

"OH! SWEET REVENGE"

(By Paul Smith)

"My own Iola, Iola mine." sang Archie Northrop as he was strutting down Main Street with his inseparable pal, Bill Spooks.

"Oh, can that stuff. You haven't done a thing but sing that song today," bantered Bill.

"Yes. But you didn't see her last night, or you'd be singing too," responded Archie.

"Ah, dry up! Can't you think about anything but girls? You've got to straighten up and quit the mushy stuff if you want to make good on the team. We need you to hold first."

"Sour grapes, you're just sore 'cause you didn't see her. Myrtle introduced me and, oh boy, talk about girls, why, she can't be beat!"

"There you go. Night 'fore last you said the same thing about Myrtle."

"I know I did, but that was before I met Iola. Well, here's home. So long. I'll see you tomorrow at ball practice."

"No you won't. Not if Iola sees you first. So long."

As a little explanation, Archie was the son of Mr. G. H. Northrop of Bagten, Ala. Bill Spooks was his constant companion. Archie liked the girls and had been praising the charms of Myrtle Johnson until he met Iola Sorthen, a cousin of Myrtle. Iola was in Bagten for the summer and the promises of a romance were many. However, a romance with Archie was a small thing, for he had had three before he had started to go with Myrtle. Now poor Myrtle

was heartily wishing she had never invited Iola to spend the summer with her.

School had let out for the summer vacation but a few days before, and the boys were trying to organize a base ball team. The time for practice had come and Archie, the first baseman, was absent.

"Say, Bill, why didn't you bring Archie with you, you're always with him?" asked Shorty Tinny, the lighting short stop.

"Gosh, I can't tie a string to him. I saw him in the morning and he promised to be here. I bet that new girl's got him somewhere."

"Well, I guess—no by golly, here he comes, now we can start."

"Boys," said Archie as he walked up, "I can't play ball this year. I got to work."

"Work,—you work?" demanded the lanky pitcher, "I'll bet you'll work."

"Huh, you just watch me. I got a job at the Supurbe Motor Company."

"You mean your Dad's garage?"

"Yep, I got to help around the o...ce."

"A lot of help you'll be, with Iola in town," spoke out Bill.

Ah, quit your kidding, I'm working to make some money. I might need it some day," said Archie in a secretive tone.

"But what are we going to do for a first baseman?" queried Shorty Tinny.

"I don't know. Get Bill to play first. Well, boys, I got to leave. Hope you have a good team." With these parting words, Archie beat a retreat to the garage.

For one week Archie worked faithfully at the garage and for one week

the boys searched in vain for a first baseman. Finally the boys gave up looking for one and Bill filled in at first, a little sawed off Jew taking his place in left field. But this did not work well, and the practice fell short of what it ought to have been, so we will leave the boys worrying about the match game of the season with the rival town of Storkville and take up the story of Archie's romance.

I have said that for one week Archie worked faithfully at the garage. This was so evident at supper Saturday that his father wanted to know if he were sick, but ah, it was not long 'till it fell. Just before leaving to go to his room that night, Archie asked his father for permission to use one of the cars the next day. His father, unsuspecting old man, but his mother, more wise to his purpose, knew that something was up. Nevertheless Archie, working his father skillfully, got a car the next day and for many days afterwards, at no time did Archie ride alone. Always a little girl who answered to the name of Iola was along.

In this way matters went along very smoothly for a while and Archie felt that at last he had struck the girl for him. But alas, one day not long after he had thought this, he espied Iola riding with a boy from Storkville. Only the day before, she had stated that never would there be another fellow like Archie for her, so he had a violent attack of doubt when he saw her riding with another fellow. He feared that she was playing a two-handed game, and cruel fate, he soon found this to be so. The next morning Bill Spooks showed him

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