DICK MERRIWELL'S TRICK
OR, PAID IN THEIR OWN COIN

DICK THREW HIGH OVER SINGLETON'S HEAD. "RUN!" SHRIEKED THE COACHERS, AND THE MEN ON THE BASES SPRANGED.
Tip Top Weekly.
(LARGE SIZE.)

If you have not read them, look over this catalogue and you will read a list of stories unexcelled in any part of this world to-day.

Don't fail to read these stories if you have not already.

280—Frank Merriwell’s Command; or, Dick Merriwell’s Rebellion.
281—Frank Merriwell’s Support; or, Dick Merriwell’s Great Work.
282—Frank Merriwell’s Hard Hit; or, Dick Merriwell’s Red Friend.
283—Frank Merriwell’s Energy; or, Dick Merriwell’s Triple Play.
284—Frank Merriwell’s Fellows; or, Dick Merriwell’s Fast Work.
285—Dick Merriwell Enters Fardale; or, Following in His Brother’s Footsteps.
286—Dick Merriwell in the Hands of the Five Fiends; or, Fighting His Way to the Front.
287—Dick Merriwell on the Gridiron; or, In the Fray for Old Fardale.
288—Dick Merriwell’s Nerve; or, Handling a Deadly Enemy.
289—Dick Merriwell’s Determination; or, In the Game to Do or Die.
290—Dick Merriwell Up Against It; or, In and Out of Hard Luck.
291—Dick Merriwell’s Strategy; or, A Way to Treat Spies.
292—Dick Merriwell’s Long Run; or, Saving the Day for Fardale.
293—Dick Merriwell to the Rescue; or, Elsie and Inza in the Hands of Kidnappers.
294—Dick Merriwell’s Strange Battle; or, Fighting a Bucking Automobile.
295—Dick Merriwell at Dead Road Mill; or, A Drop to Death.
296—Dick Merriwell’s Wonderful Throw; or, Bracing Up the Basket Ball Team.
297—Dick Merriwell’s Kindness; or, Saving a Falling Enemy.
298—Dick Merriwell’s Race For Life; or, The Steady Hand and True Heart.
299—Dick Merriwell’s Set-Back; or, Outplayed by the Masked Mysteries.
300—Dick Merriwell’s Ride; or, Foiling the Agents of the Secret League of Spain.
301—Dick Merriwell’s Honor; or, The Sacrifice That Cost Him Dearly.
302—Dick Merriwell at Bay; or, Defending the Pirate Treasure of Hidden Cave.
303—Dick Merriwell Trailing the Treasure; or, Face to Face with the Pirate Captain.
304—Dick Merriwell’s Peril; or, Left to Die in the Flames.
305—Dick Merriwell’s Snowshoe Hunt; or, The Hidden Hut of Blue Mountain.
306—Dick Merriwell’s Disappearance; or, The Mystery of Moaning Cave.
307—Dick Merriwell’s Racket; or, Who Was the Traitor?
308—Dick Merriwell’s Discovery; or, The Evil Genius of the School.
309—Dick Merriwell’s Revenge; or, Fighting a Desperate Enemy.
310—Dick Merriwell’s Life Struggle; or, The Veiled Woman of the Woods.
311—Dick Merriwell’s Tramp Chase; or, The Awakening of Scudder.
312—Dick Merriwell’s Nine; or, Trouncing the Regular Team.
313—Dick Merriwell’s Danger; or, Solving a Strange Mystery.

With Tip Top No. 285 begins the now famous Fardale Series, in which Dick Merriwell has entered the good old school at which the career of Frank Merriwell also began some years ago. Thousands of young Americans will want to read of the fine things that Dick Merriwell has done, is doing and will in the future do.

CHAPTER I.

ARRIVAL IN RIVERMOUTH.

"Rivermouth! Rivermouth!" called the conductor of the train from one end of the car.
"Riv'mouth! Riv'mouth!" called the brakeman, from the other end.
"Hurrah!" cried several of the Fardale baseball team. "Here we are!"
"I'm so sorry!" exclaimed Ted Smart. "I do so enjoy riding on this train! The motion of the cars lulls one to sleep."
The roadbed to Rivermouth was particularly rough, and the boys had found it rather uncomfortable riding. Once during the last few miles of the trip Dick Merriwell had said to Smart:
"The old train seems to be running steadier now."

"That's—so," jerked out the little chap. "I guess the blamed—old thing is—off the track!"
The boys gathered up dress-suit cases, bat bags and so forth and hastened to get off the train.
Quite a collection of Rivermouth youngsters was on hand to greet the Fardale players, and stare at them with curiosity as they descended from the cars.
"That big feller must be him," said one snub-nosed youngster, with his eyes on Singleton.
"Git out!" contemptuously exclaimed a freckled chap. "He ain't no pitcher! He looks like a hammer-thrower."
"Then that's him, sure!" said Snub Nose, pointing at Hal Darrell. "He looks like he was the real thing."
"Bet you're wrong!" excitedly exclaimed Freckle
Face, as he caught sight of Dick. "I never seen him, but I'm a lobster, if that ain't Dick Merriwell!"

Just then one of the Fardale crowd spoke to Dick and called him by name.

"I knowed it!" shouted he of the freckles, in delight. "That's the brother of Frank Merriwell, fellers! There he is! Hooray for Dick Merriwell! Yell—yell like thunder, boys!"

Then about a dozen of the younger boys threw up their caps and uttered shrill whoops of welcome.

Dick was surprised.

"What's this? What's this?" he laughed.

"A welcome from your admirers, my boy," said a smiling young man, as he pushed through the crowd and grasped Dick's arm. "They recognize you by your looks, and who would not! You're a second edition of Frank Merriwell in many respects. Excuse me for my freedom, but I know your brother so well that it seemed as if I knew you also. Possibly, you have heard him speak of me? My name is Morgan—Dade Morgan."

"Dade Morgan!" exclaimed Dick. "Why, of course I have heard him speak of you! But I thought you in Yale!"

A serious expression flitted over the face of the fellow who had introduced himself as Dade Morgan.

"Not now," he said, with a show of regret. "Circumstances over which I had no control made it impossible for me to finish my course at Yale. I will tell you about that later, for I hope to see more of you. I am stopping at the Densmore, the best hotel in town. Won't you share my room while you are here? I'd like to have you. I'd like to hear more about Frank. He was very kind to me in college. Where is he now?"

"He is in the West on a matter of business."

"Come along," said Morgan, linking his arm with Dick's. "Let me have your dress-suit case. We'll take this carriage right over to the hotel."

"I beg your pardon," said Dick, "but I think I'll stay with the fellows. We're all going to the Densmore, and I'll see you again there, Mr. Morgan."

"Don't call me 'mister'!" exclaimed the young man. "Just call me Dade, please. I wouldn't like it from any one else, but you're Merriwell's brother—dear old Merry! He was very kind to me, and I'll never forget him!"

Morgan seemed very sincere, and Dick remembered that Frank had often said that some of his firmest friends had once been his bitterest enemies; also that Morgan was for some time his persistent and unrelenting foe.

"I hardly think I can bring myself to call you that so soon," smiled Dick. "Perhaps after I know you better—"

"And in order to know me better, you must see more of me. I'm sure your friends won't mind. We'll take this carriage. I drove over in it, and—"

But Dick would not listen to such a proposition. He excused himself again, saying he would remain with the others and see Morgan at the hotel.

Morgan gave up with genuine reluctance the attempt to carry Dick off bodily.

"All right," he said; "but I hope you'll come to my room at the hotel and tell me all about Frank. I'll see you there."

Then he got into the waiting carriage and was driven away.

"Say, p'r'ly, spoke Buckhart, the Texan, "who was that there galoot, if you don't mind saying?"

"That was Dade Morgan, one of Frank's friends at college."

"Hey? You don't say!"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll allow I kind of reckoned Frank would pick out friends of a different kind."

"What do you mean?"

"That I don't like the general appearance of that galoot, pard. That I opine he has an enery streak in him somewhere. I do, I know."

Dick thought how Frank had said that Dade Morgan had for a long time been most persistent in his enmity, but had finally proven to be quite a decent fellow.
To tell the truth, Dick had not been favorably impressed by Morgan’s appearance; quite the contrary, he had been repelled. But he was not the fellow to set his judgment up as superior to that of his brother, who had a keen insight into human nature, and he tried to banish from his mind any unfavorable opinion of Frank’s former college associate.

“I think you’re wrong, old man,” smiled Dick. “Frank says he’s all right, and when Frank says a thing like that, he never makes a mistake.”

“Perhaps not,” said Brad; “but I’ll bet a good horse that Mr. Morgan is a coyote. You hear me gurgle!”

And the stubborn Westerner stuck to his opinion in his own persistent way.

An old open stage was drawn up beside the platform, and into this and onto it piled the Fardale boys, loading it down until it was tested to its capacity.

Through the long village street to the hotel they went, with at least twenty youngsters whooping along behind.

The Fardale boys were gentlemanly and well-behaved, and they betrayed no ruffianism, although they were jolly and free.

“Here is where we have to fight for the game,” said Big Bob. “We’ll not get up against a tougher crowd this spring.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked Dick. “Is it to be an honest fight? If so, all the better.”

“It may be an honest fight, if Rivermouth sees it has a snap. If not, it will be a red-hot old fight of the dirtiest kind. These chaps are the crookedest bunch we’ll strike, and I was for cutting them out this spring. They beat us last year by tricks, and they have never been known to play a game on its merits from start to finish. That’s the truth.”

“And it’s not a regular school team we’re going against?”

“Hardly. They make a bluff that it is, but I doubt if there is more than one or two fellows on the Rivermouth nine who are in school now. The others graduated long ago, or they never went to school at all.”

“Well, it does seem that the committee might have done well to leave this place out, but we’ll try to give them a run for their money.”

“I don’t think we can win,” confessed Bob.

“Don’t?”

“No.”

“I’m sorry to hear you talk that way. It’s a bad way to feel, old man.”

“Oh, we might win in Fardale, same as we did at football last fall. But Rivermouth has never been defeated on her own ground.”

“Then we’ll break the spell by giving her her first defeat,” declared Dick, seriously, as they swung up in front of the hotel, on the veranda of which had gathered quite a crowd to witness their arrival. “Mark that down in your little book, Bob—we’re going to break the spell and win to-day.”

As they descended and mounted the steps, Dade Morgan came hurrying out, and caught Dick’s dress-case from his hand.

“Now you’re here,” he said, “I’ll not be shoved aside. I think I have the best room in the house, and you’re coming right up there to wash off the dust and get ready for dinner.”

“I surrender,” laughed Dick. “You’re too much for me. See you at table, fellows.”

And he permitted Morgan to lead him off in triumph.

CHAPTER II.

DICK GROWS SUSPICIOUS.

“Here we are!” cried Morgan, as they entered his room. “Not exactly like the Waldorf or the Holland House in New York, but pretty good for a country hotel. Make yourself at home. You’ll find running water, both hot and cold, soap, towels, comb, brush and such things as you may need to spruce up with. What’s mine is yours. I’ve always stood ready to share one-half of anything I owned with your brother, and I feel the same toward you, Dick.”
"You've always felt that way?" questioned Dick, with a slight laugh. "Why, I thought—"

"I know!" interrupted the other, with a quick gesture. "You thought me your brother's enemy."

"He told me—"

"That I was at first."

"Yes."

"Well, he was right. I don't like to talk of it. It is unpleasant to me. But he may not have explained. There were reasons why I should regard him as an enemy when I met him at Yale. I had always been brought up to believe I had the best reason in the world to hate him. I was told that his father was a villain who had ruined one who was kind to me. I was told that he was like his father. It was not easy for me to overcome in a short time the conviction that had been drilled into me for years."

"That's true," admitted Dick.

"But I did overcome it at last. I was forced to do so, for I saw I had been led into an error. I might have become Frank's friend long before I did, but my uncle held me in the hollow of his hand, and I dared not rebel against him. When he died, everything was changed. But, even then, my pride kept me from changing in a moment. Not until Frank had shown me what a mean creature I was did I give up. I was only too glad to do so when I did."

"How long since you left college, Mr. Morgan?" asked Dick.

"I left this spring."

He seemed to hesitate, and then, with a flush, he added:

"It was necessary. I thought my uncle had left behind plenty of money to take me through Yale, but I came to the end of my inheritance. My uncle was a bad man, and he had spent and gambled away everything save a pittance. Now, I am compelled to hustle for myself. That is how I happen to be here."

"You have gone into business in this place?"

"Oh, no! I'm on the road."

"On the road?"

"Yes—traveling. I am selling a line of sporting goods to country dealers. I am introducing the Spedder baseball—"

"Tell me about that later," laughed Dick. "But I'm not buying baseballs, you know."

"That's right," smiled Morgan. "I forget myself and talk business every time I mention the Spedder ball."

Dick stripped off coat and vest and washed his face and hands. Morgan talking to him all the while, asking many questions about Frank and about the condition of the Fardale team.

"Of course, I am eager to see you pitch," he said.

"Merry was a corker in the box, and they say you are like him. But I don't suppose you can throw the double-shoot?"

"Hardly," confessed Dick. "I have spent hours trying to get the hang of it, but it was time wasted."

"And couldn't Frank teach you?"

"He tried to, but I seemed too dumb to learn."

"Still, they say you have a peculiar ball of your own that is very hard for batters to hit."

"The jump ball? Oh, I'm not the only fellow who can throw that."

"But it isn't common."

"No; nor is a good rise ball common. A man who can throw a good, sharp rise should be able to get the jump ball by constant practice. It came to me suddenly."

"You will pitch to-day?"

"I expect to, although I have not been told so yet by the captain."

"Oh, he'll be sure to put you in!" nodded Morgan, taking out a cigarette case. "These Rivermouth fellows are bad men, and they would be sure to bat anybody else out of the box. Have a cigarette?"

Dick shook his head.

"Never smoked them," he said.

"Oh, have just one!" urged Morgan. "Just to be sociable."

Young Merriwell was surprised.
"Did you smoke them when you played on the Yale team?" he asked.

"Not much, though I used to take one now and then on the sly. You needn't be afraid. The door is locked, and no one will see you."

"I am not at all afraid," assured Dick. "But I do not smoke from choice. Frank says that no chap who smokes cigarettes can ever attain his highest possible point of perfection as an athlete."

"Well, I believe Merry was something of a crank on cigarettes," laughed Morgan, as he lighted one; "but I always regarded it as foolishness on his part."

"Of course, you had a right to your opinion," said Dick, somewhat stiffly, whereupon the other laughed heartily.

"You're loyal to old Merry," he said. "I'm glad to see it, my boy. You'll not make many mistakes if you follow in his footsteps. You must beat these Rivermouth chaps to-day, just to take some of the conceit out of them. They have it in for you. They have, ever since you beat them at football last fall. That made them sore."

He opened a large grip and took out a flask and some glasses.

"We'll drink to the success of Fardale to-day," he said.

"Excuse me," came firmly from Dick, "I do not drink."

"But this is simply a light wine, and just a sip—a small glass of it—will not harm you."

"Not even a sip!"

"Oh, my dear fellow—"

"If you know my brother so well, you must be aware that he is quite as strongly opposed to drinking as to cigarettes—more so, in fact."

Morgan seemed pleased.

"You're all right!" he exclaimed, flinging his cigarette aside. "I wondered if you had the right stuff in you, and I thought I would test you. I have a reason. There are some men in town who stand ready to bet that Rivermouth will win to-day. I dared not risk any money on Fardale until I was sure you had a good, stiff backbone. Now, I shall not hesitate to bet on your team. We'll cut out the wine and cigarettes; but, in clear, pure water, we'll drink to the success of Fardale. Surely," he laughed, "you'll not object to drinking such a toast in water?"

Dick did not object.

A pitcher of ice water stood on a little table, and Morgan filled two glasses.

Now, for some reason, Dick Merriwell had grown strongly suspicious of the fellow. He observed that Morgan turned his back while pouring the water, and he fancied he detected an unnecessary movement.

"Something's up!" thought young Merriwell, scenting danger.

Morgan handed him a glass.

Immediately Dick decided not to drink its contents, although it seemed to contain harmless, colourless water.

But how was he to avoid doing so without flatly refusing?

He was about to propose that they exchange glasses, when from the street came sudden sounds of excitement, a clatter of hoofs, shouts of men and the screams of a woman.

Startled, Morgan set down his glass and ran to the window.

Quick as a flash, Dick exchanged his glass for Morgan's. He took pains to place his own glass on the exact spot where Morgan's had stood. Then, with Morgan's glass in his hand, he hastened to the window.

It was a runaway coming down the village street. The wagon contained a woman—the wife of a farmer, who was running some distance behind, shouting for some one to stop the horse.

Out from the hotel sprang a muscular, broad-shouldered lad, rushing fearlessly out to make a leap for the head of the horse.

It was Brad Buckhart, and he caught the bit of the runaway with his strong left hand.

Then the Texan exerted all his splendid strength
to check the animal, being dragged for several rods. But, with his right hand, he fastened on the nostrils of the terrified animal, shutting off its wind. After that, it was not long before he had checked the creature and brought it to a full stop, the carriage being quickly surrounded by a crowd of men and boys.

"That," said Dick, proudly, "is our catcher."

"He's all right!" declared Morgan, in admiration.

"By Jove! he is a splendid fellow! He knows how to handle a horse."

"He ought to; he has broken bronchos on his father's ranch in Texas."

They watched the crowd a few moments, seeing that Buckhart was the object of admiration and praise, and then Morgan turned from the window.

"I'd like to meet that chap," he said. "Let's drink that toast and then go down. You kept your glass, didn't you? Well, here is mine on the table."

He picked it up.

"Here's to the success of Fardale to-day, and Dick Merriwell always," he cried. "May you become as famous as your wonderful brother. Drink it down!"

They drained their glasses.

"Why, I just stopped a runaway horse, and these chumps out you are making an awful row over it."

"Making a row?"

"Yes. They seem to think I did something wonderful, and one galoot called me a hero. Think of being called a hero, just because you happened to stop a runaway and there was a woman in the wagon. The woman wanted to hug me, too! They're coming! Here is where I take to the tall timber! You hear me shout!"

And he fled up the stairs, three steps at a time, quickly disappearing from view.

"Well, well!" laughed Morgan, "his modesty is distressing. Is he always that way?"

"Hardly," answered Dick. "Why, at school he is regarded as a braggart, for he has a way of swaggering and telling about killing grizzlies and Indians and greasers and horse thieves. He is a fellow of contradictions."

"Well, it's plain I'll not get an introduction to him, unless we chase him to the tall timber," smiled Dade. "So I think we'll cut that out now. I'll have a chance to see him later. I wish to attend to a little business before the game, and I may be able to get it done before dinner, so I believe I'll look after it. Business before pleasure, you know."

"That's right," nodded Dick. "I presume we'll see you at the game?"

"Sure thing! You bet I'll be there to whoop it up for Fardale."

A flashily-dressed young man with a light mustache brushed past them, and it seemed that he gave Morgan a sharp look. Dade, however, did not glance in his direction.

Morgan and Dick parted, the latter to go out and join several of the Fardale lads on the veranda.

Dade said something about having forgotten something in his room, and ran up the stairs.

The young man with the light mustache came out and sauntered round the corner toward the hotel stable, which sat back a considerable distance from the street.
Five minutes later, Morgan came out and turned in the same direction. As he passed beyond the corner, he glanced back and observed that Dick had not seemed to notice him.

He was mistaken, for young Merriwell had seen him, and it was not five minutes later that Dick carelessly left his friends, and walked away in the direction of the stable.

Somehow his suspicions were again awakened. He entered the stable quietly. At first, he saw nothing of the ones he sought, but he quickly located them in a stall.

They were together.

Now, in a twinkling, Dick’s suspicions that something was crooked became convictions.

He stepped into another empty stall, and distinctly heard Morgan say:

“You can go the limit, Carter. Fardale’s only chance to win was with young Merriwell in the box, and the drug will fix him so he’ll not pitch to-day.”

“You did well,” said the man called Carter, “and here is the money promised you.”

“But I’m to have a percentage of your winnings, old man. I am to be in on the rake-off.”

“That’s all right. Don’t you worry.”

“Don’t throw me down on this, Carter. I’ve got to make a strike here and get away before the officers locate me.”

“You can bet this stake I’ve given you and the whole thing ought to put you on your feet.”

“Sure. These Rivermouth fellows will have a walkover with Merriwell out of it, but those slobs who think Merriwell will pitch are ready to stake their long green on Fardale.”

“The kid must have been easy?”

“He was rather; but, you see, I knew just how to work the cards with him.”

The men seemed on the point of leaving the stall, and so Dick decided to get out of the stable in a hurry, which he proceeded to do.

His blood was running warm in his body, and he felt like getting at Morgan.

“Buckhart was right!” he thought, as he hurried back to the hotel. “Dade Morgan is a scoundrel! Frank was deceived in thinking the fellow had reformed. So he planned to drug me! Well, if I am not mistaken, he’ll feel that drug getting in its work later on.”

Dick’s feeling of satisfaction over getting the best of the trickster did not banish the sensation of anger that possessed him, and he longed to tell both Morgan and Carter just what he thought of them.

But his better judgment prevented him from doing this, as he knew it would show the scoundrels that their trick had been discovered, and they would take alarm.

He did not wish them to do this. On the contrary, he wanted them to continue with the conviction that their nefarious scheme had not miscarried, for that would lead them into wagering large sums on the success of the Rivermouth team in the game that afternoon.

“I’ll pitch as if my life depended on it!” he muttered, as he ascended the stairs. “Rivermouth shall not win to-day.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE ENCOUNTER IN THE HOTEL.

The reputation of Rivermouth as a town was not good. The place was one of those country villages in which the “bad element” held the balance of power and kept the respectable citizens in a state of terror or subjection.

Of course, there were honest people in Rivermouth, but they feared the tough citizens and dared not rise against them.

Although prize fighting was contrary to the laws of the State, it flourished in Rivermouth, where the most brutal exhibitions were given in the “opera house,” and called sparring matches.

In the village there was a large number of gamblers and “sports.” These men bet on everything containing the elements of chance and skill.

The sports were out to size up the Fardale base-
ball team, and all seemed anxious for a look at Dick Merriwell, concerning whom they had heard so much.

Other members of the team heard them discussing Dick, and his appearance.

And they did not forget that he was the brother of Frank Merriwell, who had made such a wonderful reputation in amateur athletics and sports of a reputable sort.

It seemed that Frank’s record was known in every part of the country, but here near Fardale people took particular interest in him, as he had once been a cadet at the military academy.

But Riverrmouth gamblers could not forget that in the past their home team had always won at home, and so, for all of the fact that Dick was said to be a wonder of a pitcher—like his brother—a large number of the Rivermouth crowd stood ready to bet that Fardale would lose.

At the same time, there were those who stood ready to back the visitors, although they were in the minority.

Dinner at the Densmore was over when the sports began to gather in the office of the hotel, and a few bets were made there, although the crowd had not become warmed up.

It was about one o’clock when Phil Carter sauntered into the office and announced that he was looking for “suckers.”

“Where are the Fardale shouters?” he asked. “I’ve looked that crowd of kids over, and it is my opinion that they cannot play marbles.”

“Have you taken a good look at Dick Merriwell?” quietly inquired a local sport, by the name of Jack Deering.

“Sure thing. He’s like the rest—easy. It is my belief that Rivermouth will bat him out of the box in the first inning.”

“He may be deceptive in appearance,” said Deering. “I don’t think Rivermouth will bat him out of the box at all.”

“Then you’re the cheese I’m looking for,” said Carter, insolently. “I’ll bet you something he does not last three innings, if he goes into the box at all.”

“Money talks,” came significantly from the lips of the fellow who was willing to risk something on Fardale. “How much?”

“Twenty-five even that he does not last three innings.”

“Done.”

A stakeholder was chosen, and the money placed in his hands.

“Why, it’s a snap!” laughed Carter, in the same contemptuous, insolent manner. “You’ll see Rivermouth light on him at the very start, and he’ll go up in the air right away. Rivermouth will win in a walk.”

“I’m willing to go you something on that,” Deering quietly announced. “I think Fardale is going to carry off the game.”

“Well, you’re usually level-headed, they say, but you’re off your trolley to-day.”

“By the way you talk, I should judge you are willing to give odds that Rivermouth will win?”

“That’s right.”

“How much?”

“Two to one.”

“Then you may cover twenty-five more for me, and we’ll put it where we put the other.”

So Carter placed fifty against Deering’s twenty-five.

Carter grew more insolent in his remarks.

“It’s my opinion,” he said, “that this young Merriwell is a big case of bluff.”

“What makes you think so?” asked some one.

“He looks it. He’s conceited, and he thinks himself the whole show. That is plain. He’s going on his brother’s reputation, but he’ll get the wind taken out of him to-day. Rivermouth will reduce the swelling of his head in short order.”

Brad Buckhart had sauntered into the room in time to hear these remarks. He stood with his hands on his hips, regarding Carter with a frown on his rugged face.
“Say, you!” he exclaimed, “what’s that hot air you are blowing round here?”

Carter turned and surveyed Buckhart.

“It’s one of the Fardale kids,” he said, with a curling lip. “A lot of babies, and they’ll cry before Rivermouth is done with them.”

Now, that was quite enough to thoroughly arouse the Texan.

“You’re another!” exploded Brad. ‘You’ll find the Fardale kids are not squealers, if they get beaten, but I don’t reckon they raise the timber in this yere town to beat us. If they play fair, we’ll give them the hottest hustle they ever struck. You hear me gently warble!”

Carter laughed.

“Who are you?” he asked. “You are liable to get damaged in the shuffle, if you shoot your mouth off like that.”

“Don’t let that worry you,” returned the Westerner. “I’ll take care of little Brad. I will, I know.”

Dade Morgan was in the room. Up to this point he had kept quiet, but something about the Texan seemed to irritate him so that he could not keep his silence longer.

“Don’t mind the fellow, Carter,” he said. “He’s got a swelled head because he happened to stop a runaway horse in the street a while ago.”

Buckhart faced Morgan at once.

“That’s right!” he exclaimed. “Show your true colors! I reckoned all the while that you were yellow, like a mongrel pup.”

Morgan came to his feet in a twinkling, his thin lips drawn back against his teeth and his eyes blazing.

“You insolent blowhard!” he hissed, striding quickly forward, “swallow those words at once, or I’ll give you the worst thrashing you ever received!”

Brad buttoned his coat closer about him, smiling scornfully.

“Butt in, Mr. Morgan,” he invited. “I sized you up the first time I put my eyes on you, and I never swallow anything but my rations.”

“Hold on!” cried several. “He’s nothing but a boy! Don’t hit him!”

For Morgan seemed on the point of striking the Texan.

“Let him go ahead,” urged Buckhart. “He won’t hurt me any, if he does hit me. A sneak never can hurt much, unless he strikes a fellow from behind.”

With a snarl, Morgan struck hard and straight at Brad’s mouth.

The Texan dodged like a flash, and then he swung on Dade’s jaw with his left.

Brad could strike a terrible blow, and he got in one of his heaviest this time.

Down dropped Morgan, his head striking against the leg of the barrel stove in the center of the office. He was stunned and lay quite still.

The crack of Buckhart’s fist against Morgan’s jaw had sounded like the report of a pistol.

The witnesses were startled by the result of this brief encounter, for they had not fancied that the sturdy Texan lad would be able to dispose of his antagonist thus suddenly.

“I’m afraid I slugged him too hard,” said Brad, as Morgan rolled over on his back and lay still in a sprawling position. “I didn’t opine he’d be so easy.”

Phil Carter was amazed, but now he caught up a baseball bat from a corner and swung it over his head, intending to strike Buckhart with it.

Had the bat fallen, it is possible Brad’s skull would have been cracked.

A cry of horror escaped the lips of several witnesses, but a youth who entered the room at that moment, stepping through the door directly behind Carter, was the only one near enough to prevent the dastardly attack.

It was Dick Merriwell himself, and he made a spring that enabled him to clutch the bat. In a twinkling, he tore it from the hands of Carter and flung it aside.

The man wheeled and was just in time to receive a terrible punch in the stomach that doubled him up like a jackknife.
Buckhart seized the gambler on one side by the collar and the slack of his trowsers.

"Catch hold, pard!" he shouted.
Like a flash, Dick had a similar hold on the other side of the fellow.

"Swing him!" said Brad.
They gave Carter a swing.

"Let him go!"

Through the air sailed the man like a sprawling frog.
Crash! he struck the center of a window.
Through the window he went, carrying away sash and glass and disappearing from view.

Dick Merriwell turned to the paralyzed clerk behind the desk, quietly saying:

"Make out your bill of damages, and I will settle for the window."

CHAPTER V.
A TOUGH CROWD.

The prompt manner in which the two Fardale boys had disposed of Buckhart's assailants astounded the witnesses.

But Rivermouth was not a place into which outsiders could come and do such a thing without danger to themselves, and there seemed to be trouble in the air.

Morgan was a stranger in the place, but Carter was well known there, having been concerned in the management of a number of prize fights held in Rivermouth.

Several of Carter's friends were in the office of the hotel, and they rose at once, infuriated by the treatment he had received.

"Go for them!" roared a tough. "Come on! wipe out the Fardale lobsters!"

But it happened that several others from the academy drifted in just then, including Smart and Bradley, and they promptly lined up with Dick and Brad.

"Dear me!" said Smart. "What a lovely time we are going to have! I do so enjoy being set on by a gang of roughs and hammered to death! It's great sport!"

"Hold on!" cried the hotel clerk. "This thing has gone far enough in here!"

"Not till we knock the stuffing out of the Fardale crowd!" roared the young leader of the mob. "See what they did to Carter and this other feller!"

"The other fellow picked the quarrel," protested the clerk.

"He struck the first blow," said Dick. "We are not looking for trouble, but we have to take care of ourselves."

"And you bet your sweet life we're going to do that!" muttered the Texan.

"Hi don't see 'ow we can 'elp hit," gently murmured Billy Bradley. "Hit's the natural thing to do in a case like this, don't you know."

"We'll stand by you, fellows!" exclaimed Joe Savage, pressing upward. "If it's fight, they shall have all they want."

"But there's going to be no more fighting here!" insisted the clerk. "Look at that window! That's enough! You'll wreck the place!"

The ruffians would have charged, nevertheless, if the clerk had not resorted to desperate measures. He pulled out a drawer beneath the office desk and took a revolver from it.

"I'll shoot the first sucker who tries to make further trouble!" he declared. "That's business! I'm here to protect the property of the proprietor, and I'm going to do it."

He was watching the leader of the thugs, and the big ruffian saw it, which caused him to hold back.

"All right," he muttered; "we don't want to do no more damage here, but we'll soak this gang before it gets out of town, see if we don't!"

"That's a pleasant prospect!" said Smart, with a cheerful smile.

"Now, you fellows who don't belong in the hotel get out!" ordered the clerk.
And he compelled them all to leave the room, al-
though some of them expressed a desire to remain and look after Morgan.

"We'll look out for him," said the clerk.

"Well, that's blown over, for the present," said Dick, who had been prepared for the worst; "but I fancy we are going to have a hot time before we leave Rivermouth."

"What jolly, hospitable people there are in this place!" exclaimed Smart.

Merriwell bent over Morgan, who began to breathe heavily, as if in considerable distress.

"I'm afraid you did him up for fair, Brad," Dick whispered, as Buckhart looked on.

"His head struck the stove," said the Texan.

"I hope his skull isn't cracked."

"There goes the hotter gent across the street to the apothecary store," said Bradley. "'E seems to be somewhat urt by the way 'e was 'andled."

Carter was crossing the street, surrounded by a number of friends. His hands and face had been cut by the glass, and he was bleeding rather freely.

"I opine he thinks he struck the real thing that time," observed Buckhart.

They lifted Morgan and carried him upstairs to his room. As they placed him on the bed, his eyes opened, and he stared at them in a bewildered way.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "It seems to me——"

Then he saw Buckhart and struggled to a sitting position on the bed.

"You hit me!" he cried, pantingly.

"I believe I did have that pleasure, partner," admitted the Westerner.

"Why, I'll——"

But when he tried to rise, as if with the thought of springing at Brad, his strength failed and he sank back, panting and baffled.

"You—you, a boy!" he gasped, as if overcome by the disgrace of being knocked out by a lad like the Texan.

"You struck at him first," said Dick. "He struck back in self-defense, and your head encountered the stove when you fell."

"Then it was the stove that knocked me out, not him," said Morgan, as if somewhat relieved.

"Have it that way, if it suits you better," said Brad. "It makes no difference to me."

"Get out of here, all of you!" snarled Morgan. "This is my room! Get out!"

"I allow, pard," said Brad, speaking to Dick, "that he has shown up his true colors, and now you know just about the kind of a galoot he is."

Dick made no answer. It had not taken this affair to open his eyes to the real character of Dade Morgan.

They left Morgan to himself, hearing him snarling at them as they closed the door behind them.

"His skull isn't cracked," smiled Dick, "but his temper is."

"This is a lovely town!" chuckled Smart. "I'd just love to live in this place!"

"We've seen some of the worst element," asserted Dick. "There must be respectable people here."

"There ought to be," nodded Savage; "but I doubt if there are."

"Oh, we'll have a lovely time at the ball game!" chirped Smart. "If we beat, we'll be mobbed! What a delightful prospect!"

Already Dick had decided that Rivermouth would be a fine place to leave off the schedule in both baseball and football, but he did not say so just then. Instead, he treated the whole affair as a matter of small consequence.

Dade Morgan vowed vengeance to himself after being left alone in his room. His head pained him, and he felt badly shaken up and rather weak.

After a while, he rose from the bed and bathed his head, on the back of which was a swelling, where it had struck against the leg of the stove.

While he was thus engaged, Phil Carter, accompanied by the young thug who had sought to lead the ruffians against Dick and Brad, came in.
Carter's face and hands were bandaged and covered by surgeon's plaster.

Morgan looked at him in surprise.

"What happened to you?" he asked.

"Why, those young devils jumped on me, and threw me through the window!" answered Carter.

"We'd cleaned them out," put in the leader of the gang, "but Dinny Casey pulled a pistol on us, and we had to get out."

"Say," said Carter, "are you sure you got the drug into this Merriwell? He's the liveliest duck I ever saw for a chap who was doped."

"That's because it isn't time for the stuff to work," said Morgan. "Wait till he gets out and warms up for the game. As soon as he begins to sweat he'll grow dizzy and blind."

As he said this, he passed a hand over his eyes, blinking strangely.

"He'll feel just about as I did then for a moment," he said. "The crack on the head made me feel that way. It's gone now. But when it tackles him he'll be no earthly good."

"And after the game is over," put in the third fellow, whose name was McCoy, "we'll just wade into that gang and put 'em outer business. We'll send 'em all back home on stretchers. There's goin' ter be lots of fun this afternoon."

CHAPTER VI
"FOUR BALLS."

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FARDALE</th>
<th>RIVERMOUTH</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Savage, c.f.</td>
<td>Dean, s.s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shamrock, b.b.</td>
<td>McManus, b.b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Singleton, b.b.</td>
<td>Hitchcock, c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buckhart, c.</td>
<td>Grinnell, r.f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nunn, b.b.</td>
<td>O'Hara, c.f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gordan, 1.f.</td>
<td>Mitchell, b.b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stark, r.f.</td>
<td>Dorsey, 1.f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smart, s.s.</td>
<td>Geogan, 2.b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merriwell, p.</td>
<td>Hare, p.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Above is the batting order of each team as given to the scorer that afternoon.

Rivermouth did not have a large enclosure for her ball ground, and the grandstand was rather small. This, combined with the fact that the game between the home team and Fardale had created no small amount of talk and excitement, served to pack the place uncomfortably.

And it is likely that never before had the cadets witnessed just such a gathering of spectators at a ball game.

It was a rough crowd, to say the very least. The fair sex was represented, but there was no large gathering of ladies in the grandstand.

The crowd roared its greeting when Rivermouth trotted onto the field and began preliminary practice. They had no regular cheer, it seemed, but they just opened their mouths and let out a wild howl.

"Listen to that musical sound!" said Ted Smart, giving Dick Merriwell a nudge. "Wouldn't it tickle the ear of a Wagner!"

"Well, blown if it doesn't remind me of Wagner's music!" nodded Buckhart. "It does, I know!"

"And what a choice gathering of highly-intellectual people!" exclaimed Ted. "Just look at their faces! Aren't they kind and lamblike in appearance!"

"Look like a lot of wolves," declared Fred Stark, shrugging his shoulders. "If they take a fancy to start a rough house here to-day there will be a hot time."

"And you'll see me taking to the tall timber," said Buckhart. "Why, if that bunch starts out to fight they'll sure rip up the bleachers and use the timbers to wipe us off the field with. You hear me peep!"

The home team was made up of players older and heavier than the visitors.

"Some old stagers in that lot," said Captain Nunn, as he watched the practice. "But it won't do to mention professionalism here."

Close together on the bleacher's sat three men, who were conversing in subdued tones. They were Dade Morgan, Phil Carter and "Bim" McCoy, the tough.

"How much have you on the game?" asked Morgan, who was looking strangely pale and uneasy.

"I don't know just how much," answered Carter, whose patched and plastered face made him conspicuous; "but it's a lot more than I care to drop."
“No danger of that,” asserted Morgan. “With Merriwell knocked out, those kids can’t win off Rivermouth.”

“But I fail to see any signs that Merriwell is in any danger of being knocked out.”

“Wait till he warms up. Oh, Lord! But I’m feeling sick myself! Who is practicing now? I can’t see anything but a blur on the field. That was an awful crack on the head.”

“It was a corker,” nodded McCoy. “But the gang’ll git at the feller what done it before he leaves town, an’ we won’t leave him in the shape of nothin’.”

Carter looked at Morgan in a suspicious manner, seemed on the point of saying something, but shook his head and resumed watching the practice.

“Don’t hesitate to go your whole pile on Rivermouth, Carter, old man,” urged Morgan. “It’s a sure thing.”

“I may place a few scads after the game begins.”

“If you wait that long, you’ll not find a soul to bet on the Fardale crowd.”

“Well, I’ll chance it. I must make this a sure thing. Where is your gang, Bim?”

“Over on the odder side,” answered the thug, pointing toward nearly a dozen rough-looking chaps, who had gathered back of the bench to be occupied during the game by the visiting players. “They’re handy, where they can sail out onto the field any time. If I give the signal you’ll see something doing in a hurry.”

“Merriwell is getting ready to warm up. He’s pulling off his sweater.”

“Now watch,” urged Morgan. “You’ll see him begin to act queer in a short time.”

Dick began throwing easily to Buckhart, taking his time and refraining from beginning with the least degree of violence.

By the time the Rivermouth fellows were ready to come off the field Dick was ready to stop throwing. This disappointed many, who had expected to see him use great speed and make a grand display of some sort.

“He isn’t so much,” declared many.

The practice of the visiting team was very good, although the cadets seemed nervous.

Finally Captain Hitchcock decided that Rivermouth would take the field first, and Fardale came in to the bench.

“Talk to the fellows a little, Dick,” urged Steve Nunn. “They’re nervous, and you can cool them down better than I.”

So Dick gathered them around him, and gave them a little talk.

“We’re just as good as those fellows, boys,” he said, smilingly. “I think we’re a little better. Keep cool. No matter what happens, don’t quit. Quitters never win close games. Don’t lose your tempers. Don’t mind the howling of the crowd. Just shut your ears, and pay no attention to anything you hear. The first fellow who answers any one in the crowd ought to be put on the bench. We’re not here for trouble, but to play ball, and we’re going to show these people that we can fill the bill. You’re the first batter, Savage. You know what to do. Work the pitcher for anything you can get.”

“Play ball!” called the umpire.

Hare was in position and Hitchcock was adjusting the wire mask.

A shout went up from the crowd.

“Wipe ’em off the map!” was the cry. “They robbed you at football. Show them they don’t know how to play this game!”

Savage picked up his favorite bat and walked out to the plate, looking fierce as possible. He glared at Hare with an expression that astonished the slender pitcher.

“That feller can eat railroad iron!” cried a voice from the crowd.

Although advised to put the ball right over the pan, Hare seemed hypnotized by the glare of the batter, and he threw wide.
“Get ’em over! Get ’em over!” grated Joe, with a pretense of great disgust.

“Oh, dry up!” roared a dozen voices from the crowd.

Hare was annoyed, and he motioned for Savage to stand back from the plate.

Joe did not stir.

Still more annoyed, the pitcher whistled a ball straight at the batter, forcing Joe to jump across the plate to get out of the way.

“Two balls!” said the umpire.

“Bore him, Hare—bore him!” shouted the crowd.

“Hit him in the head!” roared a man.

“Let him hit you, Joe,” advised Smart. “It won’t hurt! He hasn’t a bit of speed!”

At this a groan of derision rose from the crowd.

“Hear the little runt!” bellowed a voice. “If he ever hits that chap there’ll be a funeral to-morrow.”

But Savage did not seem a bit disturbed by all this. Again he crowded so near to the plate that the umpire ordered him back. He seemed literally thirsting for a good ball to hit, and Hare fancied it would be easy to lead him into slashing at a bad one, for which reason he threw a wide out-curve.

Joe let it pass.

“Three balls!”

“Say, that fellow is a fine pitcher!” chirped Smart.

“He has great control! He can miss the plate every time!”

“Shut up!” cried the crowd again. “You’ll find he can pitch!”

Now the fierce expression on the face of Savage changed to one of scorn and contempt, as if he regarded the pitcher with the utmost derision. He stood up as if he thought it would be impossible for Hare to get a ball over, no matter how hard he tried.

Never before had Hare pitched to a man who irritated him as Savage did. He longed to punch Joe, and that led him to pitch another bad one.

“Four balls! Take your base,” came from the umpire.

And Savage trotted down to first.

---

CHAPTER VII.
SMART SHOWS UP.

“Isn’t it perfectly awful!” came from Smart, as Shannock walked out to the plate. “I’m afraid they’ll have to put in another pitcher right off.”

“You’re getting the crowd sore, Ted,” laughed Dick, in a low tone. “Hear them growling about you.”

“Call Gordan back to the bench and let me go down there to coach,” said Ted, “and I’ll soothe their ruffled feelings.”

But Nunn had sent Gordan out to coach for the reason that he did not wish to anger the crowd too much, and Ted was retained on the bench.

Shannock picked out the second pitched ball, and hit it hard. It flew on a line, apparently straight over Doan’s head, but the shortstop made a magnificent leap into the air, cuffed it down with one hand and caught it as it fell. Then he wheeled and drove it across to first before Savage could get back, and two men were out.

This set the Rivermouth crowd roaring with satisfaction.

“Now what do you kids think?” they shouted.

“Why, you won’t be in the game a minute!”

“Hew sad!” murmured Smart. “We may as well stop now! It’s plain we shall not get a score!”

Singleton walked out with his “slugger” over his shoulder.
Here gave him a swift one, and Big Bob lazily put his bat against it.
Then the big fellow woke up, and when he stopped running he was safely on second base.

"Now, wasn’t that too bad!" came from Smart.
"I’m so sorry he did it! It’s a real shame!"

Buckhart was anxious to do a similar trick, but he simply succeeded in lifting a fly that was pulled down by the left fielder, and the cadets were retired without a score.

"Now, we’ll see the great Merriwell!” was the derisive cry. "Knock him out of the box, fellows!"

On the bleachers Dade Morgan suddenly braced up, brushing his hand over his eyes.

"I’m awful sick, Carter!" he muttered, huskily.
"Never felt so queer in all my life. Feel just as if I had swallowed that dope, instead of Merriwell. He’s going out now, isn’t he?"

"Yes."

"Just watch him close. He ought to be feeling the stuff by this time."

"I don’t see any signs of it."

"You will, you will! It’s got to come on him right away."

But Dick had never looked fresher and in better condition than he did as he walked into the box. He looked round to make sure every player was in position, and then he toed the rubber.

The crowd opened up on all sides, advising Doan to go right after Dick, whom they called a mark.

Dick smiled, nodding as Brad called for the jump ball.

The first one seemed straight over the heart of the plate and just where the batter wanted it. He struck at it hard, but the ball rose with that sharp jump, and the bat encountered nothing but empty air.

"Strike!" from the umpire.

Behind Dick the players chattered at him from different parts of the field, telling him how easy it was to strike Doan out, advising him to give the poor fellow an easy one, and saying many other things calculated to encourage the pitcher and disturb the batter.

Doan had been greatly surprised when he missed the first one. He looked at his bat in astonishment.

"It’s full of holes—full of holes!" cried Smart.

The batter wondered how he had missed the ball. Dick threw another just like the first, and again Doan struck under it.

This time he discovered the trouble, for he plainly saw the ball jump.

He was not the only one to see this remarkable movement of the ball. From the crowd came cries of surprise, and men turned to their companions to ask if they had observed the remarkably quick rise.

Merriwell saw the knowing expression pass over the face of Doan.

"He’s onto the rise," thought Dick, "and he’ll go high for the next one."

Immediately he assumed a position that told Buckhart he would throw a drop.

Then, with what seemed to be exactly the same delivery as before, he whistled the ball over the plate.

The result was really laughable, for Doan struck so high in the air that he seemed to miss the ball by at least two feet. In the very last moment of time he had realized the ball was dropping and had tried to get down after it. This caused him to make such a weak swing that the witnesses were disgusted.

The first Rivermouth batter had fanned before Dick Merriwell’s puzzling delivery and curves.

McManus came up.

"Give me a few of those jumpers, kid," he sneered.

"I won’t do a thing to ’em!"
“That’s right,” laughed Smart; “you won’t.”

Dick opened with a drop, and it happened that McManus had fancied he would do something of the sort. The result was that he lifted the ball into the air.

Smart started to run backward, caught his heel, fell down, rolled heels over head, came up to a sitting position and caught the ball when it fell into his hands.

“My usual style of playing,” he declared. “I did that just to make a sensation. Next time I’ll tie myself in a knot before doing a stunt with the sphere.”

“Rotten! rotten! rotten!” howled the disgusted crowd.

Hitchcock, the big catcher, advanced to the plate. He was the captain of the team.

“See Hitch knock it a mile!” shouted a fellow with a heavy voice.

“Make it half-a-mile, Hitch,” begged Smart.

The captain of the home team was rather disturbed by Ted’s success in holding the fly after falling, and when Dick put over a straight one he drove a “whisker-trimmer” straight at the little fellow.

The ball came down to Ted in a twinkling. In fact, it came so fast that he hardly saw it.

But he did not dodge.

Instead he pluckily planted himself, and froze to the ball.

It knocked him over in a sitting position.

Hitchcock, for all of his size, was a swift runner, and Ted saw he would not have time to get onto his feet before throwing to Singleton. Therefore, still sitting flat on the ground, he threw the ball.

It was a handsome throw, the ball coming into the hands of the first baseman without compelling him to stretch for it in the least.

Hitchcock was out.

A sullen silence fell on the crowd, followed by mutterings of disgust over the “luck,” as it was called.

“I told you! I told you!” snickered Smart. “I knew I’d do something like that! Oh, dear! I’m so afraid you fellows won’t be able to score at all! That would break my poor little heart!”

Fardale came in from the field.

“Look here!” exclaimed Carter in the ear of Dade Morgan. “I want to know if you have been playing on the level with me!”

“Of course I have!” muttered Morgan, who was blue round the mouth and seemed in great distress. “Oh, how sick I am!”

“What ails you? It can’t be——”

“It must be the thump on the head; but everything is all blurry and dark before me, and I’m growing sick at my stomach.”

Carter seemed seized by a sudden conviction.

“You’ve been tricked, Morgan!” he declared.

“Tricked?”

“Yes.”

“By whom?”

“Merriwell.”

“How?”

“I don’t know how, but I’ll bet my life he found a way to get that dope into you—he did not drink it at all! That’s what ails you. He has put you out of business, and he’s just as fresh as ever!”

“No, no!” protested Morgan, feebly. “It can’t be!”

“That’s just exactly what has happened!” grated Carter. “Now, we’re in a fine scrape! You poor fool! You’ve helped me lose my money! But I won’t lose it! Fardale shall not win! I’ll see to that if it costs me a hundred. McCoy.”

“Yes, sir.”
“Get your gang ready. You may have to knock out one or two of those fellows. I’m going to get hold of Hitchcock. The remainder of this game will be red hot, you bet!”

CHAPTER VIII.
DIRT Y PLAYING.

Carter spoke the truth. The remainder of the game was red hot in every sense of the word.

There seemed nothing like the spirit of true sport in the crowd of spectators. They yelled in wild enthusiasm whenever the home team did well, and they howled in derision whether the opposite side made an error or a brilliant play. They called the cadets lobsters and slobs. They were insulting to a degree that was almost unbearable.

But what seemed to make the crowd angry was the fact that not one of the visitors seemed to hear their taunts and jeers and groans. The Fardale lads behaved like gentlemen, and the howling of the hoodlums made no impression on them.

McCoy and his gang led the howling and did everything possible to rattle the cadets.

Dick Merriwell talked to the players whenever possible in a low tone, keeping them steadied down and cool. For this Steve Nunn was grateful, as he afterward confessed that he had to fight himself all the time to keep from squaring away on the diamond and telling the jeering mob what he thought of them. He had a temper of his own, and his face was white as chalk most of the time, while his teeth were set and his dark eyes blazing.

Had Dick Merriwell given away to his natural impulses he would have been in a fight before the second inning was finished.

But Frank had often told him that no pitcher could hope to succeed unless he could master his temper.

Therefore it seemed surprising when Dick was smiling and cool and unruffled through everything.

Fortunately for the cadets there was one man in Rivermouth who was interested in baseball, and who wished to see a square and fair game.

That man happened to be the sheriff. When he discovered that there were indications of trouble he lost no time in gathering about him several deputies and instructing them to preserve the best order possible.

But he knew the disposition of the rowdies in town, and he did not stop by calling on the regular deputies, three in number. Instead, he hastened to the hotel and telephoned several sturdy citizens of the place, who had not taken enough interest in the game to attend. He asked them to come without delay to the office of a local justice.

In that office five more deputies were sworn in temporarily and furnished with badges. Then the sheriff marched them to the field, where he arrived just in time to drive back about twenty young thugs, who were crowding about Buckhart and bothering and annoying the Texan.

Then the sheriff announced that he was there to preserve order, and he proposed to do it.

Buckhart afterward confessed that he should have been engaged in a “scrimmage” in about ten seconds if the sheriff had not arrived just when he did.

In spite of the difficulties under which they were laboring, the cadets were handsomely holding their own, for four complete innings had been played and neither side had scored a run.

The toughs knew the sheriff was a man who meant anything he said, and so they were forced to be content for the time in howling at the visitors.

Carter was growing desperate, for he saw the Fardale team was even better than he had imagined, while Dick Merriwell was a wonder.
Tingling with rage, he sought Dade Morgan, but was told that Morgan had been led from the ground, complaining that he was blind.

Then Carter fancied he saw how he could work on the evil passions of the toughs, and he hastened to spread the report that Morgan’s injury from Buckhart’s blow had caused him to be stricken by blindness.

Immediately there were loud threats against the Texan.

“We’ll skin him alive before he gets out of this town,” declared one fellow, taking pains that Brad should hear him.

But the Westerner betrayed not a symptom of fear, unless absolute silence could be construed as such.

The fifth inning opened with Stark at the bat, and he got a clean hit.

Then he promptly stole second.

But he was forced to slide, and Crogan spiked him in the most deliberate and wanton manner, ripping open Stark’s sleeve and cutting a gash four inches long in his right forearm.

This was enough to enrage the Fardale boys, but still Dick advised them to keep cool.

It was necessary to take Stark out of the game, and his place was filled by Scudder, who had been sitting on the bench.

As there was no doctor on the ground, Stark left to go to the office of the nearest physician, where he could have his wound dressed.

This incident put the Fardale team in an ugly mood, and they played in grim silence.

Smart sacrificed Scudder to third.

With one man out and Dick at the bat, it looked like a score.

Dick picked out a good one, and met it handsomely, driving it far into center field.

Scudder might have held his base and found time to come home after the ball fell, but it did not seem that O’Hara could touch the ball, so he trotted home.

But O’Hara made a great run to the right and flung himself forward for the ball.

It struck in his hands and bounded out.

O’Hara went down as the ball dropped, but he came up with it in his hands, shouting that he had caught it.

The umpire promptly pronounced Dick out, although fifty persons afterward confessed that they distinctly saw O’Hara pick up the ball from the ground.

Scudder tried to get back to third, but the ball was thrown there and he was out.

The limit of endurance had been reached, and Captain Nunn protested to the umpire against the decision.

“Go ‘way back and sit down!” yelled one of the crowd.

“Baby! baby!” shouted another.

“Put him out of the game, Mr. Umpire!” advised a third.

“Don’t take any slack from him!”

“All we want is a fair show, umpire,” said Steve, “but we do want that.”

“You’re getting it,” said the umpire, angrily. “I saw him catch the ball.”

“It’s no use, captain,” said Buckhart. “We’ve got to play ten men on the field and the crowd on the benches. We have, I know!”

As O’Hara came trotting in with a grin on his face, Steve, who was walking out to second base, heard him say to Doan:

“Didn’t I work that slick? I got a whole handful of dirt and grass with the ball.”

“Then you did pick it up?” laughed Doan.
“Sure thing,” nodded the center fielder of the home team. Immediately Steve wheeled about and followed O’Hara to the bench, asking him to step over to the umpire.
The fellow frowned, but did not object.
“Mr. Umpire,” said Steve, “I don’t expect you to change your decision now, but will you take this player’s word for it as to whether or not he caught that ball?”
“Yes,” said the umpire.
Then Steve put the question squarely to O’Hara.
“Of course I caught the ball, kid!” exclaimed the center fielder, without a blush.
“And you did not drop it?”
“No.”
“You didn’t pick it up from the ground?”
“Not on your life.”
“Then why did you tell the shortstop that it was a pick-up?”
“I didn’t tell him anything of the kind. Go chase yourself! You give me a cramp!”
Steve was on the point of calling the fellow a liar, but his better judgment prevented. So he simply surveyed O’Hara in a manner that plainly showed what he thought, whirled on his heel and walked down across the diamond.

But now Grogan bunted a ball down toward third base.
At the same time some one of the players, having crowded close to the line between third and the home plate and being within a few feet of the batter, threw a second ball along the ground in the same direction as the batted ball. The two bounded along side by side and about two feet apart.

Shannock came leaping forward and caught up the wrong ball, which he sent whisking over to first base. The ball that was in play went past Shannock, and but for the promptness of Smart, who backed Sam up and got the right ball, which he threw home to Buckhart, the Rivermouths would have scored on the trick.

The moment Shannock threw the ball he knew it was the wrong one, because it was much lighter than the regular one, being nothing but a cheap boys’ ball.

Steve Nunn had seen the player who threw the ball into the diamond, and he lost no time in demanding of the umpire that he be put out of the game.

But the umpire declared he had not seen the ball thrown, and the player denied that he threw it.

Then Steve was for quitting and taking the Far-dale team off the field.

“It’s no use, Merriwell!” he exclaimed. “We haven’t a show. If they can’t beat us fairly, they mean to do it by dirty tricks. I can’t stand any more of this.”

“Play ball!” roared the crowd, angrily. “Make the babies play ball, umpire!”

“Let’s play it out,” said Dick. “It’s really no disgrace to be beaten by such methods, and we’re not beaten yet.”

“But they are bound to have the game! They mean to steal it, if they can’t get it any other way! I hate to be robbed by a lot of thugs.”
"They haven't won the game yet," said Dick, grimly. "Perhaps they won't be able to steal it."

"Oh, we haven't a show! The umpire is against us, and so is the crowd."

"Not all of the crowd," said Dick. "I'm sure we have sympathizers among the spectators."

"Well, they're afraid to say a thing."

"We may have more if we fight this game through and win. If it was a league game, we could play it under protest; but protest here amounts to nothing, and we may as well shut our teeth and fight it through, win or lose."

"All right," said Steve. "I'll do it if you think best, but I'm getting discouraged."

With the bases full, Dick knew it would be necessary to work hard to keep the enemy from scoring. Feeling certain the umpire would not call a strike unless compelled to do so, he put every ball over the heart of the plate, but used the jump on them all.

Every time Dick drew back his arm to pitch O'Hara took a long lead off third base, for he was working hard to get home somehow.

The crowd howled like a lot of Indians.

A stone whistled past Dick's head.

"This is getting hot!" he thought, but not a word came from his tightly-compressed lips.

The ball looked like a marble when it whistled over the plate. Never before had young Merriwell betrayed such speed.

Two balls and two strikes were called.

Shannock was hugging third. Dick saw this, and gave Buckhart a sign. He was willing to risk a throw by Brad, being convinced that the umpire would not call another strike, no matter how good the balls might be.

The next one was called a ball, and, like a flash, the Texan sent it whizzing down to third.

O'Hara was caught between the bases.

In his excitement Buckhart ran up on the fellow as Shannock drove him down the line.

Shannock threw the ball just as O'Hara made a dive past Brad.

It was a bad throw.

The ball struck O'Hara between the shoulders. As he happened to be bent forward at the time, with his head down, it bounded over his head.

Seeing Buckhart recklessly run away from the home plate, Dick Merriwell had promptly covered the rubber.

The ball bounded fairly into his hands, and he put it onto O'Hara when the latter was four feet from the plate.

It was a put-out beyond question, and the umpire could not render any other decision, no matter how much he desired to do so.

"Rotten! rotten! rotten!" howled the crowd once more, enraged by the result.

"Well, you saved me from making a bad mess that time, Dick!" exclaimed Buckhart, grasping the hand of the pitcher. "I forgot instructions to always keep home plate covered."

As Dick walked toward the bench a potato was thrown from the crowd and struck him, falling at his feet. He stooped and picked it up.

"This is the way hoodlums play baseball," he said. "He calls us hoodlums!" shouted a young tough.

Dick walked to the bench and sat down, with the potato still in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked Singleton.

"I may want it later," said Dick, handing it over to Bradley, who was sitting on the bench. "Keep it for me, Billy."

"What will you do with it?" wonderingly asked the Cockney youth, as he took the potato.
"I may play a little trick at the right time," was all the answer Dick made.

Aided by the umpire, Hare quickly struck Savage out.

Shannock made a safe hit, stole second and was sacrificed to third by Singleton.

Mitchell tripped Sam, who went sprawling, and was barely able to get back to the bag in time, as the ball was sent there.

It was another case of dirty playing, and Shannock muttered in the ear of Mitchell:

"Meet me after the game, and I'll guarantee you a handsome licking!"

"Oh, go on, you big stiff!" said Mitchell. "What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"I'll take that potato, Billy," said Dick Merriwell, his eyes gleaming dangerously. "Anything is justified in a game like this. They are determined not to give us a fair show."

He borrowed a knife from Bradley, and began peeling the potato, while Buckhart walked out to strike.

Brad hit the first ball and lifted it into right field, while Shannock came tearing home.

Grinnell made a desperate run for the ball, leaped into the air and barely touched it with his fingers.

Shannock scored, and the Fardale boys could not repress a shout of joy.

Dick Merriwell calmly continued peeling the potato.

But the plucky fight of the visitors was winning admiration from a few of the sporting crowd, and those who had bet money on the Fardale team began to shout for it.

"Give them a show!" they cried. "Give them a show!"

"What a lovely time we're having!" murmured Ted Smart. "This is the real thing!"

Steve Nunn quickly discovered that he would have to strike at anything within reach, for two strikes were called on him, although neither ball was over any part of the plate.

This led him to go after a bad one, and he was declared out.

Dick Merriwell handed Bradley's knife back to him.

"What 'ave you done with the potato?" asked Billy, who saw nothing of it.

"Oh, I've taken care of that," was the answer, and, without removing his sweater, Dick walked into the box.

The crowd hooted and hissed at him. They guyed him and called him names. Occasionally a tiny stone would come scaling past his head. Yet he did not seem in the least disturbed, and surely he betrayed plenty of nerve.

In fact, all these things seemed to spur him on, and never had he pitched better than he did at this stage of the game. With an honest umpire, Fardale must have won the game easily.

But the umpire, who had started out well, grew worse and worse as the game progressed.

At last the sports who had backed the visiting team began to advise the Fardale boys to throw up the game.

One big fellow fought to reach the umpire, swearing he would "knock his block off." But he was in
the midst of enemies, and somebody hit him with false knuckles, cutting open his cheek and laying him out.

"This must be something like some of your wild Western towns, Buck," called Singleton.

"Not a bit!" was the prompt reply. "You bet your boots things are on the level out there. They are, I know!"

At this Dick nodded his agreement, for he had seen something of baseball in the West, and the Western towns reminded him of Rivermouth—they were so different!

Thinking of the places where Frank Merriwell's team had been received with open arms and had been feasted and applauded after winning from the local nine, Dick was seized by a sensation of disgust toward Rivermouth, making him feel that he did not care to ever enter the place again.

Dick knew what he must do in order to hold the enemy down, and he did it beautifully. Expecting nothing from the umpire, he did not give him any chance, but forced every batter to hit.

There was something of good fortune in Dick's success in working against the opposing team and the umpire. He coaxed the batters into striking by giving them what seemed easy balls to hit, but managed, with the assistance of his backers, to prevent a Rivermouth runner from again reaching third base until the ninth inning.

In the first half of the ninth an attempt was made to put Dick out of the game. McManus spiked him in the leg at first, and Grogan jumped on his head as he slid for second.

Dick was stunned at second, but he refused to let somebody take his place when he recovered.

But he worked in vain for another score. Although he stole third safely, the umpire declared him out there, and that was the ending of Fardale's hope for another tally.

But Rivermouth had not scored at all, and the home team was burning with the disgrace of it.

The crowd roared for them to brace up and win the game in the ninth.

Phil Carter caught the eye of the umpire and held up two fingers. The umpire looked down at the ground and nodded slightly.

Dick Merriwell's eyes were wide open, and he did not fail to catch this signal.

He knew what to expect, and he called Buckhart down and spoke to him.

"I am going to depend on the jump ball entirely," he said, "and I shall put them right over. They mean to beat us out in this inning anyhow, and the umpire will help them if he can."

So Brad knew what to expect when he returned behind the bat.

"Soak 'em!" roared the crowd, and, in spite of what the sheriff and his deputies could do, the spectators left the bleachers and crowded down on the base lines.

"Merriwell is no good!" yelled one.

"He's no good! he's no good!" sang fifty others.

Along the line toward third base were a hundred persons yelling into the diamond.

It was an outrageous exhibition, and must have made all lovers of fair sport blush with shame or tingle with indignation.

Still, in the same surprising manner, Dick retained his perfect coolness as Hitchcock faced him.

Taking every chance, Dick sent the first ball fairly over the heart of the plate.

"One ball!" declared the umpire.

"What was the matter with it?" asked Dick.

"Too high!" snapped the umpire.
“Pitch the ball!” bellowed McCoy. “That umpire knows his business!”

Dick took care to put the next one over a little lower.

“Two balls!” burst from the umpire, while Hitchcock stood with his bat over his shoulder, a derisive smile on his face.

“It’s robbery!” burst from Steve Nunn.

Dick knew it was robbery well enough, but he was hoping that fate would enable him to prevent the enemy from carrying out the barefaced steal.

Some of the spectators cried for the umpire to give Fardale a chance, but the majority drowned them out.

The uproar was now almost deafening.

It was useless for Dick to put the ball over, for Hitchcock would not strike at it, and the umpire refused to call a strike on him, giving him his base on balls.

Steve Nunn literally danced with rage.

Grinnell followed Hitchcock’s example, and, although the umpire called two strikes on him, he finally gave him his base on a ball that an honest man must have called a strike.

Then came O’Hara, who tried to hit the ball, and made two strikes, but then stood up and waited for the umpire to give him his base. He was not disappointed, and the bases were filled with not a man out.

Steve Nunn ran in to Dick, declaring he was going to take the team off the field at once.

“Wait a minute,” advised young Merriwell, a queer look on his face.

“They are a lot of cutthroats!” grated Steve.

“All of that,” agreed Merriwell, “and it’s our duty to do a little of the same business.”

“How can we? We have no chance.”

“Go back to your position, and see.”

Reluctantly Steve returned to second.

While they had been talking O’Hara had taken a lead off first toward second, plainly seeking to induce Dick to throw to first. He succeeded in his purpose, for young Merriwell suddenly wheeled and threw high over Singleton’s head.

An exclamation of dismay and horror burst from the Fardale players and those who sympathized with them as they saw Singleton leap into the air and fail to grasp the white object that sailed at least three feet above his hands.

“Run!” shrieked the coachers, and the Rivermouth men on bases sprinted.

Then something bewildering happened.

Dick quickly took the ball from beneath his sweater and sent it straight into the waiting hands of Buckhart, who put it onto Hitchcock as the captain of the home team tried to score. Then Brad drove the ball to Shannock in time to catch Grinnell coming up from second.

Expecting nothing like this, O’Hara overran second. Shannock threw to Nunn, who chased O’Hara down, and three men were out.

The tricky Rivermouth team had been paid in its own coin, for the object thrown over Singleton’s head was the peeled potato, which Dick had taken from beneath his rolled-up sweater!

CHAPTER XI.

A CHANGE OF SENTIMENT.

Then it proved a good thing for Dick Merriwell and the Fardale team that the sheriff was on hand, with plenty of deputies to assist him, for the mob started to surge onto the field, roaring with rage.
They demanded to know what it was Dick had thrown over Singleton's head, and he laughingly told them. A small boy had secured the potato and brought it onto the diamond, where he exhibited it.

"Why did you throw it at all?" snarled Hitchcock, white with rage.

"Just to get rid of it," answered Dick, with perfect coolness. "It was in my way and bothered me. I presume I had a right to throw it away?"

"It was a trick—a cheap trick!" panted the captain of the defeated team.

"If so," smiled Dick, "it was not the first trick of the game, and you have no license to kick about it."

"Put the men back on the bases!" cried Phil Carter, desperately. "Make them play the game out!"

"The game is all over," declared Dick. "We have no thought of playing any longer."

"That's the stuff!" whooped Brad Buckhart. "You bet your boots the game is over! Oh, say! did we trim 'em? We did, I know!"

In spite of all efforts to prevent him, Carter broke away and made a spring for Dick.

Dick had been watching him closely, and he avoided Carter's blow by ducking. Then he struck the man a jolt on the chin that brought his teeth clashing together and hurled him backward into the arms of one of the crowd.

In a twinkling the sheriff had Dick by the collar, declaring:

"You are under arrest!"

At the same time, he pulled out a revolver and faced the crowd, declaring that he would protect his prisoner.

In Dick's ear he muttered:

"Come along quietly. They won't dare touch you while you're in my hands; but they might jump on you in a bunch if I let you go."

So the game ended, Rivermouth being beaten by a score of one to nothing, and Dick Merriwell being marched off the field in the custody of an officer.

The others of the Fardale team kept together, and a number of men and boys who admired their pluck and the handsome battle they had made, surrounded them and escorted them to the hotel.

Phil Carter was sore and desperate. He warned the stakeholders not to pay over the money he had deposited with them, but he wasted his breath in making such a warning.

For, after leaving the field, the temper of the crowd underwent a remarkable change. Realizing at last that the Fardale boys had made a brave and nervy fight against odds, and that the game was over, some of the very ones who had howled the loudest and done the most to rattle and annoy the visitors began to say that it was best to give it up. This sort of talk spread, and soon men were saying that Fardale deserved to win, and that Dick Merriwell was the greatest pitcher ever seen in Rivermouth.

But when the hotel was reached something happened that settled everything.

Carter had hastened ahead of the crowd to the Densmore House, and he met Dade Morgan coming out, looking weak and anxious.

"Is the game over?" anxiously asked Morgan. "How did it come out?"
“How did it come out, you fool!” snarled Carter.

“Why, Fardale won.”

“Merriwell——”

“Was in the pink of condition from start to finish. You idiot! You blundered, and it has cost me my last dollar! You make me sick!”

Then Carter struck Morgan, knocking him down, and hurried on, giving him no further attention.

“Why did he strike you?” asked those who lifted Morgan to his feet.

For a moment the wretch hesitated, and then he was seized by a determination to betray the whole plot.

“Because he hired me to drug Merriwell,” declared Morgan, loudly, and by some mistake I drank the drug myself.”

He told everything in a few words, and fifteen minutes later twenty men were looking for Phil Carter, resolved to give him a coat of tar and feathers.

But Carter was warned and hidden by one of his friends in town, who kept him under cover until he had a chance to escape.

Morgan’s revelation soon brought about a great change in the feelings of the Rivermouth people; but the great surprise came when the sheriff was asked to release Dick from arrest.

Being satisfied that the crowd was sincere in its change of heart, the officer willingly complied.

When Merriwell and the rest of the team left the hotel for the railroad station they were escorted by a great crowd of men and boys, who cheered them loudly all along the street.

At the station one of the toughs walked up to Dick and said:

“Merriwell, you’re a dandy! You’re the greatest pitcher I ever saw, and that’s on the level. I threw that potato at you, and I’m sorry I done it.”

Dick grasped his hand, giving it a squeeze and a wring that caused the fellow to gasp.

“Thank you! thank you!” he laughed. “If you had not thrown that potato at me we must have lost the game. The potato was what saved it for us.”

“Geewhiz!” gasped the fellow. “I won’t be able to use them fingers for a week! But you’re all right! I say hooray for Dick Merriwell!”

“Hooray! hooray! hooray!” roared the crowd.

Then they crowded forward to shake hands with Dick, and cheered wildly as the train came in and the hero of the occasion mounted the steps of the last car.

“Good-by, fellows!” Dick called, waving his hand. “We’ve had lots of fun to-day. We won’t forget it in a long time.”

“That’s right,” agreed Smart. “And we’ll give the Rivermouth team a good time when it comes to Fardale.”

Under his breath he added:

“That’s no lie!”

The crowd cheered again as the train pulled out.

THE END.

THE NEXT NUMBER (310) WILL CONTAIN

Dick Merriwell’s Daring Leap;

OR,

BOUND TO GET THERE.
NEW YORK, April 20, 1902.

Terms to Tip Top Weekly Mail Subscribers.

(Postage Free.)

$2.50 One year
$5.00 2 copies one year
$6.00 1 copy two years
How to Send Money.—By post-office or express money order.
Registered letter, bank check, or draft, at our risk. At your own risk if sent by currency, coin, or postage stamps in ordinary letter.

Receipts.—Receipt of your remittance is acknowledged by proper change of number on your label. If not correct you have not been properly credited, and should let us know at once.

STREET & SMITH'S TIP TOP WEEKLY.

239 William St., New York City.

APPLAUSE.

Here's where I sing for Bartley Hodge,
That lad's that true as steel;
Many's the fracas he's been in,
And never did he squeal.
There's some pumpkin heads fighting him;
In my old bones I feel
That if ever I bump into them
Their mugs I'll sadly peal.
There's that idiotic Jenkins,
And wainy G. McNell;
Why, both those chumps together
Wouldn't make Hodge half a meal.

And after he had eaten you,
I'll bet a string of trout
That you're both so golly darn rotten,
That he'd have to "cut it out."
Now, you holler-headed pokers,
And you come tails and root,
Till you get enough to take you
To some crazy institute;
And when you get to that old place,
Tie the warden, he will say,
"Why, them's the softest looking guys
I've seen for many a day;
We'll keep you Johnny's out of sight,
And in a good strong place,
For such addie-pated things as you
Are Jonahs to the race."

Euna, Ill.

Your verses prove clearly that you are one of Bart's admirers,
and when your friend, G. McNell, reads them maybe he will remain rather quiet for a time, or he may turn his wit into verse, in which case we shall be able to see the cleverness of Bart's champions and enemies in a spirited contest.

On looking over the Applause Column of No. 303, we saw a letter from a reader, Karl G. Livingstone, of Bellows Falls, Vt. This gentleman says he can give us two reasons why Bart Hodge should be ostracized. The first reason he gives is: "Do you remember when Hooker and I, at the time the money was stolen by a fellow dressed in Hooker's clothes? Did not Bart say then it was Jim Hooker and no one else, just because Hooker used to be a bad lad?" Yes, we acknowledge that Bart said it was Hooker, but did not every one else say so? When Frank's watch was lost, and he thought it was stolen, did he not come to the conclusion that Hooker stole it? Now, our friend's from Bellows Falls next reason was this: "Was not Bart ready at any time to call his best friend his enemy? How many times did he say things to Frank that even said to his worst enemy?" We would like to ask Mr. Livingstone, who but Frank was Bart's best friend? And at what time after they became friends was Bart ready to call him his enemy? We would like to hear a few things that Bart said to Frank "which he should never have even said to his worst enemy." Was not Hock Mason a bully before he became Frank's friend? Let Bart's friends come to the front, for there are many of them, and defend him. In regard to Dick Merriwell, we think he is a dandy. Also Brad Buckhart. We would like to hear more of Frank. With three cheers for Bart L., Street & Smith, and DICK MERRIWELL!

Quincy, Ill.

R. C. MURRAY.

Bart's friends will not fail him, and they have conclusively shown before now how much they think of him.

Quincy, Ill.

CECIL C. ANDREWS.

I wrote to you a short time ago to let you know what I think of Tip Top. I concluded to be a silent reader, but, seeing so many criticizing Bart Hodge and Hock Mason, I felt like offering my defense. He is Frank Merriwell's dearest friend, and Frank always knows his friends before he trusts them. Some have even hinted that Bart should be taken out of the book. Tip Top would not be Tip Top without dear old Bart. I refer to Hock and the girls again. I think Dick Merriwell is a splendid lad for his age, and know that in time he will become as great as his brother Frank. I enjoy reading about Dick as much as I did Frank. I like Brad Buckhart, big Bob Singleton, and Hal Darell, the best of Dick's friends. Hugh Douglas is also a fine lad. I would like Urie Scudder to be expelled. I think both Doris and Felicia are fine girls. Have you the back numbers in print from No. 1? Do you still print quarters; if so, how much are they? I close, with best wishes for Frank, Dick, Bart, Bruce and the girls; also Bart L. and Street & Smith.

Toronto, Ohio.

Geo. W. SMITH.

Thank you. All back numbers and quarters can be procured at the office of Street & Smith, 238 William Street, New York City.

Ah! Another couple of happy hours reading dear old Tip Top. Of course, we are not reading of Frank, but we're reading of his brother. Whoop! He is a racket in himself, and, I allow, in time he'll be Frank Merriwell's match, or superior, in any game. I don't like to say it, but I believe it's the truth, and truth will certainly assert itself. Brad Buckhart, the terrible maverick from Missouri and woolly, is a character in himself well worth studying. I am glad to know that Dick and Hal are friends. Bob Singleton, Don Kent, and Steve Num are strong characters. Ted Smart and Sir William (I think his name is Vivian) are the best articles. Wishing success to all characters. I remain an admirer.

JACK W. D. T.

New York.

Thank you for your pleasant letter.

I have stood enough of this chattering about Bart Hodge, so I will chip in now. I think G. W. McNell, E. R., of Topeka, Kan., Constant Reader, C. B. B. and Frank J. Mercer, had better "come to." As they say that Hodge is no good and should be shoved out of Merriwell's flock, I don't know what to think about that. I think they are speaking of the brain, and I think if that's their dream they had better "wake up." I think the whole thing is all right, especially Dick, and happy to hear that Hal has become Dick's staunch friend, and think he will make a second Bart, and I am also happy to hear that Frank is to marry Inza, and Hodge to marry Else. I hope to see Dick on the diamond next summer, so I can learn some of his fine points, because I am going to play crack tomorrrow against Hamburg Stars. I didn't play on the team last year, but they made a very successful season of it, which I hope we will repeat. They played twenty-six games last season, winning twenty-one, and played some crack teams from Buffalo. I think Mr. A. M. Hamilton is right in stating that he would like to shake those fellows who despise Bart, and if he cannot make good his threat he should call on me, and we will give...
TIP TOP WEEKLY.

them a lesson they will never forget. I think Dick enjoyed him-
self fully with Providence, Dana and his belt, and the cats and dog as he would if he could have resumed his party in his room, and I am glad he gave Watson and Hubbard what was coming to them for betraying him. I hope Dick will get Doris, and that Brad will get Zona, who I think will turn out that way. I think it would be a great pleasure for the boys and girls who write for the Applause to correspond with each other, if that is the way it agrees with you and his flock, and the those that agree with Mr. G. W. McNeill can correspond with each other all by themselves, because if we got to corresponding with those individuals the railroads would be rushed carrying mail, for they would all try and have the last word. Well, I will close now, hoping to see this in print, but it is a pretty long letter. I hope we will have all the readers on our side before many moons. Wishing success to Dick, Frank and all their friends and Mr. Standish, and also Street & Smith,

G. W. GRIGGS.

Hamburg, N. Y.

You are all right, and it seems very nice to hear from you regarding your pleasant views on all the situations in the stories about Frank and Dick. That's right; correspond with the boys and girls and get their ideas on the subject. Then you will see how many stanch friends our brave young Bart has.

I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know what I think of your valuable weekly. I wish Bart L. and Professor Fourmen would publish their pictures; I wish other Tip Toppers would also urge this. I think Frank perfect in most every re-
spect, and a boy equal to Dick cannot be found. The stories of Dick at Fardale are without a rival, although I was slightly dis-
appointed when I found that Phil Starbright, Dick's younger brother, was not at Fardale. I hope Frank will get his automo-
tible for Dick to use, and that the baseball team will soon be or-
ganized at Fardale and Dick get up a team of his own, and beat the regulars, as I believe he could. I thought I would express my opinion as before. Bart is next to Dick in the flock, being true, honest and noble, and the only one who could hold the double shot. Wasn't it Hodge who promised Merry love back by standing by his girl's side, as thick and thin? Did he break his promise? No! Hodge is not that kind of a man, and he proved of great value when they had the fight with Juan's enemies, and is nearly always with him in all times of trouble. I am glad there is no chickering set at Fardale, but sorry there is no Bruce Browning there.

Yours truly,

G. A. F.

Many thanks for your good wishes. You have the right idea of friendship when you speak of Bart's devotion and loyalty to

Frank, for he did stick by him in so many trying situations. You seem especially interested in baseball, and as the season is nearly here we shall see what DICK MERRIWELL can do in that line for Fardale.

As this is my first letter to the Applause Column, I, with the rest of the Mopo Club, about forty in number, think the Tip Top the best weekly published and wish to congratulate you on changing the vein of your stories so admirably. One cannot help being interested in your stories, they are so different from others, and the older members of our club praise them more than the younger ones, if that were possible. Seeing in Tip Top got a letter from Eulalia Stanhope, where she thinks Frank is no true character and could not be called brave because he never had any lackeys to fight, nor any temtations to overcome, now I don't like to be contrary to the fair sex, but in justice to Frank I will have to be. Now, if Eulalia Stanhope had read all of Frank's stories she would easily have seen the many bat-
tles and temptations that Frank fought against. To recall them would take too long to write. The winning of Dick and old Joe Crowfoot over to his way of thinking was a great bat-
tle in itself, for they are certainly two strong-minded characters. How many times was he tempted to let Bart Hodge have his own way, but Bart, with Frank's help, turned out to be a noble fel-

one of Frank's truest friends. Dick is a fine character, and with Frank's help and the great many battles and res-
sist temptation, and in time will become the same as Frank. I

agree with Eulalia Stanhope, that Dick is an interesting charac-
ter; in fact, he is a little more so than Frank, but who would

Dick be without Frank? With best regards to Burt L. Standish and Street & Smith, Yours truly,

Bert L. Gray.

Carnegie, Pa.

In not wishing to be contrary to the fair sex you are very
gallant and your spirit is just the kind which Frank Merriswell
did show, but in defending him, who is all that you say and who
did have many temptations to overcome, any girl would under-
stand your position perfectly. The enthusiasm of your club over
Tip Top is very gratifying.

As it is nearly a year since I wrote you last, I have come to
the conclusion that it is time I wrote once more. I think Dick is
all right, and I suppose it won't be long till everybody will be
wondering who he will marry. I want Dick to get Doris, and
I want Hal Darrell to have Felicia, for I think Hal will be just
as good a friend to Dick as Bart Hodge is to Frank. I was very
much pleased with No. 300. I like Brad Buckhart, and after his
brave fight with the ruffians at Lone Lake Inn I think Zona
Desmond will come to like him; yes, I love him better than any
other boy, perhaps they will marry like Buck Badger and Pin-
nie Lee. I think Tip Top grows better all the time, so I, with
many others in this city, wish Burt L. Standish long life and
great success. Also Street & Smith; they may always have
success and publish as good books as The Tip Top.

Terre Haute, Ind.

LUCILE LAWRENCE.

You seem to be a girl who can thoroughly understand and
appreciate boys' best qualities, and, of course, you want the other
girls to see them, too. They all like Dick, and I agree with you
that Zona seemed very much pleased with Brad after his great
show of courage in his fight at Lone Lake Inn.

Not seeing any letters from this city in 301 of the Applause,
I take the liberty to write these few lines. I hope to see Dick
the captain of the regular hockey team. I would also like to
see J. Lynch become a friend of Dick. Three cheers for Dick,
Tip Top Weekly and Burt L. Standish.

Yours truly,

New York City.

John Atikin.

Certainly, three cheers for DICK MERRIWELL, and we
can't have them too loud or too long. So cheer ahead.

Seeing no letters from this town, I will write a few words
to let you know much I appreciate your publishing the Tip
Top; it is certainly the best there is. I heartily agree with
Jos. Manning of Albany, N. Y., in the way he speaks about
the stories of Frank and Dick. It is true, and you always have a place in Merriswell's flock. Dick is a fine charac-
ter; also Brad Buckhart, who is Dick's best friend in Fardale.
He has the courage of a lion, as is shown in No. 300. Inza is
the girl for Frank, and Elsie for Bart. I will close with best
wishes to Street & Smith and Burt L. Standish.

F. S.

Nebraska City, Neb.

Another county heard from, which seems to be for Bart; and
Dick and Brad hold the right place in your estimation. You
have not overrated their courage, for they are the boys who fear
nothing.

I live in the great Canadian Northwest, in the midst of the
greatest wheat growing district in the world. I live about five
miles from Portage and my father is one of the richest farmers
on the Portage plains. Every Saturday I go into Portage (so
named because it was an old Indian stopping place, where they
came to trade furs), in order to get my Tip Top. This great
weekly paper is read much around here. At first my father for-
bade me reading them, but I asked him to try one day, and
seeing all the good there was, he allowed me to read them
after that. I cannot say too much in praise of the Tip Top for
all the good it has done me. When I began reading them I
began to care much for baseball and other sports, and, above all, kept me from smoking, one of the things
for which my father gives the Tip Top credit. The American football, or Rugby, as it is called in Canada, is not played much around here, but we delight in our winter sports. In a land where for five months of the year reigns with a temperature ranging from zero to forty degrees below zero, specially adapted to hockey, it is the prevailing game. As soon as the ponds freeze up the last of October, hockey is on the move, and we are proud to have the city of Winnipeg the world's champion hockey team. I like the new style of Tip Top better than the old. It seems like old times to hear of old Fardale. Your football games are most interesting, and I should like to play at it very much. I think Hal Darrell a first-rate fellow. I also like Brad Buckhart, Douglas, Ted Smart and the others. I think that Dick will have trouble in choosing between Doris and Felicia. They are both fine girls. I hope he has not taken up too much space. I wish Burt S. and all the staff of the Tip Top Weekly a very prosperous New Year.

P. la P., Man.

AN ARDENT ADMIRER.

We feel proud to have among our readers such an interested one, one that even five miles cannot separate from Tip Top, and when you tell us that you have profited by our stories and make good resolutions through their influence, we feel most paid. Your country is the place for winter sports, certainly, and if DICK MERRIWEB could get up there with his hockey team I am sure even your champions of Winnipeg would give him a rousing welcome. Let us hear from you again; your letter was indeed most interesting.

I have been a constant reader of your world-famed weekly and of your good stories, but I don't go much on Bart Hodge, although I think he will grow better as he grows older. In the last story I expected it would turn out that he was the traitor, but was much relieved when I saw that he wasn't. I have my hopes that he will make a good boy, although he is not a favorite of mine by any means. Yours truly,

M. K. VSTANK.

Monmouth, Ill.

Your impression of Bart will grow better all the time, as you have already acknowledged that you were more favorably impressed by his actions than formerly. Keep up your faith in him, for he is all right.

I am proud to say that I am a reader of the Tip Top Weekly. I do wish Frank to marry Inza and Elsie to marry Bart. Dick is a brave youth, and I am glad he is now Hal Darrell's friend. Bart Hodge is a brave and noble fellow, and I like him next best to Frank. With three cheers to Frank, Dick, Doris and old John Crowfoot, I remain Yours truly,

J. MCAUO.

New York City.

It is fine to hear that you are so well suited with all the situations, and all that remains to be said is that we join heartily in your cheers for Frank, Dick and the others.

I will write a few lines in praise of our grand, dashing, young hero, Dick Merriwell. It seems as if I had known him for years, but I suppose it is because his spirit is similar to Frank's, only with a little Hodge mixed with it. He seems to be as ready to fight for his rights as Hodge is, but he is always on the right side. And that is just what I admire in Bart and Dick. It once seemed to me that Dick was a little too lenient with his enemies, but of course he wasn't. I was very glad to see Hal Darrell and Dick become friends at last, for I think Hal is true blue and will become a second Bart. And what greater honor could be ask for than to be Dick's chum and be compared with dear old Bart? I like Brad Buckhart very much. In No. 300 we find his style of swaggering and boasting is all assumed and under this mild, modest, true-steel character in which we find much to admire. I like big Bob and Don Kent and hope these, together with Hal and Brad, will form a quartette about our hero the same as Bart, Bruce, Jack and Harry did. The boys and girls are young yet to think of marrying and such things, but in the years to come I hope Dick will have Doris, Hal have Felicia and Brad have Zona, because, as I have said already, underneath the surface, Brad's is a character to admire greatly. Already Zona has shown a preference for Brad, but she is such a flirt and, to my mind, so changeable, that she may have twenty fellows before she finds the right one. Hoping that I have not taken up too much of your time, and wishing you to see that the applause department, I remain, ever your reader and friend, E. ARCADA.

You are the right sort. A letter like yours clearly convinces us that you are a very capable and wise judge of character. You find the best in all, and, as in Brad's case, going beneath the surface instead of a superficial survey, proves that your opinion is valuable. You hit the nail on the head in calling DICK MERRIWEB our "dashing young hero," and as the leader of the quartette you have placed around him he will be sure of success.

As I am an ardent reader of Tip Top Weekly for the past number of years, I take pleasure in sending in my applause to you, as when I was in Edenburg, O. R. C. I received a packet of Tip Tops which were sent out to me from Cincinnati, Ohio, as that is my home. There are a good many Yankees out here with me, and you can imagine how glad they were to get a chance to read Tip Tops. They nearly went mad over them, and I don't believe they have finished fighting about them yet. Well, there are six of us Yankees that are special scouts, dispatch riders and spies in the British Army, and we very quietly paid for it. E. a dollar ($2.00) and all found some very narrow escapes, some worse than Frank Merriwell ever had, and I can tell you it is no pleasure, though, to hear those Maxies singing about your head. P. S.—This is my third, etc., Cuba, four months, Philippines, ten months, and South Africa, eighteen months, and have been in twenty-five different countries, and have not missed a number of Tip Top until I came out here. Pretty good record, is it not? Well, I will close for the time being, hoping to be in New York again next August (1902). I wish success to Burt L. and Tip Top forever.

A. C. KIRCHER.

Driscoll's Scouts, Field Forces, South Africa.

So our friends in South Africa have not forgotten Dick. Your letter is most interesting and one that we are sure will please our readers. You are a Tip Top reader in the true sense of the word, and any one who has had bullets whizzing by his head can readily appreciate the many thrilling experiences of our young hero, DICK MERRIWEB. Here's to the fighting boys in South Africa, and the Merriwell brothers would be the first to join in the shout.

We have read Tip Top now for about two years and appreciate it very much. Would it be possible to get Nos. 1 to 20 of Tip Top now? We owe in Canada appreciate Tip Top and other weeklies of your publishing very much. We both agree that Dick Merriwell is just about "it." Brad Buckhart and Hal Darrell come next in our estimation. With Ted Smart and Hugh Douglass and Bob Singleton and Dan Kent, Dick ought to have a dandy flock.

AN ARDENT READER OF TIP TOP.

Peterborough, Ont.

You may procure back numbers of Tip Top by sending to the publishers, Street & Smith, 238 William street, New York. Your ideas of DICK MERRIWEB are the right kind and you have decided upon the best boys for his friends. To be one of that flock would indeed be an honor at Fardale.

"As I have seen no applause from this charming little burg, and as I am an ardent admirer of Tip Top and B. L. Standish, I now take the liberty of sending these few lines to the applause column. I am also a lover of correspondence, and will cheerfully answer all letters to readers of Tip Top. Hoping to find this in the applause column, and long life to Tip Top, B. L. Standish and Street & Smith, I will close.

PETER FARRELL.

New York.

Glad to hear from Frankfort, and many thanks for your good wishes to Tip Top.
Good work, boys! This is the way to hit them out. A safe hit at the start-off is as good as a three-bagger at the finish. Get the bases full and keep them moving. Don't let up until the last man is out. Here are the scores for the week. They speak for themselves.

Buena Park A C (Chicago, Ill.), 27: Scrubs, 0.
The Buena Park A C baseball team—J. Johnson, p.; Leonard Molin, c.; W. Rosech, 1st b.; W. Holton, 2d b.; R. Squire, 3d b.; C. Roche, c.p.; R. Graham, 1st b.; T. Youn, 2d b.; Lester Dome, 3d b.; L. Morton, 1 f. The Scrub baseball team—Williams, p.; Cotterell, c.; Parker, 1st b.; Smith, 2d b.; V. Graham, 3d b.; Taylor, s. s.; Pruitt, r. f.; Krueler, c.; McDonald, 1 f. Manager—R. D. Graham.

Star A C (Wellington, Ill.), 7: Scrubs, 0.

Montford A C (Baltimore, Md.), 12: Boyer A C, 0.


The Crawford A C baseball team—Tom Noonie, p.; Fred Marshall, c.; James Allison, 1st b.; Lloyd Gage, 2d b.; Valentine Ellmore, 3d b.; Norman Pukey, s. s.; Mattie Lamm, r. f.; John Hagerty, c.; Harry Gage, 1 f. The Beacon A C baseball team—Frank Emery, p.; Pearl Emery, c.; Frank Harvey, 1st b.; John Fagan, 2d b.; Harry O'Brien, 3d b.; Warren Steadman, s. s.; George Harney, r. f.; John Gallagher, c.; Donny Ostrom, 1 f. Manager—Roy Spooner.

Nutmeg A C (Seymour, Conn.), 5: Stars A C, 1.

Woodhill Juniors (Jamaica, N. Y.), 17: Aiken A C, 0.

The Central A C baseball team—Boerdtler, p.; Gebhart and Craven, c.; Turpin, 1st b.; Lover, 2d b.; Graves, 3d b.; Kirkbridge, s. s.; Whisler, r. f.; Crow, c.; Anderson, 1 f. The Dayton View baseball team—Kelly, p.; Dye, c.; Turner, 1st b.; Kern, 2d b.; Brandon, 3d b.; Wise, s. s.; Lott, r. f.; Shauke, c.; Turner, 1 f. Manager—H. A. Laver.


Lexington Tigers (Lexington, III.), 3: West A C, 0.
The Lexington Tigers baseball team—C. R. McMullen, p.; Jesse Radcliff, c.; Carl Mahan, 1st b.; Glen Boekman, 2d b.; Arne Wilson, 3d b.; Lewis Honnell, s. s.; Roy Happe, r. f.; Roy Petit, c.; Roy Horn, 1 f. The West A C baseball team—Arthur Wells, p.; Arthur Shorter, c.; Bert Blakney, 1st b.; W. L. Frewett, 2d b.; T. C. Leday, 3d b.; Ollie Radcliff, s. s.; Omer Radcliff, r. f.; Bert Franklin, c.; Elmo Franklin, 1 f. Manager—C. R. McMullen.

Warrior A C (Manchester, N. H.), 19: Raymond A C, 0.
The Warrior A C baseball team—John Crane, p.; James Connelly, c.; Hugh McArdle, 1st b.; Edward Conroy, 2d b.; John Gilmore, 3d b.; Daniel Kearns, s. s.; Mathew Higgins, r. f.; Michael Murphy, c.; Martin Stanclot, 1 f. The Raymond A C baseball team—John Brentwood, p.; Sanley Harvey, c.; Carroll Blaine, 1st b.; Charles Stewart, 2d b.; Joseph Hussey, 3d b.; Frank Stark, s. s.; Albert Bickford, r. f.; Ralph Goodman, c.; William Chase, 1 f. Manager—Charles Rochford.
Professor Fourmen’s advice, through this department, to young athletes has proven so beneficial that Street & Smith have engaged the good and learned professor to continue the department so long as there are young men and boys in this country who are anxious to develop themselves, or ambitious to become athletes. So our young athletes may continue to seek Professor Fourmen’s advice, which we and they know to be of the best, through this department. “If there is anything you want to know about yourself write Professor Fourmen.”

Prof. Fourmen:

I am a constant reader of the Tip Top and would like you to answer these questions: 1. How to get my ankles and my fingers stronger, as well as my legs and back? 2. I am 13 years old, and weigh 85 lbs. My height is 4 ft. 9 in. Are my height and weight good?

T. C.

1. Skipping the rope is a good way to develop the muscles of the wrist and forearm, the mere turning of the rope with a twist of the wrist is the best exercise for arms and wrist that I know of. This exercise of skipping rope not only strengthens arms and wrists, but also develops muscles of the leg and makes the ankles strong. 2. Very good.

Prof. Fourmen:

I have been reading Tip Top Weekly for quite a while now. As I always look in the back part I have determined to write to you. I am 13 years old, 4 ft. 11 in., and weigh 91 lbs. At first I could not expand my chest 2 inches, but now I can expand it 4 inches. I use Indian clubs and trapeze. Would you advise me to join a gymnasium? Is there anything else I could use?

Elmer Rigdon.

Your measurements are good. Use a pair of dumbbells and try riding a bicycle and running exercises, all of which will help you. By all means, if you can, join a gymnasium.

Prof. Fourmen:

I have received some advice that was good from you before, and so make bold to ask you again to answer the following questions: 1. Is it best to wear suspenders or should I wear a belt all the time? 2. Should I take a cold sponge bath before or after exercising in the morning on rising? Thanking you in advance.

A Would-be Athlete.

1. Suspenders are not injurious. 2. After exercising take your sponge bath and follow it by a brisk rubbing.

Prof. Fourmen:

I have been very much interested in your answers published in Tip Top and would be greatly obliged if you would answer the following questions for me: I exercise each night and morning for 15 minutes and use one pound dumbbells and Indian clubs. 1. Is that all right? I am 17 years old, very slender and not very strong. 2. Do you think the 1-pound dumbbells and clubs heavy enough? 3. I am following the instructions in Frank Merriwell’s “Book of Athletic Development,” and would like to know if it makes any difference if you mix the exercises—that is, exercise the waist, then the calf of the leg, then the neck, etc., or should you begin at the neck and go down to your feet in order? 4. Is from 10 to 8 long enough to sleep? Begging your pardon for asking so many questions, I remain an ardent admirer of Tip Top.

R. C. G.

1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. There is no set rule about the order in which you exercise your different muscles, etc. Use your own judgment and discretion. 4. Yes.

Prof. Fourmen:

I am 4 ft. 3 in. in height and my weight is 89 lbs.; my age is 12 years; my chest when expanded, 26 in. I cannot throw a ball very far, and what can I do to develop the muscles in my arms?

G. J. G.

Use dumbbells; and wrestling is a very fine exercise for the muscles of the arms. A punching bag is also beneficial.

Prof. Fourmen:

As I have your physical culture chart printed through the Tip Top Weekly, I thought I would begin training, and I wish to ask you a few questions: I thank you in advance for the answers. 1. I am 17 years old, 5 ft. 4 in., and weigh 103 lbs. How much ought I weigh for my height? 2. How long should I exercise a day? Is one hour too much? 3. As I am very slender, could I build myself up in proportion in one year?

Jack Roberts.

1. You should weigh 10 pounds more. 2. No; one hour a day divided into sections, is none too much. 3. Easily.

Prof. Fourmen:

I am 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weigh 145 pounds, and am 14 years old. I have very little fat on my body, but my waist is 36 inches. How are my measurements?

Jas. J. Daly.

The measurements are all right.

Prof. Fourmen:

I have decided to commence home training, as there is no gymnasium in town, and would like to ask a few questions: 1. Will you please tell me where I could obtain a pair of dumbbells? I am 17 years old, 5 ft. 6 in.; weigh 145 lbs.; measure
32 in around the waist, 34 around the chest; calf left, 14 in.; right, 15 in.; thighs left, 19 in.; right, 20 in. 2. Are these good measurements for a body that has been trained? The best advice you can give for your advice, I will close.

A. CUSHING.  
1. Address A. G. Spalding, Nassau street, New York City, where you can obtain dumbbells and prices pertaining to all other sporting goods. 2. Yes.

PROF. FOURMEN:  
As I am very much interested in physical culture, I thought I would ask you a few things. I took my measurements the other day and thought I would give them to you. I am 12 years old, stand 4 ft. 11 in. high; my right arm is 9 in. expanded, 10 in.; my left arm is 9 in.; expanded, 10 in. I do a few exercises every night, as follows: Rise on toes, lie on back and rise to sitting position, lie on back, bring feet up straight; then I go through arm movements, and so on. Are these things good? I mean to get some dumbbells and other appliances soon. I also forgot to tell you my chest measurement is 28 in.; expanded, 31 in. I will thank you in advance and hope to see you in your next Tip Top.  
CHARLES TIFFEY.  
Your course of exercising is very good, and I am glad you are such an enthusiast.

PROF. FOURMEN:  
I am a constant and loyal reader of the Tip Top Weekly and have never missed to note the advice to others and have always tried to make use of the answers you gave them. I am a member of the Y. M. C. A. for about four months. Lately I have been troubled with a feeling of weakness in my ankles and legs below the knees. If you will answer this with advice you will greatly oblige me. Is weak coffee unhealthful to drink? Is talcum toilet powder good for the face?  
M. G. W.  
1. Skipping the rope daily for fifteen minutes or longer will strengthen your ankles and develop the muscles of your legs. 2. No; weak coffee will not hurt you. 3. Yes.

PROF. FOURMEN:  
I am going to ask you to kindly grant me the following favors: I want to get strong and heavier. I am 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weigh 150 lbs. and am 15 years old. Is it necessary for me to avoid drinking tea and coffee? I am working in an office in which I have quite a little walking to do. I am subject to sick headache quite often. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am yours truly.  
RAY KELLY.  
Perhaps you drink too much coffee and tea, which will make you fat and therefore give you the sick headaches you complain of. Keep out in the fresh air as much as possible and exercise all you can.

PROF. FOURMEN:  
I am a devoted reader of Tip Top Weekly and have read it for some time. Therefore I take the liberty to ask you some questions; I am 14 years old, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, and weigh 120 lbs. My chest measures 32 in.; expanded, 34 in. My thighs measure 22 in. and my calves 13 in.; my biceps are 11 in. and my forearm is 7 in. Are these good measurements? I can run jump 12 ft. and stand jump 7 ft. 1 in.; pole vault, 5 ft. 2 in. and running high jump 4 ft. Can run 50 yards in 8.5-4 sec. Are these records good? I take an ice-cold bath in the morning, after 15 minutes' exercise, and in the afternoon exercise from 3 to 4:30 in a gymnasium, which I have joined. Thanking you in advance for the answers which I hope to see printed in the Tip Top Physical Culture Department, and wishing Dick and Frank Merriwell long and happy lives, I remain,  
A WOULD-BE ATHLETE.  
1. The measurements are good. 2. Yes. 3. Yes.

PROF. FOURMEN:  
Please tell me if my measurements are good. I am 5 ft. 1 in.; weigh 200 lbs; can run 100 yards in 17 sec, and can expand 4 ft. 2 in. Please tell me how I can develop my legs. I am 15 years old.  
CONSTANT READER.  
Your measurements are good. To develop the legs try bicycle riding, and running is also fine exercise.

PROF. FOURMEN:  
I am 16 years old and am 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and weigh 192 lbs. I can jump 4 ft. 3 in. at the high jump, and 16 ft. on a run. I can also swim 3 miles on a stretch (with the current), and can go the high dive at 5 ft. 7 in. As I work in the office, please advise what exercises are best to develop the muscles of the back and chest, also the hips and arms. I have a good set of gloves, punching bag, dumbbells, White's exerciser No. 1, Indian clubs, trapeze and shot put (15 lb.) When I get home at night I feel tired. What exercises do you think best?  
EDWIN GORENflo.  
Would advise plenty of outdoor exercise. Handball is good for developing muscles of the arm and leg, also skipping the rope will strengthen the ankles, the mere turning of the rope with a twist of the wrist will develop the wrists and forearms. 2. Your records are very good.

PROF. FOURMEN:  
I am a constant reader of Tip Top, and I would like to ask a few questions. I am 5 ft. in height, weigh 92, age 15 years. How are these? Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,  
A Tip Top Admirer.  
Your measurements are fair.

PROF. FOURMEN:  
I am 17 years old, 5 ft. 10 in. high, and weigh 150 lbs. I am rather weak for my age, as I was compelled to stay in the house for the greater part of two years, and part of that time in a dark room, on account of my eyes. 1. My arms and wrists are especially weak and small. How can I develop them? 2. I have done very little hard work. 3. Is sawing wood with a backsaw good exercise? 3. What weight dumbbells should I use? 4. Is a single or double-end punching bag the better, if a person hasn't a platform? I have your book on Physical Health Culture. Thanking you in advance for this much-needed information, and hoping to see it in the Tip Top Weekly soon, I am,  
L. R. C.  
1. Handball will strengthen your arms and wrists. Try spring-grill dumbbells for the latter as well. Skipping the rope is also good for the wrists, the turning of the rope with a twist of the wrist is a fine exercise to develop the wrist and forearm. 2. Yes. 3. One pound dumbbells are sufficient for you. 4. A single end.
Do You Know the Safest Hit You Can Make?

HERE IT IS:

OUR BASE BALL POSTER.

Every good Base Ball Nine needs good advertising. Don't let your team go unadvertised. Just as soon as you enter the Tournament get a Poster. Here's what the Tip Top Poster looks like:

TIP TOP BASE BALL

PRIZE TOURNAMENT

DON'T MISS NEXT GAME

TIP TOP

VS.

FARDALE

AT MERRIWELL PARK, SATURDAY, 2 P. M.

This Poster is 3 feet long by 2 feet wide, red letters, and a red-hot chance to advertise your Club. Every Team entering the League Contest will receive

50 POSTERS FREE OF CHARGE.

Don't fail to enter the Tournament right away. After each game fill in the following coupon and send it to Street & Smith, 238 William Street, New York City.

TIP TOP BASE BALL TOURNAMENT COUPON.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of Team</th>
<th>Town</th>
<th>State</th>
<th>Opponent's Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAMES OF TEAM</th>
<th>POSITION</th>
<th>NAMES OF TEAM</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Pitcher</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Catcher</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1st Base</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2d Base</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3d Base</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Short Stop</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R. Field</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>C. Field</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>L. Field</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Winner ........................................ Final Score ........................................ Manager
**Tip Top Prize Gallery**

**NOTICE to Tip Top Athletes and Photographers**

*A FULL... PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT GIVEN AS A PRIZE*

For the Best Amateur Tip Top Photograph of Any Athletic Event or Athletic Team

*If you want a fine and complete photographic outfit, here is your chance. All you have to do is to take a good clear picture of any of the following subjects:*

1. A Baseball Game  
2. A Basketball Game  
3. A High Jump  
4. A Hurdle Race  
5. A Pole Vault  
6. A Swimming Match  
7. A Shot Put  
8. A Hammer Throw  
9. An Athletic Team  
10. An Athlete  
11. A Bicycle Race  
12. A Wrestling Match

**PRIZE PHOTO NO. 6**

*HEART AND SOUL FOR TIP TIP*

**PRIZE PHOTO NO. 7**

*FENWAY'S CRACK FORWARDS*

**ALSO SEND A DESCRIPTION OF WHAT YOUR PHOTOGRAPH REPRESENTS**

*Prize Photograph No. 6 was entered in the Photograph Contest by Charles Lyman of Quincy, Ill. You see what he entitles the picture. Well, so are we all, all of us heart and soul for Tip Top.*

*Prize Photograph No. 7 was entered in the Photograph Contest by W. L. Foster, of Boston, Mass. It represents the three crack forwards of the Fenway Ice Hockey Team.*

**THE BEST PHOTOGRAPH WINS THE PRIZE**

Our Artist Will Act as Judge in the Contest

*COME ON, BOYS! GET YOUR CAMERAS AT WORK*
Have You Entered the
TIP TOP BASE BALL TOURNAMENT
Of All America?

GET YOUR COUPONS AT ONCE.

Look these pictures over. They will give you an idea of what the prizes are to be.

FOUR WINNING TEAMS FULLY EQUIPPED

Each Player on the Winning Teams will be Awarded the Following:
1 Pair Base Ball Trousers
1 Pair Base Ball Stockings
1 Pair Base Ball Shoes
1 Base Ball Shirt
1 Base Ball Cap

Get into the Game.

Don’t fail to send in your Coupons at once.

232—ARTICLES—232

GIVEN AWAY AS PRIZES

Tip Top Base Ball Tournament