

Automobile Insurance

When it comes to the awful jolt of a lump sum of money to be paid out on account of an accident, no mechanical device and no improved tire can take the place of **AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE.**

You provide an equipment that will insure comfort in the possession of your car, in which you feel a pride—but "pride goeth before a fall" unless you avoid the big bump by providing for an Automobile Insurance that will guarantee your financial safety. The expense and anxieties of car upkeep are but too well known. There are the breaking of this and the damaging of that. But those who have experienced the greatest of all anxieties will tell you that damaging humanity brings a terror all its own—and is the greatest expense of all. You may be ever so careful, but the child crossing the street or the fellow driving the other car may not. There is a claim, anyway. You DID look out for that pedestrian you thought; but nevertheless look out for law. **LIABILITY** is not necessarily **FAULT**, but the unlimited financial slap—for which **AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE** is the **SHOCK ABSORBER.**

OCEAN AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

- (1) Assumes the expense of claims or suits, settlements or verdict for all personal injuries.
- (2) Covers responsibility for damage to the car or property of others.
- (3) Covers Collision or damage to your own car.

Forget "Worry" and cast your anchor in **THE OCEAN** the Company with a world-wide reputation for claim service, courtesy and honorable dealing.

Fire and Theft Automobile Insurance

Dunn Insurance & Realty Co., Inc.

LLOYD WADE, Manager

THE OLD-NEW ROMANCE OF THE SEA

New York Evening Post.

Brutalized as the seas are today by German wickedness and ruthlessness, unparalleled since the days of the men who sailed under the black flag, which the German submarines seek to be flying, there never has been a period when there was more of the dramatic, the romantic, and the mysterious, as well as the tragic, in the stories that filter to us through the veil of censorship. Great ships almost daily slip out of the harbor never to return. Vessels appear bringing tales of random destruction and hairbreadth escapes to parallel which one must turn to the pages of *Marysyt, Cooper, and Kingley*. Our harbor contains craft bound for foreign parts of types not thought fit for ocean service these fifty years. Transatlantic lines send the coastwise schooner to voyaging abroad, her gut masts into barges, revived the glories of square-rigger days, and brought to our docks tiny ships whose normal orbit was from Hull to Sweden or Flushing to London. Hulls years in the sands of California and Cuba are being dug out to take their places as of old in the traffic of the seas, and everywhere men's minds are turning to water transportation as never before in living memory.

Yesterday there arrived a ship of fear who had gone down with the *Berlian*, the *Canadian*, and the *Devenian*, and is still willing to risk his fate upon the ocean. From Queen Charlotte Island comes the news of the safe arrival there after seven weeks in a lifeboat of part of the crew of a Japanese cargo ship wrecked July 27 in Alaskan waters. From England comes by mail the story of survivors of a torpedoed British crew who landed on a rocky African shore, only to be killed or captured by hostile natives—thus duplicating an adventure of American sailors nearly 100 years ago. And on top of all this come now the facts to show that we have gone back to the days of *Drake* and *Nelson* and are sailing under great convoys. Four separate instances in which these convoys have been successfully attacked since August 15 now lie before us. Just as during French convoys in the Napoleonic days cut rich prizes out of the great fleets of East Indianmen in sight of home shores, so the German submarines, have sunk as many as five ships in a convoy guarded by

destroyers, cruisers, and armed trawlers and sailing in plain sight of the Irish coast.

And, despite all secrecy, the fact is that there are still German rovers abroad in the Atlantic and Indian oceans, or were until a little time back. Thus the *Mongolia* was sunk in the Indian Ocean by a mine dropped by a German *U-boat* named the *Wolf*, and the British Government refuses to answer the question asked in Commons whether the riddle is still afloat or not. Only today comes the narrative of how a German rover scudded for a day and a half behind its victim in the Atlantic while the Englishman's crew rejoiced in being safely beyond the limits of danger from submarines, and in the company of the friendly stranger astern. Today there are sailing the seas majestic German vessels flying the flag of the United States, and many others soon will be. What a dramatic situation lies in this, and what will be the feeling of the first German submarine officer to fire on one of these vessels so lately the pride of his own country? And when we have the new camouflage of the sea—new today yet as old as the hills—the submarines lurking behind a captured victim, or rigged as trawlers, as innocent schooners, holding signals of distress, and luring their victims by every trick that the last of the privateers employed to bring them alongside of their prey. Truly, it would take the genius of a *Kipling* to set it all forth; to tell us of new *McAndrews* driving their *Empire* half-sunk craft to safe British beaches; of captains of their bridges six days and nights; of one who saw three ships go down off his port bow on a single voyage, and yet himself escaped though beholding countless periscopes rising out of the sea about him; of days and nights in open boats with suffering unheeded of in its frequency; of men torpedoed twice in a day and, most terrible of all, these dreadful tales of the violation of the finest and oldest laws of the sea—that every mariner shall save the life that is in danger no matter what the risk to his own. Literally, not since the days of *Plato* ships have the ocean witnessed what was done to the crew of the *Belgian Prince*—made to stand up on the deck of a submarine while their boats were destroyed, their life-boats flung into the ocean, and then the craft they stood upon submerged under them. Walking the plank before the

private's pistol was not so cold-blooded or so merciless. And as for the *Luxburg* dispatch, it has been suspected that some of the mysterious disappearances the sea have recorded were due to a fixed policy, but surely never before in the history of civilization has government given orders that merchant ships should be sunk without a trial, and that a guilty escape the odium of the crime.

It is a relief to turn from this horrible picture to the many stories of gallantry, of sea rescue, of daring adventure where there is nothing but good to the credit of the human animal. There is the fascinating story of the wonderful cruise of the schooner *Ayasha* across the Indian Ocean with the escaped men from the *Kronen*; only last week it was announced that survivors of Admiral von Spee's ill-fated squadron sunk off the *Falklands* in 1914 had but now sailed their way in a cockleshell safely to a German harbor. When the tale of that is told, of a thousand miles in an open boat, of the lieutenant who did this and then reported for duty the next day after his arrival as a matter of course, we shall have a narrative unequalled in the history of modern adventure, and all the more astounding when one thinks of the seas crowded with cruisers, buzzing with wireless and harbors on the lookout for every waif of the sea. Volumes will be written of what men have endured in the submarines, under honest flags as well as the black. Volumes will and should be written to tell the tale of the tramp steamer that throngs our harbor, as never before, and has risen to an estate no one had foreseen. For is it not known of the world that it is the tramp which the great provider of the world's goods and foods, beside which transcontinental and trans-Siberian railroads take second place?

One intensely hot day last July I was going from Atlanta to Griffin, Ga. As the train stopped at Ft. McPherson it seemed to me there were thousands of soldier boys to be seen. Some were on guard, others were performing different duties while others seemed to wander aimlessly around with nothing to do. Two or three belonging to the latter class came across to the train and happened to stop just opposite a window where two girls sat. This, they did not seem to notice but were just



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THURSDAY, 20.

JOHNSON BROTHERS

They are only some common soldiers she said with a disdainful air And she frowned and tossed her haughty head, And shook the curls from her hair. Now don't those boys look common Their clothes don't seem to fit. I'll give you my word and cross my heart.

I could not love them a bit, For my boy's son is a soldier? Well I surely would have thought With all the money the old man has That he would have bought him off. I know most girls are crazy Over these soldier men, But give me a man from the city Over and over again. Why soldier boys are stung And they haven't any heart, They never take girls out to dinner, And then—they think they're smart. Two soldiers sat across the aisle Without making any defense As the train slowed down I heard one say, They haven't any sense. Just then a beggar woman entered the car. With poor dejected air, And with trembling hands, she gave her last coin To pay her railroad fare. They heard her simple story And into each eye stole a tear, And each one thought of a far off home,

And of his dear mother there. For in such breast-pockets you will find A pictured face that is fair, Or a letter oft read with a tiny piece Of softest golden hair. Whether sweet hearts, brothers or sons, You'll find them manly and brave, With generous acts, and kindest words, Always a willing slave. Give me a heart that's merry and true And the grasp of an honest hand. For, oh, how I love my soldier boy Who travels over the land. MRS. ERNEST F. YOUNG.

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