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INUENDO.

When woman talks of woman, then we see her at her worst—Not the second, who is talked of, but the most loquacious first. When woman talks of woman, there is trouble in the air. Uncertain in its details, but you may be sure it's there.

When man would talk of woman, or, indeed, of other men, Why, something that is tangible will find expression then. He may not like the person, but he lacks the art to say A harmless thing that has a sting when said a certain way.

"Of course you've tried her cooking," with a quiet little sniff, As if of something dreadful one had just obtained a whiff, "You saw her with young Barker at the dance the other night?" The tone alone would indicate it was a shameful sight.

"She's always changing servants, and I wonder why they leave!" A meaning shrug of shoulders that must make the angels grieve, "The manners of her children—have you noticed what they are?" The thought expressed unspoken would do credit to a star.

However, this is nothing to the exclamation heard When of the neighbor's husband one may chance to say a word. It gives the chance she's seeking and accords well with her plan—The essence of unkindness is the way she says, "Poor man!"

—Chicago Post.



THE "PATIENT HEROINE" OF THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

By ETHEL M. COLSON.

Of all the brave and heroic deeds brought to light by the Johnstown disaster, the terrible, death-dealing, devastating flood of May 31, 1889, none could be more inspiring than that of Mrs. Hetty Ogle—the "patient heroine" of that awful occurrence, the quietly faithful woman telegraph operator, who, doing her duty with heroic fortitude and calmness, stayed at her post in the face of certain death, sending the messages that were to save the lives of others. It is doubtful, indeed, if history records a braver action.

The Johnstown flood was the greatest, most awful water calamity ever known to humanity. It came after many and grave warnings. Because the dam of the South Fork Lake had never yielded, the people of Johnstown believed that it never would yield. And yet when a thriving, prosperous city of thirty thousand inhabitants had been reduced to a horrible, tumbled heap of evil, ill-smelling refuse, with over three thousand helpless human creatures hurried into eternity in the short space of five minutes, there was scarcely a survivor who could not remember serious and frequent indications of danger that duly heeded might have averted this catastrophe. For several days previous to the breaking of the dam the low-lying portions of the city had been submerged beneath a water-level fully four feet higher than had ever before been known, so largely had the steady pouring rain of an entire week augmented the not unusual floods.

The city of Johnstown (to refresh memories burdened with the varied accumulations of fifteen years) was situated in the narrow, pointed valley at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains, framed in by Stony Creek on the one hand and the Conemaugh River on the other. A steep hill and gentle slope respectively edged the framing streams. South Fork Lake, originally a reservoir constructed by the State of Pennsylvania as a feeder for the old Pennsylvania Canal, but later purchased and enlarged by the South Fork Hunting and Fishing Club, was between three hundred and four hundred feet above the highest part of Johnstown, and several miles back of the city. This lake was three miles long, from three thousand to four thousand feet wide, and seventy feet deep near the dam, that alone held it back from the underlying valley. This dam, three hundred feet wide at the bottom, twenty feet wide at the top and eighty-five feet in height, had been most solidly constructed and pronounced absolutely impregnable by competent engineers. Generous and seemingly adequate weirs and sluices had always controlled and relieved the flow and overflow of water previous to the unwanted and irresistible rain torrents of that awful week.

Late in the afternoon of Friday, May 31, however, Mr. John G. Parke, a young civil engineer of Pittsburgh, who happened to be visiting friends at South Fork Lake, bestowed upon the dam a casual inspection, and saw with horror that it could not long withstand the force of the great waves already dashing over it at intervals, and momentarily increased in number and volume by the down-rushing, swollen, tempestuous mountain streams that fed and filled the basin. When the

arduous efforts of a large body of hastily summoned workers proved inadequate to relieve the overtaxed sluices, Mr. Parke leaped to the saddle and dashed away to the South Fork Railway Station, there to telegraph the terrible news to Johnstown—helpless, unsuspecting, inevitably doomed. Only by instant flight could its unhappy residents hope to escape with their lives.

To Mrs. Ogle, as manager of the Western Union Telegraph Office at Johnstown, came the dread message. She must choose—and on the instant—between heroism and desertion, between cowardice and death.

To leave her station at once, to flee to the hills for safety—this would mean her own personal salvation, the salvation of the beloved daughter, who, always frail and delicate, would never be able to attain safety unattended, even did she consent to attempt flight without her mother. It would mean the warning of the equally beloved sons unsuspectingly at work in the city quite near. But it would mean, no less, the desertion of her post at the time of most paramount need and duty; the death of many others, who unwarned could have not slightest chance of escape or prolonged existence, and who might through her own efforts be saved.

That the struggle was as severe as it was brief can scarcely be doubted. Life is sweet to all, and it must have seemed especially sweet just then to Mrs. Ogle. By no easy path had she won her way to the serene tableland of comfortable, well-provided middle age that she then confronted. Keen poverty, early widowhood, the growing cares and responsibilities of the young family that must be supported, delicate health but recently conquered—all these steps had been necessary in order to reach her present peace of mind and financial comfort. And now to leave it all, and in manner so dreadful—what wonder she shivered and shrank!

But the insidious temptation to purchase this life at the cost of others was speedily vanquished. Almost before she turned from the key ticking out the awful tidings Mrs. Ogle was on her way to deliver the message into the keeping of the no less heroic assistant, Daniel Peyton, the Paul Revere of the Johnstown disaster, the man who, riding madly through street after street to call frantic, desperate, unheeded warnings to others, lost in the end his own life. Mrs. Ogle without the loss of a moment hastened back to her office and instrument.

Message after message, each one like the sharp stroke of a sword for terse, tense brevity and clearness, did she send out with ceaseless, untiring efforts. The various telegraphic centers of Johnstown were first notified of the terrible, oncoming danger, then the work began anew with regard to the towns, villages and factories lying in the inevitable course of the torrent. Always the "patient heroine" worked with the nervous yet sternly controlled energy that well earned for her honor and glory this title, later lovingly bestowed. Always she ticked and tapped with the speed and surety, the unerring rapidity and precision born of long practice. Always she stated the case clearly, and pointed out the danger plainly, yet with never an unnecessary word.

The rain poured down in torrents,

hissing, merciless, stinging. The floors grew damp, the thick, murky, oppressive atmosphere yet more heavily humid, and at last the rising waters crept in upon and over the rooms of the first story, flooding the telegraph office several feet deep, and ever mounting higher. Then, with scarce a momentary cessation of her eager efforts, Mrs. Ogle, who had always maintained a telegraphic instrument in her sleeping-room, removed to the second floor of the building. From the instrument there hastily arranged she continued to send out the warning messages that were to save from her own tragic end the lives of many others until—it was too late to send more.

Only a glance from her elevated station was needed to evidence the truth of Mr. Parke's horrified prediction. It was plainly evident that the dam must burst shortly. But still, with the shadow of death upon her, no hint of terror, distress or personal suggestion of any kind marked the quiet words of repeated warning. The first message was no more self-contained, impersonal and unassuming than the last.

"Johnstown, Pa., May 31st, 3 p. m. To Cambria Iron Company, Philadelphia:

"I cannot reach your office. Water immense. Washing out Lincoln Bridge. The house full. We are on the second floor. Water still coming up and threatening ruin. This is my last message.

"MRS. H. M. OGLE, Manager."

This was the simple reply, called forth by an imperative question, but quite bare of dramatic eloquence, as of any unnecessary description or detail, that marked the conclusion of Mrs. Hetty Ogle's earthly endeavors. A moment more the wire sounded, although with a strange, throbbing vibration never before heard. A moment later, and then with a low, strange murmur, speedily deepening to a mighty roar, the tossing water foaming about the edge of the dam high above the doomed city seemed to climb suddenly skyward; a towering wall forty feet high, stupendous, awful, led by a thick volume of curtain-like mist, instantaneously interposed itself between the dam and the breathless spectator, and then to all mere human intelligence and knowledge the life of the "patient heroine" went out.

The maddened water, as later investigation decided, first loosened and tore away the heavy stones "ripping" the top of the dam, then forced a clear opening thirty-five feet in width through the supporting and supposedly impregnable earthworks. The whole occurrence took place with incredible rapidity and suddenness, and the fertile valley intervening between the dam and the city of Johnstown was swept bare of every vestige of civilization within five minutes.

Then, heavy with tons of wreckage, laden with houses, dead bodies, all manner of horrible debris and plunder, the seething, murderous, unrestrained torrent of water rushed upon Johnstown proper. The valley narrowly sharpened at this point, so that the wall of water, scarcely to be seen, according to the few eyewitnesses who survived its merciless onslaught, for its varied burden of horror, rose higher than ever. It literally fell upon the helpless city, burying thousands beneath its overwhelming weight in an instant, swelling, advancing, receding, foaming, twisting and turning, until the whole of Johnstown was but one tremendous whirlpool, with awful, quivering objects, big and little, borne aimlessly, unresistingly about. Not until the stone viaduct below the city successfully opposed its course for a brief instant did the mighty and cruel devastator know let or hindrance. And even this brief opposition but resulted in a calamity yet more terrible than all that had gone before.

The presumptuous viaduct was rent and torn but an instant later, the angry torrent with much of its awful burden rushing over and through it, passing finally to the distant sea, scattering and strewn death, wreckage, ruin and disaster for miles as it raced and hurried, depositing thousands of the unknown dead at New Florence and Ninevah, towns between Johnstown and the junction of the Conemaugh and Kiskiminetas Rivers. But the low, diagonal arches of the bridge had in that infinitesimal period of resistance acted as huge and mischievous strainers, and a dread mountain of mingled earth, rocks, houses, rubbish, furniture, dead and dying animals, and human unfortunates, dead and dying also, was piled high above them. This was the huge heap that later took fire

from the numerous lighted cook-stoves which were being used in preparing the evening meal when the unexpected disaster came. And somewhere in the stupendous funeral pyre thus ignited were hidden the dead bodies of Mrs. Ogle, her daughter, and the several other persons known to have been in the telegraph-station building, which served as a dwelling-house for Mrs. Ogle and her family, as well as for office uses. No trace of these bodies has ever been found.

That the death of Mrs. Ogle was mercifully sudden seems certain. The frail building could not long have withstood the crushing force of that pitiless mountain of water, and the telegraph official who received her final message bore witness later to the speedy manner in which the wire was disabled.

"One moment," so ran his published statement, "the woman operator at Johnstown was cheerfully ticking away that she had to abandon the office on the first floor because the water was three feet deep there. She said she was wiring from the second story, and the water was rapidly rising. This was evidently before the dam broke, for our man here said something encouraging to her, and she was talking back as only a cheerful woman operator can, and had just said 'This is my last message'—the last word being scarcely completed when the receiver's skilled ears caught a sound from the wire made by no human hands. The wire had grounded or the house had been swept away by the flood, no one knew which at that time. One moment she was there and talking, the next we might as well have asked the grave to answer as addressed remark or question to the cheery worker of an instant before."

And so the end came to the woman hero, who chose death rather than fail to heed the higher voice that also called in no uncertain accents. It is safe to say that to Mrs. Hetty Ogle, the "patient heroine" whose beautiful, love-hallowed life had constituted a fitting preparation for the noble death that closed it, was given in that supreme moment the faith that makes faithful, the love that wholeheartedly serving must unbrokenly endure. And although the much-discussed monument to her brave life and memory may never be erected, the only fame worth having will yet flourish unendingly for her honor and glory.—Woman's Home Companion.

Willing Self-Consciousness.

First we must be willing to accept the effects of self-consciousness. The more we resist these effects the more they force themselves upon us, and the more we suffer from them. We must be willing to blush, be willing to realize that we have become too much, and perhaps made ourselves ridiculous. We must be willing to feel the discomforts of self-consciousness in whatever form they may appear. Central point of all—we must know and understand, and not dodge in the very least the truth that the root of self-consciousness is selfishly caring what other people think of us—and wanting to appear well before them.

We should be willing that any one should think anything of us, so long as we have the strength of a good conscience. We should be willing to appear in any light if that appearance will enhance our use, or is a necessity of growth.—Annie Payson Call, in Leslie's Monthly.

Demoiselle de Telephone.

The French have some good ideas about laws. According to the Western Electrician it has recently been decided in Paris that the telephone girl is a public official, and as such she commands the respect of incident to public functionaries. The question came up in a case where a popular actress was prosecuted in the Criminal Court for having insulted the central girl. While defendant was acquitted, the rights of the "demoiselles de telephone" were clearly established, viz., as citizens in the public service they must be treated with due circumspection.

Why Fruit Trees Fail.

Country Life in America points out that the dropping off of young fruit is not due to insect pests, as it is popularly supposed, but more often it is on account of the newly discovered principle that many varieties of fruits are not self-sterile. The blossoms require the contact of other varieties before they will mature fruit. This is the reason so many fruit trees do not bear well, and new methods of grafting and planting will make trees bear large fruit and plenty of it.

AUTOMOBILE TORPEDOES.

Some New Ones in Use by the United States Navy—Range and Accuracy.

One may well be impressed with the tremendously destructive power of the modern torpedo; few persons, however, are aware of the great accuracy of which this weapon is capable in the hands of those skilled in its use. The automobile torpedoes in the United States service are, almost without exception, of the Whitehead type, and are of two lengths, 3.55 meters (about 11½ feet) and 5 meters (about 16 feet). The newest and most efficient type of torpedo is fitted with the gyroscope, a steering apparatus whereby the projectile steers itself directly at the point aimed at regardless of any twist incurred in firing, and due to the speed of the vessel or the roughness of the sea. Moreover, the improved gyroscope may be set so that the torpedo, after launching, will turn through any desired angle, up to 120 degrees, before beginning its straight run. By this device it is possible to fire a torpedo at right angles to the length of the boat and have it hit a mark dead ahead.

The best torpedoes already in the service are sufficiently accurate, at a range of 1500 yards, to keep within 15 inches of the set depth, to come within 20 yards of the centre of the target, and to maintain a speed of 24 knots. The Bureau of Ordnance has recently contracted for some new torpedoes which are to have higher speed and longer range. Those most familiar with the handling of modern torpedoes believe that at ranges of about 1000 yards fully 75 per cent. of the torpedoes fired will strike a hostile vessel, and any torpedo will sink a warship or put her out of fighting condition. Actual experiments, both with and without searchlights, have shown that a torpedo boat on an ordinary night can get within range—that is, within 800 to 1000 yards—of an opposing vessel before being detected. The only logical defense appears to be the torpedo-boat destroyer.—Cellier's.

A Chinese Girl's Education.

A good story is told of Miss Ah Mae Wong, who was visiting in Indianapolis. Several years ago when Miss Wong was studying with Dr. Marie Haslep in China, she was asked to play the organ for services in the Episcopal mission church in Shanghai. She naturally thought to play something that would please her American friends. It was the celebration of the communion and the congregation was startled to hear the organ pealing forth "The Star-Spangled Banner." Miss Wong selected that as an air that could not fail to please, never doubting its appropriateness.

Those who have met Miss Wong are astonished at her knowledge of American history, noted American men and American literature. Looking through a book of views of Washington, D. C., she was most interested in pictures of the statues of Washington, Daniel Webster, John A. Logan and Garfield, evincing knowledge of the life of each.—Indianapolis News.

Archbishop Ryan's Wit.

Archbishop Ryan's telegram of congratulation to Archbishop Glennon, of Syracuse, was read at an ecclesiastical dinner recently, says the New York Tribune. When the see of St. Louis became vacant the names of two auxiliary bishops were sent to Rome on the slate of the clergy and prelates. The two were Bishop Dunn, of Dallas, Texas, and Bishop Nessmer, of Green Bay, both of whom (contrary to the general custom of Roman Catholic prelates) wear beards. Neither of the candidates pleased Rome, and Archbishop Ryan was consulted. The Philadelphia's choice was Auxiliary Bishop Glennon, of St. Louis, who has been called the Apollo of the American hierarchy. Archbishop Ryan's telegram of congratulation read: "You won it by a close shave."

America's Mineral Wealth.

Census Bureau figures indicate that in 1902 this country produced more than a quarter of a billion tons of bituminous coal, valued at nearly \$300,000,000; anthracite coal worth more than \$76,000,000; copper with a valuation above \$71,000,000; gold of a coinage value exceeding \$67,000,000; iron ore reached a total of nearly \$67,500,000; silver at coining figures surpassed \$70,000,000, and the petroleum total was more than \$71,000,000. Mines and quarries and oil wells, together with smelters, reducing and refining works, turned out the almost fabulous total of \$884,040,800.