

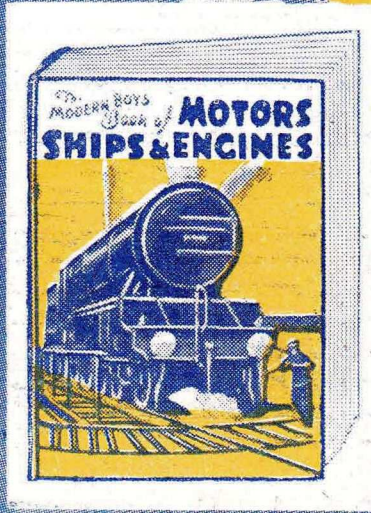
GRAND FREE GIFTS COMING! — See page 4

The MODERN BOY

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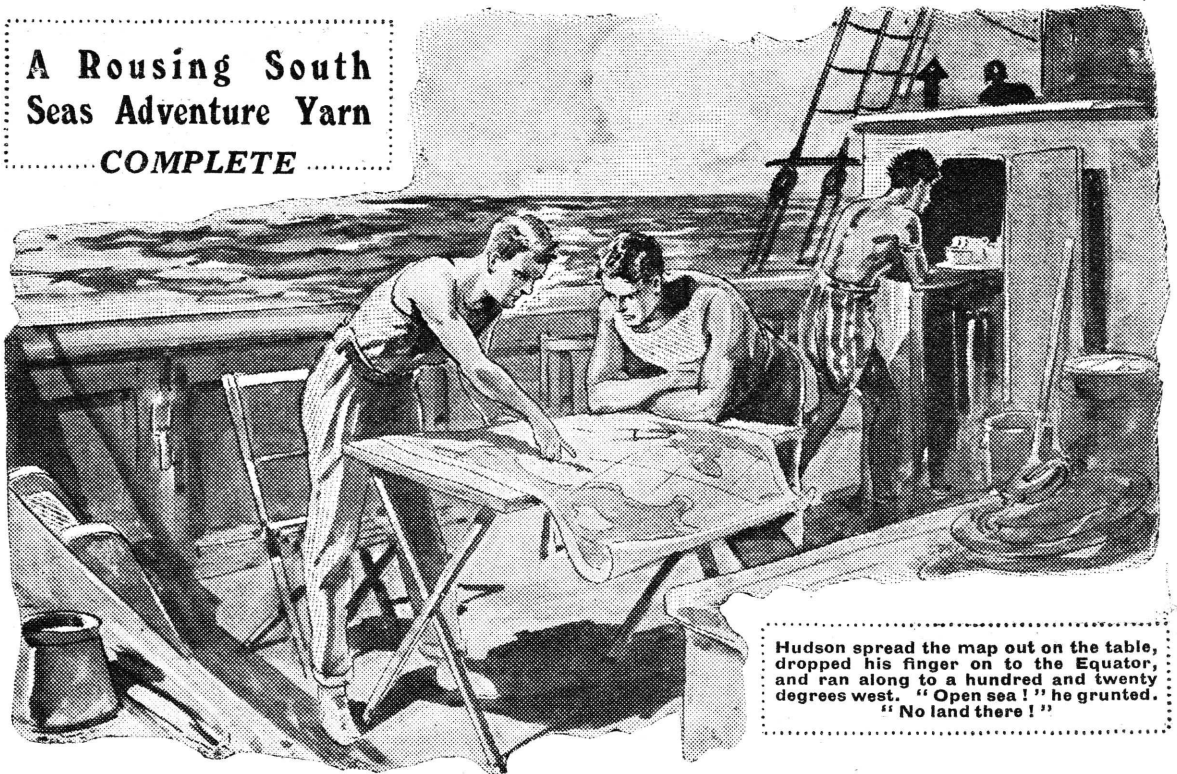


DON'T MISS THIS! 

See page 32

A Rousing South Seas Adventure Yarn

COMPLETE



Hudson spread the map out on the table, dropped his finger on to the Equator, and ran along to a hundred and twenty degrees west. "Open sea!" he grunted. "No land there!"

Into the Night!

NIGHT lay on the island of Lukwe—the starry night of the south. Like a mass of jewels, the Southern Cross hung in the sky. The beauty of the night was lost on Peter Parsons, raging in his veranda. He tramped to and fro on the creaking planks, stopping every now and then to stare with bitter eyes towards the lagoon.

In the glimmer of the stars he could make out the graceful shape of the Dawn, the ketch that belonged to King of the Islands. Farther out in the wide lagoon was anchored the schooner Flamingo, manned by Wu Fang, the Chink, and his crew of Santa Cruz blacks. A light burned from the ketch, but there were no lights on the schooner.

From the beach came twanging music, where the natives were dancing under the stars, late as the hour was. Not a light gleamed now in any of the white men's bungalows along the beach. The white men on Lukwe, with the exception of Dandy Peter, had gone to their bunks or their hammocks.

Peter Parsons was in no mood for sleep. Black and bitter thoughts thronged his mind as he tramped his creaking veranda. He had made his throw for a fortune, and lost. Keefe, the man who knew the secret of the Island of Pearls, had escaped from him—his secret untold.

Somewhere on the vast Pacific the pearler was sailing with Black Furley and his crew. Even if Dandy Peter had been able to guess where to seek them he could not follow, for he had lost his cutter, and he was a beggared man.

The sea-lawyer's savage temper had driven his house-boy away in

terror. Again and again he shook a clenched fist at the ketch, dim in the starry distance. But weary at last with pacing, Dandy Peter flung himself into the hammock that was slung in the veranda and tried to sleep.

Long he lay wakeful, brooding. But his eyes closed at last, and he dozed. Half-sleeping, half-waking, he heard a soft sound on the veranda—the sound of a creeping bare foot. He gave it no heed, thinking it was the house-boy creeping back now that he was in his hammock. But it was not the house-boy.

A dim black figure stood in the shadowy veranda, and the whites of two rolling eyes gleamed as Pipiteto,

the mate of the Chinese schooner, stared round him.

Softly he stepped towards the hammock, and a grin came over his black face. Silently he waved his hand, and three more dark figures came quietly up the wooden steps. Four blacks were gathered round Dandy Peter as he lay in the hammock, and he came suddenly out of his doze as brawny black hands grasped him.

The sea-lawyer of Lukwe started up with a startled cry. He was dragged from the hammock, and came down with a bump on the palm planks. In utter amazement, he grabbed at the revolver in his belt. But a black hand tore it away the same moment.

On Lukwe, the natives were well in hand. No white man, sleeping in his open veranda, was in danger from them. Peter Parsons knew that his assailants could not be Lukwe blacks, and he was utterly amazed by the attack. A black hand was on his throat, and a bared knife flashed before his eyes.

"You shut up mouth belong you, sar!" came a whispering voice. "You sing out along mouth belong you, you plenty dead feller, altogether too quick!"

The keen edge of the knife touched his skin, and Dandy Peter choked back the shout he would have uttered.

"Who are you?" he hissed. "What the—"

"This feller Pipiteto, mate belong Flamingo! Master belong me wantee you stop along ship belong him."

The pressure of the knife-edge silenced the Lukwe skipper, whilst, swiftly and silently, the blacks bound his arms with tapa cord, and a rag of tapa was thrust into his

KEN KING'S CLUE

The ketch was speeding eastwards under a cloud of canvas. Her course was a mystery to Kit Hudson, the mate. No land lay in that direction—it was an unmapped waste. But it was no mystery to King of the Islands, who had set the course. He had solved the secret of the whereabouts of Ben Keefe's pearl island!

By

CHARLES HAMILTON

Ken King's Clue

mouth to gag him. Then he was lifted to his feet.

"You walk, sar, leg belong you!" said Pipiteto.

One of the blacks went ahead to see that the coast was clear. Two grasped Dandy Peter by either arm and walked him to the steps. Pipiteto followed, knife in hand.

Savagely amazed and enraged, Dandy Peter descended the steps and walked between the Santa Cruz boys down the coral path to the beach. Resistance was impossible, and he could not call out for the aid of the white men in the other bungalows.

Pipiteto avoided the beach where the dance was going on, making a wide detour to reach the lagoon at a distance. Dandy Peter tramped through the sand, the black hands grasping his arms, and a touch from Pipiteto's knife-point spurring him on if he lagged.

They came down to the edge of the lagoon, at a distance from the bungalows and the dancing natives. A canoe was grounded on the sand, with several Santa Cruz blacks grouped round it, who grinned and showed their white teeth at the sight of the prisoner.

The blacks lifted Dandy Peter into the canoe. It shoved off at once, and the mate of the Flamingo sat beside the sea-lawyer, the knife still in his hand, as the Santa Cruz boys knelt to the paddles.

The sea-lawyer's brain was in a whirl. He was being taken out to the Flamingo—Wu Fang's schooner. It was from Wu Fang that he had taken the pearler, Keefe, and he wondered whether it was revenge that the Chinaman was seeking.



OUR school cricket team were playing in a friendly match and, having dismissed our opponents, went in to bat. Their fast bowler was put on, and he sent down a particularly fast one, which our batsman missed. It also eluded our opponents' stumper's hands, but hit him on the thigh. We were then treated to the fine spectacle of the stumper dancing wildly around and waving his arms—with a great cloud of smoke issuing from his pocket, in which burned a whole box of matches that the fast ball had set alight! He wasn't long in emptying his pocket!

A Prize of 5s. has been awarded for the above to W. R. Catlow, Alexandra House, Blackpool Road, Wrea Green, near Kirkham, Lancs.

But if it was his life that was sought, they need not have made him a prisoner. It was not that. And then suddenly the sea-lawyer realised the truth.

Keefe the pearler had been in his hands, and it had been his intention to wring the secret of the pearl island from his lips. No doubt Wu Fang believed that he had done so—and it was to learn from him the pearler's secret that he was kidnapped. It was to tell a secret he did not know that Dandy Peter was being taken out to the schooner, and he grinned savagely at the thought.

The canoe bumped on the side of the Flamingo, and Peter Parsons was passed up the side, the blacks following. Dark faces and gleaming eyes were turned towards him on the deck. But among the blacks who manned the schooner he looked in vain for the yellow face of Wu Fang.

Pipiteto muttered an order, and the sea-lawyer was tied to the foremast. He noticed that the blacks were staring intently towards the ketch, dim in the distance, and wondered whether Wu Fang was on board King of the Islands' ship. Pipiteto turned towards him with a grin.

"Wu Fang comey along schooner plenty soon, sar," he said. "Wu Fang goey along ketch, along killy feller King of the Islands!" The black man chuckled. "King of the Islands plenty kill back belong Wu Fang, along feller rope, you savvy. Wu Fang he plenty too much mad along that feller!"

Suddenly, sharply, there came the ringing of revolver-shots from the ketch. The black boys on the schooner started and jabbered. There was a dashing of oars, a yelling of startled voices, and sharply above them rang the crack of the revolver.

A boat bumped on the hull of the schooner. Pipiteto rushed across the deck and gave a helping hand to Wu Fang, who came clambering up the side, spitting with rage like a cat. Dandy Peter stared at him in the starlight, but the Chinaman took no heed of the prisoner tied to the mast. The sea-lawyer could see that he had failed in his attempt on King of the Islands—the pistol-shots ringing after the fleeing boat had already told him as much.

The little Chink's face was convulsed with mingled rage and terror as he screamed out orders to his black crew. He had failed, and he was in terror of the boy trader following him to his schooner. The Santa Cruz boys, jabbering with excitement, hurried to obey the orders.

Instant flight from Lukwe was all that could save Wu Fang. There was no time to get the hook up. Blows of an axe parted the cable, and the anchor was left sticking in the coral at the bottom of the Lukwe lagoon. Even the boat was not picked up, but was left to tow as the schooner got under way.

Swiftly, in fierce and terrified haste, the Flamingo headed for the reef passage on the outgoing tide. With Dandy Peter of Lukwe bound to the

mast, unheeded by captain or crew, the schooner fled into the night and the Pacific.

"He Wins!"

KIT HUDSON, mate of the Dawn, sprang from the whaleboat, over the low rail of the Dawn. He and the native crew of the ketch had been ashore when pistol shots from the Dawn reached their ears and brought them back in haste. Only Danny the cooky-boy had been on board with Ken King, when the vengeful Chink crept aboard.

"Ken!" panted the Australian mate as he sprang on board.

"All serene, old man!" said King of the Islands. "I've had a close call, though, and if Danny had not been here, and weighed in with a saucepan, I fancy Wu Fang would have got away with it."

"Wu Fang!" repeated Hudson.

"I had forgotten the rope-ending we gave the Chink for kidnapping Keefe off this ship—but Wu Fang hadn't!" said King of the Islands dryly. "He came in a boat from his schooner, and he's got away. You feller boy, you stop along boat," he added, to the Hiva-Oa boys and Koko, the bo'sun, in the whaleboat under the rail.

"Yes, sar!" answered the boat-swain.

"They've slipped their cable!" exclaimed the mate, staring towards the anchorage of the Flamingo. The schooner was no longer there.

"I reckon the Chink knew that I should be after him, as soon as I could get the boat back," said Ken. "They've cut their cable and run for the reef passage. But we may get them yet."

The boy trader jumped down into the whaleboat, Hudson after him. Ken pointed to a glimmer of a sail, visible in the starlight across the lagoon.

"You feller boy, you washy-washy debblish quick, along schooner belong Chink!" he rapped out.

"Yessar!"

Hudson took the tiller, whilst Koko, Kolulo and Lompo, Tomoo and Lufu bent to the oars. The four Hiva-Oa boys pulled an oar each, the mighty Koko a pair, and the whaleboat shot away across the starry lagoon in pursuit of the fleeing Chink.

Danny the cooky-boy watched it from the deck of the Dawn, but only for a moment or two. Then his attention turned to the watch that his white master had given him as a reward for his services and which he wore slung round his neck on a cord of tapa, dangling on his bare black chest.

Danny could not tell the time by the watch, but he could listen to its ticking and catch the gleam of the stars on the glass dial, and that was enough for him.

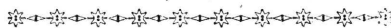
King of the Islands stood up in the whaleboat as the Kanakas pulled, his revolver in his hand. In the delay before the Dawn's boat had come back

from the beach, the Chink had had a chance of pulling out, and he had not lost a second. But the boy trader hoped to overhaul him before the schooner could get clear of the passage through the Lukwe reef.

"You feller boy, you washy-washy plenty too quick altogether!" he rapped out, and the Kanakas strained at the oars.

It was a perilous passage through the Lukwe reef in the dark, and with the tide running hard. But the Chink was taking chances—if the schooner was to escape, he had to take chances.

The Flamingo picked up the night wind off the beach, and glided through



Standing in the cross-trees of the Flamingo, Wu Fang scanned the seas in search of the Dawn.



coral rocks and whitening surf. Over her taffrail, the yellow face and slanting eyes of the Chink stared back at the Dawn's boat, from moment to moment, as he stood beside the black boy at the helm, and coned the schooner through the passage.

There was mingled rage and fear in his almond eyes as he looked. Had King of the Islands fallen under his treacherous knife in the dark and without an alarm, the Chink would not have weighed anchor. He would have remained in the lagoon to trade, and calmly denied all knowledge of the matter if the white men on Lukwe had suspected and questioned him.

King of the Islands glimpsed the yellow face in the gleam of the stars, and half-raised his revolver. But he lowered it again. He was anxious to lay hands on the yellow-skinned rascal, clap him in irons, and hand him over to the law. But unless the Chink pulled trigger first, he could not shoot him down.

The whaleboat was overhauling the schooner, drawing closer with every dip of the oars, and Ken was watchful for a shot. But no shot came. The Chink was thinking only of escape.

"We'll get him!" muttered Hudson.

The Kanakas pulled harder and harder, and the whaleboat shot on. Hardly three fathoms divided her from the stern-post of the schooner, when the Flamingo cleared the reef.

Instantly the schooner shook out sail and picked up speed. Ken caught a grin of mockery on the yellow face staring back over the taffrail. Under bellying canvas, the schooner shot away.

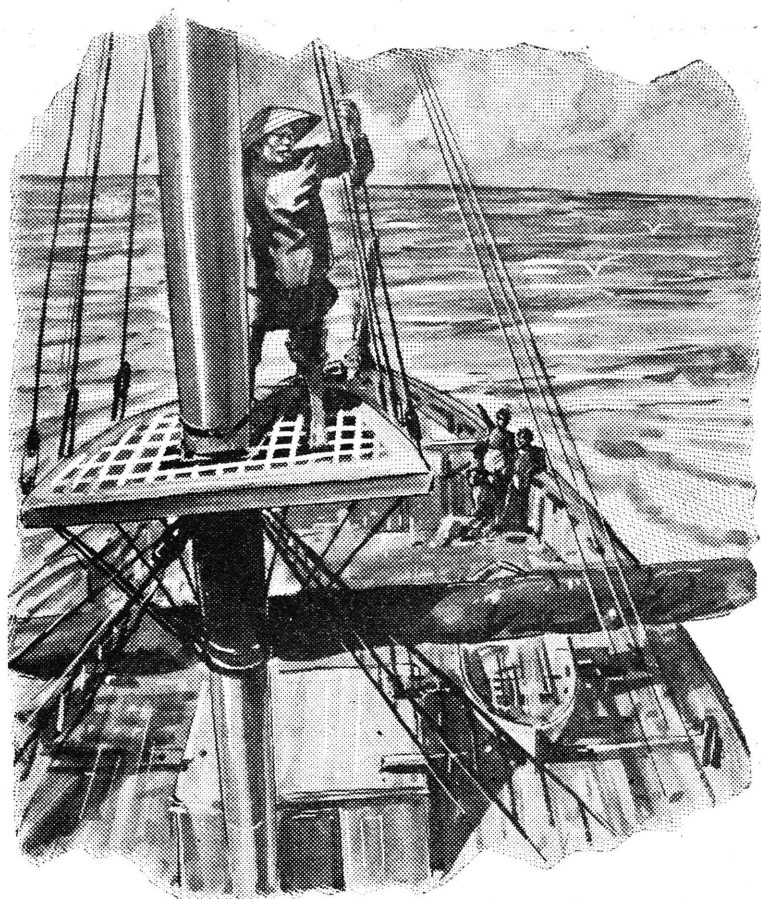
"He wins!" growled Ken, as the whaleboat dropped astern.

The Kanaka oarsmen eased, and Koko glanced over his brawny shoulder at the schooner.

"Feller Chink no stop!" he said.

There was a flash and a stream of white smoke over the taffrail of the Flamingo. The report followed the rifle-bullet that splashed only a yard from the boat. Now that he was clear of the reef, and increasing his distance from the pursuers, the Chink was firing.

Already, with her mainsail up and drawing, the schooner was out of effective revolver range. The yellow



face of Wu Fang grinned savagely over the barrel of a rifle.

Bang! roared again from the schooner. The bullet pitched close, glancing on Koko's oar, and ricocheting along the starlit sea.

Ken set his teeth. He had come within an ace of overhauling the Chink, but the game was up now. On the open sea, Wu Fang was master of the situation. He could keep any distance he liked, pitch bullets from the rifle, and laugh at the boy trader's revolver.

"Back!" snapped King of the Islands. "Washy - washy along lagoon."

THE whaleboat swept round, and ran for the reef passage ahead. Bang, bang! came from the schooner, and only the dimness of the starlight on the sea and the rapid motion of the whaleboat saved its crew from the whizzing lead.

With a creaking of booms and a roar of canvas, the schooner came about.

"He's got the cheek to stand after us!" yelled Hudson.

The tables were turned now. The Chink, confident in the knowledge that he could dart away like a seabird whenever he liked, was standing in pursuit of the Dawn's boat. His slanting eyes gleamed over the rifle, and he pitched lead after the whaleboat.

Splash, splash! came the bullets, on either side of the boat. And crash,

came spattering lead on the tiller, within a few inches of Kit Hudson.

The Kanakas pulled hard, and the whaleboat shot back through the passage into the lagoon. The rifle ceased to roar, the schooner went about again, and the white sails danced away in the glimmer of the stars.

Wu Fang was gone.

"My hat!" breathed King of the Islands, as the whaleboat pulled back to the Dawn. "I'll meet that Chink again some day and break a lawyer-cane over his back!"

The whaleboat bumped on the ketch, and King of the Islands stepped on board, his face angry. But it cleared as his eyes fell on Danny, and he smiled.

The cooky-boy was holding up the big silver watch to his ear, listening to the ticking with a grin of delight on his brown face. Ken smiled, and Hudson chuckled: but Koko gave the cooky-boy a stern look.

"You feller Danny, what you make along feller watch belong trade-room?" he demanded. "You break out cargo belong white master?"

"Feller tick-tock belong me," said Danny proudly. "White master givee this feller tick-tock, along me savee-life belong him, along me killy feller Chink along saucepan belong me. White Master he say this feller plenty too much good boy along him."

"Ay, ay," said King of the Islands. "Feller tick-tock belong Danny, along he plenty good boy."

Ken King's Clue

Danny went back to his sleeping-mat in his galley, but his snore was not so continuous as usual that night. Every now and then the cooky-boy raised himself on his elbow, and lifted the watch to his brown ear, to listen to the delightful tick-tock. The events of that exciting night on the Lukwe lagoon had brought satisfaction at least to the cooky-boy of the Dawn.

Twenty on the Line!

KING OF THE ISLANDS turned out of his bunk as the sunrise glimmered over Lukwe. He was soon on deck, and Koko's whistle piped all hands. The anchor rose from its coral bed, and before the earliest white man on Lukwe stepped out into his veranda, the ketch was gliding out of the reef passage to the Pacific. Danny, in the galley, sang

merrily as he prepared breakfast for the white masters.

Before breakfast was set out on the after-deck, the Dawn was clear of the reef, standing eastward under a cloud of canvas, and Lukwe was dropping into the sea astern. Ken had set a course for Lompo, at the wheel, and he smiled at the puzzled expression on Hudson's face as the mate sat down to breakfast. The course he had set was a mystery to the Australian.

"Whither bound, skipper?" asked Hudson, at last. "Are we combing the Pacific again to look for Keefe, or what?"

"I reckon we've a chance of finding Keefe," said Ken.

"Not in your lifetime!" answered Hudson. "Black Furley and his gang have got him—and they'll make him steer for his pearl island. Furley isn't the man to stand on ceremony, with a fortune in sight."

"That's what I reckon!" assented

King of the Islands. "Furley isn't a black-hearted swab like Dandy Peter, but he's a rough customer, and I don't fancy he'll take no for an answer from Keefe. I've no doubt they were making the pearl island before we raised Lukwe."

"Well, then," said Hudson, perplexed, "if we're going to look for Furley's boat, we've got all the Pacific to choose from. Keefe's pearl island may lie anywhere between Honolulu and the Marquesas, for anything we know. You don't figure that we've a chance of dropping on Furley in a few thousand square miles of the Pacific?"

"I figure that we've a chance of beating him to the pearl-island," answered Ken. "Furley's sailing a whaleboat under a lug sail—and look at our canvas."

Ken glanced up with an eye of pride at the belying sails, and the tall cedar masts bending under their load. Before the wind that came out of the west, the ketch was walking the waters like a thing of life.

"We could walk over Furley's boat if we sighted it," said Hudson. "But we shan't sight it in a lifetime, Ken, unless we hit on a clue to Keefe's island."

"Exactly!" said Ken.

Hudson jumped.

"You don't mean—"

"But I do!" said King of the Islands. "When you left me on board last night, Kit, I told you I was going to worry it out. Well, I got my teeth into it and worried it out. I fancy I've hit on the secret."

Koko was seated on the coamings of the cabin hatch, twanging his ukelele. He ceased to twang, and listened to the talk of the white masters with keen interest. Kit Hudson was astonished, but Koko the Kanaka was not at all surprised. There was nothing surprising to Koko in any wonderful thing done by his white master.

"But—" gasped Hudson. He stared at the boy trader. "Mean to say you've set a course for Keefe's pearl island, Ken?"

"I think so!"

"Well, if you're right, it's jolly well magic," exclaimed the mate of the Dawn. "So far as I know, Keefe's island might be anywhere in the Pacific, and it's a large spot to search. If you're making for the pearl-island now, old man, more power to your elbow, but how did you figure it out?"

"You don't believe it yet," Ken laughed. "But I think you'll agree I'm right when I make it plain, Kit! The only clue we had was what the poor chap was babbling in his delirium, after we picked him up at sea, you remember?"

"Twenty on the line!" grinned Hudson, "a cable's length on the beach and five fathoms in the bush!"

"That's it."

"And you've picked some sense out of that?" asked Hudson. "Well, make it clear. I'm all ears! I heard the man babbling it over and over

The New Stamp Collecting

Puzzling Polish Stamps

By DOUGLAS ARMSTRONG

who will answer Free, by Post, any Stamp queries sent to the Editor, MODERN BOY

STAMPS that sometimes puzzle collectors on account of their similarity are those which constitute the first permanent issues of the then newly created Republic of Poland. They came into being some thirteen years ago, just after the Great War. Below are shown two low-value Polish postage stamps of the period, both bearing the national device of a White Eagle. At a casual glance, they look absolutely identical, but they are not and belong to separate and distinct series.

The difference lies in the tiny letters inserted alongside the figure of value. In the case of the left-hand stamp it is an "f," whilst on the right it is an "h," the letters standing for "Fennigow" and "Halerzy" respectively.

At the time the stamps were issued different currencies were in circulation in Poland. Fennigow and Marki (literally Pfennigs and Marks) in the northern area which had previously been under German occupation, and



At first sight these Polish stamps appear to be absolutely alike. But they bear different letters in front of the figure of value. That on the left has a small letter "f" in front of the figure 5, and that on the right an "h."



Halerzy and Kronen in the southern districts where the Austrians were formerly in possession.

Consequently two series of stamps were necessary until such time as a national currency could be introduced. This was not finally accomplished until the early part of 1920, when the stamps denominated in Halerzy and Kronen ceased to be issued, and the one set with values in Fennigow and Marki served the whole country.

A variety worth looking for is the 5f. green of this issue showing a "y" instead of the normal "f" in the value.

Poland is a country with whose stamps it is possible to have a great deal of fun for very little money. Hundreds of Polish stamps have been issued since 1918, and these are catalogued from 1d. to 3d. apiece. A good show may be made with them at the cost of a few shillings.

For those who delight in hunting out varieties they offer a fertile field. The series mentioned above, for example, exists both imperforate owing to hasty production, as well as with three distinct gauges of perforation, and also with a commemorative overprint in aid of the Polish White Cross Society on the occasion of the first stamp exhibition held at Warsaw in May, 1919.

again, but all it meant to me was that brain belong him no walk about any more."

"I was sure all the time that he was babbling out the bearings of the island, if we could only have understood him, Kit. You thought the same. The trouble was, to get at what he meant."

"Some trouble," grinned Hudson.

"Well, think it over," said Ken. "Sailormen call the Equator the line and from the first I fancied that that was what he meant. If so, his island lay on the Equator, which means that we needn't ask for the latitude."

"We've been through that," said Hudson. "But twenty on the Equator could only mean twenty degrees, if it meant anything, and twenty degrees east or west of Greenwich, where would that land you? In the Atlantic or in Africa."

"All we want is the longitude——"

"All!" grinned Hudson. "They used to tell me at school in Sydney that the world was twenty-five thousand miles round. Looks like a lot of longitude to pick and choose from to find a small island."

"I'm serious, old chap," said Ken. "I believe I've got it. What about a hundred and twenty on the line?"

"What?"

"A hundred and twenty degrees of longitude," said King of the Islands, quietly. "East, it would land you in the Dutch islands, near Borneo. That's not it, of course. West——"

"You feller, Koko, you bring feller chart, along cabin, plenty quick!" rapped out Hudson, interrupting the boy trader, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

"Yessar!" The brown boatswain jumped up, and ran down to the cabin. He returned in a moment with the chart.

Hudson pushed the breakfast things recklessly aside, and spread out the chart on the table. His finger dropped on the Equator, and ran along to a hundred and twenty west. "Open sea!" he said. "No land marked here."

"No land would be marked, if it's an unknown island that Keefe raised," answered Ken.

"That's so! But——"

"It flashed into my mind all of a sudden, when I was worrying it out last night," said Ken. "Keefe, when he was delirious, repeated again and again, 'twenty on the line.' And I knew in my bones that it was the bearings of his island."

"What he really meant was a hundred and twenty. I've heard sailormen speak that way, many a time. I remember a man on Lalinge giving the longitude of that island as thirty-five west, the hundreds being taken for granted in these seas."

"My hat!" said Hudson. "I believe you've got it, Ken! Why, we ought to have jumped to it at once."

King of the Islands laughed.

"That's what I thought, when I did jump to it," he said. "But we didn't, and Dandy Peter didn't, either! Parsons must have heard the

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER!

A CRUISER in which I served during my junior days anchored at Sydney, Australia, and a number of us gun-room "warts"—midshipmen—went for a picnic by a creek that flowed into the Hawksbury River.

With us was a senior midshipman known as Bouncer, an over-bearing and hot-tempered fellow who always kept us on the jump.

We had to defer to Bouncer in all things and keep our face-hatches battened or we heard all about it—or, worse still, felt the weight of his fists.

Well, I recall how we all waited by the creek till Bouncer deigned to don his swimming-costume, and strode out upon a rickety wooden jetty.

"Hi, mister, you can't dive off there!" said a young Australian farm-boy, waving a hand. "This here creek——"

"Belongs to you, eh, my lad?" interrupted Bouncer hotly. "Sheer off, or I'll knock seven bells out of you!"

After which Bouncer dived—into two feet of water and three feet of thick black mud, about which the youngster had intended to warn him!

Often it pays to pause a moment before you "dive off the deep end."

The Admiral



same babbling—Keefe was still a sick man when that scoundrel got hold of him—but his ravings told him nothing, any more than they told us, till now!"

"If you're right—and I believe you are, Ken—all we've got to do is to hit the line at a hundred and twenty west——"

"Exactly!"

"Good egg!" said Hudson. "Koko, old coffee-bean, what you tinkee, head belong you?"

"Me tinkee little white master plenty too much clever feller, sar," said Koko. "Me tinkee brain belong him walk about plenty too much altogether."

"Hear, hear!" chuckled the mate of the Dawn. "Well, Ken, old bean, your jolly old brain has walked about and done the trick, I verily believe. We were rather lubbers not to tumble sooner. Come to think of it, what the dickens could the man have meant, except a hundred and twenty on the line?"

"That's how I've figured it out, at any rate!" said King of the Islands.

"If I've got it wrong, it means a long trip for nothing in lonely seas; but I think I've got it right, Kit—and that means raising the pearl island. If we find the niggers reasonable, it means a big stroke of trade in an island rich in pearls where a white man's ship never touches. That's where we come in."

"Not much chance of that," said Hudson, shaking his head. "According to Keefe, they're fierce black cannibals. We've lost time and

money, Ken, and we shan't see it again in the way of trade. But——"

"But we're making the island, win or lose," said Ken. "We saved that man's life, Kit, and he's in lawless hands. It's up to us to see him through if we can. If we lose on it, it's all in the day's work."

"I'm with you, all the way!" said the mate, his face eager.

Neither of the shipmates doubted that they had, at long last, hit on the clue hidden in the delirious mutterings of the pearler. Indeed, they wondered now that they had not guessed it sooner.

Before a seven-knot breeze, the Dawn fled on east by north. Far away on the sea a sail glimmered against the blue, unheeded by the shipmates. It was Koko who drew their attention to it at last.

"Feller Chink he stop, sar!" said Koko, and pointed at the distant top-sail.

"Is that the Flamingo?" asked Ken, staring at it.

"Me tinkee, sar."

King of the Islands turned his binoculars on the sail astern. There was no doubt of it—it was Wu Fang's schooner coming down before the wind. But it was not nearing the ketch. Wu Fang was content to keep his distance.

"Suffering cats!" ejaculated Hudson. "Is the Chink looking for trouble with us on the high seas?"

Ken's face set grimly.

"I'd be glad to give him a chance," he said. "But he's not trying to

(Continued on page 18)

Ken King's Clue

(Continued from page 15)

overhaul us. If the scoundrel hadn't the wind of us, I'd be inclined to run back and talk to him. Let him rip."

All through the burning day, the schooner's topsail hung astern. No doubt there was a man in the cross-trees keeping the ketch in sight, but with the fall of night the sail was lost in the dusk of the sea. The ketch ran swiftly on under the stars, and the shipmates gave no further thought to the Chink.

"You've Double-Crossed Us!"

BLACK FURLEY, with one rough hairy hand on the tiller of his whaleboat, shaded his eyes with the other and stared across the sea. Dick Finn held the sheet, sitting on the plunging gunwale. The rest of the Lukwe crew sat or sprawled about the boat, getting what shade they could from the sun, partly from the lug-sail, partly from a tattered canvas awning.

Keefe the pearler sat silent, his coppery face grim in look. He had thrown in his lot with the pearl-poaching gang from Lukwe, and set a course for the Island of Pearls, but had made no secret of his intention to throw them over if Ken King appeared in the offing.

That condition did not trouble the Lukwe crew in the least. They had no doubt that Ken King had long since gone back to his trade among the islands, and had no expectation of

raising the ketch in the unknown and almost uncharted seas that the whaleboat was now traversing. And as burning day followed day, and starry night followed starry night, Keefe had lost his own faint hope.

While still within the seas that washed the coral rocks of Lalinge, there had been a chance. But the Lukwe crew were many a long mile from Lalinge now, in trackless waters, unlikely to sight any sail but that of a wandering whaler or lonely trader.

Only a determined ruffian like Furley, backed by a reckless crew accustomed to danger and taking chances, would have dreamed of undertaking such a trip in a whaleboat. But Black Furley had not hesitated for a moment, and there had not been a dissentient voice among his crew. With a fortune in pearls at the end of the cruise, they were ready to take the chances of the sea.

Day had followed day, favoured with fair weather and favourable winds. As much stores as they could carry had been taken aboard at Faloo, and at various islets that Furley knew they had stopped for water and coconuts.

Once stores had been bought from a trader at sea, and once stores had been taken from a trader on a lonely atoll without payment—the man being glad to see the last of such a crew at any price. Black Furley was not particular in his methods, and more than once in his lawless career he had varied pearl-poaching in Japanese waters with the robbery of lonely trading stations.

Now water was running short again, as it had run short before, and Furley's eyes were glad to see a sail rise over the sea, where sails were few and far between. Any skipper would spare a keg or two for a crew in an open boat. But in case of a refusal Furley was only too ready to back up a demand with a heavy fist or a lifted revolver.

Sprawling at the tiller, he watched the sail that rose from the sea in the west, growing clearer and clearer to the view. Evidently the ship was on the same course as the Lukwe boat.

But as the tall sail glanced against the blue, nearer and clearer, the expression on the ruffian's face changed. His bearded lips set, and his eyes glistened as he shaded his eyes and stared.

"Here, you Finn!" he growled.

Finn looked round.

"Clap your eyes on that sail!" snarled Furley. "You reckon you savvy that packet?"

Finn stared back at the sail. The rest of the crew stirred, and all eyes stared back. Keefe rose to his feet, and a dancing light came into his eyes as he looked. What Furley suspected, the man from the Paumotus was sure of—he had seen that sail before, when King of the Islands was chasing Dandy Peter to the O'ua reef.

"The Dawn!" muttered Dick Finn.

"I reckoned it was King of the Islands' hooker," said Furley. "What's King of the Islands doing in these waters?"

"After the pearls, same as we are!" muttered one of the crew.

"I reckon he's after nothing else," said Black Furley, between his teeth, and his eyes glittered at the man from the Paumotus. "Keefe, you dog, you've double-crossed us—King of the Islands is after us!"

The pearler looked perplexed. It was King of the Islands' ketch that was coming up with the wind, that was a certainty, and those solitary waters were far from the boy trader's usual beat. Unless he was steering for the Island of Pearls, it was not easy to guess what he was doing there.

"He knows nothing," said Keefe at last. "I tell you, I was delirious on his ship—I never knew that he had picked me up till Dandy Peter told me so on the Sea-Cat."

"Somehow he knew that Dandy Peter had got me, and he chased the Sea-Cat—that's all I know. I tell you I've never spoken a word to King of the Islands—unless in delirium, when I was out of my senses. And I reckon that wouldn't tell him anything."

"But he's here!" snarled Black Furley. "And if he sights this boat—"

"He don't know we've got Keefe!" said Finn. "How's he to know? Nobody knows but Peter Parsons, and we left him marooned on Long Palm."

"He will know fast enough if he sights us," growled Black Furley. "I was figuring on getting water from that packet, but I reckon we shan't get water now. We've got to run before they raise us—unless—"

HE broke off, and stared back at the tall sail far over the sunlit sea. The hard, grim expression on his black-bearded face told of the dark and desperate thoughts in his mind.

"There's two white men on that packet," he muttered, "and half a dozen niggers! And we're six—seven counting Keefe."

The pearler stared at him.

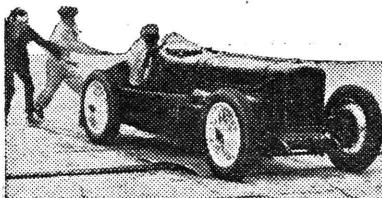
"If you're thinking of piracy on the high seas, Furley, you'll count me on the side of King of the Islands!" he said curtly.

"You'd go to the sharks first!" snarled Furley.

For a long minute he stared back at the ketch. But he shook his head, abandoning the desperate thought that had entered his mind. He snapped an order to Finn, and dragged over the tiller. The whaleboat shot away from her previous course.

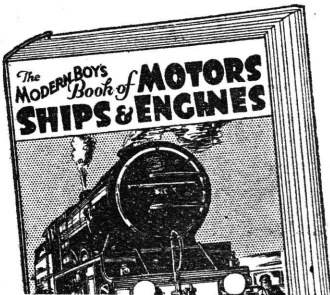
It was unlikely that a naked eye on the ketch had picked up the whaleboat at the distance. But if King of the Islands had chanced to turn his binoculars in that direction, he could not have failed to pick up the boat, and probably Keefe's face among the crew. The Lukwe crew stared back anxiously as the whaleboat ran.

Keefe stood holding to a stay, his eyes on the distant sail. He was helpless among the Lukwe crew. Any man there was ready to stretch him senseless on the thwarts with the butt of a pistol, if he gave trouble. But he longed to see the Dawn



A Good Send-off!

Away goes Mr. Kaye Don, the world-famous racing motorist, in a 150 m.p.h. car tuned up for an attack on a speed record. Mr. Don is one of the team of experts who have written the intensely interesting articles, full of the romance of man's Mastery of Speed on Land and Water, which appear in *The Modern Boy's Book of Motors, Ships and Engines*. This magnificent NEW book is crowded with hundreds of fascinating pictures, and well-written articles which tell of great achievements in things mechanical. It also contains four coloured plates.



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change her course and swing round towards the running boat.

It was soon clear that the Lukwe boat had not been sighted from the ketch. The Dawn stood steadily on her course, and the tall sails sank to the sea again.

Not till the ketch was out of sight under the sea line did the Lukwe boat resume her former course.

Black Furley gave the Paumotu pearler a savage, mocking look.

"You've sighted King of the Islands, you swab!" he growled. "But I reckon you're still sailing with this crew."

Keefe made no answer.

"But what's King doing in these waters?" muttered Furley. "If he's got the bearings of the pearl island, he will beat us to it. If we find him there, lifting the pearls, it will come to shooting—you can lay to that! Ken King won't get away alive with the pearls."

The ketch had vanished on the sea, and far astern of the swift Dawn, the whaleboat slid on under the lug-sail. If Ken King had the bearings of the Island of Pearls, Black Furley and his crew were hopelessly beaten in the race. But had he? The black-bearded ruffian of Lukwe muttered to himself as he pondered over it in perplexed doubt.

The sun sank in a blaze of purple and gold astern. And as the night wrapped the Pacific and the sun-blistered boat, and the immensity of darkness fell on the vast ocean, not one of the rough crew dreamed of the fate that was even then rushing down upon them.

His Own Medicine!

WU FANG stood in the cross-trees of the Flamingo, his slanting eyes scanning the sea from under the brim of his big Chinese hat. North and south, east and west, the great rollers gleamed in the sunshine, without a sight of land, of a sail, or of a steamer's smoke. In the lonely waters that stretched endlessly north of the Marquesas, Wu Fang did not expect to sight land, or a steamer. He was straining his slanting eyes for a sail. But only the sea and the sky met his searching gaze.

For hours the little Chink had been jammed in the cross-trees, searching for a sail. But no glimmer of white canvas against the blue rewarded him.

The Santa Cruz boys, on the deck below, lolled in the tropic heat, and sometimes glanced up at the little figure high aloft, and grinned to one another. Wu Fang did not heed them. His slant eyes ached from the sun-glare, but still he watched the sea for the sails of the Dawn, hoping against hope to raise the ketch against the boundless blue.

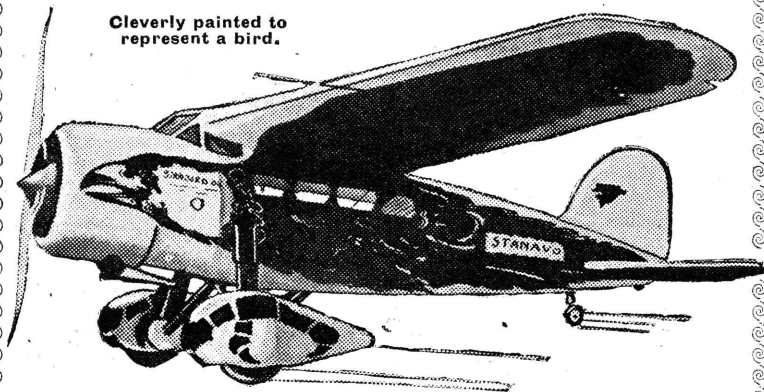
The Chinaman's yellow face was calm, impassive, but the glitter of his slanting eyes told of his rage and disappointment. He left the cross-trees at last, and slid down the shrouds, dropping to the deck with the activity of a cat. Pipiteto, half

Brightening the Skies

By Flying-Officer W. E. JOHNS

I AM sorry to say we are behind the times in aircraft decoration. Fine colour schemes are now being used to decorate aeroplanes abroad, particularly in America. We haven't tried it yet.

There there is a big craze for painting aeroplanes in the most brilliant colours. But these are not put on anyhow—they nearly all follow some definite scheme copied from some of the most beautiful birds and butterflies.



Thus, a fellow who buys an aircraft can have it finished in the same colours as a parrot, a jay, magpie, or like some gorgeous humming-bird—scarlet and blue body and vivid orange and green wings, all painted to look like feathers.

Here is an example of this decoration idea, a Lockheed six-seater with a 450 h.p. Wasp engine, made for a well-known oil company. See how cleverly it has been painted to represent a large bird of prey? The remainder of the aircraft is left dead white so that when the machine is in the air it gives a realistic impression of the bird in flight.

I am looking forward to the day when some of our British machines are painted like this. It will certainly brighten-up the skies!

asleep under the awning by the binnacle, roused himself and blinked inquiringly at the Chinaman.

"Feller ketch no stop, sar?" asked the black mate of the Flamingo.

Wu Fang did not answer. He went below, with his ratlike tread. Pipiteto grinned to the black boy at the helm.

"Feller Chink plenty mad," he remarked. "Tinkee feller Chink plenty kill white master stop along cabin, my word."

"Plenty too much kill that feller white master!" agreed the black boy, grinning, too.

Wu Fang entered his cabin. The dapper figure of the sea-lawyer of Lukwe stood at the stern window, staring out at the sea and the streaming white wake of the schooner.

Peter Parsons turned as the Chinaman came in, eyeing him savagely. His hands were bound behind his back, which was the only reason why Dandy Peter did not leap at the throat of the Chink. For days and nights, the dandy of Lukwe had been a prisoner on board the schooner—raging like a caged tiger.

With his hands free and a weapon in one of them, the reckless sea-lawyer would have jumped at taking his chance against the yellow man and his whole crew. But the wary Celestial gave him no chance of that.

Twice a day his hands were released when he was given food, and at those times the Chink stood over him with drawn knife. And at night he lay on a sleeping-mat in knotted ropes.

Lukwe was far away now. Every day the schooner was making eastward, and at first Dandy Peter had wondered whether the Chink was bound. But from words caught among the black seamen, he learned that Wu Fang was in chase of the boy trader of Lalinge, though it was a chase at long range, and the schooner never drew near the ketch.

So far, except to guard him with wary care, the Chink had taken little heed of his prisoner. But now Dandy Peter could see that there was a change.

Fear had been left out of the make-up of the hardy sea-lawyer, but he felt a chill as the slanting eyes of the Chinaman fixed on him. There was the look of a demon in the almond eyes that looked from that yellow mask of a face.

"Feller King of the Islands no stop!" said Wu Fang.

"You've lost him!" sneered Dandy Peter. "You yellow fool, you could have run him down any time you liked. You've twice his spread of canvas on this packet."

"You no savvy," said Wu Fang quietly. "No wantee lun down feller King of the Islands. Tinkee feller

Ken King's Clue

Keefe stop along ketch, tinkee follow King of the Islands along pearls."

Dandy Peter laughed scoffingly. He had wondered why the schooner was hanging in the wake of the Dawn. The Chinaman believed that the pearler was on board King of the Islands' ship, steering for the pearl island.

It was a natural supposition, for Wu Fang knew that Ken had chased Dandy Peter to rescue the pearler, and he had seen Parsons brought back to Lukwe in Ken's ketch. He knew nothing of the part played by Black Furley and his crew.

By sunny day and starry night the schooner had followed the ketch, always at a distance, but always keeping the Dawn in sight. Fast as the ketch was, the boy trader could not have shown his heels to his pursuer. The schooner was a faster craft.

But Parsons knew that any night the boy trader could have changed his course and escaped the pursuit in the hours of darkness had he chosen so to do. He had not chosen—indeed, it was more than likely that he would have been glad to see the Flamingo lay him alongside, for the

chance of dealing with the Chink as he deserved.

Every sunrise had shown the ketch in sight on the sea till now. But at long last the ketch had vanished in the darkness of a night, and the Chink was left guessing.

Parsons had been puzzled by the course the Dawn was steering. It was far from all known land, and all the routes of trade. Had Keefe been with the boy trader, he would have understood. But the pearler was in the hands of Black Furley, and Ken had no guide to the pearl island—unless he had some clue that Dandy Peter knew nothing of.

WHY he had taken the trouble to shake off his pursuer now was another puzzle, unless he was, as the Chink believed, steering for the pearl island, and drawing near to his destination. Wu Fang, at all events, had no doubt of it.

"That feller no stop!" said Wu Fang. "Along night he lun along sea, eye belong me no see that feller ketch, you savvy. You feller Parsons, you savvy what place that feller island he stop. Now you talkee."

Dandy Peter drew a deep breath. The Chink believed that he had wrung the secret from Keefe, while the man was in his hands. That was why he had been kidnapped at Lukwe.

Now that he had lost the ketch on the boundless Pacific—lost, as he believed, his guide to the Island of Pearls—the Chink had a second string to his bow—Dandy Peter.

"You yellow-faced heathen," said Parsons. "I've told you already that Keefe said nothing when I had him. He was delirious most of the time, and after he came to, he tipped me over the side of the Sea-Cat."

"No tinkee!" said Wu Fang calmly.

"I tell you—" snarled Dandy Peter.

"Tinkee you tell plenty big feller lie along this Chinaman," said Wu Fang. "You takee feller pearler flog me, you makee that feller talkee, me savvy. All samee me makee you talkee! You savvy place that island he stop."

"If I knew, I'd see you in Davy Jones' locker before I'd give you the course!" snarled Parsons. "But I know no more than you do. I tell you the pearler got away from me before I could make him open his mouth!"

"No tinkee!" said Wu Fang. There was grim disbelief in the yellow mask of a face.

Wu Fang knew that the Paumotus pearler had been in Dandy Peter's hands for weeks. He did not know that the man had been delirious till at last, when his senses came back, he had got the upper hand of the sea-lawyer.

Dandy Peter would have forced his secret from him—by torture, if there was no other way—and the Chink did not doubt that he had done so. And the look in the Chink's slanting eyes told the sea-lawyer that as he would have done, so he would be done by. He was in hands as ruthless as his own.

While King of the Islands' ship was in sight, Wu Fang had not needed him. Now he did need him, and the sea-lawyer had to tell the secret he did not know, or what he would have done to Keefe, so the ruthless Chink would do to him!

"You talkee?" Wu Fang asked at last, in his soft voice.

"I've nothing to tell you, you yellow scum!" snarled Dandy Peter.

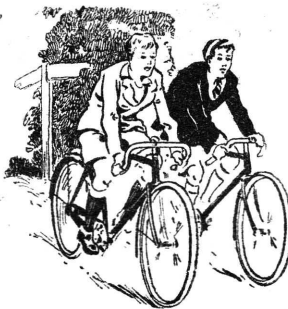
The Chinaman smiled, a slow and terrifying smile. He stepped to the companion and called up to the deck.

Two of the black Santa Cruz boys came down to the cabin. They took Parsons by either arm and led him to the deck, the Chinaman following.

Parsons stood blinking in the dazzling sunlight. The black crew stared at him curiously, some of them grinning. At a word from the Chink, he was stretched on his back on the deck, in a spot where the shadow of the sails did not fall!

Tapa cords secured him there, a heavy spar tied to his feet. He closed his eyes to the glare of the sun that burned on his unprotected face like a furnace.

Our Cycling Expert Says—



BEFORE buying a new roadster, sit on the saddle and straighten both your legs. If the bike is the right size you should be able to reach the ground with the balls of both feet.

TO keep a free-wheel in good running order you must thoroughly oil it after every 200 or so miles. Use light cycle oil, and lean the machine over from side to side so that the oil gets right into the working parts.

IF you are thinking of re-enamelling your machine, choose a warm, clean room to do it in. You'll be surprised at the way the enamel comes up if you keep it free from dust and draughts during the drying process. Use a good-quality brush for applying the enamel, about one inch wide.

HERE'S a good tip. If you find yourself far from home with a punctured tyre and without tyre levers with which to remove the outer cover, take two pennies, preferably well-worn ones, and insert them near the valve. You will find it quite easy to lever off the cover with the coins.

WHEN buying new outer covers test their quality by comparing their weights. Good tyres, made from the best rubber, are much lighter than poor quality ones. The rubber in a good tyre is more elastic, too.

YOU can tell whether your chain is too tight or too loose by seeing how much play there is in the lower half of the chain. It should be possible to move it in a vertical direction for three-quarters of an inch, no more or less.

IF you want to bring your machine right up to date, remove the oilers—the small clip-top fittings to which you apply your oilcan—and fit in their place proper oiling nipples as used on cars. You can get these, specially made for bicycles, for threepence each, and a grease-gun to use with them for half-a-crown.

The Chinaman stood looking down at him.

"Me tinkee you talkee, plenty soon!" he murmured softly.

The Chink padded aft on his slippered feet, and sat down in a long chair under the awning. He sat there like a yellow image, calm and patient, not even glancing at the man who lay stretched under the burning glare of the tropic sun. Wu Fang was content to wait—with the ruthless patience of the Oriental.

Dandy Peter opened his eyes, but the blinding glare of the sun forced him to close them again. With shut eyes he lay, aching with the heat and intensifying thirst. The ropes held him fast, and he could hardly stir a limb. The blaze of the sun burned and burned, and more bitter than the sun was the terrible thirst that parched his dry throat.

Long he lay silent. His scorn for yellow and black men was too fierce to allow him to utter a sound of pain or a plea for mercy. But as the torture grew, he groaned aloud, hardly knowing that he did so. Death was staring him in the face—death by torture—for he could not tell the secret he did not know.

The Chinaman's slippered feet padded to him as the sun dipped in the west.

"You talkee?" murmured the soft voice.

"You yellow scum!" Dandy Peter's voice came husky and cracked. "Kill me and have done!"

"No killy! Waitee along you talkee," grinned Wu Fang; and he padded away again.

Hours—years as it seemed to the tortured sea-lawyer—passed before the burning sun was gone. But the heat relaxed at last, and the scorching rays of the sun no longer blazed on his upturned face.

With the night came coolness and the blessed dark, and he could open his eyes. But more and more fiercely the aching thirst burned in his throat. Hunger he did not feel, but the thirst was a torment that racked him with suffering.

In the darkness, staring with hopeless eyes at the black sky, he longed for death. Sleep would not come to his weary eyes. He knew that he would not sleep till the long sleep from which there was no awakening.

And then suddenly from the silence of the sea there came a rending, crashing sound and an uproar of voices—white men's voices that shouted and yelled. There was a startled jabbering from the black men on deck, but Dandy Peter was straining his ears to the sounds from the sea—the shouting of men whose boat had been run down in the darkness and was sinking under the bows of the schooner.

It seemed to him like a dream as he heard the fierce roar of Black Furley, the pearl-poacher of Lukwe!

That's the way of the South Seas—trouble overtakes you when you least expect it! And Ken runs up against big trouble in next week's story by Charles Hamilton. It's a real thriller!

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU—

Try Your Weight!

HAVE you ever given a thought to what goes on inside an automatic weighing machine when you step on the weighing platform and insert your penny? There are several types of these machines, but the most common is the one shown on the right.

When you put your penny into the slot provided for it, it releases a catch at the back of the weighing platform on which you stand and the works of the machine get busy.

These "works," which do all the actual weighing, are housed behind the large dial of the scales.

The weight of your body is transmitted from the platform of the machine to the mechanism above by means of an iron bar operating inside a cylinder between the platform and the dial of the scales.

At Fig. 1, at the bottom, you see the top of this transmitting bar where it joins the weighing mechanism.

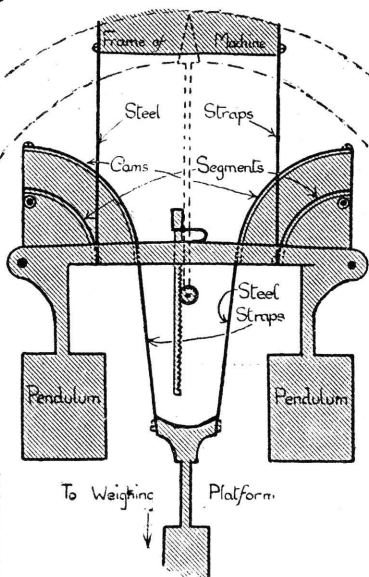
The bar to the weighing platform is attached to large quarter-circle cams by means of steel straps. In turn these cams are fixed to further cams, or segments, which rotate freely

Fig. 1.—This is how the "inwards" of the weighing machine appear when the pointer is at neutral and there is no weight on the platform. The dotted lines show the dial and pointer.

about the outer edges of the horizontal bar in the diagram.

The segments are attached to the top framework of the machine by another pair of steel straps, so that the horizontal bar and everything beneath it are suspended from the frame of the weighing machine.

When you stand on the platform of the machine, your weight on the bands drags the cams downwards, and they pull downwards the segments to which they are from the top of the machine are



attached. The steel straps hanging shortened, since they are pulled around the segments, and consequently, since the distance between the frame of the machine and the horizontal bar has been lessened, the latter rises.

The pressure exerted on the cams by your weight would cause the upper steel straps to wind completely round the segments, and the horizontal bar go flying upwards to destruction if some means of checking were not provided. That's where the pendulums come in. Fixed at each end of the bar and of equal weight, they check the upward movement.

The working of the pointer on the machine which tells you your weight is shown at Fig. 2. A ratchet is fixed to the horizontal bar and arranged to engage in a small cog-wheel fixed to the pointer. When the weighing platform pulls downwards, and the horizontal bar moves upwards, it carries with it the ratchet, which in its turn, passing over the cog-wheel, causes the latter to rotate and makes the pointer move round and register your weight on the dial.

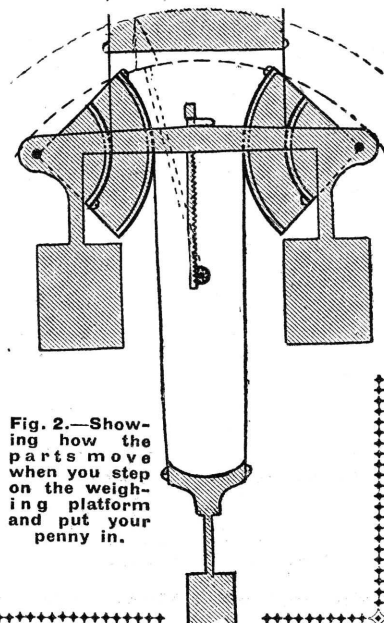


Fig. 2.—Showing how the parts move when you step on the weighing platform and put your penny in.

