

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

Vol. XXI.

(W. F. KERRILL,  
Editor and Proprietor.)

GASTONIA, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1900.

(Six Months in Advance.)

No. 51

## ARP ON SUICIDES.

### IT IS A RARE EVENT AMONG THE NEGROES.

Says They Have No Remorse - Old "Uncle Lewis" - Pistol and Poison Should Not Be So Handy. All Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

The rapid increase of suicides in the south alarming and provokes the serious study of our thinking people. Fifty years ago a suicide was a rare event among the white race, and never heard of among the negroes. When it did occur it was considered an evidence of insanity. I do not recall but one instance in my youth and that was a woman who jumped into a deep well when no help was within reach. But nowadays almost every daily paper contains an account of one or more self-murders, and even negroes have taken the infection, for they will imitate every vice and frailty of the whites. Old Lewis, who is my wood chopper, asked me the other day how it was that the white folks kill "dimeless" and "dimeless" and the negroes didn't. "Because," said I, "white folks are more easily overcome with grief or remorse, or distress, than negroes. You negroes don't borrow trouble, nor take it hard when it does come. You don't give yourselves much anxiety about tomorrow, or next week, or next year. You don't grieve long over a death in the family; your marital relation is loose; in fact, it is on the decline since freedom came. The marriage records show that your legal marriages are 60 per cent less, according to population, than in the white race, and the decrease gets less and less every year. Your young men and women don't marry, they just take up and quit when they please, and so the wife don't care very much about the welfare of their children, if they have any. Besides all this, Uncle Lewis, your race has a trait of stealing little things, and this accounts in a great measure for their indifference to the laying up of something for the future; something for the winter, or the rainy days, or for old age. If the worst comes to the worst they'll know they can steal or beg. If your young folks, men and women haven't got but a dollar in the world they will spend it for a watermelon or an excursion, and take the chances. Now, Uncle Lewis, you remember when there wasn't a chalgang in the south, nor a heinous crime nor a brutal outrage, coming from your people, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. Now there are in Georgia alone over 4,000 of your people in the chalgangs, and there would be 4,000 more if all the little stealings were punished. Uncle Lewis had stopped cutting and was leaning on his axe. "Dat's all so," said he, "and boss I know it, and boss what I want to know is dis: What must we poor niggers do about it?" There is the rub. I couldn't tell him, but I did say, "Uncle Lewis, your race has got some mighty good traits, and I like to have you about us; you are kind-hearted, good natured, easy to please, and don't carry malice or revenge in your hearts; you steal, but you don't cheat anybody. The white race won't steal, but they will cheat, or take advantage of you in trade, and go with anything he will not abuse your confidence, but a white man will embezzle and defraud and even the cashiers of banks will appropriate the bank's money, and falsify the books for months and years. Every race has its race traits, both bad and good. Some of your bad ones were almost run out by slavery, but they have come back again, and all your college education won't stop it. It makes it worse. There is nothing will stop it but work, constant work, every day, under some good employer. Work on the farm is your best safeguard, or work as mechanics under good contractors. Your people make good mechanics, and the white people employ them and patronize them just as willingly as they do white mechanics. The negro blacks-smiths, blacksmiths, get good employments here and everywhere, and as for cooking and washing and nursing, your women have it all. The two races would fit together nicely if it wasn't for politics and idleness. An idle negro is a dangerous thing and should be taken up and put to work. He is much more dangerous than an idle white man, for he has no shame and fears no God nor regards his life. If I were a law-maker, I would make continued idleness a crime, for as Ben Franklin says, "It is the parent of vice." I started to write about suicides, but got to preaching Uncle Lewis a sermon and got off the track. Nineteen hundred years ago Plutarch, the Greek historian, said that self-murder was outlawed, for a brave man would suffer rather than take the life that God gave him. Self-murder was a heinous crime under the old English law. The estate of the o do so was confiscated, and he was buried on the highway with out a coffin and a sharp stake thrust through it to mark the sacred spot. Suicide was under the ban of the church, and no prayers were said for his soul. In no civilized country has suicide been justified, except in such cases as that of Saul, who fell on his sword because, as he said, "I am a profane creature. This sword thrust me through and so shall I die." Or perhaps that other notable one the scriptures record, that of Judas whose remorse was so dreadful he preferred hell or anything that would be a change. But generally it is better to endure the ills we have than to fly to those we know not of." Almost every day we read of young men and young women killing themselves because of disappointment or disapproval, or about love or money. They must believe there is no heaven or all punishment ends with this life. Surely no Christian man or woman should think of self-murder. Wait, wait, young woman; wait, I say suffer and be strong, only cowardly kill themselves. The soul is looked up in this matter and God only has the key. Wait

## NEW IMMIGRANT DEPOT

### Features of the Buildings Erected on Ellis Island.

Excellent Facilities Provided For Handling the Immigrants by Inspectors—Large Bathing House One of the Chief Improvements—All Structures Absolutely Fireproof.

The bureau of immigration will be transferred from the present quarters to the new station on Ellis Island the 15th of December, says the New York Times. The transition from the cramped and badly arranged quarters which the bureau has occupied since the fire that destroyed the old station on the island in 1897 will be marked. One has only to remember the old ramshackle structure to be able to appreciate the magnificent and admirably arranged new quarters. The main building, situated in the center of the island, is 385 feet in length and 105 feet in width. The body of the building is 62 feet high, while the four towers at each corner are 100 feet from the ground to the top of the domes. The style is a conglomeration of several styles of architecture, the predominant style being that of the French renaissance. The material used in the construction is brick, with light stone trimmings, harmonized so as to make the general effect as attractive in appearance as possible. The spires of the towers are copper covered, and in the top of each is an observatory, from which a splendid view of the harbor and city may be had. On the western and eastern sides of the building are the main entrances, massive arches which extend well into the second story. Over the arch in concrete work appear the national coat of arms, while eagles of the same material make the general effect still more attractive. But the interior arrangements are what, after all, make the station a model of completeness. Every detail of the exacting and confusing service to which its use is to be dedicated were considered in perfecting the interior plans. The transportation, examining, medical, inquiry and various other departments of the service being assigned quarters that, while they are practically separate in every detail, yet are so arranged as to follow one after the other, according to its proper place in the department. Thus from the office of the commissioner the doors lead to the quarters of his assistant, and then, according to rank, come the medical, financial, examining, railroad, inquiry and other branches of the service. When the immigrant is landed from the barges, he will pass through an imposing private entrance, made as nearly as possible free from the observation of the curious, besides protecting him during bad weather. He then goes to the second floor, the entire center of which is given up to the examining department, where he is inspected by the medical authorities and the officials of other branches of the service who pass on his eligibility to land. Every inch of space on this floor is utilized. The railings forming the network of the aisles, in which the immigrants are placed in alphabetical order, according to nationality, gives the great amphitheater the appearance of an immense spider web. Two shiploads can be handled easily and two more in an emergency by the inspectors and other attaches. It is estimated that 5,000 persons can be thoroughly examined with perfect ease, and in an emergency 3,000 more by the application of a little added energy on the part of the examiners. Surrounding this room, from the third floor, is the observation gallery, where visitors can watch the inspectors at work. The dormitories are entered from doors on the gallery. There are two main apartments, which can accommodate about 800 sleepers comfortably. The southwestern corner of the second floor has been assigned to "that terror of the immigrant," the board of special inquiry. Adjoining this department is the dormitory for the unfortunate labeled "Rejected." There is a telegraph and railroad office also on this floor, the latter service also having a large division on the southern end of the ground floor, where the principal agencies will be located, from stairs of the immigrants to the roofs on either end of the building, which have been dubbed "roof gardens" and "pavilion roofs," the former name being the name given by the immigration authorities, while the latter is a title conferred by the construction forces. The administration offices and baggage room, together with the railroad departments, occupy the ground floor. Convenient apartments have been assigned to the bureau of information, the private rooms of the inspectors, matrons, clerks and other attaches. One of the greatest of the improvements will be the bathing house, where 200 immigrants can be bathed at a time, 8,000 being about the number that can be thus refreshed during an ordinary day. We expect to wash them once a day, and they will land on American soil clean, if nothing more," said Assistant Commissioner McCreary a few days ago. This improvement will not be ready for use, however, until the beginning of the new year. The bath will be of the "shower" variety. The restaurant, laundry, where thousands of pieces of linen and other fab-

## EXERCISE AS A PERIL.

### New and Startling Theory of a Chicago Physician.

THINKS DAILY LABOR ENOUGH. Dr. Hoy Claims That Men Over Thirty-Five Years Old Do Not Need Exercise—For Business Men the Double Waste of Time Results Disastrous.

Dr. Albert H. Hoy, who has published a book on "Eating and Drinking," discussed the much mooted subject of exercise and its effects on the health of the older afternoon. "I am speaking," he said to a representative of the Chicago Times-Herald, "about exercise for the business man, not about exercise for the young or for laborers. Every action, whether of the brain or of the muscles, destroys cells, uses up tissue and creates so much waste matter to be taken up by the blood and to be eliminated from the system. "Now, unless such waste is eliminated it becomes so much poison in the system. The great eliminating machine of the human body is the kidney. Unless the kidneys do their work the system is saturated with poisons. "For instance, there is the sad case of Senator Davis. His toe was poisoned by his stocking and refused to heal. Kidney complaint developed, or rather, the kidneys, for a long time had not done their full work, and the system was so poisoned that the toe became gangrenous. "The kidneys work easily during youth—up, say, to 35 years of age. But after 50 they become slightly atrophied; they shrink a little. This is not disease, but a simple effect of age. Consequently as a man advances in years he should ask his kidneys to perform a little less work instead of a little more. "But suppose a man of business not only uses his brain during business hours, but also puts a strain on his muscles afterward. There is waste then to be carried off—mental waste and physical waste, the broken down brain cells and those of the muscles likewise. Thus the kidneys are forced to do double duty to eliminate poisons resulting from two sets of action. "A business man should get all the exercise he needs from the requirements of his business. A long walk only further calls upon his reserve. Violent golf or tennis only puts a greater strain upon his system. If he says he needs fresh air, oxygen, he can get it in his office if the latter be properly ventilated, or he doesn't need to exercise to breathe fresh air. John D. Rockefeller drives a fast horse. That gives him air, but it doesn't give him exercise. Joseph Chamberlain takes no exercise except what he gains on his stepping from his office to his carriage. He is never sick. Senator William M. Evarts is a very old man. He never exercised. That is his boast. "But business men say: 'I need exercise. I do not feel well unless I have it.' That means generally that they eat too much. You can poison your system by eating too much, putting in yourself more than the kidneys can eliminate. Now, Chamberlain, who takes no exercise, I have no doubt is a light eater. "The thing to be attained is a proper balance, a norm, so to speak. One should eat sufficiently, but no more. He should not put into himself what cannot be easily eliminated, nor should he indulge in both mental and physical exercise, thereby causing an excess of waste, which the kidneys are unable to deal with. "When a business man takes a vacation, he can afford much more physical exercise. The athlete is not the best prepared man to resist disease. I have known a blacksmith to oppose no resistance to pneumonia and the strongest athlete to die quickly of typhoid. "I have not been speaking of exercise for the young, but the grown man. Youth needs exercise to build up muscles and growing tissues. But, while you see puppies and colts scampering around, the old dog knows better, and so does the horse. They rest when they can. Athletes who come out of college and go to desk work often have great difficulty. Excessive exercise enlarges the heart, so that it may do its work. The heart is a muscle, and you can't lessen a muscle. When the football player becomes a desk worker, he has no need for his great heart. It is too big, and it becomes labby." Two New Words Coined. Two new words were brought into Kansas City by travelers lately, says the Kansas City Journal. One taken from a poster somewhere is "laugh-test." It was applied to a show and was merely a variation on "funniest," which has become too common for the average circus billboard writer. The other new word is "meritician." It is a punster till one studies over it awhile; then he becomes enlightened. It means "under-erker." But how elegant! It is under the pickles "under-erker" as "honorary artist" is to harbor, and even "merit director" looks like a Canadian dime beside it. Who will be Kansas City's first "meritician?" What They Should Do. Thoughtful Englishmen are awakening to the fact that this country has obtained considerable lead in the industries. Instead of wasting time deploping the fact they should either put themselves abreast of the times in England, says the Cleveland Leader, or join the procession on this side of the water.

## CASE OF CADET BOOZ.

### West Point Cadets Admit Tobacco Smoked is Used in Making.

Among the West Point cadets the other day there was considerable talk of the death of Cadet Oscar L. Booz, caused, it is alleged, by having. It is freely admitted that having in its water degrees still exists at West Point notwithstanding the efforts made by Colonel Mills to bring to an end the more serious punishments that were inflicted upon the smokers, says the New York Herald. It is equally true that tobacco was freely administered as one form of punishment. There are cadets who shudder at the sight of a small bottle, red labeled. If a cadet has taken it, he can explain the burning sensation, and if he has seen others take it he can describe the facial expressions of pain. Henry Langdon Butler, a cadet in the fourth class, who lives at 130 West Ninety-third street, New York, had an experience a few months ago. During the celebration of "banquet night" he had some little difference with a cadet in their class, the son of an army officer, the result of a proarranged incident scheduled by his seniors, and before sunrise, or the sound of reveille, Butler and his opponent faced each other in a ring in Camp Clinton. The combatants fought 12 rounds, and when the last round had been fought Butler's eyes were blackened and half of one of his front teeth was gone. His opponent fared even worse. Dr. H. Holbrook Curtis of New York, a throat specialist, speaking of the death of Cadet Booz, said: "Ulceration of the throat, such as that described in this case, could not result directly in tuberculous conditions such as the one said to have caused death. It is quite plausible that, while not the direct cause of death, such inflammation may have resulted in conditions which under the patient abnormally susceptible to the lodgment and development of the germs of a mortal disease."



OSCAR L. BOOZ.

Plans of Arcola Methodists For Keeping Communionists Close to Faith. The members of the Methodist church of Arcola, Ill., have adopted a novel if not an original plan of keeping close to the "faith," says the Chicago Inter Ocean. Promptly at 11 o'clock every morning the bell in the handsome new structure peals forth its melodious strains, and the echo of its ring reaches every quarter of the city. The first sound of the bell is a signal for each member of the church to cease his or her worldly labors and engage in earnest prayer. The idea of the "hour of prayer" was conceived during a recent revival meeting and has been continued ever since. The fact that the church bell was rung every day at the same hour became a general topic of conversation among those not acquainted with the plan, and people began to inquire the cause. At last the secret leaked out, and the "mystery of the 11 o'clock bell" has been cleared. The plan is said to be a success. Says He Was Tortured. "I suffered such pain from corns I could hardly walk," writes H. Robinson, Hillsborough, Ill., "but Buckle's Arnica Salve completely cured them." Acts like magic on sprains, bruises, cuts, sores, scalds, boils, ulcers. Perfect healer of skin diseases and piles. Cure guaranteed by J. E. Curry & Co. 25c. Dangerous as a Snake Bite. Chicago News. Up to date no man has been able to discover a satisfactory method of giving friendly advice to a woman.

## HERE'S AN AUTO SLED.

### Inventor Calls It an Anti-Weather Device For Use on Snow or Ice.

The auto sled will be 10 feet long, 3 feet high and 4 feet in width and will be propelled by a gasoline engine of 20 horsepower. In forcing the sled forward two steel cylinders are used, each 10 feet long and 25 inches in diameter. Wound around these cylinders are spiral cans, 3 inches high and 3 inches wide, with deeply concaved surfaces and capable of taking hold of the most icy surface. The cylinders are attached to the engine by means of level gearing, and the speed can be easily regulated to suit the person who guides the vehicle. Mr. Peavey calls his invention an "anti-weather" and is confident that it will make rapid time on the snow covered highway or on ice. He has been working on the sled for more than five years, and the greatest part of this time was spent in experimenting with the revolving runners. He found that if both the spirals were put on right handed the sled would go to the right, while it would go the other direction if the spirals were left handed. After he had made one right and one left handed there was more thinking to be done. By putting the coils close together he could develop great power of propulsion, but could make but little speed. Spirals put wider apart gave speed without power, and to meet both conditions he has constructed two sets of runners, one for work on the level road and the other for hill climbing. The cylinders run fore and aft with the auto, and the power is furnished by double piston rods so arranged that the engine can serve on a side shaft. The tubing and framework as well as the cylinders are of thin, highly tempered steel, so that the whole sled, with boiler, seats, engine and all, does not weigh over 1,200 pounds. The vehicle is guided by a set of runners attached to the front of the main body of it and has a handle running back to the driver's seat like electric and steam automobiles.

## PAPIER MACHE ARMOR.

### How It is Displaced and Replaced—Anecdotes of Its Use at Small Cost.

This is an age of imitation and mimicry. The chromo and the chromo photograph are "blowing the painting aside." Paper mache is beginning to displace steel, iron and brass for making the armor which is supposed to have been worn by the dead but captured sovereigns of literature, says the New York Post. Several philanthropic firms are now turning out armor of all and every period made out of it. According to the wishes of the customers, they will finish it in bright steel, silver and gold leaf, hammered brass, rusty iron or malachite. The new goods are warranted not to break easily or to cut any unfortunate guest upon whom they happen to fall. Arranged in the hall or on the wall of the saloon, they are guaranteed to deceive the best critics and to give all the satisfaction of the genuine suit of mail worn at Tulliers or Crecy. People whose ancestors indulged in crumpling or took part in the long wars between England and France can reproduce the ancestral wall at comparatively small cost. If necessary, you can have the breastplates worn by the Puritan and the skullcaps by Cromwell's Ironsides. The new invention has aroused the enmity of the dealers in antique armor, both ancient and modern, who declare that it is intended to ruin their industry. It may be recommended, however, to prudent housekeepers and careful mothers. A papier mache breastplate or a double handed sword may be entrusted to a toddler of 4 without the least danger to the baby in the cradle or the cat by the fireplace. They may, however, break a window, and if inserted in the kitchen stove they will burn up, though with difficulty.

## BOER GUN MYSTERY SOLVED.

### The Hunters Carried "Long Tom" Away at Night.

General Pearson of the Boer commissariat cleared up a strange mystery of the Boer war in South Africa the other day, says a New York dispatch. He explained the marvelous disappearance of the Boer "Long Tom" which for four months had been stationed behind the embankment on Ludwansmith mountain, firing shells into Lubbansmith. How this gun was taken away has long been a matter of wondering speculation among the officers and correspondents with the British relief column. The Boers constructed a derrick over the gun, and a British shell smashed the derrick, but when the British visited the embankment the gun had disappeared. General Pearson said: "It's simple enough. We took the gun away during the night and left the derrick there for the British to shoot at." A cannon, exceedingly easy. One morning remarked to his granny "A cannon can't be seen." "Anything that be seen." "But a cannon can't be seen, can it?" -New York Life.

## JOHN L.'S LATEST BOUT.

### Sullivan Knocks Death Out in a Long Fight.

LIFE GAVED BY HUNGRY KNIFE. Was Laid Low by Seven Fights and Narrowly Escaped Losing the Doctor—Thanks Physician Who Brought Him Out of Danger and Wonderful Recovery.

John L. Sullivan has just emerged from a hard to hand conflict with death. As usual his building courage and unconquerable belief in himself have proved victorious, but in this struggle he was seconded for the first time in his life by anxious surgeons. Most of John L.'s friends thought that his going to the hospital was a mere incident. They will be surprised to learn how for the first time that the man who for 12 years held the championship of the world in his hands came near to dying in the New York Polytechnic Medical School and Hospital in East Thirty-fourth street. "I had no more than a child," said John to a New York World reporter the other evening, "of the wonderful things these surgeons can do with a man that's out of order. I tell you, this Dr. Bodine of the Polytechnic is an able man, and he's only a young fellow at that, not more than 25 years of age. "The trouble began this way: I was feeling pretty hungry one day, and I ate seven chickens inside of four hours. Then I had some pain inside of me. I said to my partner, Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll, as square a man as I ever knew, 'I'm a sick man.' He sees it's a real case of sickness, so he gets a cab and takes me to the Polytechnic hospital. 'Till he got me there, they all thought I was done. You know, at that time a real good man can always beat a case of sickness. My partner's father, old Mr. Carroll, shook hands with me and said good-bye and good luck. His hand was shaking like a leaf, and his face was as white as your collar. But I know—well, what's the use of talking? You can't kill a good man. "At 2:30 in the afternoon I was put in a bed in the hospital. At 9:30 the next morning they cut me open in the side 15 inches long and 2 1/2 inches deep. No ether or chloroform! They were afraid of my heart. They found out afterward my heart was as strong as when I was 18 years old. I was a good young fellow then. I could kick anything that walked on two feet. "Well, they cut me open and fixed me up. As I told, I've got part of the skin of the fall of a kangaroo sewed in to my inside; also the best of saddle strings. They can't say John L. isn't full of muscle now, can they? You can bet your last dollar on this—there are 120 articles inside of me. They've got a lot of bandages outside to hold me together while the stitches are taking hold and keeping in place. "Four weeks and five days I was in the hospital. It's a great place to study human nature, that hospital. They kept me flat on my back in one position; wouldn't let me stir for fear the stitches would part. That's the hardest time I ever put in in all my life. Why, the soles of my feet were full of pins and needles. But I wouldn't move. I stuck to the rules of the game as Dr. Bodine gave them to me. You can't kill a good man, just a knower. The sickness tied me, but it couldn't beat me. Understand, I had the doctors' back of me. They know how to handle a case of sickness. "That hospital was a new world to me. Now, this is no kid. They brought in a young fellow 16 years of age that had never had any use of his legs since he was born. Dr. Bodine and his men fixed him up and put him in a plaster cast, and in three weeks he was all right. Wouldn't you call that a miracle? This young fellow hollering: 'Let me out! I want to run!' and he began dashing up and down the aisle. "There was another fellow, 24 years old, and they did him up the same way. I tell you, it's wonderful. The hospital of this city are great. I take off my hat to them. Understand, I had money. But it wouldn't have made any difference if I hadn't a cent. I tell you these hospital people are all right fellows. "They brought in another poor fellow who was in trouble. His wife was going under the knife. She was the mother of 12 children, and she was a good woman and a fine mother. You'd talk her for a sister of her children instead of the mother. The poor husband was all broken up, and they asked me to put a little heart into him. 'My,' I says to him, 'you haven't got a 100 to 1 chance to lose that good wife of yours. She'll beat it. Now, you mark my words, she'll beat it.' Well, she did beat it, too. God bless her. She came out all right. "I'll never forget the first day they let me out of bed. There was one of those hand organs in the street whistling out—I mean grinding out—a lot of lively tunes. 'Say, can I get up?' I asked the doctor. He said he thought I could take a little gentle exercise, and up I gets, with a big bathtub on me. That music was like a glass of wine. I began to do a few fancy steps. My legs were now too strong at that, but they carried me. Now that I've been out a few days I'm all right again. But don't forget one thing: Dr. Bodine and his staff deserve all kinds of credit."

## CHARLOTTE NEWS.

### From the regions around about some glad tidings of great joy.

It is syrup-making time! Early these frosty mornings the stalks of cane are popping and crackling between the rollers of the mills, while the "juice" flows down in a steady stream to the vessel in which the roaring flames convert it into the sweet, thick, delicious syrup. And if you thrust your knife into an apple a few times, and let it out after a few minutes and eat it, you will think that it is one of the apples of Hesperides. And if you take a spoonful of the syrup, let it cool sufficiently, and then let it tickle down your throat, you will be willing to make affidavit that it has found the honey of Hymettus. And then if you will take a jug of the syrup home, and the next morning pour a lot of it over some well buttered butter-cakes—made very largely of corn meal, you understand—and eat them if you do this you will wonder why everybody does not think that life is one grand, sweet song. And if you will—but we desist.

## The Memo Paper.

An editor makes enemies. He also makes friends and good ones, too. A little squib aimed at no one in particular will hit some hollow headed individual on a sore spot and he at once declares himself against it. The paper may have given him many complimentary notices, but the imaginary thrust puts him on his dignity and he establishes himself a critic, but he has not the nerve to do so. Just notice, and you will see that the men who are against the home paper are as a rule men who would not be missed if they should leave the community forever. On every question of local interest the home paper stands to make a fight for the best interest of the town.

## A Woman's Case Told.

"I stuck to my engine, although every joint ached and every nerve was racked with pain," writes C. W. Burlington, a locomotive fireman, of Burlington, Iowa. "I was weak and pale, without any appetite and all run down. At I was about to give up, I got a bottle of Electric Bitters and, after taking it, I felt as well as I ever did in my life." Weak, sickly, run down people always gain new life, strength and vigor from their use. Try them. Satisfaction guaranteed by J. E. Curry & Co. Price 50 cents.

## A Diplomatic Query.

"That cheery young Wintergreen made a friend of the haughty Mrs. De Young the very first time he met her." "How did he do it?" "He asked her if her hair wasn't prematurely gray."

## The Presentation of the Freedom of a City or Borough in England is now a more complement, which does not confer any substantial or exceptional privileges.