

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Easy-to-Make Dress for School



25 pages of smart, easy to do styles—that's the Fall and Winter FASHION. Designs by top-draft designers, special page of farm frocks, beauty and home making sections, free colored ball patterns in the book, free crocheting instructions. Price 25 cents.

Send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
1156 Sixth Ave. New York, N. Y.
Enclose 25 cents in coins for each pattern desired.

Pattern No. _____ Size _____
Name _____
Address _____

AN IDEAL school frock for a miss of three to eight. This side-buttoned princess style is so easy for mother to sew, and can be trimmed with narrow ruffling in self or contrasting fabric. Sure to be her favorite.

Pattern No. 8096 comes in sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 years. Size 4, 1 3/4 yards of 35 or 38-inch; 3/4 yard purchased ruffling.

Sun Tan Disappears Only As Skin Layers Are Shed

Sun tan itself does not fade away, either in skin that tans or skin that first reddens and gradually tans, says Collier's. In both cases, the brownness is imparted by the permanent pigment melanin which is produced by the exposure, and the coloration disappears only as the permeated layers of the skin are shed.

Penitentiary Has 'Business District' for Its Inmates

A "business district" within the walls of the federal penitentiary in Mexico City contains scores of rent-free stores and offices which are operated by the prisoners for their fellow inmates, says Collier's.

These businesses include a pet shop, a printer who makes "visiting cards" and a lawyer who writes petitions and appeals. Even a band may be hired to serenade a visiting sweetheart.



TREASURE OF THE SEA

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



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, with only two people aboard. They are the demented captain and his daughter, Rose. Tucu, the pirate captain, attempts to take the schooner by force, but is driven off by Rose, assisted by Dick. During the night, Tucu returns and they take Dick and Rose prisoner. Tucu then begins searching the ship for the "treasure." Tucu Sully leaves with nothing. He takes Dick with him, but Dick escapes and swims back, to find Rose battling a black pirate.

ond case of mutiny aboard the Betty."

His words recalled the other time when her authority had been ignored and the crew deserted. She frowned and closed her eyes again. "You can imprison me later," he went on, "but until the storm's over I'm captain, and my first order is that you keep in the cabin and not appear on deck again."

"I can't do that," she replied, shaking her head. "There's too much to do."

"Not for you. I can handle it."

"Not alone—"

"Yes!"

He pushed her gently back when she attempted to rise.

"You'll have to stay here if I have to tie you," he added gently but firmly. "We're in no real danger now. The sea-anchor's holding her nose up in the wind and waves. If she hasn't sprung a leak we'll ride safely until morning."

"If she's leaking we must man the pumps!" she exclaimed, attempting to rise again.

"All right! Stay here until I find out. I'll report to you."

Doubtfully and unwillingly she agreed to this. Dick made her comfortable, and then started up the companion to see how much water the ship carried in the hold.

Ten minutes later when he returned she was sleeping, with one brown arm thrown across her breast, the other limply crooked above her head. The hair, disarranged by the storm, fell in tangled strands over her shoulders and neck.

Unmindful of the shriek of the wind and tumultuous roar of the waves, he sat by her side, silently watching her comely face and youthful figure, his eyes glowing with yearning desire. He stretched forth a hand to touch her arm, to stroke her hair, to caress a cheek, to clasp a limp hand in his and press it to his lips; but he did not touch her, nor permit his fingers to come in contact with the bed or clothes.

Instead he drew back slowly, as if actuated by some subtle force that was stronger than his newly awakening love brushing his eyes with a trembling hand. His face grew suddenly pale and drawn, adding years to his age. As a fugitive from justice, with a price on his head, he had no right to touch her—no right to drag her into the net that entangled him. The wreck of the steamer had temporarily freed him, but Pettigrew would take up the search and run him down.

He could not elude the law for long; it had hounded him persistently for two years, driving him from pillar to post, and when he had felt the safest, found him buried in a small, obscure corner of South America, living under an assumed name, and started him back to answer for the crime he had never committed. He could never feel safe again!

CHAPTER VII

The shock of the explosion startled Dick so that his hands unconsciously relaxed their grip and the big Carib rolled from him. He was so dazed that it took him some time to realize that Rose had come to his assistance at the critical moment, putting the Carib where he could commit no further deviltry, with a bullet through his brain.

Captain Bedford had been knocked on the head and left for dead by the Caribs before they attacked Rose in the cabin.

They found him hunched up in the scuppers, where the sea brine was threatening to finish what the blow on the head had failed to do. They carried him to the cabin and placed him on a bed, and, while Rose worked over him to restore him to consciousness, Dick quietly removed the dead bodies of the Caribs and dropped them into the sea.

With this unpleasant task finished he glanced at the sky before returning. The schooner was laboring heavily in the sea, rolling and plunging like an old bull walrus, every seam groaning under the strain. The gale was playing havoc with what was left of the sails and rigging.

"This means her finish," he muttered. "She can never ride through a second storm."

He returned to the cabin where Rose had partly revived her father through the liberal use of his favorite stimulant. He was far from being dead. It took more than a Carib's bludgeon to kill the doughty New England skipper, born and bred on the water, giving and receiving blows as a part of his daily life for half a century or more.

Rose glanced up at his entrance and smiled.

"He'll recover," she said simply. Dick nodded gravely, but did not return the smile. He was worried, and could not conceal the fact from her.

"What're we going to do?" he asked. "The schooner is rocking and shaking like an old man with the ague. She'll never hold together until morning."

"The Betty of New London," she replied slowly, a gleam of pride in her face, "was built in the days when ships were made to hold together and not fall apart in the first storm. Her keel's of hard white oak, and her ribs of the best hackmatack. She'll ride through this storm as she did the other."

"We'll pull through," he said, "but it's going to be a narrow squeeze. The wind's blowing great guns, and the seas are playing the devil with the wreckage—using it as a ram to batter in the sides."

"Yes, but we can stop that. Were you ever a sailor?"

Dick shook his head. "Nothing but an amateur. I could sail a yacht, and maybe qualify for a second-rate seaman. That's about all."

"Then I'll take command," she replied quietly. "You'll take orders from me?"

"Aye! Aye! At your service, Captain Rose!"

He touched his forehead in salute and clicked his heels in true military form. Her face was very grave, not a flicker of a smile lighting it up.

IF PETER PAIN CLUBS YOU WITH RHEUMATIC PAIN



● Hurry—rub in Ben-Gay for fast, soothing, gently warming relief! Insist on genuine Ben-Gay, the original Baume Analgésique. Ben-Gay contains up to 2 1/2 times more methyl salicylate and menthol—two pain-relieving agents known to every doctor—than five other widely offered rub-ins. Ben-Gay acts fast where you hurt.

Also for Pain due to COLDS, MUSCLE ACHES, and STRAINS. Ask for Mild Ben-Gay for Children.

QUICK... RUB IN Ben-Gay

CHAPTER VII

Dick helped her into the cabin where she fell exhausted on the bed.

then with the rope twisted around her she was carried overboard as the released wreckage brought the line taut.

One horrified glance, and he was after her, plunging recklessly into the green brine. In his leap he caught the slack end of a short rope and clung to it. With his other hand he clutched her skirts.

Fortunately the snake-like line that had wrapped itself around her waist unwound as quickly as it had coiled. Dick held her limp figure in one arm, and with the other fought to pull himself back on deck.

The struggle lasted for only a few minutes, but to Dick it was an age before he finally got a hand on the rail and with the aid of a gray-back lifted Rose over it and rolled on deck.

Exhausted by his supreme effort, he lay there, clasping the girl.

Rose stirred first, coming to her senses with a little sigh. She was too dazed for a moment to understand the meaning of it all. Dick clasped her still tighter.

Dick Trys His Hand At Nursing

"What happened?" she breathed faintly.

"Everything!" he laughed, recovering his breath. "We cut the wreckage loose, and it's working beautifully. We're no longer wallowing like a grampus. The Betty don't deserve her name if she doesn't ride out the storm now."

She sighed again from sheer physical weariness. For the first time she seemed to be conscious of his arms around her.

"Did—did I faint?" she faltered.

"No, that last line jerked you overboard. I got you just in time. In another minute, we'd both been lost."

She considered a moment in silence. Then in a low voice that would not have reached him if her lips had not been close to his ears: "You—you jumped overboard for me?"

"I caught you before it was too late," he replied.

Dick helped her into the cabin where she fell exhausted on the bed beside her father. While he hunted around for a stimulant, she closed her eyes and drifted off into a doze. She accepted the drink he applied to her lips, sipping it slowly, and under its stimulating effect the color crept back into her cheeks.

Dick stood before her, watching her with greedy eyes. The nearness of death had shaken him fully as much as her and he had difficulty in keeping back the emotion that threatened to overwhelm him.

"You seem to be in command now," she said, smiling faintly when he ordered her to take another sip.

"Yes," he laughed. "It's the sec-



First Hints of Love Come to Dick and Rose

An unconscious groan escaped his lips, followed by a bitter laugh, the sound of it filling the narrow cabin and awakening the slumberer. Her eyes opened and stared at him in bewilderment. Then, with returning intelligence, she smiled, and with an impulsive little gesture thrust both hands out to him. The gesture, simple and innocent, was the unconscious feminine invitation of love, and Dick, knowing she had betrayed her feelings, groaned inwardly and stood in indecision, struggling with himself.

"You saved my life, Dick," she said simply. "Is there anything you want of me?"

The atmosphere of the cabin grew hot and stifling to him, so that he breathed heavily; a giddy sensation swept over him; his hands trembled with passion, and he moved swiftly toward her to seize what belonged to him. But he checked himself in time, stopping abruptly at her side. He was so near he could have touched her, but he slowly folded his arms, and forced a smile to his lips.

"Your friendship, Rose, always," he said gently. "You'll give me that—no matter what happens?"

She gazed up at him in bewilderment, a hurt expression coming into her eyes, such as you see in a child's denied some precious wish. The hands slowly dropped to her side and the lips murmured so faintly that the words were almost inaudible:

"Yes—always! How could you doubt it?"

The Betty of New London proved worthy of her namesake—if tradition be true that the original Betty was a staunch little craft who broke hearts galore and lived to see most of her loves married or buried at a good old age—and when morning dawned, with breaking clouds and a warm sun, she was still riding on an even keel, with none of her timbers smashed or weakened.

Forward the sea-anchor held, bobbing up and down on the waves like a sodden mass of driftwood, with the tow lines slackening and jerking rhythmically as the schooner backed and lurched in its struggle to break loose from them.

Neither Dick nor Rose had slept throughout the night; they had to keep constantly on watch.

4. Faith (v. 20). Here we see why it is possible to do the impossible, to know that which passes knowledge, to see the unseen. It is by faith in him who "is able to do infinitely beyond all our highest prayers and thoughts" (Weymouth, v. 20) that we attain unto this blessed place of blessing.

So this is the "Thank you" that God wants this Christmas. He wants the unbeliever to turn to him in faith, and the believer to really be what he ought to be and can be in Christ. Then a man's whole life will say, "Thank you, Lord, for saving my soul!"

For the tenth successive year the writer of these notes expresses to his readers everywhere his good wish for a most blessed Christmas both in heart and home. May the Lord give us all special grace this year to thank him for his great Christmas Gift by a life wholly dedicated to him.

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 December 22

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts selected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education; used by permission.

A MESSAGE OF LOVE (CHRISTMAS LESSON)

LESSON TEXT—John 3:16; Ephesians 3:14-21.

MEMORY SELECTION—Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.—II Corinthians 9:15.

When Jesus was born in Bethlehem there were only a few men and women of faith who could see in the Babe of the manger the glory and the power of Christ. It was a dark and unbelieving age into which he was born—and who will say that it is different in the day in which we celebrate Christmas, 1946.

Indifferent, ignorant and sinful people are glad to try to capitalize on the spirit of Christmas, but they still despise and turn away from the Son of God, Jesus the Saviour.

It behooves us, therefore, to present once more the message of the Saviour who came at Christmas, that all men may hear of him.

Our lesson speaks of God's great gift of love and tells what manner of men and women we should be because he did give his Son for us.

I. God's Christmas Gift to Us (John 3:16).

God loved—so God gave. Love prompts the heart to give. One may give without loving, it is true, but one cannot love without giving.

God's love for man existed from all eternity. It provided a way of redemption for man and in due season the Saviour came, to live, to love, to die for all mankind.

It was no chance event, no accident in history; it was the heart of God speaking in his "unspeakable gift" (II Cor. 9:15) of his only begotten Son.

That leads us to our second Scripture and our second point. We who receive gifts try to express our appreciation in a polite and proper way.

II. Our "Thank You" to God (Eph. 3:14-21).

Paul's prayer for the Ephesian church (and for us also who are in the "family," v. 15) tells us how we may live our lives as Christians and express our gratitude to God.

The church of Christ, made up of those who are believers in him, should show its relationship to God, and its appreciation of his grace by its

1. Strength (v. 16). It does not honor God nor is he properly represented in the world by those who are spiritually weak and ineffective. It is the privilege of the believer to be "strengthened with might" (v. 16) and this takes place as the Holy Spirit has liberty "with power penetrating to your inmost being," as Weymouth translates it. No part of man's inner being is then left weak or without the light and grace of the Holy Spirit.

2. Love (v. 17). This is the strong foundation of all spiritual development and usefulness. Roots are put down deep (as we change the figure of speech) to hold the life steady, and to provide the nourishment for spiritual living.

This is all possible because Christ makes his home in the heart. Think of the privilege of making such a guest feel at home in our hearts! Let us be grateful, and let us recognize him and honor his presence.

3. Knowledge (vv. 18, 19). The believer has to know not only the knowable, but also that which passes knowledge, namely, the love of Christ.

We shall grow in grace as we grow in the knowledge of the love of Christ (II. Pet. 3:18). We with all of God's people—what a great and delightful company—are to comprehend, to really grasp, the length and breadth and height and depth of his love.

We say with the psalmist, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain to it" (Ps. 139:6). But then we remember that it is as Christ dwells "in our hearts by faith" (v. 17) that we are able to comprehend such truth.

Most Christians live on a very low plane going along with a limited and unsatisfactory Christian experience when all this is available to them by faith.

4. Faith (v. 20). Here we see why it is possible to do the impossible, to know that which passes knowledge, to see the unseen. It is by faith in him who "is able to do infinitely beyond all our highest prayers and thoughts" (Weymouth, v. 20) that we attain unto this blessed place of blessing.

So this is the "Thank you" that God wants this Christmas. He wants the unbeliever to turn to him in faith, and the believer to really be what he ought to be and can be in Christ. Then a man's whole life will say, "Thank you, Lord, for saving my soul!"

FOR EXTRA PROTECTION ASK FOR THE FIRESTONE STUDDED GROUND GRIP TREAD

A "must" for snow and mud! The famous Studded Ground Grip Tread Design gives you the extra traction you need for winter driving. No slipping, no spinning, no skidding! Deep, tough tread for long wear.

ALL MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP FULLY GUARANTEED

Drive In Today

See Your Nearby Firestone Dealer Store or Firestone Store

On Your Holiday Trip

DON'T TAKE CHANCES ON SMOOTH DANGEROUS TIRES

Get Firestone FACTORY-METHOD RETREADING 700 6.00-16

Only Other Sizes Proportionately Low

New Tire Safety at Less Than 1/2 the Cost of New Tires!

Get new-tire rubber with full new-tire tread width and depth. You get the famous Firestone De Luxe Champion Gear-Grip Tread design with 3,456 sharp angles to protect against dangerous skidding. Why be satisfied with ordinary skimpy retreading? Get the best—get Firestone!

BRING 'EM IN LIKE THIS

TAKE 'EM OUT LIKE THIS