



**MONEY TAKES WINGS!  
LOOK! HERE'S THE WAY  
TO STOP IT!**

**A MAN** will start downtown with \$50 in his pocket. On his way he will pass a bank. If he deposits \$40 of his \$50 he will be more sparing in his expenditures. Money will not TAKE WINGS! Little currency and a FAT CHECK BOOK is a better combination than an elephantine WAD OF GREENBACKS and an ANAEMIC CHECK BOOK!

**BANK OF KINGSTREE.**

## How Do Our Prices Strike You?

We give below the prices on a few of the many choice articles of food and drink we carry in stock, from which you will see that you can supply your table as cheaply here as anywhere, quality considered:

Flour, per barrel.....	\$12 00	Cream of Wheat.....	25c
Meal, per barrel.....	4 75	Cabbage, lb.....	5c
Hams, lb.....	35c	Condensed Milk.....	15c and 25c
Smoked Shoulders, lb.....	28c	Apples, doz.....	25c
Cheese, lb.....	35c	Coca-Cola.....	5c
Sardines, 4 boxes for.....	25c	Pablo.....	10c
Canned Peaches.....	25c	Syrups.....	10c to 80c
Canned Peas.....	15c	Potted Meats.....	5c, 10c, 15c
Heckers' Buckwheat.....	20c	Jellies, all kinds.....	15c

Corn, per bushel, \$2.00; Hay, \$1.50 per 100; Seed Oats, \$1.00 per bushel.

## THE CASH STORE

ODOM & DENNIS, Proprietors

Phone 120. Academy and Mill Sts.

L. S. DENNIS, Manager

## OAK BEDS, DRESSERS, WASHSTANDS

A carload just received. These pieces are all solid oak, clean-cut and substantially made—the kind that lasts and looks well. We bought them before the last advance in prices; saved money on the freight, and they are exceptional values at our prices. Call and see our stock. We have good values in Iron Beds, Springs and Mattresses, Kitchen Safes, Small Rugs and Window Shades.

Remember, too, that we give

### Profit-Sharing Certificates

with all Cash purchases.

**Steele Furniture Company**  
KINGSTREE, - - S. C.

## Report of Treasurer of Town of Kingstree

Showing Receipts and Disbursements for Quarter Ending December 31, 1917.

Receipts.	
Balance October 1.....	\$1,609 74
Taxes.....	198 17
Licenses.....	79 00
Fines and forfeits.....	168 00
Loan, Bank of Kingstree.....	1,000 00
Overdraft.....	350 91
Total.....	\$3,405 82
Disbursements.	
Germania Savings Bank.....	\$1,050 00
Kingstree Light & Ice Co.....	656 82
Street labor.....	264 54
J H Epps.....	255 00
J A Scott.....	195 00
T W Epps.....	180 00
Walter Steele.....	165 00
Williamsburg Live Stock Co.....	154 16
L W Gilland.....	75 00
W M Vause & Sons.....	50 00
People's Mercantile Co.....	64 50
Police dept, sundry bills.....	51 15
W H Welch.....	8 00
Miss Etta Jacobs.....	25 00
P S Courtney.....	10 00
Bank of Kingstree.....	20 00
C C Burgess.....	10 00
J J B Montgomery.....	20 00
County Record.....	43 75
L S Dennis.....	20 00
W W Dennis.....	36 63
Scott-Logan Co.....	11 00
Fire dept, sundry bills.....	10 90
Kingstree Telephone Co.....	5 01
James Epps.....	8 09
L H DuBose.....	2 90
Sundry expenses.....	13 37
Total.....	\$3,405 82

WALTER STEELE,  
Clerk and Treasurer.

## Auditor's Notice

The Auditor's office will be open from January 1 to February 20, 1918

inclusive, for the purpose of taxing tax returns for the fiscal year 1918. Returns must be made for all real and personal property. All male persons between the ages of 21 and 60 years, inclusive, are liable to a poll tax of \$1.00, also a road tax of \$2.00, and must be returned. Don't fail or forget or in any manner try to dodge returning your dog or dogs. All property must be returned in township and school district in which located. Income tax should be returned at the same time other returns are made. Pursuant to law, there will be no appointments for the purpose of taking tax returns elsewhere than in the Auditor's office. A penalty of fifty per cent (50%) will be added after February 20. J J B MONTGOMERY, County Auditor. 12-27-12-14

**Commissioners' Notice.** Notice is hereby given that on the first Tuesday in February the Board of County Commissioners will receive sealed bids for the jail, pauper and chaingang medical practice. Bids are to include all medicines and service, and chaingang in eight miles of courthouse. J N HAMMET, Co Supervisor. 1-10-14

**Notice of Application for Final Discharge.** Notice is hereby given that on the 7th day of February, 1918, I will apply to P M Brockinton, Probate Judge of Williamsburg county, for Letters Dismissory as Executor of the estate of Mrs M E Brown, deceased. R J BROWN, Executor. 1-10-15

**Trespass Notice.** All parties are hereby warned against hunting, cutting or hauling wood or otherwise trespassing on the lands of the estate of J J McCullough in Anderson township. Violators of this notice will be prosecuted at law. 12-27-4tp A E MCCULLOUGH, Agt.

**Registration Notice.** The office of the Supervisor of Registration will be open on the 1st Monday in each month for the purpose of registering any person who is qualified as follows: Who shall have been a resident of the State for two years, and of the county one year, and of the polling precinct in which the elector offers to vote four months before the day of election, and shall have paid, six months before, any poll tax then due and payable, and who can both read and write any section of the constitution of 1895 submitted to him by the Supervisors of Registration, or who can show that he owns, and has paid all taxes collectible on during the present year, property in this State assessed at three hundred dollars or more. B E CLARKSON, Clerk of Board.

Christmas mail this year was 25 per cent heavier than ever before, according to the post office department. The congestion was less, however, because the packages were mailed earlier than in former years.

To the last drop  
**MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE**  
Is Perfect  
Ask Your Grocer

## Telling It To Mary

The Story of a Lost Necklace.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Jim Haswell and I stared at each other across the polished top of the library table. Between us lay an open cash box showing a neatly tied packet labeled "Mary's Bonds." In my extended hand was a leather jewel case—yawning—empty. "The necklace is gone," I gasped at last. "Mary must not be told—yet," panted Jim, resting back on his heels, dusty and disheveled. "No telling what might happen to her weak heart if she became excited." There was a light tap on the door and my wife's voice. "I merely want to remind you both that tomorrow is my birthday—you haven't forgotten that I shall be twenty-five years of age and that at last I am to have Aunt Bethiah's necklace?" "Of course we haven't forgotten," I said with dignity. "I believe I shall claim it tonight, boys! At midnight I shall be of age, and you may deliver it to me then."

"Very well, dear," I said dreadingly. "What is the matter?" entreated Mary tearfully. "You both look so worried. You—you haven't been speculating?" "Lord, no! Didn't I promise you I never would again?" She drew herself away, smiling. "I'm glad of that, Peter—it's a great temptation—to obtain money quickly—but it's risky and worrisome. Goodby, dears. Cheer up and be sweeter tempered when I come home." And she left.

"What do you say to my calling headquarters and have a detective sent up here?" said Jim. "Let 'er go," I said gruffly, and while Jim talked at some length over the telephone I rearranged the safe. We sat in melancholy silence for an hour; then the doorbell rang and Stiffins ushered in a small, stupid looking little man. He tendered a printed card. "Ah, Mr. Bump—be seated," I said, after introducing the detective to Jim.

Briefly I related the circumstances: That Jim Haswell and myself were executors of the estate of the late Miss Bethiah Haswell (own aunt to Mary and Jim), who had died eight years ago and left among other bequests one to my wife; this bequest consisted of several listed securities valued at perhaps \$4,000 and a handsome diamond necklace, estimated to be worth at least \$30,000. These were not to be given to Mary until she reached the age of twenty-five, which would happen on the morrow. This afternoon we opened the safe to check off the bonds and arrange for their transfer to my wife, and we had discovered the jewel case to be empty.

Mr. Bump's eyes darted from Jim's distressed face to my own and he spoke for the first time. "I'll look around," he said in a dry, husky voice. He examined the safe, the cash box, the locks and keys, the combination to the safe, the rugs on the floor and looked up the chimney. "Inside job," he said tersely. "You mean the servants?" demanded Jim. "I didn't say so."

We leaned against the mantel-piece while the detective stared at the safe. "You didn't ought to keep 'em in the house," he said severely. "We are aware of that fact—now," remarked Jim impatiently. "Give us fresh information if you can!" "I can," snapped Mr. Bump ominously. Then his voice went on rapidly, without pause: "There was two men on the job; they knew the combination, had keys to the cupboard and cash box; it was a cinch for 'em, gents! One man was tall and fair, with a scar on his temple like Mr. Haswell here, and the other feller was the very spit of yourself, Mr. Drayton." He smiled impudently into our astonished faces. "What do you mean?" sputtered Jimmy threateningly. "I mean when a firm of architects is pressed for \$10,000 and they hold its worth in trust for a relative it's an easy matter to raise the money and call in the central office to cook up a robbery yarn," he said brutally. "Now, gents, I'll give you till tomorrow afternoon to produce that necklace."

The door closed behind his shrinking form, and Jim and I tottered into opposite chairs and stared aghast at each other. "Fool idea, that, your calling up headquarters," I muttered angrily. "You've got us in no end of a mess!" "How did he learn we needed

\$10,000?" groaned Jimmy. "Must have snooped around a lot on his way here." "It's his business to snoop. That's what you hired him for," I remarked.

At dinner that night Jim and I were sunk into an abyss of melancholy. Mary was the very spirit of joyous anticipation. She talked and laughed and merrily rallied us on our silence. Afterward she played and sang until the clock struck 11. Then she rose to her graceful height. "Boys," she said tremulously, "I'm going upstairs for awhile. I'll meet you in the library at 12 o'clock."

In the library we smoked dreadingly until the hall clock rang 12. The door opened slowly, and Mary, resplendent in white satin, entered. Jim knelt before the safe and opened it. Silently he handed me the tin box, and as silently I opened it.

"Mary, dear, these securities will be transferred to you tomorrow—today, I mean," I said lamely. "Their value now is about \$4,000, and you may do as you please about"— "Bother the old securities, Peter," interrupted Mary. "I want the necklace."

I held the jewel case in my hand. "Dear," I said, "can you bear a shock?" "What is it, Peter?" she half whispered. "Dear, the necklace has disappeared!" I blurted out suddenly. "Since when?" demanded Mary. "We discovered its loss this afternoon—I mean yesterday at 4 o'clock. If it does not show up, Jim and I will take up its loss to you."

"Fiddlesticks! Open the case!" commanded Mary. I snapped open the cover, and there on its white satin bed lay the diamond necklace! "Jove!" yelled Jimmy, prancing excitedly about. "A foolish joke," commented my wife as I clasped the necklace around her graceful neck. She kissed me softly and then reached and drew Jimmy into the triangular embrace.

"Dears," my wife exclaimed, forgetting all about the necklace, "you've been in trouble over your stupid business. You needn't deny it. I heard you talking one night! You needed just \$10,000 to set you on your feet—not ten thousand borrowed dollars that would have to be paid back, but that amount for your very own—and I've got it for you!" "What!" we roared incredulously. "Yes, sirs," she smiled happily. "I've committed all sorts of crimes to gain my ends, and I'm not a bit repentant, although I've been dreadfully afraid you would find me out—especially yesterday afternoon—you acted so queer. Now, listen. I stole the combination to the safe from Peter's desk, and I took his key when he was sick two weeks ago and had a duplicate made of it, so that early this week I took my necklace and raised \$10,000 on it." She paused dramatically.

"I took the money to father's old friend, Colonel Muldoon, and asked him if he wouldn't please invest it so it would be doubled at once. I have heard that everything he touched turned to gold. "He said he liked my nerve in asking him to do such a thing, but he said he was going to stir up Prairie Limited, so he put it in that"— "Heavens! Prairie Limited—solid gold!" I burst out. "Don't interrupt, Peter. Yesterday he telephoned me to come down to his office and receive the proceeds, and, dears, there was enough to redeem the necklace and ten thousand over—here's the bank draft. Am I a financier?" "You're a darling!" cried her brother when I had released her. "But, Mary, dear, you, er—speculated; it's against your principles. You should not have done it even for us."

"I never thought of it in that way," she faltered, and then her face broke into a lovely smile. "I did it for love of you two, and what is principle compared to love?" There was only one answer to that, and we gave it.

**Keeping Dogs as Pets.** The fashion of keeping little dogs as objects of luxury is not at all modern. Both Greek and Roman women used to have small pet dogs, over which they made as much fuss as does a fashionable lady of today over her poodle. Even men, usually foreigners, were not ashamed to stroll about the Roman streets carrying dogs in their arms.

**Find the Bright Spot.** There are advantages all around us if we will but look for them. It's easy enough to be an optimist if we'll but try. Now, take the dog with the little stubby, bobbed off tail. He has the consolation of knowing you can't tie a can to it.—Florida Times-Union.

## WAR TALKS

By UNCLE DAN  
Number One

America Must Fight Hard or Germany May Win—Necessity for Military Training.

"Now, Billie," said his mother, "your Uncle Dan is coming tomorrow to spend a week with us on the farm, and if you want to know about the war, here's your opportunity. Uncle Dan is probably one of the best-informed men in the country." Billie clapped his hands and gave such a whoop that he awakened the baby, but what could you expect of a fifteen-year-old boy who is a living interrogation point and wants to know about war?

Uncle Dan arrived in due time and Billie watched for an opportunity. It came that evening after dinner when Uncle Dan had lighted a cigar and taken a seat on the porch.

"I'm mighty glad you came, Uncle Dan. I want to talk to you about the war. We have just put military training in our township high school, but we had a hard time to do it. The Joneses and the Greggs objected. They said the war wouldn't come over here. Grandma Jones said: 'They ain't no use to worrit, it will soon blow over.' Well, we put the training in just the same. You order heard Judge Brownell, the president of the school board, do the slackers up. He said unless we take off our coats and go to it, Germany may yet win, and if she does, she will take over the great British fleet as a war trophy and compel us to do what ever she wants to; that she could make us pay all the cost of the war; the kaiser could tax us as he pleased and that we couldn't help ourselves. He could make every one pay over a part of what he earns; that he could make the farmers pay rent for their own farms, etc. Now, Uncle, what do you think of that?"

"Well, my boy," said Uncle Dan, "all that Judge Brownell says might easily come true and may unless we go quickly to the aid of the allies with large numbers of men and help them break the German line. Unless we can beat the submarines, they may prevent us from getting enough food to the allies to keep them going. In that case Germany would win. As matters stand today, our greatest need is trained men. If we had had several millions of men with military training in our industries and on our farms when the war came, who could have been called at once for service, I do not believe the kaiser would have forced the war upon us. As it was, he had no respect for us, and now we are in it and must go through with it. But never again must we be caught so wholly unprepared."

"There is only one safe way," said Uncle Dan, "and that is to adopt permanently universal military training, apply it to every young man who is physically fit, say in his nineteenth or twentieth year. The training can be carried forward in the United States training camps that are now being established for training men called by the selective draft. As soon as these men vacate these stations, they should be filled by younger men, and this should be made the permanent policy of the country."

Billie's mother, Mrs. Graham, had overheard the conversation. She came out and said: "Really, Brother Dan, are you serious as to the dangers of our country? If it is as bad as that, it is high time for us to wake up and do something about it."

"Exactly," replied Uncle Dan. "It is better to wake up now than to be rudely awakened later. We may as well understand, sister, that this is our war and we must win it or God help America. Everything that we have or hope to have—our liberties, our blessings, our opportunities are all involved in the great issue before us. Nothing must stand between us and winning this war. It is a question whether the peoples' right or the kaiser's might shall dominate the world. If there ever was a holy war, this is it. We are fighting for world liberty. We are fighting for the freedom of humanity. We are fighting for the right of men to govern themselves instead of being governed against their will by a war-mad overlord. Perilous times are ahead of us. We must be prepared to make any sacrifice, to perform any service that may be required of us."

"Oh, Uncle Dan," exclaimed Billie, "may I bring my chum, Jimmie Collins, when we have our next talk? He is a bug on this war business and just crazy to see you."

"Certainly," said Uncle Dan, with a hearty laugh. "If we are to have more talks, I shall be glad to have Jimmie join us."

Billie clapped his hands and ran to the phone and told Jimmie to be over at seven o'clock the next evening.

Coker College will not reopen until next Wednesday, because of fuel shortage.

**Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's.** The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well-known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 60 cents.