

GRAND MODEL PLANES FOR READERS!

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# **The MODERN BOY**

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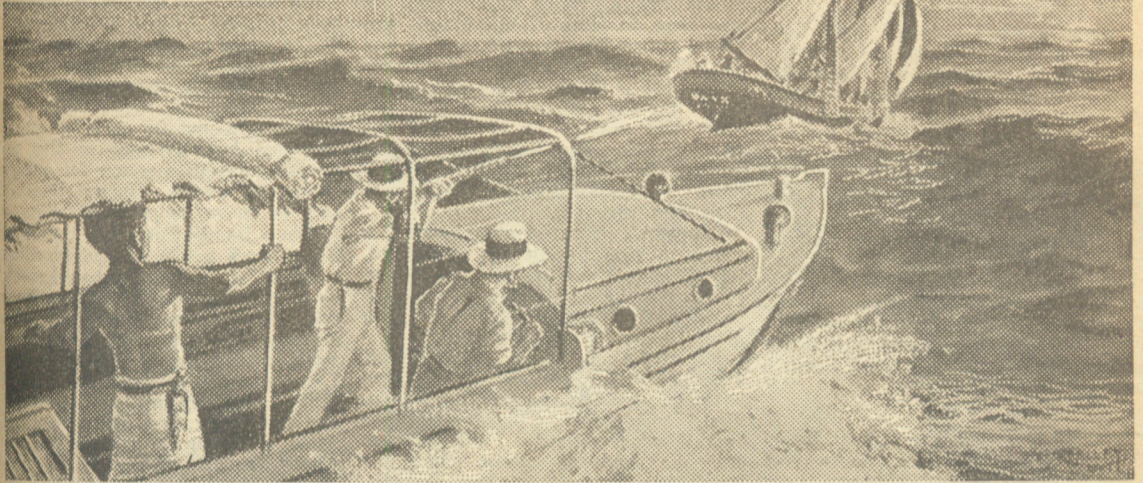


**Go OLD MAN MOON  
in TWO HOPS!**

*See Centre Pages*



More Startling Adventures of  
**KING OF THE ISLANDS**  
 BY **CHARLES HAMILTON** COMPLETE



"My word!" murmured Koko, holding on as the throbbing boat rocked and Ken's rifle roared in reply to Dandy Peter's. "This feller tick-tock boat plenty too quick altogether!"

# CHASING THE DAWN!

With a pirate in command, Ken King's ketch goes racing over the Pacific—with the boy trader in hot pursuit, the two crews wild with excitement. . . . You'll "catch" that excitement, in full measure and some over!

## Good-bye to the Lugger!

"FELLER island no stop!" Koko, the Kanaka, spoke in tones of deepest satisfaction. There was a cheery grin on his brown face as he stood on the deck of Barney Hall's lugger and stared back at Maroon Island.

Ken King and his mate, Kit Hudson, looked back also, as glad as the brown-skinned boatswain that they were at last getting away from the lone island that had been their home for weary weeks. It seemed like months since Dandy Peter had marooned them on that solitary speck of land, stolen their ketch, the Dawn, and sailed away with it.

The lugger was making hardly three knots, and Maroon Island sank slowly to the sea-line astern. The shining lagoon, the wide-stretching reefs on which the surf broke in eternal foam, and the black mass of the bush had sunk out of sight, but still the tall volcanic peak stood out clear to the view.

On those high bare slopes of lava it seemed to King of the Islands that something stirred, tiny, toy-like in the increasing distance. He took Barney Hall's binoculars and turned them on the lava peak. A wild figure shot into view as he focused the glasses—a figure with

tangled hair and beard, in a kilt of twisted bark.

Ken lowered the glasses. He had looked for the last time on the wild man of Maroon Island. Koko gave a chuckle. His keen eyes had picked up the strange figure on the lava ridge.

"That feller wild man look along this lugger, eye belong him," he said. "He likee plenty too much us feller no stop along island belong him, sar!"

"He's welcome to his jolly old island!" said Kit Hudson. "I'm glad to see the last of him, and his island, too!"

The shipmates' eyes lingered on the lava peak till it vanished, and the Pacific rolled bright and blue without a speck. Glad as they were to escape from the solitary island and its perils, their thoughts lingered on its strange denizen, now left to utter solitude. Black, white, or brown man, whatever he was, he had been a savage enemy to the castaways, but they could only pity him.

"Well, we're done with him and Maroon Island," said Ken. "Now we've got the future to think of and a reckoning with Peter Parsons!" Ken's eyes glinted as he spoke. Somewhere in the wide waste of waters—

where, he could not tell—Dandy Peter of Lukwe was sailing his—Ken King's—ketch, the Dawn, and giving orders to his crew. In a stolen ship, with a stolen crew, Dandy Peter was hunting for Grant Blake, the millionaire castaway—if he had not yet found him. Now the hunter was to be hunted—now that King of the Islands was afloat again.

Ken turned to Barney Hall. The burly Tonga trader was sprawling on a tapa mat, chewing tobacco. His bearded face wore a sullen scowl, and his eyes glinted as they met Ken's. Not willingly had Barney given the maroons a passage in his lugger. Had his gun been still in his belt, probably there would have been trouble on the lugger before it was out of sight of Maroon Island.

**B**UT Barney Hall's revolver was in Ken King's belt, his rifle slung over Kit Hudson's shoulder, and the ruffian had to toe the line and make the best of it. His crew of six Tonga boys took their orders from Ken. Tokalaloo, the boat-steerer, was steering a course set him by the boy trader with cheerful obedience. The Tonga boys' knives were at the bottom of the island lagoon.

Ken King was in command, but it was not a position that pleased the



## Chasing the Dawn!

boy trader of Lalinge. It was rather too much like Dandy Peter's position on board the Dawn for his liking. He stepped towards Hall, smiling at the ruffian's black scowl.

Barney spat out a stream of tobacco-juice, turned his "quid," and snarled:

"You've got me, King of the Islands, and my ship! I reckon I'll make you pay some time!"

"Exactly what I want!" said Ken, with a laugh. "We're not sticking you for a passage as distressed mariners, Barney! Peter Parsons stole my ship, but he did not pick my pockets, and we can pay for the trip. Take that scowl off your face, man, and talk business. You would have left us marooned on that island, and you couldn't expect us to stand on ceremony with you—we might have waited years before another skipper ran into Maroon Island for water. You're a bully and a swab, Barney Hall, but I'm not stealing your ship as Peter Parsons has stolen mine! From now on you give orders on this lugger!"

**T**HERE was a snort from Koko. His methods with the bully of Tonga would not have been gentle. Ken glanced round at him.

"What you tinkee, head belong you, old coffee-bean?" he asked.

"Tinkee put feller Hall along sea, sar," said Koko. "S'pose feller Hall make kai-kai along feller shark, keepee this feller lugger, sar, along look findee feller ketch belong white master."

"We'll find another craft to hunt for the Dawn, Koko," Ken replied. He turned back to the scowling trader of Tonga, who had given signs of alarm as he heard the brown boatswain's suggestion. "This is your ship, Hall, and you command her. Got that?"

Hall stretched out a brawny hand. "Give me my gun, then!" he demanded.

"I'll take care of your gun, Barney, till we raise a port," said King of the Islands dryly. "You don't want a gun to sail a lugger. Make for any land you like, and we'll be as glad to get shut of you as you will to get shut of us!"

Barney Hall's scowling face cleared a little. It was plain that he had not expected this treatment, which he was well aware was better than he deserved. As he had no choice in the matter, he realised that it would be wise to make the best of it.

"It's a trade!" he grunted. "Pay for your passage. I'll drop you at the first land we raise. I reckon that won't be before we raise the Carolines."

"It's for you to say," answered Ken. From that moment Barney Hall resumed command of his lugger, and the shipmates of the Dawn were merely passengers. But the passengers were careful to keep all the firearms on board in their possession in case the Tonga trader's hostility should break out again.

It was close quarters on the lugger,

and it was a dirty ship. The comrades were eager to see land, and to see the last of Barney and his craft. But the lugger was not a swift sailer, and winds were variable. One long hot day followed another, and the shipmates discussed their plans for hunting down Parsons and the Dawn.

The loss of trade and of the Dawn and its cargo was a heavy blow to the boy traders, and the question of money was a rather urgent one. It was ruin to them if the Dawn was not found and recaptured, and it was doubtful how long their resources would last if the hunt was prolonged. To notify the authorities at Fiji and leave the matter to them did not seem useful. For Dandy Peter was sailing the Dawn in lonely waters where a gunboat was little likely to pick him up.

"It won't run to a ship and a crew, Ken!" Hudson declared. "You've got to chuck wind-jamming, old bean, till we're treading the Dawn's deck again. We're going after Dandy Peter on petrol."

King of the Islands looked doubtful. He was a sailorman, and bred to sails. He had never been able to agree to Hudson's proposition to install a petrol-engine on the Dawn. But he had to admit that the Australian had reason on his side now.

"Nothing against the Dawn," said Hudson, with a grin. "She'll beat any other old wind-jammer in the Seven Seas. And all the more for that reason we're not going after her under canvas. I know a trader on Uta who's got a daisy of a motor-boat—fifty feet and a real clipper—built for trade in the Solomons. We can afford to hire it. I can run it, while you watch for the Dawn and Koko plays the ukulele—what?"

King of the Islands laughed.

"Perhaps you're right, Kit," he agreed.

"No perhaps about it," said Hudson. "I'm right, old fellow. We don't want help to deal with Peter Parsons once we've run him down, and we're going to run him down on petrol. Barney Hall can drop us at Uta, and get on to the Carolines on his own. And if we get hold of that motor-boat, Dandy Peter can count the minutes till we wring his neck!"

After much discussion, so it was settled. It was a week after Maroon Island had dropped below the horizon that the lugger raised Uta, an outlying island of the Marshalls, and there Barney Hall landed his passengers. And they were glad enough to see the last of the Tonga trader's scowling face! —

### "Feller Tick-Tock Boat!"

**D**ANDY PETER PARSONS stood on the glistening white beach of Lola, an unlighted cheroot sticking out of the corner of his mouth, his hand resting on his belt near the butt of his revolver, watching Lompo measuring off yards and yards of coloured calico. Trade was brisk on the beach of that lonely atoll.

The Dawn lay at anchor in the lagoon, and the whaleboat ferried to and fro, laden with trade goods.

Since sunrise the natives had thronged down to the beach in greater and greater numbers, among them the two or three white traders who lived on Lola.

Lola was an outpost of the Gilberts, in solitary seas. But even there Dandy Peter would not have dropped the anchor if he could have helped it. The man who had stolen a ship and a crew wanted to keep clear of all ports, especially where there were white men. But the Dawn could not keep the seas for ever without coming in for supplies, and supplies had to be paid for. And Ken King's cargo had to pay for them. Parsons had picked Lola as the loneliest and most secure spot for carrying out his purpose, but no spot in the wide Pacific was quite secure for a pirate on the high seas. He was feverishly anxious to get to sea again.

When Dandy Peter had first seized Ken King's ketch, he had hoped that a search of two or three weeks would be long enough to raise the unknown reef where Grant Blake, the Sydney millionaire, was cast away. But week followed week without any luck. The document he had found told him that the Sydney millionaire was alive and cast away, but little more. He knew that the Mindanao had been driven far out of her course in the typhoon that had finally sunk her.

**S**O far as he could judge, the likeliest hunting-ground was among the scattered islets off the Marshalls and Gilberts groups. But he knew that he might be on a false scent; that the shipwrecked millionaire, drifting on a spar, might have been carried in quite another direction. Wreckage of the steamer had been picked up in the Marshalls, and that was all he had to guide him.

But Dandy Peter's determination never relaxed for a moment. He was going to find the castaway millionaire and hold him to ransom for his rescue. He was thinking of the fortune to come as he watched Lompo measuring off the roll of calico, and Kolulo and Tomoo and Lufu ferrying more and more trade goods ashore.

Goods were going cheap. Dandy Peter wanted to get through and be gone, and he sold Ken King's cargo at prices that brought the natives down to the beach in eager swarms. The white traders eyed him curiously and suspiciously. He wondered whether Ken King had ever touched at the atoll, and whether they knew that the Dawn was Ken's ship. He cared little. Once he had his supplies on board he would soon be far enough from Lola. A ship did not arrive there more than once in six months, and news of him would be slow in spreading to other beaches.

The Kanaka crew of the Dawn eyed him with fear, and jumped to obey his orders. He was readier with a blow than a word, as ready with a pistol-butt or capstan-bar as with his fist. Had they talked on Lola, he would not have feared interference from either native or white trader. But they did not talk. He had warned them, and they heeded his warning.



As the sun sank lower on the Pacific, and the long, hot day drew to its close, prices dropped, and the trade goods went faster and faster. Not a single thought did he give to the terrible loss he was inflicting on the boy trader whose ship he had stolen. It was every man for himself, in Dandy Peter's opinion. It was ruin for King of the Islands, even if he ultimately escaped from the remote island where Peter Parsons had marooned him.

Parsons was rowed back to the ketch under the glimmering stars, and to a late hour the Kanaka crew were kept busy getting supplies on board. And then there was no rest for the weary crew or for Parsons himself. He had no intention of remaining in the lagoon an hour more than was needed. Gladly the Hiva-Oa boys would have brought out their sleeping-mats and turned in on deck under the stars. When Parsons gave the order to up anchor, there was, for once, a murmur from the crew he had cowed into obedience.

"Plenty too much work along us feller, sar," said Lompo. "Us feller likee sleep, sar, plenty too much. What name we go along sea, sar, along night he stop?"

"You black scum!" snapped Parsons. "You talk bad feller talk along me, my word! You wantee this white master knock seven bells out of you?"

"Too much work along this feller, sar!" said Lompo sullenly. "No too much work along feller King of the Islands he stop. Along you, sar, plenty too much work."

Dandy Peter picked up a belaying-pin, and Lompo went spinning under a blow that would have cracked a white man's skull.

"You scum!" roared Dandy Peter. "You talk bad feller talk along this white master?"

"No, sar," panted Lufu. "Us feller good boy along you, sar! You no kill this poor Kanaka along belaying-pin, sar!"

"Get to it, you scum!" snarled Dandy Peter.

Lompo picked himself up, rubbing his head, and said no more.

The anchor came up, and the ketch glided out of the reef passage into the dimness of the Pacific. Dandy Peter knew that he was leaving surmise and suspicion behind him on Lola, and he was anxious to drop the atoll below the sea-line. The ketch turned her stern to Lola, and sailed away into the dusky sea.

At night, Dandy Peter never closed his eyes. His sleep was taken in the heat of the day, and even then it amazed the crew that he needed so little. Kolulo was at the helm, and Parsons sat on the taffrail near him, smoking a cheroot, calculating the course he would set in the hope of picking up that elusive reef where the Sydney millionaire was cast away. The sea was silent, save for the wash of the waters round the timbers of the gliding ketch.

Parsons noticed Kolulo start a little, bend his ear to listen, and stare across the dark waters. He listened himself, and a faint sound

came to his ears from the sea. It was a low, distant throbbing, strangely like the beating of a great heart in the darkness.

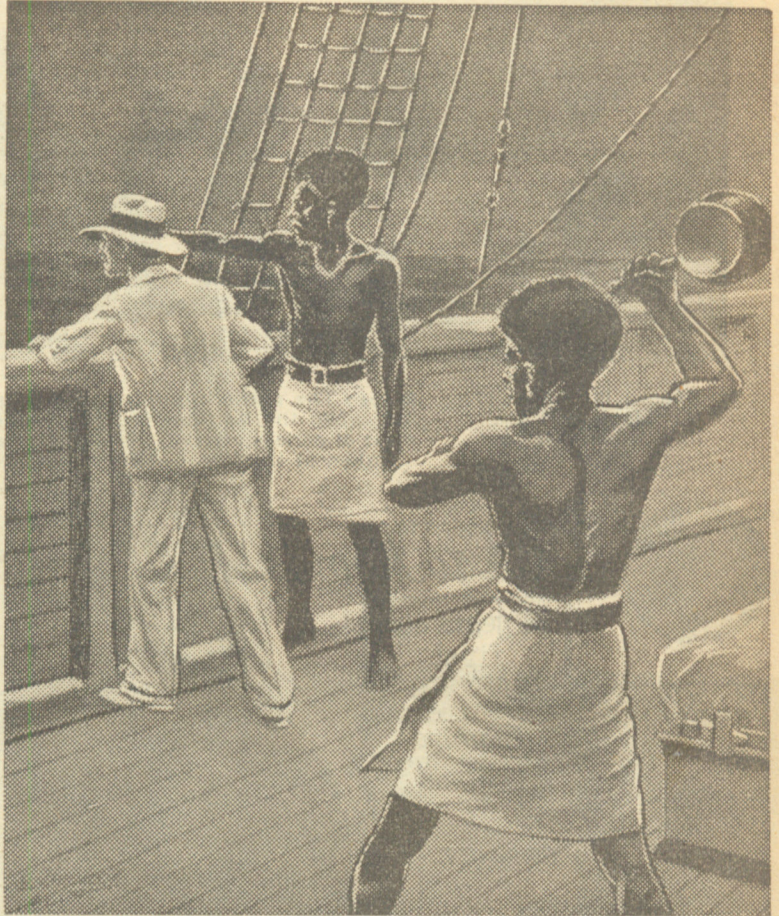
"A steamer!" muttered Dandy Peter. He strained his eyes, but there were no lights of a ship to be seen. If there was a light, it was too distant and too low down on the water for him to see it. Yet that faint throbbing told that some vessel was at hand, and it was growing more distinct. The craft, whatever it was, was steering to pass the Dawn in her course, and heading for Lola.

"No steamer, sar!" said Kolulo. "Tinkee feller boat, sar, along no sail he stop—feller tick-tock boat, sar!"

passed him on the shadowed sea. And King of the Islands, sleeping rolled in a tapa mat while Kit Hudson ran the Uta motor-boat on to Lola, was unaware that he had passed within a few cables' length of the man who had stolen his ship!

#### News for Dandy Peter:

**B**LAZING sunshine turned the Pacific to glistening gold. Brass fittings on the ketch were too hot to touch and but for the wind the heat would have been overpowering. Lompo was taking his turn at the wheel, and every now and then he cast a curious eye on the stained, crumpled



Dandy Peter stared at the spot indicated by Tomoo's pointing finger—off his guard for a second. The cooky-boy's hand flashed up, with the heavy saucepan in it.

Dandy Peter nodded. He knew now that it was the chugging of a motor-boat that he heard. He shrugged his shoulders carelessly. Plenty of traders ran to and fro among the Islands in motor-boats. He cat on the taffrail again, and resumed smoking his cheroot. Faintly, passing him in the distance, came the throbbing of the petrol motor, and he had a glimpse of a low light winking like an eye from the dusky sea. Then the sound died away in the direction of Lola, already distant.

Not for a moment did the thought cross his mind that King of the Islands—no longer a prisoner on Maroon Island, as he believed—had

paper in the hands of Dandy Peter. For the hundredth time, Peter Parsons was poring over the document providing the elusive clue to the shipwrecked millionaire. Sea water had obliterated many words, and he muttered as he strove in vain to decipher what the missing words had been. Had the missive been intact, Parsons knew that he could have set a straight course for the Sydney millionaire. But he puzzled unavailingly over the blanks. "Uninhabited—no other land in sight—small island—covered with bush—" He muttered the words aloud. "Ten thousand islands in the Pacific answer to that

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## Chasing the Dawn!

(Continued from page 15)

description! But I'll find him if I have to comb every island from New Guinea to the Marquesas!"

Only too well Dandy Peter knew that, after all his desperate efforts, he might find that he was too late! But it was the chance of a fortune—a fortune that would enable him to bid a long farewell to the South Seas, to petty trading and chaffering for copra and pearl shell. The richest man in Australia would pay high to be taken off that lonely reef, and Dandy Peter would see that he paid high!

The ketch was provisioned and supplied now for a three months' cruise, ample time for Parsons to comb the ocean far and wide. He could be patient, with a fortune in the offing—and the owner of the ship he sailed marooned on the loneliest speck of land in the Southern Seas. But again and again he pored and puzzled over the missive, striving to elucidate some clue that might have escaped him.

L O M P O eyed him from time to time, wondering. That mysterious paper, over which Parsons pored so long and so often, was an object of strange interest to the Kanaka crew. It was some sort of white man's magic—they had no doubt of that!

A five-knot breeze came from the east, and the Dawn leaned gracefully to the wind as she cut through the glassy water. Ahead, a blur on the sunset, was a bunch of palms that indicated land—one more of the lonely atolls that Dandy Peter was combing for Grant Blake. Save for that the sea was clear of land or sail.

As Parsons sat lounging in the Madeira chair, poring over Grant Blake's missive, there was a call from Lufu, "Feller canoe stop, sar!" Peter Parsons was on his feet at once. A sail, or the smoke of a steamer, was enough to make the man who sailed a stolen ship change his course immediately, but a canoe he was glad to see. A hundred times he had questioned natives in canoes in the hope of hearing of some castaway.

He clapped Ken King's binoculars to his eyes and scanned the canoe. It was coming away from the distant atoll—a speck of land that had no name, and which he knew to be uninhabited. The natives in the canoe had probably called there for coconuts and water.

It was a long canoe, with a cumbersome outrigger. A dozen dusky forms in loin-cloths could be seen in it as Dandy Peter turned the glasses on it. Some of them were staring towards the tall sails of the Dawn.

The sea-lawyer rapped out an order, and the ketch bore down on the canoe. It was one more faint chance of picking up news of a castaway. The natives came alongside willingly when the ketch hove-to to speak. Dandy Peter waved his hand, with a friendly gesture, but at the same time he kept his rifle ready at the rail. In lonely seas a white skipper could not be too careful in getting to close

quarters with a canoe packed with natives.

A tall, brown man in a loin-cloth, with a string of cartridge clips depending from either ear, and a blue dinner-plate suspended over his brawny chest, stood up in the canoe and waved back. Dandy Peter held up a bunch of shell-money, and the native's eyes glistened at it.

"You feller boy, you likum shell-money?" said Parsons.

"This feller To'o'olo likum plenty too much, sar!" answered the brown man in the canoe.

"What name you go along little feller island?" asked Dandy Peter, with a gesture towards the distant atoll.

"Us feller go along little feller island, along us feller wantum water along canoe," answered To'o'olo. "Plenty water stop along that place, sar."

"You see white feller along that place, eye belong you?" asked Dandy Peter.

"Yes, sar!" Dandy Peter jumped. The answer was unexpected—hoped for, but utterly unexpected. A white man on that solitary atoll! Was it Grant Blake—was it the end of the search? Parsons tossed the shell-money into the canoe.

"You talk good feller talk along me, you feller To'o'olo," he said, his voice trembling with eagerness. "Me givum plenty stick tobacco, along you talk true talk along me. You plenty too much sure you see white feller along that little feller island, eye belong you?"

"Plenty too much sure, sar," answered To'o'olo. "Me see that feller, eye belong me, along little feller island he stop!"

"You speak along that feller, mouth belong you?"

"Yes, sar, speak plenty too much along that feller," answered To'o'olo. "He wantee savvy plenty too much along this feller."

"What name you no takee that feller along sea, along canoe?" asked Dandy Peter. It seemed to him that if the white man on the atoll was Grant Blake, he would have bargained for a passage in the native canoe—even at the risk of being eaten if food ran short!

To'o'olo stared.

"That feller no wantee come along sea along canoe, sar," he answered, evidently in wonder. "He stop along boat belong him."

"Boat belong him!" repeated Dandy Peter, all his sudden hopes dashed by that reply. If the man on the atoll had a boat, he was not a castaway. Some trader who had put in for water.

"Yes, sar, feller tick-tock boat belong him," answered To'o'olo. "One-two white feller, sar, one Kanaka feller, stop along that boat."

Two white men and a Kanaka in a motor-boat! Evidently Dandy Peter was not on the track of the shipwrecked millionaire, after all!

"You savvy what name belong that feller along tick-tock boat?" he asked. He did not want to run into anyone who knew him, while he was sailing a stolen ship.

"Yes, sar, me savvy name belong him," answered To'o'olo. "Plenty feller savvy that feller, sar. Name belong him King of the Islands, sar!"

"What?" yelled Dandy Peter. There was a buzz from the Hiva-Oa crew who were listening to the talk from the canoe. The name of King of the Islands struck every ear on board the Dawn with wonder. To'o'olo stared blankly at Parsons, evidently surprised by the startling effect his answer had produced.

"King of the Islands, sar," he answered. "Plenty feller savvy that feller, sar!"

Dandy Peter gripped the teak rail so hard that his knuckles showed white. His face was a mask of fury as he stared down at the astonished native. King of the Islands, whom he had left marooned on a speck of land far away to the east, now within ten miles of him here, in a motor-boat. He could not believe it.

"You scum!" panted Dandy Peter. "What name you tell big feller lie along me? King of the Islands no stop."

"That feller stop plenty too much, sar," answered To'o'olo. "Me savvy that feller, sar, me savvy mate belong him, Kit Hudson, me savvy boatswain Koko, sar! See um plenty too much, along Lalinge."

Parsons stuttered with rage. He could not believe it—yet he had to believe it! King of the Islands had escaped from Maroon Island, and he was at hand. Dandy Peter had been heading for the very atoll where the motor-boat had put in, when he raised the canoe. Had he kept on his course, he would have run into King of the Islands. It was incredible; but he knew in his bones that it was true. Only for a few moments, however, did he give way to his fury. Then he roared savage orders to the crew, and the ketch stood on under full sail, changing her course to give the atoll a wide berth. To'o'olo stood staring after the Dawn in amazement.

"Brain belong that feller white master no walk about any more!" said the wondering native. And the canoe resumed her way, speedily dropping out of sight of the ketch.

THE Hiva-Oa crew were exchanging glances, and buzzing with excitement. They knew that their white master was at the little atoll, and that if he was watching the sea the tall sails of the ketch must be in his sight.

Sailing as close to the wind as he dared, Dandy Peter was leaving the island to the starboard. But he knew only too well that the Dawn must be visible there, if eyes were watching. How, in the name of all that was unlucky, had King of the Islands escaped? Dandy Peter could guess only too easily that King of the Islands was combing the Pacific for him, while he was combing it for Grant Blake!

Heedless of the excited cackle among the Hiva-Oa boys, Dandy Peter watched the palm-trees that dotted the blue horizon. If he was seen, it meant a chase—and that meant a fight. Not for a moment did he dream of surrendering the stolen ship. Any desperate act was better



than that. He was a good sailorman, and he got every ounce of speed out of the ketch—one of the fastest sailers in the Pacific. He watched, and watched, and longed to see the nodding palm-tops sink into the sea.

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**"We've Got Him, Ken!"**

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS sat on the gunwale as the motor-boat lay on the calm waters of the tiny lagoon. He was watching Koko "walking" up the trunk of a tall, slanting palm on shore to shake down the coconuts. Kit Hudson, in blue overalls, an oily lump of cotton waste in his hand, and a cheery grin on his face, was giving a touch or two to the engine.

Keen as he was to run down Dandy Peter, it was sheer joy to Kit Hudson to be running the Uta motor-boat. She was a fifty-foot craft, with a cabin fore and aft, and an engine which, according to Hudson, a baby could have run. Anyhow, Hudson ran it like a charm, and he extracted a speed from the "tick-tock" boat that would have left the Dawn, fast as she was, standing. Ken smiled as he glanced at him, with the oily waste in his hand and a smear of oil on his nose, grinning with satisfaction over his task.

Hudson laughed as he looked round and caught the boy trader's eyes.

"Give me a squirt at the Dawn's topsail, and let Peter Parsons look out," he said. "She's a goer, Ken—but we'll make rings round her with this boat."

"Ay, ay!" assented King of the Islands. "And we know she's in these seas, Kit. We were only a few hours behind her at Lola, where that thieving swab sold our cargo."

"We'll make him pay for that, along with the rest," said Kit. "We're ready for sea, as soon as Koko's finished nutting. Ahoy, Koko!" shouted Hudson, to the shore. "Look alive, man!"

Koko had clambered almost to the summit of a sixty-foot palm. But instead of giving his attention to gathering coconuts, the Kanaka was hanging on to the tall, slanting trunk with a foot and a hand, shading his eyes with the other hand, and staring seaward across the reef. He seemed to have forgotten what he had ascended the palm for as he hung there motionless, his gaze fixed and intent.

"Koko!" shouted King of the Islands, getting up from the gunwale. The shipmates had put in at the island to fill up with fresh water and take on board island fruits to eke out their stores. But they did not wish to delay there. They had found To'o'olo and his canoe crew there, and questioned them, but learned nothing from the natives. They were keen to recommence combing the Pacific for the ketch.

Koko must have heard the shouting from the boat; but he gave no heed. Motionless, he hung to the tall palm and scanned the distant sea. Suddenly, with such swiftness that the shipmates fancied for a moment that he had fallen, Koko slithered down the

palm. He came racing down the beach, regardless of the pile of coconuts and a stack of wild yams he had collected. He was at the lagoon almost in a bound, and with another bound was on board the boat—landing with a concussion that made her rock. His brown face blazed with excitement.

"Me see, eye belong me!" he panted. Ken started. It flashed into his mind what the Kanaka must have seen from the palm-top, to excite him to such an extent. "Koko! You've seen—"

"Feller ketch belong white master!" gasped Koko. "Me see um, sar, eye belong this feller!"

"The Dawn!" roared Hudson.

"Yessar—feller ketch stop along sea, makee sail along this island!" answered Koko.

"Coming here!" yelled King of the Islands. He made a jump to the rifle leaning on the after cabin. His eyes gleamed.

Hudson burst into a joyous laugh. "We knew she was in these waters—we nearly had her at Lola!" he exclaimed. "Dandy Peter's hunting for Grant Blake, and this is just the

dinner-plate that shone on the brown chest of To'o'olo. He knew that Dandy Peter had stopped to speak to the canoe that had left the atoll a couple of hours since.

Standing like a statue, with the binoculars to his eyes, the boy trader saw the two craft part company and the ketch stand away to the south-west. Dandy Peter had changed his course, standing away as far as he could edge to the south. He did not intend to make the atoll after all.

A grim smile came over Ken's face as he lowered the glasses. He did not need telling that Parsons had picked up news of white men at the atoll, and was seeking to give it a wide berth. He ran back to the boat. The engine was already throbbing.

"They've got news from the niggers in the canoe," said Ken. "Parsons is going all out to keep clear!"

"That feller savvy we stop!" said Koko.

"Looks like it—To'o'olo knew me by sight," said Ken. "Run her out, Kit. It's going to be a test of speed now! For the first time since I've owned her, I wish the Dawn could not sail so near the wind!"

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**THERE'S ONE FOR YOU!**

*The RIGBY "SUPER"*



*Dimensions:—  
 Length, 9 ins.  
 Wing Span, 10½ ins.  
 Colour, Red.*

**It Flies!**

**It's A Super!**

**It Stunts!**

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**SEE GRAND OFFER on PAGE 25!**

spot he would comb for a castaway! I shall be glad to see his face when he raises us here—it will be worth seeing!"

King of the Islands turned his eyes seaward, following the direction of Koko's pointing finger. Far away on the wide waters was a speck that might have been a winging albatross. But the boy trader, now that his attention was turned to it, knew that it was the sail of a craft coming down to the atoll before the wind. He put down the rifle, took his glasses, jumped to the beach, and clambered up a high coral rock. With the binoculars clamped to his eyes, he picked up the distant sail—and his heart gave a great leap. The powerful glasses brought it near and clear, and he knew every line of his ship.

"The Dawn!" breathed King of the Islands. He watched. The ketch, when first sighted, had been bearing down on the atoll, running before the wind that came out of the east. But as Ken watched, he saw her hove-to on the sea. Tiny in the distance, he picked up the natty, dapper figure of the dandy of Lukwe, and the big, blue

Hudson chuckled.

"If she could sail in the wind's eye, old man, she wouldn't get away from us," he said confidently. "Give me a squirt of her topsail, that's all!"

The motor-boat throbbed out of the tiny lagoon into the Pacific, red in the sunset. Hudson steered her, his eyes sparkling. The wind came direct out of the east, and the ketch was running before it, edging to the south. Watching her, Ken had to admit that Dandy Peter was handling her as well as he could have handled her himself.

But the Uta motor-boat cut through the smooth sea like a knife, and every minute the tall sails of the ketch grew clearer to the eye. From the engine came a deep-throated roar, and the boat quivered like a thing alive. The sea creamed before her prow, spray dashing over her, drenching her crew.

"She's moving!" yelled Hudson. Ken did not answer or hear. His eyes were fixed on the racing ketch. His hand rested on his rifle. His stolen ship was in sight at last! He could not tell whether Dandy Peter had seen the pursuit yet—but he soon knew! The Dawn ceased to edge southward,



## Chasing the Dawn!

and ran direct before the wind. Parsons was aware of the chase, and was banking on speed.

But fast as the Dawn was, and well as the Lukwe man handled her, she grew clearer and clearer with every passing minute, and the boat's crew could pick up the white-clad form of the dandy of Lukwe, and the brown figures of the Hiva-Oa crew. Again and again a brown face stared back over the taffrail. One after another, Ken recognised his crew—Lompo and Lufu, Kolulo and Tomoo, and the fat face of Danny the cooky-boy. In their fear of Dandy Peter, they were obeying his orders, helping in his desperate striving to escape in their master's ketch. But their thoughts and hopes were with the pursuer—with King of the Islands!

"We've got him, Ken!" roared Hudson. "We've got him beat!"

The red rim of the sun was touching the sea. The Dawn, with every inch of canvas set and drawing, a pillar of white against the glare of the sunset, rushed into the west. Half-blinded by the sun-glare, Ken watched her. Dandy Peter was going all out to escape, but he knew, as well as the mate of the Dawn knew, that canvas would not beat petrol.

But sunset was at hand, and Ken, clearly reading the thoughts of the other, knew that Peter Parsons was counting on night to save him. If he kept his distance till the sun was gone, he would vanish like a spectre in the darkness, and when sunrise came he would not be seen again. That was Dandy Peter's only chance.

A puff of white smoke eddied over the taffrail of the ketch, and a bullet dashed spray over the motor-boat. Dandy Peter was desperate and utterly reckless now, and he was firing!

Ken King smiled scornfully. If it came to shooting, that was a game two could play at. He was as ready for it as Dandy Peter.

"My word!" murmured Koko, holding on as the throbbing boat rocked. "This feller tick-tock boat plenty too quick altogether! Plenty too much splash-splash stop along this feller!"

"What's she doing, Kit?" yelled King of the Islands.

"Twenty!" roared back Hudson.

Bang! Bang! came from the ketch. The bullets flew close. Dandy Peter was firing with deadly intent. Bang! roared Ken's rifle in return, and he saw Parsons duck as the bullet tore through the white canvas of the Dawn. Then suddenly, sharply, like the fall of a curtain in a theatre, the sun was gone. Night came down on the Pacific, and the fleeing ketch vanished from sight.

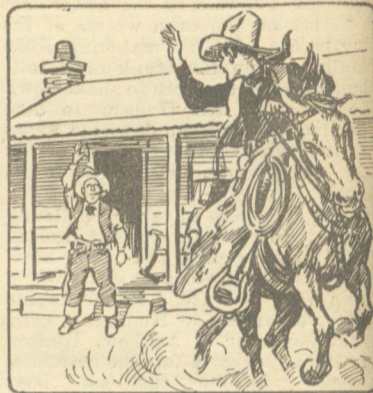
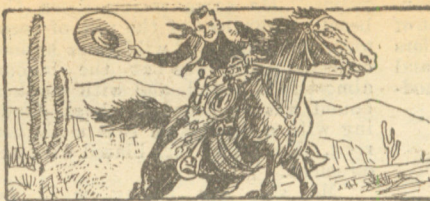
### The Cooky-boy's Saucepan!

"**B**EATEN you, King of the Islands—beaten you, you dog!" Dandy Peter shouted back into the darkness, as the ketch tore on. He laughed aloud. There was a low muttering from the Kanaka crew. Their eyes gleamed in the dusk at Dandy Peter. The dapper

(Continued on opposite page)

Exciting Picture - Story NOW STARTING!

## THE RIO KID!



1.—"Here, Kid," said Old Man Dawnay, owner of the Double Bar Ranch, to the Rio Kid, the youngest cowboy in his outfit. "Take this cheque to the bank at Frio and cash it. It's pay-day to-morrow and I must have some dollars for the boys." "Sure, boss," smiled the Kid, and vaulting into his mustang's saddle he went riding down the Frio trail, cheerily waving to the boss.



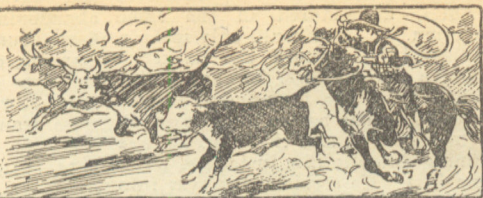
2.—Watched by a group of Mexican idlers, the Kid pulled his mustang to a sliding halt in front of the Frio bank and entered. Presenting Old Man Dawnay's cheque, he counted the thousand dollar notes and stowed them away in his shirt for safety. Through the window, unnoticed by the Kid, the greedy eyes of one of the Mexicans were watching him.



3.—Singing happily, the Kid rode back towards the ranch. Suddenly the song died on his lips as four armed men, in Mexican dress, handkerchiefs covering the lower parts of their faces, sprang out at him. "Stick 'em up!" cried the leader. The Kid reached for his revolvers. But before he could draw, one of the masked men fired, the Kid's mustang reared, and he pitched from the saddle.



HE'S as happy as any young cowboy could be, on Old Man Dawnay's ranch in Southern Texas—until tragedy suddenly enters his life!



4.—“The fool! He asked for it, reaching for his revolvers!” growled the leader of the Mexicans, bending over the Kid and taking the dollar notes from inside his shirt. “Here’s the dollars. Let’s get away!” And they rode off. But the Kid was not dead. The bullet had grazed his head, stunning him. Coming to, he sat up, holding his aching head and trying to pull himself together.



5.—Suddenly he remembered what had happened. Staggering to his feet, he thrust a hand inside his shirt. “Gone!” he exclaimed. “I’ve been robbed of the boys’ pay! I must get back and let Old Man Dawnay know!” He whistled, and his mustang, which had been grazing near by, came trotting up. The Kid, feeling sick and weak, mounted with difficulty.



6.—His head throbbing with every step the mustang took, the Kid rode slowly back to the Double Bar Ranch, and staggered up the veranda steps into the room where Old Man Dawnay sat smoking. “Boss,” cried the Kid, “I’ve been held up! The money’s gone!” “What!” cried Dawnay. “Held up? I can’t believe it!” (Don’t miss Next Week’s continuation of this Grand New Feature!)

## Chasing the Dawn!

blackguard of Lukwe had them well in hand, but the sight of their white master—the knowledge that he was close at hand and that he had been eluded only by a hair’s breadth, made a difference to the Kanakas.

From the darkness of the sea came the throbbing of the motor as Ken King searched to and fro for the ketch. It was only the rifle under his arm that prevented the Kanakas from rushing on Peter Parsons, and even that hardly held them back. With their white master at hand, they were losing their fear of Parsons.

Lompo, at the wheel, obeyed Dandy Peter’s orders as the ketch changed her course to dodge the seeking motor-boat, but it was reluctantly, sullenly, slowly. Lufu and Tomoo and Kolulo watched the bully like cats, ready for a spring. From the galley, the fat, brown face of Danny the cooky-boy looked out with glinting eyes. Signs were exchanged among the Kanakas, and their voices came in a low mutter.

Edging to the south again, the ketch ran on, showing no lights in the thickening darkness. There would be a moon that night—but it was not due yet. And before it rose, Dandy Peter counted on shaking off the pursuer. The task he had set himself was infinitely more difficult now—hunted by the boy trader of Lalinge, while he hunted for the Sydney millionaire.

But he was not thinking of that—he was thinking only of escape. He was ready for a desperate conflict, if it came, but the chances of a fight were too terribly against him, if it could be helped. And escape was on the cards now, though it had been narrow. He caught the mutter of the Hiva-Oa boys, the gleam of rolling eyes in the dark, and he swung round at them with his rifle half-raised. Well he knew what they were feeling and thinking.

“You scum!” he said, between his teeth. “You tinkee white master belong you comey along this ship! That feller no comey along ketch any more altogether. You jump along order, along me talk, or you dead Kanaka, my word!”

Fainter and fainter in the distance came the hum of the motor-boat. Dandy Peter was dropping pursuit. It was more than an hour to moonrise, and he counted himself safe. His savage words drove the Kanakas cowering back.

“Us feller good feller along you, sar!” faltered Kolulo, with an uneasy eye on the rifle. The Hiva-Oa boys had been on the verge of an outbreak, but they sank into submission again under the fierce eyes of the demon of Lukwe.

Danny, scouring a heavy iron saucepan by the galley, began to sing in the native dialect of Hiva-Oa, in a low, crooning voice. Parsons took no heed of him. He was accustomed to hearing the cooky-boy crooning a native song at his work. But Tomoo and Lufu and Kolulo, and Lompo at the wheel, turned their gleaming eyes curiously in the direction of the cooky-boy. Something in the words of Danny’s song attracted their attention, and caused their eyes to



