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(Continued from Last Week.)

And he, likewise, stared at the toe of his own right shoe, which was also scuffing the ground. Herbert felt a little better; this subdivision of his difficulties seemed to be working out with surprising ease.

"I don't say we will and I don't say we won't," Henry added. "That's the way I look at it. My father and mother are always talking to me; how I got to be polite and everything, and I guess maybe it's time I began to pay some attention to what they say. You don't have your father and mother for always, you know, Herbert."

Herbert's mood at once changed with this unprecedented filial melancholy. "No, you don't, Henry. That's what I often think about, myself. No, sir, a fellow doesn't have his father and mother to advise him our whole life, and you ought to do a good deal what they say while they're still alive."

"That's what I say," Henry agreed gloomily; and then, without any alteration of his tone or of the dejected thoughtfulness of his attitude, he changed the subject in a way that painfully startled his companion. "Have you seen Wallie Torbin today, Herbert?"

"What?"

"Have you seen Wallie Torbin today?"

Herbert swallowed. "Why, what makes you ask me that, Henry?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," Henry still kept his eyes upon his gloomily scuffing toe. "I just wondered, because I didn't happen to see him in school this afternoon when I happened to look in the door of the Eight-A when it was open. I didn't want to know on account of anything particular. I just happened to say that because I didn't have anything else to think about just then, so I just happened to think about him, the way you do when you haven't got anything much on your mind, and might get to thinkin' about you can't tell what. That's all the way it was; I just happened to kind of wonder if he was around anywhere, maybe."

Henry's tone was obviously, even elaborately, sincere; and Herbert was reassured. "Well, I didn't see him," he responded. "Maybe he's sick."

"No, he isn't," his friend said. "Florence said she saw him chasing his dog down the street about noon."

At this Herbert's uneasiness was uncomfortably renewed. "Florence did? Where'd you see Florence?"

Mr. Rooter swallowed. "A little while ago," he said, and again swallowed. "On the way home from school."

"Look—look here!" Herbert was hurried to the point of panic. "Henry—did Florence—did she go and tell you—did she tell you—?"

"I didn't hardly notice what she was talkin' about," Henry said, doggedly. "She didn't have anything to say that I'd ever care two cents about. She came up behind me and walked along with me a ways, but I got too many things on my mind to hardly pay the least attention to anything she ever talks about. She's a girl what I think about her the less people pay any attention to what she says the better off they are."

"That's the way with me, Henry," his partner assured him earnestly. "I never pay any notice to what she says. The way I figure it out about her, Henry, everybody'd be a good deal better off if nobody ever paid the least notice to anything she says. I never even notice what she says, myself."

"I don't either," said Henry. "All I think about is what my father and mother say, because I'm not going to have their advice all the rest of my life, after they're dead. If they want me to be polite, why, I'll do it and that's all there is about it."

"It's the same way with me, Henry. If she comes flappin' around here blattin' and blubb'n' how she's goin' to have somepin' to do with our newspaper, why, the only reason I'd ever let her would be because my father say I ought to show more politeness to her than up to now. I wouldn't do it in any other account, Henry."

"Neither would I. That's just the same way I look at it. If I ever begin to treat her any better, she's got my father and mother to thank, not me. That's the only reason I'd be willing to say we better leave the plank down and let her in, if she comes around here like she's liable to."

"Well," said Herbert, "I'm willing. I don't want to get in trouble with the family."

And they mounted the stairs to their editorial, reportorial, and printing rooms; and began to work in a manner not only preoccupied but apprehensive. Now and then they would give each other a furtive glance, and then seem to reflect upon their fathers' and mothers' wishes and the troublous state of the times. Florence did not keep them waiting long, however. She might have been easier to bear

had her manner of arrival been less assured. She romped up the stairs; came skipping across the old floor, swinging her hat by a ribbon, flung open the gate in the sacred railing, and flounced into the principal chair, modestly placing her feet on the table in front of that chair. Additionally, such was her riotous liveliness, she affected to light and smoke the stub of a lead pencil. "Well, men," she said heartily in a voice assumed to be that of a tall, powerful man—"I don't want to see any loafin' around here, men. I expect to have a pretty good newspaper this week—yes, sir, a pretty good newspaper—and I guess you men got to jump around pretty brisk to do everything I think of, or else maybe I guess I'll have to turn you off and get some new ones that'll be more obedient. I don't want to haf to do that, men."

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Florence made it clear to them that henceforth she was sole editor of the North End Daily Oriole. (She said



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she had decided not to change the name, after all.) She informed them that they were to be her printers, nothing more; she did not care to get all lanky and nasty, she said. She would, however, do all the writing for her newspaper, and had with her a new poem. Also, she would furnish all the news and it would be printed just as she wrote it, and printed nicely, too, or else—"look out!"

Thus did this cool hand take possession of an established industry, and in much the same fashion did she continue to manage it. There were un-suppressible protests; there was coveri anguish; there was even a strike—but it was a short one. When the printers remained away from their late newspaper building, on Wednesday afternoon, Florence had an interview with Herbert after dinner at his own door. He explained coldly that Henry and he had grown tired of the printing press and had decided to put in all their spare time building a theater in Henry's attic; but Florence gave him to understand that the theater could not be.

Henry and Herbert had both stopped "speaking" to Patty Fairchild, for each believed her treacherous to himself; but Florence now informed Herbert that far from depending on mere hearsay, she had in her possession the confession of his knowledge that he had ocular beauty—the ruinous bit of writing in his own hand and signed with his complete name—that she had discovered the paper where Patty had lost it; and that it was now in a secure place, and in an envelope upon the outside of which was already written, "Wallie Torbin, Kindness of Florence A."

Herbert collapsed. So did Henry Rooter, a little later that evening, after a telephoned conversation with the slave-driver.

The two miserable printers were back in their places the next afternoon.

And on Saturday the new Oriole, now in every jot and tittle the inspired organ of feminism, made its undeniably sensational appearance.

A copy, neatly folded, was placed in the hand of Noble Dill, as he set forth for his place of business, after lunching at home with his mother. Florence was the person who placed it there—without charge. She came hurriedly from somewhere in the neighborhood, out of what yard or alley he did not notice, and slipped the little oblong sheet into his lax fingers. "There!" she said, breathlessly.

"There's a good deal about you in it, this week, Mr. Dill, and I guess—I guess—"

"What, Florence?"

"I guess maybe you'll—" She looked up at him shyly; then, with no more to say, turned and ran back in the direction whence she had come—and was gone. Noble walked on, not at once examining her little gift, but carrying it absently in fingers still lax at the end of a dangling arm. There was no life in him for anything; Julia was away.

Away—and yet the dazzling creature looked at him from sky, from earth, from air; looked at him with the most poignant kindness, yet always shook her head! She had answered his first letter by a kind little note, his second by a kinder and littler one, and his third, fourth, fifth, and sixth by no note at all; but by the kindest message (through one of her aunts) that she was thinking about him a great deal. And even this was three weeks ago. Since then, from

Julia—nothing at all!

But yesterday something a little stimulating had happened. On the street, downtown, he had come face to face, momentarily with Mr. H. I. Atwater, Senior, Julia's peculiar old father; and for the first time in Noble's life this Mr. Atwater nodded to him pleasantly. Noble went on his way, elated: Was there not something almost fatherly in this strange greeting? There had been an enmeshment of the pain of absence; and he glowed with thoughts of Mr. Atwater.

The glow faded somewhat from Noble when he reached a telephone: he called up "mother, and she said there was a recent news of Julia current in the Atwater family connection that she could hear of; none of them had word that she was coming home. However, Noble did not descend all the way into the cellar of his soul; some of his glow remained and kept him a little more cheerful than he had been for several weeks. The kind greeting of Julia's father had stirred his imagination. An event

so singular might be interpreted in the happiest way. What had Julia written her father, to change him so toward Noble? And Noble was still dreamily interpreting as he walked down the street with the North End Daily Oriole idle in an idle hand.

(To be continued.)

Get a box of MI-O-Na Stomach tablets at Laurens Drug Co. and stop all distress. Relieves indigestion, or money back.

FINAL SETTLEMENT

Take notice that on the 14th day of January, 1922, I will render a final account of my acts and doings as Administrator of the estate of Z. V. Garrett deceased, in the office of the Judge of Probate of Laurens county at 11 o'clock, a. m. and on the same day will apply for a final discharge from

my trust as Administrator. Any person indebted to said estate is notified and required to make payment on that date; and all persons having claims against said estate will present them on or before said date, duly proven or be forever barred.

M. A. GARRETT, Administrator.

December 14, 1921.

FERTILIZERS

16 Per Cent Acid Phosphate Nitrate of Soda  
7-5-5 Mixture  
8-3-3 Mixture  
8-2 1-2-1 Mixture

Get our prices—they are right.

Rheney Seed Store  
CLINTON, S. C.

# LIKE A BEACON LIGHT

Collins' red signals blaze the way to light the trading travellers to Laurens' new store, where high prices vanish like snow before a mid-day sun. I want you to know that Collins is in proper position to puncture high prices and save you money on your every purchase, whether little or large, and that you will always secure sure, safe, and sound returns when you drop your nickles, dimes and dollars in the Collins Store Slot.

The Hand Writing on the Wall was with difficulty translated in August, 1921; but our interpreter translated it as meaning higher prices, and we bought heavily of staples before the advance; consequently we are in proper position to sell you many staples at less than the manufacturers' prices today. I want you to know too that we are going to work for your interests as well as our own. We buy from every conceivable source that merchandise can be obtained at under prices. And spot cash is the mighty lever that lifts and places high grade merchandise in Laurens' new store, bought at such a discount that we can sell you at less than manufacturers' cost.

Napoleon told 'em that the reason that he always won in battle was because he had the ability, and the confidence in his ability, and the right weapons. Now you will see that when we are fully equipped that Collins is going to win the trade on the same principle as that by which Bonaparte won in battle. We have the ability, the confidence in our ability and the Spot Cash to plank down for any thing that bobs up at under prices.

The Hand Writing on the Wall is now being construed by professional phophets to mean Cotton at Higher Prices, and it is naturally to be inferred that cotton goods are to advance accordingly; so possibly it will be best to answer the call while opportunity rings, giving you a chance to buy high grade merchandise at Collins at under price. Watch for our matchless quotations next week, which will appear in the Laurens papers.

Is Your Husband a Good Provider? Aunt Melinda answered: "My husband is the most wonderful provider you ever saw; he's gwine t' provide somethin' fo' the' New Year provided he kin git th' money; he's gwine t' git th' money provided he kin git work; he's gwine t' git work provided he kin git a job that suits him." A wonderful provider is Collins Department Store. We can provide you with high grade merchandise, bought at not much over half the price you are asked to pay at most stores. Today, we can provide you with Electric Irons with attachments thereon in the \$7.00 kind, for only 3.98; aluminum dippers, the kind that do not rust, for only 19 cents; counterpanes and sheets will likely be ready for your inspection next week.

Wonder if in the final wind up we'll all be free from "black marks." For when the ONE Great Scorer comes to check against our names He'll write not that we won or lost, but how we played our games. We play a fair game; your money back if you want it, and forget not, every thing is marked in plain figures, so plain and so low that the way-faring man even though he be a fool need not err regarding which slot to drop his nickles, dimes and dollars in in order to secure the safest, the soundest, the surest and the greatest returns.

It is our wish that each and every one may have a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

We can equip the newlyweds for house-keeping. Cupid assists in joining 'em; Cupidity often divorces 'em; and Collins Department Store at Laurens will always keep 'em separated from high prices.

# JOHN D. COLLINS