

MILLIONS IN MONEY BRINGS UNHAPPINESS.

Corey, the Steel King, Divorces the Wife of His South and Marries Another whom His Millions Cannot Make Happy.

The Chicago-Record Herald prints a story concerning Corey, the steel king, that points a moral. It is a readable story and The Herald reproduces it not because it is tainted with yellow journalism and borders on the sensational but because it is such an eloquent argument against the general belief that riches bring happiness. It is a story from real life and is worth the reading:

"Almost any woman would be ready to cry her eyes out with sheer envy if she could see Mabelle Gilman Corey's gowns, jewels and the thousands of luxuries with which her husband, the steel king, has surrounded her.

Even the most serious-minded of women, those who usually are not carried away by the follies and extravagances of the rich, would feel their hearts beat quicker if they could wander at will through the great French palace where the former actress now lives and see how her husband's wealth has poured out the sack of the whole world at her feet. She has money untold; she emulates royalty in the magnificence of her surroundings; an army of servants wait on her. There is not a single wish that money can gratify that she has let pass unsatisfied.

Yet Mabelle Gilman Corey is unhappy. She has been unable to buy social recognition. The people she wants to know do not call. She is surrounded with the glitter of every luxury, but she is alone. She longs for applause and flattery from people in high society; she would be a leader among the socially elect, but they will not look at her.

"Mrs. Corey's years of life on the stage have made applause as the breath of life in her nostrils, and she misses it now. Surrounded by every magnificence, she finds the days dull and lonely. She is now sure that the future holds no promise of a change. To her such a life is as uninspiring as playing a part in a brilliantly lit theater with not a soul in the audience. That is why she is unhappy, and that is why she desires to go back to the stage, whether her husband likes it or not. In the theater she will find companionship. She can be a leader in the social set there, at least. Her husband's money can make her a star, and that will give her a commanding position among a small coterie, which is something that she has been unable to attain thus far elsewhere.

In Paris, usually the easiest city in the world for money to buy enjoyment and for the people who have wealth to obtain social recognition, she is surrounded by a swarm of parasites. True, these leeches bear resounding names and titles. They talk fluently and intimately of royal ties and nobilities, but they have no standing whatever except among the army of boulevardiers who live by their wits.

The facile flattery of such as these has palled at last on Mabelle Gilman Corey. She has learned how little it means, she has heard how these men and women gibe at her when her back is turned, and she longs to get back to her old life on the stage. She knows that life thoroughly and she feels that she will be happy there.

Only a fortnight ago in Paris she confessed all this to an American woman who has just returned to New York. They met casually at the races. To this woman, an old friend, Mrs. Corey poured out her tale of disappointment. She had to tell some one, and she craved sympathy. She told how it was long before she fully and finally understood that her social ambitions never could be realized. At first she thought that there might be a little difficulty in getting an entrance into society, but that the Corey millions would be the magic key to all that she desired. She told of her disappoint-

ments and her despair.

"The only society that calls on me is the riff-raff of the pinch-back nobility. Whether they are what they claim to be or not, the only thing that I am sure about them is that they all want money," she moaned to this woman.

"At first I believed their claims that they could introduce me into the innermost circle of the royal set in Europe. I know better now. As soon as one lot disappears another takes its place. Some of these people are French, some English, some Italian or Russian, and some the Lord knows what. They form a society of their own, and even in that I have narrowly escaped being snubbed more than once when I have dared to question the social omnipotence of some near count or bogus duchess.

"I can go into the shops and buy whatever I please, gowns, jewels, anything. I can have horses and carriages and motor cars. I live in a palace, and could have a bigger one if I wanted it. But no person of the kind that I care about calls on me. All I can do with my money is to buy, buy, buy—things that I really don't want."

"I can't stand this life much longer," she said. "I am going back to the stage. That is the place for me, after all. I love it and I have never ceased to love it. I ought never to have left it. I care for it more than ever now. It is the one thing that seems worth while.

"Oh, I don't mind the money. Money is a good thing, but it can't buy happiness and a lot of other things. I know by heart the list of things that I haven't been able to purchase, and it's a long one. I'm so unhappy."

Since William E. Corey, one of the heads of the steel trust and many times a millionaire, put away the wife of his youth and married Mabelle Gilman a few years ago he and his new wife have not been recognized by society. They tried to make headway by living abroad for a time, hoping to force an entrance to the social citadels of those who considered themselves among the elect. They failed. They saw actresses—from chorus girls up to stars—who had married titles and who were received in good society. But society abroad would not accept the Coreys.

The story of Corey's early life how he struggled for fortune and won it, largely through his first wife's aid and counsel when they were young, is well known. The tale of how he divorced her in his days of prosperity also is well known—so well known that it followed them wherever they went.

Only the servants in the hotels smiled upon them. Those who called on them were mostly men—business friends of Corey, who could not afford to antagonize him. A few of these were able to cajole their wives into calling. But they went under compulsion and were not slow to show it.

It was even worse than that when the Coreys returned to America. They stopped for a brief space in New York and then went for a trip through the West. The West cares less for social traditions than the East, but the Coreys had only themselves to associate with there as elsewhere.

Now she is ready to give up, toss the cards on the table and start all over again.

The editor of The Herald has just returned from a trip through the upper part of the state and if the farmers of the Pee Dee could see the crops of the Piedmont they would call themselves doubly blessed this year. The crops in our section are above the average while the production per acre in the Piedmont will not average a bale to every three acres. The crop in the up country got a late start, then the rains came along and stopped farm work for several weeks and the recent drouth has completed what it is said to be almost a complete crop disaster. The Piedmont has not had a rain in five weeks and lots of cotton has not had a rain since it was laid by. The Pee Dee has the best crops in the state this year.

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Free State News.

Mrs. C. C. Richardson, of Lake City, spent a few days last week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Rogers.

Mr. J. W. Rowland moved his family to Dillon last Thursday. We miss them very much.

After a week's stay with relatives in this section, Mrs. E. C. Newton returned to her home in Bennettsville last Monday.

Mr. Dargan Odom and sister, Miss Emmie spent Saturday and Sunday with their aunt Mrs. Andrew LeGette.

Rev. B. F. Allen expects to leave Thursday for Denmark where he has accepted a call to preach.

Miss Virgie McLaurin, of McColl visited friends down here last week.

Miss Lorena Newton of Gibson who has been visiting Miss Belle Moore returned home this morning.

Mrs. D. E. Allen is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. P. Wallace of Hartsville.

Bermuda Briefs.

Dry weather still is in progress in this place and a good rain would do lots of good just now.

A. C. Moody of this place spent last Saturday afternoon at the home of his father, E. V. Moody, of Pleasant Hill section.

D. W. Bowen and family of Mt. Cavalry were in this section Sunday last.

W. C. McKenzie of this place has been appointed Notary Public. He received his commission last week and is now ready for business.

Private Liston Moody of U. S. Army, stationed at Fort Scriven, Ga., is at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Moody of this place. He has a furlough for thirty days. Glad to see you back and to see you looking well. Liston.

Deputy David Miller of Pleasant Hill was in this section last Monday morning bright and early; he caught his bird.

Hurrah for the new county and new railroad. OLD TOM.

A True Bill.

The Dillon Herald remarked some weeks ago that if the races were kept up they would break up the summer resorts, because people would not leave the races to go away. Does that explain why our friend, J. B. Gibson, himself an owner of a race horse and a patron of the track, is going to develop a summer resort right in the center of the Pee Dee Driving Association?

Prohibitionists.

Over at Newaygo, near Big Rapids, where it is so dry that the "boys" habitually "spit cotton," there seem to be some mighty dry prohibitionists, according to a story that comes from the desert.

A Newaygo citizen recently received a letter from a Kentucky whiskey house requesting him to send them the names of a dozen or more persons who would like to get some fine whiskey shipped to them at a very low price. The letter wound up by saying:

"We will give you a commission on all the orders sent in by parties whose names you send us."

The Newaygo man belonged to a practical joke class and filled in the names of some of his prohibition friends on the blank spaces left for that purpose.

He had forgotten all about his supposed practical joke when Monday he received another letter from the same house. He supposed it was a request for more names and was about to throw the communication in the waste basket when it occurred to him to send the name of another old friend to the whiskey house. He accordingly tore open the envelope, and came near collapsing when he found a check for \$4.80, representing his commission on the sale of whiskey to the parties whose names he had sent in about three weeks before. —Detroit Free Press.

TAKES THE WET GOODS.

Charleston, Sept. 3.—The practice among the blind tiger element of Charleston of using the names of well-known citizens for the purpose of getting liquor and beer passed into the city by police guards may lessen when the scheme of a gentleman here becomes generally known.

He arrived home recently to be told by his better half that a barrel of export beer had been delivered to him. The gentleman had ordered no beer, but he was surprised to see a barrel of export addressed to himself very plainly and standing bodily on his back porch.

He got "wise" and calmly opened the barrel and extracted a dozen "buds" for icing. The next day a driver came to the house and called for the beer, saying the stuff had been delivered "by mistake," but the person never appeared.

The beer is almost gone now. This custom of getting liquor in other people's names and then having it delivered by "mistake" may be broken up by the scheme of keeping the gratuitous beverage.

YOU GINNERS LOOK HERE.

We have just received a car load of the "Famous Stover Gasoline Engines, can make immediate shipment on 2, 3, 5, 6, 10, 16, 12, & 20 h. p. at the right price with the kind of terms that you can meet.

Let us hear from you before they all go. Write us for our prices and guarantee.

THE SUMMER IRON WORKS, Long Distance Phone 237, Sumter, S. C.

For Compulsory Education.

The Gaffney Ledger tells this depressing story:

"It is the custom of one of the Gaffney cotton mills to pay their help off twice a month, and the pay master is accompanied on his rounds by a negro boy, who carries the box containing the pay envelopes.

"On the last pay day the paymaster came to a fine looking young fellow, and when he was asked to sign the card acknowledging the receipt of the money, was informed that he could not write. One or two of the hands in the vicinity were asked to write his name for him, but for various reasons they did not do so, when the negro boy took the pen and signed the young fellow's name on the card. This illustration is a forcible argument for compulsory education and can be used profitably by those who are in favor of the measure."

This is respectfully referred to Senator Tillman and the others who have been opposing compulsory education.

The negro children are being educated—all of them.

Many of the white people, from one cause or another, are allowing their children to grow up in ignorance.

Compulsory education would not affect the negroes, for they are getting an education without it.

But it would help those white children who are growing up in ignorance.

In short, is not the State committing a crime against these white children who are growing up illiterate?

Track Laying on N. & S. C. Railway.

McCall Times:

The road bed of the North & South Carolina Railway has been graded to Dillon and the rails are being placed between Clio and Dillon. Mr. Bonsal says that he expects to operate trains between Hamlet and Dillon before October 1st. When this link is completed the company expects to give a much more satisfactory passenger service than at present as they will then have exclusive passenger trains.

The Dillon Herald \$1.50 a year.

Didn't Walk all the Way.

"Down in Alabama," said John D. Fearhake, in the Woman's Home Companion, "there's a deputy marshal who doesn't let any such trifles as extradition laws stop him. One day he rode into town on a mule leading a prisoner whom he had caught in Georgia, tied up snugly with a clothes line. The prisoner looked as if he had seen hard service.

"Why, for heaven's sake, Jim," said the Judge, "you didn't make him walk all the way from Georgia, did you?"

"No, sir," said Jim.

"I hope not," said the Judge.

"No," said Jim; "part of the way I drug him, and when we come to the Tallapoosa river he swum."

Rattler Attacked a Boat.

Florence Times.

Mr. Howard Cannon was exhibiting the rattles of a big snake which attacked his boat on Black Creek yesterday. The snake was mad, and asked no questions when the boat came near where he was, but plunged in the creek and went for it. Mr. Cannon fended it off with his fishing pole until he could get the paddle to kill it. When killed he was surprised to find it was a rattler instead of a water snake, and it had 11 rattles and a button.

Pee Dee Advocate:

Referring to the article about E. I. Watson originating the sand clay road, the editor of the Advocate was teaching school in Marion county at that time. Mr. Watson was a patron of the school, and the road in question passed by the school house. We often heard the comments of people who passed along the road, and they would not all do to go in a Sunday school book. The principal objection to Mr. Watson's road was that he threw it up too high in the middle, and vehicles could not go down on the side of the road to pass each other without almost turning over. Mr. Watson left Marion county on account of the indignation of his neighbors. In a year or two the road settled down and became hard, and was not so steep. Several years afterward Mr. Watson was offered a good salary to come back to Marion and superintend the building of roads in the county, but declined the position. Mr. Watson, by the way, married a Marlboro county Emanuel, and is a brother-in-law of Capt. P. L. Breeden and F. M. Emanuel of Bennettsville.

Stopped His Paper For Spite.

(Kings Mountain Herald.)

A couple of years ago a cranky sort of an old man came into this office and stopped his paper because something in it did not just suit his fancy. We have frequently met him on the street since that time and it is amusing to note the look of surprise on the old fellow's face that we are still in existence regardless of the fact that he stopped his paper. Some day—and it won't be long either—that old gentleman will turn up toes. His heart will be stilled forever. Neighbors and friends will follow his lifeless clay to the silent city and lay them to rest among the flowers. An obituary will be published in these columns telling what a kind father, a good neighbor and beloved citizen he was—which the recording angel will overlook for charity's sake, and in a very short time he will be forgotten. As he lies out there in the cold, cold graveyard, wrapped in the silent slumber of death, he will never know that the last kind word spoken of him was by the editor of that paper which he so spitefully "stopped." Did you pause just a moment to think that your editor, whoever he may be, will write your obituary some day?

There is nothing new in the New County situation. So far as can be learned Prof. Colcock is making the calculations on his test survey of the lines run by Messrs. Hamby and Beatty and it may be two weeks or a month before he is ready to report to the governor. If Prof. Colcock's report is made within the next month there will be plenty of time to hold an election before Jan. 1. If an election is not held by the first of the year it is not likely that one can be held early enough in the new year to get a bill through the general assembly creating the New County, and in that event it will be another year before the New County can be formed, provided it prevails at the polls, which is not all improbable, if one is to judge by the sentiment of the people.

Edward H. Harriman.

Five years ago the average man had no idea who Edward H. Harriman was. When he died at his country home at Arden, N. Y., last Thursday the whole country felt the shock and all the markets were in a state of uncertainty. "The greatest railroad organizer that ever lived" he has been called, and his meteoric rise to the control of the most extensive system of railroads ever under the direction of one man is certainly without parallel. He had large interests in Western railroads, and the firm of Harriman & Company was a power in New York banking circles, when the death of C. P. Huntington ten years ago gave him a chance to acquire control of the Southern Pacific.

From that time on his life was one story of acquisition and combination, till at his death he was, by force of his personality and his financial combinations, almost absolute master of over 18,000 miles of railroad and two Pacific steamship lines. His splendid constructive work in the re-organization of the various departments of the roads he controlled, and his great faith in the future of his systems, won for him the admiration even of his enemies; but in his financial operations he was merciless and unscrupulous. Just how much of his great fortune, estimated at \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000, was due to his ability as a railroad builder and an organizer and how much to high-handed financial methods may never be known; but there is no denying that he was one of the strong men of our day, and his death at 61, with some of his vastest dreams unrealized—that of adding the New York Central to his system of roads, for example—leaves a vacant place in the financial world which no one man is likely to fill. Raleigh (N. C.)—Progressive Farmer.

A little girl, the two years and six months old daughter of the late Ragland Brunson, of Dillon is in the Florence infirmary here suffering from an unusual malady. The child swallowed a 25 cent piece of money at her home in Dillon yesterday afternoon and it lodged in the esophagus, causing much pain and suffering. Dr. McLeod located the piece of money by means of an X-ray shortly after the child was entered in the infirmary, but he is undecided as to whether to perform an operation or not. Should an operation be performed it will likely be performed this evening, sometime.

Since the above was put in type an operation was successfully performed the piece of coin removed and the child is doing nicely.

The little two-year-old daughter of Mrs. R. R. Brunson swallowed a 25 cent piece Sunday night and it is feared that the money has lodged in her throat. Mrs. Brunson took the little one to Florence Monday morning and a telephone message from there Monday afternoon stated that she was not doing so well.

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