

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

Vol. XVIII.

W. F. HARRISON,
Editor and Proprietor.

Gastonia, N. C., March 18, 1897.

(Published Weekly)

No 11.

ATHENS OF TO-DAY.

MODERN GREECE AND HER THIRTY PEOPLE.

Review of the book by the author of "The Greeks of the East" and "The Greeks of the West" by W. F. Harrison.

more than 2,000,000, though there are about as many more Greeks scattered throughout the other countries of the Mediterranean.

A NATION OF POLITICIANS.

There is more political discussion in Athens than there is in Washington. While this trouble with Crete goes on business will probably be given up for the time, and the people will do little else than talk about the situation. The chief places for such gossip are the cafes, of which there are hundreds in Athens. Here every afternoon and evening thousands of people come together to drink coffee and talk politics. The newspapers bring round the political papers, of which there are half a dozen in Athens, and each man has his paper and his coffee. These papers are printed in the same characters which you find in the same Greek classics, and the modern Greek language is much the same as the old Greek. I found that I could get along with a little phrase book, and could even read some of the jokes in the Greek comic papers.

POLITICAL BOONS IN GREECE.

The Greeks of to-day are as great stump speakers as their forefathers were. There is much shrewd electioneering done, and the wives of the Greeks can do as much as the men in Greece. Some of the women even electors for their husbands, and I was told of one Greek woman who, seeing that her husband would probably be defeated, went to some of the villages in the district and said that everyone who voted the right way would have a free railroad ticket to Athens and a ticket to the theater. The Greeks are crazy for amusements, and the bid gave her husband a seat in the Parliament. Every man in Greece has the right to vote. The members of Parliament are elected much like our Congressmen. Their terms are for four years, and they receive salaries of about \$400 a session. They have more power than our members of Congress, and it is they who in reality govern Greece. It is they who will decide as to wars with Turkey, and it is from them that the appropriations must come. The King has the right to veto, but he would not dare to exercise it against a large majority. He is just as anxious to be popular with the people as the President is anxious to be popular here, and he is pretty sure to do as the people want.

HOW THE GREEKS VOTE.

A political campaign in Greece is very much like a political campaign in America. The Greeks are fond of go speakers, and the man who can make a good stump speech stands a chance of an election. There is much bombast, of course, but the modern Greeks are intelligent, and the poorest of them consider themselves on an equality with the richest. The writers at the cafe will talk politics with you, and the politician will do the same and handshaking in Greece that he does in the United States. All of the elections are held upon Sunday, and, curiously enough, the polls are in the churches. In Athens you have to go to the Cathedral to do your voting. The voters are watched much more carefully in Greece than they are here. Every candidate watches his own box, for there is a ballot box for each candidate. He does not do it in person, but has a judge appointed to do it for him. The ballot boxes are in the churches, and they are so fixed that only one man can pass through at one time. Each box is about a foot square. In its top there is a pipe, the hole in which is just large enough to admit the arm of a man. This pipe runs down through the middle of the box until it meets a partition which divides the box in half. One side of the box is for affirmative ballots and the other for negative. The ballot is put down into the pipe through his ballot for or against the candidate as he pleases without the possibility of anyone knowing how he voted. Each voter is given only as many buckshot as there are candidates, and each judge can see that he has but one ballot in his hand before he puts it in the box. There are few election frauds in Greece. It is almost impossible to stuff a ballot box, and in case of the ballots in the boxes do not correspond with the registration at the entrances, the whole vote is thrown out.

ENTERPRISING ATHLETISMS.

When I started for Greece I expected to find there a nation gone to seed. I changed my mind when I reached Athens. The Athens of to-day is a modern city. It has wide streets, paved with cobblestones, and its houses are such like the three and four-story houses of Paris. Its people dress as we do. There are carriage with liveried coachmen and there is as much style in Athens as in any part of Europe. The better classes of the modern Greeks have as good homes as people of the same class in the United States. They are well dressed and well educated. The most of them speak half a dozen different languages, though French is the society language of the Greek capital. They can drive a car, and speak English, French and Greek, and at one of the theaters during my stay they were playing an Italian play. There is an Athens University which has nearly 2,000 students and which has 99 professors. Here the young Greek gets a thorough classical education, and he can if he wishes, add to it a course in law, medicine, theology or philosophy. There are, in addition to this, thirty-three other colleges in Greece, containing nearly 4,000 students. The kingdom has a system of common schools at which attendance is compulsory. There are also a number of private schools, and in Athens I found a few polytechnic institutes and an academy of sciences, several good libraries and a large national museum. There was also a girl's college, which contained 800 students, and there are girls' schools in many parts of Greece.

Big Bargains In Bill Heads.

Here are some odd lots of Statements and Bill Heads to be turned into cash during the month of March. There is a bargain in every lot named, but cash must accompany order. We will not set a type or turn a wheel on any job mentioned below until the money is in our hand.

Bill Heads.

NUMBER 3—Size, 8-1/2 inches Wide by 9-1/4 inches Long. One Lot 500 for \$1.30.—One Lot 500 for \$1.15. Neatly printed at above prices, but cash must come with copy.

NUMBER 4—Size, 8-1/2 inches Wide by 7 inches Long. ONE LOT OF 6,000. PRICES: 500 for \$1.05. 1,000 for 1.85. Neatly printed at above prices, but cash must come with copy.

NUMBER 5—Size, 8-1/2 in. Wide by 4-5/8 in. Long—6 Lines. One lot 1,000 for \$1.35; or 500 for 80 cents. One lot 1,000 for 1.30; or 500 for 80 cents. One lot 1,000 for 1.50; or 500 for 90 cents. Neatly printed at above prices, but remember cash must come with copy.

Statements.

SIZE—5-1/4 inches Wide by 8 inches Long—20 to 23 Lines. One lot 500 for 85 cents. One lot 500 for 95 cents. One lot 500, 4 1/2 wide by 8 1/2 long, 23 lines, for \$1.00. One lot 500, 5 1/2 inches wide by 23 lines long, 16 lines, blank space top and bottom, for \$1.15. Send cash with copy. Prices like these for job printing are too low to book, to bill, to go after, or to take any other chances on. If you don't want to plank down cash with copy in order to get these bargains, just stand aside for the other man who will. These bargains are going to go. Get them while you may—and get them before April 1. We don't expect a one of them to be left at that date.

GAZETTE JOB OFFICE, Gastonia, N. C.

LAND OF RAILROADS AND FELLOWS.

I rode from Athens down to the sea-coast on a steam train, and I took excursions out into the country on street cars. It seemed strange to me in coming to Athens by carriage from the sea, passing over the road upon which Bolon and Kessop perhaps walked, to be turned out of the way by a steam engine chugging, which was macadamizing the road. I telephoned a number of times during my stay in Athens, and at night as I walked about under the electric lights I wondered how Diogenes would look if with his lantern he should again here seek for an honest man. The Greeks have as good a postal service as you will find anywhere. There are many book stores, and the displays of goods in the store windows are quite as fine as those of any American city of the same size.

DON'T LIKE FARMING.

As for the business of the people, the pure Greek does not take to agriculture. There are few farmers among the Greek nation than among any other. The most of the people are in mercantile business, in the professions, or in shipping. They are natural sailors, and Greece probably has more ships, in proportion to its size, than any other nation in the world. They have quite a good little navy, some of the vessels being armed with Krupp guns. They have 17 torpedo boats, each over 87 feet in length; a dozen gunboats, three first-class cruisers, and other vessels enough to make them quite a formidable navy for Turkey. In addition to these, Greece has about 3,000 sailing vessels and 6,000 coasting vessels, which trade with all parts of the Mediterranean. Prince George, the second son of the King, has shown remarkable skill as a sailor. He has frightened his men a number of times by his daring ways of moving naval vessels about. Not long ago he was in command of a gunboat which was coming into the Piræus. As the boat neared the harbor, it was found that there was a large fleet of fishing vessels at anchor there. It is usual under such circumstances, to slow down to half speed, but Prince George insisted upon going ahead as fast as the ship would go. He took the wheel himself, and with the utmost dexterity guided the gunboat through the narrow passages between the vessels without even fouling a cable, while the officers and men looked on with mingled awe and admiration. Prince George is now 37 years old. He is more than six feet in height, and is brave to the extreme. It is probable that he would like nothing better than a naval battle with the Turks, and the probability is that he would come out ahead.

THE REPAIRING OF THE PARTHENON.

King George has done a great deal to restore the old ruins of Greece. Some excavations were made at the Parthenon during my visit, and the King aided in watching off some of the marble statues which were found. He is interested now in having the Parthenon repaired, and the day may yet come when we will be able to look upon this great structure as it was in the time of Socrates. It seemed to me, however, most impressive in its ruin. It stands, you know, on the top of the Acropolis. The Acropolis is on the very edge of the new Athens. The modern houses of the city climb up from the base of its sides. It is a steep

KEEPING A DIARY.

Mad Jeds Down Mean about the Fiuman and People She Meets.

I do not suppose that anybody, except what might properly be called a diary, but we people who dip a quill in bluish ink and hope to see the result in bread and butter, with an occasional dab of jam, are very apt to jot down, in a careless sort of way, something about the pleasures that come to us and of the pleasant people we meet. It is rather to our credit, we women who depend upon our pen for the bread and butter and jam, that we seldom write in any book that is to be referred to by the disagreeable things or of the disagreeable people. We can't afford to do this. If we did, we would become so saturated with a desire for revenge, with continual bitterness, that the world would want none of us, and the pen would be dipped in the ink and there would be no result whatever.

Recently I picked up a newspaper and read this heading to a column: "The Duchess is Dead." I didn't get out Burke's Poems to see what Duchess was sufficiently anticlerical or victorious to be known merely by her title. Indeed, I have no thought to anybody of so-called high degree, but I bent my head over my desk and I said, as if to somebody who could hear me: "GOD GIVE HER REST."

Then I looked up the pages in the Book of Life wherein this woman's name was written, not as it is written in the world's Book of Life, but in that smaller book which pertains to a man; and I found a letter or two, a pleasant card, a note of thanks, and a kind word of encouragement. Then I went back seven years and lived over a few happy hours—where? At St. Brenda's in County Cork. There is a beautiful Irish home surrounded by a great garden that runs way down to the river and on which there are not the many rose trees and beautiful plants, but fruit trees and a quarter of an acre of strawberry beds, and raspberry and current bushes without number. But I am not going to tell you about the home; I am going to put down just what I remember in that little old book about the woman. She said to me at the very first, in the faintest sort of way: "Yes, they call me the Duchess, but it would be a physical impossibility for me to look as any duchess does in dress and blood." As she laughed there rose before me the Duchess of Devonshire—big of bone, hooked of nose, red of face and shockingly grayed; while the woman standing before me was absolutely tiny; slight, but perfectly well formed. Her hair was a pretty light brown in color and the great quantity she possessed was knotted loosely on top of her head and broke away into fascinating little curls on her forehead. From under some curled out two dark brown eyes long curling lashes and a smile as delighted with all the world and all the people in it. The mouth was sweetly determined; and the whole expression of the face was that of a woman of wit, of sweet temper and of goodness. Goodness never shows in a face unless it exists in the soul.

A POPULAR WRITER'S HOME LIFE.

I don't believe any Duchess by birth ever wore such a frock as did this little hostess of mine; it was a tea gown of soft, rich plush, of that shade of brown you see in an autumn leaf, and about the wrists and neck were the ruffles of raw old lace, while the tiny feet, peeping in and out from under her petticoats, were in just such bewitching Louis Quinze shoes as Phyllis, or Molly Bawn, or Lillian, or Mrs. Godfrey would have loved to wear. Indeed, as I remember her, I think of the tiny little statuette of Dresden; and yet how brave she was! She never told me of the dark days that came to her. I heard of them from other people; that she married when very young and her husband died in less than six years, leaving her with two tiny children to be cared for. Some years afterward she married Henry Hungerford, and when this page of my book was written about her, in 1893, she was the mother of six children, one a baby called "Tom" who was only a year old. He was one of the dearest babies I ever saw, the very kind the Duchess herself wrote about. A white, bright, roly-poly fellow, ready to be played with, ready to be hugged and kissed, and ready to be loved about for anybody's amusement and at any time. But I must tell you what the lady of the manor told me about her own de plume. "Many years ago, just about the time I was writing 'Phyllis,' I stopped work for awhile and went to attend a lady at the home of one of my most intimate friends. Just as I was going to enter the drawing-room my hostess saw me, came forward, waved the footman away, and himself announced me to the guests as: "Her Grace, the Duchess." "He said this with great solemnity, and as all of us knew each other well, there was a great deal of laughter and fun about it. Then somebody took it up and said that the title well became me, because I was a person of such 'aristocratic presence.' I am exactly five feet and at that time was very slender. I was probably foolish, very frivolous, but we were light-hearted, all young together, and a laugh seemed the very best thing that could happen us. So this name was put on the first sheets of 'Phyllis,' and these sheets were sent across the water, where, fortunately enough, I am known by my little, though in England it is not used and not recognized. I was 18 years old when I began to write regularly, and I have never stopped. I have written 37 novels and any number of short stories, and I have been glad to, in my own way, I have managed to make the American people understand that there is, in Ireland, something besides a famine, something besides the peasant; that there is a gentry, blue of

blood, kind of heart, and courtly of manner. Nobody knows as I do that I have done nothing great, but I have tried never to write a harmful word, and I have tried earnestly to make goodness attractive." And she succeeded in this. You may be very topical, and refuse to read any novels except those written by learned people who despise a plot, but many a woman who has done a plot, will confess that a dark hour has been lightened by these simple little stories, written by this Irish lady, and that never one of them left an unpleasant taste in her mouth. No woman could have written as she did, who did not love her home, and who did not love pets of all kinds, who did not love children.

Her first marriage was an unhappy one; I was never told the truth about it, but a bit of gossip reached me from time to time, however, I do not venture. It was a few years after her marriage her husband was imprisoned for some political offense, and she, the young wife, taking her children with her, this young girl, for she was only seven, went to live in the town where the jail was, so that she might get a chance to communicate with her husband. That she began to write then to earn money for him, and that, when he came out of jail the little savings were offered to him. It then like many another man, he was ungrateful, and he made her less grateful, for the Duchess took her babies and went to her own people. In '58, meeting Mr. Hungerford, you could only think that she had married a man out of one of her books. He was handsome; he was a great athlete; he rode, drove, shot, fished, and did everything well. Best of all, he adored his wife. There is a pen picture of her in my book. I will quote it exactly:

A LITERARY WORKMAN.

"The Duchess' workshop would I ever suggest work, although a great quantity of it is done there. In it is a glass case, and the top is as it glazes up seems to hold of pictures in its flames, that this lady has brought to me. There are book cases all round the room overflowing with books of all kinds, from those of reference to those of history; from dictionaries to books of poetry; and there are all the novels that were ever worth paying attention to. Good pictures are on the walls and fine bits of china are placed where they give the most artistic effect. The desk is a marvel of neatness. Every book is carefully tied up and labeled, and her workbooks are numbered. 'I am more than that happy; I have a full complete life, in which my only trouble is a review, for I have never yet become my terror of criticism, and as each arrives I finish, like the coward I am, before it is read.' Do you wonder that I wanted to turn back the pages of my book of life? And now she is dead, the woman who made many people happy; the woman who was a woman who made so perfect a home that when it was over she thought that she left it for a visit to London, the seat of the children were pitiable to see, though they nearly always triumphed and kept their mother close to them.

POWERFUL INFLUENCE OF GOOD BOOKS.

I don't suppose the Duchess' name will be among the great novelists of history; I don't think she expected that herself. I know there are plenty of critics who snarl at her and say her books are "hoo-doo-hoo-doo." I'd rather write "gody-gody" books that only last for a short time than write bad, bitter ones that, because of the genius in them, will live forever. I think I am speaking for a good many women when I say that it is pleasant to laugh with Dickens, Keats, to be read with Tolstol; that it is more interesting to read of the boyhood of Robinson Crusoe than to make one's self wretched over the plays of Ibsen; that, after all, to watch the gradual growth of a love story, the unfolding of a secret, or the triumph of virtue over vice, is pleasanter than to convince one's self of the degradation of women as painted by Dombrowski, or the degeneracy of the race as pictured by Nordau, or the unhappiness in all the world which is dragged out and dilated upon many of the so-called great novelists. We want some of the little books that make us laugh; that make us shed a tear, but certainly we want books that, while they interest us, do not harrow us or make us wretched. I think this kindly little woman tried to give us such books. I am sure that, in this country, to which she never came, she has hundreds of admirers, and I am more than sure that many a young girl felt and when she read: "The Duchess is Dead." Not that death is the worst thing that can come to us. Of her so much that it is pleasant to be said that it would seem as if death ought to bring the peace that is her due, and which too often is not given to people while they are alive. But what a full life she had! A happy wife, a good mother, and an honest worker. Will it not be said to her: "Well, don't thou good and faithful servant; enter into the joys prepared for you." This is a very tiny leaf of leaves from a far-off country that must join all these other leaves and go to make a wreath to lay upon the grave of the dead "Duchess." RAB.

Up She Goes, and Down She Goes.

See Harrison, once President, is now a floorwalker.

Scourgers of the Strip.

The greatest danger from La Grippe is of its resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care is used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for La Grippe, we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that this remedy is a certain preventive of that dread disease. It will effect a permanent cure in less time than any other treatment. The 25 and 50 cent size for sale by J. B. Curry & Co., Druggists.

Farmers!

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We guarantee them not to be made of shoddy materials and to be absolutely free from adulteration.

Very Respectfully,
OLD DOMINION GUANO CO.,
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BUGGIES.

To save moving our stock of BUGGIES, SURREYS and HACKS, we will make special low prices in the trade to hold good till April 1, 1897.

Call at once and see our goods and get prices.

Yours respectfully,
GALLANT, WHITEHEAD & CO.

WOMEN'S EXPOSITION.

Active Preparation for the Women's Exposition of the Centennial—Special Attention to Sewing Departments—Includes Sewing.

CHARLOTTE, March 5.—The work of the WOMEN'S EXPOSITION OF THE CENTENNIAL is progressing rapidly, and it is hoped all will be in readiness at the opening.

The large two-story buildings are in course of erection, and the exhibits are fast being looked for the opening May 1st.

The collection of portraits in the art department will be notable. Charles Broadway House, the donor of the Confederate Battle Abbey, has loaned his famous war-time portraits of Gen. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, painted by Hon. C. F. Peck, Debbins once secretary of the navy, and others at the State University.

Details of an Art Photographic Salon and Exhibitions have been completed, in conjunction with the Fine Art department. This will open May 15th, all photographic artists are invited to exhibit.

The Colonial and Confederate department will contain many valuable relics, exhibits for this department are solicited.

Requests have come from owners of the Kenilworth and a Beach Show, the first ever held in the State, will probably be arranged for.

Applications for the various concessions, which will soon be held, should be addressed to Mrs. Maudie Hobbs Kelling, Gen. Manager, Charlotte, N. C.

Mr. Frank Mahan is now north visiting various artists and exhibitors in Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York in the interest of the Exposition.

Ladies are invited to exhibit artistic needlework and embroidery, decorated china, and other specimens of woman's handwork.

South Carolina, as well as North Carolina, will be represented, as many letters from that State testify.

Secretary of State—John Sherman, Ohio.
Secretary of Treasury—Lyman J. Gage, Illinois.
Secretary of War—Russell A. Alger, Michigan.
Secretary of Navy—John D. Long, Massachusetts.
Attorney General—Joseph McKenna, California.
Secretary of Agriculture—James Wilson, Iowa.
Postmaster General—James A. Gary, Maryland.
Secretary of Interior—Orrville H. Bliss, New York.

Secretary of the Exposition—Mrs. Maudie Hobbs Kelling, Charlotte, N. C.

Lieutenant-Governor Haggard perpetrated a bull yesterday afternoon, that was regarded as one of the best jokes of the season. Senator Haggard was on the floor. He referred to the "gentleman from—"

"I want to call the attention of the senate to one thing," said the priding officer, rapping his gavel. "The senators are senators—not gentlemen."

"There was a moment of accused silence," the member will address me another as senators, not as gentlemen," he added.

Then every man in the senate chamber began laughing.

A Cuckoo and a Whistling.

Winnington Message.

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS.

The Charlotte News learns that Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Brookline, and Evangelist W. B. Gales, of Raleigh, are organizing a stock company to build a tabernacle at Cleveland Springs to seat 3,000 people. Mr. Dixon wants a ten days meeting held there every summer.

"Let parents not live for their children, but live for God. The children will be taken care of by God, but the parents will be taken care of by God."—Rev. A. C. Dixon.

THE BAY HALVE in the world for Cuba, Bolivia, Peru, Uruguay, Chile, Brazil, Venezuela, Colombia, and all the West Indies, and positively cure Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 50 cents per box. For sale by J. B. Curry & Co.