

TELL 'EM NOTHING

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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"A bit of advice to you, George, old man!" cried Bill Edwards, waving his napkin to attract attention, "and it's summed up in these words: 'Catch 'em young' (which you did); 'treat 'em rough, and tell 'em nothing!'"

"Hear! hear!" cried the crowd gathered in the dining room of the Westlock Lawn club to bid George Evans goodbye as a bachelor and godspeed as a benedict.

Bayley Robinson watched the proceedings with amused eyes. His turn at this sort of thing would arrive presently, for his wedding day and Janey's was set a brief six months away. Consequently he wasn't averse to gathering any random scraps of advice and stowing them away for future use. This little catch-phrase doggerel he had just heard for instance. Spoken in jest, would it bear serious consideration?

"Catch 'em young," Janey was just past twenty, young enough certainly for these days which many a girl managed to reap in a college course and a career before marrying.

"Treat 'em rough"—well, hardly, considering his six-foot-one and Janey's scarce five-foot-five.

"Tell 'em nothing." There, now, might be a point. For Janey was the most inquisitive little soul on the face of the earth. "Where did you eat lunch today, Bayley?" "What made you ten minutes late, dear?" "What are you thinking about—business or me?" That was Janey Middleton.

And the question was, would it wear off with married life, being merely a sentimental interest in him and his doings altogether commendable or would he, hereafter, be accountable to that slip of femininity for every thought of his brain, every moment of his time? Bayley decided then and there to start right with Janey. So many marriages were wrecked nowadays because of a failure to take a firm stand at the beginning, he told himself. The thing to do was not to merge one's own individuality with that of the loved one



Then in Came Janey.

as to lose it entirely, but, while becoming theoretically one whole, to remain actually two halves.

As a result of this decision, Bayley determined on a course of action which, carried to a conclusion, might ultimately have changed his wedding day from a thing of orange blossoms, church music and solemn promises into simply, "the day on which I was to have married Janey."

As it was—well, it began with a telegram. Bayley was the eastern representative of a tremendously big concern dealing exclusively in women's high grade tailor-mades, to speak in terms of the "trade." The telegram announced the intended visit of a buyer from one of the most exclusive shops in New England's largest city, a visit which would probably culminate in an order amounting well into the thousands.

Bayley knew this buyer—had known her for years—knew her for a capable, intelligent woman about ten years his senior, with a mind single to business. Now had it not been for Bill Edwards' silly doggerel, Bayley would have explained all this to Janey, and all would presumably have been well. But it unhappily occurred to Bayley that here was an excellent opportunity for beginning that policy of telling Janey nothing. Janey would never know and would be spared any slight feeling of jealousy at her Bayley ordering "grilled lobster for two" when somebody else than she was the other one of the two.

So, in the due course of events, Miss Dobson, and Bayley had their luncheon. Bayley's firm received a \$4,000 order, out of which Bayley pulled a nice little commission, and that evening Bayley presented himself, as he always did on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday nights, at the Middleton apartment.

While waiting some few minutes for Janey Bayley's thoughts dwelt complacently on his commission, which

would go to swell that particular fund labeled "wedding trip expenses," and on his wisdom in sparing Janey the details of his business.

Then in came Janey, softly, alluringly gowned in old rose taffeta with quaint draperies which emphasized her slenderness. If her wistful gray eyes were a bit teary rather than laughing Bayley didn't observe it, being much more concerned over the dexterity with which she evaded his eager arms and customary kiss and slipped over to a prim, straight-backed chair instead of sinking down into the blue velvet depths of the other corner of the day-report on which he himself had been sitting.

"I say, Janey dear!" he said, disturbed, "nothing's wrong?"

"Oh, no!" returned Janey, with a promptness and sweetness of emphasis which would have warned a more experienced man. Then, "Where were you around two o'clock, Bayley?" she asked—quite casually.

"Me? Oh, I was out."

"Alone?"

"No-o—that is, you see, an out-of-town buyer happened in. And you know how it is. I've explained, dear, that when people come on, it's often up to me to put them in a pleasant state of mind, and eating is always a sociable way of spending the time, and so—"

"What buyer was in?"

Janey's artless questions couldn't have been more involving if she had deliberately planned them for his undoing.

"Dobson," he said, desperately, "Dobson, of Boston."

"M-m-m," said Janey, "Miss or Mrs.?"

It was no use. "How the deuce—" he began.

"Oh, Bayley!" wailed Janey, "Why didn't you tell me? It's not the thing itself but the concealment that I mind! You see, father said I could have the car downtown this afternoon, and I waited until I was sure you had returned from lunch. Then I telephoned to see if I could bring you home at five. The stenographer said you had gone out at one, saying you wouldn't be back until three.

"So I brought dad home instead, and he said he had seen you hurrying along us, if to keep an appointment. And when I reached home Bill Edwards' sister was here and said she sat three tables behind you at Dantini's and wondered if the sporty looking girl you were with, with a caracul coat and a large bouquet of double violets, was your sister. And if I could only have explained! It put me in such a false position and—what's the matter?"

For Bayley was regarding her, not with guilt or contrition, but with open-eyed admiration.

"Tell 'em nothing!" he murmured, "Good Lord, you don't have to! They find out without being told!"

Then, some inward recollection of the foolish doggerel which had been his undoing, recalled the words, "Treat 'em rough." Rising, he strode over to the girl furtively dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief, and took her in his arms.

"Janey, my darling, I won't even apologize. It isn't worth it, but I do promise hereafter to tell you every single thing every single time. Now lift up your lips and kiss me!"

And Janey meekly did.

AMIR MADE HIS OWN RULES

Probably Other Golf Players Have Wished They Might Exercise Like Kingly Prerogative.

Jinabullah Kahn, amir of Afghanistan, became a golf enthusiast and during the year 1910, and for three years, played the game almost daily. He had links built at both Kabul and Jellalabad. He lost a ball one day in the neighborhood of some store sheds that had recently been erected for storing electrical machinery that was arriving. He sent some companies of soldiers and had all the machinery removed and the go-downs torn down that same day. He told me once that whereas the year before he only played four holes at golf in a day, he now played as many as six. He often drove off and then rode to the ball in his rikshaw.

Once, A. C. Jewett writes in Asia, when he was playing against his eldest son, Prince Inayatullah, his majesty's ball lodged behind a bunch of camel grass. He asked the Scotch engineer, who was acting as instructor and coach, what the rules were, and whether the ball could be moved out from behind the grass. When told that the rules prohibited this, he asked if the rules could not be changed; and told that this might be done, said: "We will make it a rule that when a ball falls behind a bunch of camel grass it can be moved out." A little later the prince's ball lodged behind a bunch of camel grass, and the amir, noting it, said: "We will change the ruling; the ball cannot be moved."

There is little of the true sporting instinct in Afghan. They will lie and cheat, anything to win, and are very poor losers. The amir generally won. I do not believe any one ever dared to beat him except the prince.

Pistons Act Also as Valves.

An internal combustion engine, which outwardly differs little from the familiar automobile type, but which is peculiar for its lack of either poppet or sleeve valves, has been developed, says the May Popular Mechanics Magazine in an illustrated article. The pistons are made very long, with the combustion chamber recessed in the head, and the lower end works through a ring with external teeth, which engage a worm wheel on a shaft in the casing. The gear rings run on steel balls in oil, and the piston actuates the connecting rod through a ball joint.

N. Y. Stock Exchange in Lockwood Play

While the greater part of "A Man of Honor," the Harold Lockwood feature which comes to the Opera House Theatre on Thursday, was taken on an island in the Pacific, off the California coast, many of the strongest scenes of the gripping plot are vivid glimpses of the operations of the New York Stock Exchange.

For the shooting of these scenes, Metro, who releases the Screen Classics, Inc., feature in April, after much difficulty succeeded in arranging with the directors of the famous money market to allow Mr. Lockwood's camera man on the floor and balcony protected by a screen so as to not interfere with the stock transactions during the busiest time of the short day.

When all arrangements had been made, Harold Lockwood, with the principal members of his cast who are concerned in the manipulation of the stocks to crush out the small stockholder, appeared on the floor and mingled with the real bulls and bears without their knowledge.

Card of Thanks

Whole-heartedly do we wish to extend our deep gratitude and appreciation to those who have proved to be so faithful to show their loving kindness and respect during the recent illness and death of our darling mother and wife. We pray that God's richest blessings will rest on each and every one.

W. L. Garrett and Children.

Servant Girl Wouldn't Go In Cellar, Fearing Rats.

Mrs. Tepper, Plainfield, N. J., says, "Rats were so bad in our cellar the servant girl wouldn't go there. Bought some RAT-SNAP and it cleaned all the rats out." RAT-SNAP destroys rats and mice. Absolutely prevents odors. Comes in cake form, no mixing. Cats or dogs won't touch it. Three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by Laurens Hardware Co., Putnam's Drug Store, and Kennedy Bros.

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Notice of application for charter and of subscribers meeting.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will apply to the Secretary of State for a charter of Martin, Dendy & Burns Motor Company after giving notice required by law. The principal place of business of the proposed corporation will be Ware Shoals, Laurens County, South Carolina. The general nature of the business will be to buy, sell, and exchange automobiles, farm tractors, trucks, accessories, and to engage in a general repair business.

A meeting of the subscribers to the capital stock of the proposed corpora-

tion will be held at Martins Store, Ware Shoals, R. F. D. No. 1, Laurens County, S. C., on June 19, 1920 at ten o'clock A. M. at which time the books of subscription to the capital stock will be opened.

J. PAUL DENDY,
M. HERBERT BURNS,
June 15th, 1920.

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