

W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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

GASTONIA, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1902.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

State Ticket.
For Chief Justice of the Supreme Court: **WALTER CLARK,** of Wake.
For Associate Justices of Supreme Court: **HENRY GROVES CONNOR,** of Wake.
PLATT D. WALKER, of Mecklenburg.
For Corporation Commissioner: **EUGENE C. BIDDINGFIELD,** of Wake.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction: **JAMES V. JOYNER,** of Guilford.

For Judges of Superior Court:
2nd District: **R. B. PEEBLES,**
4th " **C. M. COOK,**
6th " **W. H. ALLEN,**
8th " **W. H. NEAL,**
10th " **B. F. LONG,**
12th " **R. B. JONES,**
14th " **W. B. COUCH,**
16th " **M. J. JUSTICE,**
18th " **F. M. MOORE,**
20th " **C. S. FERGUSON.**

Congressional Ticket.
For House of Representatives 9th Congressional District: **HOWIN YATER WEBB,** of Cleveland.

12th Judicial District.
For Solicitor 12th Judicial District: **JAMES L. WEBB,** of Cleveland.

County Ticket.
For State Senate 22nd District: **STONSWALL JACKSON DURLIAM.**
For House of Representatives: **WILLIAM THOMAS LOVE,** JOHN H. LEEPER.
For Clerk of Superior Court: **CHARLES C. CONNOR.**
For Sheriff: **JOHN M. GASTON.**
For Registrar of Deeds: **MILWA A. CARPENTER.**
For Treasurer: **JAMES R. LEWIS.**
For Coroner: **W. MEEK ADAMS.**
For Senator: **JACOB KIRK.**
For County Commissioners: **J. G. HOLLAND,** J. R. CONNELL, JOHN D. MCLANAN, R. A. WHITE.

JOE ON THE RETIRED LIST.

Smartest Horse That Ever Paired a Fire Engine—Beat the Record for Quickness, Helped to Hitch Up and Could Count.
New York Sun.

Joe, the wisest horse in the fire department, has been condemned, which means that his days of going to fires are over. In consequence of this news a cloud of gloom hangs over the engine house of Company 7, at Centre and Chambers streets.

Just how long Joe has been a fire horse could not be ascertained yesterday, but it is conceded that he has been "it" in No. 7's house for twelve years. He has taken a prize at the horse show and he holds the fire department record for getting into harness quicker than any horse that has ever run to a fire. He and Frank, his mate, are big sorrels.

"Joe," said Lieutenant Bundrick yesterday, was a horse that any one would fall in love with. If you asked him to shake hands he would raise his right foot and offer it to you just like a dog would offer you his paw. If any of the men belonging to the company was ill that horse sympathized with him by rubbing his head on the sick man's shoulder and shaking his head from side to side.

"And he could count from one to fifty," declared Fireman Sam Anderson. "He was just like a circus horse. If you asked him how many days in the week he'd like to work he would paw the ground once. Then if you asked him how many days he'd like to loaf he'd keep pawing the ground until told to stop."

"Yes," chimed in Fireman Martin Renck, "and he could add up figures and write down a sum on a blackboard whenever a piece of chalk was placed in his mouth."

"Well," said Engineer Hamper, "Joe can do that even now. I really believe that horse would make the fire under the boiler if he was only able to strike the match. He lifted wood in his mouth and shoved it into the furnace under the engine when I told him to do it."

"I want to say that Joe can do everything but talk," remarked Fireman Finnegan. "You can ask Gruber, Kraft, Hublitz or any of the other firemen attached to this company. He learned all sorts of tricks, such as sticking out his tongue at folks when told to do it, and when he asked how little boys laughed he would draw back his lips and show his teeth."

According to Engineer Hamper, Joe loves music, for when the organ grinders come around he shakes his head, keeping time to the melody played, or stamps his feet to mark time.

When the alarm was rung in there was not another horse in the house who acted as quickly as Joe. He never waited for the chain in his stall to drop, but stooped and crawled under it. Then he would dash over to the engine, slip his head through the collar and be ready to leave the house in less than five seconds.

The men of the company taught him to pick up his collar from the floor, and place it on his own neck. They also taught him to ring the dormitory bell by yanking a rope with his teeth, but he seemed to take such a delight in rousing the men out of their beds that it was found necessary to remove the bell rope. They taught him to bow and answer questions with a shake of the head.

Joe has been placed in a rear stall in the engine house, where he pines for his mate, who has also been condemned. While Joe will be kept at the engine house until a new horse is broken in and trained to the sound of the gong, the new horse, which arrived yesterday, will occupy his old stall. Later on Joe will probably be sold at auction.

Patrick Maher, captain of Engine Company 7, who is away on his vacation, was informed of the situation last night by a friend who hopes to save Joe to the company for another year. The captain will probably come home and see what can be done for the old fellow.

The man who is worrying most over Joe is Lieutenant Jack Sullivan, of Truck 1, whose quarters adjoin those of Engine 7. Sullivan taught Joe to pick out the American flag and the green flag from a dozen flags thrown on the floor. After placing all of the flags on the floor Sullivan would say: "Which is the most glorious flag on earth?" and the horse would answer the question by picking up

the American colors in his mouth and waving them. Then Sullivan would tell Joe to pick out the flag that his friend Jack Carrall was born under and the horse would raise the green.

Denouncing the Amendment.

Wilmington Star.
The Republicans of Swain county held their convention a few days ago and adopted a platform, of which the following is one of the resolutions:
"We denounce the Democratic party of North Carolina for having disfranchised 20,000 white men by the iniquitous tax provision in the so-called constitutional amendment."

This shows the animus of the Swain county Republicans towards the constitutional amendment, and it may be taken as an expression of the sentiment of the State, who are going to overthrow that amendment if they can. It also confirms the warning that Senator Simmons sent out some time ago.

This denouncing resolution is short but there are some points in it worthy of note. First, it is an assumption that 20,000 white men have been disfranchised by "the iniquitous tax provisions of the so-called constitutional amendment." This is simply Senator Pritchard's estimate. As these are his figures it is likely that the denunciatory resolution is also his.

But aside from this, it is an arrant assertion to say that the amendment disfranchised these white men. They disfranchised themselves by failing to comply with the law, which they had ample time to do and could have done without feeling it seriously. There is not one in ten of them who could not have paid his poll tax, and if they didn't it was because they were indifferent about it and preferred to lose their vote this year rather than pay the poll tax. The amendment is no more responsible for their disfranchisement than any other law which prescribes a penalty for refusing to do something which is required or for doing something which is prohibited.

1970.

Southern Education.
Twenty-eight states and one territory were represented at the Summer School of the South, which was held at Knoxville, Tenn., from June 19 to July 31. The registration reached 1970, which did not include many who attended only a part of the time.

Every southern state was well represented, the smallest number from any state being fourteen from Arkansas.

This is the greatest Summer School ever held in the South, and Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, Mass., who spent a week at the school, said of it: "It is the biggest one in the world. In numbers and interest it has never been surpassed. The character of the work being done is of the best."

The management is already preparing for an even greater school next summer. In order to give the teachers better accommodations a canvass has already been started for \$15,000 with which to erect a commodious dining hall, and it is confidently believed that the building will be ready for use next summer.

This school is a direct outcome of the Southern Education Board movement.

Unique Way of Escape.

Wilmington Star.
Charles Filer, a burglar, serving a term in the New Jersey penitentiary, got out last week. He didn't file his way out, but while in he invented a sewing machine that he claims is away ahead of those now in use. He got some moneyed men interested in it, and they interested themselves enough in him to get him pardoned, and now he has quit the burglar business and is at the head of a company organized for the manufacture of the machine.

POINTS ON PRIZE FIGHTING.

Many Blows too Swift for Observation—Jeffries' Wonderful Power to Endure and Administer Punishment.
"An Old Hand," in Richmond News.

Anybody who has seen a modern prize fight knows that it is impossible for the eye to follow the movements of two well-trained and expert boxers in the ring. Even the most experienced sporting reporters, with the best appliances, are compelled to report details in a measure by guess work. A quick man can hit, block and recover so fast that it is impossible for any eye to follow him.

In the discussion whether the recent fight between Fitzsimmons and Jeffries at San Francisco was a fair or unfair fact should be kept in mind. I saw and reported the fight between the same two men at Coney Island, in 1899. On that occasion Fitzsimmons dropped his guard just as he is reported to have done in this case. All who saw that contest must carry in their minds the picture of him as he stood with his hands fallen to his sides, his knees bent, staring, stupid and helpless, and waiting for the finishing blow, which was given precisely as at this recent contest. He was dazed by a swing with the left on the side of his head and put out by a tap with the right.

The thing to be remembered is that Jeffries is the biggest and strongest man who ever went in ring. Imagine 218 pounds of solid bone and muscle, with every ounce of superfluous flesh trained off. Against a weight like that human blows are powerless. When we think of the tremendous coating of muscle and hardened flesh that lies between his vital spots, and any blow aimed at them we can understand how much apparent punishment he can take. Any good man can hit hard enough to cut his flesh and make superficial and ugly wounds but in prize fighting the blows that hurt are those which jar and shake and impair vitality.

On the other hand, any blow scientifically delivered, with a mass of power like his behind it, must hurt, even though its effects may not be visible on a bony frame like that of Fitzsimmons. It is prize-ring history that no man has ever been able to strike Jeffries hard enough to knock him down. Anybody who looks at his enormous legs and neck and chest can understand this.

UNOBSERVED BLOWS.
Very likely it was the blows which the reporters did not catch which wore out Fitzsimmons' strength and powers of endurance. Even a short arm jab from a fist like Jeffries', driven by his tremendous muscular power and energy, must jar and weaken the strongest man.

It should be remembered by those who cry fake that Corbett, who was as strong as Fitzsimmons and the quickest man who ever went into the ring, made Jeffries look like a novice, and for round after round hit him almost at will. But he never was able to jar that mountain of hard gristle and iron muscle and powerful bone, and was whipped virtually with one blow when it landed at last.

The fact of the business is that Jeffries can take five blows for one from any other man now in the fighting game, and win out. That was the secret of Sullivan's victories in his prime. He met better boxers than himself—men who could outpoint him and land oftener than he did, but when he landed at all the results were terrific. Poor Ryan, after his fight with Sullivan, said when the first straight blow landed on him the idea flashed through his mind that a neighboring telegraph pole had fallen on his head.

Senators Should Not be Campaign Managers.

Charlotte Observer, July 29.

Our Raleigh letter this morning says that it is rumored that Senator F. M. Simmons will not stand for re-election as State chairman, at the meeting of the State executive committee. It is to be hoped that this is true, for while Mr. Simmons has been a most aggressive and successful campaigner, since his election to the highest office within the gift of his State he has been handicapped by his position as chairman. A United States Senator should not be burdened with the active campaigns of his party, and it would have been better for the State if both Messrs. Simmons and Pritchard had declined these honors from their respective parties after they became members of the upper branch of Congress.

PRICE OF AMUSEMENT.

Twenty-five Millions Spent by Theater-goers Last Year.
Chicago Inter-Ocean.

When an authority in matters theatrical asserted recently that the people of the United States spent \$25,000,000 in theater-going last season, the statement was received with that incredulity characteristic of a people grown accustomed to willful exaggeration from similar sources. It gained neither the dignity of consideration nor the interest of argument. It was set down as preposterous and passed to the waste heap of sensationalism.

Still, there were some with an inherent love of statistics who, taking pencil and pad in hand, convinced themselves, at least, that the kernel of truth was there. In point of attendance, as well as in point of interest, the theater-going record for the season of 1901-'02 eclipsed that of any previous year.

Recreation, particularly as it applies to play-going, has steadily advanced through the successive stages of being considered a sin and waste of time, and a luxury to be indulged only by the fortunate, until it has come to be looked upon, if not as a necessity, at least as a relaxation to be counted a blessing. There are many instances, in fact, when attendance upon the drama has been advised by reputable physicians to patients whose nerves have reached the distressing point of being "on edge."

The trouble that troubles others is quite likely to ameliorate the troubles of the tired man. In consequence even the most illogically romantic of heroes who worries through four acts to attain the victory which the playwright has provided for him not only carries his own assumed burdens, but lifts from the minds of worried auditors the cares which infest their own particular play.

The years of 1893 and 1894 were the gloomiest which the present generation has known. Business failure succeeded business failure. The abundant good nature of a fun-loving people gave away under a pall of pessimism which settled over the country. The theater was boy-cotted. A suggestion of the old Puritanical idea that to laugh while there was suffering was sacrilegious invaded the atmosphere in the West, and it was not until resignation had been succeeded by hopefulness that the boycott was raised. Gradually the theaters worked their way into confidence of their former clientele, and since that time the increase, as said, in both interest and attendance has continued.

Were another period of depression to assail prevailing prosperity, it is altogether probable that play-going would again be placed in the list of luxuries, for it takes many blows of the hammer of experience to weld the anchor of knowledge, but it must also be admitted that a continuance of this popular form of relaxation would provide clearer and stronger minds with which to carry on the work of rehabilitation.

Twenty-five millions a year is a goodly sum to throw to the managerial birds but the percentage of return in reality justifies the seeming extravagance.

The Observer says that during a storm Thursday evening lightning killed 24 Southdown sheep belonging to Mr. Martin C. Davis, who lives on a farm four miles from Charlotte. When the storm began the herd of sheep, 25 in all, gathered under a tree in the pasture close to Mr. Davis' house. The stroke of lightning killed, almost instantly, all the animals except one.

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Fall in Hammocks.

Summer is going and with it our splendid stock of hammocks. We do not wish to carry a single hammock over to next season and so not only a part of summer has gone but a big lump out of hammock prices has gone with it. We are cutting to cost and have only these left:

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