

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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POINTS AND PARAGRAPHS 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 selections will be made 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 authorship, or the views expressed, each will have an element of timely interest to make it a conspicuous utterance.

No Superfluous Virtue.

Gaffney Ledger.

Women are ten times over better than men, but neither men nor women are any to good.

The Door of Hope Again.

Richmond News-Leader.

President Roosevelt's Western baby-kissing campaign suggests the question, should he make a tour of the South would he "Shut the door of hope" to the colored mothers?

Oh, these Troublesome Facts!

Richmond News-Leader.

Some people are always hunting around for a way to block enterprise. A case in point is that of a college professor who objects to the exhibition at St. Louis of the cabin in which Lincoln was born for the reason that the cabin rotted down and disappeared over a generation ago.

The Money Question.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Minister Lamatoar, of Mexico, is coming to the United States to learn about the money question. He will be wasting his time. There are probably not more than a half a dozen men in the Republic who know anything of moment about the money question and the Minister may not meet them. There is at times a great deal of fuss on the subject in the United States, but things always settle back to the providential basis, and the "feenauicians" do not know how it came about.

The Party Righting Itself.

Statesville Landmark.

As a sincere follower of Mr. Cleveland we are delighted for many reasons to have him once again in popular favor. It is a return of the sober second thought of the country and of the Democracy. The wild, visionary and impracticable ideas which have dominated the party for eight years are passing away; and we verily believe that whoever may be the nominee next year, both the nominee and the platform will represent the conservative old-time Democracy of the past—the Democracy that won victories and accomplished something for the country.

Commendable Public Spirit.

Statesville Landmark.

At an election held in Guilford county Tuesday a bond issue of \$300,000 for public road improvement was carried by more than 500 majority. Guilford county, one of the foremost and most progressive in the State, has set the pace for other counties in this and other sections of the State. But the success of this bond issue in Guilford was due to the earnest and untiring efforts of the public spirited citizens of Greensboro and the county, who worked with enthusiasm and determination. Men prominent in the two political parties canvassed together for the bond issue, and the whole affair was an inspiring example of public spirit and harmonious action for the public welfare.

Not Enough Home-Grown Corn and Wheat.

Wilmington Star.

But even in good wheat years the importation of wheat and corn by our mills, right in the middle of the best wheat and corn growing sections of the State, is no unusual occurrence, for they do it every year, not to speak of the immense amount of Northern flour, meal and corn imported by our merchants. The fact is that this State, with its practically unlimited capacity to produce all the wheat and corn needed for home consumption and more, does not begin to raise half enough. We do not grow wheat enough to make the bread we eat, nor corn enough to feed the animals that pull the plows on the farms.

Of course this is a senseless course to pursue, for it makes bread higher and scarcer, makes people use inferior brands of flour, and it stints the rations of the farm animals, which will not be so well fed when their food must be bought and paid for in cash and therefore they are not as serviceable as they would be if generously fed. But in addition to this it sends annually a large amount of money out of the State, every dollar of which is needed at home and ought to be kept at home to help our people instead of sending it out to add to the income of Western farmers and millers and add to their prosperity at our cost.

The Maiden and Her Singing.

Marie Corelli, in Thelma.

Suddenly her sweet lips parted, and she sang a weird, wild melody, that seemed, like a running torrent, to have fallen from the crests of the mountains, bringing with it echoes from the furthest summits, mingled with soft wailings of a mournful wind.

Her voice was pure as the ring of fine crystal—deep, liquid, and tender, with a restrained passion in it that stirred Errington's heart and filled it with a strange unrest and feverish yearning—emotions which were new to him, and which while he realized their existence, moved him to a sort of ashamed impatience. He would have willingly left his post of observation now, if only for the sake of shaking off his unwonted sensations; and he took a step or two backward for that purpose, when Lorimer, in his turn, laid a detaining hand on his shoulder.

"For Heaven's sake, let us hear the song through!" he said in subdued tones. "What a voice! A positive golden flute!"

His rapt face betokened his enjoyment, and Errington, nothing loath, still lingered, his eyes fixed on the white-robed slim figure framed in the dark old rose-wreathed window—the figure that swayed softly with the motion of the wheel and the rhythm of the song—while flickering sunbeams sparkled now and then on the maiden's dusky gold hair, or touched up a warmer tint on her tenderly flushed cheeks and fair neck, more snowy than the gown she wore. Music poured from her lips as from the throat of a nightingale. The words she sang were Norwegian, and her listeners understood nothing of them; but the melody—the pathetic appealing melody—soul-moving as all true melody must be, touched the very core of their hearts and entangled them in a web of delicious reveries.

SONG THAT ROUSED LONDON.

Tom Hood's Lay of the Laborer Made a Revolution but Without Strikes—Arp Thinks that Strikers are Enough to Justify Cussing if Anything is.

Atlanta Constitution.

I am feeling sick and sad. Another friend has gone and left me. Jim Warren was my college master and I loved him for near sixty years. He was only two months my junior and I sometimes wondered who would be called away first. What an awful death was that! Crushed and mangled and his poor old body dragged for a quarter of a mile and his dismembered limbs strewn the track and his brains larding the rails. Alas, how little do we know about life or death! Sometimes I watch the cattle going to the slaughter pen and am thankful that providence conceals from them their impending fate, but we do not know much more about our own. How shall we die and when? James Warren was one of my true friends. I loved to love him and it gave me comfort that he loved me and always called me Charley as tenderly as a brother. His body was killed and that was all. His pure soul went back immediately to its creator and is now resting in the bosom of God. That is my faith and I hope it is the faith of all those who loved him, for my heart bleeds with them.

"Strike for your altars and your fires. Strike for the green graves of your sires. Strike until the last arrow has expired."

I used to speak that speech, and when I got to that part which said, "They come—the Greek—the Greek!" I put on martial agony and elevated my voice and shook the floor. I thought of all this the other day when I read about the strikers in Atlanta going to Mr. Byrd's publishing house and trying to induce his non-union printers to leave him. His partner, Tom Lyon, showed fight and used some cuss words and drove them off, and they had him arrested and the recorder fined him for disturbing the public tranquility, but if I had been the recorder I would have excused Tom.

This thing has come home at last, for Mr. Byrd is printing a book for me and I can't get a copy, and am fighting mad about it. The striking interlopers got all his printers away but two or three, and the rascals hung around the back door, and all that Tom could do was to watch them and exclaim, "They come—they come—the Greek—the Greek!" But Tom is game and says he will whip the fight and have some books for me by the last of the week. The first edition has all been sold and the second is in the press and has been delayed and enfiladed and barricaded and paralyzed by these contemptible strikers, and if there ever was a justifiable excuse for using cuss words, a man ought to be hired to stand at the back door and cuss 'em by the day as fast as they come. I've no patience with these strikers and less with their leaders. One of my boys has just established a telephone plant in Houston, Texas, and had about forty girls employed at good wages, when suddenly some interlopers came and made them all strike, and he hired others to take their places, and the interlopers went around to all his patrons and tried to get up a boycott, but failed. The rich Mr. Huntington is the chief owner and he telegraphed my boy to whip that fight regardless of expense, and he has whipped it. Last year at Dayton, Ohio, a big hearted rich man established a cash register plant and had two hundred girls employed, and he cared for them just like they were his children and had bath rooms on every floor and hot and cold water, and mirrors and soap and towels, so that they could bathe and clean up before they went home and the girls were contented and happy, for all this was no part of the contract, but some interlopers came along and ordered a strike because some poor old woman who did not belong to the union had the job of washing the towels that the girls used in their bath rooms.

Well, now, that is one side of the case, but it is said that every case has two sides. The war between capital and labor still goes on, but labor has but little to complain of in this blessed land. We see by the papers that these union strikers in Atlanta have plenty of money in their treasury to live on while they are idle, and some of them

have gotten up a baseball club and are having a good time generally. There is no suffering here like there was in London seventy-five years ago when Tom Hood wrote the song of the laborer. It would make an angel weep to read the poor woman's song:

Ernest Haywood, the Raleigh lawyer who slew Ludlow Skinner, has petitioned the Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus. The writ was granted Tuesday by Justice Douglas and was made returnable on May 21st. Haywood will then have a hearing and seek to be released on bail.

"For it's work, work, work—my labor never flags. And what are its wages—a bed of straw. A crust of bread and rag. This shattered roof, this naked floor, a table, a broken chair, and a wall so blank, my shadow I thank For sometimes falling there."

Her sad song aroused all London, but there was no strikes. Our own George Peabody was there in the banking business and it aroused him. Immediately he bought the ground in the suburbs and spent \$20,000,000 in building cottages for the poor. Nice cottages, with bath rooms and hot and cold water and flowers in the front yard and vines over the doors and paid the taxes and charged only a little, nominal sum of rent, just enough to keep up the repairs, and in less than a year he had comfortable homes for over 20,000 people. That's the kind of philanthropy.

Our wisest statesmen ask for an income tax as they have in England and it is based on that principle that the more a man accumulates the heavier his tax should be—a graduated income tax—and so if he has piled up \$10,000,000 in a year, take half of it for tax. This would stop Rockefeller and Morgan and Carnegie and the surplus would be as Bob Toombs said, "poured back in the jug." It is no great honor to a man to give a good part of his profits to charity. It is a surprise that is all. Men forget that all they have got its but a loan and sooner or later they must give it all up and pay the debt.

A Foot-washing Religious Service.

The annual foot-washing ceremony at Piney Grove church, Davidson county, last Sunday was attended by fully 2,000 people, says the Salisbury Sun. Of these about 1,000 went out from Salisbury and Spencer.

The foot washing occurred at the afternoon service. Elders Burch and Broadway officiated at the celebration of the Holy Communion, after which three buckets of water, and as many basins, were placed in readiness for the foot washing. Elder Burch first made an introductory talk, explaining and justifying the ceremony. He declared that he had always taken the 43rd chapter of John in its plain sense. Twelve members of the church, including the elders and deacons, occupied two benches on the left of the pulpit and facing each other. Some made ready to wash and others began to remove their shoes and hose. Elder Burch came first, repeating the Scriptural narrative in word and act. "He laid aside His garments," quoted the elder, and he took off his coat. "And took a towel and girded Himself," and he tied a long towel around his waist, leaving one end free.

"After that he poured water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet," quoted Elder Burch again and again, and began to act in accordance with the words, using his hands. "And to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded," quoted Elder Burch in conclusion, employing the free end of the towel. The mutual washing of feet proceeded in this manner except that the Scriptural words were not again used. All the feet showed evidence of recent care, and the socks looked irreproachable. During the ceremony two hymns were sung, one of them having as its burden, "We wash each other's feet."

The church has 66 members. It was built 14 years ago.

The corner stone of the new Methodist Orphanage at Raleigh was laid Tuesday with impressive ceremonies conducted in part by the Grand Lodge of Masons.

"MAKES PROPER DIET" "PLEASANT" "FORCE"

THE OLD RELIABLE



LILY WHITE DEFEAT.

Victory Won in Alabama by Roosevelt Men.

Special to Washington Post.

Birmingham, Ala., May 12.—A meeting of the Republican State executive committee, called at the instance of the "Lily Whites" leaders, and held there this afternoon, was captured by supporters of President Roosevelt to all appearances, and the action of the last Republican State convention in excluding negroes from the councils of the party was practically nullified by the adoption of a plan for holding a State convention next year whereby all voters qualified under the constitution of Alabama and who believe in the principles of the Republican party are allowed to take part in the party's councils. This will let in the registered negro voters, of whom there are about two thousand in the State.

The full committee was present in person or by proxy. The test vote showed that the Roosevelt forces had twenty votes and the "Lily Whites" thirteen. A resolution was also adopted indorsing the administration of President Roosevelt, but a proposed resolution indorsing him for the nomination next year was not presented, being withheld, it is stated, in interest of harmony. A sharp fight was precipitated by the resolution indorsing the administration, and several motions were made to adjourn, but the Roosevelt leaders controlled the situation, and put through the resolution, tacking to it a resolution of confidence in the party leaders of this State, who are "Lily Whites." The "Lily Whites" acquiesced in the committee's action, and it is generally believed now that such a measure of harmony has been brought about as will prevent a contesting delegation to the next national convention.

A Job With no Pay.

Wilmington Messenger.

Dr. Crum, the colored gentleman whom President Roosevelt was so determined to provide with a comfortable berth at the expense of the feelings of the citizens of Charleston, S. C., has run up against an unexpected snag and it seems that the berth is not so soft as he and the president supposed it to be. Crum sent in his accounts the other day to the treasury department and asked that his pay be remitted. In reply the department called his attention to an act of congress which provides that where the president makes a recess appointment which could have been made and confirmed during a session of the senate the appointee could draw no pay until his appointment had been confirmed at the next session of congress. The wording of the statute is plain as to the deferring of payment of salary in such cases until the confirmation of the appointment by the next session of congress. Dr. Crum certainly cannot receive one cent of pay as collector of the port of Charleston until the congress which meets next December acts on his nomination, and it would seem from the wording of the statute above referred to that should congress reject his nomination or refuse to act upon it he would not get any pay at all for his services. That the senate will confirm his nomination we do not believe. It is most likely that Mr. Roosevelt's friend will get nothing but the honor as his remuneration for holding the position of collector of customs of Charleston.

Rock Hill is to have its houses numbered and streets named in the next sixty days. The price will be 25 cents for each number which is to be paid by the owner of the property. Black letters on porcelain mounts have been selected.

PREPARED HATS ALL READY TO WEAR.

It is a delight to the feminine fancy to see and to judge the finished, ready-to-wear hat. Women, misses, and children have taken so kindly to our prepared hats, that we have made ready for our customers a specially attractive lot of very desirable creations. They have the individuality, the dash of style, the perfect finish, which have made the products of our work room popular and cause them to be admired wherever seen. They are all popular offerings. The newness, stylishness, and right-now-ness of these beautiful hats, combined with modest prices, are making a sensation in millinery circles. Come to see them and be a gainer by so doing.

JAS. F. YEAGER, LADIES' FURNISHINGS.

New line of Neckwear just arrived. Stock of Standard Patterns always on hand.

HORSES MOVING

We now have on hand only about 25 head of Horses and Mules. The last car load for this season has already arrived.

Twelve car loads is our record for this season! The choice stock we now have on hand is moving fast; come at once and make your selection.

NEW BUGGIES.

With the arrival of spring we have received a lot of nice new Buggies just out of the factory. We are going to sell them. Get one and enjoy that Easter ride you are planning for.

CRAIG & WILSON HAMMOCKS

Good Hammocks, Better Hammocks, Best Hammocks, They Are All Here.

Our beautiful new line of hammocks is now on display. Here you will find the latest hammock goodness—the latest designs, the latest weaves, all rich and bright with the season's freshest newness.

We want you to see them. You cannot post yourself on Hammocks until you have seen what we are offering.

For your summer hammock come to hammock headquarters.

We sell the hammock, you do the rest.

MARSHALL'S BOOK STORE, ON THE CORNER.