

The Laurens Advertiser.

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(Continued from Last Week.)

Such, as is sometimes said, was the first issue, complete, of the North End Daily Oriole. Florence was not immediately critical of some distortions of meaning in the body of her poem, due partly to Atwater & Rooter's natural lack of experience in a new and exacting trade; partly to their envious unconsciousness of any necessity for proofreading; and somewhat to their haste in getting through the final, and least interesting stage of their undertaking, Florence's poem being, in fact, so far as the printers were concerned, mere hack work and anti-climax.

And as, they later declared, under fire, anybody that could make out more than three words in five of her old handwriting was welcome to do it. Besides, what did it matter if a little bit was left out at the end of one or two of the lines? They couldn't be expected to run the lines out over their margin, could they? And they never knew anything crazier than makin' all this fuss because: What if some of it wasn't printed just exactly right, who in the world was goin' to notice it, and what was the difference of just a few words different in her old poem, anyhow?

For, by the time these explanations (so to call them) took place, Florence was indeed makin' a fuss. Her emotions, at first, had been happily stimulated at sight of "By Florence Atwater." A singular tenderness had risen in her—a tremulous sense as of something almost sacred coming at last into its own; and she had hurried to distribute, gratis, among relatives and friends, several copies of the Oriole, paying for them, too (though not without injurious argument) at the rate of two cents a copy. But upon returning to her own home, she became calm enough (for a moment or so) to look over the poem with attention to details. She returned hastily to the newspaper building, but would have been wiser to remain away, since all subscribers had received their copies by the time she got there; and under the circumstances little reparation was practicable.

She ended her oration—or professed to end it—by declaring that she would never have another poem in their old newspaper as long as she lived. "You're right about that," Henry Rooter agreed heartily. "We wouldn't let another one in it. Not for fifty dollars! Just look at all the trouble we took molling and tolling to get your old poem printed as nice as we could, so it wouldn't ruin our newspaper, and then you comin' over here and goin' on this way, and all this and that, why, I wouldn't go through it again for a hundred dollars. We're makin' good money anyhow, with our newspaper, Florence Atwater. You needn't think we depend on you for our living!"

"That's so," his partner declared. "We knew you wouldn't be satisfied anyway, Florence. Didn't we, Henry?" "I should say we did!" "Yes, sir!" said Herbert. "Right when we were havin' the worst time tryin' to print it and make out some of the words, I said right then, we were just throwin' away our time. I said, 'What's the use? That ole girl's bound to raise Cain anyhow, so what's the use wastin' a whole lot of our good time and brains like this, just to suit her? Whatever we do, she's certain to come over here and insult us.' Isn't that what I said, Henry?"

"Yes, it is; and I said then you were right, and you are right!" "Cert'nly I am," said Herbert. "Didn't I tell you she'd be just the way some of the family say she is? A good many of 'em say she'd find fault with the undertaker at her own funeral. That's just exactly what I said!"

"Oh, you did?" Florence burlesqued a polite interest. "How virry considerate of you! Then, perhaps you'll try to be a gentleman enough for one simple moment to allow me to tell you my last remarks on this subject. I've said enough—"

"Oh, have you?" Herbert interrupted with violent sarcasm. "Oh, no! Say not so! Florence, say not so!"

At this, Henry Rooter loudly shouted with applause and hilarity; whereupon Herbert, rather surprised at his

own effectiveness, naturally repeated his mot.

"Say not so, Florence! Say not so! Say not so!"

"I'll tell you one thing!" his lady cousin cried, thoroughly infuriated. "I wish to make just one last simple remark that I would care to soil myself with in your respects, Mister Herbert Illingsworth Atwater and Mister Henry Rooter!"

"Oh, say not so, Florence!" they both entreated. "Say not so! Say not so!"

"I'll just simply state the simple truth," Florence announced. "In the first place you're goin' to live to see the day when you'll come and beg me on your bended knees to have me put poems or anything I want to on your old newspaper, but I'll just laugh at you! Indeed? I'll say! 'So you come beggin' around me, do you? Ha, ha! I'll say—I guess it's a little too late for that! Why I wouldn't—'"

"Oh, say not so, Florence! Say not so!"

"Me allow you to have one of my poems? I'll say, 'Much less than that!' I'll say, because even if I was wearing the oldest shoes I got in the world I wouldn't take the trouble to—"

Her conclusion was drowned out. "Oh, Florence, say not so! Say not so, Florence! Say not so!"

The hateful entreaty still murmured in her resentful ears that night, as she fell asleep; and she passed into the beginnings of a dream with her lips slightly dimpling the surface of her pillow in belated repartee. And upon waking, though it was Sunday, her first words, half slumbrous in the silence of the morning, were, "Vile things!" Her faculties became more alert, during the preparation of a toilet which was to serve not only for breakfast, but with the addition of gloves, a hat, and a blue velvet coat, for church and Sunday school as well; and she planned a hundred vengeancees. That is to say, her mind did not occupy itself with plots possibly to make real; rather it dabbled among those fragmentary visions that love to overlap and displace one another in the shifty retina of the mind's eye.

But in all of these pictures, wherein prevalently she seemed some sort of deathly powerful Queen of Poetry, the postures assumed by the figures of Messrs. Atwater and Rooter (both in an extremity of rage) were miserably suppliant. So she soothed herself a little—but not long. Herbert in the next pew in church, and Henry in the next beyond that, were perfect compositions in smugness. They were cold, contented, aristocratic; and had an imperturbable understanding between themselves—quite perceptible to the sensitive Florence—that she was a nuisance now capably disposed of by their beautiful discovery of "Say not so!" Florence's feelings were unbecomingly to the place and occasion.

But at four o'clock that afternoon she was assuaged into a milder condition by the arrival, according to an agreement made in Sunday school, of the popular Miss Patty Fairchild.

Patty was thirteen and a half; an exquisite person with gold-dusted hair, eyes of perfect blue, and an alluring air of sweet self-consciousness. Henry Rooter and Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr., out gathering news, saw her entering Florence's gate, and immediately forgot that they were reporters. They became silent and gradually moved toward the house of their newspaper's sole poetess.

Florence and Patty occupied themselves indoors for half an hour; then went out into the yard to study a mole's tunnel that had interested Florence recently. They followed it across the lawn at the south side of the house, discussing the habits of moles and other matters of zoology; and finally lost the track near the fence, which was here the "back fence," higher than their heads. Patty looked through a knothole to see if the tunnel was visible in the next yard, but without reporting upon her observations she turned, as if carelessly, and leaned back against the fence, covering the knothole.

"Florence," she said, in a tone softer and lovelier than she had been

using heretofore—"Florence, do you know what I think?"

"No. Could you see any more tracks over there?"

"Florence," said Patty—"I was just going to tell you something—only maybe I better not."

"Why not?" Florence inquired. "Go on and tell me."

"No," said Patty, gently. "You might think it was silly."

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you might."

"I promise I won't."

"Well, then—oh, Florence, I'm sure you'll think it's silly!"

"I promised I wouldn't."

"Well—I don't think I better say it."

"Go on," Florence urged. "Patty, you got to."

"Well, then, if I got to," said Patty. "What I was going to say, Florence: Don't you think your cousin Herbert and Henry Rooter have got the nicest eyes of any boy in town?"

"Who?" Florence was staggered.

"I do," Patty said in her charming voice. "I think Herbert and Henry've got the nicest eyes of any boy in town."

"You do?" Florence cried incred-

ulously.

"Yes, I really do, Florence. I think Herbert Atwater and Henry Rooter have got just the nicest eyes of any boy in town."

"Well, I never heard anything like this before!" Florence declared.

"But don't you think they've got the nicest eyes of any boy in town?" Patty insisted, appealingly.

"I think," said Florence, "Their eyes are just horrible!"

"What?"

"Herbert's eyes," continued Florence ardently, "are the very worst lookin' ole squinty eyes I ever saw, and that nasty little Henry Rooter's eyes—"

But Patty suddenly became fidgety; she hurried away from the fence.

"Come over here, Florence," she said. "Let's go over to the other side of the yard and talk."

And it was time for her to take some such action if she wished to show any tact. Messrs. Atwater and Rooter, seated quietly together upon a box on the other side of the fence (though with their backs to the knothole) were beginning to show signs of inward disturbance. Already flushed with unexpected ineffabilities, their

complexions had grown even pinker upon Florence's open-hearted expressions of opinion. Slowly they turned their heads to look sternly at the fence, upon the other side of which stood the maligner of their eyes. Not that they cared what that ole girl thought—but she oughtn't to be allowed to go around talking like this and perhaps prejudicing everybody that had a word to say for them.

"Come on over here, Florence," called Patty huskily, from the other side of the yard. "Let's talk over here."

Florence was puzzled, but consented. "What you want to talk over here for?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know," said Patty. "Let's go out in the front yard."

She led the way around the house, and a moment later uttered a cry of surprise as the firm of Atwater & Rooter, passing along the pavement, hesitated at the gate. Their celebrated eyes showed some doubt for a moment, then a brazenness; Herbert and Henry decided to come in.

"Isn't this the funniest thing?" cried Patty. "After what I just a while ago—you know, Florence. Don't you dare to tell 'em."

(Continued on Page 4, this section)

LAND SALE

State of South Carolina,
County of Laurens.

PROBATE COURT

Pursuant to a decree of the Court in case of Sallie R. Sweeney individually, and as administratrix of the estate of Anderson Robertson, deceased, Plaintiff, against Thad Robertson et al, defendants, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at Laurens C. H., S. C., on Salesday in December, 1921, the 5th day of the month, during the legal hours for such sales, the following described property, to wit:

All that tract or plantation of land, situate, lying and being near Gray Court, in Laurens county, State of South Carolina, containing fifty-two (52) acres, more or less, and bounded on the north by lands formerly belonging to Nancy Robertson; on the east by lands of Mrs. J. N. Leake, on the south by lands of R. L. Gray, and on the west by lands of Bud Putnam.

Terms of sale: cash. Purchaser to pay for papers. If the purchaser fails to comply with his bid, the land to be resold on the same or some subsequent salesday on the same terms, and at the risk of the former purchaser.

O. G. THOMPSON,
J. P. L. C.
18-31-A

Nov. 16, 1921.

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<p>Ladies' All Wool Fancy SWEATERS In all the latest colors. Regular price \$4.98. Special \$2.98</p>	<p>BABY BLANKETS In light blue and pink. Very warm and durable. Special 69c</p>	<p>MEN'S CORDUROY PANTS All Sizes. Just the thing for hard wear. Pair \$2.98</p>	<p>Babies' Velvet Bonnets Beautifully Trimmed. Value up to \$2.98. Special 98c</p>	<p>SHOES One lot Ladies' Work Shoes. Regular Price \$3.48. Special \$2.19</p>
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