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THE ENGINE'S SONG.

Through city and forest, and field and
I rush with the roaring train;
My strength is the strength of a thousand
men,
My brain is my master's brain.
I borrow the senses of him within
Who watches the gleaming line;
His pulses I feel through my frame of steel,
His courage and will are mine.

I hear, as I swerve on the upland curve,
The echoing hills rejoice
To answer the knell of my brazen bell,
The laugh of my giant voice.
And, white in the glare of the golden ray
Or red in the furnace light,
My smoke is a pillar of cloud by day,
A pillar of flame by night.
—Arthur Guiterman, in Four Track
News.

THE LITTLE GRAY WOMAN

Written by Owen Oliver.

I DID not notice that Brand was in the smoking room when I denounced his new novel. He pretended not to hear, but I saw him color up. He took no notice of me, when I left the club just behind him, till I touched him on the arm.

"You heard what I said about your book?" I remarked.

"Yes," he said. "I heard. I knew you hadn't seen me, so you needn't apologize."

"No," I said. "I didn't see you, but I wasn't going to apologize. It is a bad book." I looked at him, but he would not look at me.

"It's true to life," he asserted.

"And what has that to do with it?" I asked. "There's poison, but you needn't give it to people."

"People needn't take my poison unless they like. Apparently they do. It's run to 25,000 already."

"I am sorry you are poisoning so many."

"It isn't my fault if life is poisonous. I didn't make it what it is."

"You're helping to make it what it will be. People can't touch pitch, or read it, without the usual consequences."

"You've no right to call it that," he protested. "There's nothing coarse or repulsive in the book."

"That's why I condemn it! Vice that looks like vice only appeals to the vicious. Vice that looks like virtue contaminates the virtuous."

"I didn't invent the virtuous looking vices; only described them as I found them."

"You didn't describe them as vices." "Preaching isn't my business—or yours."

"Photographing vices in fancy costumes is the devil's business," I told him. "The things that you force upon people's notice wouldn't enter the mind of a good man—if there is such a person. Anyhow, there are good women, and they don't suspect that problems like those in your book exist."

"They can't help seeing them unless they shut their eyes."

"Then they shut their eyes. Would your mother—"

"My mother belonged to a past generation," he interrupted.

"Good women are the same in all generations. We'll take one of the present day. Would your wife—"

"He grasped my arm roughly.

"I won't discuss my wife," he said sharply.

"I'm not discussing your wife. I'm discussing you. I was fond of your father, Brand, and I've known you since you were a little chap in petticoats. You used to play with the dog's head on my stick. I suppose I didn't know you all the time. I never suspected you had it in you to write as you do, or that you would if you could. You can write. There's no doubt about it. The less excuse for wasting your powers on these 'men and women' stories."

"I shall be grateful if you can discover a third sex to write about," he observed.

"Men and women are good enough to write about, if you write about the good in them. You only give us the bad—Adam and Eve's legacy that manhood and womanhood have fought against since Eden. I don't say you can give us all good. They wouldn't be real men and women if you did, but take the writer's privilege, and give us something just a little better than poor humanity."

"I can't make humanity what it isn't."

"You can avoid making it worse."

"There's no harm in the book," he insisted doggedly.

"My boy, there is. Don't take my word. I'm an old man; old enough for sin to be saltless. I haven't been a saint, either, but I've been an honest sinner. I never passed off wrong for right, even to myself. Ask one of your own generation. Ask—I laid my hand on his shoulder—"ask your wife if she would like to have written that book."

He stopped walking and made a queer little gulp in his throat. His wife was a bold card to play against him, for she was a colorless little person—some one had called her "the little gray woman"—and I knew of no reason why she should value her opinion, except that he had married her. As she couldn't have won him by her

looks or external attractions, I credited her with some charm of character.

"My wife is proud of my books," he said, after he had wiped his face with his handkerchief.

"Your wife is proud of you. She takes your books on trust—blind trust. If you put her instinct as a woman to the test—her instinct as a good woman—"

"I won't discuss her, I say." He raised his voice angrily. "You can say what you like about me."

"Then I say that you are doing the devil's dirty work. I'm an old citizen of the world, knowing its weaknesses, and a little more tolerant of them than I ought to be, but I wouldn't have written that book. Men that are worse than I wouldn't have written it. A good woman couldn't even have thought of it."

He turned from me in a rage and walked away.

As I have said, I am no better than my fellows, and I have tolerated many a bad book in my time; but somehow this book of Brand's weighed upon my mind. The press blamed it, but the public bought it. A noted playwright dramatized it and put its evil into concrete form. I could not stop the harm which it had done; but I thought perhaps I might induce his wife to stop him from writing like it. So I called upon her.

She rose to greet me with a friendly smile. She was one of the women that elderly men like, because they have a kindly feeling for elderly men. I smiled at her, too.

"I wondered when you were coming to congratulate me on Charlie's book," she said. She always imputed kind intentions to one.

"I'm afraid I haven't come for that," I owned. "My dear, I don't like Charlie's book. You see, I'm an old-fashioned man."

"I see," she flushed slightly. "You don't believe in problem stories?"

"I believe in them? Oh, yes! I'm old, and my eyes have been open for some years, but I don't want to open other people's. I don't want to open yours, my dear. I'd rather you believe the world was good. It's the belief of your good little women that makes it better. Charlie believes in you, and I want you to make him better. I don't mean that he's bad. He's a very, very clever man, as the book shows. He sees things that most of us miss. We're better for missing them, my dear. We don't want to be told about them. He's told us. That's what's wrong."

She worked furiously at the embroidery which she had picked up.

"Is there anything in the book that you had missed?" she asked quietly.

"I'm afraid not, but I want the world to be better than myself, you see."

"It isn't. It sees things just as you do, and pretends that it doesn't—just as you pretend."

"Concealment implies condemnation. Evil isn't so dangerous when it's kept out of sight. Speak of the—problem story?"

"The pretence is threadbare," she objected. I was surprised that she expressed herself so well. "There are hundreds of published problems, and many of them are far more lurid. The book is, at any rate, refined. Its problems are such as come to good men and women; such as leave them some of their virtues."

"Yes," I dropped my hat in my eagerness. "Yes. That is why the book is so dangerous. Other tales show worse evils, but they show them as evils; as temptations that the fraction of goodness in us fights against, even when it is overcome. Your husband has brought in the Powers of Darkness. The plain man shrugs his shoulders at this. Even the club smoking room condemns it. Some of the best men go so far as to avoid the author."

She looked up over her work. Her face was white.

"Does Charlie realize this?" she asked. I nodded.

"We were talking about it the other evening. He overheard us. He must have known before—Of course he knows."

She plied her needle again.

"Have you spoken to him?" she inquired.

"Yes. He left me in a temper because I counselled him to put the matter to you. You have a great hold over him, I am sure. A good woman always has a hold over a man. I am certain that, at the bottom of his heart, he is ashamed of the book, but—"

"But"—she laid down the work. "He didn't write it. I did!"

"You?" I cried. "You?"

"I. No, I am not saying it to shield him. It is quite true. I—I wonder if you could understand? You see, I am not pretty or attractive. People generally left me alone. So I used to sit and watch them; and see things. I see a great deal. I can't help it. It is my nature. I dare say I looked too much for what was bad, but it is hard for a woman when she is not attractive. It makes her look for defects in others. I was very bitter against people then. I'm not bitter now, because Charlie finds me attractive. It wouldn't occur to you that I can be, but I can. It didn't occur to him at first. He came and introduced himself to me out of sheer pity for my loneliness. He's like that. A lame dog, a man who's down on his luck; even a 'little gray woman'—you see I know my name—he can't pass them. He came and talked to me just because he thought I wanted someone to talk to. I made up my mind that next time he should come because he wanted to talk to me. Do you know I almost screamed with my anxiety to attract him. And when he was going he gripped my hand and nearly broke it—you know how he does with people he likes—and said, 'What a lot people miss by not talking to you.' And I began to cry. 'I've been lonely—lonely—lonely!' I told him, 'and every one thinks I'm stupid and dull.' And he said, 'You needn't be lonely if you'll let me talk to you. No! Talk to me, you bright little thing!' It was the first compliment I ever had—the very first! Well, that is over now. I'm not a bit spiteful to the world. I even like a few people. I like you. But you see I'd got into the habit of studying the defects in people, and I'd grown curious about them. Women always are. I knew others would be curious. So I wrote the books. They succeeded. I knew they would, or I shouldn't have used Charlie's name."

"And he was willing to borrow your success?" I said unasked. It hurt me to lose my good idea of him.

"No. He wasn't. I made him do it. I don't think you realize that I am clever enough to manage Charlie quite easily. I told him that I didn't want success for myself—I don't very much—and that my greatest desire in life was success for him. That was certainly true. I declared that I hadn't the courage to publish the books under my own name. That wasn't true at all. I pointed out that I should find it difficult to study people if they knew I wrote. I persuaded him that the books would do good, because truth always does good. That, of course, is false. I don't think he was quite persuaded at the bottom of his mind, but he thought the bottom of his mind was wrong, because he believed in me. I believed in myself. Well, you've shown me I was wrong."

She snatched up the work and sewed again for a few minutes. Her eyelids flickered and I supposed she was going to cry, but she did not. So I let her fight out her battle alone. I thought she was using heavier artillery than I could bring to bear.

"I suppose," she said, presently, "you expect me to say that I'll own up to the books and clear him? If so, you're mistaken. I shall not. I wonder"—she laid down the work again—"if you'd believe me if I told you why?"

"Yes," I promised. "I shall believe you."

"If I owned the books the blame would fall on me. I shouldn't care, but Charlie would. You see"—her face lit up, and I saw at last that she had attractions—"Charlie is very much in love with me. He would rather people attacked him than attacked me. I shall get my punishment in knowing that he is hurt. You need not fear that I am going scot free. I don't think you want me to be hurt, though?"

I picked up my hat and rose.

"No," I said. "I don't. You are a good woman, in spite of the book. God bless you! You'll come out all right, my dear."

"Yes," she said. "It is the belief of you good men that makes women better. I shall come out all right. You will see."

I saw, when the next book appeared under his name. It was a great, good story, and it took the world by storm. The hero was a man who sacrificed himself to shield a woman—and I knew she meant him. The heroine was a woman who learned the lesson of life from her love's sacrifice—and I knew she meant herself. Her father-confessor was a kindly old gentleman who tried to spread the butter of benevolence over the bread of the world. She thought she had portrayed me, but she had only succeeded in picturing the man I ought to have been! The cleverest of women subordinate reason to feeling, and "the little gray woman," whose charm society is beginning to find out, has an affection for my unworthy self. If the blessing of an old sinner can benefit her, she has it—Black and White.



J. W. Johnston, of Rochester, N. Y., formerly a Rocky Mountain photographer, has invented a camera which takes a photograph as the camera swings in a circle.

The chinch bug is notably a wheat pest, although its damage to other cereals and forage crops is very considerable. The losses from the depredations of this insect on wheat in single States have ranged between \$10,000,000 and \$20,000,000 in one year.

The rare peculiarity known as haemophilia, or "bleeding sickness," has been brought to notice anew by Dr. Boehme, a German physician. It continues for generation after generation in certain families, and is characterized by an extraordinary tendency to hemorrhage, making the extraction of a tooth a dangerous operation, while even a pin-prick may lead to severe or fatal bleeding.

A correspondent at Winnipeg, Canada, reports that scientific circles are interested in the discovery of a process for welding copper, which has been made by a local blacksmith. It is said the process has been thoroughly tested and found perfect, and that copper can be welded to copper or to other metals without impairing the electrical conductivity and other properties of the metal.

Writing in the Scientific American Dr. Alfred Gradenwitz calls attention to the fact that any mental process is attended by some alteration in the physical state of the body. He tells of an electrical invention of a Swiss engineer that indicates the conductivity of the human body when undergoing mental changes. When anybody enters the room the resistance of the body is greatly increased, while any sensation or emotion will reduce the resistance.

One of the most ingenious applications of thermit, the remarkable heat-producing material manufactured at Essen, Germany, by Dr. Goldschmidt, is the prevention of the formation of cavities in large steel castings. A box of specially prepared aluminum and oxide of iron or thermit, the ignition of which is capable of producing a temperature of 5400 degrees Fahrenheit, is attached to an iron rod and pushed into the ingot just as the crust is beginning to form. The heat of the metal being cast is sufficient to ignite the thermit, which disengages a vast quantity of heat, sufficient to keep the metal liquid where the piping occurs and permit more liquid metal to be poured in to fill the cavity.

Frogfish of Hawaiian Waters.
The frogfish at the Aquarium held quite a levee all the afternoon. This fish was brought from a Japanese fisherman by a resident and presented to the tankeries.

In appearance the frogfish looks like a shapeless mass of slime covered coral, with lots of warty projections all over it. This is the first impression gained while the creature is in repose. When it commences to move one realizes that it is a fish, and close inspection will result in the eyes and mouth being located.

If a more repulsive object assists in peopling the waters under the earth it has yet to be discovered.

The chief peculiarity about the frogfish other than its unspeakable ugliness is its feet. It isn't an expert swimmer, but as a submarine pedestrian it holds the record.

Its tootsies number four and are fan-like in shape, with well defined toes. If its legs were only a little longer the frogfish might enjoy the satisfaction of scratching its own back.

—Honolulu Commercial Advertiser.

Cannibalism of Black Bass.
I quote from the Fox Lake representative the following instance of cannibalism on the part of black bass: "Fred Lorenz, of Milwaukee, caught 111 black bass here in less than an hour Sunday. This may sound pretty heavy, but it is an actual fact. He caught a black bass that when dressed was found to have 110 little black bass about an inch long in its stomach. Talk about dogfish eating fry and spawn, it looks like bass were about as bad cannibals as any fish in the lake. It is possible that the bass swallowed her own brood of little ones to protect them from other fish, but if so she forgot to 'cough up' again and the brood was destroyed."

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

Will It Pay?

W. H. R. Jackson, Tenn., writes: I have some shoats that would weigh about 100 pounds gross that I can get four and a quarter cents for and have corn that I can get sixty cents for. I have a Japanese clover pasture. Which would pay best? To sell now or feed for six or eight weeks when I can probably get six cents or more net. Would it be best to grind the corn? What is the best ration for brood sows with pigs one month old?

Answer: If you have good growing shoats and are quite sure of getting six cents a pound for them in the course of six or eight weeks, there is no reason why you should not feed corn at sixty cents a bushel to them at a small profit. If the price of pork drop and you could not get more than five cents a pound, it would pay best to sell the corn and the hogs. Of course by selling the hogs now you take no risk from the feeding, but four and a quarter cents is a low price for pork, and as you say you have good pasture there is no reason why the hogs should not make a gain of a pound to a pound and a half per day on clover and a ration of corn or corn and bran, though it is not so essential to feed bran when they are on a green crop.

As a rule with a fair price for pork, which six cents would certainly be, it is best to finish the animals on the farm and get the top market price rather than to go to the expense of selling the hogs and corn separately. Then, if you feed the corn at home, you keep the chief part of the fertilizing elements contained therein on your land and that is a considerable advantage, more sometimes than we credit it with.

It would not be necessary to grind the corn for the hogs unless it is particularly old and hard. They will shell it for themselves, and if it is this year's crop digest it quite thoroughly because it is comparatively soft.

Brood sows with pigs one month old can be fed to advantage on a mixture of one-third corn, one-third oats, barley and bran, and one-third middlings. A combination of corn and bran, or bran and middlings, or corn and middlings will prove satisfactory, provided the sows have the run of a good pasture, and you can be guided in the purchase of the foodstuffs largely by the market price. If you have any skim milk available let the sows have what she will consume, but do not allow her to gorge herself, and feed her several pounds of meal per day, according to her condition and the draft which the pigs make on her.—Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

Cotton Seed and Meal.

The cotton seed problem is now before the cotton growers. Shall they sell to the oil mills for cash, or exchange for meal, or keep on the farm? They will do one or the other. What is best? Consider some of the facts connected with seed and their products. The following figures are approximately correct:

A ton of seed, 66 2/3 bushels, will yield
740 pounds of meal,
300 pounds of oil,
900 pounds of hulls,
40 pounds of linters,
20 pounds of waste.
The cash value of these products at the mill, where the meal shows seven per cent nitrogen, is about \$22.00. When the mill pays seventy-five cents a hundred pounds for seed it has a \$12.00 margin to work on.

Suppose the farmer should exchange his ton of seed for meal. How much should he receive? The usual price of meal at this season is about \$22.00 a ton cash—equal to the value of the products of one ton of seed. At that rate he would receive 1360 pounds of meal for his ton of seed. Is that a profitable trade, or not? The hauling both ways is worth \$2.00.

A ton of cotton seed contains
76 pounds of ammonia,
25.4 pounds of phosphoric acid,
23.4 pounds of potash.

The commercial value of that at a port is \$13.25.

The experience of many good farmers is that seed used as a fertilizer are more satisfactory than the meal, or commercial fertilizer. The commercial value of the plant food in one bushel of cotton seed is twenty-one cents. Should the farmer sell at that price he will lose his hauling and trouble. He will lose if he sells his seed for less than twenty-five cents a bushel. In exchanging for meal he should get at least 1500 pounds for one ton of seed. No farmer can afford to sell his seed for cash with the expectation of buying commercial fertilizer on time in the spring.

Chemists will tell you that the seed are worth as much as food for cattle as the meal. The mistake that most farmers make is that they give too much seed. By feeding the seed to cattle and saving all the manure the greatest benefit is derived. Let farm-

ers test the value of seed and meal for wheat. Use thirty bushels of seed on one acre, and the same value in meal or commercial fertilizer on another acre, and see which is better.—Charles Petty, Spartanburg Co., S. C.

Food Value of Alfalfa.

Alfalfa will enable a farmer to cut down his feed bills. It is a great substitute for bran, offal and other mill feeds. It is the best feed for the dairy, for all kinds of young stock. Hogs winter well on it, with but little grain. The following is a summary of a most interesting test by the State Experiment Station in feeding alfalfa to cows:

1—The cost of producing milk and butter can be greatly reduced by replacing part of the concentrates in the daily ration of the cow with some roughness rich in protein, such as alfalfa or cowpea hay.

2—A ton of alfalfa or pea hay can be produced at a cost of \$3 to \$5 per ton, whereas wheat bran costs \$20 to \$25. As a yield of from two to three tons of pea hay and from three to five tons of alfalfa can be obtained from an acre of land, it is to see the great advantage the utilization of such roughness, in the place of wheat bran, gives the dairyman.

3—In substituting alfalfa hay for wheat bran it will be best in practice to allow one and one-half of alfalfa to each pound of wheat bran, and if the alfalfa is fed in a finely chopped condition the results will prove more satisfactory.

4—When alfalfa was fed under the most favorable conditions a gallon of milk was obtained for 5.7 cents and a pound of butter for 10.4 cents. When pea hay was fed the lowest cost of a gallon of milk was 5.2 cents, and a pound of butter was 9.4 cents. In localities where pea hay grows well it can be utilized to replace wheat bran, and in sections where alfalfa can be grown it can be substituted for pea hay with satisfaction.

5—These results, covering two years' tests with different sets of cows, furnish proof that certain forms of roughness rich in digestible protein can be substituted with satisfaction for the more expensive concentrates, and should lend encouragement to dairy farms.—G. W. Koiner, Commissioner of Agriculture, Richmond, Va.

Pertinent Question For Farmers.

How much do you suppose it costs you a year to repair your wagons and your harness on account of bad roads? How much does it cost you a year for shoes and clothing that are ruined by your children wading through the mud to school? How much does it cost you a year for medicine to cure your children's colds contracted in wading through the mud to school and church? How much of a damage a year to you is the mud that prevents your children from attending school, or damage to them, rather, in the loss of an education? How much damage to you is our bad roads in preventing your reaching market with your produce? You are perfectly willing to spend plenty of money in the buying of reapers and mowers and other farm machinery. You are willing to purchase fine carriages and harness. At the price potatoes are to-day one load would be the average farmer's tax for ten years for good roads; at the end of that time the roads would be good and you could vote to rescind the law if you wanted to, and you would have good roads and no tax for thirty or forty years, the balance of your life.—H. A., in Southern Cultivator.

Leaving Clover With Too Much Top.

J. A. L. Tagwell, Va., writes: "I have a fine clover lot and the roots are full of nodules. The second growth is heavy, and my purpose is to let it fall on the ground. Will this smother out and kill the clover for next crop? Is the fact that this land is well suited to clover any assurance that it is also inoculated for the successful growth of alfalfa?"

It is not advisable to let second crop clover remain on the land during the fall and winter, as it is almost certain to smother out the crop. It would be better for you to cut it for seed and thresh and feed the straw and chaff to sheep and lambs during the winter. They will do well on it, and there will then be little danger of smothering out the stand. The fact that the roots of your red clover plants show a large number of nodules is not an insurance that the soil is inoculated for alfalfa. It seems that there is some specific difference between the bacteria which inoculate red clover and alfalfa, and so far as we know at the present time the one will not act favorably on the roots of another plant. It would therefore be wise and expedient for you to provide special inoculation if you intend to sow this land to alfalfa.—Answer by Professor Soule.

Only 1400 Russian pilgrims went to Jerusalem this year.