

GREAT STORY by SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL!
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The MODERN BOY

EVERY SATURDAY

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2^d



FIGHTING THE RAILWAYS' TERROR!—See Centre Pages

OUTCAST of the SOUTH SEAS!

For the sake of a wastrel beachcomber, KING OF THE ISLANDS, the Boy Trader of the Pacific, walks deliberately into a deadly trap!

Complete.....by
CHARLES HAMILTON

A Row at Yellow Charley's.

"NO savvy white master!" said Koko, the Kanaka boatswain of the ketch Dawn, showing all his magnificent teeth in a wide grin.

No man on the Dawn would have recognised Ken King, the boy trader of the Pacific, and owner of the ketch, as he came up from the cabin. He looked as little like himself as any man could well look. And Kit Hudson, following him, would never have been spotted as the stalwart Australian mate.

The tropical night was over Papeete. Lights gleamed on the harbour, on the moored ships, in the dusky streets; and fireflies gleamed and glittered among the palms. It was a Tahiti night of dreamy softness; the music that stole on the soft wind seemed a natural part of the place.

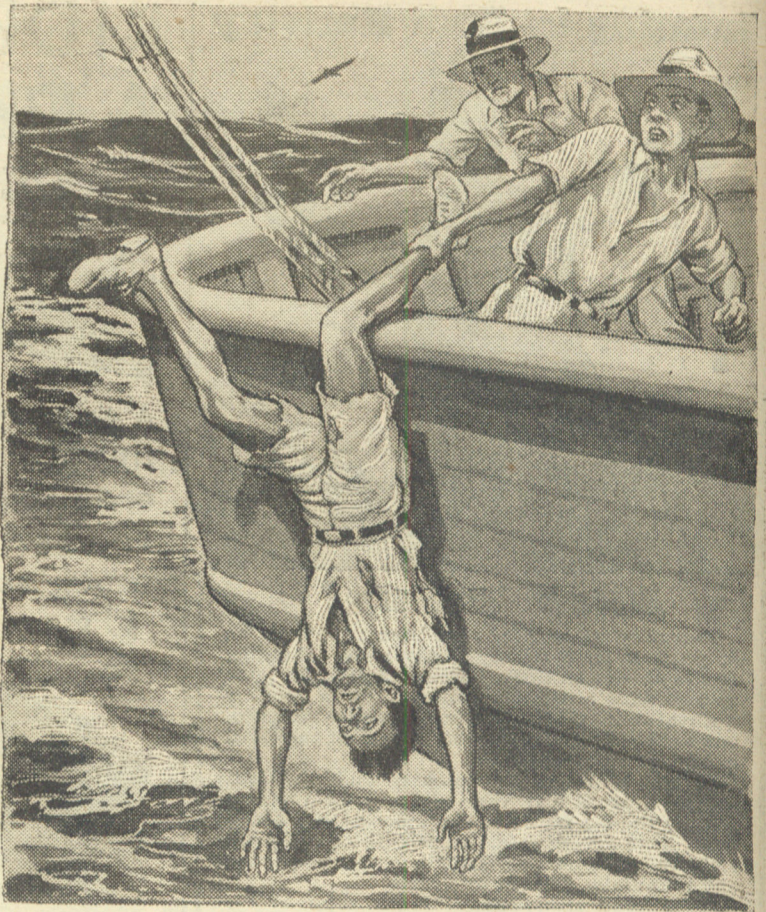
But Ken King and Kit Hudson, on the deck of the ketch, were not feeling either poetic or romantic. In rough sailor-garb, with dirty neck-scarves, dingy caps, and grubby faces, the shipmates looked like a pair of tough hands off a pearling schooner, of which there were several in the harbour. Koko could not help grinning at the change in the looks of his white masters, and the Hiva-Oa crew grinned as they looked at them.

But as Ken stood by the rail, the boatswain's brown face became grave. He knew that the shipmates had their revolvers under their dingy garb—they were not likely to venture into Yellow Charley's place without them. And he knew that they were going into danger.

"White master no like this feller Koko comey?" asked Koko.

"No wantee any feller savvy us, Koko," Ken smiled. "You plenty too much big feller, all feller savvy you too much."

And Koko had to assent to that. The gigantic boatswain would have been known at a glance anywhere in Papeete.



Kit Hudson grabbed desperately at an ankle—and Billy the Beachcomber swung head downward over the taffrail of the Dawn, sea and sky dancing before his dizzy eyes.

Ken and Kit stepped from the gangway on the quay, and loafed on, in the manner of rough pearling hands. A gendarme on the quay, who was accustomed to salute them politely as they passed, gave them a suspicious stare, not recognising the natty skipper and mate of the Dawn in these two rough-looking characters. They exchanged a grin as they left him behind.

"We shall pass all right, I think," remarked Hudson.

"Ay, and we need to!" said Ken. "We're taking our lives in our hands to-night, Kit."

"Not for the first time!" said Hudson carelessly. "I can't say I think that Billy the Beachcomber is worth it, but I'm with you all the way, old bean. There will be a row at Yellow Charley's to-night. A man will be knifed, and his body slipped into the lagoon—if we don't take a hand. That's what that rascally half-caste, Jam, fixed up with the Chink. I'm as certain of it as if I'd heard them talking."

They walked on in silence. In the street where Yellow Charley's "dive" lay, near the docks, there was no light save that from the stars. The shipmates picked their way through lurking shadows, and as they came near to Yellow Charley's, the sound of a sailor's chorus burst on their ears. The place was crowded, as it always was at night.

Ken's face was grim under the dirt and stain that disguised it. It went against the grain with him to set foot

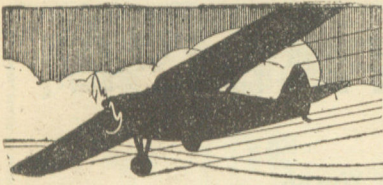
in such a den; yet he felt certain that only their intervention could save the life of Billy the Beachcomber. The outcast of the beaches was nothing to them; but they would not leave him to his fate, little as his life was worth saving.

For what reason the fat trader, Mr. Jam, was desperately determined to silence the man who knew of Tunaviva and of the precious pink coral rumoured to be there they did not know. The day before, the outcast had fled before the revolver of the half-caste. In Papeete, Mr. Jam dared not attempt such methods. But it was easy to fix up matters with the hard-faced Chink. The worst characters in Papeete gathered at the den, and brawls in which knives were drawn were not uncommon.

It was easy enough to stage a row in which Billy the Beachcomber would be involved. On his first day in Papeete, Ken had paid a fine for the miserable wretch, for cracking a Chink's head in a brawl.

Ken and Kit entered Yellow Charley's. They found themselves in a large room badly lighted, with a zinc bar at one end, behind which stood Yellow Charley and several assistants. The Chink's almond eyes rested on them for a fleeting second.

(Continued on page 28)



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The Modern Boy

Outcast of the South Seas!

(Continued from page 26)

There were little tables along the walls, at which men sat drinking and smoking. Some were playing cards. Ken and Kit found a table in a corner, sat down and ordered drinks which they did not intend to consume, and watched the scene before them.

They had seen nothing of the beachcomber, and they leaned back against the wall, with the peaks of their caps pulled low. It was nearly an hour later before a dingy, tattered figure appeared among the rough loungers at the bar—Billy the Beachcomber.

WATCHING, they saw Yellow Charley's slanting eyes gleam for a moment. The derelict of the beach was drinking again—Ken's hundred-franc note was not likely to last him over the morrow.

Billy came along the room, and headed for the table where the shipmates sat. For a moment they fancied that he knew them. But there was no recognition in the stare he gave them as he came up. There was an empty chair at the table, and the beachcomber slumped into it. A half-caste came with a can of drink, which he set before the waster.

Billy mumbled some remark which Ken and Kit affected not to hear. Their eyes, under the peaks of their caps, were on Yellow Charley, behind the bar.

A man was speaking to the Chinaman, a tough from the Barbary Coast of San Francisco. After a few words with the yellow man, the ruffian turned his head, and fixed his eyes on the beachcomber, evidently pointed out to him by the Chink. A few more muttered words, and he lounged down the room, hands in pockets. Ken's eyes met Hudson's. It was coming now! King of the Islands slipped his hand to his belt, to make sure his revolver was ready.

The brawny 'Frisco man took no notice of the shipmates. But as he passed their table, he lurched against Billy with such force that the outcast sprawled on the floor.

Billy scrambled up, and turned savagely on the big 'Frisco man, shaking a grubby fist in his face. There was a buzz from the mob, and two or three nasal voices called out to the big ruffian encouragingly: "Chew him up, Frisco!"

It was the beachcomber who struck the first blow. The next moment Frisco had grasped him, and they were struggling. King of the Islands and his shipmate sat tight. So far, they were not called on to intervene. If this was only one more of the usual brawls at Yellow Charley's, they were more than willing to keep clear of it.

The beachcomber had no chance with the brawny ruffian, and he went down under hammering blows. He leaped up again and hit his adversary a smashing blow in the face. Frisco gave a roar, and closed with the beachcomber again. There was a sudden gleam of steel.

King of the Islands was on his feet

(Continued on opposite page)

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like lightning. His right fist crashed into the face of the man from 'Frisco and sent him spinning backwards, the knife falling with a clatter to the floor.

Red-hot Pursuit!

THE ruffian went down on his back with a shock that almost shook the place. There was a roar of voices. Over the bar the slanting eyes of Yellow Charley glinted. Frisco lay panting, hardly knowing for the moment what had happened to him. Billy staggered back, resting a shaking hand on the table for support.

Hudson was on his feet now, his hand on the butt of the revolver under his jacket. Five or six men were surging forward. They, no doubt, were unaware that the whole thing was prearranged. From what they had seen, Frisco had drawn his knife in self-defence against a beachcomber. But in the right or in the wrong, they were ready for trouble.

"Stand back!" rang King of the Islands' voice sharply. "Man to man is fair play!"

"I guess Frisco will chew you up some!" grinned one of the toughs; and he gave the ruffian a hand to rise.

Frisco got on his feet, gibbering with rage. He gave the beachcomber not a look. The outcast could wait till he was through with the sailorman who had knocked him down. His piggy eyes, under contracted brows, glittered at King of the Islands. For a moment he stood panting, then flung himself at the boy trader.

Ken sprang back, side-stepped, and before the brawny brute knew what was coming, a fist that felt like the kick of a mule crashed under his ear.

Down went Frisco again, rolling. He scrambled up, and came on again. But that terrific blow had dazed him, and he clawed wildly. Ken drove the clawing paws aside, and landed his right in a savage eye, following it up with his left to the jaw. There was tremendous force in both punches, and Frisco staggered back, his legs sagging. Then a powerful drive under the chin almost lifted him, and laid him on his back for the third time.

He staggered up, fumbling at his belt—for the knife that was not there, and one of the whaler's crew passed the handle of a knife into his hand.

The weapon flashed as he leaped at King of the Islands. But Kit Hudson was watching like a cat, and his revolver was in his hand now, grasped by the barrel. The heavy metal butt crashed on Frisco's head as he came, and he fell like a log, stunned.

Uproar broke loose. Knives gleamed—chairs were grasped by the backs and swung up. Ken's revolver was in his grip.

Crack, crack! He fired over the heads of the savage crew. They backed away, yelling threats.

"I reckon we're pulling out!" drawled Hudson. "Keep those scum back, Ken, while I get this fool clear!" He grasped Billy by the arm and dragged him to the door. The outcast, dazed and stupefied by what had passed, added to the effects of the liquor he had consumed, went unresistingly. Hudson dragged him through the doorway into the street.

There was a rush as Ken followed, and he turned with raised revolver. Again the ruffianly crew surged back. King of the Islands darted into the street after his shipmate. A roar of voices followed.

"Beat it!" said Hudson. "We shall have the whole mob on our necks in another minute! But what are we going to do with this swab?"

"Take him to the Dawn," said Ken. "His life's not worth shell money ashore in Papeete!"

Billy blinked at them dizzily in the dimness. He did not know their faces, but he knew their voices.

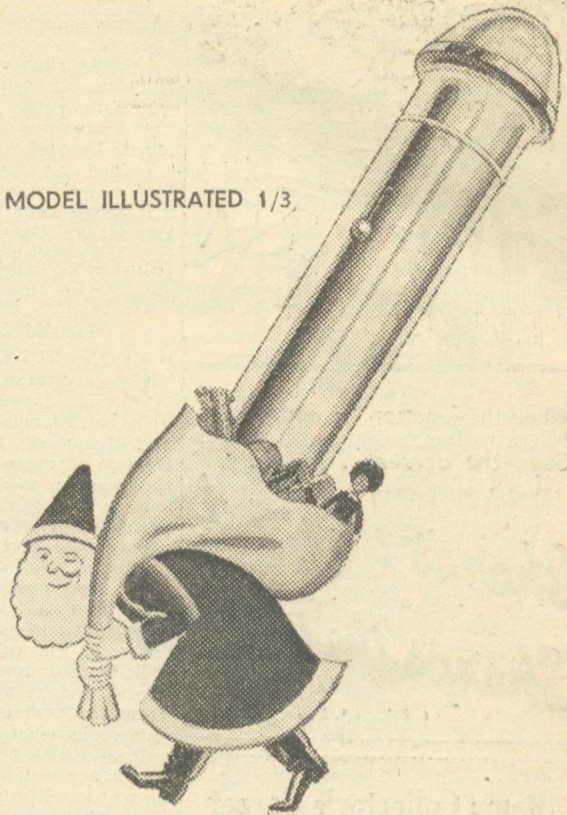
"I reckon I ain't pulling out," he mumbled. "I reckon I'm sticking till I get a ship to Tunaviva—"

"You fool!" rapped Ken savagely. "I tell you that half-caste, Jam, put up Yellow Charley to setting that swab to knife you in a brawl. Can't you get that, you lubber? Stick ashore, and you'll be picked out of the lagoon in the morning."

The wretched man said no more, and Hudson dragged him by the arm along the street. The door of Yellow Charley's was flung wide open, and a mob poured out in

(Continued on next page)

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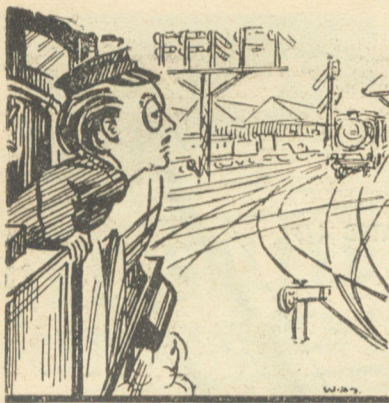
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(Abroad 1/-).—**SHOWELL BROS. (M.B.25), 42, Vanbrugh Hill, LONDON, S.E.3.**

All applications for advertisement space in the "Stamp Collector's Corner" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, The MODERN BOY, Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

Outcast of the South Seas!

pursuit. Sharp through the night air came the crack of a revolver, and a bullet knocked up the dust a few feet from the shipmates.

Half-dragging the dazed beachcomber between them, the shipmates raced down the street. They turned a corner, and another, and the roar died away behind them.

Half an hour later, the shipmates stepped on the deck of the Dawn, and Koko grinned with relief at the sight of his white masters, safe and sound.

Turned Out of Tahiti!

"**B**ON JOUR, monsieur le capitaine!" The Brigadier de Gendarmerie was polite, like all the French officials of Tahiti. But King of the Islands was extremely sorry to see him step across the gangway to the deck of the Dawn.

It was bright morning, and preparations for sea were going on aboard the ketch. The Dawn was pulling out of the lagoon that day, and as he saw the fat brigadier coming, Ken felt inclined to kick the miserable wretch who was sprawling below on the cabin lockers.

Billy had remained the night on board, and he was still there—in far from the best of tempers. With a dangerous enemy like Mr. Jam, the outcast realised that his life was not worth a pin ashore in Papeete. Yet he was unwilling to sail in the ketch.

His thoughts ran on Tunaviva, and the supposed fortune in pink coral hidden on that lonely isle. Tahiti was as near as he had been able to get to Tunaviva—and the thought of sailing away to the north seemed to render him desperate. It was for him to decide, and he was free to step ashore if he chose—at the risk of being knifed by some desperado set on by the half-caste.

King of the Islands certainly did not want him on his ship. But he was willing to give him a passage to save his life. He could almost have regretted, however, that he had intervened in the matter at all, as the fat brigadier stepped on board and bowed. He knew at once that the police officer had come in reference to the brawl at Yellow Charley's.

"Monsieur, I am desolated to cause inconvenience," remarked the brigadier. "You have a man on board—one Billee—yes? He make ze brawl? A man he is knock on ze head viz ze most violence!"

"I've got the man here," said Ken. Evidently the official was unaware that the skipper and mate of the Dawn had been mixed up in the row at Yellow Charley's.

"It is, as you say in English, a zing of ze too much!" said the brigadier. "Not vunce, not two time, not free time, but many time, zat Billee he make ze brawl. Zis time he make no more ze brawl. Zis time zere is ordair zat he deport."

"Leave him on my ship, and I will take him!" said King of the Islands.

"If monsieur will charge himself viz zat miserable one, all is said," agreed the brigadier, with a smile.

There was a grunting and scrambling in the companion, and Billy emerged on deck. He did not observe the French official for the moment as he came blinking like an owl in the sunshine. He snarled rather than spoke to King of the Islands.

"I reckon I've figured it out, skipper! I ain't sailing! You get me? I'll never have another chance of making Tunaviva! I ain't sailing!"

The beachcomber had made up his mind at last! King of the Islands smiled, and Hudson grinned. At the present juncture it was not for the derelict of the beach to decide the matter. Authority intervened, in the shape of the plump Brigadier de Gendarmerie. Billy gave a jump and blinked at him in alarm.

"Ze ordair he is give," said the brigadier, "zat you leave Papeete zis day. I have duty to see zat you go zis day!"

Billy looked at Papeete, shining in the morning sunlight. He looked at the plump brigadier, at Kit Hudson and King of the Islands. Then he gave a groan.

"The game's up!" he muttered huskily. "I'm done! Give me a passage on your ship, skipper—or throw me into the harbour, jest as you like. Burn my timbers if I care which!"

"I'll give you a passage on my ship, then," Ken smiled.

The beachcomber slumped down the companion, a prey to despair. The Brigadier of Gendarmes took a polite leave, accepting Ken's assurance that the deported outcast would sail in the Dawn.

That afternoon the Dawn sailed, and Billy the Beachcomber was a passenger. He seemed unable to take his eyes off Tahiti. Whether or not there was precious pink coral on Tunaviva, he believed the tale—and for years he had combed the beach on Tahiti, hoping to get a "lift" to Tunaviva with some skipper who could be trusted not to fling him overboard when the precious pink coral was raised.

(Continued on page 32)

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Outcast of the South Seas!

(Continued from page 30)

Now he was looking his last on Tahiti. It was the end of his dream of fortune. When the Dawn's cruise was finished, hundreds of miles would lie between him and the island he had never seen, but which had filled his dreams.

Lower and lower sank the twin peaks of Orohena. Tahiti was below the sea-line, save for those soaring peaks. And now they were merging in the indigo of the sea. They were gone at last. Billy gave one long stare, and a shiver ran through him. Ken's eyes were on the man; something in his manner made the boy trader uneasy. Billy looked round, and his eyes met Ken's.

"I reckon I'm obliged to you, sir, for all you done!" said the outcast. "It ain't no use to me to be landed on

another beach. I'll never make Tunaviva, and I reckon it's no catch putting in a few more years combing the beach at Faloo or Lalinge or Lukwe. This feller go finish close-up!" And suddenly he sprang on the taffrail. The next moment he was springing into the sea.

King of the Islands leaped after the desperate man, but before he could get to the side, Kit Hudson had grabbed at an ankle and Billy the Beachcomber swung head downwards over the taffrail of the Dawn, sea and sky dancing before his eyes. Between them they dragged him up. Breathless, half-senseless, the beachcomber sprawled on the deck, and sat up, blinking dizzily at the shipmates, panting for breath.

"You swab!" roared Ken. "Try that again, and I'll clap you in irons!"

"Better have let me go, skipper! What use you got for me on this

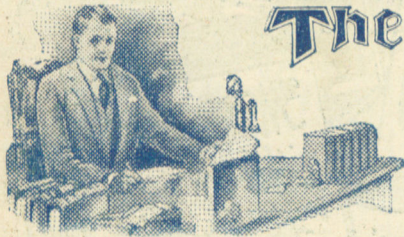
hooker?" mumbled the beachcomber. "I can't make Tunaviva, but I can make Davy Jones!"

"You swab," said King of the Islands. "I'd hate to keep you in irons, and I can't keep you watched. I'll give you a chance—and make Tunaviva!"

The haggard face lighted up. Twenty years seemed to drop from Billy the Beachcomber. King of the Islands shouted orders. The Hiva-On boys ran to the sheets, Koko put over the wheel. And the white-winged Dawn, with belying sails, ran before the wind for Tunaviva!

All sails set for the treasure-island of Pink Coral! Will the chums find the treasure—will they get to the island at all? See Friday's thrilling story of King of the Islands!

The Editor Talks



Address your letters to:
The Editor, **THE MODERN BOY**,
Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street,
London, E.C.4.

All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer

IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT of the last few days before Christmas a fellow can so easily forget many things—IMPORTANT things, such as getting his copy of MODERN BOY IMMEDIATELY it is out on sale. The chances of finding a copy of MODERN BOY for sale ANYWHERE after each Saturday are extremely slight!

THE next issue of MODERN BOY will be on sale on FRIDAY, the 22nd—that is, three days before Christmas Day. That brings Christmas still nearer, doesn't it? But there's a real danger that you won't get that issue at all UNLESS you go for it on Friday, the 22nd, or have it delivered to you on that day. So I want you to make quite sure you DO get it—either by telling your newsagent to deliver it to you or specially reserve it for you. And you should tell him that TO-DAY!!!

HAIRY ELEPHANT FOR DINNER!—A fellow blew into this office the other day and, noticing me engaged on Christmas matter for MODERN BOY, spun me a harrowing yarn about the dinners he had—and hadn't—eaten on several Christmas days. Some of the strange fare made me smack my lips. Some made me shudder: Mastodon—or Hairy Elephant—for example.

AS you know, the mastodon has been dead and done with—extinct—for umpteen centuries. How, then, did my friend come to make a Christmas

dinner off the corner of one? Well, he was roughing it in Northern Siberia, and came across a party of natives chopping away at a mass of ice that had once formed part of a gigantic and no-one-knows-how-old glacier.

EMBEDDED in that ice-mass was a mastodon—as perfect as the day on which it was trapped in the ice and went into natural "cold storage." And it was that mastodon they were chopping out—to provide juicy and nourishing steaks for their Christmas dinner!

Did I hear you say you'd sooner have roast Turkey?

A VERY BIG PROBLEM!—A regular poser has been set me by a reader whom I met by chance this week. We got talking of the possibilities of 7s. 6d.—how to spend it! That sum was an advance Christmas present. There's an awful lot of things to do with 7s. 6d., and I could go on making suggestions for a week. But my reader was in a hurry, and demanded my advice AT ONCE.

STRANGE how seldom advice is really taken and promptly acted upon, isn't it? But this fellow took my tip immediately, and in the afternoon he called round to thank me. He was hugging under his arm a book, the one I had suggested he should buy with his 7s. 6d. It was called the MODERN BOY'S BOOK OF ENGINEERING, and I've NEVER seen anyone more pleased with anything in my life.

TURN to page 31, this issue. There's a very small reproduction of the cover of that Annual there, and a few words that will give you some idea of its splendid contents. Get it for yourself, if you possibly can!!!

IN NEXT FRIDAY'S ISSUE—
SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL continues his magnificent motor-racing story, the fame of which is travelling right round the world!

MIDGE'S CHRISTMAS DINNER!—For CAPTAIN JUSTICE & CO., prisoners in a dungeon in the depths of the Secret Kingdom, Christmas looks like being a time of sheer starvation and terror. But young Midge manages to raise an amazing feast!

ON THE PINK CORAL TRAIL!—The market value of pink coral is £5 an ounce—and KING OF THE ISLANDS is sailing in search of a South Seas island that is MADE of that treasure!

DO-OR-DIE HORTON!—Though the heavens fall and the earth splits, "Be first with the News—or the News-Pictures!" is the newspaperman's motto. . . . Here's how 16-years-old RED HORTON, with his trusty Norton motor-bike, does it!

THE SECRET BALLOON.—Peter was far too young to fight for his country during the Great War. But, as a member of the British Secret Service, he achieves amazing triumphs. Never has GREY SHADOW'S young assistant brought off a more brilliant scoop than in this astonishing story!

AND OTHER BRIGHT FEATURES that help to make MODERN BOY the best boys' paper ever!

SEE YOU AGAIN ON FRIDAY!
The Editor