized on board King of the Islands' ship!

The boy trader's heart throbbed with rage as he headed for the bungalow that Esau Hunk let to visitors to Lalinge. The Chink must have taken his prisoner there.

**T**HE bungalow stood dark as he reached it, not a glimmer of light came from the building. Ken tramped into the veranda, and struck loudly at the door. There was no answer, no movement, from within. "Koko! You break in this feller door!" Ken ordered.

Crash, crash, rang the capstan-bar in Koko's powerful hands, and the door flew in pieces under the mighty blows.

King of the Islands rushed in, his revolver in his hand.

"Wu Fang!" he shouted. "Where are you, you dog? Show a leg, you yellow scum."

"Not here, Ken!" panted Hudson. The interior of the bungalow was dark. Hudson struck matches, found a lamp, and lighted it. The shipmates hunted through the building, the mate of the Dawn holding up the lamp—Ken, with his finger on the trigger of his revolver. But the bungalow was deserted. Of the castaway, of the Chink and his black servants, there was no sign.

"That feller no stop, sar!" said Koko.

"They must be on Lalinge!" breathed Ken, as he tramped out into the veranda again. "By gum, I'll find that yellow scoundrel—"

From the store, at a little distance from the bungalow, the bony figure of Esau Hunk came striding. The crashing of the breaking door had reached the Yankee storekeeper, and brought him to the spot, anxious for his property. He yelled up to the shipmates in the veranda:

"Say, what's this game, King of the Islands? What the great horned toad do you figure you're at? I guess that damage will set you back twenty dollars! I guess—"

"Where's the Chink that hired this bungalow of you, Hunk?" rapped out King of the Islands.

"I guess he's gone fishing on the lagoon, in his canoe, with his black boys, and that's sure an hour or more ago," answered Esau Hunk. "I'll say he's there now, as he hasn't come back yet. What the thunder—"

Ken gritted his teeth, and muttered:

"Fishing on the lagoon—fishing for the sick man on my ship! And he's got him! I'll comb the Pacific for him, if I have to hunt him from Thursday Island to 'Frisco. Kit, they've run out to sea—and we're going after them as fast as the Dawn can make sail!"

**I** RECKON so," said the mate. "It beats me hollow what that Chink wants him for—but it's clear that he wants him bad!"

"We'll leave word with Belnap. If he's still on Lalinge, the native police will find him. But it's a sack of pearls to a fathom of shell money that he's run out to sea." Ken spoke with conviction. "That's the only way of safety for him—with a prisoner in his hands! But, by gum, it shan't see him safe!"

"We may pick him up outside the reef—or news of him. Peter Parsons has sailed, and he may have seen something of him in his cutter. We're not losing a second—we've got to save that man, Kit."

"You bet!" said Hudson. And King of the Islands did not lose a second. He had a brief word with the Pacific Company's manager, who promised that the native police should comb the island for the missing man, but he had no doubt that the Chink had carried his prisoner away from Lalinge as fast as paddles could drive.

By the time Ken returned to the ketch, Koko had rounded up the Hiva-Oa crew and they were all on board, cackling with surprise and excitement. King of the Islands' voice rang out rapid orders, and the ketch was swiftly gliding across the lagoon in the dusky moonlight, heading for the reef passage.

With clanking boom and belling sails, the ketch swept out to sea, and every eye on board watched the moonlit waters as Lalinge sank to a dim blur astern, keen on the trail of the Chinaman's canoe.

Wu Fang would have a lot to answer for when Kit eventually overtook him. Not only was there the kidnapping of Keefe, the castaway, to be answered for, but the man-handling of Danny, the cooky-boy. Ken allowed nobody to take liberties with his crew!

*They are well and truly embarked on the great adventure now! When King of the Islands sets his hand to a job, he doesn't rest until it's finished. Next week's Ken King story proves that—up to the hilt!*