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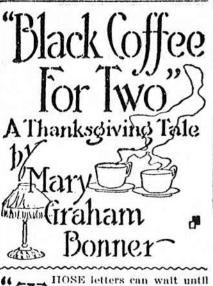
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WALHALLA, S. C.:

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 27, 1918.



Friday, Miss Johnson. Tomorrow we're closed, you know."

"Very well, str," said Miss Johnson.

"You don't seem to be es-

the girls welcome a holiday. They can young man, Miss Johnson? Perhaps whoever she may be, if he doesn't get you've not been long enough in the a smile on his face cace in a while." city. Well, well, take your time. There's a lot of these youngsters who ney was asking of one of the stenog-can make love all right, all right, but raphers who was hurrying off. when it comes to furnishing the home -they'd have a hard time doing it on answer. the installment plan. The salaries of young men ain't so big these days."

gentleman with watery blue eyes, fat lips and pudgy hands.

folks, ch?" continued the gentleman.

ter and went home for the summer."

hearts," he added with a leer.

real turkey, eh? Well, we'll have it. vated stairs. You're only a child to me. I'm old prough to be your father"

wondered if It could be possible that Mr. Brown had invited her to spend the holiday with him. But the idea vanished and just at that moment he was called to the telephone. The other girls had gone to the cloakroom and Miss Johnson entered as they were preparing for the outside world.

"What are you going to do tomorrow, Johnny?" asked Miss Marks. It was the name the girls had given her. "I don't know just yet," she answered.

"Bill and I are going to a Thanksgiving ball," remarked Miss Angela Carter. "And I've got a swell new dress mother's making me."

There was a general discussion as to the ways the holiday would be spent and at the downstairs door Miss Johnson separated from her companions and went over to the elevated.

"Courtney," called Mr. Brown. "Yes, sir," he answered.

"Did that new shipment come in to-

day?" "No sir," said Mr. Courtney. "I don'i



believe we'll get it in until Monday now.'

"Oh, all right, I just wondered. Say, young man, don't look so glum. Get a pretty girl and go off for the day tomorrow. You need cheering up. It's what I need, too. And I'll have it, belleve rac. I've got a little peach for dinner. Quite a sport for an old boy,

"Quite," said Mr. Courtney, quietly, pecially pleased," contin- "I don't care much for girls, that is, ued Mr. Brown. "Most of most girls."

"Hum," grunted Mr. Brown as the sleep and then go out dancing with younger man left his office. "Falling some fine young man. Ain't you got h in love, ch? She'll soon tire of him, "Has Miss Johnson left?" Mr. Court-

"Yes, left five minutes ago," was the

"You haven't got her home address?" he asked.

Mr. Brown was manager of the "No, but I guess Mr. Brown has it, Jones & Cushing Wholesale Glass and He keeps the addresses of the whole "No, but I guess Mr. Brown has It. Crockery company. He was a large staff, you know." And she was gone. Miss Johnson bourded with friends her mother had met during her one "I suppose you'll be missing the oid city trip-a week's excursion which had taken in the hippodrome and the "I guess I will miss them," said Miss Flatiron building as wonders never to Johnson, with letters and notebook in be forgotten. Usually she took her hand. "It will be the first Thanksgiv- dinner downtown at a cheap table ing I've been away. You see I took d'hote, for Mrs. Palmer, her mother's my course at business college last win- friend, did not care much for cooking and besides it had been arranged "To be sure," said Mr. Brown. "It's that way-room and breakfast, five only two months since you came here, dollars a week. But tonight she would but you've won your way into our go straight home without dinner. Perhaps they would be making prepara-"And I know how you feel," he went tions for the great day. She bought "Just longing for the old folks an evening paper, two bananas and a and the kids. How'd you like some sweetened roll and started up the ele-

oor with her latchkey.

gathering, no turkey, no pumpkin ple and cider. No children to be allowed on that day to eat all they wanted. Maybe it was a day of national gorging, but it was a family day anyway and it was Thanksgiving day.

She tried to sleep. She didn't want to think of the morrow. But she did, and at the same time came the vision of Mr. Brown, his watery eyes leering at her, and his pudgy hands holding hers so she couldn't escape, and his lips-those fat lips-forcing-Oh no! She shivered and pulled the clothes around her tighter. Why had she said she would go? Perhaps he meant to be kind. But he had always been a

Sometimes she had noticed a strange look on the part of Mr. Courtney, es- frittered away. pecially that afternoon. . felt Ned Courtney thought Mr. Brown dictated less and talked more than was necessary. And it bothered her. But she was not sure, and she didn't want to lose her job. It had been so hard-beginning with everything so new and different. Of all the men she had met in New York she cared mostly for Ned Courtney and his opinion. He had seemed sincere and every one in the office spoke so highly of him.

She wondered what he'd think of this, and then she wondered why she wished to have the she knew.

So she thought on. Morning came. Her eyes were heavy. Sleep had come only in snatches. She dressed hastily and then laughed at herself for hurrying. She wrote home and tried to make her letter cheerful.

"Lydia ! Lydia Johnson !" same Mrs. Palmer's voice from downstairs. "A gentleman to speak to you on the phone."

Miss Johnson went down the stairs without hurrying. She had never acquired the habit of running to the telephone as if it were on fire and must be put out by lifting the receiver.

"Helto," she said. "Oh, good-morning, Miss Johnson," came the voice from the other end, "I hope I didn't get you up out of bed. No? Vor re not a late sleeper even on a holiday? Well, I always knew you were smart. Just thought I'd call you

up to tell you we'll have that turkey tonight at six you know. I'll be around in plenty of time. Look your sweetest !

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Brown. Yes, I'll be ready a little before six."

At either end the receiver was hung up and each went off discontented. "I wonder if I'm wasting time and

money on her," meditated Mr. Brown, 'It's all right to favor that country idea she has of a holiday but I like a little appreciation in return. But I guess I've got her where I want her. . . . Only I'd better not lose



Started Up the Stairs.

out by rushing things. She's a bit dif-She reached home and opened the ferent from the usual run of 'em."



In deciding upon the home that's going to be yours. Get ittle too kind, a little too considerate, down to business; delay only means more money

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ALL KINDS OF TOWN PROPERTY.

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Every place near good Schools and Churches.

RANK E. ALEXANDER. THE REAL ESTATE MAN.

(FOR PARTICULARS SEE R. H. ALEXANDER AT COURT HOUSE.)

Lydia closed the door softly and ing turkey and cranberry sauce. then opened it noisily. "Yes," she Squash pie, apple cider." called back. "I'm just going over to see the pic-

tures for an hour. I'll be back in time to fuss you up a bit for tonight. Don't worry. I'll only be gone an hour." "All right, thank you, Mrs. Palmer,"

she called. She waited five minutes, then ten and at last put on her things. Quietly she stole down the stairs. She opened the door, looked up and down the street and then hurviedly walked along. "I guess," she said slowly to herself,

"I'll go downtown." And she went up the stairs to the elevated. "I suppose I'll have to eat," she

Lydia ordered them, scarcely noticing that they were a little special in price, too.

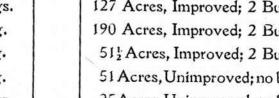
Olives and celery were put in front of her and a small dish of relish. She tasted some and as she put down her fork she saw Ned Courtney entering. As he caught sight of her his eyes brightened and his step became more buoyant. "May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to the vacant chair opposite her.

"Yes, do," said Lydia quickly. "I'm all alone. I'm kind of homesick, anyway," she admitted, as her eyes shone a little mistily They make a regular fuss over Thanksgiving day at home. I'm from the country, you know. And I guess I'm still a bit of a youngster. It's my first Thanksgiving away from

home.'

"Mr. Brown asked me to have dinner. with him. He said his wife and two kids were up with his mother-in-law, who's sick. She lives in the country and so he'd be all alone. I guess he meant it kindly, but somehow I just felt kind o' queer about going."

"Thank God you did," said Mr. Courtney with a sudden burst of religious fervor. "Wife and two kids and a mother-in-law--all to fool you with! Why he's not even married! 1 pity the poor creature who would ever marry him. He's asked all the girls in the office to go out with him. He threatens to fire 'em if they don't accept, but if they're any good at their work he figures on business first-and



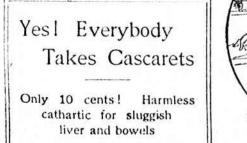
Brown moved his chair a little nearer. came, "How about a Thanksgiving dinner with me tomorrow night? My wife has What do you say?

"We'll go to one of the swell places in the way? where there'll be cranberry sauce, too. spoons." Mr. Brown thought he was a humorous man.

"I guess I'll go," said Miss Johnson slowly.

"Good ! I'll call for you at six sharp out with a nice safe old fatherly man from the office." Mr. Brown really flattered himself that he was neither old nor safe.

Miss Johnson had closed the door and gone to put her book and letters back in her desk. Mr. Courtney, one of the salesmen and Mr. Brown's righthand man, had noticed 2 Sught flush on her face and sine had passed him, He



Feel bully! Cheer up! Take Cascarets to liven your liver and clean the bowels and stop headaches, biliousness, bad breath, coated tongue, sallowness, sour stomach and gases. To-night take Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel eleansing you ever experienced. Wake up feeling grand-Everybody's doing it. Cascarets best laxative for children. They gladly take this pleasant candy cathartic because it shildren. never gripes or sickens like other things .--- adv.

And with a look such as no father indication every one was out. She by the inquisitive eyes of Mrs. Paimer has ever given before or since, Mr. called for Mrs. Palmer but no reply

and then went to the kitchen for a gone to see her old mother, who is drink of water. Her meal had been dry down sick. So let's keep each other and somehow it choked her a little. company, ch? And have real turkey. Everything was so hard to swallow. Or osity. was it that the lump in her throat got

At last ten o'clock came and Mrs. of children--not young and worthless." And we'll hear music when we eat, Palmer walked in. "Oh," said Miss that is if we get those noiseless soup- Johnson, "I came home early tonight to know if I could help you with the dinner tomorrow. I'm going out myself. But mother has always said I was handy with the dressing."

"Dressing? Dinner?" repeated Mrs. and you have a good sleep and write Palmer in amazement. "Oh, land, home to the folks that you're going child, I don't go to no fuss for Thanksgiving! What's the use? I just says to Bert Palmer and the kids, 'Now why should I be standing over a hot stove for hours when in no time you'd have all the stuff et up?' So I let's 'em



Wondered if Mr. Brown Had Invited Her to Spend the Holiday With Him.

sleep and then I runs down to the dellcatessen and gets a few cold cuts and love. Don't worry, Mrs. Palmer, I'm a bit of potato salad for a little extry. not so young as you might think." Say, why don't you go to the pictures more? I've been tonight to see "The Wayward Girl's Return Home.' It was sad but oh, so beautiful."

of the pictures. A few cold cuts and and coat were ready. She sat there, potato salad for Thanksgiving, she nervous and shaking. At last she was thinking, and a football game and heard Mrs. Palmer's shrill voice: the theaters and movies. No family

Lydia returned to her room, passing without answer.

Later she breakfasted, or rather Miss Johnson ate her meager repast lunched, with the Palmer family. She played the plano a little, and then, before returning to her room, decided she would satisfy Mrs. Palmer's curi-

> "I'm going to dinner with Mr. Brown of the firm," she said. "He's a father She laughed a little.

> "That's good," said Mrs. Palmer. "But what's he doing taking you out 'today? Where's his kids?"

> "Away to see a sick grandmother." said Lydia, and as she said it she felt that Mrs. Palmer nodded her head a little too understandingly. Lydia flushed slightly.

"Now, listen, dearle," said Mrs. Palmer, "to a word of motherly advice, Get all that's comin' to you. They think more of you when you make 'em standing waiting for seats, looking an-

city's ways aren't the country's ways-want to see you get on." She was table in just a moment for you." thinking secretly of a new rug she boy for all he's worth, but take my ad- strangely capty. vice, and never fall in love. 'They're done with you then, and you lose inter- Johnson. est in others."

Lydia had sat partly listening and partly dreaming of the Thanksgiving at home-the long table, her father's jokes, the children's ceaseless chatter, her mother hot and tired but beaming. She arose, "I'll be careful," she said as she bit her lip. "I won't fall in

She went to her room and closed her door with a bang. Then softly opened It. An hour went by and then another. Still another passed and Lydia was But Miss Johnson was not thinking growing impatient. Her hat and gloves

"Lydia, Lydia."

thought grimly. Usually Rast's table d'hote was crowded. There people were always



Tried Hard to Make Her Letters Appear Cheerful.

spend-and if he's old enough to be a noyed and envious of those who were father-and take you out-he's likely almost finished but who took so long got enough of the wherewithal. Say over their coffee. Table d'hote diners you like white furs. Tell him in a real had no right to take so long over their heby tone you did wish you could have coffee, their expressions read quite a sliver mesh bag. While I promised plainly. But Mr. Rast was genial and your mother I'd look after you, the always held his crowds by a suave smile and a confidential manner of leastwise, not so I'd know it. And I aying to each customer, "I'll have a But this evening there were few at night like herself. "Just work the old Rast's. The whole place looked

"Plenty of tables tonight," said Miss

"Yes, miss," Mr. Rast smilingly admitted. "But if some folks knew what an extra menu I give for Thanksgiving they would not be eating home. Trouble isn't that, altogether, but here , the business section there ain't much going on today. Eave your choice of tables." And with a flourish Mr. Rast still retained his manner of

personal interest and of a great desire to please. Lydia Johnson took her seat and

looked at the menu. It was just about the same as usual, but Mr. Rast had been true to his boast. There on the top was an additional sheet of thin paper, reading in watery ink, "Special for Today," Below was "Thanksgiv-

"And you're here, you poor child," said Mr. Courtney, who was possibly two years her senior. "Of all the Godforsaken places in the world, the city takes the lead on a holiday when you've no special pals-and when you've been used to the other kind. It's my first Thanksgiving day here."

"Mother makes an awful fuss over the day," said Lydia. "And pop is just as bad. Always jokes we're not going to have turkey and we always do, of course."

"Of course," agreed Mr. Courtney, "and pumpkin ple and cider. I see real life. Will you-will you-in a lityou've ordered the specials. Well, I guess I will too. Squash ple, eh? suppose they haven't any pumpkin." They ate their dinner and each



" See You've Ordered the Specials."

talked of the times at home--other Thanksgivings.

"Do you come here often?" asked Mr. Courtney.

"Almost always," she answered. "I I thought I would. I've never seen you here before."

"No, it's my first appearance, though I guess I know all the other places like this. One of the boys told me about it at the office. Where did you think you'd go? I mean tonight, if you hadn't come here?"

besides it would look queer to the partners.

"I've seen him eyeing you," he continued. "And I've said to myself often, 'If he lays a hand on her I'll-' Tried to work on your homesickness! Ugh !" Miss Johnson had turned crimson. 'I've always been home Thanksgiving before," she murmured again. She had talked a good deal to Ned Courtney in the shop and the girls had teased her about htm. But he had never "asked her out." She felt miserably friendless.

"Listen," she heard him say, "I've cared for you ever since you first stepped into Jones & Cushing's, and I'd like to see you step out. My father's ready any day to hand over the farm to me, and the farm life is the tle while, marry me? Mr. Brown can 1 fire us both. We'll never be at his mercy again on Thanksgiving day. We'll have a country Thanksgiving and we'll let the kids eat all they want -that is-later on." He grew uncomfortably red. He had been rushing a little too fast.

Lydia looked at him first a full moment, then looked away.

"I've always wished you cared for me," she said softly to the empty table opposite.

"That's enough," said Mr. Courtney, "we'll make up for this, beginning with Christmas."

"Anything else?" murmured the valter for the third time.

"On." said Mr. Courtney, "black coftee for two!"

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SOME STARTLING FACTS.

More children die during the teethas period than consumption kills annually. The pain and discomfort that comes with this disease of chilhood may be avoided. Save doctor wasn't going to come tonight, and then bills and steepless nights by giving the sick, crying and restless child a few doses of Dr. Thornton's Easy-Teether as directed. It tides the tiny folks over the critical period of life safely. "Give the baby a chance." 18 doses for 25c., at all dealers. Easy Teether Medicine Co., Canon, Ga.--- Adv.