

"Tinker Bob" Stories

by Carlyle H. Holcomb
MR. KINGFISHER'S HOUSE

Tinker Bob was anxious to see the hole in the bank where Long Neck said Mr. Kingfisher lived. It was only a short distance from where they were fishing. Major Purr Cat wanted to go too. They were not very far from the spot where the fishing party had anchored when they heard a cry and looking back they saw Silky, the monkey, coming after them on the jump. "I don't think he's over so fast in all his life as he did while trying to catch up with the King. I don't suppose he will ever want to go fishing again. The end of his tail was swelled up twice its size right on the end, and I can tell you he kept it from dragging on the ground, for it was very sore.

Presently they were at the place where Long Neck indicated, and Tinker Bob stretched himself out on the bank with his head over the edge looking for the hole in the side. What did he find? Well, he found that instead of one hole in the side of the bank there were a dozen. But he could not see into any one of them from the top of the bank and it was too steep to try to climb along the side and water was deep at the foot.

"Well, I can say this much for Mr. Kingfisher, he knows where to build his house so that no one will look in through the windows. I want to see what kind of a place it is inside." Then the King thought of his friend, the Creature of his Desire. "I have it, I will take the Stone of Knowledge and see what happens."

So he tapped the Wonderful Stone and instantly he was sitting in the Magic Basket right in front of that door that led into Mr. Kingfisher's house. "King, that's about the neatest hole in the ground. I have ever seen." The hole went straight back for a short distance and then there seemed to be another hole that branched off to the right. There he saw a number of eggs half covered with feathers.

Suddenly there came a rattling sound to his ear and looking up he saw Mrs. Kingfisher come as fast as ever she could fly. She thought someone was disturbing her nest. "Oh, don't worry," said Tinker Bob, "I am the King of the Forest, and I only came here to see where that wonderful fisherman lived. I wouldn't do you any harm."

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NO CROWD HERE DAREDEVIL FINDS



Capt. Fitzgerald strolling on pointed parapet of Wurlitzer building.

Captain Fitzgerald, New York daredevil, tires of the crowd in the streets of the metropolis occasionally and hunts a quiet, safe place. When the photo was taken he was strolling on the sharp-edged parapet of the Wurlitzer building, twenty-two stories above the crowd.

REALTY TRANSFERS

W. A. Sechrest and wife to Ernest Godwin, for \$1 and other considerations a lot on Tremont avenue. Myer Schwartz and wife to Samuel Schwartz, for \$100 and other considerations a lot on Hermitage Court. Junius L. Brown and wife to Ernest Wilson, for \$1,850, a tract of land in Sharon township. J. M. Coffey and wife to J. S. Marks for \$200, a tract of 2.25 acres in Steel Creek township. H. C. Sherrill company to J. S. Houston, for \$7,100, a lot on East Ninth street. H. C. Sherrill company to Hilary Houston, for \$6,800, a lot on East Ninth street.

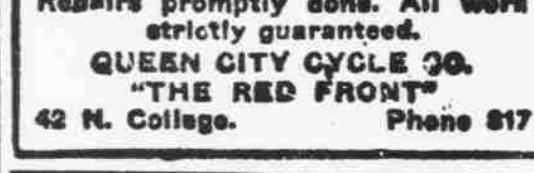
TRIAL OF DAVIS IS SCHEDULED FRIDAY

Magistrate J. W. Cobb has continued until Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock the trial of J. J. Davis, agent who had been living near Lakewood, on the charge of storing liquor at his home. At his house last Saturday night officers found about 18 gallons of liquor, which, however, was deemed the property of Lloyd L. Pettus, of Charlotte. A warrant was issued for Pettus' arrest and he was to have been tried Monday before Magistrate Cobb on the charge of having liquor for sale. He did not show up for trial and it is thought he left the State to avoid arrest.

READY FOR BUSINESS IN LOANS TO FARMERS

Washington, Sept. 14.—The War Finance Corporation announced Tuesday that it was ready for business in connection with the distribution of upwards of \$1,000,000 in agricultural and livestock loans under recent Congressional authorization. Circulars have been mailed to all farmers' organizations, banks and financial institutions in the agricultural and livestock sections of the country setting forth the manner in which applications for advances should be made, and local committees have been appointed to handle the requests.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS



Southern Railway Schedule

Lv.	No.	Between	No.	Ar.
3:25a	29	Atlanta-B'gham	30	12:55a
8:10p	30	Wash-New York	31	10:20a
7:25p	31	Wash-New York	32	7:19a
7:50a	15	Atlanta-Danville	43	11:20p
11:00p	43	Columbia	36	9:15a
8:20p	12	Taylorville	11	8:00a
8:10p	12	Wash-New York	13	9:20a
9:40p	13	Wash-New York	14	10:30a
6:30p	12	Richmond-Norfolk	11	10:15a
9:05p	35	B'gham-N. Orleans	36	10:05a
10:00p	12	Columbia	36	9:15a
5:20a	10	Winston-Salem	9	12:45p
5:20a	45	G'ville-Winchester	46	1:25p
3:00p	46	Boro-Danville	15	8:45a
10:15a	36	New York-Wash.	35	8:55p
9:30a	127	Atlanta	14	6:45a
10:40a	27	Atlanta-N. Orleans	38	9:05p
4:25a	44	G'boro-Danville	Barber, Mooresville	
11:00p	14	Richmond	13	4:58p
		Norfolk-Richmond	11	10:15a

x-Daily except Sunday.

Through Pullman sleeping car service to Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Richmond, Norfolk, Atlanta, Birmingham, Mobile, New Orleans. Unexcelled service, convenient schedules and direct connections to all points. Schedules published as information and are not guaranteed.

A WIFE IN THE MAKING

BY PHYLLIS PHILLIPS

TIT FOR TAT.

And Arline seemed fairly flutter round Ned for the rest of the evening. She looked like a blazing butterfly. Her gauzy dress floated about her slight form alluringly. She was the embodiment of girlish charm and beauty. She seemed bent on having every man in the place in love with her, if that were possible.

When Arline and Ned had strolled by the spot which sheltered Cherry and her adorer, the young husband's heart had missed a beat from sheer surprise. Then he had found his whole body tingling with some hugely, primitive sensation. The blood pounded in the back of his head to accompany his jealousy. Yes, Ned was plain, old-fashioned, jealous.

He tried to stifle his own ignoble thoughts about his wife and his friend, but at the time it seemed impossible for him to do so. So this was the sort of girl his wife really was? No doubt she had been kissed and had been made love to by innumerable men before his turn came along. If not, why had she not made some sort of protest when Hamilton embraced her? A good wife would have done so without a doubt. And Arline had also seen—there was the rub. Now she would have a very small opinion of a man like himself. A man who could not hold his wife after a few short months of matrimony. In turn his heart and head ached all the way back to the dancing.

Arline was her gayest. She patted his arm, and looked unutterable things into his eyes by the clear of the moon as they walked. In every way she let him know that she, too, had seen; also that she felt an infinite tender pity for him besides. Clever Arline.

There was only one thing for Ned to do, after their discovery, and that was to play the debonaire Pierrot role himself. Come what may, he refused to be considered a husband, fooled. Neither would he let the girl beside him guess how deeply hurt he had been. But in this he overlooked womanly knowledge of masculine psychology entirely. Arline had noticed his start of horror as his eyes had fastened on Cherry in the arms of another man, also the gone look in his eyes when he had turned to answer some question of hers, after they had left the erring couple far behind.

And Arline felt strangely elated after the incident. Life seemed smiling and quite possible once more. And Ned was now at his best to her way of thinking. Gay, charming and very, very attentive to her in every way.

She fairly gurgled for joy when he suddenly pulled her roughly to him, murmuring in her ear, closely, with a flushed face:

"I want to dance this with you, Arline, with you only." A thrill shot through the girl at his words, for he had called her by his old pet name, the name of long ago.

(To be continued.)

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

They tell me what shows I may go to. What movies I may safely see. I may kiss my wife just so often in life. The microbes are measured for me. They say when and where I may travel. And what hungry Turks I must feed. I'm a traitorous jay if I happen to say. That my liberty's going to seed. My life, it is all regulated. I'm indexed and live by the card. Officials must know how my radishes grow. And how many hens in my yard. For all the scholastic restrictions. Fix blood pressure, hall, rain and snow. If I yell they tell me I can go to—well. They tell me right where I can go. In the world-wide strife between nature and art, art falls down badly in one section. It has never yet produced a show-window wax lady who is one half as attractive as the real live ones outside who stand looking at her and wishing they had her opportunity to wear those gowns.

After looking at one of these blushing waxen beauties, in fact the most beautiful of the flock, we can turn around, see an ordinary third-row burlesque flapper go by and still find ourselves able to exclaim, "Ain't nature wonderful!"

WHITTLIN'.

We had a secret—me and Jim— We pledged afore they buried him. Some folks thought I was heartless, too. But I didn't care s' long's Jim knew. My two other brothers, "Sam" and "Hil." They were all right, but Jim was my pal. We'd sit on an old fence, me and Jim, Just "whewin' the rag"—an' whittin'.

Then folks used to say that was all I could do. Guess they don't know I was thinkin' too.

Jim made me promise I would not cry. So folks found me whittin' when Jim went by? —Charmion.

"Why didn't you run faster when the cops chased you last night?" "There was a bullet ahead of me and I was afraid of running into it!"

A man who is madly in love never wears a celluloid collar or eats onions.

OUR OWN SCHOOLHOUSE.

Q.—What does an artist's model have to do? A.—Nothing. Nature has done it all.

Q.—What is the best way to get rid of mosquitoes? A.—Take an ocean voyage.

Q.—What woman never said a word? A.—The Spinnix.

Q.—How many actresses were divorced today? A.—Haven't seen the last edition of the evening papers yet.

Q.—What is radium? A.—It is expensive.

We are a resourceful people, as the man said when he attached some removing brushes to his ord and used it for a carpet sweeper.

-like oranges? drink ORANGE-CRUSH

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610 S. Tryon St., 20x100 (new) 125.00
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3650 shares were sold the first week. One party telegraphed his September payment on new shares from Portland, Oregon. Many applicants for loans have not yet made their first payment. This should be done at once.

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Best bargain in Myers Park in vacant lot on car line \$10,000
Another dandy vacant lot—corner—in Piedmont \$4,500
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4 rooms, 1501 Seigle avenue, in Villa Heights, modern conveniences, \$50 cash, balance \$30 per month \$2,550
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Mademoiselle to the left holds the hair dryer. On the dressing table are heating pad and vibrator. The electric outlet on the fall holds a triple duty socket. We sell them all.

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