

Frank Merriwell at Fardale

By GILBERT PATTEN

The Original BURT L. STANDISH

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WNU Service

CHAPTER IX—Continued

Second down, twelve to go, with the State cheer booming across the field now. What did that Fardale quarterback think he was doing, slamming his lighter players into State's impregnable defense? Futile and silly. The State men were laughing.

Another formation for a run. But no, it was a fake. Springall took the ball and kicked quickly. He got it away and the wind helped carry it along.

Washburn, Fardale's left end, got through this time between guard and tackle. The over-confident State men had been caught almost flat-footed, and Washburn did some clever side-stepping and a little fast running. He downed the ball-catcher well over in State's territory.

A bit disgusted, but still confident, State settled down to show the home boys some real football. Of course Fardale knew what it was up against. Otherwise a long kick never would have been considered on second down. That early in the game, it was the trick of a team lacking faith in its driving force. Anyhow, that was the way State doped it.

Merriwell was trying to take it easy on the bench. He was trying to keep from getting too tense. If he got into this game at all, he wanted to be in the right condition, mentally and otherwise.

He watched the State steamroller start rolling, saw it steadily and surely grind forward into Fardale territory. It was bumping the breath out of the blue-and-white defenders. And it hadn't yet turned to either of the two scoring plays Kane had so carefully drilled his players against. Had the scout been mistaken about those plays?

No! There was the first one, a run around the strong end by the right halfback, with State's end blocking Washburn, Fardale's left end, in toward the line.

And now, with a heavy but swift interferer ahead of him, that backfield man came booming round the flank and went romping over the chalk-marks for a touchdown.

Washburn had failed. He had forgotten Kane's order not to worry about leaving a hole in the line, but to get outside the opposing end man and fight him off, while striving himself to get out still further out, if possible, to force the runner to swing wide. Had he remembered to follow instructions the run might have gained, but it would not, in all probability, have been good for a touchdown.

With the crowd in the south stand chanting State's fighting song, following a stirring cheer, State lined up to attempt a place-kick for the extra point. The angle was a little difficult, but State kickers seldom missed the posts. One of them booted the leather now, and Fardale failed to touch the ball.

But the wind took a hand. It swerved the ball just enough to carry it against one of the posts, and caromed off outside. Six points instead of seven.

State didn't mind that. Six points were merely a starter. Those confident fellows were thinking they might make 60 or more before the final whistle blew.

Time out now and a pause in which the school band played "Fair Fardale." Kane was sending a man in to take Washburn's place.

Hodge! Frank had forgotten that Bart had been transferred from the scrub the night before. Now he saw him fling off his wraps and start out on to the field. The fellow who had thought himself buried with the dead ones who were doomed never to play for Fardale was ordered to get into the game ahead of Merriwell.

Frank was human, and in that moment he felt a twisting stab of the commonest and meanest of human emotions. Jealousy. That was something he had thought he'd learned to control and hold at bay, but it got him now and stung him deep and hard.

He and Hodge were the only two freshmen to make the squad, and to a certain extent he had helped Bart's reputation with the coach by yielding to Inza's wishes and saying a good word for the fellow at every opportunity. Now Hodge was going into this game to fight for Fardale and Frank was still glued fast to the bench.

Merry had been too busy to see Inza for more than a moment or two since Sunday, but only last night Barney had told him that Hodge had managed to see her often. And the frank Irish boy had expressed his conviction that she was a two-timer who was playing Frank for a simple sap. He had laughed at Barney then, but he wasn't laughing now. His face was a study of deep dejection.

He thought of her, sitting with her brother somewhere up in the stand

behind him and applauding Bart, and decided that Barney was right. Just a simple sap, that's what he was.

The game went on with Hodge doing a real job at left end. Every time that same State runner came steaming round that end Bart was outside the opposing lineman and forcing the ball-carrier to make a wider swing. Thus he gave the Fardale backfield time to charge in and stop the play repeatedly before more than small gains could be made. And once he broke clear and brought the runner down himself for a slight loss.

The whole team had stiffened. Seeing this, State went into smashing tactics that soon had Kane sending in replacement after replacement for players who had been knocked out of commission. The coach was using up his best reserves fast, but, between pluck and many lucky breaks, Fardale hung on through the first and second quarters without being scored against again.

But the blue-and-white had fought more than three-fourths of the time in its own territory. Not once had it got within striking distance of the enemy's goal, and always the spectators—even the optimistic of the



There Was No Stopping Him Then.

Fardale fans—had constantly looked for a blow-up that would let the maroon jerseys run as wild and handsome as they pleased.

And when the whistle sounded the end of the half the shadows of their own goal-posts were on the backs of the Fardale players.

There was a heavier shadow on the face of Coach Kane.

Tom Kane was too wise to carry a clouded face into the dressing room, but he was grim as he walked about amid the benches and tables on which many of the fellows were lying while rubbers worked over them. He had a few words for each man, words of encouragement or instruction; sometimes of warning against faults betrayed on the field. Now and then he gave one of them a pat on the back. At times a slight smile played upon his otherwise hard-set face.

At length the call came: "On the field in three minutes."

Then the coach made his speech, quietly:

"You did your work well out there in the first half. You put up a fine defense against a team that expected to walk all over you. When they found they couldn't do that they tried to put fear into your souls. But you weren't afraid. You showed them you could take it and come right back for more. Now you're going out there and give it. Games are won by courage and quick thinking oftener than otherwise, and you've got more of that stuff than State has. But look out for their air attack. They've scarcely used it yet, but they will when they find you are outsmarting them."

"You broke up their right-end run after they worked it for that one touchdown, and now they'll probably uncork their other big play from the same formation—a double spin with two fake passes and a slash through a hole they'll try to open between tackle and guard. Be on your toes for that. Now go out there and feed it to 'em!"

Still over-confident, State expected to see an opposing team that was all shot and nine-tenths licked come back to the field. What they did see was a team that apparently had just begun to fight. Within two minutes Fardale met the double-spin play and tore it to shreds for a small loss.

But a Fardale backfielder, who had charged into the line of scrimmage, was down. It was Elmer Davis. They got him up and two men

half carried him toward the Fardale bench. He was completely out of the game.

"Now, Merriwell," said Kane, "go in there."

The coach had been holding Frank in reserve to fill Davis' place when the time came—and it had come. His heart pounding, Merry leaped up and hastened to report to the referee. At last!

Ten seconds later he was in the midst of another line smash that stopped State again, with no gain.

Then State went into the air, but the first pass was incomplete and a kick followed. Fardale's safety man got the ball and ran with it when Merry cut off the State player who was charging to tackle. A 20-yard gain set the Fardale crowd roaring. This was like the Musketeers when they were right.

State was both worried and angry now, and nothing does more damage than worry and anger. Before the Maroon players could pull themselves together Fardale had tricked them with a faked pass and an end run that netted another first down. Was Fardale going to town?

Fast action now, fast and sure. No waiting for State to settle down. A line-buck for two yards, and then an unexpected trick. Fardale came back with State's own double-spin play. It surprised and disconcerted State, threw the secondary defense into uncertainty and completely off balance.

The runner came through the hole and broke loose with the ball. He was Merriwell. Weaving, dodging, side-stepping, changing his pace, Frank was as elusive as an electrified ghost. He straight-armed the last would-be tackler and was in the open.

There was no stopping him then. With the goggling, gasping, roaring crowd standing to the last human who could stand, he sped away for a touchdown.

And then, "Block that kick!" was the imploring cry of the State crowd as Fardale lined up to try for the point, with Springall holding and Frank in position to boot the leather.

Merry advanced and swung the good right leg that somebody had accused him of stealing from Charlie Brickley. The spheroid sailed over the exact center of the crossbar, putting the Musketeers one point ahead, and the north stand became a madhouse.

Merriwell didn't know they were cheering for him. He didn't hear the crowd roaring his name. So concentrated was he upon the business in hand that he saw and heard nothing, not a part of it. Heart and soul, he was giving that business all he had to give.

Now it was up to Fardale to hold that one-point lead—to hold it somehow and to add to it if humanly possible.

And now State, seeing at last that the expected push-over was not going to come off, was growing panicky. The thought of being defeated by Fardale was very shocking to them.

Over-confidence was gone, but something just as bad—or worse—had followed.

When the third quarter passed with Fardale not only holding its one-point lead, but continuing to

threaten, State knew she must gamble. The final quarter saw State throwing passes which got her nowhere until the last minute of the game. Then two completions carried the Maroons to Fardale's 15-yard line and had the Fardale spectators shaking in their shoes.

Then there was a fumble in a line-buck. Out of the melee came Merriwell with the ball. Again he broke through. Again he was off for a run, with the crowd shrieking. Once more he ducked and weaved and went flying onward.

But a maroon backfielder had him. He couldn't get past this time. Not a chance.

Frank had seen a lone Fardale runner coming up. It was Hodge. But Bart couldn't reach the man to block him. So Merry, veering to the left, threw a lateral to Hodge and threw himself, instantly, into the clutches of the tackler, both going down.

Bart took the ball on the dead run and ran still faster until he could put it down behind the goal-posts.

There was riotous rejoicing in the dressing room. Fardale, with Merriwell, again booting the ball for the extra point, had beaten the strong State Second team, 14 to 6. Kane himself was laughing like a boy. He had told them all what he thought of the fine job they had pulled off, and he had actually hugged both Merriwell and Bart Hodge.

"Now let anybody tell me Fardale hasn't got a team!" he said. Bart took his shower and rubbed down, and dressed in a hurry. He was the first to leave. Merry saw him go and fancied he knew the cause of his haste. Of course he had a date to meet a certain person after the game.

Tad Jones was waiting when Frank left the gym. The boy was steaming with excitement.

"Gosh, Frank!" he chattered. "Gosh, you was just the real McCoy! You was right there with the old works. I'll tell the cockeyed world! But there's somethin' else I gotta tell you. Miss Inza's gone up to Mr. Snodd's 'nd wants you to come there right away. She told me to fetch ya, dead or alive."

Merriwell hesitated. So that was where Hodge had hastened away to so soon. Well, there might as well be a show-down now as later. No use putting it off.

"All right, let's go," he said. "But we gotta keep away from the campus. Hear that crowd roarin', Frank. They're celebratin', 'nd Professor Scotch is leadin' 'em. He's hoarse as an old bullfrog, too. He won't have no voice to lecher with for a week."

Merry found Inza in Snodd's big living room, alone. She was sitting at the piano, just as he had seen her the first time, and her fingers were dancing like pixies over the keys. The music that poured from the piano was wild and gay.

He came up and stood beside her. She felt him there, and the tune ended with a crash. She sprang up and caught hold of him with eyes a starry glow.

"Oh, Frank!" she said. "I want to tell you, Frank, that you're just the greatest thing that ever blew into this neck of the woods."

THE END



A NEW SERIAL BY
William MacLeod Raine
STARTS IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

Ruth Chiswick knew Jeff Gray was honest, from the moment he saved her life during the shooting escapade at Tail Holt. But . . . Jeff mingled with the notorious Sherm Howard's henchmen, he tried to kill her father and he was an ally of the cattle rustlers. Through it all Ruth knew that some day he would vindicate himself, though her doubts were often great. You'll be thrilled by the mysterious Jeff Gray, by beautiful Ruth Chiswick and their unusual romance amidst gunfire and desert dust. "To Ride the River With" starts in our next issue.

READ EVERY INSTALLMENT!

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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

Lesson for March 6

SERVING WITH WHAT WE HAVE

LESSON TEXT—Mark 6:1-13. GOLDEN TEXT—Such as I have give I thee.—ACTS 2:8. PRIMARY TOPIC—When Jesus Went Home to Nazareth. JUNIOR TOPIC—On a Journey for Jesus. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Serving With What We Have. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Serving With What We Have.

One of the difficulties we mortals face in dealing with spiritual things is that we interpret things in the realm of the spirit according to the principles and measurements of the physical world. We are quick to say "We cannot" on the basis of logical human reasoning, when an appreciation of the power of God operative on our behalf would enable us to say "We can," and having left God out of our thinking we find that indeed we cannot.

The lesson before us presents two pictures from our Lord's second visit to his home country, Nazareth. On His first visit he had tried to thrust Him over the precipice, and He in all the glory and poise of the Son of God had walked through their midst and gone His way. Now He comes again with His disciples. We then see how His home folk virtually made the power of the omnipotent God impotent because of their unbelief. On the other hand we see the weakness of men made mighty because of obedience to the command of God.

I. The Paralysis of Unbelief (vv. 1-6).

The world, the flesh, and the devil have brought forth a dark list of wicked things, but perhaps the most destructive and distressing of all is the foundation sin of unbelief. When we think back to the underlying reason for any sin or weakness in man it will be found that there is a failure to believe God. Men do not believe what He says about sin and its penalty, nor do they believe Him when He offers them grace and strength for victory.

At Nazareth the unbelief which limited the Son of God revealed itself in two questions—

1. "Whence hath this man these things?" (v. 2).

They could not deny His mighty works so they turn their attack on His person. "Is not this the carpenter?" (v. 3). Essentially this was envy, "the difficulty of acknowledging the superiority over themselves of one of their own number" . . . (Morgan).

We are ashamed of the attitude of the men of Nazareth, but we follow in their footsteps. Heavy among the burdens a Christian worker must bear is the unbelief and ridicule of his own people. Because a man has sold us groceries, or painted our house or driven a taxi in our town we cannot see how he could ever be a preacher or a missionary. Well, he can, and it is such folk that God often calls.

2. "What is this wisdom?" (v. 2).

The wisdom of Jesus was the wisdom of God (John 7:16). But how could they know that? How can we know? In John 7:17 Jesus gave the answer: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." We see then that the reason for their unbelief was really an unwillingness to do the will of God. The controlling motive of their life was wrong. Had they been moved by a desire to do God's will, and a purpose to live in accordance therewith (even though there might have been failure in that earnest effort), they would have known that Jesus had His wisdom from God.

II. The Power of Divine Commission (vv. 7-13).

Just as unbelief hinders even the Son of God, so faith in God and obedience to His command makes of weak and poorly equipped men the mighty servants of God. In fact, their very dependence on Him for all things sets them free to devote themselves fully to the ministry of preaching and healing.

Note that they went "two by two." We have forgotten that divine plan, and often send men into remote and dangerous pioneer work—alone. Man needs fellowship; he needs counsel and control. Consider also how they were to learn to trust God for their daily sustenance (vv. 8,9). They suffered no lack (see Luke 22:35). These rules for the life of religious workers were modified later (Luke 22:36), but the principle remains the same—the man or woman who is not ready to depend on God for everything had better not set out to follow Him. It is a blessed and delightful life!

Resisting Interference

It is sometimes pretty hard to do something you feel is right against the interference of all the world and her little brother. Sometimes it's a good thing to say "right or wrong, that's my story, and I'm going to stick to it," no matter how many well-meaning friends may advise otherwise.—Ouse Vapel.

Mother's Work

"The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother." —Napoleon.

For Your Spring Wardrobe



DRESSES that not only satisfy your present craving for something new and spring-like, but also look ahead to a later season, too. Make them yourself at home, for very much less than you usually spend on clothes. You'll find it very easy to do, with the sew chart that accompanies each pattern.

Corsettee Waistline. If you have a slim figure, this is the afternoon dress for you! The fullness over the bust, the sleeves cut in one with the shoulders, and the lifted waistline, are just as flattering as they can be! It's the kind of dress you can wear to bridges, luncheons, meetings, and for every afternoon occasion, with the assurance that it is not only smart but becoming.

Slenderizing House Frock. Especially designed for full figures, this house frock follows straight, tailored lines, and fits beautifully. You can get into it in nothing flat, and it doesn't take long to make either, thanks to the complete and detailed sew chart that comes with your pattern. Make it up in a pretty, small-figured printed percale, and trim it with rows of old-fashioned rick-rack.

A Frilly Home Cotton. This is perfectly charming, made up in dotted Swiss, voile or dimity, in some flower-like color like delicate blue or pink or sunshiny, clear yellow, with sheer white collar and cuffs. It's ideal for slim figures. Nice to wear around the house now, and perfect to wear anywhere, later on, during summer afternoons.

The Patterns. 1442 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. 40 and 42. Size 14 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch material. 1389 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38

Favorite Recipe of the Week

PIMIENTO BISQUE

THE soup described below is delicious. It has a delectable flavor and the rich color of the pimientos gives just the desired red touch to the finished product.

1 can cream of celery soup
1 cup milk
3 pimientos
1 tsp. salt
2 slices of onion
1/2 tsp. paprika

If canned condensed soup is used, prepare according to directions on the label and then add 1 cup of milk. If canned ready-to-serve cream of celery soup is used, pour the contents into a pan and add the cup of milk. Rub the pimientos through a sieve and add to the soup. Add salt, onion and paprika and heat until the soup is hot. Stir frequently. Remove the onion. Serves 6.

The food with red color in the main course might be a ring mold made with canned beets.

The red color for the dessert might be supplied by a raspberry gelatin made with a can of red raspberries.

MARJORIE H. BLACK.

NERVOUS?

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As You Can Do all the good you can, by all the means you can, in all the ways you can, in all the places you can, to all the people you can, as long as you can.—John Wesley.



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