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# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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One Dollar a Year in Advance

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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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One Dollar a Year in Advance

NO. 6.

## BIG CUT SALE

BY

# THOMSON COMPANY

## 25 PER CENT OFF!

On our Entire Stock of **Dry Goods, Dress Goods,**  
**Notions, Millinery, Clothing, Shoes, Trunks, Carpets.**

This Big Cut Sale Will Last Ten Days Only, Commencing January 19th at 8 O'clock, A. M.

**I**N ORDER to unload a great many goods before taking inventory we have put on this big Cut Sale for ten days.

We have just received several shipments of early spring goods which will be included in this sale, such as Gingham, in all the new shades and patterns, White Lawns, Piques, Dimities, Embroideries, Insertions, and numerous other goods.

All small lots, odd lots and remnants have been put on job counter and they go at "almost nothing" prices.

Everybody is invited to come, you will be well paid for your visit. Come during the first days of the sale and get some of the best plums.

Remember that a Cut Sale by this house means something.

# THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

## THOMSON COMPANY.

Gastonia, North Carolina.

### A GRAVE POLITICAL BLUNDER.

The President's Boston and Charleston Appointments Contrasted.

New York Herald.

The news this morning that a colored man has been appointed assistant United States district attorney of Boston is of peculiar interest at this juncture.

In the general protest from the South against the nomination of Dr. Crum for collector of the port of Charleston stress was laid on the fact that it was South Carolina, and not Massachusetts, that President Roosevelt had chosen as the place in which to select a colored man for an important Federal office.

Hence yesterday's appointment will be generally regarded as due to Roosevelt's personal influence and as a reply to his Southern critics. Mr. William H. Lewis, the Boston appointee, is a graduate of Amherst and of the Harvard Law School and became famous as the "centre rush" of the University football team.

In this one fact lies exposed the wide difference between Massachusetts and South Carolina in respect of the public and social sentiment affecting the colored race. It is not necessary to bring the character or attainments of either Dr. Crum or Mr. Lewis into the discussion. The President's error in naming Dr. Crum lay not in the nomination of a colored man, but in violating local sentiment and wishes and protests of the people among whom the collector would have to serve.

If the appointment of Mr. Lewis is satisfactory to the people of Massachusetts the color of his skin is no objection, and there is no possible parallel between the two instances of Massachusetts and South Carolina. One nation does not send a diplomatic representative to another without being first assured that the individual named is persona grata to the people to whom he is accredited, and a similar, if unwritten, law governs the selection of an important Federal official.

It was a condition not a theory that confronted President Roosevelt in the selection of a collector of Charleston. In nominating a colored man for the post he acted as if it were a mere question of theory and ignored the condition created by public sentiment and local race prejudices.

There is no need of discussing the character or ground of those prejudices. That they exist and are intense is not denied by anybody and their existence is a fact that practical statesmanship should not ignore. It is stated that the President acted on the theory that the colored race was entitled to the recognition implied in this nomination because the blacks largely outnumber the whites in South Carolina. The extent in which this is true was shown in any article in Sunday's Herald analyzing the statistics of population within a circuit of one hundred miles round Charleston.

While the blacks in the sixteen counties thus dealt with outnumber the whites two to one, the census of the adult male population tells a different story, the literate whites being much more numerous than the illiterate blacks and as the law exacts an educational qualification for the suffrage, it follows that a majority of the voters are white. In selecting a collector for the port, therefore it is clear that on the ground of mere numbers the President should have been influenced by the white citizens of Charleston, who protested against the nomination of a black man.

In the matter of culture, wealth and the extent to which the trade and commerce of the city and port is in their hands it is needless to say the white population is on an infinitely higher plane than the negroes and should be regarded in the selection of an officer who is brought into close touch with a commercial community made up of white men, not blacks. The colored people of the South have acquired absolute legal equality and in theory at least, political equality, but social equality is

something that cannot be created by law and must be subject to the control of local opinion and sentiment.

It is a commonplace to say that the black race in the South has not yet acquired this and the citizens of Charleston stated a simple fact when they assured the President that it would be impossible for a black collector to take part in the social functions at which such an official's participation is essential. The white citizens who are not only in the majority, but almost exclusively make Charleston what it is—and are making special efforts at this time to restore its ancient prestige as a shipping port—who pay the taxes, conduct the government, and manage its banking, mercantile, and commercial affairs, are entitled to advise the Administration in a matter of such vital local concern. When the President takes an initiative against their protest "he not only commits a grave political blunder, but also exceeds his moral authority."

The hosts of admirers won by President Roosevelt's independent attitude toward the trusts, his spirited intervention in the coal strike, and his masterly course in the Venezuelan entanglements cannot but deplore the ill considered nomination of Dr. Crum—an act which will not only alienate the sympathy and confidence of the entire white population of the South, but must work more harm than good to the race it was intended to help. The appointment of Harvard's famous colored "centre rush" to a place in Massachusetts does not change the situation with respect to South Carolina.

Capt. C. B. Denson died at his home in Raleigh on the 15th, aged 65 years. He was a noted teacher, scholar and orator. For 42 years he was a teacher, and at the time of his death, was secretary of the State Board of Charities. He was buried in the Episcopal cemetery at his old home in Pittsboro.

### THE DARKY AND HIS DOG.

The Unspeakable Cruelty of Separating Them Perpetrated by Unfeeling New Yorkers.

Raleigh Post.

There is an old saying that meets a warm response in every human heart, and if it finds lodgment in the bosom of one race more than that of another our colored countryman can claim that distinction. That old saw is, "Love me, love my dog."

The average man warms up to the neighbor who not only loves his dog but who sympathizes with his love for his own. We have insisted all along that the negro's best friends were south of Mason and Dixon's line. A palpable, but none the less cruel, illustration of this was given a few days ago.

A number of negroes, late residents of Georgia, determined to migrate to the African land of promise—mostly promise—Liberia, and packing their worldly goods, not forgetting the faithful coon dog of the family, embarked in a body for New York to board ship for their destination.

They encountered no opposition to the dogs as members of the family and a necessary part and parcel of the colony from their white friends at home or enroute until they arrived at New York. Their old neighbors in Georgia heartily wished them, including the dogs, God speed and prosperity, not only because of their sympathy for the natural attachment between the owner and his dog but as a relief to the extent of the number taken off of the sheep folds of the community.

But when the colony struck the frigid atmosphere of New York with the "heads" of the families, they were heartlessly told they could not take their dogs aboard the ship. The "coons" were ordered to "step aboard" quick, but the coon dogs were turned loose upon an unfeeling world, strangers in a strange and unsympathetic land. What do New Yorkers know

of coon dogs? How can they appreciate them? But thus they are, or were torn from the only friends in sight certainly, to become victims of the dog pound—and death. The poor creatures who had reared them, who loved them for what they had been to the family in various ways and for what they could be relied upon to do if occasion offered in the land to which they are going were ruthlessly separated from the one thing that under all condition of servitude could be depended upon as friend.

No Southern white man, or ship owner, would have done so cruel a thing. The darky and the little pickaninny as they called this family pride to their bosoms would have been encouraged to cling on, and the further they went to cling the tighter. But those Northern folk, like the character in Kipling's Vampire, just can't understand the colored brother. And they could never give a more striking illustration of this utter, unyielding, inhumanity than when they so ruthlessly separated these innocent and sadly misled migrants from that which was nearer their hearts than any 40 acres and an African mule can ever be.

The Sunny South, among Southern white folks, is the only real "home" the negro will ever have this side the river Stix.

### Forbidden Fruit.

New York Press.

Heaven forbid that any one should countenance such terms as these, which we hear everywhere: "Have you met my wife?" "I do not know the lady." "Fetch your lady friend along." "Oh, she's a female acquaintance of mine." "She's one of my women." "Don't be afraid to bring your feminines." "Come up; I'll introduce you to my better-half." "My wife's a gammer; you must know her." Such language is used carelessly, thoughtlessly, by men in good standing in the community who are loyal and true to their women folk. It is on a par with "fellers" and "gents." And their are so many beautiful ways of addressing women and referring to them.

### SENATOR VEST.

Declared to Be More Than a Match for All the Republican Debaters.

New York Evening Post.

Senator Vest, whose mind burns clear in the midst of his failing bodily powers, has just shown in his two-day debate on the coal tax what degree of truth there is in the current comments about the decline of oratory. An orator in the traditional sense Mr. Vest never was, even in his prime. He had neither the physical presence, nor the voice, nor the personal magnetism—nor even the finished rhetorical art—which we associate with great public speaking. But he was always a formidable debater; and the ready way in which he bowled over one Republican Senator after another, with the eager attention with which this feeble old man was listened to by floor and gallery, bore witness to the fact that decay had not yet touched his nimble intellect.

What are the qualities which make his antagonists dread him? First—and especially in tariff questions, where he has ever been masterly—sound information. He knows whereof he affirms. Many a glib protectionist, like Senator Hale on one occasion, has had reason to regret challenging Senator Vest's accuracy. He goes documented, as a cowboy goes armed, and the result of an encounter is as dangerous in one case as the other. Then he is perfectly fearless and honest. He is willing to tell the truth and shame, not merely the devil, (many a man is ready to do that), but what is much rarer, shame to his own party. Otherwise, he could not have made so overwhelming a record as that with which he alienated Senator Aldrich. That gentleman took occasion to sneer at Mr. Vest's free trade opinions, as held "only when they did not count." Why had not the Democratic party, when in power, done what it now rebuked the Republican party for not doing? "We wanted to," was the Missouri Senator's

response, as swift as lightning, "but the same interests which you now rebuke held up the Senate then as they are doing to-day." What are you going to do with a man who thus speaks the thing he will, whether gilt by friend or foe? In biting description, too, Senator Vest has a tongue to make corruption wince—as witness the condensed truthful account of a protective tariff:

"I have had occasion to say, and I repeat it deliberately, the tariff is an interdependent reality of good. When you once establish it it is established for all time to come, never to be reduced if it is possible to prevent reduction. The protected industries are like a breed of English sparrows. When one gives a cry of distress, the air is thickened with the whole brood making to its rescue."

### Ex-President's Tribute to Fairbanks.

Massachusetts.

The present Indiana legislature will return Charles Warren Fairbanks to the United States Senate. His election will be but a form. That he is the best man for this most important post even the Democratic leadership admit. Senator Fairbanks' reputation as an able statesman is more than national. Two months prior to his death Benjamin Harrison told the editor of this paragraph that, although there were matters on which he differed with Senator Fairbanks, he had never known him to say a foolish thing in the United States Senate, and that his speeches, always carefully prepared, carried more weight in the Senate and with the people at large than any other member of the upper House, with the possible exception of Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin.

### Her Last Chance.

"What did Miss Andrus do when she finally succeeded in finding a man under her bed-board for a pillow?"  
"No; she went for a substitute."