

Frank Merriwell at Fardale

By GILBERT PATTEN

The Original BURT L. STANDISH

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WNU Service

CHAPTER IX—Continued

Second down, twelve to go, with the State cheer booming across the field now. What did that Fardale quarterback think he was doing, slamming his lighter players into State's impregnable defense? Futile and silly. The State men were laughing.

Another formation for a run. But no, it was a fake. Springall took the ball and kicked quickly. He got it away and the wind helped carry it along.

Washburn, Fardale's left end, got through this time between guard and tackle. The over-confident State men had been caught almost flat-footed, and Washburn did some clever side-stepping and a little fast running. He downed the ball-catcher well over in State's territory.

A bit disgusted, but still confident, State settled down to show the home boys some real football. Of course Fardale knew what it was up against. Otherwise a long kick never would have been considered on second down. That early in the game, it was the trick of a team lacking faith in its driving force. Anyhow, that was the way State topped it.

Merriwell was trying to take it easy on the bench. He was trying to keep from getting too tense. If he got into this game at all, he wanted to be in the right condition, mentally and otherwise.

He watched the State steamroller start rolling, saw it steadily and surely grind forward into Fardale territory. It was bumping the breath out of the blue-and-white defenders. And it hadn't yet turned to either of the two scoring plays Kane had so carefully drilled his players against. Had the scout been mistaken about those plays?

No! There was the first one, a run around the strong end by the right halfback, with State's end blocking Washburn, Fardale's left end, in toward the line.

And now, with a heavy but swift interferer ahead of him, that backfield man came booming round the flank and went romping over the chalk-marks for a touchdown.

Washburn had failed. He had forgotten Kane's order not to worry about leaving a hole in the line, but to get outside the opposing end man and fight him off, while striving himself to get out still further out, if possible, to force the runner to swing wide. Had he remembered to follow instructions the run might have gained, but it would not, in all probability, have been good for a touchdown.

With the crowd in the south stand chanting State's fighting song, following a stirring cheer, State lined up to attempt a place-kick for the extra point. The angle was a little difficult, but State kickers seldom missed the posts. One of them booted the leather now, and Fardale failed to touch the ball.

But the wind took a hand. It swerved the ball just enough to carry it against one of the posts, and caromed off outside. Six points instead of seven.

State didn't mind that. Six points were merely a starter. Those confident fellows were thinking they might make 60 or more before the final whistle blew.

Time out now and a pause in which the school band played "Fair Fardale." Kane was sending a man in to take Washburn's place.

Hodge! Frank had forgotten that Bart had been transferred from the scrub the night before. Now he saw him fling off his wraps and start out on to the field. The fellow who had thought himself buried with the dead ones who were doomed never to play for Fardale was ordered to get into the game ahead of Merriwell.

Frank was human, and in that moment he felt a twisting stab of the commonest and meanest of human emotions. Jealousy. That was something he had though he'd learned to control and hold at bay, but it got him now and stung him deep and hard.

He and Hodge were the only two freshmen to make the squad, and to a certain extent he had helped Bart's reputation with the coach by yielding to Inza's wishes and saying a good word for the fellow at every opportunity. Now Hodge was going into this game to fight for Fardale and Frank was still glued fast to the bench.

Merry had been too busy to see Inza for more than a moment or two since Sunday, but only last night Barney had told him that Hodge had managed to see her often. And the frank Irish boy had expressed his conviction that she was a two-timer who was playing Frank for a simple sap. He had laughed at Barney then, but he wasn't laughing now. His face was a study of deep dejection.

He thought of her, sitting with her brother somewhere up in the stand

behind him and applauding Bart, and decided that Barney was right. Just a simple sap, that's what he was.

The game went on with Hodge doing a real job at left end. Every time that same State runner came steaming round that end Bart was outside the opposing linemen and forcing the ball-carrier to make a wider swing. Thus he gave the Fardale backfield time to charge in and stop the play repeatedly before more than small gains could be made. And once he broke clear and brought the runner down himself for a slight loss.

The whole team had stiffened. Seeing this, State went into smashing tactics that soon had Kane sending in replacement after replacement for players who had been knocked out of commission. The coach was using up his best reserves fast, but, between pluck and many lucky breaks, Fardale hung on through the first and second quarters without being scored against again.

But the blue-and-white had fought more than three-fourths of the time in its own territory. Not once had it got within striking distance of the enemy's goal, and always the spectators—even the optimistic of the

half carried him toward the Fardale bench. He was completely out of the game.

"Now, Merriwell," said Kane, "go in there."

The coach had been holding Frank in reserve to fill Davis' place when the time came—and it had come. His heart pounding, Merry leaped up and hastened to report to the referee. At last!

Ten seconds later he was in the midst of another line smash that stopped State again, with no gain. Then State went into the air, but the first pass was incompletely and a kick followed. Fardale's safety man got the ball and ran with it when Merry cut off the State player who was charging to tackle. A 20-yard gain set the Fardale crowd roaring. This was like the Musketeers when they were right.

State was both worried and angry now, and nothing does more damage than worry and anger. Before the Maroon players could pull themselves together Fardale had tricked them with a faked pass and an end run that netted another first down. Was Fardale going to town?

Fast action now, fast and sure. No waiting for State to settle down. A line-buck for two yards, and then an unexpected trick. Fardale came back with State's own double-spin play. It surprised and disconcerted State, threw the secondary defense into uncertainty and completely off balance.

The runner came through the hole and broke loose with the ball. He was Merriwell. Weaving, dodging, side-stepping, changing his pace, Frank was as elusive as an electrified ghost. He straight-armed the last would-be tackler and was in the open.

There was no stopping him then. With the goggling, gasping, roaring crowd standing to the last human who could stand, he sped away for a touchdown.

And then, "Block that kick!" was the imploring cry of the State crowd as Fardale lined up to try for the point, with Springall holding and Frank in position to boot the leather.

Merry advanced and swung the good right leg that somebody had accused him of stealing from Charlie Brickley. The spheroid sailed over the exact center of the crossbar, putting the Musketeers one point ahead, and the north stand became a madhouse.

Merriwell didn't know they were cheering for him. He didn't hear the crowd roaring his name. So concentrated was he upon the business in hand that he saw and heard nothing, not a part of it. Heart and soul, he was giving that business all he had to give.

Now it was up to Fardale to hold that one-point lead—to hold it somehow and to add to it if humanly possible.

And now State, seeing at last that the expected push-over was not going to come off, was growing panicky. The thought of being defeated by Fardale was very shocking to them.

Over-confidence was gone, but something just as bad—or worse—had followed.

When the third quarter passed with Fardale not only holding its one-point lead, but continuing to

threaten, State knew she must gamble. The final quarter saw State throwing passes which got her nowhere until the last minute of the game. Then two completions carried the Maroons to Fardale's 15-yard line and had the Fardale spectators shaking in their shoes.

Then there was a fumble in a line-buck. Out of the melee came Merriwell with the ball. Again he broke through. Again he was off for a run, with the crowd shrieking. Once more he ducked and weaved and went flying onward.

But a maroon backfielder had him. He couldn't get past this time. Not a chance.

Frank had seen a lone Fardale runner coming up. It was Hodge. But Bart couldn't reach the man to block him. So Merry, veering to the left, threw a lateral to Hodge and threw himself, instantly, into the clutches of the tackler, both going down.

Bart took the ball on the dead run and ran still faster until he could put it down behind the goal-posts.

There was riotous rejoicing in the dressing room. Fardale, with Merriwell, again booting the ball for the extra point, had beaten the strong State Second team, 14 to 6. Kane himself was laughing like a boy. He had told them all what he thought of the fine job they had pulled off, and he had actually hugged both Merriwell and Bart Hodge.

"Now let anybody tell me Fardale hasn't got a team!" he said.

Bart took his shower and ub-down, and dressed in a hurry. He was the first to leave. Merry saw him go and fancied he knew the cause of his haste. Of course he had a date to meet a certain person after the game.

Tad Jones was waiting when Frank left the gym. The boy was steaming with excitement.

"Gosh, Frank!" he chattered. "Gosh, you was just the real McCoy! You was right there with the old works. I'll tell the cockeyed world! But there's somethin' else I gotta tell you. Miss Inza's gone up to Mr. Snodd's 'nd wants you to come there right away. She told me to fetch ya, dead or alive."

Merriwell hesitated. So that was where Hodge had hastened away to so soon. Well, there might as well be a show-down now as later. No use putting it off.

"All right, let's go," he said. "But we gotta keep away from the campus. Hear that crowd roarin'! Frank, they're celebratin' 'nd Professor Scotch is leadin' 'em. He's hoarse as an old bullfrog, too. He won't have no voice to lecher with for a week."

Merry found Inza in Snodd's big living room, alone. She was sitting at the piano, just as he had seen her the first time, and her fingers were dancing like pixies over the keys. The music that poured from the piano was wild and gay.

He came up and stood beside her. She felt him there, and the tune ended with a crash. She sprang up and caught hold of him with eyes a starry glow.

"Oh, Frank!" she said. "I want to tell you, Frank, that you're just the greatest thing that ever blew into this neck of the woods."

THE END



There Was No Stopping Him Then.

Fardale fans—had constantly looked for a blow-up that would let the maroon jerseys run as wild and handsome as they pleased.

And when the whistle sounded the end of the half the shadows of their own goal-posts were on the backs of the Fardale players.

There was a heavier shadow on the face of Coach Kane.

Tom Kane was too wise to carry a clouded face into the dressing room, but he was grim as he walked about amid the benches and tables on which many of the fellows were lying while rubbers worked over them. He had a few words for each man, words of encouragement or instruction; sometimes of warning against faults betrayed on the field. Now and then he gave one of them a pat on the back. At times a slight smile played upon his otherwise hard-set face.

At length the call came: "On the field in three minutes."

Then the coach made his speech, quietly:

"You did your work well out there in the first half. You put up a fine defense against a team that expected to walk all over you. When they found they couldn't do that they tried to put fear into your souls. But you weren't afraid. You showed them you could take it and come right back for more. Now you're going out there and give it. Games are won by courage and quick thinking oftener than otherwise, and you've got more of that stuff than State has. But look out for their air attack. They've scarcely used it yet, but they will when they find you are outsmarting them."

"You broke up their right-end run after they worked it for that one touchdown, and now they'll probably uncork their other big play from the same formation—a double spin with two fake passes and a slash through a hole they'll try to open between tackle and guard. Be on your toes for that. Now go out there and feed it to 'em!"

Still over-confident, State expected to see an opposing team that was all shot and nine-tenths licked come back to the field. What they did see was a team that apparently had just begun to fight. Within two minutes Fardale met the double-spin play and tore it to shreds for a small loss.

But a Fardale backfielder, who had charged into the line of scrimmage, was down. It was Elmer Davis. They got him up and two men

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Pattern 1635

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Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York.

Spray Roses Frequently

"I find that there is one simple point in aphid control that is overlooked by a majority of rose growers," says Melvin E. Wyandt, rose specialist of Painesville, Ohio. "It is simply that they should spray often. Now don't misunderstand me. Practically all rose growers know that they must spray with a good insecticide to control aphids, but they do not realize that aphids multiply rapidly."

An effective spray for aphid control is made by mixing one to two teaspoonfuls of nicotine sulphate in a gallon of water and adding a little dissolved laundry soap. Nicotine sulphate is a poison which kills by contact—the method necessary with sucking insects such as aphids—and in addition, being volatile, it gives off fumes which also kill, making it doubly effective.

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