

THE LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS.

TWICE A WEEK

How to the Line, Let the Chins Fall as they May.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

Vol. 1

LINCOLNTON, N. C., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1907.

No. 16

Romance In Short.

Contemplation;
Adoration.
(Gallant thinks her great.)
Preparation;
Decorations.
(Off to learn his fate.)
Palpitation;
Trepidation
On the lover's side.
Desperation;
Osculation.
Now she is his bride!
—Charles Houstun Goudliss, in New York Tribune.

To Heaven By Private Car.

BY BOLTON HALL
Author of "Things as They Are," Etc.
The Independent.

"But, Saint Peter," protested the Beneficent Millionaire, "I got my money in accordance with the law."

"Yes," said Saint Peter, "You've had the credit of that already, haven't you? What good have you done for the love of Man?"

"Why," said the Millionaire, "my donations to the charities—you have the subscription lists—my endowed Chair of Political Economy, the Dives Hospital, the Dives Library—are these not—?"

"I said for the love of Man," said Saint Peter.

"Well, then, if you say solely for the love of man—why, oh, yes. A widow came to me once in great distress. Her son was her sole support; he was about to lose his place for lack of a pair of shoes. I got her the shoes."

Saint Peter pushed a button and an imp of Satan answered. "Where is the boy—Oh, you're the one. This lad," said the Saint to the Millionaire, "went to the devil because he did not get that place as errand boy. You may have done that for love—but you see you only helped one at the expense of the other."

The Millionaire frowned. "I gave \$100 to my wife for her Flower Guild work," he said.

Saint Peter turned over his book. "Your wife has the credit for that," he said.

"I paid for free ice once," said the Millionaire, "and said nothing at all about it."

Saint Peter looked at the book again. "That was part of the money you got, by the water works franchise, from the people you gave the ice to, was it not?" he said.

"But the hospitals," pleaded the Millionaire, "and the subscriptions—truly I gave them partly out of kindness. Then the Employment Society that I organized."

"Employment Society," said Saint Peter, "now that's something practical. Did you give people employment?"

"Well-eh-no," said the Millionaire; "but we found them places."

"Oh," said Saint Peter, "then you only found them somebody else's places—anything else?"

"Well-n-o," said the Millionaire.

"Then you can go to join your friends." Saint Peter opened the gate—the same gate that you would have opened.

Snake With Feet.

Wadesboro Anoniam.

Messrs. Samuel Dawkins and J. A. Ratliff, good citizens of Colledge township, were in our office Saturday and told us of a snake recently found by Mr. Dawkins and which had two perfectly formed feet, about the size of mice feet.

The snake was placed in the fire and then it was that the feet appeared visible. We cannot doubt this story, though we did not see the snake and felt like thanking these gentlemen for sending it to South Carolina instead of bringing it to us.

EVERY CHILD SHOULD WORK.

A Cotton Mill Man Thinks That the Wave of Sentimentalism About Child Labor Has Scattered—The Would-be Reformers Have Gone Too Far—Mr. William E. Watt, Principal of the Graham School, of Chicago, Makes a Strong Plea. For Child Labor of a Healthful Sort.

Charlotte Observer.

Yesterday a cotton mill man of this city was shown the article which is printed below, from The Chicago Inter-Ocean, on the subject of child labor. He read the story with much interest and said it began to look as though the wave of sentiment that has been going over the country against child labor had reached its maximum, and would soon begin to recede. "In the recession backward," he continued, "it may go further than it ought to go. Happily, however, the cotton mill men themselves were conducting movements of betterment before this wave set in and these have been going on throughout the agitation."

Happily, also, the cotton mill men will not abate in any degree this work of betterment after the professional reformers have expended their energies.

The article from The Chicago Inter-Ocean reads as follows:

"I am in favor of child labor. Every child ought to work every day in his life. Child idleness is worse than labor. When the boy is given no chance to accomplish anything is it any wonder that he takes to the reading of blood and thunder stories and attempts to practice the acts of villainy he reads about? Is it any wonder that we are a nation of grafters? Four hours of school and four hours of work alternating will make every child self-sustaining after the age of 10."

With this declaration William E. Watt, principal of the Graham school, yesterday afternoon delivered an address at the meeting of the Rouse Woman's Club, formerly the Anna B. Holmes club, in the clubrooms at Thirty-first street and Fifth avenue, in which he declared that child idleness is one of the greatest curses of the nation.

"With a peculiarly devilish intelligence society and the law have prevented the boy from getting work that really is work," he said.

"He may run messages and sit on a bench with a crowd of vitiated youths larger than himself. He soon absorbs their vices and quits work. It is a miracle that all of them do not go down to perdition right there. But there is such good stuff in our boys that they have, in spite of the folly of their elders, a real desire to become reputable citizens. This strong desire saves some. Others go to ruin."

"Those who have legislated against child labor have done a good thing. They have saved some thousands of children from degradation and decay by the operation of their laws, but they have permitted many thousands more to come up in enforced idleness where their bodies have been permitted to rest and grow, but where their minds and souls have been poisoned to a degree that makes the wrong to the laboring children pale into insignificance by the contrast."

"Every child ought to work every day of his life. He is born into a world which requires work, and he ought not to be permitted to form habits of idleness and shirking. Child idleness is worse than child labor."

"Knowing this, we bring our children up in enforced idleness. We fill our houses with furniture and frangible things that the children must not get against or handle. We leave no work in the

A New Aid Fable.

This is not a George Ade fable, though it may sling some slang. It is a Home Aid fable.

Once there was a Geezer, who sat around and cut Kindling too small for Cook Stove-purposes. He Whittled against Time and Flabbergasted against his Town. The town was No Good, he said—strictly on the Blink. Yes, it was N. G. Why, hadn't he lived here since '84 and found that the Place was Punky? Sure, Mike!

Look at that town over in the next County. Grown like Jonah's Gourd. Must be a Jonah here. We've grown some, but I don't see that we're knocking any particularly Big Persimmons. That's the way this Gazaboo knocked his town.

One day a Sarcastic Stranger floated into the Town that was Knocked from the burg that had Blossomed like Jonah's Gourd. He Heard some of the Flabbergasting and Dropped to the situation.

"Look here, you," he remarked to the citizen who was Hanging Out the Knocka. "What do you do for this town? Are you doing your part to put this Burg on the Upgrade? What's that hefty Bunch of literature sticking out of your clothes?"

"That's a Mail Order Catalogue from Chicago—a town that is a town," replied the Geezer.

"So I thought," said the Impertinent Arriv-al. "Now let me hand you out a nice little Wad of common sense. For the past ten years you have been sending your money to the Chicago Mail Order houses instead of spending it among your home merchants. What would have happened to Chicago fifty years ago if all the First Settlers had shipped their Loose Coin to New York on catalogue inducements? Why, you'd have to use a sand dredger now to find the Original Site of Chicago. Now, in the Burg from which I have just Blown in we

got over all this Bum Business years ago. We passed Resolutions that we would trade at home and help our own town to Spread out so that you could Sight it on the map without using Opera Glasses. But you and a Bunch of other folks in this town have wasted your Substance in Rixious Expenditures in Chicago by mail and let the sheriff hang out the 'Nothing Doing' sign in front of some of your own town's mercantile Emporiums. Look at our Town and then look at yours. What makes the Difference?"

Whereupon the Whittling Gazaboo threw a few well chosen Thoughts into his mental makeup and went down to the village store to Annex a linen collar in place of the Paper Circles which he had bought from Chicago at Two Bits a Box.

MORAL: If you want your town to grow, patronize home enterprises.

house which they can do. We force them to feel that they are of no present use in the world, but a great source of annoyance. They must be dressed by others, their hair must receive slavish attention. It is grown long and viciously curled if possible. Their dresses are made to button in the back to prevent any child's helping himself into his clothes."

"Coming up in idleness, the child is compelled to seek unnatural and secret means of gratifying the desire to accomplish something. So lying and cheating are carried on in and out of school, cruelty is practiced, depredations are committed against life and property in the streets near home, peddlers are assaulted, helpless animals are tortured and in most neighborhoods the adults admit to you with lamentations that the children about there are as full of the very devil as they can stick. Is it any wonder that we are a nation of grafters? We have been subjected to years of training in the devil's workshop, where these things are concocted."

FRENCH AIRSHIP.—The airship La Patrie, built by the Lebaudys for the French ministry of war, has made its first aerial trip and scored a complete success, it is claimed. It traveled for 2 hours and 20 minutes at a height of 600 feet. It averaged from 15 to 20 miles an hour. It answered its helm perfectly and turned easily. The ballooning staff of the ministry of war say it is the most perfect airship ever invented.

Subscribe to the NEWS.

Running Past Signals.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A party of operating officials of a railway running out of Cleveland formed themselves into a surprise party the other night and visited a neighboring town to see whether engineers were paying proper attention to the signals. The result was illuminating. According to the published reports, the inspectors turned out the lights intended to show that the track was clear, and, in spite of the warning thus given, twenty-four trains of twenty-five rushed by, only one stopping to investigate what was wrong. Of four passenger trains only two even slackened speed on seeing the signal which meant danger ahead.

The road in question is one of the best and most efficiently operated in the country, and if such a state of things can exist on it, what is the condition on other lines less completely equipped and less carefully operated? If this state of things exist at the point where the experiment was made, what reason is there to believe that matters are any better elsewhere?

What is the use of signals at all? Making every allowance for exaggeration it would appear that at the point in question, and presumably at others, it is the practice to "take chances"—the practice which probably causes more train wrecks than any other cause.

F.A.D.—Take a large body of people waiting for something new. Go out and cut a fresh fool idea. Sprinkle it over them and knead well. Serve when red hot. If allowed to cool off, will be spoiled.

DISASTROUS FIRE AT HICKORY.

Charlotte Man Suicides.

Hickory Inn Completely Guttled—Proprietor Montague And Number Of Traveling Men Seriously Injured—Woman Suffocated—Loss \$50,000—Insurance \$15,000.

The Hickory Inn, at Hickory, was completely destroyed by fire yesterday morning at 6.30 o'clock, a number of guests and other occupants were seriously injured by jumping from windows and balconies, but no lives are reported lost so far.

The fire is supposed to have started in the cook room, which was occupied by a bell-boy. The alarm was first sounded from the outside by a passer-by and by the time the fourteen occupants were aroused all escape from the doomed building by way of the lower floor was cut off. The lower story was soon a mass of seething, roaring flames, and panic seized the guests imprisoned above, many throwing themselves from the windows, preferring death from the cruel pavement below to the horrors of the flames.

The Hickory fire department arrived promptly on the scene and did valiant service in rescuing the unfortunate inmates, but the flames had gained too great headway to save the hotel. Indeed, it was a battle royal with the firemen against the devouring element to prevent the spread of the conflagration. So fierce was the fire that the roaring of the flames could be heard all over the city, like the rumble of an approaching storm.

The proprietor of the hotel, Mr. J. E. Montague, jumped from a second story window, striking the hard cement pavement below flat of his back and seriously injuring his spine. Mr. A. D. Stanford, of Richmond, jumped from second story balcony and sustained serious injuries in the back. Mr. Simon H. Bardheimer, of New York, leaped from second story and had leg broken, sustaining serious internal injuries. Mr. Norment, of Richmond, Va., jumped from balcony, had knee and hip broken, and ankle sprained. Was taken home by friends. Mrs. P. T. Fenoll, of Lattimore, was suffocated by the dense smoke which filled her room, and was rescued by a brave fireman who risked his life to reach her window by ladder.

A number of cool and heroic deeds are reported, but owing to the miserable telephone service, the News man was unable to get the story clearly. Mr. F. S. Holt, of New York, was awakened by smoke and heat in his room, and had only time to jerk on a few clothes and rush out. He gave the alarm to several sleeping inmates, who were rescued by the ladders of the firemen. Mr. Holt carried an aged man through the burning hallway to a point of safety. Mr. E. R. Hinton, of Baltimore, is another man who acted coolly and did much to help the panic-stricken inmates.

Every minister and physician in Hickory was present at the fire and did all in their power to render assistance and alleviate the suffering. The firemen worked liked demons, and deserve great credit. Mr. Goldsmith, of Cincinnati, who made a narrow escape from the burning hotel, says the traveling men of North Carolina should immediately petition the legislature to frame a law requiring all hotels to provide fire escapes. The Hickory Inn had no fire escapes, no electric bells, and no one on night duty to look after the safety of sleeping and helpless guests.

The Hickory Inn was owned by Mr. Frank Loughlan, of Asheville, and the building and furniture were valued at \$50,000. The insurance was only \$15,000.

Hamilton W. Wilson, Teller of the Merchants & Farmers' National Bank, of Charlotte, was found dead in his bed in his room in the Arlington Hotel at Hot Springs, Ark., Sunday morning.

Although it is generally believed that he committed suicide there is no evidence whatever of any kind of deadly drug in his room. There was no marks of violence on the body, and when found the features were as placid as though he was in a very deep sleep.

On the 28th of December Mr. Wilson left Charlotte for Chase City, Virginia, for treatment. He had been suffering for some time with rheumatism. After remaining in Virginia for several weeks he went to Hot Springs, Ark., where he died. Several days ago some of his Charlotte friends received from him a letter, in which he said he had not been well for a week. It is believed that he took an overdose of some strong drug, which affected his heart.

Mr. Hamilton Witherspoon Wilson was the eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Wilson, Charlotte. He was 30 years old on last Saturday and is survived by his parents and two sisters, Misses Annie and Sarah White Wilson, and a brother, Mr. George E. Wilson, Jr. After graduating from Davidson College Mr. Wilson came to Charlotte, where he began his business career. He was the teller of the Merchants & Farmers' National Bank. Among other social and fraternal organizations Mr. Wilson belonged to the Southern Manufacturers' Club, the Masons, the Shriners, the Kappa Alpha fraternity and the Elks. He was popular in business and social circles.

Messrs. John A. Tate, George P. Wadsworth and Dolph M. Young left Charlotte Sunday night for Birmingham, Ala., where they will meet the remains.

A Terrible Moment.

Dr. Blinks was prone to stutter under the stress of excitement.

Not long ago, this worthy practitioner had occasion professionally to officiate on an interesting mission, and his vocal infirmity was the cause of a funny misapprehension, says Lippincott's Magazine.

Mr. Muggins, who had set his heart on a son and heir, was nervously pacing the drawing room when his physician entered.

"Doctor," began the husband, with a gulp, a gasp, and finally a sickly smile—"doctor, what is it?"

"Tr-tr-tr—" began the doctor. "Triplets!" shrieked Huggins.

"Merciful heaven!"

"Qu-qu-qu—" sputtered the physician.

"Don't say quadruplets!" moaned the distraught man.

"N-n-no!" finally the doctor managed to articulate. "Qu-qu-quite the contrary. Tr-tr-try to take it ph-philosophically. It's just a girl!"

Animals In Fires.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

"Fire drives a horse mad with fear," said a fireman. "On the other hand, it doesn't disturb a dog in the least."

"A horse in a fire burns to death unless you can cover his eyes and lead him forth. A dog always escapes. He puts his nose to the ground, where the air is purest, and with calm speed works his way out."

Cats howl and hide in corners. They can readily be taken up and carried forth. Fear makes them limp and subdued.

"Cows keep cool in fires, and often find their way out of a burning stable without the fireman's help."