

British Have Schools For Training Bomb Throwers

Correspondent Tells of Many Varieties of Bombs Seen in British Training School in France.

British Headquarters, France, Aug. 6.—(Associated Press Correspondence.)—It was at a bombing school on a French farm where chosen soldiers brought back from the trenches were being trained in the use of the anarchist's weapon which has now become as respectable as the rifle. Specialism develops as the war goes on. There are no M. B. degrees for Master Bombers yet; but that may come, any day.

Present was the chief instructor, a young Scotch subaltern with blue eyes, a pleasant smile and a Cock of the North spirit. He might have been twenty years old, though he did not look it. On his breast was the purple and white ribbon of the new order of the Military Cross which you get for doing something in this war which would have won you a Victoria Cross in one of the little wars.

Also present was the assistant instructor, a sergeant of regulars—and very much of a regular—who had three ribbons which he had won in previous campaigns. He too had blue eyes, bland blue eyes. These two understood each other.

"If you don't drop it, why it's all right," said the Sergeant. "Of course, if you do . . ."

"We did not drop it. And when you throw it, sir, you must look out and not hit the man behind and knock the bomb out of your hand. That has happened before now to an absent minded fellow when you throw bombs."

"They say that you sometimes pick up the German bombs and chuck them back before they explode, it was suggested."

"Yes, sir, I've read things like that in some of the accounts of the reporters who write from 'Somewhere in France.' You don't happen to know where that is, sir? All I can say is that if you are going to do it you should be quick about it. I shouldn't advise any delaying your decision, sir, or perhaps when you reach down to pick it up neither your hand nor the bomb would be there. They'd have gone off together, sir."

"Have you ever been hurt in your handling of bombs?" one asked. Surprise in the bland, blue eyes.

"Oh, no, sir! Bombs are well behaved if you treat them right. It's all in being thoughtful and considerate of them."

Meanwhile he was jerking at some kind of a patent fuse set in a shell of high explosive.

"This is a poor kind, sir. It's been discarded, but I thought that you might like to see it. Never did like it! Always making trouble!"

More distance between the audience and the performer.

"Now I've got it, sir—get down, sir!"

The audience carried out instructions to the letter as army regulations require. We got behind the protection of one of the practice trench traverses. He threw the discard beyond another wall of earth. There was a sharp report, a burst of smoke and some fragments of earth were tossed into the air.

In a small affair of two hundred yards of trench the other day it was estimated that the British and Germans together threw about five thousand bombs in this fashion. It was enough to sadden any Minister of Munitions. However, the British kept the trench.

"Do the men like to become bombers?" one asked the subaltern.

"I should say so. It puts them up in front. It gives them a chance to throw something—and they don't get much cricket in France, you see. We had a pupil here last week who broke the throwing record for distance. He was pleased as punch with himself. A first class bombing detachment has a lot of pride of corps."

To bomb has become as common a verb with the army as to bayonet.

"We bombarded them out!" means a section of trench taken. As you know a trench is dug and built with sandbags in zigzag traverses. In following the course of a trench it is as if you followed the sides of the squares of a checker board up and down and across on the same tier of squares. The square itself is a bank of earth with the cut on either side and in front of it. When a bombing party bombs their way into the possession of a section of German trench there are Germans under covers of the traverses on either side of them. The German is waiting around the corner to shoot the first British head that shows itself.

"It's important that you and not the Boches chuck the bombs over first," explained the subaltern. "Also that you get them into their traverses or they may be as troublesome to you as to the enemy."

With the bombs bursting in their faces the Germans who are not put out of action are blinded and stunned. In the moment when they are thus off guard the aggressors leap around the corner.

"And then?"

"Stick 'em, sir!" said the matter-of-fact sergeant. "Yes, the cold steel is best. And do it first. As Mr. P. erson said, it's very important to do it first."

It has been found that something short is handy for this kind of work. In such cramped quarters—a ditch six feet deep and from two to three feet broad—the rifle is an awkward length to permit of prompt and skillful use of the bayonet.

"Yes, sir you can mix it up better with something handy, sir—to think the British soldiers would come to

fighting like assassins, sir," said the Sergeant.

"You must be shy of such occasions, it's no time for wool gathering."

Not a smile from him or the subaltern all the time. They were the kind you would like to have along in a tight corner whether you had to fight with knives or fists or seventeen-inch howitzers.

The sergeant took us into the storehouse where he kept his supply of bombs.

"What if a German shell should strike your storehouse?" it was suggested.

"Then, sir, I expect that most of the bombs would be exploded. Bombs are very peculiar in their habits. What do you think, sir?"

It was no trouble to show stock, as the clerks at the stores say. He brought forth all the different kinds of bombs which British ingenuity has invented—but, no, not all invented. These would mount into thousands.

Every British inventor who knows anything about explosives has telegraphed his hand at a new kind of bomb. One means all the kinds which the British war office has considered worth a practical test.

There were yellow and green and blue and black and striped bombs, egg-shaped, barrel-shaped, conical and concave bombs; bombs that were exploded by pulling a string or pressing a button—all these to be thrown by hand, without mentioning the grenades and other bigger varieties which were thrown by mechanical means which would have made a Chinese warrior of Confucius' time or a Roman legionary feel at home.

"This was the first born," the subaltern explained—"the first thing we could lay our hands on when the close quarters trench warfare began."

It was out of date, now, as grandfather's smoothbore—the tin tin pot bomb which both sides used early in the winter. A wick was attached to the high explosive wrapped in cloth and stuck in an ordinary army jam can.

"Quite home-made, as you see, sir," remarked the Sergeant. "Used to fix them up ourselves in the trenches in odd hours—saved burying your refuse jam tins according to medical corps direction—you threw them at the Boches. Have to use a match to light it—very old fashioned, sir. I wonder if that old fuse has got damp. No, it's going all right"—and he threw the jam pot which made a good explosion.

"But here is the best; we're discarding the others," he went on as he picked up another bomb.

It was a pleasure to throw this crowning achievement of the experiments. It fitted your hand nicely; it threw easily; it did the business; it was foolproof against a man in love or a warpost.

"We saw as soon as this style came out," said the Sergeant, "that it was bound to be popular. Everybody asks for it."

DUTCH INVENT NEW TRENCH

For Use in Low Marshy Sections of Country—Can Be Flooded.

The Hague, July 31.—(Associated Press Correspondence.)—The war department of the Netherlands has developed a new sort of trench for use in the low and marshy parts of the country where, in case of an invasion, the chief battles might be expected. Fighting along the Yser has taught the strength of a water defense above all others. For this purpose, as is well known, the so-called "waterline" has been brought into readiness. But a great deal of fighting might take place upon the endless tracts of meadows which lie all around the capital of the Kingdom. The trenches which will here be constructed will be arranged in such a way that at a moment's notice they can be turned into flooded ditches.

In a conquered trench means an added strength for the enemies, who immediately turn the trench into a fortress of their own. The Dutch trenches, when it is necessary to abandon them, will almost automatically become a deep flooded ditch which will be no use to any one and will merely form another obstacle on the way forward.

An Experienced Servant

Monsieur wanted the picture hung to the right; madame wanted it on the left. But monsieur insisted that the servant should hang the picture according to his orders. Consequently Joseph stuck a nail in the wall on the right, but this done, he also went and stuck another on the left.

"What is that second nail for?" his master inquired in astonishment.

"It's to save me the trouble of fetching the ladder tomorrow, when monsieur will have come around to the views of the madame."—Argonaut.

Money No Consideration

Mother Jones said to a reporter at one of the industrial relation commission's hearings in Washington: "The employers' argument in that case looked very altruistic on the surface. It was like the young wife in the new dress at the shore."

"By jingo!" said her husband, as he slipped on her dinner jacket, "you look nice in that new dress, love, for a fact, it cost me a heap of money, though."

"You dear old thing," said his wife, as she printed before the glass, "what do I care for money when it's a question of pleasing you?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Due to Hard Work

At last the house painter had finished, and the place shone fresh and clean in new paint, relates London T.N.Hits.

"Could you spare time to scrape

JAPAN SUSPENDS ALL GERMAN PATENT RIGHTS

Supreme Court of Japan Rules That Rights of Germans Be Suspended During War.

Tokio, July 30.—(Associated Press Correspondence.)—The Supreme Court of Japan has ruled that, as a result of war between Japan and Germany the international convention for the protection of industrial property is suspended in its operation. The practical effect of the decision is that trade-mark rights, patent rights and other industrial designs held by German subjects or German companies previous to the opening of the war are to be considered as extinguished or suspended in their effect for the time being.

The general question at issue was brought before the courts by a Japanese demand for judgment declaring invalid the registration of a trade mark pending between a Japanese company and the local managers and representatives of an industrial company at Hanover, Germany. The patent office of Japan decided in favor of the Germans, but the high court has quashed that ruling.

The court pointed out that the convention for the protection of industrial property which was made in 1912 cannot be said to become absolutely and permanently inoperative because of the outbreak of hostilities between Japan and Germany. It noted that several other powers are parties to this convention. However, as between Japan and Germany it was proper to think the convention is suspended in its operation from the time when war broke out between them until such time as peace shall have been restored.

The court found no doubt whatsoever that the treaty was concluded only on the premise of the existence of relations of peaceful intercourse between the contracting parties.

The court says: "Of course, even the people of a hostile power should not be unreasonably treated. On the contrary, as already declared by the Japanese government, they should be treated and protected according to the dictates of justice and humanity. At the same time there is no reason whatever why they should be more favorably treated and more considerately treated than a friendly nation not a party to the convention."

The judgment of the supreme court is interpreted as permitting the public to make a free use of trade-marks and patent rights regardless of any rights held by German subjects or German companies previous to the war.

WHAT IS CARNEGIE WORTH?

Income from Bonds Alone Amounts to \$210,000,000. Philadelphia Ledger.

When rumors were flashed over the land again one day recent that Andrew Carnegie was dead the query on everybody's lips was: "How much money did he leave?"

Mr. Carnegie himself made the important remark that it is a crime to die rich—being one crime which most of us will escape without violent effort.

But how much is Carnegie worth? Since he sold his steel works the income from the bonds he received in payment has amounted to \$210,000,000. Hence the laird might have spent \$5,000,000 a year to maintain his frugal household and have given away \$140,000,000 and still have all of his original fortune intact.

FISHING.

(Charlotte Observer.)

I wish to inform you, there's no fun, sitting in the red hot sun. On the rocks—hot as coals; (With chiggers drilling up yer spine, Ruff as Germans on the Rhine), Hoping for a fish to bite

Cherished hopes are winged for flight (Hopes of childhood, where are they? Drifting with the river's spray).

Yet, many, many, years ago, Before I felt the pangs of woe, I could sit 'neath laurel bowers, With patience wait for many hours, For the fishes in the brook

To come and nibble at my hook, A bite would fill my heart with glee, If never a bite, 'twas the same to me, Youthful joy filled my soul.

As I watched the ripples roll, With never a care to mar the joy, Millions of gnats failed to destroy, The happiness of those fishing days, When life was a happy, dreamy maze.

But alas! Little fishes nevermore, Will I haunt you as of yore, (Feel those bunions on my feet— For a decision more complete) You are so from hook and seine Until I get an aeroplane

Or never again near pot shoals Whilst the ceaseless ages roll. —Jas. W. Heatherly. Saluda, N. C.

Prize and Its Fall

If there was one thing more than another that he prided himself on, it was the fit of his clothes, says The Philadelphia Ledger.

"I can never get a dress coat really to fit," he said to his partner, as he glanced down at a perfectly made garment, with a hope, of course, that she would at once disclaim the insinuation. "Look at this thing."

"Well, it is atrocious," she said coolly. "But why not save your money and buy one? It is so much cheaper in the long run than hiring."

Due to Hard Work. At last the house painter had finished, and the place shone fresh and clean in new paint, relates London T.N.Hits.

"Could you spare time to scrape

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY FROM

ALMOST BEYOND ENDURANCE

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I ain't a-goin' to cry no more, no more!
I'm got ear-ache, an' Ma can't make
It quit a-tall;
An' Carlo bite my rubber-ball
An' puncture it; an' Sis she take
An' poke my knife down through the stable-floor
An' loozed it-blame it all!
But I ain't goin' to cry no more, no more!

Oo! I'm so wickud!—An' my breath's so hot
Ist like I run an' don't res' none
But ist run on when lought to not;

Yes, an' my chin
An' lips's all warpy, an' teeth's so fast,
An' sa place in my throat I can't swaller past—
An' they all hurt sot—
An' oh, my-oh!
I'm a-startin' ag in—
I'm a-startin' ag in, but I won't fer shore!
Ist ain't goin' to cry no more, no more!

In the trenches

On the battlefields of Europe every Army is using millions of pounds of this sustaining beverage—TEA—Good, Black India and Ceylon Tea—boiling the water makes it a safe and refreshing drink. It's most economical too—you get four cups for a cent when you use

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All tickets sold, Wednesday, August 25th, with limit for returning on all trains leaving JOHNSON CITY before NOON SATURDAY, August 28th, 1915. Clinchfield trains returning arrive Spartanburg at 5:30 P. M., and make connection with the Piedmont & Northern train leaving Spartanburg at 6:25 P. M.

The following schedule and very low Excursion Fares will be used:

Leave Greenwood, S. C.	6:00 A. M.	\$2.50
Leave Hedges, S. C.	6:20 A. M.	3.50
Leave Shoals Junction, S. C.	6:30 A. M.	3.50
Leave Donalds, S. C.	6:35 A. M.	3.50
Leave Honea Path, S. C.	6:40 A. M.	3.50
Leave Anderson, S. C.	6:30 A. M.	3.50
Leave Belton, S. C.	7:00 A. M.	3.00
Leave Williamston, S. C.	7:20 A. M.	3.00
Leave Pelzer, S. C.	7:35 A. M.	3.00
Leave Piedmont, S. C.	7:45 A. M.	3.00
Leave Greenville, S. C.	8:00 A. M.	3.00
Leave Taylor, S. C.	8:30 A. M.	2.75
Leave Chick Springs, S. C.	8:45 A. M.	2.75
Leave Greer, S. C.	8:45 A. M.	2.50
Leave Duncan, S. C.	8:55 A. M.	2.50
Leave Tappan, S. C.	9:30 A. M.	2.50
Arrive Johnson City	4:30 P. M.	

FARES FOR CHILDREN: The fares for children five years of age and under twelve will be one half the fares named above.

FARES FROM FLAG STATIONS: The fares from flag stations will be reduced in proportion to fares named, and conductors will sell tickets on the trains.

For further information apply to any Piedmont & Northern Railway ticket agent or write,
THEO. DEHON, Div. Pass Agt., CHAS. C. ALLEN, Traffic Manager,
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hour later the man returned for a panes?" asked the mistress of the house.
"But—er—er—wasn't it half a crown I gave you?" stammered the lady.
"It was," said the man with emphasis, "but it's worn down a bit."