

The Amazing Romance of a Princess...
Miss Nobody
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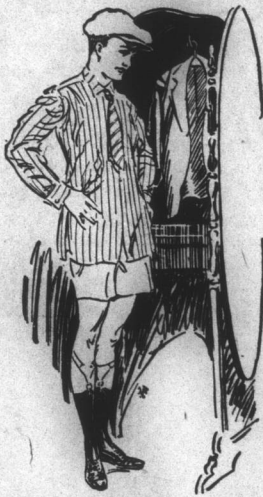
Bravo was asleep under an apple tree in bloom. She put down her clay Venus and leaned over him. She had never before noticed that his ears were slightly pointed as if, way back when such things were, a lady among his forebears had met in woodland the rover Pan.

"There ought to be vine leaves in his hair," she thought.

His face was mottled by flecks of sunlight which danced on his patterns of light damped on his shade of young leaves and blossoms over him. She studied intently the expressions which the wavering patterns of light damped on his peaceful countenance. She remarked the peculiar sensuous upcurve of mouth corners. It seemed that the gentle breeze, it seemed that he was unutterably sorrowful.

When she looked to her clay Venus resting in the grass, two petals of apple blossom floated down and settled in the receptacle at her feet. She sighed.

Bravo stirred restlessly and awoke.



She smoothed her sox and admired her knees in a tarnished mirror.

"I've been dreaming." He lay still and spoke up into the glory of the tree. He breathed deep and sat up. His scrutable eyes became inscrutable. "I've been dreaming a funny dream. Something about a girl—but she had your face. Can you beat that? I followed her through about eight hundred miles of dream. Then I saw her face. It was your mug."

He clambered to his feet.

"There's always something wrong—even with the girl of one's dreams."

"We're fired," said Barbara shortly and gave no explanation. He didn't seem to expect one. He gripped her buoyantly by the shoulders.

"Good! Now we dig out for Pine Springs. There, kid, your unsoaped side-kick is going to blossom out and get himself medicine for this Spring fever that's eating him. We're going to dude up. Buddy, when you see Bravo in Pine Springs, you're going to know what the well dressed man'll wear! And there's a pretty girl for every pine in Pine Springs."

She smiled gayly, picked up the fragile Venus and, deliberately, let it fall from the height of her shoulders to a rock imbedded in a root of the tree. It shattered into a hundred fragments.

They lit the road. The warm sun shone in their eyes. Bravo hummed a song, and somewhere in the cool shade a wood thrush warbled joyously.

Barbara kicked a pebble.

"When we get to Pine Springs," she said spitefully, "I'm going to buy you a present!" She wished the thrush would shut up. "Some sulphur and molasses!"

Bo Brummel

SHE STOOD in her B. V. D.'s and a dazzling new striped shirt. In front of the little shop the tailor was pressing the blue two-piece with the pin stripes. He muttered ancient Gallican curses beneath his breath, and glanced up ruefully at his sign:

"Suits pressed while you wait. 50 cents."

"Huh!" He spat viciously on the iron. "I ought to charge the loafer a dollar."

From the back room called Barbara:

"Snap into it, stuf! In this a tailor shop or a flop joint?"

She uttered the coarse words with complacency. Of decent shame! Not a vestige! She was a post-graduate ho by now, an alumna of the highroad, as she stood in her shirt-tails, a confounding argument for co-education. She thought the thoughts of the itinerants and their lingo knew her smooth lips.

"Yah!" grumbled the tailor. "I lose money on the job, and he wants yet I should hurry. I bet he must have slept in slugs for a year. All my life I never saw such a dirty garment."

Barbara waited impatiently.

"This is the day of the great adventure, Alley. We're going to be fudges for a day and play-we're the tide rich."

She smoothed her sox and admired her knees in a tarnished mirror.

"And we're going to be mighty sensible about this Bravo lad. It was nice of him, though, to offer to stake me to a new suit of clothes, wasn't it, now?"

Alley nodded.

"I was tempted to let him give me the money, Alley. I thought,

go out and get some silk stockings and a frock and show him what he's missing—because he doesn't know Barbara Brown. Do you know a hobo I didn't do it. Alley! Do I? It'd spoil everything. I understand that. Do you?"

"No, you don't understand. You're too young. Food is all that interests you, Alley. Right now, by the way, it sort of interests me, too. Tonight we dine in splendor. No Mulligan. No greasy farm grub. No handouts. And I'm going to look pretty swell, too, when I'm pressed and barbered. If I could lay my hands on the cosmetics of my petticoat past—I feel the cosmetic urge. But I'm a man, Alley, and we men have no vanity."

The tailor came in, dropped Barbara's suit over a chair and shuffled out. His irons had done nobly by the blue pin stripes. They had effected a renaissance in serge. It looked like a new garment. Barbara talked to the dull mirror's distorted image of an admired self.

"We're a knockout, kid. And we've fooled 'em all. All but Bleaches-and-Cream, who had special knowledge. We've had—"

She squinted at her reflection.

"We've had but one haircut since we put on pants."

"What?" she called to the tailor.

"When? At the nearest barber shop?"

"Next block," she was told.

"I owe you four bits, eh?" He nodded morosely. "Well, here's a buck, and you keep the change—if you'll do something for me."

"What?" He was suspicious.

"Mind my cat for me."

"Oh, sure."

Barbara entered the barber shop and made for a chair.

"Haircut," she said out of the side of her mouth.

The barber arranged the shroud.

"How you like heem?" he asked. She was silent. "You brush heem up, or on the side?"

"Oh, yes," said Barbara. The answer seemed to satisfy. A clipper traveled over the back of her neck. She relaxed, keenly enjoying the soothing ministrations. Presently the barber held a mirror behind her.

"Awright?"

"Lovely!"

He stared. "Shave?"

"No," she gulped. "I shaved this afternoon."

He ran a thumb over her chin and wheedled: "Quite a stubble there. Just a once-over, eh?"

"Never shave twice in one day," squeaked Barbara.

He implored, "Massage?"

"Well—"

He interpreted acquiescence and slapped an unctuous grease on her face. His beefy fingers kneaded her cheeks, rubbed into her forehead, pinched her chin. It was rough and delicious.

When that was over:

"Hair toneek?"

"Why, I—"

"You go and see your girl, maybe? Then you wanna smell nice, eh?"

She snickered weakly and surrendered. He poured fragrant waters over her new haircut, and combed her until she shone.

The bill was \$2.25. Barbara tipped her fifty cents. The transaction left her less than five dollars. She must, she decided, make inquiry into the mysterious faculty exclusively the male's, of spending one's money and having it, too.

Spendthrift Bravo, for instance, always was plentifully provided. She wondered where he got it. One thing was certain. He was no more a hobo than she was.

The appointment with Bravo was for six o'clock. She had wasted of time and she strolled toward the hotel district, walking with her thoughts.

Her friendship with Bravo was a beautiful thing—beautiful and incomplete. It would have to remain incomplete, for one must not tamper with beautiful things. They are so fragile.

He advanced to meet her under the light in the port cochere and she gasped. Clothes, then, do make the man! He caught her gaze of rapt admiration.

"As I live, my old friend, Bo Brummel!" he greeted, to cover his confusion.

She wanted badly now to be a girl.

"Oh, hell!" said her miserable mind.

"Oh, hello!" said her gay lips.

They strolled into the dining room where Cavalier Bravo had reserved a table. A waiter approached. He knew the guest and bent over him a respectful ear.

"We'll start with a cocktail," said Bravo. "Make mine a Martini." He turned to Barbara.

"What's yours, kid?"

"Orange blossom," said Barbara, furnishing a remarkable instance, for Prof. Sigmund Freud.

Love Will Find a Way

"A woman is only a woman," quoted Bravo, "—but a good cigar is a smoke."

He shoved back from the table, crossed his legs, and indicated a lordly and disdainful satisfaction with the terms of existence. He blew rings of the smoke of a par fecto and envied no seraph.

Barbara grudged him his soul's ease, which had so certainly followed the ease of repetition. As for herself, bliss ended abruptly at the diaphragm. Above that lies a pessimistic brain refused to compromise with a lilled middle.

"A woman is only a woman," she parroted, with a smug. "What does that mean, if anything? I suppose no woman ever says, 'a man is only a man.'"

Make Masses Think

The intellectual independence of the editorial page has been established. The advertising columns have been purified of that which was intended to exploit. The Associated Press was organized by newspapers to give their readers bare facts of life and invite them to do their own thinking. The effect has been a social triumph. Today the masses are thinking for themselves and naturally there is a revolt against the fabrications.

Opera in Asheville.

(By International News Service)

Asheville, Aug. 4.—The San Carlo Opera Company's third annual season at Asheville will open Monday night, August 9th, under the auspices of the Asheville Musical Festival Association.

"Carmen" will open the season Monday night with "Madame Butterfly" Tuesday night, "The Barber of Seville" Wednesday afternoon, "Aida" Wednesday night, "Lucia di Lammermoor" Thursday night, "La Boheme" Friday night, "The Tales of Hoffman" Saturday afternoon, and "Forza Del Destino" Saturday night.

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NEWSPAPER A SOURCE OF HAPPINESS AND WISDOM

If You'd Be Happy, Follow Closely the News of the Day.

Chautauqua, N. Y., Aug. 4.—(AP)—A good newspaper, read regularly and with discrimination, has been described as a source of happiness and the origin of a philosophy of life that will stand up.

"If you would be happy, follow closely the news of the day," declared Edward McKernon, superintendent of the eastern division of the Associated Press, speaking tonight at Old First Night in celebration of the 52th anniversary of the founding of the Chautauqua assembly.

Constant Cold Facts of Life

"Read and contemplate," he said, "for this is the beginning of wisdom. The one institution that, without equivocation or apology reflects human nature and presents to you the bare, cold facts of life is the daily press. You are not well informed nor patriotically equipped for the duties of citizenship unless with diligence you follow succeeding events as they pass in review on the printed page."

"The problem of our society is not the ignorance of the uninformed but the loose thinking of the misinformed. The man who does not think at all is a lesser liability. The one who thinks but has not learned to think straight is a social menace. We cannot think straight until we have a comprehensive knowledge of things as they are, and this is to be had only from the newspapers."

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Giant Locomotives to Speed Florida Freight; Pull Train a Mile Long With Ease



Photo shows one of twenty-three, huge mountain-type fast freight oil-burning locomotives, made for the Florida East Coast Railway by the American Locomotive Company.

Each of the big locomotives weighs over three hundred tons and is capable of handling a train of 110 cars, with a length of approximately one mile, at relatively high speed.

The new locomotives each develop a maximum tractive power of 60,800 pounds and represent the most modern ideas in locomotive design and construction. They are the most powerful of their type in the Southeastern states and the largest, of any type, in the state of Florida.

They will be used to haul freight reaching the Florida East Coast Railway at Jacksonville to destinations on the East coast of Florida and the island of Cuba and to transport it thence to the North. Cuban bound freight is transported by ocean car ferry from Key West to Havana, a distance of 90 miles, right in the freight cars; the loaded freight cars running right from the piers on to the tracks on the ferry boats.

The ability to handle heavy freight trains at relatively high speed is a very important feature on so busy a railroad as the Florida East Coast Railway where the passenger business is relatively larger than on most railroads. The freight trains must move rapidly to keep out of the way of the passenger trains, especially when the latter are as numerous as they are on this railroad.

In addition to the heavy freight required by the tremendous growth of the East coast of Florida, the line handles a heavy Cuban trade. Fine equipment and operation have reduced time by rail between the United States and Cuba. The line recently ran an "Order of Railway Conductors' Special from Key West to Jacksonville, Fla., a distance of 622 miles, in 12 hours and 50 minutes, including stops of ten minutes each at Miami, West Palm Beach, and Ft. Pierce, and twenty minutes at New Smyrna. 122 miles of this run is over the sea on huge trestles and viaducts that lead between Key West and the mainland. Mail to Central American points by this route reaches its destination earlier.

The line has been a heavy chaser of rolling stock and equipment. The sum of forty million dollars in cash has been expended for improvements and greater facilities in the past three years while twenty-one millions voted this year brings the total up to sixty-one million dollars within a four year period.

Vice-President H. N. Rodenbaugh, formerly associated with the U. S. Railroad Administration, Southern District, under whose administration the big program has been carried out will make additions of 45 mountain type locomotives to the line this year. Each year for several years past large orders have been placed for the latest types of locomotives and other rolling stock.

In the Spotlight of the News



WILLIAM C. DURANT MRS. R. WASHBURN CHILD



MARIA DE BOURBON. THOMAS CUNNINGHAM

William C. Durant, auto man, was reported to have made \$1,500,000 in General Motors stock. Mrs. Richard Washburn Child separated from her husband, former Ambassador to Italy. Princess Maria de Bourbon, cousin to the King of Spain, was a visitor in America. Thomas Cunningham, Pennsylvania political boss, was threatened with punishment when he refused to answer questions put by the Senate elections investigators in Chicago.

Hot Water

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This gas hot water heater is surely a friend in need and a friend indeed of every cook and housewife. Apply a match and in a few minutes steaming hot water will run from the faucet—enough for the dishes, for a bath, etc. Let us install one for you. Pays for itself quickly.

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F. C. NIBLOCK

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Miss Virginia Weltman, New York's Municipal Golf Champion, added a new title to her golf laurels by capturing the State Park Championship of Illinois to her list. She won the New York Championship in 1924.

KELVINATOR

Oldest and Most Reliable Electric Refrigerating Machine

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Forty-Eight Boosters For Kelvinator

Ask Us For Detailed Information

J. Y. Pharr & Bros.

Phone 127 Concord, N. C.

The planning of a small home is even more difficult than a larger one. To plan a small home containing most of the desirable features without making it appear cluttered up, is work of an expert.

In Kenwood you will find most of the features of a modern complete home. The dining kitchen is large enough to accommodate the average family. If the occasion demands, the dining table may be placed in the living room, as this room is amply large, being 11' 3" x 19' with fireplace at one end.

The entry at the front gives privacy to the interior. There are two bedrooms and bath at the rear, with closets and linen cases.

The second floor contains two good sleeping rooms, toilet and sewing room. A half basement is provided.

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When summertime demands upon wardrobes are heavy... count upon us to give hurry-up service without slighting care in fine workmanship.

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Bob's
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PHONE 787
 Office 25-27 W. Depot St.

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Mediterranean Salted Almonds
 Large Selected Salted Pecans
 Filberts
 Persian Pistachios (Love Nuts)

PEARL DRUG CO.

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