

MR. BRADLEY ALL RIGHT
GASTON'S REPUBLICAN MUDSLE

Replying to Charges Made in Recent Dispatch to the Observer, Gaston Postmaster B. G. Bradley of Gastonia, Mr. J. A. Smith Refutes the Allegation and Denies That Bradley was a Non-Resident—The Facts About the Negro Clerk, the White-Suffrage Meeting and the Mountain Island Postoffice—Prediction That Republicans Will Put Out County Ticket.

To the Editor of the Observer:
I noticed in your issue of the 22nd instant the communication under the head "Gaston Republicans Mad." Yes, we are mad, but mad at such misrepresentation as that contained in the article referred to. I am a Gaston Republican and, more than that, I claim to be a law-abiding citizen, with malice toward none and am not a candidate for any Federal office and never expect to be. I beg of you to give me space to state the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about Gaston county Republicanism.

Your special says: "There are from 1,200 to 1,500 Republicans in the county." Let us see. When the present county chairman ran the last election or rather when he and his gang put out a ticket with a fair field and no favoritism, Jake Newell's vote was between 800 and 900. This is my recollection. So why does he say now that there are between 1,200 and 1,500 voters of our faith and order. This is said as it has been written of late in Chairman Adams, Tom Rollins, Dr. Roberts and Mike Whiteaker for the purpose of trying to scare the powers that be into making trouble for B. G. Bradley, the efficient postmaster at Gastonia. In fact one of the letters written ran about like this: "Dear B. G. Bradley, you are in fine shape. We stand a good chance of carrying it. There is only one thing in the way and that is the Gastonia postoffice, etc." and "the committee will not put out a ticket, etc."

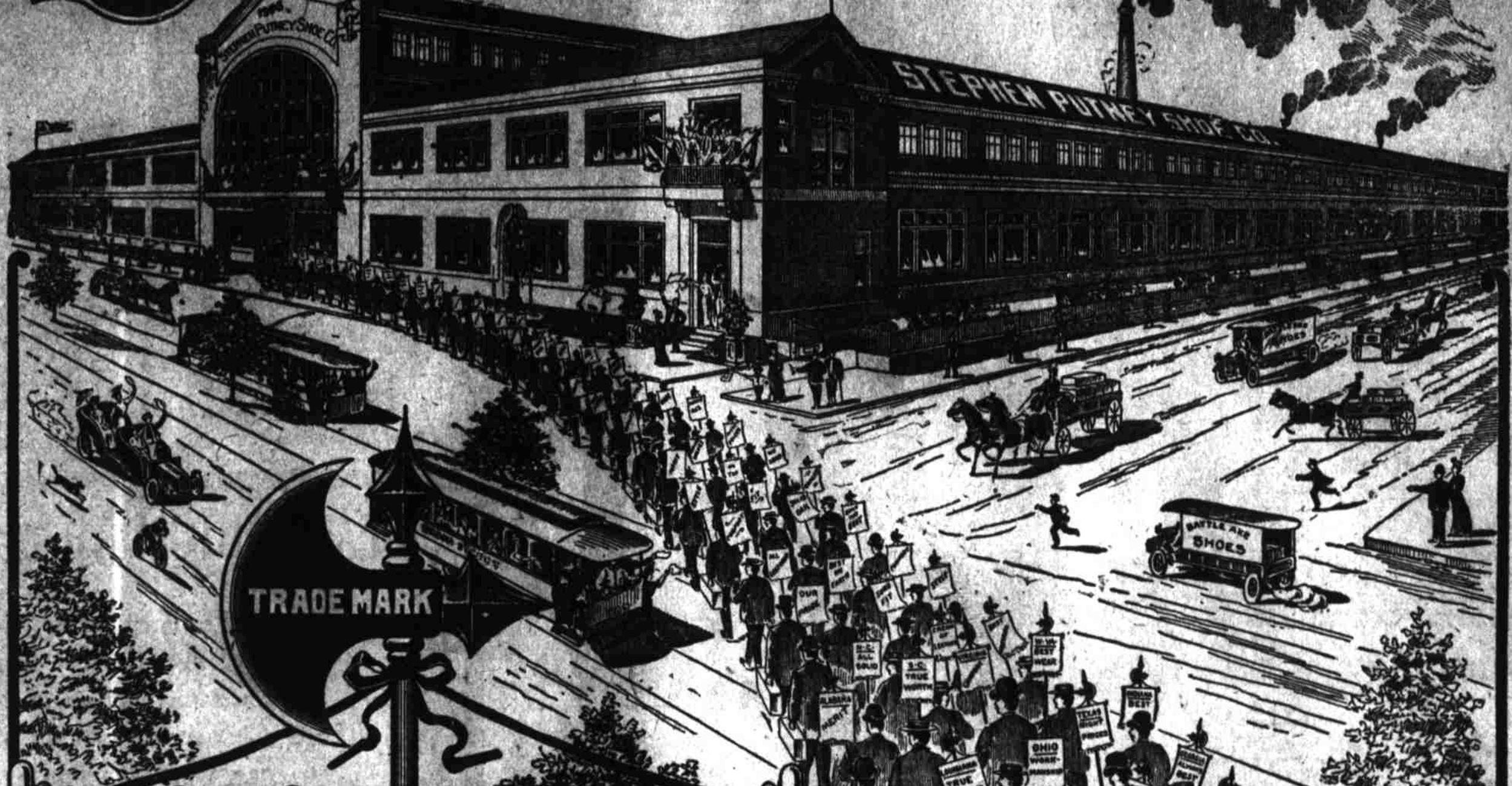
The facts about B. G. Bradley are simply these: He is and always has been a true and loyal Republican all his life and has never voted the Democratic ticket for any Federal officer in his life. He is a man of property and of unimpeachable character. He stands high in his community as a citizen and has been magistrate and mayor of and at Gastonia since the town started. He was born and raised on the spot where the town now stands and is now and has been since birth a legal resident here. The statement that he was ever a resident of South Carolina is a falsehood out of the whole cloth. This assertion was made by Spencer Blackburn and his horde of office-holders and ex-office-holders to the Department at Washington and was shown to be wholly false. Mr. Bradley built a cottage at Piedmont Springs, just across the line in South Carolina, for the benefit of his wife's health. She was practically an invalid and it was his desire to see if the water there would not benefit her. She was so nervous that she could not stand the noise in the hotel (this is almost in plain sight of Gastonia). The postmaster at King's Creek made a sworn affidavit (it was not taken over the phone) that Mr. Bradley told him he "was building the cottage for temporary purposes." The postmaster there told Mr. Bradley that he (the postmaster) hoped that he (Bradley) would become a citizen of King's Creek, to which Mr. Bradley replied, "No, I have no idea of such a thing. I merely wanted to have a place here, near home, so I can go back any forth to Gastonia."

Ex-Sheriff W. T. Love, who was a Democratic member of the last Legislature and who is a prominent manufacturer of Gaston county, made a sworn affidavit that he had rented a room in the Bradley residence at Gastonia and roomed there before Mr. Bradley built his cottage at Piedmont Springs. He roomed there all the time they were away from Gastonia, sleeping on an iron bed and in a chair. He further stated that Bradley was and had at all times been a legal resident of Gastonia. The present sheriff, Mr. C. B. Armstrong, made similar statements, saying Bradley's father was the father of being no change at all, and that Bradley was a resident. Better still, Bradley himself made a sworn statement that he had been and was then a resident of Gastonia, and no man who knows him can doubt Bradley's statement on this or any other matter.

Four or five years ago when Hiss and his crowd were enthroned in the glory of dispensing patronage (and about the time the Postmaster General required Hiss to make an affidavit swearing that he did not have any office on the Charlotte postoffice) certain Republicans who had worked and carried Gaston county in two elections, were asked to name a postmaster at Gastonia. Desiring to build a strong party in the county, Bradley was then named and went to Washington with the endorsement of practically every business man in Gastonia and vicinity. But Mr. Hiss stood up in his might and glory and claimed the privilege of naming the man. He named the late, deposed postmaster and we of the other persuasion were notified that the aggregation named on the so-called Republican ticket would run the machine. Mr. O. F. Mason, an attorney, of Dallas, called my attention to the fact that every name on the ticket was that of either a distiller or gauger or the son of a distiller with possibly one exception. I was personally told by Peter Marshall Rhyne, now postmaster at Dallas and locally known as "Big Peter," that "he would rather have a nigger in the fence company with a jug of blockade liquor drumming for votes than to have me and all my temperance crowd." Al-bright, the revenue officer, a Blackburnite, came to me and said: "There has been something said about putting you in as county chairman but my distillers and gaugers are opposed to you and we are going to put Tom Jordan, of Charlotte, in." So I felt like you did, Mr. Editor, when you did not receive my invitation to the dollar-dinner at the Bryan reception. I got in my own way and rode home in a very uncomfortable, but, survived the shock. So again we stood off as ordered and let them have full rope. They said that I and my stripe had no influence and they say it yet. "Big Peter" is a member of the county executive committee now and made a rip-roaring speech in the county convention the other day, saying "the county chairman was not deposed for inefficiency but for hoodlums." I understand he will be given an opportunity soon to explain a flat contradiction of the Postoffice Department which has said the cause of removal was other than that stated by the orator of Dallas, "Big Peter."

Now this is the crowd that is fighting Bradley. The mistake was on the other end, but Bradley got appointed and will stay appointed for at least from 900 to 1,500 voters, which we have lost as the result of such failures. Let this stiller-gauger

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crowd publish the vote its ticket received.
Now as to the final act: When the postmaster had been ordered removed, neither Bradley nor any friend of his made any fight on the deposed postmaster at any time before nor since his removal. The State chairman said he would not consult or recognize as to the distribution of Federal patronage any county chairman who had been ordered removed from office by the government on such grave charges. I think he did right. When the Department was asking for a man to fill the place, Mr. Bradley came up with his old petition. Remembering the Hiss doctrine that the defeated candidate for Congress, by divine right as it were, had the naming of the candidate, Mr. Bradley secured the endorsement of the immortal Col. Jake P. Newell (now leading the simple life). Jake beat Hiss a way yonder, so he ought to have given Bradley an endorsement and a help. Bradley got up a new petition, containing the names of the great majority of the property owners and respectable citizens of the town. He was appointed and will stay appointed for at least four years unless he commits the golden snare earlier. His conduct is orderly, sober and efficient and the

good people are pleased with him.
A word about that Whittener meeting at Gastonia. John J. George, a prominent merchant and real estate man of this town, the only "anti" member of the county executive committee, was present and says the deposed postmaster cursed up that Whittener suggested the lowering of the windows. When the demand and threat was made to Whittener that no county ticket would be put out unless Bradley was removed, Whittener replied: "Bradley will stay in and you will put out a ticket too." So this dispels that joke. If a county ticket is not put out the present county chairman will be removed and one put in who will call a convention that will put out a ticket. See if this guess does not turn out to be correct.

As to the Mountain Island postoffice matter, it so happened that the State chairman asked me to name a man for this place. The postmaster had been removed at the instance of a postoffice inspector, the charges being lack of personal attention to the duties of the office. I did not know any one in particular at that place, so I phoned Mr. Tate, the Democratic manager of the cotton mills there, and asked him to come to see me. I

had never met him before. I found him to be a most agreeable and excellent gentleman. I told him to select some Republican and get all the Republican voters, if possible, and all the Democrats, too, to endorse him and I would recommend anyone he should select. He sent me a numerously signed petition, asking the appointment of a Miss Miller, the daughter of a Republican. It was endorsed, it seemed to me, by the whole population of the village and community. Knowing the Mountain Island Cotton Mill was the principal industry in that community, I thought they ought to have a postmaster agreeable to them. I recommended Miss Miller and she was appointed, to the delight of the community I am informed and believe. I have never seen her nor have I heard anything of hoodlums in connection with her administration of the office's affairs. The State chairman referred some things to Mr. Bradley and these things are the front of the stinking which the crowd is howling over.

More is and more Jake George tells me, the Whittener meeting. They howled vociferously about Bradley's swearing in a negro. Whittener sent George to see Bradley and ask him about this mortal offense. Bradley blandly replied: "I found this negro here, he having been kept here by the deposed postmaster. He appeared to be a very good negro for handling mail bags and sweeping, like any other janitor, and I kept him. I did not want him in here without his being sworn." So they fell into the pit they dug for others.

This whole thing reminds me of a joke I heard down in Guilford county where I was raised, pulling the bell cord over a blind mule, although my blessed enemies have frequently circulated the report that I was a Yankee. There were some fifteen or twenty families of a certain name. They were all red-headed and freckled-faced and without exception married their kind. If such a thing as marrying further off than a third cousin was mentioned it was considered an insult to the family name. Finally one member of these families had sense enough to ask another why it was their families intermarried with their kin all the time. The other member replied: "Well, Bill, that puzzled me for a long time, but of late I have seen through it. It is because they do not want the freckles to get scattered." So I used to wonder why men like those composing the crowd your ap-

cial correspondent represents are always flying at the heels of any and everybody whom they might imagine encroach on the political office-holding horse. But of late I have seen through it. They don't want the offices scattered. But at the rate they have been going recently they will soon run all of the white men out of the party and some one will have to swear in niggers or Democrats to hold the Federal offices. This same aggregation which is now coddling Judge Adams and Dr. Roberts were a few days ago flying at Adams' throat, calling him all the names in the English language. Mr. Editor, you are authority on the Scriptures and you know the wise man said: "Every secret thing shall be brought to light whether it be good or whether it be evil." Therefore I speak these things in the true interest of all concerned. It is best to be fair and square.
J. A. SMITH.
Bessemer City, Aug. 24.

Revival of the Sunbonnet.
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
It should be with great rejoicing that a too-extravagant world welcome back the sunbonnet, which is said to be coming in style again. That fetching headgear of a simpler time coming to us now seems to argue the revival of manners and customs that are dear to the older generations and that were a credit to the race. The sunbonnet correlates walks in the sun and neighborly visits through back yards on sultry afternoons. It means less of formality and more of friendliness. Also less expense to the heads of houses. The revival of the sunbonnet bespeaks a return on the part of our sisters to proper ideas of head-covering, to the idea that a hat is to be worn rather as a protection against the elements than as something purely decorative.
GIVEN UP TO THE
E. Spiegel, 104 North Virginia street, Evansville, Ind., writes: "For some time I was troubled with itching and bladder affections which caused me much pain and worry. I had been told that I was probably given up to the 'Fountain of Youth' but was recommended by the first health man I saw, and after using the medicine he gave me, they cured." E. H. Jordan & Co.