

THE BRITISH FLEET BUSY

LIES BEHIND NO IMPREGNABLE SHORE DEFENSES.

Hoping to Meet Germans, Ceaselessly Scouring North Sea in Search of the Huns' Grand Fleet.

The head of the British admiralty, speaking the other day in the House of Commons, flung out a challenge to the German navy. He said, "I disclose no secret, or if it is a secret, I disclose a fact which I should be glad to tell the enemy—when I say that the British grand fleet in its northern base lies behind no shore defenses, but relies on its own strength alone."

There are people in the United States who do not appreciate the activities of the British navy in its home waters, who think that it lies in idleness, like the German high seas fleet, behind impenetrable landlocked bases. For the purpose of removing this impression, the Associated Press representatives was asked to visit the grand fleet, live on board the firstline battleships, and observe just what sort of a day's work it puts in day after day and week after week.

Ceaseless Activity.

Ceaseless activity is the motto of the grand fleet. Neither men or ships are permitted to gather rust or barnacles. From its base at the northern tip of the British Isles, it sweeps day and night the 140,000 square miles of the North sea on ceaseless vigil, in unflagging hope that one day its watching will be rewarded by a meeting with the enemy under circumstances wherein he cannot avoid battle. Moreover, this sweeping of the North sea is no mere aimless patrol. In the most casual moves of ships and men there is always a directing mind and a directing plan. The North sea is as well swept in relation to its size as the drawing room of a well ordered house. The enemy's coastline is still the British navy's frontier.

The harbor which has been the home of the grand fleet for three years is probably the finest of its kind in the world. The whole area comprised in this British northern base is about equal to the hundred-odd square miles which the Germans evacuated in France last spring. The battleship squadrons, for example, within their own particular section of this great base, have room for every kind of practice manoeuvres, including target practice.

At Target Practice.

On a sunny afternoon the correspondent saw eight battleships at turret or target practice, a detachment of cruisers in manoeuvres, a seaplane-balloon ship at work under conditions simulating those of actual warfare, and off around the edges, various operations by innumerable small craft and auxiliaries.

Night target practice, which also is conducted within the harbor, is always an interesting sight. The battleships steam down the nine-mile course. Suddenly a searchlight picks up a target. Instantly every turret is trained, every gun directed. Then a button is pressed somewhere, and the guns speak as with one voice in a gigantic broadside that awakens the echoes from the hills.

Playing the Game.

There is an infinite variety to the turret practice on a big battleship. The officers in charge of the turret speak: "An enemy shell has come in through the turret killing men Nos. 1, 3, 4 and 6. Right gun disabled. Connection with rest of ship lost. Carry on!" The "dead men" file off to one side and watch their comrades work as they would in actual battle. There is the zest of a game to it.

The officer speaks again: "Shell has hit turret, killing all men except Nos. 1 and 3. No. 3 is seriously wounded. Ammunition hoisting machinery disabled. Fire started in pile of waste behind gun. Carry on!" The single unwounded man left in the turret must now endeavor to keep the guns in action single-handed, besides dealing with a fire and a seriously wounded man. The "dead men" stand along the edge of the turret and watch their comrades' efforts to "carry on" with interest and amusement.

It is play, but play with a deadly efficiency behind it, for it is intended that in actual battle, there shall not be a single possibility with which these men will not be ready to deal.

The sugar used for making candy in the United States, according to the Food Administration, is sufficient to meet all the sugar requirements of England under the rationing system adopted there.

Since the war insurance plan became operative in October more than 45,000 soldiers have applied for insurance, amounting in all to nearly half a billion dollars and averaging about \$8,000 a man.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Definitions By Southern Experts in Newspaper Contest.

That there is a very wide range of opinion among American men and women on the subject of love is indicated at the result of a contest which has just been closed by the New Orleans Times-Picayune. That newspaper offered cash prizes for the best answers to the question: "What is love?" In all 23,761 answers were received. Most of them were from women and dealt seriously with the subject. In the main the responses from male correspondents were satirical, sarcastic or facetious.

Three of the four principal prizes were won by women and six of the ten minor prizes offered also fell to women. All of those selections dealt seriously with the subject of love. The first prize was to Molly Anderson Haley, of Mobile, Ala., for the following:

"Love is the doorway through which the human soul passes from selfishness into service, and from solitude into kinship with all humanity."

In selecting that from nearly twenty-four thousand offerings the jury announced that it was worthy of distinction because "it has in eminent degree dignity and beauty of form, and is a clear, direct response to the question asked."

The second prize fell to Mrs. W. P. O'Toole, of New Orleans, for this offering:

"Love is a chisel that carves into soft outlines the granite block of stern reality."

The third prize winner, Mrs. Albert Godchaux, of New Orleans, dealt more lightly with the subject in the following:

"Love is what makes red hair 'golden,' white hair 'silver' and no hair 'a noble brow.'"

The fourth prize went to H. C. Delcourt, of Houma, La., for this sentiment:

"Love is the gentle art of being very miserable in a perfectly happy fashion."

Among the other prize winners was Ella Bentley Arthur, of New Orleans, for this verse:

"Love's like a well and a deep one.

A fact you have noticed, no doubt; It's easy enough to fall into, But hard as the deuce to get out."

George Gowland, of Arabi, La., submitted the following:

"Love: A song; music by father, words by mother."

Here is love as described by Mrs. V. I. Crawford, of Meridian, Miss.:

"The thing that throws a halo around duty, makes poverty endurable, lightens burdens that would otherwise crush and makes any four walls a home—that is love."

Mildred Blincoe, of Vicksburg, says "Love is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself," while Jennie N. Wheelless, of Yazoo City, says:

"Love is a bank wherein every deposit bears interest, and notwithstanding frequent panics among its patrons, the old reliable establishment has never been forced to close its doors."

The Times-Picayune states that it started the contest to relieve somewhat the gloom of war news, and feels that it has been eminently successful.

To Salute, or Not to Salute.

That the Russian army suffered a defeat through lack of military subordination seems clear enough. Of this we had a disagreeable premonition when we read a fortnight or so ago that the matter of a soldier's saluting his officer was to be left to his individual choice. Touching the visor of one's cap or not at the sight of a shoulder strap may seem a trivial matter, but is not.

Of course, we do not wish to make ourselves absurd by treating a symptom as an origin or cause. We know that no battle was lost because the soldiers did not touch their caps, but rather because they had abandoned that respect and obedience of which touching their caps was an outward sign.

If order is the first law of Heaven, obedience is that of an army. Respect for authority, absolute and instantaneous submission to the command of one's superiors are the fundamental obligations of military life. It is not so in Indian warfare. Among our American aboriginals the individual was the fighting unit and a law unto himself. It was not so in our continental army, when the liberty-loving plow boy intolerant of discipline would leave the ranks if he found it too severe.

But the modern army is a fighting machine. It is organized upon principles as scientific, as exact, as imperious as those of an automobile, an airship or a dreadnaught. The man who enters it surrenders his personal will. He becomes an instrument, a thinking instrument to be sure, but an instrument all the same, and must respond to a command from an officer as the key of a typewriter does to

the touch of a finger.

Of this docility, this duty, this discipline the touch of the cap is the soldier's sign and reminder. He is under authority and may not forget it. He is a subordinate, and it is necessary to realize and acknowledge the momentous fact.

When the Russian revolution was accomplished its most dazzling gift to the individual soldier was self-respect, a sense of personal value, an emancipation from inferiority. But liberty became license. Authority was despised. Obedience was held in contempt. Soldiers debated their duty with their officers. They refused to march, to shoot, to charge at the word of command, and the victorious army was routed.

Nothing in all the war is sadder than this result of the abuse of a new-found liberty. Our hearts go out in sympathy to those poor moujicks, whose heads were turned by its too beady wine. But they must learn to obey. They must bend their necks to the yoke of authority. Submission which was once involuntary must, finally, if their government is to endure, be the voluntary tribute of their liberated souls.

MAN OF 64 TELLS OF HIS REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

Had Not Known Good Night's Sleep for Years.—Now Sleeps Like a Boy.

"I call it a wonderful experience," said Mr. Wm. Walker, the well known Brick Mason of 1207 First avenue Birmingham, Ala., "to go for years without knowing a good night's sleep and then find a wonderful natural medicine that let's you sleep like a boy. It seems most too good to be true."

"I suffered for a good many years with asthma so badly that I could neither work nor sleep. I was always afraid I would suffocate in my sleep and so I lived for years in this torture trying one remedy after another but never getting the relief."

"Then one day I determined to try Sulferro-Sol just as a drowning man grasps at a straw. To my deep wonderment I could lie down and sleep. I never got such wonderful results from any other medicine before. I feel that Sulferro-Sol is surely the greatest remedy that has ever been given to help man go through his sufferings here below."

(Note—Sulferro-Sol has been in numberless cases of asthma and catarrh and rarely ever fails to give quick and permanent relief.)

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Buggies, Wagons, Etc.

WE HAVE A LARGE STOCK OF BUGGIES, WAGONS, HARNESS, LAP ROBES, WHIPS, ETC., WHICH WE WILL BE GLAD TO SHOW. WE HANDLE ONLY THE MOST RELIABLE MAKES, AND WE FEEL SURE WE CAN NOT ONLY PLEASE YOU, BUT SAVE YOU MONEY.

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