

NEW FACES

By GRACE E. RILEY.

There's company coming, Linda.

"I suppose, mother, you feel it in your bones?"

"It's the way that rooster's crowing. A rooster crowing in the daytime is a sure sign of company."

"Company," sniffed Linda, "probably Mary for her daily cup of tea and Ma Lindsey for liniment for her son, or perhaps David will come for your recipe for sponge cake."

"Well, ain't that company, I'd like to know," interrupted her mother.

"Maybe you think so, but they are not company to me; I long to see a new face."

"It's not a mite of use telling you that old friends are the best. Young folks won't believe such things until experience has taught them. But what's wrong with David?"

"David! Mother, every one forces David down my throat. David's all right, but so deadly monotonous—the same yesterday, today and forever, as the quotation goes. If he would only do something unusual, just once!"

Saying which, Linda left the room. Her mother watched her, questioning. Linda's complex disposition, her vague yearnings and discontentment were incomprehensible to her mother. Alma Craig had no dark corners or shadows in her character. She demanded little of life, accepted gratefully what it offered, and warmed all with whom she came in contact with her wholesome light-heartedness.

A bell pealing loudly through the house interrupted Mrs. Craig's meditations. Hastily drying her hands on her apron and smoothing her hair, she opened the door to the handsomest young man she had ever seen.

"Mrs. Craig? His smile was disarming. 'I am Roger Colherst of Boston, Mrs. Craig, and am looking for a place to board for a few weeks. I have been told that perhaps you would take me in.'"

Even while her hospitable soul demanded that he be admitted, something warned her against this stranger, but she forced her voice to express the cordiality which she did not feel.

"My daughter, Linda, Mr. Colherst; now, let's see, how long are you to be in Bayneville?"

"About a month, Mrs. Craig. I do hope you'll put me up."

Linda, meanwhile, sat quietly listening to this surprising conversation. She, too, hoped her mother would put him up. Then she heard her saying:

"If you'll come upstairs I'll show you a room."

There followed a month crowded with happiness for Linda and with many a delightful for her mother. David teased constantly, but always to find that Linda had gone out with Roger.

A month wore away—six weeks—and still Roger remained.

"I'm sorry, David, Linda is certainly infatuated, but I do truly believe it is only infatuation. Just stand by; I am sure it will come out all right. Many's the time I've wished that rooster dead for crowing company to our house the day that Roger Colherst came."

David laughed, but his heart was heavy, for his dream was gone. It was only in the sunshine of Mrs. Craig's smile that he found a ray of comfort and encouragement. She had told him to stand by, and stand by he would.

Then one day the entire countryside became agitated over the news that a bank clerk who had absconded with thousands of dollars, had been traced to this state. The day the news reached Bayneville, Roger Colherst was greatly interested, and almost enthusiastic about aiding in the search for the fugitive.

"I'll take my motor over to Clayton; there's a kick in it somewhere. Then when she's in shape, Granddaddy, we'll scour the whole state."

No one but David noticed that when Roger came downstairs he carried his bag. Instantly a vague suspicion which he had harbored became crystallized.

"Oh, I say, Colherst, would you mind running me over to Clayton? You can attend to your business while I am attending to mine."

Only for an instant did Roger hesitate. Then, "Sure thing, Granddaddy," he said.

After a busy hour on David's part, they started. David, knowing Clayton well, was aware that if he took Colherst to the farther end of the town, there would be no way of Colherst's car to pass out that way, unnoticed.

When Roger left him, he apparently changed his mind, and, instead of stepping at the garage, he went back over the road to Bayneville. If he could make the fork in the road and get to Dustin, he knew a way out. He smiled to think how easily David let him get away, for he had sensed David's suspicions. At the fork, however, Colherst drove straight into a trap which David had set for him. No only was a crowd of men there, but one was the president of his old bank Roger Colherst's debonair manner failed him. He broke down, utterly, as he was driven away.

Great was the enthusiasm in Bayneville over David's cleverness, but the words most welcome to David were whispered to him by Linda, when she said:

"I'm proud I shall be of my live hand when I am Mrs. David Craig!"

LIVE NEWS FROM ALL SECTIONS OF GASTON

BESSEMER BRIEFS.

(Correspondence of The Daily Gazette.)

BESSEMER CITY, June 13.—One of nature's freaks brought out in an egg is reported by Mrs. Pink Fronberger. On breaking an egg she found besides the usual contents another egg of small size that was also a hard shelled one.

Miss Lizzie Robinson and Miss Edith Robinson, of Gastonia, were the guests for the week-end of their aunt, Mrs. C. S. Carson.

Miss Willie Scarborough, Miss Elton Gamble, Miss Minnie Morrow, Miss Leona Kiser, and Miss Lerena Kiser leave Tuesday morning for Greensboro to attend summer school at the N. C. College for Women.

Rev. W. W. Williams, pastor of the Baptist church, goes this week on a business trip to Augusta and Aiken, Ga., and on his return will attend a conference of the B. Y. Y. C. in Charlotte.

The children of Mr. Perry Wright gave him a splendid surprise Sunday morning when they all came in to spend the day with him, celebrating his seventy-eighth birthday. His children and grandchildren present were Mr. and Mrs. Landers Wright and children, Mr. and Mrs. Ruff Watts and children, of Bessemer City vicinity, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wright and children, of Gastonia. There were also quite a number of other relatives and friends present. A sumptuous dinner was served under the oaks in the yard. Rev. W. W. Williams, of this place, was also a pleasant guest.

Mr. A. C. Jones and Mr. White Ware, of Gastonia, were business visitors here Friday.

Mrs. Matt Clemmer and Mrs. Rachel Shetty spent the week-end near Charlotte with Mr. and Mrs. Ross McConnell.

Miss Stella Carson gave a party to a number of friends Saturday afternoon. Refreshments were served and a most delightful hour was spent.

Among those in Gastonia Saturday shopping were Mr. A. S. Ballard, Mr. J. J. Rhyme and Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Briggs.

MCADENVILLE MATTERS.

(Correspondence of The Daily Gazette.)

MCADENVILLE, June 14.—Miss Eva Leneberger and Mr. Silas Hope were happily married here last Thursday evening by Rev. C. A. Caldwell, pastor of the Baptist church.

On Saturday, June 4, Mr. Marshal Whisnaut and Miss Zula Cherry, of Mt. Holly, were united in marriage by Rev. C. A. Caldwell, pastor of the Baptist church.

Mrs. Katie Alexander, of Crumerton, was the guest Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. William Farrington.

A protracted meeting was begun in the Methodist church here Sunday. Rev. J. F. Moser, of Cherraville, is assisting the pastor, Rev. C. M. Campbell.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William Roberts Saturday morning a ten-pound boy. Mr. Pete Abernethy, of Belmont, was here Sunday visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McEalf, of Crumerton, spent Sunday with friends here. Mr. and Mrs. Will Bentley and children went to Stanley Sunday to attend the birthday dinner of Mr. Bentley's father, Mr. T. H. Bentley. Mr. and Mrs. Lee Gates accompanied them.

Mr. William Wagstaff gave a lively chase Sunday evening to a cat supposed to contain whiskey, but lost the trail near Crumerton.

Mr. A. J. Saunders, our druggist, accompanied Mrs. Saunders to Charlotte Sunday to visit her mother.

Miss Frankie Harris, who has been visiting in Taylorsville for the past four weeks, returned home Sunday.

11 ONE-ELEVEN Cigarettes

Our years of making good with millions of smokers suggests that we know how. Just buy a pack and find out.

20 cigarettes 15c

LUCIA LOCALS.

(Correspondence of The Daily Gazette.)

LUCIA, June 11.—The farmers here about caught up with the grass. They did have a big lot of grass and not much cotton, but with the nice sunshine and not much rain for the last two weeks the farmers have been very busy and are now up with their crops. With plenty of fruit and a plenty of blackberries and sugar not so high the farmer will not have to make such a big bill at the stores as he did last year, and we do hope he will come out good this fall and will have plenty of money.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goodson and their son, Robert, Jr., and Miss Mildred Gulland, of Kannapolis, have been on a visit this week to Mr. and Mrs. N. A. McIntosh.

Mrs. N. A. McIntosh has been very sick all week, but is much better.

Mrs. N. A. McIntosh and Mrs. Robert Goodson and her son, Robert, Jr., and Miss Mildred Gulland have gone to Lovettsville today to visit Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hinkel.

Mr. T. S. McIntosh, of Charlotte, came by his father's this morning on his way to Alexis to the burial of Mr. Boss Hipp's child. Mr. Robert Goodson went with him.

Masters Paul and Howard and little Miss Evelyn McIntosh, of Charlotte, have been with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Black and Mr. and Mrs. N. A. McIntosh, for the last two weeks, their mother being in hospital in Charlotte for an operation. Her many friends will be glad to know that she is very much better and hopes to get to her home in a very few days.

Mr. Charley Rogers has improved from his cut foot so that he is out on his crutches, to his very great delight. Charley wants to be going all the time, and since it has been almost two months since he has walked we all know he is very glad to get out, even if he has to walk on his crutches.

The Japanese crown prince has decided not to pay a visit to the United States this year. This will be a great blow to the society people in San Francisco. — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Einstein says she doesn't understand her husband's theory. But she shouldn't worry. There are lots of wives who don't understand their husbands' theories. — Sioux City Tribune.

Fish's Nest in a Clam Shell. The goby (of which there are many kinds) selects the clean valve of a clam and uses this as the ready-made nest. The pair (for the goby mates with but one and is jealous of any rival) hover round an inverted valve and then the male scoops out the sand from underneath it, forming a cavity, the shell being slightly tilted and pressed into the sand. The female then enters the cavity and deposits her eggs on the lower (inner) surface of the shell. These eggs are somewhat cigar-shaped structures, fixed at one end by a glutinous network that secures them firmly to the shell. Having done her work, the female then exchanges places with the male, who remains on guard, keeping up a constant current of water over the eggs by movements of the pectoral fins, and darning out at the approach of an intruder.

Rubber Shoes Life Savers. A fact which is probably only slightly known is the immunity from the attacks of lightning which is afforded by wearing a pair of rubbers.

The person who assumes these coverings must be careful not to come in contact with anything except the floor. Providing he follows this instruction he can not possibly be injured by the lightning in any way.

The explanation is simple enough. The electric fluid before it can pass into a human being or animal must first come in contact with the earth. Its passage from the earth to the wearer of the rubbers is, of course, stopped by the soles of the latter.

So next time a storm is brewing hurry up and get out your rubbers.

Dolls With African Burial. Art galleries in New York last year exhibited specimens of African doll-makers. Perhaps the most interesting story of dolls in Africa is that which concerns the doll customs of a tribe dwelling near Lake Nyassa. When a member of the tribe dies a rough image of the dead person is made of rags or wood and laid away in a tent. Thousands of doll images of dead tribe members lie in the tent, and it is said that the tribe believes that the dolls are the embodiment of the souls of the dead men. By keeping the souls on earth they believe they are cheating the fiends which are supposed to lurk beyond life. The tent is regarded as sacred and only the medicine men are permitted near it.

OLNEY LOCALS.

(Correspondence of The Daily Gazette.)

OLNEY, June 13.—Prof. G. L. Wilson and wife and little daughter are now at the home of Mr. Wilson's father, Mr. J. J. Wilson, for the summer. Prof. Wilson is a member of the faculty of the A. & E. College of Raleigh. Olney people always are glad to have them home for the summer.

Miss Ben Falls spent the weekend with her sister, Mrs. Raymond C. Robinson, attending services at our church yesterday.

On last Monday Mr. E. D. Huffstetter had the misfortune to break his collar bone, as a result of being thrown from a mule.

Yesterday was old clothes day, but the time is to be extended two weeks longer, so please bring your bundles of clothing to the ladies' parlor by the fourth Sunday.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. Hope Forbes last Saturday.

On Saturday Kathleen Robinson celebrated her twelfth birthday with a party which took the form of a picnic. The afternoon was spent in a green shady pasture with water convenient for bathing and wading.

A large number donated bathing suits and were soon in the water, while others were content to discard shoes and wade. Late in the afternoon the little hostess assisted by her mother passed baskets containing sandwiches and fancy individual cakes. Lemonade was also served.

The little hostess was the recipient of many beautiful presents. Forty-one in invitations were issued, and all were present except three who were prevented from coming by sickness. Every little girl seemed to have a good time and the writer found herself thinking, how little it takes to make a child happy.

HAS SEEN 52 YEARS OF SERVICE AS FIREMAN

CLEVELAND, O., June 7.—With the rounding out of 52 years of continuous service on June first, friends of Fire Chief George A. Wallace claimed he is the oldest fireman in the world in point of service.

Chief Wallace has been at the head of Cleveland's fire department for more than twenty years.

Never in that long career has he had a demerit mark.

Wallace, 73 years old, joined the department in 1869. He carried himself like a man of 40.

When he joined the department there were 83 members, 78 of whom are now dead.

He has seen the hand apparatus of volunteer firemen give way to the fire horse, and has seen the horse replaced by motor apparatus, the head department being completely motorized.

Practically Fatal. O'Toole: "They do be sayin' this here game o' golf be healthy?" O'Phule: "Healthy, is it? Sure, how can it be when the physick end up wit' a stroke!"

Who can say that the South Carolina boy who says he wrecked a train for fun has not in him the making of a United States Senator? — Oxford Public Ledger.

Sour Food for the Baby

It is likely to produce an acidity of the stomach that will sooner or later cause trouble. An acid stomach will even good food to disagree and possibly lead to diarrhea or dysentery. Thoughtful mothers give a few drops of

Anti-Ferment FOR CHILDREN

(Exactly What the Name Implies) after every meal. It has for years been used as the one safe prescription for acid stomachs, indigestion, dysentery and diarrhea.

Babies Like It

It is pleasant, mild and yet effective. It contains no opiate and does not constipate though it puts and end to bowel troubles.

At All Drug Stores Kuykendal Chemical Co., Rock Hill, S. C.



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In our boys' clothes department we guarantee the same satisfaction as in our men's department; money back anytime you say so.

Ty Cobb started this way

But we imagine that what he did to his clothes was a constant worry to his mother

The boys' clothes we have - Hart Schaffner & Marx made them - will stand good hard baseball games; they're made to wear

Stylish; all wool; carefully tailored; boys' clothes as good as father's

They save because they last much longer

H. Schneider

The home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Journalists in the Municipal Saddle. There is a little town out West which is now being governed by grandmothers and though that is an innovation, that would have been more than a fine thing a wonder two decades ago, if it were applied to a preferably soft spot in the hearts of men, and we have already given the success for the best administration and wished it a heap of love. But about another municipal experiment, by which North Carolina is presently calling attention, we are not told with so much confidence. Though on the surface, it has a most promising aspect, Wilmington, N. C., a bustling and progressive town of 25,000 inhabitants, who have adopted a commission form of government, has recently nominated Mayor and as one of the five commissioners who are to serve under the new system two men who have at one most of their lives been newspaper men. James H. Cowan, the nominee for Mayor, was for years editor of The Evening Dispatch, and Joseph E. Thompson, nominated as one of the commissioners, was for twenty years identified with The Morning Star. Both of them have engaged in other business, but getting them by other newspaper men, their best job is also includes their list. The editors of other North Carolina papers are anticipating them as a splendid team not proposing grand things for Wilmington under their management. And as these two good things are said about them, and earnestly hope that their administration may mark a fresh achievement by the representatives of journalism. Nevertheless, although an other North Carolina editor, Joseph Thompson, ran the News Department with great efficiency and eclat, we are not sure that editors make the best timber for political positions. The work is of essentially different character and requires a different temperament and a different point of view. And, then, it is so much easier to pick on other folks than to pick on yourself. Certainly the politicians have a chance to get even when an aggressive editor takes office. However, we will not be a Jeremiah. Here's looking at you, boys, and hoping that you will both prove little Joseph uses. And that the Governor of South Carolina, should he visit your town, will not have cause to regret the historic past. Still in the Depths. Billy: "That lawyer friend of yours doesn't seem to rise very high." Dolly: "No, he's one of the few that prefers to stay on the level."



Everything in good furniture at half value at Gastonia Furniture Company's closing-out sale.