

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

DEVOTED TO THE PROTECTION OF HOME AND THE INTERESTS OF THE COUNTY.

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## Big Saturday and Monday Sales!

We always place our best bargains to the front these two days—for then it is that so many of our best customers do their shopping for the entire week. You will find here the newest and best in all lines and, too, at prices that cannot be matched in this part of the Sunny South land.

**Newest Spring Shoes.** They are here in abundance and our buyer is now among the manufacturers of the North and East picking up bargains, raking in with the cash everything that bobs up in sight. Of course he cuts the price half in two. Now for a month or more the railroad iron will be kept hot delivering our

### SECOND SPRING PURCHASE.

Just to make Monday one of the most interesting days of all, we will offer 600 yards Cannon Cloth, full standard goods. 10 yards only to each customer. No mail or Phone orders accepted and on sale only between 10 and 1 o'clock Monday. The 8½c Cannon Cloth at per yard . . . . . 5c

**Men's New Colored Shirts, "Lion Brand."** Pleated bosom. French Percale and Madras. Beautiful new patterns . . . . . 98c

"Our Curtain Lecture" will prove of interest to every housekeeper. All kinds that are new and up to now. Cable Cord Lace. Ruffled Bobbinet. . . . . 48c to \$10.00 a pair.

**New Dress Goods.** Silks, Woolen and Cotton Fabrics of the newest designs and ideas.

**Men's and Boy's Clothing.** Superior quality and workmanship at under prices.

PRICE is our greatest salesman and will tell why and how we do the biggest business.

## Kindley-Belk Brothers Co.

CHEAPEST STORE ON EARTH.

### ARP WRITES ABOUT SPRING.

**Flowers and Birds, and Quotes His Famous Poem.**

Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

It is not quite time to indulge spring poetry. I tried it some years ago and strained my mind and shall not try to again. One poem is enough to make a man famous and I have never seen mine improved upon:

"The bull, free bellers in the ditch,  
He's stumped on his winter britches.  
The hawk for infant children watcheth  
And fore you know it can be catched.  
The lizard is sucking hisself on a mill,  
The lamb is plucking his own horn tail.  
King cotton has snuffed his nose,  
And spins the air with sweet summer.  
The daisy is blowing his snubbers wide,  
And jerks the line with 'Gee, you fool!  
Adorns the Creek and round the ponds  
Are gentlemen and vaudeville.  
Are all our little dirty sinners  
Are diving bait and catching minners."

That is classic and expressive. It rhymes well and measures well and is considered the champion spring poem. But I will venture to make a few remarks about flowers, for as Solomon saith: "The winter is past; the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time for the singing of the bird has come and the voice of the turtle dove is heard in the land." It is an old story that when God made man and gave him hearing and seeing and taste and smelling; He created birds to sing for him and please his ears and grass to grow and herbs and trees to bear him fruit, but Adam wasn't very happy and said these are very good, but they cannot love me nor talk to me or comfort me when I am sick and sad. I am here alone and not even your angels visit me. And so God took pity on him and created woman and then he was happy. But woman didn't care to be digging and hoeing and planting and looking after the sheep and the cows and so the Lord created flowers especially for her enjoyment. He also taught her to sing and make music on the harp and hence came the old traditions that woman and music and flowers were God's best gifts to man. You see that neither flowers or music is mentioned in the Mosaic account of the creation and tradition says that they were not made until woman was. It is singular that in some of the ancient languages the same word that means woman means flowers too. Among the ancient Greeks, Romans, Persians and Egyptians there was great reverence for and even idolatry of

flowers. The lotus or sacred lily was worshipped as a god in Egypt. In Japan the chrysantheum is equally sacred and nearly all of their female children are named for some flower. In all countries every temple service, every festival or banquet or sacred day—every birth or marriage or death or funeral ceremony calls for a profusion of flowers. When soldiers went out to fight and when they returned they were crowned with wreaths and garlands; strangers were given flowers when they came to see you. Every flower had its meaning and its sentiment, as for instance a red rose meant "I love you;" a white rose "I will marry you." The Chinese make the most lavish use of flowers. No modern nation has such love and taste for them nor such beautiful gardens and Japan comes next. China is called the Flowery Kingdom. Almost all of the civilized nations have a national flower. Egypt Turkey and India have the lotus Japan the chrysantheum, Spain the pomegranate. France the iris or fleur de lis of Louis VII. Napoleon tried to abolish it and put the honey bee instead, but the people rebelled and it is still the iris. Scotland has the thistle, Ireland the shamrock, Wales the leek, Mexico the cactus, Germany the corn flower, England the rose, and the United States none at all. In 1899 we tried to make it the golden rod but failed. The North voted for the trailing arbutus and the rose and some green house flowers, and there was no flower elected. The trailing arbutus don't trail in this part of the country. Well of course, the rose is by universal suffrage the queen of all flowers. About six hundred years ago the Duke of Lancaster chose a red rose for his emblem. His brother, the Duke of York, chose a white rose. The descendants of these two princes got to fighting for the crown and it was called the war of the roses. But after a while the son of one married the daughter of the other and the two roses were united into one and called the Tudor rose. In the eleventh century the Danes made war upon Scotland, and one dark night planned an attack upon a fortress that was the key to the whole country. They took off their shoes and breeches so as to swim across the moat and full of water. But the Scotch had nearly filled the moat with thistle, and it stuck the Danes so terribly that they yelled in agony and got out quickly and the Scotch took them unawares and killed nearly all of them before they could put on their shoes and breeches. The thistle saved Scotland, and so they took it for their national flower. Away back in the centuries, when good St. Patrick went to Ireland as a missionary, he preached to them about the Trinity and how there were three persons in one God and the people laughed at him and said it was impossible and they didn't believe it. So the saint picked up a shamrock stem with its three leaves growing out of it and exclaimed: "Why not!" If this little plant can make three from one, why can't God do it?" So he convinced and converted all that people, and they took the clover or shamrock plant for the national flower. In the 8th century the Normans invaded Wales and just before a great battle one dark cloudy evening the Welch went through a field where the leeks or wild onions were in bloom, and every man plucked one and stuck it in his hat so as to distinguish their soldiers from the enemy, and by this means they whipped the fight and saved their country. After that they took the leek for their national flower. When Napoleon Bonaparte overran Germany and the emperor and his family had to fly from Berlin and conceal themselves he was awfully distressed and they liked to have perished. But his mother made garlands of a little wild flower known as the corn flower or kaiserblume, and put them on him and cheered him up, and when Bonaparte was vanquished the emperor adopted the little wild flower as the national emblem. When Louis VII started out on the crusades he chose the iris as his badge, and when he returned with his army it was adopted as the nation's flower. This is enough of national flowers, I wish we had one for our nation, and we will have one when this Federation of Women's Clubs takes hold of the matter, and I hope it will be the golden rod. It grows from Maine to Mexico and bends its graceful head in field and forest. The reason I got to ruminating about flowers was because our good ladies gave an entertainment the other night which was quite original and peculiar. It was called the enchanted garden. There were twelve pretty flowers painted on a long curtain and in front of them was an old gardener teaching a pretty little girl her first lesson in flowers. He told her their origin and how they got their names and whenever he mentioned one of the flowers that was on the curtain and pointed to it, that flower disappeared as if by enchantment and in its place there appeared the face of a pretty girl or woman, who sang a song that fitted the flower—such songs as "Only a Pansy Blossom," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Pond Lilies," "A Bunch of Daisies," etc. At intervals between the songs, the old gardener told his pupil how Clyta fell in love with Apollo, the god of the sun, and she gazed upon him so continually that he got tired of it and turned her into a heliotrope, for this Greek word means turned by the sun. And how Apollo's cup-bearer was a very handsome boy and Apollo loved him so much that another boy killed him through envy and his dead body was changed into a hyacinth. The Greek spelling is Yacinthus and Apollo stamped the Greek letter Y on every petal, and it is there yet. And how a very vain and handsome youth spent all his time looking at himself in a fountain of clear water and one day he fell in and was drowned and Apollo changed his body into a narcissus. And how the carnation was always a pink flesh color for the Greek word carnos means flesh, but now it is all colors. And how dandelion means a lion's tooth for the shape of its leaves, and the tulip means a tuban and the geranium means a crane's bill from the shape of its seed pods, and the nasturtium means a nose twister, for when you smell it or taste the seed the pungent odor and taste make you draw up your face and curl up your nose. And the old man told about many others, and it seems that we not only got the names of the days and the months and the stars from ancient mythology, but we have even kept the names of their flowers. If flowers were as scarce as diamonds and pearls they would bring a much higher price, for they are really more beautiful. A Kind Providence made the best and most beautiful

### ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

## Three Handsome Prizes to be Awarded for Three Largest Clubs of Subscribers Sent to The Gazette by Saturday, May 3rd—Particulars of the Contest.

THE GAZETTE is one paper in Gaston county whose circulation is growing greater and not less. It is now issued twice every week; it is printed throughout from new type, neat, clean, attractive; edited with care in every department, it endeavors to be reliable always, to print the news and tell the truth, and is devoted to the protection of home and the interests of Gaston county. These things, together with the aid of its friends, are making the paper go at a rate which eclipses all its previous records.

But we feel that our very kind friends are entitled to some reward. Therefore, encouraged by the results of other similar offers made to our subscribers in the past, we have, as previously announced, decided again to interest our friends who have helped us and are helping us now to make THE GAZETTE what it is to-day.

There are two important points to note: first, THE GAZETTE is offered twice a week for a dollar to all who get the dollar in by Saturday, the third day of May; second, to the three persons who bring us the three largest lists of new subscribers by that date, we will give three handsome prizes.

Now for the particulars concerning the contest and the prizes: **FIRST PRIZE**—To the person who brings in the largest list of new paid subscriptions under this offer by the date named, we will give a choice between two handsome twenty-dollar prizes.

1. Choice number one is a fine new improved Columbian Phonograph now on exhibit at Torrence's Jewelry Store. It is not the small kind with a cylinder record. It is an improved loud instrument with a circular record like a dinner plate, and can be heard easily across the street. This fine machine and six records (three large and three small) make up this outfit.

2. Choice number two is a most beautiful ladies' Mahogany Desk, with chair to match, now on exhibit at The Gastonia Book Store. The desk is Macey's make inlaid with white holly and mother-of-pearl, a lovely piece of furniture, as every lady who sees it will testify. The chair to match goes with it. Bring the largest list of new subscribers and take your choice of the two superb prizes described above.

**SECOND PRIZE**—For the second largest list of subscriptions under this offer, the prize will be a choice between a very large and handsome new five-dollar hammock and a five-dollar Waterman's Fountain Pen—both at The Gastonia Book Store.

**THIRD PRIZE**—For the third largest list of subscriptions brought in under this offer, the prize will be a fine three-dollar silk umbrella or a beautiful three-dollar rug at Thomson Co.'s store.

Anybody is a new subscriber who does not now take the paper, with this limitation: a mere transfer of the paper from one member of a family to another or from one neighbor to another for the sake of getting a name on the list is not securing a new subscriber. Of course no honest person would resort to a scheme like that.

The contest is to end Saturday night, May 3rd, so that we can make up the awards Monday for the paper coming out on the following day.

These are the conditions of the contest, and we hope our friends will get to work and forward subscriptions as fast as they get them. Everybody who knows us knows that these prizes will be awarded just as we say. If the biggest list contains no more than one subscriber, the person who brings it will get one of the twenty-dollar prizes.

things the most abundant so that the poor might have them as well as the rich. It does not take money to buy sunshine nor shower the green grass nor the songs of birds nor the daisies and lilies that adorn the fields and meadows. The great poets' books are full of beautiful thoughts about flowers. Shakespeare's lament over the death of Imogen, is full of tears and flowers.

"Your voiceless lips, oh flowers! are living presidents,  
Each one a pulpit and each leaf a book."

Mr. Hemans says: "Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear:  
They were born to blush in her shining hair."

And Wordsworth says: "It is my faith that every flower that blooms enjoys the air it breathes and is conscious of its own beauty."

It was a tradition among the early Christians that when Mary, the mother of Jesus, fled with her child into Egypt beautiful roses and lilies sprang up and bloomed along her pathway as she journeyed through the plains of Sharon and Jericho. Woman and flowers are always found together, both in fact and in fancy. Some men like flowers, too, especially young men who are in love, but with many men dog-fennel and gimpson weed are as sweet and pretty as roses and violets.

**Handshaking in Cleveland.**  
Kings Mountain Democrat.

From what we can learn some of our county candidates are beginning to stir things pretty lively—those who have not announced as well as those who have. The fact that it is election year with these could be plainly discovered during the present term of court. The pleasant smiles and the hearty handshakes of these good, genial fellows met their friends on every hand. All are good men that have ventured yet and we look for some lively campaigning this year.

Subscribe for THE GAZETTE.

### "Hello Central."

Atlanta Journal.

Some of the good people of Evanston, Ill., whose sense of propriety has been shocked by the use of the word "hello" in conversation over the telephone have inaugurated a movement to bring about a discontinuation of this inherently vulgar expression in favor of the more polite form of greeting, such as "good morning" and "good evening."

The proposed innovation is supported by the argument that the term "hello" has long since been eliminated from ordinary conversation in refined circles and that having suffered this fate it is not in proper taste to employ it in conversation over the telephone. The change has already met with every general adoption in Evanston and is cordially endorsed by the telephone authorities.

But we doubt if the country at large will look with favor upon the reform which has been started at Evanston. Despite the association of the word "hello," it meets the demand of the age in which we live for aptness and brevity, and is not likely to be retired from active service for some time to come.

The Wadesboro Messenger says that a negro named Ben Moore was arrested a few days ago for stealing about 10 bushels of cotton seed from Mr. W. B. Sellers, of Morven. Ben, on being taken into custody, owned up at once to taking the seed. He was then asked why he took them and replied that Mr. Sellers had a good variety of seed and he wanted some of them to plant. Ben was sent to jail, but gave bond after spending a night in limbo and was released.

### Fatherly Advice.

Baltimore American.

"Take care of the millions," said the trust magnate, "and the billions will take care of themselves."

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THIS PRIVATE SAVINGS BANK is issued to you locked. It can be opened only in our Savings Department, where the key is kept. You are expected to accumulate your savings in it, and return it to our Savings Department occasionally, when your savings will be removed, entered up to your credit on your passbook and begin to draw interest.

Call at the Gastonia Banking Co. or send us a postal card, and we will tell you all about it.

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PAY CASH AND GET WHOLESALE PRICE.

### For 60 Days the Best Makes are Offered at Wholesale Prices for Cash.

Stieff Pianos are the only world renowned instrument sold direct from factory to purchaser. I am Stieff's factory salesman and have something to tell you. Listen!

For 60 days I will sell a piano or organ to any one at a

.....Straight Wholesale Price on a Cash Basis.....

I handle three other makes of good instruments which I can sell you lower than the lowest.

Also have on hand a lot of nice second-hand pianos and organs, received in exchange, which go from \$15 to \$85. I can't see everybody—too much territory. But write me and I'll call on you, and what's more, will save you money.

## W. D. BARRINGER,

Salesman Chas. M. Stieff.

GASTONIA, N. C.

## The McCormick HARVESTING MACHINE.

The Prosperous Farmer always has a



Proved itself the best on earth last year, and to this year better than ever, with several valuable improvements. To see this machine is to want it, to try it is to buy it.

## CRAIG & WILSON,

Gastonia, N. C.

## HAMMOCKS

Wish you would come in and see the season's new hammocks. They will surely "catch you good." The new weaves this season are unusually pretty, the colors and superb stripings produce in some instances charming tapestry effects, while the materials and making are all that could be desired.

Prices 85c up to \$6.00.

### THE NEW BOOKS ALSO

are here with their charming covers, pictures, and messages of instruction and entertainment. Our counters, too, are a-bloom with the new April magazines. Please drop in and browse among them to your heart's content.

### PASSE PARTOUT.

Have you learned? We have the outfits and free instruction books. Gold and silver bindings at 20 cents per roll, colors at 10 cents. The mount board in the deep tints and red. Large stock to select from. Mail and phone orders solicited.

## MARSHALL'S BOOK STORE,

On the Corner.