

PERSONAL MENTION.

People Visiting in This City and at Other Points.

—Mr. L. B. Fowler spent Tuesday in Augusta.

—Dr. J. L. Copeland, of Ehrhardt, was in town Tuesday morning.

—Mrs. D. G. Felder and little daughter have returned to Asheville.

—Mrs. N. Z. Felder is visiting her son, Capt. D. G. Felder, in Asheville.

—Mr. W. E. Brown, of the Ehrhardt section, was in the city Monday.

—Mrs. H. W. Beard is spending this week with relatives and friends in Augusta.

—Mr. N. B. Rhoad, of Hunter's Chapel, was among the visitors in town Monday.

—Mr. Charlie D. Free, who has spent the last few years in Uncle Sam's navy, has returned home.

—Mrs. W. A. Waters and little daughter, Elizabeth, of Charleston, are visiting their mother, Mrs. E. A. Smoak.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Rubin and children, of Norway, visited Mr. and Mrs. Sam Zimmerman in the city Sunday.

—Mr. Richburg M. Rowell, after completing his service in the army, has received his discharge and is now at home.

—Mr. Dollie Felder, a former resident of Bamberg, now residing at Loris, was in the city a few days this week.

—Miss Gertrude Smoak, who has been holding a position as bookkeeper in Ehrhardt, has returned home for the summer months.

—Mrs. J. A. Byrd, Mrs. George Smith and Miss Addys Hays spent several days in Columbia last week as the guests of Miss Lalla Byrd.

—Colonel and Mrs. J. R. Owens returned from Charleston a few days ago. The colonel, whose health has been very bad for several months, states that he is now feeling better, and his friends hope that he will soon return to his usual vigorous health.

The Village Merchant.

"After 20 years in business at the old stand, Ripley Rant is being sold out by the sheriff today to the highest bidder," said the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "You see, Rip's theory of the art of running a grocery store was to outyell all comers. His other idea was that the customer was always wrong. If he hadn't got what the customer wanted the darn customer ort to want what Rip had, and if he didn't like it he could git out.

"Customers disturbed him a good deal anyhow by insisting on being waited on when he wanted to argue with some of his cronies about the burning issues of the day. He knew almost everything about everything, knew it in tones of thunder, and knew most of it wrong.

"Fristance, he knew how General Pershing ort to proceed in whipping the Germans and when he did exactly the opposite and yet whipped 'em to a quivering custard old Rip was almost as much disgusted with the general as if he had been defeated. He preferred convincing a man against his will to selling him a big bill of goods, and if the customer was convinced quick enough he could get anything in the store on credit. So the sheriff is closing him out today, and Rip doesn't seem to know how it happened."

A Long Wait.

Physician (looking into his anteroom where a number of patients are waiting)—Who has been waiting the longest?

Tailor (who has called to present a bill)—I have, doctor. I delivered the clothes to you three years ago.—Pearson's Weekly.

Last Place He Thought Of.

The Tombstone Man (after several abortive suggestions)—How would simply "Gone Home" do?

waiting—who has been waiting the longest?—who has been waiting the longest? It was always the last place he ever thought of going.—Tit-Bits.

Logical Wish.

On the outskirts of Philadelphia is an admirable stock farm. One day last summer some poor children were permitted to go over this farm, and when their inspection was done, to each of them was given a glass of milk. The milk was excellent.

"Well, boys, how do you like it?" the farmer said, when they had drained their glasses.

"Fine," said one little fellow. Then after a pause, he added, "I wish our milkman kept a cow."—Journal of the American Medical Association.

When you have nothing else to say—let the other fellow boast awhile.

PALESTINE AS IT IS.

Land Chosen of God to Teach Human Race.

Of peculiar timeliness, because of widespread American interest in the future of Palestine, is a communication to the National Geographic society from Viscount James Bryce, former British ambassador to the United States.

The historic Holy Land, released from deadly Moslem domination, may take its place among the "prosperous and even populous" civilized states of today, he states, if administered by "a government which should give honest administration, repress brigandage, diffuse education, irrigate the now desolate, because sunscorched, valley of the lower Jordan by water drawn from the upper course of the river."

A part of Viscount Bryce's communication follows: "Palestine is a tiny little country. Though the traveler's handbooks prepare him to find it small, it surprises him by being smaller than he expected. Taking it as the region between the Mediterranean on the west and the Jordan and Dead Sea on the east, from the spurs of Lebanon and Hermon on the north to the desert at Beersheba on the south, it is only 110 miles long and from 50 to 60 broad—that is to say, it is smaller than New Jersey.

"Of this region large parts did not really belong to ancient Israel. Their hold on the southern and northern districts was slight, while in the southwest a wide and rich plain along the Mediterranean was occupied by the warlike Philistines, who were sometimes more than a match for the Hebrew armies. Israel had, in fact, little more than the hill country, which lay between the Jordan on the east and the maritime plain on the west. King David, in the days of his power looked down from the hill cities of Benjamin, just north of Jerusalem, upon Philistine enemies only 25 miles off, on the one side, and looked across the Jordan to Moabite enemies about as far off, on the other.

"Nearly all the events in the history of Israel that are recorded in the Old Testament happened within a territory no bigger than the State of Connecticut whose area is 4,800 square miles; and into hardly any other country has there been crowded from the days of Abraham till our own so much history—that is to say, so many events that have been recorded and deserve to be recorded in the annals of mankind.

"Nor is it only that Palestine is really a small country. The traveler constantly feels as he moves about that it is a small country. From the heights a few miles north of Jerusalem he sees, looking northward, a far-off summit carrying snow for 8 months in the year. It is Hermon, whose fountains feed the rivers of Damascus.

"But Hermon is outside the territory of Israel altogether, standing in the land of the Syrians; so, too, it is of Lebanon. We are apt to think of that mountain pass as within the country, because it also is frequently mentioned in the Psalms and the Prophets; but the two ranges of Lebanon also rise beyond the frontiers of Israel, lying between the Syrians of Damascus and the Phoenicians of the west. Perhaps it is because the maps from which children used to learn Bible geography were on a large scale that most of us have failed to realize how narrow were the limits within which took place all those great doings that fill the books of Samuel and Kings. Just in the same way the classical scholar who visits Greece is surprised to find that so small a territory sufficed for so many striking incidents and for the careers of so many famous men."

Genealogy of the Germans.

The claim is made that the various European nations have resulted from a mixture of the original primitive inhabitants with the Teutons who overran them during the later migrations; but that in Germany, on the other hand, Teutons were merely mixed with Teutons, and thus the race here remained pure. In fact, however, skeletons and other remains show conclusively that there was a race of primitive inhabitants in Germany as well, going back as far as the diluvial period. At the time of the Cimric invasion and later, when the stream of the Teutonic migrations burst upon them, this population partly migrated, or at least withdrew into the mountainous regions, partly perished and partly mingled with the newcomers. A primitive population dwelt here as well as in the other European countries at a time when the rhinoceros and the elephant still roamed through Europe. Even as late as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the French were the more likely to be called Germans.—Dr. G. F. Nicolai, in "The Biology of the War."

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OPERATIONS OF U-BOATS.

No Bases in America, Says German Commander.

"Germany never had a submarine base in America," said Captain Bartenbach, commander of submarine bases in Flanders during the war to an American correspondent in Berlin a few days ago. "Nor did German submarines, operating off the American coast, have a mother ship or receive any aid or supplies from shore."

Captain Bartenbach became identified with the submarine service in Germany 13 years ago, when it was in its experimental stages. He commanded the first German submarine, the U-1. He is still in the submarine service and has his office in the Admiralty building in Berlin.

I asked him the first question regarding the base of submarines in America, because I had often heard it argued that German U boats could not have operated off our coast unless supported by a nearby base or mother ships. Capt Bartenbach said the submarines that harried the American coast were outfitted and sailed from Kiel and received no supplies on the voyage.

One submarine which visited America was absent five months. It was commanded by Captain Kopenhamel, and reached America in August of 1918. It did not succeed in getting back to Kiel until January of this year. Captain Vonnoskit, who was off the American coast last July and August, was away from Kiel for three months, while another of our unwelcome visitors was Captain Rose.

Captain Bartenbach said the Laconia was sunk by Captain Berger and the Lusitania by Capt Schweiger, both of whom had died when their submarines were destroyed during the war.

Captain Bartenbach said the greatest enemy of the submarine was not the depth bomb, but the anchored mine. The exact figures are impossible to give, but the captain said about three U-boats were sunk by anchored mines to every one sunk by a depth bomb.

One of the most important duties of submarines, said the captain, was planting anchored mines. It was an anchored mine, planted by a German U-boat, he said, that sank the British ship on which General Kitchener was a passenger. The mine had not been placed especially to sink Kitchener's ship, but because the Germans made it a practice promptly to place mines along every new route to which traffic would be diverted.

I asked Bartenbach how long the British tied up his operations by attacks on Ostend and Zeebrugge.

"During the entire time of the war," he said, "the channel for the passage of German submarine boats at Ostend and Zeebrugge was never closed for as much as two consecutive minutes. The British attack was a glorious thing, done with splendid audacity and dauntless courage, but it was an absolute failure from a military standpoint. In the first attempt at Ostend two British boats missed the channel and went ashore, their bones are rotting there now, while in the second attempt the Vindictive found the entrance to the harbor, but was sunk almost immediately. The wreck is still there."

I told Captain Bartenbach that presence of an "oil slick" on the water, after a destroyer had dropped depth bombs, was hailed as conclusive evidence of the destruction of the submarine by the enemy. The captain said oil and also fresh water was carried by submarines in the outer skin of the boat which was thin and would be pushed in by the force of the explosion of the depth bomb. The oil would be released and would ascend to the surface and form an "oil slick," while the U-boat had receive no material damage. If the depth bomb made a clear hit on the submarine, or exploded very close along-side, it would of course destroy the submarine.

The submarine captain could exercise his judgment when making an attack, but in case of passing a spot full of anchored mines, he must try to go through. If the submarine commander saw that the attacked ships were in convoy with a guard of destroyers, he would simply submerge, let them pass, and wait for a boat without an escort. After leaving his base he would not turn back because of being afraid to go through the mine field.

Captain Bartenbach was positive that none of his submarine commanders ever fired on or rammed small boats in which survivors were attempting to escape from the wreck. "Any U-boat commander who did such a thing," said the captain, "would be courtmartialled first, for inhumanity; second for idioy, because he would be wasting time and ammunition and putting his boat crew in jeopardy to no purpose. Some excited people in small boats after their ship had been struck would sometimes declare the submarine had

A Zapata Story.

The stories they tell about him are like those which are told of Villa, the bandit of the north. Here is one: Zapata demanded tribute from a rich rancher. The fellow answered with courtesies but no money. He woke up next morning with Zapata at his front door. He found himself the next afternoon tied to a post in the middle of a bull pen, his body out of reach, but his legs low enough to be gored. Red cloth was tied around the victim's legs and soldiers were set to torturing the bull. The beast was turned loose in the pen and saw the red cloth on the post. Maybe you can guess what happened. The flesh was gored from the man's legs and he died as he hung on the post. Zapata had taken the rancher's wife to the edge of the pen and made her sit there and watch the torture of her husband.

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come up near them and tried to run them down when all the submarine commander was after was to find out the name of the ship he had sunk."

EAGLE ATTACKS MAN.

Farmer J. R. Wilson Had Hard Fight Before Capturing Bird.

Gaffney, May 4.—J. R. Wilson, who manages the farm of F. H. Knox, in Cherokee county, had an exciting experience yesterday when he was attacked by a black eagle, and had a strenuous time before he succeeded in killing the monster. Mr. Wilson was near the river when the eagle came out from under some timber and made the attack upon him. He brought it to Gaffney, where it was weighed and measured by C. C. Kirby, who has it now on exhibition, and crowds of people have visited the store Friday and Saturday, as nothing of the kind has ever been seen in this section. It weighed 10 pounds and measured 8 feet from tip to tip.

"Gee, whiz! Isn't that Smithson who just went by in his automobile? When I knew him a few years ago he had a junk shop."

"He still has. Only he moved it to a place on a fashionable street and labeled the same stock, 'Antiques.'"—Boston Transcript.

The Answer.

Our diplomats offer us a project of a league of nations which is not the society of nations such as was prescribed in the 14 points of President Wilson. The peoples of the entire world in their thirst for justice acclaimed these 14 points, and we accepted them. The French working class, faithful to its conception of a war on war, rises against the sabotage of peace.

This expression of opinion does not come from the supporters of President Wilson in America. Nor is it the emanation of any radical group in Europe. It is the formal pronouncement issued in behalf of the conservative labor element in France when the jobbery of imperialists threatened to restore the old spoils principle in the peace conference.

It is a sweeping answer to those American editors who, because of a mixture of neurotic sentimentalism and a hatred of the president, have been stupid enough to believe that the voice of a few jingoes, imperialists and corrupt politicians is the voice of the French people.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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