

THE CHRONICLE CONTEST IS ON

Candidates Have Been Announced

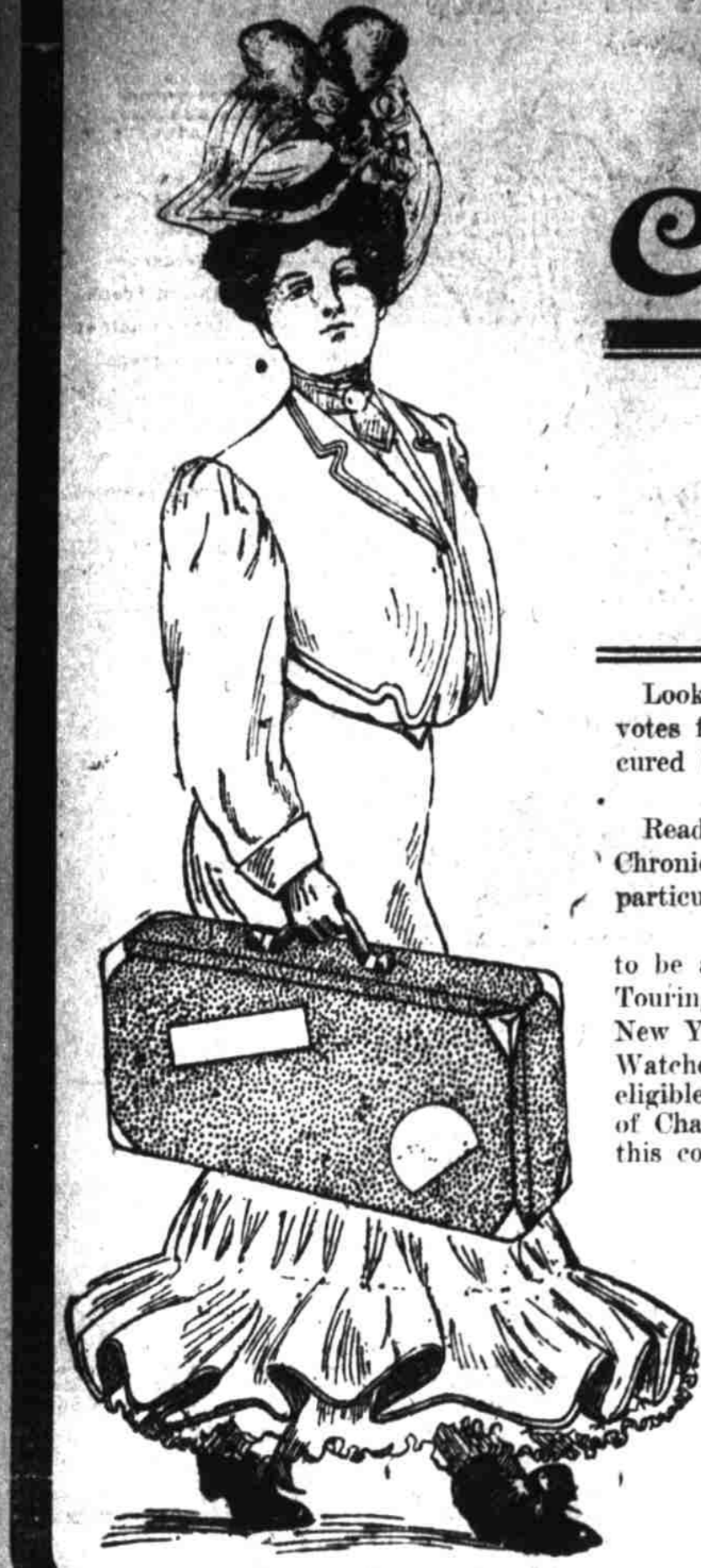
Look over the list of names opposite and cast your votes for your favorite candidate. Ballots are secured by subscribing to **THE EVENING CHRONICLE**. Read full particulars on this point in The Daily Chronicle, or write the Contest Department for full particulars.

Following is a list of candidates in The Evening Chronicle's voting contest, together with the number of votes they received for each up to 8 o'clock Saturday morning:

| District No. 1 | District No. 3 | District No. 5 |
|--|--|--|
| Miss Annie Jerry, Cashier J. B. Ivy & Co., 2,400 | Miss Maggie Wilkinson, 15 S. Tryon St., 5,320 | Miss Janie McLeod, Matthews, 873 |
| Miss Emma Alexander, 410 W. 9th St., 2,300 | Miss Lott Williams, 620 S. Church St., 5,200 | Miss Mabel Reed, Matthews, 470 |
| Miss Margaret King, 11th and Tryon, 2,000 | Miss Marie McKinley, 2 Jackson Terrace, 5,000 | Miss Flossie Oehler, Huntersville, 600 |
| Miss A. L. Twelvrees, 800 North Tryon, 1,750 | Miss Willie Smith, 60 Mint St., 2,710 | Miss Annie Black, Matthews, 700 |
| Miss Nathan, W. 7th and Church Sts., 1,400 | Miss Rebecca Lendy, 306 S. Church St., 2,700 | |
| Miss Lottie McCants, 12 No. Church St., 1,700 | Miss Minnie Robinson, Dilworth, 700 | |
| Miss Effreda Nell, 403 N. Poplar, 800 | Miss Nannie Wyatt, 207 Dilworth, 610 | |
| Miss Beulah Howell, 510 N. Poplar, 40 | Miss Fannie Andrews, Merchants & Farmers Bank, 440 | |
| | Miss Alma Coffin, 1022 East Ave., 140 | |
| | Miss Alice Beard, So. Tryon, 100 | |
| | Miss Ruth Porter, Kingston Ave., 50 | |
| | Miss Dorcas Holland, 41 W. 3rd St., 20 | |
| | Miss Lucy Smith, 210 S. 9th, 40 | |
| | Miss Isabella McDaul, Kingston Ave., Dilworth, 10 | |
| | | |
| District No. 2 | District No. 4 | District No. 6 |
| Miss Ethel Hall, 500 E. 10th St., 2,010 | Miss Carrie Lovings, Severville, 4,500 | Miss Mary Brown, Concord, 3,250 |
| Miss Louise Wadsworth, 306 N. College St., 1,810 | Miss Minnie Catby, Davidson, 2,600 | Miss Etta Williamson, Monroe, 2,910 |
| Miss Nannie Boyd, 600 E. 8th St., 1,700 | Miss Shannon Ransom, Huntersville, 1,500 | Miss Emma Gibson, Concord, 2,700 |
| Miss Margaret Howell, 914 N. Tryon, 1,400 | Miss Sarah Potts, Huntersville, 1,400 | Mrs. Julia Griffin, Monroe, 2,500 |
| Miss Mollie White, 411 East 7th, 800 | Miss Wilmer Stephens, Matthews, 1,600 | Miss Curdie Samsom, Blacksburg, 2,100 |
| Miss Madeline McLelland, 613 E. 7th, 700 | Miss Beale Steward, Matthews, 1,210 | Miss Olla Brown, Concord, 600 |
| Mrs. J. M. Smyly, 308 East 7th, 700 | Miss Kate Neal, Huntersville, 1,100 | Miss Pattie Lee, Monroe, 100 |
| Mrs. Johnnie Bobbington, 8th and Myers Sts., 340 | | |
| Miss Susan Honescutt, Ray Park, 240 | | |
| Miss Margaret Hood, 511 N. Tryon, 190 | | |
| Miss Dollie Eddins, 610 N. Davidson, 80 | | |
| Miss Jessie Caldwell, 604 N. Tryon, 80 | | |
| Miss Julia Gray, Myers St., near 4th, 70 | | |
| Miss Cora Hartwell, 502 No. B. St., 60 | | |
| Miss Sadie Baskerville, 906 N. Tryon, 10 | | |

THE PRIZES
to be awarded are as follows: One \$950 Cadillac Touring Car, three trips to Bermuda, two trips to New York, one trip to Palm Beach, Fla., six Gold Watches, six Scholarships. Every young woman eligible to compete in this contest who is a resident of Charlotte or vicinity. Write for particulars of this contest to

CONTEST DEPARTMENT
THE EVENING CHRONICLE
CHARLOTTE, N. C.



THE PENSACOLA DISASTER

A "CITY BEAUTIFUL" LAID WASTE

Great storm fell upon the city with a force and fury that no earthly power could combat. For three days business was suspended while the elements furiously worked their will. North Carolinians suffered—heroes born of the hour—sightings on days and nights of terror and distress.

Perhaps seldom in the history of the country has a city been so visited with affliction as has the deep water city of the Gulf during the past eighteen months. Just recovering from the heavy scourge of yellow fever and the devastating fire of the summer of 1905, business enterprises and out of her ruins had prepared to build and was building a better and bigger and more beautiful Pensacola.

In the big "house warming edition" of The Pensacola Journal, published a few days prior to the terrible storm which visited Pensacola on September 26th, in an editorial the following prophecy was made: "The best autumn in Pensacola's history begins to-day. Everyone is looking for and expecting big things. Labor is fully employed and at good wages. Business and industry are active in all lines. The very atmosphere is radiant of hope and confidence, energy and enterprise."

Just three days later the city was swept by the hurricane, one of the most violent and disastrous in the history of the world, probably the worst in over one hundred years that has visited this country.

LIKE AN AVALANCHE

Like an awful avalanche the storm that swept Pensacola, Wednesday night and Thursday morning, 26th and 27th, fell upon the city with a force and fury that no earthly power could combat. Along the water front it spent its greater fury and the terrible destruction of property there has rendered hundreds of people homeless and many absolutely destitute, while in the other business sections of the city there is scarce a building which has not suffered. The damage has been conservatively estimated at from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000, but the destruction of the work of years along the water front is incalculable. The damage to the fishing industry alone will probably aggregate a third of a million dollars, and the tow boat industry, with the lighters, launch and small craft equipment, will aggregate as much more. The damage to shipping in the harbor is hardly comparable. But greater than these is the loss of the little homes of the poor along the bay shore; the all of many swept away in a single night—and saddest of all is the loss of life, leaving sorrow and despair in homes throughout the country, for many of those who perished in the storm were but sojourners in the land, among them being women and soldiers from the quarantine station and the forts.

Following the wind storm on Saturday the 28th, a cloudburst added to the horrors of the situation, and from Wednesday until the following Monday business was practically suspended. Business houses which had closed from the storm, were now closed for necessity, a ho-roofed

building in the city but had been denuded of its covering. Telegraphic and telephonic communication with the outside world was interrupted. The wires were down in every direction and to avoid any danger from "live" wires the electric power was cut off. Street car service was suspended and owing to "wash-outs" railroad traffic was greatly impeded.

HEROES BORN OF THE HOUR

And from the wreck of homes, hungry little children and frail women and helpless men begged for succor. Nor did they appeal in vain. As during the epidemic of last year, heroic men and women fought the fevered day and night, step by step, following in his tracks, carrying with them comfort and help, bread for the hungry, clothes for the naked, medicine for the sick, prayers for the dying, and words of sympathy and cheer and courage, so in this hour when women and little children and strong men kept over their broken homes, once more these brave spirits, and other heroes born of the present hour, worked day and night, unwearied and unafraid, feeding and clothing and comforting, until now on this beautiful October day, a day of blue and gold, with air like rare wine and a bay dimpling and laughing under the kisses of the sun, the conditions are well in hand and the men and women of Pensacola, who have fought a noble fight against heavy odds, can offer up a prayer of thankfulness that their poor and destitute have been cared for by hearts and hands within their own borders.

NIGHT OF WILD TERROR

Along the bay shore and what are known as the Big and Little bayous, Pensacolians have during the past few years erected many beautiful homes and there many summer cottages were domesticated.

Among the handsome residences is that of Mr. W. H. Knowles, "Harbour View," just completed and ready for the occupancy of his family. This home, built at a cost of \$75,000, is one of the handsomest in the South. Mrs. Knowles, who was before her marriage, Miss Ellis, of North Carolina, daughter of ex-Governor Ellis of that State, had with her children, just returned from New York city on the night of the storm and had, fortunately, not gone down to her Bay Shore home, but was at a hotel in the city. This beautiful mansion was badly wrecked, but not irretrievably so.

"The Bungalow," another beautiful home on the bay shore, was badly damaged and the following graphic story was told the writer by Mrs. H., who with her own and her sister's family were spending the season at their summer home.

the Bungalow. The waters had been steadily rising for some time and all the lower floor was a foot deep in water. We feared every moment that the house would be swept from its foundations by the terrific force of the gale. F— took Beatrice in his arms and I the little baby, and we started on our journey through those seething waters in the awful blackness of that wild night, to seek some place of safety. My sister had just recovered from a severe illness and the little baby from bronchitis, and with us was an old and feeble negro, almost helpless, the baby's nurse. There was in the party besides a friend, Mrs. P—, my sister's husband William I do not know, he helped one and then the other, until I felt almost as though we all owed our lives to him. F— is a powerful man, but Beatrice is so large for her 3 years and has been heavy and unmanageable for him to carry. We were only half dressed and there was no time to stop for anything as the storm was gathering in fury all the time. I grabbed a flask of whiskey, and then turning to the one I had in my hand, I held it high and waded the little cavalcade as it fled down the long flight of steps and out into that awful seething sea of blackness, then threw the lighted lamp into the room, which was now a pool of rapidly rising water, and groped my way after them with the baby in my arms. Our idea was to get to "Harbour View," thinking it more able to withstand the force of the storm than any other of the houses about. We had nothing to guide and the water was almost up to our necks. We followed the fence until we came to the electric car track, we knew that it would lead us to the gate. First one and then another slipped and fell, and regaining his footing started once more on the perilous journey. Time held again, blanket, high above my head to miss an oncoming wave. Now and then old Rachel, the nurse, would falter and stumble and beg us to save ourselves and leave her behind.

WAVES GAVE THEM DINNER.
"But the waves gave us our dinner at last. William discovered the refrigerator, its contents well salted, on the car track, with two dressed chickens, some bacon and vegetables, and so we did not starve. After the excitement was over, we found that G— had a great wound just above his ankle, many but a piece of heavy timber. We could not tell whether a bone was broken or not, but the cut was a bad one and he suffered intensely. On Thursday afternoon some men came down from Pensacola and begged us to make the effort to reach the city that night, predicting an even more terrible storm than on the previous night. But I felt that we had borne all that human endurance could bear—there was no more flight in me. When I thought of that awful journey of the night before and of those helpless little children, I felt that I could not venture out again, but would stay and meet whatever fate had in store for us. And so we stayed and the night passed quietly. The next morning F— walked seven miles to town and secured a hack for \$10, and with this and our cart and buggy drove to the city. The journey was a journey of nine miles, reaching our town house a most bedraggled crew, but thankful that our lives, at least, were spared."

One of the most harrowing experiences of the storm was that of Dr. R. C. White, port physician, and his wife, who were at quarantine, every building of which was completely swept away, with the exception of the house they occupied, which was rendered entirely uninhabitable. Dr. and Mrs. White were both advanced in years and their escape was miraculous. Put Louisiana and Kentucky could not be braver spirits than these two—the blood of noble ancestry of both these States flows in their veins, and as they have faced every vicissitude of life so they faced this with high unflinching courage. For six hours they were at the mercy of the wind and waves. Both Dr. and Mrs. White are very tall and it was this, perhaps, more than anything else, that saved them, for at one time Mrs. White said she had to make every effort to prevent the water from strangling her, as it had risen to her chin.

To stand for hours in pitch blackness and feel the waters slowly engulfing you, to see no way of flight, no chance of rescue, to hear about you the crash of falling timbers, and cries of terror from others in distress; to see the morning break on a scene of desolation and destruction unparalleled, and to see the day go by and evening come on, and each moment the chance of life further receding—that is death in life.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS AFLOAT

Towards morning an alligator, a mammoth monster, floated by the door. The furniture was all afloat. Chairs, tables, beds and heavy wardrobes alike going over like frail toys before the wind and waves. But still the little house withstood the elements and at last was the only structure left standing.

When the storm was at its height Customs Inspector Orin Bailey, with rare presence of mind, secured a strong wire and swam with it to the staunch little house, meaning to fasten it there and by this means assist his

comrades, some of whom could not swim, to reach the building. Once when he had almost completed the hazardous journey the wire was wrested from his grasp. But a second time he assayed it and this time with success. And from this point they were all at last rescued by the steamer Poes—pitiable wrecks of an awful hour.

The hospital was carried away about mid-night of Wednesday and among the inmates were eight seamen from a British steamer detained there. As the building fell into the water these eight men clung to the roof and spent the entire night on the bay. Five of them were washed ashore at a point a little below Pensacola and were taken to the Marine Hospital. The others had been swept away.

One of the saddest events of the hurricane was the drowning of Mrs. LeBaron Gonzales and son of 12 years. They perished across the bay, where they had gone on a pleasure trip. Mr. Gonzales made a heroic effort to save his wife and child, battling long with the waves only to meet defeat at last. The three started to a place of safety, the father carrying the boy and assisting his wife. At length he took the boy on his back and swam with this wife on one arm, fighting for their lives with the other. But the insupportable sea took them at last away from the frantic husband. Mr. Gonzales, half dead, reached the Dunham place on the sound, from whence he was brought to town the following day, so bruised and weak that he could not walk without assistance.

DIED AT HIS POST

Mrs. J. F. Matthews and children, wife and daughter of the keeper of Escambia bridge, were among those who were drowned. Mr. Matthews, with his wife and children and an assistant, were in the cottage that stood on the bridge when the hurricane struck that section. When the night train passed the storm was gathering in fury and those on board begged Mr. Matthews and his family to take the train and go on to Pensacola, but the keeper refused to desert his post of duty and the wife and children would not leave him. The house was carried away with the bridge and Mrs. Matthews and children were drowned. Matthews and his assistant had clung to the wreckage of the bridge and from there were rescued.

An acquaintance of the writer, a charming young blonde, was spending a few days at Mary Esther, a resort up the sound.

"I had gone," she said, "for a few days' rest and there were besides myself only a woman and some children in the house. The father was away and the poor woman was wild with fright. The force of the storm, I thought, every minute was our last. Everything in the house was deluged and I lay in a raincoat for three days. I knew mother was wild, not knowing whether I was alive or dead; as for myself, I pictured the family as for myself, I determined to get to her as soon as the storm abated. I sent a message to the mill boat which returned to take me, saying the voyage was too perilous. But when a woman will she will! I sighted a sloop afar off and I begged a fisherman to row me out to it in a dory. There were seven men aboard and they all came and peered over at me. I suspect I looked very little and pitiable. I tried to, at any rate, and it did not cost much effort for I felt like a maiden all forlorn. I heaved and implored, but the captain, shook his head. 'It is too dangerous, miss, we

may all be lost,' he said. "But I am lost now," I cried. "Oh, how can you be so cruel? My mother is very ill and I must get to her," and the tears, and they were very genuine, rolled down my cheeks. And in the end I won. They took me in and oh, they were so good to me! I found that one of them knew my mother, and they made me hot coffee and gave me something to eat. After I had thanked my mother was so ill I really almost believed it, but I am not so certain now, I suspect she is."

"Well, you're a good actress, miss," he said, "and I'm glad to take you back to her, anyhow."

GOVERNMENT WORKS DESTROYED

Foris MacRae, Pickens, Barrancas and the navy yard all suffered severely, and the life saving station was completely washed away. The Gulf swept over Santa Rosa Island, where the station was located, demolishing every structure and making two wide channels across the island. It was at first thought that the island, which had heretofore proven such a protection to the city of Pensacola, was irreparably injured, but a thorough examination has been made by persons competent of judging and it is found to be only slightly damaged.

WELL KNOWN REPUBLICAN SAID TO BE THREATENED WITH PNEUMONIA

HON. TOM SETTLE III.
Well Known Republican Said to be Threatened With Pneumonia—State Auditor Dixon at Durham—Durham & Southern Superintendent Resigns.
Special to The Observer.
Durham, Oct. 14.—Hon. Thomas Settle was scheduled for a speech in East Durham Friday night and one at the court house Saturday afternoon, beginning at 8 o'clock, but he did not speak on either occasion. He was in bad shape. Last night he had a physician with him and this morning he was sent away on the morning train. It is stated that his temperature was close to 104 when he was assisted aboard the westbound train this morning. Those who saw Mr. Settle said were with him that he is threatened with pneumonia and that this prevented his speaking on either occasion.

To-night Mayor B. F. Dixon, State auditor, spoke to a goodly number of people in West Durham. He came here in the interest of Democracy. This speech was set for a week ago but was postponed on account of some other event that took place in West Durham. Mr. Dixon, who is well known here and very popular, was here on a large number of headquarters at Durham people were invited to West Durham to hear him.

Mr. Hancock, who has been superintendent of the Durham & Southern Railroad since the completion of that road, has resigned and R. A. Hottel, who comes from a Scotch-Irish family, has been named as his successor. Mr. Hancock has gone with Donald & Co., with headquarters at Durham for the present. He will have charge of some street work on a new road that is being laid in that section. Mr. Hancock gave general satisfaction and those for whom he worked were sorry to be compelled to give him up. Mr. Hottel is said to be a railroad man of experience.

COURT POSTPONED THREE DAYS

Full Term of Circuit and District Courts Will Not Convene at Asheville Until November 8th.
Special to The Observer.
Asheville, Oct. 14.—The full term of United States Circuit and District Court for the western district of North Carolina has been adjourned by order of Judge Boyd from Monday, November 5, to Thursday, November 8. Notice of this order was received by Clerk Hyams this morning with instructions that all witnesses, jurors and marshals be notified that the opening of the term has been adjourned three days. The reason given by Judge Boyd for the adjournment of the court until Thursday, November 8, is for the purpose of giving all court attendants an opportunity to be present at the general session to be held Tuesday, November 6.

Little interest attaches to the full term of United States Circuit and District Court. It is said that there are a number of blockade cases for trial before Judge Boyd, but that aside from these cases there will be little doing. No important civil cases will likely come up for trial.

CELESTIAL MYSTERY

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Pensacola, Fla., Oct. 11, 1906.
PRESIDENT'S MOTHER'S HOME.
Georgia Building at Jamestown Exposition Will be a Reproduction of It.
Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 13.—W. N. Mitchell, president of the Georgia commission, has selected for the Georgia building at the Jamestown Exposition a reproduction of Bulloch Hall, Roswell, Ga., the home of one of Georgia's early Governors, and the home of President Roosevelt's mother, from which she was married. Governor Torrell, Hoke Smith, the Governor-elect, and other leading Georgians are in full accord with President Mitchell's suggestion. The idea also has the support of The Atlanta Constitution. The Atlanta Journal and other leading papers of the State,

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