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A TUNNEL UNDER THE ATLANTIC!—See Centre Pages

SOUTH SEAS SCALLYWAG

He's the Bad Lad of the wild Pacific. And it's the Boy Skipper's job to tame him and make a MAN of him!

“Call off your nigger, you hound!” yelled Paget, struggling desperately in the giant boatswain's grasp. But King of the Islands paid no attention, and Koko calmly carried his writhing burden to the boat's side.



Asking for Trouble!

SCALLYWAG!” roared Mr. Belnap, from the veranda of the Pacific Company's bungalow at Lalinge.

Koko, the brown boatswain of the South Seas trading ketch Dawn, owned and skippered by Ken King, chuckled.

“Big feller manager plenty too much mad along that young white feller!” he remarked.

Ken King, otherwise King of the Islands, stared round. The angry roar of the Pacific Company's manager reached the ketch, moored to the coral quay in the lagoon.

Mr. Belnap, leaning over the veranda rail, was glaring in wrath at the “young white feller” who had just descended the steps to the beach.

He was a young fellow of about Ken King's own age, dressed in spotless white ducks, with a rather handsome face under the shade of a Panama hat. On the beach he turned to glance back at the angry man on the veranda and coolly snapped his fingers at him. Then, with a jaunty air, he walked down to the quay where the ketch Dawn was moored.

Kit Hudson, the young Australian mate of the Dawn, glancing shoreward, grinned.

“I've seen that kid before,” he remarked. “His name's Paget—old Belnap's nephew—Ray Paget. A bit of a card, I fancy.”

“Cheeky young ass!” grunted Ken.

“If I were his uncle and he snapped his fingers at me, I'd try the effect of a lawyer-cane across his back.”

“It might do him good!” agreed Hudson.

Ray Paget, the nephew of the Pacific Company's manager, came along the quay and stopped by the bollards to which the ketch was moored. The tide was low, and the Dawn lay well below the level of the coral quay. The “scallywag” stood looking down on the busy deck.

But Ken and Kit gave him no further attention. The boy skipper and mate of the Dawn were hard at work, getting ready for sea. The Kanaka crew—Tomoo and Lufu, Lompo and Kolulo—jumped to orders. Danny, the fat cooky-boy, clattered pots and pans in his little galley.

King of the Islands did not, at the moment, present his usual neat and natty appearance. Generally spick and span and clean as a new pin, Ken was the handsomest and nattiest skipper in the South Seas. But he had been overhauling the trade-room, attending to the stacking of waterkegs and cargo, and tallying supplies under a broiling sun. Clad in a cotton singlet, perspiring and dusty, with his hat on the back of a rumpled head, he was very unlike his usual spruce self. No doubt Paget failed to recognise him as a skipper, for he

beckoned to him from the quay and called out:

“Here, my man!”

Ken stared at him.

“Is the captain on board?” asked the nephew of the Pacific Company's manager.

“You're speaking to him!” snapped Ken.

“You?” ejaculated Paget.

“Ay, ay! Want anything? We're busy!” said Ken.

“Oh, my hat!” Paget exclaimed. Ken turned his back on him. He had no time to waste.

The scallywag stood looking down at the deck for a few minutes longer, as if undecided. Then he appeared to make up his mind, and jumped down from the quay to the deck.

There was a shout from Kit Hudson:

“Here! Get out of that!”

“What the dooce do you mean?” snapped Paget, with an angry stare at the mate of the Dawn.

“Just what I say!” answered Hudson.

“Get out, and get out quick!” Hard work under a hot sun did not make the mate of the Dawn disposed to be very patient with a cheeky fellow who barged in where he had no business.

“What do you want here?” asked Ken sharply. He had no more patience to waste than his mate.

“A word with you, if you're the

skipper," answered the boy disdainfully. "I want a passage on this ketch. When do you sail?"

"We sail when the tide makes, and the Dawn doesn't carry passengers," answered Ken curtly. "Get back to the quay."

"I suppose you'll carry a passenger if you're paid to do it!" retorted Paget. "I'm not asking you to carry me for nothing. I'm going to leave Lalinge to-day, and there's no other craft in the lagoon, so it's Hobson's choice with me. I hope you've got a decent cabin."

"Decent or not, you won't see the inside of it!" snapped King of the Islands. "I tell you we carry no passengers."

"And I tell you to keep a civil tongue in your head, my man!" said Paget coolly. "I don't want to sail in your rotten ketch, but I've got to get away from this rotten island. You can land me at your first port of call—I don't care where. I can pay you. How much do you want?"

Ken King breathed hard. If he looked, at the moment, rather like a foremast hand, that did not alter the fact that he expected to be treated as a captain on his own deck. He made a step towards Ray Paget, his hands clenched and his eyes gleaming.

But he checked his anger. The fellow was asking for trouble—more than he could deal with if it came to him. But Ken, who had to call on Mr. Belnap on business matters before he sailed, did not want to handle his nephew if he could help it.

"That's enough," said Ken quietly. "Get off this ship."

"Ship!" repeated Paget. "Do you call this twopenny yawl a ship?" He laughed. "Look here, my man, don't be a fool. I suppose you're open to make money, like all the island traders. I've rowed with my uncle and I want to get out of Lalinge. I'll give you ten pounds for a lift to the next island."

"If you've rowed with your uncle, the best thing you can do is to go back and apologise to him!" said Ken.

"When I want your advice, my man, I'll ask you for it!" said Paget haughtily. "That's more than enough! Send one of your niggers up to the bungalow for my bags."

"Suffering cats!" exclaimed Kit Hudson. "How much more lip are you going to take from that young swab, Ken?"

"None!" answered Ken. "That's the limit! I've told you to get off this ketch, Mr. Paget. Are you going?"

"Don't be a fool!" answered Paget coolly. "I've told you—"

"Koko!" rapped Ken.

"Yessar!" grinned the boatswain. "Put that man on the quay!"

Ray Paget started back as the huge Kanaka boatswain towered over him. He was a sturdy fellow for his age, but he looked a mere infant beside the mighty Koko. His eyes flashed with rage as he backed.

"You cheeky hound!" he shouted. "Do you dare to set your nigger on me? Stand back, you black scum!"

"White master say put you along quay, sar," grinned Koko. "This

FIRST of a Thrilling New Series of Adventure Stories Afloat, featuring KING OF THE ISLANDS, boy skipper and owner of the famous trading ketch Dawn!

By CHARLES HAMILTON

feller Koko makee all samee white master say."

The big brown hands grasped Ray Paget. The boy struck out fiercely, his fist crashing on the Kanaka's bare brown chest. But he might as well have punched the cedar mast of the Dawn. Koko grinned, and lifted him from the deck.

The manager's nephew swung in the air in Koko's powerful hands, his arms and legs flying wildly. He yelled with rage.

"Call your nigger off, you hound!" he roared.

King of the Islands had already ceased to pay him any attention. His back was turned to the wriggling figure in the boatswain's grasp.

Koko, heedless of his desperate struggling and writhing, carried him to the side. There was a cackle of laughter from the Hiva-Oa crew, staring at the scene with great amusement. It was echoed by a cackle from the natives on the quay, as Paget flew from Koko's hands and spun along the coral.

He rolled over and over on the rough coral and crashed into a pile of packing-cases and lay gasping and panting.

For a long moment he lay there, dazed and dizzy. Then he scrambled up, red with fury, and came panting towards the ketch. Koko grinned at him over the teak rail.

"Muche better you stop along quay, sar!" he advised. "S'pose you comey along this feller packet belong King of the Islands, this feller Koko makee you go along quay, plenty too quick altogether."

"You black scum!" panted Paget. But he did not jump on board again. Koko's advice was too good not to be taken. The scallywag tramped away along the coral and disappeared up the beach. And the captain and crew of the Dawn, dismissing him from mind, went on cheerily with the work of getting ready for sea.

Ken's New Hand!

"CAPTAIN KING, I want you to do me a favour!"

Ken smiled.

"Any old thing, Mr. Belnap!" he answered.

Ken had gone ashore in the cool of sundown to pay his last business call at Lalinge before getting up the anchor. He found the Pacific Company's manager with a worried frown on his plump face. For some time, seated in Madeira chairs on the

veranda, they talked freights. But the boy trader could see that Belnap's thoughts were elsewhere, and wondered once or twice whether he was thinking of his scapegrace nephew. The manager had fallen into silence, and Ken, glancing out towards the ketch, was thinking of taking his leave when Mr. Belnap spoke abruptly.

"Have you room for a man on your craft?"

"I've a full crew," answered Ken, rather puzzled. "They're all good men, and I don't want any more hands."

"I'm not offering you a good man—I'm offering you a lazy, slack, cheeky, good-for-nothing young rascal!" blurted the Pacific Company's manager.

King of the Islands stared.

"You don't expect me to take a man with that recommendation, Mr. Belnap?" he ejaculated.

"As a favour!" said the manager. "There's the man!"

He pointed to a figure coming up the beach towards the bungalow.

It was Ray Paget. He was slouching idly along, with his hands in his pockets and a black look on his face.

"Your nephew!" exclaimed Ken, in amazement.

"I've surprised you, I suppose," grunted the manager. "I'll tell you how it is. Ray's not a bad lad—not really bad. He's my sister's son, and I want to think the best of him and make the best of him. He was spoiled at home—allowed to do anything he dashed well liked. And he has a fancy that the earth isn't quite good enough for him to walk on."

"I took him in hand when I had a trip home my last leave," went on Mr. Belnap. "He was keen enough to come out here, and I thought it might make a man of him. I soon found that his idea was to slack about and kill time here, the same as at home. He's got into bad company—the sporting set at the Planters—you know that crowd. He loathes work. He's rowed with nearly everybody in the office and the warehouse—and with me. If he had no money it might be better for him. But he gets remittances from home."

"I understand," assented Ken. The boy trader knew the nature of "remittance men" in the islands.

"I can do nothing with him," continued Mr. Belnap. "I could pack him off home on the next steamer, of course, but—but I'd rather make a man of him if it could be done. I could kick him out—but he asks

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nothing better; in fact, I believe after our last row he's made up his mind to cut loose and go off on his own in the islands. I fancy that's why he came down to your ketch this afternoon—"

"It was," said Ken.

"I saw your nigger chuck him ashore, so I've no doubt he gave you some of his lip. Now, look here, Captain King—I believe there's grit in the young scallywag somewhere if it could be got at. He's had too easy a time, and thinks that the world was made for him to throw his weight about in. I can't keep him in hand, even if I wanted the trouble of him, and I know that he intends to get off Lalinge the first ship that will take him. I don't want my nephew to go to rot and ruin among the scum of the Pacific. So I've thought—of this!"

Ken was silent. He wanted to oblige the Pacific Company's manager if he could. But the idea of the scallywag on board his ship was rather dismaying.

"I don't want you to coddle him," explained Mr. Belnap. "If you'll do me this favour, I want you to sign him on as one of your crew. Berth him forward with the hands and let him pull and haul with the Kanakas, and give him a full allowance of boot or lawyer-cane if he's saucy—as he will be!"

"I've no doubt of that," said Ken dryly.

"You're going on a round trip among the islands," went on the manager. "You'll be three months at sea. If you'll take him in hand it will be exactly the training he wants—needs, at least. It will open his eyes—may make a man of him. There must be something more than self-conceit in him, and if there is you're the man to get at it."

"Thanks!" said Ken, laughing.

"His mother's a widow, and she sends him money she needs at home, and he's not ashamed to throw it about, playing cards with that crew up at the Planters'. He wants kicking into shape! He wants to learn to turn to. I'd send him to sea with Barney Hall, the toughest skipper in the islands, if nothing better offered. But if a decent skipper like you would take him and knock the nonsense out of him—"

"Some job!" said Ken, glancing at the handsome, sullen face of the scapegrace, who had now reached the steps of the veranda.

"I'm asking it as a favour, not only for his sake and my own, but for the sake of a widow woman in the Old Country to whom he ought to be a comfort, instead of a worry and a trouble."

"I'll do it!" said King of the Islands, making up his mind on the spot.

"I won't say you won't regret it," said Mr. Belnap. "Most likely you will. But I'll say I'm obliged. Here, Ray!"

Paget stepped on the veranda. He gave his uncle a scowling glance, and then stared at Ken. For the moment

he did not recognise the boy skipper of the Dawn, very different in his shore clothes from the rough-and-ready seaman he had seen on the ketch. Then, as recognition came, he scowled more blackly.

"This is Captain King, Ray," said Mr. Belnap.

"I've seen the rotter, and don't want to see any more of him," answered Paget coolly, and he walked across the veranda to push aside the slatted blinds and go into the house.

"Stop!" rapped the Pacific Company's manager.

Paget glanced over his shoulder.

"You'll be shut of me to-day!" he snapped. "I've come back for my bags. I can't get a boat out of Lalinge, but I've engaged a native crew to run me across to Lukwe in a canoe. So that's that!"

"You're sailing with Captain King!"

"That fellow has already refused me a passage, and if he's changed his mind I've not changed mine," retorted Paget. "I'm not sailing with him."

"You don't catch on quite," said King of the Islands, rising from the Madeira chair. "Your uncle has asked me to sign you on as one of my crew, and I've consented. Get your dunnage down to the quay—we sail in an hour!"

PAGET stared at him blankly for a moment or two. Then he burst into an angry laugh.

"Is that a joke?" he demanded.

"Not in the least!"

Paget faced King of the Islands. His eyes were glinting, and his lips set.

"Do you fancy you'll get me on board your ketch without my consent?" he demanded.

"Your consent isn't necessary," explained Ken quietly. "You're here in your uncle's charge, and he has decided to send you to sea in my ketch. You won't find it a bad life if you make the best of it."

"You cheeky fool!" roared Paget.

"Take him on board with you now, Captain King," said the Pacific Company's manager. "I'll send his dunnage after him."

"Very well! Come with me, Paget!"

"I'll come if you can make me!" said Paget mockingly. "Why, you cheeky hound, for two pins I'd knock you head first over that rail!"

"Are you coming?" asked Ken, in the same quiet tone.

"Hardly!"

"Now, Ray—" began Mr. Belnap.

"Hold your tongue, you old fool!" interrupted his nephew. "I'm as fed-up with you as you can be with me. I'm going—but not with that rotten trader. I've got a pal at Lukwe—"

"Do you think I'll let you join up with that scoundrel Dandy Peter?" roared the Pacific Company's manager.

"I think you won't be able to stop me," answered Paget coolly. "I'm my own master, I believe."

Mr. Belnap choked with wrath.

"Take him away, Captain King!"

he gasped. "I wash my hands of him. If you can handle the young scallywag, take him!"

"I hope it need not come to that," said King of the Islands. "Now, Paget, you're sailing under my orders. I've told you to get down to the quay. I'm waiting!"

"Take me down to the quay," suggested Paget, with a derisive grin. "I'll go if you can make me! I've handled better men than you, and I should rather enjoy knocking you into a cocked hat, after your impudence on the ketch this afternoon. I'm waiting to be taken!"

"Right!" said King of the Islands cheerfully. He strode across the veranda at the manager's nephew and grasped him.

Ray Paget's hands came up like lightning. He struck, and struck again, so suddenly and swiftly that Ken staggered back under the blow. The scallywag, with glinting eyes, followed him up, hitting out fiercely and fast.

But King of the Islands rallied at once. He closed in on the manager's nephew, grasped him, and swung him to the veranda steps. On the top step, Paget struggled fiercely, and they lost their footing and rolled down together to the sand below.

King of the Islands was the first on his feet. Paget sat up, panting, his face red with fury.

"Now are you going?" asked Ken.

The scapegrace of Lalinge did not answer. He leaped to his feet, rushed at the boy trader, and hit out with right and left. Ken faced him steadily, hitting out in his turn. And in the glare of the sunset, foot to foot, eye to eye, they fought fiercely.

Lesson No. 1!

"WHAT'S all this!" exclaimed Kit Hudson.

He came up the beach at a run at the sight of the fight going on in front of the Pacific Company's bungalow. From other bungalows, white men stared and a crowd of natives gathered on the beach to watch.

Manager Belnap looked down over the rail with an anxious, frowning face. Cheeky young rascal and reckless scallywag as his nephew was, he knew how to use his fists, and he had pluck, as well as a passionate temper. Mr. Belnap was not at all sure that King of the Islands would get the upper hand and for a moment he regretted having landed such a wildcat on the good-natured boy trader of Lalinge.

Koko followed Hudson up the beach. From the moored ketch, Lompo and Lufu, Kolulo and Tomoo, and Danny watched in great excitement. As Kit Hudson reached the scene Ken King went staggering back under a heavy upper-cut, and fell in the sand.

Paget stood over him with clenched fists and blazing eyes.

"You'll sign me on as a seaman, will you?" he shouted. "You'll ship me on board your rotten ketch! I'll

sign on, if you can get me to your packet! Get on with it!"

"Ken!" exclaimed Hudson, running forward.

"Stand back, you!" snapped Paget. "You're not wanted here. Keep out of the way, Mister Mate."

"By gum!" breathed Hudson. "I'll—"

Ken scrambled up.

"Leave him to me, Kit!" he panted. "Stand back, old man."

Hudson stood back. Paget came at the boy trader again with a fierce rush. Twice the lashing fists crashed home on his handsome, sunburnt face, and he very nearly went down again. He retreated, and as Paget rushed in again King of the Islands got home with right and left. The scapegrace stopped as suddenly as if he had rushed into a brick wall, staggered, and fell.

There was a chuckle from Koko

"White master knock seven bells out that white feller!" said the brown boatswain of the Dawn. "White master belong me plenty too good along that feller."

Ken stood panting, waiting for Paget to rise. The scapegrace of Lalinge got rather slowly on his feet. He had taken it for granted that he could thrash the island trader, but he was finding the task rather more hefty than he had anticipated. With his sleeve, he brushed a stream of blood from his nose, leaving a deep, crimson stain on the white.

"Coming on board, my man?" asked Ken.

"I'll give you 'my man,' you rotten trader!" said Paget between his teeth. He came on again and they were fighting hammer-and-tongs once more.

The two were much of a size and much of an age. But King of the Islands was the tougher and fitter of the two. His wind was still good, while Paget was panting and gasping. Too many black Manila cheroots with the sporting set at the Planters' Club had not improved the scallywag's wind.

Now that he had bellows to mend Paget's attack lost its vim and his blows fell wildly. But as he grew erratic King of the Islands concentrated on attack, and the scallywag gave ground in his turn, backing and backing till he was driven helplessly against the steps of the veranda.

Kit Hudson smiled grimly. He had never doubted for a moment that his shipmate would pull it off; and he was right! Passionately and savagely determined as the scapegrace was, King of the Islands already had him beaten.

But Paget was not acknowledging it. He rallied, and came on again with a desperate burst of energy, driving the boy trader back.

Half the beach had gathered by that time to stare at the fight be-

"Put back, you rotter, and land me!" demanded Paget, his right hand fingering something in his pocket. "D'you hear me?" He might have been addressing a stone image for all the notice Ken took of him.

tween two white men. There was a continuous cackle of excitement from swarming Kanakas and Chinese coolies.

Ken contented himself with defence now, Paget exhausting himself in vain efforts to break through it. The scallywag dropped his hands at last, panting stertorously, the perspiration pouring down his crimson face in streams. He stood swaying almost drunkenly in the sand.

"Will you go on board now, Paget?" asked King of the Islands. He was showing signs of wear and tear; but his voice was cool.

"If you can make me!" breathed the scallywag.

Ken King advanced on him. Paget's hands came up at once, but the boy trader closed with his adversary and took a grip on the back of his collar. Paget struggled in vain.

"Will you walk down to the quay?"

"No!"

"I shall run you down, then!"

"Do—if you can!" said Paget, still defiant, and still resisting.

With his left hand, Ken took a grip on the slack of the scallywag's trousers, his right gripping the collar, and ran him down the beach.

Paget had to go! His fiercest efforts could not break Ken King's grip loose; and he went at a run, to an accompaniment of cackling laughter from the loafers on the beach. Kit Hudson grinned as he followed, and Koko chuckled.

Down the beach and across the coral quay, went the scapegrace of Lalinge, panting and struggling. On the edge of the coral Ken halted.

"Will you step on board now?"

"No!"

King of the Islands, exerting his strength, swung the scallywag from the quay into the air and pitched him headlong to the deck of the Dawn. He struck the deck and rolled over and over.

Ken stepped on board after him.

Ray Paget sat up dizzily. He leaned back against the mainmast, utterly spent. But his face blazed with rage and hatred. He tried to



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speak, but only a hoarse gasping came. One of his eyes was closed, his nose streamed crimson, and there was a trickle of red from the corner of his mouth. The Hiva-Oa crew watched him with grinning faces.

"My word!" murmured Danny the cooky-boy. "Feller King of the Islands kill that feller plenty too much along fist belong him."

"You bound!" Paget got his voice at last. "Do you think you'll keep me here? Do you fancy—" His voice cracked with fury.

Ken stood looking down at him quietly.

"Listen to me, Paget!" he said. "You're a waster and a rotter—an ungrateful nephew and a bad son—and you want to go from bad to worse. I've promised your uncle to take you in hand and make a man of you, if it can be done! I'm going to try hard! You're going to sign on for this voyage, and you're going to do a man's job on this hooker."

"Make me if you can!"

"I'll have a jolly good shot at it!" said Ken grimly. "Your first lesson is to jump to orders. I gather that you've never obeyed an order in your life, but you'll learn on this packet! Go below and stay there till we sail."

"Not a step! Not—" began Paget.

"Koko. Throw that man down the companion!" ordered Ken.

Paget scrambled to his feet and made a leap for the side. But Koko grabbed him and he was pitched headlong into the companion.

There was a bump, from step to step, as he rolled down. A yell of rage floated up from below. Then a scrambling step was heard on the ladder. The scallywag, still un-subdued, was coming up again.

"If that man comes on deck before we sail, Koko, pitch him down again," said King of the Islands, and he turned away.

"Yessar!" chuckled Koko.

But Ray Paget did not come on deck. He heard the words, and turned back on the companion-ladder. It was his first lesson in discipline, and he showed that he could learn.

Desperate Measures!

KING OF THE ISLANDS almost forgot the unwilling member of his crew as he took the ketch across the lagoon to the reef passage. With the sunset came the wind, and the Dawn was going out under sail. Koko was at the wheel, his brown hands on the spokes, Kit Hudson on the fore-castle head, whilst Ken stood by the binnacle. Lompo and Lufu, Tomoo and Kolulo stood at the ropes, ready and watchful to obey the boy skipper.

The tide was running full, and all Ken's care was needed to take his craft safely through the reefs. Only Danny the cooky-boy stood at ease. In the doorway of his little galley, the cooky-boy polished a saucepan, and hummed a melody of his native

island of Hiva-Oa—an interminable Kanaka tune on three notes. Not a man gave a single thought to the new recruit below.

Paget had not shown himself above deck since Koko had tossed him down into the cabin. He might have been heard moving about there, after a time, if anyone had given him attention—which no one did. It was not till the ketch was feeling her way out between the reefs, with sharp teeth of coral glistening from the running tide on either hand, that his footstep was heard on the companion again, and he looked out on deck.

Ken, from the tail of his eye, saw him emerge from the companion; but he gave him no heed; he had no attention to spare for him then. Once clear of the reef he would have leisure to deal with him.

But the scallywag of Lalinge was not waiting till then. Coming out on the after-deck, he looked round him—at the beach of Lalinge, already fading across the wide lagoon, the bungalows and warehouses falling into a blur, and the natives on the beach, toy-like in the distance. Then he looked across the stretching reefs to the open sea beyond, and his eyes glittered with rage. In a few more minutes the ketch would be clear of the island and spreading her white wings to the wind of the Pacific. With set lips he stepped across the deck towards King of the Islands. His right hand was in his pocket at his side.

"Put back, you rotter, and land me!" he said, between his teeth.

Ken did not even look at him.

"You hear me?" hissed Paget. "I'm not going on this ketch—I've got a canoe waiting to take me to Lukwe. Will you put back? Last time of asking!"

He might have been addressing a stone image for all the heed King of the Islands gave him. Paget waited a few moments, and then his right hand whipped from his pocket, with a revolver in it. Ken gave a start as the weapon flashed up and looked him in the face.

Paget's eyes flashed over it.

"Your own gun, you scum!" he said. "I fancied there would be one in your state-room, and I looked for it and found it. It's loaded—I've seen to that! 'Bout ship, Ken King, or I'll lay you on your own deck!"

"Put that gun down, you mad fool!" snapped Ken. "Do you want this packet to go on the reef?"

"I don't care a hang!" growled Paget. "I'll put a bullet through you, and your packet on the reef, if you don't do as I tell you! If you've got sense, Ken King, you'll see that I'm desperate! I'm not going to sea in your ketch—I'm going ashore! Will you put back?"

Koko's dark eyes burned at him. But the helmsman dared not let go the wheel. Ken, heedless of the savage, passionate face that glared at him, or the loaded weapon that threatened him, fixed his eyes on the water that boiled over the fangs of the coral. Paget trembled with rage. He was, as he had said, desperate; he had hunted out a weapon to force the boy trader to put him ashore, and he

was ready to use the weapon, in his rage, regardless of consequences. His finger was on the trigger.

"I give you one minute, Ken King!" His voice came thick with fury. "One minute—and then—"

King of the Islands gave him no heed. Even with the levelled revolver threatening his life he could not take his attention off conning his ship through the reefs—which Paget, who was no sailorman, did not fully understand. To him, Ken's disregard of his threat implied only contempt, and his face worked with fury.

"One minute, Ken King!" he said hoarsely. "I'll lay you on your own deck, with your own gun, if you don't put me ashore."

King of the Islands drew a deep breath as the ketch surged clear of the reef. The white foam boiled astern as the Dawn glided out into the Pacific. He turned to the scap-grace of Lalinge.

"Put down that gun!" he rapped.

"Time's up!" said Paget, his eyes blazing over the revolver. "You'd better tell your mate to keep back, Ken King, and your niggers, too. I'll pull trigger if a finger is lifted."

Hudson had leaped down from the fore-castle. But he checked himself; his shipmate's life was in the balance. His own gun was below, and he could read the desperate determination in Paget's furious face.

"'Bout ship, Ken, and get rid of the swab!" called out Hudson, in tense anxiety for his shipmate.

King of the Islands shook his head. "Never!" he answered quietly. "I'm skipper of this packet, and no man is giving me orders."

"Ken! That mad fool—" "Take your mate's advice, Ken King!" Paget's voice came in a snarl. "Time's up. Are you going about?"

Ken looked at the rage-maddened face, the threatening revolver, and knew he was looking at death. But his face did not change. Hudson, his hands clenched till the nails dug into the palms, looked on, helpless; the Hiva-Oa crew stared blankly. Danny the cooky-boy, in the doorway of the galley, ceased to polish his saucepan and to hum his song.

"No!"

Ken's answer came curt and clear. "Then—" shouted Paget.

Whiz! What struck him, Paget did not know.

It was the saucepan from the hand of the cooky-boy. It whizzed like an arrow to the mark, crashing to the side of the scallywag's head, and sending him sprawling to the deck.

Crack! The revolver in his hand exploded as he fell, the bullet whipping away harmlessly into the scuppers. The next instant Ken King had leaped forward and kicked the weapon from his hand.

Hudson, with a roar of mingled rage and relief, rushed forward and grasped Paget as he struggled to his feet.

"You scum!" panted the mate of the Dawn.

He wrenched the struggling scap-grace over, crushed him down, and planted a knee on his chest, pinning him there.

"You sing out, sar, and me throw that plenty bad feller along sea," panted Koko, "along feller shark, sar."

Ken smiled.

"Give the wheel to Lompo, Koko!" he said. "Get the irons up for that swab!"

"Yessar!" grunted Koko. "This feller tinkee much better that plenty bad feller stop along sea, sar."

"The irons!" rapped Ken.

Lompo took the wheel, and the boatswain went below for the irons. Danny picked up his saucepan, a cheery grin on his fat brown face. Ken gave him a smile.

"You plenty good boy, Danny," he said. "You go along trade-room; you look findee big feller tick-tock, that feller tick-tock belong you."

"Oh, sar!" gasped the cooky-boy.

He scuttled down to the trade-room, and reappeared, the happy owner of the largest clock in the Dawn's supply of trade goods.

Lompo and Lufu, Tomoo and Kolulo eyed the cooky-boy with envious eyes

as he strutted on the deck, with the clock slung on a tapa cord round his fat neck, listening with unspeakable delight to the sound of the "tick-tock." Danny had saved his white master from danger, perhaps from death, but he was fully repaid, in his own estimation, by that magnificent reward!

Meanwhile, Koko had brought the manacles on deck. With a grim face, he locked them on the struggling scallywag, resisting fiercely in the grasp of Hudson and two of the Kanakas. There was a clink of metal as Paget staggered to his feet, ironed.

"You insolent hound, King!" he roared, nearly choking with rage. "You dare to put me in irons! You dare—"

King of the Islands gave him a glance of contempt.

"Think yourself lucky that I don't order you two dozen with a lawyer-cane!" he snapped. "You'll stay in irons for twenty-four hours! Put him in the forecastle!"

"I'll forecastle you!" shouted Paget. And, wrenching himself free, he leaped at Ken, manacled hands raised to strike.

But the blow never fell. Kit's foot shot out, the scallywag's legs were swept from under him, and down he went. The Kanakas seized him and hauled him to his feet.

Struggling, panting with rage, Paget was hustled forward by the grinning Kanakas and dropped into the little forecastle. There he remained, unheeded and forgotten, while the Dawn, with bellying sails, boomed on before the trade-wind!

Paget's in a proper pickle now—and all of his own making. Rather than stay on the Dawn he is ready to face ANYTHING, and in next week's exciting story he bolts, head-first into the sea. . . There's a packet of super-thrills waiting for you in "KEN KING'S RUNAWAY," next Saturday!

KNIGHTS of the AIR

No. 14—CAPTAIN HAWKER
V.C., D.S.O.

By Flying-Officer W. E. JOHNS

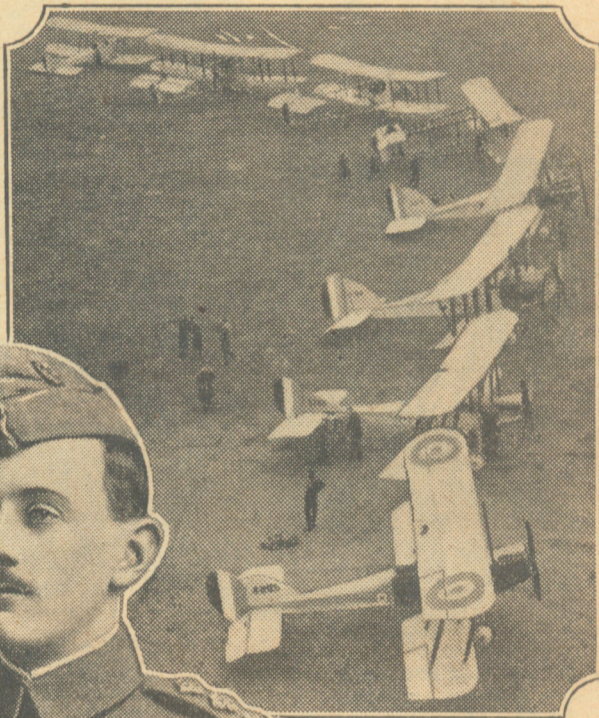
MOST people know the name of Captain Hawker in one connection. And it is a grim one. He fell under the guns of Manfred von Richthofen, during the Great War, a victory that pleased the German Ace immensely and raised his prestige to fresh heights. Hawker's machine-gun was Richthofen's most cherished trophy.

Lance Hawker was born in 1890, and after leaving the Royal Military Academy in 1911 he joined the Royal Engineers. Whilst serving with them he took a course of flying, and qualified for his wings in 1913. Thus he was one of the little band of pre-War pilots. In 1914 he transferred to the R.F.C. and on the outbreak of war proceeded Overseas with No. 6 Squadron.

WITH them he carried out many important flights, and he jumped into fame in April, 1915, for a daring single-handed raid on Zeppelin sheds in Belgium. For this he was awarded the D.S.O. and when No. 24 Squadron was formed he was given command of it, and under his leadership it became the hottest fighting squadron in France. He had already scored several victories, although air fighting as we think of it now had not been developed. It is true that the Fokker monoplane was fitted with guns which fired forward through the propeller, but as we had nothing of the sort the German pilots had things pretty much their own way. Hawker faced them with a primitive form of armament of his own invention, and in July, 1915, in a Bristol Scout, with no better weapon than a French carbine strapped to the side of his machine, he shot down three enemy machines—a feat which brought him the Victoria Cross and caused him to be recognised as the leading pilot in France.

Under his command, No. 24 Squadron, flying D.H.2's, quickly became famous. In June, 1916, it shot down seventeen enemy machines; in July, twenty-three; and in August fifteen more. No other squadron had such a record.

But November 23rd, 1916, was a terrible day for the



Some types of British planes used in 1915.

Left: Captain L. G. Hawker.



squadron, for on that day its gallant leader fell in a matched duel with Manfred von Richthofen. At least, that was the story Richthofen told, and no one disputed it. For this reason it has always been accepted. But I have recently received information that this version is not true in its essential facts. An officer is still alive who saw the whole thing, but, as he is still in the Service, his lips are sealed.

Hawker, he declared, was the victim of a trap. With two other officers he attacked a number of enemy machines. He did not even see Richthofen in his new Albatross Scout, sitting aloft awaiting an opportunity to strike. It came. He swooped on Hawker from behind, and the gallant Ace fell, shot through the head.