

TREASURE OF THE SEA

The story thus pak:

The crew of a small sailing vessel in
the Caribbean pick up Dick Jordan,
adrift on a raft. Dick realizes he is
among men who are virtually pirates.
They come upon a drifting schooner.
Only people aboard are demented Captain Bedford and his daughter, Rose. tain Bedford and his daughter, Rose. Tucu and his pirates attempt to capture the schooner, but Rose turns them back, aided by Dick. During the night Tucu again attacks and captures Rose and Dick. He then begins a fruitless search for the "treasure" supposed to be aboard. Dick talks him into a deal. Tucu is anxious to get the treasure and get away. Rose is startled when she hears Dick's bargain.

CHAPTER VI

"Don't be sorry until you know what you're sorry for," she inter-rupted sharply. "I didn't say there was enything of value aboard. What Father says I'm not responsible for. He says a lot of crazy things."
"Then—then—"
She waved him to silence as a

footstep sounded on the stairs and Captain Tucu pushed his way into the room. He glanced from one prisoner to the other.

"Well," he growled, "y'ready to gell?

"As much as we know, captain," replied Dick quickly. "Neither of us knows where Captain Bedford hid the money. If we had known we'd have left the schooner before you came aboard."

Rose Bedford turned to face the half-breed, her cheeks flushed and angry. There was no fear in her.
"If you think I'd tell if I knew
where it was hidden," she said defiantly, "you're mistaken. You could
never get it out of me."

Her defeares husness to the blood

Her defiance brought the blood into the old pirate's face and the devil in his eyes. He stepped toward her and caught an arm in his pow-

erful grip.

"Y'wouldn't!" he snarled.

"Y'wouldn't, eh? Well, y'little shedevil, I'll show ye. I'll wring it out of ye, an—"

"Hold on, captain," interrupted Dick, "she doesn't know anything about it. Let up on her! You promised not to make war on her. Settle

it with me."
"Well, what d'ye know about it?" was the savage retort, as he turned from the girl to him. "Y'tell me or y'll go back in the water where we found ye. Pretty damn quick,

Dick was struggling between a strong desire to twist the man's neck and the need of extra caution in playing his hand skillfully. The latter finally triumphed. He smiled

good-naturedly.
"If you dropped me overboard, captain, you'd lose both treasure and those jewels. Now you don't want to do that."

Tucu growled impotently, expending his wrath by glancing from one to the other with wicked, malevolent eyes. He spat viciously on the floor, and then exploded:

"I'll give y'until tonight—sundown to find out. If we ain't got the stuff by that time, y'got to find it for us-ye an' that witch! Y'get me? It's got to be found! I don't care how y'do it, so's it's done. If not we'll string the capt'n up by his thumbs 'til he remembers, an' ye an' this girl'll come next. If we can't do any better we'll tie y'up in the cabin an' set the schooner afire. Then ye an' the treasure can go to hell together."

"And the smuggled jewels?"

queried Dick, smiling. Captain Tucu regarded him an instant in silence, and then shook his "I ain't sure there ever was any jewels," he said suspiciously. "I may give y'one more chance to prove it. Then—then—ye'll wish y'd died on that raft. It would be Later, if the storm did not send the much easier, I reck'n, than the way ye'll go if y'disappoint me."

Tucu Is Convinced

There Is No Treasure

As the search proceeded, and nothing was found, the half-breed's temper grew short and surly. He kept the deck most of the time, his eyes on Dick, who was lashed to the foremast, or on Rose. Captain Bedford had been held a prisoner in the fo'c's'le where he had been subjected to certain third-degree methods of Tucu's invention; but the wandering mind of the demented man was a treacherous thing to depend upon.

In time the old man's very will-ingness to talk of the hidden treasuse disgusted them

"Hell," muttered Tucu in disgust:

"He never had no treasure." He strode on deck, his eyes blood-shot with anger. Seizing Rose by the arm, he said: "Y've been lyin' ter me. There wasn't no treasure aboard."

"I never said there was," she re-plied coolly. "You took Father's word for it, and I told you he wasn't responsible for what he said."

Tucu glared at her in silence his face working in a passion. Then without a word, he dropped her arm and strode toward Dick. "Y'got one more chance," he said ominously. Y'lied 'bout this treasure. Now we'll see if y'were lyin' 'bout them

BY Garage E. Walsh



climax. The crew under Tucu's orders were preparing to return to
the lugger. Dick didn't quite understand what it meant until half
an hour later two Caribs cut the
some holding his could. He made no resistance to
the waves, but swam with them,
as triving to keep on their crests for climax. The crew under Tucu's orropes holding him to the mast. He tried to extract from them some information; but they mutely disre-garded him and conducted him to

Ten minutes later he was rowed back to the lugger. All except two of the crew were abandoning the schooner. When Tucu and Black Burley came aboard the lugger, Dick's fear for his own safety was secondary to his dread that some-thing terrible was about to happen

to Rose.
"Where's Captain Bedford's daughter?" he demanded sharply.
"Where she wanted to be—aboard
the schooner," replied Tucu, grin-

ning. "She's not going with us?"

"No." "Is she alone?"

the small boat.



"Y've been lyin' to'me."

"She's got two o' my men to keep her company, an' that crazy fa-ther," leered the half-breed.

Dick frowned. The sea was rough and choppy, and the wind blowing half a gale. The threatened storm was rapidly approaching. The schooner was in no condition to weather it. Captain Bedford was worse than useless, and the Caribs wars indifferent seamen. were indifferent seamen.

"Storm's coming, captain," Dick said finally, "and the schooner will go down in it. Why not take the captain and his daughter off? You don't want them to drown."

"The hell I don't," snapped the other. "I didn't put 'em there, an' I ain't goin' to take 'em off." "Then will you let me go back

to them?' Tucu grinned. "Y're goin' to show

me where them smuggled goods was chucked off the steamer, or y're goin' to feed the fishes."

The man's plan was clear enough now. Convinced there was nothing of great value aboard the schooner, he had abandoned her until after he had found the smuggled gems. schooner to the bottom, he could return and salvage her if she was

The gale was stiffening every minute, and the work of getting un-der way was hurried. With almost bare poles the lugger would have great difficulty in standing up in the wind and rough sea. A giant wave swept the deck. With a yell Dick tried to save himself, but with his arms tied behind his back he was as helpless as a child. He rolled over and over, and was saved at the last minute by Black Burley, who jerked him back in the nick of time

Once Again Dick Plunges Into Sea

"Cut these ropes," Dick splut-tered, "and give me a chance. An-other wave like that will finish me." Captain Tucu nodded to his mate 'Cut 'em an' take him below.'

Dick waited his chance. He had definitely decided to trust his life to the sea again and to try to reach the schooner. Better die battling with the elements than sail away with the black pirates. He stood a moment, stretching his limbs, and watching the heaving seas. Another wave, smaller than the first, but big enough to give him an excuse, swept over the bow of the lugger and rolled aft.

When it struck him, he gave another yell, as if calling for help, but "What's wrong, captain?" asked Dick, realizing that something had happened to bring matters to a head. "There ain't no treasure aboard. Y'made up that tale. Now other yell, as it calling for help, but instead of resisting the mass of green waters he plunged straight into them and assisted them in carrying him overboard. Black Burley made a grab for him with his long

we'll see if y'made up that one 'bout the smuggled gems."

Matters had certainly reached a Shaking the brine out of his eyes,

better observation. A light twin-kled out of the darkness, but he wasn't sure whether it came from

the lugger or the schooner. He conserved his strength as much as possible, swimming easily and treading water every time he was swept on the crest of a wave From this pinnacle he had a wide glimpse of the sea; but the darkness now shut out everything, and nei-ther the lugger nor the schooner was visible.
"I've missed it," he groaned once.

"I should have been there before this.'

In the midst of his bitter reflections his hand caught something that startled him.

It was a water-soaked rone! His mind nimbly leaped from des-pair to hope. He clutched eagerly at the mass of slimy ropes that before had been sea monsters and slippery Now they were life lines fly out to help him. Their continued lashing and twisting were pleasant indications that they were real and substantial. He was not dreaming.

He began clawing at them, pulling himself from one mass of rigging to another. When his hands came in contact with a floating spar, and it bobbed up and nearly smashed his face, he laughed in glee in-stead of cursing. If he could crawl up the wreckage to the schooner's deck he would be safe.

Finally a giant wave carried him clear over the rail and dropped him heavily on the deck where he lay sprawled for some moments, gasping for breath, and groaning from the effects of the terrific struggle. The crests of the surging waves reached him even here, but they no longer had the power to use him as

a battering ram.

When he finally raised his head and looked around the wave-swept deck, he had a queer feeling that all his efforts had been in vain. The schooner was abandoned, with him as the only living being aboard.

A little startled by his discovery, he began crawling in the direction of the cabin. If Rose and her father were aboard he would find them there, for the wet, slippery deck was no place for them, and they could not hope to navigate the derelict on such a wild night.

When he reached the head of the companion, a welcome ray of light came through the open door of the cabin, bringing joy and relief to his tortured mind. Rose was below with her father, watching, hoping, and praying or stoically awaiting their

Dick staggered to his feet and started down the steps; but before he had taken one, sounds of a muffled commotion halted him. Cran-ing his head forward, he listened, peering intently through the murky gloom until his eyes came to a fo cus on something lying half across the threshold. With a little start of surprise, he recognized the body of one of the two Caribs left behind on the schooner.

Another Ugly Battle For Rose and Dick

A reddish clot of blood in the middle of the forehead told where a bul-get had entered and brought his life to a sudden end.

From inside the cabin came the

low, shifting sounds of a wordless conflict, with the combatants struggling back and forth in a deadly embrace, their breath coming in short, wheezy gasps.

Dick slipped down the few steps and stood astride the dead Carib. He blinked a moment under the strong light of the swinging cabin lamp before he took in the significance of the scene.

The second Carib had disarmed

Rose, and with one powerful hand pinning her against the wall he was trying to encircle her waist with his free arm. With a growl of rage, Dick sprang at the brute, catching him by the neck, and with a jerk wrenched his head back. Then looping an arm around the neck he pried the head backward until he could get a strangle hold on the windpipe

The Carib was a big, powerful man, with a head as hard as a battering ram, and arms and legs as thick and solid as tree trunks. Aft. er the first shock of surprise, he struggled to shake his assailant from his back, grunting and blow-ing loudly. Dick's strength had been badly spent in the struggle in the water, and as they rolled and twist-ed over the cabin floor his own breath came in short, labored gasps.
In spite of his advantageous hold,

he realized that the Carib might eventually get the better of him.
The bull-like neck rose and fell,
emitting horrible gurgling sounds,
but his strength showed no signs of weakening. The powerful muscles were working slowly and steadily, while Dick's were rapidly weaken

Then, when it seemed as if his last ounce of strength had been used up, and his burly antagonist was still fresh and active, a sudden deafen-ing crash shattered the stillness,

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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 15

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PHILEMON: A LETTER ON CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD

LESSON TEXT—Philemon 4-20.
MEMORY SELECTION—New the Lord is that Spirit and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.—II Corinthians 3:17.

Christian brotherhood! That may not sound like a dynamic influence destined to change the world, but that is just what it has done. We study today a letter written about a slave bey at a time when slavery was accepted as right, but it stated principles of Christian consideration and brotherly love which were eventually to overthrow slavery. It is still at work today when and where we let it!

This letter, written by Paul and yet by the Holy Spirit, personal and yet eternal and spiritual in its application, is a model of letter writing, and equally a model of Christian brotherhood. It concerns one Onesimus, a slave who had desert ed his master and probably defrauded him (v. 18). He had been con-verted and now was being sent back to his master.

I. "I Might Be Bold-Yet I Rather Beseech Thee" (vv. 4-9).

After a fine spiritual salutation (vv. 1-3), Paul enters upon an appeal to Philemon which is a model of tact and courtesy.

First he lets Philemon know of

his prayerful interest in him. Paul had been praying for him, that's why he could say such a helpful word.

Then he recognizes Philemon's goodness and his effective testimony for Christ. This was an excellent approach to the making of a request, and be sure that it was not empty or hypocritical flattery. We do well to recognize the fine qualities of our Christian brother, and we could profitably speak of them more than we do.

Then Paul was ready to make his

request. See how nicely he does it. He skillfully reminds Philemon that he (Paul) might make some de-mands, and especially in view of his age and his imprisonment. But he will not do so; rather he says, "I beseech thee."

II. "Without Thy Mind I Would Do Nothing" (vv. 10-16). Paul, the aged prisoner, had found

in his new convert, Onesimus, a real helper. He would have liked to keep him. In fact, says he to Philemon. Onesimus could do for me the things you would want to do if you were here (v. 13). Paul could have felt sure of the

willingness of Philemon. He could have assumed that the request have would be granted. And in any case, Philemon did not even know where Onesimus was, so why not keep him? He did not reason thus.

True Christian consideration respects the personal rights and the property rights of another. We must not assume, or demand, or put pressure on anyone (v. 14) to get what they have or to draw out their service.

Another expression of consideration is found in verses 15 and 16. Philemon had lost a heathen slave, now he is receiving back a Christian brother. No worker will give less in service, and no master will demand more, because both are Christians.

Now Paul touches on one of the finest elements involved in Christian brotherhood, namely, co-operation. We are to live and labor together for a common cause. Pleading for his friend and brother, the young slave Onesimus, he says:

III. "If Thou Count Me a Partner, Receive Him" (vv. 17-21).

Partners share the benefits and the burdens of their joint enterprise. Partners in the gospel, like Paul and Philemon, shared not only spiritual blessings, but also the responsibilities. Paul was presenting such an item to Philemon in the return of Opesimus. Something had to be done about the debt of Onesimus, his failure as a servant. Paul says, "Charge it to me, your partsays,

It has been pointed out that there is here a blessed example of the important doctrine of imputation, which is the "act of God whereby he accounts righteousness to the believer in Christ," because he "has borne the believer's sins in vindi-cation of the law." So we note that verses 17 and 18 perfectly illustrate imputation.

Paul's promise, "I will repay it"
(v. 19), was the legal phraseology
of a promissory note in his day.
It was a bonafide partisanship transaction, yet it was coupled with a re-minder of indebtedness. Everything Philemon had and was he owed to Paul; but, says the latter, "I will not speak of that now."

No right-thinking person is con-tent always to be on the receiving end. The humblest recipient of fa-vor or the smallest child who feels the love of another wants to respond. The considerate friend will, therefore, not always insist on giving, but will graciously (like Paul) open the way for co-operation, for partner ship.



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'Co-Operation' of Truman,

PRESIDENT Harry S. Truman has offered the olive branch of co-operation and Chairman Reese of the Republican national committee has accepted and proffered his own co-operation on behalf of the Republican leadership in the 80th congress. These gestures are intended to imply that they will seek to prevent an impasse between the Re-publican congress and the Demo-cratic executive during the next two

ington who believe that such a state of Utopia can be reached, particularly with reference to the bi-partisan agreement on our foreign pol-icy. The majority of those closely associated with government in both political parties, however, put their finger on the wording of the two leaders as just gestures, and insist that in cold practical politics too much is at stake for anything of that kind to happen.

Human nature being what it is, there is a question even as to whether or not the Republican leadership itself can be brought into harmonious agreement with the 1948 presidential nomination within the possible grasp of one of the top five GOP leaders.

In the senate itself, there are both Senators Taft and Bricker of Ohio, who have been stepping aside for each other in their bid for the presidential nomination during the last two GOP national conventions. There will be no such Alphonse and Gaston act for the two senators from the Buckeye state this time, each out to make a record for himself. Then there is Senator Vandenburg of Michigan, champion of the bi-partisan foreign policy and titular leader of the party in the senate, who is out for the nomination himself.

Dewey, Stassen Hopeful

man in the Republican party be-cause of his smashing victory in New York state. Governor Dewey most certainly wants that nomination and will not let Messrs. Van-denburg, Taft and Bricker fill the spotlight without a part for himself in the picture. And then there is former Governor Stassen of Minne-sota, leader of the liberal GOP element, who apparently has been forced into a tail position by the ultra-conservative trend of the elec-tion. But he is forceful and will get in some good licks for himself against his more conservative colleagues in his own party, to say nothing of Gov. Earl Warren of Cal-

Change in Foreign Policy

even our foreign policy is in jeopardy from the split leadership in government . . . that the traditional high tariff stand of the Republican party threatens the reciprocal trade agreements and the low tariff policies of the state department, which directly affect our foreign policy, and that the GOP leadership most certainly will turn thumbs down to any more foreign loans out of the treasury, which also may have a bearing upon dealing with foreign nations, particularly our erstwhile allies. Russia wants a loan; so does Italy, which became a co-belligerent after she was knocked out of the war. The Republican leaders will shunt these applications for loans onto the Export-Import bank and monetary fund set up under the terms of the Bretton Woods

Veto Will Be Sustained

the President may use it sparingly, but a count of noses indicates that he likely will have sufficient support in both houses despite the GOP majority to sustain his veto. Mr.



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Republicans Can't Last

There are a few here in Wash-

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Too, there is Governor Dewey of New York, who emerges from the GOP landslide again as the No. 1

Close observers here declare that

agreement. Congressmen Harold Knutson and Joe Martin are both predicting a 20 per cent cut in individual income taxes next year. But the three largest expenses of the government now are the army and navy, vet-erans and interest on the national debt. Most certainly they will provide for veterans and the national debt, so that leaves the military for the big cut. General Eisenhower already is said to be considering resignation because of cuts in appropriations and lack of clear fis cal policy. And those who pretend to know declare that already appropriations for our military force have been cut to the danger mark. Already the exodus has started here in the slash of governmental agencies in the OPA and CPA.

With the veto his only weapon

Truman probably can count on 169 house votes, where it takes 146 to sustain a veto. In the senate the President can consistently count on 34 Democratic votes and 2 Repub-lican votes, making 36, or 3 more than the 33 necessary to sustain a



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