

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 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 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. Next day Merriwell and Mulloy rush to a grove on John Snodd's farm to warn a picnic party that a large dog is 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. 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. An erroneous version of the mad dog episode, obtained from Hodge, who tries to hide his own cowardice, appears in the local paper. Later Hodge and his friends Jean Merriwell and Mulloy as they enter Union hall, where they have to share a room with Hodge. Hodge and his friends, including Hugh Bascomb, football fullback, are trying to intimidate Merriwell and Mulloy when Inza's brother Walter enters. The plan of Hodge's cronies to embarrass Merriwell is all shot to pieces.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"Um-m," said Walter, lifting his eyebrows slightly. "Maybe I was misinformed. I was told they had brought salt to rub into your wounds. I fully expected to find you smarting severely, but you don't look very miserable."

"Oh, quite the contrary, sir."

"Well, I see you've taken the usual frosh lesson in manners, but you don't have to 'sirr' me. The sophs like it, but just between ourselves we'll pass it over."

His eyes discovered the newspaper on the floor where Bob Gag had dropped it, and he picked it up. "Your paper?" he asked, looking at Frank again.

"I think it belongs to one of the visitors. A high-browed young gentleman was reading aloud from it when Mulloy and I came in. This is Barney Mulloy, Mr. Burrage. A pal."

Burrage gave Barney a cordial handshake also before he spoke to Merry again: "I guess the highbrow you mention was reading the dirt I came here to see you about, Merriwell. I've read it myself and it's pretty crummy. I've just come back from the village after talking to my sister about it. She's ready to put on her war paint and go out after scalps."

Hodge had sought retirement in the background. The appearance of Inza's brother had filled him with apprehension. Already the set-up which he had rigged with Bascomb's aid had been knocked into a cocked hat, and now the climax threatened to ditch him in a grand crash.

"Inza asked me to see you as soon as I got back here, Merriwell," Burrage went on. "She suggested writing a letter to the paper herself and telling the truth about what happened."

That was something Frank hadn't expected and it brought a flush into his face. "Now that was kind of her, Mr. Burrage," he said, "but I don't think it'll be necessary. The Pasteur report will settle whether the dog was mad or not."

"But what she's sizzling over is the statement made by Hodge. She says he ran away and left her to the mercy of the dog, and she's sure the beast would have pounced on her when she twisted her ankle and fell down. She thinks it was marvelous, the way you faced the furious creature and fought him off until John Snodd arrived and shot him."

Now Bart was forced to step forward and defend himself. His face was white and his voice husky and unsteady.

"I don't know whether the dog was mad or not," he said. "I never said I did. But I didn't run away. What I did was get the other girls out of there as quick as I could. I thought Merriwell and Mulloy ought to be able to take care of Miss Burrage."

Burrage gave him a crushing look. "I've taken the trouble to talk to those other girls also," he stated. "They say you didn't stop for anything when you saw the dog coming. They say you hit the high spots and were rosy ahead of them when they got out of the grove."

"They—they lie!" Hodge choked for a moment. "I—I—the minute I saw they were all safe I went back."

"After it was all over. After you

heard Snodd's gun and figured he'd shot the dog. That was really heroic. I won't tell you what my sister thinks of you, Hodge. I'll spare your feelings that much."

Bart tried to speak again, but the words wouldn't come. Everything had turned topsy-turvy. It was a bitter pill to swallow.

"Now you've pulled another boner by getting this gang in here to fry Merriwell," Burrage added.

"Well, Merriwell's a bum sport if he can't take a joke," put in Hugh Bascomb.

"That's right," agreed Frank cheerfully, "but I didn't stick out my chin for it."

"He took it," grinned Mulloy, "and handed it right back again. And how!"

"I'll confess I was a trifle surprised when I came in," said Burrage. "The wrong persons seemed to be shell shocked. How come?"

Nobody answered. Looking about as proud as if they had been caught raiding a hen-coop, the fellows who had come there to take Merriwell over the jumps were edging toward the door.

"Do you see what I see, Frankie?" gasped Barney, his eyes threatening to explode like soap bubbles.

"Why, I'm batty," said Merry, "if it isn't our beloved roommate!"

"But how could he make it so sudden? Will ye tell me that, now?"

"Fine work by his friend Bascomb. He's sold Hodge to the coach. There's your answer, Barney."

A swift-footed boy, carrying a football, had got off ahead of the others. Now he wheeled suddenly and booted the ball back toward those who were following him. But the kick was much too lusty and the pigskin soared over them and came bounding erratically toward the watching freshmen after it fell to the ground.

Merriwell scooped it up, gave it a deft, quick turn in his hands, dropped it and kicked. The thing sailed as if shot from a cannon. Over the heads of the squad members, far over the head of the one who had given it the first boot, it zoomed.

They had looked round to see who would recover the ball. They saw Frank return it.

"Yea-a!" shouted an astonished fellow. "Where'd that guy get Charlie Brickley's leg?"

Merriwell took hold of Mulloy's arm and turned him around. "Now that we've seen what we've beheld," he said, "let's totter back to our roost in Union hall."

An odd look had come into the Irish boy's face. "You've been holding out on me, Frankie," he charged. "Why didn't you tell me you played football?"

"I don't."

"Come now, laddy, you gave yourself away. Didn't I see you collect that ball when it was dodging like a rabbit chased by a hound dog? Didn't I watch you drop-kick it like one of the old masters? Didn't it go for a ride that was something to pant about? It was the work of an educated leg, whether you stole the leg from Charlie Brickley or not. Now come clean, old scout."

"Well," said Merriwell seriously, "I don't play the game any more, Barney. I'm all washed up."

"And what's the cause of that, I ask you?"

Frank took a little time to reply as they walked on. "Let's not go into it," he evaded. "It's a thing of the dear, dead past that's beyond recall, if you don't mind a slight touch of poetry. I suppose we all have our bitter secrets."

Mulloy was surprised and puzzled. "Oh, well," said he presently, "far be it from me to embarrass you, pal. But there'll be others. If it's on the level that you've quit, you made a break when you showed your stuff back there. I'll lay you odds you get a call for the squad."

"That'll be just too bad," said Frank, "for I'll have to duck it."

Glancing sidewise at his companion, Barney saw something that



"It Begins to Look as if You Can Take Care of Yourself, Merriwell."

you catch a Tartar. Fun is fun, all right, but the kind of stuff you pull sometimes isn't funny. You better watch your step. Now put on your roller skates and take your little playmates with you."

Scowling sullenly, the big fellow led the retreat, and Hodge slipped out also. The day was spoiled for him.

"It begins to look as if you can take care of yourself, Merriwell," said Burrage, when the door had closed behind the departing guests, "but I'm going to warn you to keep your eyes skinned for Bascomb. Hodge isn't half so dangerous as that big gorilla, and somehow you've made him love you like poison."

"Why, he never did a thing but look at Bascomb's mouth and throw a fit over his first view of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado," said Mulloy quickly.

Walter Burrage caught his breath and gave a shout of laughter. "Oh, so that was it! The Grand Canyon! It fits! But if that name sticks, Merriwell, he'll hate you to his dying day."

Walter Burrage did what he could to put Frank and Barney in right at the school. He took them around and introduced them to several fellows who, like himself, had got somewhere. "Friends of mine," was what he called them, and it was enough. It carried weight. It impressed even Dean Graves, with whom he finally left them, in the dean's office.

Henry Graves was a calm, friendly man who had a way with boys. He could make them feel very comfortable in his presence, or very uncomfortable, if there was a good reason for it. Sympathy and understanding were his chief qualities. He always seemed to know when to be lenient with a fellow who had slipped a cog, and when to crack down. Youthful human nature was his study, and he pursued it daily.

He gave Frank and Barney the biggest part of an hour. This, he told them, was their day to get themselves settled into place. Tomorrow the routine of the school would begin for them. And what he had to say about that routine prepared them well for that. They knew how to fall into line when they left him.

Fellows on their way to and from

classes gave them hardly a glance as they roamed about the campus and among the buildings, eagerly taking everything in. The freshmen were easy to spot. The mere consciousness of being freshmen made them appear unbaked, no matter how much they tried to hide it.

"And, of course, we look just as green as they do, Barney," said Frank, smiling.

"Maybe we do," allowed Mulloy, "but I've lamped two or three raw ones that would taste like spring grass to a hungry cow."

Whether Hodge was seeking to avoid them or not, they saw no more of him until class hours were over. Then, as they were lingering near the big gymnasium to see the football squad come out for practice, they got a surprise. Bart was one of the fellows in playing suits who streamed forth from the open door and started to trot away to the field.

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Difference in Status of American and European Farming Class Is Explained

The urban American has little conception of the European peasant, unless it be as the romantic figure of novel and opera, writes Carl Joachim Friedrich in the Yale Review. Except in certain remote sections, the American farmer is very different from the peasant of long-settled countries. To be sure, both farmer and peasant are engaged in agriculture. But the typical American farmer is a small-scale producer whose outlook is that of the business man. In fact, a great many American farmers are business men.

While such business men-farmers are also to be found in Europe, they are not nearly so predominant. Apart from the owners of the large estates employing a considerable number of men and women, say, ten or more, almost all European agriculturists are peasants. They are tradition-bound. Not only their personal habits but their methods of cultivation are handed on from father to son, not entirely unchanged,

added to his puzzlement. There was a shadow, he thought, on Merriwell's habitually frank and cheerful face.

Getting back to their room again, they found that their trunks had been delivered and moved in while they were away. They unpacked at once and stowed their belongings as well as they could into closets and drawers where space had not already been seized by Hodge. Later, a porter took the trunks away for storage.

The dining hall at the academy was still called the mess hall, as it had been in former days. It was a sight for Frank and Barney at meal time, when its huge seating capacity was filled to the limit with hungry fellows whose talk and laughter was a pleasant sound for youthful ears. They found their places at one of a number of long tables assigned to the freshmen.

They looked around for Hodge in vain. He was not at any of the freshman tables. But that was cleared up presently when the chatter of some fellows who were talking football revealed that meals were served to members of the squad in a smaller room reserved for the athletic teams.

"Well," said Barney, speaking to Frank from the side of his mouth, "that gives us the pleasure of seeing less of him. It'll improve me appetite, too."

The half hour given to the evening meal passed swiftly and pleasantly. The food was sufficient and satisfying. They struck up acquaintances with a dozen sociable classmates in their vicinity. Everything was free and easy and everybody seemed happy. This was the life.

"I'm pinching myself to make sure it's no dream," said Mulloy as they walked back to Union hall.

Tad Jones was waiting for them on the steps. His grin, as he hailed them, seemed to have a meaning all its own.

"Somebody sent me for you, Frank," he said. "Bet you can't guess who. Just bet you can't."

"If you're that sure," said Merriwell, "I won't try. Spill it, Tad."

"It's Miss Burrage, that's who. She's over to Mr. Snodd's and she wants you to come there right away."

Barney's elbow jabbed into Frank's ribs. "The call of the wild," he chuckled. "If you answer it, you're lost."

"But I'm too weak to resist," laughed Frank.

A clear sunset had left a silvery afterglow in the sky. The bright day was lingering like a departing guest at the door.

Inza was sitting in a little roadster and talking to her brother, standing beside the car, when Frank turned into Snodd's yard with Tad trotting at his side. She was laughing at something Walter was telling her. Barney had called her "a pip." It fell short; she was the roof.

"Hi, Miss Burrage!" cried Tad. "Hi, there! I got him. I fetched him. I made him come."

"But it took quite a while," she said as they came up. "Did you have to pull a gun on him?"

Her laughter had faded down to an odd smile.

"But I had to wait," Tad hurried to explain. "He was takin' exercise with a knife 'nd fork."

"With a knife and—?" The laughter leaped back to her lips and cascaded.

"Oh, yes," said Merry, "when it comes to athletics, I'm strong for that course."

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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.

Corsette 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

requires 4 3/4 yards of 35 or 39-inch material 3 3/4 yards of braid. 1453 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material, plus 5/8 yard contrasting, 2 3/4 yards edging.

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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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?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you?

If your nerves are on edge, try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. It often helps Nature calm quivering nerves. 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.

Make a note NOW to get a bottle of world-famous Pinkham's Compound today WITHOUT FAIL from your druggist—more than a million women have written in letters reporting benefit.

Why not try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND?

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.



ADVERTISING

is as essential to business as is rain to growing crops. It is the keystone in the arch of successful merchandising. Let us show you how to apply it to your business.

Big Portion of World Sales

AMERICAN business spends more money for advertising than is spent for the same purpose in all the remainder of the world. The result is that, while American people represent only one-seventh of the world's population, their purchases represent forty-seven per cent of the world sales.

Election Equal to Draft

To be assured that the village would not be without public officials after an election, the council of early Cleveland, Ohio, ordained that a man elected to a position must assume that position. If he didn't he was subject to a fine. In those days an election was just about the same as a draft.