

**Miss Mayhew's Column**

By CALVIN HENDRICKS.

**A Rival With a Past**

By CLAIRE SMITH.

**How the Movies Saved a Farm**

By DOROTHY WHITCOMB.

**A KINGSTREE INTERVIEW**

MR. EPPS TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE.

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**NOTICE OF SALE**

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

In the matter of Enterprise Mercantile Company, bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of Honorable R. J. Kirk, referee in bankruptcy, made in the above stated matter, and dated the 24th day of October, 1922, I will sell at public auction, before the court house door, at Kingstree, South Carolina, to the highest bidder, for cash, on Monday, December 4th, 1922, the same being sale-day, during the usual hours of sale, the following described parcels of real property:

Tract No. 1: All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land lying and being in the County of Williamsburg, State of South Carolina containing one hundred (100) acres, bounded North by Central Railroad; East by lands of Boyd and Mishoe; South by lands of Oliver, and West by lands of Gourdin, Gamble and Floyd.

Tract No. 2: All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in Williamsburg County, South Carolina, measuring and containing 300 acres, more or less, and bounded on the North and East by lands of Greelyville Land Improvement Company, on the South by lands of Oliver, and on the West by the "Singleton tract."

The first mentioned tract is unencumbered, and the second mentioned will be sold free of liens.  
A. H. W. BUGGEL, Trustee.  
11-9-4tc.

**TAX NOTICE**

The tax books will be open for collection of taxes for the year 1922 on the 15th day of November. Tax levy as follows:

For State	7 1/2 mills
For Constitutional School	3 mills
For Roads	7 mills
For County	4 mills
For Santee Bonds	1 mill
For Federal Aid Proj. No. 80,	2 1/2 mills

Total 25 mills

School Districts having 2 mills special school tax are Nos. 33.

School Districts having 4 mills special school tax are Nos. 2, 7, 9, 10, 18, 21, 30, 31, 38, 45, 51.

School Districts having 6 mills special tax are 32 and 47.

School Districts having 8 mills special school tax are 4, 5, 6, 8, 11, 13, 14, 17, 20, 25, 29, 34, 35, 37, 39, 40, 43, 48, 49, 50, 53, 54, 55, 57, 59, 60, 61.

School Districts having 10 mills special school tax is No. 19.

School Districts having 12 mills special school tax are Nos. 22, 23, 27, 41, 42, and Andrews A-12.

School Districts having 14 mills special school tax are Nos. 16 and 24.

School Districts having 19 mills special school tax is No. 12.

The following school districts have bonds as stated:

No. 5 7 mills

No. 22 4 mills

No. 36 2 mills

No. 42 4 mills

No. 45 6 mills

No. 48 6 mills

No. 61 6 mills

No. 52 4 mills

No. 25 4 mills

No. 11 4 mills

No. 12 11 mills

No. 12-A 14 mills

No. 55 7 mills

Clarendon Bonds on Clarendon township, Nos. 14 and 53, 1 1/2 mills.

Drainage tax is due and payable at the same time with other taxes.

All parties between the ages of 21 and 60 years, inclusive, are liable, unless exempted by law, to a poll tax of \$1.00, also to a commutation tax of \$2.00.

Upon all unpaid taxes after December 31 a penalty of 1% will be added for January, 1% for February and 5% to the 15th day of March next, after which the books will be closed and executions issued upon all unpaid taxes.

A tax of \$1.25 on dogs, (which includes tag) due and collectable during month of January and must be paid not later than February 1.

Those who desire to pay their taxes through the mail may expedite matters by dropping the Treasurer a card asking for the amount of their taxes, so as to avoid sending the wrong amount, also stating the township or townships (if property is owned in more than one) and if possible give school district where property is located. After paying taxes, examine your receipts and see if all your property is covered, if not, see about it at once.

By following the above suggestions complications and additional cost may be avoided.

R. B. SMITH, County Treasurer.

10-26-22-D3-15-23.

**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 poll precinct in which the elector desires 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 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.

R. E. CLARKSON, Clerk of Board.

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Miss Alice Kent was the brightest newspaper woman on any of the metropolitan dailies. Everybody admitted that, and besides, McLaughlin, who was on the copy desk, told her that he had heard the city editor say so. Perhaps he was prejudiced in her favor, but his words came to her spirit as balm and nectar at a period when life seemed like a black tunnel stretching away until Miss Mayhew came back.

It was not that Miss Kent had become distrustful of her powers, or bias. No, there was a deeper reason. Miss Agnes Mayhew, who gave advice to distracted lovers in two half-columns every afternoon, had been called home to Ohio on account of her mother's illness, and the worst of it was that she had just got to the bottom of her basket. Those lovers who had, presumably, been waiting through many dreary days to find the answers which should solve their own peculiar and unparalleled problems, had all been answered.

Miss Mayhew took her work seriously. That was why Miss Kent felt disconsolate. She had been taken off her reporter's job and set to answering the imbecilities of Cupid's victims. She let the letters accumulate, and by the third day she had quite a batch of them. The first that she took in hand ran as follows: "My Dear Miss Mayhew:

"You have given so much good advice to others that perhaps you will help me. A young gentleman is very fond of me, like I am of him. We love each other dearly. There is only one vice he has. After he takes me to the theater he wants me to kiss him good-by after he takes me home. My friends tell me that I ought not to let him kiss me as we are not engaged. What ought I to do?"

This time Miss Kent could not go wrong, for one of her predecessor's forms exactly covered this common situation. Miss Mayhew was adamant where propriety was concerned.

"No lady," she wrote, "will ever offer her lips to a man under any circumstances, unless she is engaged to him. You must tell your friend firmly but politely that you cannot permit such conduct."

After she had put this letter aside Miss Kent was quite thoughtful for a long time. The paper was crowded that day and there was only room for one more answer. It was as follows: "Dear Miss Mayhew:

"I am a blonde and I have been going with a young gentleman for a year. We love each other dearly. He has never asked me to marry him. Would it be wrong for me to tell him I love him? I am nineteen and am considered rather good-looking."

Something of Miss Mayhew's adamant resolution nerved Miss Kent's right hand.

"No won't ever tell a man that she loves him until he has asked her to marry him," she wrote.

"I wonder," she reflected, as she laid her pen aside, "whether Miss Mayhew was writing from experience when she penned Form 4."

Her task was over at last and she rose up and went to the wardrobe for her hat.

"It is good discipline to be sponsor for all the love-struck idiots in town," she reflected.

"I beg your pardon?" inquired Mr. McLaughlin. He was passing out toward the corridor and had stopped to watch her planning her hat to her hair. It was a nice hat and nice hair.

"I beg your pardon?" he repeated. "Did you say something, Miss Kent?"

"O, dear no. I was just soliloquizing," she answered, giving her hat a final pat to straighten it.

McLaughlin paused irresolutely. "You look quite fagged," he said. "Say, Miss Kent, won't you—I mean would you mind having dinner with me tonight, somewhere? And then maybe we can take in a show afterward—yes?"

"I don't know that I ought to," Miss Kent answered, but her smile was distinctly affirmative. So they set out for a Scandinavian restaurant. They sat down at a table which had been made for two exclusively, and there the lights and the music and the merry conversation of the other diners made Miss Kent forget all about Miss Mayhew and her miserable correspondents.

And then they fell to chatting and lingered over the meal so long that neither knew whether the fish had been served or whether it was the salad they were waiting for.

When at last McLaughlin left Miss Kent at the door of her apartment he hesitated, and, as he looked back over his shoulder at her, fumbling with the key which somehow would not fit the lock of the door, he suddenly came back again and took her in his arms and kissed her.

To her amazement, all she did was to put her arms round his neck and say: "O, Richard, I love you with all my heart."

And then, grinning, out of its corner a shadowy remembrance crept into fully fledged life. "O, Richard!" she cried hysterically. "can't you do one thing for me? Ask Mr. Kent to take me off the agony column. I can't live up to Miss May-

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I don't know which was the more unpopular in our town, Anthony Barrett, the banker, or Charlie Meadows, his secretary. I think on the whole that it was Charlie.

Long Corners has always prided itself on being exclusive. But we aren't dudes. So when this fellow Barrett, of whom nothing was known, opened his bank and took Charlie to be his confidential secretary, and they put on the airs of millionaires, and wouldn't mix with the rest of us fellows, it naturally set Long Corners against them.

The first time I met Barrett was at the house of Luella. Luella and I had always understood that we were to be married when I could support her. I couldn't keep her in much style on fifteen a week, which was all that Barrett allowed me as one of his bookkeepers. But I hadn't reckoned on Barrett butting into the game—a man of forty, with nothing known about his past, except that it was reported he had been a jailbird.

Luella grew pretty cold to me when I taxed her about him.

I thought for sure she would tell Barrett and he would fire me, but apparently she had too much sense, and things went on in their usual way. None of us fellows in the bank had any sort of respect for Barrett. I was feeling pretty bad when I happened to overhear a conversation between Barrett and Charlie.

I heard Charlie strike him for a raise in salary.

"You're getting \$35 now, Mr. Meadows," said Barrett, in his cold, heartless way, "and that is \$10 more than you could get anywhere else."

"Mr. Barrett," answered Charlie quietly, "I happen to know that you have served a five years' sentence in state's prison for the misappropriation of bank funds."

I had just time to hurry away before Charlie came out. He had been discharged. Barrett thought he could bluff Long Corners. But he couldn't bluff me. I laid hold of Charlie.

"I guess you are feeling pretty sore," I said. "I happened to overhear what Barrett was saying to you. Are you going to make it public?"

"You bet I am," he answered, and his rage made him quite friendly.

"I'd give a hundred dollars to know just where to hit him first," said Charlie. "I got the whole story from some of his private papers. Confound him! Perhaps he'll try to buy me off. I felt sure I was good for that extra \$15."

"I'll tell you where to hit him first," I said. "He's stolen my girl—Miss Luella Mason. Isn't that enough? I'm going right round to tell her."

"Wait till tomorrow," he urged. "He may think better of it and offer me a thousand to keep quiet. If he does I'll give you ten per cent."

I couldn't neglect my duties, and I was supposed not to know what had happened. I didn't mean to lose my position; I was not going to Luella out of revenge, but as a friend.

I was at her house at eight o'clock, and by good luck she was alone. When she saw me she looked unpleasant; the scoundrel had completely ousted me in her esteem.

"Well, Mr. Coolidge?" she began.

"Well, Miss Mason," I retorted mockingly, "that friend of yours, Barrett, is a thief and a scoundrel."

"Rather hard words to say about a friend of mine," she said.

She refused to hear me, but I was determined that she should. So I told her everything that Charlie had told me that morning.

"When did this interesting episode occur?" she asked, when I had ended.

"In 1917," I answered.

"Four years ago. But I thought you said he had served a five-year sentence."

"Well, I suppose they let him out early for good behavior," I answered. Then Barrett walked into the room.

Luella turned from me to him.

"This gentleman," she said, meaning me, "has been so kind as to tell me that old story about the County and National, Anthony. Isn't it a disgusting name—Anthony?"

"You seem to have a host of friends, Luella," he answered. "This is the tenth, isn't it?"

"The twelfth," she answered, and then she turned to me. "You are very slow, Mr. Coolidge. Mr. Barrett told me all about that weeks ago, and so have many of his well-wishers. Only you left out the fact that he was pardoned before the first six months were out because the real thief confessed. Good evening, Mr. Coolidge."

Well, I walked out. I wouldn't demean myself by arguing with that sort of man. And I'm still in his bank. That is his confounded hypocritical cunning; he won't discharge me and he won't raise my salary. And Luella and he were married yesterday.

**Front Page Celebrities.** "Son, there are no short cuts to fame."

"But, dad, people do things in a few minutes and get their names in all the newspapers."

"Yes, son, and they have to go to prison for it. They have to send out for meals."

**A Business Revival.** "Many more girls are going back into service," says an evening paper. Crocker's manufacturers are looking forward to better times.—Passing

Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.

When the movies came to Brookonia Mrs. Hayden took a great interest in their doings. She and her crippled husband lived a mile from town along the river. It was there that the motion picture men assembled.

John Hayden had not seen her so spry and animated for years. He was glad to note her interest in trifles and the household cares of years wearing away from her. All the same he did this with a suppression of sadness she never penetrated. It was with an aching heart, and that heart beating next to a certain letter he had received and kept secret from her, that the old man smiled at her simple joyousness.

"Just think of it, John," she said, "only two weeks more and we start for the boy's farm! Did I show you the photograph he sent me of the dear place, with himself and his wife, Laura, and the two little tots on the pretty porch? Isn't it delightful to think of you and me passing our last days among such lovely surroundings, after just vegetating in this ramshackly old ruin ready to fall to pieces after a century's use?"

It was indeed a veritable ruin. It had answered the needs of two generations, however.

"Don't worry," Sarah Hayden had smiled brightly. "It will last our time. Only a few days and we will bid it goodby; we are going to make our home with the dear boy, David, out west."

The small patch of ground around the house had no value whatever, even for average garden purposes. As to the house, a millwright had offered \$30, intending to tear it down and use the old lumber to build sheds on his own place. It was this that the Haydens had depended on to pay their way to "the boy's farm" out west.

"It will kill her when she knows the truth," groaned John Hayden as he moved away on his crutches from the house.

Then the old man sought a secluded spot near the river and for the hundredth time took out the secret letter and pored over its contents.

David Hayden had met with dire misfortune. The year before a scamp of a traveling swindler had induced him to specialize on a new graft. The crop was a total failure.

"Worst of all," wrote David, "I had borrowed \$300 to try the experiment, and I gave the little farm as security. They have foreclosed, for \$300 is a lot of money out here. Unless I pay that and a penalty of \$30 inside of a month my farm will be taken away from me—the dear little place Laura and I have worked so many years to secure."

No wonder, therefore, with this dread secret on his mind, that John Hayden took little interest in the gay, careless, gifted group of men and women—actors and actresses they called themselves—who daily posed and maneuvered before the camera to supply city dime shows with attractive motion picture films.

Mrs. Hayden did some extra cooking for them. The man in charge of the movies, one Rupert Dale, appreciated all these little courtesies. Twice when he needed an old couple in the scenarios he paid husband and wife a substantial sum. Mrs. Hayden was as pleased as a child.

"I am going to tell her—I must tell her," John Hayden said one day, after a long spell of deep thought in his favorite solitude by the river side.

Yes, the blow could not be averted longer. His wife must know the truth.

About to take up his crutches and proceed on his cheerless mission John Hayden paused. Some one had halted just beyond them, engaged in conversation. He recognized the tones of one of the speakers as that of the rollicking, good-natured leader of the movies, Rupert Dale:

"Yes," he was saying, "we're ready to report in now, almost. There's two more scenarios and then we're through."

"How about the finish up of that big feature film?"

"We've got to burn up a house to act that out."

"Well, why don't you find one to burn?" demanded Dale's companion.

"I haven't run across an empty house in our travels just suited to our purpose," replied Dale.

"Why, the ideal old barracks to work in the fire and the explosion is that old ruin I noticed right beyond here. Do you know who lives there?"

"An old couple named Hayden."

"Offer to purchase it."

"How much?"

"Oh—say \$500," was the careless reply of a man who made money so fast that the amount was a mere incidental trifle.

"I'll take it, oh, I'll take it!" cried a quavering voice, and John Hayden staggered into view and from very joy and gratitude fell a senseless heap at the feet of the two astonished motion picture men.

In graphic, sensational style the old house went up in smoke the next day. Following a secret telegram John Hayden sent to his son, a happy old couple took the train for that little farm out west. Sarah Hayden was never to know how narrowly the joy of living had escaped the bleakness of despair and all the way of that rapt train journey, the heart of the happy old man was singing a glad strain of gratitude and perfect happiness and peace.

**A**

**Wish**

"I have taken Cardui for run-down, worn-out condition, nervousness and sleeplessness, and I was weak, too," says Mrs. Silvie Estes, of Jennings, Okla. "Cardui did me just lots of good—so much that I gave it to my daughter. She complained of a soreness in her sides and back. She took three bottles of

**CARDUI**

The Woman's Tonic

and her condition was much better.

"We have lived here, near Jennings, for 26 years, and now we have our own home in town. I have had to work pretty hard, as this country wasn't built up, and it made it hard for us.

"I WISH I could tell weak women of Cardui—the medicine that helped give me the strength to go on and do my work."

E 35

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