Frank Merriwell at Fardale

By GILBERT PATTEN

The Original BURT L. STANDISH

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 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 Bertender the start of the says the 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 madwell's. Inza, attempting to escape the mad-dened animal, injures her ankle. Hodge flees in terror. Merriwell single-handed holds off the mad dog and saves Inza. John Snodd shoots the animal. Later, Merriwell and Mulloy call on Professor Scotch, who says the overcrowded condition of the dormitories makes it necessary for them to share a room—with Bart Hodge.

CHAPTER IV-Continued

Grinning broadly now, he said he would see them anon in their sardine box, and walked away as if in a hurry to lose their company.

"Sixty-five bucks!" gulped Mulloy, staring at Hodge's back. "It's a hold-up! You'll be a sucker to let him get away with it, Frank."

"But it's cheap when you consider that his coat saved me from being bitten by that dog, Barney. I'll pay it and smile."

"Holly chowder! He'll laugh in his sleep."

"I can take it." "I'll say you can! But you'll pop some day if you're human. You must have a limit."

The courses at Fardale were elective, but Merriwell's mind was not fully made up. Wishing to prepare especially for Yale, he decided to seek advice from Professor Scotch, a Yale graduate who still thought it the best university in the country. That, of course, was natural enough, but Frank admired the way in which the professor had retained his youthful enthusiasm. There was something warm and inspiring about it.

So Mulloy went back to Snodd's to pack up, leaving Merry to wait for the professor's return to his study after delivering a lecture.

An hour later, when he reached the farm house, Frank found Barney in a state of mind. He was boiling like a forgotten kettle on a red-hot stove. Waving a rumpled newspaper, he shouted:

"Have you seen this cockeyed thing?"

It was the city paper for which Pete Smith had reported the encounter with the mad dog, and the story filled half a column.

But plainly Mr. Smith had been displeased by his failure to obtain an interview with the leading actor in the story: for, beginning with a statement by Silas Gleason that "the poor old dog had merely been sick and frightened," the reporter had finished by kidding the "modest bero who had taken to his bed from the after-effects of the terrible shock his system had sustained." All visitors, the report alleged, were being kept away from his bedside by a trained nurse. It was pretty crude stuff.

Even Hodge, whom Smith had talked with in the village, had given his version of the affair. According to him, he had made haste to get seven of the girls out of the dog's ing breathlessly as he read Pete way, leaving Merriwell and Mulloy to take care of Miss Burrage only. The dog, Bart had said, had apparently been fleeing in terror from the acreaming boy who was pur-

suing him. "The truth - twisting larrikin!" splittered Barney. "Why, it's the big shot he was, himself! All you did, Merry, me lad, was help butcher a sick and frightened dog."

Frank's cheeks had grown hot, but he refused to boil also. "My mistake, Barney," he said. "I should have talked to that reporter. He thought he was being taken for a

ride, and he didn't like it." "And you're going to take it lying down? You're going to let Hodge

get away with that lie?" "He won't get away with it. The lown authorities have sent the dog's head away for a Pasteur analysis. Let Hodge have his moment."

"I'll let him have something else if me hands are not paralyzed,"

Frank had to put up a stiff argument to convince the Irish boy that rather sick."

what he had in mind would make | matters worse. "When it comes to a scrap," he urged, "let Hodge start

"Job," said Barney, "was a piker beside ye, but I'm forced to admit in me sober spells that your head's screwed on level."

Hodge had saved himself the trouble of returning to Snodd's for his belongings. Having packed up that morning, he had telephoned, while Merriwell was seeking advice from Professor Scotch, for his luggage to be delivered at Union hall; and Joe Bemis, starting out to deliver a load of grain with the farmer's truck, had killed two birds with one stone by taking Bart's things along.

"I'll have Joe get your stuff right over as soon as he comes back,' Snodd promised Frank and Barney. 'And if I'd ever looked that newspaper over before he got out of here," he added, "I'd burnt that Hodge feller's ears off him. But maybe my daughter said enough to him last night. She laced him handsome for taking to his heels the way he done. She's gone to see Miss Inza now to find out how bad her ankle was hurt."

Walking back to the school again, Mulloy was in a calmer mood. "There's a flock of chickens in

Fardale that don't admire that gay rooster as much as they did, Frank," he chuckled.

Merriwell made no reply. He was thinking of Inza Burrage and wondering what she would have to say about the piece in the newspapers. Two grinning fellows, lounging on the steps of Union hall, looked the



"You're Going to Let Hodge Get Away With That Lie?"

"There they are," said one to the other, "the modest hero and his trained nurse."

"But they don't suspect what they're going to be up against in about a minute," tittered the other after Frank and Barney had passed on into the building.

Nothing warned Frank and Barney of the surprise in store for them. They walked into that small room like innocent lambs going to the slaughter.

They walked into a haze of tobacco smoke almost as thick as pea soup. It came from the pipes and cigarettes of a dozen boys who were sitting around on chairs, beds and any other pieces of furniture that provided perches.

One was located on the top of the dresser. His chin was nothing to brag about; in fact it was hardly worth mentioning. Horn-rimmed spectacles rode his short, uptilted nose, which seemed to be sniffing something very tasty. In a hushed, awe-stricken voice, he was reading aloud from a newspaper. All the others had the appearance of listen-Smith's version of the mad dog inci-

dent. Bart Hodge rose at once from his seat on one of the three singlebeds. "You don't have to read it through again, Bob," he said. "Sir Galahad himself has arrived. Now we can hear the thrilling tale from his own lips."

All the others stood up. All but the fellow on the dresser. He let the newspaper flutter to the floor and sat still, staring at Frank through his spectacles as if struck

dumb with wonder and admiration. There was a momentary hush. It gave Merriwell time to pull himself together. He knew instantly that those fellows were there to give him and Barney a swift buggy ride, inspired by Hodge. Bart was letting no grass grow under his feet.

"Just a moment," said Frank, moving to a window and throwing it open. "Let's clear the air a bit." "I'll bet our hero doesn't smoke,"

said one of the group.
"You win," admitted Merriwell. "I've tried it, though. It made me

"Just a fragile flower," said another. "No wonder he had to take to his bed after his frightful handto-hand battle with that horrid hungry beast. How lucky he is always to have his trained nurse at hand to care for him when he is so frightfully upset."

Moving deliberately back to Barney, Frank spoke under his breath. 'Leave it to me," he said. "The last laugh may be ours."

Mulloy was too choked with pentup wrath to utter a word in reply, but Hodge was the one against whom he was inwardly raging. That fellow had done some swift sniping with the ammunition furnished by Pete Smith, and he seemed to be on his way to triumph.

Bart came forward a step. "These are just some of the fellows my friend Bascomb brought in to give you the once over, Merriwell," he said blandly. "They asked me to give them an eye-witness account of your noble deed, but I merely referred them to the newspaper. But knew you would be delighted to tell the harrowing tale yourself." Merry seemed to beam. "So

thoughtful of you, Hodge, but I hope they'll spare my blushes. I'm so very shy before strangers."

"Why don't you introduce us to the modest hero, Bart?" suggested a huge chap with powerful shoulders and a mouth that split his grinning face from ear to ear. "We're all quivering with eagerness to have the honor. And maybe he'll loosen up after he gets to know us."

"Good idea, Hugh," chuckled Hodge. "Merriwell, this is my friend Bascomb, the best prepschool fullback in the East."

Frank's eyes almost bulged as he stared as if aghast at Bascomb's vast mouth. "I'm so happy," he said, "to get this unexpected view of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It's even wider, deeper and more tremendous than I ever imagined it could be."

Bascomb's grin faded slowly, as it dawned on him. His mouth clopped together and his lips came down at the corners. He flushed to the roots of his bristling hair, and his scowl was as black as the ace of spades.

d'ver mean by that crack?" "I'll never forget it," said Frank in a hushed tone of awe. "I'll always remember my first view of the Grand Canyon.'

"Gee, he's nuts!" cried a slender boy with gimlet eyes that were set very close together. "Now if Hugh pops him-gee!"

"We seem to have a G-man with us," remarked Frank, turning to survey the last speaker. "I wonder how he ever got mixed up with this gang of highbinders."

"Say, that's Leslie Gage, "put in Hodge quickly, "and he's the varsity pitcher. Take care what you say, Merriwell."

"Why, I'm knocked completely cuckoo by the shock," said Mer-"Such importance! Such notorious characters. You seem to be right in your element, Hodge."

Bascomb reached a huge paw for Merriwell's shoulder and swung him round. "Think you're a funny bird yourself, donya?" he snarled. "Well, you'll fly right out of the window in a minute."

"Now really I'm afraid I've irritated you somehow," said Frank. "I'm a sophomore here," Bascomb informed him. "Say sir to

me." "Sir to you," said Frank, bowing politely. "Now don't forget that any time

you speak to me hereafter. Get me?' "And you better remember to say it to me, too," advised a boy with a long neck and a very large nose. "But you must tell me your name,

so I won't forget you, sir."

you. Get me?"

"It's Watson Snell. Mr. Snell to

"You remind me of one of Tennyson's poems, strange as it seems," Frank almost purred. "It runs like this, 'Blow, bugle, blow! Set the wild echoes flying.' It's very smooth stuff, sir."

"Well, by gum, I guess he just don't know any better than to talk back," said a tall, lanky fellow with a New England twang.

"Now if you don't mind my natural curiosity, I'd like to know who you are," said Merriwell. "Have you a card?"

"My name's Ephriam Gullup." "Gullup?" Frank shook his head. 'Gullup is a very pretty name for

you. It tickles my ear.' The small, bespectacled, shortchinned chap who had sat on the dresser and read the newspaper aloud pushed himself forward now. 'You're full of cracks, aren't you?" he yapped, like a Pekingese puppy. "Well, you'll have another crack from me if you get gay with my name, big boy. It's Gagg-Bob Gagg. Now take it easy."

Merry burst into hearty laughter. "Gagg follows Gullup," he said, 'and one goes with the other, but Gagg can't be improved on. It's perfect. Aren't we having fun?" He had them stopped. Their lit-

tle plan to kid him had been shot all to pieces. Barney Mulloy was holding a hand over his mouth, now, to keep from whooping. This was far better than the rough stuff he had been

on the verge of starting. The door swung open again to admit a fellow who came in briskly. "Walter Burrage!" exclaimed Hodge in dismay.

CHAPTER V

Walter Burrage was somebody at Fardale. Not only did he stand high as a student, he was captain of the baseball team, wore a modestly hidden society pin, commanded the respect of the faculty and was classed as an ace in the run of the pack.

But of course there were fellows who secretly disliked him; for success and popularity arouses envy "Look here," he growled, "what and petty malice in schools, just as it does in other fields of life. Still prudence and self-interest caused those who privately hated him to sugar their tongues when they spoke of him publicly.

Merriwell had never seen him before he walked into the room where the kidders collected by Hodge and Bascomb had been kidded to a full stop. But of course Frank had been curious as to what sort of person the brother of Inza Burrage might be.

He saw a good-looking chap with dark eyes and hair, and a mouth and chin expressive of decency and character. There was confidence without arrogance in his bearing. He did not belong to the stocky athletic type, but one could see at a glance that he would strip down well. Under the modest clothes he wore was a fine body and clean, strong limbs that were not muscle

bound. His eyes swept over the others in the room before coming to rest on Frank. He neither smiled nor frowned.

"I was told there was a little corn roast going on here," he said, "but I was on my way to see Merriwell anyhow. You're Merriwell, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," affirmed Frank. "Well, I'm glad to know you." Burrage put out his hand and Merry gave it a grip. "Has this handpicked reception committee been a little gay with you?"

"Oh, not at all, not at all, though they have given me quite a jolly time." Frank smiled almost sweet-

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ancient Dictionary Clarifies Bible; Book of Tenth Century Published in U. S.

Controversies that have arisen | traditional teachings of the Talmud over incongruous translations in the English Revised Version of the Bible probably may be solved through the use of the oldest comprehencive dictionary of the Bible, which has been published by the Yale University Press, writes a New Haven, Conn., United Press correspondent.

The dictionary, written in the Tenth century and since then extant only in manuscript form, has been edited by Dr. Solomon L. Skoss, professor of Arabic in Dropsie college, Philadelphia.

The dictionary was written in Arabic but in Hebrew characters and is based on manuscripts which for eight centuries lay forgotten in the basement of a Jerusalem synagog. With it several disputed passages of the Bible have been clari-

It was written by David ben Abraham 1 Fasi, one of the Karaites. a Jewish sect which originated in Mesopotamia in the Eighth century and which denied the validity of the | in the world is a banana."

and later Rabbinic literature.

The Karaites, accepting the Old Testament as the sole authority, devoted their entire attention to a thorough study of the Scriptures, its exegesis and philology.

Al Fasi's dictionary enjoyed such popularity and authority among the generations of scholars that followed him that it was given only the simple name "The Book."

A study of the Hebrew-Arabic dictionary has been made by students of the Old Testament and verses which have required elaborate interpretations to explain their incongruity have been shown to be incorrectly translated.

Discovered the Banana The banana was discovered by Alexander the Great, along the Indus, three centuries before Christ. It was brought to the New World in 1516. Benjamin Disraeli once declared: "The most delicious thing

**** CLASSIFIED WHO'S NEWS DEPARTMENT THIS WEEK ...

By Lemuel F. Parton

NEW YORK.—There is hope for

Some day a little band of diplomats and financiers will meet in the Paris

won't catch them at it. To date,

the watchful French journalist has

anticipated and cried down every

effort, warning all and sundry that,

Thus, the studious proposals of

Paul van Zeeland, former premier

of Belgium, were blasted several

weeks in advance of their publica-

Pertinax is one of the most bril-

liant and influential journalists of

Europe and anything he touches up

in advance goes in with two strikes

against it. As does the Van Zeeland

Walt Disney is readying "Snow

White" for France. That probably

means that Pertinax is preparing

to swing on it, just before it lands

there. One American commen-

tator made the film his sole excep-

tion in many years of dissent. Noth-

ing like that may be expected

He is the only full-time dissenter

who bats 1.000. He has picked fights

with Senator Borah, former Presi-

dent Hoover (being the only man

ever to assail an American Presi-

dent with that dignitary present),

with all the Germans, before, dur-

ing and after the war, and with all

In 1933, the French government

to build good will

tinax, fielding that

one, pegged over

to this country

announced it would spend \$1,320,000

Wise Cracks in America. Per-

some sour cracks about American

materialism. And, just in passing,

any French journalist ought to know

a lot about materialists. For a few

days it looked as if he might over-

look the recent Brussels conference,

but he was on the job and smeared

it in plenty of time to get it a bad

press. He is at his best in discov-

ering and exposing Geneva's good

He is a Parisian sophisticate, dapper, dressy, monocled, getting about

a great deal and nosing in various

diplomatic feed-boxes-a first-class

reporter; but never satisfied. One

of the depressing things about him

is that he is so often right as he

to make him a great violinist.

At the age of three, the boy was

His only toys were

music boxes. And

now, Eugene Or-

mandy, conductor

of the Philadel-

working hard at his violin lessons.

phia orchestra, gets the Gustav

Mahler medal, following the per-

formance of his composition, "Das

At the age of five, he was a stu-

dent in the Budapest academy of

music, through at fourteen, but not

allowed to go on tour as a violinist

until he was seventeen. In 1921, he

was in New York, hoping to bridge

the break in his career with his last

five-cent piece. He did, as a violin-

ist at the Capitol theater, then as-

sistant conductor, later with Roxy's

gang and then six years as conduc-

tor of the Minneapolis symphony or-

chestra. He is perhaps the first

conductor to be upped to fame by

His father in Hungary isn't altogether pleased. "Just think what a

great violinist you might have

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Constitution-Maker

phia business man, remembered for

his advocacy of a revision of the

Articles of Confederation by creat-

ing a new Constitution in his "Dis-

sertation of the Political Union and

Constitution of the Thirteen United

States of North America (1783)."

He is, therefore, sometimes consid-

ered as the originator of the Consti-

tution, though his plan was unlike

the product of the federal conven-

Eat Fish in Norway

three times a day in nearly all

families, and as a result, the life of

the community revolves about its

fish market. The Bergen housewife

is a somewhat fastidious shopper,

insofar as fish is concerned, and

prefers to have her fish scooped

up alive from salt water pools with-

in the market. The serving of fish

amounts to a fine art in Bergen.

In Bergen, Norway, fish is served

Pelatiah Webster was a Philadel-

been," he wrote to his son.

was out of the cradle.

Lied Von Der Erde."

Boy Wonder

Now Great

Conductor

radio

ambassadors of good will.

from Pertinax.

Soured U. S.

will conspiracies.

Good Will

plan for economic reconstruction.

tion, as just so much eye-wash.

whatever it is, it won't work.

Diplomats

Prey to

Pertinax

world peace and solvency.

catacombs or a

London fog, heav-

ily disguised, and

p u t something

over, and Pertinax

SCHOOLS—COLLEGES

ANNAPOLIS - WEST POINT COAST GUARD ACADEMY High School graduates, undergraduates, 16 to 22 Write Comd'r S. Cochran, U.S. N. (Ret.), Annapolis Md. June Coast Guard Competitive examination

Gardeners to

Know Your Soil

GARDENER who knows the quality and texture of his soil can get maximum returns from his garden.

Clayey soils require careful handling, but are productive. Sandy soils are early. Sandy loams are just about ideal for most home garden crops.

Peas, lettuce, cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower, beets, carrots, radish and onion like moderately cool, moist conditions during development. Plant them early so they will develop before the extreme

heat of summer arrives. Plant them again later, timing the planting so they will mature during the cool, moist fall months. Sweet corn, beans, tomato, pepper, egg plant, cucumber, melons, squash and pumpkin are not as hardy as those listed above and prefer plenty of heat, sunlight and

ment. They should be planted later than peas, lettuce and carrots, so as to come into maturity during the warmest weeks of summer.

ample moisture for best develop-

No Longer Foes

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life, sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.-Longfellow.

ARE YOU 3/4 WIFE?

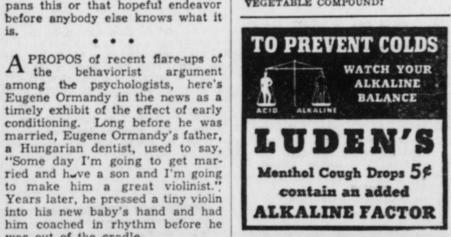
Men can never understand a three-quarter wile—a wife who is lovable for three weeks of the month—but a hell-cat the fourth.

No matter how your back aches—no matter how loudly your nerves scream—don't take it out on your husband.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure.

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Application

There is no lack of good maxims in the world; all we need is to apply them.-Pascal.



Try "Rub-My-Tism"-World's Best Liniment 8-38

To Get Rid of Acid

WNU-4

And Poisonous Waste
Your kidneys help to keep you well
by constantly filtering waste matter
from the blood. If your kidneys get
functionally disordered and fail to
remove excess impurities, there may be
poisoning of the whole system and
body-wide distress.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney
or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer nagging backache,
persistent headache, attacks of dizziness,
getting up nights, swelling, puffiness
under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all
played out.