

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Published Twice a Week—Tuesdays and Fridays.

W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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

One Dollar a Year in Advance.

VOL. XXIV.

GASTONIA, N. C., TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 1903.

NO. 44.

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 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 authorship, or the views expressed, each will have an element of timely interest to make it a conspicuous utterance.

Human Nature's Pet Pleasure.

Richmond News-Leader.
We laugh at women because now and then they have what they call "a good cry" and seem to enjoy it and to feel better for it; but men do the same thing in a different way. They do not cry, being ashamed to cry, but they get drunk on stimulants or evolve dry debauches of morbidity from within themselves and on their wives or other friends or on whomsoever they can catch and hold they bestow vast accumulations of bitterness and wrongs and troubles and sorrows. Human nature does not enjoy more keenly any pleasure than that of being thoroughly miserable, deeply impressed with the injustice and cruelty of the world and the hopelessness of life. If we did not have troubles or make them for ourselves some of us might be completely and permanently happy; and that, for good reasons and wise purposes, is forbidden.

A Tale of Two Cities, Aye, of Many Cities.

From 14th Century, in Charlotte Observer.
Last year a "blue-eyed girl, wearing a clean, white dress," left her home in Cleveland county and came here—alone. She knew not sin. But she was penniless, and in the darkened city there was welcome to her only from foul-mouthed hags who trade in human souls. And so the child stumbled on into the night, and her blue eyes became dulled and her white dress was besmirched. Suppose—but why suppose? You know the condition that exists. Continually there come to this town young girls who seek work. They are helpless, ignorant, unprotected. What salvation might come if they knew that when temptation is hardest they can flee to a house of refuge that shames not? It is all right to drag the unfortunates from their painted misery, but is it not better to fight for the clear-eyed children who do not want to fall, yet must fall?

The Way he Got his Injury.

Wilmington Star.
The Pension Office at Washington has recently received an application for a pension from a veteran of the war between the States, who concluded he would save money by writing the application himself without the assistance of a pension attorney. When he was asked by the Pension Bureau to state the circumstances under which he incurred his disability, he candidly responded as follows:
"The way I got my war injury was a ketchin of a hog. The hog was a sow hog and ur captain wanted her for forege. We was chasin' the sow, and she crawled threw a hoal in a rail fence. It was a big hoal, and I thot I was about the sis of the hog and tried to crawl thru, but I stuk, and trin' to wigle out I throde the rails off and one hit me on my hed and noked me senseless. I do not think the sow pig had nothing to do with my line of duty, for I did not kech the hog. Wich she never was cant."

Business and Corruption.

Collier's Weekly.
The proverb that money is the root of all evil has not yet entirely lost its force. Money is not as inevitably associated with violence and corruption as it was in earlier times, but it is still difficult to manage with a clean soul. Knowledge, understanding, talent and sympathy, for instance are possessions which may be kept more easily without evil. The wholesome activities which have recently been at work in exposing corruption throughout the country have traced much of it to the interests of business, or, in other words, of money. Missouri is just now ringing with information about trickery and bribery, in which the prominent actors were the sworn public servants of the people and the State. A briber of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and several Senators, is a baking powder company, which induced these high officials to seek legislation against a rival concern, and to concoct, for that purpose, tricks as elaborate as those of any swindling company extant. The Governor of a still greater State, while remaining on the windy side of the law, has lost the respect of the people by his devotion to the interests of a grocery firm with which he is identified. If a boss rules a city, his power rests on the complaisance of the business man, who find it easier to bribe than to suppress him. If the National Legislature commits some disgraceful act, behind it will be found sugar, oil or some other form of money. There are even now advantages in being poor, and still greater advantages in not wishing too ardently to be rich.

Woman's Youth.

Collier's Weekly.
Women who grow old most quickly are those whose interests are the narrowest. Those who stay young longest are those whose minds and spirits are fed by action and by changing impressions. Those who are youngest at thirty are the most intelligent. Climate helps in the temperate zone, but that climate does little, without customs, is shown in the face of the blighted American woman who at twenty-five looks older than her free and enlightened compatriot at forty. One of the reasons that man has grown older later than woman is that he has had a more free and active role to play. One of the reasons that married women were formerly the only ones who had a chance of escaping early age was that when the unmarried passed a certain stage she was laid upon the shelf, and the shelf is a poor place for any human plant to retain its sap and foliage. Another foreign visitor, this time an Italian, comes forward to congratulate America on the happy aspects of her youth. Late marriage, which is so often regretted by conventional philosophers among us, seems to this Italian educator the result not only of a healthy sense of responsibility, but of the ability of our women to remain young longer than is possible in some older nations. In this secret, of extending woman's youth through some additional lustres, our foreign visitor finds the secret of our good fortune. "Some lustres" is a long time. It can hardly mean less than fifteen years, and yet it does not seem exaggerated. This extension of woman's youth is obtained partly by exercise and diet, but far more by widened opportunity, by work, by abundance of life. The way to live long is to live much, and one of the wisest things young America has done is to throw open the doors of opportunity and of lasting youth to woman-kind.

WILD ANIMAL BUSINESS.

Some Facts About a Romantic and Interesting Industry.

Washington Post.
"A wild animal dealer has to take all the risks," said one of the most experienced wild animal collectors in the United States. "The shows and menageries and parks that buy from him don't pay for an animal until it is delivered. Generally they want it delivered in the place they have set for it. Sometimes they will take it at the ship or at the train, but usually they expect us to deliver the beast right in their place. Consequently the risk is enormous and we have to charge a price that will make up for the danger of loss. We cannot insure our beasts during transportation except in rare instances. If they die during a voyage or are washed overboard or thrown into the sea to save the ship, the loss is ours. The only insurance we can get as a rule is insurance as cargo, which we can collect only in case the ship itself is lost."

"Now we have just had one experience that illustrates my point. We shipped an immense lot of exceptionally fine animals in Calcutta—four baby elephants, five tigers from Bengal, four leopards, and about two hundred cranes, some of which were so rare that they had not even been identified by Indian zoologists. We also had thirty-five serpents, among them a python twenty feet long. "Well, our animal men who accompanied the shipment got them through all right for thirty-three days until we struck the Newfoundland banks, when a sleet storm hammered the ship, and for a night she labored through tremendous ice seas that swept her deck continually."

"Canvas and straw were piled around the animals and everything was done by our men that was possible. But when morning came three elephants, three tigers, all the rare cranes, and every one of the snakes lay dead and had to be thrown overboard."

"This shows why wild animals cost so much. And there are many other risks. Last year one of the big American animal dealers heard from a beast catcher in Rangoon that he had seven fine full grown rhinoceri in perfect condition. "He sent a cable message at once accepting the animals and then hurriedly had timbers cut and shaped to build the great pens that are necessary to hold powerful beasts like these on a steamship."

"Well, the expense of these pens and the freight charges for shipping them from America more than half way around the world, made a big item in themselves. Then there were the expenses of the dealer and the three assistants whom he had to take with him."

"After their long voyage to Rangoon they found a difficult trip into the interior before them. They had to drag the heavy timbers for the pens with them, knowing from bitter previous experience that the Oriental animal catchers would be provided with nothing except bamboo cages—tough and strong enough so long as they are stationary, but almost sure to work apart when they are moved over bad roads."

"At last they reached their objective point and then, after all their work and expenditure, they found three small, sickly, and poor specimens."

"Not one of them was in condition to be shipped even to the coast, not to mention the long ocean voyage to America. So here was almost four months wasted, many thousands of dollars lost, and worst of all no rhinoceros at the very time when a dozen menageries were offering big amounts of money for specimens."

"But we have no redress. Wild animal dealers, in the nature of the case, have to do business with native hunters, who are neither amenable to law or responsible financially, however honest their intentions may be."

"You can't send the police out to serve a warrant or papers in a damage suit on a man who lives a couple of hundred miles away from civilization in a jungle with tigers and panthers and boa constrictors around him for friends and neighbors. If he fails to keep his contract with us, we simply have to grin and bear it."

"Shipping the beasts is always a hard job. Sailors are afraid of wild animals, and they handle the cargoes with such unwillingness that they often drop a cage into the hold and kill or injure the beast because they are afraid

to get near enough to it to guide or swing it properly.

"I have often put my arm into a cage and rubbed a tiger or a lion merely in order to show the crew of the ship that they need not be apprehensive. But they generally don't do anything except to grin sheepishly and say, 'All right, mister. You're welcome to do them kind of foolish things all you please. We'd rather not.'"

"The consequence is that when a storm comes and the seas sweep the vessel and tear a few cages from their fastenings, the wild animal men rarely get any help from the crew and many a rare and valuable beast has been lost merely because everybody was afraid of it."

"It is a sight to see the trouble and excitement that attend the shipment of a giraffe. We can't drive the tall, frightened brute up the gangplank, of course. The giraffe is so nervous that it would leap into the sea."

"So we haul it up in its crate, with its long neck sticking out, and every minute of the time we watch with fear lest it should get so excited while it is being swung on board, that it will thrash its head against the side of the ship and either break its neck or fracture its skull."

"The least excitement drives a giraffe so frantic that it leaps with uncontrollable fear. The greatest damage is that it will break its legs. They are so long and thin and the brute is so ungainly and awkward when confined in a small space that the least trip or stumble will bring it crashing down and then it is good-by giraffe!"

"This is largely because a giraffe needs a good many yards of space for one step. Therefore, although it is so graceful and swift when it lopes over an open plain where its long legs can spread far out as it runs, it is a poor, shuffling, clumsy thing when it has to move in a pen."

"A giraffe catches cold easily, and it is no fun to dose it when it has to be done on a rolling, staggering ship."

"The giraffe is a bad sailor, too, although not so hard as camels that usually act like spiteful, fretful, vindictive children. They get homesick and moan and complain like selfish human beings."

"The elephant is a good old sailor man. He takes whatever comes along and never says a word. It is a little hard on him to get no green food on a long voyage, and sometimes the dry food spoils his stomach. Then we have to give him mighty doses of physic. He doesn't like that, and as there isn't much room to jump around on a ship, there are more comfortable jobs than being a doctor to sick elephants on the ocean."

"No, the wild animal dealer does not have an easy and delightful life as all the young folks think when they read about his romantic trips into romantic lands after romantic beasts. It's a hard calling, and only a few grow rich from it. Yet none of us ever seems to want to leave it once he gets well into it."

A Cayenne Pepper Story.
"I'll bet I can eat a heaping tablespoonful of cayenne pepper without blinking," declared James Taylor of Wilkesbarre, Pa., to Steve Lieberman, who a year ago bet he could sit on a hot radiator longer than another man. "I have \$2 which says you cannot," said Lieberman.

Taylor took the pepper, opened his mouth wide and gulped it down. He did not cry for help, and so tears ran down his cheek. Lieberman handed over the money and then snuffed the pepper. He thought it was brick dust. "I was mistaken," he said.

UNIQUE ORGANIZATION.

Only Baldheads May Join a Cleveland Club.

FATES MUST OBLIGE TO BE RELIGIOUS

One Year on the Top Will Act as a Shockball Against a Candidate, Senator Hanna on the Waiting List, but He Will Have to Be Fished.

To Cleveland, O., will soon be accorded the distinction of having the only organization of baldheaded men in the United States, says the New York World. Frank M. Drew, manager of the Star theater, and Dr. H. B. Boaman, "the gun man," are the promoters of what is to be known as the Baldheaded Men's Club and Protective Association.

No one will be eligible to membership who has even a sign of hair upon the top of his head. Fringes at the back and about the sides of the head will not count so long as the top of the pate is smooth and shiny.

The primary object of the club will be to provide a place where kindred spirits may commune, but the secondary object will be beneficial. It will furnish identification for its members when they need it. An incident of a recent trip of Dr. Boaman to an eastern city was the inspiration for the organization of the club. The doctor went into a bank in a strange city and presented a check to be cashed. He was wearing a wig.

"Are you Dr. Boaman, the gun man?" asked the cashier.

"Yes, sir, I am," was the reply. Then the cashier looked at him closely for a second and pointed to a billboard across the street upon which there was a poster with ten or a dozen portraits of Boaman in a row. The doctor saw the point, and, removing his wig, he stooped to examine the original of the billboard pictures. His check was cashed without further question.

When the doctor returned home, he related his experience to some of his baldheaded friends, and while they were laughing at the ridiculous nature of his attempt to hide his baldness under a wig they conceived the idea of providing a way in which baldheaded men could identify themselves without being subjected to the humiliation of taking off their wigs. Then it was decided to make the club a social organization as well as an identification agency.

Among the well known citizens who will join the club are Congressman Jacob A. Boddier, Dr. E. H. Boaman, A. B. Honocck, Harry Wilson, a former Democratic leader; Frederick Henry, a manufacturer; Police Judge H. P. Whelan, Cass Hatch, clerk to the director of charities and correction; Billy Hayward, Captain Percy W. Rice, United States Marshal Frank M. Chandler, Chief of Police George E. Corcoran, I. K. Fuldheim, J. K. McNeil, L. J. Brennan, the contractor; Councilman William M. Byrne, John E. Blood, Jack Many, W. B. Davis, Police Lieutenant Regan, Felleber and Schumack, Manager Gus Harts of the Euclid Avenue Opera House, Fred Coan, treasurer, and Charles Campbell, door tender of the same theater; Seth Palm, proprietor of the Forest City House.

"We will have a long waiting list, too," said Mr. Drew. "On this will be the names of men who are rapidly approaching baldness, but who do not yet possess all the requirements entitling a person to membership. Among these will be Senator Hanna, Mayor Johnson, John Stanley, superintendent of the Cleveland Electric railway; George Mothers of the Cleveland City Railway, Tom Ross, Morty Gaul of the Lake Shore railroad, all of whom will need a little plucking before they can pass muster with our membership committee."

White House Tennis Court.
A tennis court is being constructed for the Roosevelt family in the White House grounds south of the new west tower and will be ready for use in a few days, says a Washington special to the New York Times. The location of the court was formerly the site of a number of hotbeds and of the little office of the head gardener of the White House. It is screened thoroughly from public observation. The court runs from east to west and is to be 75 by 95 feet. It is expected it will be the best in the city.

Fancy Fans and Other Fancies.

As a thing of beauty and a perpetual joy in warm weather, a pretty fan from our stock is hard to beat. A new line of new fans, all very attractive, has just arrived here at fan headquarters. We have them in linen and silk, white, black and colors. PRICES 25c to \$2.50.

THE NEW PEARL WAIST SETS

will please you with their stylishness and newness.

NEW HAIR ORNAMENTS.

We have the new ones—the newest out, and they will please the stylish dresser on sight. Be sure to see them before you buy elsewhere.

JAS. F. YEAGER, LADIES' FURNISHINGS.

Craig and Wilson

Come in, one and all. Our doors are always open to our customers and friends. We now have on hand several car-loads of nice new Vehicles just out of the factory. We have on our floor several nice rubber-tire Buggies that we are going to sell. We have a lot of Old Hickory Wagons on hand yet, though we have sold a great many this season. The best Cultivator on the market to-day is the Steel King. We have a few left, come and get one or two and save labor. We think it is one of the best labor saving farm implements that can be had on the farm. We still have several fine Horses on hand. They are all nice drivers, quiet and gentle, all well broke. Call and see them before you buy from anyone else.

Craig and Wilson

SUMMER DAYS SHORTENED

The days and months of summer will not seem so long and hot if you own one of our delightful

HAMMOCKS

What a blessing to wife, or mother, or housekeeper, or tired workers everywhere! So often in summer you are oppressed by the heat and want to lie down to rest. But on a bed or lounge—there's the heat still, you can't escape from it. Again, the day's worries make tired nerves, and tired nerves make a little composure and comfort so welcome.

A hammock's the thing. In a hammock there's nothing under you, between you and the breezes of the wide, wide world, except the cool, strong, open setting. The whole world full of fresh air is free to flow over you and under you and around you, and you have nothing to do but swing and swim and float in soft streams of comforting coolness. It's refreshing. It's refreshing. It will make you feel better. That "tired feeling"—you can feel it oozing out and getting away from you when you're in one of our hammocks.

For your summer hammock, come to hammock headquarters.

We sell the hammock, you do the rest.

MARSHALL'S BOOK STORE, ON THE CORNER.

Jim Dumps a little girl possessed
Whom loss of appetite distressed.
"I don't eat!" the child would
scream.
Jim found a dish of "Force" with
cream;
She tasted it, then, joy for him!
She begged for more from "Benny
Jim."

Force

The Baby's Best Food

a good fairy to all youngsters.

Force Food for Children.
"What is a perfect summer meal, and
others should be made to keep children
to eat it."
—"How to Feed Children."