

YOU ARE STILL "DOUGLAS" MOTOR-CYCLE! See Offer
IN TIME FOR A on page 21.

The **MODERN BOY**

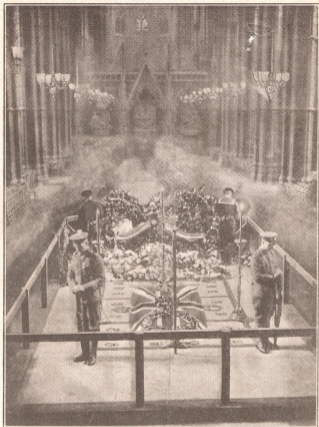
EVERY MONDAY.
Week Ending November 10th, 1922.

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TWO MINUTES' SILENCE! Special Feature Within.

UNKNOWN BY NAME OR RANK.



On November 11th, 1920—the second anniversary of the ending of the Great War—was borne on his bier the Unknown Warrior to his last home with the famous dead in Westminster Abbey. The memorial service over the grave was enclosed and four Service men—a bluesjacket, a marine, a soldier, and an airman—stood reverently on guard, one at each corner. Then began a most impressive pilgrimage past the tomb of thousands of people in all walks of life. Slowly they

filed past the sacred spot, paying silent homage to those who had given their all in defence of King and Country. Naught was there to see but an embroidered pall and a Union Jack and many wreaths heaped high. But beneath the Flag lay one who was unknown either by name or rank, chosen from the War Dead at random as a symbol of the Great and Glorious Sacrifice made on behalf of the British Nation and its Allies. Greater loss hath no man than this!

Two Minutes' Silence!

This stirring article brings vividly to mind the tremendous significance of the Two Minutes' Silence to be observed everywhere on Sunday next.

THE crash of muskets—the rattling as of a mighty wind, a cold hail of coarseness falling away to silence; magazines racking down, footsteps slowing and stopping, wheels halting, men's hands lifting as they bare their heads to the November sky and stand—thinking, The solemn Two Minutes' Silence!

Thinking, sense of loss, of the shells that burst ten years ago, of roaring guns and spanging rifles, of bombs and mines, of battleships shuddering from their own terrible thunder.

Thinking of lonely white crosses marking the resting-places of comrades who did not return from the Great War! Little white crosses on the hillsides above Beaumont Hamel, in quiet corners around Ypres, in Flanders fields once scored by trenches, where red poppies now grow as though born of the blood men had shed that the Empire might hold her foodstuffs.

1,000,000 BRITISH SOLDIERS.

At the eleventh hour of the eleventh month, ten years ago, the Great War ended. And once behind the firing-line heard a strange sound, the like of which human ears had never caught before. It was a sound akin to the crash of distant, Titanic rollers on an endless shore.

It came from the throats of warriors along four hundred miles of battle-front. It was the sound of their cheering because the Armistice had been signed—and the Allies had won!

There were many who had marched to battle who did not cheer, because they had also marched to death. It is in homage to them that every human thing in Britain stands still for two minutes each year—in homage and tribute and thankfulness and all-humility.

Almost a million British soldiers died in the Great War, giving their lives that the world might be freed from the menace of further battles between nations. In all, the warring countries left more than seven million men dead on the various fields of battle, and more than thirty million men were wounded.

The whole world was at war, and every

nation engaged has followed Britain's lead in ceasing all activity for two minutes, once every year, in honour of those men.

THEIR FATHERS' MEDALS.

Our greatest honour to our dead stands in Whitehall, and around that Cenotaph a great assembly gathers as the anniversary of Armistice hour approaches. The King and his ministers stand with bowed heads before the monument, old soldiers are near, sons wear the medals that their fathers never



This photo shows the famous "Old Bill" motor-bus—one of many employed to carry brasses with the war dead in France and Flanders—passing the Cenotaph in Whitehall.

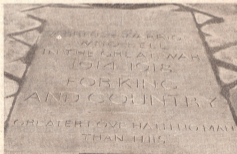
Our cover picture shows the gun carriage bearing the body of the Unknown Warrior passing the Cenotaph en route to Westminster Abbey—with a "victor" of the First Cenotaph.

crossed out in France and Flanders, in Salonica and the Dardanelles, Africa, and Egypt, and Mesopotamia, where menought for our Empire.

The Armistice was signed at five o'clock on the morning of November 11th, 1918, and hostilities were to end six hours after.

For those six hours the War went on, with the Third Canadian Division fighting to win the town of Messines the battling ceased. It was at Messines that the Great War really began for Britain. It was there that our first shells were exchanged with the enemy, and from this town began the Great Retreat which told us that the War would be stern-fought to the end.

The Canadians wanted the War to finish where it had begun, that victory



The simple but poignant inscription on the tombstone of the Unknown Warrior's grave in Westminster Abbey.

lived to receive, and all join in a hymn of praise when the Silence ends.

From every corner of the country men and women make a pilgrimage to lay wreaths at the foot of the Cenotaph and, afterwards, to pass by the grave of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey. No one knows the name of the man who lies there; he fell in the War and he was brought home for all-people to reverence his passing, as a symbol of the honour in which we hold those who lie beneath the

night come for us where the threat of defeat had first loomed. They took the town. As they entered, the people lined the streets and rang jeryells which, gradually, merged to the stirring strains of "Tipperary"—the song our men sang when they marched to war.

It was fitting that the Great War should end for us where it had begun, and that its last, dread minutes should pass to the realm sang by so many of our Glorious Dead!

A Hop —And A Flop!

"Go on!" urged Person. "Get up into the rear seat and I'll show your suitcase up after you!" He prodded the unwilling and protesting Spencer forward.



"Hallo, Spencer!"

"YE be dein' well, then, Gaffer?"

"Yes, Gaffer," replied George Person earnestly. "But I've been very lucky."

Gaffer—Gange's neighbour and good friend—shook his head.

"Nay, lad," he said firmly. "It ain't luck; it's grit. I allus said ye had grit, Gange. And when you see lady—your aunt—come here an' see as how ye wouldn't make a ha'penny wif' your flyin' machine, I see as how ye would. Didn't I, lad?"

"Yes, you did, Gaffer. You always had faith in me!"

"Ay," nodded Gaffer pertinently. "Ay. And for why? 'Cos I can see deeper'n most men—that's for why!"

The old fellow was silent a while, sitting with gnarled hands resting on top of his thick stick, gazing dreamily down the stretch of garden towards the hot and dusty roadway beyond.

It was very pleasant sitting there on the bench in front of Person's little cottage, Person, lolling with hands pugged deep in the pockets of his grey, oil-stained flannel baps, felt at pence with all the world. It was tepping just to be sitting there doing nothing for a while, after the crowded events of the past few days.

"Folks say," remarked Gaffer reflectively—"folks say, Gange, that ye got a hun'erd pounds for catchin' that thare farriner what robbed Lady Marling?"

"Yes. A hundred pounds, Gaffer," replied Person. "Fifty from the Gorman police, who wanted the fellow rather badly, and fifty from the insurance company."

"A hun'erd pounds'll keep a man a powerful long time!" soliloquised Gaffer.

"Yes. But I don't want to use it like that," replied Person gently. "I've put it into the bank with the other monee which I've made, Gaffer, and when I've got enough saved, I'm going to buy a jolly fine passenger-carrying aeroplane. I'll still keep my old Maurice Farman in use, of course, and that'll be a couple of bases I'll have."

"Then, when I've made some

BY AIR TO ANYWHERE!

"Some day I'll build my own Aerodrome, with whacking big notice-boards with 'Person's Passenger Service—by Air to Anywhere!' pointed on them!" declares young George Person.

But George's great ambition—with an ancient aeroplane, purchased as a job lot for £10, as the foundation of his air-fleet to be—means the following of a rough road, with startling adventures for milestones!

A jolly game, exciting and complete, by

GEORGE E. ROCHESTER.

more money, I'll buy another machine, and so on, until I've got a whole fleet of passenger-carrying aeroplanes—some of 'em fitted with luxury suites for millionaires!"

"That be a great ambition, lad," replied Gaffer enthusiastically—"ay, a fine ambition that be! An' ye'll do it!"

He had heard all the details of Person's great scheme away and ready a time before, but it was a subject which he and the boy found always fresh and always enthralling.

"And at first I'll test some old Army aerodromes," went on Person happily. "Then some day I'll build my own aerodrome, and it'll have

great whacking big notice-boards, with 'Person's Passenger Service—By Air To Anywhere!' pointed on 'em—just like I've got it painted on that notice-board stuck at the gate there!"

He strolled towards the garden gate, where a notice-board displayed that particular legend to all passers-by.

"And you'll come and see me, Gaffer, won't you?" he insisted eagerly. "You'll come and see me you do now, and we'll discuss plans for the future like we do now, and we'll talk about the days when I just had the jolly old Farman and this topping little cottage and—"

He broke off as a somewhat pale and inspiring sort of face, ornamented by a pair of gleaming spectacles, was suddenly thrust over the top of the garden gate and a voice demanded shrilly:

"I say! Does George Person live here?"

Person sprang to his feet and strode down the path towards the gate.

"Hallo, Spencer!" he cried heartily. "Dash it, man! I wasn't expecting you till the next train. I was going to toddle along to the station to meet you."

"I caught an earlier train from Victoria," remarked Spencer, passing through the gateway and talking Person's outstretched hand. "Had I say, George?" He went on in aggrieved tones. "You do live an awful long way from anywhere, don't you? I've walked miles and miles!"

"Two miles, old bean!" grinned Person, possessing himself of Spencer's suitcase and leading the way up the garden-path. "Two miles, and set a blessed yard more!"

"Well, it seemed a frightful distance to me!" bleated Spencer. "I couldn't get a conveyance of any kind, either. I feel most awfully limp and legged!"

"Well, you sit and talk to Gaffer whilst I make the tea," replied Posson cheerily. "Gaffer, this is Cyril Spencer. He and I shared a study at school last term. Cyril, this is my friend, Gaffer. No, don't do a bunk, Gaffer. You're going to stay and have tea with us, then I'm going to fly Cyril over to Summerdale, where two pals of his—Baxter and Binks—are camping."

"So Tight!"

NOW," remarked Posson, when he, the white-smecked Gaffer, and Cyril Spencer were seated in the little parlour of the cottage doing ample justice to a lavish spread, "what exactly is this camping stunt, Spencer?"

"Bug-hunting," replied Spencer laconically. "Tresack on trees by candlelight, and all that, you know."

"Eh?" demanded Gaffer, laying down a piece of cake which had been half-way to his mouth. "Tresack on trees, did ye say, young man?"

"Oh, yes! That's the way to catch moths, you know!" explained Spencer. "Attracted by the light, they hover about the tree and get all stuck up with the tree!"

"Fust I'm scared on't," replied Gaffer. "Best way o' catching moths an' side-like is to give 'em a good belt wi' your hat!"

"Oh, but that might damage them!" protested Spencer.

"Ay, course it'll damage 'em!" retorted Gaffer. "Kill 'em, it will. That's what ye want, ain't it?"

"Yes. But we like to obtain each specimen intact!" explained Spencer patiently.

"Sounds like a waste o' good treacle to me!" grumbled Gaffer hotly. "Give 'em a belt wi' your hat, see!"

"Er—have these prize moths, Baxter and Binks, been camping at Summerdale long?" interposed Posson hastily. "You write such foul letters, you know, Spencer, that I couldn't get the hang of it."

"I stated quite plainly in my letter," replied Cyril Spencer coldly, "that Baxter and Binks have been camping at Summerdale for a week, and that on my way to join them I would break my journey here, and you could give me a flip the rest of the way in this aeroplane which you've bought."

"Oh, I see!" granted Posson. "But, I say, you've got a nerve, Spencer, to go under canvas with Baxter and Binks. The forelocks couldn't even hold a little last term, so I don't know what your digestion's going to be like after a few days of their cooking."

"I shall cook!" remarked Spencer hotly. "I've brought a cookery-book with me which I picked up for trapezoid at a second-hand book shop. It looks rather good."

"I hope, for your sake, that it is!" commented Posson dryly.

Tea over, Gaffer took his departure, and went holding away up the road

towards his cottage in Sidcombe village. After washing up, Posson led the interested Spencer to the field at the rear of the cottage where his Maurice Farman was standing in front of the old barn which did duty as a hangar.

"Well, what do you think of it?" demanded Posson, coming to a halt in front of the ancient biplane, with its flat, patch-work wings, old Green engine, and multitude of flying and bracing wires.

"Ripping!" replied Spencer, blinking through his spectacles.

"Yes, I thought you'd say that!" beamed Posson. "She's a wonder really!"

"I don't doubt it!" agreed Spencer politely. "But where's your aeroplane, old man?"

"Aeroplane?" echoed Posson. "What the dickens are you talking about?"

"The aeroplane in which we're going to fly to Summerdale, you

know much did they charge you for it?"

"Ten pounds!" echoed Spencer, scandalised. "You've been robbed, old man!"

"No, I haven't!" retorted Posson sweetly. "Just you jolly well wait until you've had a flip in the bus before you start slanging it."

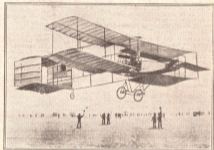
"Flips!" shrieked Spencer, backing away nervously. "What—in that? No, no! I'm not going for a flip in that thing."

Posson's jaw jotted grimly.

"Spencer," he said, "you proposed going over to Summerdale in my bus, and you're jolly well going in it!"

"I'm not!" bleated Spencer. "I—I didn't think it was a sort of floating orange-box. I'm not going. I'm not a suicidal maniac!"

"Shut up!" roared Posson. "You are going! It's as safe as houses. Bill and me have had hundreds of flips in it."



George Posson's wire-braced aeroplane, with its flat, patch-work wings, old Green engine, and multitude of flying and bracing wires, was not always so dignified as it is to-day! In its youth it did not look so very different from the Great Hoor! Farman's plane, which you see here photographed in full flight in the very early days of man's flying.

know?" explained Spencer. "Where is it?"

Posson gaped at the fatuous Spencer dumbfoundedly. Then he gave tongue.

"Why, you're looking at it, you cross ass!" he roared. "That's the aeroplane you're looking at—in front of your nose!"

"That!" exclaimed Spencer aghast. "Oh, crumbs! I thought that was a glider you'd been making out of some spare parts. It—it's not really an aeroplane, old man, is it?" he concluded pathetically.

"Of course it's no aeroplane!" roared Posson. "A thundering good aeroplane, as well. What the dickens did you expect to see? A Houdini-Paper, or an Aero-Bison, or what?"

"Where did you say you got it?" asked Spencer weakly.

"From the Air Ministry," replied Posson. "It's an old bus which they used for instructional purposes during the War."

"I see!" Spencer blinked harder than ever at the old Farman. "And

"Who's Bill?" inquired Spencer feebly.

"My dog!" replied Posson. "He's ever at Skipperton Grange just now. The poor little fellow got assailed by a tiger when Colonel Blinksman shot my propeller off. You'll have noticed that the bus has been filled with a new pump, and—"

"Parson, old man," said Spencer gently, "come indoors!"

"What for?" snorted Posson. Spencer plucked at the sleeve of Posson's blazer.

"You're not a touch of the sun, old chap!" he explained soothingly. "I don't suppose you realize it, but you've been raving about tigers and colicose and things. Come and lie down for a bit!"

"I'm not raving, ass!" retorted Posson. "It's quite true about the tiger. I'll tell you the story later. Go on, get up to the rear seat and I'll shove your suitcase up after you. You won't need any flying kit, because it's a warm evening and I can't

A Hop—and a Flop!

get much above six hundred feet when I've got a passenger."

He peeped the unavailing had protesting Spencer forward.

"Yes—you haven't got a parachute, have you?" inquired Spencer hopefully.

"No, I haven't!" replied Person coldly. "But you needn't worry. We won't crash! Go on, up you get!"

Dumbly, Spencer clambered up to the rear seat. His face had a strained look about it. He ventured one last feeble protest.

"I'm certain I'm going to be air sick, Person!" he groaned.

"Well, so long as you're not sick as we it won't matter much," replied Person unfeelingly.

"Best!" roared Spencer, sinking as to the low rear seat and stowing his suitcase away as best he could between his feet. "What'll happen if we do crash?"

"We won't!" remarked Person confidently, as he clambered up to the front seat in order to switch on.

"But if we do?" persisted Spencer. "Just suppose, if we do!"

"Then you'll get the crankshaft through your back!" replied Person, with frightful conspiracy.

Blinking fascinatedly over his shoulder, Spencer watched Person swing the heavy, four-bladed propeller. The old 35 h.p. Green engine picked up with a lunging roar which set every flying wire and strut a-quake.

Person clambered back to the front seat and settled himself down with his feet on the rudder-bar and his hand on the control-stick.

"Whereabouts is this test of Baxter's?"

He roared to make himself heard above the noise of the engine.

"See—north of Summerdale Woods," replied the pallid Spencer. "Right—ho! Sit tight!"

Person turned to his controls again and opened up the brass-handled throttle. The engine roared, spluttered, and banged in alarming fashion, and slowly the biplane commenced to lumber forward towards the nearest hedge.

Pressing on the rickety rudder-bar, Person swung into wind with the whole stretch of the field before him. He opened up the throttle to full, and with increasing impetus the old Maurice Farman lumbered forward, jolting, swaying, and bumping. Spencer, with anguished glare, saw the ground whirling past, faster and faster.

As Person pulled on the control-stick the biplane came heavily into the air, then bumped to earth again. Person kept the stick back, and the biplane executed another ungainly hop. Spencer got ready to jump. He was convinced they were going to finish in the hedge which was looming towards them.

For the third time the Farman rose into the air, and this time it stopped there. With knees knocking and eyes protruding, Spencer was borne away over the trees towards Summerdale Woods, twenty-four miles distant.

And the banging clatter of the old Green engine marked the course he took!

Unexpected Battle.

NEITHER, during the whole sixteen and one-half years of his existence, had the wretched Spencer spent such a gustily half-hour as that which ensued. He failed outright to appreciate the glory of the sun setting red behind far-off Hamlet Hill, and the well-wooded beauties of pleasant meadows and shadowy copse were lost on him. Yet he viewed these things from a vantage point of six hundred feet of altitude.

That, of course, was the rotten part about it. He didn't want to view anything from such an altitude. At least, not from Person's biplane. Never before had Mother Earth, dear old terra firma, appeared to him as longingly, he peered down at it with longing eyes, whilst the old Maurice Farman lurched, swayed, and dipped alarmingly as it clattered and banged its way towards Summerdale Woods.

Now and again Person would bellow some remark over his shoulder, either pointing out some landmark or else inquiring as to the comfort of his passenger. He was all right, reflected Spencer bitterly; he was used to it.

Never, never would Spencer have suggested the flip had he for one moment imagined that Person's aeroplane was such a frightful relic. He was so horribly conscious of that awful crankshaft behind his back. Suppose Person was wrong. Suppose they did crash—

With a mean, Spencer closed his eyes as the Farman swooped ten feet, like a stone, as it encountered an air pocket. Then, with a blast of alarm, he opened them again. The roaring rattle of the engine had died away, and the nose of the machine had dropped.

"Are—are we—crashing?" he howled.

Person grinned over his shoulder.

"No, we're landing!" he replied.

"We've arrived. I say, you're aware these asses are camping on the north side of the woods, aren't you?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Because," explained Person, "there's a tent away over yonder on the south side, as well!"

He pointed to a small triangle of white canvas in a distant field beyond Summerdale Woods.

"No, Baxter said the north side," quavered Spencer. "There's a tent below as. That'll be it."

Then he lunged on grimly as, sliding widely, the biplane dropped lower and lower. There was no sound to break the stillness save the rumble of the quietly running engine and the swish of the wind through flying wires and struts.

At one hundred feet Person brought the biplane in from over the trees of Summerdale Woods, and, banking, side-slipped down towards the tent which stood in the field below. Flattening out, he made a more or less smooth landing, and, giving the bus a burst of the throttle,

took it surging in towards the tent, where it came to a quivering stop as he switched off his engine.

"Well, here we are!" he remarked, turning to Spencer.

"Yes, here we are!" replied Spencer, deep and heartily relieved in his voice. "But, I say, I've been on, blinking towards the tent, 'there doesn't seem to be anyone at home. The flap's shut and tied down.'"

You told 'em you were coming, of course!" questioned Person, clambering out of the low canvas-sided cockpit and dropping to the ground.

"Oh, yes, I told them!" replied Spencer, joining him. "The rotters must have gone off somewhere. Dash it, they might have been here to meet us!"

"Anysee," remarked Person, unfastening the leaved tent flap, "who expects politeness from Baxter or Binks is an optimist at all!"

Throwing back the flap, he pecked his head into the tent. Two unmade camp beds occupied the interior, together with a miscellany of cooking utensils which, dirty and unwashed, lay scattered on the floorboards.

"Looks more like a pigsty than anything else!" commented Person. "Talk about slackers!"

"It is pretty foul," admitted Spencer, inserting his head into the tent. "They seem to have left in a hurry."

"They do!" agreed Person grimly. "That's the kindest explanation of this mess. Come on, we'll clean up."

He and Spencer entered the tent and set to work to make the beds and to collect the scattered cooking utensils. They had been at it for about five minutes when voices were heard approaching.

"That'll be the rotters—!" began Spencer, then broke off abruptly as a dirty, bushy and scowling face was thrust into the tent.

"He!" growled the face. "Ho! As very nice, too, I don'tink!"

With that the owner of the face—a great burly tramp—stepped into the tent. He was followed by a colleague, equally unimpressing as to appearance and attire.

"They're a-pinchin' of our valley-bus, Ah!" growled tramp number one.

"So I sees, 'Erbert," replied tramp number two. "Cussed impittance."

"Fancy comin' 'ere in that there airplane to rob two poor, heest, 'ard-workin' blokes like us!" went on the gentleman addressed as Herbert, eyeing Person and Spencer menacingly.

"Well, mebbe, that's what they are!" agreed Alf.

"Do you mean to say that this is your tent?" demanded Person coldly.

"I does, no young cock-sparrow!" growled Herbert. "Wot shant it—oh?"

"Are you sure it's your tent?" persisted Person, and his jaw was jutting grimly.

"In course I am!" roared Herbert.

"Dyer likt I'm a liar?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I do!" replied Person pleasantly. "I think this tent belongs to two friends of ours."

"Bash 'im, 'Erbert!" advised Alf.

wrathfully. "It 'im a chout round the 'cad'!"

"I'm a-goin' to!" promised Herbert bravely. "But first I'm a-goin' to ask 'im if these two friends wot 'e says owns this 'ere tent ain't two sporty-faced, under-sized shlopas wir school caps on!"

It was a libellous description of Messrs. Baxter and Binks, but it wasn't too wide of the mark.

"That may be them," admitted Porson cautiously.

"Well, then," roared Herbert, "they're a-campin' away yerster on t'other side of the woods! 'U's has seen 'em, haven't 'e, Alf?"

"Yes!" agreed Alf. "Saw 'em there this mornin'!"

in the sheet sent him reeling back. Before he could recover his balance Alf crashed at him and swung a dirty and vicious fist. It took Porson full on the side of the head.

White-faced, Spencer kept heroically to Porson's aid. But a blow from the whirling Alf sent him, sick and dazed, with bleeding lips, against the tent pole. Then the two hooligans attended to Porson. The boy bawled gamely, but he never had a chance. Twice they sent him down, and twice he staggered to his feet.

Again Spencer came to his assistance, and again he went reeling backwards out of the battle, this time holding his nose, which had been almost squashed by a savage back-hander from the snarling Herbert. It was then that Porson went down for the third time and stayed down, all the breast and resistance knocked out of him by a vicious knee-thrust full in the stomach.

There came a terrific crash as the long flat wings of the plane hit the water. Next instant, Porson was overboard!

Then suddenly his snow cleared, and the tent rang with his raucous laughter.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he guffawed. "I've got it, Alf! Ho, ho, ho!"

"Cough it up, then!" exclaimed Alf.

"'U'll make 'im take us for a ride in 'is airyplane," replied Herbert. "I ain't goin' ter risk goin' up in the air, but as 'll go round an' round the field like as if 'e was in a chairybang—see!"

"Ah, but," declared the cautious Alf, "'e might take us up!"

"Not 'im!" snorted Herbert. "I'll catch him such a smack round the ear if 'e tries it!"

"I can't take two passengers up," interposed Porson, and his voice was strangely weak. "My engine's not powerful enough. I might manage a hep or two, but that's all."

"Op?" questioned Herbert, puzzled. "Oh, I see!" he added, with sudden enlightenment. "Well, yer own 'op, but yer ain't goin' up!"

"I couldn't go up, I tell you!" roared Porson humbly.



Porson and Spencer exchanged glances.

"I—I'm sure Baxter said the north side," blurted Spencer nervously, "but he might have made a mistake, Porson. There is a tent, you know, on the south side of the woods. We saw it from the air."

"Well, we'll go and find out," said Porson. "If this really is your tent," he went on, addressing the scowling Herbert, "I'm awfully sorry we batted in! We'll shore off!"

"Ho, will yer?" said Herbert nastily. "Just 'arf a tick, say lad! Wot 'abnt a little compensation for this 'ere trespass on 'er nose' 'abnt in a heeest bloke's tent—eh?"

"You'll not get a ha'penny from me!" replied Porson coldly. "I've told you that my chum and I thought this was our friends' tent. I've apologized, and that's all I'm jolly well going to do."

He attempted to push past the bawly Herbert, but a savage thrust

"There!" snarled Herbert pantingly. "Now we'll go through 'is pockets, bast 'im!"

A Perfect Pancake Drop!

THEY went through Porson's pockets with a thoroughness which left nothing to be desired. They only found forage-haltpenny, which seemed to quite spoil them. However, they raided Spencer's person with more success, the loot being a pound note and some small silver.

"It ain't fair!" grumbled Alf, copying Porson, who was getting shakily to his feet. "It ain't fair, I says, that 'e should only pay a few cased coppers for this 'ere trespassin', and the kid in specs what ain't 'arf so cheery and impudent should fork out more'n a quid!"

"Neither it are!" agreed Herbert scowlingly. "Fair and a 'arf blinkin' coppers! It ain't warrt it!"

"Mind yer don't try, then!" warned Herbert grimly. "Come on!"

He and Alf led the way to the old Maurice Farman. Porson, in their wake, winked bruised and swollen eyes towards the battered Spencer. With quip and jest and loud guffaws, Messrs. Herbert and Alf encircled themselves in the rear seat.

"No fussy ho'cies, mind!" said Herbert menacingly, as Porson switched on, preparatory to swinging the propeller.

The engine, picking up with its usual clattering roar, drowned Porson's reply. Spencer noted his chum's jutting jaw and proddered deeply. He didn't quite see what Porson could do about things.

Clambering up to the front seat, Porson opened up the throttle. The old Farman commenced to race lumberingly forward with increasing impetus. Faster and faster it went till it was racing round the field at a good forty-five miles per hour, with

A Hop—and a Flop!

Herbert and Alf landing elegantly in the rear seat.

Twice the old has completed the circuit of the field, but the third time Purson crossed on the rudder-bar. The machine swung violently, starboard planes slipping wildly.

"Not ye a-dein' off!" howled Herbert, as the Farman charged straight across the field towards the hedge.

Purson did not reply. He was hoping against hope that he could clear that hedge. Pulling on the control-stick, he set to sea.

The biplane lumbered up into the air, the top of the hedge whipping against the tyrod wheels of the under-carriage. Forward went the stick, and bumping heavily to earth in the next field, the Farman went tearing across it.

"Stop!" belated Herbert, and lunged wildly at Purson with clenched fist.

But Alf's frenzied grip of panic impeded his aim. Three fields Purson traversed, keeping heavily over each hedge. Then ahead lay the glittering waters of Deepdale Pond.

"'E's a goin' ter drown us!" yelled Alf shrilly. "E's gone mad!"

"Leave go of me so's I can stop 'em, will ye?" roared Herbert.

But the panic-stricken Alf only clutched the tighter.

There's not the slightest doubt that Alf would have released his grip on Herbert and jumped for safety, only the ground was whirling past at such a terrific rate that he was convinced he'd break his neck. So he stayed where he was; and as the biplane soared into the air from the very brink of Deepdale Pond he let out a howl of sheer terror.

But Purson knew what he was doing. That last hop took him far out over the stiff waters of the pond. He eased the stick forward and snapped the throttle shut. The bumping rear of the engine died suddenly away as the nose of the biplane dropped. Then back again came the control-stick.

The nose of the Farman lifted. For an instant the machine seemed to hang suspended a few feet only above the water. Then it dropped like a stone. There came a terrific smack as its long tail wings hit the water in a perfect parabolic drop. Purson was almost thrown out of his seat with

the jar of that landing, but his fingers closed on the switch and he cut out his engine.

Next instant he was aereboard, striking out strongly for the nearest bank, whilst seventy feet or more from land the Farman floated, with its impotent and wrathful passengers shaking their fists and bellowing invectives to Purson to return and see what he'd get. Purson didn't return. Reaching the bank, he clambered out, and, shaking himself like a dog, waited for Spencer.

"I don't think either of the rotters will be able to swim," he soliloquised, as he walked a few yards to pick up

a fallen bough from a near-by tree; "but if they can they won't jolly well get ashore."

Spencer arrived pantingly, and was at once dispatched to the nearest farm-house. He returned twenty minutes later with a dozen hefty farm laborers at his heels. Herbert and Alf were still aboard the Farman, which floated where it had paraded. They had performed its seaworthiness to the ten feet deep water of the pond.

Salvage operations were commenced at once!

"I thought this was the north side," tumbled Baxter later that evening to Purson and Spencer.

"Well, all through your fathfulness we've got a couple of black eyes between us," remarked Purson, coldly. "And—er—this."

He produced a couple of five-pound notes, one of which he handed to Spencer.

"Who gave you them?" demanded Binks, staring.

"Lord Sunderdale's agent," replied Purson. "After the police had locked up Herbert and Alf at Frammington, they found a lot of screws and brass sets and three-pronged hooks and things for pecking under the floorboards of the tent. They think the tent has been pinched as well. They're going to make inquiries about that."

"And do you mean to say your old rattletrap of an aeroplane isn't damaged after floating about that pond?" asked Binks.

"Damaged?" roared Purson. "Of course it's not damaged. It was far too light to sink, and a jolly sight too well built to take any harm. I'll have to overhaul the bearing-wires and under-carriage, but that's all."

"You seem to have rather an exciting time, don't you?" remarked Baxter.

"I do," murmured Purson thoughtfully. "And if my hat wasn't fitted with a pusher propeller, I think I'd rig up a synchronous gas. It would be jolly useful I suppose, though. I'll have to wait until I've earned enough to buy an up-to-date machine—and that won't be very long at this rate!"

(George Purson gets a most unusual sort of passenger for his old rattletrap in Lord Sunderdale's agent, and finds himself embroiled in unexpected plot. Don't miss "The Flat of Princes Farm!" It is a real George E. Rochester success!)



Here's another common "howler" put right!

WONDER how many of you fellows know that when you talk of "clouds of steam," meaning the billowy vapour that issues out of a locomotive's funnel and the safety valves of boilers and the like, you are really talking a "howler"?

It is a phrase in such common use that it is accepted by everyone. A man sees a boiler explode, and speaks of the cloud of steam which followed the explosion. Steam certainly did come out of the burst boiler in enormous quantities.

But ask the witness how he knows that it did, and the chances are that he will look at you pityingly, thinking you a half-wit, and will reply: "Because I could see it!"

Yet he is wrong. He did not see it, for steam is invisible. What he saw was the steam in the process of condensing back into water!

Steam is water at a high temperature and in a gaseous state. The moment it comes in contact with anything cold it gets more or less condensed and shows itself in a white vapour. This vapour which you can see has been called "water-dust," and it is not at all a bad name for it.

The fact that steam is invisible was proved by making a working model of an engine and boiler of glass. In the boiler the water could be seen bubbling up and down exactly as it does when it boils in an ordinary saucepan or kettle, but no "steam" was visible. Yet when the valve on the pipe between the boiler and engine was opened the engine commenced to work, apparently without cause.

Of course, it was not until the steam had done its duty and passed through the exhaust to come into contact with the cold air outside that it became visible in the form of "water-dust."

We are not all privileged to see a glass model at work, but there is a simple way in which we can test the above fact for ourselves. Stand by the railway line, on an incline, and watch the engine climb laboriously up the hill. As they thunder by, look closely at the top of the funnel.

Immediately above the funnel, although we know that steam is being forced out from it in great quantities, there is practically nothing to be seen. But a few inches higher up the chimney the air begins to take effect, and the "water-dust" begins to form, to blow away in dense white clouds that we commonly, but erroneously, call steam.

WHERE BRITAIN LEADS!

Photo:
"Division of
Motor Cycles."



A wonder-thing that would gladden your heart—a four-cylinder British Wrenchless Motor. A new experimental model. It is not yet on the road.

THROUGH there are few sensational new motor-cycle models on show at Olympia—because for a number of years now British motor-cycles have been wonderfully safe, fast, and reliable—there are many ways in which the 1929 machine is better than its predecessors. For example, the steel, welded, saddle tank is to be fitted to all but the cheapest models, for it is sturdier and easier to keep clean than the old-style tank.

Engines are faster and more silent, for now nearly all makers of overhead valve machines are enclosing the valve gear to silence it and to protect it from dirt. The two-part cylinder head which allows a graceful, plated exhaust pipe to sweep along each side of the machine will be more popular.

DRY SUMP LUBRICATION.

The modern fast-running engine requires a perfect lubrication system if it is to continue to give a high-power output for any length of time, and many of the latest machines are fitted with two oil pumps and a system of lubrication known as "dry sump."

The oil is pumped into the engine bearings at high pressure from a tank under the saddle, and after it has lubricated all the moving parts in the engine it falls to the bottom of the crankcase, where another pump forces it out through some filters and pipes, clearing and cooling the oil before returning it to the tank.

Experiments extending over many months with this system prove that not only does it enable oil consumption to be halved but it enables the engine to wear better, as its interior is always bathed in cold, clean oil.

In the past the speedometer has been one of the most unsatisfactory

The finest collection of motor-cycles ever gathered together under one roof is now on view at the Great Motor-cycle Show at Olympia, West Kensington, London. Every fellow will learn a lot from this topical article by the MODERN BOY motor-cycle expert.

accessories, as it has been driven by a gear-ring clamped to the front-wheel spokes. Since this ring was soldered true when fitted, and as it was in no way protected from mud and rain, it rapidly became noisy and useless. The majority of the new machines have their speedometers driven from the gear-box so that the drive is protected and lubricated. Instead of focusing an unsightly knob on the handlebar the head of the instrument is now let into the tank top, where it is readily visible, but out of harm's way.

You fellows who have tried to lift a machine of over 2½ horse-power on to its stand know how difficult it is, and you will therefore welcome the new style of stand that makers are showing for the first time this year. Instead of being fitted to the frame near the centre of the rear wheel, the new stand is attached to a part under the gear-box in such a manner that the machine can be rolled up on it without effort. In its old position the legs of the stand were often in the way when one wished to remove the wheel or tyre, but in the 1929 machines this defect has vanished.

250 MILES ON A GALLON!

Realising that the 250 c.c. engine of to-day gives as much power as one of double the size did a few years ago, there is a general tendency among manufacturers to concentrate on the construction of 250 c.c. machines. These are light, small motor-cycles of 2½ nominal horse-power.

They will travel over 100 miles on a gallon of petrol and as much as 2,000 miles to a gallon of lubricating oil! Weighing under 200 lb., they are taxed at only thirty shillings per annum, and cost but little more to run than a push cycle. They are so cheap that they make railway travel an extravagance!

Strucure efforts have been made to keep the price of these new machines down to the lowest level, and the fellow who wishes to spend no more than £25 will find a wide range of machines to choose from. If you happen to have £20 you have a legion of types at your disposal, some of them capable of exceeding seventy-five miles per hour, and one or two reach the magic "eighty" mark.

Among the new lightweights the



Taking a big water-splash at a Motor Club Grand National at Halifax. It is the production of amazingly efficient machines that will put up with this sort of treatment that has placed Britain in the very forefront of the motor-cycle manufacturers of the world!

Where Britain Leads!

Ariel "Cok" is one of the most interesting, for it comes from one of the oldest factories in the industry, which has, in the past, only specialised in medium-powered machines. This new lightweight has all the refinements of the larger model.

ENTIRELY NEW NOTE!

Owing to the other end of the size scale, we find that there are still people who will buy a machine that costs rental about £100. Such a model, as exemplified by the largest model Zenith, Brough Superior, and Coventry Eagle, is replete with every luxury and capable of a road speed of about 100 miles per hour.

It is fitted with a powerful overhead valve twin-cylinder engine normally rated at ten horse-power, but actually capable of running over forty, a powerful electric lighting set and automatic brakes. Its workmanship and design are of the same order as that found in a thousand-pound car, and it is built for the fellow who wants the best, and the best only.

Perhaps the most outstanding machine in the exhibition is the Ascot-Puller, for this unconventional model strikes an entirely new note in design. Instead of being made of tubes the frame is pressed out of sheet steel, like a car's frame.

The brakes are not actuated by rods and levers, as in all those made hitherto

were, but by oil forced down armoured tubes at high pressure, so that when the rider places his foot lightly on the brake pedal both front and back brakes go on together. The method of frame construction encloses the whole of the mechanism and renders the machine as clean to drive as a car.

Protection is also given to the driver by the windshield, big mudguards, and

LOOK OUT FOR—

The 1929 Model "Douglas" Motor-Cycle displayed at the Olympia stand of Douglas Motors, Ltd., to be Tested, Tuned for the road, and Presented to a MODERN BOY reader by "Standing" Jim Kesteven, Britain's Champion Six-Twoed Rider, on behalf of motor dealer, Evans & sons 24, this issue, for full particulars.

leg-shields. Fitted to the handlebar is a dashboard on which is mounted the speedometer, clock, lighting switch, and dash lamp. This combination which is surely the most advanced machine of the year.

Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd., are a firm who have hitherto concentrated on a powerful 300 c.c. machine, and this year they are

showing this in a new form known as the "Clear" model—in honour of its splendid victory in the Ulster Grand Prix when it completed the course at an average speed of 80 miles per hour. They are also exhibiting a new 330 c.c. and 250 c.c. lightweight. Something of a sensation is created by the new overhead-valve Duxell, for in the past its makers have placed their faith in the supercharged valveless two-stroke engine.

Such breakthroughs from accepted lines show how fully alive the industry is and how eager everyone is to be right up-to-date.

Although, of course, the motorcyclist of the road will always be recognized with affection by all fellows, the dirt-track mounts that are being shown this year for the first time will be the centre of attraction. Among these is the magnificent twin-cylinder type D.T.R. Douglas as which Vic Huxley, "Sprocket" Elmer and Roger Frogley have been so frequently victorious.

The silver-plated Hodge that has been so often seen on dirt tracks during the season is another magnet, as is the pretty Little Zenith, the frame of which, by the way, forms the basis of the firm's 1929 road sports machine.

The exhibition continues until Saturday, November 10th, and is open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., the price of admission being two shillings until 6 o'clock, and after that it is reduced to one shilling.

ALL ABOUT Railway Engines

THIS WEEK:

THE FRAME, AXLE-BOXES, and BOGIE.



The diagram shows exactly how this is fitted, and you will notice four oil pipes at the top. These are worked by a mechanical lubricator and serve to oil the horns and top of the journal, the underside being oiled by a spring lubricating pad.

Balancing is very important, and in order to counteract the effect which waving parts, such as pistons and cranks, would have on the engine, it is necessary to fit what

are termed "balance weights" on the coupled wheels.

These consist of two crescent-shaped plates fixed with lead and are secured near the rim, being larger on the wheels which are directly actuated by connecting-rods and smaller on those which only have movement imparted to them by the coupling-rods. This arrangement of balancing weights causes much smoother running and more even wear of the wheel tyres, besides saving a great deal of strain on the engine-coupling gear.

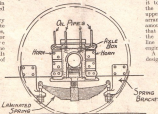
The bogie consists of an independent "truck" comprising a frame and four small wheels. It is fitted to enable the engine to travel round curves of small radius, and is arranged on a pin which allows it to pivot round apart from the direction of the rigid upper part. Some bogies are arranged to allow a certain amount of side movement, so that when rounding curves the bogies are not in a true line with the centre of the engine itself.

A unique departure in the design of bogies was made in the case of the King George V. It being so arranged that the leading wheels are outside the frame and the trailing wheels inside. This was necessary in order to obtain the clearance for the cylinders. The bogie wheels are about 3 ft. 2 in. or 3 ft. in diameter, as compared with 6 ft. 5½ in. or 6 ft. 6 in. of coupled wheels.

THIS week we will devote a little attention to the engine's understructure, and raising gear—that part which in motor-car language is called the chassis.

The framing has to carry the boiler, act as a bedplate for the cylinders, axle-boxes, etc., and be the medium for transmitting the tractive power generated by the engine to the rods to be hauled. It therefore has to be made of solid steel plate.

The frame is supported on the wheels and axles by means of axle-boxes and springs. The springs, made of layers of steel in decreasing size, are attached at each end to the frame by means of brackets. In the centre they support the horns which connect the axle-box and "journal."



The secrets of the railway engine's driving-wheel revealed. The diagram makes the axle-box arrangement very clear, and shows how the frame of the engine is supported by means of axle-boxes and springs.



Rough Justice!

Running the Reef.

GUVUNUKA lay a black mass against the starlit sky.

Ken King, the boy trader, commonly known throughout the South Seas as King of the Islands, standing on the deck of his ketch Dawn, strained his eyes through the shadows. Not a gleam of light broke the blackness of Guvunuka. North and south it stretched, mile on mile of jungle and wooded hills beyond; but beach and palms, jungle and wooded hills were mingled in an indistinguishable mass. Only from the shadows, to Ken's watching eyes, came the white gleam of foam that tossed and leaped on the reef, where the Pacific rollers broke.

With the trade wind filling her sails, the ketch glided swiftly through dark waters that mirrored the stars glistening above. Guvunuka, on the far eastern fringe of the Solomons, might have been an island of the dead for any sign or sound to the contrary. Yet King of the Islands knew that the blackness of the beach might be swarming with unseen hordes of cannibals, led by Tamingo, the chief, ready to hurl themselves upon the white men if they ventured ashore. And it was for the savage shore of Guvunuka that Ken was bound, as fast as the swift ketch could bear him.

The Dawn burned no lights. Her white sails glimmered ghostly in the dim light of the stars. No gleam of red or green shot from her bows into the night. Ken intended to give no warning, if he could help it, to the savages who might be on the watch,

that the ketch was approaching Guvunuka.

Kain-lalulunga, the giant Kanaka bo's'un, known aboard the Dawn as Koko, stood at the helm like a statue of bronze. The four Hira-Oa boys who formed the crew stood ready at sheet and halyard, prompt to obey the boy trader's slightest order, their black eyes searched anxiously into the shadows. From the gloom of the sea came the boom of the Pacific on the reef—and before long the teeth of the coral reefs would be rising round the Dawn. King of the Islands was going to run the reef in the dark,

here for Eara Peck contain guns and cartridges, instead of the trade goods we were led to believe——"

"I'm sure of it, Ken." "I'm not sure," said King of the Islands. "But we can't afford to take the chance, with the lives of all the white men on the other side of Guvunuka laughing at it. If there's guns in those cases, we've got to get them back if we can."

"We were taken in, Ken! That son-of-a-gun, Eara Peck, landed those cases on us because he knew that the gunboat was watching for gun-runners along Guvunuka! I felt all the time that there was something fishy in the deal. And now——"

Koko's soft voice broke in. "Feller ship he stop along sea."

Kain-lalulunga made a gesture into the shadows of the night.

"Feller steamer he stop!" he said.

Ken stared into the night, in the direction indicated by the Kanaka. He could see nothing but dim sea, hear nothing but the wash of the Pacific.

"He's dressing," muttered Hudson. "There's no ship here! What would a ship be doing here, lying outside the reef?"

"Koko savvy!" said Kain-lalulunga. "Savvy plenty! Feller ship he stop! Feller steamer. See, eye belong me."

The Kanaka's eyes were as keen as the eyes of an alligator. But Ken was doubtful.

"What name you tialow feller steamer he stop?" he asked. "Ear belong me hear nothing."

"Ear belong me hear nothing, all

THE BOY SKIPPER

Trading and Adventuring in his own ketch in the wonderful South Seas, young Ken King—King of the Islands—takes the Law into his own hands and administers stern justice to a trickster who has illicit dealings with the cannibals of Guvunuka!

A really gripping yarn.

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.

By CHARLES HAMILTON

and all the crew knew what that night meant.

"We're close on the reef now, Ken!" muttered Kit Hudson, his young Australian mate. "We're taking a big risk."

"Not so big as the risk we shall be taking in half an hour's time, if Tamingo and his hicks have come down from the beach," replied Ken.

"It's worth it," said Hudson.

"It's worth it, if what you believe is true," said King of the Islands quietly. "If the six cases we landed

Rough Justice!

same white master," answered Koko.

"No see feller muske, see feller fumerl, Koko say?"

"You savvy feller steamer?"

"Savvy plenty!" Melican steamer

Silas K. Skate, all savvy we see along

Avia."

"Ema Peek here?" Ken exclaimed,

starting violently.

"The shipmates of the Dawn strained

their eyes through the night. But if

the shadow that Koko had seen was

the tramp steamer from San

Francisco, it was gone now. Ken

eyed the steersman dubiously.

"You plenty sure you see Melican

steamer, Koko?"

"Yesser."

"Koko's like a cat to see in the

dark," muttered Hudson. "I thought

I caught a glimpse of something—a

shadow. If the American's here,

what is Captain Peck doing at

Guvuzuka? He told us at Avia that

his engine had broken down, and

got us to carry on the cases of trade

goods to Guvuzuka; but if he's

here—"

"I reckon he's had time to get his

engine going," Ken said.

"But why is he here? According

to what he told us, the cargo of

goods consigned to old Tomingo was

paid for in advance, and he had no

business at Guvuzuka except to land

them. We took them on board and

landed them for him. What does he

want here?"

Ken was silent.

"It's a proof of his trickery, if he

is really here," said the Australian.

"Six cases of trade goods would be

worth a few hundred dollars, but if

the cases contain guns, Ken, the gun-

runners are sticking Tamingo for a

big sum—in pearls, most likely.

Having defiled us into landing the

cases, Ema Peck has come along to

collect payment. Tamingo's due to

pick up the cases on the beach to-

morrow, and Ema Peck is here to be

paid for them. All he wanted of us

was to dodge the gunboat for him."

"It looks like it," muttered Ken.

"Let's run the gun alongside, then,

and have it out!" Hudson exclaimed.

"We must have passed within a few

cables' length of him. Ema along-

side, Ken, and let's go aboard—"

"Think again!" said Ken quietly.

"If Peck has fooled us into running

guns to Guvuzuka, I'd like to wring

his necky neck's as much as you

would. But it's the guns we've

after, and we can't afford to waste a

minute. As likely as not, we're too

late as it is."

"You're right, Ken! Keep on!"

Hudson shook a clenched fist into

the darkness, in the direction of the

massive "Frisco steamer. He longed

to plant it full in the bow, coming

face of Captain Ema Peck. But

there was no time now to waste on

the Yankee skipper.

"Feller reef be crazy!" muttered

Koko.

The Yankee steamer—oh, indeed,

Koko's eagle eye had seen right—

was left far astern now, riding at her

sea-anchor. The rocks were under

the bows of the ketch; and King of

the Islands could give no thought

now to Ema Peck, or to the cannibals

that might be lurking on the beach.

Taking the ketch through the reefs

in the darkness was a task that taxed

all the nerve and skill of the boy

trader.

Standing in the bows, his eyes on

the dim, starlit sea, and on the surf

that boiled ahead over the reef, King

of the Islands tapped out sharp

steamer orders, instantly obeyed by

steersman and crew. Hudson caught

his breath as the surf boomed and

boiled round the gliding ketch. He

had the fullest confidence in the skill

of his shipmate, but it seemed to him

that that mad-demon of foam and

spray would engulf the little vessel

that glided and twisted and weaved.

A moment's hesitation in giving an

order, a moment's hesitation in obey-

ing it, would have been fatal.

Once the Dawn scraped on hard

coral, and every man's heart leaped

into his mouth. But she scraped off

and glided on. The jagged teeth of

a reef rose in a confusion of spray

under her very bows; but the Dawn

swung, with swinging boom, and

eluded the danger. It was only a

few minutes, but it seemed hours to

the anxious crew before King of the

Islands' ketch glided into the calm

waters of the Guvuzuka lagoon.

Blown to Bits!

KING of the Islands stared after-
ward. A myriad stars gleamed
and glinted in the sky, reflected
in the waters of the lagoon; but the
beach was dim in the uncertain
glimmer. Well within the reef the
ketch lay at anchor, her cable run
out to a depth of sixty feet. From
the deck, Ken could see the white
glimmer of the beach—of sand and
powdered coral; the shadowy shapes
of tall rocks; beyond, the blackness
of the bush. No sign of life caught
his eye. Guvuzuka was dark and
still as death. Only too well King
of the Islands knew how deceptive
appearances might be. But, as far
as his eyes could tell him, all was
still and the coast was clear; and in
any case the risk of landing had to
be taken.

The whaleboat had dropped softly
from the davits. The Dawn was
anchored exactly opposite the spot
marked by two tall, pointed rocks,
where the cases of goods, which the
shipmates now suspected were guns,
had been landed. Even in the dim
glimmer of the starlight Ken could
make out the tall rocks that marked
the spot; and all was still in their
vicinity. After all, the blacks were
not due to collect the consignment
till Friday—and it still wanted almost
an hour to the dawn of Friday.
King of the Islands had made a
quick run from Avia and landed the
cases early. If the blacks did not
come down from the bush till day-
light on Friday to collect them, all
was yet well. And it was unlikely
that Melanican savages would stir
before daylight, unless for some
special reason. And assuredly old
Tamingo was not likely to suspect
that the skipper who had landed the
cases had returned under full sail
to take them off the beach again at
all risks.

"The coast's clear!" muttered Ken.

"If it's as clear as it looks we're on
an easy thing, after all. But I can't
yet quite believe that Peck tricked
us into running guns to the cannibals,"
confessed King of the Islands.

"If that was his shop that Koko saw

outside the reef, it looks like proof.

But—"

"I'm certain of it, and I think you

were liberally evasive not to guess his

game at the 'time," growled the

Australian.

"Well, we shall soon see."

Ken and Kit entered the boat,

Koko and Lougo took the oars. The

three Hana-Oa boys left on board,

with Danny, the cook, held loaded

rifles in their hands; and it was

hardly necessary to warn them to be

on the alert. They knew the reputa-

tion of Guvuzuka and its inhabitants;

and in Guvuzuka waters their heads

did not feel secure upon their

shoulders.

The oars dipped, and the whaleboat

glided to the beach. Ken, rifle in hand,

stood in the bows, watching the

shore; Hudson sat in the stern,

finger on trigger. But from the

beach came no sound save the lapping

of the waves.

The boat grounded in the sand at

last, and the shipmates leaped lightly

ashore. That a cloud of arrows might

have greeted them they were well

aware; or a rush of savage cannibals

with brandished spears and war-clubs.

But all was still and silent.

"We're on time!" breathed Hudson.

"You feller Koko, stop along boat,"

said Ken: "8 pose feller nigger he

cossey, you wacky-wacky boat along

ketch plenty quick."

"Yesser," said Koko. "Feller

Lougo, be wacky-wacky along boat,

Feller Koko-lou-lougo, be cossey die

along King of the Islands!"

Ken smiled faintly and tramped up

the beach with Hudson. The Kanakas

remained in the whaleboat, silent and

watchful.

With all his iron nerve, King of the

Islands felt a thrill at his heart as

the sand and powdered coral

cracked under his feet. If the blacks

came down from the bush before

dawn—

But there was no alarm. The ship-

mates reached the tall rocks beside

which the cases had been placed, high

above high-water mark. Slowly in

the starlight they made out the cases,

lying on the sand where they had been

left, untouched, save that crabs were

crawling among them. Hudson

panted aloud with relief.

"We're on time!" he repeated.

"We're on time! But if we'd waited

for daylight to run the reef—"

"We've got to find out what's in the

cases," said Ken quietly. "If it's

only trade goods, as Ema Peck told

us, we'll leave them where they lie,

and we've had our trouble for our

pains. If not—"

"No 'if' about it," granted Hud-

son. "But we shall know in a few

minutes."

Clang! Clang! Clang! The blows

of the hammer on the solid shield

wrang evenly through the armor,

cracking the surface of the iron

beach, flung back in a thousand noise

edches from the black wall of bush.

To betray their presence was

dangerous enough; but there was no

help for it now. Ken drove in the

chisel and wrenched at it. Unscrewing the coons would have taken too long; daylight was close at hand now. The coons were strong and well secured; even with hammer and chisel and a strong arm it was not rapid work to open one of them. But Ken wrenched off slithers of strong wood, split under the wrenching of the cold chisel, and the contents of the first coon were exposed at last.

As he gazed among the thick packing his expression changed. His face hardened and his eyes glistened like steel.

"Guess" he said, between his teeth, and dragged a Winchester repeating rifle out of the long wooden case. The boy trader stood with the weapon in his hands, glistening in the starlight, staring at it.

"Proof enough now, Ken!"

"My saluted Sam!" King of the Islands' voice was almost hoarse. "Send that Yankee villain in hanging on outside the reef, so Koko thinks! Send that I got a chance to lay hands on him!" The boy trader shivered with rage. "Kit, if you hadn't got on to this, and fairly forced me to come back— My saluted Sam! Think of Youango and his herds of head-hunters with repeating rifles and cartridges in their hands, instead of bows and arrows and trade guns! Not a white man would have been left alive on Guvanuska in two days from now! And we—we should have done it!"

It was unnecessary to delve farther into the packed case; unnecessary to open the others. The rifle that had been taken out was proof enough of the contents of all. King of the Islands knew how the matter stood now; and he knew what he had to do. He stood up and listened intently. Deep silence had followed the echoing clangor of the hammer. Evidently Youango and his men had not planned to come down for the coons before daylight. It was daylight now.

Far in the eastern sky a pale glimmer showed that was not of the stars. A new day was about to break on the Pacific.

King of the Islands put his hands to his mouth, making a trumpet of them, and hailed the whaleboat:

"You feller Koko, you bring sack along best plenty quick!"

"Yessar!"

"You take plenty case along sack—feller dynamite he stop!"

"Me savvy, sar!"

Kao-ho-laloonga came swiftly up the beach, carrying the tapa sack that Ken had carefully placed in the whaleboat before leaving the ketch. The perilous contents of the sack did

not trouble Koko; he was used to handling dynamite. Except where the white man's laws footed, dynamite is commonly used by the Islanders for fishing; and all through the islands innumerable men with missing hands or arms testify to the natives' carelessness with the terrible explosive. Koko carried the tapa sack as if it had been a sack of yams. King of the Islands took it hastily from him.

"You go back along boat."

"Yessar!"

"Get off, Kit—no need for two here—"

"I'm seeing you through!"

answered the Cornstalk.

Ken made no rejoinder; there was no time to lose. The pale glimmer in

"Ready, then?"
A spark glimmered. Side by side, the cornstalks raced down to the beach and leaped into the waiting boat.

The Kanakas needed no orders. Koko was standing ready, and he shoved off, exerting all his mighty strength, and the whaleboat shot out into the lagoon. A second man, and Koko and Lompo were tagging at the oars, making the boat fairly fly.

Struggling and pulling, Koko Push wrenched in the powerful grip of the gigantic Koko!



the east had already become a ray of sun. From somewhere in the dark bush came the note of a bird—the first note heralding the coming dawn. Daylight on Guvanuska might mean death—that day Youango was to come down to the beach from his lair come down to the beach, and he might come down with the dawn. Kea, with a cool and steady hand, placed the dynamite sticks in the midst of the stacked cases, fixed the fuse; and then, for a second, paused.

"I'm making it a short fuse, Kit—the riggers may be close, for all I know. We're not taking chances—with the guns."

"Good!"

Like an arrow, the whaleboat shot across the glistening water, glistening now in the light of dawn. But they were less than half-way to the ketch when the crash came.

A flash—a deafening roar—and for an instant the blackness of Guvanuska was lighted up with a fearful radiance. Like thunder the roar of the explosion rolled over land and sea. Deafening sound and flying fragments filled the air—splinters of wood, splinters of smashed guns, detonating cartridges rained down on the beach and hissed into the water—many falling round the whaleboat.

(Continued on page 16.)

**THE NEW LORD
MAYOR OF LONDON.
This Week's Free Show!**

ON Friday, November 5th, Sir Kynaston Studd, London's new Lord Mayor, rides in civic pomp to the Law Courts to receive the King's assent to his election to office. It is a custom over 700 years old, and the magnificent spectacle of the long procession of City officials passing through the streets of the Empire's capital is one that has delighted the hearts of the "gentlemen—and others!"—ever since the days of Dick Whittington.

The first Lord Mayor's Day was an affair very different from the present pageant. Then the Mayor rode on horseback or went by water on his journey; nowadays, no show day would be complete without the great gold coach in which he rides.

**A HIGH-SPEED MODEL
The Great Little
"Chatterbox."**

GO to the local yachting ponds on a fine, breezy day and watch the enthusiasts sailing their craft. You cannot help but notice how slow the model power-boats seem beside their sailing rivals. The big yachts go howling along at a spanking pace, while the little steam-launches mostly crawl along, even when their fussy little engine is going "all out!"

But that is because they are not real model power-boats! Look at the one shown in our photograph. Outwardly, she is much like any other model motor-boat, yet she can do fifty miles an hour under good conditions! This little craft, the Chatterbox, is holder of the world's speed record for model motor-boats.

OUR PICTORIAL

**MOTOR-BOAT AND AERIAL
Gliders for Sale**

IN no direction have there been so many new inventions lately as in motor-boat design. The new craft are called hydroplanes, and are a mixture of motor-boat and aeroplane. Many budding inventors have already taken out patents for their designs.

Hydroplanes, generally, are very fast, and it is quite probable that all the best motor-boats of the future will be built on these lines, since they have a number of real advantages over the more orthodox craft. A famous French naval engineer once hoped to build giant liners on the same principle!



Refer: This new-looking boat, unlike that at an early six inches long, with nine sails, can do a steady 50 miles an hour.



Top: A famous show to which London is treated each November—the new Lord Mayor is solemnly proclaimed riding through the City in his great gold coach.

There's not a lot of it, but what a beauty! This 50 m.p.h. model motor-boat is! It holds the world's speed record for craft of its type and class.

NEWS PAGES.

HYDROPLANE COMBINED!

How Water.

At present the main practical use to which hydroplanes are put is for negotiating shallow waters. Instead of being fitted with an under-water screw, these water-gliders, as they are called, have a propeller like an aeroplane propeller, driven by a small engine.

An ordinary water-screw can only function properly in boats of fairly deep draught so that it can get a "grip" on the water. A hydroplane needs no under-water propeller, and can, therefore, travel in shallow water; that is one advantage.

Again, a boat with a shallow draught

needs far less resistance from the water pressure than a vessel with a deep draught. Hydroplane designers take advantage of this fact, and make their craft skim the water rather than cut through it, and once again higher speeds are the result.

PRESS-THE-BUTTON RADIO!

Another Vision of the Future.

WIRELESS is becoming simpler every day, but in most sets it is still necessary for us to operate one or more variable condensers in order to get a certain programme.

The photograph below, of a set now obtainable, gives us a very interesting vision of the future. The set has no tuning controls, only a number of simple switches.

What will the radio set of a few

years hence be like? It will give us a choice of at least five programmes, and there will be no "searching the ether" for them. Along the front of the panel will be a row of small switches marked with the call signs of the various stations. Pressing one of these switches will immediately tune our set to the programme we want.

The more expensive sets will do this work automatically. At the beginning of the evening our programmes will tell us of the various items from each station. Making our choice of these, we shall make a few adjustments to a small clock that will be part of the set.

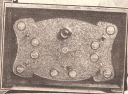
So at, say, eight o'clock the set will switch itself on to London for a certain item. At eight-thirty the clock will get its work and switch over to Paris for another item. At nine-thirty the set will automatically return to London for Greenwich time, weather, and news!

vertical and quarter-
with a propeller
screw, and
deep in the water
sweepers aboard,
nine miles an
hour.



Abiding with fireworks!
The Crystal Palace—
that huge edifice stand-
ing on the Southern
Height at London—is
noted for its excellent
firework displays,
especially on the 11th
of November. Here you
see the Palace affec-
tated against a burning
background of soaring
rockets and golden
"rain."

Below: A panel view of
the very latest in wire-
less sets. It has no
tuning controls. By
sliding the positions of
one of the five switches
and then pressing one
of the eight buttons,
any one of the eight
stations thus controlled
can be received on the
head-speaker.



A happy fellow getting the finishing
touches to his gay—a creditable piece of
work that would seem to deserve a better
title than "burning"!

Rough Justice!

(Continued from page 13.)

as it flew. The boat rashed on and thrashed against the hull of the ketch.

Ken stared back. The tall, pointed rocks where the cases had lain were gone, blasted into fragments by the explosion. Of the cases, and what they contained, only raining atoms remained. King of the Islands smiled grimly.

He had been tricked into running the guns to Guvanuska. The guns were still on Guvanuska—in unrecognizable atoms. Captain Ezra Peck was not likely, after all, to pocket much in the way of profit on his gun-running deal.

Called to Account!

EZRA PECK stood on the bridge of the *Silas K. Skate*, straining his almost-set, sharp eyes through the glimmering fumes. There was amazement, wonder, alarm in the thin, keen face of the Yankee skipper. The roar of the explosion had died away; a thousand echoes had boomed and died into silence; but the screaming of startled *schickels* still filled the air. Ezra Peck stared and wondered. Every man on the tramp steamer was staring, too.

"Dog-gone my boots!" said Ezra Peck. "What in thunder was that? What do you reckon it was, Jacobs?"

"I guess it was an explosion," answered the mate.

"I reckon I don't want telling that, you grey!" Ezra Peck snorted.

"What's been blown up? Tell me that, you jay!"

"Unless it was the cases."

"Then cases couldn't blow up. There was cartridge in use of them, but cartridges don't blow up of their own accord, I guess. And they wouldn't make an all-fired thundering row like that if they did. That was demure."

The mate shrugged his shoulders. The mystery was beyond him, as it was beyond Ezra Peck.

Far across Guvanuska, on the western side of the island, was the white settlement—a trading station, copra plantations, and a store. In the store there, undoubtedly, was dynamite—probably plenty of it. But the explosion had not come from there. It had reared out on the eastern side of the island, on the beach that was nearest to the Yankee tramp steamer. It had occurred near, or actually at, the spot where the "cases of actions" had been landed; Ezra Peck knew that. But he rejected the idea that the cases had been blown up. There was nothing in the cases to blow up; it was impossible. Eyes had it been possible, Ezra would have rejected the idea. The destruction of the cases spelled the loss of his expected profit; and that was a thought that the Yankee skipper could not, and would not, entertain until he was driven to it.

But what had happened? Ezra Peck strained his eyes through the dimness. Sunrise came swiftly on the Pacific; but Ezra cursed its slowness as he strove to pick up the beach beyond the reef with his binoculars.

Over the horizon, at last, sailed the sun; and it was day, light flooding the wide ocean, sparkling on the dashing surf of the reef, lighting the lagoon and the beach, lifting the shadows of the bush and the forest beyond.

With the glasses to his shifty eyes, Peck stared and stared. He swept the beach, but failed to pick up the pointed rocks, the agreed place where the cargo was to have been landed; where, he knew, it must have been landed long ago by King of the Islands. Ezra Peck knew Guvanuska, and he knew those pointed rocks, long a landmark in these unfrequented seas. He rubbed his eyes and looked again and again. The landmark was gone—the tall rocks no longer existed. It was there, then, that the explosion had taken place. Ezra, though he had fiercely rejected the idea, had had a feeling in his very bones that it was so. There had been the explosion, and the cases of guns and cartridges.

"Dog-gone my boots!" he repeated faintly.

But he could not understand. That King of the Islands had landed the cases in the appointed place he was sure. That the big trader had sailed away long before the *Silas K. Skate* arrived he was equally sure. On that leafy beach, avoided like a plague-spot by all white men, what could have happened to the assignment? Back into Ezra Peck's mind came the recollection of a sound he had heard an hour before dawn—the sound of creaking blocks, of a rattling boom. He had found then that some windjammer had glided by in the darkness; but the improbability of any skipper raising the reef in the dark had made him conclude that his fancy had deceived him.

Some vessel had run the reef into the lagoon in the night. He knew that now. The assignment of rifles and cartridges had been blown up—it so terrible an explosion that massive rocks had been shivered to fragments by it. He knew it now. Dust and atoms remained of the guns that had been run to Guvanuska.

The Yankee gun-runner trembled with fury. He was there to collect payment for the guns—in the morning hours a canoe was to come off with the pearls from Tamingo, payment for the assignment. The canoe would not come now. Tamingo's pearls would never see the inside of the Yankee skipper's strongbox. The Guvanuska chief would not pay for a assignment of dust and shrapnel. When the blacks came down from the bush and found what awaited them on the beach, Tamingo would return to his distant lair in the interior, taking the pearls with him. Ezra ground his yellow teeth.

Then, as he swept the lagoon with his glasses, across the reef, he picked up the ketch.

"King of the Islands!" he spluttered.

He understood it all now. That son of John Bull, over whose eyes he had so cleverly pulled the wool at Ava, had "tumbled." It was the ketch that had passed the anchored

steamer in the night. King of the Islands had returned—to destroy the assignment of arms and ammunition.

Ezra Peck could see it all now, and he almost danced with rage on the bridge of the *Silas K. Skate*.

"The durned gink!" he gasped. "The pesky gink! Oh, gee-whizz! The goldurned scallywag!"

The beach, so solitary before, was not solitary now. From the bush wild figures had emerged—black men in kain-cloths, with spears in their hands, their wild eyes staring towards the sea. No doubt they had been on their way to the beach; and the roar of the explosion, coming to the furthest limits of Guvanuska, had brought them running to the scene.

King of the Islands had not escaped too soon!

The ketch was under way now, backing for the reef passage. She was coming out of the lagoon.

King of the Islands' work was done, and he knew better than to remain there till the savages could have brought canoes round to the spot.

More and more of the blacks appeared from the bush. There were twenty or more in sight now, unsaddling their spears and uttering loud yells. They came running down to the beach, yelling.

Ezra Peck slammed down the glasses with a bitter snarl. This was the party that Tamingo had sent to collect the assignment at the appointed time, and all they would find was a shattered beach, shattered rocks, and fragments of wood and iron. He was glad that the reef and the lagoon lay between him and the blacks. Dealing with Tamingo was a risky business. The blacks had come for the guns. But any white man caught on the beach would have gone to the cooking-ovens. Had King of the Islands been still there—

But he was not still there. He was standing on the deck of the *Dawn*, backing across the lagoon for the reef.

Ezra Peck gripped the revolver that swung at his hip. In his rage he would have been willing to run down the ketch as she emerged from the reef passage and swear aboard with his crew and shoot down King of the Islands and his mate on their own deck. He glanced at his men with that savage thought in his mind for a moment. But it was futile. His crew, half of them heavers, the other half the riffraff of San Francisco, were not the men for such wild work. If Ezra had in spite they would not follow. And Ezra knew, in words of his fury, that he was not the man to stand up to King of the Islands in a deadly fight. He was a cunning trader, but an unscrupulous gun-runner; but he was not the man to face determined foes in a fight to the death.

He ground his teeth and relinquished the revolver-belt. King of the Islands had beaten him, as he would have expressed it, to a frazzle, and he was to get away with it. After what had happened, after the loss of his iniquitous profits in the deal with the savage chief, he was to see King of the Islands sail away into the Pacific, unscathed. With furious eyes he watched the graceful ketch yielding through the reefs.

The expression changed as he noted that the ketch, instead of making for the open sea, was heading for the Slang K. Skute.

He had realized, with bitter fury, that he must let King of the Islands escape, because he dared not bar his way. But it came into his mind now that it was not escape that the boy trader was thinking of. It was Ezra Peck himself who needed to think of escape. The ketch was running alongside.

Ezra stared at it blankly. He had not dreamed that the ketch might attack him. The little craft was not a third the size of the tramp steamer. The crew numbered but eight men all told, counting the cooky-boy. But every man on the ketch was armed with loaded rifle, every face was grimly set, and Ezra Peck, in amazement and dismay, realized that it was an attack.

"Go-eh-eh!" said the mate Jacobs. "They're coming for us!"
"Jerusalem!" said Ezra Peck faintly.

The ketch ranged alongside. There was no time to get steam up and escape, if Ezra Peck had considered that. He was taken by surprise by the action of King of the Islands, and the ketch swooped down like a swift sea-bird, and was alongside the steamer, swinging at her anchor, before the Yankee skipper fully realized that it was war.

"Ahey, the steamer!" Ken's voice was shouting.

"You durned sea-lawyer!" roared back Ezra Peck. "You pecky son of Jerus Bull! What have you done with my case of goods?"

"Blown them to bits, you gun-running scoundrel!" answered King of the Islands. "I'm coming aboard you!"

"You durned pirate! You chip a foot on my deck and I'll see drill you full of holes!" yelled Ezra.

"Fire a single shot and look out for squalls!" said King of the Islands. "You fellow boy, you bear one shot, or belong you, you are plenty quick, kill dead every feller alongsteamer!"

"Yassar!" grained the Hiva-Ou boys.

"You durned pirate!" gasped Ezra. "I'm coming aboard to separate accounts with you, Ezra Peck. I mean business, and I'm ready for a fight to a finish, if you and your men are. Take your choice!"

There was a scuffling and patter on the deck of the Slang K. Skute as the gun-runner's crew rushed for cover below. Ezra Peck and Jacobs, the mate, stood alone when King of the Islands leaped lightly on board.

Ken Means Business.

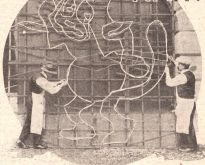
KING OF THE ISLANDS faced Ezra Peck, his revolver in his hand, his eyes gleaming at the enraged, foxy face of the Yankee skipper.

Ezra was stuttering with rage and dismay.

Ken Hudson stood on the ketch's deck, rifle shouldered, the lock on his grim face telling how ready he was to pull trigger. The Hiva-Ou boys were equally ready, and the gun-runner's crew had scuttled below for safety, making it quite clear that

(Continued on the next page.)

The "GLORIOUS FIFTH"!



Laying the foundations of a firework Felix!

DID you know that it takes eight or nine years for a firework maker to become thoroughly proficient at his job? Yes, it's an art, producing those skulls, crackers, cathartes, wheels, and weird and wonderful pyrotechnic novelties which this week will be hanging and blazing everywhere in commemoration of misguided Guy Fawkes!

A big firework factory consists of numerous small sheds each serving a distinct purpose—office, store-rooms, carpenter's shop, the magazine containing untraced explosives, and "danger sheds" where the fireworks are actually made. All the workers in what is known as the explosive area are clad in non-inflammable overalls, with huge nailless boots covering their own so that if they step accidentally on any dried grains of gunpowder there will be no friction likely to cause an explosion.

Fireworks are made to-day in much the same manner as they were centuries ago, almost entirely by hand. It is chiefly the cardboard cases for great big fireworks that are made by machinery.

Two of the oldest forms of fireworks still in favour are the jumping anchor and the rocket. The narrow empty case of the cracker is first rolled on long cylindrical tubes, the gun then being poured in through a funnel. Flattened between the rollers of a hand press, the cracker is then bent backwards and forwards over a horizontal row of small rods of the thickness of knitting-needles. All that remains now is for the cracker to be bound round and bound with string and fitted with a firing cap.

Rockets are charged to-day as they used to be in the sixteenth century, for no machinery has been invented to beat the old-fashioned hand method. Briefly, the composition is poured into the rocket case, which is constricted at one end, in carefully measured quantities, each of which is rammed in to make it solid. For sky-rockets a cap is fitted containing the stars.

The wonderful effects produced by Roman candles are due to repetitions of Roman candle fuse, "dark fire," star, and a blowing charge. In putting these into the Roman candle case great care has to be exercised that everything functions correctly and that the different stars shall rise approximately to the same height. In each candle the layers of the various compositions differ in quantity from the bottom to the top. As each fuse burns with a fountain-like effect and becomes exhausted, it sets light to the "dark fire." This in turn flashes round the star next to it and causes the blowing charge which forms the star from the case.

A simpler process is adopted for getting a realistic fire-breathing effect from the Chinese dragon. Using a measuring ladle smaller than a teaspoon, a worker fills the dragon's "body" with a light brown substance, adding alternate layers of a different nature. The "body" is then sealed at the ends and sent to a finishing shed, where the dragon is given its blue firing cap.

In addition to these and the many other novelties for the "Fifth," firework makers are busy all the year round making huge sets and clever pyrotechnic displays that are to be seen at the Crystal Palace, London, and elsewhere. Some of these workers have been fifty years at their jobs. Their years of experience are put into even the smallest firework—which is gone in a moment with a flash and a bang!

Rough Justice!

They did not intend to risk their lives in a quarrel that was not theirs. They were paid—not liberally—to work the ship, not to engage in a fight to the death. Ezra Peck was left on his own to face the storm he had raised.

His grip was on his revolver, but he did not draw it. The mate, Jacobs, leaned on the rail, his hands in his pockets. It was not his funeral, as he would have expressed it. Ezra Peck had only himself to rely upon if it came to a deadly fray, and Ezra's heart was sinking within him. He could face without flinching the prospect of a savage outbreak on Guvauku, of a white man's settlement overrun by murderous savages, of trading-stations and planters' hangars going up in flame, of white men's heads smoking in the ceaseless houses of Tamingo. But facing the revolver of King of the Islands was another matter. Ezra gripped his gun, but it remained where it was.

Ken, his revolver half raised, was ready. He had come to call the gun-runner to account, and he was ready for anything that might come. But it was only a glare of rage that he received from Captain Ezra Peck.

"You damned sea-lawyer, this is piracy!" gasped Ezra. "You dare to come aboard my ship?"

"Cut all that out!" Ken snapped. "You're a gun-runner, and if the British gunboat had found the cases on board you'd have been taken before a British court, with ten years in prison before you. You tricked the gunboat by fooling me into running the guns to Guvauku." Ken waved his hand towards the distant beach and the crowd of staring savages. "There's your cargo of guns. No use to Tamingo now. I was in time to save the life of every white man on Guvauku. You won't collect payment from Tamingo to-day or any day."

"Get off my ship, you dog-gone pirate!"

"You've got to answer for running guns to Guvauku," said Ken quickly. "I'm here to make you answer for it."

"You damned gray! And how are you going to prove that I ever had any guns on board this hooker? What's left on that beach won't prove anything, I guess."

"I know all that. I've an intention of handing you over to justice when I've blown to fragments the proof of your villainy. I'm dealing with you myself."

"You damned pirate!" said Ezra hoarsely. "What—"

"Get aboard my ship!" said Ken, pointing to the ketch. "You've been beaten this time, but you'll be running guns to Tamingo again if you're let. I'm going to take care that you don't. Get on the ketch!"

"I guess not!" snarled Ezra Peck. "Do you figure that you're going to kidnap a skipper on his own deck?"

"Call it what you like. Are you going?"

"Nep!" yelled Ezra Peck.

"Kek!"

"Yes, sir!" Kain-lalulalunga heaped from the ketch, a grin on his face.

"There that ascended on the Dawa!"

"Pleasty quick, sir!" grinned Koko.

Ezra Peck, in sheer desperation, dragged out his revolver.

Crack! King of the Islands fired on the instant. The revolver flew from the Yankee skipper's hand, crashing on the deck, and Ezra Peck, with a yell of pain, clasped his right hand with his left. There was an ooze of crimson through his horny fingers.

Koko's mighty grasp closed on the skipper of the *Silas K. Skate*. Ken's eyes glittered at the Yankee mate.

"You chipping in here?" he rapped.

"I guess not," answered Jacobs. "You're wise," said Ken grimly.

Ezra Peck, struggling and yelling, writhed in the powerful grip of Kain-lalulalunga. Koko-bee him to the side as easily as if he had been an infant, and tossed him down in the deck of the ketch like a sack of grain.

Ezra landed there with a crash. There was a ripple of laughter from the *Hiva-Oa* boys.

Ken fixed his eyes on Jacobs.

"I'm tempted to maroon the whole gang of you and sink this hooker of her anchor," he said. "You know what would have happened on Guvauku if Tamingo had got the guns. I warn you to keep clear of these waters after this. I shall send a full report to the British Commissioner—and you won't find these seas safe. Get out of British waters—aid keep out, you 'Frisco scum!"

"I reckon I'll beat it no soon as I get steam up!" drawled Jacobs. "What you going to do with the Old Man?"

"That's my business."

Ken walked to the side, and leaped down to the deck of the *Dawa*. A minute more, and the mainmast was up, and the ketch was floating away from the tramp steamer.

Ezra Peck, creaking his torn head, splattered with fear and fury.

"You kain't do this!" he howled. "It's kidnapping—it's piracy on the high seas—you damned fire-leg, you kain't do it. You—"

"Relay your jawing tackle!" snapped Ken. "Koko, e'pose feller Peck be open mouth being him, you give a plenty of rope."

"Yessar!" grinned Kain-lalulalunga, picking up a rap-sword.

And Ezra Peck was silent.

Marooned!

THROUGH the long, blazing day the ketch fled on, over wide waters where there was no land. The night came, but it brought no sleep to Ezra Peck. Through the starry night he watched with haggard eyes, wondering what Ken King had in store for him.

Another day dawned on the Pacific. The ketch was still keeping the same course—floating ever to the north-west by a wild waste of water. Ezra's haggard eyes watched the sunrise and watched the sea.

The *Hiva-Oa* boys gave him mocking looks; but King of the Islands and Hudson took no notice of him by so much as a glance.

"Feller lead be come," Koko's voice gave the call towards noon.

Out of the azure sea, north by east, rose a purple patch. As the ketch flew on, the patch became a group of nodding palms. It was an island—some of the innumerable tiny atolls scattered like specks on the Pacific—uninhabited, for from all other land, without even a name. But it was known to King of the Islands.

The ketch glided on, and dropped anchor off the reef. Ezra's face was set like stone. He knew now!

The whaleboat was lowered, food was placed in it and a keg of water, an ax, a knife, and other things useful to a castaway. Then, for the first time, King of the Islands spoke to Ezra Peck.

"Get into the boat!"

"I guess not!" snarled Peck. "I guess I ain't going to be marooned on that damned island. You posky pirate!"

"Ten years in prison is your due!" said King of the Islands coldly. "You'll find a Pacific atoll better than that; you're lucky. You've got your chance, such as it is, of being taken off when a sail comes this way. It's a small chance, or I shouldn't have picked this atoll to maroon you on. You won't run guns to the cannahals of Guvauku again in a hurry. You'll be salt out of mischief here."

"You dare not!" shrieked Ezra Peck. "You—"

"Put him into the boat, Koko!"

Ezra, struggling, yelling, shrieking, was tossed into the whaleboat. Lempo and Lala's boat to the oars. King of the Islands watched grimly.

In the whaleboat Ezra Peck was posturing, raving, pleading. The boat pulled steadily on and grounded on the sand.

The Yankee skipper was lifted ashore by the *Kamakua*; the supplies that had been apportioned him were placed in a little heap on the beach, and the whaleboat pushed off.

King of the Islands' face did not relax. It was not only for the punishment of past villainy; it was for the prevention of future villainy that the gun-runner was marooned. Some day, no doubt, he would be taken off the lonely atoll; Ken was willing to leave him that chance. But Tamingo would wait long for another consignee of guns!

The whaleboat pulled back to the *Dawa* and swung up to the davits. The cable dragged hoarsely up—a sound of despair to the desperate man who stood on the beach watching the ketch with stony eyes. The sails were shaken out. Lonely on the white beach stood Ezra Peck, shaking a desperate fist after the boat as she glided away into the boundless Pacific!

(Ken King in further South Seas Adventures in next week's issue! If you haven't already done so, give your marooned instructions to receive MODERN BOY for you every week—10-cents!)

Two New Chums Down Under!

A Real-Life Adventure
in the Australian
Bush.

Told By

TOM ROGERS.



Onward we tore, with the
great bush fire at our
heels!

TOM ROGERS and **Paul Drummond**, two chums trying their luck in Australia, granted a holiday from the up-country farms where they are employed by Henry Cliff, go off into the bush, with Mark the farm dog for company. Cliff leading them a horse and gun safari, cutting at Andy Jarrett's farm-house for supper, they are caught in a raging bush fire and join the farmer and his men in trying to save the homestead.

The Doomed Homestead!

"**C**LEAR everything out of the house!" shouted Bill Jarrett, the son of the farmer. "There's nothing else to be done!"

The woman they called "Aunt" raised poor old Andy to his feet, and we could see that tears had made furrows in the grime on his cheeks. Now that his great stack of hay was ablaze there was not the slightest chance of saving the house he had built. All that we could do was to dig a few buckets of water on to the wooden wall of the building facing the blazing stack; it was impossible to fetch and carry more. But the water streamed off again almost as soon as we threw it on, so terrific was the heat from the burning hay.

All the while we ran grave risks of getting our own clothes ignited by burning wisps of straw that swept past us on the wind. The

house must soon go, and Bill Jarrett and young Ginger Blair, the farm handymen, started the work of clearing the house of furniture.

"Come, ye soft new chums!" snuffed Ginger. "Put them poles down and give us a hand at something' noddle!"

The rest of us then set to work, old Andy and his sister as well. The furniture, the best of the kitchen utensils, crockery and linen were piled some fifty yards from the front of the house, where the ground was all cleared, and part of the stuff covered by some old waterproof sheets pegged down over it. The aunt herself thrust the most precious of their small personal belongings into pillow-cases, which she shoved under the seat of the buckboard—a four-wheeled vehicle not unlike the American buggy.

As we got the last things out of the homestead the heat within the place was terrific. The wooden wall

nearest to the blazing stack was bowing with the heat, and suddenly that side burst into a great sheet of flame.

The main bush fire seemed perilously near as we saddled up the whinnying horses. To the north-west a million threatening swords of flame waved above the gum forests; rivers and pools of fire, surging and spreading, waved strange patterns in the grasslands. The Jarrett boundary fences were aflame. The haystack had been almost demolished, and now the house itself perched the big beam near to land for illuminating the night!

Old Andy and his son Bill harnessed a couple of horses to the buckboard, and the homesteader, his sister, and young Ginger Blair took their seats in the vehicle. Meanwhile, Joe Curtis helped Paul and me to saddle up our horses, which, terrified of fire, were inclined to be fractious. Finally, Bill and Joe, who

Two New Chums Down Under!

hitched his own few belongings, gambo-fashions, to the rear of the saddle, mounted and led the way to the shallow river.

Our own horses leaped and got ahead of them, and drank greedily of the water. Fud's steed took it into its head to roll over in the shallows, giving my pal a ducking which I secretly envied! Directly the horses had been watered Andy drove the hackboard along a dusty path leading from the south-east corner of the farm, and the four of us on horseback trotted swiftly along after him, Mark, the kelpie dog, bringing up the rear. Smoke from the fire rolled past us in choking clouds, and strips of flaming bark sailed by like meteors in the night.

The dusty track went through an area of scrub dotted with trees. As we rode onward, with the great fire at our backs, we saw the amazing sight of hundreds of rabbits trucking away from the danger. Now and then we saw lizards and snakes slithering along in the same direction, and sometimes a few wing-wear weary cockatoos went screaming harshly away on the wind. All living things were impelled only by one law—the law of self-preservation and the fear of the foe most dreaded by all wild creatures—the fire!

As the hackboard jolted on ahead young Ginger, seated in the back of it, considerably annoyed us by commenting on our method of horse riding. In his opinion, it was all wrong.

"D'ye see ken ye have ye stirrups too short?" he said to me. "Perhaps ye fancy ye've got a jockey's liddle!" To Fud he remarked: "Hey, ye fat gowk, are ye so aware ye dinna ken the hold the reins up level wi' ye shoulders?"

Keep ye big hands down on the knee's seat. Ye're more like a sack o' spuds bampin' in the saddle than a yillie!" Every time ye bump up I can see six inches o' light under ye. When we get to town I'll buy ye some glue to fix ye down!"

"And I'll buy you some sticking-plaster for your face when I've finished with it!" hooted Fud.

But our throats were so dry and sore from breathing the hot smoke of the fire that we could scarcely speak. And how Ginger managed to keep up a running fire of comment without becoming exhausted was amazing. To us, physical effort was sheer pain, and it was difficult even for us to keep open our bloodshot eyes as we rode after the hackboard along that smoke-swept trail.

Fortunate it was that it was not all woodland between the fire and ourselves, and areas of grass and scabby scrub checked the flames.

Back where the forest was unbroken the fire raged on with a speed which would have overtaken the fastest horse. Smoke leaping with lightning swiftness from branch to branch and tree to tree. Aiding the work of destruction, the wind carried on the burning fragments and stung charred bracken, bark, and twigs, for many miles ahead. Birds, beasts, and reptiles, unable to travel fast and far enough because of thirst or weakness, were ruthlessly destroyed in a hurricane of heat before ever the flames reached their shriveled bodies.

A loud chattering cry burst out from a big peppercorn-tree to our left, and we saw a thing which looked rather like a plump fox with a bushy grey tail climbing along a branch, with two small creatures clinging to the back. It was an opossum—and Joe Cottis said afterwards—and the swiftness of its very further terrified Fud's steading horse, which leaped to one side and,

by the crassest luck, strained a fore-leg in a rabbit burrow!

"Ye'll have to leave that boss to fend for himself, colker," said Joe Cottis harshly. "There's nothin' as can be done for it, and it'll have to get along as best it can."

The abandonment of the horse was a stern necessity, for assuredly our own lives would pay the penalty for any serious delay. Joe "cous-erd" I leaped to attract the attention of the hackboard, which had got out of sight, and himself took Fud on his horse behind him.

Naturally, with one horse weighted by a double burden, the speed of our flight before the fire was reduced, so much indeed that the lame animal was able to keep fairly close behind us. Presumably, Andy Jarrett and the others in the hackboard, and Bill, who had ridden on ahead of them, heard nothing of Joe's "cous-erd" in the shrieking of the hot wind through the trees, for we saw no more of them.

In a general direction we were heading for the Murray River, and after three appalling hours we entered an area of light scrub, barkless gum-trees, and strange cliff formations. Dotted about in this wilderness were a number of creaselike mounds of pale-grey colour, some of them six feet in height. They were the homes of the tortoises, or white ants, as we knew, because we had seen many of them during our previous jaourneys through the bush.

In this small wilderness of a valley where we found ourselves the heat was less intense, for the cliffs to some extent warded off that scorching wind. Nevertheless, the night was terrifying with smoke and burning fragments, and the horses, grown more tired, were maintaining little more than a fast walking pace.

"There's someone coming this way!" Joe Cottis suddenly exclaimed.

THE GREAT IDEA

Series of Inventions that Changed the World.
No. 12. GLASSMAKING.



Glass, which is a mixture of sand, carbonate of lime, and silicate of soda, was discovered some 3,000 years ago. Phoenician sailors, crossing the Red Sea, to the bank of a Palestinian river, carried the sand and carbonate of lime, and later found that the heat had welded the sand and carbonate of soda in the furnace. This was the first blown-glass!



Now is shown the old process of making a glass bottle. Molten glass is taken up on a blowpipe, blown into a bubble, and then forced into the furnace. This causes it to expand, and when it is withdrawn it is placed in a mold and held in the required shape and size. It is then slowly drawn through a slow stop—these steps!



For hundreds of years bottles were made in this way. Now the majority are made by machinery. The invention of Mr. Green, who devised a machine, shown above, consists of a series of movable white pans over a bank of molten glass, each up a certain amount of the required material. They move it down the table to the conveyor belt, to emerge a complete bottle.



Now you see the process of making sheet glass. Molten glass is passed on to a casting table, and pulled into sheets, after which it is drawn through an annealing process to toughen it. It is then ground, as shown in the lower picture. The sheet of glass is on a rotating table and the product slides away on a rough surface.



The abandonment of Pod's injured horse was a stern necessity. And now, with one horse weighted by a double burden, the speed of our flight before the great fire was pitifully reduced!

Neither Pod nor I had seen or heard any sign, and it seemed incredible that anyone else could be near us in this fire-scrivelled country, which seemed like some place not of the world but on the borderland of the fiery pit itself!

Our ears sharpened, and we heard a series of sharp cracking sounds similar to the splintering of branches in the fire or the distant reports of a rifle.

"That's a stock-whip," Joe remarked. "Some other poor rooster is beating it out of the wags, I s'pose."

A few minutes later there appeared from a gully between the cliffs a wagon drawn by six sweating mules, and driven by a man as boyrased as ourselves. We turned our horses towards him, and Joe recognized him as a squatter who lived some thirty miles north of Jarrett's homestead, a man whose real name was Smith, but who went by the extraordinary nickname of Smiler Scarface.

The reason we saw for ourselves. An old war which Smith himself claimed had been honorably gained in Gallipoli during the Great War—but which others said he had recovered from the knife of a Chinaman whom he had ill-treated—gave the left side of his mouth a most curious lift. As the result the profile of his face seemed to be wreathed in a permanent smile, and the effect was weird and unpleasant.

"Hello, Scarface!" croaked Joe. "Has your piece gone up, too?"

"The whole blessed country's gone up," Scarface answered, slackening speed with his mule team and putting up the eighteen-foot stock-whip he carried. "And I've heard there's been some bad happenings to folk in the Murrumbidgee district."

As we rode alongside, Joe learned from Scarface that he was heading for Thandan, on the Murray River.

"I expect my boss will make for there as well," Joe said. "And now, Scarface, can you give a lift to this young bloke, Pod Drummond, whose boss has gone lame? He and his pal have been working with us like good 'uns."

Smiler Scarface agreed. Pod went into the light wagon with him, and Joe rode on to overtake the party with Andy Jarrett.

Although the lame horse was making good progress it was soon left behind, for the mule team trodled at a slinking rate among the sparse gum-trees. Their grumpy driver said nothing to us, but merely by the cracking of his stock-whip, plus a remarkable flow of language, guided them over the best ground and prevented the sight from becoming an absolute panic.

To me every yard of that journey was an agony, for I had been fearfully saddle-sore before reaching Jarrett's homestead, and matters were worse now. Pod had suffered as severely as myself; but he was not so badly off, stretched on some sack in his own horse creaked from the heat and fatigue.

"Dread your eyes!" panted Scarface, belching in his fraction's mules. "You'll have the whole blessed lot of us roasted yet, you young snipe! Hitch that boss to the tailboard of my wagon and tumble aboard, and for the love o' Mike be smart about it!"

Mumbling my thanks, I did as I was bidden; then, lifting Mark, the dog, into the wagon, tumbled in myself. The horse, relieved of my weight, foundered along behind at the end of a halter as the fresher mules raced on again; but after a few minutes I cut his shoddy to save him from being dragged off his legs. With these great fees swiftly cutting up the country behind us we could afford to race delay.

"Crambe, what a holiday!" gasped Pod, as the wagon lurched onward. "How much more are we to have of this?"

The answer came dramatically within five minutes. A flaming strip of black swung down on the wind and alighted full on the harness of one of the rear mules of the team. The sharp pain of the burn caused the animal to emit a piercing squeal, swing sideways, and lash out with its hoofs, catching one of its fellows a glancing blow on the leg.

Scarface lashed out with his great whip, but this time even he could not control the panic into which the whole team was swept. In a frenzy of terror they raced onward, with the wagon banging madly through the bracken and over the knobbly roots of trees.

While Pod and I were flung about like peas in a shovel, Smiler Scarface belched threats in what sounded like Chinese. Certainly we were now outdistancing the fire; but this mad race could not last for long. Suddenly, passing between two giant gum-trees, the mules swung sharply away to avoid a tree-stump directly in their path. In doing so they swung the wagon round in a semi-circle; the near-side front wheel crushed full against the cement-like wall of a white ash mound and smashed completely from its hub.

As the wagon dipped the three of us and the dog were flung out like laden sacks, the traces snapped—and away went the post-stripped mule-team, while we, together with a useless wagon, were left in the track of the flames!

(In all that roasting country, with flames rising to scorch the trees, there seems no possible help for Foss and Pod and their companions in their fearful predicament. Next Monday's MODERN BOY will tell you how the adventures fare after this hot great calamity.)

The ISLE of PERIL!



BY
STACEY BLAKE.

OUR GREAT SERIAL STORY!

New readers can start it to-day! The opening chapters are briefly retold on the opposite page.

The Newcomer.

IN size, the newcomer that had trapped Tom, Billy, and the professor in the squamodon's skeleton was not to be compared with the creatures they had already seen, but in horror of aspect it was as the product of some incredible nightmare. It might have weighed as much as an ox. Of hind shape, squat on the ground, with a long tail, perhaps no more than twenty feet in its entire length, but with an amazing erection of spines, joined together with a leathery membrane that rose from the middle of the back to a height of four feet or so, and extended from head to tail, this creature's head was a bulbous thing with great tusks from the upper jaw that hung over the lower lip in the most startling manner.

While the eyes, like a pair of big red plums, almost at the top of its head, set back towards the beginning of the trunk of spines. In color it was a dirty, spotted green.

"Dinotrodes!" gasped John Meredith, in an awed whisper. "It is found in the Permian of Texas."

"It ought never to have survived!" shuddered Tom, as the creature came nosing at the bars of beam like a cat trying to push its face into a canary cage. It was too big to get between the ribs. It snarled, champed its horrid jaws, went back a little way, and came charging down on the cover of beam!

The skeleton shivered; but in weight it was enough to resist the impact. The creature's spines rattled like clappers. It pawed the ground and threw up tufts of earth, and came again, gnawing ferociously at the squamodon's bones.

"Think! A survival from the Permian—a form that existed a hundred million years ago!" went on Professor Meredith, with sheer amazement in his voice.

"There's a fractured rib here!" pointed out Tom. "If the brute has sense enough to try getting through at that spot there won't be any striv'ing for us!"

John Meredith was adjusting his camera. More interested in the opportunity of getting a picture than in the probability that the gigantic creature would tear him to pieces if it got the chance, he embraced his roll of film, and then pulled out his notebook and made rapid entries, while the savage creature gnashed its teeth outside and struggled to break the bony cage that protected them!

"We are caged all right!" said Billy hopelessly. "That ugly brute has only to wait long enough for us to be starved to death! I'm hungry now!"

"Yes, and we only need another of the things a size smaller to come along, and he'll square between the ribs and finish us off!" answered Tom, with equal cheer.

The professor was watching the ossifying creature with scientific ardor.

"Look at the formation of those teeth! Aren't they splendidly formed for the work they are intended to do?"

"Yes; they'd tear us up like a row of steel knives!" agreed Tom, feeling white and shivery all over. "He's going to have another shot!"

Foaming at the mouth, with bubbles coming from between the horrid teeth, the beast was attacking again. It rose up on stumpy legs, with protuberant spines rattling, and tried to tear down the bones that were between it and them. The teeth were all gleaming wet as the mouth was pushed up against the bare ribs of their shelter.

"There's nothing to be immediately serious about," commented John Meredith calmly, continuing to write without pause.

And then the savage reptile gave a push to the skeleton that set it shivering.

"It's only got to topple this over and we shall sprinkle out like peas through a riddle!" cried Tom.

"It is not likely to think of that. Those creatures are practically brainless."

"But it's beginning!" broke out Billy.

The thing was hitting at the skeleton. It started the bones rocking. The creature was just getting dangerous when it ceased this trick and stood back a little way, with the plumed eyes peering like red-hot balls.

Their rifles lay outside, where they had propped them against a tree while the photographs of the skeleton were being taken. In Tom's pistol were only empty cartridges. Their only weapons were the axe and the long chopping-knife—pretty poor instruments against a creature so powerful and well protected.

"What are the chances of rushing out and collecting a rifle?" Billy suggested.

"Too jolly risky," Tom said, shaking his head. "He'd catch you, sure. The brute can run like a rabbit. Now, if we had that knife fastened on to a bit of a pole we could jab him when he came near. Stop a bit! Let me experiment."

When the fierce creature began again to worry at the great, curving ribs, Tom took a risk himself. He stepped out on the other side, with the axe in his hand. And he was outside for a dozen seconds before the fact occurred to dawn on the senseless brute. In that time he had chopped off, with a couple of strokes of his axe, a slender stick of bamboo, and he was inside the shelter of the mighty bones before the dinotrodes could scuttle round to the other side.

"What's the scheme?" asked John Meredith, shutting his notebook.

"I'm going to fasten the knife to a length of this bamboo and make a spear of it!" said Tom grimly. "I'm tired of doing nothing!"

Professor Meredith took a dose of snuff with a good deal of relish and adjusted his spectacles.

"Have you heard how they catch sharks among the Eastern poor-divers?" he said. "A swimmer takes into the water a stick pointed at each end. When the shark opens its mouth to bite, the swimmer pushes the stick upright, into the shark's mouth, and when it shuts its jaws they are pierced top and bottom by the pointed stick, and it can neither open its mouth nor shut it. Isn't that an idea?"

"It sounds good enough," cried Tom, "if you know a way of doing it. I don't."

"Then I'll show you," said Billy thoughtfully. "I think I've got the notion. Is that bamboo tough enough to make a sharpened stick?"

"No; it's green. And, being hollow, it won't do. It means finding a piece of tough wood. Or what about a piece of bone—if we could splinter a length with the axe?"

"Bone would be all right, but two knife-blades would be better."

Billy pulled a clasp-knife out of his pocket, a real hefty tool, with a six-inch blade. He opened it and laid it beside the big chopping-knife.

"I'm hanged if I can see the scheme!" said Tom anxiously.

Billy tied the two handles of the knives together with string.

"Here's your stick pointed at each end," he said, "only the points are knife-blades."

"That looks all right; but how do we get that double point between the bone's jaws?"

"Give me about six feet of that bamboo—the lighter end, so long as it's stiff. Perhaps I can do it. This is the idea."

He split and forked one end of the bamboo. The two knives, with the points of the blades sticking out in opposite directions, he fastened fairly in the middle to the end of the pole so that in shape the arrangement was like a letter Y.

"Fine!" cried Tom. "You'll push that out when the beast has got his mouth open, and let him chew on it? That will be?"

"We'll soon see."

It was a breathless moment. Unless they could kill or incapacitate this dreadful creature, they might be held prisoners here for an indefinite time till some mightier reptile, that could tear the skeleton to pieces, came along. Billy tried, and miserably failed.

"The bogger is getting tired, and losing his fierceness," he complained. "He's not opening his mouth!"

"He wants exciting a bit," said Tom, pushing out what remained of the bamboo stick and thrusting the

end of it against the great nostrils. The creature snarled, and hove forward with open mouth.

"Now!" cried Tom. But Billy failed again, and John Meredith seized the pole.

"My wrist is perhaps stronger," he said. "Then I'll give you your chance, sir," Billy said.

And he sprang out between the seared pair of ribs and exposed himself for a second or two to the monster. The fierce reptile springing into swift movement, and came for him with open mouth. He hopped into the skeleton, and the professor thrust out the pole; but the jaws snapped together out of reach.

The chance came again presently. The great mouth, with its tearing teeth adrip with foam, opened wide, and John Meredith thrust in the double-pointed affair beyond the rows of teeth. The jaws crashed down with tremendous force, and the knife-blades, top and bottom, sank in.

The bamboo was plucked out of the professor's hand, and the next instant was broken off. The creature clutched

not get into cover before the maddened creature was back. Tom took a glance around, and saw it worrying at the skeleton again. Then it stopped and twisted around and, in so doing, exposed the fleeing humans, and at once came on their trail with a gallop.

"I'm going to try a shot!" cried Tom.

"Don't be silly; hunting is safer!" bellowed Billy at him. But Tom, refusing advice, knelt down on one knee and, leveling his rifle, laid by. His shot was lucky. The creature staggered to a stop. Tom went back a step, expecting to see the reptile collapse. Instead, it broke into sudden fierce life again and clattered towards him. He had another shot and he fired it, but he doubted whether he had hit, for he heard, as he ran, the creature's galloping feet and spasmodic breathing behind him.

He hung a glances back—and realized at once that he was running a losing race. The snake and Billy were two hundred yards ahead. He did not call to them for help, because it was his own fault he had stayed behind. He just put forth another effort.

Suddenly, seeing a tree branch that came horizontally over the way just ahead of him, he leaped for it, as he had done many a time in the gymnasium at school, and at the same time swung up and got one leg over the branch.

In the next instant the reptile's upstanding spines scraped his lower foot as it ran underneath. But he scrambled up out of danger, and for the space of a minute lay along the branch, gasping for breath, while the distraction made frantic efforts to reach him. Fortunately Billy's voice came back to him:

"Hallo, Tom, are you coming along? Are you all right?"

"I'm all right," Tom managed to answer. "You get along to the boat. I'll—I'll follow on directly."

"All right. But be quick. We don't want to wait!"

"I'll be coming!" Tom answered.

He saw signs that the hideous creature on the ground was weakening. Tom swung from the branch on purpose to provoke it to movement, but there was no response save a feeble sweeping movement of the tail. At length he ventured to drop to the ground, when even that slight sign of life ceased. He touched the creature with his foot. It was as dead as the iguanodon within whose bones they had sheltered!

"What a specimen to take back!" he said aloud.

"Then we are just right for it," exclaimed a voice at his elbow. He swung round and saw Julius Harpstein, with half a dozen men at his heels, creeping out of the thicket.

"I am afraid you are just wrong for it!" Tom answered him. "This is our specimen. You will please keep your hands off it."

(Continued on page 25.)

THE STORY COMMENCES

CAP'TAIN SHEPTON, a tough old soul with a scowling eye, offers to guide Professor Meredith, a great scholar with a passion for discovering the remains of prehistoric animals, to a volcanic island in the Antarctic. 2,000 miles off the track of ordinary ships—an island of gigantic creatures, believed to be long since extinct, still exist. The professor equips the Harvester on an expedition ship. Among the crew are his nephew, Tom Meredith, and Billy Edgewood, Tom's chum. Meanwhile, Julius Harpstein, an unscrupulous scientist, steals one of Cap'tain Shepton's maps, and starts for the island with a rival expedition. On the island, Tom and Billy witness a fight to the death between two monstrous animals. Later, the chance guide the professor in the spot to take photographs of the skeletons of the vanished beast. They are attacked by an enormous creature, and in the nick of time take shelter inside the great skeleton!

Now Read On!

spasmodically at its great mouth with its fore feet, rolled over, stood on hind feet, went this way and that, roaring and bellowing with the volume of a steam siren, thrashing its way into the bamboo and tree-ferns and rushing back again.

It rushed at the skeleton in a frenzied manner, tearing at the ribs, pushing at them, and setting the whole object rocking in an alarming manner.

"We've got to skip at the first chance," said Tom, under his breath. "He'll swamp this skeleton to bits!"

John Meredith nodded.

"Those ligaments in the backbone won't stand too much of this. They've only to give way and the vertebrae to separate, and we shall have no shelter at all!"

The beast made another rush, and this time struck against the rib that was already fractured. There was a cracking noise. And then providentially the crazy animal's frenzy started it off in another direction. It rushed towards the bamboo thicket.

"It's our chance!" gasped John Meredith. "Make for where your rifle is!"

They sprang out and ran across the intervening space. But they had

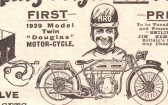
Topping Prizes You May Win!



**5 ONE-VALVE
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**FIRST—
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way Champion.



**5 PORTABLE
PERFECTONE
"JUNOPHONE"
GRAMOPHONES**
(With 12 Records Each.)

OUR LATEST AND GREATEST FREE CONTEST!

This is the Third Week of our new contest, the weekly in which to that we ask you interesting questions, the answers to which can be discovered by studying the pictures beneath them.

Now, I don't want you to run away with the idea that this is a difficult contest. The questions asked are on topics which interest you, in your spare time and are not in the least reminiscent of the classroom. Next, to big prize money and to help you to find the correct answers, we give you week a full list for use throughout the competition. In that list the answer to every question can be found.

All you have to do is to read the question above each picture carefully, study the picture beneath it, and then write your answer IN INK in the space provided.

When you have filled in all your answers, cut out this placemat and keep it with the previous sets until next week, when the fourth set will be given, and so on the **ONLY SIX WEEKS**. With the final set, full instructions will be given, for the sending in of entries and the necessary coupons. The ruler governing this contest will close last week and will be printed again with the final placemat.

QUESTIONPICS™ SETS.

<p>What shall we substitute at this hour on Sunday noon?</p>	<p>What profession has the vessel's name in common with it?</p>	<p>To whom does this large air-ship belong?</p>
<p>13 <i>Domestication</i></p>	<p>14 <i>Port</i></p>	<p>15 <i>Imperial Airways</i></p>
<p>What kind do we see when being completed?</p>	<p>A famous motor carmaker's name is depicted here. What is it?</p>	<p>What is the one article that is equally useful to a sailor and a motorist?</p>
<p>16 <i>Reef Knot</i></p>	<p>17 <i>Mercedes</i></p>	<p>18</p>

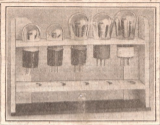
NEW READERS

By ordering from their newspapers a copy of last week's **MARKING** SET, which contained the first two sets and the Full List, you

CAN START NOW!

TAKING CARE of your VALVES!

Wireless valves are delicate and expensive things. Mishandling will shorten their lives and put you to a great deal of unnecessary outlay for renewals. The advice given here will save you much dipping into your pocket.



A handy little valve-rack like the one in the photograph is easily made out of scrap wood.

Our Wireless Page, Conducted by the Editor of "POPULAR WIRELESS."

EVERY fellow possessing a valve receiver, and naturally anxious to get the very best reception of stations and reproduction on the phone or loud-speaker, should realize that valves are the heart of the wireless set.

Without good valves of British manufacture the hidden qualities of your receiver will never be properly revealed. And all valves, because of their high price, merit naturally to be taken great care of, otherwise they will be only short-lived and you will be faced with expensive renewals.

In the old days, when we used what was called "bright anodes," the filament was fairly robust and thick-jawed, incidentally, it consumed a large current from the low-tension accumulator. If you tapped these early forms of valve with your finger, or any accidental form of vibration was imparted to the set, there was no sound emitted from the loud-speaker ever and above the normal signals thus being received.

ANTI-PONG HOLDERS.

With the modern dull-emitter valves, designed to take only a small fraction of current from the L.T. accumulator, the filament is about as fine as human hair. You will see, therefore, that if you tap this valve, the filament actually vibrates inside the bulb of the valve. The result is a ringing noise from the loud-speaker, and, of course, it is most objectionable when such a noise occurs while listening to a programme.

The valve which we use in the detector position of our set is more likely to produce ringing noises than any other, and so it should always be mounted in a holder provided with spring contacts—known as an anti-pong holder.

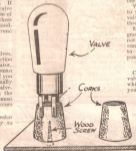
Any vibrations which may now be imparted to the set, as the result of a heavy vehicle passing the house or someone's hammering tread across the room, will then be absorbed by the springs, and so prevent them being transmitted to the valve and causing unpleasant noises.

It is a good scheme to use one of these special valve-holders in the detector position of your set instead of the cheap solid type of holder. It is an advantage

to use these spring holders in every valve position, for the springs absorb all forms of shock, and thus prevent any damage being done to the delicate filaments.

RUBBER HEELS WILL DO.

Another effective way of protecting the valves against shock and those accompanying atmospheric noises is to support the whole of the cabinet, or baseboard if there is no cabinet, on several fields of some soft, thick material. Or small rubber feet may be fitted on the underside of the base at the four corners, small rubber doormats, Seba balls cut in halves, or even rubber-boat heels serving for this purpose.



This holder for valve storage is as effective as it is cheap and simple—just a cork secured to a piece of wood by a screw!

Having realized that your valves are delicate pieces of apparatus and require care in handling, you will know not to leave them lying about when removed from the set. They may roll or be knocked on the floor, hence it is a good plan to provide some form of valve rack to accommodate them.

An egg-rack serves admirably for the

purpose. And a handy little valve-rack like the one in the photo at the head of this page is easily made out of scrap wood. The handyman can buy a dozen medicine bottle corks from the chemist for two-pence, and mount them vertically on a piece of wood about eight or nine inches square, by means of screws passed through the wood from the underside. When the valve pins are pushed over the corks they are held firmly in place, as shown in the diagram.

Another tip—be very careful to pay particular attention to the information given on the paper slip enclosed in the valve-carrier. This will ensure that you use the proper voltages for your valves, and their useful life will then be a long one.

Whenever you are making alterations to your set you will, of course, take the valves out of their sockets and store these safely away until they are wanted.

In removing and replacing valves grasp them firmly by their bases, and not by the bulb. Valves are strongly constructed nowadays, but it is as well to subject them to as little strain as possible.

THE PLATE LEG.

Constant removal and replacement of valves will help you to know at once which way they go into the holders. If you look at the base of a valve you will see that one leg is a little way away from the others. This is the plate leg and you should find the plate leg on the holder and press the valve gently in. It should need no persuasion—if it does then you have probably got the valve the wrong way round.

Always disconnect the H.T. battery before removing valves from the set, otherwise when you replace them you might attempt to put the legs in the wrong sockets and put the full high-tension current across the filament—and bang goes ten shillings and sixpence!

Whichever method you use to store your valves, make sure that they are well out of harm's way—that nothing in the way of pins or screwdriver can be dropped on to them. A smashed valve is expensive and dangerous!

