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ROUGH-RIDERS A-WHEEL!—See centre pages

Long Palm Island

Ken King, boy trader of the South Seas, finds his trading with peaceful natives suddenly interrupted—and one of his greatest enemies makes a terrible acquaintance with a lonely tropic isle!

By CHARLES HAMILTON

On a Drifting Spar!

BRIGHT in the east, the golden ball of the sun leaped up from the edge of the waters; and to the man who drifted, clinging to a spar, on the wide Pacific rollers the dawn of a new day brought a gleam of hope.

Hours that seemed endless had passed since Peter Parsons, the sea-lawyer of Lukwe, had plunged over the rail of his cutter, the Sea-Cat. Swimming for his life, he had seen the white, desperate face of Keefe, the pearler, and the black, grinning faces of the Lukwe crew aboard the cutter staring back at him. Then swiftly the cutter had gone, leaving him alone in the sea!

Keefe had been his prisoner, under threat of torture to set a course for a secret pearl island. In sheer desperation Keefe, the pearler, had turned on the Lukwe skipper, and fortune had favoured him and Peter Parsons had gone over the side. He was not likely to return for his enemy now. And there was no hope in the three Lukwe boys who formed the crew of the Sea-Cat.

With Dandy Peter near at hand, on the cutter's deck, they trembled at his frown and shrank from his blows, but they did not fear him now. He had seen the derisive grins on their black faces as they looked back, and he knew they were glad to be rid of their tyrant. There was no hope of the cutter sweeping back to save him.

His strength was ebbing, and he knew that he could not remain afloat much longer, when his hand came in contact with a drifting spar and he clutched it.

It was a brig's broken top-mast, with ends of broken ropes trailing in the water, large enough to support his weight. He crawled across it, and clung to it, and while the Pacific currents drifted him on he waited and longed for dawn.

In the solitary ocean north-west of O'ua there was no land, and little chance of a sail. The chance of a sail was all that stood between Dandy Peter and death.

The broken, half-rotten top-mast was drifting with a rapid current eastward, towards the rising sun. And the thought was in Peter Parsons' mind that it might drift him into sight of O'ua, the island he had passed at sunset the previous day.

It was only hours, but it seemed to him centuries, since he had run the O'ua reef to escape the pursuit of King of the Islands.

He had risked his life and his ship to get away from the boy trader, yet no gladder vision could have appeared to him now than the white sails of Ken King's ketch the Dawn. But he

had no hope of that. Long ago, Ken King must have rounded the O'ua reef and dropped his anchor in the lagoon.

The floating top-mast rocked and plunged under him as he strove to lift himself higher to look across the sea.

Twice it rolled, and he pitched into the water. But at the third attempt he got astride it, and, shading his eyes with his hands, gazed over the waste of waters.

South-eastward rose the feathery tops of palm-trees. It was O'ua. He knew that a strong current swept past the island. On the northern side was an easterly current, and it was on the latter that the old top-mast was floating. The currents were marked on his chart on board the Sea-Cat. He knew them by heart, and he knew that he would not approach near enough to leave the mast and swim.

With haggard eyes he watched the island. Across the shining waters he could pick out a bunch of native grass-houses on the beach, and the vessel that lay at anchor in the lagoon, with sails furled, and graceful spars.

It was the ketch Dawn—and distant as it was, he could make out a figure that moved on her deck.

It was Ken King, he was sure of that, the boy trader of the Pacific who had chased him from Lukwe, to rescue Keefe, the kidnapped pearler. It was Dandy Peter who needed rescue now, and he knew that, enemy as he was, King of the Islands would have spared no effort to save him had he known. But he did not know.

Had Ken chanced to turn his binoculars on the waste of waters north of O'ua, he might have picked up the floating spar and the haggard figure that sat rocking on it as it floated.

Tiny, toy-like in the distance, the boy trader appeared for a moment to the sea-lawyer, then he was lost again. But the tall masts of the ketch, clear over the low reefs, remained long in Dandy Peter's sight as he drifted on.

A sudden eddy caught the spar, and it rolled over, pitching him into the water, but he clutched at the old top-mast again and dragged himself across it.

O'ua was more distant now, for he had passed the nearest rock. For a moment he was tempted to leave his frail support and take the faint chance of reaching the island by swimming. But he knew that it was hopeless. The current would sweep him onward, as helplessly as the drifting spar itself.

With a groan, Peter Parsons sank down on the driftwood. There was no hope! Long he lay, without motion,

and when he raised his head again, O'ua had vanished.

Alone on the waste of waters, the sport of the currents, the Lukwe skipper drifted on, while the sun rose higher and higher, and burning rays streamed down on him, and tormented him with thirst.

And a couple of fathoms distant a black fin showed over the glistening water, where a shark followed, waiting and watching for the doomed man to roll from the spar.

The Time of their Lives!

"TWENTY on the line! Niggers in the bush—niggers in the bush!"

There was a cackle of laughter from the Lukwe boys on the deck of the Sea-Cat as they listened to the mutterings of Keefe, the pearler.

"My word! Brain belong that feller no walk about any more!" said Jacky, the boat-steerer.

Keefe did not heed them. He sat near the tiller, with his back to the taffrail, Dandy Peter's revolver in his nerveless hand. The wind had changed with the dawn, and the cutter was running east, the Lukwe crew keeping her before the wind. There was no longer a white man in command, and the black crew did that which was right in their own eyes. Dandy Peter had gone over the side, and his crew had no doubt that he had gone to "walk about inside feller shark." To the dandy of Lukwe they did not give a single further thought.

Had Keefe remained in his senses, the black boys would have obeyed his orders, as they had obeyed the orders of Peter Parsons. He was a "feller white master," and that was enough for their fuzzy brains.

But the stress of the desperate struggle with Peter Parsons had been too much for the pearler, barely recovered from long weeks of illness. He had recovered his senses only to lose them again, and the keen eyes of the Lukwe boys had noted it at once.

He had slept on the deck, the revolver in his hand, and he had awakened with the light of intelligence gone from his eyes, and words of delirium on his lips.

As he sprawled propped against the taffrail, the pearler babbled of a pearl island, of the cannibals who had cut off the rest of the pearling crew, of a rich store of pearls hidden in the bush. To Wu Fang, the Chinaman, who had tried to wrest the secret from him, and to Dandy Peter of Lukwe, his mutterings had revealed a

A KING of the ISLANDS Story — Complete

At last a tall palm rose into view. It was the landmark the pearl-poaching crew had been watching for, and as the boat ran down to the islet there was a sudden shout from Dick Finn: "By gum, there's a man on Long Palm!"



precious secret. But to the Lukwe boys they conveyed nothing. The white man was once more insane. That was enough for them.

The three blacks watched him like cats, their looks growing more and more hostile. Yet for hours they did not venture to draw near him, daunted by the revolver in his hand.

Jacky, at the tiller, ventured at last to reach out a bare black foot and kick the revolver from the pearler's hand.

It clattered along the deck and rolled into the scuppers, and the white man made no movement.

"My word," said Jacky, "that feller go finish! This feller cutter belong us now!"

"Feller cutter, feller cargo, all thing belong us feller!" said Kiki, showing all his white teeth in a joyous grin. "Feller Parsons he no stop! That feller white master he no stop! Us feller stop plenty too much."

"That feller go finish along sea!" suggested Talito, the third of the crew.

"Along feller shark!" added Kiki.

But Jacky, the boat-steerer, shook his head. Killing a "feller white master," even one who was delirious and did not know what was happening, was rather too serious a matter. Other "feller white masters" had a way of finding out such things.

"No kill-dead that feller white master," he said. "Plenty too much white master, savvy. S'pose white master savvy, this feller Jacky go finish along rope along neck belong him."

"S'pose white feller he stop, this feller ship no belong us feller," said Kiki.

Jacky grinned, and pointed to where a single tall palm waved above the sea.

"That white feller no stop along

this packet," said Jacky. "He stop along feller rock along sea!" Kiki and Talito grinned approval.

The cutter was running down to a solitary rock that rose twenty feet above the sea, and on one side was a tiny beach where the Pacific rollers broke with an endless murmur, and a single tall palm. Near the palm, a spring bubbled from the rock, and though it was far from the track of ships, skippers who knew of it sometimes ran down to it to fill their casks.

AS the Sea-Cat approached the solitary rock, the Lukwe boys eyed the white man anxiously. But there was no danger from Keeffe.

The delirium was upon him, and he sat and stared with unseeing eyes as the cutter ran down to the lonely rock and hove to.

The dinghy which was towed behind the cutter was drawn alongside, and Kiki and Talito stepped up to the white man and lifted him in their brawny arms.

The pearler made no resistance. He was dropped into the dinghy like a sack of copra, and two of the Lukwe boys jumped down after him; Jacky watched them over the rail.

"You feller washy-washy along rock plenty too quick!" called out Jacky, and Kiki and Talito put out the oars and pulled for the little beach where the Pacific broke in a line of white foam.

Jacky watched them with a grinning face as they grounded the boat and lifted the white man ashore.

The pearler was carried up the

beach, beyond high-water mark, and laid down where the trickling spring formed a pool in the rock. Then they padded back to the dinghy and pushed off.

A few minutes more, and the dinghy was tied on again and the cutter put once more before the wind.

The three black boys stared back at the white man. They saw him raise his head and stare about him, and then sink back again. Then he was gone from their sight, and ere long the rock itself dropped below the sea-line, as the cutter ran swiftly on.

And now there was joy on board Dandy Peter's cutter. There was no longer a "feller white master" on the Sea-Cat, and Jacky, Kiki, and Talito rejoiced.

Captain's stores and cargo they brought out at once. Cases of trade-gin, cases of tobacco were opened on the deck, trade goods that Peter Parsons had intended for the natives of O'ua were sorted out and divided.

Kiki took possession of the cabin clock, which he donned as an ornament on his brawny black chest, supported on strings of coloured beads. The tick-tock from that great prize was an endless delight to Kiki's ears.

Talito seized upon a handsome pair of duck trousers belonging to Dandy Peter. And Jacky found a musical box, leaving the tiller to take care of itself while he listened with glee to "feller bell he ring."

Decking their black limbs with all sorts of plunder, eating and drinking without limit, smoking Dandy Peter's pipes, or chewing betel-nut, the crew

Long Palm Island

of the Sea-Cat were having the time of their lives!

Utterly Mystified!

KING OF THE ISLANDS leaned on the teak rail of the ketch Dawn, and watched the beach of the O'ua lagoon. Ashore, the scene was busy. The heat of the day was past, and crowds of brown-skinned natives had come down to the beach to trade with the white men.

Kit Hudson, the mate of the Dawn, stood in the midst of a swarming crowd of chaffering Polynesians, and Koko, the giant Kanaka boatswain, presided over the scales where the copra was weighed, with the calm, imperturbable good humour of the South Sea Islander.

On O'ua, as on most islands, the natives damped the copra to make it weigh heavier. But Koko knew all the tricks of the trade, and not for all the pearls in the Pacific would he have allowed his white master to be cheated.

But his smiling good humour never changed as he exposed the tricks of the wily natives; neither did the O'ua boys lose their good temper, only cackling merrily when they were detected, as if cheating the white man was a tremendous joke.

It was a peaceful scene. But Ken King, as he leaned on the Dawn's rail, had a loaded rifle by his side, ready at an instant's notice to sweep the beach with a stream of bullets.

The quick-changing moods of the unthinking children of the South were never to be relied upon, and a white man trading in lonely islands had to be incessantly on guard for trouble.

But trouble was not likely to arise on O'ua, where Ken had traded many times, and it was not the thought of that which brought the troubled look to his brow. He was thinking of Keefe, the pearler, whom he had saved from the sea, and who had been kidnapped out of his ship by Wu Fang, only to fall into the hands of Dandy Peter of Lukwe.

Ken had followed Dandy Peter to Lukwe, too late to find him there, and at O'ua the Lukwe sea-lawyer had escaped him by running the reef where the Dawn drew too much water to pursue. Night and the Pacific had swallowed Dandy Peter and his cutter, and the Dawn still lay at anchor in the O'ua lagoon.

Time was money to the boy trader, and he had lost many days in his hunt for the kidnapped pearler. He did not grudge it, for to him, and to his shipmate, it seemed impossible to leave the helpless man in lawless hands. But now it seemed hopeless to pursue Dandy Peter. The vast spaces of the Pacific had swallowed the Sea-Cat, leaving no clue behind.

There was trade to be done at O'ua, and Ken was glad of the chance to land some of his cargo of trade goods to exchange for copra and pearl-shell. The day was given up to trade with the natives on the

beach. But while Hudson dealt with the brown-skinned islanders ashore, and Ken watched from the ketch with his loaded rifle by his side, the boy trader was thinking of Keefe, and wondering if he would ever again behold the bearded, copper-skinned castaway he had saved from the sea.

Time and money he was willing to lose, if there was a chance of success. But there was little chance of running down the Sea-Cat in the limitless Pacific. Sooner or later, he would meet Peter Parsons again, and he told himself that the reckoning should be bitter. But for that he had to wait.

Little did he guess that in the early hours of that very day Dandy Peter, on a floating spar, had drifted past O'ua and sighted his masts as he drifted.

Voices and laughter came from the crowded beach to the ears of the boy trader on the anchored ketch, and presently Lompo and Lufu and Kolulo came off in the whaleboat, loaded to the gunwale with tapa sacks of copra, to be passed up the side of the ketch to Danny, the cooky-boy, who came out of his galley to lend a helping hand in getting the copra on board.

Twice again the whaleboat made trips to the beach, returning each time laden with sacks of copra and pearl-shell. And the O'ua natives rejoiced in the coloured calicos, trade axes, and glittering beads they had exchanged for their island produce.

In the glowing sunset the whaleboat made its last trip, and Kit Hudson returned. As the stars came out, the shipmates sat in deck-chairs under the velvety sky, and Danny brought them their evening meal. Koko's dark eyes dwelt several times on the thoughtful, clouded face of the boy trader, and his own cheerful brown face clouded in reflection of his master's mood.

"White master tinkee plenty too much head belong him!" Koko, the Kanaka boatswain, remarked to Ken King at last. "Plenty good trade, sar! What name white master he no smile?"

"Tinkee along feller pearler, along cutter belong Cap'n Parsons," answered King of the Islands.

Koko wrinkled his brows. The brown boatswain, like all the crew of the Dawn, had been keenly excited by the chase of the Sea-Cat. But a night and day had passed since then,

**Your Editor's
LATEST SCHEME
—coming very shortly—
BEATS THE BAND!**

Look out for it!

and Koko had almost forgotten the existence of the castaway pearler.

Ken leaned back in his chair, gazing thoughtfully at the surface of the lagoon that mirrored a thousand stars.

"Nothing doing, Ken!" said Hudson, breaking a long silence. "We've got all the Pacific to choose from if we look for Peter Parsons. And if he's forced Keefe to set him a course for the pearl island at the muzzle of a gun, we can't make the remotest guess at it."

"I know," Ken nodded. "But we'll reckon with Peter Parsons some day. There's nothing doing till then. And we've got to think of the trade, Kit. We get the anchor up at dawn for Ututo." And the shipmates went to their bunks, while Koko twanged his ukulele and kept watch on deck.

With the new day, the anchor was lifted, and the ketch glided out of the reef passage to the open sea.

The wind came from the west, and King of the Islands set a course for Ututo, which lay far to the north-east of O'ua.

UNDER the burning sunshine King of the Islands looked back into the west, and thought of the castaway on the Sea-Cat, whom he had been unable to save. Useless as it was to hunt for the cutter in the trackless Pacific, it was bitter to be forced to give up the chase, and to leave the castaway to the mercy of the Lukwe sea-lawyer.

Ken's face was clouded that day, and the cloud was reflected on the brown countenance of the faithful Koko. The Hiva-Oa crew laughed and sang at their work, and Danny cackled a song of the Marquesas as he washed pots and pans in his little galley.

But Koko, as he often said, was no common Kanaka, and he remembered the castaway on the Sea-Cat because his white master remembered him.

It was high noon, and Kit Hudson was taking his "watch below" in a hammock slung under the canvas awning aft, half-asleep.

Ken sat in a long chair, with one eye on the binnacle and the other on a trade book in which he was casting up accounts. A sudden yell from Koko startled them both.

"Feller sail he stop, sar!" roared the brown boatswain; and he jumped towards King of the Islands and in his excitement grabbed his white master by the shoulder. Koko's eyes were dancing.

Ken stared at him. Koko's grasp jerked him out of the chair, and the trade book went with a crash to the deck.

"What name——" began Ken. "Feller sail he stop, sar!" chuckled Koko, in great glee.

"You plenty big fool Kanaka, you never see feller sail one time before, eye belong you?" rapped out King of the Islands. "What name you make plenty too much noise mouth belong you?"

Koko's face fell. "Me make plenty too much noise, sar, along me tinkee you plenty glad see feller Sea-Cat——"

Ken gave a bound.

"The Sea-Cat!" he gasped.

"Feller cutter belong Cap'n Parsons, sar, he stop!" said Koko, his glee reviving as he saw the effect produced by his unexpected announcement. "Eye belong you, see feller Sea-Cat, sar!"

Hudson sprang from the hammock. In amazement the shipmates stared at the sail almost directly in the course of the ketch. It was a cutter, as they could see. It was too far off for the white men's eyes, but they knew that they could trust to the eyes of Koko.

"Suffering cats!" exclaimed Hudson. "If that's the Sea-Cat, we're in luck, Ken!"

"Me savvy, sar!" grinned Koko. "Me savvy feller Sea-Cat plenty too much!"

Ken called to Lompo to bring the binoculars, focused the glasses on the distant sail, and watched the cutter in sheer astonishment.

What course Peter Parsons had set, after vanishing from his pursuer, Ken could not guess, but he had had no doubt that Dandy Peter had sought, first of all, to place a safe distance between himself and pursuit.



her. Dandy Peter can't be there! Looks as if she's deserted by captain and crew, but——" He shook his head. The puzzle was too much for him.

"What the dickens can it mean?" exclaimed Hudson in amazement.

"Ask me another!" said Ken. "But we'll find out as soon as we run her down! Parsons' crew may have risen on him, and kai-kai'ed him, but——"

The ketch bore swiftly down on the cutter. That Dandy Peter could not be on board was quite clear, for the Sea-Cat made no effort to escape. Mainsail and foresail were set, and when the wind filled the canvas the Sea-Cat shot along like a sea-bird, only to wallow in the sea again.

It was easy enough for the ketch to overhaul the Sea-Cat, and as it

lawyer of Lukwe still clung to his spar.

Many times a winging albatross had tantalised him with the hope of a sail, and now that his dizzy eyes fell on the lug that bobbed and danced over the waters he did not believe it. He stared at it for a moment or two, and sank back again on the driftwood with a groan. It was only another sea-bird winging through the blue, he thought. It was long minutes before he lifted his head and looked again.

And then he knew! His haggard eyes brightened. He dragged himself up on the rocking spar, shaded his eyes with his hands, and stared. It was a sail!

The lug was beating north, directly towards him as he floated, and on its

The whaleboat came loaded to the gunwale with sacks of copra and pearl-shell, to be passed up the side of the ketch to Danny the cooky-boy, who came out of the galley to lend a helping hand.

present tack the crew could hardly fail to see him. If it was a Lukwe craft, he would know the men on board. He knew every ruffian on Lukwe.

New strength came to him at the thought of rescue, and he dragged himself astride the plunging spar once more and waved his hands wildly. Then he tore off his shirt to wave as a signal.

He could make out the craft at last. It was a large whaleboat, carrying only the lug-sail, and he caught a glimpse of a burly, black-bearded man who stood by the mast. It was Black Furley, the pearl-poacher of Lukwe, an old acquaintance, if not a friend, of Dandy Peter. He knew that they had seen him, for the black-bearded ruffian was staring directly towards him, and Parsons saw him lift glasses to his eyes and stare again.

Others in the whaleboat were staring—he counted five faces over the gunwale, faces he knew! Often enough he had seen Black Furley and his rough crew drinking and gambling in Lukwe. Jim Furley was not the man to concern himself much about a shipwrecked seaman. But surely even the hard-hearted ruffian

The cutter had been lost in the trackless ocean west of O'ua—yet here she was, many a long mile east of O'ua, running lightly before the wind.

But that was not all that astonished the boy trader. With the powerful glasses he could pick up every line of the handsome little cutter, but he could not pick up her crew. There was no sign of Dandy Peter on board, and the Lukwe boys were not to be seen.

There was not even a man at the tiller, and, as King of the Islands watched, the cutter suddenly shot away on a new course with clattering boom. He expected to see a man spring to the swinging tiller, but no man appeared. Utterly mystified, King of the Islands lowered the glasses.

"It's the Sea-Cat," declared Ken. "But there's something wrong aboard

drew nearer, every eye on the Dawn was turned on the cutter.

"Lukwe feller sleep along deck!" said Koko suddenly. "Three Lukwe feller sleep along deck belong cutter!"

Now that the ketch was close, glimpses could be had of the three Lukwe boys, sprawling on the deck of the Sea-Cat, fast asleep. Of a white man there was no sign. In amazement, the shipmates watched, and the Lukwe boys snored on while the ketch ran swiftly down to the drifting cutter.

Black Furley Laughs.

THE lug dancing on the blue waters was visible to the eyes of Peter Parsons for long minutes before he dared to believe that it was a sail. Another day had dawned on the Pacific, and the sea-

Long Palm Island

would pick up a lost man from a floating spar!

There was a doubt in Peter Parsons' mind, and he waved and tried to shout, but only a husky groan came from his dry throat. Then the plunging top-mast rolled under him, and he fell splashing into the sea.

He grasped at the spar and caught on, still trying to shout. The shadow of the lug fell across him, he felt a grip on his arm, and he was dragged into the whaleboat.

"DANDY PETER, by hokey!" said Furley. The pearl-poaching crew stared at him as he sprawled in the boat. The haggard, desperate wretch who lay in the bottom of the boat was very unlike the carefully dressed, dapper dandy of Lukwe.

Parsons tried to speak, but no word came. With his finger, he pointed to his mouth, and Black Furley placed a tin pannikin of lukewarm water to his lips. He swallowed it at a gulp. It was tepid and tainted from the bottom of a keg, but to Dandy Peter it seemed like nectar. It gave him new life, and he sat up. The water had given him back his voice.

"Water!" he muttered.
"I reckon we're short of water, Peter Parsons," grunted Furley. But he filled the pannikin again, and gave it to the sea-lawyer. Parsons gulped

it down, and signed for more. It seemed as if he could never slake his burning thirst.

"We're short of water, I tell you!" grunted Furley.

"Give him water, Furley," said another of the crew. "We're making Long Palm rock by noon."

"Not in this wind, Dick Finn!"
"Give him water, I tell you!" And as the black-bearded ruffian made no movement, Finn filled the pannikin again, with the dregs from the keg, and handed it to Dandy Peter.

Parsons closed his eyes, and leaned back against the mast. His strength was coming back, and with it his coolness and courage.

"Where's your cutter, Peter Parsons? Piled her up on a reef?"

Parsons shook his head.
"Where's the man you took out of Lukwe—Keefe, the pearler?" Furley demanded.

Black Furley's words cut into the reverie into which he had fallen.

"He put me over the side, and he's got my cutter!" Parsons answered wearily.

Black Furley stared at him for a moment, then burst into a roar of laughter, in which the whole crew joined. Parsons scowled at them blackly.

"By hokey!" roared Black Furley. "That's the best I've heard! You've lost him, and lost your cutter! And we've come after you for nothing!"

"You came after me?" ejaculated Parsons. "How did you know—"

"You kept the man close on Lukwe," sneered Furley. "You weren't letting old friends into the game, Peter Parsons. King of the Islands came to Lukwe after you—and after the pearler—and I got it from him! And I reckon we were following you to O'ua, to tell you that there were six more to stand in when the pearls were raised. Savvy?"

"You're not making O'ua now," said Parsons.

Furley snarled in his black beard.
"The wind's changed, you lubber. We couldn't make O'ua, and the water ran out. We're beating up to Long Palm now to fill the kegs."

"Lucky for you, Parsons," said Dick Finn.

"And we've had the trouble for nothing," growled Black Furley. "You've lost the pearler, and lost your cutter! Did you get anything out of Keefe before you lost him?"

"Nothing!"
"You wouldn't let on if you had!" snarled Furley.

"Right!" said Dandy Peter coolly. "I wouldn't let on if I had. But I got nothing out of him all the same. He took me by surprise and put me over the side—and now he's sailing my cutter, with my crew." The dandy of Lukwe clenched his fists.
"I'll run him down yet—the Pacific isn't wide enough to hide him."

The black-bearded pearl-poacher gave a jeering laugh.
"Talk's cheap!" he grunted.

Our Railway Expert Says—

THE fastest scheduled run among the Southern Railway's expresses is made between Waterloo and Salisbury stations, a distance of 83.8 miles. Six trains (down and up) make the journey daily at an average speed of 55.9 m.p.h.

WHEN you see a lineside signal bearing the notice "Rule 55 exempt," it means that the crew of the train on that section of the track need not obey Rule 55. This rule states that when a train is stopped at a signal and the "Right Away" is not given when the engine whistle is sounded, the fireman or guard should go to the signal-box to remind the signalman of the presence of the train. Signals marked "Rule 55 exempt" indicate that there is some mechanical device for automatically notifying the signalman of the train.

THE largest terminal station in the British Isles is Waterloo Station, London. It has twenty-one terminal platforms, not counting the two platforms for the Waterloo and City Line.

BALTIC engines are distinguished from other types by their wheel-arrangement. They have two pairs of bogie wheels, three pairs of driving wheels, and two pairs of trailing wheels; and the wheel arrangement is written thus: 4-6-4.

THE numbers of the Southern Railway's Schools class engines run from E 900 to E 909. Their names are Eton, Winchester, Wellington, Charterhouse, Lancing, Tonbridge, Sherborne, Dulwich, Westminster, St. Paul's.

IT is quite true that in the very early days of railways a man on horse-back and waving a red flag was ordered to ride in front of every engine, but the idea was soon given up because the speed of the trains made the scheme impossible. The rider's job was to clear the line.



HE turned away from the sea-lawyer, scowling, and there were mutterings among the pearl-poaching crew. They had followed Dandy Peter from Lukwe, in the hope of sharing his plunder, and they had gained nothing by a weary struggle with baffling winds.

Now they learned that there was no hope of laying hands on the man with a secret—Dandy Peter had lost him, and they had lost him, too. They had had the run for nothing—for certainly they did not count the saving of Dandy Peter's life as a consolation.

They could not run back to Lukwe without filling the kegs, which meant long hours more of sailing close-hauled until they raised the islet marked by a single tall palm-tree, where there was a spring of fresh water.

Dandy Peter did not heed the savage, disappointed mutterings of the pearl-poaching crew. He was thinking, as he lay against the mast, of his lost cutter, of the remote chance of finding the Sea-Cat again, and finding the man Keefe, who knew the secret of the pearl island. His mood was as bitter and savage as Black Furley's.

Far ahead, over the sea, at last, a tall palm rose into view. It was the landmark the pearl-poaching crew had been watching for. The Lukwe whaleboat ran down to the islet, under the blaze of the midday sun. There was a sudden shout from Dick Finn.

"By gum! There's a man on Long Palm!"

On the little white beach, backed by the tall rock, a figure could be seen, watching the whaleboat as it ran in, and waving a palm branch as a signal. The pearl-poachers stared at him, and Dandy Peter turned his head.

The next moment Parsons leaped to his feet, with a yell:

"Keefe—the pearler!"

Black Furley stared at him, in blank amazement, for a moment. Then he broke into a hoarse laugh.

"By hokey!" he chuckled. "We're in luck!"

"Watch for a Ship!"

KEEFE stood staring at the whaleboat as it ran into the little beach at the foot of the tall rock. After the Lukwe boys had marooned him on the solitary islet, the pearler had fallen into a deep sleep, from which he awakened with his mind clear, but amazed to find himself where he was.

He knew that he must have lost his senses on the Sea-Cat, and that the black crew must have rid themselves of him by marooning him, but he remembered nothing of it. How long he had been there, whether hours or days, he could not guess.

There were coconuts at the foot of the tall palm, shaken down by the wind, and ample water in the pool formed by the spring, and while he ate and drank he searched the sea with his eyes, in the hope of picking up the cutter.

There was no sign of the cutter, but his eyes were gladdened by the sight of a lug-sail rising out of the blue. He could guess easily enough that it was some crew running down to the islet for water. No crew could have any other reason for visiting Long Palm.

He waved a broken palm branch as a signal to the boat's crew, though it was hardly needed, for the lug-sail was coming down to the islet. But as the boat ran in, and he recognised Peter Parsons among the crew, the hope died out of his face. The sea-lawyer had not, after all, gone to the sharks. And in that solitary islet, lost in the immensity of the Pacific, they had met again.

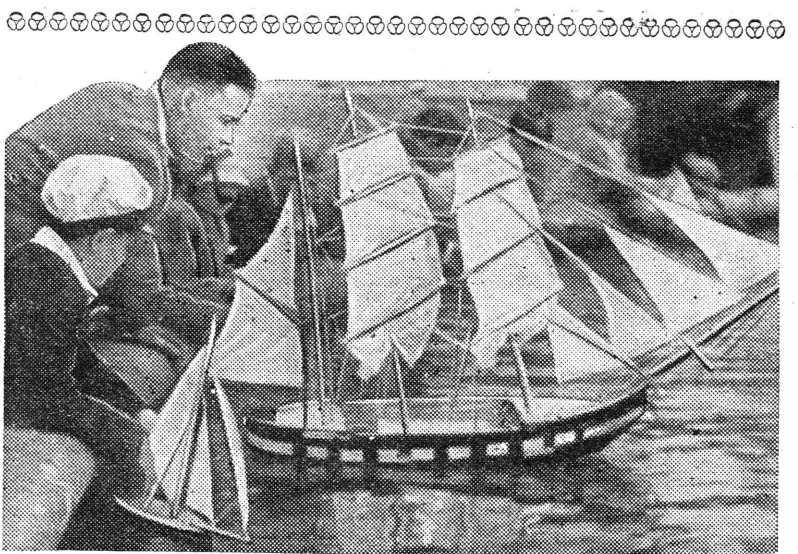
The whaleboat grounded on the sand, and Peter Parsons was the first to leap ashore. But Black Furley was swift after him and the whole crew trampled after Furley up the beach.

"You swab!" Dandy Peter hissed out the words. "Where's my cutter? Did you reckon the sharks had got me?"

Dandy Peter broke off as the heavy hand of Jim Furley thrust him aside. The sea-lawyer of Lukwe reeled and fell.

"Hands off, Peter Parsons!" chuckled Black Furley. "I reckon we've found what you lost, and he belongs to us now!"

The sea-lawyer rose to his feet, his eyes blazing. But the once strong and wiry dandy of Lukwe was the



This excellent photograph of a grand model barque, sent in by a MODERN BOY reader—W. E. STUCKES, 16, Ashville Road, Ashton Gate, BRISTOL—wins an award of 10s. 6d. The length of the hull is 2 feet 6 inches, and from the deck to the tip of the main-mast is 2 feet 3 inches. . . . Interesting photographs from MODERN BOY readers are always welcome, and 10s. 6d. is paid for each one used in these pages.

mere wreck of his former self, and as Furley shoved him roughly back he fell again, and this time he lay panting.

"Hands off, Peter!" grinned Dick Finn. "You don't come in here! You lost your man, and we've found him."

"You're Keefe?" exclaimed Black Furley, staring at the drawn face of the pearler.

The castaway nodded.

"I reckon I know you. I saw you on Lukwe, though Parsons kept you close enough," grinned Furley. "How'd you get on Long Palm? Parsons let on that you put him over the side, and seized his cutter—"

"That's true," muttered Keefe. "But I reckon I must have lost my senses, and the black boys left me here, to get rid of me. You'll take me off? You'll keep me out of the hands of that villain?"

"You bet!" chuckled Furley. "You're done with Dandy Peter! You're sailing with this crew, Keefe—equal shares in the pearls."

"That's good enough, shipmate," said Dick Finn.

Keefe did not answer.

"It's got to be good enough," said Black Furley. "Every man here stands in—Keefe the same as the rest. Get into the boat, man!"

The pearler hesitated.

A white man's sail on the sea had been a glad sight to his eyes. He might have remained for weeks, or months, on the lone islet, had not Black Furley and his crew been driven to run down to Long Palm for water.

But even solitude on the lone isle, watching for a sail, was better than falling into the greedy hands of a gang of pearl-poachers—men of the same kidney as the sea-lawyer from whom he had escaped.

"I reckon I'll take my chance here!" he said at last.

There was a jeering laugh from the Lukwe crew. Black Furley tramped closer to the castaway, his bearded jaw jutting, his heavy brows contracted, his deep-set eyes glinting.

"Get into the boat!" he said savagely. "You're sailing with this crew! Get into the boat!"

"I reckon—"

"Put him aboard!" snarled Furley.

TWO of the Lukwe ruffians grasped the arms of the castaway and hustled him down the beach. Keefe resisted for a moment, but only for a moment. He was helpless in the hands of the pearl-poaching crew, and he stumbled into the boat.

The water-kegs were rolled ashore, to be filled at the spring. Dandy Peter staggered to his feet, and stood with a black brow, while the kegs were filled and rolled back to the whaleboat and packed aboard. The sea-lawyer's eyes were burning.

With a weapon in his hand, feeble as he was, he would have faced the whole rough crew, rather than have yielded up his prize to Black Furley. But he had no weapon but a sheath-knife, and in his present state he was no match for a single one of the pearl-poachers.

He could only watch, with bitter rage and hatred in his heart, unheeded by the Lukwe ruffians.

When the water was on board, and the crew pushing the boat off the sand, Dandy Peter came down to the whaleboat. Furley, standing by the boat with the water washing round his sea-boots, gave him a grim stare.

"I reckon I've got to trade with you!" snarled Dandy Peter. "We're in this together, Furley."

"You should have said that back on Lukwe, Peter Parsons," retorted the

Long Palm Island

black-bearded pearl-poacher coolly. "You left me out and now I reckon I'm leaving you out!"

Dandy Peter gritted his teeth.

"Do you fancy you'll get away with that, Jim Furley?" he snarled. "Once I'm back on Lukwe, with a gun in my hand—"

"You ain't back on Lukwe yet," answered Furley. "Who's told you that I'm giving you a passage in my whaleboat?"

Parsons started, and exclaimed:

"You're not leaving me here?"

"Ain't we?" jeered Furley. "That's just what we are doing, Peter Parsons; and you can lay to that. I reckon you can stay here and watch for a ship. You don't sail in this packet."

Dandy Peter stared at him, almost choking with rage. He had made up his mind, reluctantly, to share with the pearl-poaching crew—but that, evidently, was not what was in Black Furley's thoughts.

"You reckon I'd trust you on my packet, with the perler on board?" jeered Furley. "Forget it! You had your chance, back on Lukwe, and you left us out in the cold! Now you can

stay out and be hanged to you. Stand back!" he added, in a savage shout, as Dandy Peter, blind with rage, sprang at him.

The black-bearded ruffian struck out fiercely, and the sea-lawyer staggered and fell at full length on the sand.

Furley gave him a contemptuous glance, and turned to the boat. The whaleboat was off the sand now, rocking in deep water. The burly ruffian clambered on board, and the boat shot away from the beach.

PETER PARSONS staggered up. He stood in the wet sand, with the surf washing round his feet, watching, with starting eyes, while the lug-sail was hoisted, and the Lukwe boat stood away from Long Palm.

Keefe sat staring back at him. Black Furley waved his hand derisively, and two or three of the ruffians called out a mocking farewell, as the lug picked up the wind and danced away.

He was marooned! He had been saved from the sea, to be marooned on a lonely rock in the Pacific—to remain there till some crew ran down for water—days or weeks or months! His

cutter was stolen by his black crew, plundered and perhaps wrecked.

The man with a secret of pearls was in the hands of his rivals, and he was left to watch the sea wearily for a sail that might never come!

His haggard eyes remained fixed on the lug, dancing and dipping far out at sea. He had lost sight of the Lukwe crew, lost sight of the boat, but for some time the lug-sail remained in sight, glancing in the brilliant sunlight. His staring eyes remained fixed on it—on the dwindling sail that was his only connection with the inhabited world and his fellow-men.

It vanished at last into the boundless blue, and his haggard eyes swept out the waste of waters. Solitude was round him. Silence, broken only by the faint wash of the sea, and the crying of sea-gulls over the high rock.

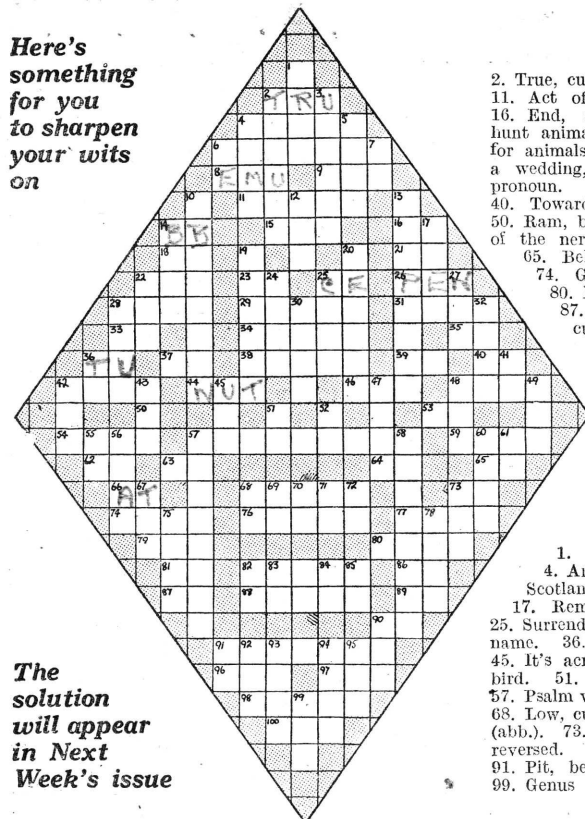
And Dandy Peter, the reckless blackguard of Lukwe, threw himself down on the sand with a groan of despair.

More thrilling South Seas adventures next week! DON'T miss CHARLES HAMILTON'S brilliant King of the Islands yarn in Next Monday's MODERN BOY!

ONE GUINEA

has been awarded to Harold Squires, 56, George Street, Horbury, near Wakefield, Yorks, for this original Crossword Puzzle. Get going and see how long it takes you to solve it. No prizes are offered for a correct solution

Here's something for you to sharpen your wits on



The solution will appear in Next Week's issue

DEFINITIONS ACROSS

- True, curtailed.
- Bird.
- The "iron" road.
- Australian bird.
- Animal.
- Act of entering.
- Boys' Brigade (abb.).
- City in Cambridgeshire.
- End, shortened.
- Ale, beheaded.
- The middle of "swot."
- They hunt animals for this.
- Aloft.
- Civil Engineer (abb.).
- Enclosure for animals.
- Sled.
- Charges.
- Bill of a bird.
- Pronoun.
- At a wedding, obviously.
- Father.
- Trade Union (abb.).
- Another pronoun.
- Animal that lives chiefly on fish.
- Royal Marines (abb.).
- Towards.
- Sacks.
- Contains a kernel.
- Plaything.
- County.
- Ram, beheaded.
- Mass of mixed types.
- Swallow eagerly.
- Disease of the nerves.
- Canvas shelter.
- S. I. actual.
- Exists.
- Fasten.
- Behold.
- The middle of "late."
- English city.
- Since.
- Genuine.
- Musical drama.
- Press.
- Part of the body.
- Retreat.
- E. I. actual.
- To pain acutely.
- Can, beheaded.
- Active Service (abb.).
- Exercise.
- Motor-cycle race.
- Bet curtailed.
- Collisions.
- Part of the foot.
- O. E. C. actual.
- Facial growth.
- Hurry.

DEFINITIONS DOWN

- Range of Russian mountains.
- One in three.
- Imprudent.
- Arrived.
- Simple.
- Concerning.
- Y. S. actual.
- City in Scotland.
- Lot, jumbled.
- A Yorkshire town.
- Colour.
- Remember.
- A fish.
- Forsake.
- Insect.
- Divide.
- Surrender.
- Bark.
- Half "smuggler."
- Tint, jumbled.
- Girl's name.
- Thank you.
- Upon.
- Morass.
- The vital juice of plants.
- It's across the Atlantic.
- Leave out.
- Outfit.
- Species of small bird.
- Exclamation.
- Belonging to me.
- Us.
- Tells untruths.
- Psalms writer.
- Imitate.
- Otherwise.
- Negative reply.
- Beverage.
- Low, curtailed.
- E. P. actual.
- Weird.
- Doctor.
- South Africa (abb.).
- Grow old.
- Open space.
- A tear.
- Compass point.
- It, reversed.
- North London (abb.).
- G. D. actual.
- A science degree.
- Pit, beheaded.
- Crowd.
- Nobleman.
- Cereal.
- Boy's name.
- Genus of birds.