

PERSONAL MENTION.

People Visiting in This City and at Other Points.

—Mrs. E. O. Kirsch is visiting relatives in Savannah this week.

—Mrs. A. M. Denbow left Tuesday morning for the mountains of North Carolina.

—Mrs. L. P. McMillan has been visiting friends and relatives in Charleston.

—Mrs. Crawford Easterling, of Columbia, has been visiting Mrs. Paul Zeigler.

—Col W. A. Klauber left last week for New York to buy goods for the fall and winter.

—Mrs. H. M. Graham, of Greenwood, has been visiting relatives in the city and county.

—Captain J. B. Hunter expects to leave this week for Glenn Springs to spend a few weeks.

—Master Clement McEachern left last week for Wallaceville to spend a few weeks with relatives.

—Miss Dorothy Taylor is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ehrhardt, at Ehrhardt.—Newberry Observer.

—Mrs. J. W. Barr, Mrs. Hattie M. Stubbs and Mrs. M. A. Bamberg left Wednesday for the mountains.

—Mrs. W. C. Miller and Miss Blanche Brabham, of Ellenton, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Brabham.

—Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Carter and Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Moye have gone to Chimney Rock, N. C., to spend a few weeks.

—Mr. Walter Curry, who was recently discharged from the army, is in the city visiting Mr. W. M. Brabham, Jr.

—Mrs. Moore and children, of Charleston, are spending some time in the city with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Black, Jr.

—Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Berry and daughter, Jessie Belle, of Branchville, spent Sunday in the city with relatives.

—Mrs. W. H. Ehrhardt and children, of Ehrhardt, are visiting her mother, Mrs. Alma Taylor.—Newberry Observer.

—Mrs. J. W. Price and children and Miss Mildred Bailey left Wednesday morning for Asheville, N. C., to spend a few weeks.

—Mrs. J. Frank Brabham and Mrs. B. T. Felder left Tuesday morning for the mountains of North Carolina to spend a few weeks.

—Mrs. H. J. Brabham and Misses Adelle Brabham and Helen Free left Tuesday morning for the mountains for a stay of several weeks.

—Misses Ethel and Urna Black went to Charleston Tuesday to visit their father, Dr. J. B. Black, who is in a hospital for treatment there.

—Mrs. J. A. Byrd, Miss Lalla Byrd, Mrs. George S. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Henderson left this week for the mountains of North Carolina to spend the summer.

—Mr. George F. McMillan, Jr., who was recently discharged from the army and who has a position in Spartanburg, spent several days in the county last week and this week with relatives.

—Judge Hayne F. Rice spent a few hours in the city last week, coming down to hold a short session of court. This is Judge Rice's old home he having spent his younger days in the lower part of the county.

—Mr. Alex F. Henderson and family have gone to Hendersonville, N. C., where they will spend two weeks, the time of Mr. Henderson's vacation. He is cashier of the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Walterboro.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wyman, Miss Mary Aldrich Wyman, Mrs. Elise B. Walker and Miss Ida Brabham left Friday for Hendersonville, N. C. They stopped over at Greenwood for a day with Mr. and Mrs. A. F. McKissick, and then proceeded by auto to the mountains for a stay of several weeks, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. McKissick.

Robinson-Black.

The many Barnwell friends of Mr. David Black were surprised Saturday morning to learn of his marriage on Friday evening to Miss Debbie Robinson, of Ridgeland, Jasper county, which occurred in Hampton, the Rev. W. H. Dowling performing the ceremony. The bride is an attractive young lady and has many friends in Olar, where she was employed for some time by Mr. C. F. Rizer. The groom is a young business man of this city, having an interest in the Black Furniture Co. Their many friends wish them a long life of happiness and prosperity. —Barnwell People.

Just So.

Mary—Once I was engaged to a prize fighter.

Nell—Why didn't you marry him?

Mary—Because he wouldn't give up the ring.

TRAGEDY OF THE OPAL.

Reputation for Ill Luck is Founded on Myth.

When Miss Edna Bills, a pretty Chicago, high school girl, won a first prize with an essay on opals, she thought she had accomplished what she had set out to do, but it developed her essay laid before the world facts regarding the gem that had been lost even to jewelers themselves.

Miss Bills is the daughter of a jeweler who recently bought a collection of Austrian opals. She was fascinated by the rainbow gems and wanted to know why they were considered unlucky. Her father was unable to tell her. Other jewelers did not know. Nobody could throw any light on the enigma.

Miss Bills was determined to find out. At the annual competition of the class in English she chose opals as the theme of her essay. She did some remarkable research work. She delved through extensive bibliography of precious stones. The secret eluded her.

Esteemed by Ancients.

She found that in ancient times and in the middle ages the opal was one of the most highly esteemed gems. It was regarded as a talisman, but, to her surprise, she learned that it was supposed to bring good luck and to make the wearer beloved. Not a word did she find which attributed bad luck to the gem. Then a chance cross reference in her reading guided her to John Ruskin's "Deucalion." There she found the story of the libel and its refutation.

Sir Walter Scott was the creator of the opal myth. In "Anne of Geierstein," one of the last novels, written in the early part of the nineteenth century, he introduced an opal which was supposed to be endowed with majestic power, and which brought disaster and tragedy to all who came within its influence. The story of the master romancer of his time was widely read and the superstition that all opals were unlucky was born. It traveled around the world and became firmly fixed in popular imagination.

The Lightning Ridge opal field in Australia was discovered a little after Sir Walter set the myth afloat. When Queen Victoria ascended the throne in 1837 her coronation gifts included some magnificent opals sent by her loyal subjects in the island continent. The young queen was delighted with the gorgeous gems. She declared nothing so beautiful could be unlucky.

An Absurd Superstition.

The queen began a crusade to break down what she regarded as an absurd superstition and her personal efforts in behalf of the opal continued through her life. She wore opals in profusion on every state occasion. She gave them as wedding gifts to her daughters. She sent them as bridal presents to foreign princesses. She never neglected an opportunity to show her contempt for the myth and to praise the desirability of opals and their iridescent loveliness.

But despite the efforts of this royal champion, the myth persists vaguely throughout the world today. It has cost dealers in opals hundreds of thousands, if not millions of dollars, and has robbed one of the most beautiful gems of the popularity that is its natural gift. Yet the world tragedy of the opal is a trick of fate built upon a dream of a novelist.

FUEL SHORTAGE NEAR.

Consumers Should Buy Their Supply Now.

Washington, July 17.—Urging congressional investigation of the coal situation government officials and coal operators told the house rules committee today that fuel shortage was impending.

"Coal men fear the situation may get away from them and that prices may rise \$4 or \$6 a ton," declared C. E. Leshar of the Geological survey. "Their advertising of the situation is in hope that this may be averted, for they know that the condition would reflect on them."

Anthracite production since January 1 was 10,600,000 tons less than last year and bituminous 74,700,000 tons, said Mr. Leshar, due to lack of demand.

"The only remedy is for the consuming public to lay in supplies now," he said.

George H. Cushing, managing director of the American Wholesale Coal Association said the coal shortage in the East and the Northeast during the war would be repeated this winter adding that its extent would depend on the industrial activity in those sections.

Only Way Left.

Crabshaw—Why do women wear furs in this weather?

Mrs. Crabshaw—My dear, is there anything more expensive?—Town Topics.

MOVIE ACTRESS MISSING.

Producers Seek Ethel Clayton, Last Heard of in Japan.

Ethel Clayton, heroine of many a thriller of the screen in which mystery, disappearance and similar melodramatic ingredients were plentifully mixed, is herself a real life central figure in a mystery which is causing consternation among officials of the Paramount-Lasky Picture Corporation and no end of speculative gossip in Filmland.

Miss Clayton has vanished completely, and all efforts to locate her whereabouts have failed, according to word received here from Los Angeles and New York. She was last heard from in Japan, where she had gone for a vacation and to assimilate some of the atmosphere of the Orient for use in future productions.

The beautiful picture star was due to return to Los Angeles on June 1. When she failed to do so the New York headquarters of the Paramount-Lasky firm were consulted and the cables kept hot with messages to Japan in an effort to locate her. But from the land of Nippon word came back that nothing was known of Miss Clayton.

There is a chance that Miss Clayton may have gone to some out-of-the-way corner of Nippon and been unable to return on time, or that she may be making the return trip on some tramp steamer. But, while mystery surrounds her fate, her producers are making every effort to find her.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Quillen is a Grouch.

Robert Quillen is editor of the Fountain Inn Tribune. Most of we editors would expect to be looking down the barrel of a big shotgun if we wrote like Quillen, but somehow, he gets by with it. Hear him as to styles:

"Frequently there comes to my ears the complaint of some lady addicted to hobbies that rude men turn to observe her exposed calves when she steps into a car or buggy.

"The complaining lady always makes a fine show of indignation—or so the matter is always related to me—but I never fail to laugh at the joke.

"What joke? you ask. Why, wooden-head, the pretended indignation of the lady.

"When a woman puts on a hobble skirt, does not she know that it will expose her to the stares of the multitude every time she takes a step up?

"Of course she knows it.

"Then why does she persist in wearing such a skirt?

"There is only one answer to that question, Horatio. She continues to wear 'em because she wants the public to examine her calves occasionally.

"You think otherwise? Then you are stupid. If the dear things didn't want to show themselves they would wear different clothes.

"If a man stopped on the streets every few minutes and pulled his trousers above his knees, could he have any other objection than showing the shape of his legs? Assuredly not—unless he was endeavoring to break into the asylum of the feeble-minded.

"No, there is no room for argument on this matter. When a woman dresses so as to necessitate frequent exposure of her legs, she knows exactly what she is doing. She may pretend to be offended when men stare, but, dear heart, she would be really and truly offended if men did not stare.

"But, at that, there is not much exposed that is worthy a second glance. A well turned ankle is a rare thing. Either the design is that of a salt, from the ankle bone to the knee cap, or else the ankle is swollen to clothes-dale proportions and looks stove-up.

"There ought to be a law to prohibit showing deformities and oddities in public, anyway."

We have only a "newspaper acquaintance" with Quillen; we don't know what kind of an individual he is outside his official sanctum, or whether he carries a revolver, or is accompanied by a bodyguard. But he's evidently a grouch of the worst sort. There's nothing the matter with the styles; the women, some of the women, it's safer to say, go to the extreme in dress, to be sure, but even Quillen will not say that the hoop-skirt looked better than the present-day styles. And, furthermore, the more that styles are talked about the more room there will be for talk, because if styles fail to attract attention, they fail of their purpose. The only remedy we know for Fountain Inn is to provide lower steps on the trains and buggies and automobiles thereabouts; then perhaps Quillen will be satisfied.—Lancaster News.

Quite Naturally.

"A man offered to treat me the other day and then made me pay for it."

"What a mean fellow."

"Not at all. He was a doctor."

Baron Sato.

There still lives in Japan the single Japanese, in all probability, who was in the Franco-Prussian war, for he is also the first Japanese who ever obtained a passport to go abroad for study. Circumstances, however, deprived him of the distinction of being the first Japanese student in Germany, for he found on his arrival that two others had smuggled themselves out of the country as stowaways and were there a year or so before him. The adventurous student is now Baron Susumo Sato and the difficulties of his adventure have recently been told by him in the Japanese Magazine. He started from his native town of Sakura wearing a topknot on his head and carrying the two swords of the samurai, and had much trouble at Yokohama in securing the first student passport that the government had ever issued. He succeeded in the end, however, and then he cut off his queue, discarded his swords, arrayed himself in western costume obtained from a foreign tailor in Yokohama, and took a ship for San Francisco, whence he crossed the continent and eventually reached Berlin from New York. In Berlin he studied medicine, and later served as a doctor during the Franco-Prussian war. As he set out on his travels in 1869, Baron Sato can review the whole period from the end of feudalism to the present position of Japan as a world power.—Christian Science Monitor.

Patron Saints.

Two sailors, an Irishman and a Scotchman, could never agree, and the rest of the crew had become adepts in starting them on an argument. One day "patron saints" was the subject of which the Scotchman knew nothing and the Irishman just a little.

"Who was the patron saint of Ireland?" said Jack.

"Do you mean to say that you don't know?" said Pat. "Why, the holy St. Patrick."

"Well," said Jack in deliberate tones, "hang your St. Patrick."

In a towering rage the Irishman hesitated a second while he thought of something equally offensive, and then burst out with, "And hang your Harry Lauder!"—London Tit-Bits.

But She Brought Him.

"Dorah," said the literary woman, "I wish you would go down to the library and bring me 'Flavius Josephus.'"

The new girl left the room and hastened to execute the commission. Presently a terrific noise was heard and Dorah pushed the door open with her foot a moment later, dragging in by the collar a reluctant Newfoundland dog.

"Here he is, Mrs. Dinnis," she said, "but ye ought not to have sint me f'r 'im. It's a man's job. The brute tried to bite me an' I had to fight 'im iv'ry fut o' the way."

"Time!"

A garrulous lawyer was arguing a case. He had rambled on in such a desultory way that it became very difficult to follow his train of thought, and the judge yawned ominously.

Whereupon the long-winded lawyer with a trace of sarcasm, said:

"I hope, your Honor, I am not unduly trespassing upon the time of the court."

"My friend," observed the judge, "there is a considerable difference between trespassing on time and encroaching on eternity."—The Chicago News.

Properly Stringed.

"What is that string around your finger for?"

"That is to remind me that I forgot something my wife tied it there for me to remember."—Baltimore American.

CRIMES INCREASE IN STATE.

Board of Charities and Corrections Gives Statistics.

Columbia, July 20.—That homicide, assaults, larceny and other felonies are increasing in South Carolina is established by the Board of Charities and Corrections in its analysis of reports from jails and chain gangs of South Carolina for the quarter ending June 30. According to the board's information, based on accurate reports from 75 per cent of the jails, there were during the last three months eighty-one arrests for homicide, and, according to the law of percentage, there must have been 108 homicides in South Carolina. This might be compared with twenty-five homicides reported in December and eighty-one in March. Violation of the prohibition law also showed rapid increase. According to the December reports there were twenty-two commitments on this account; in March forty-six; in June 145. The number of assaults reported for the June quarter shows 175, while eighty-six were reported for the March quarter. The June quarter shows 240 commitments for larceny, which might be compared with the March quarter, which had 215. June reports show 2,024 commitments; the March reports show 1,902 commitments. From these figures it is evident that crime is on the increase in this State.

G. Croft Williams, secretary of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, said that there were four main causes for this state of affairs—first, that there is a psychological reaction from the war, which cheapens human life, that the people have read so much of slaughter and have gotten their minds attune to the theory that wrong must be stopped by physical force; second, that the men returning from the war were of the age at which most crimes are committed, the reports of South Carolina showing that a third of the crimes in this State are committed by negro males from seventeen to twenty-nine years of age; third, that the enacting and enforcing of prohibition laws in other States, diminishing the supply of intoxicating liquors and forcing the price thereof to an exorbitant height, has encouraged those who were determined to use or sell such to manufacture them or to employ extracts, patent medicines or other substitutes; fourth, that the instability of prices and the restlessness of the population always have reflection in the acts of those that are passionate or of a weak will.

Talk About the Retort Courteous.

"I had a pretty bad fall once," said Jones, "when I fell out of a window, and on the way down I thought of every mean act I had ever done."

"Horrid!" said Thompson, "you must have fallen some distance."

BATEMAN'S SLAYER DIES.

Victim of Raid on Distillery Near Camden.

Columbia, July 21.—Sant Barratt, white farmer, who shot and fatally wounded State Constable J. F. Bateman near Camden last Thursday afternoon and who in turn was shot four times by the officers making the raid on a distillery, died in Camden hospital late Saturday night.

The Wrong End.

The navy boy was home on leave and the old man was admiring his uniform.

"But tell me, me boy, why do they make the pants so wide at the bottom?"

"So we can roll them up quickly," explained the lad.

"You're no son of mine," warned the old man, "if yer goin' ter fight wid yer feet. 'Tis yer jacket sleeves that ought to be wide at the bottom."

Scotch Thrills.

Sandy McPherson came home after many years and met his old sweetheart. Honey-laden memories thrilled through the twilight and flushed their glowing cheeks.

"Ah, Mary," exclaimed Sandy, "ye're jist as beautiful as ye ever were, and I hae never forgotten ye, my bonnie lass."

"And ye, Sandy," she cried, while her blue eyes moistened, "are jist as big a leear as ever, an' I believe ye jist the same."—Reedy's Mirror.

Read The Herald, \$2.00 per year.

NOTICE.

Of Meeting of Stockholders of Ehrhardt Manufacturing Company to Pass Upon Resolution to Increase Capital Stock.

Pursuant to a resolution of the Board of Directors of Ehrhardt Manufacturing Company to increase the capital stock of said company to the sum of forty thousand (\$40,000) dollars, a meeting of the stockholders of said company is called, at the office of the president, Ehrhardt, S. C., 10 o'clock, a. m., Monday, August 18th, 1919, to pass upon said resolution. EHRHARDT MANUFACTURING CO. By J. M. Kirkland, President. Ehrhardt, S. C., July 21st, 1919. 8-13

DOG TAX DUE.

Notice is given that the dog tax of \$2 in the city of Bamberg is now due and payable. Until the first of August no penalty will be attached. Dog tags may be secured from the mayor's office. On Aug. 1 a penalty of \$5 will be levied. Dogs will be held five days pending payment, after which animals will be killed.

NITRATE OF SODA.

I am expecting a shipment on or about Friday, the 25th, of thirty tons of Nitrate of Soda. As there is a big demand for soda, prospective purchasers will do well to see me at once, as the lot will not last long. C. F. RIZER, Olar, S. C.—adv.

Crocketville Picnic

THURSDAY, JULY 31

At Crocketville, S. C.
Dancing Day and Evening
MUSIC BY BALK'S ORCHESTRA

CROCKETVILLE PICNIC

THURSDAY, JULY 31

CANNON'S WAREHOUSE, FLORENCE, S. C.
TO THE TOBACCO FARMERS

I want to say that we have the oldest, strongest and most conveniently arranged warehouse in the State. I own my own spur track, which runs beside my warehouse building, and can handle your tobacco without extra cost to the planters.

I am a farmer myself, ten years' experience in the warehouse business. I conduct my own sales, and each pile of tobacco gets my personal attention. I am a native of South Carolina, and feel a personal interest in the farmers of the State. I would advise farmers to pick the burned and green out of their tobacco. Know it will be to their interest.

Ship in sheets, each farmer's name on same, and sheets will be returned. Number each barn in figures, with name.

I would appreciate any shipments made me, and guarantee the prices will be second to none. Respectfully,

HOWARD CANNON