

**Cuddle Toys from "Odds and Ends"**

Fun to sew— inexpensive to make—excellent for Christmas gifts. This collection of cuddle toys. Two pieces with just the necessary "trimming" of ears, mane and tails extra. The kiddies love them! Use up those odds



and ends and make your toys as colorful as possible—in short irresistible. In pattern 5932 you will find a pattern of the three toys; directions for making them; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

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No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel the germ-laden phlegm. Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained from the very first bottle. Creomulsion is one word—not two, and it has no hyphen in it. Ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (Adv.)

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A single day in the life of a learned man is worth more than the lifetime of a fool.—Posidonius.

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**Frank Merriwell at Fardale**

By GILBERT PATTEN

The Original BURT L. STANDISH

© Gilbert Patten

WNU Service

**CHAPTER I**

A brakeman opened the forward door of the smoking car and cried: "Fardale! Fardale!"

Bart Hodge yawned and snapped his half-smoked cigarette to the floor. Letting his feet down from the leather-covered seat before him, he straightened up and gazed distastefully through the car window at the frame houses of the small town the train was pulling into. Then he lifted his hand to attract the brakeman's attention.

"Hey, you!" he called. "Come here and take my bag."

It wasn't a request; it was an imperious command. But maybe the man was deaf. At any rate, he turned away and disappeared on the car platform.

Flushing with annoyance, Hodge picked up his handsome leather traveling bag and carried it himself as he followed two or three other passengers who were moving toward the door.

"Bum service on this dirty old train," he muttered. "No Pullman, no porters, nothing but dirt and discomfort. And look at this jerk-water town I'm being dumped into! What a place!"

Descending to the station platform he nearly fell over a small, shaggy mongrel dog that ran awkwardly against his ankles. Quick as a flash, he gave the dog a kick that bowled it over, yelping with pain. Scrambling up, the animal took refuge behind a small, shabby boy who was offering peanuts and popped corn for sale.

"Hi, there!" cried the boy. "That's my dog! What'd you kick him for?" He stepped forward and faced Hodge indignantly.

"Keep your mangy old pooch out from under people's feet, runt," advised Bart. "He almost tripped me up."

"But he's blind in one eye 'nd didn't see yer. He wouldn't hurt nobody, Shag wouldn't. I think you're a big bum."

"Oh, is that so?" A back-handed slap sent the owner of the dog reeling. Bags of peanuts and popped corn, flying from his basket, were scattered over the platform.

A hand gripped Hodge by the shoulder and swung him round face to face with another boy about his own age. Neither appeared to be more than sixteen.

"Now that was a nice thing to do, wasn't it?" said the one who had jerked Bart round.

His voice was scornful, his eyes contemptuous. He had just descended to the platform from the steps of a car next to the smoker, and his traveling bag lay at his feet, where he had dropped it. He was a good-looking lad in a manly, wholesome way. Not quite as heavy as Bart Hodge, but fully as tall, he was poised lightly on his feet as if ready for anything. And he was not withered in the least by Bart's glare of wrath.

For a moment Hodge was speechless. His teeth had snapped together behind the slightly parted lips of his petulant, willful mouth—the mouth of a fellow of unreasonable impulses and quick to take offense; a fellow who could carry a grudge and seek to get even for slights or injuries. A vain fellow who wore a signet ring, a handsome wrist-watch, and clothes extravagant of pattern and extreme in cut.

"You'd better keep your hands off me," said Bart after a tense pause.

"And you'd better keep your hands off that boy you just slapped," was the calm but grim reply. "I don't like to see dogs kicked or small boys knocked around."

"Oh, you must belong to the S. P. C. A.," sneered Hodge. "What's your name, anyhow?"

"What difference does it make? But I don't mind telling you. It's Frank Merriwell."

"I'll just jot that down mentally—for future reference. I noticed you on the train, and I've a notion you're on your way to Fardale academy."

"It's a good guess."

"Well, I am too, and I'll be seeing you later, Mr. Merriwell. I'll be seeing you!"

An odd smile flickered across Frank Merriwell's face. "Is that a promise?" he said.

"You can take it any way you want to," replied Hodge hotly. "I don't forget people who meddle with my business."

"Then I'll make you a promise," Frank retorted. "If it's your business to kick dogs and cuff small boys I'll be a meddler every time I catch you at it."

For a moment it seemed that Bart Hodge was going to drop his bag and pitch into Merriwell then and there. But, never letting his gaze waver for an instant before Bart's wrathful glare, Merriwell remained lightly poised, ready and steady. The tension broke suddenly.

Hodge snapped his fingers. "It's a good act, big boy," he said, with a forced grin. "Look at the yaps who've stopped to watch it. I hate

to spoil their fun, but I'm in a hurry right now. We'll get together again, Merriwell. It won't be long."

"That's up to you," said Frank, "but just so I won't forget you, you might tell me your name."

"I'm Bartley Hodge, and I'll see that you don't forget me. Don't let that worry you."

With a sweeping, scornful glance at several persons who had paused to watch the outcome of the encounter, Hodge walked swiftly away toward the station baggage-room.

Merriwell felt a timid pull at his elbow. "By golly," said the owner of the dog, grinning up at Frank in an admiring way, "you made that big bluff pull in his horns. We're much obliged to you, me 'nd Shag are. Ain't we, Shag?"

Shag wagged his tail, and barked. Then he sat up straight with his



"I Thought That Feller Hodge Was Going to Take a Swing at You."

forward paws drooping, cocked his head to one side and seemed to take Frank's measure with his one good eye. His comical appearance brought a quick laugh to Merriwell's lips.

"Oh, he used to do lots of tricks like jumpin' rope 'nd walkin' on his hind legs before he got so old," declared the freckle-faced youngster proudly. "He's a good dog, Shag is, 'nd it made me mad when that big stiff kicked him."

"I don't blame you," said Frank. "It made me a trifle hot, myself."

"I thought that feller Hodge was goin' to take a swing at you," said the boy, "but I guess he didn't dast to with you lookin' at him the way you done."

"Here's your peanuts and popped corn, Tad Jones," said a man who had been gathering up the scattered bags. "Only two of the bags broke and spilled the stuff around. This dime'll pay for them."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Brown," said Tad as the bags were restored to his basket. "Business has been bad today, 'nd that Hodge feller didn't make it no better."

"Look here, Tad," said Merriwell, "you must know where John Snodd's place is."

"Sure I do. It's near the 'cademy, 'bout a mile over the hill. If you're goin' there you better see Joe Bemis about takin' your baggage along. He drives Snodd's truck, 'nd you can ride with him, too. That's him Hodge is talkin' to over there now."

"A mile will be just a good stretch for my legs after that train ride. I think I'll walk it if you'll show me the way, Tad. There'll be fifty cents in it for you."

"Fifty cents! Gee, but that'll make up for the bad business. You bet I'll show you the way, Frank Mer-

riwell. But if you've got a trunk you want Joe Bemis to take you better 'tend to it now."

"Wait right here," said Frank. "Here's your fifty cents in advance. I'll be back in a couple of minutes."

He left a silver half-dollar in the freckle-faced youngster's hand before hurrying away to interview Joe Bemis, and boy and dog were waiting on the spot when he returned. He had delivered his traveling bag to Bemis and turned over the check to his trunk.

"I been watchin' you," said Tad, wagging his head. "Didn't know but that Hodge guy'd get dirty 'nd start somethin' with you."

Frank laughed. "He seemed to have forgotten all about me, Tad."

"But he ain't, Frank. He's waitin' for a better time. He said he'd be seein' you. I heard him. You better look out for that bird."

"Okay, I'll be watching. Where's your basket, Tad?"

"Oh, I didn't want to lug that, so I left it with Jim Davis, who runs the gasoline pump over 'crosst the street. I'll get it when I come back. Ready to start, Frank?"

"Yes, let's go."

The old dog trotted ahead of them as they were climbing the hill. Behind them the train was pulling out of Fardale village. Beyond the hill lay the exclusive school for boys, the autumn term of which had opened a week ago. Circumstances over which he had no control had delayed Frank's arrival. Now he must pass special examinations to obtain admittance.

Chatting with his guide on the way up the hill, Merriwell learned that the little fellow's father was dead, that his mother was poor, and that Tad was doing what he could to keep the wolf away from the door. Something like a magical sympathy and understanding was established between them.

When they came to the crest of the long rise Frank found himself looking down on the academy buildings, half a mile away. He paused to take the scene in. Besides the academy itself, there were dormitories, a mess hall, gymnasium and chapel. The walks were bordered by rows of handsome trees, and the tennis courts and athletic field were not far distant. Students were moving to and fro, singly and in small groups.

Beyond lay the open ocean, with the sunshine of late afternoon warm on its bosom. A building on the shore of a sheltered cove appeared to be the academy boathouse.

**Living 140 Years, or Longer, Seems to Be Possible, According to Records**

Thomas Parr, England's most famous old man, was one hundred fifty-two when he died in 1635. The countess of Desmond lived to one hundred forty.

More striking was the mysterious Eighteenth century figure who called himself the count of St. Germain, writes a Paris correspondent.

Who he was, where he was born and died, if he ever died, is not known. Mme. de Gergy, wife of the French ambassador to Venice, tells of meeting him in Venice in 1710. She speaks of a man of about fifty.

During the next 20 years St. Germain wandered through the capitals of Europe. The only claim he made for himself was that he understood alchemy.

In 1735 he turned up at The Hague, making a profound impression on Count Morin, first secretary of the Danish legation, who referred to St. Germain as a man who looked about fifty and talked easily of events 300 years old.

His friendship for Mme. de Pompadour in 1750 has been recorded.

Thrilled, Frank took off his cap. "So this," he said, "is Fardale academy. Some school! Maybe I'll like it."

"Maybe!" barked Tad Jones. "If you don't there's somethin' screwy with you. The fellers that can get inter that school are dead lucky. That's John Snodd's place down at the foot of the hill, them white buildin's."

"Righto," said Frank. "And now I won't need you to pilot me any further. But I hope we'll be seeing each other often, pal." He held out his hand.

"Well, I—I hope we shall, too—pal!" Stammering and flushed to the roots of his hair, Tad shook hands. "I think you're a swell guy, Frank!" he blurted. Then, calling his dog, he hurried away, going back along the middle of the road.

Merriwell stood there a moment or two, watching the departing boy and his dog. Suddenly, without sound of a warning horn, a light truck came swiftly up over the brow of the hill and rumbled down upon them. It was John Snodd's truck, but Bart Hodge was driving and Joe Bemis, Snodd's man, was sitting beside him.

"Look out, Tad!" Frank shouted. Leaping toward the side of the road, the boy tripped and fell. Like an acrobat, he flipped his body over and rolled into the ditch. He was hidden from Merriwell's view by the dust raised by the wheels of the truck.

Hodge grinned mockingly at Frank, standing on the shoulder of the road; as the truck rolled past with unabated speed. The dust caused Merry to shut his eyes for a moment. As the truck rumbled onward he heard Tad's voice calling wildly:

"Frank! Frank! Come here, Frank! He ran over my dog! He's killed my poor little dog!"

More than an hour later, Tony Acerró drove his brand-new "taxi" up to John Snodd's front door and Frank Merriwell hopped lightly out of the car.

Snodd was waiting on the steps. "Well," he said, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking Frank over with a pair of keen blue eyes. "I see you arrived in style, young feller. Sorry my truck wasn't good enough for you to ride in."

His speech was sharp and brisk. Like his neat white buildings and everything around the place, he looked prosperous. His iron-gray chin whiskers gave him a distinctly rustic appearance.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Hypo, Crystalline Compound**

Hypo is a white soluble, crystalline compound, made by boiling a solution of caustic soda or of sodium sulphite with sulphur. Its chemical name is sodium thiosulphate. Hypo is extensively used in photography and is used also for removing excess chlorine from bleached fabrics.

**IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson**

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, © Western Newspaper Union.

**Lesson for November 28 CHRISTIAN FRUITFULNESS**

**LESSON TEXT**—John 15:1-16. **GOLDEN TEXT**—Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.—John 15:8. **PRIMARY TOPIC**—Jesus' Rule of Love. **JUNIOR TOPIC**—Fidelity of Love. **INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC**—What May We Expect to Achieve? **YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC**—How Christians Become Fruitful.

Thanksgiving day has just afforded each one of us a special opportunity to return praise to God for the fruitfulness of America's broad acres. It is appropriate that we think today of the Christian life as manifesting itself in the bearing of fruit.

Christian work of which we spoke last Sunday may (at least in a measure) be imitated, but fruit cannot be imitated. It is the result of life and only those who know the new birth bear the fruit of Christianity.

The chapter before us is a portion of Scripture which has been the peculiar favorite of God's children in all generations. It is at the center of our Lord's words with his disciples immediately before his death on the cross.

Many are the expositions of this passage, but a beautifully simple one which came to the writer from Dr. W. Graham Scroggie is suggested as most helpful.

**I. Life and Fruitfulness (vv. 1-8).**

Life results in fruit and there can be no true fruit where there is no life. Christ is the vine, the Father is the keeper of the vine. We who are Christ's are the branches abiding in him, that is, living our whole life in and for him in such close union with him that his life as the vine brings forth fruit in us as the branches. That is real Christian living.

But, alas, there are branches that seem to belong to the vine but they lack the one indispensable evidence of life which is the normal bearing of fruit. These the Father must take and cast away to be destroyed.

While we must not read into these words more than our Lord intended, let us beware lest we explain away their serious import. These are grave words of warning to false professors of Christianity, but they are not spoken to distress and dishearten true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Fruit in the Christian is undoubtedly first of all the fruit of character but that character is also to show in conduct. Note the progress—"fruit" (v. 2), "more fruit" (v. 2), "much fruit" (v. 5). In order to bear more fruit there is need of pruning and cleansing (vv. 2, 3). Pleasant? Not always, but always profitable. Let us thank God for even the pruning knife when its work is needed.

Do not miss the prayer promise in verse 7. It is an unlimited promise with a closely limited condition. Let us meet the condition and claim the promise.

**II. Love and Friendship (vv. 9-16).**

"This is my commandment that ye love one another." In verse 10 we read that to abide in the love of Christ we must keep his commandments and now we learn that it is his command that we love one another. We are not to await the impulse prompted by the beauty or kindness or propinquity of someone, but we are to love one another. Many a Christian who has obeyed the commandments against stealing, adultery, and blasphemy has never noticed that he is commanded to love.

The joy of Christ was fulfilled on the eve of Calvary by the love of his disciples for one another and for him. He rejoices today when we love the brethren and love him, for thus we enter upon the beautiful relationship of friends.

Dr. Scroggie says, "We may be God's children without being his friends; the one is based on his gift of life to us; the other, upon our offering of love for him. Are you a friend of God? You cannot have God and the world for friends at the same time. The friendship of the world is enmity with God. The world hates Christ, and therefore will not love you if you are like him."

But, oh! the sweet intimacy of fellowship with him. Read verses 14 to 16. Chosen and appointed by him, for "he first loved us," we are not kept in the distant position of servants but are brought into his circle of friends with whom he shares the glorious secrets of his Father, and our Father. It is a great thing to be a Christian, a friend of the Saviour.

**Intellect**  
Every man should use his intellect not as he uses his lamp in the study, only for his own seeing, but as the lighthouse uses its lamps, that those afar off on the sea may see the shining and learn their way.

**The Past**  
The wise man must remember that while he is a descendant of the past, he is a parent of the future, and that his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die.—Spencer.

**AROUND THE HOUSE**

**In Making Vegetable Salads.**—To prevent vegetable salads from becoming too watery, dry the vegetables before combining with the salad dressing.

**For Dry Shoe Polish.**—Shoe polish which has become hard and dry should be moistened with a little vinegar.

**Washing Voile.**—Voile frocks will not shrink if you use a tablespoonful of epsom salts to every gallon of water when washing them.

**Ten-Minute Sweet.**—Line a buttered pie dish with bread crumbs. Into a pint of milk mix 2 eggs, 4 tablespoonfuls of sugar and a dash of vanilla essence. Pour over the crumbs and bake for 10 minutes.

**Wipe Up Acid Foods.**—Since some enamels lose their luster when they come in contact with acid, always be careful to wipe up, immediately, any vinegar, lemon juice, tomato, or other acid food that is spilled on the enamel of your range.

**To Wash Velour Curtains.**—Did you know that curtains and table covers of heavy velvet-finished furnishing velour can be washed? The trick is never to wring them—just dose them in warm soapy water, then in clear water and hang out dripping wet to dry.

**When Sales Drop**  
Between 1929 and 1933 the expenditure for advertising in newspapers and periodicals dropped 50 per cent, but the value of manufactured products showed a much greater reduction percentage.

**HOW LONG CAN A THREE-QUARTER WIFE HOLD HER HUSBAND?**

YOU have to work at marriage to make a success of it. Men may be selfish, unympathetic, but that's the way they're made and you might as well realize it.

When your back aches and your nerves scream, don't take it out on your husband. He can't possibly know how you feel.

For three generations woman has told another how to "smile through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

**Faith and Logic**

Faith is as much a normal function of the human mind as is logic.—William W. Keen.

**Constipated?**

**Don't Let Gas, Nerve Pressure Keep You Miserable**

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Waste swirl up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, heavy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and distention. SECOND: Ferried digested food starts to decay forming GAS, trapping on your stomach (acid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

Then you spend many miserable days. You can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, groggy and miserable.

To get the complete relief you need you must do TWO things: 1. You must relieve the GAS. 2. You must clear the bowels and GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVE. As soon as offending wastes are washed out you feel markedly relieved, bloating vanishes, the world looks bright again.

There is only one product on the market that gives you the DOUBLE ACTION you need. It is ADLERIA. This efficient carminative has been known to clear GAS at once. It often removes lower congestion in half an hour. No waiting for overnight relief. Adleria acts on the stomach and bowels. Ordinary laxatives act on the lower bowel only.

Adleria has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for 25 years. No griping, no after effects. Just QUICK results. Try Adleria today. You'll say you have never used such an efficient intestinal cleanser.

**WATCH the Specials**

You can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices e e e