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THE TWO FLYING SCOTSMEN!—See page 13

KEN KING'S RUNAWAY

The Scallywag of the South Seas is ready to face ANYTHING to escape from the trading ketch Dawn—even hungry sharks!



Defiance!

SHOW a leg!" roared the mate of the Dawn, Kit Hudson, as he stood by the companion, growing redder and redder.

Ken King, the boy skipper known throughout the Pacific as King of the Islands, glanced at him and smiled. Then his attention returned to the account-book open on his knee. Ray Paget, the new hand on board the Dawn, was below, and did not, it seemed, choose to come up to take his watch on deck. No doubt the scape-grace could not forget that he was nephew of the Pacific Company's manager at Lalinge, and a gentleman of sorts, and jibbed at pulling and hauling with the Kanaka crew.

If that was his idea, Kit Hudson, who pulled and hauled himself when occasion arose, was the man to educate him—and King of the Islands, boy skipper and owner of the ketch, left the matter to his mate.

The Dawn was bowling along before a six-knot wind. Ken King, sitting on the taffrail, was busy with accounts. Koko, the giant Kanaka boatswain at the wheel, regarded his white master with great admiration. Those mysterious marks in the pages of the book all meant something to

Ray Paget's head came up again, his face as white as chalk. A dozen yards away was the shark, savagely seeking his victim. Ken King stood watching with fiercely beating heart. There was nothing he could do to help. He could never reach Paget in time!

his white master, and Koko knew that simply by looking in that book, Ken could tell how many trade boxes were on board, and how many looking-glasses were packed in the trade-room. Which was a marvellous thing to Koko's simple mind.

As the Dawn dipped to the Pacific rollers Ken, as he sat on the taffrail, was sometimes above the steersman's head, sometimes on a level with his feet. A landsman would have pitched over into the sea, but King of the Islands sat as securely as in a chair on the veranda of the Planters' Club at Lalinge.

"Paget!" Kit Hudson was shouting

By CHARLES HAMILTON

down the companion. "Show a leg! Do you want me to come for you?"

There was no answer from the cabin. Ray Paget was there—King of the Islands allowed him to berth on the lockers in the cabin, unwilling to put a white man forward with the Kanakas. The scallywag of Lalinge must have heard Hudson's angry roar—it rang from stem to stern of the ketch—but he gave no heed.

"Suffering cats!" exclaimed the mate of the Dawn. He set his teeth and tramped down the companion ladder.

Koko, at the wheel, grinned, and remarked:

"That white feller, name belong him Paget, likee plenty too much trouble!"

"Twenty trade boxes for So'o'oo'o," murmured Ken, ticking it off with a stump of pencil. "You see feller island Golo eye belong you, Koko?"

Koko swept the rolling Pacific with an eye as keen as an albatross'.

"No see, sar, eye belong me," he answered.

"We ought to raise Golo by sun-down," said Ken. "Twenty trade-boxes, fifty looking-glasses, and two dozen paint boxes."

He ticked off the items, heedless of

Ken King's Runaway

sounds of strife and uproar that came from below.

But the Hiva-Oa crew were not heedless. Lompo and Lufu, Tomoo and Kolulo grinned at one another, and Danny the cooky-boy came out of his galley to listen. Ray Paget had spent his first twenty-four hours on board the Dawn in irons—which Ken had hoped would be a lesson to him. But he did not seem to have profited by the lesson.

Evidently the mate of the Dawn was having trouble with him below. There was a tramping of feet, panting and gasping. The sounds surged into the companion-way. Kit Hudson was coming up, and bringing the scallywag with him.

But he seemed to have his work cut out. The Australian mate was strong and muscular. But Paget was no weakling, and he had pluck and determination as well as a passionate and hasty temper. He was resisting every inch of the way. Crash! Bump!

"My word! That feller make plenty fight along feller Hudson!" murmured Koko, as a heavy fall was heard in the companion.

Hudson and the scallywag rolled down into the cabin together. Then a panting voice was heard—the voice of Ray Paget!

"Keep your paws off me, you rotter! I don't belong to this craft, and I'll obey no man's order on board her! Not so long as I—"

THE voice broke off with a gasp, and the sounds of struggle recommenced. The Hiva-Oa crew chuckled and listened. Ken, unheeding, concentrated his attention on the trade goods that had to be sorted out for So'o'oo'o, the native chief of Golo, in exchange for copra. The Dawn was making for Golo, and King of the Islands expected to drop anchor in the lagoon by sundown. He had neither time nor inclination to worry about that unwilling member of his crew.

Again there was trampling and struggling in the companion. This time the mate of the Dawn got to the top with the scallywag. Two struggling forms came reeling out on deck.

With a heave of his muscular arms Hudson sent the scapegrace of Lalinge sprawling along the teak planks. Paget sprawled there, dizzy and gasping for breath. The perspiration ran down his crimson face in streams.

Hudson's eyes gleamed down at him. "Now, you lubber!" he roared. "Turn to!"

"Never!" panted Paget, and scrambled breathlessly to his feet. With a bound he reached the spot where Ken King sat on the taffrail. Ken lifted his eyes from his book and glanced at him coolly.

"Get away from here, my man!" he rapped. "You're not wanted aft!"

"You cheeky rotter of a trader!" shouted Paget. "I'm not one of your crew! I've been shanghai'd on this rotten ketch!"

"You've signed on for the voyage," said Ken, with a smile.

"Only to get out of your irons!" panted Paget. "Do you think you'll keep me on board this ketch? I'll cut at the first land we touch!"

"You'll get a dozen from the lawyer-cane if you try it," said Ken. "No man on this packet is allowed to desert."

"You—you rotter! How much did my Uncle Belnap pay you to kidnap me on this ketch?" hissed Paget.

Ken's face hardened. "Nothing," he answered quietly. "I've taken you as a favour to your uncle because he could do nothing with you. I've taken you because you're a waster, a rotter, a scallywag, a lazy good-for-nothing ne'er-do-well, and I'm going to see whether a hard life and hard work will make something like a man of you! Now get forrard and obey orders!"

Paget clenched his hands and made a spring towards the boy trader. But Hudson's grasp was on his shoulder, and he was swung back.

"Take him away, Kit!" said Ken, unmoved.

The mate of the Dawn swung the scallywag away, fiercely resisting. He slammed him against the swinging whaleboat.

"Now," said Hudson quietly, "that boat wants scraping, Paget. Get to work on it! No more fooling! Get busy!"

"Scraping a boat! You fancy—"

"Are you going to get down to it?"

"No!" yelled Paget.

"Lompo! Tomoo! You bring feller lawyer-cane along here!" rapped the mate of the Dawn.

"You—you dare!" gasped Paget. The scallywag had had more than one lesson already on board King of the Islands' ketch; but he could hardly believe that he was booked for the lawyer-cane.

"You'll see!" said Hudson grimly. "I don't want you on this craft, my man—you're more trouble than you're worth! But so long as you're here you'll jump to orders and make yourself useful."

His fist lashed out as the waster of Lalinge flew at him like a cat. The scallywag crashed over on his back.

The brown, brawny knee of Lompo pinned him down on the deck. At a sign from Hudson, Tomoo, grinning, laid on the lawyer-cane hard and fast. The scallywag wriggled and yelled and writhed as the lashes fell. But there was no escape for him. Hudson counted, a dozen and then signed to Tomoo to cease.

"Will you scrape down that boat?" the mate demanded.

Paget panted. A fierce refusal trembled on his lips. But the lawyer-cane was lifted—and he did not want another dozen. His voice was almost inaudible with fury as he replied:

"You've got me! But—"

"Will you scrape down that boat?"

"Yes!" breathed Paget.

He was released. He staggered to his feet, and stood for a moment looking at the mate of the Dawn. Hudson turned away carelessly—he had other matters to see to, and he was done with Paget. For a long moment the

scallywag stood, breathing hard, with clenched hands. Then he turned to work, scraping the whaleboat.

But as he scraped his eyes turned ever and again towards a blur that was rising on the rim of the sea. That blur was land—one of the innumerable tiny islands of the Pacific. What land it was, what it was called, Paget neither knew nor cared. It meant escape for him, if he could get ashore—and that was all he cared about.

Man Overboard!

KING OF THE ISLANDS ran the reef passage of Golo under the setting sun, and dropped anchor in sixty feet of water in the lagoon.

Golo was a tiny atoll—a mere ring of reef and sand and earth, surrounding the lagoon, which was a mile long by half a mile broad. Small as it was, Golo was fertile. All round the lagoon, palm-trees nodded their feathery fronds against the deep blue of the sky, and the grass-houses of the brown natives stood amid fields of yams and taro, hedged by scarlet hibiscus.

From the shelving beach came the sound of tinkling instruments, where a crowd of natives, in white lava-lavas, were dancing now that the heat of the day was past. Golo was a peaceful island, and So'o'oo'o, the fat old chief, governed his tribe like a happy family.

Lazy, like all Kanakas, the Golo natives did little work—but there was always a consignment of copra ready for King of the Islands when he put into the lagoon, to be exchanged for trade-boxes with ringing-bells, looking-glasses, sticks of tobacco, knives and scissors and coloured ribbons, and such articles dear to the untutored islanders.

Ray Paget looked over the rail at the smiling scene shoreward—a scene of beauty to which the boy traders were accustomed, but which was newer to the youngster fresh out from home. Paget had been only a couple of months on Lalinge when he had exhausted his uncle's patience and caused the Pacific Company's manager to beg King of the Islands to take him to sea. The sights and sounds of the South Seas were still rather novel to him. And Ken, as the whaleboat was lowered to take him ashore, turned to the new hand with a cheery smile.

"Like a run ashore, Paget?" he asked.

The scallywag stared round at him. To his angry and resentful mind, everyone on board the Dawn was an enemy; and a kind word from the boy skipper surprised him.

"I've got to see So'o'oo'o!" added Ken. "We trade on the beach tomorrow—and get the anchor up later in the day. You can come in the boat if you like."

"Why not order me to pull an oar with your niggers!" said Paget bitterly. "You've treated me like a Kanaka, so far."

"Have a little sense, Paget!" said the boy trader quietly. "You're on this packet now for a three months' trip. Make the best of it! Nobody

wants to make it hard for you. You're better off here than loafing around with the scum of Lalinge. If you're ever going to do a man's job in the world you've got to pull yourself together. Do you want to pass your whole life living on remittances from home and combing the beach when the remittances stop?"

"All I want is to get off this craft!" answered Paget sullenly.

"Well, you can get off, for a run ashore, if you give me your word not to slip your cable."

"You'd take my word?"

"I'd take your word," Ken smiled. "You're a good many sorts of a rotter, Paget, but I think you'd keep your word."

Paget set his lips.

"That's why I won't give it!" he retorted. "If I set foot on the beach you'll never see me on this packet again. That's a fair warning."

"Then you won't set foot on the beach!" said Ken.

He stepped down into the whale-boat, and Lompo and Koko pulled away from the ketch.

Paget stared after the boat with a sullen scowl. He half-repent not having given the boy trader his word—to break it afterwards. But, waster as he was, his sullen pride kept him from lowering himself in the eyes of the fellow he hated. He would not give his word and break it, but he was going to escape from the Dawn if he could. Once ashore, he could hide in the coconut woods till the ketch sailed. Time was money to a trader, and he did not think it likely that Ken King would delay days, or weeks, hunting for him on Golo. He was a good swimmer, and the quarter of a mile to the beach was nothing to him in the calm, quiet waters of the lagoon.

Leaning on the rail, he gave a stealthy glance round to note whether he was observed. He started as he met the eyes of Hudson. The mate of the Dawn was watching him, a derisive grin on his face.

"Forget it!" said Hudson. He read the scallywag's thoughts like an open book. "If you marooned yourself on Golo you'd have to wait six months for a ship to take you off. You'd find that worse than three months on this hooker."

"I'll ask for your advice when I want it!" snarled Paget.

"You'll keep a civil tongue in your head, my man, unless you want some more lawyer-cane," replied Hudson. "And chew on this—there are sharks in the lagoon, and if you jump over the side you're John Shark's meat! Please yourself and be hanged to you!"

And the mate of the Dawn turned contemptuously away.

Paget scowled at his stalwart back, then turned his glance shoreward. In the red sunset, King of the Islands had stepped on the beach, and So'o'oo'o was meeting him in state.

So'o'oo'o was a tall, fat Polynesian, six feet six in height, and broad in proportion. He wore a lava-lava of white tapa, and strings of coral beads and cartridge-clips. And in his thick black hair was stuck a polished aluminium teapot, which flashed like silver in the sun. Paget's sullen face broke into a smile at the sight of the native chief in his finery.

Crowds of natives were gathered on the beach at the landing-place. But

The natives came down to the lagoon with some object swinging from a pole. The shipmates of the Dawn chuckled when they saw that it was the scallywag!

at a distance the farther beach ringing the lagoon was deserted. There was no one to lay a hand on Paget if he swam ashore. The black look came back to his face. He was going to try his luck.

"Feller shark stop along lagoon, sar!" Paget turned his head and saw Danny the cooky-boy. "You go along water, sar, you makee kai-kai along feller shark."

It was a good-natured warning, but Paget did not heed it. He could see no sign of sharks in the lagoon; and, anyhow, he was going to risk it.

Kolulo and Tomoo and Lufu had their eyes on him! All the Hiva-Oa boys knew his intention. But they were not likely to intervene; it was only from Kit Hudson that he had anything to fear. And he noted that the mate of the Dawn had gone below to the cabin. He made up his mind.

Grasping the teak rail with both hands, he swung himself over the side. There was an excited cackle from the Kanakas at once. Splash! Paget dropped into the water, and shot under. He was up again in a second, and swimming. Heading for a spot at a distance from the landing-place, where the natives were gathered, he had a quarter of a mile to cover to reach land. He swam with steady, powerful strokes. The Kanakas watched him with grinning faces.

"That feller plenty big fool!" remarked Danny. "He go makee kai-kai along feller shark."

"Brain belong that feller no walk about!" remarked Tomoo. "He go finish plenty too quick, along shark along lagoon."

Hudson came back to the deck. He glanced at the Kanakas bunched at the rail, and noted immediately that



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Paget was not to be seen. His expression altered at once.

"You feller boy, where that white feller stop?" he exclaimed.

"He stop along lagoon, sar!" answered Kotulo. "Tinkee he stop along inside belong feller shark plenty quick!" he added cheerfully.

Hudson ran to the side. Paget was already at a distance, swimming strongly. The mate of the Dawn shouted to him.

"You mad fool! Come back! Do you hear? You'll be torn in pieces! Come back!"

Paget heard him, but he did not heed. He swam on towards the distant beach.

Hudson breathed hard. There was no boat on the ketch—the whaleboat was ashore with King of the Islands. The escaping scallywag was too far off to be overtaken by a swimmer. And a black fin was glancing over the water.

The mate of the Dawn dashed below again, and ran up with a rifle in his hands. He lifted it to his shoulder, over the rail.

"Paget!" he roared. "Turn back, or I'll shoot!"

The swimmer kept steadily on. Hudson's eyes gleamed over the rifle. He pulled trigger, and pitched a bullet into the water a few yards ahead of the swimmer. It knocked up a spout of spray, splashing the scallywag's face. He ceased to swim on, and his face looked back at the ketch. His eyes blazed at Hudson, standing over the rail, rifle in hand. His voice came faint from the distance, but ringing with defiance: "Shoot if you like! Shoot, you rotter!"

And he swam on again. Hudson growled angrily. He could not shoot the fellow—and he could not pursue him; but he was thinking less of the deserter's escape than of the danger from the sharks. There was a sudden chirrup of amusement from Tomoo:

"Feller shark comey along that white feller! He go finish!"

Hudson caught his breath. The black fin glided within a few yards of the swimmer, and then there was a gleam of white in the sunshine as the shark turned over to bite.

Among the Palms!

ACRY came across the still lagoon—a harsh, husky shriek of sheer terror. The swimmer had seen his danger. In his passionate, wilful obstinacy the scallywag had given no heed to the warning about sharks; his mind was concentrated on getting away from the ketch and escaping ashore. But he understood his danger now as the fiendish fish glided by him and turned over to clamp his mighty jaws on the swimmer.

Hudson's face, as he watched, was white as death. It seemed as if nothing could save the reckless scapegrace now. But with a steady hand the mate of the Dawn fired, and there

was a splash of red on white as the well-aimed bullet struck the shark.

It did not stop the rush of the shark, but the great brute floundered under the sudden shock and missed his victim. The jaws snapped a yard from Paget; and the shark floundered on, leaving him, to his own amazement, still alive. There was a glimmer of crimson in the green water round him—the blood of the monster of the lagoon.

But the shark was by no means disabled. It was already turning for another rush. If Paget had lost his head in his panic he would have been lost. But he had courage, and pulled himself together. He dived suddenly and swiftly, and shot out of sight beneath the lagoon—and the shark passed over him as he went.

"Oh, good man!" breathed Kit Hudson. The fellow was an obstinate fool, but he had pluck and nerve and presence of mind. There was a chance for him yet.

Ray Paget's head came up again. His face, white as chalk, glimmered in the sun as he panted for breath. The shark was a dozen yards away, savagely seeking its victim. Hudson shouted:

"This way—this way! I'll cover you with my rifle—swim this way! Oh, you madman!"

Whether he did not hear, or did not heed, Paget was swimming for the beach again desperately, with swift, strong strokes. But no swimmer could hope to win a race with a shark. The brute had spotted him, and was gliding in rapid pursuit. Hudson fired again, aiming at a gliding black fin; but the bullet ricocheted on the surface of the lagoon, and bounded away harmlessly towards the beach.

Finger on trigger, he waited, watching till he had a target. Paget was more than half-way to the beach. The shots, ringing across the lagoon, had startled the natives ashore, and the whole crowd were staring at the scene.

King of the Islands, breaking off his talk with So'o'oo'o, fixed his eyes on the distant dark head of the swimmer and set his lips. He could not intervene. Long before the whaleboat could have got anywhere near the spot the finish would have come. The boy trader stood watching with beating heart.

Hudson's eye, glancing along the rifle's sights, fixed on the white belly as the shark turned. Crack! The bullet struck the great fish fair and square, ploughing deep. Paget, with desperate efforts, swam onward. He knew that his danger was near; how near, he did not know. Behind him he heard a wild thrashing. The shark, struck to death by the second bullet, was tossing up clouds of foam and spray.

Hudson wiped the steaming perspiration from his brow. He had saved the scallywag's life. The swimmer was still going strong, and the shark, struggling and thrashing, was sinking to the bottom of the lagoon. Another and another black fin showed. The scent of blood was drawing monster after monster to the spot. But it was upon the wounded shark that the newcomers were rushing with shearing jaws:

Paget, for the moment, was clear, and Hudson prayed that he would have time to keep clear. Bitterly angry as he was with the deserter, he was glad to see him at last stagger from the water and drag himself up the shelving sand.

"That feller stop," remarked Danny. "No go finish along feller shark." The Kanakas had been watching the scene like an entertainment.

Ray Paget fell exhausted on the sand. For long minutes he lay there, panting, a tiny object in the distance, but visible on the white sand from the ketch.

He staggered to his feet at last. Standing unsteadily, he shook his clenched fist at the Dawn. Then, turning, he tramped up the beach and disappeared among the coconut-palms.

Hudson slammed down the rifle. "The swab!" he muttered. He had saved the scallywag's life, but he would have given much to be within reach of him—to hammer him right and left. But Paget was gone—swallowed from sight by the palms.

He had escaped—to lie in hiding on Golo till the Dawn sailed; never, he hoped, to set foot again on the deck of Ken King's ketch. What else came to him he did not care—but anything but that! The Dawn was booked to sail the following day. King of the Islands could not afford to waste time on him, so the scallywag told himself as he dragged one weary foot after another among the clustering palms.

KING OF THE ISLANDS stepped from the whaleboat to the ketch under the last glimmer of the sinking sun. Hudson met him with a grim face.

"You saw——" he asked.

Ken nodded.

"Well, he's gone," said Hudson. "and good riddance to him! I'd like to see him once more, to knock seven bells out of him. But we're well shut of the slacker, Ken."

"We're not shut of him, old man," answered Ken quietly. "I've got my promise to Mr. Belnap to remember. He's been a white man to me ever since I started trading in the islands, and I'm seeing this through."

Hudson gave a snort.

"Are we hanging on here, letting the trade go to pot, to hunt for that rotter?" he demanded hotly.

"Hardly!"

"Well, then——"

"We're not sending a man to look for him, Kit." King of the Islands smiled. "I've talked to So'o'oo'o about the swab. There's a reward of a dozen sticks of tobacco to the man who brings him back to the ketch. Leave it at that."

Hudson stared for a moment, and then grinned.

"And he thinks he's clear! That will set the whole island hunting him."

"Just that!" said Ken. "We're not done with the scallywag yet, and he's not done with us. Let him rip! A night ashore won't do him any harm."

The mate of the Dawn chuckled.

(Continued on page 30)

Two-Fisted Jimmy

another round. You've got to get him at once. As soon as the gong goes! Do you understand?"

"Yes," muttered the Tiger. "Yes, I understand!"

"I hope you do!" said Cartier savagely. "It's your only chance—"

"Seconds out!"

The voice of the timekeeper sent the seconds of the Tiger and Jimmy hastily out of the ring.

Clang! The Tiger shook his head like a dog emerging from water, and advanced swiftly from his corner. He was still feeling the effects of that knock-out, and he wanted to waste no time in falling into a clinch—a clinch in which he would press the drugged needle against the youngster's body.

But Jimmy himself had advanced from his corner with a set plan of campaign. Knowing that every moment's respite which the Tiger could gain by keeping on the defensive would help that gentleman to recover from the hammering he had taken in the first round, Jimmy was determined to carry the fight to him.

So he drove in like a tornado, his left smashing against the Tiger's swiftly raised gloves, his right thudding to the heart.

The Tiger crouched and slid away.

His right and left were wide and weaving, ready for the clinch. With head down, Jimmy drove in at him, his fists smashing in and out like pistons.

"You idiot!" screamed Cartier from the ringside. "Oh, you idiot!"

The concentration of his bemused faculties on falling into a clinch had proved the Tiger's own undoing. For through those momentarily wide and weaving gloves Jimmy had driven in, smashing right, left, right, left, to the Tiger's head and body.

There was every ounce of the youngster's weight behind those punishing blows, and the Tiger staggered back towards the ropes.

"Follow him, Jimmy!" yelled Joe Henson, his voice scarcely audible above the deafening tumult which thundered through the building.

But Jimmy didn't need to be told to follow up. He had his man beaten if he could ram home his advantage now, and he knew it. So he followed up, smashing right and left to the battered face of the Tiger.

Desperately the Tiger tried to push Jimmy off with bent and covering arms. Another right to the head sent him sagging against the ropes. Then Jimmy's left smashed into his jaw, knocking him clean through the ropes out of the ring.

The Tiger fell in a sprawling heap at the feet of Chittenden senior.

"Get up, you yellow scum!" snarled Chittenden and kicked at him savagely. "Get up and fight, confound you!"

The Tiger was not knocked out. He still had some little grip on his swimming senses. The toe of Chittenden's shoe hurt! Chittenden kicked him again, viciously.

With a snarl, the Tiger staggered to his feet. His blazing eyes glared into Chittenden's. Then deliberately he opened his left glove and struck Chittenden full across the face.

Chittenden lumbered to his feet. In spite of the sting of the blow, he had felt the deadly prick of the doped needle.

The Tiger swung lurchingly on his seconds.

"Throw in the towel!" he gasped. "I'm through—and so is he!"

And only the white-faced Monsieur Cartier knew that he referred to Chittenden senior!

Game as a pebble, Jimmy refuses to acknowledge defeat, and fights on to glorious victory Next Saturday, in "Jimmy's Handicap!"

Ken King's Runaway

(Continued from page 24)

"I'll knock seven bells out of the swab yet!" he said. Ray Paget, sleeping in a bed of ferns on Golo, dreamed that he was done with King of the Islands. There was an unpleasant awakening in store for him!

"Stand Back!"

SUNRISE glowed red on Golo and the circling Pacific. Across the lagoon, from the high palm to which he clung, Ray Paget watched the Dawn, small in the distance on the glimmering water. He could see the Kanaka crew already busy breaking out cargo; he could see the whaleboat being loaded, under the eye of Koko, the boatswain; he picked out Ken and Kit in their white ducks. Natives were gathering at the landing-place on the beach.

Paget's look was black and bitter—yet he was satisfied, for on the Dawn there was no sign that he was thought of. King of the Islands was preparing for the day's trade on the beach, and evidently making no move to hunt for the deserter.

The night had passed without alarm for the deserter; now, in the new day, there seemed no cause for any. And in the afternoon the ketch was pulling out to sea. He grinned sarcastically as he stared from the tall palm. He had beaten King of the Islands—beaten his uncle. He was a free man again, and had only to wait for a sail to take him off, to go his own way. It had been easy, after all—easier than he could have expected.

He slid down the palm, crossed the

sand to the water, and bathed in the shallows, leaving his clothes on a rock on the beach. It was the sight of a brown-skinned native, stopping and staring at the garments on the rock, that brought him hurrying ashore. He ran up the beach. The brown man looked at him, nodded, and grinned. Paget hastily got into his clothes, keeping a suspicious eye on the brown man, who stood by with a teak club under his arm, but not looking hostile.

But when the scallywag was dressed, and about to move away, the native signed to him, and spoke rapidly in a language totally incomprehensible to Paget. He knew none of the thousand dialects of the Pacific; and the Golo boy, apparently, did not speak the pidgin-English of the South Seas. The native pointed along the beach, making it clear that he wanted Paget to accompany him to the landing-place.

PAGET shook his head and moved up the beach towards the palm-trees. He had to seek food for his breakfast, and he did not intend to approach the native nuts till the Dawn was out of the offing.

But as he moved away the native leaped after him, slipping the war-club from under his arm into his right hand and brandishing it.

Paget leaped back. The brown man followed him, still brandishing the club. Back went the scallywag, dodging the weapon till he realised that the brown man was driving him along the beach, round the rim of the lagoon, towards the grass-houses at the landing-place. And from the tail of his eye he saw the whaleboat from

the Dawn pulling ashore, laden with goods.

Paget's eyes glittered. What the brown man wanted with him, he could not guess; but he knew that he was not going to be driven within reach of Ken King's boat's crew. But he was unarmed, and the club in the hand of the brawny Polynesian was dangerous. He backed and stumbled over a loose rock in the sand. His brain worked swiftly. He could have recovered from the stumble, but he fell on the beach, and as he fell his hand closed on the lump of coral rock.

The brown man grinned down at him, pointed with his club towards the distant grass-houses, and signed to him to get on his feet. Paget scrambled up, and slung the lump of coral full at the native's head. The brown man gave a yell, and staggered back. Before he could recover, Paget was on him. His clenched fist crashed under the staggering man's chin, sending him flat on his back. In an instant he grasped the teak club, dropping from the relaxed brown fingers.

He swept it into the air, and the Golo boy, with a squeal, squirmed away. He leaped to his feet and disappeared along the beach at the double.

The scallywag was only too glad to see the last of him. He tucked the club under his arm, and pursued his own way into the palms. There were plenty of fallen nuts to eat, and he sat at the foot of a tree and made a breakfast of coconuts.

Through the openings of the palms, as he ate, he could see the Dawn riding at anchor, and had glimpses of the busy scene on the beach by So'o'oo'o's town. The natives were bringing down copra in sacks, and



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Koko was weighing it in the scales, and chaffering for
trade-goods was going on.

He had finished his meal when he became aware of two
brown faces looking at him through the palms. He
leaped to his feet and grasped the club. The two brown
men advanced towards him, one of them speaking in
pidgin-English.

"You white feller, you comey along this feller!"

"Stand back!" snapped Paget.

The two Golo boys exchanged a quick glance and
rushed at him together. But the scallywag was game.
He had not supposed that the natives of Golo were
hostile, from their looks. It was plain that they were on
friendly terms with Ken King's crew. But it was
evident that their intentions towards him personally were
hostile. He did not wait for the attack, but rushed to
meet them, lashing out with the heavy club.

One of them went rolling over, half stunned by a
smashing blow. The other dodged the club, and closed
with him.

He drove the end of the club fiercely into a bare brown
stomach, and the Golo boy, gasping, collapsed on the
ground.

There was a shout from a distance, and Paget, staring
round, saw three or four tribesmen running towards him
from different directions.

He dashed away into the palms. Calling voices and
trampling footsteps told him that he was pursued. He
ran on fiercely and desperately.

It was dawning on his mind now what the unexpected
hostility of the natives of Golo meant. Ken King, as he
had felt sure, had no time to waste on him; but the
islanders were hunting for the deserter. If they caught
him before the Dawn sailed, he would be taken back to
the ketch.

He ground his teeth with rage at the thought. He
could not be taken—so long as he could dodge in the
palm woods, or strike a blow in defence.

Higher rose the sun over Golo. It was growing hotter.
Again and again the panting, perspiring fugitive fancied
that he had thrown off the pursuit. But when he stopped
to rest his aching limbs, he heard again the calling

(Continued on next page)

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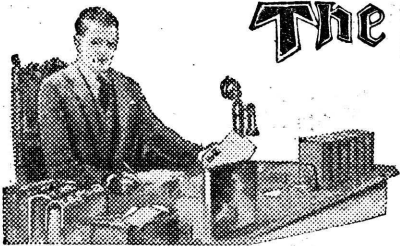
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ONE GRAND THING AFTER ANOTHER!—We don't leave you for long without some brand-new thrill, do we?

"Son of a Spy," starting this week, and leaving you all jumpy for what's going to happen in Next Saturday's story to young Cyril. A story differing from anything that has yet been offered to you in MODERN BOY. You couldn't want anything more Thrilling than that, could you?

And now here's still more exciting NEWS for you—ALFRED EDGAR IS COMING BACK to MODERN BOY!

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ALFRED EDGAR is second to no man in writing motor-racing thrill-stories. He knows motor-racing inside out. He is more at home on the Speedways of the world than anywhere, and I cannot think of one that he has not visited.

Motor-racing is in his blood, and no man living can put a story across half as well as he can.

HE has proved that without a shadow of doubt, in MODERN BOY earlier on. Of late months his motor-racing activities have left him little leisure to write for MODERN BOY. But at last I have persuaded him to MAKE that necessary leisure—on YOUR behalf.

He simply loves writing for MODERN BOY, and this new series which he is now engaged on is arousing in him such fresh enthusiasm for Red-Hot

Ken King's Runaway

voices, the echoing footsteps. Once a burly brown man leaped on him from a bush, and he struck him down with the club, and ran on.

At last it seemed that he was clear. He stopped and listened, and could hear nothing but the eternal pounding of the surf on the reef.

Almost fainting with heat and exhaustion, the deserter threw himself down in the shadow of a bushy hibiscus. The sun of high noon

Speed that the stories are going to excel even the very best of those motor-racing stories which he contributed to this paper in the past.

I can give them no higher praise than that.

And the FIRST of them will be ready for YOU in the issue of MODERN BOY dated February 1st, on sale January 25th!

CAPTAIN JUSTICE—where is he?

Gone on a thoroughly well-deserved holiday. Or, rather, his clever creator has. Mr. Murray Roberts has asked me to ask you for your forgiveness. He MUST escape from his typewriter for just a brief while once every few years, at least, and now he is snatching an opportunity for change and rest by going abroad for a bit. But he is not knocking off work altogether, even on holiday. He is going to take his time over the next series.

I HAVE talked it over with him, and between us we have worked out a further set of adventures for the redoubtable Captain and his lively comrades—adventures that will shortly be forthcoming in another splendid extra-special issue of the Paper That Leads All Others!

KEEP your eyes on my Corner, for I haven't done with all the news yet. Not by a long, long way. There are many more big things up MODERN BOY's capacious sleeve—and I mustn't let all the cats out of the bag at once!

SEE YOU AGAIN NEXT SATURDAY!

blazed down through the tree-tops; Golo was like an oven. The trading and chattering on the beach had ceased—all Golo rested in the shade, in the blaze of the tropic day.

And the scallywag, lying under the bush, slept the sleep of weariness, the teak club gripped in his hand. He slept too deeply to hear the sound of stealthy footsteps or the low murmur of voices. He did not know that, as he lay, brown men gathered round him, looking down at him with grinning faces.

It was the touch of a hand that awoke him. He started up, to find nine or ten Golo boys gathered round him grinning and chuckling. He sprang to his feet with a panting cry of rage, the club in his hand.

He swept the club round his head with all the force of a strong arm. A yelling native went down, and another fell across him, and another went reeling from a fierce blow.

Paget's eyes blazed. His fighting-blood was up. He was striving to fight his way out of the mob of natives. They howled and gabbled round him, attacking him on all sides. Hands grasped him, and dragged him down.

With the last ounce of his strength he resisted. But they got him down on the earth at last, and the club was torn from his hand. Tapa cords were knotted tightly round his wrists and ankles, and he was left lying on the earth, panting for breath, bathed in sweat, a helpless prisoner.

Then a native brought a long palm-pole. It was passed between his bound wrists and between his bound ankles, and the ends of the pole were lifted to the shoulders of two brawny Polynesians.

The scallywag swung on the pole, his head sagging, mad with rage. The mob of brown men gathered round him, cackling, as he was carried away, strung on the pole like a pig taken to the native market—back to the beach.

KIT HUDSON burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" King of the Islands laughed, too. And from the crew of the whaleboat came a long cackle of glee. When they first saw the natives coming down to the lagoon, with some object swinging from the pole in their midst, the shipmates of the Dawn supposed that that object was a wild pig, caught and killed in the bush to be sold to the white men. Then they saw that it was the scallywag!

The grinning natives tramped down to the water, wading out to the boat, and Paget was swung over the gunwale. Koko cut the cords, and the scallywag dropped into the boat like a log. King of the Islands, smiling, handed out the reward of tobacco sticks.

"Washy-washy along ketch, you feller boy!" he said; and the Kanakas sat to the oars and pulled.

The whaleboat bumped on the Dawn. Paget, too utterly spent to have a kick left in him, was handed up the side. He was still lying on a tapa mat, hardly able to stir a limb, when the ketch glided out of the reef passage of Golo, and spread her sails on the Pacific. When the scallywag at last staggered up and looked back, Golo was hardly more than a blur on the sea-riim far astern!

Ken King's new "hand" makes another desperate break for freedom in next Saturday's vivid story, and then finds himself in a fearful fix—he's in the hands of the Cannibals of Kua!