

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., FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1903.

NO. 67.

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.

Just So.

Asheville Citizen.

Did you ever notice that the man who has the least use for you, is the man who owes you money that he won't pay, or has otherwise done you an injury?

The New Theme!

Western Recorder.

"How to prohibit prohibition," was the chief theme of discussion at the National Liquor Dealers' Association in Baltimore recently. The cry used to be "prohibition does not prohibit," and yet somehow, the liquor men always violently opposed it. Now they recognize that prohibition does prohibit, and their problem "how to prohibit prohibition."

Straight Tip for Turner.

Statesville Landmark.

While the Landmark isn't the authorized mouthpiece of Statesville's candidates we make bold to say that he is running because he wants the office and because the people want him to have it. He is in line of promotion, has a laudable ambition to go up higher, and has the capacity to fill the place. And while we bear no ill will to any other candidate, wishing them all well, we think it our duty to give their friends the straight tip that Statesville's candidate is going to win.

Senator Tillman's Mistake.

Richmond News-Leader.

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, has had his pocket picked on a train. This was what we might have expected to happen to a guileless and horny-handed representative of the over-burdened and groaning masses. Also it is natural that the purse of this incorruptible servant of the people and foe of corporations and trusts contained little or no money. The Senator's chief grief is that all the many free passes and franks the receptacle contained have disappeared along with it. Consequently his travel is crippled and his telegraphic and express facilities badly hampered.

The Lawyers Responsible.

Charity and Children.

The lawyers, who often boast that they are the conservators of peace and good order, are responsible to a greater degree than any other class for the reign of mob law and the contempt of the ignorant and unthinking for the courts. So long as justice is delayed, and often outraged, by the tedious delays and parleying and technical tricks by attorneys who have in mind only the fee which their clients may be able to pay, we may expect to see the exasperated and hot-headed of the community taking things in their own hands and meeting out summary vengeance upon supposed criminals. We are told that our system is worse than that of any other country under the sun. Elsewhere speedy trials are obtained, and the skyers who share the spoil with the criminals they shield from the punishment they deserved, are not allowed the privilege and the power they abuse in the courts of this country.

Don't Underestimate Roosevelt's Strength.

New York Sun.

If the Democrats are to have any reasonable expectation of defeating Mr. Roosevelt next year, they must not make the mistake of underestimating his political strength or his present personal popularity. Such an indiscriminating opinion of him as the Nashville American gives shows not only an excess of partisanship, but at least a partial misunderstanding of the situation:

"Unbalanced, unreliable, full of self, empty of prudence, of knowledge, of discretion, of the comprehension of the laws of nations, of the laws of his own country, of even the little social laws, Mr. Roosevelt is a failure. Is that not palpable? Must we needs butt our heads against a plainer proposition to take cognizance of this all too apparent national misfortune? Must there be yet a greater one?"

"And yet the Republicans have already committed themselves to this man's re-election, or rather a number of them have. States have instructed for him, conventions have endorsed him, and for what? In the happy appreciation and enjoyment of our wondrous prosperity have any of us stopped to think for what good or gain we owe Mr. Roosevelt? Is it not all the reverse? What Democrat can do worse?"

Theodore's Ride.

C. F. N. in the Nashville Daily News.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of Theodore's ride through the night so drear—
Starting at 2 and riding till 5—
Hardly a man is now alive
Who'd do such a freakish thing and queer.
He said to his son, "If the weather is right,
If it thunders and storms, if it blows and it rains,
Let the news leak out to the press to-night
That we'll ride like mad through the roads and the lanes,
From Segamore Hill to Sayville town—
You on the bay and I on the brow—
Whipping and spurring, we'll have time and to spare
To breakfast with uncle and make the folks stare,
And show to the people a President rare,
So through the night rode Theodore,
And so through the night rang his whoop and halos,
The galloping hoof-beats, now loud and now low,
These sounds that shall echo forevermore,
For, held in the newspapers of the past,
Through all our history to the last,
In the days of Presidents steady and staid,
Who slumber at night and ride in the day,
The people will thrill at this strenuous ride,
Which our Theodore took for a grand-stand play.

RACE OVER THE COUNTRY

TRIP WITH FAST MAIL GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED.

Writer Takes a Ride On Engine That Pulls An Important Train—Speed Almost Incredible and Sensations are Numerous—Iron Horse Seems to Have the Wings of a Bird in Its Flight.

W. H. Stinson, in Chicago Chronicle.

"By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," said the Lord to Adam 6,000 years ago in the Garden of Eden. Since the delivery of this curse mankind universally has obeyed the command of Divine wrath. The men who feed the fire boxes of the monster locomotives hauling the United States mail across the continent while half the world's asleep are entitled to full benefit of the reward for obedience to the Scriptural injunction.

Most of the mail trains in this country run during the night, when the busy hum of industry is hushed and business people sleep, when the hour of labor is over.

Out in the country alongside a trunk line during the hours of the night some restless sleeper is aroused by the deep throated call of the engine saluting the signals as she flies over the switches set at green.

Like the roar of the storm the fast mail has passed through the village and all is quiet once more except, perhaps, the returning distant rumble as she crosses the bridge two miles away, and the restless sleeper turns his pillow hoping to woo the drowsy god.

The average Chicago citizen goes to his office early in the morning and opens his mail containing letters dictated late in the afternoon of yesterday five or six hundred miles away. He is aware that this is good service but he gives the matter very little thought and takes it as a matter of course. Twenty years ago he was just as well satisfied with the letter of day before yesterday but if to-day eighteen or twenty hours were consumed in transporting a letter from Omaha to Chicago he would raise a howl that would put the siren of the fast mail engine to the blush.

SPED ALMOST INCREDIBLE.

To-day the order for the merchandise comes winging its way from one hundred miles west of Omaha to Chicago between candle light and breakfast. It was the writer's privilege to ride "in front" on one of these mail trains and he selected the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. It is 492.5 miles from the Union Pacific station in Omaha to the Wells street station of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway at Chicago. No. 10, the east-bound mail, consumes eleven hours on the run, but as twenty-three stops (not including several slow downs) are made in order to collect express and mail and change engines at Boone and Clinton, Iowa, the engineer must average sixty-three miles every sixty one minutes in order to hold the schedule. This is at a much higher rate of speed than passenger trains are run on regular schedules.

No. 9, the sister train, leaves Chicago at 10 p. m., and arrives in Omaha at 8 a. m. the following morning, a still faster schedule as part of her daily performance between this city and Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 220 miles is accomplished in 260 minutes, including stops, changing engines and slow downs.

The public knows very little of the movements of these fast mail trains, for so passengers are permitted to ride on them—not because of danger, which is entirely eliminated, but due chiefly to the possibility of detention.

While the wily passenger agent is attracting thousands with expensive and profusely illustrated literature to ride in the palatial limited trains toward lake and mountain, the officials in the operating department are watching, watching, every detail connected with the safe conduct, not only of the passenger, but the mail between the termini.

SAFETY AND SPEED BOUGHT.

Like the fond parent with deep solicitude noting the development of the child into youth and into manhood, be his destiny either the pupil or the prize ring, so do these officials unrelentingly seek for elements of safety, speed and comfort.

The trip to the starting point was made on the California Express, affording an opportunity to

observe the character of the road bed by daylight between the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers.

The same double tracks, with long sweeping curves, heavy rails and heavy ballast, were stretching their lengths to-ward sunset as perfect and exact as between Chicago and Clinton.

Word had been flashed along the line to division men to receive the writer with courtesy. All were found to be young intelligent and enthusiastic in the conduct of their daily duties. None had any axe to grind; they simply showed satisfaction in their work, with desire for promotion well earned by consistent use of judgment and thorough application to the work at hand.

Henry E. Torgensen, proprietor of the Chicago Architectural Photographing Company, in company with the writer was placed in charge of Trainmaster Fred H. Hammill of the division from Boone to Council Bluffs. Every facility to secure the photographs used in this article was placed at the disposal of Mr. Torgensen. Even the mercury at 102 degrees in the shade had no influence on the determination of the young and energetic trainmaster to make the trip successful.

Our pleasant task over, we were now ready to make outward display of that calmness and indifference necessary previous to a ride of 350 miles across the great State of Iowa on the left-hand side of the cab.

Having seen the picture man comfortably installed in his mahogany sleeping car on No. 6, a fast express train bound toward Chicago, the scribe presented his credentials to Engineer "Dory" Adams and Conductor Free L. Payne, and was welcomed cordially.

No. 10 takes mail from the Overland Limited at Omaha coming from California, Oregon, Salt Lake City, Denver and the Northwest, distributing it to Chicago, New England and the Southeast. Four cars built of the best and strongest material by the best mechanics, provided with every safety appliance, constitute the regular train. The four cars touch the beam at 300 tons and engine No. 218, with seventy-four inch drivers, cylinders 19 by 26, runs under 190 pounds steam pressure and weighs 244,600 pounds ready for business.

Watches are consulted. All is hurry, for the Overland is fifteen minutes late and mail bags are flying into our cars from the just arrived train. Side by side are two iron horses panting, one from the West, tired and travel-stained, ready for the stall to be groomed; the other ready for a dash to meet the sun, screaming at the poppet valve in anticipation of the scare she is going to give the greenhorn from the windy city.

The last bag is in, No. 218 gives two hoarse exultant signals and I wished I was with Torgensen in the Pullman which left over an hour ago. Maybe we will overhaul him and pass him in the night.

Over the high bridge spanning the restless Missouri we roll with a certain exhilaration mingled with a feeling of doubt. Thank heaven the track is double and although "Dory" says few ride with him because they are afraid we cultivate a cheerful expression and ask George Peters, the fireman, if we are in the way. He smiles and shovels a few tons of coal into the fiery furnace.

Leaving the "bluffs" we stretch out toward Missouri Valley, skirting the hills on the right, the red disk growing dimmer on the left beyond the Missouri bottoms. Dancing green signals apparently straight ahead on the track threaten us with instant collision, but pass safely underneath the cab. Stations and outlying buildings are assuming fantastic motions and I am sure I saw a woman carrying a house on her back.

"Seventy!" howls George, the fireman, as he thrust his shovel through the fire door. His face illumined for an instant, brings back the story of Adam's admonishment in the Garden of Eden. A cluster of lights, some of them red now approaches and Dory applies the air at short and still shorter intervals. Missouri Valley Junction is at hand and No. 218 comes to a stop opposite the telegraph operator's window, purring and quivering much like a giant cat after a desperate race with a fierce dog.

A MILE A MINUTE.

"Twenty-three miles in twenty-three minutes," says Dory, lighting his torch, grabbing some waste, and in a trice he is out there under the wheels chiling

up without waiting for an answer.

As I gaze at him there casting grotesque shadows by the aid of his flickering light I am strongly reminded that the "old grizzled veteran with his hand on the throttle" is a creature of the mythical past. Your modern engine runner does not keep his hand on the throttle—he keeps it on the air. The unwritten law of the trunk line is safety first. You can run fast, but you must not take chances.

Dory was 45 in January and has no nerves or gray hairs.

At Carroll the trainmaster mounted the seat and inquired into the state of my nerves. Instead of answering him direct I calmly inquired the price of land per acre just to show him how brave one could be in the face of imminent annihilation. While he was explaining about this we ran nine miles in seven and four-fifth minutes.

Lurching and shaking and clicking, we shot toward a bunch of lights, two of them red, down low directly ahead of us. Before I could rush over and turn on the air Mr. Hammill said: "That is No. 6 with your friend on board. We have overtaken them 112 miles out."

As we rushed by the side-tracked express train I leaned out of the window and asked the photographer if he had "pulled the slide." Two days after we met in Dearborn street in Chicago and he said "Yes, I did."

We soon passed over the great steel double track bridge near Boone, and looking down on that beautiful sight bathed in the pure silver light of a full moon, the shimmering waters of the broad Des Moines river framed in the emerald setting of green foliage lost their liquid charms in the blue distant forest-crowned hills. Another scene came before me. A black, tempestuous night, the river on a boisterous rampage, carrying all before it, the railroad bridge at last yielding before the terrible pressure.

A train is due and out into the black night and flying scud brave Kate Shelly creeps out over the loose timbers with a lantern and saves the train and its passengers from destruction. This was twenty years or more ago.

At Boone I bid good bye to boon companions and took up with Engineer William Toney and Fireman Frank Eaton on Engine No. 216 bound for Clinton. This run of 200 miles was made in three hours and fifty minutes.

From Ames to Marshalltown, thirty-seven miles, the time was forty-one minutes, including standing start and finish.

No track unless laid with mathematical precision could endure such terrific bursts of speed. The outer rail on all curves is elevated sufficiently to permit a speed of ninety miles per hour.

The nearest approach to this speed was made in the descent of the grade near Tama, where for three miles a sustained speed of eighty-seven miles per hour was maintained. At this rate, notwithstanding the large diameter (6 feet 4 inches) of the driving wheels, the exhaust from the smokestack was one continued long roar. Sparks were vomited like miniature volcanoes; the wind resistance becomes a cyclone, the click of the link motion becomes incessant.

DOWN-GRADE SPREADING.

The great machine knows that Engineer Toney will take advantage of the straight grade downhill and get all of the speed out of her he can. Sobbing and shaking with determined and thunderous roar, No. 216 laid her smoke flat on the mail car tops to the rear; like a woman in hysterics, she fed like a thing of life through the Tama Indian reservation.

Someone yelled "Indians." I thought he said engines and consigned myself to the care of Providence, fully expecting to be instantly projected toward bright Arcturus 6,000,000 miles away. My instinct, however, compelled me to hold to my seat like a foreclosed chattel mortgage.

When we had slowed down to a gentle jog of seventy miles an hour friend Toney approached and humbly apologized for being on time, said he wished we were a little behind time, so he could show me a little fast running. I endeavored to show him that I was in no hurry to reach Chicago, that the family was not expecting me until November and business was not pressing.

At the rate of eighty-seven miles an hour in the streets of Chicago the following would occur.

A young man meeting an at- (Continued on fourth page.)

SUMMER MILLINERY AT A SONG



Our stock of spring and summer trimmed hats must go to make room for fall stock. Clean-sweep prices are moving them out. Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and up. EMBROIDERIES—Swiss Sets to match beautiful designs. WHITE GOODS—Regular 25c goods going at the remarkably low price of 15c. COLLARS—Ladies' low collars—newest out. RIBBONS AND SILKS—Our line of ribbons and silks cannot be surpassed. Examine them before you buy.



JAMES F. YEAGER,
GASTONIA, NORTH CAROLINA.

HUNTER'S BOOK STORE

News Stand, Books, Stationery,
Office Supplies, School Supplies.

Having bought the book and stationery stock of Mr. W. F. Marshall, I am prepared to offer an enlarged stock in all the lines enumerated above.

I will continue the news stand, and handle the popular periodicals, which will be on sale each month as soon as published. Also the standard books and new works of fiction.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

All the public school books adopted by the state board constantly on hand. Come to headquarters for school books and school supplies.

J. A. HUNTER,
Opposite Thomson Company.

KING'S MOUNTAIN MILITARY ACADEMY,

(Incorporated and Chartered)
Yorkville, South Carolina.

Cadets form a part of cultured, refined, social circle. Members of faculty with their families and the cadets all live together and live well. Each cadet receives the closest personal attention and individual instruction. The cadets as well as the faculty demand that a young man shall at all times conduct himself as a gentleman or leave. A safe place for your boy.

Col. W. G. STEPHENSON, Sept.

REAL ESTATE.

It makes the most stable investment when values are right. Examine our offerings; the following are some of them:

200 acres on Old State road, 100 ft wide and 100 ft deep	\$1,100 and 50c
100 acres on Old State road, 100 ft wide and 100 ft deep	200
100 acres on Old State road, 100 ft wide and 100 ft deep	200
100 acres on Old State road, 100 ft wide and 100 ft deep	200
100 acres on Old State road, 100 ft wide and 100 ft deep	200
100 acres on Old State road, 100 ft wide and 100 ft deep	200
100 acres on Old State road, 100 ft wide and 100 ft deep	200
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100 acres on Old State road, 100 ft wide and 100 ft deep	200

FOR RENT.

FARMS FOR SALE.

200 acres on Old State road, 100 ft wide and 100 ft deep
100 acres on Old State road, 100 ft wide and 100 ft deep
100 acres on Old State road, 100 ft wide and 100 ft deep
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GASTON LOAN AND TRUST CO.
W. T. LOVE, President. S. G. McLEOD, Treasurer.

Craig & Wilson's

To buy your Vehicles. We have on hand now almost any grade you may call for. Our doors are always open during the day and we are always glad to have our friends call and see us and permit us to show them our stock of goods. Our prices are always made satisfactory with our customers. We still have in our stable some fine and nice BARBERS and NEW-THINKERS that we are going to sell.

CRAIG & WILSON.