



TREASURE OF THE SEA

BY George E. Uhl

WNU Release



THE STORY THUS FAR:

Adrift on a raft for four days, Dick Jordan is almost unconscious from hunger and thirst when he scoops a few shrimps from the water and regains his interest in living. He had been on a steamer bound from a South American port to the United States, in custody of Ben Pettigrew, who was returning him to the United States. The ship came up and takes him aboard. Captain of the dirty little ship is Tucu, an evil-looking half-breed. The others of the crew are Caribs. Dick fears they are little better than pirates.

CHAPTER II

Dick concluded that he would be a hard customer to deal with, and it would be much better to court his friendship than to provoke his enmity.

Black Burley, the mate, was nearly as tall and powerful as the skipper, but his black shiny face and swarthy limbs proclaimed the pure Carib Negro.

While he was eating and drinking, Captain Tucu grunted and broke the silence.

"Where'd y' drift from?" he asked gruffly, his words singularly free from the taint of his black ancestor's dialect.

"From the City of Bahia—wrecked four days ago," Dick replied, wiping his mouth. "Struck something in the storm, reef or another ship, and went down in half an hour. Four hundred people aboard—men, women and little children. I was in the last boat that left her, and we capsized—Glory! it was awful!"

He closed his eyes an instant as if to shut out the memory of it. When he opened them again, Captain Tucu was asking eagerly:

"Anythin' left? Lots o' wreck-age from a steamer floats."

"Nothing but the small boats," replied Dick, "and they were filled with people."

The half-breed nodded his head and muttered something to his mate in a dialect that Dick could not translate.

"Where was this steamer?" demanded Tucu, turning suddenly to Dick. "What latitude?"

Dick Jordan shook his head. "I don't know. I'm not a sailor."

The skipper's face clouded with disappointment, and an ugly scar across his left cheek showed red, mottled with white. Dick did not like the looks of it.

"Carib renegades," he reasoned to himself. "Sea scavengers—half fishermen, half pirates. They'd kill me without batting an eyelash if it suited their purpose."

He glanced past the semi-circle of black faces and he saw the wide, heaving, limitless sea. The shock of being adrift upon it for another period awakened his mind from its dull lethargy. He had to stay aboard the lugger until they reached shore or met another ship. He smiled craftily, and spoke slowly.

"Wait a minute, captain! Come to think of it, I'm wrong. I heard the wireless operator calling for help and giving the steamer's position. I'm something of a wireless expert myself. It was—it was—"

He hesitated and cocked his head sideways in the attitude of one recalling something that eluded his memory. "I got it," he added a moment later. "It was North latitude 13—and 80 or 81—yes, that must have been the longitude—80 or 81."

To Dick's surprise, Captain Tucu broke in abruptly:

"The Roncador Bank!"

Black Burley nodded his head, and rumbled: "We can make it in five hours."

From One Danger Into Another

Roncador Bank was a mystery to Dick. They seemed to know where that was. Perhaps, after all, that was the explanation of the queer accident. The City of Bahia had struck the reef in the night of the storm and foundered as a result of it.

"If I can make myself of service to them, they will keep me," Dick mused to himself. "Therefore, I must make myself indispensable. But how?"

"If I sail with them, I'll know too much—find out things they'll want to keep secret. Therefore, I'll be no better off in the end than now. They'll never put me ashore. On some dark night, I'll disappear, unless—"

His mind stopped abruptly. He was jolted out of his reverie by the shadow of the skipper in front of him. When he looked up, however, he was smiling in spite of the shock. "You rescued me in the nick of time, captain," he said pleasantly. "Another hour in the water, and I'd been done for. I'm mighty grateful."

Captain Tucu nodded, but made no comment. Dick felt that his fate was hanging by a slender thread. The indecision on the other's face was menacing; but the smile never faded from Dick's lips. He continued easily:

"When we get to the spot where the steamer went down, I may help you find something of value."

ly greedy and eager. "What's that?" he demanded, stepping nearer.

"Smuggling, you know," Dick went on, feeling his way carefully, "isn't a lost art. It's still practiced."

He winked and grinned, with the intent of simulating special knowledge. Tucu stepped closer and scowled, but behind the scowl was an eager expectancy.

"Y'was smugglin'?" he demanded, thrusting his face close to Dick's.

"That isn't a fair question, is it, captain?" laughed Jordan. "If I confessed to it you could—could—oh, well," he added, shrugging his shoulders, "I guess you wouldn't arrest me—not if we divided the stuff!" he winked again, anxious at heart but on the surface smiling and complacent. Would the man fall for the bait?

The skipper was eyeing him, half in doubt, half in eager expectancy. All the avarice of his nature was in



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his eyes. But he was slow and crafty—not child-like as his half Carib brother.

"What is it?" he grumbled, checking his impatience.

"Why specify?" retorted Dick, half rising. "It's more than that it's valuable—a rich haul."

A gleam of anger shot from the other's eyes. To pacify him, Dick added:

"I picked them up in South America at a big bargain. If I get them in the United States, they'll be worth—worth—well, I can't get them through. The City of Bahia's gone to the bottom. So, of course, the jewels were lost, too."

Captain Tucu interrupted with an oath. "Y'left 'em aboard!" he growled. "Y' didn't have sense enough to save 'em?"

Dick's Proposition

Interests Tucu

"Hold on, captain! If you're going to cuss me for a fool, I'll shut up, and you'll never get a sight of the jewels. I said they'd gone down with the steamer. Wouldn't that be the natural conclusion of their owners when they heard of the foundering of the City of Bahia? For all I know every mother's son aboard, except me, was lost. You couldn't expect me to save smuggled goods under such circumstances, could you? That lets me out as an agent for—"

He smiled craftily, watching the expression of the half-breed's face and eyes. He was following him—nibbling at the bait. Dick drew an unconscious sigh of relief.

"They didn't go down then?" snapped Tucu. "Ye—ye—got 'em?"

Dick chuckled at his eagerness.

"If I had them," he said easily, "you could take them. There's all I brought away with me."

He pointed to the collection of the things from his pockets he had spread out in the sun to dry. The skipper scowled in perplexity. His face assumed crafty suspicion, as he turned upon Dick with an ugly leer.

"If y'know where they are," he said slowly, "ye'd keep a whole skim by tellin' me. I ain't wastin' time talkin'. Y'know where they are?"

"Sure, captain—or pretty near it," smiled Dick impudently. "I put them overboard with a string attached to 'em—and a float to the end. Reckon I could pick up that float."

He grinned, allowing time for the information to sink in the other's brain, and then continued, glibly: "It's an old trick, of course—old as smuggling—but it generally works. I had 'em ready to chuck through the porthole when we reached the Jersey coast—expected to get the signal some dark night from a motorboat. Easy, waasn't it?"

Captain Tucu was glaring at him with greedy eyes, his flat nostrils dilated to their full expansion. The mottled complexion of his face changed like the shifting of a chameleon.

"When the steamer struck," added Dick lightly, glancing seaward, "my first thought was of those precious gems. If left in the stateroom they'd go down with the steamer. If chucked out in time there was a chance to salvage them. So," nodding, "I let 'em go."

"Where was this?" asked Tucu, struggling to appear calm. "Near the Roncador Bank?"

Dick laughed, a bit insolently, and shrugged his shoulders. "I won't tell you, captain," Dick continued quietly, "unless we can come to some sort of a bargain."

"What bargain y' want?" asked the other slowly, checking his anger.

"Half interest—no, three quarters. You should be satisfied with that."

"An' if not?"

"You don't get anything. If I'm killed or found missing suddenly the jewels will remain a plaything for the fishes."

"We could find the float by cruisin' around," replied the Carib, smiling craftily.

Dick laughed again. "Not in a year of Sundays," he replied. "You don't think I'd make that float so anybody'd spot it, and pick it up? I'm too old at the game. I'd give you ten chances, captain, if you were within fifty feet of it. Why, a float that looks like a fish or bird or even a jelly-fish could pass you a dozen times without exciting your suspicion."

Dick could see that his bait was swallowed now, hook, sinker and line. Captain Tucu became suddenly amiable. He grinned good-naturedly. "We'll go shares," he said. "Is it a bargain?"

"Sure, if you play straight—one quarter to you, and the rest to me—no double-crossing."

"Never double-crossed a friend," was the purring reply. "Come in the cabin an' talk about it. Mebbe we get those jewels afore night."

Later that day one of the Caribs forward called attention to something on the horizon. Tucu seized a pair of old sea-glasses and inspected it in silence for a few moments. Then handing them to Black Burley, he grunted: "What d'ye make out o' it?"

The mate gave a short squint, and exclaimed: "A schooner—wrecked!"

"Yes, it's a derelict. We can pick her up before dark."

Dick, listening and watching, drew a sigh of relief. If he had discovered a floating derelict, they would sail out of their course to overhaul her. That would give him a respite of a few hours, or perhaps another night and day.

He heard with pleasure the orders to alter the course of the lugger to bring her in direct line with the derelict.

Captain Tucu and Black Burley were aroused to keen excitement. A derelict on the high sea might mean much to them. If abandoned hastily by her crew, the pickings might be of great value. There was the cargo to consider, if not water-soaked and ruined; and the personal belongings of the crew and officers, if in the excitement of leaving they had not taken them away. Finally, there was always the possibility of salvaging the hull, and towing it into some port to sell to the highest bidder, if the original owners didn't make a stiff offer for it.

Derelict Schooner

Changes Plans

Altogether, it was not an unprofitable business. It paid sometimes better than out and out piracy. At such times the sea scavengers kept strictly within the laws. They knew the laws of sea salvage by heart.

When the derelict finally assumed definite shape to the naked eye, Dick became absorbed in studying it. She was not waterlogged; neither was she battered and broken below decks. Most of the damage seemed to be in the sails and rigging.

This fact had not escaped the keen eyes of the skipper of the lugger, and the nearer they approached the more promising appeared the prize they had picked up.

Then came a sudden guttural cry from one of the crew, followed by wild gesticulations and a pointing hand. There, standing in the rigging, waving and nodding at them, was an old man, hatless and nearly shirtless, with bushy whiskers flopping up and down in the breeze. At first they could hear no sounds coming from his lips, but with a slight change in the wind the voice carried to them.

For the most part it seemed like the wild, incoherent gibberish of one demented. "Aho, there, mates!" it called. "What ship is that? Don't recognize her! Never mind, come aboard! This is the Betty of New London—sound of timber and fast of heels—makin' twenty knots an hour. Come aboard if y'can catch us! Throw me line while I luff her—quick now!"

Tucu and Black Burley stared at the man in silence. Then they glanced at each other, and, reading each other's thoughts, nodded.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
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Lesson for November 17

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PAUL MINISTERS TO THE THESSALONIANS

LESSON TEXT—Acts 17:1-7; 1 Thessalonians 1:2-8.
MEMORY SELECTION—Be not weary in well-doing.—II Thessalonians 3:13.

A great city, commercially active, religious to a high degree, a military center and a harbor so fine that it is important to this day—such was the city of Thessalonica. It presented a challenge to the preachers of the gospel and, in the name of Christ, Paul accepted and won a great victory.

In the face of persecution, bitter and persistent, the believers in this city remained faithful. The reason for that appears in our lesson. Rooted and grounded in Christ, they had brought forth the fruit of real Christian living under circumstances which were difficult and trying. Our lesson tells of both the preaching of the gospel by Paul and the living of the gospel by the Thessalonians.

I. The Gospel Preached—Accepted and Rejected (Acts 17:1-7).

Paul began his long and successful ministry in Thessalonica in the synagogue. It was to the Jews who worshipped the one true God that he came with his message about their expected—Messiah—Christ the Lord. Here he established a strong church.

What was the message which so signally succeeded in this great strategic center? Well, it was not (as some modern preachers in large cities seem to think necessary) a series of social, political, or literary discourses. Paul preached Christ. He reasoned with them and presented the Saviour (v. 3) as One who was

1. Dead for our sin. These people were like us in that they needed a solution for their sin problem.

Without the death of Christ there is no salvation for any man. Only through the shedding of blood can there be remission of sin (Heb. 9:22). Paul had no part in the folly of a "bloodless gospel"—as though there were any such gospel.

2. Raised for our justification. It was not enough that Jesus died, marvelous as that is in our sight. For many a man has died for his convictions, but none has risen from the dead. Christ could not be holden of the grave. He arose the victorious Redeemer.

3. Declared to be the Christ. He is more than a man, more than a great leader and an earnest teacher. He is God's anointed One, himself divine—and our Lord.

Some believed (v. 4), including many devout Greeks, and not a few of the leading women. The gospel does have life-giving power as the Holy Spirit applies it to the hearts of willing men and women.

Others opposed (vv. 5, 6). Note that they were "of the baser sort." They always are, even when they appear to be cultivated and educated, for there is something fundamentally wrong in a life which rejects Christ.

It was a serious charge they made against the Christians (v. 7), for it was treason punishable by death to have any other king but Caesar if one lived in a Roman colony.

But the thing which they hated worst in these Christians was the fact that their topsy-turvy world was in danger of being set right (they put it the opposite way, v. 6), and they did not want to be made right. It is interesting to note that these early preachers had divine power to turn over the social order. Would that we showed more of that power in the church today!

Accepting the truth is good, but it must go on in daily living. The Thessalonians knew that and they are models of

II. The Gospel Lived—Followers and Examples (I Thess. 1:2-8).

Paul, the missionary, was a courteous preacher. He recognized the faithfulness of Christian brethren and did not hesitate to commend them. We could do more of that when we meet true and faithful believers.

They were followers of Paul, but only because he followed Christ (v. 6). His power was from above (v. 5), even as they also were chosen from above (v. 4).

Following Christ meant affliction to them (v. 6), but it also meant the joy of the Holy Spirit, which is entirely independent of the circumstances of life—and above them.

These Thessalonian believers were examples of what it meant to be Christians. Wherever Paul went their faith toward God was recognized and he did not need to explain or argue for his gospel. People knew the Thessalonian Christians, and thus they knew real Christianity.

There could be no finer witness to the faith of anyone than to be able to bear testimony that it is an example—a model—to which others may look and not go astray. Do we dare to measure our Christian lives by such a standard?

The Home Town Reporter

In WASHINGTON

By Walter Shead
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Removal of Price Controls Means People 'Surrendered'

FROM THIS vantage point in the nation where the objective reporter can view with detachment the unravelling pattern of the national picture, there often comes the urge to cast aside the tenets of factuality and to write just that which wells up within . . . the convictions which form . . . the certainties borne into our consciousness by the revelations which can be seen here in Washington as from no other place in the country.

For centered here, usually with clashing but crystal clearness, are the aims, desires, machinations and connivances of the many facets of our national economy . . . individually and collectively dashing themselves in conflict against the one bulwark set up for the protection of the masses of the American people . . . the federal government.

When that bulwark gives way, then the people of America give way . . . for our federal government IS the people. And this reporter believes sincerely that the people and the government have surrendered, in the recent meat crisis, to the same forces of reaction . . . to the same princes of privilege who brought about the cataclysmic depression of the 1930s.

The difference . . . then we were a land of plenty but the forces of reaction had robbed the people of the means . . . the money with which to buy food and commodities. Today we are a land of plenty, with money bulging the pockets of farmers, of workers, of most everyone, but the forces of reaction took away food and the commodities upon which to spend it. Either way the people suffer.

Artificial Shortage

That this meat famine was deliberately manipulated is proved by the fact that the day after controls were forced off, stockyards overflowed with beef and hogs and sheep at record high prices. The shortsighted farmers who participated in this conspiracy, this "strike" against price control, will not gain in the long run. As meat goes up, prices of other farm produce likely will go down and most surely prices of the commodities that farmers buy will rise and stay up for some time.

The national administration, with the overwhelming support and consent of the people, determined upon a gradual and orderly conversion from war to peace in the process of adjustment . . . and this spirit of orderly change was intended to give every citizen a better opportunity within his own limited means and economy to enjoy the better things, the higher standard of living. It meant waiting a while for those things, but the waiting would have been worth while.

All of us, citizen and business and industry, chafing at the restraints of a war economy, were impatient to cast them off. High war profits and high war wages had sharpened our appetite. The wise leaders counselled more patience—just a little longer government control until supply could catch up with demand. But here in Washington everyone could watch the picture forming . . . the pattern changing . . . for with clever propaganda the forces of reaction began undermining the firm foundations of our national will. No white shirts, no national will, no nylon . . . no this and no that . . . and with more glibless publicity, the blame, at first timidly, then more forcefully, began to be placed upon price control. And the people fidgeted and chafed. Many patronized black markets. Stocks were hoarded, goods were purposefully held from the retail market. Finally came the meat famine. Clever propaganda symbolized the meat shortage as emblematic of all shortages. Everybody high and low wanted to "get theirs."

Selfish and Cynical
"Meat, give us meat"—the people took up the cry, as if a belly full of meat would bring to them all the material goods they had so long been denied. And when the people turned from their self-restraint, so long and patriotically imposed during the war, government had to give way. The President turned to a policy of lifting all price controls and wage stabilization, for most certainly if price controls are lifted then there can be no wage controls.

"Meat" has become the cynical selfish cry in this land of plenty. "Meat" may be the phony issue upon which the outcome of an election may hinge. We have compromised ourselves as a people with the forces of greed and reaction. And we will not get meat, nor any other commodities for which we don't have the price to pay inflated prices. Yes, prices will level off when the consumers form a buyers' strike, but not until the forces of reaction have reaped their harvest of millions of dollars for artificially scarce goods.

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White woolen toys which are not too soiled can be freshened by cleaning them with a paste made of white starch and a little cold water. Rub in and let dry thoroughly, then brush off.

New clotheslines are clumsy to put up. To make them more soft and durable, try first boiling the line for a few minutes in soapy water.

Overcast seams of rayon, silk, or wool to keep them from unraveling. They can be overcast together or each edge separately as preferred. Do not draw threads too tight.

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