

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. Nominally 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.

A Hint to the Merchants.

M. A. Hays, of Southern Railway, at Raleigh.
Good roads make even trade throughout the year.

Gets All That's Coming to It.

T. B. Parker Secretary, Farmers Alliance, at Raleigh Good Roads Convention.
A bad road is a relentless tax assessor and a snare collector.

Let's Try to be a Part of the 25 Per Cent.

W. H. Moore, President National Good Roads Association, at Raleigh.
As to the kind of roads, I believe our bones will be under the ground long before you have 25 per cent of the roads in North Carolina macadamized.

What Good Roads Mean.

Pres. G. T. Winston, at Winston-Salem.
There would be a revolution in North Carolina if every county had modern macadamized roads. * * * Good roads mean good schools, good libraries, and rural free mail delivery.

Good Roads and Education.

Senator F. M. Simmons, at Winston-Salem.
Good roads and education go together. Educate the people and there is no power in the world that will keep them from building roads and you can not keep the people from becoming educated.

Bonds Will Build the Roads Now.

W. H. Moore, President National Good Roads Association, at Raleigh.
Issue bonds. All railroad or street car systems in your State exist by reason of issuing bonds, and they would not exist without it. This method will build the roads now; you will enjoy them, and your children will help pay for them. The bonds, if not paid, will be refunded when they are due at a lower rate of interest.

Organize, Organize, Organize!

W. H. Moore, President National Good Roads Association, at Raleigh.
It is a shame to deprive the people of the farm from enjoying the libraries, churches, and other advantages of cities on account of mud. I hope the women will form clubs and help the men. I think they can do better than the men. Will you organize and carry the fight into your own counties? The road question has not received support because there has been no organization.

Cursing Will be Turned to Praises.

Governor C. B. Aycock, at Winston-Salem.
We must bring the country people nearer together by good roads and then we can have good schools. We are pledged to educate the people of North Carolina. We have heard from the taxation imposed for the purpose of educating the children and to build good roads; you must raise money by levying taxes. Some will curse you now, but the future generations will sing your praises.

Good Roads Abolish Isolation.

Gov. C. B. Aycock, at Raleigh Good Roads Convention.
The question of good roads touches us at every point. It measures the attendance upon schools; we can calculate from the condition of the roads the number who go to church on Sunday; it touches our agricultural life; it meets us in the industries and in commerce; there is no interest in North Carolina which is not affected by it. The great strength of North Carolina has been its love of individual liberty, its devotion to the State. Its weakness has been its isolation.

Bad Roads Take More Taxes Than Good Ones.

Senator F. M. Simmons at Winston-Salem.
I am told that the general contention is that the cost of bad roads to the farmers of this country annually amounts to \$600,000,000. Bad roads cost more than good ones do. Not only the farmer is concerned about good roads, but the city man—the banker, the clerks, and all have to contribute to the loss of the farmer. Another statement is that it costs three times as much to haul a ton on a bad road as good one. These are the conclusions reached by men who have studied the question in all of its details.

There is a Way.

M. V. Richards, of Southern Railway, at Asheville.
It is not impossible to have in the South a system of roads as good as any in the world. We have all the conditions necessary for the construction of roads. The work can be accomplished in some way. You will have to decide how. There is a way and you will find it. I expect to have the pleasure of placing before our friends in the North another argument why the South possesses advantages to the homeseeker, namely, that we have the best roads in the United States. Will you substantiate this argument?

Will Fall in Line When They Consider.

M. V. Richards, of Southern Railway, at Asheville.
There is a growing demand for better roads; the present decade will pass into memory as the good roads age. People in all parts of our land are alive to the subject; they are going into the question upon practical lines of action. The more its merits are studied and the better it is understood, the greater the interest. True, in some sections, there are influential citizens, landowners and taxpayers, who have not as yet awakened to the importance of the betterment of the public highways, but it can be very safely predicted that as soon as they give the matter due consideration they will fall in line and give their aid.

Good Roads Cost Nothing.

M. A. Hays, of Southern Railway, at Raleigh Good Roads Convention.
The greatest tax the people of the nation have is bad roads. Enough money has been spent in repairing bad roads to build good ones. Whatever you spend in building good roads will come back in the increased value of your farm land and the growth of your industries. If you increase the value of your farm lands in this State one dollar an acre by making improved roads, the total increased value would be \$33,000,000, and that would more than build all the good highways you need. The increased value of farm lands, however, would be much more than \$1 an acre.

A WAR TIME LETTER.

Written by Dr. John D. McLean
To His Uncle—Some Interesting Family History.

A letter shown us a few days ago by Mr. Lean McLean is published below. It was written in time of the war by his father, John D. McLean, who afterwards became a physician. He died when his sons Lean and Robert were small boys. The letter was written to his "Uncle John," who was the husband of Mrs. M. E. McLean and father of Mrs. C. E. Adams. It was written in a very clear and uniform hand on four pages of letter paper.

The matters to which the letter is devoted make interesting reading at this day for the relatives and acquaintances of all with whom the correspondence is concerned.

Camp Near Orange C. H., Va.
January 31st, 1864.

Dear Uncle John:
I arrived safely at Camp last Friday evening and reported immediately to Colonel Hyman who told that the reason my papers had not been forwarded to me was because the certificate was disapproved by General Scales; that both he and our surgeon had approved the papers and forwarded them as is usual in such cases, and that I had not been reported absent without leave, and that my reasons for being absent were entirely satisfactory to him.

I am now engaged in closing up my unsettled business in the Quarter-Master's Department. This will require some month or six weeks and then I will return to my company unless Capt. Hill is assigned to duty outside of the Regiment, which he is now trying to effect. He is Receiver of the Forage Tax in kind for General A. P. Hill's corps at this time.

There was some little excitement in camp when I returned in consequence of a cavalry raid of the enemy. I do not think it will amount to any serious affair. The troops are pretty comfortably housed and much better clothed than I expected to see; and in finer spirits than I ever saw them. Our regiment re-enlisted yesterday for the war without one dissenting vote. This does not look much like our troops were at all disposed to think of giving up the ship, but are more than ever determined to fight to the bitter end.

The weather is wet and dreary and the roads exceedingly muddy. There is little probability of fighting for some time. I saw Robert Ratchford this morning. He is well; seems to be engaged among the ambulances. I imagine he has been assigned to this duty in order to make it light upon him. He limps considerably.

General Scales is at home on a furlough and Colonel Hoke is in command of the Brigade.

Has Pa been to see you since I was at home. He is more than ever anxious to procure some place in your neighborhood. After leaving your house he suggested the idea that possibly you would sell him the Mill Tract of land and seemed sorry that he did not mention the matter to you. He says he is perfectly willing to let you retain your interest in the water power and mill seat and pay you a fair price for the land. If you can at all spare the land I would be very glad that you would sell to him. Pa's health is now not at all good, and he has no neighbors, no range for his stock, no chance to school his children for mother, can't possibly teach now, and attend to her weaving and other matters. Another great reason for changing his place of living is the health of his Negroes. I am satisfied that another five years residence on his place will deprive him of all of them.

All these things cause him a great deal of uneasiness and render him very much dissatisfied and also have a bad influence upon his health. If he could obtain a place in your immediate neighborhood I feel satisfied that his health would be better, that his Negroes' condition would be improved, that his opportunities for educating his children would be greatly bettered, and that he would be very much better satisfied in every particular. If I could be at home with him all the time he would not miss his neighbors as much as he does, but this can't be.

Of course neither Pa nor myself would want you to dispose of this piece of land if it would inconvenience you in any way, but at the same time, if you can spare the tract without injury to yourself, it would be a great favor conferred to sell it to Pa. He would prefer living

there to any other place in the neighborhood because he would then be near to Uncle Robert and yourself, and because he prefers that neighborhood to any other. Please write soon to me and in the mean time remember me to Aunt Martha and the children.

Your Affectionate Nephew,
JOHN D. MCLEAN.

Suit for Slander Growing Out of Mohaffey Case.

Newton News.
The hardest fought case during the whole sitting of the court was the case of Minnie D. Setzer vs. Lee M. Setzer. The plaintiff, Minnie Setzer, alleged that Lee M. Setzer had slandered her in that he charged her with receiving money for testifying in the case against J. T. Mohaffey during the February term of court. The plaintiff was represented by Messrs. Witherspoon, Gaither, and McCorkle and the defendant by Self & Whitener and W. C. Fleimster. The witnesses on both sides counted up about twenty and it took a day to get in the testimony. Speeches were made by all the attorneys and the judge charged the jury late Friday evening. No verdict was rendered until Saturday morning, when the jury brought in their verdict for the plaintiff, assessing the damages at \$100. The defendants have given notice of an appeal.

A Riot at Booker Washington's Speaking in Boston.

Boston Dispatch, July 30.
An attempt on the part of a half-dozen colored persons opposed to Booker T. Washington, president of Tuskegee Institute, to ask questions, at a meeting which he was addressing tonight at the Zion church, almost resulted in a riot and 25 policemen were called to quell the disturbance. Several arrests were made, one policeman received a deep stab from a hairpin, while a man, said to be one of those opposed to Washington, received several razor cuts and is now in the hospital. After the arrests, Washington was allowed to proceed, and spoke for nearly two hours.

Both factions at the close of the meeting issued statements. Washington said in his statement that the colored people of Boston should not be held responsible for a few riotous individuals, while William Moore Trotter, one of those who was arrested, stated that the cause of the rioting was the absurd ruling of Chairman Lewis, in ordering the arrest and ejection of any person who hissed or manifested any objection to the speaker of the evening.

Telephones and Farmers.

Charlotteville Chronicle.
Have you ever thought how many hours out of every week can be saved for yourself, your family and your teams by the assistance of the telephone? Have you ever calculated the minutes that can be gained in case of sickness or business emergencies? Have you ever thought of the dollars that you might gain were you only in close touch with markets? Can you conceive the pleasure to be derived from having in your home means of immediate communication with relations, neighbors or friends though situated miles away?

The telephone will pay for itself by getting better market prices.

It will save several dollars every month by avoiding needless trips to town.

It will deliver and receive telegrams and important messages immediately and without extra expense.

It will keep you informed on weather predictions.

It will order repairs instantly when machines break down.

It will do the visiting and make social calls without the trouble of "dressing up" and making a dusty, sultry or freezing ride.

It will get a doctor on a moment's notice, and maybe save a loved one's life.

It will get election returns as soon as they are in.

It will keep away insolent tramps and prowling burglars.

It will keep the boys on the farm, and also the daughters.

It will make home happier, brighter and more delightful in a thousand different ways.

Progressive farmers throughout the country are installing telephones in their homes, and in the near future every agriculturist will have a direct means of communication with the outside world.

MISERY'S MILLIONS.

The Lost Legions of "the Great Abyss" in London.

London's wealth is ever before us, says Men and Women. It takes care that it shall be. But London's poverty is hidden away in vast areas of agony, with which rank and wealth and fashion are as unfamiliar as they are with Franz Joseph Laud or Central Africa. The moment that a small contingent from the mean streets of working class London reveals itself to the eyes of the West there is an outcry. Fashion intrus shuddering away, and complaints of the men with the begging boxes; wealth buttons its pockets, and rails upon the authorities to withdraw their countenance and the body guard of police from "a pack of impostors". And fashion and wealth are, perhaps, wise in their protest.

If these unemployed workers are allowed to parade in search of sympathy, we may one day see all the lost legion of "the great abyss" crawling forth from the alleys and the slums to give the West an object lesson in the poverty that the great city hides away in its nooks and crannies. The women and the children, the one room helots of unspeakable slums, the diseased and desperate outcasts of our great guild gardens may form up in one mighty mass of misery, and surge into the crowded thoroughfares and aristocratic streets which fashion regards as its own.

Picture, if you can, London given up for one day, not to the gay pageants which on great occasions gladden our eyes and make our hearts swell with pride at the vastness of our Empire, and the splendor of our Court, but to a dead march of London's lost ones. Crowd balcony and windows with rank and fashion, with the world of wealth, and the middle class well-to-do, give to the fair maidens and matrons, who lead a life of pleasure and of ease, the front places on the line of route. Then let the millions of Misery Land creep by! Such a spectacle, if it could be arranged, would be a revelation which would shock the national conscience as it has never been shocked before. From the windows and the balconies the women of luxury would shrink back trembling, white faced, terrified. And the men, the busy gatherers of gold, and the idle squanderers of it would feel a shame that no written story of the city's want and woe has ever made them feel before. Even as one pictures what such a scene as this procession would mean one feels the horror of it. For the comfort of the prosperous citizen that sort of thing must be kept within its own area, to be looked upon only by those who are the company of woe.

A Lame Occupant of a Fish Pond.

Newton Motorist.
Mr. Aleck Yount has a fish pond with one fish in it. It is a huge carp, 17 years old. A pair of carp were put in the pond seventeen years ago. They ate up all the other fish, but the carp tribe has not increased. One of the original pair had a piece of flesh nicked out of his back by a hawk a few years ago and died. The carcass was thrown to the hogs, but was so tough that they could not tear it, even in a tug of war match. The lone occupant of the pond was caught about three years ago. It measured 22 inches in length. As it was not very tempting to the appetite, it was put back into the water.

Sarto Supreme Pontiff.

Dispatches of Daily Press.
Rome, Aug 4.—The conclave, after being in session four days, to-day elected Giuseppe Sarto, patriarch of Venice, as Pope to succeed Leo XIII and he now reigns at the Vatican and over the Catholic world as Pius X. To-night all Rome is illuminated in his honor.

The Pope, yielding to the pressure exercised by foreign cardinals, who are desirous of returning to their respective countries as soon as possible, has decided that his coronation shall take place next Sunday.

735,000 Spindles Idle.

Charlotte News.
Fall River, Aug. 4.—The Flint Cotton Mills will be shut down for two weeks on account of the strike of doffers and the cotton situation. In all 735,000 spindles are idle here.

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