

**AT HOME IN A TRENCH.**

**How Soldiers Live in Ditches From Which War is Fought.**

I wonder how many people have a mental picture of the trenches which is at all like the real thing. I have seen photographs of men standing in a trench behind a covering line of mangel wurzels, or was it beet-root?—which are true enough, but hardly characteristic. No doubt many people imagine the trenches to be a regular and formidable series of earthworks which turn a whole valley into a sort of fortress. They have heard all sorts of elaborations which get mentioned in letters not because they are characteristic, but just because they are peculiar. As a matter of fact, the surprising thing about the trenches is that, like everything else in war, they make so little difference to the normal appearance of the landscape until you get quite close to them. If an invisible warfarer could walk past them during the day he might very easily get through without noticing anything peculiar unless an artillery bombardment happened to be going on. Rifle fire and attacks are nearly all at dawn or dusk or night. He would have to be invisible, for any visible wayfarer near the trenches would, of course, be sniped. A few do make their way to and fro—orderlies with messages mostly, who creep along ditches and dash across exposed intervals. Every evening a little party of men and mules goes to a point as near as it dare to the battalion and takes shelter behind a house or a wall, where it is met by one or two men of each company to take the daily rations back to the trenches.

Every evening, too, the stretcher-bearers make their way into the trenches and remove the men who have been wounded during the day. And every evening all these men are "sniped" at by the enemy as they go about their work. As you approach the trenches in the dusk the lack of anything abnormal to the whole aspect of things is, of course, even more deceptive than by day. And knowing as one does that one is within a few yards of two lines of men which extend from the seacoast to Switzerland, the blank appearance of everything is tinglingly suggestive. You are walking along an ordinary country road.

You have just passed the house where the medical officer and his assistants have taken up their quarters and whence they pass on the wounded by motors to the field ambulance. A couple of days ago he had a house further up the road, but he was shelled out of it. You pass other houses—you are walking crouched in the ditch by this time. By day you would notice that many of these houses have holes in them and that there are patches of tiles wanting in the roof, but by the evening light they look quite normal, except that the windows are lit up in none of them. Cattle and fowls wander about over the fields and across the road. They look quite normal, though in daylight you would see that the cows have not been milked and the fowls are starving. By daylight, too, you might notice here and there in a field a cow that had been struck by a shell and killed, or another—poor beast—that had been merely wounded. It was to put such a one out of its pain that an officer of ours crept out of his trench the other morning and was killed as he crawled back. A little further still you may at least come upon the trenches themselves at a point where they chance to touch the road. The reserve trenches these will probably be, and they have perhaps just been lined by a battalion that has marched out to be in support during the night in expectation of an attack, and will march back before sunrise in the morning. They are, maybe, an Indian cavalry regiment, which has never yet had a chance of fighting on horseback and can contribute only in this way to the defence.

From your ditch by the roadside will probably be a communicating trench to the first of these reserve trenches, and from here, if the entrenchments have been in existence for some time, you will be able to get to every point, not only in the reserve trenches, but the fire trenches, too, without putting your head above the ground. Walking in slush (here and there modified by straw or bricks thrown down,) rubbing clay onto your shoulders from either wall of the narrow passage, you may pass along a whole series of reserve trenches, which seem to be deserted, unless you lift up one of the pieces of canvas fixed against the wall and see a silent Indian cavalryman curled up in his little niche. It will be for many reasons a tortuous way before you arrive at the fire trenches or at the colonel's little "dug-out." First of all, because the communicating trenches are planned in every sort of zigzag and curl and twist, to be as little as possible end-on to the enemy and so enfiladed.

The colonel's headquarters, for instance, is entered from the back, and

**PUT SALT IN HIS COFFEE.**

**Trick of Wife Arouses Sympathy of Judge for Man on Trial.**

The fact that his wife put salt in his coffee saved Jacently Blystack, a native of Poland, from being fined and imprisoned today. His wife testified in the municipal court that he broke up things generally at home and always ended escapades by saying he would kill her. Matters looking dark for him until his sons Stanley and Frank, admitted that their mother and Vincent Kossock, a son-in-law, placed salt in their father's coffee.

"They did what?" asked Judge Churchman in surprise.

When the testimony was repeated the judge settled back in his chair in a way that showed his sympathy for the husband. He adjourned the case until tomorrow with a statement that if the police surgeon pronounces Blystack sane he will be released.—New York Herald.

**ASKS ABOUT LIQUOR DEALERS.**

**Inquires of Charleston Mayor if They Still Operate.**

Columbia, May 1.—Governor Manning today forwarded Mayor John P. Grace, of Charleston, a list of liquor dealers in that city, and asked him if these were out of business or not. The governor says that he has not yet received the promised statement of the Charleston mayor, giving names and places of liquor dealers which the mayor has proceeded against, and "in view of the lapse of time I am forced to the conclusion that you are unwilling to give me said statement," says the governor's letter to Mayor Grace.

The governor mailed the letter to the Charleston mayor this afternoon, and attached to it was a list of a number of Charleston liquor dealers. The list was not given out. A copy of the letter to the mayor was made public here this afternoon:

May 1, 1915.

Hon. John P. Grace, Charleston, S. C. Dear Sir: I have not yet had from you promised statement giving names and places of liquor dealers you have proceeded against. In view of the lapse of time I am forced to the conclusion that you are unwilling to give me said statement.

Please advise me if your action against liquor dealers listed below have resulted in their quitting the liquor business. Very truly yours,

RICHARD I. MANNING, Governor.

approached by a trench which twists around behind it. Moreover, the line of the fire trenches is broken at intervals by traverses—also to protect against possible enfilading—and connected by little semi-circular trenches which skirt around the solid interval of earth. But the way will be tortuous for other reasons. The whole line of the two armies is tortuous beyond the suspicions of a reader who sees it twist a little along the frontier, but suppose it will be straight enough for a half mile. Losses here and gains there are partly a cause of this, but much more is the fact that the whole series of trenches is developed from a skillful use of natural conditions. Sometimes the trench is merely a ditch which has been deepened. At other times the adaptation of a pit or a hollow makes it 10 feet deep, and the men have to climb up on ledges to fire out of it. Here and there the connecting trench becomes a tunnel, by having been roofed in. At other places a convenient bush or hedge affords cover which has enabled quite a little cavern to be dug under its protection.

Though the hardship is severe enough, the men manage to make themselves more comfortable than might be supposed. They have charcoal braziers, which help to keep them warm, and there is even talk—serious talk—of installing electric light. The adjutant has made quite a little office of his "dug-out," and pins up notes and orders and telegrams onto the clay wall in front of him. When the trenches have been in existence long enough there is communication everywhere, though it is often difficult to squeeze by, and as for sleep—well, you can take a little of that as soon as the shelling starts, for you know there will not be an attack till that is over! The only thing you can hardly anywhere do is to stand up. If you try it "ping" almost at once, and you are lucky if you only get your face splattered with mud. And just out there—sometimes only 50 yards away—they are taking the same precautions about all of us, and peeping with the same curiosity. And between the lines is 50 yards of ordinary field, where no one dare venture by day, and only at imminent danger by night. In that 50 yards is now lying one of our officers, killed in last night's attack. Tonight we hope to get him back, but today we can but peep at him. His hand is hanging down, and on his wrist is his watch. It is still going, and from where we are we can see the time.

**TRACE BACK TO JUNGLE FOWL.**

**Domestic Birds Come From East India Stock.**

Charles Darwin, in his "Animals and Plants," says that all breeds of domestic fowls came originally from one wild variety, known as the Jungle Fowl, whose home was in India, from where it wandered or was carried over the East, there getting new developments through matings, and new characteristics by reason of variations in climate, feeding, care, etc. When any slight abnormality appeared, such as a thick crest or frizzled feathers, the bird was probably kept as a breeder, out of pure love of novelty. Or breeds would deteriorate and show marked loss from the original type. Or a strange freak, say of feet or ear-lobe or an excess of toe, would appear and would be finally accepted as a new breed. The Romans, 18 centuries ago, valued a bird with white ear lobes; also with a fifth toe. Then nature stepped in occasionally, and, where some organ or part was not used for a long period, she simply abandoned it as a part of the bird—much as fish, born and living in the Mammoth Cave, have no eyes. They do not need eyes.

It seems strange, but it is true, that selection and select mating was practiced ages ago, and by barely civilized races of men. The Romans, at the opening of the Christian era, kept six or seven breeds of fowls. In China in the fifteenth century, seven varieties or breeds are recorded.

So the chicken is an old-time bird, though it is not mentioned in the Old Testament, nor figured on the early Egyptian monuments, nor referred to by Homer, who lived about 900 B. C. It is first mentioned by Aristophanes, a writer who lived in the years between 400 and 500 B. C. There seems to be much fog on the whole subject, but our domestic chicken probably was taken to Europe from China or India.

The fowl of today has little in common with the early Jungle Fowl, either in appearance, voice, fertility or habits. Under man's domestication he has become more beautiful, more fertile, improved in every way. The early fowl was wild, a fighter, and used its wings more freely than do its successors. The game of our time has probably more of the same characteristics with the Jungle Fowl than any breed now existing.

**NEW GEORGETOWN EDITOR.**

**Capt. L. B. Steele Takes "Command" of the Times.**

Georgetown, May 1.—The Georgetown Times has a new editor. Until two weeks ago Col. H. F. Oliver edited this paper, and upon his retirement R. C. Davis, publisher, looked after editorial work. A permanent editor in the person of Capt. L. B. Steele has been selected, and Capt. Steele has entered upon his duties. The selection is a happy one. Capt. Steele is a well equipped man, a graduate of the Citadel, thoroughly conversant with public questions, and wields a facile pen.

Glendale Spring Water delivered at house for 50 cents per five-gallon bottle by J. A. Murdaugh.—adv.

**ESTATE OF J. A. MURDAUGH.**

All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly attested and all persons indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned at Bamberg, S. C.  
MAMIE MURDAUGH, Executrix.

**JOHN F. FOLK**

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