# TREASURE OF THE SEA

*By* **George E. Walsh**

### CHAPTER I

Such a small thing as a shrimp may save a man's life by putting new heart into him at a time when his digestive organs have ceased to function for lack of fuel. If the will to live or die is dependent upon a bunch of nerve cells and ganglions, the proper activity of the latter is contingent upon the regular carbonization of commonplace foods.

Dick Jordan had reached the point of semi-starvation and physical exhaustion when lethal forgetfulness seemed the greatest boon to man—to drift off painlessly into a world of dreams and fancies that ends in death. He didn't want to live; he had lost the will to go on and suffer; he craved surcease from the torture of wind and sun and waves—and from thirst and hunger!

Clinging to his frail support that had been the toy of the waves for days and nights—he scarcely knew how many—he raised his head for one last look around his narrow undulating horizon before releasing his hold to slip down into the green waters clamoring to receive him. It was the last despairing look of a dying man when the faculties flare up an instant, in full intelligence, before the final collapse.

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Then, coming on the crest of a wave, sliding down its slope to meet him, a small island of seaweed thrust its tentacles of air-bladders and greenish fronds about his neck and shoulders, rustling and murmuring against the sides of his raft.

Aroused an instant by this unexpected break in the monotony of his horizon the castaway stared at it in stupefied wonder. It was alive with crustaceans and molluscs, those tiny forms of life that cling to algae and make their homes in their branches — squids, snails, slugs, barnacles and anthropods.

A tiny crab floated on the surface. Dick made a grab for it, but missed it. His splash startled from their hiding place a school of shrimp. Catching one of these, he decapitated it and ate it raw. The taste awakened dormant impulses in him. He began fishing warily for the tiny creatures, driving them into the open with one hand and cupping them with the other, or corraling them into a dense mass of seaweed, he would fling them on his float with the algae and scramble for them before they could leap back into the sea.

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It became an exciting game, with real food as the prize. Every time he caught one and swallowed it his appeptite craved more, and his fagged brain power rallied to his assistance, giving him the necessary mental alertness and skill for the work.

It saved his life—the shrimp and the game! By the time he had scavenged the mass of seaweed, robbing it of every form of life that could be called food, his mind was clearer through the functioning of his digestive organs, and the will to live and fight it out flared up again.

But the handful of raw shrimps had, after all, been a mere morsel to a starving man, and the salt of them, which had tasted good at first, was beginning to intensify his thirst. He had been fortunate in securing rain water for the first three days, but the last of it was gone, and the agony of thirst was beginning to add to the tortures of an empty stomach.

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"If there was a sail now—" he began, and then stopped. Insanity lay in that direction. He had looked for a sail so long that his eyes were sore and unsteady; he had prayed for it until in a frenzy of disappointment he had anathematized all prayer as silly and misleading; he had hoped and longed for the sight of a ship until he had seen them in his dreams—a dozen of them—sailing around and around him, mocking him, tantalizing him even in his waking moments. There had been strange illusions, mirages of ships and argosies, pictures of islands and headlands, of towns and cities, of people walking their streets. They had come and gone until the befuddled brain was at odds with itself.

"There isn't any sail!" he muttered aloud, closing his teeth. "There are dream sails, mirages of them, but nothing real. They disappeared from the ocean ages ago. I know, for I saw the last of them.

He had glimpsed a sail—a real sail—when he thrust his head upward after his meal of shrimp; but he wouldn't believe it—wanted to believe it—but wouldn't.

"It's only in my eye," he added. "I'd get cross-eyed if I tried to look at all the ships I've seen since —since that night."

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That night was forever indelibly impressing itself upon his mind—a nightmare of horror! The steamer had struck in the middle of the night, and out of the staterooms had streamed an endless array of strange forms — white-faced women, frightened children and nurses, grim-lipped men, and weak-kneed passengers of both sexes who needed help to get them in the small boats .

Dick himself had helped women and children into the small boats, winning smiles of trust from the latter and glances of frightened approval from the former. There had been a few others of the passengers who actively arrayed themselves alongside the officers to maintain order and system.

One of them was Pettigrew—Hen Pettigrew—whose whole life and training made him immune to fear and excitement. Hen had distinguished himself in that melee, as he always did, and won the approval of the captain.

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Early in the confusion they had separated — Hen Pettigrew and Dick Jordan—for the exigency of the moment severed all conventional bonds. Dick had been allowed to go his own way, free as any other passenger; but he knew, or felt, that the other's eyes were on him, watching that he didn't slip into one of the boats filled mostly with women and children. He had an unpleasant sensation that he was still being watched as a criminal. The vigilance of the law never relaxed—not even in the panic of a shipwreck.

When all but two of the boats had been cast off, and the sea was full of them, bobbing around like cockle-shells, he and Hen had come face to face—the only two passengers left aboard. Hen had looked at him, and nodded pleasantly.

"You've done well, Jordan," were his words. "Which boat do you want to go in?"

## Cubic Inch of Wheat Yields Huge Harvest

Toward the relief of Europe's starving millions will go some 66-650 bushels of wheat from the six-year "dynamic kernels" project which culminated in ceremonies at Adrian, Mich. last week.

An estimated 10,000 persons watched in awe as 276 farmers who participated in the final planting hauled the 10 per cent tithe before down during six years. Then ed wheat into a long, high wall. In their minds was the realization that 66,650 bushels had been harvested from a single cubic inch of grain sowed in the original planting in 1940.

Each year one-tenth of the harvest had been tithed to the church and the remainder had been replanted. The first seeding involved only 360 kernels but the sixth covered 2,666 acres.

Instigator of the project was the Rev. Clifton Robinson of the Cleveland Bible College. His inspiration came from three Bible verses— John 12:24, Malachi 3:10 and Leviticus 25:3.

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## STRADDLING STOCKRAILS

During their trip to the Northern Territory of Australia, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester watch the branding of cattle at a station near Burketown.

## CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

It has come at last! "What has come?" did you ask? Well, if for weeks, in fact months, you had been hoping by day, and dreaming by night, for just one thing, then you wouldn't need to ask "what". Of course it is my electric stove I am talking about. Yes, it actually arrived — last Tuesday to be exact—and this time it was not damaged in transit.

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Wednesday morning a couple of electricians came in to fix it up and by eleven o'clock it was ready for action. And so was I. We had an extra man for dinner that day as they were trying to finish clearing the barley field. What with the stove, the electricians, and extra field help I really felt somewhat rushed that morning. However one thing was clear in my mind—I musn't be late with dinner. You don't mind telling your own men dinner will be ten minutes late but you feel you have to be on time for extra help. I was on time all right! Everyone had been warning me that, at first. I would think an electric stove was awfully slow. With this in mind, and to be on the safe side, I set the grill and put the pork chops in right away—at eleven o'clock! In twenty minutes they were done to a turn. Then I didn't know what to do with them. I tried shutting off the grill and leaving them in the oven. But the blessed things went right on cooking.. In desperation I tried the warming oven. That, at least, didn't cook them but by noon my nice fresh meaty chops were just as dry as chips. Fortunately the vegetables were all right and I managed a pie filling without disaster—but those chops—they were really something to remember!

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After dinner I experimented with some baking but of course, before doing it I spent no end of time studying the directions. I did so with fear and trembling because a friend had told me how very careful you have to be in setting the oven or the whole system of automatic heat control would be thrown out of order She knew because she had done it! And I am not surprised. Operating the oven—at least on the type of stove I have—is just one of those things—simple enough when you understand it, but as complicated as a whole bag of tricks until you do. As a matter of fact before night came I was so on edge I was ready to bite. I was wishing to peace everyone would clear out and leave me to my experimenting in peace. But you don't catch Partner doing anything like that. He always seizes any opportunity to tease. If he came in and the stove wasn't in use he would say "Why aren't you using the stove—what's the good of having one if you don't make use of it?"

If I was using it then I would hear "What are you burning up all the power for? Just because you've got a stove you don't have to keep it going all the time!"

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Is it any wonder I had to take an aspirin to cure my headache? And I though an electric stove would mean the end of all my baking worries. For a few days it was only the beginning.

But I'm learning—learning fast —the hard way. So far I haven't ruined anything—other than the pork chops—and the family hasn't died of indigestion. Occasionally I turn on a burner to boil the kettle, go out to feed the chickens, come in again, find the kettle hasn't boiled—for the simple reason that the burner I turned on wasn't the one under the kettle. This stove has all solid plates and it isn't until you feel the heat from them that you are sure which burners are alight—that is supposing you are green and dumb like I am.

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However, in spite of all my worries, I am already convinced that an electric stove is a great convenience and time-saver.. To say nothing of being able to bake in hot weather without being reduced to a grease spot. Some of our week-enders were here again and they were properly enthused.

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And speaking of week-enders—this is really getting to be somewhat of a madhouse. Our young neices collected barley stalks—complete with head and beards, thistles, a small quantity of gravel, a flesh brush and a cold "hot" water bottle and dumped them all between the sheets of Bob's bed! What a riot there will be next week when Neice Joy arrives on the scene.

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Isn't it great to be young—or failing that to be where young people are?

## Plans Arranged For Royal Tour

King George and the Royal family will spend nearly three months on a tour of South Africa early next year, approval of final arrangements by the King disclosed last week.

The scheduled itinerary calls for extensive trips to native territories and natural preserves. During the trip the King will crisscross Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa by rail, automobile and plane.

The Royal Party, including the Queen and Princesses, will leave England during the first week of February aboard the battleship Vanguard, arriving in the middle of the month at Capetown, where the King will open Parliament.

From there the Royal Party will travel to Pretoria, the seat of administration, which the King and his family will use as a base for a number of trips.

They will spend much of their time on the royal train and in a royal flight of planes which will be waiting in South Africa when the Vanguard arrives.

After thousands of miles of touring, the Royal Party will sail for England from Capetown on April 24.

In direct summer sunlight, a brick wall painted white is about 14 degrees cooler than one of unpainted brick.

## Sunday School Lesson

### Purity In Heart and Life

**Exodus 20: 14; Proverbs 4: 4-23; Matthew 5: 8; Philippians 4: 8**

Golden Text — Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.—Proverbs 4: 23.

**The Seventh Commandment**

The Sixth Commandment teaches us the sacredness of human life, the Seventh the sacredness of home and marriage. From the beginning God ordained that husband and wife should be one and for husband or wife to be unfaithful to one another was accounted a great wickedness. God showed his abhorrence of it by ordering that the guilty ones should be put to death. By this law the purity of home and marriage was to be secured.

Even those who have accepted the holy way of life in Christ need solemn warning. There is the danger of turning aside to the "way of evil men". There is only one attitude to maintain toward such temptation: we are to avoid it. To tarry in the presence of temptation is to run the danger of falling into sin.

**The Light of the World**

Until men are enlightened by Christ, the light of the world, they are in a state of spiritual darkness, the understanding is darkened. The man who is intoxicated will stumble because for the time being his powers of perception are drugged and dull.

God does not give us His Word simply that He might command our obedience; He gives it for our highest good. His Word is a life-giving word. Those who seek and find its truth, and finding obey it, experience an enrichment and enlargement of this present life.

**Purity of Heart**

To be pure in heart is to be inwardly pure. The moral and spiritual condition of the heart determines the quality of our thoughts, speech and conduct.

**Purity of Thought**

It is the things we think upon, nourish and cherish in the deep places of the heart which determine the kind of person we will be. We must guard well the secret chamber of the heart and sternly refuse an entrance to any mean, dishonest, unjust or unlovely thought. If we let mind and heart continually dwell on things, honest, just, pure and lovely; on things of good report (sound doctrines and principles) and on whatsoever is rightly called "virtue", we shall become virtuous in deed and character. We can build up a strong, noble, Christian character, only as we set our affection on things pure, good, Heavenly, eternal.

## Skin Cleansing

Since the skin throws off waste products and regulates body heat, its care is of utmost health imporance, Canadians are reminded of this fact in a statement by the Department of National Health and Welfare, Ottawa. The Department states that the skin requires airing and friction as well as cleansing, to keep it in tip-top condition.

## TABLE TALKS..

### *Supper Dishes*

**Vegetable Marrow Casserole**

- 1½ cups milk
- 1 cup stale bread crumbs
- 1 cup grated cheese
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 2 eggs — well beaten
- 12 slices vegetable marrow (1 medium marrow)
- 2 tablespoons chopped onions

Scald milk, pour over bread crumbs, add cheese, salt and pepper. Let stand ½ hour. Then add well beaten eggs. Arrange the vegetable marrow slices in a greased casserole. Sprinkle with chopped onion, pour milk and egg mixture over. Set in a pan of warm water and over poach in a moderate oven 350° F., for one hour or until custard is firm.

**Eggs Au Gratin**

- 4 cooked potatoes
- ½ cup milk
- 4 green onions (½ cup chopped)
- Salt and pepper
- 6 hard cooked eggs
- ½ cup grated cheese

Slice potatoes into a greased casserole Heat milk and pour over potatoes. Cover top with sliced green onions. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover and bake in a moderately hot oven 375° F. for 25 minutes. Cut eggs in half—length wise. Arrange on potatoes, cover with grated cheese. Return to the oven and bake 10 minutes in a moderately slow over 325° F., to heat eggs and melt the chese.

**Liver Stuffed Eggs**

- 8 hard cooked eggs
- 1 cup minced, cooked liver
- 3 tablespoons chili sauce
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 cups medium white sauce (hot)

Shell eggs and cut in half. Remove yolks and mix with liver blended with chili sauce. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Fill whites with the yolk mixure and reheat in the white sauce. Serve on toast. Serves four.

Eggs may be placed in a casserole, covered with the sauce, sprinkled with some of the crumbled egg yolk and reheated in a moderate, 350° F., oven.

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