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THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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THE GAZETTE.

People enjoy every bit of it that they can get. They like to see the news and they like to see the news in the Gazette. It is the only paper in Gastonia that is published every day of the year.

W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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

One Dollar a Year in Advance.

VOL. XXIII.

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NO. 35.

SATURDAY STARTS THE BALL A ROLLING

to clear out our Clothing Department. We've made our plans to enter the new annex—the new home of the Clothing and Shoe Department with nothing but the newest fads and fashions of the season and we know, know it well, too, that the quickest way to sell "one" is to cut the price, and this we have done.



The first special lot is 100 suits, Fancy Casimers and Worsteds, some worth \$6.50, some worth \$6.00, none worth less than \$5.00 but to-morrow pick out your suit (see the show window) at **\$2.98**

For the best stalk of field grown corn we offer one **\$7.50**



For the best stalk of field grown cotton, we offer a suit clothes, value **\$7.50**

All you have to do is bring in your stock of corn or cotton on or before noon on July 4th, and prizes will be awarded by competent judges at 12 o'clock.

Stock Reducing Prices prevail in every department at

KINDLEY-BELK BROTHERS CO.
CHEAPEST STORE ON EARTH.

Col. Watterson's Plein.

It is a queer proceeding to apply to the Philippines some of the amendments to the Constitution, when the Constitution itself does not extend to that part of our possessions or dominions. We are going to give them the Constitution by installments, and we begin with some of the amendments, omitting the most important the right of trial by the jury of the vicinage. But how about the freedom of speech and the press? Will that nullify those sedition laws which would have sent Senator Hoar to jail if he had made his speeches in Manila instead of in Washington? And with the right to assemble peaceably and petition for a redress of grievances permit the Filipinos to ask Congress to give them some voice in the management of their own affairs? These are questions which are embarrassing, but are likely to be resolved by the higher law that the administration and its Philippine agencies can do no wrong.

May She Live to Ride in a Flying Machine.

Baltimore Sun. Mrs. Silvia Dunham, whose home is in a village near Boston, counts her age by the successive type of vehicles she has seen perfected. She was born in 1800. At 5 years of age she rode in a stage coach, at 40 she boarded a railway train for the first time, at 99 she rode on an electric car, and at 100 she enjoyed an outing in an automobile. At the age of 102 she still attends to her household duties, works in her little garden, and reads an hour every day.

Born in a Penitentiary and Returned There Later in Life.

Cleveland Booth, a negro youth, 18 years old, was taken through this city this morning, to serve a sentence of five years in the penitentiary for the crime of house-breaking, of which he was convicted in the county court of Surry. The remarkable feature about the case is that Booth was born in the penitentiary where his mother was serving a sentence for murder, and where she died. He now returns to the house of his nativity to serve and labor as a convict.

Bank Stocks as Investments.

Bank stocks generally increased in value in 1901. But nowhere else in this country, probably nowhere else in the world, did this accretion bear so large a proportion to the par value as in the City of New York. Never before in the history of the city banks has there been so great an addition in market value as from Dec. 31, 1900, to Dec. 31, 1901.

Of all banks doing business in New York the shares of not a single one can to-day be purchased at or below par. In most instances the stock sells for far above par. Take, for example, the shares of the Chemical National, probably the most famous bank securities in the United States. Their par value is but \$100, while on Dec. 31, 1901, the market quotation was \$4,100 bid and \$4,175 asked. One year previous the selling price was \$3,950, an increase of 150 points against no increase in dividend. It is true that the dividend on a capital stock of \$300,000 was 150 per cent, the same as for the year before, but the bank's securities found other reason for increasing in value. The increase in quotation for Chemical stock was small, however, compared with certain others. Shares of the New Amsterdam National Bank made the greatest increase in market value. They soared from 790 on Dec. 31, 1900, to 1,390 on Dec. 31, 1901, a net increase of 700 points. This was due to a combination of circumstances. The earnings of the institution, under the guidance of President R. R. Moore and Vice President Charles W. Morse, were very great, and there had been accumulated from past years a very large surplus. In 1900 a dividend of 30 per cent. was paid, but in 1901 this was increased to 100 per cent, much of the accumulated surplus being divided among the shareholders.

Illustrative of the fact that the market value of such securities does not depend upon the immediate dividends declared is the case of the New York County National Bank, whose dividends increased in 1901 to 150 from 50 per cent. in 1900, while the quotation for its shares actually decreased from 1,500 to 1,490. This bank was one of the establishments of the late Francis Leland, who invested a low figure many

years ago in securities which later reached a very high figure, and out of their sale a dividend was last year declared independent of the ordinary earnings of the institution.

Another very large increase during last year was in the stock of the Fifth Avenue Bank. It paid the same dividends as in 1900—25 per cent quarterly on a capital of \$100,000—but its stock appreciated in value from 2,800 to 3,255, an addition of 455 points. Interesting, again, was the increase in Chase National shares, which were quoted in December, 1900, at 475, and in 1901 at 720—an appreciation of 245. The total dividend of 12 per cent on a capital of \$1,000,000 was no larger than the dividend of the year before, but—what was very important—it was understood that during the year an alliance had been formed with the First National.

The case of the First National in 1901 was unprecedented and unique in the history of New York banking. At the beginning of the year shares of the institution were quoted at 3,600, and the capital was \$500,000. For many years this institution had been making very large earnings, and had accumulated an enormous surplus. It was decided therefore to declare a stock dividend of 1,900 per cent., increase the capital of \$10,000,000, and enlarge the scope of the institution, allying the bank very closely to the Morgan-Hill interests. The market value per share decreased to 700 by the end of the year, but the man who owned one share at the beginning of the year, for which he paid \$3,600, having received as his stock dividend nineteen additional shares with a market valuation of \$700 each—a total value of \$14,000. In addition to all of this good fortune for the holders of this bank's stock, a dividend of 20 per cent on the new capitalization was declared at the end of the year.

Great interest always attaches to the shares of the National City Bank, this institution and the First National standing at the head of all the banks in point of deposits, and the City Bank being especially notable as the banking institution for the Standard Oil syndicate. Its capital is \$10,000,000 and its deposits about \$120,000,000. Its annual dividend rate of 6 per cent. did not change from 1900 to 1901, although its shares went upward in market valuation from 535 to 595—an appreciation of 60 points. Another institution to increase its capitalization in 1901 was the Garfield National—one of the Charles W. Morse banks. At the beginning of last year this institution had a surplus of \$1,300,000 and a capitalization of \$200,000. Capital was increased to \$1,000,000, and there was a dividend—part of it in stock—equal to 50 per cent, against a cash dividend of 12 per cent. the year before. The shares were quoted at the beginning of 1901 at 1,725 and at the close of the year at 500.

In the course of the year there was an appreciation of 225 points in the stock of the Liberty National Bank, although this institution declared no dividend at all. The stock went from 320 to 545. Then, in the State Bank, with a capital of but \$100,000, there was increase in the quoted value of its shares of 150 points—from 380 to 510—although the dividends for the year were only 3 per cent in excess of the 10 per cent. for the year previous.

Beauty No Bar to a Verdict.

St. Paul Dispatch. The Supreme Court of Minnesota has decided that a girl's beauty is not to be counted against her, and that if a jury is influenced by the comeliness of a fair plaintiff it is not for the courts to deprive her of her natural advantages. This ruling was made indirectly in the case of Emma Koplitz against the city of St. Paul. The girl was injured by an accident while on a coaching party and sued the city, alleging a defective road.

She was awarded a verdict of \$300. The city appealed, alleging that her beauty had influenced the jury. The Supreme Court denied a new trial and the verdict stands.

Another Remedy for Potato Bugs.

Morgantown News-Herald. Mr. D. C. Stroup called a few days ago and gave us the following recipe for killing potato bugs. "Chop fine the small branches of cedar limbs. Boil long enough to get all the strength—some four or five hours. After cooling, spray enough to wet plant." Mr. Stroup says he has tried this and it is sure death to potato bugs.

THE NIGHT BELL BOY.

A UNIQUE CHARLOTTE CHARACTER.

He is a Good Servant, but Superstitious and Unlettered—His Experiences as Porter on Southern Railway, Between Charlotte and Washington—Would not Stand as Porter When a Corpse Rang for Ice Water.

H. R. C. H. in Charlotte Observer, June 9th.

To learn the good things, and sometimes the bad ones, about your neighbors you must go away from home. If I were to publish all the stories that I hear abroad concerning Charlotte people, I would not be permitted to return home. Hardly a day passes that some wiseacre does not ask: "Did you hear about Mr. So and So, or Mrs. So and So, or Miss So and So, of your town?"

If I admit that I have heard of it, the subject is dropped, but if I declare my ignorance the cheerful informant opens his eager mouth and speaks. He tells in detail the story of some highly flavored sensation or of the hard-luck of some poor devil. But this is tommyrot! I have two interesting yarns to spin on Butler, the unique old negro bell boy at the Central Hotel in Charlotte. The stories come to me from a reliable traveling man and he vouches for their truthfulness.

There are but few people in Charlotte who do not know Butler. He is one of the rare characters of the town and not to know him is to be behind the times. In kind, Butler is one of the oldtype darkeys. He would have been a fine individual before the war. On the block he would have brought a big price. He is large, muscular and active, kind-hearted, amiable, obedient, faithful and respectful. No better or more agreeable servant ever lived. He is always willing, active and thoughtful. But, with all of his fine qualities, Butler has faults and weaknesses. He is superstitious, unlettered and dull of recollection. There are but few men that he does not suspect of supernatural power. His best friends are often considered dangerous. He would not permit any man to walk around him three times. As a rule he is polite and gentle but if you wish to rouse the devil in him attempt to circle around him thrice. A lion could not cow him under such circumstances and if he is not allowed to fly in peace he will go regardless of consequences. Dead bodies hold no charms for him. He may be a friend of a person while he lives but as soon as breath has left the body Butler bids farewell to the remains. If the corpse was not dressed until Butler did it the former friend would not have a decent burial.

Butler never forgives nor forgets a man who tries to throw a spell over him. Though the old darkey likes tips as well as any other member of his race he would not accept money from a person who had tried to trick him. I know of several traveling salesmen who bear the ill-will of Butler because of attempts at conjuring him. One sought to walk around him while another endeavored to rub him down with the dried ear of a lynched negro. If time and space permitted I should relate the story of what happened when the last mentioned gentleman called Butler into his room, sent him to the rear corner of the room and announced that he was going to touch him with the ear of a dead negro. Suffice to say that Butler's nostrils flew open like those of a horse when he scents a poisonous snake and that the man who perpetrated the joke had to buy a new bed for the hotel and replace the demolished door left in the wake of the frightened negro.

These details are given so that the reader may appreciate the character of this sketch. Picture him in your mind—tall, six feet and better, raw-boned, large, angular, black and full of fear but obedient and faithful. This is Butler. He wears a bill-less cap and noise-less shoes when on duty. His upper lip is covered with a circle of kinky mustache, and a pair of "slideburns" bedeck his high cheek bones. Butler is the night bell boy at the Central. He has held the position for years. The hotel may change proprietors but Butler is a fixture. A score or more years ago,

Butler had a railroading experience that he will never forget. Some conductor on the Southern Railway knowing his capacity for work, engaged his services as porter on a passenger train between Charlotte and Washington. Butler was happy, for he had always desired to become a railroad man. He bought a fine suit of the regulation cut and started out with flying colors. All of his old friends at the hotel hailed him with delight and made him feel certain that he was in the right place. But before ten days had passed Butler was in deep water. Being dull of memory and illiterate he could not remember the stations. The conductor labored with him in vain. He couldn't learn the names of a half-dozen stations along the line. The conductor becoming annoyed with his persistent appeal for help, refused one day, to give him the name of a station and dismissed him abruptly, declaring at the time: "I shall not tell you and if you do not call out that station I will fire you." Butler was in the closest place of his life. He liked his job and did not wish to lose it. He did not have but a second for thought, for the whistle had already blown and it was time the station was called. After scratching his head a moment Butler hurried back to the first-class car, opened the door, stuck his head in and shouted: "Bow! Wow! Wow!" Some drowsy traveler who sat near the door jumped to his feet and asked: "What in the name of the Lord was that you said, nigger? What station is this?" With a calm smile upon his face Butler looked at the passenger and answered: "Boss-man, you heered what I said an' you better git off, too." After that the conductor never failed to tell Butler the station and he made a good porter until some fellow dosed him too heavy on fire-water and his job slid from under him.

It was in the days of the late Eugene Dawson that Butler fared worst. Mr. Dawson had had a way of making life miserable for hotel negroes and Butler was one of his pets. One night a decade or more ago a corpse was left at the Central over night. It came from South Carolina and was deposited in room 70, where it remained, all alone, behind locked doors. Butler was night bell boy as he is now. Mr. Dawson had a room in the neighborhood of the dead body. He purloined a key to the room and about 2 o'clock in the morning when all was still and at peace about the town and hotel Mr. Dawson slipped into the room of the corpse and rang the bell twice—for ice water. Butler left his easy chair in the back part of the office and walked to the board to see what room wanted ice water. When his eyes dropped on "70" his courage left him and his limbs quaked. His eyes spread and his mouth dropped open. He was paralyzed from head to foot but when he saw the shadow of a gown on the wall at the head of the stairs and heard a feeble voice say: "Ain't ye goin' to fetch no water to seventy?" all his strength came back and carried him out the front door—half the door going with him—and to his home in Brooklyn. It was a week before he could be persuaded to return to the hotel. He argued that he would starve before he would work where dead men rung for ice water. People living along East Trade tell, to this day, of the strange noise that Butler made as he passed along that night. It was like the singing of the wings of a fast-flying bat, wierd and uncanny.

But with all his short-comings Butler is a good fellow.

Prof. Henry N. Snyder, professor of English at Wofford College, has been elected president to succeed Dr. J. H. Carlisle.

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