

the following letter that he had found. It was addressed to Conway Wuff of Storkville, and read:

My dear Conway:

I received your note this morning, and am delighted to say that I will be able to go for a ride with you this afternoon. Archie won't like it, but I don't care because you are the nicer boy and drive the bigger car.

Your own,

Iola.

P. S. I am sending this by Myrtle's brother.

Strange to say, Archie did not call on Iola any more, but he called up Myrtle on the 'phone and after about forty minutes had elapsed, Myrtle thought that possibly Archie wasn't so bad even if he had gone with Iola, and Archie thought the same thing about Myrtle.

The next afternoon, just one week from the game with Storkville, Archie appeared at the ball ground in full suit, ready for practice. He had two reasons for playing hard now. One was for revenge against Conway who played on the Storkville team. The other was that Myrtle had promised to forgive him if he would win that game. So Archie went into practice with so much pep that the boys forgot to ask him why. With Archie in his old place at first, and Bill back in left field, the practice went like clock-work and the boys no longer feared the coming game.

The big day arrived and the grandstand was full of rival rooters. Among these were Iola and Myrtle, but Archie saw only Myrtle and solemnly swore that he would win or die.

The umpire called the game and the

first batter for Storkville walked up to the plate. The pitcher for Bagten soon struck him out as he did the next two. Then Bagten was up to the bat. However, none got a safe hit, so at the end of the first inning the score was 0-0. Thus the game stood for several innings, and the rooters were breathless with anxiety. In the eighth inning Shorty Tinny threw a ball away at first, letting a man on base. The next man knocked a ball to Archie and, horror of horrors, he missed it. The man on first went to third and the batter got on safe. Storkville rooters were yelling so hard that they feared to yell the roof off, but when the next man up knocked a single, bringing the man on third in home, the cheers doubled. Archie walked to the bench like one that had no right to live. He had lost the game, but no, he would make it up yet. Bagten came to bat and two men out of the first four got on safe. Then came Archie's turn. Here was his chance. Two men on and two men out. The Storkville pitcher, Conway, grinned at Archie as he walked up to the plate and said, "Oh, you muffer."

But here came the revenge. Conway lost control of the ball and hit Archie, but Archie refused to take his base. There was one strike on him and he wanted a swat at the sphere. This rattled Conway and he threw one straight across. WHACK, the sphere sailed up into the air, and the rooters roared. The fielders were running back, but still the ball soared. A great cheer arose; the ball had cleared the fence by ten feet. Archie trotted around the diamond amid a thousand cheers. The two that were

on base touched the home bag ahead of Archie so that when he crossed the plate the score stood 3 to 1 in Bagten's favor. In the ninth the Storkville players didn't even get to smell the ball, so the score remained 3 to 1. Archie, the hero of the day, was carried off the diamond on the shoulders of his team mates.

Twenty minutes later he emerged from the dressing room and behold, Iola and Myrtle were waiting for him.

"Oh you played so well," Iola gushed.

But Archie did not notice her, "May I see you to a show tonight Myrtle?" he asked.

"I'd be delighted," she answered.

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF '22

(By Martin Augustus Boger.)

'Twas midnight and past, not a solitary sound broke the silence of the mid-night ether. I had been listening to the various radio-phone programs but now I would not hear one. I increased my wave lengths, stop by stop, to one thousand meters, but there was not a sound of a voice. I then switched in my honeycomb set. On fifteen thousand meters I heard the clear ti, tiiii, ti, of Lyons. Five thousand meters more, a whistle, a growl. I threw back the tickler about two degrees and in came a thundering voice: Omnipotent and all-seeing Jove, king of the gods, I, Mercury your messenger, have visited the Fates and, at your command have requested them to reveal the future of the A. H. S. class of '22. Harken to the things told me by the Fates. They are news dispatches which will appear in all the leading news journals of

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