

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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## EMINENT UTTERANCES ON TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Under this head will be printed from time to time noteworthy utterances on themes of current interest. They will be taken from public addresses, books, magazines, newspapers, in fact wherever we may find them. Sometimes these utterances will accord with our views and the views of our readers, sometimes the opposite will be true. But by reason of the subject matter, the style, the authority, or the views expressed, each will have an element of timely interest to make it a conspicuous utterance.

### Disease a Crime.

Walter H. Page, at Dedication of New Library at Trinity College.

It is wrong that any community should permit any human being to have typhoid fever, smallpox or any other of the preventable diseases. We have already demonstrated that nearly all diseases are preventable by the action of the community, State or nation. Where such action is necessary to make the civilization in which we live healthier, that is the community's business. Then we will come to look upon the appearance of any disease as a crime and some one will be punished for it every time. So that the ideal community must be healthful.

### Warning to Fathers.

Salisbury Sun.

Bishop's case should be a warning to all solicitous fathers. They should not fail to ascertain whether or not a stranger in their home is a gentleman, even if he does take liquor and wine into the home.

Statesville Landmark.

And they had better not invite the gentleman out unless they have the drop on him. If an attempt is made to put out the gentleman in the old-fashioned way—with the toe of a boot or with a club—the gentleman aforesaid might slay the father and injure the Mecklenburg variety would resent such a lack of hospitality by justifying the act.

### The Oregon!

In making an argument the other day in behalf of the lighter type of battleships like the Oregon, Representative Cushman of the State of Washington rose to the occasion with a bit of eloquent rhetoric that is worth preserving.

"We built the Oregon, if you please," he said. "The Oregon! what mighty memories that name stirs within us! The nation held its breath while that sheathed monster of the deep plowed her way through 10,000 miles of ocean foam to be present on that fateful day at Santiago. As she bore down on the Spanish fleet she looked like the great, gray avenging angel of God Almighty. And when there was heard the boom or her mighty guns the yellow rag of Spain sank from sight forever from the western hemisphere; the sky of Christendom was enlivened with the folds of a new banner."

### Carnegie's Sharp Ridicule.

Judge Augustus Van Wyck, before the Southern Society of New York.

Shakespeare in "Shylock" sowed the seed of agitation against the collection of debt out of man's flesh and blood, which, continuing for two centuries, resulted in the effacement from American and English law of the right to imprison your fellow man for debt, which has been proclaimed one of the grandest reforms of our latest civilization. Yet greater is the evil and brutality of nations going to war for debt. Mr. Carnegie has done more to firmly establish the Monroe Doctrine than all others since the days of those who created it and has sown the seed of agitation for the elimination from the international code of the right of nations to go to war for debt, destroying the natural equilibrium of nations in peace, when he requested the two strongest nations of the old world to send him their paltry bills against Venezuela for settlement, making them appear as pigmies in comparison with the smallest of civilized nations as well as in comparison with an American industrial prince. It was the stroke by a master hand with the weapon of sharp ridicule to call these nations to a sense of propriety belonging to our age of progress which circles around that central figure of the world's history, the great Prince of Peace.

### A Noble Eulogy of the South.

Senator George F. Hoar, before the Union League Club of Chicago.

I know how sensitive our Southern friends are on this matter of social equality and companionship, and I think I might say fairly, and properly—and that perhaps I have a right to say it—that it is not wise for the people of the North to undertake to deal rashly or even to judge hastily of a feeling of deeply implanted in their bosoms.

Time, the great reconciler, will reconcile them to that if in the nature of things and in the nature of man they ought to be reconciled to it. And if in the nature of man, time does not reconcile them, it will be a sign that they ought not to be reconciled to it; and that some other mode of life for them must be devised.

Now, my friends, having said what I thought to say on this question, perhaps I may be indulged in adding that although my life politically and personally has been a life of almost constant strife with the leaders of the Southern people, yet as I grow older I have learned not only to respect and esteem, but to love the great qualities which belong to my fellow-citizens of the Southern States. They are a noble race. We may well take pattern from them in some of the great virtues which make up the strength as they make the glories of the free States. Their love of home; their chivalrous respect for women; their courage; their delicate sense of honor; their constancy, which can abide by an opinion or a purpose or an interest for their States through adversity and through prosperity, through the years and through the generations, are things by which the people of the more mercurial North may take a lesson. And there is another thing—covetousness, corruption, the low temptation of money has not yet found any place in our Southern politics.

Now, my friends, we cannot afford to live, we don't wish to live, and we do not live, in a state of estrangement from a people who possess these qualities. They are friends of ours; born of our blood; flesh of our flesh; blood of our blood, and whatever may be the temporary error of any Southern State, I for one, if I have a right to speak for Massachusetts, say to her, "Entreat me not to leave thee nor to return from following after thee. For where thou goest, I will go, and where thou stayest, I will stay also. And thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

### THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

Bill Arp Says Everybody is Tired of It, and Let's Have a Rest.

Atlanta Constitution.

My wife reads the papers more or less every day and keeps up with the sensations. Most of the time she sits in her accustomed corner and plies her needle and thread, making little garments for her grandchildren, or new covers for the cushions or mending underclothes or darning stockings or something. When she gets tired she walks in the garden or goes down to see Jessie and the children. She went to town yesterday and bought some thread and some toilet soap and got weighed and asked the family all around to guess how much and one guessed it, exactly one hundred and fifty pounds. She asked me to guess, but I said no—she had had her way so often and so long that I couldn't come near it and she shook her fist at me. Good gracious! When I married her she didn't weigh a hundred and wore number two shoes and stepped like a deer. "Temperus fugit" Next week will be the fifty-fourth anniversary of our wedding day, fifty-four, the talismanic number made up of nines or its multiple, as 3, 6, 9, 18, 27, 54—3 and 6 are 9, 1 and 8 are 9, 2 and 7 are 9, 5 and 4 are 9. And soon our birthdays will come along again, the first and fifteenth of June, and time keeps rolling on.

My wife was reading the paper and suddenly stopped and spoke to me, saying: "Well, isn't it about time to quit writing about the negro?" "Why so?" said I. "Why, don't you see that the whole business of the race problem was settled in Atlanta last Sunday? The mayor and the preachers, black and white, all made speeches, and seemed to agree and everything is harmonious. So if I was you I would write about something else. Take up George Washington for a change and let Booker go dead."

Well, they did play on the harmonica right smart and I hope the problem will take a rest, for everybody is tired of it. Even Crumpacker is tired, and now says the negro must work out his own salvation. That's all right. When they call off the dogs, I'll quit. They are waking up to the true character of the negro. A Chicago man who has been visiting the prisons says there are about forty-six thousand negroes in that city, which is about two per cent of the population, and that the prison records as shown him by wardens, show the negroes to be thirty per cent of all the criminals confined, and that the negro quarter of the city is the rendezvous and refuge of nearly all the white burglars and thieves that infest the city.

But that's none of my business, as my wife says. Chicago needs them for municipal politics. But I have quit. Let the negro go along and evolve, as Crumpacker says. I had rather look out of my window and see two little girls coming up the walk hand in hand to see me than to write about anything. And the little boy is coming, too. His nurse is rolling him in his carriage and he will run to me as soon as he gets in the room, and will nestle on my knees and say his little words, and my greatest comfort is that all of them love me and won't go home without kissing me a sweet goodby. That nurse is a copper-colored girl about twelve years old, and she loves that baby and watches him as carefully as a mother. She is the daughter of our sexton, who is the janitor of the public school. He and his good wife are exceptions to all the frailties of the race, and so are their children. If there were many like them there would be no race problem. Those three little children come to see me every day and make me forget myself and my long illness, and I find myself whispering, "Suffer little children to come unto me." And a little child shall lead them. What a pity they have to grow up and lose their innocence and see grief and trouble. How sweetly sad are the memories of our youth.

One poet says:  
Oh! would I were a boy again,  
When life seemed formed of sunny years  
And all the heart then knew of pain  
Was swept away in transient tears.  
And another says:  
I remember, I remember, the house  
Where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at noon,  
It never rose a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day,  
But now I often wish the night  
Had blown my breath away.  
And so do I remember the

little window and the long happy days, but I have never wished that I had died in childhood, nor do I wish to die now. I wish to live for the sake of these same grandchildren, for I know I can do something to guide and comfort them along the journey of life, and they would miss me. A child without a grandpa and grandma has not had its share of happiness.

What a beautiful verse is the last one of poor Tom Hood's poem:  
"I remember, I remember, the fir trees, dark and high,  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky,  
It was a childish ignorance, and now  
'tis little joy  
To know I'm further off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy."

Last summer the little baby boy was sick. We feared he would die. As he lay upon a pillow in his mother's lap, the little 4-year-old girl went up close and whispered to her mother, "Mamma if baby dies mayn't I keep him for a doll?"

I never tire of their childish talk. It is always sincere, and that is truth, for sincere means without wax—unsealed, "sine cerum"—no secrets, open and read if you wish. It is an old adage that "children and fools never lie," and this reminds me of George Washington, who, tradition says, cut down a cherry tree, and when his father inquired who did it, replied "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet." I don't believe that. It must have been a mighty little tree that a little boy could cut down with a little hatchet. And if he was bad enough to do it and knew better he wouldn't have made such a saintly speech as "Father, I cannot tell a lie." My history says that many of the little stories came from the nursery. But he did, when yet in his teens, undertake to mount and subdue an untrained blooded horse, and the horse reared and ran and plunged so furiously that he wasted a blood vessel and fell dead with George on top. His mother was greatly grieved, and scolded him severely. I never knew until recently that he took the smallpox on Barbadoes island, and was slightly marked all his life. George says in his letters that his negroes gave him much trouble and great concern, for he had to be away on public business most of the time and could not look after them. He inherited one hundred and forty and six hundred acres of land and his wife one hundred and fifty more and seven hundred acres of land, and I reckon they did give him trouble. He never bought or sold any and set them all free in his will.

And now please excuse my mention of a matter personal to an old soldier, W. F. Lee, a private of Company D in Hampton Legion. He has lost his horn, a large, long beautiful horn that while in camp below Richmond Richmond he dressed and polished and engraved with his name and a wreath. He took the horn from the head of a Texas steer at a butcher pen in the rear of Grant's army. He sent it home in the fall of 1864 by his brother, who stopped over night at Columbia at the Wayside Home and there lost it. He says, "Major, I am growing old, awaiting the blast of the last trump, but I would like to blow my own horn once more before I die."

Do please somebody send him that horn C. O. D. to Piedmont, S. C.

### The Law Affords Practically no Protection.

Durham Herald.

This thing of killing people upon slight provocation is becoming alarming, and what makes it worse, the law affords little protection. If it had been absolutely certain that a hanging would follow a murder the tragedies at Charlotte and Raleigh would not have occurred.

### By Way of a Lesson.

Chicago Post.

"One of our cars ran over another man last night," announced the superintendent of the street railway line.

"Well," replied the president, "after a while the people will learn that the only safe place is aboard the car and that 5 cents is a small price to pay for safety."

It is currently rumored that Judge Bryan, who is an uncle of Mrs. Ludlow Skinner, and who will not preside at the Haywood murder trial, is endeavoring to secure an exchange of courts with Judge Shaw, by which the latter will hold the criminal term there beginning March 23rd.

### ST. LOUIS' WATER SUPPLY.

An Inquiry that Furnishes Lawyers Interesting, Profitable Employment.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Testimony is now being taken in St. Louis in the case of that city against the Chicago drainage board for alleged pollution of the Mississippi River, which is the source of the St. Louis water supply. This testimony, together with testimony taken in Chicago, is to be used in the suit now pending in the Supreme Court to stop the operation of the sanitary canal.

While the taking of testimony furnishes interesting and profitable employment for the lawyers, it can hardly fail to emphasize in the public mind the absurdity of St. Louis' contentions. In order to fully appreciate this absurdity one must be somewhat familiar with the map of Illinois, and he must have some knowledge of the pollution of waters of the Illinois River that is going on in the intervening towns between Joliet and Grafton, where the Illinois empties into the Mississippi. Between these towns are Ottawa, Spring Valley, Hennepin, Chillicothe, Peoria, Pekin, Havana, Beardstown, Montezuma, Meredosia, Bedford, Eldred, Hardin, and dozens of smaller towns and villages, each sending a constant stream of sewage and other forms of pollution into the river. At Peoria, with its distilleries and its cattle-feeding pens, where 30,000 head of cattle are collected and fed at one time from the refuse of the distilleries the contamination of the river is continuous and enormous.

It should also be noted that the Missouri River, one of the filthiest streams on the globe, empties into the Mississippi below Grafton and above St. Louis, and that in addition to the pollution from this source, about two score towns empty their sewage into the Mississippi between Grafton and St. Louis.

Granted that the St. Louis water supply is polluted—and it certainly never was fit to drink—how are the experts to distinguish between a drainage canal microbe and a microbe from the foul cattle pens of Peoria? How is it possible to determine that the alleged pollution is not from Pekin, Havana, or the towns on the Missouri River?

### "End of Strikes in England."

New York Press.

A crisis in the fortunes of trade unionism in Great Britain is reached with a verdict of \$115,000 to the Taff Vale Railroad Company against the Amalgamated Society of Railroad Servants. This verdict means, in brief, that strikes in the United Kingdom will be impossible except in cases where a labor organization chooses to expose itself to bankruptcy through the damage suits that will be almost a necessary consequence of a revolt. The incorporation of a labor organization and its material evidences of responsibility in the form of property of any character will be either a deterrent of a strike altogether, or it will be made to suffer the consequence of any infringement of the rights of the employers, and as the judge who tried the case referred to remarked, "You cannot make a strike effective without doing more than is lawful."

### Vick's Unpardonable Offense.

Washington Post.

Postmaster Vick lost his official head not because he is a negro, but because he has given aid and comfort to the Democrats. When an administration goes reason hunting it is liable to pick up some queer odds and ends.

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Absolutely Pure  
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

## Lace Stripe Hosiery

Just arrived, a case of the very latest designs in lace-stripe hosiery for ladies' and misses' spring wear. If you haven't seen our stock you haven't seen the newest there is in these goods.

Also just arrived, a  
**NEW LOT of NOVELTIES**  
in Neckwear, Belts, Brooches, Belt Pins, Buckles, Sash Pins, Shirt-waist Sets in the newest styles.

These goods have not been shown on this market before.

## JUST REMEMBER

that Dress Goods, White Goods, of the newest weaves and patterns, Embroideries, All-overs, Appliques, and Trimmings are always found with us as the new things make their appearance.

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LADIES' FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

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**HORSES AND MULES.**

We now have a lot of Mules and Horses that any one may select from, and get suited. In all we have about seventy-five head in our stables. Now is the time to come and buy a nice Mule. We guarantee satisfaction when you buy from us. Our terms and prices are also made to suit you. Now is the time to come and buy a brand new Vehicle. We now have the nicest lot that we have had in our repository for a long while.

## CRAIG & WILSON

## GAME BOARDS

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### STAR ARCHARENA BOARD NO. 1.

This board is 24 inches square, has elegant moulded hardwood rim finished in imitation mahogany. Panel is of 3-ply maple veneer, light and strong and finished in colors. Crokinole, Carroms, Flags of Nations, and other games, 50 in all, can be played on this board. It is the best cheap combination board ever made. The regular price is \$2.50, but for thirty days we offer this handsome game board with complete outfit for only **\$2.00**

### STAR ARCHARENA BOARD NO. 2.

Fifty-five Splendid Games.  
This board is 29 inches square—has round corners, and strong hardwood frame—much larger and handsomer than the No. 1. It has beautiful marquetry transfers and is all rub finish. An absolutely high-grade game board. Complete with outfit for 55 games. Regular price is \$3.50. Our price for 30 days is only **\$2.75**

### NO. 1 CROWN COMBINATION BOARD.

Sixty-five Grand Games.  
This board is superb in material, workmanship, and general attractiveness. It is popular because of the number and quality of the games played on it, its fine finish, and its general excellence. It is 29 inches square and of the same high quality of material and workmanship as the Archarena No. 2 described above. The regular price of this handsome Crown Combination board is \$3.75. Our price until Mar. 20 is only **\$3.00**

Complete outfit and instruction book with every board. Extra set of 20 Carrom rings, 35c.

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