

**CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT**

**MISCELLANEOUS**

PINT OF BEST INK and fountain pen delivered 30 cents stamps. JOHN L. VEST, ROANOKE RAPIDS, NORTH CAROLINA.



**What Education Is For**  
No man regrets going to college, even if it doesn't enable him to make money. It gives him the understanding to comprehend so many things.

Some of the "mistakes of your youth" that you grieve most over may be those when you had an opportunity to snatch pleasure and didn't.

One excitement of the small town is wholly gone—the runaway of horses.

True dignity is pretty sure to tame the impertinent.

**Deprivation Inspires**

Those write most thrillingly of nature's charms who see very little of them.

Self-righteous ignorance often does more damage than injustice.

One great wellspring of crime is in the determination of certain young men that they won't work for a living—let the boobs do that.

First two people who got into trouble blamed it on somebody else; which is still the usual procedure.

**Condition of Mind**

YOUR whole thought current must be in the direction of your life purpose. The great miracles of civilization are wrought by thought concentration. Live in the very soul of expectation of better things, in the conviction that something large and beautiful will await you if your efforts are intelligent, if your mind is kept in a creative condition and you continue to struggle upward to your goal.

Live in the conviction that you are eternally progressing, advancing toward something that is higher, better, in every atom of your being.

**Nation Celebrates 250th Anniversary Swedenborg's Birth**

AMAZING as it seems that one mind could encompass so many varied realms of knowledge, nevertheless it is true that Emanuel Swedenborg, the 250th anniversary of whose birth is being celebrated this year, made important contributions in many fields of science, theoretical and practical, in statesmanship, philosophy, and religion.

In 1716-1718 he published the first scientific periodical in Sweden, containing records of his mechanical inventions and mathematical discoveries, which included the first airplane design to have fixed wings and moving propeller, the first air-pump to employ mercury, and the description of a method for determining latitude and longitude at sea by observations of the moon among the stars. In the "Principia," a work on physics and cosmology, he arrived at the nebular hypothesis theory before Kant and Laplace. He was 150 years ahead of any other scientist in his work on the functions of the brain and spinal cord, and on the functions of the ductless glands.

Swedenborg served as an active member of the parliament of his country for more than fifty years, introducing fiscal reforms and much general legislation.

At the age of fifty-five Emanuel Swedenborg discontinued his scientific pursuits and began his work as a theologian, publishing the "Arcana Coelestia, Apocalypse Explained"; "Heaven and Hell"; "Four Doctrines"; "Divine Love and Wisdom"; "Divine Providence"; "Apocalypse Revealed"; "Conjugal Love"; "True Christian Religion"; and other miscellaneous theological works. Information regarding the life and achievements and the works referred to, will be sent without charge by application to the Swedenborg Foundation, 51 E. 42nd St., New York City.

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**Commemoration Edition**  
**SWEDENBORG LIFE AND TEACHING**  
By George Trubridge  
Prepared in commemoration of the 250th Anniversary of the birth of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG now being celebrated throughout the world. A book of 246 pages, handsomely bound in semi-imp imitation leather covers, gilt lettering and rounded corners. 25 cents postpaid; paper edition 10c. "Heaven and Hell" by Emanuel Swedenborg, 5 cents postpaid (mailing cost). Address: SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, Inc. 51 East 42nd Street, New York

**Frank Merriwell at Fardale**

By GILBERT PATTEN

The Original BURT L. STANDISH

© Gilbert Patten

WNU Service



**Smiles**  
They Weren't Grandson—Were the girls of your time as wild as the girls of today, Grandpa?  
Grandpa (eyeing modern grand-ma)—Not then.

**That Won't Do**  
Wife (learning to drive)—Henry! That little mirror up there isn't set right.  
Hubby—Why, what's the matter with it?  
"I can't see anything but the car behind."

**ARTFUL**



Wife—Mrs. Green has another beautiful hat.  
Hubby—So? It's a pity she's not as independent of such aids to appearance as you are, my dear.

**A Respite**  
Rastus—Dat's better. I don't like to see yo' all frowned up. But does dat smile mean yo' forgives me?  
Mandy—Stay away, man, I'se just smilin' to rest my face.

**Invention wanted:** a typewriter that will go non-committally illegible when I'm not sure about the spelling.

**Ah's Very Sorry**  
The guest glanced up and down the menu with enthusiasm.  
"Oh, well," he decided finally, "you may bring me a dozen fried oysters."  
"We's out ob all shellfish, 'cept eggs, sah," said the waiter.

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is a tonic which has been helping women of all ages for nearly 70 years. Adv.

**Preserve the Well**  
Throw no stones into the well whence you have drunk.—Talmud.

**NERVOUS?**

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you?  
If your nerves are on edge, try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. It often helps Nature calm quivering nerves. For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling 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.  
Make a note NOW to get a bottle of world-famous Pinkham's Compound today WITHOUT FAIL from your druggist—more than a million women have written in letters reporting benefit.  
Why not try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND?

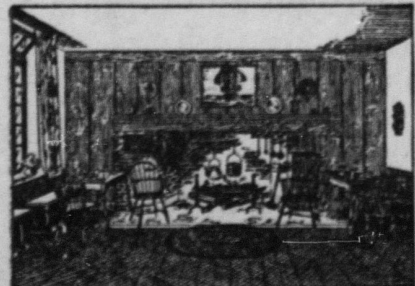
**Life's Best Fruit**  
Toll is the law of life and its best fruit.—Sir Lewis Morris.

**A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal**

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.)

WNU-4 6-38

**In New York, a hotel ...moderate in price ...and convenient**



PRELAPSE IN ORIGINAL RESTAURANT  
Moderate in price...rooms with running water...single \$1.50, double \$2.50; with bath...single \$2.25, double \$3.25.  
Convenient...in the center of the shopping district, one block from Fifth Avenue, Penn Station and subways.  
Good food...you'll enjoy our meals prepared by women cooks...only fresh vegetables used...home baked pastry.  
**Hotel Herald Square**  
116 WEST 34th STREET - (Opposite Macy's) NEW YORK

**SYNOPSIS**

When Bart Hodge, a vain youth of sixteen, alights from a train at Fardale, he stumbles over a half-blind dog and in a rage kicks the animal. The dog's owner, Tad Jones, a small, shabby boy who supports his widowed mother, denounces him. This nettles Bart and he slaps Tad. Frank Merriwell, an orphan of Hodge's age, prevents him from further molesting Tad. Although the two do not come to blows, Hodge sneeringly says they will have to settle their differences later. He and Merriwell had come to Fardale to attend Fardale academy. While Hodge consults Joe Bernis, truck driver for John Snodd, about his baggage, Merriwell, accompanied by Tad and his dog, Shag, start walking to Snodd's place. Presently the Snodd truck, with Hodge driving, rumbles down the road and kills Tad's dog. Occupying a room next to Merriwell's in the Snodd home is Barney Mulloy, who dislikes Hodge. They become good friends. Merriwell offers to help Mulloy get into one of the academy dormitories by appealing to Professor Scotch, a friend of Merriwell's Uncle Asher. As they leave the house that evening Hodge is talking to Inza Burrage, a friend of Belinda Snodd. Later they meet Tad, who now has another dog. That night Bart Hodge crashes a party given by Belinda Snodd. Hodge sings and the lovely Inza Burrage plays the piano. When Merriwell, seated on the porch with Mulloy, sings a comic song, Hodge rushes out, accusing him of insulting Inza. She steps between them, telling Hodge that Merriwell is too cheap to deserve his notice. Next day Merriwell and Mulloy rush to a grove on John Snodd's farm to warn a picnic party that a large dog which Silas Gleason gave Tad is mad and running amuck. Hodge tries to convince Inza that this is just a trick of Merriwell's.

At last Snodd found his chance and the muzzle of the old gun was almost touching the beast's side when the trigger was pulled. The gun roared and the dog dropped, a ragged piece of Hodge's torn coat still in its foam-covered mouth. The blood-stained carving knife slipped from Frank's fingers as Mulloy lifted him to his feet. He was breathing heavily.  
"Thanks, Mr. Snodd," he said huskily. "You got here just in time. I'm just about all in."  
"I got here as fast as my legs would fetch me," said the farmer, staring at Merriwell. "I swan, I never expected to see anything like this in all my born days." He was still breathing hard from his run and the excitement. "Young feller, you had nerve to stand up to a mad dog half as big as an elephant and fight him with a carving knife. Wasn't you scairt at all?"  
The ghost of a smile crept into Frank's face, to which a little color was slowly returning. "Why, yes, Mr. Snodd," he admitted, "but there didn't seem to be anything else for me to do, under the circumstances."  
Inza Burrage hadn't taken her eyes off him. Still sitting on the ground and clinging to her aching ankle, she spoke up in a choked and stammering voice:  
"Oh, he—he—he—Mr. Snodd, he did it for me! I twisted my ankle, and

**CHAPTER III—Continued**

Then, further away, he saw Tad Jones panting along in pursuit of the beast. And once more the boy lifted his voice in a shrill warning cry that rang through the grove:  
"Mad dog! Run! Run! Run!"

That snapped Hodge round to look, and what he saw took the starch out of him in the wink of an eye. In the wink of another eye, he was going away from there without bothering to apologize for his haste. In his rush, he forgot about everything and everybody but himself.

The grove was abruptly filled with the wild screams of frightened girls, who fled like snowflakes before a gale.

All but Inza Burrage. She, also, started to run at last, but with almost her first step her foot turned under her and she went down. When she tried to scramble up she toppled again in a fluttering, helpless heap.

"My ankle!" she gasped. "It's broken!"

Merriwell sprang forward, but he didn't try to pick her up and run with her. That, he knew, would be foolish. He caught up the coat that Bart Hodge had taken off some time before. Swiftly he wrapped it round and round his left fore-arm. His heart was steady now, though his face was still tense and gray.

Sitting on the ground and clinging to her injured ankle with both hands, Inza Burrage watched him do that. She saw him face the oncoming dog, with her only a few feet behind him. The foaming, snarling beast was racing straight at them. The carving knife was still in Frank's hand.

He crouched a little and lifted his bent left arm as the animal sprang, with a roar, at his throat. The creature's gleaming teeth closed on that arm, around which Bart Hodge's coat had been tightly twisted.

The boy reeled back a step, striking with the knife. The force of the heavy animal's lunge had staggered him, and he barely touched the dog with that first stab.

Inza was paralyzed with fear. She could not have moved, then, had she tried.

Dropping back to the ground with its hind feet, the crazed beast tried to pull Frank down.

Tad Jones had stopped, a rod away. He was wringing his hands. Almost blinded by tears, he cried chokingly:  
"Oh, Tig! Stop, Tig! Oh, Frank, Frank!"

Merriwell did not hear him. He heard nothing, saw nothing but the raging, red-eyed beast he was battling with. He struck again and slashed the dog, but that seemed only to make it still more furious. Barney Mulloy had obeyed Frank and hurried all the girls but Inza away. Now he came running back through the trees and saw a sight that made his heart stand still.

"Oh, help him!" begged Inza, as Barney came up. "Oh, it's terrible! Help him! Do something, quick!"

The Irish boy looked wildly around for a rock or a club, and could find neither. He seized the small limb of a tree and began to twist it off. The dog yanked Frank down to his knees.

The tree limb was still resisting Barney. He let it go and whirled to do his best for Frank with his bare hands.

A voice shouted: "Keep away! Let me get at that critter! I'll fix him!"  
John Snodd had arrived at last, with his gun. But when he tried to get into position to use the weapon he was baffled for several moments by the furious movements of the dog, which made it impossible to fire without hitting Merriwell or somebody else.

A sense of shame drove him back to meet them.  
"Where's Inza?" he cried.  
They didn't seem to hear him, and he caught hold of Belinda Snodd as she was panting by.  
"Where's Inza?" he repeated, holding her fast by the arm.  
"Oh! Oh, I don't know!" She could hardly speak, and her voice shook like her whole body. "That—that awful dog! He—she—I don't know! It's terrible! I'm scared to death!"

One of the other girls, a little blonde, had stopped of her own accord. She was trembling too, but she gave Bart a look that was a stiff blow to his pride. "You were with her," she said. "Why don't you know where she is?"  
"Why, I—I thought—"  
But he hadn't thought, and he couldn't explain. He had taken to his heels and left her, and now he knew just what that made him look like. He let go of Belinda Snodd's arm and headed back for the grove, on the jump again. It took courage of some kind for him to do that.

The sound of a gun came from within the grove.  
Neither Hodge nor the feeble girls had seen John Snodd coming, for all of them had fled toward the highway in the vicinity of the school grounds. But the report of that gun gave Bart's heart a lift. It meant, of course, that somebody had fired at the dog. He put more speed into his stride.

They were removing the torn, foam-covered coat from Merriwell's left arm when Bart came running back through the trees. His mouth open, his hands clutched tightly together, Tad Jones was the picture of suspense as he watched. Her face damp with tears, Inza was still sitting on the ground and watching them also. No one appeared to hear Hodge approaching.

He saw the dead dog lying where it had fallen. Snodd had dropped his gun a few steps away. That explained a part of what had happened, but he knew he could never explain what he had done. Nobody would understand, if he tried.

This realization stopped him, 30 feet away. What could he say? What was there for him to say or do?

Frank Merriwell was taking off his own coat now. He looked pretty sober, but still not as disturbed and anxious as the others. Quickly he thrust the sleeve of his shirt up above the elbow.

"I don't believe the dog's teeth touched me," he said. "If I'm right, I owe it to Hodge's coat."  
Snodd took hold of Frank's wrist and turned his arm to inspect it thoroughly. "By ginger!" he cried in great relief. "I can't see even a teeny scratch. Now if that don't beat the world my head's a punkin!"

Barney Mulloy put an arm round Merry's shoulders. His chin was quivering a little, but he managed to grin. "You lucky slob!" was all he could say then.

But Tad Jones had less control. "Gosh, I'm glad!" he cried hopping up and down as if trying to hop out of his skin. "I'm glad, Frank! I'm awful glad! If old Tig had bit you I'd gone right off 'nd jumped in the ocean, I would."  
"Well, I'm not feeling so bad about it myself," said Frank, after taking a deep breath of relief. "And it's lucky the insane beast didn't eat you up, Tad."

"I've got something to say to Silas Gleason," declared John Snodd grimly. "Giving a little shaver a dog in that condition! He ought to be made to smart for it."  
Frank turned toward Inza without stopping to put his coat on again. That brought him round facing Hodge, who still stood where he had halted. They looked each other in



"I Guess We Better Examine Your Arm First, Young Man."

**Decimal Clock Devised; Astronomers Use It to Measure Time Conveniently**

We divide the day into hours, minutes and seconds. For ordinary human purposes this is convenient enough; for scientific purposes, particularly when long intervals of time are involved, intolerable. Astronomers prefer the Julian calendar, according to which days are numbered from January 1, 4713 B. C., and fractions of a day are decimals, with the day beginning at Greenwich mean noon. An event which occurred on June 1, 1937, at 36 minutes and 42 seconds past 3 p. m. standard time would have occurred at 242866.35882 J. D., notes a writer in the New York Times.

Astronomers and navigators use this Julian system. Hence they require conversion tables. But time and trouble are involved in translating ordinary time into Julian time. Hence the decimal clock which Prof. Warren K. Green has devised for Amherst's astronomical observatory. The astronomer reads it as he would any clock and sees where he stands according to the Julian calendar.

Professor Green's clock looks more like a big speedometer than a clock. In a simple box six digits appear. They represent 100,000 equal parts of the solar day. Every time 0.864 of a second elapses by ordinary time the last digit gives place to a new one.  
This decimal clock is driven electrically by a synchronous motor so geared that it turns a wheel a thousand times a Julian day. On the circumference of this wheel are 100 equally spaced contact points. Each makes an electric contact when it passes a given point. Thus impulse counters can be operated at any point in the observatory.

The impulse counters are much like mileage recorders. On their dials numbers appear consecutively every one-hundred-thousandth part of the mean solar day. At any instant the dial indicates the day and the decimal fraction. For example, 9 hours 30 minutes and 36 seconds would appear as 0.39625. When 0.864 seconds have elapsed by ordinary time the dial would read 0.39624.

(TO BE CONTINUED)