

# Frank Merriwell at Fardale . . .

By **Gilbert Patten**  
The Original  
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**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 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, runs 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. Inza, attempting to escape the maddened animal, injures her ankle. Hodge flees in terror. Merriwell single-handed holds off the mad dog and saves Inza. John Snodd shoots the animal.

**CHAPTER III—Continued**

"You'll find it's not so easy to duck one of them babies, Frankie. You'll have to face the music."  
"Not I. I don't like the tune."  
"But how'll you get away from it? Tell me that, now."  
"You've got to help me, Barney. Send him away."  
"But what can I tell him?"  
"Oh, tell him something! Tell him anything! Tell him I'm sick! Tell him I'm dying! Tell him I'm dead! I don't care what you tell him. Just keep that reporter away from me, Barney. Stand between us with a flaming sword—or a brick."  
"Why, I believe the lad's frightened!" said Mulloy. "Such modesty's as rare as a Scotchman's treat." But he promised to do the best he could, and departed.

spare time. It was his hobby and recreation. They were admitted by a tidy colored maid, who took them to the professor's study immediately.

Horace Scotch was not the sort of man Barney had expected to meet. As plump as a partridge, he had the twinkling eyes and cheery face of a jolly boy, though his hair that bordered a spreading bald spot was turning gray and he was approaching sixty. The way he shook hands with Mulloy made the Irish lad his friend at once.

"I took Frank's word for you, my boy," he said, "but I thought it best for us to get acquainted right away. Frank's uncle and I went to the same college—Yale. Yalc!" he repeated with pride. "I still think it's the best university in this country for a young man to graduate from."

He appeared to take Barney's measure with his eyes, and then he glanced at a little clock on the mantel above the fireplace.

"So I've talked to the dean," he went on, "and we've found a way to take you into the school in spite of its crowded condition."  
"Oh, thank you, Professor!" gulped Mulloy, flushed with relief.  
"But," said Professor Scotch, "both you and Frank will have to be discommoded a little. You will have to occupy a room with a third

were very wise," continued Professor Scotch. "They sought to protect the students, as far as possible, from undesirable outside influences. With that in mind, they chose this location and bought up or put under certain restrictions a great tract of land all around here. That's why we are not today surrounded by shops and stores and movie theaters and dance halls, and all the harmful distractions such a settlement would bring."

"Yes, sir," said Bart again. But he was giving little attention to what the professor was saying. His mind was busy with a speculation. Why had the dean sent him here at a time when, as he probably knew, Merriwell and Mulloy would be present? He told himself there was something queer about it and that he didn't like it. He felt as if something unpleasant were about to blow up right in his face.

Horace Scotch rattled on cheerfully about the advantages at Fardale academy, the most of which would have been rated as disadvantages by Hodge. After a long speech which he seemed to enjoy much more than anybody else, he came to what Bart was wondering about.

"We have found we can take all three of you boys in," he stated, "but you will have to room together in a room that was intended to accommodate no more than two."

It was out at last. Hodge swallowed nothing at all, but it felt like a dry lump as big as a golf ball. He had been keeping his eyes off Frank and Barney, but now he shot them a look. The Irish boy met it with a sneer and Merriwell seemed to be trying to hide a grin. Fine fellows! Wrath struck at the pit of Bart's stomach. He would tell them where they got off.

"It's possible, Hodge," said the professor, "that you won't like the arrangement, but it's the best we can do."  
Then Hodge got it. It was a trap. They were sure he would refuse, and that would let him out. He would be told so at once. Just in time, he held back the words that were boiling to his lips. And he got a good grip on himself before he spoke again.

"Why, that's fine, sir," he made himself say, forcing a sickly smile. With that, he shut his mouth hard to keep from saying too much.

Once more Horace Scotch rubbed his hands together, and beamed. "Then it seems to be all nicely settled," he said.

Still taking pains not to make a false step, Bart ventured: "I suppose these—these other fellows have agreed to it already, Professor Scotch?"

"Oh, I'd barely mentioned it to them when you rang, Hodge, but I'm sure they'll be satisfied, conditions being as they are."  
"How about it, Mulloy?" Bart challenged.

"I can stand it if you can, me lad," was the reply.  
Frank put in quickly: "It's all right with me, of course."  
"Now that's the kind of talk I expected from you boys," said the professor happily. "It's the right spirit. The way to get along in this world is to make the best of things when you can't have the best of things. Now there's only one more hurdle to jump."

"So there's another catch in it," thought Hodge, on guard again. "You'll have to pass a special examination," Horace Scotch explained. "It's required of all late arrivals." He stood up. "Ten o'clock sharp, Central building, Room 13."

"I don't like the number," said Barney. "It never brought me a bit of luck."  
Still beaming, the professor shook hands with them and expressed confidence that luck would be with them.

Outside, when they reached the end of the walk to the cottage door, Hodge halted and looked Merriwell and Mulloy up and down. "Maybe you two slick workers will have more luck in Room 13 than you did with the gag you just tried to pull on me," he said.

"Now what do you mean by that?" asked Frank in surprise. "Don't play dumb, Merriwell. You thought you had it all planned to throw me, but I was onto you. I'd had to walk the plank if I'd refused to room with you two birds. A fine little frame-up!"

"That stirred something hot in Frank. "Are you insinuating that Professor Scotch would come in on anything like that, Hodge?"  
"Oh, he's a soft old custard. He wouldn't see through it. You only had to get him to put it up to me the way he did. That was what you thought."

Merry stared at the fellow, and shook his head. "I don't suppose you can help it, Hodge, but it's just too bad you're built that way."  
"And now," said Bart, "maybe there's another dead-fall set for me in Room 13."

"Barney pulled at Frank's elbow. "Let's go," he said. "What's the idea, wasting your breath on this biped?"  
"Oh, go on, both of you!" blazed Hodge. "But remember this: if they do pack the three of us into one room you'll have a sweet time with me as a roommate."

"Happy days are here again," grinned the Irish boy as Bart went striding off alone.

The boys took the last hurdle, as Professor Scotch had called it, in full stride. All three of them were passed by the board of examinations, on the roster of students, and they were told that they could move into a room allotted to them in Union hall, the old vine-covered brick building that had housed the plebes in the days when Fardale had been a military school.

Hodge still hugged the belief that he had dodged a trap. He had scented the thing just in time to sidestep it in the professor's study, and then he had let Merriwell and Mulloy know he was wise. Maybe they had already played their last card, but, anyhow, he had shown them he was too clever to be caught napping.

He was feeling much better when they came out of the Central building after the test was over. A jubilant smile lurked at the corners of his mouth and there was a gleam in his eyes.

"By the way, Merriwell," he said, "how do you like the new suit I'm wearing?"  
"Why," answered Frank, surprised, "I hadn't noticed it."  
"Well, look it over," Bart invited. "Would you say it's O. K.?"  
"It looks well on you."

"But it's really on you, you know. You'll get the bill from the Varsity Clothing store, in the village. Of course you haven't forgotten as soon as this that you ruined a suit of mine by feeding the coat to one of Tad Jones' pet dogs?"

Now Merry smiled a trifle. "You don't lose any time about collecting your debts, do you, Hodge?"  
"Not when guys like you owe me. I made this collection yesterday. Of course I had to take it off the pile, but then it could be worse. Forwent to call your attention to it when we were having our pleasant little chat after visiting old Scotch, but I hope you don't mind the oversight."

"Not at all," said Frank. "It's all right."  
"Glad you think so," said Bart, his good humor seeming to increase. "I'll set you back only sixty-five bucks. A mere bag o' shells."  
(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Can Spring Be Far Away?



WITH Winter almost over, March blizzards to the contrary notwithstanding, you find yourself eyeing the fashion sheets a little more than casually. Indeed you probably already have your needle threaded, just waiting for some nice Spring patterns to make your acquaintance. And here they are, three quick tricks, each pleasantly awaiting your choice, each designed to make some wardrobe happy. Which do you prefer?

**Fitted Bodice.**  
Look your Sunday best in this graceful afternoon frock with its snug and softly shirred waistline. The skirt flares slightly to the front and emphasizes the slimness of the silhouette. Note the saddle shoulder and short, puffed sleeves—details that are unusually becoming and make for distinction. One of the new widely spaced flower patterns in rayon or silk will make your informal afternoons and evening a double delight, and the pattern is a particular joy to work with. So simple, and so pleasing.

**Trim Morning Frock.**  
Don't be caught around the house without your best foot forward. You needn't be, with this crisp and flattering morning frock at your beck and call. Simple as pie, yet charming fresh and youthful, this model dispenses with all fussy details yet achieves an appearance which will see you through the busiest day. The skirt flares a bit from a neatly fitted waistline, and the ric-rac trim, in contrast, adds a note of brightness. Just nine pieces including the belt and pockets. Try dotted swiss or a printed percale.

**For the Full Figure.**  
This charming frock is really more than a house frock—you'll find it flattering enough and dressy enough to wear throughout the day. The slim, straight lines make every provision for comfort. The skirt has a kick pleat at front, the sleeves are full and pleated, and the neck line is just right to be very flattering. Furthermore you can make this dress, of a rayon print or gay percale, in a brief afternoon or

evening, resulting in a pretty, runaround model at far less than you usually spend.

**The Patterns.**  
Pattern 1450 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (32 to 38 bust). Size 14 (32) requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material with short sleeves. Fourteen inch zipper required for front closing.  
Pattern 1312 is designed for sizes 14 to 44 (32 to 44 bust). Size 16 (34) requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch fabric; 1 3/4 yards braid required for trimming.

Pattern 1444 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 or 39 inch material; 1/2 yard required for revers facing in contrast. Bow requires 1/2 yard ribbon.

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.  
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"We've Found a Way to Take You Into the School."

boy, and the quarters will be cramped, for the room is not really large enough for more than two. The other boy is due here now."

Even as he uttered the words the door-bell rang again.  
"That must be he," said the professor.

It was. The colored maid ushered Bart Hodge into the study!

**CHAPTER IV**

The effect on the three boys might have been made by a sudden crackling release of electricity. Mulloy stiffened with a jerk, Merriwell's eyes widened sharply and narrowed in a moment, Hodge turned pale. For the length of a breath the ticking of the little clock on the professor's mantel sounded like the swift strokes of a tiny hammer.

The professor smiled and rubbed his hands together softly: "You're Bartley Hodge?" he said to the lad who had just come into his study.

Bart breathed again. "Yes, sir. Dean Graves sent me to see you."  
"Well, sit down, Hodge," invited the smiling man. "It was my suggestion. I had to talk with him and he mentioned that you, like your two friends here, had been delayed in arriving before the autumn term opened. He said you would be greatly disappointed unless a way could be found to take you into the school."

"That's right, Professor," said Bart. Outwardly he had recovered his composure, but he was still hiddenly disturbed. "I had no idea there would be so much trouble about it."  
"We've never been so overcrowded, my boy, and I believe you were very late in seeking enrollment."

"Let me explain that, sir," Hodge requested hastily. "It was because there was some uncertainty about—about what I would do. But just as soon as that was settled my mother got some very important persons to write letters—"

"I know, I know. I've seen them. But letters don't make any more room in the dormitories, and it's a rule here that all students must reside in our dormitories, where they will be under proper supervision. Perhaps you know that this was formerly a private military school. Well, the rule worked so well then that it was retained when the change was made to the present system."

"Yes, sir."  
"The founders of this academy

### Rail Engines Use 600 Billion Gallons of Water Each Year, According to Reports

Approximately 600,000,000,000 gallons of water are required annually to quench the thirst of the iron horse and for other purposes in connection with the operation of the railroad systems of this country, according to the Association of American Railroads.

This huge quantity of water would be sufficient to fill a channel 100 yards wide and 9 feet deep, extending from New York to San Francisco and return. If spread over the ground to a depth of one foot and frozen, it would provide a skating rink nearly 54 miles square.

It would meet the needs of the inhabitants of New York for two years, or a city the size of Washington for 17 years.

In volume and weight, the quantity of water used by the railroads each year is greater than all other materials combined.

In order to provide the kind of water necessary to meet their needs, the railroads of the nation spend approximately \$50,000,000 each year. The cost of replacing

the 18,000 water stations now maintained by the railroads would be in excess of \$400,000,000.

More than one-half of the water required to meet the needs of the railroads is used for steam purposes. By the chemical treatment of this water in order to remove harmful ingredients which cause rust and scale to form on the inside of locomotive boilers, the railroads have brought about increased safety and efficiency in operation as well as a saving of millions of dollars annually.

While remarkable results have been achieved, the railroads are participating in a series of scientific studies to determine what further improvements can be made in their water supply.

**Does Not Fly at Night**  
About eight inches long, the martin is a beautiful steel blue. It is one of the few birds that refuse to fly at night, even when migrating. A powerful flyer, it catches insects on the wing.



**Post Graduate**  
Joan—Have you ever had a lesson by correspondence?  
Jim—Yes, I don't write to girls any more.

**Terms to Suit**  
Gent—Is it true that my son has owed you for a suit for three years?  
Tailor—Yes. Do you wish to pay the bill?  
Gent—No—I would like a suit on the same terms.

**They Don't**  
Customer—I want a writing pad. How much do they run?  
Storekeeper—Run? Why they are stationery.

**Likely**  
Daughter—Daddy, what is your birthstone?  
Dad—A grindstone, I think.

**Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets** are an effective laxative. Sugar coated. Children like them. Buy now!—Adv.

**By Labor**  
He who would eat the kernel must crack the shell.—Plautus.

## WORKS IN 2 WAYS ON DISCOMFORT OF COLDS

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore from the cold, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in 1/2 glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat soreness and soreness almost instantly.

All it usually costs to relieve the misery of a cold today—is 3¢ to 5¢—relief for the period of your cold 15¢ to 25¢. Hence no family need neglect even minor head colds.

Here is what to do: Take two BAYER tablets when you feel a cold coming on—with a full glass of water. Then repeat, if necessary, according to directions in each package. Relief comes rapidly.

The Bayer method of relieving colds is the way many doctors approve. You take Bayer Aspirin for relief—then if you are not improved promptly, you call the family doctor.

**15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS**  
2 FULL DOZEN 25¢  
Virtually 1 cent a tablet

## Sentinels of Health

**Don't Neglect Them!**  
Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood streams 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 undue strain on the body. 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 disturbances.

The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use 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.

## DOAN'S PILLS