

# Frank Merriwell at Fardale

By GILBERT PATTEN

The Original BURT L. STANDISH

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WNU Service

CHAPTER VII—Continued

Dick Springall, captain of the team, was talking to the coach when Frank entered the little office. Kane introduced them. Springall shook hands and looked the freshman over.

Kane didn't beat about the bush. "You've played football, haven't you, Merriwell?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, some."

"Where?"

"With Bloomfield high."

"What position?"

"Backfield."

"Why haven't you come out for Fardale?"

"There's a reason why I can't, Mr. Kane."

"What reason?"

Frank could feel the heat getting into his cheeks. "I can't answer that question, sir."

The coach's heavy eyebrows rose slightly. "That's odd. You must know how it sounds, Merriwell."

"I do." Merriwell's embarrassment was growing. "But I can't help it, sir."

"Huh! Were you any good?"

"Well, now, Mr. Kane, you wouldn't expect me to brag about myself, would you?"

"I've seen you running in the gym and I've been told you can drop-kick a football pretty neatly. You're built right. You keep yourself in shape. We lost half our best men last year. We've got a big squad now, but it isn't so hot. You don't look like a slacker."

"I hope I'm not, sir."

"Well, whatever your reasons are for not joining the squad, there must be some way to get around them. I'd like to see you out on the field tomorrow afternoon."

Now Frank looked positively ill. "But I can't come," he replied as if denying himself something he would like to do more than anything else in the world. "If I could, I would. I hope you believe me, sir."

Kane was silent a few moments, gazing searchingly at the freshman, who appeared uneasy and distressed. "All right," he said presently. "We'll drop it for the time being, but I'm not at all satisfied."

Merriwell went away from there feeling low. Something in Springall's face had cut him deeper than the doubt and puzzlement of the coach. The captain of the team had classed him, and it wasn't anything to advertise in the newspapers.

Frank didn't want to talk to anybody about it. Not even Barney. It was a sore spot that he wanted to hide. But hidden sore spots have a way of becoming infernally uncomfortable. Somebody always gets to prodding around them.

He tried to put the whole thing out of his mind, but it simply wouldn't let him. He had been able to shake thoughts of Inza Burrage much more easily, for he was convinced that she just didn't stack up. Her brother was all right, all right, but plenty of first-string brothers had sisters who paid no dividends. They were not in the preferred class.

Frank continued to avoid the football field. Whatever Coach Kane or Dick Springall thought of him, he couldn't help it.

Two days later, Mulloy came galloping into their room and found Frank there, alone, and up to his ears in a math problem. The Irish boy was as calm as the Atlantic ocean in a howling gale.

"Do ye see me fist?" he cried, shaking it in the air. "Do ye see it, lad?"

"I don't need a microscope for that," said Merry.

"Well, I'm looking for handcuffs to hold it. Already it's taken the power of my mighty will. Right in the middle of the campus, too."

"Now who was the careless offender who escaped death by the breadth of a hair, Barney?"

"There were six of them and they were talking about you, Frankie. They put a question to me that touched me off. They wanted to know if it's true you're carrying ice-cream feet in your shoes since you got a little bit hurt in a game of high school football last season. That, they said, is the low-down some goofy guy has dug up about ye, me lad."

Frank's face had gone white. The sore spot had been uncovered. Somebody had done it and then had made haste to dish the dirt.

Barney Mulloy couldn't get it. Every time he went into a huddle with himself and tried to find the answer the thing just wouldn't boil down. Still he was ready to bet his life that Merriwell was no quitter. He had seen plenty to make him dead sure of that.

About most matters Frank was as frank as his name, but when it came to telling why he couldn't play football he was as stingy as a slot machine. He simply wouldn't give down.

"Nosy people are annoying, Barney," he had said, "but every time you let them put you on the defensive you've slipped. I've found out that a good reason can sound

like a poor excuse when you're forced to give it."

And that had left the Irish boy fog-bound.

Hodge had fumbled badly in thinking Merry couldn't fight just because he wasn't the scrappy kind with a swollen sense of his own importance and great eagerness to make others concede it. When the time came to do so Frank had shown his speed, and the shock to his enemy had been greater because of the delay. Good military tactics for a long campaign.

Another thing he had shown by quickly stepping in between Barney and Bascomb when the latter had turned pugnaciously to pick up the Irish boy's slam about thimble-rippers. He had shown that he would fight for a friend quicker than for himself. Even Bascomb had caught a glimmer of that truth.

Now, only for one thing, Mulloy would have been sure of Merriwell's disappointed enemies were out to smirch him with a lie forged by malice from nothing at all. But Barney had seen Frank lose color over the campus gossip which he had brought to his ears, and that wasn't his way of reacting to pure bunk. He would have laughed at it.

Still the faith of the Irish boy wasn't shaken. He told himself it



"If—and When—He Makes Another Pass at Me, He'll Get the Works."

wound through a grove beyond the hill. Jaws hard, hands sunk into his pockets, he swung along with his gaze on the brown road in front of him.

He scarcely noticed the barking of a dog until he heard a shrill familiar boyish voice calling to him. Then he saw them running toward him, Tad Jones and another dog.

"By golly, Frank! By golly," cried Tad as he came up, "I never expected to bump into you over here." He was all steamed up, excited and laughing. "Looker my new dog, Frank. Ain't he somethin' slick? Just look at him, Frank."

Merriwell knelt down right there and fondled the lively black Scottie that responded as if he had found a long-lost brother.

"Oh, gosh, he'll git you all over dirt, Frank," worried Tad.

"He's a grand dog. Just the right dog for you, Tad."

"That's the kind Miss Inza said he was, and she's always right, she is—cept when she lets that sneak Hodge come sapping round her," said Tad. "What she sees in him has got me stumped."

Frank got up, brushing off the dust left by the dog's paws. "Were you surprised when you got this dog, Tad?"

"My stars, yes! That's why I call him S'prise for his name. You see, Miss Inza never tole me a thing about it till she fetched him. 'Nd he was awful hungry 'nd she had me feed him first. 'Nd she talked to him 'nd tole him he b'longed to me, 'nd by golly he knew just what she said, for he just showed it that he was my dog from that minute. Don't you think she's swell, Frank?"

"Oh, sure," said Merry.

From behind him came the sound of galloping horses. Turning, he saw two riders come round a curve of the road, side by side. They were very near and he recognized them instantly. Bart Hodge and Inza Burrage!

Both wore riding togs, and, like Bart, Inza was mounted astride. She rode beautifully and looked—well, simply great. Her cheeks were flushed and she was laughing. A picture that would not be so easily kept out of Frank Merriwell's dreams.

It was a race, and they did not see Frank and Tad until they were sweeping by. Then Inza cried: "Hello, Tad! Oh, hello, Frank!"

And then they went, with puffs of dust shooting up from the heels of their horses.

"By golly!" said Tad Jones, starting at Bart's back. "I never got out in the woods without a gun that I don't see somethin' I'd like to shoot."

That brought a wry smile to Frank's face. "Come on, old pal," he said, "let's walk it off, you and I and S'prise together."

The dog barked and cut circles around their feet, eager to go. This was his happy day.

A raw wind from off the ocean brought in the dun drift of clouds late in the afternoon. Over Frank's head the night mail roared northward under a low and heavy ceiling before he got back to the school.

And there he found a cloud of gloom also, with much low moaning and muffled sounds of pain; for the telephone had brought the incredible news that Mayfield had licked Fardale, 14 to 12.

The school was stunned.

Never since the dark ages before Fardale had employed a professional coach had little Mayfield High been able to get within shooting distance of the Musketeers in a football game. Never until this black Saturday, on the morning of which the odds that Fardale would win again had been the sky against what have you.

The first telephoned reports of the

disaster had sounded like a hoax. Unbelievers—and they were twenty to one in the mass—had called it baloney. Who had said so, they wanted to know. And when told that Pete Smith, Fardale's own reporter for a city newspaper, was the authority they had heaved sighs of relief. That fellow just couldn't help trying to be a funny guy.

But when somebody called Dick Springall, the Fardale captain, and he confirmed the bad news the heavens came crashing down.

Merriwell heard it from Bob Gagg. Gagg's almost missing chin, the bulging eyes behind his spectacles, and the husky croaking of his agitated voice made him look and sound like a frog raising a lament from the depths of a dismal swamp.

"And you better keep away from that gang on the campus, Danny Deever," he said. "They're talking about hanging slackers in the morning."

A slacker! That was how they rated him. Of course it had come from the coach or from Springall, who had been present when Kane had talked with him.

In his room, Frank stripped off his clothes. Then, wearing his bathrobe, he made for the nearest shower to wash off dust and perspiration. He didn't whistle as the cold water splashed over him. This wasn't his day for whistling.

Mulloy was waiting for him when he returned. "Have you heard the shocking tidings, Frank?" he asked.

"I've heard Fardale was beaten. That's all," Merry replied.

"Well, more details have come in. The Grand Canyon was full of empty tomato cans. He kicked like a sick inchworm. Missed the bar twice, and those two points would have given us a draw, which would have been sad enough."

"It has been a gummy day."

"I think that big shot is just another false alarm," growled Barney. "If—and when—he makes another pass at me he'll get the works."

There was a knock on the door. "Merriwell wanted on the phone," called a voice.

"Ask 'em to hold it one minute, please," requested Frank, speeding his dressing.

"Now," said Mulloy, "who would be after calling you, Frankie?"

"Your guess is as good as mine. If they'd said long distance was calling I'd have been worried. I told you that my uncle's illness was what made me late about getting here."

"Maybe it's something about—about football."

"Don't be silly, Barney. Nobody would call me about that."

"Well, it's this time ye were called," barked the Irish lad, "and told to stop your ducking."

Merriwell was surprised, when he got into the phone booth, to hear the voice of Tad Jones over the wire. The boy seemed to be all choked up with excitement and alarm.

"That you, Frank—that you?" he spluttered. "I been tryin' to get Miss Inza but she's gone out again. Can't you come? You just gotta come, Frank!"

"Now take it easy, Tad, and tell me what's the matter."

"Oh, they've grabbed my dog! They've took him away from me! They've got him 'nd they'll kill him!"

"Who's got him?"

"Mike Dugan. He's the dog catcher. I ain't got no license for S'prise 'nd they took him. They been killin' dogs 'thout no licenses, 'nd now they'll—"

"Where are you now, Tad?"

"Fletcher's drug store."

"Stay right there and wait for me. I'm coming."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Canada's Arctic Areas Are Divided by Nature—Western and Eastern Sections

Canada's Arctic possessions are, geographically, divided by nature into two parts—the Western Arctic, reached from the Pacific ocean and down the Mackenzie river; and the Eastern Arctic, to which access is gained from the Atlantic ocean and Hudson bay. Brought about by the ever-widening search for minerals and by the use of aircraft as a means of transportation and exploration, impressions of the Northwest territories have undergone considerable change within the past 20 years.

Once regarded as being almost inaccessible, observes a writer in the New York Herald-Tribune, many areas are today within a few hours' flying time of a number of cities and towns in western Canada. In spite of the northern latitude, the territories are not entirely regions of perpetual ice and snow. The winter is long and cold but in the short summer the temperatures are high and the long periods of sunlight promote rapid growth of vegetation. In many parts of the Mackenzie valley vegetables are grown

for local consumption, and the so-called "barren lands" yield a profusion of wild flowers and mosses.

Since the Seventeenth century the territories have been an important producer of furs, and have contributed upwards of \$27,000,000 in furs since 1922. Having in mind the need of conserving the game and fur-bearing animals as a means of livelihood for the Indians and Eskimos, the Canadian government has set aside large areas as native game preserves.

While the fur trade is still a chief industry, the future of the north-western territories lies also in the development of its mineral resources. Previous to 1929 the most important mineral development was the discovery of oil on the Mackenzie river near Norman.

## New Slenderizing Dresses



If YOU'RE in the size-34-and-up class, here are three brand new fashions designed especially for you! Everyone of them is extremely smart and everyone is designed to give added charm and dignity to full figures. They are easy to make. The patterns are carefully planned to help beginners, and each is accompanied by a detailed sew chart. So start in tomorrow, and have at least two of them ready for Easter.

**Princess House Dress.**  
It's a sure way to start the day right, having a dress as becoming and pretty as this one to put on first thing in the morning. It takes a woman with some plumpness to do justice to that fitted, long line. Made up in printed percale, gingham or chambray, with rows of ricrac braid, this dress will be so successful that you'll use the pattern time and again.

**Graceful Afternoon Frock.**  
An especially charming style for luncheons, bridge parties and club meetings. The full sleeves make your arms look small, and are very graceful in themselves. Gathers at the shoulders create necessary bust fullness. Make this dress for now in silk print or chiffon. Later on, in voile or summer sheer it will be your coolest dress.

**Dress With Lengthening Panels.**  
The plain neckline, the slim waist, snugged in by gathers, the long panel, front and back, are all beautifully slimming in effect. All in all, this dress is so smart that it's certain to be one of your favorites.

**The Patterns.**  
1485 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 39-inch material, with 3 1/2 yards of braid for trimming.  
1233 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 36 requires 5 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.  
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**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 coins) each.  
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## TIPS to Gardeners

**Plant With Care**  
EXERCISE care in planting and also in preparing to plant. Though soil may be rich, it will not produce as it should unless it is prepared thoroughly.

A primary consideration in planting is to have the soil favorably moist; damp, but not wet. If circumstances demand that you plant when the ground is dry, moisten trenches or drills before dropping the seed.

To retain moisture after planting, cover seeds immediately with fine earth and press down firmly.

Harold Coulter, vegetable expert of the Ferry Seed Institute, advises that temperature be considered at the time of planting. Too high a temperature is often as detrimental to seed germination as one too low. A temperature between 65 and 75 degrees is most favorable.

Soil must be loose so seedling sprouts can push through, and roots develop. Where the soil forms a heavy crust, it may sometimes be broken sufficiently to let seedlings through by gently pricking the soil with a rake.



## Uncle Phil Says:

**Makes 'Em Say: "How True"**  
People do not like to be preached to, but they like the frailties that all men have in common to be pointed out.

You can stand a man who has lost all his enthusiasm if he doesn't become a grouch.

Do doctors realize how they upset the whole family program when they put Father on a diet?

**So in Any Field**  
If an actor doesn't think he is good, he can't do good acting.

The fault of all long and loud talks meant to be persuasive is that people weary of ballyhoo.

Life is worth much less without day dreams.

We should feel pretty sordid and flat if we had to sue somebody for persuading anyone to stop loving us. No wonder some states have abolished "heart-balm" suits.

**Bob White's SUPERIOR CHICKS**

**NEW LOW PRICES** on our money-making spring chicks.

Blood-tested, leading breeds. All chicks unconditionally guaranteed.

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## CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO

**"FIVE Minus TWO Leaves FOUR"**

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.