

Frank Merriwell at Fardale

By GILBERT PATTEN

The Original BURT L. STANDISH

© Gilbert Patten

WNU Service

CHAPTER I

A brakeman opened the forward door of the smoking car and cried: "Fardale! Fardale!"

Bart Hodge yawned and snapped his half-smoked cigarette to the floor. Letting his feet down from the leather-covered seat before him, he straightened up and gazed distastefully through the car window at the frame houses of the small town the train was pulling into. Then he lifted his hand to attract the brakeman's attention.

"Hey, you!" he called. "Come here and take my bag."

It wasn't a request; it was an imperious command. But maybe the man was deaf. At any rate, he turned away and disappeared on the car platform.

Flushing with annoyance, Hodge picked up his handsome leather traveling bag and carried it himself as he followed two or three other passengers who were moving toward the door.

"Bum service on this dirty old train," he muttered. "No Pullman, no porters, nothing but dirt and discomfort. And look at this jerk-water town I'm being dumped into! What a place!"

Descending to the station platform he nearly fell over a small, shaggy mongrel dog that ran awkwardly against his ankles. Quick as a flash, he gave the dog a kick that bowled it over, yelping with pain. Scrambling up, the animal took refuge behind a small, shabby boy who was offering peanuts and popped corn for sale.

"Hi, there!" cried the boy. "That's my dog! What'd you kick him for?" He stepped forward and faced Hodge indignantly.

"Keep your mangy old pooch out from under people's feet, runt," advised Bart. "He almost tripped me up."

"But he's blind in one eye 'nd didn't see yer. He wouldn't hurt nobody, Shag wouldn't. I think you're a big bum."

"Oh, is that so?"

A back-handed slap sent the owner of the dog reeling. Bags of peanuts and popped corn, flying from his basket, were scattered over the platform.

A hand gripped Hodge by the shoulder and swung him round face to face with another boy about his own age. Neither appeared to be more than sixteen.

"Now that was a nice thing to do, wasn't it?" said the one who had jerked Bart round.

His voice was scornful, his eyes contemptuous. He had just descended to the platform from the steps of a car next to the smoker, and his traveling bag lay at his feet, where he had dropped it. He was a good-looking lad in a manly, wholesome way. Not quite as heavy as Bart Hodge, but fully as tall, he was poised lightly on his feet as if ready for anything. And he was not withered in the least by Bart's glare of wrath.

For a moment Hodge was speechless. His teeth had snapped together behind the slightly parted lips of his petulant, willful mouth—the mouth of a fellow of unreasonable impulses and quick to take offense; a fellow who could carry a grudge and seek to get even for slights or injuries. A vain fellow who wore a signet ring, a handsome wrist-watch, and clothes extravagant of pattern and extreme in cut.

"You'd better keep your hands off me," said Bart after a tense pause.

"And you'd better keep your hands off that boy you just slapped," was the calm but grim reply. "I don't like to see dogs kicked or small boys knocked around."

"Oh, you must belong to the S. P. C. A.," sneered Hodge. "What's your name, anyhow?"

"What difference does it make? But I don't mind telling you. It's Frank Merriwell."

"I'll just jot that down mentally—for future reference. I noticed you on the train, and I've a notion you're on your way to Fardale academy."

"It's a good guess."

"Well, I am too, and I'll be seeing you later, Mr. Merriwell. I'll be seeing you!"

An odd smile flickered across Frank Merriwell's face. "Is that a promise?" he said.

"You can take it any way you want to," replied Hodge hotly. "I don't forget people who meddle with my business."

"Then I'll make you a promise," Frank retorted. "If it's your business to kick dogs and cuff small boys I'll be a meddler every time I catch you at it."

For a moment it seemed that Bart Hodge was going to drop his bag and pitch into Merriwell then and there. But, never letting his gaze waver for an instant before Bart's wrathful glare, Merriwell remained lightly poised, ready and steady. The tension broke suddenly.

Hodge snapped his fingers. "It's a good act, big boy," he said, with a forced grin. "Look at the yaps who've popped to watch it. I hate

to spoil their fun, but I'm in a hurry right now. We'll get together again, Merriwell. It won't be long."

"That's up to you," said Frank, "but just so I won't forget you, you might tell me your name."

"I'm Bartley Hodge, and I'll see that you don't forget me. Don't let that worry you."

With a sweeping, scornful glance at several persons who had paused to watch the outcome of the encounter, Hodge walked swiftly away toward the station baggage-room.

Merriwell felt a timid pull at his elbow. "By golly," said the owner of the dog, grinning up at Frank in an admiring way, "you made that big bluff pull in his horns. We're much obliged to you, me 'nd Shag are. Ain't we, Shag?"

Shag wagged his tail, and barked. Then he sat up straight with his

forward paws drooping, cocked his head to one side and seemed to take Frank's measure with his one good eye. His comical appearance brought a quick laugh to Merriwell's lips.

"Oh, he used to do lots of tricks like jumpin' rope 'nd walkin' on his hind legs before he got so old," declared the freckle-faced youngster proudly. "He's a good dog, Shag is, 'nd it made me mad when that big stiff kicked him."

"I don't blame you," said Frank. "It made me a trifle hot, myself."

"I thought that feller Hodge was goin' to take a swing at you," said the boy, "but I guess he didn't want to with you lookin' at him the way you done."

"Here's your peanuts and popped corn, Tad Jones," said a man who had been gathering up the scattered bags. "Only two of the bags broke and spilled the stuff around. This dime'll pay for them."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Brown," said Tad as the bags were restored to his basket. "Business has been bad today, 'nd that Hodge feller didn't make it no better."

"Look here, Tad," said Merriwell, "you must know where John Snodd's place is."

"Sure I do. It's near the 'cademy, 'bout a mile over the hill. If you're goin' there you better see Joe Bemis about takin' your baggage along. He drives Snodd's truck, 'nd you can ride with him, too. That's him Hodge is talkin' to over there now."

"A mile will be just a good stretch for my legs after that train ride. I think I'll walk it if you'll show me the way, Tad. There'll be fifty cents in it for you."

"Fifty cents! Gee, but that'll make up for the bad business. You bet I'll show you the way, Frank Mer-



"I Thought That Feller Hodge Was Going to Take a Swing at You."

riwell. But if you've got a trunk you want Joe Bemis to take you better 'tend to it now."

"Wait right here," said Frank. "Here's your fifty cents in advance. I'll be back in a couple of minutes."

He left a silver half-dollar in the freckle-faced youngster's hand before hurrying away to interview Joe Bemis, and boy and dog were waiting on the spot when he returned. He had delivered his traveling bag to Bemis and turned over the check to his trunk.

"I been watchin' you," said Tad, wagging his head. "Didn't know but that Hodge guy'd get dirty 'nd start somethin' with you."

Frank laughed. "He seemed to have forgotten all about me, Tad."

"But he ain't, Frank. He's waitin' for a better time. He said he'd be seein' you. I heard him. You better look out for that bird."

"Okay, I'll be watching. Where's your basket, Tad?"

"Oh, I didn't want to lug that, so I left it with Jim Davis, who runs the gasoline pump over 'cross the street. I'll get it when I come back. Ready to start, Frank?"

"Yes, let's go."

The old dog trotted ahead of them as they were climbing the hill. Behind them the train was pulling out of Fardale village. Beyond the hill lay the exclusive school for boys, the autumn term of which had opened a week ago. Circumstances over which he had no control had delayed Frank's arrival. Now he must pass special examinations to obtain admittance.

Chatting with his guide on the way up the hill, Merriwell learned that the little fellow's father was dead, that his mother was poor, and that Tad was doing what he could to keep the wolf away from the door. Something like a magical sympathy and understanding was established between them.

When they came to the crest of the long rise Frank found himself looking down on the academy buildings, half a mile away. He paused to take the scene in. Besides the academy itself, there were dormitories, a mess hall, gymnasium and chapel. The walks were bordered by rows of handsome trees, and the tennis courts and athletic field were not far distant. Students were moving to and fro, singly and in small groups.

Beyond lay the open ocean, with the sunshine of late afternoon warm on its bosom. A building on the shore of a sheltered cove appeared to be the academy boathouse.

Thomas Parr, England's most famous old man, was one hundred fifty-two when he died in 1635. The countess of Desmond lived to one hundred forty.

More striking was the mysterious Eighteenth century figure who called himself the count of St. Germain, writes a Paris correspondent.

Who he was, where he was born and died, if he ever died, is not known. Mme. de Gergy, wife of the French ambassador to Venice, tells of meeting him in Venice in 1710. She speaks of a man of about fifty.

During the next 20 years St. Germain wandered through the capitals of Europe. The only claim he made for himself was that he understood alchemy.

In 1735 he turned up at The Hague, making a profound impression on Count Morin, first secretary of the Danish legation, who referred to St. Germain as a man who looked about fifty and talked easily of events 300 years old.

His friendship for Mme. de Pompadour in 1750 has been recorded.

Horace Walpole met him about this time in London. In 1759 he was back in France, and 13 years later he was in Brussels.

In 1776 a charge of forgery against him collapsed in Turin when he opened a bag and exhibited 100,000 silver crowns.

He was seen in Vienna during the French revolution and made his last authenticated appearance in Paris in 1820, still looking a man of about fifty.

His death was reported a score of times throughout the Nineteenth century. But many people believe he is still alive, wandering alone through those places where once he rubbed shoulders with King Louis and kissed the fingers of the Pompadour.

Hypo, Crystalline Compound

Hypo is a white soluble, crystalline compound, made by boiling a solution of caustic soda or of sodium sulphite with sulphur. Its chemical name is sodium thiosulphate. Hypo is extensively used in photography and is used also for removing excess chlorine from bleached fabrics.

Living 140 Years, or Longer, Seems to Be Possible, According to Records

HE CONQUERED Italy with a piece of Chalk." That is what Machiavelli wrote of Charles VIII of France. Two years after Columbus landed in America, this French king took soldiers into Italy for the first time armed with hand guns. Because Charles had weapons fired by gunpowder, Machiavelli meant that he could go where he pleased. All he had to do was chalk off areas on a map and go there. Nothing could resist these new weapons.

The earliest missiles were arrows padded to fit the bores of the weapons. Gunpowder was first used about 1331 to fire cannon, but the hand gun did not exist until almost a hundred years later.

The early hand gun consisted of a short iron tube prolonged behind into a rod. This rod was hitched under the arm when the gun was fired. The charge was inserted from the muzzle. It was ignited by a wick match applied to a touch-hole on the side of the iron tube. The match was held in a hinged fork mounted on the stock, enabling it to be brought into contact with the gunpowder in the priming pan. This match lock, so arranged, was called the "harquebus." The early hand gun was called an arquebus.

Charles VIII set out for Italy in 1494 with 140 heavy cannon and with one-tenth of his infantry armed with hand guns. Before the year was over his victorious army had entered Rome.

The hand guns probably frightened more people than they killed. The smouldering wick match and the powder in the firing pan were exposed to rain so a gun often misfired.

However, the new weapons were effective and Charles VIII entered Naples in May, 1495, in great pomp and splendor to claim the kingdom of Naples which his father had inherited. Charles planned to conquer Constantinople, but he died three years after his famous conquest of Italy, at the age of twenty-eight.

Italy Conquered with Chalk

Italy Conquered with Chalk

Italy Conquered with Chalk

Italy Conquered with Chalk

Italy Conquered with Chalk

Simple or Sophisticated?



A PRETTY girl is like a melody and her frock is the swing in it that makes you remember her—and never lets you forget. Sew-Your-Own puts that "remember me" ingredient into all frocks, from its simple all-occasion models to its more exclusive fashion firsts. You, Milady, have an exceptional opportunity today to choose an engaging frock from this taking trio. Just send for your pattern and Sew-Your-Own will do the rest—see you through every step to a happy, successful finish, or, in other words, to a thrilling frock fortified with much "Remember me."

Start your day in an attractive morning frock if you would leave a bright all-day impression on the family. Sew-Your-Own suggests the new, young-looking dress at the left for creating a really lasting impression. The five pieces fit together so effortlessly and produce such shipshape style that you'll be not only pleased but thrilled. Gingham, percale, or seersucker is the material suggested for this popular frock.

A beautifully styled frock that will lend a festive feeling and a note of glamour to every occasion is the smart new piece, above center. It is modern of line, gracious of detail, and flattering beyond belief. The new tucked skirt looks important, yes, even exclusive, but happily for you, Milady, it's as easy to sew as any you've done. Note the little button trim and youthful collar and cuffs to

add that telling touch of good taste. Make a copy for now in satin or silk crepe.

Winter is here, but Spring is packaged up for an early delivery, which would behoove the fastidious young woman to now turn her gentle thoughts to the problem of what-to-wear. The slim-waisted model, above right, should set one straight, both in matters of thoughts and actions, for it has that come-and-get-me look that's so typical of the modern Sew-Your-Own. The "act" of sewing is most simplified in this little number, as the seven pieces and the cut-away diagram clearly illustrate.

Pattern 1431 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material. The collar in contrast requires 1/2 of a yard.

Pattern 1436 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 3 1/4 yards of 39-inch material, plus 1/2 yard contrasting. With long sleeves 3 3/4 yards are required.

Pattern 1435 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/4 yards of 39-inch material, plus 1/2 yard contrasting. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-Third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

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.)

First Step
To be happy is the first step to being pious.—R. L. Stevenson.

ARE YOU All Nerves?

Hagerstown, Md.—Mrs. Blanche Stone, 515 Jefferson Street, writes: "For a weakened condition and upset nerves I recommend Dr. Doan's Favorite Prescription. When I suffered from 'nerves' and an all-around feeling, 'Favorite Prescription' gave me an appetite and made me feel better in a short time." Buy it in liquid or tablets from your druggist today. See how much calmer and stronger you feel after using this tonic.

WNU-4 2-38

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!

Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure.

When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.

The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

© Britannica Junior.

FRANK MERRIWELL AT FARDALE

by Gilbert Patten

Starts today... a thrilling new story about fiction's greatest hero, Frank Merriwell! This new tale is written by Gilbert Patten, the original "Burt Standish" who created Merriwell. If you're an old-timer, it will bring back pleasant memories... if you're a youngster, you'll find a new thrill in this story of an unusual college student. Be sure you read "Frank Merriwell at Fardale."