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IN THE WOOLLEY BUILDING.

By ROE L. HENDRICK.

Although it was many years before the era of "sky-scrapers," our little city had the Woolley Building, "the tallest in the country," as some proud residents declared. "As ugly as sin, and a fire-trap," was the comment of certain visitors, which unkind statement we attributed to ignoble jealousy.

On each side of Monroe street stretched a dozen blocks of brick structures, three or four stories in height. In the midst of them, with its back to Moss Creek, the Woolley Building towered upward nine stories in front, or eleven behind, if one counted the two basements.

So all good Palmyrans deemed themselves modest in speaking of its "nine full stories," although the same envious visitors had been heard to describe it as consisting of "six stories and a cocked hat."

The six formed the original structure. Then the City Library Association found itself in possession of a collection of books, a moderate building fund, and a lawsuit over a site.

After the suit had dragged along for two years Mr. Woolley, owner of the tall "block," and at the same time president of the Library Association suggested a happy compromise. He would use the fund to put on three additional stories and install an elevator, and would give the library its lofty "site" rent free for all time. This was promptly agreed to, and in due time accomplished; but the result, from an architectural point of view, was not all that might have been desired.

The seventh story had a steeply sloping, slate-tiled front, much like a mustard roof, with a "hip" above, which was also slated. Above this, to afford plenty of light, the two other floors were built in circular form, and capped with a very flat, dome-like roof. It would have cost less had the addition been built like the lower floors, but in the eyes of Mr. Woolley and the committee the result would have been less ornamental.

The library proved very useful to the townspeople, and was often consulted, except when the old-fashioned counterweight elevator was out of order—high occurred frequently. That the air and light, upon a level with the top of Beemis' Hill, a mile away, were of the best, all patriotic Palmyrans agreed.

On May 30, 18—, Amy Murray, Jennie Paul, Lizzie Minturn, Frank Lodge and I, all students about to graduate from the academy, decided not to attend the Decoration-day exercises in Valleyview Cemetery, but instead to prepare the groundwork of our essays and orations for the coming commencement. By going to the library on a holiday, we knew we could have it to ourselves. Indeed, even the librarian was away; but Lizzie had borrowed the keys from him the night before.

Immediately after breakfast we all hurried down the street to the Woolley Building. A drum corps was "tooting" and rumbling over on Washington street, where the Grand Army veterans, members of the Woman's Relief Corps, and distinguished citizens, bearing flags and flowers, were forming in line for the march to the cemetery. A throng was assembled about Military Hall, but otherwise the streets were half-deserted, and many of the stores were closed.

We found only "Uncle Ben" Moseley, the colored janitor, in the building, sitting grumpily on the floor of the elevator, which was raised a foot or more above the level of the lobby stairs.

"Yo' can't go up," he said, shortly. "Everything locked."

"But I have the keys, Uncle Ben," said Lizzie, cheerily. "You're not going to make us walk up all those stairs, now are you?"

"Track's done busted," the old man explained, yielding a little.

"Not the whole way, is it, uncle?" Amy asked. "Can't you give us a lift?"

"Mebbe she'll go all right up to de 'fifth' floor," he admitted, "but de track's done busted above dar. An' dat lazy 'Lige Murphy's comin' to fix it soon's de p'rade starts. Dat's why I got to wait heah!"

Having thus revealed the cause of his ill humor to be the loss of a sight of the parade, Uncle Ben more graciously admitted us to the car and started it on its wobbly upward journey. He stopped at the fifth floor, and went very gingerly for the last few feet—a caution which seemed necessary, as the track on one side of the shaft swayed ominously.

"You-all 'll have to walk down," he said, at parting, "unless yo' wait till dat lazy 'Lige Murphy fixes things up."

Our ride was only two floors short of what it could have been at its best, for the shaft ended on the seventh floor. We soon were in the reading-room under the roof, with the windows open and a gentle breeze blowing through the apartment. It

flagstaff, with the huge flag then at half-mast, in honor of the nation's dead. He had unfastened the hal-yards from the cleat by the window, and now swiftly lowering the flag, he let it flutter down into the street, thereby calling attention to our perilous position.

I watched him draw the rope, hand over hand, till the loosened end fell from the upper pulley. Then he turned and beckoned imperatively for me to come to him. I had already removed my shoes mechanically, but the dread of great heights always had been inherent in my nature. It did not seem possible that I could go down to that dizzy verge, where my friend was working so coolly.

I hesitated, and he beckoned again. "You must go," Lizzie whispered. "I know how you feel, but you can do it. Frank has some plan, and you must hurry."

Already the floor was getting uncomfortably warm, and the slates outside were actually hot. We could hear a steady rumble, interspersed with occasional crackling noises, seemingly directly beneath our feet.

Turning over on my face, I slid down the slope till stopped by the chimney. Standing half-sheltered behind it, I was then able to grasp Frank's coat, while he leaned far over and lowered the rope. I now saw that the new water-tower had just been brought as close to the building as the heat would permit, and hastily elevated. But its top came only to the fifth story, leaving two floors between.

When the rope was let down, a man on the tower caught it with a pike-pole and drew it to him. Frank now lowered the other end of the rope, and in accordance with his instructions, the two ends were tied together by the tower man. The rope now formed an endless loop, running over the stout pulley on the lower part of the shaft, which was placed there to facilitate the handlings of the hal-yards from within the building.

"It's plenty long enough," said Frank, briefly. I then noticed for the first time that he held a curtain pole, with brass knobs at each end, in his hand. Evidently before going out upon the roof he had snatched this from the closet in the reading-room.

"Draw up the slack," he said. As soon as we had a few coils of the rope from below laid on the roof, he drew a "half-hitch" about each end of the curtain pole.

"That will hold fast," I heard him say with a certain emphasis born of the satisfaction I could not understand at the moment. "Now get astride and see how easily you can ride down. This pole will make a life-boat upon which all of us can ride to safety. Tell the men to send back plenty of cord, so I can fasten the girls to this pole. I want at least six pieces, so I can fasten them firmly to both ends of the pole before they start, for it isn't safe to assume that they can hang on at all. They may be unconscious before they leave the roof. And tell them to hang on to the rope and see that it doesn't run too fast. Now go, old man!"

"I can't," I said. A few glances from that great height already had caused an attack of nausea, and I felt sure I was going to faint. "I simply can't, Frank! You go!"

"Remember what I told you," was the only reply. "And tell them to hurry, please." With that he deliberately thrust me over the edge, and I was too weak to resist.

Astride both pole and rope, with a firm grasp above, and my eyes closed to avoid a sight of the dizzy distance below, I slid steadily down to the tower, while the firemen controlled my descent. In a few seconds I was clinging limply to one of the ladders.

"Send up six length of rope at once, so Frank can tie the girls on," I said. Luckily, the men understood without further explanation, which I was helpless to give at the time.

Now I could see how terribly the fire—which had started from the repair man's overturned brazing furnace—had eaten out the third and fourth stories, till practically all the woodwork was gone. It seemed as if the enormous weight above must simply crush the skeleton frame below, and I expected the catastrophe to occur at any moment.

I had reached the ground when I saw Jennie, bound fast to both ends of the pole, and unconscious, come sliding down the endless cable Frank had devised. Amy followed, then Lizzie, the latter courageously clinging to the rope, with only a loop about her feet; and finally, to my infinite relief, came Frank.

As he reached the tower, the rope was cut and the men ran down, while the ladder-like sections were quickly telescoped. In another instant the four horses bounded ahead, and the firemen and police forced the people out of the way into the adjacent streets.

They were none too soon! The tall building bowed backward with a rear, the greater part of the ruins

falling into Moss Creek, but two stories "buckling" forward so as almost to fill Monroe street. The fire was thrown against the Maynard House on the opposite side of the highway, and that building, with two adjacent blocks, was burned before nightfall.

But not a life was lost. Fire Chief Malone warmly said that credit for this was due solely to Frank Lodge, whose clear-headedness in first shutting off the elevator shaft alone afforded sufficient time for the subsequent rescue. No one below had known of our predicament until Frank dropped the flag, for Uncle Ben Moseley had been so frightened by the fire that he had forgotten our presence in the building.

Strange as it may seem, both Frank and I kept the notes for our orations, which had been thrust into our pockets; but the girls, having fewer pockets, lost theirs.—Youth's Companion.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

The time is not far distant when electricity will be used entirely as the power factor by the sugar planters.

The largest frog is now stated to be the new Rana goliath from the Cameroons, with a head and body measuring not less than ten inches. Hitherto the largest known has been a species living in the Solomon Islands.

In Turkey there is a great consumption of the milk of the buffalo, the common cow, the goat and the ewe, but it is hardly ever used in a natural state. According to a paper read at the London Academy of Medicine, the milk is kept at a moderate heat until its bulk is considerably reduced. After slow cooling the milk is treated with a ferment taken from the previous day's supply. In a few hours a kurd forms which is called Yoghurt. The preparation is preferred to milk, and it has a pleasant, clean, acid taste, and is, of course, nutritious.

What causes the rays of pencils of light that seem to be thrown out by every star when seen by the naked eye? A German scientist has been wrestling with the problem. He finds that all stars show precisely the same rays, but that in the case of the brighter stars the rays are plainer and somewhat longer. It is further remarked that the rays seen by the left and right eyes differ, and that if the head be turned the rays are rotated in a corresponding manner. It is thus concluded that the source of the rays is not in the stars, but in the eye itself, the middle of the retina being not perfectly homogeneous in its sensitiveness.

From an experience of two years and a review of medical literature, Dr. Metzenbaum classes radium with the Finsen light, X-rays and surgery in the treatment of lupus, and with surgery and the X-rays in the treatment of the rodent ulcer and small surface cancers. In these cases, healing is rapid, and apparently permanent, while the beneficial effects of radium are obtained from tubes of low activity, costing but a few dollars. Deep-seated malignant growths seem beyond the influence of radium rays, and the expected benefit in blindness has not been realized, while radium cannot take the place of X-rays for skiagraphs on account of the length of exposure necessary and the irritation that would result. Radium has some effect in making ulcer scars smooth, pliable and healthy in appearance.

The Simplex pile, which has been in use for some time past in England and elsewhere, has lately been improved. Its principal feature is a cylinder of strong metal tubing, which, in some cases, is as much as two feet in diameter, pointed at the lower end, but having the pointed end so constructed that, after the tube has been driven home and filled with concrete, it opens on hinges so that the tube can be drawn upward, leaving the shaft of concrete in the ground. As the concrete is filled in from above and pounded down, the tube is gradually withdrawn upward, a couple of feet at a time. Just above the pointed end the diameter of the tube, for a short distance, is a little enlarged. The consequence is that for the greater part of its length the tube does not press tightly against the ground, and thus the operation of withdrawing it is more easily performed. After the tube is drawn up the ground eventually settles tightly round the concrete shaft.

After being twenty years in the service of a family at Saffron Walden, England, as housekeeper, a woman died, and it was found that no one knew her surname.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

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

Plowing, Good and Bad.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman opens his communication with an axiom, for it is certainly true that good plowing is at the foundation of good farming. All that is said about plowing when the soil is too wet or too dry applies, of course, only to heavy soil containing a large percentage of clay. Most of the sandy lands of this State can be plowed as soon as the rain stops, without any injury. Florida farmers have yet to learn that one-horse plowing does not pay.

Good plowing, it has been said, is at the foundation of all good farming; and there is much of truth in the statement. A field that is poorly plowed is not likely to produce a heavy crop, and always requires extra labor in its subsequent preparation and cultivation. Land that is plowed too wet or too dry is certain to be baked or cloddy, and often remains in this condition the season through. Shallow, careless plowing has been the bane of this section; and many a gullied hillside testifies to the work of the man who plowed four inches deep because he was in a hurry to get through. Down in the cotton country, where, in many localities at least, the rule is a darky, a mule and a little one-horse plow that turns up from two to four inches of soil, the damage is equally apparent, and even more general.

Good plowing and deep plowing are, however, not necessarily synonymous. Some land needs to be turned no more than four inches, although it is fair to say that there is very little of that kind in this section. Land to be well plowed must be broken to a uniform depth and be free from the "skips" and "wallows" left by so many plowmen. When the soil is too wet to shed, or so dry that it breaks up in chunks, a good job is impossible. The ideal condition is when the soil as it falls from the plow crumbles down into a soft, smooth bed.

This ideal condition is not always obtainable even where the land is smooth and uniform, and where, as is often the case with us, one field may have in it a half dozen types and conditions of soil and as many differences in topography, the problem is one of great difficulty. Where one has to plow up hill and down, through alluvial deposits and clay banks, he must be a better plowman than any with whom I am acquainted if he keeps his furrows of uniform depth and width. He cannot set his plow for every variation of soil or slope, but must strike an average as best he can. This means that he may plow eight inches deep in one place and four in another. Usually, too, the least depth will be reached where the greatest is needed. Now this is a very unpleasant state of affairs, but it seems also to be inevitable. It is one of the disadvantages which the man who farms in the hill country has to contend with. If any one can tell us any practical way of surmounting this difficulty I can promise him the gratitude of at least one reader, and believe he will have that of thousands of others.

There are some things a farmer is said never to appreciate until he has had and lost them—running water, a good fruit supply, abundant shade trees and a convenient wood lot. I think it is safe to add that the man who has level land of uniform quality cannot fully appreciate his good fortune unless he has at one time farmed on hilly land.—Florida Agriculturist.

The Country Boys and Girls.

It is a remarkable fact that a large part of the brain and brawn has always come from the rural districts of all countries. We might go down the business street of any town in North Carolina to-day and take an inventory, so to speak, of the men who are doing the business, and we would find a large part of them were reared in the country. We do not write to make odious comparisons between the country children and the town children, but we wish to call the attention of parents in the country to the new order of things coming to pass.

We wish to ask fathers and mothers if it is reasonable to suppose that their boys and girls in the country who only have an opportunity to cultivate and develop their minds from three and one-half to four months in the year will be able to stand up and compete with and enter into life's struggles with the boys and girls in the towns who have nine months to improve the mind and be trained for life's work; to say nothing of the magazines, good literature and lectures to which they have access.

It is not reasonable to suppose that children who have practically

the same natural ability and more than twice the opportunity the others do, will be equal when contest comes.

Parents of the rural districts, children are as dear to you as parents. Do you want them to be helpless or inferior in capacity their fellows in the years to come? I am sure no true parent does. mark the prediction: unless the parents of the rural districts better themselves and secure more of advantages for their children in way of education the time will a day come when those who have it must serve.

This is not a pleasant thought, it is as true as the Gospel itself. We do not want to see parents the rural districts satisfied with four or four months' school; they are not content with this if they expect to keep pace with the towns villages.—Catawba County News.

Cultivating the Plum Orchard.

There is even more necessity regular and clean cultivation of the plum than with the peach; in much as it requires a more plentiful supply of water. Moisture only be retained by cultivation, shallow but thorough, after every compacting rain, thereby pulverizing crust and forming a soil mulch shut off capillarity and so the water already chambered in subsoil from the winter rains. Insure such a reservoir of moisture the orchard should be plowed both directions with either cultivator or disk harrow as early in the fall as possible. Even during winter it will pay once or twice to be the "compact" crust that forms a heavy rain with an acme of soil or similar instrument, though is quite generally neglected by commercial growers to their loss.

Crops of grass and weeds should never be allowed to develop in orchard, as they not only rob trees of water, but of plant without a corresponding return. Cultivated crops, like cotton, of course distinctly injurious to trees, are less objectionable. To a certain extent they pay for labor and lodging. Cow peas in rows cupping the middle between the trees are rather more of a benefit than detriment, for although they rob the water supply, they furnish equivalent in the nitrogen they transfer to the soil. Small grains, however, is ruinous. Cultivation should cease before the maturity of the crop and not be resumed until the trees have become dormant in the fall. This will permit the wood to ripen up well, which a constant rupture of the root system by cultivator would prevent.—Prof. N. Starnes.

Visiting Neighbors' Farms.

Every farmer should get out occasionally and visit his neighbors farms. Every other business it makes it a point to know the men who are engaged in his line of work and he profits by the acquaintance. The farmer who stays at home the time is inclined to get the idea that the sun rises and sets for his particular benefit of his individual patch of earth, which means that is in a fair way to go to seed. Of course when a man visits another man's farm, he will not brag, criticize or gossip. If he goes in a friendly give-and-take spirit, he will generally find his neighbors quite ready to explain how he grows more corn the acre than does the man on the next quarter, or to show why his poultry or his dairy bring him a profit, whereas they are only a drain on the resources of too many of his fellow-farmers. It is not safe to jump at the conclusion that because a man grows more corn to the acre than you grow his soil is any better than yours. In nine cases out of ten it raises more because he uses better seed, or because he has learned better methods of cultivation.—Farmer Life.

Severe Root Pruning Favored.

Although the horticulturist of the Georgia experiment station declines to make any positive statement concerning the advisability of severe root pruning when planting young trees, he says that he is fully satisfied that peach trees from which the roots have been largely cut off will live and flourish in Georgia even on stiff clay and under adverse weather conditions. The same statement may also be made of apple and cherry trees. In some experiment made he found that the root-pruned trees made fewer, deeper, larger and more robust roots. These roots penetrated seventeen and one-half inches for the roots of unpruned trees.