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THE GLORY OF EASTER

Like all other joys of life must be purchased and paid for, and those who are without money are without joy. While the accumulation of money does not in every instance bring thorough happiness, it does overcome many obstacles in the pursuit of it; therefore, to possess money you must save it, and the CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK offers you the best means to accomplish the undertaking.

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so great was her enthusiasm that as our men crossed the ford she ran to the bank and there she stood undaunted, waving her little sunbonnet in defiance of the Yankees and cheering our men.

It is your sacred duty to continue what we have begun. Be careful that your young minds are not perverted by false teaching. Let no word of dishonor to the memory of our President Jefferson Davis, or the sacred cause he suffered to uphold, go unchallenged. In our literature, in our school books, let due credit be given the Southern States and the men who wore the grey. Call them not "Rebels," nor traitors, but true hearted champions of constitutional rights and liberties.

Only a short time ago the children of one of the public schools of Louisville, Ky., were told to sing that song of all others most revolting to Southern ears, that song, "Marching Through Georgia," which commemorates the most infamous march in the history of civilized warfare, Sherman's march to the sea. One loyal little Southerner, Laura Galt, in spite of all remonstrances absolutely refused to sing the words, and it was through her pluck and determination to stand true to her convictions, that the matter was investigated and the song abolished from every public school in the State of Kentucky.

Search all history, study the individual character of military men and you will find that in all the Christian graces, polished by true courtesy, chivalry and native refinement, together with all the lofty attributes that build up a complete manhood the Confederate soldier excels them all.

I thank you for the privilege of meeting with you to-day, and may God bless you, each one, and keep you true in heart and deed to the days that are no more.

The South and the Presidency.

There is a striking parallelism between an editorial in The Observer of yesterday, which discussed Senator Bailey, of Texas, in connection with the Democratic presidential nomination, and The Washington Post of Saturday, entitled, "Shall the Scepter Return?" The majority part of the latter is reproduced here:

"Why should not the Democratic party put forward a Southern man? The war is over. Mr. Bailey was born after the battle of Gettysburg. Certainly the Democrats could do no worse in 1908, with a Southern candidate, than they did in 1904, under the lead of an Eastern man. The South does nearly all the Democratic voting; a Southern candidate would again make a 'solid South' with the possible exception of Delaware, and a Northern Democrat who would vote against the ticket because the head of it is a Southern man is a good riddance."

"With conscious diffidence and proper deference to Col. Bryan and Mr. Hearst, we do believe that it is a sign of health—this turning to the South for a leader. That section has long been too much of a stepdaughter in the household of her fathers. Mr. Bailey has demonstrated that there is as much political doctrine of a high order in Texas as there can be in Massachusetts, or in Ohio or Iowa. And, speaking as a thoroughly independent newspaper, and with the greatest sincerity, The Post begs to say that the nomination of a Southern man in 1908 would be a master stroke of 'Americanism' from every point of view."

This is sound reasoning. The discussion is academic but interesting. The Democratic party will not nominate a Southern man for President in 1908 because it will be afraid to, yet it need not. Sober reflection will, we believe, lead any open-minded man to the conclusion reached by this paper and arrived at by The Washington Post that the nomination of a Southerner would be the part of wisdom.

Special Low Rates.

The C. & N.-W. Railway Company has issued the following notice as joint circular No. 1: To All Agents: Upon application and special notice to this office, Special Round Trip Rates will be quoted parties of Twenty-five to Fifty people on one ticket, on regular trains, between any two points, on these lines.

Effective on and after April 1st, 1906. E. F. REID, General Passenger Agent.

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SCENES AT VESUVIUS.

An Eye Witness Describes the Eruption—Four Entire Villages Were Destroyed.

Naples, April 13.—The following description of the conditions surrounding Mount Vesuvius was written by Robert Underwood Johnson, associate editor of the Century Magazine: "Since the Chicago fire, I have seen nothing so terribly impressive. Twenty years will not repair the damage, including the destruction of four whole villages. We had a magnificent view of the eruption, eight miles away. Rising at an angle of fifty degrees the vast mass of tumult around us was beautifully accentuated by the full moon, shifting momentarily into new forms and drifting south in low, black clouds of ashes and cinders reaching to Capri. At Torre Del Greco, we ran under this terrifying pall, apparently a hundred feet above, the solidity of which was soon revealed by the moonlight. The torches of the railway guards added to the effect but greatly relieved the sulphurous darkness."

"We reached Torre Annunziata at 8 o'clock in the morning. There was little suggestion of a disaster as we trudged through the sleeping town to the lava, two miles away. The brilliant moon gave us a superb view of the volcano, a gray-brown mass rising, expanding and curling in with a profile like a monstrous cyclopean face."

"But nothing in mythology gives a suggestion of the fascination of this awful force, presenting the sublime beauty above, but in its descent filled with the mysterious malignance of God's underworld. We reached the lava at a picturesque, cypress-planted cemetery on the northern boundary of Torre Annunziata. It was as if the dead had cried out to arrest the crushing river of flame which pitilessly engulfed the statue of Saint Anne with which the people of Boscobele tried to stay it, as at Catania the veil of Saint Agathe is said to have stayed a similar stream from Mount Etna."

"We climbed on the lava. It was cool above but still alive with fire below. We could see dimly the extent of the destruction beyond the barrier of brown which had closed the streets, torn down the houses, invaded the vineyards and broken Cook's railways. A better idea of the surroundings was obtained at dawn from the railway. We saw north what was left of Boscobele—a great square stone church and a few houses inland in a sea of dull brown lava. North and east rose a thousand patches of blue smoke, like swamp miasma. All was dull and desolate, with nowhere the familiar serpentine forms of the old lava streams."

"Fancy a rich and thickly-populated country of vineyards lying under three to six inches of ashes and cinders of the color of chocolate with milk, while above, to the west, the volcano in full activity is distributing to the outer edges of the circle the same fate, and you will get an idea of the desolate impression of the scene, a tragedy colossal and heart-rending. Like that of Calabria, it enlists the sympathy of the civilized world. It takes time for such a calamity to be realized."

On Spelling Reform.

We're going to reform spelling; we're going to put the lid down on the crazy and freakish things that Noah Webster did. We're going to drop the old 'ph' and substitute an 'f'. And cut across the silent 'a' superfluous in 'dial'.

Put we are very sore afraid it isn't any use.

To try to frame a simple way of spelling 'charlotte' rouse.

We're going to reform spelling; we're going to make it mild—so easy it will be like taking candy from a child.

We'll take the name of Caesar and begin it with an 's'.

And drop an 'er' or two from view and let it go 'pomer'.

But it is more than likely you will still have to hoo-doo 'em.

Your hard and many-voiced friend, old glory hallelujah.

We're going to reform spelling; we're going to make it quite phonetic, sure and simple and a lot less ornate.

We'll spell 'pumpkin' with an 'n' and also drop a 'g'.

And won't let q-u-a-y spell a simple word like 'key'.

Get courage almost fails us, and we tremble lest we face the form of ancient valentines, the which is fancy law.

We're going to reform spelling; we'll do the thing so well that even a stenographer can somehow learn to spell.

We'll trim a good old word like 'blow' until there shall remain 'blu'—but the plain, unvarnished 'blu'—a word the phoneticists hate.

But we are not prepared to say how far we can erode.

Take its curves so far the cook can make 'chassis' hallelujah.

—Clark McAdams in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

RAIN OF ASHES CEASES.

Naples Cheered by an Interval of Clear Skies—May not be Many Days Until the Eruption is Over.

Naples, April 13.—Another interval of clear skies, due to the cessation of falling ashes and cinders from Vesuvius, came during this morning to cheer the people and give renewed hope that it will not be many days before the eruption is fully over. With the beginning of the day, there was not much in prospect to offer encouragement until the shower of ashes ceased. At daybreak the situation was regarded as grave and the ashes were still falling. To add to the misery of the situation, there was a recurrence of the earth-trembling and they gave rise to fears that the volcano, which is gradually quieting down, might be preparing for fresh activity or that an earthquake might follow the eruption.

The correspondent of the Publishers' Press has just returned from a tour of Vesuvius villages. The scenes witnessed were heartrending. Ruin and devastation are spread everywhere, and scattered here and there are the bodies of men, women, children, lying where the victims fell. In most of the villages there are few people living and these are suffering for want of food.

The people have been further encouraged to-day by a message sent by Prof. Mattucci who is in charge of the Royal Observatory on Mount Vesuvius, through several men who ascended the mountain as high as the observatory. While saying it was impossible to predict what would happen, the Professor said he believed he could express the hope based on experiences that the explosive period of the eruption is over. There is a possibility of further disturbances until the crater settles down into its new shape.

REVIVAL VERSUS RAGTIME.

One Effect of the Torrey-Alexander Campaign in Philadelphia.

"If the Torrey-Alexander revival has accomplished nothing else in Philadelphia it has made one old man happy," recently declared William Jacoby, associated with Dr. Torrey in the Moody church, Chicago, says the Brooklyn Eagle. "This old man," he continued, "was riding down to Broad and Wharton streets on a Fifteenth street car. He did not know me, but smiled kindly as he proffered me a bag containing gum drops. I took one, and he asked me if I would like to go to hear Dr. Torrey preach and Mr. Alexander sing. When I replied that I was going there myself he became confidential. 'My home's worth living in now,' he said. 'Every one right with God? I interpose.'"

"Yes; we always have been church members," he replied, "but since Mr. Alexander came the girls have quit playing ragtime music on the piano. You see, for years past the old hymns and sweet melodies that their mother and I love got old fashioned to them. When the revival began, both my girls joined the Alexander choir, and now we have the 'Glorious Song' and other hymns instead of 'There'll Be a Hot Time' and other such stuff. Mother and I had quit trying to sing with our girls, but now they insist that we join in the choruses."

Medical Shows.

"I had a sort of odd experience yesterday," said a Denver barber the other morning as he shaved a customer, says the Denver Post. "A man came in here for a shave. He got in my chair, and I began scraping him. I have a peculiar way of taking short pulls at my razor on a customer's cheeks, and I was doing it on him when I heard a tune that sounded like 'Yankee Doodle.' Then I discovered that the man, assisted by me, was playing the tune. By increasing and decreasing the space in his mouth he caused my razor to make hollow sounds while scraping over his face. We finished 'Yankee Doodle,' and then we played 'Back, Back, Back to Baltimore' and 'Dixie.' When I finished shaving him he smiled and said: 'If I ever need a partner I'll look you up.'"

Paid For Attending Church.

Peter Paulson of Cashton, Wis., must drive ten miles to church every Sunday for fifteen years or less an inheritance of \$1,500 left him by his mother, Mrs. Mary J. Paulson, says a St. Paul (Minn.) dispatch to the Chicago Tribune. The case involving the construction of the woman's will was argued before the circuit court at Lacrosse last year and was appealed to the supreme court. It has been decided by the latter court, upholding the decision of the lower court. Mrs. Paulson gave her son \$100 a year for fifteen years, on condition that he attend a certain church all that time, unless sick or prevented by other unavoidable occurrences.

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The White Hat of the Misses.

Approach of the recent mining catastrophe in France, Le Petit Parisien has this paragraph: "These frightful mining catastrophes have for a long time been surrounded by superstitions. M. Alfred Hison has been told by Belgian miners that the damp was the arm of a powerful spirit. Miners no longer believe in the existence of a spirit, but they say that an explosion is preceded by strange signs, such as the appearance of a white hat."

NOTICE!

The undersigned having qualified as administrator of the estate of W. C. Smith, deceased, of Gaston County, N. C., is hereby notified that all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to submit them to the undersigned on or before the 27th day of March, 1907.

or this notice will be placed in her of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to J. H. Smith, Administrator. This March 15th, 1906. —J. H. S.