

Frank Merriwell at Fardale

By GILBERT PATTEN

The Original BURT L. STANDISH

© Gilbert Patten

WNU Service

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 and his dog, Shag, at a party given by Belinda Snodd. Hodge sings and the lovely Inza Burrage plays the piano. When Merriwell seated at 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.

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, Tige! Stop, Tige! 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 for fire without hitting Merriwell or somebody else.

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 scart 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—Mr. Snodd, he did it for me! I twisted my ankle, and



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

fell. I couldn't run. That—that terrible, terrible dog would have torn me to pieces—only for him."

Then she burst into tears.

Tad Jones had crept forward, keeping his eyes turned away from the dead dog. "They all skeddaddled!" he cried shrilly. "Ev'ry one of 'em run away 'nd left Frank to stop old Tige all by himself, Mr. Snodd. I saw it, I did. That feller Hodge was here, but he scooted like a streak. The big coward!"

"But I told Barney to get the girls away," said Frank. "He didn't know what was happening, but he came back when he found we weren't with the others. Somebody better take a look at Miss Burrage's ankle to see if it's broken."

"Huh!" grunted John Snodd. "I guess we better examine your arm first, young man. Being bit by a mad dog's a heap worse than breaking a leg."

Bart Hodge had always hated and feared dogs. The feeling was so intense that it had become what is called a phobia. He did not know the cause of it himself. It lay, probably, in some forgotten incident of his very early life.

No animal is quicker than a dog to sense fear and dislike in a human being. He is quick, too, to resent it, and he shows his resentment or contempt.

It seemed to Bart that a thousand dogs had let him know what they thought of him. They had leered at him with scornful eyes, they had sneeringly given him a look at their teeth, they had sniffed disdainfully at his heels, and two or three of them had nipped the calves of his legs. Not one had taken a good bite. They had acted as if they were not sure they would like the taste.

There was, therefore, an undying feud between Bartley Hodge and all dogs. All his life he had looked forward with dread to the time when bad luck would force him to meet a "mad" dog, but he had never seen one until the day of the picnic in Snodd's grove. And now he hadn't waited to meet him.

Hodge was out of the grove and on his way to any place where the crazy dog wouldn't be liable to come before he fully knew what he was doing. He realized it suddenly. A picture of himself at that moment flashed into his mind. It stopped him as quick as he could put on the brakes.

He turned round and saw several of the frightened girls coming after

him. 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—he—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?"

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 fleeing 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 Tige 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

the eyes again, and the flush of shame on Bart's face could not be mistaken. No sneering, no triumph now; and Merry was not one to kick a fellow when he was down.

"I had to make use of your coat, Hodge," he said, "and I'm sure you'll never want to wear it again. I'll pay you for it."

Bart made no reply, and Frank went to Inza and dropped on one knee. "Now how about that ankle?" he asked.

She wasn't looking at him now. Her proud mouth was very humble. "Are you sure—dead sure—you were not touched by the teeth of that awful dog?" she asked.

He smiled. "There isn't a mark on me."

"It's marvelous! Never, never in my life will I forget the—the way you fought that dog."

She wanted to say more than that, but the words would not come. They both felt awkward. He laughed to cover his embarrassment.

"Well, I'll remember it a while myself. I've had more fun doing other things. You mustn't try to walk on that foot. I don't believe it will be such a hard job for Barney and me to carry you back to Mr. Snodd's house. You can't weigh a ton."

Now she laughed too. "I'm an awful lightweight," she said, "especially above the ears."

Hodge heard it all. He had been paying no attention to Mulloy, who was staring at him with a look of unspeakable contempt. Bart was sorry he had come back there. That had been another mistake. He might have known there was nothing he could do to put himself right.

Feeling as empty as a dry well, he turned about and walked swiftly and silently away.

Tad Jones was the torch that started the story of Frank Merriwell's fight with the mad dog running like wildfire through Fardale village. But Pete Smith, the local reporter for a city daily, listened doubtfully to Tad's lurid account of the unflinching manner in which Frank had faced the dog and battled with it. That, Pete thought, would make a fine newspaper story, but of course it was too good to be true.

So he went to question Inza Burrage, in her home, and was amazed when her version of the affair sustained Tad in every particular but one. Her ankle had been sprained, not broken.

Now enthusiastic and eager, the reporter got hold of Tony Accero without wasting time. "John Snodd's place, Tony," cried Pete, diving into the car, "and step on the gas."

Frank was writing a letter to his uncle when Mulloy crashed into the room. The face of the Irish boy was split by a grin.

"Be after dropping that and come down to see a man, my lad," said Barney.

"What man?" Frank wanted to know. "What's he want to see me for?"

"It's a reporter for a newspaper, and he's going to make ye famous, Frankie."

That made Merry drop the pen and stand up. "A reporter?" he exclaimed. "Good Lord!"

This was something he hadn't expected, something he wasn't prepared for, something that made him shy like a skittish pony.

"Yesterday you arrived in Fardale," said Barney, who seemed to be enjoying Frank's consternation, "and tomorrow your name will be emblazoned in the public print. Fast work."

"But I don't want to see a reporter," said Merriwell, looking around the room as if in search of a place to hide. "And I'm not going to see him either, and answer a lot of silly questions."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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

Lesson for December 26 CHRISTIAN CONSECRATION

LESSON TEXT—Philippians 1:12-26. GOLDEN TEXT—For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—Philippians 1:21. PRIMARY TOPIC—Our Best Friend. JUNIOR TOPIC—Answering Jesus' INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Choosing a Life Purpose. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—What Christian Surrender Means.

Consecration is one of the words expressing Christian truth which has been so much used and so often misused that it has lost its savor. The writer remembers many a "consecration service" which meant nothing to those present except the fulfilling of a certain formula or program. The purpose of the meeting was excellent, but results were lacking because it had become a mere formality.

Paul the apostle knew nothing of any theory of consecration. He knew and lived and proclaimed such an abandonment of self to Christ and his cause as really required no statement in words—it was his life. We close today a three-month series of studies in the Christian life. We began at the right point by considering "Christian Sonship," for no one can live until he is born and no one can live a Christian life until he is born again. We have considered together God's grace in keeping, renewing, guiding, blessing, and communing with his own. All these precious truths call us to devote ourselves to Christ in glad and full consecration.

Men give themselves thus to the building of a fortune, to the propagation of a political or social theory, to the pursuit of an occupation or profession. Why should not the Christian give himself in like measure for Christ and his holy cause?

Paul, in the verses of our lesson, shows that spirit and boldly declares that he follows Christ regardless of trying circumstance—he does so now, "in the body," not later in glory. And it matters not whether it be by life or death—"Christ shall be magnified."

I. "What Then?" (v. 18). Paul was imprisoned for the gospel's sake. Did that stop him? No; he made the very guards who were assigned to watch him in his house into missionaries of the cross. He won each one as he took his designated period of service and sent him out as a testimony to "the whole praetorian guard and to all the rest" (v. 13 R. V.).

Then, some of his Christian associates taking advantage of the fact that he was imprisoned, went out to preach just to show that they were as good as he. They made their very preaching an expression of their envy of his popularity and hoped to heap more sorrow upon him. Did he get angry and bitterly fight back? No; he thanked God that Christ was preached. We need more of that spirit in our day.

II. "In My Body." One of the glaring fallacies of human thinking is the idea that at some favorable time in the future we shall be able to enjoy life, do mighty deeds or serve the Lord. For example parents fail to enjoy their children because they are always looking forward to the next stage of their development. The time to enjoy and help our children is now. The time to serve the Lord Jesus is now. The day will come when we shall be glorified with him, but it will then be too late to speak to our neighbors about Christ.

III. "To Live Is Christ and to Die Is Gain" (v. 21). Humanly speaking when a matter is one of "life or death" it is a question whether death may not intervene. The hope is that this may not be the case and every effort is made to prevent it. How different with Paul. He rightly points out that to a Christian death means entering into perfect fellowship with Christ and unlimited service for him. Every human limitation will then be put aside—knowledge, service, communion, will all be perfect and complete.

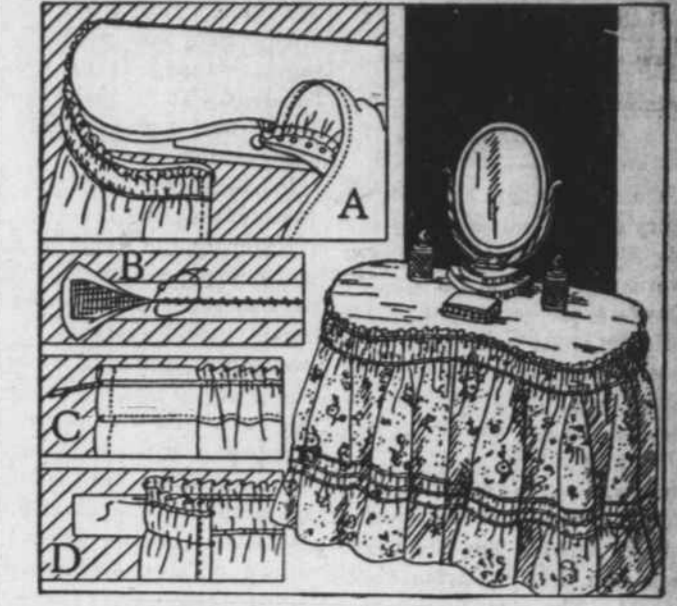
He would not, however, turn away from his present privilege and duty. Since it is God's will that he should abide in the flesh he will do it in such a way as to make it literally true that to him "to live is Christ." Every life has a purpose and that ruling passion which controls and directs a life is what should be written into the sentence, "To me to live is . . ." What is it—money, position, pleasure, sin? Or is it Christ? If he is your life, then you enter into the New Year with the assurance that it will be full and satisfying, and gloriously useful.

Spiteful Words A spiteful word cuts both ways. A slander hurts the man or woman who spreads it in a more deadly, though unseen, way than it hurts its intended victim. Victor Hugo nobly says, "Every sword has two edges; and the man who wounds with one, wounds himself with the other."

Only One Real Failure There is only one real failure possible; and that is, not to be true to the best one knows.—Canon Farrar.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



A Dressing Table Skirt With Corded Shirrings THIS dressing table skirt has a curved front and hinged arms on which to mount the skirt so that it can be opened to permit access to the drawer. To mount the skirt it must first be sewed to a band of covered buckram. Cut the buckram in a strip 2 1/4 inches wide. Cover it with a straight piece of material as shown here at B. Make the heading at the top of the skirt just the depth of the thickness of the table edge so that it will cover the edge of the table when the arms are closed. Use 1/4 inch cable cord for the shirring. This is sewed to a safety pin and run through tucks stitched in the material as shown here at C. The top of the ruffle is also shirred with cords. When the shirrings are all finished, sew the top of the skirt to the covered buckram strip as shown at D and then thumb tack it in place as at A. Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, SEWING. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions for making slipcovers and dressing tables; restoring and upholstering chairs, couches; making curtains for every type of room and purpose. Making lampshades, rugs, ottomans and other useful articles for the home. Readers wishing a copy should send name and address, enclosing 25 cents, to Mrs. Spears, 210 South Desplaines St., Chicago, Illinois.

"Quotations" Men are not free to love their fellow men when they are consumed by love of gain.—Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown. Men seldom, or rather never for a length of time and deliberately, rebel against anything that does not deserve rebelling against.—Carlyle. There is no greater delight than to be conscious of sincerity of self-examination.—Mencius. Promise is most given when the least is said.—Chapman. Light burdens, long borne, grow heavy.—Herbert. Happiness cannot be found in seeking it.—Dr. Phillips Endocott Osgood.

Love of Animals Install into children the love of animals and never allow them to tease an animal in any way. Not only is it bad for their character building, but even the best tempered animals can be goaded into resenting pain by the only protection they know, biting or scratching.

When a cough due to a cold plagues you, give your throat peace with a Smith Brothers Cough Drop, Black or Menthol-9. Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A. This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

MEET BIG BEN NEW TWO-FISTED VALUE IN SMOKING TOBACCO 2 ounces of choice burley . . . and a valuable coupon in every tin. THERE'S double value in every tin of union-made Big Ben. You get two full ounces of sweet and mild burleys from the Blue Grass country—crimp-cut to burn slow and cool—kept fresh by an air-tight Cellophane seal. And—in every tin there's a Big Ben coupon good for handsome premiums . . . pipes, playing cards, watches, knives, flashlights. Look for Big Ben at all tobacco dealers. You can't miss that big red tin with the thoroughbred horse on it. Get yourself a tin of full-flavored Big Ben today!—and watch how soon the premiums roll in.

plus HANDSOME PREMIUMS

St Robert 30 coupons	Ingalls 75 coupons	Resington 25 coupons	Eveready 50 coupons
----------------------	--------------------	----------------------	---------------------

Only One Real Failure There is only one real failure possible; and that is, not to be true to the best one knows.—Canon Farrar.