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Kenilworth Inn Burned.

Special to The Chronicle.

Asheville, April 14.—Kenilworth Inn, the magnificent \$140,000 property of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gazzam, which caught fire this morning shortly before 2 o'clock, was burned to the ground. The fire originated over the kitchen range and when discovered was burning fiercely. The hotel, located nearly two miles from town, was inaccessible to fire protection and the firemen, while responding promptly, were of service only in the use of ladders.

At the time of the fire there were between 500 and 700 guests in the hotel. All these are accounted for this morning.

Former State Senator Gazzam, the owner of the property was sleeping on the fourth floor. He was not awakened until the house was in flames and was forced to jump to the ground. In jumping his head barely missed a stone arch. He is at the Biltmore hospital seriously injured internally, it is feared.

A guest in room No. 268 was rescued by Patrolman E. C. McConnell, who broke in the window and found the guest asleep. McConnell and the guest were cut off by the flames and came down on the outside by leaping from balcony to balcony.

Fire Chief Bernard, who went to arouse Senator Gazzam, was cut off by the flames. When Gazzam jumped, Bernard darted back through the flames and reaching the stairway came down to the second floor and jumped. His eyebrows were singed off and his face slightly burned by contact with the flames.

Tom Foster, a negro servant, had the most narrow escape. He was sleeping on the third or fourth floor above the dining room and was not awakened until the flooring of the room was burned away and his bed, tilting to one side, threw him out. He leaped from the window to a porch below and sustained, it is feared, serious internal injuries.

The Kenilworth Inn with its furnishings cost \$310,000, with \$75,000 insurance.

Municipal Cleanliness.

Springfield Union.

The Street Commission of New York says: "Some day the people are going to wake up, and things won't be thrown in the streets." But things will be thrown in the streets in every city just so long as cities do not provide receptacles at convenient places to receive the stuff. Waste cans on the curbing do not appeal to one's esthetic taste, but they serve a very useful purpose, as Berlin and other progressive European cities have found out. They keep a considerable quantity of waste paper, fruit skins and other things from littering up the streets. Some American cities provide these waste cans, and it is surprising the amount of rubbish they collect in the course of a day that otherwise would have been thrown into the street to make additional work for the sweepers. In Berlin they have perfected a system of collecting the rubbish in these cans so as not to strew it along the street, as is sometimes done with the scavenger wagons in use in Springfield and other places. In Berlin covered carts empty the contents automatically and prevent the contents being thrown about. And this is only one of the many things that European cities do better than American cities, yet over there they do not boast of their wonderful progressiveness. We are just beginning to learn some important lessons in regard to municipal cleanliness.

Little Tales of President Taft.

In 1883 Bill resigned an internal revenue collectorship, to which he had been appointed by President Arthur, to practice law, and one of his very first cases was the defense of a man charged with having stolen an umbrella from a stand full which a merchant had placed just outside his store door on a rainy day. The merchant was placed upon the witness stand, and Bill asked:

"How do you identify the umbrella alleged to have been found in the defendant's possession?"

"By its general appearance; it is one of a special lot. I have others with which to compare it," the witness replied.

"That proves nothing," Bill commented airily. "It is a very conventional type; in fact, I have one just like it," offering an umbrella for comparison.

"And does that prove anything?" the witness insinuated. "I have lost more than one umbrella from that stand!"

Another little gastronomic adventure occurred in a Southern town, where Mr. Taft was apparently the only guest at the hotel. His first meal was breakfast, and two limber-backed darkies vied with each other as to which should capture the big man. When this had been accomplished the victor rushed off, soon returning with a huge waiter filled with dishes.

"But, I say, Sam," Mr. Taft protested gently, as the contents of the tray was being transferred to his table, "haven't you any breakfast food?"

Sam rolled his eyes wildly. "'Deed an' we is, sah!" he exclaimed. "We got fried ham, fried chicken, fried steak, fried fish, fried sweet potatoes, reed birds, frog-laigs, hot cakes, corn bread, waffles, biscuits, lightbread eggs, honey, coffee, an' milk. Ah dun brung all dat, sah, an' ef dat ain't 'nough breakfast food, 'deed Ah don't know what Ah gwine do, sah, 'kase taint nigh hog-killin' time yet!"

While United States Circuit judge, a washout on the railway once marooned him in a small Ohio town, to the "hotel" of which he proceeded in search of breakfast, there being no dining car attached to his waiting train. The landlord himself waited upon the table.

"I'll have," Mr. Taft said, his appetite sharpened by a 12-hour fast, "some broiled steak, scrambled eggs, smelts, broiled kidneys, hot rolls, buckwheat cakes, breakfast bacon—and, of course, you will first bring some grape fruit or oranges—and coffee."

"Do you really calculate to get all that, stranger?" the landlord asked curiously.

"Surely. Why not?" Bill asked jauntily. "Isn't this a hotel?"

"Wall, yas, it is a hotel!" the responsible party replied, "an' I'll git you your breakfast—codfish balls, doughnuts an' coffee this mornin'."

He turned away, but paused to remark solemnly:

"An' say, stranger, ef we did have all that you wouldn't get it."

"Why not?" the astonished guest demanded.

"'Cause I'd eat it myself!" was the conclusive and emphatic reply, a longing expression spreading over his face.

Grace: Pimples, blotches, rough, shiny skin are from the blood and stomach. A simple never failing remedy—one that makes clear, healthy complexions, pure blood, perfect digestion, is Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Surprise yourself. Tea or Tablets, 35 cents. Dr. Kent's and Granite Falls Drug Stores.

New Wealth For The South.

Charlotte Observer.

We very greatly hope that the cotton stalk paper mill at Cordele, Ga., whose construction begins today, will prove an unqualified success. If this plant can profitably produce newsprint paper from its intended material, the South will become endowed with a new source of wealth. To recall that no important use was made of cotton seed until a comparatively recent period is to anticipate how succeeding generations will look upon the manner in which cotton stalks are now treated.

Of the cotton plant's adaptability for paper-making there can be no reasonable question. It is simply a diminutive tree—not so very diminutive either in some countries where it is native. Cotton stalks are true wood, and of a proper softness. So highly fibrous, however, is this soft wood that the practical difficulties in the way of utilization for paper-making have appeared formidable. Paper could be made, but could it be made with success commercially? The Cordele mill's projectors evidently believe that this question now admits of an answer in the affirmative. Whether or not the process has yet been sufficiently perfected, it certainly will be before very long. The modern industrial world, hungry for material of every kind, often forced to seek substitutes for material approaching exhaustion, cannot neglect the cotton stalk indefinitely.

As an important factor in the cotton-stalk paper mill's possibilities, there must not be overlooked the constant rise in paper prices to keep pace with forest destruction. Paper produced under circumstances which five years ago would have been highly disadvantageous might well earn good profits now. With this tendency continuing and with the cotton-stalk paper people improving methods as their experience increases, we may reasonably expect the new industry to establish itself upon a firm foundation. Once it becomes so established, the boll weevil will receive an important check, for all investigators agree that complete destruction of the stalks each fall is the best preventive yet suggested.

Here's to the cotton-stalk paper mill—the next broadening of Southern industry.

The Value of a Smile.

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while, That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile. The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow-men Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again. It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent— It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile; It always has the same good look—it's never out of style— It nerves us on to try again when failure makes us blue; The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you. It pays a higher interest for it is merely lent— It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer. A hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear. It ripples out, moreover, to the heartstrings that will tug, And always leaves an echo that is very like a hug. So, smile away. Folks understand what a smile is meant.

Professor Massey in Progressive Farmer.

Timothy is the great market grass for hay in the North, and is the best grass perhaps in our high mountain plateaus. It is not, however, the best grass for most of the South. But there are other grasses better suited to the South that are equally as good as the timothy, and, in fact, far better than most of the timothy sent South, which is often the dead grass from which a seed crop has been threshed, and is not much better than straw.

In all parts of the South, wherever the soil has been improved by the truck growers, every one has seen the crops of crab grass that follow the early truck if simply let alone. Crab grass hay, grown on these fertile soils and cut at the proper stage, is as good as timothy. But the great hay and forage crop of the South, the crop that has a higher feeding value in the hay than the red clover of the North, as high feeding value as alfalfa hay, is the cowpea. With this plant we can grow a larger crop of more valuable hay than any grown in the Northwest and can grow it after producing a crop of grain on the same land, and at the same time can leave the land with increased fertility by reason of having grown it.

All over the South there are equal opportunities for the profitable use of the pea for the feeding of stock and the improvement of the soil, and with cowpeas and crimson clover any sandy land in the South can be brought up to the production of two bales of cotton per acre while making a profit in the bacon produced and cured on the place.


I have lost none of my enthusiasm for the pea, for the longer I live the more I am convinced that this "clover of the South" has a still greater future before it for the Southern farmer. Will you not let it help you make money this year?

"Take Professor Massey's advice, and sow peas, sow them now, so they will get ripe early, then turn your hogs into the fields and let them get fat. Sow peas."

A New Wireless Telephone System.

Mr. Fessenden keeps the details of his discovery secret, but he declares that the recent test during which the station at Brant Rock was instructed to keep forwarding messages, while coast stations and government vessels equipped with wireless apparatus made attempt to interfere, established beyond doubt that the non-interfering system is a success in every way. Wireless messages between Brant Rock and Washington are now of constant occurrence, and transmitting and receiving apparatus for battleships and coast stations, which is expected to work over a distance of 1,000 miles, is soon to be installed.

"Tom," a mammoth elephant in Robinson's circus, Saturday afternoon at Des Moines, Iowa, picked up his attendant, Charles Bartlow, hurled him into the air, and then beat his body into pulp against a small barn in the winter quarters there. After inflicting fatal injuries to his keeper, the big brute ran through Ingersoll Park, uprooted half a dozen small trees, turned over three circus wagons, tore the roof from the barn, and demolished a rustic bridge across the park lake. It took forty men an hour to capture the beast, and then five bullets were sent into him.




The Cost of Any Refrigerator Lies, Not in the Purchase Price, BUT IN THE COST OF ICE THAT IT CONSUMES

So the best in the long run, though perhaps it may cost a little more, is the cheapest box for you to buy. The Odorless make are so constructed that ice keeps much longer than in any other box—foods are perfectly preserved. We guarantee no taint—and if any refrigerator purchased of us isn't just as represented, your money back.

WE SELL THEM ON EASY PAYMENTS

No. 33, Ice Capacity 50 lbs.	12 00
No. 34, Ice Capacity 75 lbs.	15 00
No. 35, Ice Capacity 100 lbs.	16 50

See our Window Display.



Resolutions

WHEREAS, It takes more backbone than it does wishbone to succeed in business—

RESOLVED,

- 1st—That we will continue to buy our hides;
- RESOLVED,
- 2nd—That we will tan our own Leather;
- RESOLVED,
- 3rd—That we will make better goods.
- RESOLVED,
- 4th—That we cut out all talk about competitors and stick more closely to our own business.
- RESOLVED,
- 5th—You resolve:

"WHEN IN DOUBT, BUY OF PRICE!"

PRICE-CLINE HARNESS & TANNING CO.

CORN PLANTERS

BUY THE RIGHT KIND!

"The Daisy"

Rival Gordon Plows

Call and See Them

R. H. SPAINHOUR & CO.

Wreck Near Old Fort.

Asheville, April 11.—Passengers aboard train No. 22, from Asheville to Goldsboro, leaving here at 8 o'clock this morning, had a narrow escape one mile east of Old Fort when the train was derailed and four coaches overturned. The cause of the accident was not received by officials here.

Several passengers suffered severe bruises and sprains, but all escaped with their lives. None of the injured is dangerously hurt. The injured: Minnie Carson, Old Fort, ankle sprained; Kate Hemphill, Old Fort, leg sprained; J. L. Whitlock, Asheville, arm sprained; A. F. Jackson, Dillon, S. C., arm sprained; Mrs. John Monroe and baby, Asheville, slight cuts from broken glass; Conductor Murphy, left knee, arm and back sprained; Flagman Schoape, Salisbury, badly bruised.

All coaches, the chair car and baggage car were derailed and turned over. The injured were taken to the Burgin House nearby and attended by physician from Asheville and Old Fort. Superintendent Simpson, of the Asheville division; General Superintendent George R. Loyall and Law Agent Guerdard went to the scene with physicians.

Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes like maple sugar. It not only heals irritation and allays inflammation, thereby stopping the cough, but it also moves the bowels gently and in that way drives the cold from the system. It contains no opiate. Sold by Lenoir Drug Co., J. E. Shell and Granite Falls Drug Co.