

GRAND MODEL PLANES FOR READERS!

The MODERN BOY

EVERY SATURDAY
Week Ending June 24, 1933

NO. 575
Vol. 11

2nd



FREE

INSIDE!

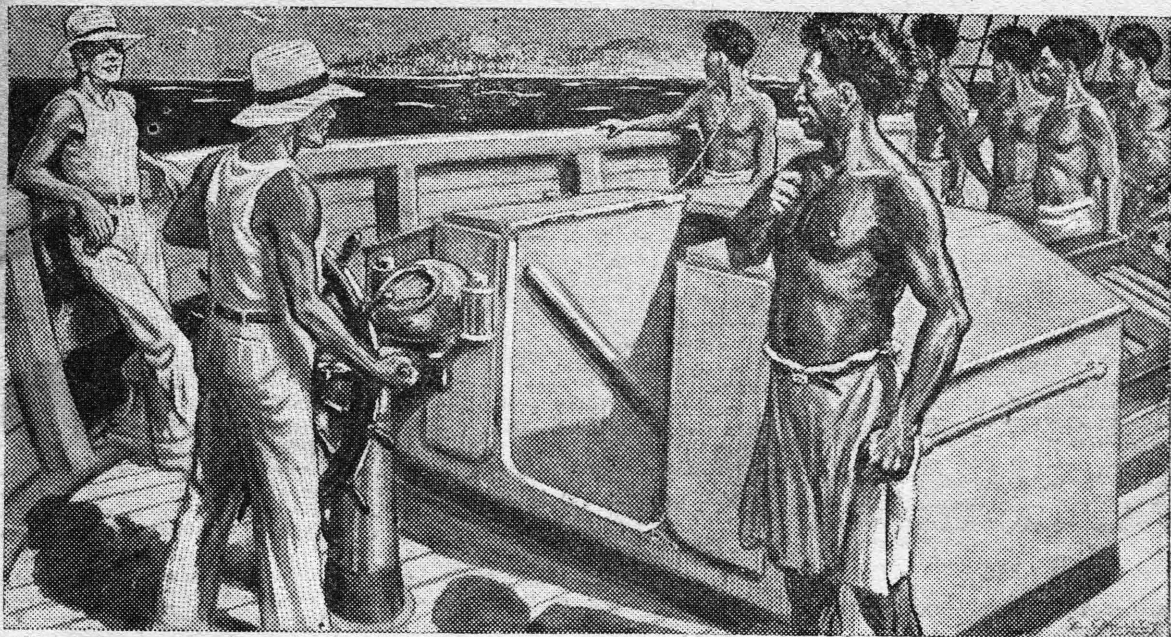
Adventures
of the Man
Who Ran
a Desert
War!

**SPLENDID!
PHOTOGRAVURE!
PLATE!**

*And
MORE
to
COME!*



THE WHITE CHIEF OF THE DESERT RAIDERS!



"Kanaka boy he plenty big fool!" snapped King of the Islands, scornfully. "What you wantee?" The answer was in the faces of the crew. They wanted to get off the ketch!

The HAUNTED SHIP! *By Charles Hamilton*

The Tonga Trader.

"**A** HOY! King of the Islands!" The deep, gruff voice came booming across the shining water. King of the Islands, standing by the binnacle of the ketch Dawn, shaded his eyes with his hand from the brilliant sunlight and stared towards the burly, rough-bearded trader standing up and waving from the lugger. Kit Hudson, the mate of the Dawn, rose from a deck-chair and stared in the same direction.

"That's Barney Hall," said Hudson, "the trader of Tonga."

"Trader—and pearl-poacher, and kidnapper, and every sort of sea-thief!" said Ken King, with a shrug of the shoulders. "We're not losing time for him!"

"He seems to want us," said the mate of the Dawn, with a grin.

"Let him want!" answered Ken laconically. And the ketch stood steadily on her way, her brown-skinned Hiva-Oa crew grinning at the man in the lugger.

Koko, at the wheel, gave Ken an inquiring glance; then he, too, grinned. Ken gave him no sign to alter his course. Whatever Barney Hall, the ruffianly trader of Tonga, wanted with him, Ken was not disposed to heave-to and learn.

"Ahoy!" Barney Hall put his big hands to his bearded mouth to form a trumpet, and roared: "Ahoy! Ahoy, King of the Islands!" and waved frantically.

Still the ketch stood on. The shipmates of the Dawn watched the man in the lugger curiously. There were six black Tonga boys in the lugger, staring at the ketch with indifferent faces. But Barney Hall was evidently

excited. He waved and shouted, and as his signals were unheeded he shook a brawny fist at the gliding ketch. King of the Islands took off his Panama hat and made him a polite bow in response—which brought a cackle of merriment from his crew and a glare of rage from the Tonga trader.

"That feller Hall plenty too much cross, along us feller!" chuckled Koko. "He plenty too much cross altogether!"

"Him sing out plenty bad talk, along mouth belong him!" grinned Danny, the cooky-boy, watching from his little galley.

Barney Hall was almost raving, and though his words no longer reached the shipmates on the ketch, it was easy to see that he was not using complimentary expressions. The lugger was coming down on the ketch as fast as it could move, but the Tonga trader had no chance of catching King of the Islands, if Ken did not choose to be caught. And he did not choose.

"What the dickens can he want?" asked Hudson, puzzled. "Can't be merely after a 'gam'—he wants something!" Obviously it was not merely a gam—a chat with a fellow-

skipper at sea—that Barney Hall wanted.

"I give it up," answered Ken. "But we'll have no truck with him. And we want to raise Soa before sundown!" It was some days since King of the Islands had sailed out of the lagoon at Lalinge on a trading trip. He had made several calls at scattered islands, and was now under sail across a wide stretch of the Pacific towards the atoll of Soa. Time was money to the boy trader, but he would have shortened sail for almost any other man who hailed him at sea. But he wanted nothing to do with a ruffian whose lawless reputation was known from Honolulu to Hiva-Oa.

"Look out!" yelled Hudson suddenly.

Barney Hall had stooped out of sight for a minute in the lugger. He rose into view again, with a rifle in his hands.

Ken stared blankly at the Tonga trader. Lawless bully as Barney Hall was, Ken could hardly believe that he meant to use the rifle. But Hall clapped the Winchester to his shoulder, pulled the trigger, and the whizzing of the bullet over the ketch was followed by the report of the rifle across the water.

"My word!" gasped Koko, ducking his head as he stood at the wheel. He had felt the wind of the bullet as it passed. "That feller Hall shootee along gun, along us feller!"

"That's a signal to stop!" grinned Hudson. "I reckon he never meant to hit. But—"

"Ahoy!" Barney Hall's roar came down the wind. "Heave-to, you lubber!"

Complete

South Seas natives see "debbles" where a white man sees only a shadow. But this "debble" aboard Ken King's trading ketch is more than that—as KING OF THE ISLANDS finds out to his cost!

The Haunted Ship!

"By gum! I'll heave-to, and teach that swab a lesson about losing off lead at my ship!"—exclaimed Ken wrathfully. He shouted to the Kanaka crew.

The rifle was still at Hall's shoulder. It was clear that he would have pulled trigger again had he been disregarded. Whether he would have ventured to make a target of skipper or crew was doubtful, but he looked furious enough to care little what damage he did. His deep-set eyes, under shaggy brows, gleamed over the levelled rifle.

But he had his way now. The ketch came about and heaved-to, to allow the lugger to come up. The Tonga crew ran the lugger alongside, dropped the lug and held on, and the burly trader clambered over the low teak rail. Ken and Kit eyed him grimly as he tramped heavily on the polished deck. Hall scowled at them.

"What's this game, Barney Hall?" asked King of the Islands, very quietly, but with a glitter in his blue eyes.

"I reckon you want to heave-to when a man hails you at sea!" snarled Barney Hall. "And I reckon I savvy why you was running, too!" "I was running, as you call it, because I've no time to waste on you!" snapped Ken.

"Cut it out!" Barney Hall stared up and down the deck, as if in search of someone. "Where's Dandy Peter?"

"Dandy Peter!" repeated Ken blankly. He was so astonished by the question that he forgot for the moment to be angry.

"Peter Parsons of Lukwe!" growled Hall. "You've got him on board, and I want him! Give him a hail and call him on deck!"

"Sunstroke, I reckon!" grinned Hudson.

"Are you making out that Dandy Peter isn't on this hooker?" Hall roared. "You can't fool me. The man's here, and I want him!"

"You'd be welcome to him if he was here!" said Ken, with a laugh. "I've no use for Dandy Peter of Lukwe!"

"Where is he, then?" demanded Hall.

"Not knowing, can't say!" answered Ken. "At Lalinge, very likely! I saw him there the day before I sailed!"

"I reckon you did!" said Hall, between his teeth. "And he sailed with you, too. And I can tell you where you're sailing! Dandy Peter's put you on the course to pick up Grant Blake, the Sydney millionaire, who was lost in the old Mindanao a year ago. He never went down when the steamer was lost with all hands—he's cast away on a reef, and Parsons knows where. There's a reward of five thousand pounds for the man who picks up Grant Blake—and Barney Hall's not being left out of it, and you can lay to that!"

THE words came from the Tonga trader in an angry torrent. The shipmates stared at him. "You unmannerly swab!" said King of the Islands, "Dandy Peter

came on this ship at Lalinge and spun us a yarn about knowing where to pick up the lost millionaire. Whether there was any truth in it, I don't know—but I know that he had something up his sleeve, and I don't trust him. I haven't seen him since. I left him at Lalinge. Look for him there!"

"I've looked for him there!" growled Barney Hall. "I got on to this at Lukwe and followed him to Lalinge. I got there the day after you pulled out. A dozen people were able to tell me that Parsons had come on your ship—but nobody knew anything more of him. He's not on Lalinge. He's not been seen since you sailed. He sailed with you!"

Ken shook his head.

"Cut it out, I tell you!" howled the Tonga trader. "I've been hunting you through the islands since! I've sighted you to-day, and you'd have run if I hadn't pulled trigger on you. You've got him aboard!"

"I wouldn't have Dandy Peter of Lukwe aboard my craft any more than I'd have you, Barney Hall! He's not here!"

"That's a lie!" said Barney Hall. "He's right here! He never vanished into thin air after you pulled out of Lalinge, I reckon. If he ain't on board this hooker, where is he?"

"Ask me another!" answered Ken. "He's not here, that's all I know. And if he was, do you fancy you could bully me on my own deck, you swab?"

"He's here, and I'm going to see him!" declared Barney Hall. "He can set a course for a man that's worth five thousand pounds in Sydney, if what they're saying at Lukwe is straight, and I reckon it is. I'm in this game, King of the Islands. I'll go in fair and square, share and share alike, and you can take my lugger in tow, or you can put Dandy Peter aboard my craft, and leave me to fix it with him. But—" The Tonga trader struck his clenched right hand into the palm of his left,

with a crack like a pistol-shot. "But you can lay to this, King of the Islands, I'm not standing out of the game."

"No good telling you that you've got it wrong, and that Peter Parsons is not on this packet?" asked Ken.

"I reckon not!"

"Then I won't trouble to repeat it. I'll tell you something else," said the boy trader. "You've had the dashed impudence to fire on my ship at sea; I've let you come on board to teach you a lesson for that. I don't care a fathom of shell money about Dandy Peter and whether you find him or not. Lompo, Lufu, Kolulo, you take that feller Hall, throw that feller along sea!"

The three Kanakas grinned, and jumped towards the Tonga trader. Hall started back and grabbed at the revolver at his hip, but he had no time to draw it. King of the Islands was upon him with the spring of a tiger. His fist lashed out and caught the man from Tonga on the point of his bearded jaw.

Barney Hall, powerful ruffian as he was, went backwards, and crashed on the deck with a concussion that made the planks ring. As he sprawled, spluttering, Lompo and Lufu and Kolulo grasped him in their brown hands.

"You walk about along sea, sar!" chuckled Lompo.

Struggling frantically, the Tonga trader was swept to the rail in the grasp of the three sinewy Kanakas. King of the Islands looked on coolly, rubbing his knuckles. Hudson chuckled. The struggling, writhing, yelling ruffian was tossed over the rail like a sack of copra, followed by a cackle of laughter from the Hiva-Oa boys.

There was a splash in the sea astern of the lugger. Barney Hall's frantic yelling was cut short by the Pacific rollers closing over his head. The Tonga boys in the lugger stared and jabbered. But at a gesture from King of the Islands they cast loose from the ketch.

Barney Hall came up. His hat floated away, and his shock of rough hair emerged dripping from the water. One of the Tonga boys threw him a rope, and the trader grasped it and was dragged to the lugger.

But before he was fairly on board the Dawn was under way again, standing away for Soa before the wind. Looking back, the shipmates saw Barney Hall dragged on board the lugger, dripping and drenched and panting.

Kit Hudson picked a rifle from the rack at the mizzen and stood by the rail, with a wary eye on the lugger. It was likely enough that Barney Hall, in his rage, might open fire, and the Australian was ready for him. If Barney Hall had levelled his Winchester he would not have had time to pull the trigger. Perhaps the ruffian from Tonga realised that, or perhaps, in his drenched and half-drowned state, he had had enough trouble for the present.

As the ketch glided away swiftly over the sunny Pacific, the last the shipmates saw of Barney Hall was the

This Issue Contains

A FREE-GIFT PHOTOGRAVURE PLATE

It is No. 6 in our wonderful
"GREAT ADVENTURES"
Series

There are SIX MORE
PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES
to Follow!

*There is only one way in which
you can make certain of receiving
these splendid Free Gifts—
and that is by DEFINITELY
ORDERING YOUR COPY OF
MODERN BOY IN ADVANCE!*

Tonga trader standing drenched and dripping, holding his aching jaw with his left hand, and shaking his clenched right after them. He disappeared from sight as the lugger sank into the haze of the Pacific.

"Me No Savvy, Sar!"

KING OF THE ISLANDS uttered an angry exclamation. He stood in the little state-room, forward of the main cabin, with a dark frown on his handsome, sun-burnt face. On either side was a bunk. Space on the Dawn was severely limited, and every available inch was made use of. Under each bunk was a long drawer. In these drawers the skipper and mate of the Dawn kept many personal belongings. Among other things, spare firearms and boxes of cartridges, safely locked up from pilfering. Neither drawer was ever left carelessly unlocked.

Now, however, as the boy trader entered the state-room he saw the drawer under his bunk half open, and the contents, instead of being in neat order, wildly disarranged.

"If that's Danny—" breathed King of the Islands. He stooped over the drawer and examined it. The lock had been snapped open. No key had been used. The key was still in his own keeping. A chisel or a strong knife had been driven in and the lock snapped by force.

Pilfering was a common weakness among the natives of the South Seas, but on board the Dawn the Hiva-Oa crew had learned to respect the property of the white masters—with one exception. Danny, the cooky-boy, seemed quite unable to keep his fat, brown fingers from picking and stealing.

But Danny's picking and stealing hitherto had been confined to articles easily within reach. Breaking a lock was an unheard-of proceeding. Ken could hardly believe that any native would have dared to break the lock, yet there it was, snapped, under his eyes.

With a grim brow he examined the contents of the drawer. Hasty hands had searched through it, disturbing everything it contained, as if for some especially desired article. But it looked as if the pilferer had been alarmed or interrupted, for nothing was gone.

Ken rose to his feet again and looked through the state-room doorway into the cabin. Danny was there, polishing the cabin lamp; for Danny was ship's boy, steward, and several other things, as well as cook. He was crooning a native song as he polished, his fat, brown face looking as if he had not a care in the world. Ken watched him for a full minute, perplexed.

Koko, who was above suspicion, anyhow, had been at the wheel, Lompo and Lufu and Kolulo and Tomoo had been on deck all the time since Ken had last been below. None of them had been out of sight since the scene with Barney Hall. At that time Ken remembered that the cooky-boy had been staring out of his galley, grinning at the discomfiture

of the bully of Tonga. Only Danny had been below since.

That seemed to make it clear. Yet the cooky-boy's unconcerned manner was perplexing. Ken called to him at last.

"You feller Danny!"

Danny looked round and ceased his polishing, grinned cheerfully at the white master, and replied:

"Yessar?"

"You comey along state-room below me?" asked Ken.

"No, sar," answered Danny. "Me stop along cabin, sar, along clean um feller lamp, sar."

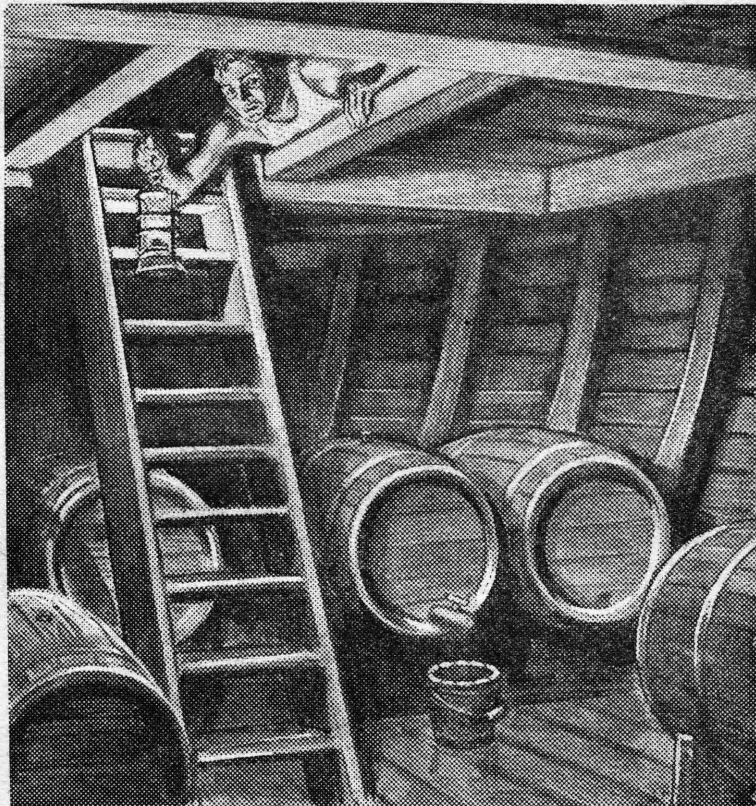
"You plenty too much bad feller, Danny!" exclaimed King of the Islands sternly. "You comey along this feller state-room along steale feller thing no belong you."

"What name you break open feller drawer belong me?" demanded Ken.

"Oh, sar!" gasped Danny. "Hand belong this feller no touch feller drawer belong white master! Me no see um. Me no savvy. Along me comey down along cabin, me stop along cabin. No stop along state-room, sar!"

King of the Islands scanned the fat, brown face. Unscrupulous prevaricator as Danny was, there seemed to be a ring of truth in his scared voice. Ken wondered for a moment whether some other of the Kanakas might have slipped below during the excitement of the scene on deck with the Tonga trader, unnoticed by skipper or mate.

But none of the crew had left the deck during those exciting minutes. Evidently it was Danny or nobody.



As Ken flashed the light down into the lazarette it seemed that he heard a sound. Was the "debble" down there?

Danny looked startled. Such accusations fell not uncommonly upon his brown ears, generally followed by an application of the lawyer-cane.

"Oh, sar!" gasped Danny. "Me talk good feller talk along you, sar. Me stop along cabin, sar. This feller Danny no t'ief, sar. Him good feller altogether too much!"

Unfortunately for Danny, his gift for lying equalled his gift for pilfering. King of the Islands beckoned to him.

"You comey along this place, you bad feller boy!" he rapped.

Danny approached the doorway of the state-room. His manner was uneasy enough now, whether from a guilty conscience or not. His eyes opened wide at the sight of the open drawer, with its broken lock.

"Me no savvy, sar," wailed Danny, as he saw the thunder gathering in the brow of the boy trader. "Me good boy, sar! No touch feller drawer belong white master."

"You pilfering rascal!" said Ken savagely. "This is the limit! When you get as far as breaking a lock, you go finish!"

"This feller Danny no savvy, sar!"

"What feller you tinkee comey along this place? All other feller stop along deck!" snapped Ken.

"P'l'aps aitoo he comey, sar!" suggested Danny humbly. "Feller debbie, sar!"

"What?" roared Ken.

"Feller aitoo stop along this ship, sar!" pleaded Danny. "Me tell white master me see eye belong debble, along water-casks he stop, sar."

The Haunted Ship!

King of the Islands breathed hard. He was not likely to believe that it was a "debble" that had broken open the drawer under the bunk. The first day out from Lalinge, Danny had been scared, in the hold under the lazarette, by "eye belong debble," watching him from the darkness there—or so he had stated!

It was certain that, since that day, Danny had been extremely nervous about going down for water, and on many occasions he had bribed other members of the crew with sticks of tobacco or dainty morsels from the galley, to perform that duty for him. The skipper and mate of the Dawn put it down to the superstition of the native; certainly they could only smile at the idea of a "debble" haunting the recesses of the ketch. It was rather too much for Ken's patience to hear Danny advance the theory of a "debble" to account for the broken lock.

"Debble he stop, sar!" pleaded Danny. "Me see eye belong him, watch this feller, sar, along dark! Me tinkee that feller debble do this thing, sar. This feller Danny no savvy."

"You lying rascal!" exclaimed Ken. "You go ashore when we raise Soa—you go finish along this ship!"

"Oh, sar! No wantee leave white master, sar!" Danny gave a howl of dismay.

"I'm fed-up with your lying and thieving!" snapped the boy trader. "You go ashore at Soa! Get out!"

Danny got out of the state-room—rather quickly, as Ken's foot was rising to help him out. Ken went back to the deck with knitted brows. The cooky-boy resumed polishing the cabin lamp, but he was no longer singing. His brown face was the picture of woe. Rogue as he was, Danny was attached to his young master, like the rest of the crew, and he was evidently overwhelmed with dismay at the prospect of being kicked off the ketch at Soa.

"What's the row, old bean?" asked Hudson, as King of the Islands came back to the deck.

"That scoundrel Danny," growled Ken. "He's broken the lock of the drawer under my bunk. Nothing's gone—goodness knows what he was hunting for. Perhaps I interrupted him when I went down. But it's the limit—he goes ashore at Soa."

"Danny's the only good native cook I've struck in the South Seas," Hudson remarked. "Still, if he's got to the length of breaking a lock, it's time he went! Suffering cats! I'll help him ashore with my boot!"

And Hudson went down to repair the broken lock, leaving Ken still frowning. Danny came on deck a little later, and he paused near his white master, and fixed a pathetic and beseeching look on him. King of the Islands caught up a lawyer-cane—and Danny promptly scuttled away to his galley.

Trouble with the Crew.

THE mate of the Dawn was taking a trick at the wheel. Ken sat on the taffrail near his ship-mate. The ketch bowled along before

a five-knot breeze, sweeping gracefully through the Pacific rollers. The sun was sloping to the west, but the blaze of sunlight was still blinding, the heat intense. King of the Islands was in a thoughtful mood, and he had noticed nothing among the niggers till the mate drew his attention to it.

Ken was thinking of what Barney Hall had said, and wondering whether, after all, Peter Parsons, of Lukwe, had been telling the truth that day at Lalinge. But he looked round as the Australian said:

"Something up among the niggers, Ken."

The Hiva-Oa crew were muttering together. Danny was with the seamen, talking volubly in the native dialect of Hiva-Oa. His fat, brown face was intensely earnest, and the other "boys" were giving him unusual attention.

Most remarkable of all, Koko was taking part in the conference. Koko, as boatswain, had a very keen sense of his importance and superiority, and he generally made it clear to the crew that he was no common Kanaka. Now, however, he was entering keenly into this mysterious discussion. Ken stared at the whispering group.

"What the dickens is the game?" he grunted. "Sympathising with Danny, perhaps, because he's going! It won't make any difference."

"It's not that, Ken!" Hudson shook his head. "Koko's more likely to give him lawyer-cane than sympathy! Something's up!"

"If that rascal Danny has been scaring the crew with his rot about a 'debble' on board—" began Ken wrathfully. He was intensely irritated. Whether Danny really believed it or not, that he had seen the eye of a 'debble' watching him in the shadowy recess under the lazarette a few days ago, it was the kind of story to cause trouble on board with a native crew. So far, it had not produced any effect on the crew, but there was no telling what turn the superstitious minds of the Kanakas might take.

If Danny succeeded in making them believe that there was a haunting aitoo on the ketch, King of the Islands was likely to lose more than his cooky-boy at Soa. It was quite on the cards that the whole crew might desert, for fear of that intangible enemy. Even Koko, whose boast was that he was no common Kanaka, had a deep dread of the ghosts and devils that haunt the imagination of the untutored children of the South.

"Koko!" Ken rapped out sharply. "What name you talk along mouth belong you plenty too much?"

The boatswain started, and glanced round. The buzz of whispering among the crew died away, and they all looked at the irritated white master. There was a tense silence, then Koko came aft, followed by the crew, the cooky-boy bringing up the rear.

"Now for it!" murmured Hudson, suppressing a grin.

"Little white master!" said Koko humbly. "You no cross along this feller! This feller no fright, sar! This fellow no common Kanaka, sar—no fright samee common Kanaka! All feller fright, Koko no fright."

"You feller Koko plenty fright, all samee us feller fright!" put in Lompo. "All feller along this ship plenty too much fright."

"Too much fright along us feller!" agreed Kolu.

Koko gave them a glare. If he was scared of "debbles" like the rest, he did not wholly forget that he was boatswain.

"You feller shut up mouth belong you!" he exclaimed. "What name you talk along white master? This feller Koko talk along white master."

"Give it a name, old coffee-bean!" said Hudson.

"This feller Koko no fright!" repeated the boatswain, evidently anxious to disclaim sharing the fears of common Kanakas. "All other feller plenty too much fright! Debble stop along this ship, sar. Danny see um, eye belong him, one day first-time, sar."

"This feller white master no believe!" snapped Ken.

"First-time this feller ship go along sea, me see um, sar, eye belong me," squeaked Danny. "Eye belong him watch this feller along dark."

"You shut up mouth belong you, you feller Danny!" roared Koko. "This feller talk along white master, my word!"

Danny backed away. The boatswain resumed his discourse.

"Kanaka feller, sar, no likee debble stop along ship! S'pose debble he stop, Kanaka feller no stop, sar. Little white master tinkee feller Danny break drawer belong him along state-room! Danny say along he go down, he hear debble run along lazarette, ear belong him, sar!"

KING OF THE ISLANDS scanned the cooky-boy's face. According to this story, Danny, when he had gone down to clean the cabin lamp, had heard someone below, and that someone had scuttled away at his footsteps to the lazarette.

Unless there was some unknown person on board who had remained in concealment since the ketch had sailed out of Lalinge lagoon, the story was incredible.

But it was clear that Danny's story had found credence among the Kanakas. They had not heeded his story of a "debble" at first, but now they were heeding it. It was the fact that a lock had been broken that convinced them of Danny's innocence. Such a thing had never happened on the ketch, and none of the natives believed that the cooky-boy would have dared to go to such reckless lengths in pilfering. And if the unknown visitor to the state-room had not been Danny, who could it have been but the "debble" who lurked on board? That was clear logic to the native mind.

Danny, for once, met his white master's keen scrutiny without flinching. There were none of the usual signs of guilt about him.

"Debble he stop, sar!" repeated Koko. "Me tinkee Danny no makee break lock along drawer he stop! Debble makee break feller lock, sar! No feller Danny."

Ken stood silent. Koko, whose

siney arm had often laid the lawyer-cane across Danny's back for stealing, now believed in the cooky-boy's innocence, as the rest of the crew plainly did. Every brown man on the ketch was convinced that there was a haunting spirit on board, lurking in the dusky recesses under the lazarette.

"Kanaka boy say s'pose debble he stop, Kanaka boy no stop, sar," went on the boatswain. "This feller ship go walk about along bottom sea along debble he stop. Kanaka savvy, sir. White feller master no savvy debble. Kanaka feller savvy plenty!"

"Savvy plenty!" murmured the crew. They were used to the unbelief of white men in the matter of "debbles." It was probable—to the Kanaka mind—that the presence of a "debble" on board meant that the ship was doomed. All the native minds were deep in uneasiness.

"Kanaka boy he plenty big fool!" snapped King of the Islands scornfully. "Debble he no stop! S'pose debble he stop, what you wantee makee?"

The crew looked at one another without answering that question. But the answer could be read in their faces. All of them glanced across the sunlit sea in the direction where the palm-tops of Soa were rising above the blue. Their looks told, as plainly as words could have done, that they wanted to get off the ketch at Soa. Koko paused long, but he spoke at last.

"This feller Koko, sar, no common Kanaka," he said, drawing up his mighty form with great dignity. "S'pose white master stop along ship, this feller stop along white master. Other Kanaka boy run along shore along we makee Soa."

Ken caught for a second a grin on the face of Danny. His eyes gleamed. The suspicion flashed into his mind that the cunning rascal had worked on the fears of the crew to tempt them to desert in retaliation for his own dismissal. The boy trader compressed his lips.

At Soa he had only a few bags of copra to pick up, and intended to remain only the night. It was a tiny atoll, and it was next to impossible to ship a new crew there, even had he been willing to part with his faithful Hiva-Oa boys. Yet it was clear that if the crew were not given leave, they would take French leave, with their superstitious terrors thick on their minds. It was an unexpected trouble for the boy trader, and a difficult one to handle.

"All this talk fool feller talk," said Ken at last, and waved his hand in dismissal to the crew.

The Kanakas moved away with perturbed faces, muttering to one another in their own dialect. Koko stood leaning on the whaleboat, no longer talking with the crew, but plainly as troubled in mind as the rest. All the crew were devoted to King of the Islands, in their own way; but the faithful Koko was the only man who was prepared to stand by him in spite of haunting "debbles." And Koko, who would have faced a horde of cannibals with-

This
is a small
reproduction of the

Free
Gift
Art
Plate

which
Every
Reader
will receive

Next

Week! Flying Over the South Pole!



Great Adventures—No. 7.

out flinching, was facing this strange peril in fear and trembling.

"What are you going to do, Ken?" asked Hudson, in a low voice. "They've got the wind up, and the minute we drop anchor in the lagoon at Soa they'll be over the side."

"We're cutting out Soa," Ken answered briefly.

Hudson stared for a moment, and then laughed.

"Good egg! It's only a few sacks of copra, and John Chin's brig will be along next week and he can pick them up. We don't hit the next island for three days, and by that time they may have got this foolery out of their fuzzy heads."

"I hope so. Anyhow, they're not going to desert," said Ken.

Hudson put the wheel over. The palm-tops of Soa, which had been dead ahead of the ketch, now drew farther away on the port bow. It was not till the feathery fronds of the palms were sinking into the sea that the crew seemed to realise that the ketch was no longer making the atoll. Koko looked curiously at his white master, but said nothing. But Lompo came running aft.

"What name, sar?" he exclaimed.

"No talk mouth belong you!" snapped Ken.

Lompo pointed excitedly at the vanishing palm-tops on the sea-line.

"No makee Soa!" he gasped.

"No!" rapped Ken.

"Oh, sar! This feller Kanaka

plenty too much fright stop along ship along debble he stop!"

An excited jabber from the crew backed up Lompo's statement. But King of the Islands was at the end of his patience now. He grasped Lompo by a brown shoulder and swung him round. There was a yell from Lompo as he guessed what was coming. He bounded away—and the foot of the boy trader landed on his loincloth as he bounded.

Lompo bumped headlong on the deck. There he rolled over and sat up, staring at King of the Islands with startled, wide-open eyes. There was a sudden cackle of merriment from the rest of the crew. Lompo's downfall entertained them; and for the moment they forgot all about the "debble" below decks as they cackled and grinned at him.

Lompo sat staring till King of the Islands strode towards him. Then he leaped up and ran. For the present, at least, Lompo had nothing more to say.

Soa sank below the rim of the Pacific. As the sun dipped in the west, and the yellow moon came up over the sea, the ketch glided swiftly on over the wilderness of waters, far out of sight of any land. From the shadows of the deck the eyes of the native seamen rolled and gleamed, and there was a constant muttering of low voices.

But, "debble" or no "debble,"

(Continued on page 18)

The Haunted Ship!

(Continued from page 15)

there was no escape for the brown crew, and they had to stand by their white master whether they liked it or not!

In Sheer Amazement!

EIGHT BELLS tinkled musically on board the gliding ketch. High over the Pacific hung the yellow moon, turning the ocean into a silver mirror. Koko, at the wheel, stood like a bronze statue, unusually silent. Once or twice King of the Islands spoke to him, but the boatswain answered only in monosyllables.

Trouble was heavy on the mind of the faithful Koko, and at intervals his dark eyes peered about the deck uneasily. Ken was very near losing his temper with him; but he restrained his irritation. The crew were all on deck; the "watch below" had not unrolled their sleeping-mats. They were not thinking of sleep. Kolulo struck the bell, and started nervously, as if scared by the sound.

Kit Hudson turned out of his bunk below, and was heard tramping across

the cabin to the companion-way. He came yawning on deck.

Lompo was called to relieve Koko at the wheel. But Koko did not, as usual, go below to his berth on the cabin lockers. No more than the crew was Koko thinking of sleep. In the firm belief that a "debble" was on board the ship—his existence proved beyond the shadow of a doubt by the happening in the state-room—the fears of the native crew intensified after nightfall. "Debbles" loved the dark!

"All serene, Ken?" yawned Hudson.

"Ay, ay! Excepting for the debble!" growled Ken. "The niggers are thinking of nothing else. I've a good mind to go along to the galley and give Danny a dose of lawyer-cane for spinning such a yarn!"

"They'll forget it in a day or two," said Hudson, laughing. And Ken nodded and went to the companion. He looked round at Koko.

"You feller Koko, what name you no go along berth belong you?" he snapped.

"This feller stop along deck, sar," mumbled Koko.

"You no wantee sleep along night?"

"No wantee sleep, sar."

"Take your sleeping-mat on deck, then!" said Ken.

"No wantee shut eye belong me, sar," mumbled the boatswain.

Ken gave an impatient snort and tramped down the companion, leaving Koko to his own devices. In the cabin the swinging lamp was burning, and the light glimmered into the little state-room forward. The drawer under Ken's bunk was locked again now; Hudson, who was a handyman at such things, had repaired it. That it was the cooky-boy who had forced the drawer to rattle it, Ken could hardly doubt, though some of the circumstances were perplexing.

The boy trader gave a grunt and threw himself on the bunk. But he was in a restless and sleepless mood. Generally, the ship's company of the Dawn were a happy and contented family, with hardly a care in the world, and the present disturbed state of affairs weighed on Ken's mind and troubled him.

At two bells, Ken was still wakeful. It was then that a sound of movement came to his ears.

"That you, you feller Koko?" he called out.

He concluded that Koko, after all, had decided to come down to his berth. But there was no answer; and Ken rolled off the bunk and looked into the lighted cabin. No one was there. At the other end of the long cabin was the doorway of the lazarette; but that room was dark, hardly reached by the lamplight from the cabin.

Ken stared, puzzled and irritated. He had heard some movement below—he was sure of that—yet the cabin was empty; Koko had not come down. He began to wonder whether his nerves were catching the infection of the native crew's uneasiness, and he gave an angry laugh at the thought that, at this rate, he would soon be believing in "debbles" himself!

Then another thought came into his mind, and his eyes glistened. Was it Danny at his tricks again? As Ken was the only man below, and was supposed to be asleep, the pilferer might consider it a safe opportunity.

Ken was more than fed up with the cooky-boy's antics, and if Danny was caught pilfering he savagely resolved to break the stoutest lawyer-cane across his brown back. He stepped into the cabin, and strode along to the lazarette. As he did so, a sound—soft and stealthy, but unmistakable—came to him.

It was the sound like that of a closing door—but there was no door in the lazarette to close. Ken did not need telling that the sound was made by the trapdoor which gave access to the space below where the water-casks were chocked. He stopped dead.

A flood of new ideas rushed into his mind. He had not been mistaken in fancying that he had heard a movement—and whoever it was that he had heard had slipped down below the lazarette and closed the trap after him! That was as certain as anything could be.

It was not Danny! Danny's fear of that dark space, since he had fancied

GREAT ADVENTURES.—No. 6

The Story of This Week's Free Photogravure Plate

THE WHITE CHIEF of the DESERT RAIDERS

EAGER to fight for his King and Country, Thomas Lawrence, a young graduate of Oxford University, on the outbreak of the Great War tried to enlist in Kitchener's Army. But he was rejected by the military authorities. A young fellow so short and fragile could do no work as a fighter, they said. They little knew the great part this fragile youth was to play in a year or two's time—that he was destined to become Colonel Lawrence, the Uncrowned King of Arabia!

He knew many languages; he had read the story of all the great wars from those of Sennacherib to those of Von Moltke, and he yearned to have his part in the great fight of his own day. He had travelled in the East, and with his knowledge of Oriental ways he offered his services once again, and this time they were accepted. He was sent to Cairo on special duty.

But still there was no fighting for him. He was too valuable at Headquarters! Then he asked for a fortnight's holiday, and went off to Jeddah, which had recently been captured from the Turks by the Arabs. The Arabs hated their Turkish oppressors, and while pretending to gather an army to help the Turks, they were really preparing a great revolt. Their early operations were successful, but the Turks were now rushing an army corps down from Syria to Medina, and the Arabs had run out of stores and munitions.

LAWRENCE knew the Arabs well. He felt that here was a magnificent opportunity of helping the Allied cause. Instead of going back to Egypt he would remain in Arabia, stirring up the tribes, and form a great army that should hold tens of thousands of Turkish troops and divert large quantities of munitions to Arabia. He would lead the Arabs to attack the Turks here, there, and everywhere. He would blow up their railways and would create such a diversion as should be of the greatest value to the Allied cause, and particularly to General Allenby, who was marching up to the conquest of Palestine.

It was a great idea, and it was marvellously carried out. Lawrence, dressed as an Arab sheikh, won the love and confidence of the wild Bedouins, and performed exploits that would have seemed impossible if they had not really happened. He captured town after town, and finally led the great army into Palestine and Syria, and entered Damascus in triumph.

There is no room here to tell all his exploits. It is said that he blew up the railway, with troop and munition trains, on seventy-nine occasions!

NEXT WEEK'S FREE PHOTOGRAVURE PLATE—See page 15

a "debble's" eye watching him there, was well known. Since the first day at sea, Danny had never gone down without a light—and never at all if he could get somebody else to fetch water for him. Not to escape Ken's wrath—not for any consideration—would the cooky-boy have dodged down into the black hold at midnight, alone, without a light. But if it was not Danny—

King of the Islands stared into the shadowy, silent lazarette. It had crossed his mind, as a vague thought, that Danny's story was incredible, unless some unknown person was concealed on board the ketch. But he had not entertained that idea seriously for a moment. Now it came back into his mind! A stowaway!

It seemed impossible! The ketch had been four days at sea—and nothing had been seen or heard of a stowaway, unless it was Danny's "debble"! What conceivable motive could any man—white, or black, or brown—have for stowing himself away in a dark, dismal recess on a small trading ketch, and remaining there hidden! A stowaway on a trading ketch, on a round trip among the Islands, was unheard of.

And yet, unthinkable as it was, King of the Islands had little doubt now that that was the explanation of the mystery. For that closing of the trapdoor in the floor of the lazarette told its own tale. The hidden beachcomber, or black man, or whoever he was, had ventured out in the night, perhaps in search of food—and finding that the skipper of the Dawn was wakeful, he had dodged back to his hiding-place.

King of the Islands smiled grimly. If that was how the matter stood, he would not be long in rooting out the stowaway—and letting the Kanakas see the kind of "debble" that had scared them. He picked up a hurricane-lamp and lighted it, then lifted the trapdoor, threw it back, and flashed the light down into the space below.

Dimly, he made out the forms of the casks, chocked on their sides. There was a smell of bilge. But that was all. It seemed to Ken, as he bent listening, that he heard a sound like that of a scuttling rat.

He stepped down the short, steep ladder. The space was small, and not more than a few minutes would be required to flash the light into every dark corner and reveal anyone who was crouching there.

As he stood among the casks he heard another sound, again like a scuttling rat. But King of the Islands knew now what sort of rat it was that was scuttling! He held up the lamp, and looked round him, half-expecting to see gleaming eyes from the shadows—as he knew now that Danny had seen them. But he saw nothing.

"Tumble up!" rapped out King of the Islands. "Whoever you are, I know you're here, you swab! You feller boy, you show a leg belong you!"

There was no answer, save the echo of his voice.

You are Invited to Join—

The Pen-Nibblers Club

If you have a brick to fling—fling it; a bouquet to present—present it; a joke to crack—crack it; an opinion to air—air it; a question to ask—ask it—HERE!



Victoria Terrace, Aigburth, Liverpool.

WILL YOU PLEASE settle an argument? My friend says that the human brain weighs about 3½ lb., but I say 3½ oz. would be more correct.—GERALD MASON.

The weight of the average male brain is 49½ oz., the female 44½ oz., but they have been known to be as heavy as 60 oz. Of course, we all know fellows whose brains would probably fit into a gnat's skull!—Editor.

The Garth, Meadow Hall Road, Kimberworth, Rotherham.

I WISH TO START a boys' club on a small scale, but am hampered by lack of money. For long I have tried to find some solution to the problem. Can you please make suggestions for raising a small amount of money? The club isn't going to be a posh get-up—just a small affair. But money is essential.—ALFRED MARSHALL.

It is, Alfred! All the world is trying to "raise the wind" for all sorts of objects. A worthy object such as yours certainly deserves the fullest success. I suggest you get the fellows together now and all set-to making saleable articles and doing odd jobs for people. For instance, you could weed people's gardens, mow lawns, creosote or paint fences, all for a small charge. And if any of you know enough of wireless to do simple repairs to sets, that would bring in money. It all depends on what the fellows themselves can do. I wish you the very best of luck.—Editor.

Festing Grove, Southsea, Hants.

I WANT TO JOIN the Pen-Nibblers Club, and am sending you a joke to crack in it. I think it is a jolly good idea to have another motor-racing story—the last series was jolly fine.—R. DERGES.

Welcome to the Club, R. D. And very many thanks for your joke. It's too good to keep to ourselves, so we'll pass it on:

Short-sighted Passenger: "Steward, where have my clothes gone?"

Steward: "Where did you put them last night, sir?"

Passenger: "In that cupboard!"

Steward: "That's not a cupboard, sir, that's the porthole!"

It would be interesting to know how many times that sort of regrettable incident really has happened, with all these "landlubbers" about who are risking the perils and enjoying the delights of the cheap and swift ocean cruises that are all the rage now!—Editor.

Holding up the lamp, he moved along among the chocked casks, his head bent a little, for there was barely room to stand upright. Snap! He started at the sound behind him; it was the closing of the trapdoor. Either the hidden man had dodged up from the lazarette, and closed the trap after him, or he had pulled it shut from below.

A scuttling sound, as he flashed the light round, told that the man was still there—dodging among the casks—though why he had pulled the trapdoor above shut was a mystery to the boy trader.

"Show a leg, you swab!" rapped out Ken, angrily and impatiently. "Your game's up—"

Something whizzed suddenly and crashed on the hurricane-lamp, carrying it away. Ken uttered a startled exclamation as the lamp crashed and went out, leaving him in pitchy darkness. Now that the trap in the lazarette floor was closed, not a glimmer of light came from above.

"You swab! I— Oh!"

He broke off with a gasp, as hands were laid on him in the darkness. Already before he knew that he was attacked, King of the Islands was dragged down. His head struck a cask, dazing him; and then he was on his back, in the grasp of his unseen assailant.

He grappled with the invisible enemy savagely. It was a slight figure that he grappled—strong and wiry and muscular, but slight in build. He could see nothing of it; but the fact that it was clothed told him that his enemy was a white man, not a native.

The man was strong, as well as desperate, but not so strong as the sturdy boy trader. Had it been a test of strength, he would have crumpled in Ken King's grasp in a couple of minutes. But as Ken grasped and grappled, he felt a cold, keen edge on his throat, and a low, savage voice hissed:

"Belay it, King of the Islands! Belay it, you fool! Give in, and keep your mouth shut! One cry and you will never give another!"

The Haunted Ship!

In sheer amazement, King of the Islands relaxed. For he knew the voice that hissed in the darkness—the voice of Dandy Peter Parsons! Barney Hall had been right, after all, though Ken had not dreamed of it. It was the sea-lawyer of Lukwe who was a stowaway on the Dawn.

Nerves on the Jump!

THIS feller no likee!" murmured Koko.

Kit Hudson grinned. It was near three bells—half-past one in the morning. Bright almost as day, the moonlight streamed down on the shining Pacific and the gliding ketch. Koko moved restlessly about the deck. The rest of the crew were wide awake—some of the Kanakas had stretched themselves on their mats, but not to sleep. Even Danny's snore was not heard from the galley.

Every now and then a whisper of low voices mingled with the hum of the canvas and the creaking of the blocks. Lompo at the wheel steered in glum silence. Koko seemed like a restless ghost. A dozen times, at least, he went to the companion, as if with the intention of going below to his berth—but he never took a step on the ladder.

Hudson, watching him with a grin, realised that it was not his berth that the boatswain was thinking of—he was uneasy about his white master sleeping alone below—alone save for the haunting "debble." It was plain that Koko feared that that haunting "debble" might work his master some evil in the dark hours.

"What you no likee, old coffee-bean?" asked the mate of the Dawn good-humouredly.

Koko turned a troubled brown face on him in the moonlight. Hudson was grinning; but it was no grinning matter to one who believed in the illimitable evil power of aitoos, and that an aitoo had chosen to lodge on board the Dawn.

"No likee feller white master he stop along bunk belong him, along debble he stop along ketch!" muttered Koko.

Kit Hudson laughed. He had no doubt that King of the Islands was sleeping soundly, as usual, in his watch below; and certainly he was not likely to think that Ken's slumbers would be troubled by evil spirits.

"White feller no savvy—Kanaka feller savvy plenty!" muttered Koko. "Me no likee—me no likee altogether too much."

Captain Justice Stories

By MURRAY ROBERTS

Biggles Flying Stories

By Flying-Officer W. E. JOHNS

COMING SOON!

"You plenty big fool swab!" said the mate of the Dawn. "Debble he no stop! That feller Danny tell plenty big lie, mouth belong him."

"First-time me tinkee Danny tell big lie—now me no tinkee, sar!" answered Koko. "Danny plenty too much fright, all samee other feller boy."

Hudson did not answer that. It certainly seemed to be the case that the cooky-boy shared the terrors he had imparted to the crew. He had been thoroughly dismayed when Ken told him that he was to be sent ashore at Soa; but, since then, fear seemed to have sunk into his mind; for he had been as concerned as the rest when King of the Islands passed Soa, and left that atoll astern.

Koko peered down the companion again, and again turned back. Hudson shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "S'pose you tinkee feller debble stop along feller cap'n, you go below, look-see eye belong you!" he suggested. "You see King of the Islands sleep plenty too much, bunk belong him."

But Koko did not act on that suggestion. Obviously he was anxious about his white master, who had gone for his watch below, regardless of devils. But it was clear that Koko, brave as a lion as he was against normal foes, feared to descend into the interior of the ketch.

"You too much 'fraid?" asked Hudson, laughing.

"Me 'fraid along debble," said Koko, with dignity. "Me no 'fraid along shark, me no 'fraid along Melican whaler, me no 'fraid along cannibal boy! Along debble me plenty too much fright!"

Koko drew nearer the mate, and his look and voice grew persuasive.

"White feller no 'fraid along debble," he said. "S'pose white master Hudson go look-see along feller King of the Islands, make plenty too much sure debble he no stop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Hudson. "I can see myself leaving the deck, to see that the skipper isn't haunted by debbles! Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a muttering among the native crew, and staring, rolling eyes looked at the mate of the Dawn. There was something terrifying to the natives in that burst of merry laughter while their own nerves were on the jump.

"You go below, Koko!" said Hudson banteringly. "You likee feller King of the Islands plenty too much—you no leave that feller all alone along debbles! S'pose feller debble he makee kai-kai along that feller King of the Islands!"

Koko shook. The mate's jest almost made his brown flesh creep. Lompo's hands trembled on the wheel. To the Kanakas, it was far from improbable that some haunting demon of the darkness was making "kai-kai" of the skipper below. The boatswain drew a long, quivering breath. His dread of a supernatural presence on the Dawn was deep and real. But his devotion to his white master overcame even that dread.

"This feller go!" he said, between his teeth, as if he were making up his mind to face a battery of cannon. And Koko stepped into the companion, and his big, bare feet padded down the steps.

There was a hushed breath among the crew. Hudson chuckled, as he glanced at the scared faces. "You plenty feller fool!" he said contemptuously. "Koko findee feller cap'n sleep along bunk belong him—you see."

No one replied. The crew were listening with strained ears. Hudson, in the full expectation of seeing Koko return to the deck relieved of all his fears, waited with a smile on his face. But he gave a violent start, and there was a jabber of terror from the crew, as there sounded from below a loud and terrible cry!

"Suffering cats!" gasped Hudson. "Is the fellow mad! What—"

"Debble he stop!" stammered Lompo, between his chattering teeth. "All feller along this ship go finish, close-up! Debble he stop!"

There was a pattering of feet below; a rush of footsteps up the companion-ladder. Koko leaped out on deck, his brown face blanched with fear. Hudson strode to him and grasped him by the shoulder. In spite of himself, the horror in the Kanaka's face sent a cold chill to his heart.

"You lubber!" roared Hudson savagely. "What name?"

"Aie! Aie!" wailed Koko, a cry of grief that came from his very heart. "Aie! Aie! Little white master go finish."

"What?" yelled Hudson.

"He no stop!" wailed Koko. "Feller King of the Islands no stop! He no stop along bunk belong him—he no stop along cabin—he no stop any more altogether! Eye belong me no see little white master any more! Debble take little white master belong me."

Hudson stared at the boatswain in stupefaction. Then, without a word, he threw him aside and rushed below. Unless Koko had gone mad with his fears of the haunting spirit on the ketch, this was inexplicable. He had said that King of the Islands was not in his bunk—that he was not below at all! Hudson's face was white as he rushed down into the cabin.

"Ken!" He shouted as he ran. There was a jabber of terror on deck. Not a brown man doubted Koko—not a man doubted that the hidden "debble" of the ketch had made away with King of the Islands!

"Ken!" Hudson ran across the cabin to the state-room. Ken's bunk was empty! He stared round the cabin—he ran along to the lazarette and stared into it. Where was King of the Islands? No answer came to his call.

Only from the deck above came the despairing wail of Koko: "Aie! Aie! Aie!"

The Boy Skipper gone—panic among the crew—Kit Hudson at his wits' end—what's going to happen NOW? It's all in Next Saturday's story of the chums of the Dawn! DON'T MISS IT!