



TREASURE OF THE SEA

By George E. Wash W.M.U. Release



THE STORY THUS FAR:
After being adrift for four days on a raft, Dick Jordan is picked up by a small sailing vessel in the Caribbean sea. The captain is named Tucu, an evil-looking half-breed. Dick realizes that he is among men who are little more than pirates. He invents a story of some smuggled jewels, to gain time. He tells Tucu that these jewels are attached to a boat near the sunken steamer. On the way to the area where the steamer lies, they sight a derelict schooner. Tucu changes the course to meet it. When they come close to the drifting vessel, a man appears on the deck and shouts to them in a demented manner.

CHAPTER III

"Crazy!" muttered Captain Tucu. "Left alone, an' gone crazy. Pull away!" he added, addressing the Caribs at the oars.

The boat started in the direction of the schooner, but it hadn't covered a quarter of the distance when another figure appeared on the deck. If the sight of the old man had surprised the boarding crew, the second apparition—for it seemed like an apparition to many, certainly to Dick Jordan on the deck of the lugger—created amazement and consternation.

The newcomer was a woman, lightly clad, and with her hair streaming down her shoulders and back, half way to her waist. She had the appearance of one who has been interrupted in the midst of her toilet, rushing on deck to ascertain the meaning of the commotion. She glanced in the direction of the lugger, shading her eyes with one hand, and then back at the old man on the deck. She spoke to him in a low voice, which he heeded, for he withdrew from sight, and permitted her to do the talking.

"What boat is that?" she asked in a clear, bell-like voice.

Tucu hesitated for a moment before replying; then in his most persuasive voice, he informed her: "The San Miguel, Of Limon."

The girl or young woman—it was difficult to estimate her age at the distance, but to Dick she seemed young and comely—seemed in doubt, hesitating before replying; but her eyes were busy studying the boat's crew and the lines of the lugger. Finally, as if she had made up her mind, she retorted in a sharp, peremptory way:

"Well, what do you want? You can't come aboard!"

Captain Tucu smiled a bit craftily. "We took her for a derelict—abandoned."

"You can see now she isn't," replied the girl quickly. Then, as if anxious to pacify them, she added in a pleasant voice: "Thank you for coming; but we don't need any help. We can manage."

Tucu was a little nonplussed, but the grin hadn't left his ugly face. "You can't get into port with that wreck. We'll help y'er rig her up."

"No, thank you," was the cool retort. "We can manage."

The small boat had been drifting nearer all the time, and as if alarmed by this the girl added sharper than before: "Keep away, please! You'll get tangled in the wreckage."

Tucu turned to his mate and exchanged a few words with him, and then addressed the girl again: "Who's that old man aboard?"

She drew herself up and frowned. "You mean my father, Captain Bedford?"

"Is he cap'n?" There was a smile of derision on his face, which the girl caught. Resenting it, she nodded curtly, and said:

"Yes! Now if you have no further business here, go back to your own ship."

"I'd like to speak to the cap'n," was the cool retort, motioning to the Caribs to dip their oars again.

"You can't!" was the frightened reply. "He's not well, and has gone below."

Dick Goes to Aid Of a Brave Girl

Dick caught the note of alarm in the voice. He gave a start and glanced around him. The handful of Caribs left on the lugger were grouped forward, intently interested in the schooner and the conversation going on between the skipper and the girl. No one paid the least attention to him.

"If Tucu goes aboard," he muttered under his breath. "I'll go too."

After more talk Tucu and his crew made fast to the schooner and prepared to climb aboard. "Stop!" she cried. "I forbid you coming aboard!"

"My father's not responsible for what he says," she cut in sharply. "I'm in command here, and I forbid—"

Dick didn't hear the finish of the sentence. He had quietly dropped over the stern of the lugger, and was once more battling with his aid enemy—the sea.

Swimming slowly, with his head low down in the water, and making a wide detour around the stern of the derelict, Dick reached it without attracting attention. Nobody on the lugger had noticed his departure, and those aboard the schooner were too interested in their prize to give heed to anything else.

Dick climbed up the rigging hanging over the side opposite the lugger, and secured a firm grip on the deck rail with both hands. Tucu and his men were still forward, arguing with the girl. Dick could hear her high-pitched voice raised in remonstrance.

"If you put a foot on this deck, I'll shoot!" she was saying. "The law allows it. You're boarding my ship against my will."

Dick thrust his head above the rail. The men hadn't reached the deck yet, but were hanging over the side, with heads in view. The girl was facing them, with a defiant glitter in her eyes, and an ugly-looking automatic in one hand.

Tucu saw it and hesitated. Ordinarily he would break a woman with as little compunction as he would a dog, and ride roughshod over her opposition; but the one facing him was no ordinary creature. She was cool and collected, pointing a gun at his heart with a hand that did not tremble.

"Y'father asked us aboard, lady," Tucu replied after a pause, an insinuating pleasantry in his voice, "an' we come because o' that. Where's he gone?"

"I told you I was in command here," was the short, curt reply. "That's sufficient. Now get back!" Tucu glanced aft and then forward. "Where's the crew?" he asked, smiling.



Then, as if drawn by common impulse, they turned and gazed at each other.

The girl woman paled slightly through her tan, but answered unhesitatingly: "There's no crew aboard. No one but father and me. Now you know the truth."

It was a bold challenge, delivered in a voice that never quavered. Dick smiled his admiration. She was capable of handling the situation. He made a bet with himself that she would force the men back through sheer will power and bravado.

But neither the girl nor Dick had figured upon the craftiness of old Tucu. Anticipating some such hold-up, the half breed had been playing for time until two of his men could work unobserved along the side of the schooner and climb up the rigging back of the girl. Neither of them was aware of this until her father, the demented skipper of the schooner, suddenly turned up again and announced his presence with glee. He had seen the two Caribs crawling up and instead of repelling them he rushed to offer assistance.

Captain Bedford Babbles Too Much

"Come aboard, mates!" he cried. "I'll help ye. It's a great prize I've picked up—so much money that I don't know what to do with it. Come aboard, an' I'll show ye."

The game was up. The girl turned a horrified gaze at her father, and then swung back again just in time to see Tucu make a leap for the deck. As if determined to punish him for his audacity, she opened fire at short range. With a growl of pain, the half breed dropped to the deck, with one arm limp and useless.

"Damn her. Break her neck, Burley!" he growled.

But Black Burley had no intention of facing the gun pointed at him now. He dropped out of sight behind the bulwark, crowding those back of him into the water.

She would have driven them into their boat at the point of her gun if the two, helped on deck by the old skipper, had not attacked in the rear. When she saw them running toward her she gave a little cry of alarm, and for the first time seemed to lose her nerve.

Tucu raised his voice at the two Caribs, urging them to the flank attack. The crash of the pistol had evidently stunned Captain Bedford, for he stood helpless and amazed with mouth wide open.

Dick at this juncture decided to cast his lot in with the girl. The two Caribs had to pass close to him. When the first came abreast of his hiding place, he shot out a leg and tripped him. The second partly stumbled over the first. Quick as a flash Dick landed a blow with his fist on the point of the man's jaw, and completed the fall.

Both were armed with long curved knives that for ugliness

could not be beaten. Before either could recover from his surprise, he relieved them of their weapons. Then giving the first one a kick he ran in the direction of the girl, who, with Tucu, had been watching him with amazement.

"Keep them covered!" Dick called. "I'll take care of these two. Shoot the first head that bobs up."

Encouraged by the assistance that had so miraculously come to her, the captain's daughter turned more fiercely than ever upon the leader.

"I'll give you ten seconds to get over that rail," she said in a menacing voice. "If you're not gone by that time, I'll kill you like I would a dog."

Black Burley thrust a head above the bulwark. A bullet buried itself in the woodwork so near that he dropped out of sight again. "One!" began the girl. "Two!"

Tucu growled and showed his teeth; but his eyes were upon Dick, whose interference had aroused him to furious hatred. "I'll cut y'heart out, y'traitor!" he breathed thickly. "Three! Four!" counted the girl.

At the seventh count, Tucu picked himself up, slowly and painfully, and made his way over the side. Dick returned to the disarmed Caribs, and with their own knives as weapons drove them into the sea. When they had disappeared, leaving the deck cleared of all enemies, he hurried to the girl's assistance. She was peering over the side of the schooner to see if the crew were leaving in their boat.

"Keep back!" Dick warned. "They may shoot!"

She nodded and stepped cautiously behind the bulwark for protection. Dick glanced around for some weapon. A loose spar, as heavy as a man, and twenty feet long, attracted his attention. Picking it up, he carried it to the side of the schooner, and with a heave threw it outward so that it just grazed the top of the rail.

It rolled over with a clatter, carrying everything with it. There was a growl and scream below that informed him his ruse had succeeded. In its descent the long spar had knocked three Caribs into the sea, and falling on the lugger's small boat nearly smashed the bottom out of it.

Captain Tucu evidently decided that retreat, until he could reorganize his forces and plan a new attack, was the better part of wisdom. He bellowed a command to his men to pull away from the schooner, and a few moments later Dick and Captain Bedford's daughter saw the boat returning to the lugger.

They remained motionless and silent watching until the boat had drawn off beyond pistol shot. Then, as if drawn by common impulse, they turned and gazed at each other.

The girl was quiet and sober, her eyes regarding him inquiringly, almost suspiciously. There was no hint of a smile on her face. The events had tested her courage to the breaking point, and the strain was apparent in the fine lines drawn around the lips and in the heavy circles under her eyes.

Tucu Will Return, Dick Predicts

"We've got rid of them for a time," Dick said, glancing in the direction of the lugger, "but they'll return."

She nodded, following his eyes; then turning to him again, she asked: "Were you with them?"

"Yes," he admitted, "but not of them."

She frowned and raised her eyes inquiringly. "They picked me up a few hours ago," he explained. "I was about dead—been in the water for four days and nights. When they rescued me," he added, smiling at the recollection of it, "I wasn't in a mood to inquire for credentials. I was glad to get any help. Later I found out what they were."

"What are they?" she asked quietly.

"Carib fishermen, beachcombers, sea scavengers, pirates,—almost anything and everything."

"I see," she murmured thoughtfully. "Then you think they want to steal this schooner?"

"They took it for an abandoned derelict at first," he replied truthfully, "and, of course, as such it was their legitimate prize. They were surprised and disappointed when they saw you and your father aboard it."

"I can understand that," she replied, "but when—when I ordered them away, they didn't act as if—"

"But you said they were sea scavengers and pirates," she added, nodding. "I suppose that means they intend to take the schooner anyway, lawfully or unlawfully."

"I'm afraid so. Captain Tucu, I imagine, isn't the kind to be easily discouraged. If he's decided the schooner's worth it he'll return later. Besides," soberly, "he has another reason for making a second attempt."

"What is that?" she asked. He laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "For one thing he'll want to get even with me for interfering, and second to get hold of those jewels I told him about."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for November 24

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PAUL IN ATHENS AND CORINTH

LESSON TEXT—Acts 17:22-34; 18:1-4; I Corinthians 1:22-25. MEMORY SELECTION—For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—I Corinthians 3:11.

History repeats itself, in spiritual things as well as in secular events. The experiences of Paul at Athens and Corinth are peculiarly applicable to our day, for here he encountered the very problems which face (and have apparently stopped) the church today.

The cities were not far apart in miles, and they were both pagan, but they differed widely in their cultural and commercial development. Athens was the home of a godless culture. Corinth was a prosperous commercial center known throughout the world for grossly licentious living.

What did the gospel accomplish in such cities? We shall soon see. I. Godless Intellectualism Meets the Gospel (Acts 17:22-28a).

Paul was alone in Athens. He had been separated from his companions Silas and Timothy (Acts 17:14), and was to await them at Athens. While he waited he looked the city over and found it wholly given to idolatry (v. 16). This was no idle observation of a scientific mind, for it caused Paul's spirit to stir in him.

It is a bad sign when a professed Christian can live in the presence of sin and false worship and not be deeply moved by it.

Paul did something about it! He went into the great daily gatherings of philosophers and gave them some solid Christian philosophy to work on. They were curious to know more, and when the opportunity arose, Paul preached the sermon on Mars Hill.

He found them superstitiously religious, but religion does not save. They even feared lest they had forgotten some god, so one altar was "to the unknown God" (v. 23). This gave Paul his opportunity, for he declared the one true God—unknown to them—as the answer to their question.

The intellectual felt superior and had an idea that God needed him, a kind of snobbery which is as current in 1946 as it was in Paul's day. How effectively he disposed of that attitude appears in verses 24 and 25. They needed God, and without him they could not draw a breath!

Moreover, the pagan intellectual then as now would swell with pride as he thought of the race and people to whom he belonged. They were superior—a master race. Paul declares God's truth that all men are of one blood, and that the nations are in his hands (v. 26).

What they had to do, and what the godless intellectuals of our day need to do, is to seek God in humble repentance and faith; then lives can become fine and noble and useful (vv. 27, 32-34).

II. Sophisticated Immorality Meets the Gospel (Acts 18:1-4).

To Corinth Paul came (evidently still alone) without friends or funds. Like all well-bred Jewish boys, he knew a trade. He was a sail maker and tent maker. Rather than have the ungodly men of Corinth hinder his preaching by the criticism that he was doing it for money, he supported himself.

The minister who is eager for rich financial return, and who is willing to accept the gifts of the ungodly that his work may prosper, has closed the door for his testimony to many who do not believe. In fact, one wonders whether he has any real testimony to give.

In this wicked city, given over to vice and fleshly pleasure, Paul made his way to the synagogue and began to preach Christ. He reasoned and persuaded and won some for the Lord as he continued with them for a year and a half (Acts 18:11).

Paul's letter to the Corinthians reveals the struggle of the believers at Corinth to maintain moral standards and spiritual warmth in such a city, but it also clearly indicates that the gospel of Christ is "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth" (Rom. 1:16), even in the midst of sin and corruption.

III. The Gospel Meets Sin—and is Victorious (I. Cor. 1:22-25).

The wisdom of this world—for which Athens stood in a special way—becomes foolish in the eyes of men, as it is already in the sight of God, when it stands up against the gospel (read vv. 18-21).

The preaching of the cross, which looks foolish to the worldling (v. 23), is the wisdom and the power of God, and by it men are saved.

Whether Jew or Gentile, whether seeking signs or wisdom, whether "up-and-out" by way of pagan intellectualism or "down-and-out" by way of immorality—no matter what man's race, or his problem—the answer is in the gospel which we are privileged to teach and preach, for it is the gospel of "Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God" to all who are called by him.

The Home Town Reporter in WASHINGTON By Walter Sheod WHU Correspondent

'Valley Authorities' Favored By Secretary of Interior Krug

REPERCUSSIONS of the speech delivered in Seattle recently by J. A. (Cap) Krug, secretary of the interior, in which he boldly advocated passage of the Columbia Valley authority bill, creating an autonomous regional authority independent of the interior department, for development of the Columbia river valley, are being felt here in Washington. They are being felt particularly by the die-hards within the department itself.

Harold Ickes, long-time predecessor of Krug as boss of the interior department, found such valley authorities distasteful and sought by every means to keep within his department all the power possible over extension of reclamation, flood control, power manufacture and other public land development.

In so doing, he made the bureau of reclamation the largest manufacturer of electric power in the world. Paradoxically, we do not hear the fervid objections to this government manufacture of power, from utility and other opposition interests, that are expressed against TVA, which manufactures electric power on a much smaller scale.

But Secretary Krug has knocked into a cocked hat any idea that he would follow in the Ickes traditions when he told the Public Ownership league in the state of Washington that "there has been extensive, bitter and confused controversy over the best method of attaining the most efficient and effective federal government support and encouragement for that sorely needed economic development. That controversy focused on the Columbia Valley authority bill which my good friend, Sen. Hugh Mitchell, introduced into the last session of congress."

"The idea of that bill was sound, the principles were right, the objective was not only desirable, but, in my opinion, essential to the rapid development of this region. I wish to endorse the idea, principles and objective."

Ready to Fight

Thus equalling his predecessor in plain-spoken bluntness, Secretary Krug has thrown down the gauntlet for another bitter fight in the 80th congress over passage of this bill, and also, although he did not mention it, the bill creating a Missouri Valley authority for the same purposes in the Missouri river basin.

Both these bills follow the pattern of the Tennessee Valley authority, and one of the reasons why the two bills, the Columbia river and the Missouri bills, did not get out of committee in the last congress was the veiled opposition by Secretary Ickes, who was reluctant to give up his authority over the projects.

With Krug it is different. "I would like," he said, "to give up some of my power and authority exercised at Washington and see it exercised here."

Krug gave some pointed replies to what he termed "misconceptions" arising about such a regional river basin development body.

First, such a body would not increase federal power in this area.

Second, it would not create a "super federal government," but merely relocate the focus point of certain federal powers and functions already in existence.

Third, it would not replace the federal agencies performing functions in this area which are clearly but a part of a general national program.

Fourth, such a body would not interfere with the rights of existing water users.

Fifth, power would not displace irrigation as the prime responsibility of the federal government.

Sixth, such a body would not interfere with states' rights.

Benefit to All

"The only honest complaint I've heard about setting up an authority in the Columbia valley region is that it would spread low-cost public power more rapidly and more widely, would develop land and mineral resources of the area more quickly and fully, and would with greater success provide the economic basis for a substantial increase in population and living standards."

Whether Secretary Krug also will champion the Missouri Valley authority bill, introduced by Senator Murray of Montana, is not known. His influence in behalf of the Columbia river bill will most certainly put the measure in a position to receive more generous congressional consideration than was given the Missouri valley measure.

In the meantime, the experts in charge of reclamation and irrigation, the land office and other departments affected are decidedly upset over the thought of losing control of their projects in the Columbia valley in the great northwest and the opponents of regional control of river developments already are marshalling their forces.

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