

MOTOR-RACING, FLYING, SEA, MYSTERY STORIES

The
**MODERN
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2^D

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*Speedmen
of the Ice!*

SEE CENTRE PAGES

KING OF THE ISLANDS' cooky-boy is smart, for a native. But young Ray Paget, helpless in irons aboard the ketch Dawn, tricks him into playing the traitor and turning the—

SCALLYWAG'S LUCK

Flailing Fists!

"**A** HOY, King of the Islands!" hailed Dandy Peter Parsons, the sea-lawyer of Lukwe.

Dandy Peter, an elegant figure in his spotless white ducks, pipe-clayed shoes, and Panama hat, was seated in a Madeira chair on the deck of his cutter, Sea-Cat. He had watched the ketch Dawn come in at the reef passage, under the bright sunrise, and anchor in the lagoon of Ou'a, a cable's length from his own craft.

The expression on his handsome, reckless face as he watched the Dawn showed how little love he had for Ken

By
**CHARLES
HAMILTON**

King, her boy skipper, whom men of the South Seas called King of the Islands. He sat smoking cigarettes and watching the Dawn till the whaleboat went down and pulled for the

beach. Then Peter Parsons rose from the chair, stepped to the side, waved his cigarette, and hailed.

There was a full boat's crew in the whaleboat. Ken King and Kit Hudson, his mate, sat in the stern; Koko, the boatswain, stood at the steering-sweep; Kolulo and Tomoo, Lufu and Lompo sat at the oars. Only Danny the cooky-boy was left to keep watch on the ketch.

Neither Ken nor his mate glanced at the cutter, though they were well aware that Peter Parsons was there, watching them. He was an old and bitter enemy of the shipmates, but they wanted no trouble with him. They were at Ou'a for trade, not for raking up old enmities. Neither of them was pleased to see the Sea-Cat in the lagoon, and they intended to give its skipper a wide berth. But as Dandy Peter hailed, King of the Islands looked round at him.

"Ahoy!" he called back. "Anything wanted?"

"Pull in; I want a word with you."

Ken hesitated a moment. He did not want a word with Peter Parsons, but he signed to the Kanakas, and the whaleboat pulled under the quarter of the Sea-Cat. Lompo stood up and held on to the low rail.

"Well?" said Ken curtly.

"I've been keeping my eyes open for your packet," said Parsons. "I reckoned I should run across you sooner or later. I want news of young Paget."

"Paget?" repeated Ken.

"Ray Paget, the nephew of the Pacific Company's manager at Lalinge. Where did he leave your craft, and when?"

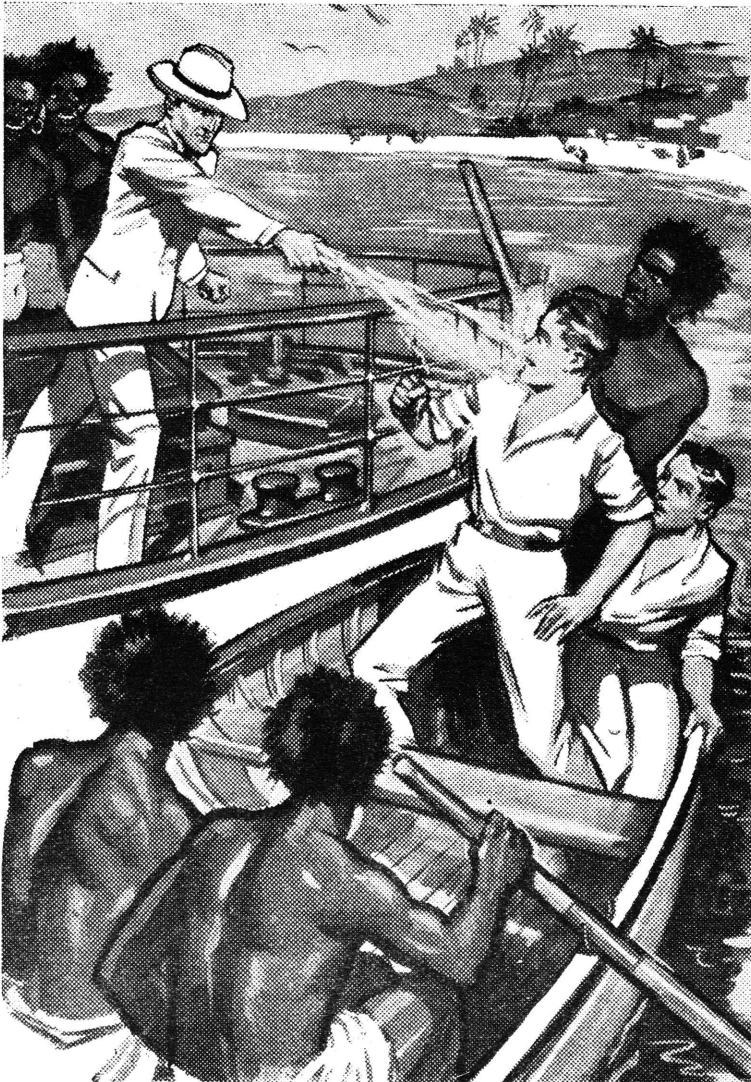
Kit Hudson suppressed a grin.

Ray Paget, the scapegrace of Lalinge, was at that moment sitting in the cabin of the Dawn, with manacles on wrists and ankles—put in irons for mutiny.

It was a good many weeks since he had sailed out of Lalinge in Ken King's ship, an unwilling member of Ken's crew. Half a dozen times he had attempted to desert. His latest exploit was to attempt to seize the ketch and beach her on the reef of Ou'a—for which he now sat in irons!

But it was clear that Peter Parsons did not know that the scallywag was still on the Dawn. And the shipmates had no intention of telling him.

They knew that Paget had planned to throw in his lot with the black-guard of Lukwe, which was the chief



As the whaleboat moved from the cutter, Parsons picked up the glass of lime-squash and flung the contents into the face of Ken King.

reason why his uncle, Mr. Belnap, had begged Ken to take him on the Dawn and try to make a man of him.

Ken King did not answer at once. But he was about to speak when Parsons broke in impatiently:

"I want to know! Paget's a friend of mine—I made friends with him at Lalinge. He was coming across to Lukwe to join up with me—but he never came. I looked in at Lalinge for him afterwards, and heard that he had sailed on your hooker. You as good as shanghai'd him."

"His uncle sent him on my ship," answered Ken, "as much as anything else to keep him clear of you, Peter Parsons."

Dandy Peter's eyes glittered.

"It was all fixed up for him to sail with me on this trip," he said, "and I want him."

"And what do you want him for?" demanded Kit Hudson. "He's a lazy, discontented, shirking swab, with a cheeky tongue and a rotten temper. You can pick up a better man on any beach in the Pacific."

"That's my business," said Peter Parsons. "I'm on a trip where I want a white man to stand by me, and young Paget will fill the bill. I had news of him at Golo—he slipped his cable there, and the niggers brought him back to you, tied up like a pig. I heard all about it there. But that was a good many weeks ago, and I reckoned you wouldn't be able to keep him on board your hooker long. I want to know where he left you."

"How do you know he left?"

"I've been watching your ketch ever since you ran into the lagoon, and that's a good two hours ago," said Parsons. "I've seen nothing of anyone but your usual crew. You can't fool me, Ken King! I knew you couldn't keep him on board long—and I know he's deserted. I want to know where he ran from the Dawn, so that I can look for him and pick

him up, if it doesn't take me too far from my course."

"And you think I'll help you?" exclaimed King of the Islands contemptuously. "His uncle trusted him to me. He's given me plenty of trouble—but I'd take a lot more to keep him clear of you, Peter Parsons."

"What trip are you on?" asked Hudson. "Pearl-poaching or slave-raiding. I dare say either would suit young Paget—anything but honest seafaring."

"Will you tell me where you dropped him, Ken King?"

"I'll tell you nothing!" said King of the Islands. "If that's what you wanted to say to me, you might have saved your breath." He signed to Lompo to let go. "Washy-washy, you feller boy, along beach."

DANDY PETER'S face darkened, and a savage glitter shot into his eyes. He had controlled his bitter enmity towards the boy trader of Lalinge in the hope of extracting information from him. Now his savage temper broke out.

"I'll find him, Ken King, in spite of you!" he snapped. "I owe old Belnap at Lalinge more than one grudge, and I'll pay off old scores through his precious nephew. Get to the beach, you scum, and take that with you!"

A tall glass of lime-squash stood beside the Madeira chair. Peter Parsons grabbed it up, and as the whaleboat moved from the cutter flung its contents full in the face of King of the Islands.

There was a buzz of excitement from the Hiva-Oa crew in the boat, and a cackle of merriment from the three black Lukwe boys on the cutter.



Paget, in his irons, drew a deep breath as Dandy Peter grasped his shoulder, and the next moment they plunged overboard together.

King of the Islands staggered, and sat down suddenly.

But he was on his feet again in a second, his face blazing with rage under the drenching lime-squash. Koko did not need an order—with a twist of the steering-oar he brought the whaleboat back to the Sea-Cat and it bumped against the hull. With the spring of a tiger, King of the Islands came over the low rail.

Dandy Peter, dapper and nimble, leaped back. His hand shot to his hip. But he had no chance to draw the revolver he kept there. King of the Islands was upon him, hitting out right and left.

Under a rain of crashing blows, Peter Parsons was driven across the deck. His hands came up, and he fought like a wildcat to defend himself. But sledgehammer blows, with all the angry boy trader's weight behind them, crashed through his guard, pounding on face and ribs.

He had provoked an attack he could not stall off; but the blackguard of Lukwe had no lack of courage, and he did not know the meaning of fear. Gately he fought, his crew staring on breathlessly.

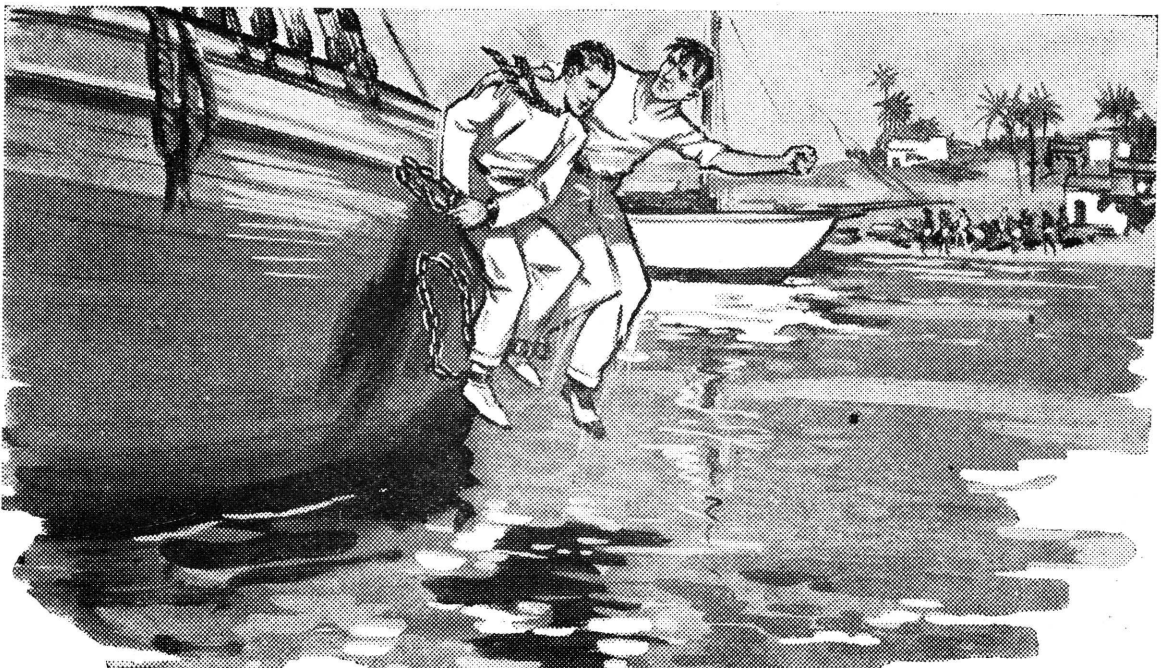
But, gamely as he fought, the dandy of Lukwe was knocked right and left, under a hail of blows from the sturdy boy trader. He went down at last, crashing on his own deck, and lay panting and gasping, utterly spent.

Ken stood over him with flashing eyes.

"You swab!" he roared. "I've a mind to pitch you into the lagoon! Get up and I'll do it!"

But Dandy Peter did not get up. He lay where he was, panting and groaning, utterly knocked out by King of the Islands' whirlwind attack. Ken gave him a glare of scorn and dropped back into the whaleboat.

"So much for Dandy Peter!" grinned the mate of the Dawn, and the whaleboat pulled for the beach of Ou'a. Dandy Peter, dragging himself



Scallywag's Luck

up, sagged on the rail, shaking a fist after the boat as it went.

The Talking Paper!

DANNY, the fat cooky-boy of the Dawn, was humming a song as he came down the companion from the deck. Ray Paget stirred as he heard him coming, and there was a clink of metal.

The scallywag was stretched on the lockers. Manacled hand and foot, he was a helpless prisoner until King of the Islands chose to let him off. And that was not likely to be yet. A week in irons lay before the mutineer of the Dawn. It was, as Paget well knew, a light punishment for what he had done—seizing the ship and attempting to run her on the reef. But light as it was in comparison with his offences, it was bitterly galling to the scallywag of Lalange.

All the more so because he had counted on getting aboard Peter Parsons' cutter in the Ou'a lagoon. He had watched the Sea-Cat in the sunrise across the reef, and recognised her, while the Dawn was still far out at sea. Then Koko had turned the tables on him and, instead of joining Dandy Peter on his cutter, he was a prisoner in irons below deck. Escape was impossible, and for hours he had lain there almost in despair.

But when he heard the whaleboat pull away from the Dawn he had a glimmer of hope. The voices from the deck reached him through the open cabin skylight. Ken and his mate had gone ashore to see the Ou'a traders, and only one man was left on the ketch. He was aware that King of the Islands was booked to remain only one day at Ou'a, and if he was to give the boy trader the slip it was now or never.

Certainly, it never crossed Ken's mind that a man in irons, unable even to get on deck without assistance, could give him the slip, especially as one of the crew had been left on board to watch. But the scallywag was banking on help from Dandy Peter—if he could make his plight known to the sea-lawyer of Lukwe. And he hoped, at least, that there was a chance of that.

He dragged himself to a sitting position, the irons clinking as Danny came down into the cabin. The fat Kanaka grinned at him. But Paget did not burst into a torrent of abuse, as the cooky-boy expected. It was in Danny that his hopes centred.

By that time the boat's crew from the Dawn were on the beach. Only a cable's length away, as Paget knew, the Sea-Cat was anchored. But he was in dread that the Lukwe cutter might be pulling out of Ou'a that morning. He knew nothing of Dandy Peter's plans. He called to Danny as the cooky-boy was going into the lazarette for stores.

"You feller Danny!" The cooky-boy glanced round over a bare, brown shoulder, grinning. "You savvy feller cutter Sea-Cat?" asked Paget.

"Savvy plenty," answered Danny,

surprised by the question. "Savvy feller Parsons, skipper belong that feller cutter. Plenty bad feller!"

"She's still in the lagoon?" asked Paget cagerly. "That feller cutter stop along lagoon?"

"That feller cutter stop," Danny cackled. "Me see, eye belong me, feller King of the Islands go along that cutter. Plenty kill feller Parsons along fist belong him."

Danny had watched the shindy on the Sea-Cat with great amusement. Paget's eyes gleamed. He had seen nothing of it, but he was glad to hear of it. He knew that Ken and Peter Parsons were foes, and if their enmity had broken out again on this chance meeting at Ou'a it made it all the more likely that Dandy Peter would help him—if he knew. How to get word to him was the difficulty. That depended on hoodwinking the cooky-boy and getting him to carry a message.

"You could swim to the Sea-Cat, Danny?" he said.

Danny stared.

"Easy, s'pose me likee," he answered. "Me no likee."

"Peter Parsons owes me money," said Paget, watching the cooky-boy's fat face furtively. "Gold money belong me stop along feller Parsons—five-five piecee gold money. S'pose he savvy me stop along this ship he pay that feller money along me."

"He no savvy," answered Danny.

"You go along Sea-Cat along fetch money belong this feller, me givee you one piecee gold money," said Paget.

Danny's black eyes snapped greedily. An Australian sovereign was a handsome sum to a Kanaka cooky-boy.

"That feller Parsons no givee five-five piecee gold along Kanaka feller," said Danny. "Him tinkee piecee gold stop along hand belong me."

"I'll write a note for you to take to him—me givee you chit take along feller Parsons," said Paget.

Danny understood what a chit was. He knew that white men had a strange and mysterious method of making their thoughts known to one another without speaking a word—simply by making marks on pieces of paper.

"You givee that note along Peter Parsons, he givee you money belong me," said Paget. "One piecee gold money stop along you."

Danny hesitated. He was under orders to keep watch on the Dawn and not to leave the ketch. Those orders would have kept him from going ashore. But to the fuzzy mind of the Kanaka there seemed no harm in a short swim, hardly a minute to an active swimmer like a Hiva-Oa boy. As for Paget's double-dealing Danny had not the faintest suspicion of it.

If Peter Parsons owed him money it was natural that he wanted to collect it, having seen Parsons' ship in the lagoon. And Danny wanted very much to receive a "piecee gold money" for so very small a service.

He hesitated—but only for a few moments. Paget was in irons—there was no possibility of his escape while

the cooky-boy was gone. That he was, indeed, thinking of escape never entered Danny's fuzzy head.

"You makee feller chit, sar," said Danny.

Paget breathed hard. He had succeeded in deluding the Kanaka. The chit he was going to write was not going to contain a request for the payment of a debt, as the simple cooky-boy supposed. It was going to contain something very different.

Danny brought him a fragment of packing-paper from the lazarette, and a pencil from Ken's desk. It was difficult for Paget to write with his wrists manacled, but he managed it. Danny held the paper for him, spread on a tray, and Paget scribbled:

"Captain Parsons,—I am a prisoner, in irons, on the Dawn. Only cook left on board, who is bringing this message. Will you help me?—RAY PAGET."

Danny picked up the note and stared at it with great curiosity. Paget's heart sank as he watched him. He knew the cooky-boy could not read, but if Danny had been able to make out even two or three words it would have given away his trickery.

For a long moment, as Danny stared at the message, Paget suffered a torture of doubt and suspense. But he breathed again as he saw no sign of doubt or suspicion in the fat face.

"White feller plenty clever feller," said Danny. "White feller savvy piecee paper he talk. Kanaka feller no savvy. Me takee paper along feller Parsons plenty quick."

Danny rolled up the paper and jammed it into his mop of hair—a customary place for carrying odds and ends. Then, perhaps with a lingering sense of duty, the cooky-boy examined Paget's irons to make sure that they were secure. But there was no doubt about that. The scallywag was safe; it was impossible for him even to crawl up the hatchway. Obviously, it was not his game to make any attempt at escape during Danny's brief absence.

"Go at once!" breathed Paget huskily; then, fearful that his eagerness might awaken suspicion in the cooky-boy's fuzzy mind, he added: "S'pose Captain Parsons go along sea, he no pay feller money belong me."

"Me go along cutter plenty too quick, sar," answered Danny, and left the cabin.

He was satisfied that Paget could not escape during his absence, and he had no fear that Ken would discover that he had left the prisoner unguarded.

Paget listened. He heard a light splash as the cooky-boy dropped over the side into the lagoon.

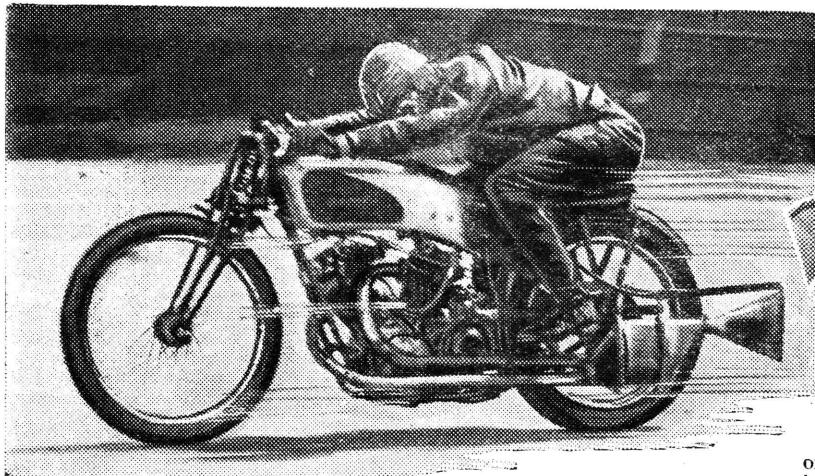
Danny was gone—to carry, as he supposed, a harmless message to a skipper who owed Paget money. Paget waited, his heart throbbing with anxiety, the perspiration trickling down his face. It was his last chance. That chit would reach Peter Parsons—he was sure of that now. Would the dandy of Lukwe act on it? Would he help him? The long, long minutes dragged by like endless ages to the prisoner of the Dawn as

BIG THRILLS!

No. 4.—Skidding Under a Horse at 70 m.p.h.

By "GINGER" WOOD

Winner of last year's Brooklands Senior Grand Prix



ONE of my most recent thrills was bursting a tyre whilst lapping the famous Brooklands track at 116 m.p.h. I wobbled, crashed, and somersaulted to a standstill, and with exceptional luck escaped with nothing more than a few scratches. In fact I was able to walk away and enjoy a cinema show a few hours later.

But my really outstanding thrill came whilst practising for the Isle of Man T.T. race of 1932. I was doing a practice lap as fast as I dared, and my machine was doing something over ninety.

I was crouching over the petrol tank and hanging on to the bucking machine as I shot down the famous "Highlander" hill. Then, suddenly, about fifty feet ahead I saw four huge dray horses completely blocking the road!

I immediately snapped the throttle off, and my hands froze

on the brakes; then the bike swung into the longest and greatest skid that I have ever got away with.

I HAD slowed to just below 70 m.p.h., and I flinch to think of the next few minutes. The great horse I was about to smash into reared up and threshed the air with its fore-feet. Instinctively I ducked, and with my tyres shrieking their protest, I slid in a terrific skid beneath the death-dealing hoofs.

I can still recall the fearsome whites of that stallion's eyes, and also the small white face of a little Manx boy, who was the only spectator to what has proved to be one of my most thrilling escapes!

Ginger Wood.

he waited and listened, in hope and doubt.

Chance of Revenge!

PETER PARSONS leaned over a bucket on the deck of the Sea-Cat, bathing his bruised face in cool water. His crew of three black Lukwe boys watched him with apprehensive faces. He was a hard master, and when his savage temper was up he was liable to use his knuckles on the black faces of his crew, or a belaying-pin on their fuzzy heads. And his face, as he lifted it streaming from the bucket, was almost demonic in expression. Two of the black boys backed away as far as the narrow limits of the cutter allowed; but Suloo, the boat-steerer, who was holding a towel for his master, had to remain at hand in a very uneasy frame of mind.

Dandy Peter took the towel from him with one hand, and delivered a back-hander with the other that sent Suloo staggering to the rail, howling. The dandy of Lukwe towelled his face. Then he took out a pocket

mirror and stared savagely at his reflection. His handsome face did not look so handsome now. The marks of Ken King's fists were only too plainly visible—and likely to remain so for some time.

He ground his teeth with rage. Sea-lawyer, nigger-stealer, pearl-poacher, and reckless ruffian as he was, the dandy of Lukwe was very particular about his appearance. It was hopelessly marred now.

He stood and stared towards the beach, crowded with natives in white lava-lavas. There were plenty of boats and canoes along the beach. Among them, he could make out the Dawn's whaleboat, with the gigantic figure of Koko the boatswain standing by it. Ken and Kit were not to be seen—they were probably in one of the traders' bungalows or warehouses. The Hiva-Oa boys had gone up the beach to enjoy their run ashore.

Once, as Parsons stood staring shoreward, his hand crept round to the revolver pocket at his hip. He was powerfully tempted to go ashore, and pick trouble with the boy trader who

had thrashed him on his own deck. On his own lawless island of Lukwe he would have done so without hesitation.

But Ou'a was not Lukwe, and he knew that it would not do. He remained where he was, with rage and vengeance in his mind and his heart. A word from Suloo made him glance round.

"Kanaka feller comey along this cutter, sar," said the boat-steerer.

Dandy Peter stared blankly as the cooky-boy from the Dawn put a brown hand, and then a wet arm, over the low rail. He knew Danny well enough, and all Ken King's crew. Why the cooky-boy had swum across to his cutter he had not the faintest idea; but his face set savagely as he saw him. It was a chance to hand what he owed to Ken King to one of Ken's crew. And as Danny clambered on board, the sea-lawyer picked up a belaying-pin.

Danny eyed him and the belaying-pin warily.

"You no kill this feller Danny, sar!" said the cooky-boy, in a great hurry. "This feller Danny good

Scallywag's Luck

feller along you, sar, along bring feller paper he talk, sar."

Danny disentangled the chit from his fuzzy hair. With a wary eye on the belaying-pin he approached, holding it out at armslength.

"What do you mean, you black scum?" snarled Parsons. "Who's sending me a message from Ken King's packet?"

"Feller Paget, sar!" answered Danny.

Peter Parsons started.

"Paget!" he exclaimed blankly.

"Yessar!"

"You lying black scum!" snapped Dandy Peter. "Paget's not on board the Dawn! I should have seen him. By Davy Jones—"

He made a stride at Danny, the belaying-pin uplifted.

Danny jumped back, throwing the paper on the deck.

"You look along paper he talk, sar, eye belong you!" yelled Danny. "Paper say you give five-five piece gold money along this feller, along money belong Paget stop along you, sar!"

The cooky-boy dodged along the deck. Parsons stopped, and picked up the paper. Danny's words were a mystery to him, but he realised that

the scallywag of Lalinge, after all, was on board Ken King's ship, and had sent him a message.

He unfolded the crumpled paper and read it. From its contents he understood why he had seen nothing of the scallywag on the ketch. It had not, of course, occurred to him that Paget was a prisoner below, in irons. But he knew it now.

A GLITTER came into his eyes, a savage grin to his face. This was his chance to repay King of the Islands something of what he owed him. For Paget personally, he cared little or nothing; but the scallywag was a useful man on the trip that lay ahead of him, and his release from the Dawn would be a blow at Ken King. Parsons' mind was made up at once.

"You savvy, sar?" asked Danny.

He approached again, reassured by the grin on the sea-lawyer's face. The prospect of defeating King of the Islands made the blackguard of Lukwe almost good-humoured.

"Me savvy!" said Dandy Peter, with a nod.

"You give me five-five piece gold belong feller Paget, sar!" said the cooky-boy. "All samee feller paper he say."

Dandy Peter chuckled. He guessed now that Danny's simple leg had been pulled to induce him to bring that chit to the Sea-Cat. Certainly the cooky-boy would never have done so had he dreamed of its true contents.

Parsons did not reply. He was thinking rapidly. To get Paget away from the ketch should be easy enough, while captain and crew were on shore, so long as the alarm was not given. But Danny, though he had been deluded into acting as go-between, was certain to give the alarm instantly at a sign of the prisoner escaping. And the Dawn's whaleboat would pull back to the anchorage long before the Sea-Cat could get out to sea. Danny had to be prevented from giving the alarm. It did not take Peter Parsons long to make up his mind about that. He glanced round at his crew.

"You feller Suloo, Kotoo, Nalasu, you seize that feller Hiva-Oa boy!" he rapped.

Danny gave a squeal of surprise and alarm. He jumped away as the three Lukwe boys closed in round him.

Something was wrong—that was clear, though Danny did not know what it was. But he could see that Dandy Peter was not going to hand him twenty-five Australian sovereigns to take back to the Dawn. He was going to make him a prisoner!

Danny made a desperate spring for the side. He was too quick for the Lukwe boys, whose outstretched black hands missed him as he sprang. But he was not quick enough for Dandy Peter.

The sea-lawyer leaped at him, struck with clenched fists, and Danny, almost at the rail, went reeling and tumbling along the cutter's deck. He crashed down at the foot of the mast.

Before he could scramble up, the Lukwe boys were upon him. Three pairs of sinewy black hands grasped the cooky-boy.

Dandy Peter grinned down at him.

"You tie up that feller boy, rope along foot, along hand, belong him," he ordered.

"You no tie feller foot, feller hand, belong this feller!" yelled Danny. "This feller cooky-boy belong King of the Islands."

"Stick something into his mouth!" snarled Dandy Peter.

In a couple of minutes Danny lay bound hand and foot, with a chunk of tapa rag jammed in his wide mouth. His black eyes rolled in terror and dismay and bewilderment. One of the Lukwe boys threw a sheet of canvas over him, hiding him from view.

Dandy Peter looked towards the Ou'a beach, and grinned. Koko was no longer standing by the whaleboat; he had gone, mingling with the crowd of natives. Several white men were to be seen up the beach, but at the distance Dandy Peter could not make out whether Ken and Kit were among them. But he realised that if he rowed from the cutter to the ketch his dinghy would be seen, if an eye was turned in the direction of the anchorage—and he knew that the sight of his boat pulling for the Dawn would be enough to bring King of the

PUZZLE CORNER

Solutions on page 26

The Eight Eights

AN old puzzle requires us to add together eight eights, in any manner we like, so as to total 1,000. The answer given is: $888+88+8+8+8=1,000$. Now, can you use these eight eights to make 1,000 by subtraction instead of addition? The answer is very simple.

Curious Coins

HERE are two coins—or we will suppose they are coins. Each has something wrong with it. Can you spot the errors? The Julius Caesar coin is simple; the other is intended for fellows who have taken history prizes. They will recognise the design as that of a double-sovereign of Henry VIII, and the date shown, MDXII, will prove this. It is only fair to add that the intricate design of the coin is taken from the original, and has nothing to do with the puzzle. Now then, you

history specialists—what's wrong with it?

Naming a Name

THE other day a fellow remarked what a lot of boys' names consist of three consonants and one vowel. Names such as Fred, Bert, Bill, Jack, John, and many others. Those with two consonants and two vowels are fewer: Paul, Eric, Ivan, Noel, etc.—but of names with three vowels to one-consonant there seemed to be none, except Abie, which is short for Abraham, and doesn't count. Can you think of any?

Monkey on a Stick

HERE is a teaser to work off on your pals. They might know the answer, but we don't! If you were to walk round and round a pole, and on top of that pole was a monkey, who turned as you walked so that he was facing you all the time—would you walk round the monkey as well as the pole? You see, you never get round to the back of the monkey, because he's always facing you!



THESE BOYS MADE GOOD!

MARCONI, unlike the other men you have read about in this series, was not born in poor circumstances.

He did not "invent wireless," as lots of people imagine

But though he had money, it was his brains that he used for the world's benefit. When as a youngster, he started experimenting with radio in his garden, working on the theories that had been known for many years, he imagined that long before



he could take it up seriously, others would develop long-distance wireless communication. He was wrong. "Telegraphy without wires was neither necessary nor practicable," a famous scientist told him!

MARCONI didn't believe it—he set his heart on spanning the Earth by radio waves. In 1896 he had succeeded in communicating over a distance of one mile, and came to London to take out the first wireless patent. The next year he

built for the Italian Government the first transmitting station, and founded the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company in England. Radio spanned the Channel—the next landmark!

But the Atlantic—that was Marconi's big ambition; to send dots and dashes from England to Newfoundland. A transmitter was set up at Poldhu, in Cornwall, in 1901. Marconi set sail for Newfoundland with a

No. 5

MARCONI

Wizard of the
Wireless
Waves

radio receiver, flew his kite aerials on a bleak cliff, and listened in. Silence—not a sound! Then he looked at his watch, and laughed. He was too eager—transmission was not beginning for five minutes.

Three clicks in the phones—the letter "S," a pre arranged signal. Success!

After that, there was no stopping the development of radio, either on land or sea. Soon the first SOS was sent out from a sinking ship, calling for help, and getting it.

The years passed—valves brought greater sensitivity to radio receivers, more power to transmitters. Then came the War, during which the next great achievement was realised—human voices crossed the Atlantic by radio!



MARCONI was not alone in the field now—but it was his genius that developed the beam system, which sends messages as straight as a die across the globe. It was Marconi who gave Britain its first broadcasting from Writtle, Essex, in 1921, and the Italian genius himself who developed the amazing short waves which cover thousands of miles on very low power.

And at sixty-three years of age, Marconi is working on new things, secret things which may amaze us yet. Far from being finished, he feels he's only just beginning!

Islands promptly back to his ketch. Force was on the side of the shipmates, if it came to a struggle.

But if a dinghy could be seen from the beach, a swimmer could not; and Peter Parsons was as good a swimmer as any South-Sea Islander. Careless, for once, of his clothes, the dandy of Lukwe slipped into the water and struck out for the ketch.

Neck or Nothing!

RAY PAGET'S heart gave a bound as he heard a tread on the deck above him. It was not the clump of Danny's big bare feet. It was not the shipmates returning—there had been no sound of a boat. Was it Dandy Peter? Paget staggered from the lockers, with a clink if irons, and fixed his eyes on the companion down which already the tread was coming. It was a white man, in drenched white duck trousers and dripping silk shirt, shaking water from him in great drops.

"Parsons!" panted the scallywag, his face lighting up. He could see that Parsons had swum from the cutter.

The sea-lawyer looked at him and grinned, with a gleam of even white teeth.

"You look in hard luck!" he remarked.

"Get me out of this!" breathed Paget.

"That's why I'm here."

Paget's eyes danced. He had counted on Peter Parsons, and the sea-lawyer had not failed him. Whether it was friendship to himself or enmity to Ken King, the scallywag cared little. Parsons was there to rescue him. He held out his manacled wrists.

"Nothing doing!" said the sea-lawyer tersely. "You'll have to come as you are. I'll make my black boys file them off later. No time to lose now."

"You swam here?" asked Paget.

"A boat might have been spotted from the beach. You'll have to take your chance in the water."

Paget caught his breath.

"In irons?"

"Leave it to me."

"But——" panted Paget. He was keen and eager—almost frantically eager—to get off the ketch, now that there was a chance. But to trust himself to the water with irons on his wrists and ankles was a startling idea.

"I can handle you in the water," said Parsons curtly. "You'll have to take the risk, anyhow. It's neck or

nothing! I tell you, the dinghy would be seen from the beach. That would bring King of the Islands back with a rush. Is that what you want?"

"No!" Paget shut his teeth. "I'll risk it. Get me out of this, at any rate! But the cooky-boy— if he gives the alarm——"

"He won't give the alarm. I've got him tied up on my cutter," grinned Dandy Peter. "I'll pitch him on the reef when we pull out of On'a. Come!"

"You'll have to help me."

Dandy Peter grasped the man in irons, helped him to the companion, and half led, half carried him up the ladder. Paget was not a heavy-weight, and Dandy Peter, slight and dapper as he was, had plenty of strength. In a few minutes Paget was out in the brilliant sunshine on the deck.

His eyes turned at once to the beach. So near to freedom, he had a dread of seeing the Dawn's whale-boat pulling back to the ketch. But there was no sign of the boat. King of the Islands was busy on shore for some time to come.

He drew a deep breath as Dandy Peter grasped his shoulder. His life depended on the sea-lawyer. With

Scallywag's Luck

the irons on hands and legs, he would go down like a stone if the Lukwe skipper let him go. The colour wavered in his face for a moment, and Dandy Peter gave him a glance of mockery.

"If you've got cold feet——" he sneered.

"You can cut that out, Peter Parsons!" Paget snapped. "I'm ready!"

"Good man! In you go!"

PAGET'S head went under as he slipped into the lagoon with the dandy of Lukwe. But it came up at once—Dandy Peter's grasp was strong on him. The irons weighed on him. It seemed to him that they must drag him under, and the inability to use his limbs gave him a sense of helplessness that was nerve-racking.

But he had courage and determination. He shut his teeth hard and trusted to Dandy Peter. The Lukwe boys were watching from the cutter, and at the sight of his skipper in the lagoon, Suloo slipped into the water and swam across to him. Supported on one side by Dandy Peter, on the other by the Lukwe boat-steerer, Paget slid through the water.

Short as was the distance between the two vessels, it seemed to the scallywag that the swim would never end. Twice, thrice the water washed over his face and gave him the horror of drowning.

Half suffocated, gasping, his heart beating in great throbs, he found himself at last under the rail of the Sea-Cat, on the side farthest from the beach. Kotoo and Nalasu reached down, grasped him, and dragged him on board. Dandy Peter and Suloo followed.

Paget sank down, panting, exhausted, the irons clinking, but with a fierce satisfaction in his breast. Free—free at last—in spite of King of the Islands!

He heard Parsons snapping orders to the Lukwe crew. Whether the sea-lawyer had finished his business at Ou'a or not, he had no choice about pulling out of the lagoon. The rescued scallywag would not have remained in his hands long had the Sea-Cat been still in the lagoon when Ken King missed the prisoner.

The anchor came up, and the cutter swung into motion. Paget's heart beat faster as the Sea-Cat glided across the wide lagoon and headed for the reef passage.

King of the Islands, from the beach, would see the cutter going. Would he guess? Could he guess? How could he? But if he did, the Dawn was a faster sailer than the cutter, and pursuit would surely be prompt.

Paget lifted his head and stared back at the beach. It was growing dim and distant. But it seemed to him that the cutter crawled as Dandy Peter took her through the reef to the open sea.

"Cast loose that feller Hiva-Oa boy!" snapped Parsons.

Suloo dragged the canvas off

Danny. The cooky-boy's eyes rolled, almost starting from their sockets, at the sight of Paget on the cutter's deck. The boat-steerer cut him loose, and Danny staggered up and jerked the gag from his mouth.

"You feller Paget," he gasped, "you no stop along this feller cutter! White master King of the Islands plenty mad along you, s'pose you stop!"

Paget laughed.

"Jump!" snapped Peter Parsons, pointing to the reef. "You go back along Dawn, you tell King of the Islands feller Paget sail along me. Jump!"

And Danny jumped. He landed on the reef, and went scrambling across it towards the lagoon. The cutter glided on and out into the open waters of the Pacific.

There, Peter Parsons shook out sail, and under a cloud of canvas the Sea-Cat flew before the wind, and the scallywag, with gloating eyes, watched Ou'a sink to a faint blur astern.

The Chase is On!

"DANDY PETER'S gone!" remarked Kit Hudson. The whaleboat was pulling back to the Dawn in the hot afternoon.

"And a jolly good riddance!" retorted Ken. "We never run across that fellow without finding some sort of trouble."

"Seems to me Dandy Peter's the one who finds the trouble," chuckled Kit. "Unless I've been dreaming, it was Peter who got a thrashing this morning, not you."

"That's so," laughed Ken. "All the same, there's no getting away from the fact that trouble always blows up when Parsons is around. And if he'd stayed here, ten to one there would have been more. Who knows, he might have discovered that we've got Paget cooped up on board."

"What if he had?" asked Kit. "He couldn't have done anything. He daren't attack us in the hope of rescuing the fellow—we're too strong for him."

"True enough," replied Ken. "But I'm glad he's gone. Having Dandy Peter next door to you, so to speak, is like having a mad dog on the doorstep. You never know when he is going to break out."

The shipmates fell silent as the whaleboat pulled nearer and nearer to the Dawn. Both were glad that the Sea-Cat was no longer in the lagoon—but they little guessed who had sailed with Dandy Peter!

From the Dawn's rail a fat face watched the boat coming with apprehensive looks. Danny had swum back to the ketch, where he waited his master's return with great trepidation. It had dawned on the cooky-boy's fuzzy mind that Paget had tricked him somehow with the "paper he talk," and he dreaded the discovery his white master was going to make.

The whaleboat hooked on, and the skipper and mate came on board. Koko, as he came, glanced at the

cooky-boy. Danny's uneasiness was written all over his fat brown face, and the boatswain wondered what was amiss with him. Kit Hudson went below. A few seconds later he came back to the deck with a bound and a shout.

"Ken! Paget's gone!"

"Gone?" yelled King of the Islands.

"Gone!" roared Hudson. "Irons and all! Danny, you fat scoundrel, I——"

"Me plenty solly, sar!" stammered the cooky-boy. "Feller Peter Parsons come along ship, sar, takee that feller Paget along cutter."

"Dandy Peter?" gasped Ken.

"That's why he's pulled out!" said Hudson, between his teeth. "But I had my eye on the Dawn, and I'll swear no boat passed."

"Tinkee swim, sar, along lagoon," faltered Danny. "Me plenty solly, sar. Me no savvy what thing that feller Paget say along paper he talk, sar."

"Paper he talk?" repeated Ken.

"Yessar!" Danny stammered out what had happened. King of the Islands listened, his face growing grimmer and grimmer.

Koko casually picked up the lawyer-cane.

"Tinkee kill that feller Danny plenty too much, sar, along lawyer-cane, along back belong him!" said the boatswain.

Danny gave a howl of anticipation. He fully expected the lawyer-cane for what he had done.

But Ken shook his head. The fuzzy-headed cooky-boy had been deceived by the cunning scallywag, and the lawyer-cane on Danny's brown back would not undo the mischief that had been done.

"Up anchor!" said King of the Islands.

"After Parsons?" asked Hudson.

"Ay, ay!"

"We've got a date to keep at Lolulo," Hudson reminded him.

"We shall have to cut that out, Kit," Ken answered. "Are we going to let that nigger-stealing hound of Lukwe snap his fingers at us like this? I'll run him down if I have to chase the Sea-Cat across the Pacific and back again! I'll get Paget out of his clutches, and give Peter Parsons the lesson of his life!"

"I'm with you!" said the mate of the Dawn.

The anchor swung up from the coral, and the Dawn stood for the reef passage. Far away on the Pacific, the Sea-Cat was fleeing, light as a sea-bird, the scallywag of Lalinge rejoicing in his freedom, Dandy Peter chuckling over the defeat of King of the Islands. But they were not done with King of the Islands yet!

With all sail set, King of the Islands goes scudding before the wind in chase of DANDY PETER'S CUTTER. And next Saturday Parsons and the Scallywag find themselves up to the neck in more trouble!