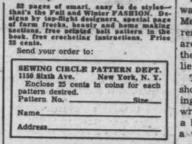


N IDEAL school frock for a miss of three to eight. This side-buttoned princess style is so easy for mother to sew, and can be trimmed with narrow ruffling in self or contrasting fabric. Sure to be her favorite. . . .

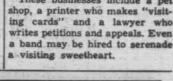
Pattern No. 8096 comes in sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 years. Size 4, 1% yards of 35 or 39-inch; % yard purchased ruffling.

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 grad-ually tans, says Collier's. In both cases, the brownness is imparted by the permanent pigment melanin which is produced by the ex-posure, and the coloration disappears only as the permeated lay-ers of the skin are shed.

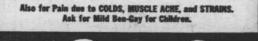


A "business district" within the walls of the federal penitentiary in Mexico City contains scores of rent-free stores and offices which are operated by the prisoners for their fellow inmates, says Collier's. These businesses include a pet shop, a printer who makes "visiting cards" and a lawyer who





• Hurry-rub in Ben-Gay for fast, soothing, gently warming relief! Insist on genuine Ben-Gay, the origi-nal Baume Analgésique. Ben-Gay contains up to 2½ 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 wan hurt you hurt.



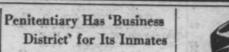
RUB IN Ben Gay



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entery





THE ALAMANCE GLEANER. GRAHAM N. C.

THE STORY THUS FAR: The crew of a small salling vessel in the Caribbean pick up Dick Jordan, driff 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 capitaln and his daugh-ter, Rose. Twen, the pirate capitaln, at-hempts to take the schooner by force, but is driven off by Boxe, assisted by Dick. During dmei Middk. Twee returns and 'ny take Dick and Rose prisoner. Twen the begins searching the ship for the "treasure." Twee manly leaves with mothing. He takes Dick with him, but Dick secapes and swims back, to find Rose battling a black pirate. THE STORY THUS FAR:

CHAPTER VII

The shock of the explosion star-tled Dick so that his hands uncon-

sciously relaxed their grip and the big Carlb 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 mo-

ment, 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

TREASURE BY George E. Which W.N.U. Rolease

the timbers of the hulk to splinters. ond case of mutiny aboard the Either that had to be removed or Betty."

the Betty was doomed. But Rose's idea was to use the thing that menaced their lives for saving the schooner. By cutting it loose from the side, and fastening it with tow lines, the wind and waves would convert it into a sea anchor

Dick attacked the wreckage nearest him with his axe. "Make your lines fast first," she

cried, intercepting him, "or we'll lose it."

With three slack lines runnin from the mass of wreckage to the forward towing bitts, they were ready to cut away the rigging that held the battering ram in position. They hacked steadily at ropes and wire rigging, cutting in water some-times a foot deep. They were drenched to the skin, and nearly ex-hausted when all but a single line was severed was severed.

Rose raised her axe to cut this. Dick seeing her danger shouted to her, but she did not hear. The rope parted with a loud snap and writh ing and twisting like a sea serpent it struck up and caught the girl as if it had been the tentacle of an octopus. Dick saw her stagger un-

(ALCO) 9

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 One norrined giance, and ne 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

"What happened?" she breathed

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-

Dick Trys His Hand

At Nursing

Dick shook his head. "Nothing but an amateur. I could sail a yacht, and maybe qualify for a second-rate seaman. That's about too dazed for a moment to under-stand the meaning of it all. Dick clasped her still tighter.

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

"Then do as I do," she replied

Her plan was simple in explana-

tion but difficult of execution. The schooner was wallowing loggily in

the seas, half buried at times by the brine, but the crash of the wreck-

age against the outboard was the most alarming thing. It threatened to smash the bulwarks and shiver

curtly.



His words recalled the other time when her authority had been ig-nored 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 or-der 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 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 re-

turned 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 check, 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, add-ing years to his age. As a fugitive from function from justice, with a price on his head, he had no right to touch herno 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 persistent-

ly 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!

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 return-ing intelligence, she smiled, and with an impulsive little gesture thrust both hands out to him. The gesture, simple and innocent, was gesture, simple and innocent, was the unconscious feminine invitation

of love, and Dick, knowing she had betrayed her feelings, groaned in-wardly and stood in indecision, struggling with himself, "You saved my life, Dick," she said simply. "Is there anything you want of me?"

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ing rhythmically backed and lurc

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(TO BE C

The atmosphere of the cabin grew hot and stifling to him, so that he breathed heavily; a giddy sensation

is trem-

depth of his love.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL UNDAY JCHOOL Lesson By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST. D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago Released by Western Newsmannes Union

Lesson for December 22

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A MESSAGE OF LOVE (CHRISTMAS LESSON)

LESSON TEXT - John 3:16; Ephesians MEMORY SELECTION-Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift-II Corinthians

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 pre-Sent 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 be cause 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 sea-son the Saviour came, to live, to love, to die for all mankind.

It was no chance event, no acci-dent 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

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

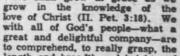
1. Strength (v. 16). It does not honor God nor is he properly rep-resented in the world by those who are spiritually weak and ineffective. It is the privilege of the believer

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

weak or without the light and grace of the Holy Spirit. 2. Love (v. 17). This is the strong foundation of all spiritual develop-ment 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 rec-ognize him and honor his presence. 3. Knowledge (vv. 18, 19). The be

liever has to know not only the knowable, but also that which passes knowledge, namely, the love Christ. Christ. We shall grow in grace as grow in the knowledge of love of Christ (II. Pet. 3:18).



length and breadth and height and

octopus. Dick saw her stagger un-der the blow, fall to the deck, and



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 reconsciousness, Dick quietly re-moved the dead bodies of the Caribs

and dropped them into the sea. With this unpleasant task finished he glanced at the sky before returnhe glanced at the sky before return-ing. The schooner was laboring heavily in the sea, rolling and plung-ing like an old bull wairus, every seam groaning under the strain. The gale was playing havoc with what was left of the sails and rig-

"This means her finish," he mut-tered. "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 favor-ite 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 morphic " 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 hack-matack. She'll ride through this

storm as she did the other." "We'll pull through," he said, "but 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?"

all."

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

He touched his forehead in salute

faintly.

	And the source of the source o	Are touched his forehead in salute and clicked his heels in true mili- tary form. Her face was very grave, not a flicker of a smile lighting it up.	ering his breath. We cut the wreckage loose, and it's working beautifully. We're no longer wal- lowing like a grampus. The Betty don't deserve her name if she doesn't ride out the storm now." She sighed again from sheer phys- ical 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 over- board. I got you just in time. In another minute, we'd both been lost." She considered a moment in si- lence. 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 col- or crept back into her cheeks.	bled with passion, and he moved swiftly toward her to seize what be- longed to him. But he checked him- self in time, stopping abruptly at her side. He was so near he could have touched her, but he slowly fold- ed 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 bewilder- ment, 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 inaudi-
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but he slowly fold- forced a smile to ip, Rose, always," You'll give me that happens?" t him in bewilder- ession coming into you see in a child's ecious wish. The poped to her side	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 remem- ber 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 lim- ited and unsatisfactory Christian ex- perience when all this is available
rmured so faintly ere almost inaudi-	to them by faith. 4. Faith (v. 20). Here we see why
How could you	it is possible to do the impossible, to know that which passes knowl- edge, to see the unseen. It is by
ew London proved nesake—if tradition original Betty was craft who broke I lived to see most ried or buried at a nd when morning aking clouds and a as still riding on an one of her timbers ened. a-snchor held, bob- n on the waves like of driftwood, with uckening and jerk- is the schooner hed in its struggle rom them. for Rose had alept uight; they had to an watch.	faith in him who "is able to do in- finitely 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 do 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 faith, and the believer to really be what he ought to be and can be in faith, and the believer to really be what he ought to be and can be in faith, and the believer to really be what he ought to be and can be in faith, and the believer to really be what he ought to be and can be in faith, and the believer to really be what he ought to be and can be in faith, and the believer to really be what he ought to be and can be in faith, and the believer to really be what he ought to be and can be in this, readers everywhere his good wish for a most blessed Christman both in heart and home. May the Lord give us all special grace this year to thank him for his great Christman Gift by a life wholly dedi- cated te him.
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