

HERE IT IS—THE EXTRA-SIZE BOYS' PAPER!

MODERN

BOY

EVERY SATURDAY

No. 7. New Series
APRIL 2nd, 1938

2^D

EIGHT STORIES
including—

Eyes of the Fleet

War in the Sky between Japan and America

By ARCH WHITEHOUSE

(Cover Illustration by Serge Drigin)

*Screaming
Tyres!*

Thrill-a-minute chase—
Train versus Truck

By G. L. DALTON

KING of the ISLANDS Adventure

Boy Without

By *a Name*

CHARLES HAMILTON

*Captives of the
Colossus*

Captain Justice
Story

By MURRAY ROBERTS

*Biggles on the
Treasure Trail*

By Flying-Officer JOHNS

SPECIAL FEATURES : : FUN
HOBBIES : : NEWS



BOY WITHOUT A NAME

One thing was clear about Ken King's refugee . . . in some mysterious way he was connected with the sensational news that there were pearls—fabulous quantities of them—on the long deserted Kohu Island!

By CHARLES HAMILTON

“WHAT thing you see, Koko, eye belong you?”
“Feller lugger stop along sea, sar!” answered the giant Kanaka boatswain of the Dawn.
“A lugger!” repeated Ken King, peeped Ken King, the boy trader of the South Seas whom men called King of the Islands.

The eyes of Koko were as keen as those of an albatross. To King of the Islands and his mate, Kit Hudson, keen-sighted as they were, there was little more than a blur on the blue Pacific. But Koko pronounced unhesitatingly that it was a lugger coming down the wind.

Bright sunshine streamed down on the Pacific. The sky was spotless blue. Only a swell on the sea told of the gale that had dropped at dawn. The wind was still fresh, but it was abeam of Ken King's ketch coming out of the east. Keeping as close to it as a good sailorman could, King of the Islands was beating north from Kohu.

“A lugger from Lukwe,” said Kit Hudson.

“Looks like it,” agreed Ken. “I wonder—” He paused. “According to what that Dutch swab, Van Duck, told us yesterday on Kohu, Tom Daly, the pearler, was at Kohu, and ran across to Lukwe in his lugger with pearls to sell. If that's a lugger—”

“No ‘if’ about it,” grinned Hudson. “Koko savvy!”

“This feller savvy plenty too much, sar,” said the boatswain, his keen dark eyes on the speck on the sea.

“It may be the pearler coming back to Kohu,” said Ken. “He's far off his course, but the blow last night may have drifted him anywhere. Better call up the boy.”

Hudson nodded and went down the companion into the cabin of the Dawn. On blankets on the port lockers lay the boy Peter, whom the shipmates had rescued from Van Duck at Kohu.

He lay there fully dressed, his head resting on his arm, his good-looking face pale. There was a touch of contempt in Hudson's glance as he looked at the boy. He had a kind heart and he had willingly backed up his skipper in saving the boy from the brutal skipper of the Sunda, but he had little use for a youngster who cried when he was up against it—a soft swab, as Hudson put it.

“Tumble up, Peter—if Peter's your name!” he rapped. “You're wanted on deck!” The boy slipped obediently from the lockers. He looked a slim slip of a lad as he stood before the well-built mate. “You've got another name, I suppose?” added Hudson.

“Yes!”

“What is it?”

“No answer.”

“You'd rather keep it to yourself?” asked Hudson, staring at him.

“Yes!”

“I think I can guess it easily enough, as that Dutch brute told us you were the son of Black Tom Daly, the pearler!” rapped Hudson. “But keep quiet about that if you choose. Follow me on deck.”

He tramped up the companion again, the boy following him more slowly. The



“I am afraid, but I must go back to Kohu,” said the boy. “Tell them to cast off.” The little craft was off on its seventy-mile journey to the mystery island.

mate was frowning when he emerged on deck. Ken gave him an inquiring glance. “What's up?” he asked.

“Oh, nothing!” grunted Hudson. “I've no use for a soft lubber, that's all. By gum, it would do him good to have a few weeks on the Dawn, pulling and hauling with the Kanakas. It might make a man of him. Soft as putty! Black Tom was a fool to bring him out to the islands.”

“Shut up, old man—here he comes!” said Ken.

“Well, if that packet's his father's lugger, we shall be shut of him in an hour's time,” said the mate.

“He's said that he's not Tom Daly's son.”

“He's just refused to give me his name!” growled Hudson. “It looks to me as if that ruffian Van Duck was right. Tom Daly has found pearls on Kohu, and the Dutchman was after them, and that young swab is afraid to tell the truth because he thinks we may be after them, too.”

“So that's what you think,” laughed Ken. “After all, he went on, ‘we're strangers to him, Kit, and there are plenty of traders in these seas who would not stop at much to lay hands on a hatful of pearls. Van Duck was one—and a whole crew of sea-thieves at Lukwe would set the same course if they knew. I shouldn't be surprised to see Purley, or Dandy Peter Parsons, making Kohu when the news gets round the beaches. Here he is.’”

All eyes on the Dawn turned curiously on the fugitive from Kohu as he appeared on deck in the brilliant sunshine. Tomoo and Lompo, Lufu and Koolu, stared at him, and Danny, the kooki-boy, put his head out of the galley.

The red came into the boy's pale cheeks as he stood before the skipper of the Dawn and felt the crew's gaze turned on him.

Ken gave him a smile. “I've had hardly time to speak to you

yet, Peter,” he said. “What's your other name?”

Peter's colour deepened.

“Your mate has already asked me, sir,” he answered, in a low voice. “I would rather not give my name.”

“Why not?” asked Ken impatiently.

Peter stood silent.

“You know what that Dutch brute told us yesterday at Kohu,” said Ken, after a pause. “He found you on the island, where oysters had been rotted out for pearls, and he seized you, like the lawless scoundrel he is. You've nothing of that kind to fear on this packet, Peter. If you had all Black Tom's pearls in your pockets they would be as safe as if they were banked with the Pacific Company at Lalinge.”

“I—I know,” stammered the boy. His eyes wandered for a moment to the grinning, good-humoured faces of the Hiva-Oa boys—brown and cheery, quite unlike the grim black visages of the Solomon Island boys he had seen on the Dutchman's schooner. Then they came back to Ken's handsome boyish face. He opened his lips—but shut them again, and stood silent.

“The Dutchman believes that you are the son of Tom Daly and know the secret of his pearls on Kohu,” said King of the Islands.

“It is not true.”

“But you were on Kohu with Daly?”

“I was on Kohu,” said the boy slowly.

“The Dutchman found me there, and dragged me on board his ship. I have nothing more to say.”

Ken shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

“Whether Tom Daly's your father or not, do you want to see him again?” he demanded. “There's a lugger coming down the wind, and it looks as if she's coming from Lukwe. If it's Tom Daly's lugger, do you want to go aboard her?”

The boy's face brightened wonderfully.

“Oh, yes, yes!” he exclaimed. “Yes,

yes! Let me go on the lugger—that is all I ask!” His dark eyes swept round.

“Where is the lugger?”

Ken pointed. Coming swiftly down the wind, the distant craft was nearer now, and all eyes could make out the lug-sail.

The boy's eyes danced as he looked.

“You will stop for the lugger?” he exclaimed. “You will let me go aboard?”

Ken laughed—and Hudson grunted. Only too plainly the boy from Kohu did not feel at his ease on board the ketch. After his experience on the Sunda, it was perhaps natural. He had fled to the Dawn as the only escape from the Sunda, but it was clear that he had a lurking dread that he had only escaped out of the frying-pan into the fire. It irritated Ken a little, and amused him a little also—but his mate was irritated without being in the least amused. If that soft swab did not know an honest sailorman when he saw one, it was time, in Hudson's opinion, that he learned. And with all his soft ways, it looked to Hudson as if he had no hesitation in telling a barefaced falsehood.

The boy ran to the side, staring at the lugger with eager eyes. Hudson gave a grunt of contempt.

“Look at that!” he growled. “By gum! He makes out that he's not Tom Daly's son, but he seems pretty keen to see a man who's no relation to him.”

Ken nodded, without speaking.

The lugger came swiftly nearer down the wind. The boy watched it with eager eyes of expectation. But suddenly he turned from the rail, bitter disappointment clouding his face.

“That is not the Palm Leaf!” he exclaimed.

“The Palm Leaf!” repeated King of the Islands. “Is the Palm Leaf the name of Tom Daly's lugger?”

“Yes, yes! That is not the lugger!”

“Me savvy that feller lugger plenty too much, sar,” said Koko, his keen eyes fixed on the approaching craft. “Me savvy that feller white master stop

BOY WITHOUT A NAME

along lugger. That lugger belong Barney Hall, sar, belong along Tonga."

Peter Shows Spirit!

BARNEY HALL, the trader of Tonga, stood staring at the tall sails of the Dawn. His crew of three dusky Tonga boys grinned at one another as they saw the black scowl

darkening his lean, bearded face, darkened by tropic suns, almost as dark as their own. The lugger's crew knew Ken King's ship as well as their white master did, and they knew why Barney scowled so blackly. Neither were they surprised to see his hand slip behind him to the heavy Navy revolver that jutted from a holster at the back of his belt. Barney was an old enemy of the boy trader of the Pacific, and the mere sight of the Dawn was enough to rouse his savage temper.

So, the boat-steerer, looked at his master, expecting a sign from him to fall away from the course. But no such sign came. The lugger sped on, making good speed before the wind, heavy and clumsy craft as she was. It was evidently Barney's intention to "speak" the Dawn. Not, certainly, for a friendly "gam" with a passing skipper, for his looks were anything but friendly. Nor was it likely that he had any business with Ken King. Indeed, all Barney's late proceedings had been a puzzle to his crew.

Lying at Lukwe, the Tonga boys had expected to remain there two or three days, while their master was drinking and carousing ashore with the rough gang of traders and planters on that lawless and ill-favored island. But Barney had come suddenly on board and put to sea without even waiting for cargo—hardly waiting for stores. He had set a course to the west for the only spot of land in that direction—Kohu! The storm in the night had driven him far from his course, but in the sunny day that followed he was making Kohu again when the Dawn was sighted. Now he was heading for the Dawn, as if forgetful of his original destination. The Tonga boys did not understand; but it was not their business to understand the vagaries of a "feller white master."

Barney Hall watched the ketch as he drew closer and closer. At length he could make out the faces looking over the rail of the Dawn, and he waved his hand in sign to King of the Islands.

Ken had no desire for speech with the trader of Tonga, and no desire for more trouble with him. Unless Barney was in want of stores, he could not guess what the trader wanted with him. He was strongly inclined to keep on his course and leave Barney standing. Still, if a skipper was in distress at sea, Ken was not the man to turn his back on him, even on a ruffian and enemy. Unwillingly, he heave-to and waited for the trader of Tonga to come up on the wind.

The boy Peter stood leaning on the mizzen, disappointed and indifferent. He had been eager to see Black Tom Daly's lugger, but this boat was nothing to him.

Ken and Kit watched Hall curiously as the lugger ran under the rail and the lug-sail dropped. One of the Tonga boys held on with a boat-hook, and Hall put his great brown paw on the ketch, to climb aboard.

"What do you want, Barney Hall?" rapped out King of the Islands. "You can talk from your lugger if you've anything to say."

Without answering, the burly trader of Tonga clambered on board the ketch. Koko's dark eyes gleamed at him.

"S'pose you sing out, sar, me makee that feller white master stop along lugger belong him plenty too quick!" he growled.

Ken signed to the boatswain to stand back.

"Cut it short, Hall!" he said. "I've no time to waste! I've lost time at Kohu already."

Hall's eyes flashed.

"You've put in at Kohu!" he exclaimed.

"Ay, ay!"

"That's what I wanted to know!" snarled Hall. "You were first, then! How did you get to know? Your ketch was not at Lukwe when Black Tom ran in with the Palm Leaf!"

Ken stared at him blankly. Hudson burst into a chuckle. Evidently Hall, like Van Duck the previous day, jumped to it that King of the Islands had run down to Kohu after pearls, and he was only puzzled to guess how the boy trader had heard the story, as he had not been at Lukwe.

Without waiting for an answer, Hall went on:

"What did you get at Kohu?"

"Water!" answered Ken.

"Is that meant for a joke?" snarled Hall. "I dare say you took in water, but what about the pearls?"

"Are there pearls on Kohu?" asked Ken, laughing. "We've had that already from Van Duck, of the Sunda, who was there yesterday."

"Van Duck!" Barney spat out an oath. "Has he got on to it, too? He was still at Lukwe when I got the hook up. But he'd make it, in that schooner of his! She sells three knots to my one. And if you found Van Duck there, he's not left much for me—or for you! Did you have trouble with the Dutchman?"

"Yes!"

"Which of you got the pearls?"

"Neither!" said Ken, with a laugh. "Van Duck got a clip in his arm from my revolver, and I got water! Nothing else, so far as I know, was got on Kohu. Anything more I can tell you?"

Barney stared at him suspiciously.

"That won't do for me!" he said. "Black Tom came ashore at Lukwe with a bag of pearls to sell. He was as close as an oyster, but a good many knew that he had been hunting for pearls on Kohu. Nobody believed in pearls on Kohu—only last year Peter Parsons was there in his cutter and he found nothing. But we all knew that Tom Daly had struck pearls somewhere. A lot of them got him up to the Planters' Club and filled him up to the back teeth with square-face—and then he talked. All Lukwe knows now."

"Talked out of his hat, most likely," said Kit Hudson. "Everybody on the beaches knows Black Tom Daly, a drunken beachcomber who will tell fancy tales by the cable's length when he's at the end of the first bottle."

"It is false—it is false!" came a panting voice from behind the shipmates. Ken and Kit, who had forgotten Peter, stared round at him. The boy's face was flushed, and his eyes ablaze.

"It is false!" he repeated. "Tom Daly's nothing of the kind—how dare you say so?"

Kit Hudson's face set grimly. He made a stride at the boy and grasped him by the back of the neck. He had been patient, more or less, with a youngster whose softness got to his nerves. But to be given the lie to his face, and in the presence of Barney Hall, was more than he could stand.

"By gum!" he roared. "I'll—"

"Hold on, Kit!" King of the Islands hastily intervened. "Leave the boy alone, Kit."

"Is that rat going to call me a liar?" roared Hudson. "You heard what he said!"

"If he's Tom Daly's son—"

"He says he is not!" snapped Hudson. "But have it your own way."

He flung the boy angrily from him and moved away. The boy tottered, and would have fallen had not Ken's strong arm caught him.

"You'd better keep a bight on your jawing tackle, my lad!" said King of the Islands quietly. "That sort of talk won't do on this deck."

"I said it was false, and it is false!" said the boy. "Tom Daly is one of the best men breathing, as I know better than you or your mate."

Ken shrugged his shoulders impatiently and turned from him to Barney Hall again. Barney was staring hard at the boy from Kohu.

"Tom Daly's son!" he repeated, his eyes glinting. "Is that Tom Daly's son? He was gabbling at Lukwe about Peter, whom he left on Kohu when he ran out in his lugger. That's Peter, by hokey! You got him off Kohu, King of the Islands, and you've the nerve to tell me that you know nothing of the pearls!"

"That's enough from you, Hall!" snapped Ken. "If you're after pearl-poaching, and you fancy there are pearls on Kohu, get after them and be hanged to you! Get back to your lugger and clear!"

Barney Hall did not heed.

"You've got the boy," he said. "Does that mean that you've got the pearls, too? You've got the pearls on this hooker? By hokey, you've raised Tom

Daly's cache of pearls and you'd have sent me off with a lying tale! You'd like to see me make Kohu, and you with the pearls stacked in your trade-room below. Why, you double-crossing sea-lawyer—"

"Stop at that!" said Ken, his eyes gleaming. "Get back to your lugger, or I'll have you thrown there by my Kanakas!"

"Will you, by hokey!" roared Barney Hall. His hand whipped behind him and in a split second his revolver was looking King of the Islands in the face. "Stand where you are, Ken King. If a man on this deck lifts a finger, I'll blow your brains out!"

Beaten by the Unexpected!

KING of the Islands stood still.

Kit Hudson made a movement—and stopped. Koko made another—and also stopped, his dark eyes gleaming with rage. The

Hiva-On boys stared at the scene, breathless. Barney Hall's sudden action had taken all by surprise.

The heavy Navy revolver was hardly six feet from Ken's handsome, scornful face. The Tonga trader meant every word that he uttered, and the life of the boy trader hung on a thread.

"You bad feller altogether too much!" hissed Koko, his hands clenched till the brown knuckles showed white.

Hall did not heed him. His fierce eyes were fixed on King of the Islands.

"We're all after Tom Daly's pearls," he snarled, "and you got in first! But you're not getting away with a sack of pearls and leaving me out in the cold! Send a nigger down for the pearls, King of the Islands, and count them out fair and square on this deck—half to you, and half to me! That's fair play! Lift a finger, and you're a dead man on your own deck!"

"You fool and thief!" said Ken, his voice quiet and contemptuous. "There are no pearls on this packet—"

"Wash that out!" said Hall savagely. "How you beat Van Duck I can't guess—but you did, and you've got the boy. That means that you've got the pearls, too, and I'm not leaving this ketch without my share! Your mate's slipping his hand to his gun!" he added venomously. "If he touches it, you're a dead man, Ken King."

Ken did not look at Hudson. He was more than willing to take the risk of a pot-shot. But Hudson's hand was still at once. The ruffian of Tonga had the upper hand, and the direct vengeance could not have recalled what was done if King of the Islands rolled on the deck with a bullet in his brain. White with rage, the mate of the Dawn stood still.

"I'm not waiting!" said Barney grimly. "You can count your life in minutes, Ken King, if you don't send for the pearls!"

"If the Dawn were loaded with pearls from orlop-deck to the hatchway coamings, I would not send for one of them at your order, Hall!" answered King of the Islands.

Hall's eyes blazed over the levelled barrel.

"I give you one minute!" he roared. "I'll fight your whole crew before I'll go without the pearls, Ken King—but you won't take a hand in it—you'll be dead on this deck! One minute, and no more!"

"There are no pearls on this ship!" came from the boy Peter. "The Dawn took no pearls on board at Kohu."

Hall's glance swerved to him, though he still watched King of the Islands like a cat.

"You're Tom Daly's son!" he said. "You're the Peter he gabbled at of Lukwe. You know where the pearls are. Yes or no?"

"Yes!" breathed the boy.

"Get them on deck!"

For a second Peter paused, looking at him; then he stepped towards the open companion. To reach it he had to pass within three or four feet of Hall's uplifted arm with the levelled revolver.

From the timid, scared boy who seemed to shrink from him as he moved, the ruffian did not dream of suspecting danger. But it was from Peter that it came.

The boy passed him to reach the companion ladder, then spun round with such sudden swiftness that an eye could hardly have followed his movement, and struck at Hall's uplifted arm.

There was little strength in the blow,

But it came sharply, suddenly, utterly unexpectedly. It knocked the ruffian's arm aside, and the revolver sagged down, almost dropping from Hall's relaxed fingers in his surprise.

A moment more and his grip closed on it again, and it would have swung up. But a moment was more than enough for King of the Islands. The boy trader was on Hall like a tiger, his fists crashing into the bearded face—right and left, like the blows of a hammer. Crash, crash, they came, and Barney Hall went over like a tree uprooted in a hurricane.

The crash of his bulky carcass on the deck almost shook the ketch. He roared with rage as he crashed and would have fired, but the revolver was kicked from his hand and flew into the scuppers.

Before he could scramble up, Koko's mighty grasp was on him. Heavy and bulky as he was, Barney Hall swung clear of the deck in those powerful arms. Next moment he was spinning over the rail, to go splashing into the Pacific.

"Suffering cats!" gasped Kit Hudson. His revolver was in his hand now, but it was not needed. Two or three fathoms from the ketch, Barney Hall's tumbled head rose from the blue water, into which he had gone deep.

There was a babble of excitement from the Tonga boys in the lugger, and all three looked towards the trader. Koko, leaning over the side of the Dawn, roared to them.

"You feller Tonga boy, you stop along lugger belong you! You leave that feller Hall stop along sea!"

So, who had thrust out a sweep to bring the lugger round to where Barney was struggling in the water, paused and stared up at Koko.

"That feller white master go stop along bottom of sea, makee kai-kai along feller shark!" he gasped.

"Plenty good that feller Hall makee kai-kai along feller shark!" retorted Koko. "You hear me, ear belong you, that feller stop along sea. S'pose you no like this feller cut off head belong you, all same Solomon Island boy."

Koko whipped the long Malaita knife from his belt, and stood ready to leap into the lugger. So, stood grasping the sweep, but made no movement with it—the other two Tonga boys stared in indifferent silence. Barney Hall, gurgling for breath, swam towards the lugger.

He dragged himself in and lay huddled in a pool of water. His face, black with bruises from Ken's knuckles, was convulsed with fury. He lay panting breathlessly.

"Push off, Hall!" said King of the Islands quietly. "You're getting off with a ducking, which is better than you deserve. Push off while you're safe, you seum!"

A glare of rage was the only answer from the Tonga trader. But he signed to his crew to push off and make sail.

Unheeding him further, King of the Islands rapped out orders to his crew, and the Dawn got quickly under way again. Then the boy trader turned to Peter, a smile on his face.

"Thanks!" he said. "You're a handy lad, Peter—it's as likely as not that you've saved my life. You're not the soft lugger you make yourself out to be. There are plenty of men twice your age, and twice your weight, who would think twice about tackling Barney Hall with a gun in his fist! You've got more plick than you fancy, kid."

Sweeping westward on a long tack, the Dawn soon dropped the lugger. Barney Hall, so far as could be judged by the lug-sail as it disappeared, was making Kohu—though probably with little hope of picking up pearls there. But he had had enough of the Dawn and was glad to get away with a whole skin.

Back to Kohu!

THE canoe, with its heavy mat sail, and long out-rigger, bobbed on the swell of the Pacific in the red sunset. Four olive-skinned paddlers stared across the shining sea at the Dawn; a fifth, standing, held up a bunch of bananas in one hand and a bag of yams in the other, in sign of trade. King of the Islands smiled and shook his head. He was making Ululo, late on his schedule, and had no time for talk or trade with natives.

Peter came on deck, glancing about him timidly. Ken gave him a smile; Hudson a grunt. It was, as Ken had

(Continued on page 19)

BOY WITHOUT A NAME

(Continued)

said, more likely than not that he had saved the boy trader's life that morning. Hudson was not unkind of that. But Peter had given him deep offence, and he did not trouble to conceal his contempt for soft timidity.

The boy gave the mate an uneasy glance, and addressed himself to Ken.

"May I speak, sir?"

"Heave ahead!" said Ken, smiling.

"We're making Ululo now and when we drop the hook in the lagoon you're free to go ashore as soon as you like."

"Is Ululo near Kohu?"

Ken stared at him.

"You're no seaman," he said, smiling again. "Ululo is more than a hundred miles from Kohu. We've left Kohu far astern."

"Is it near Lukwe?"

"It's farther from Lukwe than from Kohu. What do you mean?"

"I must go back to Kohu," said the boy. "Cannot you put me back on Kohu? Would you lose too much time if you took me back there?"

Ken hardly knew what to say in answer to that. Kit Hudson burst into a laugh, and Koko smiled at a passing albatross. To ask a South Sea trader, already late on a call, to lose two or three days beating back to an island far below the sea-line, was too grotesque for discussion. The boy did not understand it, proof that he was new to the Islands and to the sea.

"You cannot?" he asked, reading Ken's face.

"It's impossible!" said Ken, kindly enough.

"I must go back to Kohu!" said the boy determinedly. "Perhaps I can get a vessel at Ululo to take me back."

"Not likely! I can't see a South Sea trader running so far out of his course," said Ken. "Kohu's off the map, kid. No skipper ever touches there, unless he's run short of water."

"A canoe, perhaps," faltered the boy. "I could get a canoe, with a native crew."

"Suffering cats!" said Kit Hudson. "The kid's afraid of his own shadow, and he's talking about making a hundred-mile trip with a native crew in a canoe! Talk sense, Peter."

"When do you reach Ululo?" asked the boy, without heeding the mate.

"To-morrow," answered Ken. "But I couldn't let you go in a canoe with natives—and Kohu is swarming with pearl-pochers by this time. You can't go there!"

The boy's eyes flashed.

"You have said that I am free to leave this vessel," he snapped. "Are you keeping me a prisoner here like that villain Van Duck on the Sunda?"

"King of the Islands gave the fugitive from Kohu a grim look.

"You're no prisoner here!" he said. "You're free to go where you like, if you're fool enough. I was speaking for your own good—but it's no business of mine. When you land at Ululo, I'm done with you."

The boy coloured.

"I am not ungrateful!" he said. "You saved me from the Dutchman, and it brought you into danger. But I must go back to Kohu. And if there is no other way, I must take a canoe from Ululo. I can pay a Kanana crew to take me," he added. "I ask nothing of you but to let me go."

Hudson pointed to the canoe bobbing on the Dawn's port bow, from which the Ululo boy was still hopefully waving his bunch of bananas.

"That's a canoe from Ululo," he said. "That crew would take you to Kohu, or anywhere else in the Pacific, if you paid them—and if they did not run short of stores and kai-kai you on the trip—kill and eat you, that is, in case you don't show!"

Peter glanced round. He had not noticed the canoe before. Now he gave it an earnest look. Then he turned to Ken again.

"Will you signal the canoe, sir?" he asked. "If they will take me back to Kohu, I shall trouble you no more."

Ken made an angry and irritable gesture. Kohu, once as lonely as any atoll in the Pacific, would be, he knew, swarming with lawless pearl-pochers by this time. Van Duck and Barney Hall were not the only sea-thieves who would gather at a tale of treasure to be found. In a week, perhaps, the island would be as solitary as before, left to the crawling lizards and the wheeling gulls. But

so long as the hunt for the pearls lasted, it was no place for a timid and helpless boy. But the boy was his own master—unless Ken was to imitate Van Duck and keep him on board his ship by force. He was angry and undecided.

"You will let me go?" The boy's voice rose sharply in alarm. "You are not a villain like Van Duck—like Barney Hall—you will let me leave this ship!"

"You young fool!" roared Hudson. "Pitch him into the canoe, Ken, and have done with him. I'll bet you an Australian sovereign to a Tonga nut that he'll be afraid to step into the canoe if you signal the Ululo boys."

Ken shrugged his shoulders.

"We can't keep him here against his will," he said. "If he's fool enough to go, go he must! Koko, signal the canoe!"

"Yessar!"

The Dawn was hoisted and the Ululo canoe came swooping down on it like a sea-bird. The brown boy with the bananas held on with one hand, and grinned up at the white masters.

"Plenty good feller yam, sar! Plenty too much good feller banana he stop along canoe!" he sang out cheerily.

"Plenty good feller coconut, sar!"

Ken shook his head.

"You see white feller boy, eye belong you," he said. "That feller white master wantee stop along Kohu. You make Kohu along that feller white master?"

"You pay this feller Ka'a'la-o five-five dollar, sar, this feller make white master boy stop along Kohu."

"That means twenty-five dollars. If you don't understand beche-de-mer," said King of the Islands, glancing at Peter.

"I can pay—I have paper money in my belt."

"These are good Ululo boys and will do you no harm," said Ken slowly. "But—if you will listen to one who wishes you well—"

"Oh, cut it out!" broke in Hudson derisively. "The little swab won't step into the canoe. We're wasting time for nothing."

Peter gave him a look, swung over the rail, and dropped into the canoe. Hudson stared at him, and shrugged his shoulders. He had to admit that the boy was as good as his word.

"You're going?" he King leaned over the rail, looking down at the boy.

"I must go back to Kohu!" was the answer.

"You're not afraid of Van Duck, and Barney Hall, and the rest of the gang you may find there?"

The boy's lips quivered.

"Yes, I am afraid!" he answered. "I am afraid—but I must go! I must go back to Kohu. Tell them to cast off!"

Ken smiled.

"Go, if you must!" he said. "You're a fool—but I've no right to stop you. But hold on while I fix you with what you will want on the trip."

"I want nothing—only to go—"

"That will do!" cut in King of the Islands curtly. "Hold on, I tell you!"

He rapped orders to Koko. A trip of sixty or seventy miles, in uncertain winds, lay before the boy before he reached Kohu. He seemed to have given it no thought in his eagerness to return to the island of pearls. He sat impatiently, while stores, blankets, and other necessary things were passed down into the canoe. It was easy to read in his face that he feared, at the bottom of his heart, that at the last moment he might not be allowed to go. When all was ready, Ken gave him a last word. It went against the grain to let the boy go and disappear into the unknown, into the midst of dangers he was so plainly unfitted to face.

"Think better of it, kid!" he said. "Step back on board—you've got friends here!"

The boy, with a startled look, gave a sudden push at the hull of the Dawn. The Ululo boy who was holding on, let go, and the canoe rocked on the sea. Ken breathed hard.

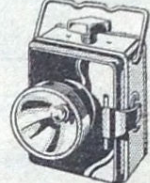
"Go, then!" he rapped. "You feller Ululo boy, you make Kohu plenty too quick altogether."

"Yessar!" said Ka'a'la-o cheerily.

The paddles dipped, and the canoe shot away from the Dawn. Hudson shrugged his shoulders, but King of the Islands stood watching it with a troubled brow till it vanished into the blue.



LOOK at the bicycle lamp he got from Cadbury's FREE!



Jim's got a fine Electric Cycle Lamp! Gives a piercing white light, and can be dimmed for approaching traffic! You can have one too! Ask your mother to get you Bournville Cocoa, save 48 coupons, send them up, and wait for the postman's knock. Rat-tat-tat! Other thrilling gifts besides. Post the form below for a copy of the Bournville Cocoa Gift Book and a free coupon to start your collection.

BOURNVILLE COCOA

6d. per 1/4 lb.

POST COUPON FOR YOUR FREE COPY

To: NEW GIFTS, Dept. A.186, CADBURY, BOURNVILLE. Please send me the 44-page Book of Gifts with free coupon. (Please write in BLOCK LETTERS.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

2458 A.186

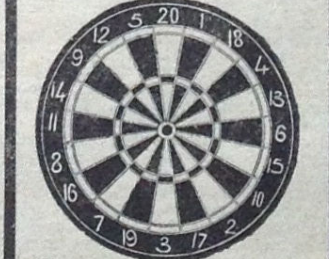
Post in unsealed envelope (postage 1/4). This offer applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Magnificent Set of TOURNAMENT DARTS

Presented Free to readers of "Modern Boy"

Darts! What a grand game, always exciting! You can play many different games of darts, and quickly become a skilful player, but only if you use good darts. To readers of "Modern Boy" who buy a "Club Union" Dartboard we will send, absolutely free, a set of Solid Brass and Chrome Darts as used in all the great tournaments, and also a set of regulation Monilla Flighters.



The "Club Union" Renowned DART BOARD

A FULL-SIZE Club Dartboard as used in clubs. This board is the Regulation "Clock" pattern made in accordance with National Dart Association measurements. It is made of finest cross-cut Worcester Elm, and has easy-to-read numbers. The wire marking the divisions is best Birmingham Tinplate. The divisions are correctly coloured. In fact, this splendid board is just like those used by tournament players. Yet see how little it costs. We offer it to readers of "Modern Boy" for only 4/- Packing and Carriage 1/- extra.

Remember! With the Dartboard you get our FREE GIFT of free-flying solid brass Tournament Darts and Monilla Flighters. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send a crossed Postal Order made payable to "The Non-Core Dartboard Co. Ltd."

The Non-Core Dartboard Co. Ltd. 15, Middlesex Street, London, E.1.

THE WEBLEY SERVICE AIR RIFLE

NO LICENSE REQUIRED TO PURCHASE

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE FOLDER

Rabbit, Hare, Sparrows and similar birds can be destroyed by this extremely accurate and powerful Air Rifle. Ideal for Target Practice.

CALIBRE 22.177 With Lightsight and Peepsight

WEBLEY & SCOTT LTD. 150, WEAHAM STREET, BIRMINGHAM, E.

BE TALL

Your height increased in 14 days or money back. The amazing Stebbing System soon brings 3-5 inches increase and new energy. The first, original, and the one GENUINE guaranteed Height Increase System. Complete Course, 5/- Details free, privately, Stebbing System (M.B.), 28, Dean Rd., London, N.W.2.

SPUR PROOF

Gift Book 69 Postage 6d.

Complete with Poets, Pages, etc. List Post Free.

GEORGE GROSE LTD. LUDGATE CIRCUS, NEW BRIDGE ST. LONDON, E.C.4.

X-RAYSCOPE SCIENTIFIC!

The latest scientific invention can be yours! It will amaze you and your friends. We are convinced you will agree that you have never seen such a clever novelty before.

TO BE TALL TO BELIEVE yet the X-RAYSCOPE will make you disappear your own eyes. It shows you a sheet of metal or cardboard and asked you if you could see through it, you would answer "No," yet put the SAME material in the X-RAYSCOPE and you have an uninterfered view right THROUGH.

ANY SUBSTANCE ON EARTH CAN BE USED. You can read your MODERN BOY through a sheet of steel just as easily as you are reading this now. Simply insert the object you want to look through, as the illustration shows, place the X-RAYSCOPE to your eye and you will be astounded. NO BATTERIES REQUIRED OR PREPARATION. IT WILL LAST INDEFINITELY. BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED IN CHROME PLATE OR LEADERS covering. Annual size 4" x 2 1/2". We are the sole manufacturers.

1/9

We pay postage. You have an uninterfered view right THROUGH.

RAM-MILL TRADING CO. (Dept. M.B.), 2 RIDGEWAY ROAD, ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX. Made in England.

FREE COMPETITION.—Send us your own copy of X-Rayscope in less than 50 words. A first-class concurring track will be given free to the best.