

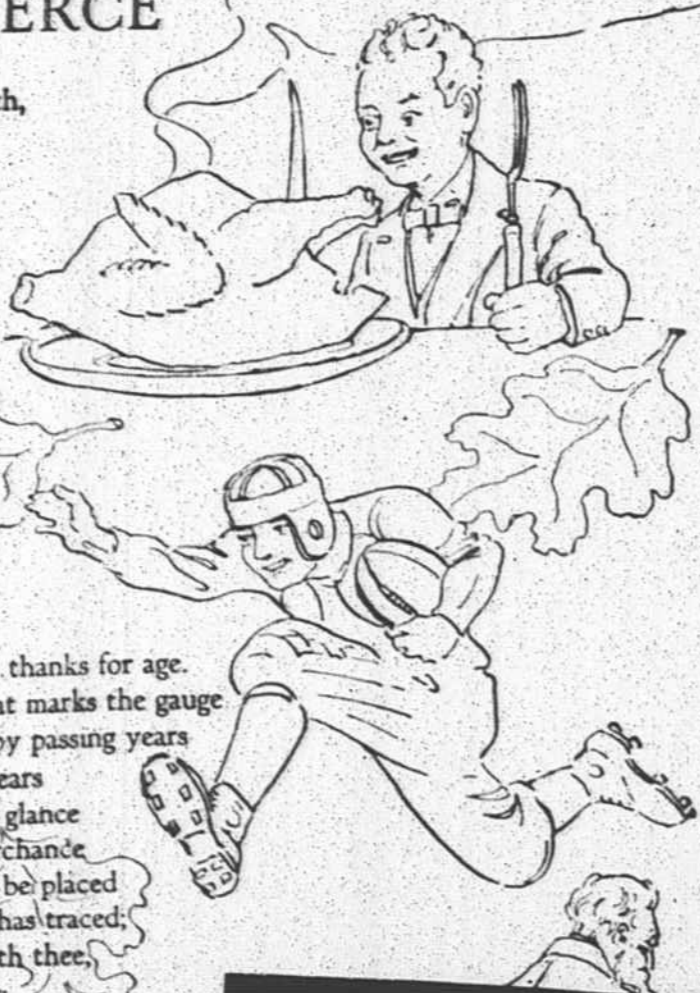
# A THANKSGIVING

—by W. H. PIERCE

**W**E THANK thee, thou Most High, for youth,  
 For, though 'tis fleeting, yet forsooth  
 'Tis filled with freshness and with hope,  
 And all unfathomed is the scope  
 Of pain, of sorrow, or of sin,  
 And sordid cares ne'er enter in  
 The bright young years, and naught is seen  
 Save through the rosy, golden sheen  
 That shimmers in the summer sun.  
 Hope wins the race before 'tis run,  
 And knows, though skies may weep today,  
 The morrow's sun will drive away.  
 All clouds. And so we say, in truth,  
 We thank thee, thou Most High, for youth.

**W**E GIVE thee, Master, thanks for age.  
 The whitened hair that marks the gauge  
 Placed on our brows by passing years  
 Tells us our weary journey nears  
 Its ending, and our backward glance  
 Is keen and searching, lest perchance  
 Some stumbling-block of ours be placed  
 Athwart the path some soul has traced;  
 The morrow—that is left with thee,  
 For we have learned humility.  
 We know ourselves; this lesson taught  
 By hard experience, has brought  
 The weary sojourner his wage.  
 We give thee, Master, thanks for age.

**W**E GIVE thee, Father,  
 Relying on thy word,  
 "I am thy way," we thank  
 And, by thy side, just waiting  
 Ready the little step to take  
 'Tween Here and There; to see  
 To live again, and so to learn  
 The lessons from which now  
 As deep and far beyond our ken  
 We blind, unseeing sons of men  
 We do not hear, we cannot  
 And, helpless, can but turn to  
 O, Father, and with trembling  
 We thank thee most of all for  
 (©, 1925.)



## Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER  
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### KITTEN'S NEW YEAR

Oh, it was very, very cold.  
 The North Wind was blowing and  
 was having a wild, gay old time.  
 "I want to show this little new upstart of a year that is coming along that I am not old and feeble, but that I have lots of strength."  
 So the old North wind blew with such terrific strength and power.  
 "Just because he is young and full of life and strength and all that he shall not get the better of me. I will show him that I am clever."  
 So the New Year found the North Wind blowing at a great rate when he came to take the place of the Old Year.  
 But there was a little kitten, a little, gray kitten, who did not know anything about the thoughts of the North Wind or that it was the beginning of a New Year.  
 Only the kitten knew that he was very, very cold.  
 Oh, dear, but he was cold. His fur did not seem to help him in the least.  
 The wind went right through it and his little body shivered with the night air and the coldness of it.  
 Oh, how could he endure it. He had tried to get into warm places but he had not been able to manage it. He had tried to get into several houses where the door had opened but they had closed again too soon to let in a little kitten.

It Was Getting Colder.

It was getting colder and colder. The alleys all seemed so chilly and it seemed as though there would never be warmth again in the world. The kitten remembered that in time past it had been warm but it was hard to realize that now.  
 And then along came a motor car. Out the people got and went into a house. But before they did this they put a big warm rug on their car and the kitten hopped up there just as soon as it was fixed and the people had gone inside.  
 They had a spot light which was turned just on the spot where the kitten sat. It reminded him a little of the sun's warmth in the summer time. And it was so nice of the great old rug.  
 The warmth from the engine came right up through the rug. Oh, this was very pleasant, very pleasant indeed.  
 The rug had been factored so that it stayed in place, and the kitten was in real toils of it so that he was really protected.  
 This was the warm spot he had been looking for. Of course it wasn't exactly that but it was pleasant. A little cold, lonely kitten could not complain of this.  
 Then out came the people and began to go for the rug.  
 "Oh, look at the cunning little kitten sitting right on top here," they said.  
 Then they began to take off the rug and to lift the kitten down.  
 But the kitten held on for all he was worth.  
 His claws would not let go of the rug.  
 Oh, he had been cold too long to let go now.  
 "Poor little kitten," the people said, and there was warmth in their voices, the kitten understood.  
 "Perhaps you would like to go home with us."  
 So one of them took the kitten in her arms and he was held nice and snugly to her and taken home to a beautiful warm house.  
 There he was given a bed and a warm blanket, milk and the most pleasant surroundings.  
 And he had a new little mistress who fell in love with him at once and who called him New Year's as he had come to her at the beginning of the New Year.  
 Oh, the wind could blow and show the New Year all its strength. It could be as cold as cold could be.  
 No more did it matter to the little kitten the little wail, the forlorn, lonely kitten.  
 Now he was happy and he had a home.

It was certainly a Happy New Year for him. No kitten could have had a happier New Year.  
 And to be called Kitty New Year or New Year's was so nice and so friendly.  
 Little Kitty New Year's was warm and petted and contented and loved.

He Had a New Little Mistress.  
 "Father,"  
 "Yes, my son."  
 "Could type-metal be called printer zinc?"

## The Thanksgiving Myth

by Jane Osborn

**D**ORA LOUISE GRAYSON, an office girl, was sitting at her desk in the city office building, looking at her watch. She was wondering how it had ever occurred to her that she could possibly be anything else besides a doctor.

For several weeks Doctor Scott had been stopping every day at the children's hospital to speak to Doctor Grayson, who received her little patients in the room.

"Suppose you will have dinner with friends."  
 "Thanksgiving dinner?" she queried. "I am afraid I don't feel in a very thankful mood. I'm thousands of miles from home. Do you still believe in turkey and cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie?"

"It's a pretty myth," he said.  
 If Dora had been a keen observer she might have noticed that a look of disappointment passed over Talmadge Scott's face, and if he had been a mind reader he might have been aware of her own disappointment. Not being so gifted they parted with a brief farewell.

### Thanksgiving

By TOM BRADSHAW, in Chicago Herald-Examiner.

**J**EHOVAH, God of lands and seas,  
 Of winter's winds and summer breeze,  
 Lead our today while from the ranks  
 Of millions swells a prayer of thanks.  
 For all that hope and faith hath brought,  
 For similes reached for less than long,  
 For life and health and peace and joy,  
 Jehovah, hark from above!  
 Jehovah, God of yours, untold  
 Of saint and sinner, youth and old,  
 Give ear today to people's stand,  
 With thankful hearts, all of the land,  
 To give Thee thanks for blessing new  
 That come with every morning's dew—  
 That follow on till night is nigh,  
 That aid them live and help them die,  
 That shower on them through the years,  
 That mingle happiness with tears,  
 That stop not till their race is run,  
 And centuries sing, "Thy will be done!"

came out of the door of the apartment house.  
 "Are you going to dinner?" he asked, and Dora admitted that she was going out in search of something to eat. "But you don't care about the old, traditional Thanksgiving feast?" she queried. "It's funny how people have clung to the tradition."  
 "Isn't it?" he said, and then, "As we both seem to be going out in search of nourishment, what do you say to combining forces?"

Ten minutes later they were seated opposite each other in a white-tiled eating establishment. Dora had declined Talmadge's invitation to go to a more expensive place.  
 "A salad is all I want," said Dora. "From a tray being borne past them came whiffs of aromatic turkey and stuffing, that somehow made Talmadge's mouth water. Yet he said, looking instantly at Dora: "Yes, a salad and tea. I think that's what I shall have, too."

So they sat together, and somehow as they ate Dora felt a funny sobbing sensation—as of intense homesickness and disappointment, and Talmadge felt a curious sort of melancholy.  
 After it was over and Talmadge had paid the insignificant check, they went together as far as the corner and there Dora left him.  
 Thirty minutes later, Talmadge Scott, after some irresolution, entered the restaurant of the Sterling hotel. He allowed the head waiter to lead him in ceremony to a table near a babbling fountain. He was about to



In my little apartment with me. I was so anxious to cook it. But you said something about the Thanksgiving myth, so I didn't.

tor Scott to her little apartment, where they talked before the cheerful glow of the open fire in her living room.  
 "I've always wondered just why a girl like you studied medicine?" he ventured to begin.  
 "I've wondered, too," said Dora. "It all seemed so wonderful and so easy in medical college. But now I'm practicing by myself, I wonder, too."  
 "It seemed," Talmadge went on, "as if you were the sort of girl—the sort of girl that would want to marry—that just couldn't escape marriage."  
 "But I never wanted to marry anyone but a doctor," she began, and then stopped in confusion.  
 And this gave Talmadge Scott the cue for his first and last proposal.



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**Not an Ancestor**  
 1925's turkeys are descendants of Aztec fowls, and not the wild species that the Puritans ate, explains a Field museum wizard. So long as our Thanksgiving bird is a descendant and not an ancestor, we shall accept this discovery with equanimity. One year we remember trying to carve an original Aztec eagle, and judging by the nicks it put in the knife, his name was Iztulkatzotipeec.

**To the Turk**  
 Some pray, some play.  
 This thankful day.  
 Some even have to work;  
 But some what may.  
 We're here to say:  
 Hats off to the Turk.  
 —Atlanta Constitution

### IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

## Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. H. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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### Lesson for November 29

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA

**LESSON TEXT**—Acts 25:1-26:32.  
**GOLDEN TEXT**—"I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."  
**ACTS 25:1-12**  
**PRIMARY TOPIC**—Paul Tells Why He Obeyed Jesus.  
**JUNIOR TOPIC**—Paul Tells a King About Jesus.  
**INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC**—Obedience to the Heavenly Vision.  
**YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC**—Paul's Defense of His Mission.

More than two years had elapsed since Paul had been tried before Felix, during which time Jewish hatred for him had not abated. As soon as Festus, the new governor, went to Jerusalem he was besieged with accusations against Paul. His accusers desired that he be brought to Jerusalem for trial, intending to lie in wait and kill him on the way. Festus refused their request, but agreed to give them an opportunity to accuse Paul if they would go down to Caesarea. They were unable to prove anything against him. Festus, willing to please the Jews, proposed to send him to Jerusalem for trial. Paul rebuked Festus for this, declaring that he knew very well that he was innocent. Seeing that it was impossible to get justice before Festus, Paul made use of his right as a Roman citizen and appealed to Caesar. This surprised Festus. His failure to release an innocent man placed him in an awkward position for he could give no explanation as to why an innocent man should go to Rome for trial.

**I. Paul Before the King (25:13-27)**  
 The occasion of his appearing before Agrippa was the visit of Agrippa and Bernice to Festus. Upon their arrival they expressed a desire to hear Paul, whereupon Festus told them of his perplexity. So it was arranged that Paul be brought before them for examination. The gospel should be preached to all regardless of wealth or station in life.

**H. Paul's Defense Before Agrippa (26:1-27)**  
 1. The Introduction (vv. 1-3).  
 He expressed his delight that he now could speak and tell his case to one who was able to follow his line of argument. For Agrippa was an expert in questions concerning the Jews; but most of all he was very busy in witnessing to him, of the Savior, and for him, leading him into the light of God.

2. His Manner of Life (vv. 4-12).  
 This he showed had been in strict accordance with the most rigid sect of Jews. He possessed the same hope, a faith of a coming Deity, and reminded them of the fact that he merely he was most bitterly opposed to Christ, as his zeal would prove.

3. His Supernatural Conversion (vv. 13-18).  
 Jesus Christ appeared to him on the way to Damascus and revealed Himself to him.  
 4. Jesus Christ Commissioned Him for His Work (vv. 19-24).  
 He was sent into the Gentiles:  
 (1) To open their eyes, so awfully blinded.  
 (2) To perform the blessed work of turning them from darkness to light.  
 (3) To turn them from the power of Satan unto God.  
 (4) That they might receive forgiveness of sins.  
 (5) And that they might obtain an inheritance among the saints.

5. His Consolation (vv. 25-27).  
 As soon as he received his commission, he obeyed. Every man should instantly obey the call of God and devote his life to carrying forward the work entrusted to him. The vigorous prosecution of his work brought him into conflict with the Jews, for which they sought to kill him.

6. The Interruption by Festus (v. 24).  
 Seeing how thoroughly in earnest Paul was, Festus attempted to account for it by calling him a crank, intending it to be the ravings of an unbalanced mind.  
 7. Paul's Appeal to Agrippa (vv. 25-27).  
 Still maintaining his courage, he appealed to Agrippa's knowledge of the work of Jesus and of the prophets, for they have an intimate connection.

**III. Agrippa Almost Persuaded (vv. 28-32)**  
 Whether Agrippa's answer was a contemptuous sneer or not, it is quite evident that his soul was wrought upon. He saw the claim of Christ upon him but was unwilling to yield. Sad, indeed, that a man should be so near to eternal life, and yet lost! Paul took Agrippa seriously, and his heart longed that Agrippa, and all concerned, might accept Christ and be saved.

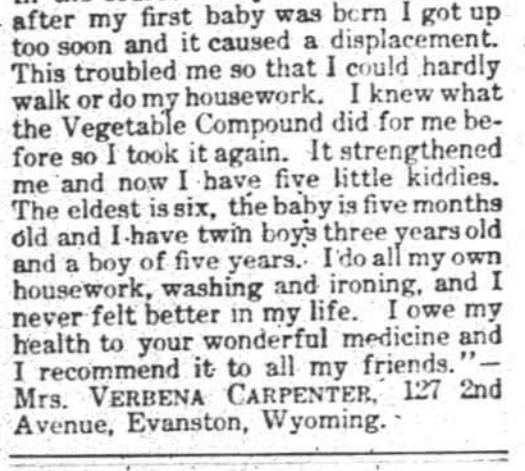
**For Religious Peace**  
 It would make greatly for religious peace in this country if we all learned to rejoice when we hear of others finding God in any way, and ceased to insist that our own way is the best.—A. Herbert Gray.

**Dignity of Manners**  
 A certain dignity of manners is absolutely necessary to make even the most valuable character either respectable or respected in the world.—L. J. Chesterfield.

## AILMENTS OF YOUNG GIRLS

Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound School Teacher's Experience.

Evanston, Wyoming.—"A few years ago I had troubles every month such as girls often have, and would suffer awfully every time. I was teaching school and it made it hard for me as I had to go to bed for two or three days. One day my mother suggested that I take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and it did wonders for me. In the course of a year I married and after my first baby was born I got up too soon and it caused a displacement. This troubled me so that I could hardly walk or do my housework. I knew what the Vegetable Compound did for me before so I took it again. It strengthened me and now I have five little kiddies. The eldest is six, the baby is five months old and I have twin boys three years old and a boy of five years. I do all my own housework, washing and ironing, and I never felt better in my life. I owe my health to your wonderful medicine and I recommend it to all my friends."  
 —Mrs. VERBENA CARPENTER, 127 2nd Avenue, Evanston, Wyoming.



**Power From Glacier**  
 The melting waters of Grasshopper glacier in Montana are to be conducted through a 10-foot tunnel and a 2000-foot wooden conduit to water-wheel turbines, turning electric generators which will produce 15,000 horse power for cities and towns in the lowlands. The glacier gets its name from the millions of grasshoppers buried in its blue ice.

Gold, osmium, platinum and iridium are the four heaviest metals. The density of a hammered or rolled metal is greater than that of a cast metal.

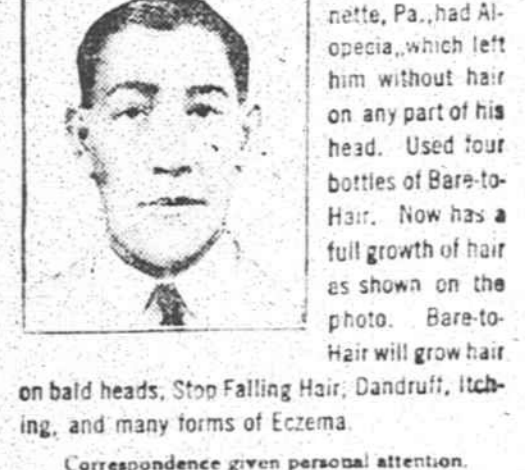
## Don't Let That Cold Turn Into "Flu"

That cold may turn into "Flu," Grippe or, even worse, Pneumonia, unless you take care of it at once.  
 Rub Musterole on the congested parts, and see how quickly it brings relief. Musterole, made from pure oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other simple ingredients, is a counter-irritant which stimulates circulation and helps break up the cold.  
 As effective as the messy old mustard plaster, does the work without blister. Rub it on with your fingertips. You will feel a warm tingle as it enters the pores, then a cooling sensation that brings welcome relief.



## Grow Hair on Your BALD HEAD

### BARE-TO-HAIR A Blessing to Mankind



Paul Bonor, 414 Jeanette, Pa., had Alopecia, which left him without hair on any part of his head. Used four bottles of Bare-to-Hair. Now has a full growth of hair as shown on the photo. Bare-to-Hair will grow hair on bald heads. Stop Falling Hair, Dandruff, Itching, and many forms of Eczema.

Correspondence given personal attention.

**W. H. FORST, Mfg. SCOTSDALE, PA.**

**For torpid liver DR. THACHER'S Liver and Blood Syrup**  
 A boon to sluggish constitutions, a quick natural cleansing and strengthening, a safe and easy treatment of priceless value.  
**FREE**—Liberal sample bottle at your druggist, or write Thacher Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

**Boschee's Syrup**  
 HAS BEEN Relieving Coughs for 59 Years  
 Carry a bottle in your car and always keep it in the house. 30c and 90c at all druggists.

**FACIAL ERUPTIONS**  
 unightly and annoying - - improved by one application of  
**Resinol**