CHEMISTS MEET TODAY

Annual Session of the North Carolina Section.

Will Petition the Government to Establish a Uniform System of Standard Chemical Weights and Measures.

The North Carolina section of the American Chemical Society will meet in this city today at 11 o'clock in annual session.

A large attendance is promised. Drs. Venable and Baskerville and Prof. Howell of the University, Prof. Martin of Davidson College, Dr. Hanna, chemist, United States assay office, Charlotte, and other leading chemists of the State, will arrive here this morning.

Dr. Charles Baskerville of the University, the president of the society, will deliver the annual address on Chemical Economics.

In concert with the other sections of the United States, the North Carolina Section will most probably adopt a resolution petitioning the national government to take immediate action for the establishment of a uniform system of chemical standard weights and measures.

Also the important matter of appointing delegates to the National Pure Food and Drug Congress, which convenes in Washington, D. C., on March 7 proximo, will come up.

Papers will be read by Dr. Venable, Dr. Baskerville, Prof. Howell, Mr. Williams and others.

The officers of the section are: President, Dr. Charles Baskerville of the University; vice-president, Charles E. Boltor of Wake Forest College, and secretary and treasurer, C. B. Williams, assistant State chemist.

PRESIDENT WILLIAMS TALKS.

Says All of the Seaboard Lines Will Be Ready Next Month.

President John Skelton Williams, of the Seaboard Air Line, has returned to Richmond from New York. President Williams stated in an interview with the Richmond Times that the plans for consolidation were in very satisfactory shape. The Times says:

Mr. Williams, who is now president of the Florida Central & Peninsular, was asked whether the severance of the relations between the Southern Railway and the Florida Central & Peninsular has caused the system any heavy loss. He replied:

"The best indication of the solidity and independence of the Florida Central & Peninsular system is found in the fact that the business of the company has been increasing steadily ever since it cancelled all relations with the Southern Railway. Each week is showing a handsome increase over the corresponding week of last year, and the business of the company is most satisfactory.

"The net earnings of the several systems which will compose the Greater Seaboard Air Line System, for the calendar year 1899, amounted in round numbers to $2,500,000, and the interest on bonds and rental for the same period amounted to approximately $1,500,000, leaving a surplus for the year of about $1,000,000.

"It should be borne in mind that these results were shown while these properties were being operated separately and isolated one from the other. The connecting links, which will bring the various systems together and establish through lines, are to be finished in the month of March, when about two hundred miles more of railroad will be added to the system.

"The net earnings of these properties for the month of January show an increase over the corresponding month of last year of some $100,000, and the increase for February will probably be still greater. The only limitation on our earnings at present is our inability to provide rolling stock sufficient to meet the demand upon us. We are building new cars at the shops in each division of the greater system, and have placed orders for a large number of cars with outside companies. Within a few weeks we will begin to receive the first installment from the order which we placed in December for fifty locomotives, which will increase materially our transportation facilities."

STRANGE EATING CUSTOMS.

"Talk about strange eating customs in strange lands," said Promoter Pimley, "I'll bet a hat I can pick up as many uncanny table habits between here and the Mississippi River as you can find in China and the Malay Archipelago put together. When I say that I'm not thinking of naked, grasshopper-eating Digger Indians, if there are any Digger Indians east of the Mississippi, but of respectable, God-fearing participants in what's called our glorious American civilization.

"Last month, for instance, I had a deal on that took me to southern Tennessee to look at some land, and Mrs. Pimley went with me for the sake of the trip. The man who owned the land turned out to be a woman, a widow, who, besides the 2,000 acres I was looking at, was reputed to own some 30,000 more and to be worth in the neighborhood of three-quarters of a million dollars. But she wasn't a proud woman. We stopped at her house the first night we were in the town. It was a two-story farmhouse that hadn't been painted for a hundred years, and what furniture there was in it had come over at some period between the Mayflower and the Santa Maria and wasn't worth its transportation at that. We removed the traces o ftravel from our faces and hands with the aid of a tin basin and soft soap out behind the house, but we didn't stop to find fault with our toilet accommodations with supper ahead of us. We hadn't seen a dining car since breakfast and were as hungry as wolves.

"The widow had evidently laid herself out on that supper. She'd got some fresh beef, which we knew was a rarity in those parts. It was a steak and she'd fried it. Did you ever taste fried steak? Don't. And there were salaratus biscuit as big as grape fruit and as yellow, and boiled potatoes and a plate in the middel of the table containing what we decided was cake. This last and ourselves divided the awed attention of the eight children at the table. It was the coffee, however, that was our downfall.

"Miss Pimley, d'you take long or short sweetening in your coffee?' our hostess inuired as she was about to fill my wife's cup.

"Now, two marked characteristics of Mrs. Pimley are a distinction to flount her ignorance and a fondness for plenty of sugar in her coffee. She considered for a moment and said:

"'Long sweetening, if you please,' as though she'd been accustomed to the expression from her earliest youth.

"Our hostess took down a sticky-looking jug from an adjoining shelf and poured a nantity of veqry black molasses into the steaming cup. There were several flies in the molasses and two or three other insects whose identity could not be determined, and when they rose to the surface she carefully skimmed them off with a spoon.

"I didn't wait to be asked. If long sweetening meant molasses 'short sweetening' might mean plain sugar, or it might mean no sweetening at all. I looked at Mrs. Pimley who was giving a correct imitation of Lot's wife. Perhaps also she was waiting for more insects to come up.

"'Short sweetening for me, if you'll be so kind,' I said, smiling delightedly.

"Our complaisant hostess rose from the table and set the molasses jub back on the shelf. Then she took down a large cake of maple sugar, bit off a lump and dropped it in my cup of coffee.

"Somehow both Mrs. Pimley and myself entirely forgot our coffee until it was too cold to drink; and we declined to think of putting our hostess to the trouble of refilling our cups. And for breakfast we drank milk. And during the rest of our short stay in Tennessee we stuck to a det of fresh eggs at the local hotel."

BROADWAY'S BUSIEST SPOT

The only Broadway crossing at which four policemen are stationed is that at Canal street. Its busiest time is from 2 to 4 p. m., but the activity diminishes little until after 6 o'clock. Canal street is broad and a great thoroughfare, not only for local city traffic but also for hauling to and from steamship and steamboat wharves and ferries on the North River front and the big freight depot at St. John's Park. And all the big express companies have branch offices in this immediate neighborhood, so that there is always to be seen here a generous sprinkling of the familiar big wagons, besides trucks and delivery wagons of every description, with all kinds of horses and drivers. The Broadway cable cars thread this mass, running north and south; whilei in Canal street, starting at the west side of Broadway, are under trolley cars for Sixth and Eighth avenues. Coming out of Lispenard street, also on the west side, and one short block below Canal, is a line of horse cars that runs obliquely across Broadway and then off east along canal street. Another horse car line runs straight across Broadway, along Canal street, east and west. There are here all the elements of confusion, but confusion rarely comes; the four policemen look out for that.

There are times when all the roads are open and going simple and easy, just as it might beanywhere; and then traffic closes in, like a thunder cloud, all of a sudden, and the first thing you know there's a grand mix-up of cable cars and horse cars and trucks and wagons, the cars, of course, on their tracks, but trucks and wagons wedged straight and criss-cross and at all sorts of angles. Maybe a horse going east or west along Canal street, with a heavy load, has just struck his limit, against some hummocky paving stone, while crossing Broadway between a car going down and one going up, and stopped them in a second, and in another second this tangle begins to block up all around in a solid mixed-up mass, and then you can look across a sea of horses and wagons and trucks and drivers stretching in every direction. But long before this the policemen have got into the midst of it.

One of them looks after the stalled wagon on the track to put it out of the way, in which he has the help, it may be, of the conductors of the banked up cars, to whose interest it is to avoid delays. The other policemen are standing off other drivers that want to wedge in somewhere, anywhere, so as not to miss an inch, and holding back others already in the tangle who would jam in further, if they could, so as to have a little better start and perhaps an earlier chance to get trough when the jam is opened. There's not much talk, the policemen are boss, and there's not much doubt about it. There may be some driver who comments upon some order to stay where he is. If what he says is not of a very pleasant character, he very likely doesn't say it loud enough for the policeman to hear it, but you can guess it; and while you may not hear what the policeman says to him, if you are where you can see the policeman and notice the coldness of his manner, and the degree of concentration that evidently marks his speech, you can have no doubt as to the purport of his remarks. And the driver waits.

Hoo-oo! The plug is out! They've got the stalled wagon across Broadway and the cars have started both ways at once; the stream of traffic ows again, and now comes the critical moment. There are no men more friendly to brothers in distress than truckmen and none prompter to seize upon the first opportunity to get ahead in such a case as this when the chance comes, and starting up altogether, and every man struggling for every inch he can get, they'd wedge in tighter than ever in a minute, and here's where the policemen come in stronger than ever. They hold up this man and let the other go; they sort out the tangled mas and set it flowing so that it won't jam, until it has once more established currents of its own into which the following teams fall naturally, and then the policemen seek the crossing again and stand or saunter, calm and imperturbable.

It's a busy spot, Broadway and Canal, and anybody that likes that sort of thing couldn't do any better than come here and stand on the bank ad watch the traffic flowing and eddying, and occasionally jamming, almost every afternoon from 2 to 4.

THE INFLUENZA MICROBE

Dr. L. Caze contributes, says the Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, an interesting article on influenza to one of the French monthly reviews. Under the name of "grippe" the scourge has been known for at least a century. In 1776 it raged with such violence that a doctor, in search, it may be thought, of a novel form of advertisement, offered to give a small income for life to anybody who could prove that he had not suffered from the disease. Nougaret, a popular author of the time, made the incident the subject of a comedy, "La Grippe," which is now worth its weight in gold in the eyes of bibliophiles. A still worse visitation of the epidemic occurred in 1803, when a host of illustrious victims succumbed to the plague, including La Harpe and the famous actresses Sophie Arnould and Mlle. Clairon. The influenza, like most other pathological abominations, has its microbe, and a microbe distinguished, unfortunately, for its vagabond proclivities. It is ever on the march, and any mode of locomotion—it is wingless and legless and requires to be carried—serves its turn, from ocean-going liners to the winds of heaven. According to an American scientist, Turkey was the headquarters of the nuisance last winter. Following the lines of international traffic, it has since found its way to innumerable localities, but in particular to New York, London and Paris.

The promised land which the influenza microbe has in view throughout its wanderings is the respiratory organs of human beings. Elsewhere it vegetates, it exists as best it can; but in these essential regions of our organic economy it nourishes, and is for the first time thoroughly at home—especially if the ground has been prepared in advance by chronic bronchitis or consumption. The oxygen of the lungs is necessary for its healthy and normal development, and when deprived of this elixir it mopes, becomes torpid and eventually gives up its tenacious ghost. Indeed, the idiosyncrasies of the thing are all of them of suc ha nature as to induce it to regard our bodies as the most eligible residence on offer. For instance, a bath of twenty-four hours' duration in ordinary water, however stagnant and inviting to the average bacillus, is fatal to the influenza microbe, while, on theother hand, it will exist for weeks in perfect bliss in human saliva.

The modus operandi of the influenza microbe is peculiar. It is not the microbe itself that does the harm, but a poisonous liquid it excretes. A measure of consolation is afforded by the fact that this poison is even more deleterious to the microbe than to the human being in whom it is deposited, for the microbes end by being destroyed by their own horrible exhalations, whereas their victim, of course, has many chances of recovery. The microbe is an egg-shaped thing, but gifted, in spite of its roundness and smoothness, with an extraordinary capacity both for adhering to any conceivable surface and for passing from one resting place to another. Its goal is a human nose or mouth, and once in the vicinity of these organs its future is assured, for the mere act of breathing is sufficient to draw it into the system. Arrived there, it propagates itself with amazing rapidity. It lengthens out, and after twenty minutes of this process it breaks in twain, and there are two fully-fledged microbes in the place of one. In twenty-four hours the original invader will, in this way, be surrounded by a progeny of over 16,000,000 of his poison-producing kindred. In short, the doctors know almost everything about the influenza microbe except an effective method of exterminating it.

She Likes to try on Hats.

"I was trying to convince myself in a Fifth avenue millinery shop one day last week that a sixteen-dollar hat was just as becoming as a twenty-dollar hat," said a woman, "but thes salesgirl who was attending me said:

"'Oh, dear, here's the fiend, and I am glad that I am busy, so that she won't bother me.'

"'What do you mean by the fiend?" I asked.

"'Here she is now,' said the girl.

"I turned around and saw a woman whose face has been familiar to me for several years, and when I learned her characteristics I recalled the fact that I had usually seen her in millinery stores. She was a woman of good figure, stylishly dressed with a well-cut Persian lamb coat. Her hair was auburn, and I should guess that she might be anywhere from thirty-five years to forty-five of age.

"'I want to see some of your new hats,' she said to a shopgirl who was disengaged, and when she was out of earshot my girl said to me:

"'That woman is known in every first-class millinery shop in New York, and she is a public nuisance. She has a mania for trying on new hats, and admiring herself in the glass. I first noticed her three years ago in Mme. Blank's shop before I came here. About once in five weeks she would come in to see our new hats. She always tried on eight or ten and studied her appearance in the glass with each hat. This meant a waste of at least an hour of the shopgirl's time. The woman never bought a hat. After she had repeated the operation a few times Mme. Blank suspected that she was employed by a rival to steal our styles, and she made some inquiries about her. She found that the woman was not employed by any rival and that she spent most of her time trying on hats because she was afflicted with a mania for it. When I came down to this shop I found that she was well-known here, and that she was known as the "Fiend." If you will watch her a few minutes you will see for yourself what she does. Of course the shopgirl can't be rude to her, but she knows well enough that she isn't going to make a sale.'

"I watched the auburn-haired woman for a few minutes. She selected an expensive hat, examined it carefully and then putting it on, she admired herself before the glass. She prinked and smirked and twisted her head so that she might get different views. Then she selected another hat and went through the same program. When she selected the third I left. There are probably lots of women who occasionally like to put on a pretty hat in a millinery store just to see how they look, but I never saw a woman who made a business of it as this woman did. The shopgirl told me that every millinery shop in town dreaded her visits, and I don't doubt it."

A New Winter Resort.

(Manufacturers' Record.)

The section of North Carolina included in Moore county, which has been very attractive to winter sojourners in the South for some time past, has greatly increased in popularity through the improvements which have been made in the principal winter resorts—Southern Pines and Pinehurst. The latter community particularly surprises the visitor, on account of the admirable plan upon which it is laid out. It is the idea of a New England capitalist, Mr. J. W. Tufts of Boston, who was attracted to the piney woods of North Carolina several years ago. Although Pinehurst is but five years old, it is one of the most attractive resorts in the country. Mr. Tufts secured control of 6,000 acres of land, which has literally been converted into a park containing a New England village. It includes two hotels, a casino and about forty model dwellings, planned and built for winter residence. Tennis courts, golf links, baseball grounds, croquet grounds, a bicycle track and a variety of other amusements are afforded, while communication with the outside world is furnished by telephone and telegraph service.

The noted landscape architects, Olmsted, Olmsted & Eliot, prepared the plans for the creation of Pinehurst. It is provided with an adequate sewerage system, while water of an excellent quality is obtained from Pinehurst spring, which is considered one of the best in the South. An electric plant furnishes excellent illumination for the hotels, boarding houses, dwellings and other buildings. With an area of 6,000 acres on which to walk, ride, drive and gain health and strength, the guests have an unusual opportunity to get the benefit of na nature's cure, for this park is located in the heart of the pine hills at an altitude of 650 feet. The temperature is exceedingly dry, while the sandy soil absorbs rain and moisteure almost immediately, malaria being unknown.

The principal hotels are the Holly Inn, which was erected when the town was first laid out, and the Carolina. The Holly Inn has accommodations for 200 guests, and contains all of the appointments to be found in a first-class resort of this kind. Such has been the popularity of the place that it was later decided to construct the other hotel, which is now being completed. This is, perhaps, the largest hotel in the Southern States, and one of the finest. It will contain 250 rooms, including forty-nine suites with baths, and has accommodations for 500 guests. Included in the plans are a pavilion for entertainments and dances, sun parlors, while piazzas extend around three sides. The hotel i ssupplied with steam heat, open fireplaces and elevators, and is connected directly with the Seaboard Air Line Railroad at Southern Pines by an electric railroad. In addition to the hotels are a number of boarding houses, where persons can obtain good accommodations at very moderate rates. A feature of the casino is a tagers can obtain food if desired, although each dwelling has all of the necessary culinary appliances.

Pinehurst and Southern Pines can be reached in eighteen hours from New York, although the climate is such that here snow is almost unknown and the temperature being almost identical with that of Southern France in the winter months.

IN THE STORM.

My child, your hero may not be,
In truth, a hero all the time;
Remember, it must chance that he
Shall still have rugged steps to climb.
Don't place him on too high a plane,
In fancy, then he will not fall
In your esteem and may attain
To something noble after all.

My boy, don't think your sweetheart bears
A halo on her golden hair;
A crown of purity she wears,
And you must help to keep it there.
But she will have her trying moods,
And be not always kind and sweet;
These are life's nerving interludes—
Sad pitfalls for unwary feet.

You both are far from perfect yet,
And quarrels will, unhaply, come—
Both may be wrong; so don't forget,
In anger's blind delirium,
That sweet concessions each must make,
Or else a loving heart may break.

—Chicago Record.

In time of war France puts 370 out of every 1,000 of her population in the field. Germany, 310; Russia, 210.

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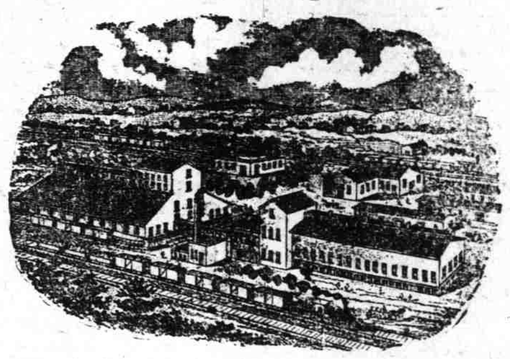

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YADKIN Complete Fertilizer	8	2	1
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WINSTON Bone and Potash Compound	10	—	2
QUICKSTEP Soluble Bone Potash	10	—	1
COMET 16-per-cent Acid Phosphate	16	—	—
RED CROSS 14-per-cent Acid Phosphate	14	—	—
VICTOR Dissolved Bone	13	—	—
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Write for memoranda book and testimonials.

COAL-WOOD.

Thacker Splint Coal

Has been scarce, but we have it now and hope to be able to keep it coming and going.

New arrivals of Anthracite Egg, Stove and Nut Coals, Pocahontas Lump Coal, Long and Short Oak and Seasoned Pine Wood for prompt delivery at lowest cash prices by

Jones & Powell.

Both 'Phones 418, 71.

In Olden Times

when a boy had the croup, his mother used to reach up to the shelf over the fireplace and get the familiar black bottle, filled with the nauseous compound that the cross-roads druggist sold as a panacea for all ills of the flesh; when his twelve-year-old sister had the measles, the same old black bottle was brought into use; and when the old lady herself was touched with the "rheumatiz," the aid of the same familiar cure-all was invoked. Sometimes the cure-all cured—sometimes it didn't; but it was handy and it was cheap, and so people kept on using it, and the men who made it got rich and went abroad every summer. In pretty much the same ignorant way

Farmers Used Manure

on all crops, because, like the old, plausible compounds, it was handy and cheap. But, nowadays, farmers know that the growing plant requires the right sort of plant food, just as the growing child requires th proper kind of food, and so, when they plant tobacco,

Now They Buy

a specially prepared tobacco fertilizer; when he plants cotton, he buys a special cotton fertilizer; so with corn, so with wheat—so with all crops; he knows that certain crops require much ammonia, some but little ammonia; some crops require heavily potashed fertilizers, others only phosphoric acid. And the farmers of the Old North State have learned something else that is equally as important, to-wit: that the

Durham Fertilizers

are carefully prepared by expert chemists with regard to the crops on which they are to be used, and are honestly made by capable manufacturers.

As to Durham Brands, a booklet for the asking. Address

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Branch Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co.

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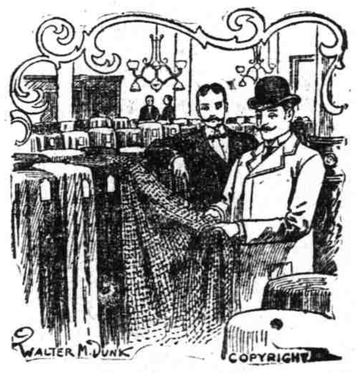

See if you don't need a Spring Suit, in a Sack, Cutaway, Prince Albert or a Full Dress, and then go to an up-to-date tailor and get him to fix you up for the spring. You can find such a tailor at 216 Fayetteville street.

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