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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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

One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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## When You Consider A SACK SUIT.

Remember that you give it the hardest wear of any part of your wardrobe, consequently you should use the greatest discretion in selecting it—we will help you in this, for, in preparing for this season we eliminated everything that was not worthy, so you can make no mistake.

We are particularly proud of the enormous selection of Suits and Top Coats that we are selling at

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Every feature is perfect, both in style and quality, and we have such a variety of sizes and shapes that we can fit you to perfection.

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A great deal if you invest it at the right place—here, for instance. It is not so large a sum to seem lavish or so small as to imply cheapness and we have a splendid variety of stylish, smart, well-made suits of reliable, all-wool materials and handsome enough for any boy to wear, at \$3.00.

If you want a HAT we can save you money.

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### SOLOMON WAS JOKING.

Spare the Rod is Good Philosophy Says Bill Arp—Solomon Not so Wise After All.

Atlanta Constitution. In a recent letter I took the part of the bad boys and said they must not be given up. That letter has provoked a most intelligent comment from a Western school teacher who has been teaching boys for twenty years. He says that his so-called bad boys almost invariably turned out to be his best men, and he never punished one with the rod. His illustrations are apt, entertaining and instructive for he is no ordinary teacher, but is a highly cultured gentleman and writes a beautiful letter. His letter contained several pages and was eagerly perused. He says I am a believer in the rod, but it has been my lot to use it mostly, but lightly, on mama's pets, the good boys who never did anything wrong. He does not believe in moral turpitude or total depravity, but that all natural instincts are good, and that evil is only an abuse or misuse of the good, and he has never seen a human being who would not at times perform some kind office for another, never expecting a reward.

Once upon a time, the story goes, a little girl was watching a sculptor as he was putting the finishing touches upon an angel that he had chisled from a block of marble, and she exclaimed: "Oh, what a beautiful angel you have made!" "No," said the sculptor, "the angel was already in the marble. I have only chipped away the rough stone that hid it."

So it is with every man—there is an angel there, though too often hidden by the stony covering. The skillful sculptor could find it.

This reminds me of an incident that happened many years ago in Rome while I lived there. It was on Sunday while a great freshet was inundating a portion of the town. A poor boy, the son of a widow, had rowed his little boat out in an eddy to catch some wood that was floating down. By some mischance his boat was caught by the current and he was carried rapidly down the stream. His mother had seen it all and ran down the bank screaming for help. Many people ran along with her but could do nothing. It was near a quarter of a mile to the junction where scores of men and boys were watching the surging waters. As the little boat neared the bridge pillar it capsized and the boy disappeared with the boat. In an instant it came to the surface again and the boy was seen clinging to the chain at its end. "Save that boy, somebody!" Said one, "I'll give \$5 to save that boy." Said another, "I'll give \$10." "I'll give \$20," said another, but nobody dared to venture. The mother cried in agony, "Won't somebody save my boy?" Just then a young man was seen rushing wildly down, throwing off his coat and shoes as he came, and passing the crowd he ran down into the water and struck out boldly for the boy. He got him and clasping one arm around his waist swam with the other and laid him at his mother's feet. He was limp and speechless, but alive. Putting on his shoes and coat the young man walked quickly away. But he was known to most of those present. He was a barkeeper and his moral standing was not good, for he was profane in speech and his associates were the sports and drinking men of the town. He was under the ban, but there was an angel in him somewhere. He knew the poor widow and he knew the boy—and he scorned to accept any reward. I have often ruminated over that heroic deed and wondered.

My school teacher friend says the difference between a bad boy and a good one is that the stone is harder to chip from the former but gives a finer and more durable polish when the rough outside is chiseled away, but the good boy's angel is found in chalk and soon crumbles or decays. He tells of Bob, the worst boy ever taught. It was far out in western Texas, and when the school was made up it was predicted that Bob and the teacher would have a fight in less than a week. He was fully apprised that Bob was wicked and cursed like a sailor and would fight at the drop of a hat and drop it himself. Bob's father was dead and his mother an invalid and very poor, but Bob loved her and was very kind and good to her and cooked the breakfast before he went to

school, which was two miles away. He always hurried home after school to chop the wood and bring water and help her with the supper. The teacher's punishment of his pupils, when it had to be given, was keeping them after school and requiring them to get their lessons. Bob very respectfully asked to be allowed to go home to wait upon his mother. He behaved very well for a week, but his bad day came and he did not study at all. He seemed to be ready for a row. The teacher told him mildly but firmly that he must stay in until he got his lesson. He gave a look of defiance and shut up his book. My friend says: "It was one of the trials of my life. I pretended to be reading a book, but I was only thinking. In half an hour Bob opened his book, but I saw tears in his eyes. After a while he said, 'I can't study now. Please sir, let me go home. It's getting dark and mother will be scared. She's all alone and sick. Please, sir, I will get this lesson tomorrow, and I won't be bad any more.' Well, I was just overcome, and I took him in my arms and we wept together. Never did Bob give me any more trouble and all the neighbors wondered. I verily believe that if I had whipped him he would have been ruined by it. After his mother's death he enlisted in the army and won his straps, and he writes me occasionally, and always thanks me for the kindness I showed him at school."

I believe that the use of the rod in our public schools has been generally abandoned. The punishment of refractory pupils is now just what it is in our colleges—expulsion, suspension, monthly reports of conduct and progress. Pupils seem satisfied with this and the general verdict is that Solomon was joking. My friend Fort was as hostile to whipping children as is Dr. Holden, of Atlanta, and when I quoted Solomon, who said, "He that spareth the rod hateth his son," he said: "Well, Solomon was mad when he wrote that. With all of those wives he must have had three or four hundred children, and the little rascals were always tagging after him and begging for candy, or a knife or a doll or something, and they climbed up his legs and felt in his pockets and pulled his hair, and it was pappy this and daddy that, until he got desperate and wrote that verse. I don't take everything for granted that Solomon says, no-how. A man who was as big a fool about women as he was needn't tell me about whipping children. He didn't know how to raise Rehoboth, who succeeded him, for he said to the children of Israel, 'My father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.' That's the kind of a boy he raised with his rod."

But after all and before all it is the home influence that moulds the child, for that is constant and enduring. The angel that was within Bob was uncovered by his mother's love. Some mothers send their little children to school as to a nursery to get them out of the way or because they cannot manage them at home, while others put up for them a nice lunch and kiss them a sweet goodbye and fondly watch for their return. Our children had to go more than a mile to school when we lived on the farm. They had to cross the creek on a foot log and then through a field up a long hill and then down the hill until out of sight. It was my daily pleasure to watch them go and come, and feel that they were safe.

And now our eldest daughter is going to leave us—going to Willsboro, South Carolina, to live, where her husband has found profitable employment. They have five children, some of whom were our daily visitors and made us happy when they came. What shall we do now? We thought that this exodus of our children was over. My wife and I are growing old and it grieves us to lose our children and grandchildren. But this is the common lot. There is nothing true but heaven.

Mr. J. P. Rabb, of Lenoir, paid the Enterprise a pleasant visit Wednesday. He says the cabbage crop in the mountains is the largest and finest ever known and the price is very low. The crop of Limbertwig apples is a full one and the quality is exceptionally fine. Limbertwig will be cheap this year. Virginia Beauties and other finer varieties are not so plentiful. There is also a good crop of chestnuts.—Newton Enterprise.

### "AN UNTENABLE POSITION."

That Which Mr. Carnegie Assumes on American Trade Expansion in Europe.

Philadelphia Telegraph. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in his address on being installed as rector of St. Andrew's University in Scotland, seems disposed to attempt the difficult feat of riding two horses at once. His subject in this address was the question of industrial supremacy and the ways and means of attaining and maintaining national tendency in the world of commerce. Mr. Carnegie is indebted for his incalculably enormous fortune to his share in the industrial supremacy of these United States, a supremacy which he is supposed to have promoted to the extent of his acknowledged ability. In his rector's address, as reported by cable, he gives his attention to the ways and means by which European nations may possibly check the progress of American commerce and overcome the impetus which our industries have gained in advance of other nations.

In his review of the possible agencies for checking American progress, Mr. Carnegie summarizes the resources of Great Britain, and finds them inadequate to the task. So also Germany and the other nations of Europe taken singly. No one of them alone is capable of encountering and defeating American competition. What he would have, therefore, is a grand combine of the commercial and industrial interests of all Europe to make a stand against America and turn back the tide of American invasion. Such a combination, Mr. Carnegie thinks, could be effected by the emperor of Germany. If Wilhelm II would take the matter in hand, he, with his brilliant intellectual qualities and masterly executive ability, could lead all the nations of Europe into an industrial and commercial alliance against the United States which would be strong enough to resist the utmost efforts the American invaders could bring against it. This is certainly a new position for Mr. Carnegie to take, and one which it will be apparently very difficult for him to defend.

### Somebody Must Provide Dividends.

St. Louis Republic. Apologists for the trusts have said that the combinations represent only the economies of organized production. Morgan's operations give an unmistakable example of something else. In the harvester combination he bought a Milwaukee plant for \$1,500,000 and put it into the trust at a valuation of \$5,000,000. What is this but water, on which purchasers of farm machinery are asked to provide dividends?

If the other concerns were put in at three times their actual value, the Trust is demanding profits on stock which is two-thirds water. Trust apologists cannot persuade farmers that these industrial monopolies are blessings when such facts as these appear, not in stamp speeches but in the columns of sober financial papers.

### In the Future.

Baltimore American. Standing at the side of the Milky Way is a disgruntled man, who has waited two hours for the owl airship, hoping to get home before daylight.

Soon the belated conveyance whizzes into view. It slows down just long enough for the motorman to call.

"Going to the bar?" "Vowing that he never again will stay out so late without having an extra pair of wings along, the angry individual proceeds to walk through the wet clouds.

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Makes the bread more healthful. Safeguards the food against alkali.

Always baking powder use the greatest measure in health of the present day.

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### JACKETS.

A complete stock of Jackets for Ladies and Misses. The latest styles are here, and in our selection you are most likely to find just the size and value you want.

### CHILDREN'S WAISTS.

A new lot of the E Z and Nazareth Waists just arrived.

### FOR CROCHETING.

Remember we have the Shetland floss, Germantown wool, and sephys for crocheting purposes.

### ALWAYS

A select stock of Silks, Dress Goods, Appliques, and trimmings of all kinds on hand.

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## More Good News.

We have just received another car-load of nice Tennessee Horses and Mules; among them are some extra fine big males weighing 1100 pounds and upwards; also some nice, kind, work horses, single driving horses and saddlers. Come and see our big lot of stock, we have more than fifty head to show you and they will be sold at prices to suit the times. If you want a good horse or mule be sure to call and see us at once and oblige.

## CRAIG & WILSON.

## DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHING POWDERS

For the relief of teething troubles. It is a safe and reliable remedy for the relief of the most distressing symptoms of teething. It is a pure and healthful preparation and is suitable for the use of infants of all ages. It is a good and reliable remedy for the relief of the most distressing symptoms of teething. It is a pure and healthful preparation and is suitable for the use of infants of all ages.

### The Greatest Need!

New York Evening Post (Ind.).

That a great city like New York should be compelled to accept the aid of the churches in providing sittings for its school children is humiliating indeed. But Dr. Huntington has displayed a notable public spirit in leasing to the board of education the Grace Church parish house for a nominal consideration which deserves public recognition. The Rev. Dr. Judson's offer of a room in the Mariners' Temple is similarly praiseworthy, and the board has rented the basement of three other churches in its efforts to supply the needed accommodations. We hope that these examples will be widely followed, provided that such temporary makeshifts blind no one to the real problem to be solved. What New York needs to-day more than anything else is schools.

### Mr. Willis' Rash Act.

Philadelphia Record.

After feeding and caring for a big flock of chickens all summer and having them ready for the fall market, William Willis, of Stoe Creek, had them all stolen.

### Carrie Hits a Cadet.

With a right swing to the jaw, says a Charleston dispatch of Saturday, Carrie Nation knocked down a cadet from the South Carolina Military academy this morning because he was smoking a cigarette on the street. The boy was caught by his companions before his head struck the pavement. He sprang to his feet and drew back to hit the woman, not knowing who she was. Mrs. Nation prepared to meet the attack. "Come on," she said, "I am Carrie Nation." This stopped the cadet and he did not get in a blow. The friends of the cadet refused to give his name. Mrs. Nation dined at a restaurant with a bartender. She visited several "blind tigers" without inflicting damage. In several places bouncers were stationed by the door with instructions to throw her into the street if she undertook to smash things.

### Manufacturing Evidence.

Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

"I'm sorry to have to mess your face so kitty," said Tommy as he daubed pussy's face with jam, "but I can't have folks suspecting me."