

**ENGLAND IS BUILDING BATTLESHIPS IN PAIRS**  
Light Cruisers By the Half Dozen and Destroyers in Rows of Ten.

London, Aug. 10.—There is a certain small section of British water-front where more ships are under construction today than the entire shipbuilding facilities of any other nation could undertake at any one time. They include every type of craft from submarines to battleships and from steam trawlers to Atlantic liners. Most governments lay down their battleships and cruisers singly, and the lesser crafts perhaps in pairs, but here battleships loom up as twains, light cruisers by the half dozen destroyers in rows of ten, with many braces of long submarines, and an occasional monitor.

The war fleet under the hammer and the paint brush here would rank in the naval list above the establishments of several modest maritime powers. It could demolish the two squadrons which fought the battle of Manila Bay with one volley, and then steam against the combined American and Spanish fleets of Santiago with confidence. And the merchant ships in the stocks are as many as the United States mercantile marine has added to its register in several years.

"We have trained crews ready to step on board all these ships as soon as they are fitted," a naval officer remarked. Under tutelage of Parliament for West Donegal, a party of correspondents spent a crowded day on land, on water, and on ships in dock, at this base. They saw some things which they were not permitted to describe in detail, and many things which they cannot describe for lack of technical knowledge; for the ordinary man the visit furnished mostly illumination upon the vast scale on which sea power is arranged, and upon the kind of men who manage it, and their hard but cheerful lives.

The general stage setting for this swift review of the fighting and trading vessels under construction consisted of several miles of water-front lines as thickly as could be crowded with skeletons and hulls. The stocks carried everything of the final type—until next year, or next week, for every naval campaign means new ideas, new devices, new lines of construction. Two years of active service under war conditions have brought a great advance to the British navy already acknowledged to be leader in most naval matters. Every ship and every detail of a ship, is the last word in its class, according to the war-bought judgment of engineers and fighting officers. In one noticeable detail at least British naval architects appear to have been converted to the principle of one feature of American warships.

The monitors make an appeal to an American because there is a suspicion that other navies were disposed to scoff at them for years. Yet here they are, with all their superficial changes and embellishments a tribute to what the brain of John Ericson conceived in the sixties. The monitors have been very useful to the British navy in this war. They have been employed in the shallow waters off the coast of Belgium, and ever more effectively at Gallipoli. The correspondents there described them fully. Two or three strata of the outgoing hull may be penetrated by torpedoes, and the monitor can still keep at work with her guns.

Two battleships, almost prepared for the water, according to information rendered, are expected to demonstrate themselves the most efficient machines of their family ever commissioned, and they look it. The battleship standing in the timbers on land with all its lines revealed, showing its adaptability for speed, presents a different picture from the fighting ship seen above water and has a suggestion of a racing yacht. These had been constructed in something like half the time consumed in making a big warship in pre-war days. There were several so-called destroyers certainly as long as many light cruisers of earlier times, 10 of them extended side by side in one row, and others elsewhere.

Just where the super-destroyer leaves off and the light cruiser begins is not a matter of length today. Beyond the destroyers was a line of long thin skeletons of submarines, whose size could not be judged at all accurately in a passing view, even if it could be reported. Compared with the new old-fashioned submarine they are as the Aquitania to the Philadelphia.

Floating alongside a dock was a brand new submarine, painted and polished like a touring car fresh from the

shop. Her young commander stood alongside and proudly pointed out some of her attractions. From his transparent enthusiasm she might have been a pleasure yacht instead of the vehicle of the most dangerous form of adventure that fighting men undertake. "Of course we are not in the same class with Heston and Holbrook," he explained, "but I hope you will hear something from X Seventeen," pointing to the number painted on the turret. He observed also that this thing could submerge in 20 seconds.

From this largest shipbuilding station in the world, with its miles of smoking factories, and with its reverberating clangor of thousands of hammers ringing upon steel, the party traveled over night to the most extensive naval base in the world. This was a place where ships run in for repairs for oil which is almost the only fuel of these days, for ammunition and stores. Here they are replenished, refitted, repainted frequently, and then disappear into the mists of the North sea; of which a typical one was encountered on the morning of this visit.

The shipbuilding district was a realm of private enterprises, factories and yards where rich firms carry on their own work independently and with no visible traditions of discipline, and no outward signs of professional comradeship, except perhaps in the luxurious offices decorated with models of dead and gone ships dating from eras of wooden and iron hulls, where the directors entertain their friends in peaceful times and now by brief but earnest after lunch speech gave unneeded assurances they were working as hard as the men who wear gold braid.

The naval yards present an aspect of their own. Their whole area and their activities certainly are as diverse as those of the shipbuilding community, but all is under one management and one directing brain. There is much more to naval organization than meets the eye in the big fleet putting to sea, and the shore force has its all important work even if less spectacular and less appreciated than that of the fighting men. The naval captain in actual control of this establishment invented the remarkably complex spotting system which governs the fire of ships in action, and probably he and the officers of his staff draw pay which is a mere fraction of the salaries commanded by the superintendent of a ship founder's yard, if the financial recognition governments give their naval officers can be called pay.

Two years ago this was a great naval base, according to reputation, but now its extent and the array of docks and shops and barracks has been so multiplied as to make it a truly vast one.

The force of skilled and common workmen is larger than can be kept at constant employment for they must be able to grapple with emergencies and with quick operations on a big scale. Wireless is a great aid. Every iron coming into port telegraphs its needs, even the humble submarine does the same. The materials and the men are ready on the docks and in the supply ships when the fighting craft appear. There was an example on view. One of the most massive and swiftest warships in being was shored up inside a drydock, and that necessarily one of the largest docks constructed, to have her hull seaboard. Incidentally advantage was taken of the time, as is customary, for a thorough overhauling of every detail of the ship's machinery from keel to topmasts. Fifteen-inch guns, turret machinery, every detachable or movable fragment of the whole complex creation was being detached, and inspected, scrutinized, tinkered, polished and oiled. Several hundred workmen were engaged. Miles of wires were strewn above decks and between decks, apparently in hopeless tangles, but the expert workers handling them knew what all the ordered confusion meant. The plain citizen who wrangles to achieve a modest rectification of a telephone wire gone wrong would here find cause for prayerful wonder.

Doubtless all navies do the same thing, but one gathered the impression that it is about the ultimate illustration of efficiency in complicated and concentrated work. Through it all the sailor man displayed his adaptability to sleep in impossible places and positions under impossible circumstances.

The trip included a view of Beatty's battleship squadron. There they were—and that is about all that can be said. They were prepared to steam for action at five minutes notice, and they did not care to steam for action with a cargo of newspaper men and a nationalistic member of parliament. These could not decently be thrown overboard and obviously were not worth

shop. Her young commander stood alongside and proudly pointed out some of her attractions. From his transparent enthusiasm she might have been a pleasure yacht instead of the vehicle of the most dangerous form of adventure that fighting men undertake.

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a moment's delay. One ship carried into the Jutland battle an army officer on leave from France who was calling on a brother on board. He returned, fortunately, published it, as his mature and well considered judgment, that he felt more at home in the trenches. Two destroyers conveyed the visitors around the squadron. There was considerable fresh paint visible in splashes, more on the German officially sunk Warspit than elsewhere, but what that meant in the way of damage was Greek to the outsider. Two facts impressed an American. That the commanders of the larger ships averaged about 10 years younger than the commanders of ships of the same class in the American navy, and the number and variety and adaptability of the supply craft, the navy's commissary department.

The only thing approaching leisure discovered was on some of the destroyers. These sea scouts work in shifts. Four lays on active duty (a very active duty), four days in port ready to start at the drop of the hat, and four days outfitting with more or less shore leave, is their program.

Some information and scraps of gossip of the battle came out in the course of talk. One item was that Admiral Beatty went through the fight on the bridge and did not take protection of any of the armored places which builders make for shelter in battle, and he was under heavy fire. Another, that when the Marlborough was hit by a torpedo, and all believed that she had only a minute or two to live, her commander issued two orders. One was to close the watertight doors that she might float as long as possible, and the other to fire all guns at utmost speed, where there was a reasonable target. He wanted her but in as many blows as she could at the last moment, thinking with all the others on board that the last moment had struck. There leaked out a seeming consensus of opinion that a certain high officer is considered just, without loads of mercy for carelessness or slackers, and yet men like to serve under him.

Then an incidental reminiscence by a surgeon on one of the ships which had the good luck to escape being hit. He was below of course, waiting for the wounded, and playing the hardest part if that can be experienced on a ship in action. Even harder than the engineers and stokers in the depths, who work without seeing or knowing what goes on above, and how goes the battle, because he was neither working nor seeing. The great guns were rocking the ship and none below knew whether it was victory or all to the bottom. One of his men was absorbed in a novel, paper covered and frayed. Probably where heroic Algernon leaps overboard and rescues blushing Madeline from the jaws of the shark. "I admit I thought it was a bluff. He did not turn the page, and kept on reading and turning them over. I was thinking about home and mother."

On this big ship as on all the cruisers and destroyers, there was one strong reminder of their work. About all the smaller guns were stacked shells; shells lining the sides like Nankins plates and on the walls of a porcelain collector, and shells in boxes and in baskets, "Shells, and more shells," apparently is the motto of the navy, as it is of the army.

Not Yet a While?

It is not supposed that Great Britain will carry the thing so far as to declare a boycott against the American bankers—Durham Herald.

**CHURCH SERVICES.**

**Methodist Episcopal Church**  
Rev. L. T. Singleton, Pastor  
Sunday School—9:45.  
Morning Service—11:00.  
Evening Service—7:45.  
Wednesday evening Prayer Meeting—7:45.

**Baptist Church**  
Rev. R. A. McFarland, Pastor  
Sunday School—9:45.  
Morning Service—11:00.  
Evening Service—7:45.  
Wednesday evening Prayer Meeting—7:45.

**Episcopal Church**  
Rev. Reuben Meredith, Rector.  
Sunday School—9:45.  
Morning Prayer and sermon—11:00.  
Evening prayer and sermon—8:00.

**SALE OF LAND FOR TAXES**

I will sell for cash to the highest bidder at the Court House door at Halifax, N. C., Monday Sept. 4, 1916, following land to satisfy taxes and cost for the year 1915 in Conocoanara and Scotland Neck townships, as follows:

- Scotland Neck Township**  
Melvina Cotton, 6 acres near Scotland Neck, \$5.25.  
Jesse Cotton, 4 acres, Allen Smith, \$1.66.  
Lena Diekens, 1 acre, Greenwood, \$3.12.  
Caroline Harvey, 4 acres, Graball, \$2.62.  
Lyn Hedgepeth, 28 acres Israel Little, \$12.83.  
Sip Hill, Est., 1 acre near town \$2.62.  
Titus Hill, 97 Biggs Land, \$11.61.  
Daniel L. Johnson, 5 acres Peogoon Hill, \$1.17.  
Arthur Jones, 1 acre Graball, \$11.72.  
W. W. Lawrence, 1 town lot, \$4.55.  
Madison Norfleet, 5 acres Peogoon Hill, \$2.12.  
Clara Pitt, 7 acres, Millie Smith, \$2.13.  
Mc. D. Rowe, 1 town lot, \$3.90.  
Irving Smith, 2 acres, Bakers, \$3.66.  
Joe Sandy Smith, 1 town lot, \$6.18.  
Isaac Spruill, 2 acres, Mary's Chapel, \$3.12.  
Chas. Webb, 1 acre Greenwood, \$5.03.  
Ave White, 4 acres, Mary's Chapel, \$1.10.  
Lewis Wiley, 1 acre, Greenwood, \$4.10.

**Conocoanara Township**

- Starling Bullock, 100 acres, Piney Woods, \$14.33.  
Ed. Davis, 2 acres near Tillery, \$1.35.  
Willie B. Edmonds, 37½ acres near Tillery, \$10.53.  
Lee Hale, 3 acres, residence, \$3.31.  
Silas Jones, 26 acres, West Alexander, \$6.98.  
Mattie Jackson, 28½ Piney Woods, \$5.49.  
Joseph Johnson, 30 acres, near Dawson, \$5.51.  
George Wade Johnson, 10 acres, Herod Johnson, \$3.47.  
Walter Knight, 65 acres, Piney Woods, \$15.78.  
Jim Tillery, 10 acres near Tillery, \$5.27.  
Oscar Whitaker, 25 acres, Piney Woods, \$2.53.  
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