

5 CYCLES TO BE WON ! } FREE ART PLATE INSIDE!

# The MODERN BOY

EVERY SATURDAY.  
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2<sup>D.</sup>



THRILL-FIENDS ON WHEELS!—See centre pages



COMPLETE

# KING OF THE ISLANDS!

The **FIRST** of a **NEW SERIES** of **SOUTH SEAS Adventure Stories**, featuring famous **Ken King, Boy Skipper** of the trading ketch **Dawn!**

By

**Charles Hamilton**

**White Man and Brown!**

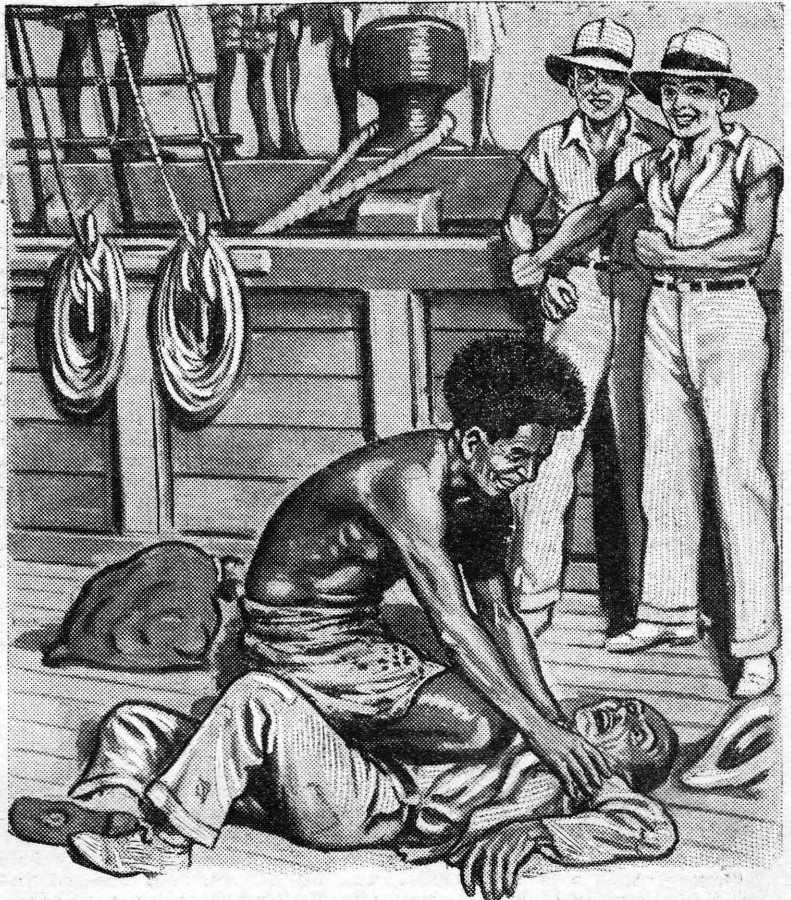
**K**OKO, the brown-skinned Kanaka boatswain of the ketch Dawn, ceased to twang his ukelele and rose from the coamings of the cabin hatch. A grim frown knitted his brows. The Dawn was moored at the coral wharf in the lagoon at Lalinge, in the South Seas, and he was the only man on board.

King of the Islands, the boy skipper of the Dawn, and his Australian mate, Kit Hudson, were ashore, at John Chin's warehouse. The Hiva-Oa crew were on shore leave, loafing under the Lalinge palms in the blaze of tropical sunshine. Koko, in sole charge of the ketch, had been strumming on his ukelele and humming a Hawaiian song, at peace with all the world, till his dark eyes fell on the white man who came along the wharf. The sight of Peter Parsons brought a glitter to Koko's dark eyes and a grim frown to his brow.

There were packing-cases, piles of merchandise, and copra sacks on the wharf, and Dandy Peter threaded his way among them, his eyes on the moored ketch. The brown boatswain watched him coming with a hostile stare. Many times there had been trouble between Ken King and the dandy of Lukwe—and Ken's foes were Koko's foes.

The dandy was not looking his accustomed natty self. Of all the rough crew on the island of Lukwe he was the only man who ever wore a full suit of clothes. He was probably the most unscrupulous and ruthless rascal of all that lawless crew, but he disdained to be seen in a cotton shirt and shorts or a loin-cloth, like other Lukwe skippers. Loafing in his veranda at Lukwe or sailing his cutter under a reckless press of sail, Dandy Peter was always a dandy in spotless ducks, Panama hat, and pipeplayed shoes.

But he looked in hard luck now. His ducks, though clean as a new pin, were mended in many places. His canvas shoes, though spotlessly



pipeplayed, were worn and patched. Still a dandy, he looked considerably the worse for wear. And the expression on his handsome, wicked face was hard and bitter.

The tide was low, and the teak rail of the Dawn was on a level with the wharf. Peter Parsons came to the edge of the wharf with the evident intention of jumping down to the deck. But the giant Koko interposed. With the ukelele in his brown hand, Koko coolly pushed the Lukwe skipper back, and said:

"Cap'n Parsons no comey along this hooker!"

Dandy Peter stared at him savagely. He was about the last skipper in the Pacific to take "lip" from a Kanaka. His hands clenched, and he looked for a moment as if he would spring at the boatswain of the Dawn like a tiger.

Koko grinned. Parsons, strong and wiry as he was, would have been an infant in the giant boatswain's hands, and Koko was quite prepared to collar him and toss him bodily back to the wharf.

Dandy Peter checked his rage. It was not fear of the Kanaka that checked him, for fear had been left out of the composition of the handsome blackguard. But Dandy Peter, for once, was not looking for trouble.

"You seum!" he snarled. "Where's King of the Islands? Is he on board?"

"King of the Islands no stop!" answered Koko.

"What place that feller he stop?" snarled Parsons.

"Call your nigger off, Ken King!" yelled Parsons, squirming under Koko's knees. "No hurry!" laughed Ken.

"That feller stop along house belong John Chin, along Lalinge."

"Is his mate on board?" Parsons demanded.

"Feller Hudson stop along King of the Islands, along John Chin."

"What time that feller comey back along ketch?"

"No savvy!"

Parsons snarled again, and stared along the coral wharf towards the rows of bungalows and warehouses that faced the shining lagoon. Prominent among them, at a distance, was the mass of buildings that belonged to John Chin, the rich Chinese trader of Lalinge.

White men could be seen among the bungalows, and brown natives, in glimmering lava-lavas, on the beach. But neither King of the Islands nor Kit Hudson was to be seen. Apparently the shipmates were still busy about matters of cargo in John Chin's office.

"I reckon I'll wait for him," growled Parsons at last, and made another motion to leap down on the ketch.

"Feller Cap'n Parsons stop along wharf!" said Koko stolidly. "No comey along this feller ship."

"Stand aside!" roared Parsons.

Koko did not stir. The grin widened on his brown face. As a matter of fact, the boatswain of the

## King of the Islands!

Dawn rather welcomed the opportunity of laying his sinewy hands on Peter Parsons.

"Cap'n Parsons stop along wharf!" repeated Koko, grinning and displaying a magnificent set of white gleaming teeth. "Cap'n Parsons plenty bad feller! Little white master belong me, he no likee feller belong Lukwe. S'pose you comey along this ketch, this feller Kanaka knock seven bells outer you, sar, plenty too quick altogether!"

That was too much for Peter Parsons. On his own cutter, the Sea-Cat, he would knock a black man down with a belaying-pin for a murmur or a surly look. His eyes blazed, and he leaped from the wharf, crashing into the brown boatswain and sending him staggering back.

But it was only for a moment that Koko staggered. He rallied the next moment, his dark eyes flaming and his powerful hands grasping at the Lukwe skipper.

It had hardly crossed Dandy Peter's mind that a native would dare to lay hands on a white man—especially himself! But Koko, as he himself often said, was no common Kanaka, and he had no respect for the Lukwe sea-lawyer. He laid his brown hands on Dandy Peter—and laid them hard!

Parsons was a little man, but he was strong, with muscles of steel, though in the grasp of Koko he was nowhere. The Kanaka's grip swept him off his feet and he was lifted into the air, struggling and kicking and screaming with rage.

There was a cackle of laughter from natives on the wharf. A dozen black and brown men stared on at the startling scene, cackling. Koko swung the struggling Lukwe man through the air and tossed him off the ketch like a sack of copra.

There was a crash as Dandy Peter landed on the wharf. He sprawled at full length, dazed and dizzy, with an ache in every bone.

Koko grinned at him from the ketch.

"No wantee Cap'n Parsons along this hooker! Bad feller Cap'n Parsons stop along wharf, my word!"

Peter Parsons scrambled to his feet, his face convulsed with fury. His right hand groped at the back of his duck trousers, then flashed out with a revolver in it.

In his fury, Dandy Peter forgot that he was no longer on the wild and lawless island of Lukwe, but on law-abiding Lalinge, where there was a white magistrate, backed by native police, to keep law and order. He forgot everything but the fact that he had been handled by a native. His hand shot up with the revolver in it, his finger on the trigger—and Koko ceased suddenly to grin and dodged swiftly down under the rail as the maddened sea-lawyer fired.

Crack! The bullet hummed over Koko as he ducked and chipped a

splinter from the tall cedar mainmast of the Dawn.

"My word!" gasped Koko. He had not expected that, though really he might have expected it in dealing with a man like Peter Parsons. Before the sea-lawyer could pull trigger again, Koko darted behind the mainmast for cover.

"You no shoot along this feller!" roared Koko. "Feller King of the Islands plenty too much cross along you, s'pose you shoot along this feller!"

Crack! Dandy Peter—unopposed now—leaped down on the deck and loosed off the revolver again. The bullet hummed by the mast and whizzed away across the lagoon. He came running on, the smoking revolver in his hand. Had Koko been armed, Parsons would not have taken many steps, for the thrown knife of the Kanaka is as deadly as the white man's gun at close quarters. But Koko had no weapons, and he dodged round the mast as the enraged sea-lawyer came at him.

And as he dodged, Koko caught up a bag of yams from the deck. It weighed nine or ten pounds, but it swung light as a feather in the Kanaka's powerful hand. It was hurled the next moment as Dandy Peter's trigger was moving for a third shot. But that shot was never fired. The whizzing missile struck him on the chest, and he went over backwards with a crash on the deck, the revolver flying from his hand.

A second more and a sinewy knee was planted on him, and he was pinned down under the giant Kanaka.

### £5,000 Reward!

"MY sainted Sam!" King of the Islands uttered that startled ejaculation. Ken King and Kit Hudson had come out of John Chin's office and started to walk down the beach, when the crack-crack of the sea-lawyer's revolver on the Dawn came ringing to their ears.

The shipmates stared towards the moored ketch.

"Dandy Peter!" exclaimed Hudson. Ken's eyes gleamed as he said:

"That Lukwe sea-lawyer handling a gun on my ship! Come on!"

He raced down the beach and along the coral wharf, with Hudson at his heels. Ken's feet hardly seemed to touch the coral as he ran. He reached the spot where the ketch was roped to the bollards, shoved his way through a bunch of staring, grinning natives, and leaped on the deck.

But the anger faded from his face and he broke into a laugh as he saw the scene on the Dawn. Dandy Peter, stretched on his back, was wriggling under the knee of the boatswain, yelling with rage. A stream of threats poured from the infuriated Lukwe skipper, all of which left Koko quite unmoved.

"You plenty bad feller!" said Koko, his knee grinding on the wriggling sea-lawyer till the bones almost cracked. "You tinkee shootee along this feller along gun belong you, my word! This feller Koko no flaid along

gun belong you? No, sar! This feller Koko give you plenty too much lawyer-cane!"

Dandy Peter ceased his tirades as he caught sight of the handsome, sunburnt face and active figure of King of the Islands. He yelled to the boy trader:

"Call your nigger off, Ken King!"

"You seem to have asked for more trouble than you can handle, Peter Parsons!" Ken laughed. "What are you doing on this ketch?"

"Call your nigger off!" yelled Parsons.

"No hurry!" answered Ken coolly. He stooped and picked up the sea-lawyer's revolver and tossed it into the lagoon. "You're safer without that, Peter Parsons! If you'd done any damage with it, I'd have called you to account. You'd better remember that Lalinge isn't Lukwe."

Kit Hudson followed the boy skipper on the ketch, and grinned down at the enraged face of the Lukwe man. Parsons struggled frantically. But Koko, with a grin on his brown face, kept him pinned to the deck. Danny, the cooky-boy of the Dawn, came off the wharf, and Koko shouted to him:

"You feller Danny! You bring feller lawyer-cane along me!"

Danny, grinning, brought a stout lawyer-cane, which Koko sometimes laid round Danny himself when the cooky-boy needed it, as he often did. Danny was quite entertained at the idea of seeing it laid round a white man.

A moment more and Dandy Peter would have been writhing under a shower of lashes. But Ken King hastily interposed. Rascal as the Lukwe man was, Ken would not see a white man beaten by a Kanaka.

"Belay it, Koko!" he rapped out.

Koko paused, obedient to the command of his "little white master," with the lawyer-cane in the air. But his look was rebellious.

"This feller Parsons plenty bad feller, sar!" he exclaimed. "He comey along this ship, sar, shootee along this feller along gun belong him! Plenty good knock seven bells outer this feller, sar, along lawyer-cane!"

"Belay it!" Ken repeated. "Let him go! You lettee feller Parsons stop along legs belong him."

With a grunt the boatswain reluctantly released the Lukwe skipper. Parsons staggered to his feet, and stood panting, breathless from his struggle with the Kanaka. His face was crimson with exertion and rage. King of the Islands eyed him with an amused smile.

"If I had my gun—" muttered Parsons, between his teeth.

"Lucky for you you haven't," said Ken. "And you're lucky not to be chucked into the lagoon after it!" He pointed to the wharf. "Get out, Peter Parsons! You don't need telling that you're not wanted on this hooker."

"S'pose little white master say this feller Koko chuck feller Parsons along wharf?" said Koko eagerly.

"He can walk!" said Ken. "And



the sooner you walk the better, Captain Parsons! What did you come aboard for, anyhow?"

"I came to talk business with you," snarled Parsons. "Your nigger handled me, and I lost my temper! If you let your cheeky niggers handle a white man——"

"I've no business with you," interrupted King of the Islands curtly. "And Koko was quite right to handle you, if you butted in where you weren't wanted. The last time I met you, you were trying to rob a pearler of his pearls. Is that the sort of business you've got on hand now?"

"No!" said Parsons, between his teeth.

"Pearl-poaching in Japanese waters?" asked Kit Hudson, with a grin. "Or stealing niggers in the islands—or what?"

Dandy Peter was evidently on the verge of a furious outburst. He controlled his temper, however. He had not forgotten old troubles, but he was not there to quarrel with the shipmates of the Dawn if he could help it.

"You're sailing to-morrow?" he snapped.

"With the wind at sunrise," answered Ken.

"Drumming the islands for copra and pearl-shell?" asked Parsons, with

Danny, yelling frantically, and looking behind him with fearful eyes, crashed into King of the Islands, who was coming down the companion from the deck.

a sneer. "Two sixpences for a shilling in these days, with copra at its present price!"

"I'd like to see copra at twenty-five pounds again," Ken laughed. "But we shan't see that for a long time to come. Have you got something on hand better than drumming for copra?"

"Exactly!" the other replied.

"And you've come to tell us about it?" grinned Hudson. "That's interesting—if true!"

"Well, it is true!" snarled Parsons. "I've got a proposition to put up to make your fortunes—if you'll go in with me."

"I'd like to make my fortune," Ken chuckled. "What is it—an island where pearls are as thick as fleas on a 'Frisco whaler? Or where precious pink coral can be picked up by the shipload? Have you come here to tell us a beachcomber's yarn—and think we shall swallow it?"

Dandy Peter scowled. It was clear that he wanted to make use of the shipmates of the Dawn, and at the same time he found it difficult to keep in check his old and bitter enmity. But for King of the Islands, Dandy Peter would have made his fortune already—in pearls that belonged to another man. The dandy of Lukwe was not likely to forget that.

"Will you hear what I've got to say?" he snarled.

"No harm in hearing it," said the boy trader, smiling. He pointed to a Madeira chair. "Sit down and get it

off your chest. We've time to kill until sundown."

DANDY PETER dropped into the cane chair and lighted a black cheroot. Ken sat on the teak rail, and Hudson leaned against the mast, both of them regarding the dandy of Lukwe rather curiously. Koko, from a distance, eyed him with deep distrust. The boatswain, if allowed to have his own way, would have pitched Dandy Peter neck and crop off the ketch, with a dose of lawyer-cane to carry away with him.

"You've heard of the Mindanao?" asked Parsons abruptly.

"Lost with all hands in a hurricane," King of the Islands nodded. "What about the old Mindanao?"

six-months trip in the Islands! But what are you driving at? It's nearly a year since the Mindanao was lost, and there's been no news of crew or passengers—not even a bit of wreckage picked up! Every man on board was lost when the steamer went down."

"The reward's still out!"

"Nobody will ever earn it! The Sydney millionaire had no more chance than any other man on the sinking steamer—less, in fact, as he was a landsman. He went down with the rest."

"That's what most people believe!" agreed Parsons. "But whatever may have happened to captain and crew and passengers, one man survived—and that man was Grant Blake! He's alive—and the skipper who picks



"There was a passenger on board and——"

"More than one."

"Only one that I'm interested in—Grant Blake, the Sydney millionaire. His people in Sydney think he may have survived the wreck—at least, they hope so—and there's a reward of five thousand pounds out for the man who finds him alive."

"That's the talk of the beaches," answered Ken, with a stare. "You haven't come here to tell us what every man knows from Honolulu to the Marquesas?"

"It's a fortune to the man who picks it up!" said Parsons, unheeding. "Even divided between two—or three—it's a big sum."

"Ay, ay!" agreed Ken. "I'd like to make a tenth part as much on a

him up has only to ask for five thousand pounds! Or——" He lowered his voice, and his eyes gleamed. "Or the man who found him could make terms—fix his own figure for taking a castaway off a reef. You understand?"

Ken's lip curled, and Kit gave a snort of disgust. The shipmates of the Dawn were not the men to drive a hard bargain with a castaway on a reef—even if that castaway was a millionaire, the wealthiest trader in the Pacific. But Dandy Peter Parsons was a man of quite another kind. It was evident that he was not thinking only of the reward, if he discovered the castaway millionaire.

"You say he's alive," said King of the Islands, after a pause. "I can understand his relatives thinking so, or hoping so. But you—if you're



## King of the Islands

not talking out of your hat—must have got some news to believe so!”

Parsons nodded eagerly.

“Well, what’s the news?” asked Hudson.

“That’s my secret!” answered Parsons coolly. “I’ll tell you this—I’ve had it certain—Grant Blake is alive, cast away on a reef! Never mind how I got the tip! I’m not saying I’ve got the bearings of the reef—or that he will be easy to find! But a skipper with a ship can find him—and handle a sum that he could never earn in years of drumming after copra.”

“And why are you telling us?” demanded Ken. “Why not sail for him in your own cutter, and pocket the reward?”

“You swab!” Parsons muttered. “Do you think I should be here if I could sail in my own cutter to pick him up? I’m here because I’m on my beam-ends! You know that my crew ran away with my cutter—I got it back after the black scum had run it on a reef! It will cost a big sum to refit it for sea, and I’m on the rocks. I was down to my last coin in that venture after pearls—you butted in and got the pearls away from me—I got back to Lukwe in rags and tatters.”

“I had to borrow money to hire a native canoe to run me across to Lalinge, to see you here! I’ve the clothes I stand up in, and that’s all! If I had a ship and a crew, you wouldn’t have seen me here, King of the Islands!”

Ken smiled. It was plain, from the shabby look of the dandy of Lukwe, that he was deep down on his luck. He had staked all, and lost all, in that venture after another man’s pearls, in which King of the Islands had defeated him. His experience might have taught him that honesty was the best policy, though it was clear that Dandy Peter had not learned that lesson yet.

“I’d jump at doing it alone if I had a ship!” growled Parsons. “But I’m on the rocks. I’ve got to get a man with a ship to go in with me.”

“Plenty of them in the Islands!” said Ken. “No need to pick on me. Black Furley of Lukwe—or Barney Hall of Tonga—they’re men of your own kidney—” He broke off with a laugh. It was not a man of his own kidney that Dandy Peter wanted to join in this venture. He wanted a man he could trust.

“Wash that out!” snapped Parsons. “Will you go in with me?”

Three equal shares—you and your mate and me. It’s worth your while!”

“Find another skipper,” Ken answered. “If your tale’s true, you’ll find one easily enough. Plenty of skippers went hunting for Grant Blake when the reward was first offered. Nobody believes now that there’s a dog’s chance that he survived from the Mindanao. But if you’ve got news, as you say—”

“I’ve got it certain!”

“Well, put your cards on the table,” said Ken. “What’s the news? I don’t want you on my ship, Peter Parsons, but I’d take on the proposition if there was anything in it, and you could trust me to hand over your share of the reward if we found the man. What do you know of Grant Blake?”

“It’s my secret!” said Parsons stubbornly. “I’m not giving it away to any man. I’ll sail with you to pick up the Sydney man, but I’m not putting it in any lubber’s power to handle the reward and leave me out in the cold!”

“Chuck it at that!” King of the Islands rose from the rail. “If you can’t trust us to play square without your eye on us, take your proposition to some other skipper. But that’s not all!” he added scornfully. “There’s something that you don’t want to explain—or don’t dare to explain! You’ve never played a square game, Peter Parsons—but you can’t pull the wool over my eyes and get my help in foul play! Look for another ship—you won’t sail on the Dawn!”

“Look here!” muttered Parsons, rising from the Madeira chair.

“That’s the lot!” said King of the Islands, and turned his back on the Lukwe skipper and walked across the deck.

Dandy Peter’s eyes blazed after him. He clenched his hands, and made a step after the boy trader.

“Forget it, shipmate!” said Kit Hudson softly. “Better walk off the Dawn—it’s pleasanter than being chucked off!”

Parsons gave him a savage look, turned, and stamped back to the wharf. He turned there, and, before he tramped away, stood for some moments glaring back at the boy skipper.

### The Stowaway!

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS had a thoughtful expression as he stood on deck watching the glimmering moonlight on the lagoon of Lalinge. Six bells had struck. It

was eleven o’clock, and the boy trader was thinking of going below to his bunk. But he was thinking of other matters, too, and Hudson, yawning, watched him with a rather amused grin. He knew what was in his shipmate’s mind.

“Nothing in it, Ken,” he said, breaking the silence. “Ten to one Parsons was lying. But if he was telling the truth, he’s not to be trusted. He’s got some swab’s game on, and as he’s lost his own ship he would like to use ours. I’d rather trust a Solomon Island cannibal on board!”

“That’s so,” agreed Ken. “But if it’s true—if there’s a castaway on some lonely reef—even a man like Grant Blake, who, by all accounts, was a pretty hard case—one would hate to leave him to it!”

“He was a hard case, there’s no doubt about that,” answered Hudson. “The hardest-fisted man in the Pacific—and that’s saying a lot! There were a lot of dry eyes in the Islands when the news came that he had gone down. His relations seem to want him back—but I fancy nobody else does.”

“All the same, I’d be glad to pick him off the reef if he’s alive and cast away, as that Lukwe lubber says!”

“Same here!” said Hudson. “But is it true? Peter Parsons has something up his sleeve—but I don’t reckon that it’s a castaway. Anyhow, if it’s true, he’s only got to tell what he knows to get a dozen skippers to back him up! Looks to me as if he was lying—though why he came here to spin us the yarn is more than I can say. If he knows where to pick up Grant Blake, he will pick him up—you can bet on that! He won’t let five thousand pounds go begging!”

“That seems pretty certain,” agreed King of the Islands. “I reckon we can leave it at that. I’m turning in!”

“Same here!” yawned Hudson. And the shipmates went below. Koko remained on deck, sitting on the hatchway coamings, strumming on his ukelele. The Kanaka’s eyes were turned on the beach, where, under the glimmering light of the moon, a swarm of natives were dancing, with the scarlet blossoms of the hibiscus wound in their hair, to the barbaric music of native instruments.

Among them were the crew of the Dawn—Lompo and Lufu, Kolulo and Tomoo, and Danny, the cooky-boy. And now that his white masters had gone to their bunks, Koko was thinking of joining the others. He rose at last, laid down his ukelele, and stepped from the ketch to the coral wharf. He started up the wharf with a swinging stride, his eyes on the dancers, passing here and there a sprawling native asleep among the packing-cases and bales.

But among them Koko did not observe a slight, dapper figure that crouched back silently into the cover of a pile of copra sacks as he passed. Koko was thinking of the dance in the moonlight, not of Dandy Peter!

### This Issue Contains

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Dandy Peter lay quite silent, almost stilling his breathing as the Kanaka passed him. Not till Koko's footsteps had died away on the beach did the sea-lawyer of Lukwe stir.

Then he rose to his feet, and his eyes glittered after the Kanaka. But Koko had disappeared in the throng of natives. Softly, taking care not to awaken any of the sleeping coolies, the dandy of Lukwe crept along the wharf, till he could look down on the deck of the ketch. Keeping in cover of a packing-case, he watched the deserted deck for several minutes with searching eyes.

There was no one to be seen on the Dawn. That the native crew were all ashore, Dandy Peter knew. He had watched them and counted them. Now Koko was gone to join the others, and only the two white men remained on the ketch. Had either of them remained on deck, the sea-lawyer's purpose would have been defeated. But fortune seemed to be befriending Dandy Peter at last.

For minutes he watched in the glimmer of the moon till he was satisfied that the shipmates were both below. No gleam of light came from the ketch, no lamp was burning in the cabin, and there was no doubt that they had gone to their bunks—little doubt that they were sleeping. There was no need to keep watch at night in the lagoon of Lalinge. There was no danger, except of pilfering natives; and no native pilferer was likely to step on board while white men were there.

Silently Peter Parsons crept towards the moored ketch and stepped down on the deck. With the tread of a cat he approached the companion. There he stopped to listen for a full five minutes.

But all was dark and silent below, and Peter Parsons descended the cabin stairs at last and stood in the cabin. He had been on board the ketch many times, and he knew the interior like a book. The darkness was intense, but he did not need a light.

Forward of the cabin was the state-room with its two bunks, occupied by the white men, separated by a bulkhead from the little fore-castle. Aft was the lazarette, with a doorless doorway opening into it. In the floor of the lazarette was the trap that gave access to the water-casks chocked below. That was what Dandy Peter was seeking.

The lazarette was a large room, considering the limited size of the ketch, but it was fairly well filled, canned provisions, sacks of yams, bunches of bananas, trade goods of all sorts and descriptions being piled there.

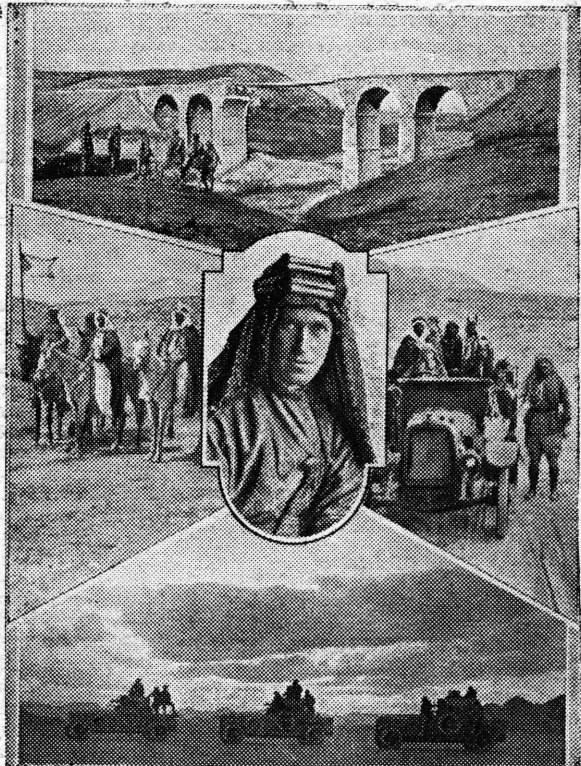
Dandy Peter was like a cat in the dark, but, with all his stealthiness, he knocked over a pile of cans carelessly left by some native in the middle of the room. Five or six cans rolled and clattered, and the sea-lawyer ground his teeth and stood silent and motionless, his ears on the strain.

From the state-room at the other end of the long cabin, through the darkness, came the call of a sleepy

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Great Adventures.—No. 6.

## THE WHITE CHIEF OF THE DESERT RAIDERS

voice. One of the white men had been awakened, and Dandy Peter recognised Ken King's voice:

"Avast there, Koko, you lubber!"

Apparently the boy trader supposed that Koko had caused that clatter coming down to his berth on the cabin lockers.

Peter Parsons stood with shut teeth. Another sleepy voice drawled from the darkness of the state-room:

"That's not Koko—the old brown bean was going ashore to dance with the niggers."

"It was somebody!" growled King of the Islands, and Peter Parsons heard the sound of the boy trader rolling out of his bunk. "If it's some thief from the wharf—"

"Give him one for me!" yawned Hudson, and turned over.

**D**ANDY PETER'S heart beat almost to suffocation. He heard the scratch of a match, and caught the glimmer of a lamp across the length of the cabin. King of the Islands was coming to investigate the cause of the clatter—with no suspicion in his mind but that some native might have crept from the wharf to pilfer.

There was not a second to waste. Dandy Peter groped desperately on the floor in the dark, found the trap, lifted it, and squeezed below. The trap closed over his head softly, in spite of his frantic haste, as he crouched on the short step-ladder.

His straining ears caught faintly

the padding of bare feet as King of the Islands, lamp in hand, came along the cabin to the lazarette. He felt a choking in his throat as a foot-step passed on the trap above his crouching head. If the boy trader's suspicions caused him to lift the trap and flash the light down among the water-casks—

But Ken was not thinking of that. He stood in the lazarette, casting the light round him. Half a dozen cans from the pile lay scattered, but they had been carelessly stacked and the motion of the ketch on the tide might have caused them to topple. After a keen glance round, the boy trader went back into the cabin, and Dandy Peter almost panted with relief as faint sounds told him that Ken was ascending the companion to the deck to look out.

King of the Islands put his head out of the companion, and glanced along the deck and the wharf. But nothing was stirring, and the boy trader, satisfied, descended again, and went back to the state-room. The crouching man below the lazarette lifted the trap a couple of inches, and heard Hudson ask, as the mate of the Dawn awakened again:

"What's up, Ken?"

"Nothing! Only some cans toppled over! All serene!"

The light was extinguished. Dandy Peter heard the boy trader turning in again, and he breathed deep with relief. He was safe now! He grinned savagely as he closed the trap, groped



## King of the Islands!

down the steep ladder of three steps, and struck a match and peered round him.

He had picked safe quarters—but very close quarters—and the smell of bilge was thick and strong. But the dandy of Lukwe was prepared for that, or anything else, in carrying out the desperate plan his mind had formed. The match went out.

It was more than an hour later that the padding of naked feet on the deck told that the Hiva-Oa crew had returned to the ketch, singing and chattering, gleeful as children. Koko tramped down to his berth in the cabin. The Hiva-Oa boys spread their sleeping-mats on the deck. The chattering voices died away, and all were sleeping on the ketch—all but the man hidden among the water-casks, the stowaway who was to sail when the Dawn sailed at sunrise—unknown to King of the Islands or his crew!

### Gleaming Eyes!

**M**ANY hands were waved from the quay and the beach as the ketch stood across to the reef passage under the rising sunlight. Manager Belnap, from the veranda of his bungalow, waved a hat; John Chin, from the steps of his office, an ivory-yellow hand; Ezra Hunk, the Yankee storekeeper, stared from the doorway of his store.

White men, traders or sailormen or planters, waved hand or hat in salute to the graceful Dawn as she went, and a crowd of brown natives watched her go. There were few men on Lalinge, white or brown, who did not like the handsome, cheery boy skipper, King of the Islands. Everyone had a good wish for him as he sailed.

King of the Islands looked back over the taffrail and waved to his friends. He was off again on a long trip—a round trip among the Islands—and did not expect to see Lalinge again for many weeks. He was far from guessing, at that moment, how much longer that trip was to be than he had planned, and what strange and breathless adventures were to happen before he saw the blue lagoon of Lalinge again!

He was thinking of Dandy Peter, his keen eyes seeking him among the crowds along the golden beach. He would not have been surprised to see Parsons watching him with an evil eye, and shaking a hostile fist in farewell. But Peter Parsons was not to be seen, and Ken little dreamed where the sea-lawyer was in those moments!

As the ketch drew into the reef passage Ken gave all his attention to conning his ship. Under her headsails the Dawn glided out of the passage into the boundless blue of the Pacific, where the main-sail was shaken out to pick up the wind on the open sea.

Under the sun, already blazing from cloudless blue, the ketch swept on through the rollers of the mighty Pacific, and Lalinge dropped behind into a blur. Soon the summit of the hill sank into the sea, and the

ketch was alone on the wilderness of waters, out of sight of land.

It was a busy morning for the skipper, the mate, and the crew, but there was one member of the ship's company who was taking things easily. That was Danny, the cooky-boy. Danny had been celebrating on shore the previous night, and he had consumed much more "kava" than was good for him. That was one of Danny's weaknesses—his other weaknesses being a tendency to lying and a propensity to thieving.

But Danny was the best native cook in the Islands, and plenty of lawyer-cane on board kept his light fingers from picking and stealing. And when on the ketch at sea, there was no kava or any other intoxicating liquor within his reach. More than once, the grinning, good-tempered, unscrupulous brown-skinned rascal had been kicked off the Dawn. But he had always come back again, and Ken, after all, was not keen to part with a cook like Danny.

Experience of such cooking as Lompo or Kolou could provide made the shipmates tolerant of Danny's little foibles. And after a dose of lawyer-cane, Danny was always good—for a time.

But this morning Danny was neither grinning nor good-tempered. His thick head ached from kava, and when he served the shipmates' breakfast on deck he was dismal and sullen. After that, he retired to his little galley, where pots and pans clattered a more or less musical accompaniment to the hum of the sails and the creaking of the blocks, and a crash of breaking crockery told that the cooky-boy was careless.

And after that, Danny was heard snoring in his galley—taking an extra sleep to clear off the remaining effects of the kava. And he was snoring profoundly when Koko, lawyer-cane in hand, rooted him out.

Koko stared into the galley, with a snort of disgust. Danny, stretched on a mat, had a saucepan in one hand and a polishing-rag in the other, and was fast asleep. No cooking, or preparation for cooking, was going on—and a meal-time was drawing nigh. In his present frame of mind, Danny was apparently prepared to keep even the white masters waiting! Which excited the deep indignation of the boatswain.

**H**E did not trouble to call Danny, but awakened him by the simple process of bringing down the lawyer-cane across his bare legs with a whack that rang like a pistol-shot through the ketch, and caused Ken and Kit, who were standing by the binnacle, to stare round, and Lompo, at the wheel, to chuckle. The crack of the cane was followed by a yell from the cooky-boy as he leaped up. He glared at Koko, grasping the saucepan.

"You feller Koko, what name you kill this feller Danny, along lawyer-cane belong you?" he roared.

"Me kill you plenty too much along lawyer-cane, along you sleepce along floor along galley belong you!" snorted the boatswain. "What name

you sleepce along day he come? You tinkee you white feller captain, stop along ship belong you? My word! Me make you savvy you cooky-boy along this hooker, you bad feller Danny."

And Koko enforced his remarks with another lick from the cane, which made the cooky-boy howl. There was a chuckle from Kolou and Lufu and Tomoo, looking on. But two licks from a lawyer-cane added to a kava headache were too much for Danny's temper. He jumped at the boatswain, brandishing the saucepan.

"You plenty bad feller, Koko!" he panted. "S'pose you kill this feller along lawyer-cane, this feller plenty kill you along saucepan belong him, my word!"

Crack! The saucepan smote a hard head, and Koko roared. The saucepan, as a matter of fact, was more damaged than the head. Koko's head, like all Kanakas', was hard. Koko was not severely hurt, but he was deeply enraged. He grasped the cooky-boy, yanked him along the deck, and dumped him down there in a yelling heap. Then the lawyer-cane rose and fell with a terrific swipe.

Danny roared, leaped up, dodged round the mast, and scudded aft. After him went the boatswain. As the cooky-boy dodged round King of the Islands, Ken caught him by a fuzzy head.

"You too much bad feller, Danny," he said sternly. "What name you kill head belong Koko along saucepan belong you?"

"Mutiny, by gum!" grinned Hudson.

"My word!" gasped Koko. "Me give that feller five-five along lawyer-cane, along back belong him!"

Ken tossed the cooky-boy back to the boatswain, who grasped him by his fuzzy hair, and promptly administered five. Danny's howls rang the length of the ketch and far across the waters of the Pacific. They were accompanied by a cackle of laughter from the rest of the native crew.

Danny squirmed back to his galley, not to go to sleep again. When he looked out into the sunlight, there was a scowl on his fat brown face. Danny was feeling sore. When he went into the lazarette with a can for water, he passed Koko, and his look showed how willingly he would have dented the can on the boatswain's head. Koko grinned, and made a motion with his lawyer-cane, and Danny thought better of it, grunted, and went on his way.

The cooky-boy lifted the lazarette trap and went down the steep little ladder, can in hand. He did not take a light. There was a glimmer through the open trap, and Danny knew every inch of the place.

But Danny had hardly set foot among the water barrels, when there was a yell that rang through the ketch, the clatter of a falling can, and a beat of wildly pattering footsteps on the ladder—and the cooky-boy leaped up into the lazarette, tore through the cabin, and crashed into King of the Islands, who was

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## King of the Islands!

(Continued from page 10)

coming down the companion from the deck.

Ken staggered under the sudden shock, and sat down on the steps. Danny reeled and fell backwards to the foot of the companion. Ken was on his feet the next moment, running down, with a knitted brow. He stared angrily at the sprawling cooky-boy.

"You bad feller, Danny!" he roared. "What name you run along companion, knock over white master?"

The cooky-boy sat up dizzily. "Me plenty too much fright!" he gasped.

Ken's hand was drawn back to give the cooky-boy what he deserved. But he dropped it again as he saw that Danny's brown face was pinched with terror. Something had frightened the cooky-boy, though Ken could not imagine what.

"What name you plenty fright?" he demanded.

"Me plenty flaid along aitoo stop along water casks," groaned Danny. "Feller debble stop along this ship, sar, me see um eye belong me. Eye belong debble watch this feller along dark, sar."

King of the Islands stared at him in amazement. To the superstitious mind of a Kanaka, anything out of the common was enough to suggest the haunting presence of a "debble." But what there could be out of the common in the hold under the lazarette was beyond Ken's power of guessing.

"Plenty too much kava stop along head belong you!" he snapped. That seemed to the boy trader the likeliest explanation of Danny's unaccountable fright.

"Me see um, sar!" groaned Danny. "Eye belong me see um, sar! Debble him stop. Eye belong debble, sar, watch this Kanaka along dark!" Danny shuddered with fear. "Him eye watch this feller Danny, sar! Me see um!"

DANNY crawled to his feet, trembling in every fat brown limb. Evidently he was convinced that he had seen an eye, watching him in the dark, and what eye could it be but the eye of one of the innumerable "debbls" that haunt the shadows? Danny, at least, had no doubt of it.

"You plenty too much fool," said Ken. "Too much kava makee you tinkee see eye belong debble. Debble he no stop."

"Debble he stop, sar!" whimpered Danny. "Me plenty too much fright along feller debble, sar."

Ken burst into a laugh. It was useless to be angry with the cooky-boy. "You comey along this feller white master," he said. "S'pose feller debble he stop, this white master makee feller go finish, close up."

Even the company of the white master hardly gave the cooky-boy courage to return to the spot where the eye had glared at him from the dark. His fat brown knees knocked together as he followed King of the Islands. Ken swung himself carelessly down the trap, and struck a

match and peered among the casks chocked on their sides. Danny watched him from above. But there was no "debble" to be seen, and if an eye had glared at Danny from the deep shadows, it was not visible now. Ken laughed again.

"Feller debble no stop!" he said. "Too much kava makee you tinkee see feller debble along he no stop! You get feller lantern—feller debble no likee light, he no stop along light."

"Yes, sar!" said Danny, relieved. He lighted a hurricane lamp, and brought it down the ladder. The light glimmered over the casks, and Danny blinked uneasily at the dancing shadows. Still, Danny knew—as all Kanakas knew—that "debbls" hated light, and the hurricane-lamp gave him comfort. He filled his can with water, and in spite of the light and the presence of the white master, he was glad to get out again. Ken followed him up.

It did not cross King of the Islands' thoughts—nor Danny's either—that in an obscure corner, hidden by the casks, a desperate man crouched with his hand on the haft of a knife. It was perhaps fortunate for the boy trader that he had not come upon the "debble" whose gleaming eye in the shadows had so frightened the cooky-boy!

### A Clout for Koko.

KOKO opened his eyes and blinked in the darkness. At eight bells—midnight—the boatswain of the Dawn had gone down for his watch. Koko's berth was on the cabin lockers, where he spread his sleeping-mat of tapa cloth and slept as soundly as the white masters in their bunks in the adjacent state-room.

King of the Islands was on deck. Hudson was asleep in his bunk. Tomoo was at the wheel, Lompo standing by, Kolulo and Lufu asleep in the little fore-castle. Danny was—or should have been—snoring in his galley. But the brown boatswain, as he awakened in the dark, had a strong suspicion that Danny was not where he should have been.

The swinging lamp in the cabin had been burning when Koko closed his eyes in slumber. But it had evidently been turned out since then, for now the cabin was dark; and from the lazarette, where the ship's stores were kept, the Kanaka's ear caught a sound. Koko was a light sleeper. He slumbered with an eye and an ear on the alert.

He sat up on the lockers, and groped for the lawyer-cane beside his berth. Someone was in the lazarette, in the dark, and had turned out the cabin lamp while Koko and the mate slept, evidently in fear of being seen if it was left burning. Koko had no doubt that Danny's thievish fingers were busy among the trade goods stacked in the lazarette. The other members of the native crew did not pilfer, but Danny could not help it. And the brown boatswain was ready to turn out and give him the dose of the lawyer-cane that he needed.

With the thick cane in his hand,

Koko slipped silently from the lockers. He grinned as he trod silently with his bare feet towards the lazarette. The pilferer was going to be taken by surprise. Without a sound Koko reached the doorway of the lazarette. He could see nothing, but he could hear. Someone was there, groping and fumbling.

Koko lifted the lawyer-cane and made a swipe in the direction of the sound.

A panting gasp followed. He heard a hurried movement, and even in the dark he caught the sudden gleam of startled eyes. He plunged forward, grasping at the unseen form.

A crashing blow landed on the side of his head, and Koko, taken by surprise, reeled over, and gave a roar as he sprawled back into the cabin. There was a faint sound of a hurried movement, drowned by Koko's enraged roar. The unseen figure was gone.

"My word!" gasped Koko, sitting up dazedly, clasping a hand to the side of his head. "My word! That feller Danny kill head belong me, hand belong him!"

He staggered to his feet, his head singing. A sleepy voice came from the state-room, where the mate of the Dawn had awakened at Koko's roar.

"What's the row?"

"Plenty all light, sar," gasped Koko. "That feller Danny comey along lazarette stealee thing no belong him, sar. Me catchum along dark. He plenty kill head belong me!"

THE blow had been delivered with terrific force—much greater force than Koko would ever have expected from the fat cooky-boy. Even Koko's hard head felt it severely. He groped for the lawyer-cane, which he had dropped, clutched it up, and tramped into the companion and up the steps to the deck. His assailant was gone, but Koko had no doubt where he would find him. His dark eyes were glinting as he came out into the starlight on the deck.

King of the Islands glanced at him.

"What name you comey along deck, Koko?" he called out.

"Me comey along me look along feller Danny, eye belong me, sar," answered Koko, and he rushed to the galley.

From within came a sound of deep snoring. Danny evidently was there, and apparently asleep. But Koko was not to be deluded by such an artifice.

He knew the trickery of the cunning cooky-boy. Certainly it did not cross his mind that the man he had heard in the lazarette, and who had struck him down in the dark, was a desperate stowaway searching for food among the ship's stores in the still hours of the night. Koko had not the slightest doubt that it was Danny. The cooky-boy had to suffer for his bad reputation. Danny was a dog with a bad name.

Deep and loud was the snore of Danny. But it ceased as Koko reached in, grasped him by a bare, fat leg, and dragged him bodily out into the bright starlight of the deck.

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## Hank's Nose!

restore the circulation. "Then we'll get off right away! Are you ready?"

"Yeah, I'm ready!" answered Bud. "But where's Louey?"

"On second thoughts he preferred to trail out on foot," replied Buller. "He's never been in an airplane in his life, and he was rather dubious as to their safety. He pulled out for Fort Lawson three hours ago."

"Waal, if he prefers gettin' out that way," grinned Bud, "that's his affair. But I do wish folks warn't so iggerant an' prejudiced agin airplanes. Still, us should sight him on the way back, and if we do I'll land and offer him a lift."

"You won't sight him!" cut in Kay quickly. "He'll not be clear of the timber until dusk."

"That's a pity," said Bud regretfully. "Waal, come on, gents, let's go!"

**T**HE following night, Buller and Kay, sitting at a faro game in Murphy's saloon in Frazer City, became suddenly conscious that the onlookers had been joined by a man in the high-necked blue uniform of the Canadian Mounted Police Air Rangers.

He was a lithe individual, this Air Ranger, with clear-cut features and level blue eyes, and when he spoke his voice was singularly pleasant. "I should like a word with you two gentlemen when you are at liberty," he said to Buller and Kay.

The pair exchanged a glance, then Buller pushed back his chair and rose, as did Kay. "We are at liberty now," said Buller. "What is it you want?"

"If you will step this way," murmured the Ranger. Followed by the curious stare of the onlookers, he led the way into Murphy's own private

room, and, closing the door, turned to face Buller and Kay. "You know me?" he said to Kay.

"Yes," replied Kay, "you are Major Graham Courcy."

"That is correct," agreed the Ranger. "Three times, whilst on patrol this winter, I have called at the cabin which you shared with French Louey."

"Yes, I know," said Kay sullenly. "What of it?"

"I called again yesterday morning," replied the Ranger. "I found the cabin deserted."

"Yes," said Kay, "we cleared out by plane, before the thaw, in order to be first in the market with our furs."

"So I understand from Fort Lawson," said the major. "You and your friend here"—he glanced at Buller—"came by aeroplane whilst Louey preferred to trail on foot."

"Yes, that is correct," replied Kay. "But I don't know what you're getting at—"

"Only this," cut in Major Courcy. "Louey is dead!"

"What?" ejaculated Kay, and his shocked amazement might well have deceived anyone.

"When I reached your cabin," went on the major, "I found it deserted, and being naturally curious as to what had happened, I investigated two sets of tracks which led from the cabin door. One set led to where an aeroplane had obviously landed and taken off. The other, the single tracks of a man, led southwards and ended at the edge of the ravine. It was a long job for me to accomplish a descent of the ravine, and I only managed it with the aid of my mechanic. But when I reached the bottom I found the body of Louey."

"He must have fallen over!" exclaimed Kay.

"No, Kay!" Major Courcy's lips curved in a mirthless smile. "He did not fall over. He was thrown over. Put up your hands—both of you!" As though by magic an automatic had appeared in his hand and was covering the two men.

"What—what's this mean?" gasped Buller.

"It means that I am arresting you for the murder of French Louey!" replied Major Courcy.

"Murder?" croaked Buller, the blood draining from his face, leaving it ghastly. "But—but we didn't do—"

"You made one mistake!" cut in Major Courcy grimly. "I thought Louey far too skilled a trapper to fall over the edge of a gorge, however treacherous the surface might be, so I made a careful examination of his tracks. The web of the snowshoes he was wearing was not the web of the snowshoes which led to the ravine."

"Earlier this evening I took the liberty of examining both your kits. The tracks which led to the ravine were made by your snowshoes, Buller, and not by the ones Louey was wearing. In other words, Louey never walked to the ravine. He was carried there—by you. Lower your hands, please. Thank you!" And handcuffs snapped shut on the wrists of Buller and Kay.

"Which jest goes to prove that I was c'rect when I said that Buller warn't no good," observed Hangdog to Bud later that evening. "You've gotta hand it to me, cowboy. I've sure gotta nose for a skunk!"

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\* *There's another Great Job just* \*  
\* *around the corner for the Flying* \*  
\* *Cowboys. Find out all about it* \*  
\* *in Next Saturday's long com-* \*  
\* *plete yarn!!!* \*  
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## King of the Islands!

(Continued from page 12)

Danny gave a startled yell and sprawled on the deck, blinking up at the towering boatswain in alarm.

"You feller Koko!" he gasped. "What name—"

He broke off, yelling as the lawyer-cane came down. Whack, whack, whack!

Danny yelled and squirmed. "What name you kill this feller along lawyer-cane?" he shrieked.

"You plenty bad feller thief!" roared Koko. "Me kill you along lawyer-cane, along you stealee thing no belong you!"

"No stealee!" shrieked Danny.

Whack, whack!

"You kill head belong me along nand belong you!" roared Koko. "My word! Me plenty too much kill back belong you altogether!"

"No kill head belong you!" raved Danny. "This feller Danny sleep along galley belong him—"

Whack, whack!

King of the Islands ran along the deck. He caught the sinewy brown arm as it was descending again.

"Belay it, Koko!" he gasped.

"That bad feller kill head belong me, sar!" roared Koko.

"No kill head belong you!" shrieked Danny. "Sleepee along galley belong me!"

"That feller Danny talk bad talk, sar! You look along head belong me eye belong you, sar, you see um!" gasped Koko.

King of the Islands stared at the dark bruise that was forming under the Kanaka's thick hair. It was evident that Koko had had a hard knock. He looked at the squirming cooky-boy with knitted brows.

"Danny, you rascal—"

"Me no savvy, sar!" howled Danny. "S'pose feller kill head belong Koko, me no savvy that feller, sar! This feller Danny sleepee along galley belong him, sar."

"You see um eye belong you, Koko?" asked the boy trader.

"No see um along dark, sar. Him run along galley, along me stop along floor belong cabin, sar. Him makee all samee sleep, him no sleep. Me savvy that feller Danny plenty too much altogether."

"No feller Danny!" wailed the cooky-boy. "P'l'aps feller Lufu, feller Lompo. No feller Danny!"

King of the Islands was puzzled. Danny the cooky-boy was the most untruthful boy in the Islands, but there was a ring of truth in his howl. It was possible that there had been a mistake in the dark.

"Well, he's had enough, Koko, if it was Danny," said King of the Islands, and the boatswain reluctantly allowed the cooky-boy to escape into the galley without further punishment.

Koko went back to his berth on the lockers, rubbing the bruise on his head. He was soon fast asleep, and he was not awakened again. Dandy Peter, of Lukwe, had had a second narrow escape, and the sea-lawyer was lying very low in his hidden den among the bilge.

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\* *Another magnificent KEN* \*  
\* *KING story next week—and* \*  
\* *don't YOU forget to keep the* \*  
\* *Shipmates company!* \*  
\*\*\*\*\*