

LUCKY BALDWIN WAS A QUEER ONE

Nature Was Mixture of Parsimony and Open Handedness—Won \$200,000 Building at Faro Bank—Offered to Bet Bold Million on One Race.

The late Lucky Baldwin's nature was a peculiar mixture of parsimony and open handedness. But these two traits did not crop out of him synchronously. He was what might be called a "streaky" individual.

For months at a stretch he would exhibit lavishness of personal expenditure that dazzled even the top-notchers among the high rollers and big spenders of the coast. He would respond to every touch without a murmur.

Any kind of hard luck story genuinely grounded or framed up would cause Lucky's dig-up head to seek his roll. Sometimes he would double the amount named by the toucher. On several occasions he quadrupled it.

When the prodigal fits were upon him he would gamble like a Charles James Fox, often winding up after the continued days of play by walloping San Francisco's leading faro banks to a standstill. Although never a heavy drinker, he would, while thus in the spending mood, stand at the far end of his famous Baldwin Hotel bar and order basket after basket of champagne to be served to casual patrons, men he had never seen before.

From such money-tossing orgies Baldwin would all of a sudden and without notice or warning become a tightwad of the first order, a close-roll from whom a dollar couldn't be extracted by any other method except the use of dynamite. It wasn't that his bundle was giving out. It was simply that it was Lucky's nature to curl up completely after a high spending binge, and suddenly turn into a man with the malicious mitt and the soldered fist.

Wins \$200,000 at Bank.

Exaggerated stories often are written of the big money wagers of famous gamblers, but nobody ever had much of a chance to overstate the size of Lucky Baldwin's plunges when the old man had his plunging clothes on.

Nearly 30 years ago he won a \$200,000 parcel of Kentucky street real estate in San Francisco on the turn of a card. It was the building in which Fred McGregor, a noted Slope gambler in his day, then was running the leading sky-limit faro-bank of San Francisco.

Baldwin had got virtually all of the chips in McGregor's rack one night, and McGregor went nervous, or reckless, or something. Perhaps the persistency with which Lucky had been playing the ace to win for five or six hours and beating it nearly all the time had something to do with McGregor's state of mind. Baldwin was between \$50,000 and \$70,000 winner and about ready to cash, when McGregor said to him:

"Luck, you're a kiffnitch bank wagger all right, but it isn't figures that you do it all the time. That winning ace-thing of yours has got me on the raw, and I'm admitting it. I'll stand a tap that the ace doesn't win again."

"What's the tap?" inquired Lucky carelessly.

"My building here," replied McGregor. "Get a figure on it and I'll deal a fresh box for you myself. If the ace wins first out it's your building. If

the ace loses I'm in the price that you appraise my building at."

"Reckon this building and ground ought to be worth a couple hundred thousand?" said Baldwin.

"Let it go at that," said McGregor. "You're on," said Baldwin. "Rattle 'em."

McGregor took the dealer's chair, shuffled the box pack and began to ease the cards out. Baldwin leaned back in his chair with his hands in his trousers pocket, the frazzled butt of a cigar in a corner of his mouth.

No ace showed until more than half the deck had been slipped out. Then the ace of diamonds came out on the winning side.

"Building's yours," said McGregor, his hand shaking a bit at that.

Baldwin got up and yawned and stretched his arms.

"Here, cash these chips and keep your piece of property, Fred," said Baldwin to McGregor. "I don't want it. Don't need it. 'Don't want to trim you that way. Forget that turn."

Bluffed Charlie Fair.

There are men now in St. Louis who remember how one afternoon at the fair grounds track in 1894 Lucky Baldwin made so high flying a gamble on the late Charlie Fair—killed in France in an automobile accident some years ago—draw in his horns.

Baldwin and Fair both had horses entered in a stake race to be run off at the fair grounds that afternoon. There was a sort of chaffing rivalry as to their horses between Baldwin and Fair. Lucky liked the young man, who at that time was the main high roller of the sons of Senator Fair.

Neither Baldwin nor Fair expected his horse to win in the stake race because there was a horse entered for the event that seemed to outclass the field. But Baldwin was dead sure that his horse would beat young Fair's horse, while the latter was equally confident that his nag would beat Baldwin's.

Baldwin was moaning around on the lawn half an hour before the race, when Charlie Fair, grinning, walked over to him.

"I'm not going to win, I think, but I sure am going to show that state of yours up," said young Fair to Lucky.

Baldwin grinned in his saturnine way and bit into his unlighted cigar.

"Not a chance, young fellow," he said to Fair. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Charlie. I'll bet you \$50,000 my horse beats yours."

A lot of high notch betting folks were standing around. Young Fair's jaw dropped and his smile faded.

"You bet you \$50,000, son," that was all that was said. Baldwin, taking his hat, munched his smoke.

"Oh, behave that, pop," said young Fair, and he walked away. Baldwin had topped even his limit.

Charlie Fair must have been the sorest man from Janeau to Caliao a few minutes after that. He had swallowed a bolus in front of folks. He had quit for the first time in anybody's knowledge. He had permitted the old man to chase him to the chapparral.

And young Fair's horse not only beat Baldwin's, but won the race by 10 lengths, pulled to a trudge.

disturbances that, although much smaller than that caused by wind-storms. The dreams of a magnetic pole through which the electrical forces of the world can be controlled may or may not be realized, but it is not too much to say that when man has finally mastered the nature, properties and sources of electricity he will have made a gigantic step forward in his march toward mastery of the earth forces. Bulwer Lytton has conceived the idea of a future race which will have claimed the lightning and which will compel it to do their bidding. It was yesterday and to-morrow will see the realization of the vision.

Akin to storms and their problems is the question of fogs. These phenomena of nature, though devoid of the element of violence, have wrought much havoc to humanity, and never the year passes but the melancholy tale told of a ship lost at sea while endeavoring to pierce through a dense fog. The wonder of wireless telegraphy recently saved a great liner and the hundreds of souls aboard it, but even then the fog would not have been less staunch or more badly damaged.

On land, while the fog is not so deadly, it still is responsible for a large loss annually to commerce. When the famous pall settles down over the city of London it means that for every day of its duration many hundreds of thousands of dollars are wasted while the business world stands to a standstill. That loss is felt and shared by merchants all the world over.

While in general terms fogs are fairly well understood, there is still much of mystery in their origin, but recently British scientists have asserted that it was possible to prevent them, or at least dissipate them, and the cheering hope is brought alive to donors that the immemorial reproach of their city will be lifted by science in their future.

The weather in any or all of its phases presents a fascinating topic to most mankind, especially to those who have to endure the vagaries of the climate in the temperate zone. One of the most familiar questions in connection with the subject is whether or not the climate is changing. There seems to be a prevalent idea that the winters are becoming milder in the northern latitudes of Europe and America. It is interesting to learn the views of an expert on this subject.

"I know of no reason," said Prof. Cox, head of the United States Meteorological Bureau in Chicago, "to believe that there is any change in our climate. It is true that the winters for the last few years have been mild, but it is usual to find a series of winters which may be followed by a series of severe ones. The fact that I am fond of talking of the hard winters they remember when they were children, but they forget easily what the weather was like last year or the year before. They also overlook the fact that snowstorm in childhood is a much more remarkable and formidable affair than it is to the adult. Snow a few feet deep seems to a child mounting his sled, while he grows up he thinks nothing of it."

"There is nothing in the records to show that any definite change is taking place in our climate, and the average temperature for each year remains fairly stationary. Personally I do not believe that there has been much difference in climatic conditions in the world since the end of the ice age."

GIRL READ LETTERS; THEN KILLED SELF

Asked Roommate to Return Letters to Chicago Man After Which She Committed Suicide.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 27.—Dying from a self-inflicted bullet wound over the heart, Miss Edna Male Handy, a young woman, whispered to her roommate to send a number of letters which she had carefully tied up in packages last night, to James Thompson, a clerk in the Fisher building, Chicago, from whom they had been received. She also requested that a bracelet she wore be sent to her sister in Texas.

Miss Handy who roomed with a girl friend in North Pearl street, spent the evening reading over about 200 letters which she tied up in small packages.

This morning her room mate stepped out of the room for a moment, when she heard a shot, and returning found Miss Handy lying on the floor with a wound over her heart and a revolver nearby. The young woman died a few minutes later.

Miss Handy came to Albany in January and was manager of the National Loan Company.

Ross Helm, the Peach.

Augusta Chronicle.

Ross Helm, who is so well known to Sallie League fans, expects to have a great season in Columbus this year. Ross is a peach, a pitcher all right enough and it is a wonder that he has not stuck in the Southern League after two trials.

SOUTHERN COTTON MILL STOCKS

Quotations by F. C. Abbott & Company March 27.

Abbeville	100
Aiken Mfg. Co.	75 85
American Spinning Co.	140
Ans. Warehouse pfd. Spray	—
N. C.	—
Anderson Mills	62
Arcade	—
Arcadia	90
Arista	100
Arkwright Mills	100 105
Arlington	100
Atherton, N. C.	100
Avon	100
Avondale	105 110
Augusta, Ga.	2
Belton	121
Bibb	121
Bonnie	121
Brandon	145
Brogan Cotton Mills	36 1/2
Broomfield	103
Cannon	150
Cabarrus	130 135
Chadwick-Hoskins	81
Cherryville	121
Chester	100
Chester, S. C., pfd.	100

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Envelopes to match 10c. per package.

Pound & Moore Co.
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205-207 S. Tryon St. PHONE 40.

Chester, S. C.	110	121
Clifton	101 1/4	104
Clifton, com.	105 1/2	107
Cliffside	165	—
Chiquola Cotton Mills	132	—
Courtesy	95	98
Conversy Mfg. Co.	—	95
Columbus Mfg. Co.	—	95
Cora	125	130
Coxe	—	98
Darlington	—	83
Dallas Mfg. Co.	95	98
Drayton	—	68
Dillon	—	68
Eagle and Phoenix	—	121
Edrd. N. C.	158	162 1/2
Edwin, pfd.	100	118
Easley	150	155
Edenton	—	70
Enoree, pfd.	83	97
Eureka	100	—
Exposition	—	240
Field	—	—
Florence	—	131
Gaffney Mfg. Co.	74	76 1/2
Gaule	—	138
Gluck	—	98
Glenwood	120	126
Glen Lwry, pfd.	—	98
Grantville, S. C.	155	165 1/2
Gray Mfg. Co.	—	126
Grendle	—	71
Greenwood	—	71
Highland Park	165	—
Highland Park, pfd.	—	100
Hartsville	—	186
Hickory, S. C.	—	103
Inman Mills, S. C.	103	—
Imperial	—	107
John P. King Mfg. Co.	92 1/2	—
Keeler	135	—
Lockhart, S. C.	77	81
Lorry Mills, pfd.	—	138 1/2
Lowell	—	186
Lumberton	—	228
Marboro Cotton Mills	75	81
Manchester Mills	—	100
Mills Mfg. Co.	—	104
Mills Mfg. Co., pfd.	100	104
Modena Cotton Mills	—	115
Mollihon	—	95
Monaghan	—	112
Mooresville, N. C.	110	—
Newberry	—	142
Nokomis	—	158
Norris Mills	116	—
Osaka	—	71
Orr	—	106 1/2
Ozark	—	125
Pacolet Mfg. Co., pfd.	120	125
Patterson	—	118
Pea Dee	—	125
Pelzer Mfg. Co.	—	—
Piedmont Wagon Works	175	179
Piedmont Mfg. Co.	—	72
Pine Bluff, Ark.	—	95
Poe W. P. Mfg. Co.	144	151
Richland, pfd.	—	72 1/2
Roanoke Mills	135	170
Raleigh	—	200
Robertsdale	—	90
Richmond Spinning Co.	—	95
Riverside Mfg. Co.	—	97
Rocky Mount	—	128
Saxton	—	128
Sibley, Ga.	—	63
Social Circle	—	89
Springstein	—	—
Statesville Cotton Mills	107	—
Selma	—	240
Toxaway	—	90
Trenton, N. C.	—	90
Tryon, N. C.	—	—
Fuscpau, C.	—	216
Tuscarora, S. C., pfd.	100	104 1/2
Tuscarora	—	—
Toccoa, Ga.	—	—
Union-Buffalo, 1st pfd.	60	65
Union-Buffalo, 2d pfd.	17	—
Union-Buffalo, 3d pfd.	102	—
Victor Mills, S. C.	—	125
Wahalla, S. C.	—	74
Warren Mfg. Co., pfd.	103	—
Waynesville, N. C.	—	28
Washington Mills	—	98
Washington Mills, pfd.	105	108
Watts	—	92
Woodside	—	106 1/2
Woodville, pfd.	—	97
Williamson	—	106
Ware Shoals	—	70
Whitney	—	—
Wiscasset	—	125
Woodruff	—	124

WILL SCIENCE CONTROL STORMS?

If Problem Can be Solved it Will Save Millions of Lives and Much Property—Instances of Great Destruction—Progress Being Made.

Chicago Tribune.

Every year terrific storms sweep over certain doomed portions of the earth and sea, destroying thousands of lives and millions of dollars' worth of property. Usually unheralded and of obscure or unknown origin, these catastrophes of nature present a baffling problem which scientists of the world have not succeeded in solving, but so far with little success.

The typhoons which carry death and ruin through the South Pacific and equatorial regions, the tornadoes which obliterate entire towns in America, the hurricanes which send countless ships and their crews to icy graves in northern latitudes, the simoon of the desert and the fogs and blizzards which add so much to the sum of human suffering—all these foes of mankind wreak their havoc in a manner as mysterious as deadly.

In these any way in which science can successfully fight the storm fiend? If not, is it possible for the ingenuity of man to foretell with reasonable accuracy the scope, duration and periods of tempests? These are the two questions which scientists seek to answer. To the second query at least a partial solution has been given, with every promise of a complete answer in a not distant future.

Under normal conditions the meteorologist can forecast the weather in a given neighborhood for a limited period with fair accuracy. The time for which the forecast can be made is being extended gradually, but surely with the increasing perfection of scientific instruments and the worldwide collaboration of scientific observers. The prediction already has been made by expert meteorologists that the time is approaching when a forecast will be made for a period of months and perhaps for an entire year.

Where abnormal conditions prevail, as during cyclones, it is not possible to observe the same accuracy, but the approach of a storm can be known several hours in advance of its appearance and the approximate area that it will cover can be told. However, so many causes, some of them but little understood, contribute to the altering of the course and the moderating of the violence of a storm that it is impossible at present to be exact as to the particulars of a coming cyclone or hurricane.

When the science of meteorology is brought to the degree of perfection which is confidently predicted for the future, it will mean a boon to which hardly can be overestimated. No figures are available as to the loss of life and property for which atmospheric disturbances are responsible yearly, but it is safe to say that the storm fiend collects an annual toll of thousands of lives and millions of dollars' worth of treasure. If this loss can be entirely prevented there is every reason to hope that it can be mitigated considerably.

As an example of what is possible the terrible tornado which swept through the Southern States might be

taken as an example. While the scientists were able to forecast the storm generally the time was not sufficient for the predictions accurate enough to give adequate warning to the inhabitants of the devastated region. The result was that whole villages and even towns were swept out of existence and the cost of human life, to say nothing of the destruction of property, reached figures which were appalling.

If at that time the science of Meteorology had reached the perfection which is promised for it there can be no doubt that the tornado's terrible toll would have been far less than it actually was. Under ideal conditions the storm would have been foretold at least several hours before its advent. It would have been known what its approximate strength would be and the area which it would cover. The people living in that area would have been forewarned and precautions would have been taken which under the existing circumstances were impossible.

Similarly exact knowledge of the approach of a typhoon in the Pacific would mean an incalculable saving of lives and property and all the pitious consequences that such losses involve. The sailor, knowing absolutely that a typhoon was due at such an hour or such a day that it would cover a certain fixed area, and that its duration would be of a fixed extent, either would leave the path of the approaching storm or would seek safety in a secure harbor until its force had been spent. The meteorologist also would be able to give timely warning to the coast dwellers in the fated district, and they could abandon their homes and villages until the danger had passed.

Of course, in dealing with such tremendous forces of nature as those forewarned and precautions would have been taken which under the existing circumstances were impossible.

No power that he yet has or even dreams of could baffle the height of a tidal wave such as follows a typhoon and at periodic intervals sweeps out of existence villages, harbors and shipping as a man might obliterate the figures on a slate with a sweep of his hand. The battle between man and nature always has been an unequal one, but it becomes less so year by year, and signs are not wanting that the day is coming when human brains will prove the master of inanimate forces.

Meteorology overlaps the great science of electricity, and it is safe to say that the perfection of the one may mean the perfection of the other. Electricity is at present the greatest known force in the world and the one about which least is known. In spite of the innumerable ways in which it is utilized in everyday life its nature, origin and functions are but dimly comprehended. Some scientists have gone so far as to maintain that it is or involves the principle of life itself, and it is at least certain that there cannot be life without electricity.

The destruction caused by electrical

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