

TREASURE OF THE SEA

BY Garage E. 70.66



THE STORY THUS FAR!

The crew of a small sailing vessel in the Caribbean pick up Dick Jordan, adrift on a raft. Dick realizes that he is among men who are virtually pirates. They come upon a drifting schooner, apparently a derelict. When two persons appear on the wallowing ship Tacu, the pirate captain, is disappointed. Demented Captain Bedford invites Tucu and his crew aboard, but his daughter Rose turns them back with her automatic. Dick swims to the schooner and aids Rose in the battle. Tucu withdraws, but Dick fears he will return during the night. They keep watch anxiously. A storm is brewing and it obscures the moon.

CHAPTER V

Dick walked slowly forward again, keeping a more watchful eye in the direction of the lugger, and listening for any strange sound. The lugger was invisible in the gloom, and he knew the Caribs would creep upon them without detection until within a few yards of the schooner. The danger of a surprise was grow ing with every minute.

Four times he made his circuit and met Rose, who reported every-thing quiet and peaceful aft. Then on the fifth round, he was delayed a little by a noise in the water that sounded suspicious. He waited to verify it, and then resumed his walk more hurriedly. more hurriedly.

When he reached their meeting point, she was not in sight. He waited impatiently for her, but when she did not appear he grew anxious. There was a chance that his own delay had caused the trou-ble. She had not waited for him. Unwilling to go back until assured of her safety, he lingered until she appeared nearly ten minutes later.

"I missed you," he exclaimed in whisper, "and couldn't go back a whisper, "and until I was sure."

"You shouldn't have done that," she frowned. "Something may have happened forward while you were

"I'll hurry back," he replied in re Hef. "But wait for me on the next

trip. I must know you're safe."

She nodded, and Dick hurried to make up for lost time. In his haste he was careless and tripped along with more speed than caution. He was till thinking of the girl when a black shadow rose up to confront him. Startled, and not sure that it wasn't an optical illusion, he paused instead of raising his gun to fire an alarm.

That momentary hesitation was his misfortune. By the time he was convinced a burly Carib was facing him on the deck of the schooner, two other dark forms had sprung out of the gloom back of him. Dick raised his gun to shoot, but a hand knocked it upward, while one of the long, powerful, hairy arms of Black Burley encircled his neck and crushed the wind out of

When Dick recovered, and his wits returned to him, the Caribs were in full possession of the schooner. He needed no further verification of this than his own helpless conditon. Trussed up se-curely, he was lying on his back, with his face turned up to the moon less sky. Storm clouds were scurrying over his head, and the treacherous moon was still invisible.

Dick Stalls for Time By Bargaining

A foot prodded him in the ribs, and a black face was thrust into his. Dick recognized the crafty one of Captain Tucu, leering with triumph.
"Ain't dead, I see," the half-breed

gloated. "Y'want to be careful next time how y'hit that deck. It ain't

Dick stared at him.
"Where's Captain Bedford's
daughter?" he asked. "Did she get Bedford's

Tucu smiled cruelly, realizing he had another weapon of torture in his hands. "She ain't dead neither,"

he grinned. "We're keepin' her in the cabin—me an' Black Burley." The intended significance of the words aroused Dick to fury. "If you hurt her, Tucu," he said slowly, insult her you'll pay with your life

This is war between you and me. Leave her out of it." "What'll y'do if I promise?" he asked, smiling warily.
"Anything you ask."
"Y'll stick to y'bargain, an' show

me where them jewels was dropped overboard."

"Y'tried to trick me once growled the other, "an' ye'll do it again. Y'word ain't wurth nothin'. I'd cut y'throat if I thought..." "No, I didn't trick you," Dick in-rrupted. "I interfered only when

terrupted. "I interfered only when you began war on a woman. That wasn't part of our bargain." The half-breed paused, watching his prisoner with doubtful eyes. "I wasn't makin' no war on women," he said finally. "Cap'n Bedford in-vited me aboard his schooner, an' that—"

"He's crazy, you knew. He wasn't responsible. The schooner was in command of his daughter."

"He ain't so crazy that he don't remember some things," was the retort. "Soon's we can find that treasure he's picked up, we'll treasure leave."

"What treasure?"
Captain Tucu whited and laughed.
"Y'don't know nothin' 'bout it, I

him, an' his daughter ain't said nothin' to ye."

nothin' to ye."

Dick was puzzled and mystified.

He shook his head finally. "I don't know what you're talking about. If there's any treasure on the schooner, I don't know of it."

There was unpreprinted "Y'lay."

Tucu was unconvinced. "Y'lay there an' think about it. Mebbe y'll remember, or we'll find it."

When he walked away in the gloom, Dick had ample opportunity to reflect. There came to his mind a vague remembrance that in his crazy chatter Captain Bedford had made reference to a prize—a treas-

ure—he had found.

If Tucu believed there was any treasure hidden on the schooner, he would search for it, spend days overhauling every part of the craft. This would cause further delay, and time was precious. Any hour or day a ship might cross their path, and he might not be able to signal for

He concluded finally to favor the He concluded finally to favor the idea that there was something of value aboard, and that Captain Bedford had hidden it. By pretending that he and Rose knew of its existence, but couldn't locate it, they would gain time. With two treasures dangled before Tucu's eyes there was a possibility of eventually finding a way out of their treables.

finding a way out of their troubles. When Tucu appeared a few hours later, with the first streaks of dawn breaking in the east, Dick's mind was made up. He met the eyes of the old renegade with a look of compliance.

"Tucu," he said, "you've got me in your power, and there's no use



fighting against fate. I'll make a new deal with you. Captain Bed-ford has enough loot aboard to make those smuggled jewels look like cheap imitations."

"Thought y'said there wasn't none," growled the man, scowling hard at his prisoner. Dick smiled. "That was before

I thought you knew," he replied. "I didn't want you to know of it. I thought I could get away with it. That's why I didn't want you to board the schooner."

"Y'wanted to get the treasure an'

"Wasn't any harm in that, was there?" laughed Dick. "You'd do as much if you had the chance."
"Reckon I got 'em," leered the

"No," slowly, "you haven't.
You've got the girl, but you haven't
got the treasure."

"Reck'n one goes with the other.
She'll tell when I want her to."
"No, she won't," replied Dick
boldly, "for she doesn't know where
it is."

"The hell she don't! Y're lyin' to me.'

ne. All right!"—shrugging his s ders. "Don't believe me. Ask her!" The half-breed surveyed him quietly a moment, and then became convinced nothing was to be gained by stubbornness.

Threat of a Storm Forces Tucu's Hand

"If she don't know where it is, who does?" he demanded surlily. "Captain Bedford, of course. He

hid it in one of his crazy moments. His daughter knew where it was be-fore that, but now she doesn't know any more than you do. Her father's so crazy we couldn't get the secret from him. We were trying hard when you came aboard. If we found it we intended to escape in the small boat, and leave the schooner

"Y'ain't lyin' to me ag'in!" ejac-ulated Tucu, eyeing his prisoner

suspiciously.
"When did I lie to you before?" The other growled savagely, and made no reply. After a while, he asked: "What's this new deal y'had in mind? Spit it out."

"I wanted your word you wouldn't hurt Captain Bedford's daughter," replied Dick slowly. "If you promise not to harm her, we'll help you search for the treasure. If you find it we'll let you take it, if you leave the schooner to us. You don't want that. She's no good, and wouldn't

be worth towing to port."

"Reck'n she ain't a bad prize,"
murmured Tucu reflectively. "We
could get her to land if another
storm didn't come up."

"But another storm is coming," interrupted Dick. "You're sailor

enough to know that. Feel the air, and that wind-"

Tucu studied the leaden skies. "There may be another storm, an' there may be only a little squall," he said. "I ain't sayin' which."

"No, but you know which it is," smiled Dick. "It's a storm." Tucu glanced uneasily around at the horizon again.

"Y'can't help any in searchin' the schooner," he decided finally. "But y'can lie here an' watch us." "Then you don't agree to a new deal?"

"If we find the treasure you an' was the grinning retort. "Mebbe y'can ride out the storm an' to land. I'll leave y'on it."

"Then it's a bargain?" The half-breed regarded him slow-

ly before replying.
"Yes," he said finally, "after
y' show me where them smuggled

y show me where them sangased jewels is. Reck'n that's fair." "You're not greedy, Captain Tucu, are you?" laughed Dick, "You want the treasure and the smuggled goods. What do I get?"

"The girl and the schooner," leered the other.
"And if the schooner goes down in the storm I lose both."

"No, y'can swim fur it. Two on a raft's more comfortable than one, an' that's the way y'was when we picked y'up."

Dick nodded. He had gained his point. Nothing would happen to him or Rose while they searched the schooner for the mythical treasure. In the meantime, almost anything might happen—a ship appear or a storm break.

"We'll call it a deal," he said finally.

His ready compliance awakened the other's suspicion.

"Y' got to help us in one way," he added. "You an' that girl's got to help us." -'How can we?"

"By wheedlin' it out of the cap-tin. Mebbe he'll listen to his daughter."

"I don't know about that; but I'll promise to do what I can. Let me

Tucu was still suspicious, but as there was no other way he finally decided to grant this request.

The sun was rising in the east when Dick was led by two of the Caribs to the captain's cabin.

His entrance into the cabin brought a little exclamation of delight from a dark corner. Rose Bedford came forward to greet him. "Oh, they didn't kill you!" she exclaimed eagerly. "I was afraid they

"No, I got a knock on the head, but it didn't amount to much." He glanced around him. The cabin was empty except for his two captors and a third Carib on watch at the entrance. Tucu hadn't followed them. Dick took advantage of the opportunity to explain the situation to her. The Caribs didn't under-

stand English. "Rose," he said eagerly, "Tucu believes your father's got some sort of a treasure aboard the schooner,

and he's after it. I told him I'd help him find it."

Instead of meeting him with glad eyes, her face darkened. Dick had an uncomfortable feeling that she was searching him with eyes of

"I promised," he went on eager-ly, "that we would help him search for the treasure."
"You promised that?" she repeat-ed, slowly in a cold voice.

Rose Is Angered at Dick's Agreement

"Yes, to gain time," he contin-ted. "While he's looking for the treasure we may plan some way of escape. Tucu won't leave until he's searched every part of the schoon-er, and that will take a day or two."

eyes vaguely restless and uncer-tain. Dick had the impression that she was worried.

"Why does Captain Tucu think there's any treasure on the schoonr?" she asked slowly.
Dick chuckled. "From the rav-

ings of your father. He heard him chatter about the prize he'd picked

"And do you think there's any?" Dick was on the point of answer ing negatively when a queer expression in her eyes arrested him. He glanced soberly at her, and then instead of putting in a denial he countered with the question:

"Do you? Is there any treasure on board?"

She remained processorities

remained glancing from him to the two stal-wart Caribs, whose sleepy eyes in-dicated no interest in the conversa-Dick became suddenly urbed in mind. If there was any particular sum of money or gold or anything else of special value, he had not improved matters by telling Captain Tucu he would help him in the search for it. In fact, he felt that he had complicated the situa-tion. From the accusing eyes of

tion. From the accusing eyes of the girl, he began to feel guilty of having betrayed a secret.

"I didn't know there was anything, Rose," he said penitently. "I supposed your father's chatter was all moonshine. I'm sorry if I've—I've blundered."

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY JCHOOL Lesson

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

Lesson for December 8

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PAUL ADMONISHES

LESSON TEXT-I Corinthians 11:20-27; Romans 13:18, 14: Ephesians 5:18-21. MEMORY SELECTION-Let us walk hon-ertly, as in the day.—Romans 13:13.

Temperance is readily taught from the epistles of Paul for he was constantly moved by the Holy Spirit to exhort the churches and individ-ual Christians to a careful and

worthy walk before God.

In doing so he was not afraid to speak plainly about the use of intoxicants. Perhaps his brethren in the ministry today should consider him and take courage.

Our lesson is a temperance lesson, and since some twist that word "temperance" to fit almost any kind of indulgence, we should like to quote a careful evaluation of it by Dr. W. R. White:

"Temperance is a seriously misunderstood word. The best definition we know defines it as abstaining from that which is harmful, and using moderately that which is legitimate. We would not advise a man to be moderate in teasing a rattle-snake. We would not tell him that it is all right to steal, lie or commit adultery just so he is temperate about it. We would not tell a man to use dope moderately. . . . We could tell a man to be moderate about eating meat or any other wholesome thing."

The only way to be temperate about liquor is to let it alone! I. The Wrong Way and the Right Way-in the Church (I Cor. 11:20-

There were a number of disorderly things about the Corinthian church which needed correction. One of these concerned the Lord's Supper. A time which should have given them a blessed unity in fellow-ship and love had become just the

It was their custom to eat a socalled love feast before the sacrament, and instead of making it a time of loving and sharing, the rich ate their sumptuous meals and let a poor brother gnaw on a crust of

Then feasting led, as it so often does, to excesses. Some became drunken on the wine and even partook of the Lord's Supper while intoxicated.

We are not so much concerned with the Lord's Supper in this les-son as we are with the behavior of those who attended. Think of coming to the holy table drunk! It seems impossible, and yet it hap-

Do we not still let the poor in our midst shift pretty well for them-selves? The rich flaunt their affluence and let the poor get along on their crust of bread. The church needs to renew its scriptural appreciation what fellowship and communion really means.

II. The Wrong Way and the Right Vay—in the Community (Rom. 13: 13, 14).

This chapter of the epistle to the Romans concerns the right behavior of the believer in his civic relation-He is a citizen of heaven.

but he is also a citizen of the community in which he lives.

The use of intoxicants which a generation ago was a shameful generation ago was a snamenu thing is now generally accepted. The home in which liquor was served was a disgrace; now "cocktail" is one of the first words children learn.

What is the explanation? Is liquor any less destructive and demoral-izing? Certainly not! Is it then true that people are more candid and open about what they do? No, it is rather that moral standards have slipped to the point where they are no longer ashamed when they should be, if they thought straight!
Along with the liquor go all the

things enumerated in verse 13. Oh, the awful depth of sex degradation, of plain ordinary indecency and dishonesty, of strife and envy. It is not a nice picture, but it is

The right way is found in verse 14. It was reading these two verses in his mother's open Bible that led Augustine to Christ. He saw and took the right way. Will others do

III. The Wrong Way and the Right Way-in the Heart (Eph. 5:18-21). This is a personal matter. The man or woman who finds satisfaction in wine wants the overcoming power of the narcotic influence to

take away the sense of responsibility for life. It is a weak and hopeless way to avoid facing reality.

The right way is to let the Holy Spirit take full control of the heart and life. This is to be a sense of responsibility. and life. This is to be an experie of complete surrender, being "fi with the Spirit."

Does life then become drab and uninteresting? No, indeed! For the first time you will be really joyful. That inevitably leads to thankfulness, a grace too little known and practiced. It is the state of the state o practiced. It is for all things at all times. Do not overlook that fact. Then too there will be a delightful attitude of consideration and respect for one another (v. 21) and of devotien to God.



Bural Areas Most Affected By Shortage of Teachers

R ED" SKELTON, radio comedian, recently remarked that he now knows that the reason his grade school teacher looked that way was because she was just hun-gry. While this may not be literally true, the recent report of Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching bears out the statement of the radio entertainer in that it describes the school teachers of the country as generally "the forgot-ten" people whose ability to carry on irrespective of work load, living costs and other worrisome factors is taken for granted.

The report asserts that one of the serious defects in the public education system is the apparent country-wide neglect of "the central figure in the educational process—the teach-

There is no denying that the serious shortage of school teachers in the nation today is hampering and lowering educational standards in our public school system. According to Dr. Frank Hubbard, director of research of National Educational association in Washington, there association in washington, active was a shortage of approximately 109,000 - qualified school teachers last year and the shortage for the ensuing year will be approximately the same number. ly the same number.

This shortage is revealed by the number of emergency certificates for teaching which have been granted. Such temporary paper means that the bearer is not qualified for a regular certificate, measured by the standards of the state.

Shifts of Population

Shortages of school teachers are worst in those states where influx of wartime population and extremely high birth rates have brought about tremendous population increases. According to Dr. Hubbard, this migration of population has moved toward the "rim" of the country to the west and east coasts, to Louisiana and the Great Lakes regions, and hence the school teacher short-age is worse in these sections, particularly in California. California educators declare they need 4,000 new teachers each year for the next 10 years to meet their educational

Dr. Hubbard declares the causes underlying this shortage in quali-fied teachers are cumulative over the years and conditions are worse in small towns and rural areas than

in the larger cities. Teachers migrate from the smaller schools and smaller communities to larger schools and larger communities, drawn by more attractive salaries and better living conditions and more economic opportuni-ties. And so rural schools drawing upon unqualified teachers to fill the gaps, have considerably lower standards today than in prewar years.

Higher Pay, More Prestige

Immediate and necessary remedies to cure the shortage and to prevent a further breakdown in educational standards, according to Dr. Hubbard, include:

1. Immediate steps to make salaries attractive enough to prevent further losses of competent teachers. This is coming gradually with about a 30 per ers' salaries since 1941:

2. Make salaries decent enough to attract young people into the teaching profession and to prevent them from going into lines of work to earn a de cent living:

3. Streamlining of teacher educational institutions to make life and study in these institutions more attractive to stu-

4. A program of recruitment in high schools and colleges to prove to newcomers there are real opportunities in the teach-ing profession; 5. A broad and long-range program of raising the general prestige of the teaching profes-sion, particularly in the matter of public thinking toward school teachers.

6. Eliminate many subordi-nate problems such as housing, poor school construction, inade-quate school equipment and facilities and oversize classes.

The teacher shortage in rural schools is alarming to educators and an attempt was made during the 79th congress to provide for federal appropriations to assist local communities to provide better sal-aries. The measure failed pas-

aries. The measure failed pas-sage, however, largely due to op-position to "federal control" which might follow use of federal money. City schools are feeling the short-age only in specialized lines and en-rollment in city schools likely will be smaller the coming year with population moving to the suburbs and rural areas.

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The octobass, a three-stringed musical instrument invented in Paris in 1849, was 13 feet in height and thus required its player to stand on a box to bow it and press its strings with artificial fingers which he moved by levers, says

Collier's.
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