

Perfection does not consist in hing singular things; but it does onsist in doing common things ngularly well.

Always be sure your friends can grant the favor before you ask it; then there won't be the pain and embarrassment of refusal.

We always feel great admiration for those clever people who can mend something when we break

Everyone remembers what a great man says, So much the worse for his reputation for con-

Those That Tried

Failures are facts that prove a man has at least actually tried to be successful.

Poise is something that keeps

The sophisticated person finds little to enjoy. Everything is old

If you want to make your friend happy instead of seeking to have him make you happy, that's the

A man who knows that his hard-ships made the best part of his character may not want his son to have hardships.



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Still Coughing?

Our Need What this country needs is dirtier fingernails and cleaner minds.

—Will Rogers.



sore she could hardly touch them. Used Hamilins Wizard Oil and found wonderful relief. Just rubbed it on and rubbed it in. Thousand say Hamilins Wizard Oil works wonder for stiff, aching muscles. Why suffer? Ge a bottle for speedy comfort. Pleasant odos Will not stain clothes. At all druggists

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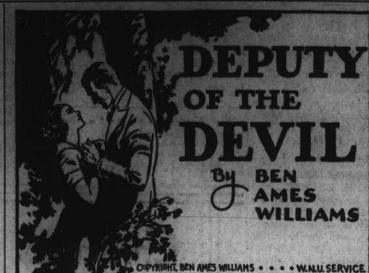
SLEEP SOUNDLY

Lack of exercise and injudicio make stomache acid. You must neutralize stomach acids if you would aleep soundly all night and wake up feeling refreshed and really fit.



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ssary. Jerrell finally spoke again.

said.

"Well, you're right, Ned," id. "It is about Nancy. .

After a moment Jerrell came to

Doctor Greeding's heart quick-

ened its beat; but he held his

tongue. Jerrell went on, hurriedly.

her," Jerrell explained. "It seemed

to me that under the circumstances

I ought first to come to you-my

And he continued: "I see quite

I am twenty years older than she

is, twenty-two or -three years older. That is an obstacle. Then I have

known her, as a child and as a young woman, for years; but she

still others. It may be that she is

-in love with some one her own age; and it may be that even if she

were not, you and Mrs. Greeding would object to her marrying me,

either because I'm so much older,

He hesitated, and when Doctor Greeding still held silent, he went

"I don't want to-distress her, if

she—already loves some one else, some youngster her own age. And

I don't want to embarrass you or

Mrs. Greeding, by putting you in the position of opposing her mar-riage to me."

He hesitated, said then: "That's

After a moment Doctor Greeding chuckled. "Well, Ira," he said,

"I can't pretend to be-surprised.

I've not been blind to your new in-

terest in Nancy in these recent months. Mrs. Greeding has told me

some things about your visit with them in Georgia." He added calm-

has friends, of course-boys her

own age. A girl of twenty-two is

very much a young woman; but a boy of that age is still a boy. She

"How about you? And Mrs. Greeding" Jerrell asked bluntly.

The Doctor hesitated, then went

on: "The difference in your ages

may seem to her an obstacle, as

you say. She may feel it a barrier

Jerrell said simply:
"Of course, in the last analysis.

Jerrell chuckled with a quick, youthful pleasure; but he sobered then, and he said gratefully:
"Thanks, Ned. I appreciate your

attitude." And after a moment he

I'm not so old as my years. I've

Di's Here!!

the field is open," he said.

for Nancy to decide."

rs." He smiled. "I feel sure

or for some other reason."

old friend, and Nancy's father.'

clearly the difficulties in the

"Of course, I haven't spoken to

CHAPTER I

The events to be related began upon a certain afternoon and early vening when Doctor Greeding be-She's a beautiful, a lovely girl." came for almost the first time in "Why, yes," Doctor Greeding smilingly assented, rather amused at the other's indirection. "I think his life furiously angry. Call these events coincidence; yet it is per-missible to suggest that if human passions be supposed sometimes to have a force of their own, so that the point.
"Ned," he said, "here it is, in a violent emotion in one individual may without any physical action on his part project itself and impact upon other individuals, then these occurrences will fall into an or-

Doctor Greeding's own experi-ence had persuaded him that incidents do occur, and conditions do arise, for which there can be no natural explanation. Certain episides in his life, certain unique traits which he recognized in himself had long since convinced him

Thus his sense of smell was far more acute than normal. If he came into an empty room, he knew instantly who had last passed through that room. In the same way, perhaps from a peculiarity of structure which his oculist early remarked, he could see with some precision in the dark. Incidentally, his eyes sometimes shone like those of an animal; and Mrs. Greeding might be startled, when they both awoke at night, to see her husband's eyes thus gleaming.

Doctor Greeding cultivated these unusual capacities—taking care, for instance, not to smoke, lest he blur his sense of smell; but this was a matter as much of inclination as of choice, for he had a dog's distaste for tobacco. Mrs. Greeding, and his daughter Nancy, respected this feeling on his part. Mrs. Greeding never smoked at all, Nancy never when she was near him.

the situation, N.d. What do you think?" But he had other gifts not so definitely physical. For instance, he sometimes knew what a person was about to say before the word was uttered. Or when he approached a street-corner, or a closed door, he might find himself perfectly sure that when he turned the corner, or opened the door, he would discover a certain person or scene. ly: "And Nancy's fine. I should have been more surprised if you had failed to discover the fact." He went on, thoughtfully: "Nancy

Also, he had had occasionally the experience of wishing very much that something entirely out of the ordinary run of expectation would happen—and having the wished-for event occur. But this he attributed to his luck. Doctor Greeding was in fact a child of good fortune. Life ran well for him. He had married, with the deliberate intention of furchose; and their life together had en all that he had hoped. He had desired one child, a daught Nancy was their only child. He had sought material and professional success, and found it.

And in other ways, in the small incidents of daily life, luck was likely to break in his direction. His she was a simple womanonce told him that he had been born inder a caul. "So you'll always be

lucky," she explained . . .

The thing began with Ira Jerrell, a wealthy business man near Doctor Greeding's own age, whose life the Doctor had saved by a difficult operation. From that day, as a no unnatural consequence, their friend-ship had steadily deepened. Today Jerrell had telephoned Dr.

Greeding and made an appointment to lunch with him, at their club. During the luncheon they spo casual matters. Afterward, Jerrell started to light a cigar, then hesi-

"Light it, Ira," the Doctor bade him, smiling. "The window's open; and if any tobacco can be tolerable

and if any tobacco can be tolerable to a sensitive nose, it is yours."

So Jerrell scratched a match. He was a man physically fit, lean and hard. His thick hair contributed to the youthfulness of his appearance; but there were betraying lines at the corners of his mouth. He said, after a moment, quietly:

"I want to have a talk with you, Ned—about Nancy." There was a slow color in his cheeks.

The Doctor nodded. "Yes, I know."

know."

Jerrell looked at him curiously.
"How can you know?" he saked,
Doctor Greeding only smiled, and
Jerrell said: "Ned, I always have
a feeling, in talking with you, that
you know what I'm going to say.
You're a curiously understanding
man." He chuckled. "I should not
like to try to keep a business secret
from you."

"If I could read your mind, I'd nave been able to retire long ago," Doctor Greeding remarked.

"You don's—speculate, do you?" Jerrell inquired. He had never invited the other to participate in any pusiness affair.

Greeding shook his head. "No.

"I know this is an old-fashioned proceeding, my speaking first to you . . . And I don't want to be rebuffed. Are you sure she is—

"Perfectly sure," Doctor Greed-ing promised. "I have her confi-dence. If there were anyone, I would surely know."

Jerrell smiled, and his eyes lighted. "Thanks, Ned," he said. "I shall bank on what you say."

Doctor Greeding drove back up town in a complacent triumpi. He had no least misgiving of what was to come . . . Edward Greeding was the only son of a Maine farmer. Even as a boy on the farm, he revealed some unique and unusual quality; and his mother's pride furnished a driving motive force. By his own labors he put ly cautious, and-it hasn't been nec himself through Bowdoin and aft-erward through Harvard Medical school, where he ranked second in his class.

By the time he had finished his hospital work, both his father and mother were dead. In Cambridge he had learned to value the atmosphere of dignity and pride which surrounded some of the fine old houses there. In one of them -that of Doctor Bendon-he was a welcomed visitor; and he shrewdly words of one syllable: If—well, I should like to marry Nancy." decided that if Myra Bendon were his wife, his career would begin under good auspices. He wooed the girl—she was a little taller than he, plain and awkward, not beset by suitors-and won her. Later, when Doctor Bendon died, Doctor and Mrs. Greeding came to live in the old house that had been built by her great-grandfather a hundred years before.

Mrs. Greeding would have preferred more modern surroundings; but her husband insisted. There



"Thanks, Ned," He Said. "I Shall Bank on What You Say."

were in the old house many things -furniture, silverware and the like which had been old and fine when boy of that age is still a boy. She has a troop of these youngsters at Greeding had a keen appreciation her heels most of the time; but no of these possessions. He took pride one of them more often than the in them, took pride in having kept the old things from a sense of duty. There were a few things—a vase, a modern painting or the like -which she had bought and against the Doctor's protests insisted on keeping; and her own dressing-room, her particular domain, was decorated and furnished in a modernistic vein.

too great to be surmounted. On that point, I cannot speak. That is The house stood on half an acre of well-landscaped grounds, with a fine bay hedge in front, and flowers, But would you and Mrs. Greedand a pool where goldfish swam, and a tennis court. The tennis The Doctor met the other man's eyes straightforwardly. "I know you pretty well, Ira," he replied. "If Nancy loved you and wished to court was at one side, and the wire screen designed to catch stray balls was itself overgrown by vines, so that the court was hidden from marry you, Mrs. Greeding and I would be—gratified." the eye of anyone not actually with-

This afternoon-it was a day in May, when spring was already full blown, and the sun was warm—and only a little while after Doctor Greeding had assured Jerrell that Nancy was heart-free, the girl was playing tennis with Dan Carlisle. added: "I- love Nancy, Ned. And I'm not so old as my years. I've lived decently, taken care of myself. I believe—if she came to love me—I could make her happy.' Doctor Greeding nodded. "I know as much about you—physically—as you know yourself." He was proud of his tone. It was dispassionate and calm, with he hint in it of the excitement he felt. This young man was an assistant professor of economics in the university, and his book on the busiresity, and his book on the business cycle had already won respectlargest volume of water of any
ful notice and was used as a text in
the world, containing ap
the business school. He telephoned
Nancy soon after lunch; asked
whether she were free. She told
him, eagerly, to come; and at a gether are 12 times greater.

From beginning to end, every mystifying episods of this great story is packed with interest. It reveals amazing developments that seem uncanny . . . a love that blossoms in the face of opposition . . . and an extraordinary story told as only Ben Ames Williams can tell til

DON'T MISS A SINGLE INSTALLMENT

The amazing story of a modern Dr. Faustus who thought he was endowed with supernatural powers! But this man failed to appreciate the forces of love and kindness that opposed his schemes . . .

BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS

little before three he arrived, to find her driving balls against the batter-board at the end of the court.

Doctor Greeding did not suspect that those great plans he had for Nancy were guessed by half the world; but they were not as secret as he supposed. Thus when Danarrived, he peered through the gate in the screen around the court, and hissed sharply. Nancy heard, and called, "Oh, hello!" and she came swiftly toward him.

came swiftly toward him.
"Sh-h-hi" he warned her, finger
on his lips; and he looked right and
left, cautiously. "Are we alone?"

"Idiot!" she laughed. "Yes, of course. Mother's gone to play bridge—won't be home till late."

"Ah!" Dan sighed contentedly. 'And your father won't, either. So it's perfectly safe for me to show

myself!"
"Don't be silly, Dan," Nancy indignantly protested. "You're not exactly an outcast, you know."

He insisted with mock gravity: 'Indigent instructor plays clandestine tennis with daughter of wealth and beauty." He shook his head.
"That's bad," he said.
Nancy cried, half-irritated: "Just

for that, I shall beat you!" She spun her racket. "Rough or spun her racket. smooth?"

"Rough," said Dan; and the racket fell.

"Smooth," she announced tri-umphantly. "I'll take the serve!" So Dan stripped off his sweater and crossed to the farther court, and Nancy's racket rose and swung in a free full circle. The ball clipped the line, went untouched into the backstop.

'Weren't you ready?" she called. "Sorry," he confessed with a grin. "You ought to wear a veil or something, Nancy, or black your teeth! How can a man keep his eye on the ball?"

"You'd better watch this one!" she retorted, her cheeks bright, and served again. But the ball came back, low and fast on her backhand, and at her feet; and thereafter Dan managed to keep his attention on the game.

Yet-inattention might have been forgiven him. Nancy was slender, with loose dark hair; and she wore one of those scant tennis costumes calculated to permit the greatest possible freedom of movement, with no sleeves, and a skirt which even in repose scarce reached the knee. Her bare legs were golden brown from three months of southern sun, and her arms and throat were the color of honey. Dan thought her like that classic figure of Diana with the stag. Her movements were liquid and effortless; her body flowed through a succession of pos-tures, each beautifully composed, like a fine work of art, which the eye recorded and remembered.

Dan himself was no work of art. He was taller than Nancy, but so broad of shoulder and heavy of leg that he seemed short and almost chunky. He moved about the court with a robust zest and a reckless waste of energy. His stroke seemed awkward, but had a surprising efficiency and power. Nancy had earned her tennis in a good school, and played easily and well; and she did in fact win that first set from him, though by sheer stubborn per-sistence he carried it thrice to

But in the second set his sur pace began to tell; the balls he hit had a steam behind them which when they struck her racket com-municated the shock to her hand, to her wrist and arm. Little by little, her returns began to drift faintly to the right of the spot where she aimed them; she made errors. He

"Golly, Nancy," he protested,
"you're blazing! Too hot?"
"Of course not!" She laughed at

him. "You're no iceberg, yourself," she retorted. "You're red as beef! It makes me hot just to look at you."
"Want to call it off?" he urged.

"No sense killing ourselves."
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Deepest Known Lake Is

Located in East Siberia The deepest known lake in the vorld is Lake Baikal, in East Siperia. It is the sixth largest lake in the world and the greatest fresh water basin in Eurasia. The length is about 412 miles and the width varies from 15 to 47 miles. The surface area nearly equals that of your surfac proportion to area it contains the largest volume of water of any lake in the world, containing approxi-mately the same amount of water as the Baltic sea and the Kattegat strait, although their surfaces to-

SUNDAY International SCHOOL *LESSON *

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

Lesson for December 6 PAUL'S PARTING COUNSELS

LESSON TEXT—I Timothy 6:6-16; II imothy 4:16-18. GOLDEN TEXT—I have fought a good ight, I have finished my course, I have the faith. II Timothy 4:7.

PRIMARY TOPIC-Paul's Last Let-JUNIOR TOPIC - Paul Awaits the Great Adventure.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOP-IC—Passing on the Christian Torch. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOP-IC—Transmitting the Gospel Heritage.

The apostle Paul was an example in many things, and not the least important of these is the manner in which he was constantly on the lookout for young men who by the call and blessing of God would take up the gospel ministry. He realized that there was much to be done and that if the Lord tarried he and his co-workers would pass on, and the work must needs be carried forward by younger men.

Not only did he seek out such young men but he "followed through," giving them encourage-ment, instruction, and opportunities for service. How shortsighted is the church that fails God at this point, or which, for the sake of local and present usefulness, hinders young men and women from obtaining the needed training for Christian service. The fields are white unto harvest but the laborers are still few. Let us pray them out and help them on their way.

Our lesson centers around the counsels of Paul to his young friend, Timothy. Written near the end of his life, the letters are filled with all the sweet earnestness of his great soul. They present four important truths which merit the careful attention of every Christian, and particularly of the Christian worker. I. The Gain of Godliness (I Tim. 6:6-8). In a world which knows little

but the urge to gain material riches we need to emphasize the fact that it is still true that a man is not profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul. The great gain of godliness is

that inner fellowship with God which brings true contentment of spirit. II. The Snare of Riches (I Tim.

6:9-11). The pages of human history are

full of the names of those who have fallen into this trap of Satan. Sad to say, not a few of them have been Christian leaders. Notice that it is not the money itself, or the amount of it that constitutes the danger. It is the desire

or the "mind to be rich," and "the love of money" that "is a root of all evil." Hence Paul's admonition comes to each one of us to "flee these things and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, partience, meekness." What a sermon in a dozen words! III. The Fight of Faith (vv. 12-16).

Christianity is not only an inward grace which reflects in " with contentment" and in fleeing the snare of riches, but it is a daily fighting of the good fight of faith. It is imperative that there be "a good confession" (v. 12), coupled with a keeping of God's "commandment without spot, without re-proach, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

The servant of Christ, in view of the coming of the One who is "the King of Kings and Lord of Lords," is to live a consistent, clean, and irreproachable life.

IV. A Divine Deliverance (IITim.

"All forsook me," says Paul How tragic! How weak and unde-pendable is the arm of flesh! "But the Lord stood by me." How glorious! How mighty and gracious is our God!

The follower of Christ may find himself without a human friend or supporter. Those who stood by in nger and more successful days may have disappeared. But let us remember that our trust is in God who has never failed any one of his children. "He abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself." (II Tim.

Fight the Good Fight
"But out yonder in the wide forest, who knows what storms are
raving tonight in the hearts of men,
though all the woods are still? Who
knows what haunts of wrath and
cruelty and fear are closed tonight
against the advent of the Prince of
Peace? And shall I tell you what Peace? And shall I tell you what religion means to those who are called and chosen to dare and to fight, and do conquer the world for Christ? It means to launch out into the deep. It means to go against the strongholds of the adversary. It means to struggle to win an entrance for their Master everywhere.

No language can express the power and beauty and heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where man cowers, and grows stronger where man faints, and over the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven. —E. H. Chapin.

Simple Crochet Can Be Family Heirloom



Pattern 5658

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ments. To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 West Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Be sure to write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

Mental Moods

Many of our physical ailments are the direct result of bad men-tal moods. What is needed to cure these ailments is not a dose of medicine, but a dose of mirth.-John R. Gunn.



DO THIS when you wake up with a Headache

ENJOY RELIEF BEFORE YOU'VE FINISHED DRESSING

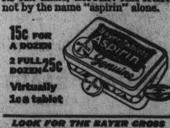


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