

Frank Merriwell at Fardale

By GILBERT PATTEN

The Original BURT L. STANDISH

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WNU Service

CHAPTER V—Continued

"But I don't play that game," said Frank quickly. "Baseball's my limit."

"Well, we'll have to go into that also—when the time comes round." Belinda Snodd called Tad away to the porch.

"We're going to get him another dog—the right sort of a dog for him to have," explained Inza, "but we're going to spring it as a surprise. He mustn't get wise to what we're up to. Go over and quiz him, Walt. Find out what kind he likes best. I'll take you into town after I talk to Frank."

"Then make it snappy," he replied. "I've got a date with a barber."

"Look, Frank," said Inza quickly when they were left alone. "I didn't want Walt listening in. He caught me here when he was going by. I want to talk to you about Hodge."

"Oh!" He was a little surprised. "Bart wasn't to blame for that crack in the paper," she went on. "I've let Pete Smith know what I think of that. He's just a hick reporter who thinks he's a big shot, so don't let it get you down."

"That made Merry laugh again. 'Don't worry, Miss Burrage. I'll sleep without taking an opiate.'"

"But it's going to cost Bart Hodge some sleep."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it. He's out of luck, for he's just like me. I'm afraid of dogs—some dogs. I wish I wasn't built that way, but they make me jittery. To tell you the truth, they frighten me to death. That's why I thought my ankle was broken when it was only sprained a little."

"Oh, your ankle! How dumb of me not to ask about that!"

"The doctor made me wear a rubber bandage, but I don't believe I need it at all. I'll bet I could do the fandango on it right this minute."

"Now that's a relief. Congratulations."

"And I wanted to see you, too, to tell you what I think about—the way you protected me from that horrid beast. Only I—I can't really say it now. But I do want you to know I'll never, never forget it."

They were both flushed now. She had destroyed his first impression of her. He no longer rated her as beautiful and dumb; he had scratched the second adjective.

"Maybe I was too scared to run away myself," he said.

She smiled at him, shaking her head. "You don't have to be so modest about it, Frank Merriwell. I've got a little sense. Bart did run, but he came back. That was something. Let's give him credit for it."

"I wouldn't rob him of any credit he deserves."

"I know you wouldn't. You don't have to tell me. I was all stewed up about Bart until—until I thought it over. He's different. He's never learned how to take it. Walter's told me how it is here in the school. If they ever start riding a fellow they ride him ragged. Bart never could stand up to that."

It wasn't so easy for Frank to smile now. He hadn't expected her to retain so much interest in Hodge. It was cooling him off rapidly.

"He needs somebody to keep him on an even keel," Inza declared. "You could do that, Frank. I don't believe anybody else can. You're rooming with him, and—"

"Aren't you slicing it rather tough for me, Miss Burrage?"

"Maybe I am, but he needs a friend."

"He's got Hugh Bascomb."

"That's not so good. I know Hugh. He won't be much help."

"He's helped Hodge on to the football squad already."

"But that's not the kind of help Bart needs most. He'll go up against things at Fardale that Bascomb won't help him a bit about—and he'll crack."

"Nobody can help a fellow who won't accept help."

"Of course not, but you're clever, Frank, and you can make him accept it if you try. I did think of putting it up to Walter, but I realized he wouldn't get me. He wouldn't have the chance you'll have, anyhow. If Bart doesn't find somebody to steady him he'll go off the deep end some day."

Frank was silent.

She put her warm fingers on his wrist, which lay on the edge of the car door. "Think it over," she said, "and maybe you'll do it—for me."

Her voice, her dark eyes, the touch of her warm hand—all were magnetic.

"Come on, Inza," called her brother laughingly. "Stop vamping Merriwell and step on your starter. I've got to get a move on if I'm going to be back in time for my first morning class."

He was coming out with Tad at his heels.

"I'm leaving it up to you, Frank," she half whispered. And the way she half whispered his name was disturbing.

Walking back to the school, Mer-

riwell carried a face as gay as a plume on a hearse. He had hurried to meet her, and all she had wanted of him was to talk of Hodge. It was a joke, but he didn't laugh.

She had been furious with Hodge after reading the piece in the newspaper. Walter had spared Bart's feelings by declining to repeat what she had said about him. Now, in a few hours, she had changed in a most astonishing way. What the dickens did it mean?

"Just that she's gone bats about him, of course," muttered Frank. "Nothing else checks up. And she wants me to be his buddy! Why, she must still believe in Santa Claus!"

The silvery afterglow had gone out of the sky. There was a sharp chill in the gathering twilight.

CHAPTER VI

Frank's first day at Fardale academy had been one to remember. Unexpected things had happened, but nothing had surprised him half as much as the sudden and puzzling switch-around by Inza Burrage. It was ridiculous for her to imagine he could be chummy with Bart Hodge. She must think him a silly sap!

There was something back of it, of course. And of course he had guessed the answer: Hodge had made a touchdown with her. He had scored in spite of his bad fumbles. Now wasn't that just like a girl!

Frank was bitterly disappointed in Inza. He had put her right back into the beautiful and dumb line-up.

Well, it was okay with him. He had said he wouldn't need an opiate to sleep that night, and he didn't.

The round moon, riding high, seemed to grin at them when they were out under the open sky. There the three freshmen were allowed to sit down on the steps and put on their shoes. The campus clock struck one as they moved on again.

"It's a real lovely night for a murder," observed Merriwell pleasantly.

"Maybe you'll think it is before the night is over," said the one who had poked the shiny thing at him.

Frank gave him a keen glance. The mask was baffling, but the voice had sounded familiar.

They left the school grounds by a well-trodden path that brought them, before long, near the shore on which the surf was murmuring. Farther on, they came to the cove where the academy boathouse was located. Merry thought of his first view of the building from the top of the hill, only three days ago. Plenty had happened since then. Now what?

The leader of the masks walked straight to the door of the boathouse and rapped a signal on it with the shiny thing in his hand.

"Who's there?" came a challenge from the other side of the door.

"The execution committee with doomed victims," was the answer. "Bur-r-r!" shivered Mulloy. "It's a slight chill I have."

The heavy door swung open. "Enter, Chief Executioner, with the execution committee and your victims," said a masked boy who had been waiting there with three companions.

"But who are you?" suspiciously asked the one who had knocked. He leaned forward and peered at the fellow who had opened the door.

"You're one too many here."

"I am Justice," was the solemn reply, "and I'm here to see that my name is not defiled."

"You're just a butt-in," said the chief executioner, as if annoyed. "Somebody must have got careless and slopped over. Oh, well, don't get the notion you're running the show."

The captive freshmen were led

Frank, who had been pulled out of bed and stood on his feet. "Somebody has put the finger on us, but we'll get him."

"Smart boy," sneered one of the masked fellows. "You're wise to be good. Hop into your trousers now, for you're going to take a nice cool walk in the bracing air."

Hodge had been made to get up also, and he was grumbling. Yet he wasn't making as much of a fuss as might have been expected. And he obeyed the order to dress himself with no apparent great objection or reluctance.

They were allowed to put on stockings but no shoes. Some of the masked intruders took charge of their shoes. "Just so nobody will drop them carelessly as we're going out," explained one of them. "It might disturb the sweetly slumbering freshies."

"You're very thoughtful and considerate," said Merriwell.

"Oh, sure. We never fry more than three freshmen in one night. It's quite enough, they're so very green and gummy."

The door was opened softly and Frank and Barney were marched along the corridor and down stairs with those shiny things poked against their backs and held there.

The Irish boy had taken his cue from Merry, and submitted; but he had an idea that something not down on the program was going to pop before the night was over.

Hodge was in the hands of fellows who were giving their undivided attention to him.

The big fellow's body jerked and became as stiff as an icicle. His eyes glared at Merry's laughing face through the holes in his mask. With a snap of his hand, he threw the water-faucet away under the cradle in which the school's eight-oared shell was resting.

"Where are the gloves?" he snarled. "Bring 'em on and let's see if this wise guy can take his medicine."

"I was told," said Frank smoothly, "that hazing had been abolished in this school. There was a report that four sophs had been let out for taking part in the pastime last year."

"But this is no hazing," declared the Chief Executioner. "It's a sacrifice and you're the goat. It won't do you any good to kick, either. Strip that sweater off him, boys."

"Say the word," whispered Mulloy in Frank's ear, "and I'm with ye to make good fish hash of this bunch."

Merry shook his head. "It isn't worth it," he replied, "the odds being what they are. Wait for a better break, Barney."

He didn't let them pull the sweater off him. He removed it himself and stood naked to the waist. The one who had called himself Justice took a look at Merriwell's torso, shoulders and arms, and whistled softly.

"Maybe this isn't the goat, after all," he said, "but we'll find out. It won't be long now."

Then Frank and Barney saw that several of the masked fellows had stripped Hodge to the waist also. Bart had protested against it, but his objections had sounded strangely weak. There was dirt in the air.

One of the hazers had brought forward a set of boxing gloves. At sight of them, Merriwell got it. This was to be the show-down between him and Hodge, and Bart had been wise to it all the time. That was why he had submitted so weakly from the start.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dispute Grows Up on Eskimo Clothing; Blame White Man's Garb for Tuberculosis

Study of health conditions among the Eskimos of Alaska has led Dr. Victor E. Levine, Creighton university professor, to disagree with a senator that the high death rate from tuberculosis is due to the natives' wearing white men's clothing, writes an Omaha United Press correspondent.

The chairman of the Senate Indian Affairs committee, on returning from an inspection trip of Alaska, declared that the natives had taken to "silk stockings, calico dresses and white man's clothes instead of warm furs."

Dr. Levine says that the Eskimo uses the white man's clothing only in the short summer months.

"In this respect he is very sensible," he said. "In the long winter months he wears his native fur clothing."

The death rate among the Eskimos was stated in a study made by Dr. F. S. Fellows, past assistant surgeon general of the United States Health service. Dr. Fellows reported that the death rate due to tuberculosis among the Indians and Eskimos was 655 for 100,000, against 57 for 100,000 in the United States.

Rev. W. H. Hunter, of Benson,

into the building. The door was closed and fastened behind them.

The interior of the boathouse was lighted, but closed window-shutters had prevented the light from being seen from the outside.

"Now just a minute, please," said Mulloy after they had entered. "I'm not making a squawk over being hazed a bit, you understand, but when it comes to using pistols to make us take it, I call that going some. And I'll have ye know I resent it."

"Why, you poor flannel-mouthed pipsqueak!" said the leader of the hazers. "Let me give you a good look at the kind of pistols we work with. Here's one of them."

He held up the shining thing in his hand for Barney to see, and Barney's eyes bulged.

"It was a nickel-plated water faucet!"

"Well, for the love of grandmother's sink!" gasped Barney Mulloy, staring at the thing he had mistaken for a pistol. "Nothing but a water-faucet! Now I lay me down to sleep!"

The hazers were laughing behind their black masks. Even Merriwell, who had been fooled as much as Mulloy, was forced to laugh.

"It's a leg on us, Barney," he admitted. "But there's another shake coming."

"You've said it, smart boy," sneered the Chief Executioner, "and you'll do the shaking."

Once more Frank looked sharply at the speaker. Now he was sure he knew that voice. "I'm shivering already," he said. "I always shiver in a draft, and there's a strong breeze blowing from the Grand Canyon."

The big fellow's body jerked and became as stiff as an icicle. His eyes glared at Merry's laughing face through the holes in his mask.

With a snap of his hand, he threw the water-faucet away under the cradle in which the school's eight-oared shell was resting.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

Fashions Bloom in Spring



EXCEPTIONALLY smart new things for yourself and your daughter, that you'll enjoy making right now, and wearing on into the summer. Yes, even if you've never done much sewing, you'll enjoy working from our simple, easy-to-follow patterns, each accompanied by a complete and detailed sew chart. Hundreds of beginners are saving money, and creating really individual clothes, by making their own this season.

The Charming Basque.

Here's a perfect design for slim, youthful figures. The snug basque top, above a full, rippling skirt, is dramatized by little puff sleeves. Think how delightful it will look, made up in a plain or printed material, either one, but choose something colorful, because it's such a gay, young little dress.

Little Girl's Dress, With Doll.

Yes, this pattern brings you directions for making the little girl's dress, the doll, and a dress for the doll just like her small mama's. Just think how all that newness will make your little daughter dance with joy. The child's dress is a darling, with its full skirt, pockets, puff sleeves and round collar. Make it up in printed percale or gingham. Old-fashioned rickrack braid would be pretty to trim it.

The Classic Shirtwaist.

This is distinctly a woman's version of the indispensable shirtwaist dress, gracious, slenderizing and dignified. The shoulders are beautifully smooth and the skirt has exactly the correctly tailored,

TIPS to Gardeners

Miscellaneous Tips

BEFORE planting, work soil deeply, making the top three or four inches as fine and loose as possible.

For better germination, pour water into the drill or furrow just before sowing. Use enough water to moisten the soil, but not enough to cause caking.

If you have had little experience and wish to try the vegetables easiest to grow, select radishes, carrots, beets, Swiss chard, and turnips. With a good-sized garden you might add spinach, peas, beans and corn.

If your garden is small and you wish to increase the total yield, try the following quick-growing vegetables:

Radish, leaf lettuce, beets, carrots, peas and beans. You can replant most of these after space has been made for them by early harvest.

Do not plant seeds deeper than directed. After planting cover seeds immediately, pressing the soil down firmly.

straight effect. It's so easy to make, and looks so smart, that you'll want it now in sheer wool or light-weight flannel, and later in tub silk or linen.

The Patterns.

1471 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 (32) requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material, with ¾ yard of contrast for collar. Belt not included.

1411 is designed for sizes 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 3 requires 1¾ yards of 39-inch material, with ¼ yard of contrast for collar, and 1¾ yards of edging to trim. Doll's body is included in the pattern. Sixteen-inch doll requires ¼ yard of 35-inch material, with ¾ yard for doll's dress, and ¾ yard of edging.

1207 is designed for sizes 34 to 50. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material, with short sleeves. With long sleeves, 4¾ yards.

Spring-Summer Pattern Book.

Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book which is now ready. It contains 109 attractive, practical and becoming designs. The Barbara Bell patterns are well planned, accurately cut and easy to follow. Each pattern includes a sew-chart which enables even a beginner to cut and make her own clothes. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in cents) each.

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MEN LOVE GIRLS WITH PEP

If you are peppy and full of fun, men will invite you to dance and parties. BUT, if you are cross, listless and tired, men won't be interested. Men don't like "quiet" girls. 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. WRITE OUT FULL from your druggist—more than a million women have written in letters reporting benefit. Why not try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND?

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CONSTIPATED?
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Without Horrors
War is delightful to those who have had no experience of it.—Erasmus.

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WRONG? Well, yes—and no. The arithmetic of your school days taught that "If Mary had five dollars and spent two . . . three dollars remained. But that is mathematics—not shopping! In managing a home . . . guarding a limited family income . . . we've simply got to do better than Mary did. We must sharpen our buying wits . . . ascertain where the dollars of extra value lurk . . . take five dollars to town and get much more for the money spent. Fortunately, there are ever-willing guides right at hand—the advertisements in this newspaper. Advertised merchandise is often exceptional value merchandise. It makes dollars S-T-R-E-T-C-H.