

# "Tinker Bob" Stories

by Carlyle H. Holcomb  
NEVER A WORM MISSED.

Tinker Bob began to think that he never would get to see Three Legs, the Muskrit, if he kept on meeting all of his friends. He did love visiting so much that he could not refuse when the forest folks were so anxious to talk with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock were especially interesting. They were folks who never came out into the open like Mrs. Robin or Jenny Wren but rather preferred to stay in damp places near the brook or the river. However, they were just as sociable with the King when he found them. Said he: "I don't see how you catch hold of a worm when you get your bill down in the ground. It must go into the earth about two inches, and it puzzles me to see how you know there is a worm about anywhere. You can't see them like Mrs. Red Robin."

Down into the earth went Mr. Woodcock's bill again, and up came a long fat worm. "That's the way it is done, Oh King. We don't have to see the worms like the Robins. They can't get a worm unless they see him. But we listen and when we hear him burrowing through the earth we know just where he is and then we go after him. There is one right here near your foot. I can hear him." Mr. Woodcock held his head to the ground to make sure he heard correctly. "Now you watch me and I'll show you how easy it is to bring him up." Down in the earth went his bill and sure enough up came a worm.

"But how can you open your bill far enough when you get it into the ground to grab a worm by the back of his neck?" asked the King.

"Oh, that's easy. Now you watch my bill closely." Then he showed the King how when his bill was in the earth half of the upper part would open far enough to get a worm. Of course that could not be done in hard soil and that is the reason why Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock always stay where the ground is soft and worms



"That's the way it's done, Oh King."

are plentiful.

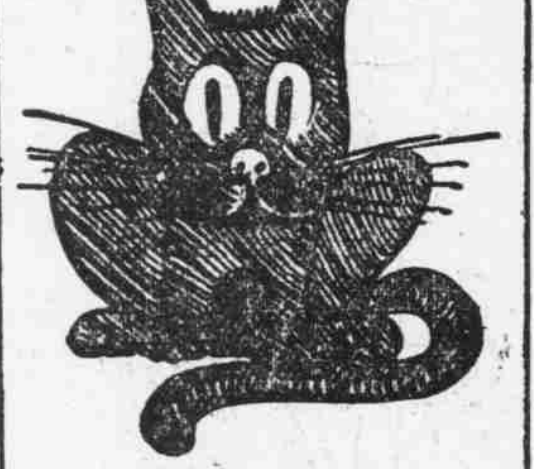
"You certainly have made a good many holes in the earth around here," said Tinker Bob. "And if there's a worm in every one of them you will not want for food very soon. You are the only fellow in the forest who gets his food this way I guess."

It was purely a guess. "Oh, no, my cousin Johnny Snipe feeds the same way, only he loves the meadows rather than the marshy places. You surely know him Oh King."

Tinker Bob nodded: "Yes, I know him but I had forgotten how he got his food. He has longer legs than you, and I would never have thought him to be a cousin of yours." Just then the King heard another familiar sound and who do you suppose it was?

Next—Mr. and Mrs. Sandy.

## OFFICE CAT



BY JUNIUS  
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MEOW! MEOW! MEOW!

I was down in the mouth,  
And was blue as could be;  
All out of sorts, and  
Felt like bumping a tree.

Tried all the Doctors,  
And stayed full of dope;  
Finally they told me that  
There wasn't any hope.

Unless I quit worrying,  
And three business aside,  
Absorb humor and merriment  
And stretch out my hide.

That my race would soon be over,  
And the world be rid of one;  
If I didn't take to frolicking  
Get out and have some fun.

By chance I began reading,  
The good old Charlotte daily;  
E'er long I was feeling better  
And acting rather jolly.

I ran across a colyum,  
They call the "Office Cat."  
That hands them out red hot  
Right off the bat.

I laughed and I laughed  
Till I thought I would bust;  
And then I laughed some more  
And I know that I must

Have excited all the neighbors,  
For out of every door,  
They came running in to see  
If I was going to laugh some more.

I have gained twenty pounds  
Lost my grouch and the blues  
Feeling younger every day,  
Even shine my shoes.

From now on the Doctors,  
Can all go to scat;  
I will take my medicine  
Through the daily "Office Cat."

—A. Longfellow.

"STOP! HAVE YOU LEFT ANYTHING?"

Many hotels throughout the country have signs, reading as above posted on the inside of the door, in all bedrooms. A departing guest at a Chicago hotel, added to this—

"STOP! HAVE YOU ANYTHING LEFT?"

Girls nowadays must be ashamed of their ears; they never show them.

**STREET CAR STUFF.**  
(Heard on a Fourth Ward Ham'nt Hamper)

Large, portly passenger to acid-faced lady who is trying to squeeze into an inadequate space: "I'm very sorry, madame, but I don't fold up any smaller than this, so you'd better take the whole seat."

When a man visits his old home town after an absence of years, he cannot understand why all his friends look so old while he is as young as ever.

## MY OWN CAREER

**THE ACCIDENT.**

Three days flew by. To Gwenda they did actually seem to have wings, so swiftly did they pass. John, true to his word, was busy every moment of the time showing her the marvels of the city. They motored out to Barbizon, through the golden haze of a late September afternoon, with the air crisp, fragrant and the country a blaze of glory.

They had tea at the quaint little inn at the top of the road which leads from Barbizon proper, right down to the heart of the Forest de Fontainebleau, and after tea they climbed the rocks in a secluded corner of the forest and watched the sunset turn it into a flaming furnace. The ride home through the clear starlit night was a very quiet one. John asked Gwenda what the beauty of the things she had seen had taken her powers of speech away, completely.

"It's good to go about with some one who really appreciates beauty and art as much as you do. So many girls would be much happier to be flitting from one stuffy cafe to another, all the time that they were in Paris, content to listen to the inevitable jazz, which the Parisian cafes have adopted, and far more interested in the mode than in the museums, and natural beauties in and about Paris."

When they had seen as much as two human beings could possibly see in a day, they would wander off happily to some discreet little restaurant on one of the boulevards over in the Quarter and dine. Once only did Fedya and Fern dine with them, and Gwenda noticed that John seemed very impatient all that evening for some unknown reason.

The delectable thing for her was to manage to slip away from him at all, which her work compelled her to do for several hours a day. But Gwenda managed, somehow, and without letting John be any the wiser for her daily absences.

The Sunday before the Countess de Bienville's reception, at which John was expecting to meet the fair, unknown Vivian Miles, was a particularly glorious one. John and Gwenda started off early in the morning, dressed in their plainest attire, and wearing heavy boots, for they had planned a long hike through the country. At noon, after a twelve-mile hike, they came to a small inn, with an inviting garden and a few tables under the trees, which attracted them. Here they lunched, and after lunch they walked on once more for the rest of the day, until about sundown, when weary and footsore, Gwenda stumbled on some rocks they were scrambling up and twisted her ankle. It was John's arms, strong and steady, that saved her from pitching head foremost, and it was John's tender solicitude that brought the tears to her eyes, as she felt the pain in her foot. They were forced to rest until a passing voiture offered them a lift back to the nearest village, where a taxi might be procured.

**PEACE OFFER?**

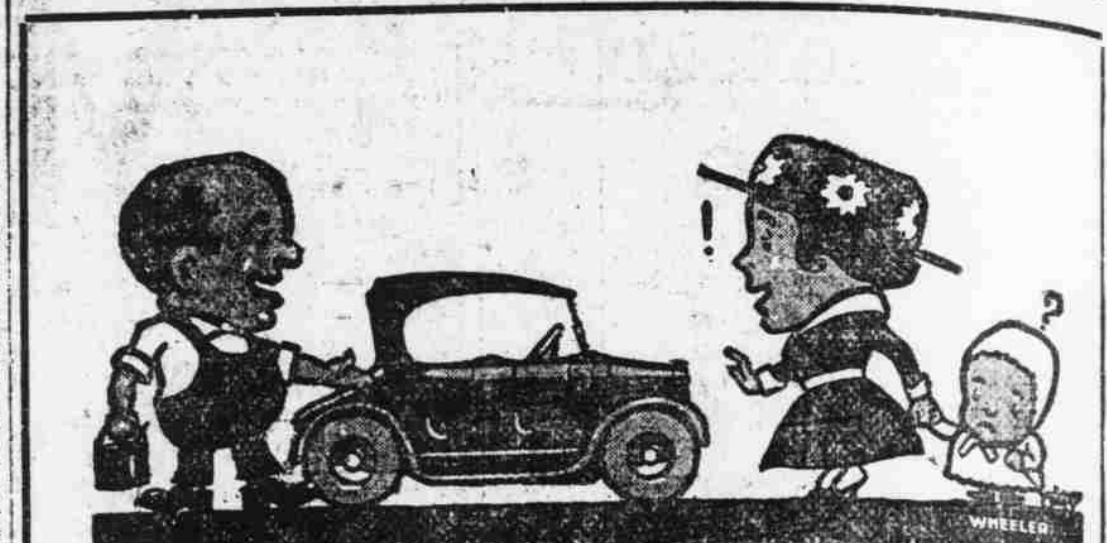
London, June 21. The parliamentary correspondent of the Central News says that a remarkable rumor is current that the king's visit to Belfast by making a proffer of peace to his majesty.

**GIRLS! BLEACH UGLY FRECKLES**

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, which any drug store will supply for a few cents, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion whitener.

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The Sunday before the Countess de becomes.



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"O, Mother, soap's in my eyes!"

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## ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

A LITTLE SLICE O' LIFE

There were 4,887 kids playing in the street and making more noise than a war. Several of them were beating wash-bolers. Others were blowing horns and one had a long-distance bugle which would tear the heart out of a veteran of forty battles.

Those who had no musical instruments were screaming and altogether it was one of those city nights that one reads about, and we got very weary of the racket.

Along about 10 o'clock always showed our head out of a window and yelled: "Hi! Cut out the noise or we will call the police. Where do you think you are—At a picnic?"

For a moment there was a lull and one little shrimp who was about eight years of age mounted a barrel and screamed: "How do you get that way, you big fat stuff? This is a free country. Crawl back into your hole and shut up. You must be a reformer. The last insult was too much and we retired precipitately in time to dodge a brick. And the riot started again more noisily than ever and

It was augmented by another Platoon of wash-bolers. And several new musical instruments we had never heard before. And we wondered if it wouldn't be a good thing if some of the senseless growl-ups in this country had as much Spunk as the kids.

"Father and Son day was recently observed at Arcola III," notes the Satlina "Journal." "By the arrest of both father and son from the same bank."

**MARCEL'S QUESTIONS**

How long before you kiss a girl does she know you are going to?

Would you marry your wife today if you were single?

Do you carry a flask?

Are you in favor of short skirts, and why?

Have you ever written a play or scenario? If not, how come that you did not?

Have you the courage to get your hat after checking it without giving up a dime?

"About the time a man's son gets to the long pants stage," observers Joe Sims in the Medicine Lodge, "Index," the old man has to buy himself some short ones to play golf."

After all the special writers get into the Dempsey-Carpentay arena, will there be any room for the public?

**CHINESE WISDOM**

"A wise man's country is that one where he is happiest." That means the United States.

"The best way to get praise is to die," as you might not get the praise.

"One fool makes a hundred." Many fools swell the box office receipts.

"Too much prosperity makes most men fools." There are not many fools around these days.

"A book whose sale's forbidden all men rush to see, and prohibition turns one reader into three."

There won't be much use in disarmament unless the gunmen agree to it.

**FILIPINO STUDYING KANSAS LABOR LAW**

Manila, P. I., June 21.—Francisco Varona, harbor commissioner to Hawaii, who is now in Seattle investigating the conditions of Filipino laborers in the northwest, has been ordered by the secretary of commerce of the Philippine Islands, to proceed to Kansas and there study its laws on industrial relations.

His report on this subject will be submitted to the legislature of the Philippines where a bill on industrial relations was introduced during the last session, but failed of passage.

Mr. Varona in a report to the secretary of commerce, recommends the establishment of a labor agency in Seattle for the protection of the interests of Filipino laborers.

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Lv. (No.)	Between	Ar. (No.)	Ar.
5:00a	14 Charlotte-Wil. and Hamlet connections.	13	11:40p
9:08a	18 Monroe-Ruth'ton	16	9:08a
9:55a	34 Rutherford-Wilmington and Raleigh.	34	9:40a
5:00p	20 Charlotte-Wil. and Hamlet connections.	19	12:35p
3:45p	31 Wilmington-Raleigh and Rutherford.	21	3:35p
8:20p	18 Monroe-Rutherford and Hamlet connections.	16	8:12p

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