

THE KING OF BOYVILLE

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

BOYS who are born in a small town are born free and equal. In the big city it may be different; there are doubtless good little boys who disdain bad little boys, and poor little boys who are never to be noticed under any circumstances. But in a small town, every boy, good or bad, rich or poor, stands among boys on his own merits. The son of the banker who owns a turning-pole in the back yard, does homage to the baker's boy who can sit on the bar and drop and catch by his legs; while the good little boy who is kept in wide collars and cuffs by a mistaken mother, gazes through the white paling of his father's fence at the troupe headed for the swimming hole, and pays all the reverence which his dwarfed nature can muster to the sign of the two fingers. In the social order of boys who live in country towns, a boy is measured by what he can do, and not by what his father is. And so, Winfield Hancock Pennington, whose boy name was Piggy Pennington, was the King of Boyville. For Piggy could walk on his hands, curling one foot gracefully over his back, and pointing the other straight in the air; he could hang by his heels on a flying trapeze; he could chin a pole so many times that no one could count the number; he could turn a somersault in the air from the level ground, both backwards and forwards, he could "tread" water and "lay" his hair; he could hit any marble in any ring from "taws" and "knucks down"—and better than all, he could cut his initials in the ice on skates, and whirl around and around so many times that he looked like an animated shadow, when he would dart away up the stream, his red "comfort" flapping behind him like a laugh of defiance. In the story books such a boy would be the son of a widowed mother, and turn out very good or very bad, but Piggy was not a story book boy, and his father kept a grocery store, from which Piggy used to steal so many dates that the boys said his father must have cut up the almanac to supply him. As he never gave the goodies to the other boys, but kept them for his own use, his name of "Piggy" was his by all the rights of Boyville.

There was one thing Piggy Pennington could not do, and it was the one of all things which he most wished he could do; he could not under any circumstances say three consecutive and coherent words to any girl under fifteen and over nine. Even after school Piggy could not join the select coterie of boys who followed the girls down through town to the postoffice. He could not tease the girls about absent boys at such times and make up rhymes like:

"First the cat and then her tail; Jimmy Sears and Maggie Hale," and then shout them out for the crowd to hear. Instead of joining this courtly troupe Piggy Pennington went off with the boys who really didn't care for such things, and fought, or played "tracks up," or wrestled his way leisurely home in time to get in his "night wood." But his heart was not in these pastimes; it was with a red shawl of a peculiar shade, that was wending its way to the post office and back to a home in one of the few two-story houses in the little town. Time and again had Piggy tried to make some sign to let his feelings be known, but every time he had failed. Lying in wait for her at corners, and suddenly breaking upon her with a glory of backward and forward somersaults did not convey the state of his heart. So only one heart beat with but one single thought, and the other took motto candy and valentines and red apples and picture cards and other tokens of esteem from other boys, and beat on with any number of thoughts, entirely immaterial to the uses of this narrative. But Piggy Pennington did not take to the enchantment of corn silk cigarettes and rattan and grapevine cigars; he tried to sing, and wailed dismal ballads about the "Gypsy's Warning," and "The Child in the Grave With Its Mother," and "She's a Daisy, She's a Lamb," whenever he was in hearing distance of his heart's desire, in the hope of conveying to her some hint of the state of his affections; but it was useless. Even when he tried to whistle plaintively as he passed her house in the gloaming, his notes brought forth no responsive echo.

One morning in the late spring, he spent half an hour before breakfast among his mother's roses, which were just in first bloom. He had taken out there all the wire from an old broom, and all his kite string. His mother had to call three times before he would leave his work. The youngster was the first to leave the table, and by eight o'clock he was at his task again. Before the first school bell had rung, Piggy Pennington was bound for the school house with a strange looking parcel under his arm. He tried to put his coat over it, but it stuck out and the newspaper that was wrapped around it, bulged into so many corners, that it looked like a house-tied bundle of laundry.

"What you got?" asked the freckle-faced boy, who was teasing at Piggy's feet how to do the "mosses grind" on the playground.

of Boyville, and he had a right to look straight ahead of him, as if he did not hear the question, and say:

"Lookie here, Mealy, I wish you would go and tell Abe I want him to hurry up, for I want to see him."

"Abe" was Piggy's nearest friend. His other name was Carpenter. Piggy only wished to be rid of the freckle-faced boy. But the freckle-faced boy was not used to royalty and his ways, so he pushed his inquiry.

"Say, Piggy, have you got your red ball-pants in that bundle?"

There was no reply. They had gone a block when the freckle-faced boy could stand it no longer and said:

"Say, Piggy, you needn't be so smart about your old bundle; now honest, Piggy, what have you got in that bundle?"

"Aw—soft soap, take a bite—good for yer appetite," said the king, as he faced about and drew up his left cheek and lower eyelid pugnaciously. The freckle-faced boy saw he would have to fight if he stayed, so he turned to go, and said, as though nothing had happened, "Where do you suppose old Abe is, anyhow?"

Just before school was called Piggy Pennington was playing "scrub" with all his might, and a little girl—his heart's desire—was taking out of her desk a wreath of roses, tied to a shabby wire frame. There was a crowd of girls around her admiring it, and speculating about the possible author of the gift; but to these she did not show the patent medicine card, on which was scrawled, over the druggist's advertisement:

"Yours truly, W. H. P."

When the last bell rang, Piggy Pennington was the last boy in, and he did not look toward the desk where he had put the flowers, until after the stinging.

Then he stole a sidewise glance that way, and his heart's desire was deep in her geography. It was an age before she filed past him with the "B" class in geography, and took a seat directly in front of him, where he could look at her all the time, unobserved by her. Once she squirmed in her place and looked toward him, but Piggy Pennington was head over heels in the "iser rolling rapidly." When their eyes did at last meet, just as Piggy, leading the marching around



"He Walked on His Hands in Front of the Crowd for Nearly Half a Block."

the room, was at the door to go out for recess, the thrill amounted to a shock that sent him whirling in a pin wheel of handspins toward the ball ground, shouting "scrub—first bat, first bat, first bat," from sheer, bubbling joy. Piggy made four tallies that recess, and the other boys couldn't have put him out, if they had used a hand grenade or a fire extinguisher.

He received four distinct shots that day from the eyes of his heart's desire, and the last one sent him home on the run, tripping up every primary urchin, whom he found tagging along by the way, and whooping at the top of his voice.

The next morning, Piggy Pennington astonished his friends by bringing a big armful of red and yellow and pink and white roses to school.

He had never done this before, and when he had run the gauntlet of the big boys, who were not afraid to steal from him, he made straight for his schoolroom, and stood holding them in his hands while the girls gathered about him teasing for the beauties. It was nearly time for the last bell to ring, and Piggy knew that his heart's desire would be in the room by the time he got there. He was not mistaken. But heart's desire did not clamor with the other girls for one of the roses. Piggy stood off their pleadings as long as he could with "Naw," "Why naw, of course I won't," "Naw, what I want to give you one for," and "Go away from here I tell you," and still heart's desire did not ask for her flowers. There were but a few moments left before school would be called to order, and in desperation Piggy gave one rose away. It was not a very pretty rose, but he hoped she would see that the others were to be given away, and ask for one. But she—his heart's desire—stood near a window, talking to the freckle-faced boy. Then Piggy gave away one rose after another. As the last bell began to ring he gave them to the boys, as the girls were all supplied. And still she came not. There was one rose left, the most beautiful of all. She went to her desk, and as the teacher came in, bell in hand, Piggy surprised himself, the teacher, and the school by laying the beautiful flower, without a word on the teacher's desk. That day was

a dark day. When a new boy, who didn't belong to the school, came to at recess to play, Piggy shuffled over to him and asked gruffly:

"What's your name?"

"Puddin' 'n' tams, and me agin, an' I'll tell you the same," said the new boy, and then there was a fight. It didn't soothe Piggy's feelings one bit that he whipped the new boy, for the new boy was smaller than Piggy. And he dared not turn his flushed face toward his heart's desire. It was almost four o'clock when Piggy Pennington walked to the master's desk to get him to work out a problem, and as he passed the desk of heart's desire he dropped a note in her lap. It read:

"Are you mad?"

But he dared not look for the answer, as they marched out that night, so he contented himself with punching the boy ahead of him with a pin, and stepping on his heels, when they were in the back part of the room, where the teacher would not see him. The King of Boyville walked home that evening. The courtiers saw plainly that his majesty was troubled.

After this feat the king was quiet. At dusk, when the evening chores were done, Piggy Pennington walked past the home of his heart's desire and howled out a doleful ballad which began:

"You ask what makes this darkey wee-wee."

Why he like others an not gay."

But a man on the sidewalk passing, said: "Well, son, that's pretty good, but wouldn't you just as lief sing as to make that noise?" So the king went to bed with a heavy heart.

He took that heart to school with him the next morning, and dragged it over the school ground, playing crack the whip and "stink-base." But when he saw heart's desire wearing in her hair one of the white roses from his mother's garden—the Pennington's had the only white roses in the little town—he knew it was from the wreath which he had given her, and so light was his boyish heart that it was with an effort that he kept it out of his throat. There were smiles and smiles that day. During the singing they began, and every time she came past him from a class, and every time he could pry his eyes behind her geog-



THE OPENING BALL.

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

GIVE ODDS

DON'T expect to get off in life with a flying start. Don't expect to begin your work with an advantage over your competitors.

Expecting these things won't secure them. And even if you got them you would be worse off than if you were the one to give odds.

The man who comes out from behind is usually the man who wins the race. Now and then particularly brilliant talent will start a man well, and keep him successful to the end of his days.

But in the billion and a half people that live in the world there are probably not more than a hundred such men.

Carrying weight develops muscles, and determination—if you don't carry an overload.

The man who knows that he has a handicap to get rid of is going to work harder than the man who is ahead, and feels that he can take it easy.

It is well enough to take it easy along in the autumn of your life, when you have enough money stowed away in the bank to support you, and enough achievement behind you to satisfy your conscience.

But begin the game with the idea that you can take it easy, and some gentleman who knows that he has to work, and is willing to work, is going to overtake you.

When he does overtake you he will be so accustomed to hard work that he will keep right on. And you, who have become soft, and who are irritated at the thought of having to do a little labor, will drop back into the place where you started.

Many a man has learned to save by having a mortgage to pay off on his house. Many a man has risen to the top in an organization because everybody else in it tried to persuade him that he had no chance.

Battling against odds develops resourcefulness and courage and strength. All of those things you require if you expect to travel any distance in this world.

When you start the game, even if you are offered odds, don't take them. They will make you lazy and careless, and unfit you for the battle that is bound to come.

Give odds at the start, and by the time the real effort begins you will be so developed mentally and physically that you will be fit for it.

(© by John Blake.)

MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a Galoot Like This Ever Proposed to You?

Symptoms: Long, black flowing tie. . . . Turn-down collar. . . . tweed suit. . . . morning, noon and evening. It is only safe to invite him to dinner with people who understand the ways of supermen. You are surprised by his feminine voice and bow. Never has any money. Dining out "at friends' houses" is no luxury to him—it is a hard necessity. He'd prefer some cafe. Looks "Red," but talks poetry, futurism and the new ideals for women and the "new realism" in art and drama.

IN FACT

This seems to be the only real-ism he dares to tackle.

Prescription to bride to be: An unlimited bank account before and after marriage. An Unlimited Nerve System.

Absorb This: A WOMAN IS THE ONLY REAL THING THE UNREAL MAN TACKLES.

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RECALL

THE TIME YOU MET THE TEACHER AFTER PLAYING HOCKEY

WHY WEREN'T YOU TO SCHOOL TO-DAY?

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GRAIN AND FEED

We are prepared to furnish Contractors Uncle Sam High Grade Oats. Car arriving every week. All kinds of Feed, wholesale and retail. Try our Pure Wheat Shorts.

Richmond-Flowe-Co.

OUR PENNY ADS. ALWAYS GET THE RESULTS

SCHOOL DAYS

When the school bell rang, Piggy Pennington was the last boy in, and he did not look toward the desk where he had put the flowers, until after the stinging.

Then he stole a sidewise glance that way, and his heart's desire was deep in her geography. It was an age before she filed past him with the "B" class in geography, and took a seat directly in front of him, where he could look at her all the time, unobserved by her. Once she squirmed in her place and looked toward him, but Piggy Pennington was head over heels in the "iser rolling rapidly." When their eyes did at last meet, just as Piggy, leading the marching around

Mother's Cook Book

A dining room table with children's eager, hungry faces around it, ceases to be a mere dining room table, and becomes an altar. Dinner is not replenishment of the physiological furnace; it partakes of the nature of a sacrament, with the mother the high priestess, and the father—well, let us call him the tithing-gatherer.—Simon Strunsky.

WHAT TO EAT

ST. FRANCIS Salad Dressing.

Take one-fourth of a cupful of cream beaten stiff, two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of cayenne. Mix and serve chilled.

Honey Dressing.

Boil one-half cupful of strained honey and pour over three well beaten egg yolks; cook, stirring constantly; remove from the heat when thick and continue beating. Add salt, paprika and lemon juice to taste, and just before serving fold in one cupful of cream, beaten stiff.

Baked Eggs With Ham.

Make a cream sauce and add to it one cupful of cold cooked ham, finely minced. Butter custard cups, break an egg into each and stand in a pan of hot water in the oven until firm. Spread the minced ham on a platter or on slices of toast and turn the eggs onto it. Sprinkle with seasoning of salt, pepper and minced parsley.

Supper Dish.

Take a few stalks of celery and half a Spanish onion both minced, simmer in salted water until tender. Season with paprika, pepper, and add two-thirds of a cupful of cheese that has been finely shaved, then add a beaten egg, a tablespoonful of butter and one-half teaspoonful of sugar. Beat all together briskly for a few minutes and serve on thinly sliced new bread.

Nellie Maxwell
(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Has Anyone Laughed At You Because

You carry bundles around? Haven't people said: "For goodness' sake, I never see you but that you look like a truck horse?" Never mind if they do—you are at least not too proud, maybe, to do a service for some one, or get things to their destination before the expressman or postman. Carrying things never yet hurt anybody and you have the feeling that this or that is done.

SO

Your Get-Away here is: You can lift some one's burden, perhaps, by burdening yourself, and then, too, the pride that is hurt by bundles isn't worth much.

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Why Should Not the Young Want to Try Everything, to Explore Life

By MRS. ROBERT C. SPEER, Y. W. C. A.

Girls are beset with complex interests; a Pandora's box of new emotions and experiences fills the air with thrills and stings for them. The sense of adventure, of "something lost beyond the range, something calling for us," summons them out of the old high road of custom. Unless they are led aright, there may be weary years of wanderings in the wilderness.

In addition to the fact that it has grown up since 1914, in years when older men and women were preoccupied with attempt to salvage civilization, this generation is the first to feel the impact of many new forces in the world's life. The camera and the illustrated paper have brought the world to the girl's door. The morning paper brings her the world's politics and scandal. The movie, with its crude lights and lines, tends to destroy the fine edge of imagination, or would if God had not made resilience one of the attributes of youth.

Modern science pours into the lap of young people great stores of treasure, along with the alloy; why should they not want to try everything, explore all the avenues of life?

Big Sacrifice Sale

The Reliable Shoe Hospital has purchased the stock of Sol's Style Shop and will move into their new quarters on or about March 1st.

The Entire Stock of Sol's Style Shop Including, Dresses, Coats, Suits, Frocks, etc. will be placed on Sale

SATURDAY MORNING AT NINE O'CLOCK

with one object in view, and that is to sell out and make room for the Shoe Hospital.

Reliable Shoe Hospital

MARDI GRAS CARNIVAL

New Orleans Feb. 8-13, 1923 Mobile Feb. 11-13, 1923 Pensacola Feb. 10-13, 1923

Southern Railway System

Announces

Very Low Round Trip Fares

New Orleans—Tickets on Sale Feb. 6-13 inclusive
Mobile—Tickets on sale Feb. 9-13, inclusive
Pensacola—Tickets on sale Feb. 8-13, inclusive

Final limit of all tickets, Feb. 20th, 1923.
If presented prior to Feb. 20th, tickets may be extended until March 7, 1923, by paying fee of \$7.00.

Five Fast Through Trains Daily

Pullman sleeping cars, observation cars, club cars, dining cars and coaches.

For further information and details call on nearest agent.

R. H. GRAHAM,
Division Passenger Agent,
Charlotte, N. C.

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