

THE WADSWORTHIAN.

Weekly Newspaper, To Enlighten, To Elevate, and To Amuse.

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WADESBORO, N. C., OCTOBER 22, 1907.

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Putting Furniture in your home is like putting money in a savings bank if you buy the right kind. Now whether you want to furnish a whole house, a single room or just want a piece or two for a change, it will pay you to come here, as no where else, do we believe, will be seen such originality and beauty of designs, and such goodness and quality at the price. Come and we will assist you in your selections and make your furniture buying a pleasant task.

A. B. Caudle

AMERICAN FARMING

An Instance By a New York Lawyer That is Hard to Believe

While it is true that there have been wonderful improvements in the methods of American agriculture over the past few years, we cannot credit the story that comes from New York to the effect that a lawyer of the name of Harrison, who knew nothing about farming, sold ten acres and sold of the place as the fruits of his endeavor for a single year production to the value of \$9,299, with expenditures, including rent, of \$1,315, leaving him a net profit of \$7,984, or about \$788 an acre. The tale comes with great circumstantiality, and Mr. Harrison raised and sold potatoes, rice, corn, strawberries, vegetable, dairy products, poultry, pigeons, dogs and horses.

The thing is simply impossible, or all of us would turn farmers. In their collective capacity American farmers have been guilty of more waste than any other class in the world. For centuries the average American farmer waged a constant war on field and forest, robbing the one of its fertility and the other of its timber. Fifty years ago the waste of American farms would have supported the most populous nation in Europe and even now that waste is frightful.

Agriculture is becoming a science, and within fifty years the yield of American farms will be double per acre what it is today, and the fertility of the soil much greater than it is today. The value of farm lands is greatly increased and the times come when it is necessary for the farmer to skin the fertility of his fields. Out west the arid lands have been made to yield abundantly by means of irrigation, and ere ten years many millions will be devoted to the drainage of swamp lands. In

addition, the work of conserving the forests is a matter of interest to every citizen. When we get rightly fixed for it, the mighty Mississippi valley will supply wheat and bread for the most of mankind.

Wreck On Southern Several Killed

Greensboro, Oct. 18.—North-bound passenger train No. 34, of the Southern Railway, traveling at the rate of 60 miles an hour, ran into an open switch at Ruid, a small station four miles north of here, last night about 10:20, striking a freight head-on and killing and injuring many persons. At this hour the name of only one person killed can be ascertained, Mrs. Jane Thomas, of Danville, Va., wife of a freight engineer. A foreigner is known to be dead and the fireman of the freight is thought to be.

The first day coach was entirely split open and the engine of the passenger was completely demolished. The wreck did not catch fire, however. The Pullman coaches and passengers therein did not suffer. Practically all the persons in the first day coach were injured, about 25 in number, it is thought. A newly-married couple of Gastonia, it is thought, was in the day coach, and the bride is reported as mortally wounded.

Freight train No. 84, as near as can be ascertained, had taken the siding at Ruid to let No. 34 pass. The head brakeman, for some unknown reason, left the switch open, causing the disaster. He has left for parts unknown.

Pineoles are for the kidneys and bladder. They bring quick relief to backache, rheumatism, headache, tired, worn-out feeling. They produce natural action of the kidneys in filtering waste matter out of the blood. 3 days' treatment! No money refunded if Pineoles are not satisfactory. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

Any Young Man

Or woman or husband or father, earning a fair salary can have money in the bank by practicing a little economy, and be paid for saving.

If you are not familiar with the advantages of our Savings Bank, come in and let us explain it to you.

"WE PAY YOU TO SAVE."

THE BANK OF WADESBORO

Buy Your Jewelry

Where you can get what you want and where you can get your money's worth. A great many people have an idea that an article of jewelry ordered from a distant firm which they know nothing about, is cheaper and of a better quality than that which they buy of a home dealer who has spent many years studying the business and who is acquainted and has business standing with the leading wholesale houses of the country. If he sells you an article claiming it to be "sterling" and it proves otherwise, you can see him about it, but what about your "Mail Order Man?" I am willing to back every sale I make with the reputation of my business. If goods are not as represented, I want you to tell me so.

R. L. Bowman, The Jeweler

50 DEAD, 600 INJURED

By Powder Mill Explosion at Fontanet, Ind.

1,200 PEOPLE HOMELESS

The Town Practically Destroyed by the Explosion—The Shock Felt 200 Miles Away.

Fontanet, Ind., Oct. 15.—Fontanet was practically destroyed today by the explosion of the plant of the Dupont Powder Company. The dead number from 25 to 50. More than 500 persons were injured and every building in the town was wholly or partially leveled to the ground. Where stood a thriving busy town of 1,000 people this morning, tonight there is ruin and scattered wreckage. The dead and more seriously injured have been taken away. Five hundred inhabitants, all more or less wounded remain to gather their scattered household goods and sleep under tents and on cots, guarded by soldiers of the State.

Without warning the powder mills, seven in number, blew up at 9:15 this morning. They employed 200 men, and of these 75 were at work when the first explosion occurred in the press mill. In quick succession the glazing mill, the two coining mills and the powder magazine blew up followed by the cap mill. In the magazine, situated several hundred yards from the mills, were stored 40,000 kegs of powder. When it blew up the concussion was felt nearly 200 miles away. Farm houses two miles away school houses equally distant were torn to pieces and the occupants injured. A passenger train on the Big Four railroad four miles away had every car window broken and several passengers were injured by flying glass.

FOUR GREAT EXPLOSIONS.

The mills went up with three distinct explosions, followed ninety minutes later by a fourth and even more serious than the others, when the magazine went up. Immediately following the explosion the wreckage caught fire, and the inhabitants of the town who rushed to the rescue of the mill employees found themselves powerless to aid those burning in the flames. They worked frantically in constant danger from possibly succeeding explosions, un mindful of their ruined homes. Dead and dying were picked up and collected. Eighteen bodies burned and mangled, were carted to a protected spot to await identification, while the badly injured, numbering upward of fifty, were put on a special train and taken to Terre Haute for hospital accommodations. Nearly every one of the thousand inhabitants carried blood on hands and face from his or her own wounds or those of people who had required aid.

Superintendent Monahan, of the plant, was killed while sitting in his office and his wife and sister-in-law were killed in their homes some distance away.

That the death list is not far greater is due to the fact that the people of the town had left their houses at the first explosion and were not in them when the explosion of the 40,000 kegs of powder in the magazine hurled their homes to pieces and scattered their household goods in heaps of debris.

CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS DESTROYED

Among the buildings destroyed in town were the Methodist and Christian churches, the depot, all business blocks, including a large block just completed, a large warehouse and 500 homes. Three school buildings were destroyed, two at Fontanet and one at Coal Bluff, two miles away. All were filled with school children and every one of them was more or less injured by the collapse of the buildings. A four-room school building was torn to pieces and not one of the 200 children escaped unharmed. None was fatally hurt. The school building at Coal Bluff was turned over and collapsed. The teacher and ninety pupils were more or less injured.

Goldsboro Young Man Shot By A Woman.

Goldsboro, Oct. 15.—Sam Watts, who was shot by a woman named Hazel West, is dead. Mr. Watts went to Weibtown to deliver some ice at the residence of Ernest Fent. After making the delivery Mrs. Fent told young Watts that her husband was at the house of a woman by the name of Hazel West, and requested that he go and tell her husband to come home at once. Mr. Watts did so, repairing to the woman's house knocking at the door. Hazel West met him, and after delivering the message she told him that she would not have her friends interfered with in any such manner, and pulling a pistol, shot him through the head.

Mr. Watts was a splendid young man. The woman is in jail.

Pineoles for the kidneys strengthen these organs and assist in drawing poison from the blood. Try them for rheumatism, kidney, bladder trouble, for lumbago and tired, worn-out feeling. They bring quick relief. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

THE LIGHTNING-ROD DISPENSER.

By Will M. Carleton.

Which this railway smash reminds me, in an underhanded way. Of a lightning rod dispenser that came down on me one day. Obed to order in his motions—saucily in his mien— Hands as white as any baby's on a face unmarred clean: Not a wrinkle had his raiment, teeth and linen glittered white. And his new-constructed neck-tie was an interesting sight! Which I almost wish a razor had made red that white-skinned throat.

And that new-constructed neck-tie had composed a hangman's knot. Ere he brought his sleek-trimmed carcass for my women folks to see. And his buzz-saw tongue a-runnin' for to gauge a gash in me. Still I couldn't help but like him—as I fear I always must. The gold of my own doctrine in a fellow heap of dust: For I saw that by my opinions, when I fired them round by round, Brought back an answerin' volley of a mighty similar sound. I touched him on religion, and the joys my heart had known: And I found that he had very similar notions of his own. I told him of the doubtings that made sad my boyhood years: Why, he'd laid awake till morning with that same old breed of fears!

I pointed up the pathway that I hoped to heaven to go: He was on that very ladder, only just a round below! Our politics was different, and at first he galled and winced: And he asked a short crisp question, "What's your aim?" And 'twas gettin' toward the middle of a hungry summer day: There was dinner on the table, and I asked him would he stay? And he sat him down among us—everlastin' trim and neat: And he asked a short crisp question, "What's your aim?" Then he fired upon the merces of our Everlastin' Friend, Till he got the Lord Almighty a good, first class recommend: And for full an hour we listened to that sugar-coated scamp Talkin' like a blessed angel—certain like a blasted tramp!

My wife—she liked the stranger, smiling on him warm and sweet: (It ays matters women when their guests are on the seat.) He hinted that some good livin' rods at cost. And caressed her yearlin' baby, and received it in his arms. My sons and daughters liked him—for he had progressive views. And he chewed the end of fancy, and g'n down the latest news: And he couldn't help but like me, and I always must. The gold of my own doctrine in a fellow heap of dust.

He was chiselin' desolation through a piece of apple pie. When he passed and gazed upon us, with a tear in his off eye. And said, "Oh, happy family—your joys they make me sad! They all the time remind me of the dear ones once I had! As sweet as this one ever was, and as I love you all: A little girl with ringlets, like that one over there. But had I not neglected the means within my way, Then they might be living, and loving me today."

"One night there came a tempest, the thunder peals were dire: The clouds that larched above us were shooting bolts of fire. In my own house I yined, just as I yined in my shame. To sell to worthy people good livin' rods at cost. When crashed—through roof and ceiling the deadly lightning cleft. And killed my wife and children, and only I was left!"

"Since then afar I've wandered, and nought for life have cared. Save to save others' loved ones whose lives have yet been spared: Since then it is my mission, wherever by sorrow tossed, To sell to worthy people good livin' rods at cost. With awe and strong protection I'll clothe your buildings o'er: 'Twill cost you—twenty dollars (perhaps a trifle more): Whatever else it costs, at lowest price I'll post! You simply sign a contract to pay so much per foot!"

I signed it while my family, all approv'n, stood about: The villain dropped a tear on't, just as I dropped a tear: That self same day, with wagons, came one rascal great and small: They hopped up on my buildin's just as if they owned 'em all! They heaved 'em and they hacked 'em—agin' my loud desires: They triumphed 'em off with gowags, and they bound 'em down with wires: They hacked 'em and they hewed 'em and they hewed and hacked 'em 'em!

And every precious minute kep' a-runnin' up the hill. To find my soft-spoken neighbor, did I rave and rush and run: He was suppin' with a neighbor, just as I was when I run: For to save each separate haycock out of heaven's consumin' fire: Did you think, to keep my buildin's out of some uncertain harm: I was goin' to deed you over all the balance of my farm!"

He silenced me with silence in a very little while. And then trotted out the contract with a reassuring smile: And for half an hour he argued it, just as I argued it: While his mynurdums kep' probably a-runnin' up my hill. He held me up to that contract with a firmness queer to see: 'Twas the very first occasion he had disagreed with me! And for that 'ere thunder storm, I paid a single cent: I paid two hundred dollars, if I paid a single cent!

And if any lightning rodlet wants a disaster dialog: With the restaurant department of an enterprisin' dog. Let him set his mouth a-runnin' just inside my outside gate. And I'll bet two hundred dollars that he won't have time to wait.

The Small Farm The Best Place For Building Leaders of Men

(Progressive Farmer.)

In his recent speech at Keokuk, Iowa, President Roosevelt discussed some problems that are near to the farmer—and especially near to the small or medium-sized farmer. Portions of his address touching the importance to the country of the farm home-maker and the education of farm boys and girls we here reprint for the benefit of Progressive Farmer readers. Said the President:

You in Iowa have many manufacturing centres, but you remain, and I hope will always remain, a great agricultural State. I hope that the means of transporting your commodities to market will be steadily improved; but this will be of no use unless you keep producing the commodities, and in the long run this will largely depend upon your being able to keep on the farm a high type of citizenship. The effort must be made to make farm life not only remunerative but attractive, so that the best young men and girls will feel inclined to stay on the farm and not go to the city. Nothing is more important to this country than the perpetuation of our system of medium-sized farms worked by their owners. We do not want to see our farmers sink to the condition of the peasants of the Old World, barely able to live on their small holdings, nor do we want to see their places taken by wealthy men owning enormous estates which they work purely by tenants and hired servants.

The Typical American Farmer.

At present the ordinary farmer holds his own in the land as against any possible representative of the landlord class of farmers—that is, of the men who would own vast estates—because the ordinary farmer unites his capital, his labor and his brain with the making of a permanent family home, and thus can afford to hold his land at a value that it cannot be held by the capitalist, who would have to run it by leasing it or by cultivating it at arm's length with hired labor. In other words, the typical American farmer of today gets his remuneration in part in the shape of an independent home for his family, and this gives him an advantage over an absentee landlord. Now, from the standpoint of the nation as a

whole it is pre-eminently desirable to keep as one of our chief American types the farmer, the farm home-maker, of the medium-sized farm. The type of farm home is one of our strongest political and social bulwarks. Such a farm worked by the owner has proved by experience the best place in which to breed vigorous leaders alike for country and city. It is a matter of prime economic and civic importance to encourage this type of home-owning farmer.

Educate the Farmer for Farm.

Therefore, we should strive in every way to aid in the education of the farmer for the farm, and should shape our school system with this end in view, and so vitally important is this that, in my opinion, the Federal Government should co-operate with the State governments to secure the needed change and improvement in our schools. It is significant that both from Minnesota and Georgia there have come proposals in this direction in the appearance of bills introduced into the National Congress. The Congressional land grant act of 1852 accomplished much in establishing the agricultural colleges in the several States, and therefore in preparing to turn the system of educational training for the young into channels at once broader and more practicable—and what I am saying about agricultural training really applies to all industrial training.

The Masses Should Be Reached.

But the colleges cannot reach the masses, and it is essential that the masses should be reached. Such agricultural high schools as those in Minnesota and Nebraska for farm boys and girls, such technical high schools as are to be found, for instance, in both St. Louis and Washington, have by their success shown that it is entirely feasible to carry in practical fashion the fundamentals of industrial training into the realms of our secondary schools. At present there is a gap between our primary schools in country and city and the industrial collegiate course, which must be closed, and, if necessary, the nation must help the State to close it. Too often our present schools tend to put altogether too great a premium upon mere literary educa-

tion, and therefore to train away from the farm and the shop.

Special Training for the Boys and Girls.

We should reverse this process. Specific training of a practical and home-making employment, in which they must employ the bulk of their activities. Our country offers unparalleled opportunities for domestic and social advancement, for social and economic leadership in the world. Our greatest national asset is to be found in the children. They need to be trained to high ideals of everyday living, and to high efficiency in their respective vocations; we cannot afford to have them trained otherwise, and the nation should help the States to achieve this end.

The Old Men of the South.

(Harper's Weekly.)

Colonel Withers, of Virginia, died the other day. He was an old man, and one of the few remaining officers of the Confederate army. A long time ago he was Lieutenant-Governor of his State, and afterwards he was United States Senator for Virginia. His death recalls a pleasant time when the South was sending its best to Washington. After the old partisan reconstruction policy was partially overthrown by Mr. Hayes' withdrawal of the Federal troops from the State capitals, Colonel Withers was one of the noble group of Southerners who accepted the results of the war in good faith, and who made a good many sacrifices for their states. He was in Washington with Gordon and Wade Hampton and Lamar, and the others the headquarters of some of whom were at old Metropolitan Hotel. They were all very loyal, but they were all as Democratic as they were poor. Withers had been a good soldier, and he was a good loser. He seldom complained of anything that a Republican soldier had done, and it was delightful the friendliness of the old Confeds with that simple-minded gentleman and soldier General Burnside, who served in the Senate with them. But they had their taste in politicians; they never loved the men they called Jim Blaine, Bill Chandler, and "that feller Conklin." Withers was about when Matt Ransom put his arm around Cleveland and expressed his deep and abiding joy to see a Democratic President once more. These old boys might have remained in power if they had figured a little better, but they are most of them gone now, and the death of Withers only recalls their ghost.

Food For Thought.

(Steady Enterprise.)

We presume that some people think newspaper men are persistent dinners. Let a farmer place himself in a similar position, and see if he would not do the same. Suppose that he raises a thousand bushels of corn, and his neighbor should come and buy, and the price was one dollar or less, and says, "I will pay the amount in a few days." As the farmer does not want to be so small about the matter, he says, "All right." Another comes the same way, and another, until the whole thousand bushels of corn is trusted to a thousand different people and no one concerns himself about it, for it is a small amount they owe the farmer and of course that will not help him any. He does not realize that the farmer has frittered away his entire crop of corn, and that its value is due in a thousand little dribbles, and that he is seriously embarrassed in his business, because his debtors treat it as a little matter. But if all would pay him promptly, which they could as well as not, it would be a large sum to the farmer and enable him to carry on his business without difficulty. The Enterprise has been put to a great expense in building a new home for itself, and at no time in its existence has it so much needed to remind those that are in arrears to bring forward that little dollar that may be due us. Attend to this at once as it will mean much to us for you to respond at once.

"Goodness! we'll be late to the opera," she said impatiently. "We've been waiting a good many minutes on that mother of mine." "Hours, I should say," he replied somewhat testily. "Ours!" she cried rapturously. "O, George, this is so sudden." And she fell on his neck.—EX.

Headache and constipation disappear when Rings Little Liver Pills are used. They keep the system clean, the stomach sweet. Taken occasionally they keep you well. They are for the entire family. Sold by Martin Drug Co.



The Swellest Line of Overcoats

Ever shown in Wadesboro. All sizes to fit all men and all boys. If you are stout, slim or medium, we can put a coat on you that will look well and hold its shape. Better see our line before you buy or its your loss. How is this?

\$5.00 Overcoats for \$3.50
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12.50 Overcoats for 10.00
And on up to 18.00.

H. B. Allen & Co.

WONDERS NEVER CEASE

Electrical Plants in Norway That Draw Unlimited Fertilizer From the Air.

(Charlotte Observer.)

When in 1898 Sir William Crookes, as many people will doubtless recall, attracted wide attention by declaring in an address before the British Association that unless some means were found of replacing the nitrogen taken up from the soil by cereals the world could hardly have anticipated that the thing would be done within a few years. Sir William showed plainly enough that the nitrates now mined in Chile and elsewhere could not be depended upon very much longer and that fixation of atmospheric nitrogen consequently presented the only visible hope. This process was already a demonstrated fact, but its excessive cost made it commercially impracticable. To Norway has been reserved the honor and the earliest profits of really solving the problem. Ministerial and consular reports just received at Washington give an interesting story of plants new to the world of manufactures. At Nottoden, Norway, several years ago, a development of 2,000 electrical horsepower was utilized for producing nitrate of lime and nitrate of soda. By methods much more efficient than any employed in such work when Sir William delivered his address the plant has turned 1,000 tons of these nitrates a year at a good profit. Only last month a much larger plant, supplied with 40,000 horse-power from the noted Tinfos waterfall, was put in operation. Before long a monster plant of 250,000 horse-power from the Rjukanfos fall will be begun, the capital having been subscribed in France. It is not easy to exaggerate the prospective importance of the discovery of processes whereby nitrates can be profitably produced in unlimited quantities through atmospheric combustion. Manifestly the earth's productivity cannot only be maintained, but enormously increased. Manifestly, also, the industry of nitrogen fixation will become a great one. Here would seem to be new possibilities for Southern development. In the piedmont region water-powers are now being developed on a great scale, and this country and continent grow grain

for the world. To talk of extracting from the atmosphere an immensely valuable product by the ton seems wilder than any promotion scheme of which Col. Mulberry Spellers ever dreamed, yet the facts speak for themselves. Such are the wonders which science continues to work for mankind. There may be a nitrogen fixation plant right here in Charlotte before many years. Who knows?

Spanked, Though 35.

(Pittsburg Special to the Philadelphia Record.)

Pauline Law, aged 35, was spanked in the good old-fashioned way by her father, William, aged 61 at her home on Friendship avenue, when she came home after 1 o'clock last night. The old gentleman placing her across his knee, just as he did in bygone years, and administered a slipper. This was the story told by Pauline today before Alderman Kirby. She had brought suit against her father for assault and the latter appeared to tell his side of the story, which was to the effect that he would not let any "gal" of his gallivant around the streets until midnight, no matter how old she was.

Alderman Kirby administered a rebuke to the woman and made her pay the cost. He said: "Just so long as you remain under your father's roof, he has the right to chastise you when you deserve it. Mr. Law, your father, is discharged from custody."

If you suffer from bloating, belching, sour stomach, indigestion or Dyspepsia, take a Ring's Digestive Tablet after each meal and overcome the disagreeable trouble. It will improve the appetite and aid digestion. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

Early last summer while Mountain creek in Stanley county was at high-water mark, a portion of the bridge washed away. Those inclined to criticize the builder, Mr. Eben Biles, said that the bridge which was comparatively new, was not well-built. A few weeks ago when Mr. Biles went to repair it at his own expense, it was found that some miscreant had placed dynamite under a portion of one side and the explosion had been the cause of the bridge giving away. A reward is offered for the perpetrator of the deed.

The bites and stings of insects, tan, sunburn, cuts, burns and bruises are relieved at once with Pineasol Carbolic. Acts like a positive and draws out inflammation. Try it. Price 25c. Sold by Martin Drug Co.

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Have you seen these I am offering to close out to make room for a lot of new goods coming? If you need a handsome side-board, these with the low prices, will interest you.

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