

# Frank Merriwell at Fardale . . . .

By **Gilbert Patten**  
*The Original*  
**BURT L. STANDISH**

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WNU Service

**CHAPTER VII—Continued**

Frank didn't tell Tad to send a taxi after him. He didn't wait for anything. Out of Union hall he shot, on the jump, and even the long hill didn't slow him down much. He got his second wind after passing over the top of the hill and went flying down into the village, where the lights were gleaming in the first hour of darkness.

A man told him where to find Fletcher's drug store.

Tad was waiting in front of the store.

"Where have they taken your dog, old pal?" Merry asked as he galloped up.

"They got him in the town manager's office now. He's Sid Hawkins. He tells 'em what to do 'bout dogs they fetch in. It's just around the next corner. Oh, gosh, Frank, I'm glad you've come!"

The agitated boy's eyes were red and his cheeks had been streaked by tears. Frank patted his shoulder.

"We'll fix this up before you can say eeny, meeny, miney, mo," was his assurance. "Lead me to that town manager's office."

Tilted far back in his swivel chair, Sid Hawkins was chewing the soggy end of a half-smoked cigar. He was a languid man and his feet were bedded in their favorite resting place on top of his desk. He was talking to Mike Dugan, whose bowed legs supported a bloated body that looked heavy enough to make his feet cry for a rest also.

Dugan was holding fast to the end of a piece of rope that was tied around the neck of a small black Scottie. The whining dog was pulling at the rope.

"But you told me, Sid," Dugan was saying, "that I'd get 50 cents for every dog I picked up that wasn't wearing a license, and this dog didn't have no license on."

"Well, that was because I hadn't got around to it, Mike," was the languid man's answer. "Miss Burrage paid for his license, but I was just so pushed with other things that I forgot to tell the clerk to make it out."

Coming in just then, Frank had checked Tad long enough to hear this bit of conversation. Now he let the boy go, and Tad scampered forward to fall on his knees and gather the excited dog up into his arms.

"Well, then," said Merry, advancing, "it seems that I've broken the sprinting record over Academy hill for nothing."

The town manager slowly dragged his feet off the desk and let them fall, with a clumping sound, on the floor. He pulled his bent body up straighter and gazed at Frank with interest.

"Now I guess you're the young feller that kept that other dog from chawing Inza Burrage up in John Snodd's grove, ain't you?" he said.

Merrill nodded. "Unless I've got a very bad memory I'm the fellow," he admitted.

"Well, I hope you didn't make any mistake in thinking you wasn't touched by that critter's teeth," said Sid Hawkins, "for we got a report that he was mad, all right."

"The way I look at it," said Frank, "it took a long while to get that report, Mr. Hawkins."

The town manager pulled the wrecked cigar out of his mouth and yawned like a hippopotamus. "Well, not exactly," he answered. "We've had it quite a few days."

"Have you?" exclaimed Merry in surprise. "That's odd. I haven't heard about it before."

"Well, you see we decided it wasn't best to worry anybody till we could collect up the loose dogs around here that the critter might have bit, and put 'em out of the way," explained Hawkins leisurely. "So we put Mike, here, on the job right away, and now nobody can charge us with letting a lot of unlicensed dogs run loose as a menace to the community."

"Oh, I see," Merriwell's smile was dry as starch. "And you weren't sure whether I had been scratched by the teeth of that rabid beast or not. Maybe it didn't occur to you that by this time I might go a little mad myself?"

"Huh?" Hawkins stared lazily. "But you said you wasn't touched, didn't you? John Snodd said so too, didn't he? So did Inza Burrage, didn't she? So did Tad, here. Well, I don't believe in stirring some things up too much and getting a lot of fussy people on my neck. I've got a position to hold."

"That explains it," accepted Frank.

"Even now," the town manager went on, "I'd be for letting folks forget about it if Pete Smith hadn't found out about the report and put a piece in the paper today. He makes you out to be quite a hero, young feller. I s'pose you've read it?"

"No," said Merriwell, still more surprised. "I've been much too occupied with other things to look at a newspaper today."

"Then you better get one and

read about yourself, but don't let it fly to your head."

"Thanks for the advice," Frank smiled again, differently. "Now about Tad's dog. When will he get his license?"

"I'll tend to that first thing Monday morning," promised Hawkins.

"But I want my 50 cents just the same," cording to the understanding that I'd get it for every dog I caught without a tag," said Mike Dugan grimly. "Tain't my fault you forgot to notify the clerk, Sid."

They were arguing over that when Frank and Tad left the office with S'prise, joyously released from the rope that had been hitched to his neck, trotting at his heels.

"S'prise must have a collar to wear his license tag on, Tad," said Merry. "Where can we get one?"

"Fuller's hardware store. They carry 'em 'long with sportin' goods. But I ain't got no dough to buy one with."

"But maybe we can squeeze over that bunch, old pal. Show me Fuller's place."

Already Fardale's wide and well-lit main street was beginning to take on its usual lively Saturday



She Took It From His Hand Without Glancing at It.

night appearance. Everybody was getting out in town early. Autos of every description and vintage, bringing people in from the surrounding country, were finding parking spots. The sidewalk would soon be thronged. The big electric signs of two movie houses made splashes of color on opposite sides of the thoroughfare.

In the hardware store Merriwell selected and paid for the best collar that was adjustable to S'prise's neck. He also bought a metal tag to be attached to the collar, and paid for the stamping which would give the dog's name, the name of its master, and the license number.

"Gee, Frank—gee!" gulped the laughing boy, wiping something out of his eyes. "It's just swell. It's just grand, ain't it, S'prise?"

The dog barked and tried to wag its tail off.

The big school truck, loaded with a somber bunch of football players returned to the academy, was rumbling down the street as they came out of the store. Nobody was cheering the team as it passed through.

But suddenly a girl's cry, sharp and startling, slashed the air; "Stop, thief!"

Nobody had to tell Frank Merriwell who she was. He knew her voice before he whirled and saw Inza Burrage pointing at a man who was running away with her purse in his hand. He shot after the fleeing rascal without a second of hesitation, and the gaping witnesses were given a greater thrill than either of the local movie theaters could provide that night.

Pete Smith, who had come into town in a private car just ahead of the school truck, beheld something that made another good story for him. He was doing very well today. Watching Frank cut down the distance between himself and the running thief, Pete knew just how he would describe it. He loved strong phrases, hackneyed or not, and he would say that Merriwell "burned the air." He hoped it wouldn't get the blue pencil, for nothing else he could think of fitted quite so well.

Coming up behind in full stride, Merry dove headlong and made a flying tackle. His fingers, bent like hooks, caught both of the man's churning legs at the knees, which was a trick to start future arguments every time an eye-witness should happen to mention it. Down those hooked fingers slipped without losing their hold, and down went the man on the hard asphalt.

Frank had a knee jammed into the small of the robber's back when the fat night cop arrived, puffing like a wood-burning locomotive of

grandfather's days. With his left hand he was gripping the man's left wrist, which had been twisted backward and thrust upward between the wretch's shoulderblades. His right hand had grasped the chin of the purse-snatcher and turned it to the right. That tied the fellow up so he couldn't do a thing.

"Hey!" panted the fat policeman. "You dropped that bird like you'd hit him with both barrels of buckshot." He fumbled some business-like handcuffs out of a pocket. "Let me get these bracelets on to him."

There was cheering now; the fellows on the school truck started it and others took it up. A crowd of excited persons swarmed around. They stared at Frank, asking who he was.

He picked up Inza's purse, which the thief had dropped as he fell, and spoke to the officer: "This belongs to Miss Burrage. I'll take it to her."

Her eyes looked starry as he approached, but maybe that was caused by the gleam of so many electric lights.

"Here's your purse, Miss Burrage," he said.

She took it from his hand without glancing at it.

"Thanks," she replied, a flush spreading over her face. "It was nice of you to save it for me, but I think you were a meanie to give me the air the way you did."

**CHAPTER VIII**

After Sunday morning services in the chapel the anvil chorus became a tocsin at Fardale. It resounded through the dormitories and echoed over the campus. And as usual the hardest hammer swingers were fellows who had registered zero when it came to making a mark anybody could see without a magnifying glass. They were the common denominator, minus.

Bob Gagg belonged in that classification below the line, and he was as busy as an ant patching up a nest that had been kicked to pieces. Though he hadn't seen the game at Mayfield, he could tell anybody who would listen just what had been the matter with the Musketeers—and did. He scurried around in a perfect dither of excitement and self-importance.

Scurrying around like that, he saw something that set him wondering. He saw Coach Kane and Frank Merriwell go into Professor Scotch's little white cottage together. But even Barney Mulloy couldn't or wouldn't tell what that meant when he was asked about it. So Gagg formed his own opinion and peddled it.

The professor was a football fan. He followed the team when he could, and he had come back from the Mayfield disaster looking all shot. Now, seeking to plug the gaps he was putting his nose into Kane's business by trying to get him to use Merriwell as one of the plugs. That was Gagg's guess.

Running into Hodge, Bob asked him what he knew about it.

"Why, how should I know anything?" said Bart, flushing. "I don't waste my breath chinning to either Merriwell or Mulloy. But Merriwell is one of Old Scottie's pets, and you may be right. Still I should worry. Kane won't use a freshman on the team if he can dodge it, even with no rule to stop him. It's my bet that the best Scotch gets Merriwell is a chance to be knocked around on the scrub. That's what Kaney handed me."

"Well, he won't last long at that if the stuff about him being a quitter is true," said Gagg.

"It's as true as a bee-line," Hodge asserted. "Bascomb dug that dope

up about him. He puts on a flashy show when he can and gets his name into the newspapers, but he's saffron when it comes to football. That's when he lies down."

"Bascomb's pretty sore about the way Merriwell tagged him with the name Grand Canyon."

"Why not? Since yesterday every little dipsiedoodle's calling him that, and it wasn't his fault he missed the posts for those two points. The line was weak as cambric tea. It stopped the Mayfield rushers just the way a feather duster stops bullets. He says so."

"That's natural, but I guess he's right. It's my notion Tom Kane's pretty well washed up around here as a coach."

"Now you've said something. Putting me on the scrub when I'm a better man than any of that bunch of new players he used yesterday! But if he thinks I'm going to stand for it long he's got another thing coming."

Hodge went on his way and Gagg continued to scurry.

This was a day when, after services in the chapel, Bart had little trouble about avoiding his heartily detested roommates. Also he kept away, as well as he could, from fellows who would be liable to speak of Merriwell. The way that show-off was getting himself talked about was sickening!

He had a date to go riding with Inza that afternoon. That would be something pleasant, anyhow. She was a great kid.

She was riding another horse around in Snodd's yard when Bart got there, and Snodd was watching her doubtfully. The horse was a handsome, spirited creature. Bart's mount and the one Inza had usually ridden were tied up to a hitching rail, both wearing saddles.

"I'm going to beat you when we race today," she called laughingly as he came trotting into the yard.

"But I don't know about letting you ride Satan, Inza," said the worried looking farmer. "He's pretty skittish and fiery. I saddled him up for Merriwell."

Hodge stopped and stared. "What's that?" he asked sharply. "Who did you say—?"

"Oh, Frank's going with us, Bart," said Inza quickly. "I challenged him to do it last night, in town, and he took me up."

"Oh, he did, did he?" Hodge caught his breath with a hissing sound. "He would! He'd jump at it like a trout at a fly. But he can't put that one over on me."

He ran to his horse, unhitched the animal and leaped up into the saddle. "Come on!" he cried, swinging alongside Inza. "We're going away from here now."

"Oh, be a sport, Bart," she begged. "If he's willing to—"

Too late John Snodd cried a warning. Bart had leaned over and struck Satan sharply on the rump with his open hand. The animal leaped, almost throwing Inza. Barely saving herself, she managed to stay in the saddle as the horse shot away with the bit in its teeth.

"You fool!" cried the farmer. "Catch her! That critter'll run—"

But Hodge was in pursuit already. He whirled out of the yard and turned after the runaway animal, headed toward town.

Merriwell had seen this happen. He had almost reached the turn into the yard when Bart went tearing past him. Dashing to the third horse, he tore it loose from the hitching rail. Snodd was shouting something at him, but he didn't hear it. A bound carried him astride. He turned the animal on a dime and was away, riding like a cowboy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Gretna Green, Just Over Scottish Line, Still Popular With the Runaway Couples**

Gretna Green has about the same relationship to England that Toledo had to Detroit until the state of Ohio got tough about marriages, observes the Globetrotter in the Detroit News.

It's a handy spot just one-quarter mile over the Scottish border. In ye olden tymme, runaway couples who couldn't wait for the bans to be published in England, or who wished to avoid mention in the society columns of the day, or who feared to face father, went swiftly to Gretna Green.

There, according to the Scottish law, they could be married by any Mac, Jock or Sandy. But because the Green smithy was the nearest thing to the border, the Green smith became the favored marrying priest at the Green. It kept him busy in between hours.

Time has wrought change in Gretna Green. Though marrying is still one of the principal industries, the smithy has been outdone. We note in sadness that this is no longer the horse age, and that motor cars now wear most of the laurels once reserved for Morgans and thoroughbreds. Statistics show that more persons travel to Scotland by auto-

mobile than by any other means of locomotion.

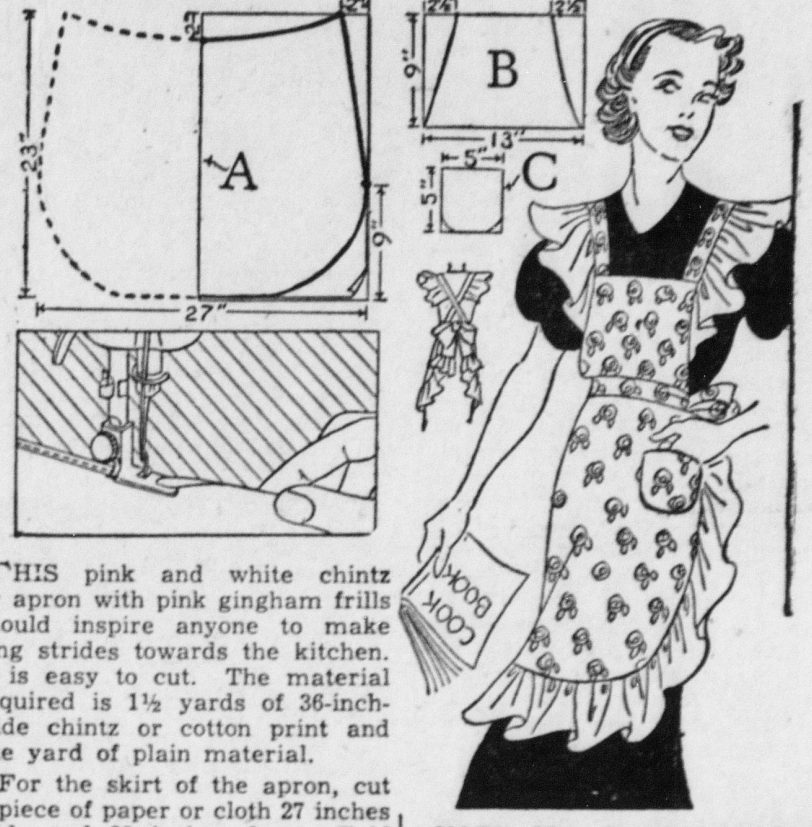
So it is quite fitting that the nearest building to England is now a gasoline filling station, and that the gas man traffics in the commodity on which the Green smiths grew famed and opulent. Over his stand is a sign: "We have performed more than 10,000 marriages." It is also a good place to buy postcards, ginger beer and cigarettes.

One half mile beyond the stone bridge that arches the flood between Scotland and its neighbor, and the adjacent filling station, the black-smith shop stands as of yore.

**Freaks of Lightning**  
Lightning has traveled down a lode of ore and shocked miners working at a depth of a thousand feet; it has removed all the hair from a man without injuring him in any other way; and it has altered the compass of a stern-struck ship. In this last case, says Collier's Weekly, the vessel itself was also "reversed" by the storm and the wheelsman steered back over his course for a considerable distance before realizing the error.

# HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



**THIS** pink and white chintz apron with pink gingham frills should inspire anyone to make long strides towards the kitchen. It is easy to cut. The material required is 1½ yards of 36-inch-wide chintz or cotton print and one yard of plain material.

For the skirt of the apron, cut a piece of paper or cloth 27 inches wide and 23 inches deep. Fold this lengthwise through the center, as at A, then measure down from the top of the fold and in from the corners the distances indicated in the diagram and mark the dots. Using the dots as a guide, mark the outline of the apron skirt as you see it in the diagram. The dimensions for shaping the bib are given in the diagram at B. The pocket is a 5-inch square with lower corners rounded as shown here at C. The apron ties are cut 6 inches wide and 36 inches long. The strip for the belt should be cut 2½ inches wide and a facing strip the same width should be cut for it. The shoulder straps are cut 4 inches wide and then creased lengthwise through the center.

**NOTE:** Mrs. Spears' latest book—Gifts and Embroidery number—is now ready. Ninety embroidery stitches are illustrated; also table settings; crochet; embroidery designing; fabric repairing; novelty gifts and dress accessories. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions. Available to readers who will send name and address and enclose 25 cents (coin preferred). Just address Mrs. Spears, 210 So. Desplaines St., Chicago.



**Inventors Deserve Credit**  
Civilization advances as if on stepping stones, stepping from one inventive brain to another.

If you talked to your enemy instead of about him, you might grow to tolerate him—even see his good points.

Can young men be taught HOW to think? Well, it seems Socrates made a pretty good stagger at it.

If every event is a sequence, there can be no such thing as an accident.

**That's Conservatism**  
Age cannot always make you wise, but it can make you cautious.

It is a happy land where the people can find something to celebrate every few weeks.

In the old days whole families traveled together in a covered wagon; and did not make such a to-do about it as those who now go in trailers.

## TIPS to Gardeners

**Young Garden Care**

**THE** value of a garden plant, vegetable or flower, depends greatly upon the start it gets; so give the seedlings ample care.

Begin cultivation as soon as rows are visible, if the soil is not wet. Work close to the small plants, cultivating shallower as they grow to avoid injury to root growth.

Cultivate at least once a week.

Watering should not be necessary the first week or ten days after seeds have sprouted. Later, young plants may be watered one of two ways: Mark a shallow trench about four inches from the row and run it full of water. Or, using a fine spray, apply water from directly above plants. Watering is most effective when it closely follows cultivation.

Small plants should be thinned, as directed on packets, to allow proper development. Certain vegetables may be used as thinned. For instance, onions thinned may be used as green onions, and lettuce may be picked for immediate use, leaving smaller leaves to develop.

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