# THE FRANKLIN PRESS.

n use in a limited way. Thousands

of these are neglected in mills, fac-

tories, and mines on account of lack

of forethought or ignorance. Owners

of plants do not always .. ave the time

to study the hundreds of devices in-

vented for this purpose, and they are

not sure that they would do all that

is claimed for them

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### CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,

Her Handkerchief Flirtation,

EY ERMINIE C. STRAY.

Cabo Tormentoso the saliors called it first. By this wild cape the mariners go to their

Cabo Tormentoso the saliors called it first,
And Stormy Cape all mariners shall find
it evermore.

The passion of the hurricane on its iron
rocks is nursed,
Veering winds of huse desire that thwart
the plunging bark,
Pale witch-fires glisten on the wave and
beacon from the shore,
And shipwrecked voices bid beware of
gramarye accurst.
Cape of Good Hope! We seek it far across
the waters dark,
But Cabo Tormentoso the saliors named it
first.

By this wild cape the mariners go to their
splicerie,
Weather-wasted mariners with dreaming.
dreaming cycs.
Behind them toss the sullen leagues of monster-haunted sen;
Before them, oh, before them lift the
breathing groves of mace,
Nard and clove and clumamon, where fragrance newer dies.
Where amber talsam drips from the flameshaped license tree.
Cape of Good Hope! Year in, year out,
the reckless callor race
Throw scorn upon your tempests for a
waft of spicerie.

Katharine Lee Bates in The Century.

-Katharine Lee Bates in The Century.

handkerchief in various signs. She was not alone, however, for Laura and Lily came in immediately, followed Mr. Stanley and several other friends, who soon went out upon the croquet lawn, bearing Lucy with The game was at its height, Miss Dean, almost unconsciously dropped her handkerchief. Mr. Stan

"Will you be nothing but a friend?" She did not reply, but watching him furtively saw his sign of "I love you" again. This time she did not throw him off adroitly, but answered with the same, turning to carnation red as she did so. Two minutes later he was by her side again, upon pretense of sending her ball through an arch, but really to say:

ley picked it up and handed it to her

"Tell me the truth, once and forever Lucy; do you love me or hate me?" "I do not hate you"

Then you love me, and you will be my wife?"

whispering:

The game was up; the handkerchief firtation ended, and two hearts were made happy at last, much to the disgust of Madam Clarence and her daughters.-New York Weekly.

### SWISS FLECTRIC BOADS

Cheap Power Derived from Alpine Streams, Displaces Coal.

Owing to the increase in the price of coal during the last few years, Mr. Thormann, a prominent Swiss enginger, wished to find out whether it would be an advantage to use electrical energy, furnished by hydraulic plants, over the whole of the rail road system of Switzerland. After nvestigating the subject he published a report which has awakened considerable interest and will no doubt bring about some practical results in this direction. He finds that the substitu tion of electricity for steam on the railroads is quite practicable and has many advantages, although it will no bring about any considerable reduc-

tion in the cost of operating the roads. The five main railroads in Switzer land require over 50,000 horsepower daily. In order to organize a complete electrical service it will be ne cessary to obtain about 60,000 horse power in the shape of alternating current of high tension, not counting the reserve supply, which is indispensable. Not taking into account the considerable number of fails which are not utilized in the country, the lst already 21 large hydra which can give a total of power. These include Siel, near Linsiedl, which

city of 20,000 horsepo

0,000 horsepower

each 5000 h

aburg plant, on the

dreds of

unseen, began mechanically using ber A LIFE-SAVING MUSEUM safety appliances already invented and

Manufacturing Nation.

MAN WHO NEVER KICKED. The effort made to establish in New He Draws a Distinction for the Benefit of the Dissatisfied Looking Person. "What's the use of complaining about things?" asked the comfortablelooking man. "What's the use of making life a burden to every one around you with incessant kicking? Does it ever do any good? No sir." "I don't know about that." disput-

> er is inattentive and your food is badly cooked? Do you complain to the manager or do you not?" "I am glad you asked that ques-

tica," said the comfortable-lookiing man. "That happened to me not a week ago. I waited nearly ten minutes before the walter took my order. 20 minutes before my dinner was brought to me-and then it was cold and the beef I ordered well done was rare. Did I kick? No, sir, I got up from the table and presented my card at the cashier's deak. I said pleasantly, 'I, of course, decline to pay for uneatable food, which is the sort that has been served to me. If you wish to recover by process of law, there is my name and address. If you prefer to call the police I shall go to the station without resistance. In any case I shall not patronize the place again, nor shall I recommend my friends to

do so." "The proprietor had been attracted to the spot by the sound of my voice, which I made perfectly audible. He asked me what I had to complain of. ices I replied that I never complained. Al-I advised him to fire the waiter to see that those remaining pertheir duties properly. Then He didn't carl the police, and

ituted suit against me."

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED. "THE TRACEDY OF A QUEEN."

The Rev. F. F. Shannon Draws a Timely Lesson From the Story of Vashti-There Are Few Finer Exhibitions of Sacrifice in the History of Womanbood

BROOKLY, N. Y.—For his Sunday morning sermon, in Grace M. E. Church, the pastor, the Rev. Frederick F. Shan-non, had for his thome "The Tragedy of a Queen." The text was from Esther i:11-12: "Bring Vashti the queen before the king with the crown royal, to show the people and the princes her beauty; for she was fair to look on. But the Queen Vashti refused to come at the king's commandment by his chamberlains." Mr. Shannon

said:
The Ahasuerus of the book of Esther is
The Ahasuerus of the bistory. By comthe Xerxes of profane history. By com-mon consent of historians he was one of the Nerxes of profane history. By common consent of historians he was one of the most powerful monarchs that every when things go wrong I'd like to know how we are ever going to get any reforms?"

"Fussing never does any good," maintained the comfortable-looking man. "If you want to see anybody universally detested take a look at the chronic kicker. I tell you, my friend, amiability counts. It counts at home, in business and in all affairs of life."

"It's the kicker who brings around improved conditions of things for the rest of us," said the dissatisfied-looking person. "His motive may be selfish, but we benefit by it nevertheless. Then we show our gratitude by abusing him. What do you do yourself if you go into a restaurant and the waiter is inattentive and your food is badily cooked? Do you complain to the

night a.so. But time cannot dull the beau-ty of a great soul. Time cannot quench the flame of a white life. Time cannot stain the snow of a pure heart. And that is why Queen Vashti and the tragedy of her life forever hold our admiration and our tears. Our tears.

Perhaps we shall be more capable of measuring the unfortunate queen by glancing at the monarch she opposed. Ahasuring possessed the almost unlimited power of an Oriental despot. His will was supreme in everything. We find him here giving a feast to his lords and princes. Having conceived the idea of making war on Greece, this feast to his subjects is a step looking to that end. Whatever he undertook usually came to pass. He could dig a canal through the Isthmus of Monnt Athos. He could build a bridge of ships across the Heilespant. He could scorrege the sea for its tempestmousness. He could bedeck the branches of a tree with jewelry as a reward for its fruitminess. He could raise an army of more than 2,259,000 men. He could even shed tears when he reflected that in less than a century not one of these men would survive. But we have in our text one thing this monarch could. Perhaps we shall be more capable of of these men would survive. But we have in our text one thing this monarch could not do. He could not cornel a help'ess woman to permit him and his drunken courtiers to make a toy of her beauty. He could not drag a high-souled queen dowe

"oblivion, that shadow of darkness," it does not forget to pluck the spangles from

the robes of kings, tossing them into the night also. But time cannot dull the beau-

from the pedestal of her stainless purity! Consider, in the first place, that the life-stopy of Vashti recalls the fact that palaces story of Vashti recalls the fact that palaces
have furnished the actors in some of the
darkest, deepest tragedies in history.
When Shakspeare wanted material from
which to create his immortal dramas, with
the ring vision the; ghty master began
wrobe the life history of kings and
From their laughter and tears,
for and shame, from their

rather than be "led a captive princess up the Capitoline Hill," she died by her own hand. Lacking moral sense, she wore a face of brass to the end of the tragedy. Unlike the sweet-souled Vashti, Cleopatra had no veil of modesty for her face, and she asked none for her soul. Darker than Egyptian night, she has left a dark stain upon the brow of universal womanhood! Whiter than the whiteness of the dawn. Vashti, like Shelley's heroine, "clothed in virtue's adamantine eloogience, paves her path with human hearts!"

Consider, also, that in studying the tracedy of Vashti, we have to reckon with her beauty, "for she was fair to look on."
When some genius equal to the task of

When some genius equal to the task of writing a history of beauty appears, men and women will find a perpetual charm in its coming pages. It will contain a page of joy, a page of sorrow, a page of peace, a page of war, a page of love, a page of hate, a page of poetry and a page of art. But it will contain many pages developing this thought—the tragedy of beauty.

But along with her beauty, Vashti possessed that other quality which lends beauty an enduring freshness and charm—modesty. Vashti owes her place in history not so much to her beauty as to her mode.

the most prestige, her converty the most disquieting elegance and her beauty the most triumphant authority." It was the are most triumphant authority. The brushes of Latour and Boucher have pleaded with all the court of Louis XV. The brushes of Latour and Boucher have pleaded with all the court of Louis XV. the eloquence of their gentus and art to deify this daring woman. She appointed ministers, she emical those who incurred those who ran counter wish. She was the pat phy, art and song. The wand Versailles was tou wand Versalies was toward into a dream of splendor, which has not yet vanished. Her collection of pictures, crystals, came cos, antiques and gene was unparalleled in the kingdom. She squandered fortunes on her palaces, feter and ball; and ther other fortunes on her trilet, years this butcher's daughter broken on y perial away, which was broken only death. But when the historian tells padour heautiful, or merely pretty?" I stinctively drawing back as we would stinctively drawing back as we would in
the presence of a snake, we answer. "She
was neither. She was a royal hariot, paraded in gilded shame, lacking most of all
that jewel of modesty which sparkles in
the crown of true beauty." Alas for that
land whose women forsake their veils of
modesty to show the people and princes
their beauty!
Consider, finally, the prize Vashti paid
for her modesty. For her refusal to come
at the king's command was the immediate

at the king's command was the immediate cause of her detironement. Surely there are few finer exhibitions of sacrifice in the history of womenhead. We love to read of Telesilla, who with the course of the course

## WEALTH, THE MAGICIAN.

Priggs, of Booglestown, C strike fer miles aroun',
swas "Redhead Sai"—
se people called her so—
a merchin' air,
tel. ske where'er she'd go

old Peter has bit oil since then,

Her manner now is guaint

-Loniaville Courier Journal.

# JUST FOR FUN



Juggs-You ain't the only man that ets frightened at his own shadow .-Chicago Journal.

Jiggs-Every time I go along this oad at night I am startled by the apparition of a jackass.

First Mountaineer (to Second Mountaineer, in Switzerland)-What a lovely country-Holland is.-Punch.

He (fervently)-I would go through anything for you. She (sweetly)-Well-er-let's begin on your bank account.—Puck.

"My sister sings 'Il Trovatore' in five sharps." "Mine sang it in six flats, but they made her move out of every one of them."-Judge.

Mrs. Dearborn-Did you say that lady and gentleman were distantly related? Mrs. Wabash-Yes, they're divorced.-Yonkers Statesman.

In Utah.-Client-Can you reveal to me the likeness of the woman I am going to marry? Medium—I can give you a composite photograph.—Life.

"What did your property in Swamphurst cost you? "Four dollars a "What'll you sell for?" I'll let it go for \$2 a gallon."-Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Tufty-Didn't Mrs. Green leave her card? The New Maid-Yes 'm, she lef' it, an' I had to chase her two blocks to give it back to her .- Philadelphia Inquirer.

Hoax-Johlots has gone into the clothing business. Joax-He ought to There's money in clothes. do well. Hoax-There's never any in mine.-Philadelphia Record.

"Hans how long have you been married?" "Vell, dis is a ting that I seldom don't like to talk about, but ven I does, it seems so long as it never was."-Chicago Tribune.

"Strange," murmured the man, "that I have no appetite for breakfast. Here I've only eaten an ordinary meal. And me to be hung this morning, too."

was shocked at the thought of coquetried daughters were always on the qui- and taking both of her hands, said: vive to hear what Mr. Stanley had to say to their pretty cousin, who had

neither money nor home, and nothing abruptly. in the world but her virtue, and beauty, and her accomplishments. these facts, and admired while he ber eyes literally snapping fire, but secretly feared her. Women as clever her face wreathed in smiles as she as Lucy Dean did not often marry said: commonplace men, but he meant to marry her, and he meant to make Miss specimen of the climbing white rose Dean love him, too. But it was uphill

daughters forever watching, and Mr. Startey was put to his wits' end for a

It struck him one evening, while with me." paying them his accustomed visit, that he would employ the language of the handkerchief, knowing full well that Lacy would not notice it even if she understood it, but as constant dropwill wear away a stone, so he can that very evening by telling took Lucy's other arm, saying: ith the aid of the handkerchief

> king frantic efforts to seublime indifference, until,

> loved her, but Miss Dean never

She never meant to do wrong. She | chief over her shoulder, which signiwas always modest, unassuming and f.ed: "Follow me," and going out into ladvlike. She never flirted in her life, the rose garden, she waited with She was too much of a woman, and downcast eyes and blushing cheeks.

Would be follow her? Did be really ry, or flirtation of any kind. Every- want to speak to her, or did he do it one knew her to be upright, honest to see if she would reply, and was he and pure. Everyone, even to Vane even now laughling in his sleeve to Stanley who for a whole year ad-think what a fool she was? She mired her in secret and afar off, be- turned suddenly, determined to fice to cause he could never approach her or her own room, and never see him have a moment alone with her for again. But Mr Stanley frustrated Madam Clarence and her two unmar- that plan by suddenly coming forward,

> "You have pitted me at last Lucy." "What did you want?" she asked

"Come with me, and I will tell you, and he drew her arm within his, just Mr. Stanley was fully aware of all as Madam Clarence came up to them,

> "Don't you think this is a lovely Mr. Stanley?"

"Yes, it is very beautiful," he said, quietly, determined for once not to be thwarted. He continued: "Come, Lucy, I believe you promised to walk

She shrank and started back. She knew full well what Madam Clarence would say when she returned, and she dreaded the terrible ire of that lady. But Vane Stanley was determined, and drew her on, not at all prepared to to wear away her prejudices, be followed by Madam Clarence, who

"If it will be no intrusion, I would like to go along, too, for I dearly love to walk.

We need not say that that walk was necessarily short, and that they came ttention, and Miss Dean re- back to the parlor again anything but satisfied. But the minds of two, at re made up, and from that f filrtation pro-

NEED OF MORE DEVICES FOR RE DUCING INDUSTRIAL DEATHRATE.

More Workingmen Are Killed While On Duty in the United States Than is the Case in Any Other Large

York a museum of safety has attract ed the widespread attention of manufacturers, who are interested in the present high industrial death rate that prevails in this country through causes which could be largely removed by the adoption of precautionary methods, writes George E. Walsh, in the Scientific American. We are the form nost nation of the earth in the invention of safety devices and appliances; but our industrial death rate is the highest of all the large manufacturing nations. Either we are careless of the individual life of workmen, or through ignorance or willfulness we do not take the medicine prescribed by ourselves. Our safety appliances are used in manufacturing plants in all parts of the world, but often their use is neglected right at home. Many of the thousands of devices intended to protect workmen from injuries in various dangerous employments are merely of local use, and they are of no general advantage to the industrial world. A more general knowledge of the use and value of safety appliances should result in safeguarding human life in all departments of work. A museum of safety would form a nucleus for working plans and models of all devices intended to protect workmen from their own carelessness or from conditions over which thew have no control. Both manufacturers and employes would have object lessons presented to them in such a collection of inventions, and there would

the exhibition. In Germany manufacturers have united in a movement to lower the industrial death rate, while in Holland there has been for some time a museum of safety, which has demonstrated the value of educating the public in the use of safety appliances. Another such museum is located at Milan; but the Amsterdam institution has furnished more data for the general public than the smaller one in southern Earope. Every effort is e working models of ces for exhibition

be few trades or industries that could

not draw some valuable results from