

HOW PATIA WAS SUNK.

Unseen Submarine Attacked Cruiser Only Few Miles From Port.

Among the horrors of war there are no greater tragedies than those effected by the submarine. It is difficult to imagine a sadder and more impressive sight than the sinking of a great ship.

It was the 13th day of June, 1918—a glorious afternoon at sea, with the fresh southwest wind blowing just strongly enough to color the blue surface of the water with a few white caps. We were zig-zagging back and forth about 800 yards on the port bow of the British auxiliary cruiser, Patia. On the starboard bow about 1,000 yards away was another destroyer.

It was one of those bright and cheerful afternoons which made one feel at sea in wartime was not such a hardship as many people imagine.

Three days before we had set out from Queenstown, had gone out to meet a convoy of 35 merchant ships, and had escorted them in almost to the Scilly Islands.

The H. M. S. Patia was the ocean escort of this convoy from the States. Although she was an auxiliary cruiser, even she was loaded with cargo, and was carrying enough meat and sugar to feed 1,000,000 soldiers in France for one day.

This very morning the convoy had split up. Eight British destroyers had taken over the ships bound for English channel ports; six of the American destroyers were escorting the remainder of the convoy to Brest and Bordeaux, while the Patia and two American destroyers headed up toward the Bristol channel, their destination being Avonmouth.

We were just entering the Bristol channel, and had only about 100 miles to go before we should be through the danger zone with another duty done. Fifteen minutes earlier the Patia had increased speed from 12.5 to 13 knots and ceased zig-zagging preparatory to changing the base course. It had been several months since the Patia had visited England, and the men were already counting the hours before they would be in "blighty" again.

Suddenly our white ship shivered, and there was a violent explosion like the firing of a depth charge aboard, only sharper, louder and a more cracking noise.

Dense yellow smoke was pouring from the hold of the Patia, and a great burst of flame shot up as high as the mast. At the same time the figure of a man was seen to rise from the gun deck aft, slowly turning somersets and describing an arc through the air, catapulted overboard by the explosion.

"Both engines ahead full—hard right rudder!" were the commands given. The depth charges were set at "fire," ready to drop on signal, and all hands were at their battle stations. No one had seen the submarine, but it was obvious the torpedo had been fired from the starboard side and must have been fairly close to make such a perfect hit.

We were cutting close across the stern of the Patia. "Stand by the depth charge signal," the captain called. "We'll start laying a 10-second barrage just ahead of that piece of wreckage. He probably dove straight ahead, and that ought to get him."

The other destroyer had also swung back, and together we laid a heavy pattern of charges around a wide radius. The Hun couldn't be far away, and from the amount of oil and bubbles that was brought to the surface in one spot he was either fooling us or we had surprised him.

"She's done for," some one cried as we swung back toward the Patia. She was listing quite badly to starboard and settling aft. Her stern was almost awash. She appeared like some stricken animal with its hind leg broken, limping along, pitifully dragging the injured limb after it. She was gradually veering her course to starboard and losing headway.

The lifeboats were lowered smartly and were all clear of the ship 18 minutes after she was struck. By this time she lost all headway, the list was very decided and she was settling rapidly. As the stern went down the bow came up, as if pivoting amidships.

At last the bow was raised perpendicularly to the water, over 100 feet in the air, the foremost parallel to the water. She hesitated in this position just long enough for us to take in the whole picture and sum it up.

She began to settle, sliding down, stern first—not hurriedly, nor jerkily, but smoothly and easily, as if a firm hand were directing her course to the bottom.

When about 30 feet of her bow was still showing, and the foremost just level with the water, she hesitated again, as if her stern was resting on bottom. Then came one violent shake—a last brave gasp for

MYSTERIES OF THE PACIFIC.

Science Turns to Many Lines of Inquiry.

Washington.—"How did the flightless birds of New Zealand originate? What is the nearest living relative to the extinct dodo of Samoa? What is the import of the same species of fresh water fish in two rivers situated on opposite sides of the Pacific?"

"Did a land mass fly out of what is now the Pacific ocean before this planet was cooled and form the moon?"

These are just a few of the many lines of inquiry which science will turn to in the Pacific ocean after the peace conference has adjusted the many colonial questions affecting New Guinea, the Carolines, the Marshall Islands and the numerous other holdings in this least known region in the world, according to a bulletin from the National Geographic society.

The writer of the communication upon which the bulletin is based, Leopold G. Blackman, continues:

"Much valuable material also will be collected to assist in a better understanding of the growth of our own civilization from elementary savagery, for it is reasonable to suppose that the primitive wants of man in different ages and regions have called forth similar expedients to satisfy them.

"Other important objects of investigation for the ethnologist will touch the various racial types into which the Pacific islanders are divided. Of these, three are generally recognized, of whom the Papuans and Polynesians appear to show the widest divergences, with the Micronesians occupying the intermediate ground and possessing affinities of race, language and custom within the other two. The presence of two distinct races of man in the Pacific suggests two periods and sources of immigration and adds difficulty to an already perplexing question, for the demarcation between the divisions of the races is by no means well defined, but is complicated by the admixture of many other races of both Oriental and occidental origin.

"The Papuans may be generally said to inhabit New Guinea, the Solomons, New Caledonia and Fiji. Their most obvious characteristics may be briefly summed up by stating that they are irreligious, democratic, quarrelsome, cannibalistic and hostile to strangers. They possess no hereditary chiefs, paint or scar the body rather than wear clothes, cook in earthen pots, chew betel and their speech is broken up into a number of apparently irreconcilable dialects. The Papuans are the least attractive of any Pacific islanders, and the island groups which they occupy are among the least known of the Pacific and have been for many generations shunned by mariners and associated with everything that is of evil repute in the record of the ocean.

"The Polynesians in many attributes are greatly at variance with the Papuan islanders. They possess, generally speaking, an elaborate religious system, and established order of hereditary chiefs and well defined social castes. They are friendly to strangers, fond of dress, expert manufacturers of Kapa cloth and intrepid seamen and navigators. They tattoo instead of scar the body, seldom practice cannibalism, cook in earthen ovens instead of earthen pots, drink awa and possess a common language understandable throughout New Zealand, Hawaii, Samoa, Tahiti and the Paumotu Islands.

"Of all the Pacific races the greatest interest attaches to the Polynesian islanders, but it is unfortunately these people whose primitive customs and racial types have been most broken up by modern intercourse.

"The Halayo-Polynesian language possesses the distinction over the widest area of any language of the world, for it embraces two great oceans and extends from the island continent of Madagascar to the isolated islet of Rapanui."

New Prescription Needed.

Binks—Say, old man, do you know of any cure for insomnia?

Jinks—Counting one thousand is said to be a remedy.

Binks—Confound it, that's what everybody tells me; but the baby's too young to count.—Tit-Bits.

The Baseball Fan's Horror.

"What's your opinion of the league of nations?"

"I hope I never live to see America in last place in the standing."—Detroit Free Press.

breath—and she glided swiftly out of sight—a slight whirlpool and she was gone.

I felt as if I should remove my cap and stand at attention, as at a funeral, as in truth it was. On looking around, I discovered others, too, had bared their heads.—Lieut. Laurence Lombard, in Boston Globe.

BOLL WEEVIL QUARANTINE.

Will Become Effective Again on Tuesday, May 20.

Clemson College, May 17.—Owing to the resumption of boll weevil activity, the quarantine zone which was lifted on January 1, 1919, after the boll weevil had gone into winter quarters, will again become effective on May 20, 1919. The quarantine and safety lines will continue for the present as given on the official map of the South Carolina State crop pest commission issued January 1, 1919. Hereafter it is regarded dangerous to issue permits for shipments from any points within safety zone. Both safety zone and boll weevil territory are closed. The commission will continue to issue permits for shipments from points within quarantine zone.

The boll weevil line passes from Beach Island on the Savannah river through Blackville, Branchville, Pagnall, Summerville and Mt. Pleasant.

The safety line passes from a point on the Savannah river near Modock through Trenton, Swansea, St. Matthews, Pineville and enters the ocean at the southern end of Raccoon Key.

Quarantine Line.

The quarantine line starts on the Savannah river and passes through Mt. Carmel, Saluda, Lexington, Columbia, Kingstree and Georgetown. Parties receiving the map from the commission will find full explanation on the reverse side.

Points located on the safety line are held to be within safety zone.

Points on the quarantine line are held to be within the quarantine zone.

Points on the boll weevil line are held to be within boll weevil territory.

The safety zone and boll weevil territory are closed. These lines will hold until necessary to move them on account of advance of the weevil at which time the new maps will be issued.

It Might Have Happened to Any One.

A thin little woman of middle age was half-plaintively and half-defiantly trying to explain to three of her small-town neighbors:

"I ain't heard the last of that fire yet and I am gettin' pretty sick of it. You'd think to hear 'em talk that everybody in this town would a ruther burned up than to get out the way I did. Stickin' up their noses at me about a little thing like that, when it might a happened to any of 'em.

"Of course, I have nightgowns and I wear them every night just like the rest of you. And just before, I'd made a lot of nice new ones with tucks and lace insertion and everything. That ain't anything; everybody has new ones with lace and tucks, but I want you to know that I had 'em, too. And I'd put 'em in my top bureau drawer, right where I knew where they were any time. But that night I was wearing one of my old ones. That ain't anything; any one 'd want to wear out her old ones first.

"And when I woke in the middle of the night, and the room was full of smoke, and I could hear the firemen yellin' outside, and the water comin' on the roof, the first thing I thought of was: 'It's a fire, and me in this old nightgown.' And I knew I could put my hand right on one of the new ones all folded nice in that top bureau drawer just a few steps away. So I just slips off the old one and lays it on the foot of the bed, and steps over to the bureau and—the bureau ain't there! Then thinks I real fast like: 'That old one is a lot better'n nothin'!' So I starts for the foot of the bed and—the bed ain't there!

"And all the time the smoke was gettin' thicker'n thicker, and the folks outside were yellin' louder'n louder, and I could hear the roar of the fire and the sizzling of the water on the roof, and it all sounded so dangerous. Thinks I: 'I've just got to get out of here somehow, nightgown or no nightgown.' Just then I runs into the wall, and I drops down on my hands and knees and crawls along the wall 'til I come to the outside door; and just as I reach the door my hand strikes against that ball of carpet rags that I'd sewed and rolled there in the corner the day before. And thinks I to myself: 'Lord knows, a ball of carpet rags ain't much, but it's better'n nothin'. So, I just grabs that ball of carpet rags in one hand, opens that door with the other and runs. And so far as I can see, it might've happened to any one.'—Cartoons Magazine.

Unusual Sparrow.

The native minister was telling the missionary in charge of his district that a sparrow had built a nest on the roof of his house.

"Is there anything in the nest yet?" asked the missionary.

"Yes," said the Indian brother, proud of his English, "the sparrow has pups."—The World Outlook.

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