

Frank Merriwell at Fardale

By **Gilbert Patten**
The Original
BURT L. STANDISH

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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 settles 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 Bemis, 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.

CHAPTER II—Continued

Burrage! The name gave Frank a little shock. Barney had told him, he recalled, that Inza Burrage had a brother in the school.

Hodge let it sink in before he added: "Bascumb's a big shot on the football team. We were in high school together. Walt's sister—I believe you've seen her—fixed it up for him to show me around. He's a swell guy."

He was enjoying himself mightily, for he felt that he was rubbing it in. That was something he always found pleasure in doing.

Mulloy's face was the color of a beet. He bit his tongue to make it behave.

"You're lucky to have such friends here," said Merry.

"Are you telling me?" Bart's smile became a grin. "It puts me in right. They showed me all over the place, and it's some school, take it from me. I've tried a couple others, but I know I'm going to like it here."

"But you didn't like the others?" "They were punk. This one's fine. That's why it's jammed to overflowing." Then Hodge unlimbered his heavy gun. "Burrage says a lot of late applicants were turned down simply because there was no room for them in the dorms and the classes were stretched to the limit."

Barney swallowed uneasily. It didn't sound good for him.

He said: "But if it's crowded, me lad, where will they put us?"

"Oh, you?" said Bart maliciously. "I should worry. But I've been to see the dean, and he says he'll slip me in somewhere. You see, he received a few letters about me, signed by persons of importance. They settled it."

The Irish boy shot Merriwell a glance and wondered at his undisturbed aspect. Hodge seemed to be wasting his ammunition, as far as Frank was concerned.

This was something Bart noticed himself, and it irritated him. He decided to let go a full battery broadside.

"The fact is, Irish," he said with a sneer, "I guess both you and Merriwell are going to find yourselves on the outside looking in. Of course that's going to make me feel simply terrible."

He was laughing insolently now, and Barney quickly thrust his hands into his pockets to make it a little more difficult for them to fly around carelessly.

Frank's level gaze was fixed steadily on the mocking face of his enemy. He smiled just a trifle, but it was a smile of faint scorn and silent pity. Words could not have cut Hodge so much. He blew up, snapping his fingers under Merry's nose, he barked:

"You put yourself in Dutch when you insulted Inza Burrage last night, Merriwell. That queered you with her, and I'd knocked your block off if she hadn't stopped me. But she was right; you're too cheap to notice. Still if you want to pick it up—"

"You know I won't pick it up here, Hodge," said Frank. "We're where anybody around the academy can see us, and Mulloy is with me. You'd like to have me lose my head and make a pass at you, for then you could claim I attacked you—with Barney backing me up. Two to one against you. Not so good for me."

"Aw, you'd crawl anywhere. You're a big four-flusher, Merriwell. You make a big bluff when you feel sure you won't be called."

Bart got control of himself, shrugged his square shoulders, and glanced quickly at his wrist watch as if he had just thought of something.

"I've been wasting time on you two punks," he said, "when I've got a heavy date and am late already." He half turned away and then swung back again. "You'll no-

ting that neither of you got an invitation to a little picnic Miss Burrage is throwing in Snodd's grove today," was his parting shot.

They watched him leave the highway and go hurrying off toward a distant grove on John Snodd's land.

Mulloy heaved a sigh and took his hands out of his pockets. They were still clenched, and he was white around the gills.

"If you hadn't warned me, Frankie," he confessed, "I'd never been able to keep myself from wringing that bird's neck."

Frank's smile was thin. "Don't think," he replied, "that I didn't have some nervous impulses of my own. That stuff was hard to take without getting off balance and making a miscue."

They went back toward Snodd's farm house, talking it over. What Hodge had said about the crowded condition of the school had reawakened Mulloy's fears in full force. He was sure, also, that the vindictive fellow would do anything he could to prevent both Frank and himself from getting into the academy.

"But what can he do, Barney?" "He can lie like a trooper."

"But I don't believe troopers always get away with it. Hodge won't either. Don't forget we've got Professor Scotch doing his bit for us."



"You Know I Won't Pick It Up Here, Hodge," Said Frank.

I'm expecting him to do a swell job, too. It'll be our turn to laugh later."

The sound of running feet caused them to look up. Tad Jones was coming down the road as fast as he could travel on his short legs, and he seemed to be ready to burst with excitement. When he reached them he was panting so hard that he could hardly speak.

"My dog!" he gasped. "My new dog!"

"What's the matter?" Frank asked. "What's happened to him, Tad?"

"Oh, he—he's run away!" "Well," said Barney, "if he stayed away it's no great loss you'll suffer, my lad."

"But he's sick. He was just awful sick this mornin'—sicker'n he was last night. His eyes was all red 'nd he was growlin' so hard 'nd lookin' so funny that I got scairt of him. So I let him outdoors 'nd he run away. Now I'm tryin' to find him. You ain't seen him, have you, Frank?"

"No, Tad. But why are you looking for him over here?"

"Why, I met a man that told me he saw him comin' this way on this very road. I just gotta find him before anything happens."

"Saints preserve us!" gulped Barney. "I'm going to shut myself up in Snodd's cellar."

"This is serious, Barney," said Frank. "The man who gave Tad that dog should have known better. I don't see why he did it."

"But I'll tell you," said Tad Jones quickly. "I'll tell you 'bout that, Frank. He done it 'cause I was all busted up over my old Shag that that feller Hodge killed. He's a neighbor to us, Silas Gleason is. He helped me bury my poor old Shag out back of our house, 'nd I was cryin' 'nd couldn't help it, I felt so bad."

The distressed boy choked a little, and went on: "He said maybe Hodge didn't mean to run over Shag with Mr. Snodd's truck, but I said he done it on purpose. 'Nd then I told him how Hodge kicked Shag at the railroad deesop 'nd give me a slap for hollerin' at him for that, 'nd that made Mr. Gleason mad as a hornet."

"And so," said Mulloy, "he gave you a hyena to comfort ye. It was a thoughtful kindness!"

"But Tige ain't no hyeny!" cried Tad. "He was always comin' over to my house to play with me 'nd Shag, 'nd he was just as kind as a kitten, he was. Never got cross nor growled once. 'Nd he liked it

better there than he did round his own home, so that Mr. Gleason used to have to come 'nd take him away. 'Nd so when I was feelin' so bad over losin' Shag Mr. Gleason up and said I could have Tige to take his place."

"Without mentioning the expense of feeding him, maybe," Barney murmured under his breath.

"Didn't you tell us last night that Gleason said there was something wrong with that dog, Tad?" asked Merry.

"Why, he said Tige wasn't feelin' very well, Frank. He said he'd prob'ly ett somethin' he shouldn't of ett, but he was sure he'd be all right in a day or two. That's all the matter with him, Frank. I know it is."

"Well, I hope you're right."

"Oh, I be. But the way he's actin', other folks wouldn't understand it 'nd they might do somethin' to him. That's why I gotta hunt him up quick as I can. I been wastin' time. Gotta rush."

"Wait a minute, Tad," called Merry as the anxious boy was starting away.

"Can't stop no longer," Tad flung over his shoulder.

He went scudding down the road, with Frank and Barney gazing after him doubtfully.

"I still think Gleason had no right to give a dog like that to that kid," said Merriwell.

"He was cuckoo," said Mulloy. "What'll we do about it?"

"The authorities ought to be notified."

"Now you've said it."

"The quickest way is to telephone. Let's find Mr. Snodd."

They saw the farmer enter the house by the kitchen door as they turned into the yard. The telephone was located in the kitchen, and they went round that way. The door was standing open. The telephone bell rang sharply before they reached the steps, and Snodd answered it.

"What'd you say?" they heard him ask. "The wire's buzzing so I didn't catch it. Say it again." Then, after a moment's pause, he cried: "Jerusalem crickets! A mad dog running loose? Which way did you say he went?"

A fear that had been lurking like a black panther in the back of Frank's mind leaped forward now. He gripped Mulloy's wrist.

"It's Tad's dog, Barney!" he said. "You didn't have to tell me that," said Barney.

They went into the house. Mrs. Snodd, flushed from cooking over a hot stove, stood in the middle of the floor and stared, wide eyed, at her husband's back as he listened at the telephone. Like her daughter she was as plump as a dumpling. A carving knife she had just picked up began to tremble in her hand.

Snodd was excited. "What's that?" he barked into the mouthpiece. "The critter was making for Birch grove. My soul and body! My daughter's over there with some other girls, having a picnic." He slammed the receiver on the hook and turned a white face toward his wife.

"Where's my gun, Mariah?" he shouted.

She dropped the carving knife clattering on the floor, and wrung her hands. "I don't know, John. It must be in the closet where you always keep it. Oh, them poor girls!"

Merriwell snatched up the knife. "Come on, Mulloy," he said. "It's our move."

Barney was at his heels as he shot out through the door. "It's a short cut we can make across the fields, Frank," he cried.

They cleared the top rail of the fence at the side of the yard, one

after the other, like frightened deer. Away they sped toward the grove for which Bart Hodge had headed when he left them.

"What do you think you can do against a mad dog with that knife, Merry?" panted the Irish boy.

"It's better than nothing," Frank flung back over his shoulder.

Mulloy had a notion that he could run, but he found himself losing ground before they had covered half the distance to the grove. He was doing his utmost and Merriwell was steadily pulling away from him. The fellow was doing it like a sprinter making a dash or a race horse in the stretch.

Not until he was at the edge of the grove did Frank slow down. The underbrush and smaller trees had been cleared away, making the grove a pleasant place for a picnic. Almost at once he caught a glimpse of the girls, not far away. Not to frighten them too much, he ceased to run and walked forward swiftly.

Hodge was there. His coat was off and his sleeves were rolled up, as if he had been working. He had fine, muscular arms. At the moment he was posing for Inza Burrage to snap his picture with her camera. Seven other girls were looking on. All were laughing.

"The noble son of toil," said Bart, flexing his arms and making his muscles bulge. "Shoot him."

"That's not a bad suggestion," said Frank, approaching.

Hodge jerked round and stared at him. "Why, if it isn't Mr. Merriwell!" he exclaimed. "An uninvited visitor."

Merry paid no attention to the look of surprise and distaste that Inza gave him. "I regret having to spoil such a jolly party," he said, "but Mr. Snodd wants everybody here to come back to the house—at once."

"Oh, yeah?" cried Bart derisively. "Can't you think of a better one than that, boob?"

Now Barney came crashing toward them. "Be after getting out of here!" he shouted breathlessly. "There's an ugly dog running loose and he was seen coming this way." Hodge laughed mockingly. "Talk about cheap tricks!" he jeered. "This one takes the blue ribbon."

Inza put up her hand. "Be still!" she said. "I thought I heard a call. Listen!"

From not very far away came the voice of Tad Jones, crying in terror: "Mad dog! Run, everybody! Run! Mad dog! Mad dog!"

CHAPTER III

That cry of terror from Tad Jones caused the girls to utter little gasps and squeals of alarm. They huddled together like a flock of frightened sheep.

But Bart Hodge was too smart to be fooled, even by that. He didn't cast a glance toward the part of the grove from which the cry had come. Anger sent the hot blood into his face.

"So you've even got that ragged little shrimp to help you pull off another of your bum tricks, Merriwell," he snarled. "As a joker you're just a dirty deuce."

Frank wasted no more attention on Hodge. In strong contrast to Bart's, his face was tense and gray.

"Get these girls away from here instantly, Mulloy," he said in a voice that was far from steady. "See that they go, too."

Even as he spoke he saw the creature coming, a tawny, leaping form amid the trees. A moment before that, his heart had seemed to be crouching in his breast, as still as a cat at the hole of a mouse. Now it jumped.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Giant Bats With Wingspread of Yard Are Not Vampires, Naturalist Asserts

When some giant bats with a wingspread of a yard arrived from Trinidad at the London zoo some London papers hailed them as "vampires," and with the aid of more or less trustworthy treatises expatiated on their sanguinary habits.

Subsequently in the Observer, Edward G. Boulenger, director of the aquarium and an all-round naturalist, rebuked them by inference in this way:

These bats, which superficially resemble the Indian fruit bat or flying fox, have teeth as large as cats' and a wingspread of nearly a yard. Although savage carnivores feeding chiefly upon birds, they are not true blood-sucking vampires.

The true vampire, specimens of which were not long ago on exhibition in the London zoo, are inhabitants of Brazil and Central America. The vampire is no longer than a rat and will feed upon any animal available, attacking its victims by means of two needle-shaped canines. It taps so gently as to arouse no suspicion and having drawn blood, rapidly laps it up, a win-grassful at a meal.

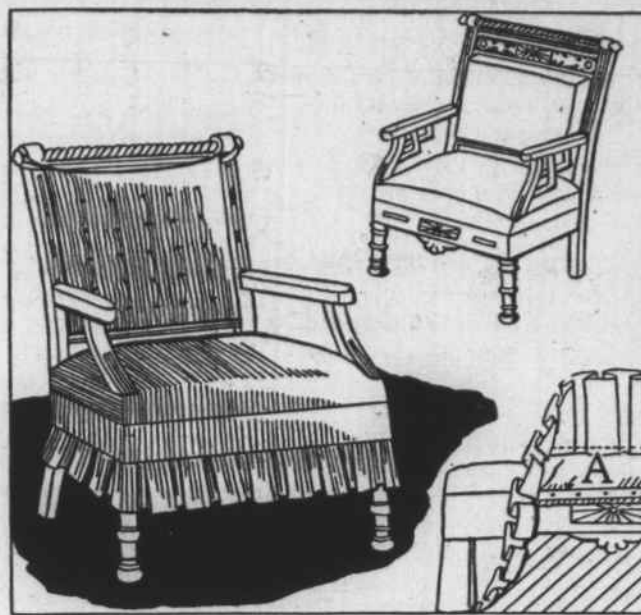
The giant false vampire is comparatively harmless in spite of its repulsive appearance. The naturalist Bates when describing this animal wrote:

Nothing in animal physiognomy can be more hideous than the countenance of this creature when viewed from the front—the large leathery ears standing out from the sides and top of the head, the erect spear-shaped appendage on the tip of the snout, the grin and the glistening black eye all combining to make up a figure that reminds one of some mocking imp of fable.

Haircuts in the Gutter
Hair-cutting and shaving are much the same the world over. It is only the methods that differ. In China, for instance, the customer does not have to wait in a room looking at last year's magazines before his turn comes. Here the barber carries his trade in the street. When he sees a customer the barber follows him until he finds a suitable spot on the pavement or in the street, and sets his stool up there.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Making Over a Chair of the Ginger-Bread Era.

To modernize the old walnut chair at the right the pieces under the arms were removed and most of the carving covered up. The padding at the back was removed entirely and replaced by a fiber board which was covered by a loose cotton filled cushion tufted like an old fashioned bed comfort except that the tied thread ends of the tufting were left on the wrong side.

This back cushion was fastened in place with tapes that slipped over the knobs at the ends of the upper carving. If the knobs to hold the cushion had been lacking it could have been tacked in place along the top on the under side by using a strip of heavy cardboard to keep the tacks from pulling through the fabric as shown here for tacking the box pleated ruffle around the seat as at A. A plain rust colored heavy cotton upholstery material was used for the covering.

Every Homemaker should have

Relieving Distress

The power to relieve distress should ever be the associate of tenderness; or he who possesses it far more wretched than the object which he has exercised it.—E. Davies.

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.

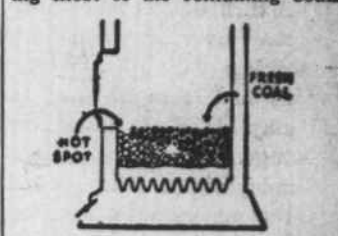
"Quotations"

Pleasures are satisfying in inverse ratio to their cost.—Bruce Barton.
Every great cause is embraced first by an aggressive minority.—Albert Einstein.
A nation can be judged by its humor.—Sinclair Lewis.
Wars are never won; they are only and always lost.—B. M. Baruch.
The loveliest rainbow is in our vision rather than in the sky.—Will Durant.
Try and be a champion in whatever line of endeavor you choose in life.—Jack Dempsey.
Do well and doubt no man—do better and doubt all men.—A. J. Jennings.

Home Heating Hints

By John Barclay
Heating Expert

THERE'S a little fault with the firing method of quite a few home-owners that I should like to correct. They have a mistaken idea that when a fire is low, all they have to do is to shake the grates vigorously and the fire will flare up again.



Nothing could be further from the fact. A shallow, half-burned-out fire cannot be revived by shaking most of the remaining coals

into the ashpit. The simple way to revive it is to add a sprinkling of fresh coal, giving it time to ignite. When it is burning well, shake the grates gently, stopping when the first red glow shows in the ashpit.

Then refuel the fire, remembering to fill the firebox to the level of the bottom of the fire door. This will provide a deep fire, which is considerably more economical than a shallow one.

WNU Service.

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Sacred Abuse
The older the abuse the more sacred it is.—Voltaire.

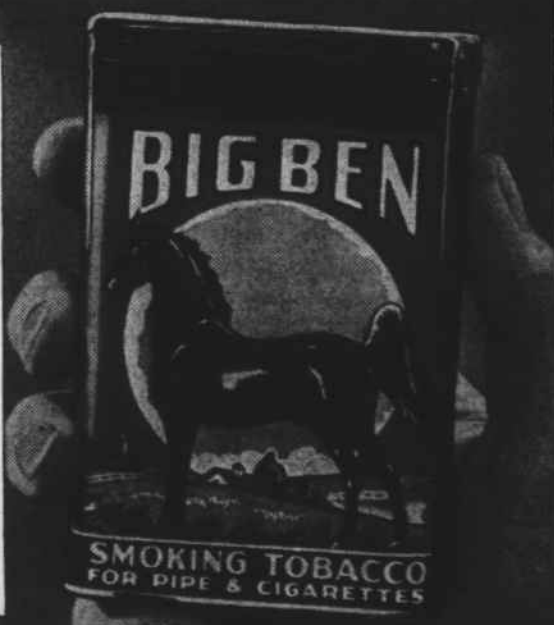
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