THE GAZETTE.
A Gaston County Paper for Gaston County People.

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.

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THE GAZETTE.
1. People want news of the town and county more than any other local paper.
2. It is read every week by more people than any other local paper.
3. It is read by people who have money to pay for what they want and who do pay for what they get.
4. It is read by the best class of people in Gaston county, and they are the people who do the trading, buying farms, stock, machinery, fertilizers, etc., and who pay their bills.

A WEEK OF SPECIALS!

At the Big Store, Thomson Co.

This week we put on some unmatchable bargains. We have scooped in some good things and our customers get the benefit.

5000 yards Avon Bleaching. We closed a lot of Sheeting from the Avon Mill and had it bleached. The count is 96 by 100. Equals Lonsdale Cambric. There are two lots, it goes this week for, yd 8c & 10c
Never again will we be able to offer such bargains.

5000 yds. short lengths heavy Shirtings. 1½ to 3 yd. pieces at yard 3½c

5000 yds. Rescue Sheeting, Loray Mill Sheeting go this week at, yd. 5c

And to make this week interesting we have in every department, put out some specials.

Never before in the history of this business have we had such easy sailing. Our business has grown every day since we started over two years ago. Low prices, energy, truth, and capacity are the principles which have brought this store to its present magnitude, and will promote its future growth.

Thomson Co.

The People's Store :: :: Phone 46

THE PASSING OF THE "JAY."

Another Conventional Fiction that is as Extinct as the Dodo.

Chicago Chronicle.

One by one the old conventional fictions are being demolished and among the last to go is that of the rural visitor who always comes to grief when he visits the city.

The woes of this traditional individual have long furnished material for the comic illustrators and the humorous paragraphers. His purchases of gold bricks, his investments in green goods, his excursions to the lake front or to the tunnels to view disasters in those localities have excited the risibilities of the urban resident for a long time.

Like the stage Irishman and his colleague, the "Dutchman" of the drama, however, it is now quite clear that the "hayseed" of the funny papers is a creature of the imagination rather than an actual type. He may have been more or less verdant and unsophisticated once, but he is no longer. The rural resident of the Middle West, at any rate, is at no disadvantage whatever as compared with the dweller in the city. If the "jay" of tradition ever had an existence he has vanished from the vicinity.

This has been quite evident during the centennial celebration. Many thousands of people from out of town have visited the city, and it has been no easy matter for Chicagoans to distinguish them from the regular residents of the city. They dress as well and they conduct themselves as well. They do not stand in the middle of the street gazing up at the high buildings. They do not carry shiny carpet sacks, nor do they interlard their discourse with "B'gosh!" and "by hen!" as the comic papers assert. They are, in short, intelligent, well-mannered Americans who have nothing to fear by comparison with their city cousins in the matter of intelligence, and who have distinctly the better of it in manners and courtesy.

It is possible that in remote and thinly settled districts of the West there may still exist people who justify the conceits of the comic artists, but there are no such people in the territory circumjacent to Chicago. There is no reason why there should be.

The rural resident of to-day has a telephone and rural mail delivery; he takes a daily newspaper—perhaps more than one—and half a dozen magazines. He is probably better informed on current topics than is the average city dweller because he has more time to devote to acquiring information. At any rate, he is nobody's fool, and the man who picks him up with such an idea is going to find his mistake very quickly.

The "easy mark" from the country has gone forever, if, indeed, he existed at all. The confidence man of to-day seeks his victims not in the rural districts, but among the tenants of sky-scrapers who have a fancy for Consolidated Lake Superior and similar investments.

The "jay" like the dodo, is extinct.

A Giant From Madison County.

Statesville Landmark.

Mr. Thomas Frisbee, a merchant of Joe, Madison county was in town yesterday. Mr. Frisbee has for several years been a customer of the Wallace Bros. Company, but yesterday was his first visit to Statesville.

Mr. Frisbee is only 30 years old but is a veritable giant. He is 6 feet 5 inches in height and weighs at the present time 318 pounds. But there is little surplus flesh on his body. It is nearly all muscle. Some years ago Mr. Frisbee trained for an athlete and later was trained by Muldoon, a famous trainer at White Plains, N. Y., for a wrestling match with Ishmael Youseph, the "Terrible Turk," who was a famous wrestler. But the Turk was drowned before the match took place and Mr. Frisbee abandoned the idea of a career in the ring. He has had many wrestling matches in private but never gave a public exhibition.

Notwithstanding his great weight Mr. Frisbee is very active. He is a champion runner and in a walking match would easily wear out an ordinary man. His strength, too, is in proportion to his size. When but 18 years of age he could pick up a bar of railroad iron and handle it with ease, and he says he can lift 2,300 pounds from his knees to his waist.

Mr. Frisbee is a native of Madison county.

TUNES, MORAL AND IMMORAL.

Kansas Professor's Protest Against Ragtime Melody in Hymns.

New York Mail and Express.

Prof. Penny, a teacher of music in Washburn College, a congregational institution at Topeka, Kan., is making a crusade against immoral music in the churches. He takes no stock in the good old principle that the pleasant tunes had better be devoted to the Lord's service than to the devil's. He is perfectly willing that the devil should have them. Prof. Penny finds in the list of tunes used in the churches and Sunday-schools six waltzes, two two-steps, and seventeen polkas. All these, he is very sure, are immoral.

Presumably it is a question of time with him. If a tune can be waltzed to, it is immoral; for in musical themes there is scarcely possible a strict division along the lines of morality. The classification would banish all hymns and sacred songs in three-quarter time. "Come, Ye Disconsolate," would go promptly, for it makes an excellent waltz tune. So does the once popular and always beautiful song, "My God, How Endless Is Thy Love." Prof. Penny himself puts down as distinctly immoral the music of "Shall we Gather at the River." Doubtless, though not for its terpsichorean measure, he would condemn "There is a Happy Land," the melody of which was once a Hindu love song and which is still thoroughly Oriental in its musical sentiment.

Yet all these songs are good, and all will be piously remembered by many people who will marvel at the notion that there is anything wrong about them. Is it not possible that Prof. Penny, having as a musician carried the cultivation of his musical consciousness far beyond the point where the ordinary worshipper is capable of following him, scents a moral danger where none exists? And, after all, is he able to separate the uses of any tune, whether employed in church or out of it from the consideration of mere sense? The purpose of musical setting of sacred words is to associate a form of sense emotion with them. Whether the theme is Gregorian chant or one of the sacred two-steps which Prof. Penny condemns, its function is to heighten the effect of holy words by a pleasing collection of sounds.

Wisdom lies in the middle course. Tunes so recently secular that their secular associations are remembered by the hearer are doubtless undesirable for sacred uses. But those whose profane career has been quite forgotten and which have been thoroughly converted to a pious function had better be allowed to retain it.

Dead Convict Pardoned.

Shelby Star.

Last week Governor Aycock granted a pardon to John Johnson, colored, who was convicted of larceny in this county two years ago and sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. When the pardon was sent to the superintendent of the penitentiary it was found that Johnson had died on May 22nd as the result of an accident, as alleged by the penitentiary authorities. It does seem that when a convict dies his people or the officers in the county from which he was sent would be notified, so the news could be published in the local papers to the end that parties interested would be advised of the death.

Catawba Farmers to Cut Down Wheat Crop.

Newton Enterprise.

We have interviewed a large number of farmers this week about wheat sowing, and every one says there will be the smallest crop planted in Catawba this year that there has been for many years. A few farmers will not reduce their crop more than a fourth to a half, but there are some who will not sow more than a tenth as much as last year and some will not allow a grain to be planted on their lands.

The reason for this is that for three years the fly has been so destructive that the farmers have lost a great deal of money on their wheat crops and they are not willing to risk another one. Wheat is a very expensive crop. Preparing the land is expensive; the seed wheat and the fertilizer are expensive and the drilling is expensive. On an average the wheat crop in Catawba has cost the farmer $5 an acre by the time it is put in the ground. A failure as complete as last year's is very costly.

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S MONEY.

Is There Danger That He Will Get All the Money There is?

Harper's Weekly.

There are occasional signs of anxiety for fear that John D. Rockefeller will get all the money there is. Mr. Rockefeller has not lately seen fit to publish his estimate of the value of his possessions, but sanguine guessers rate him nowadays as pretty near a billionaire, and the most conservative computers believe he has more than half a billion. It would be impossible to say what is the total wealth of the United States, but the assessed valuation of the several states for 1902 amounted to about thirty-five billions. Even if Mr. Rockefeller has a whole billion, there is something left for the rest of us. But his fortune, they tell us, is probably increasing as much as fifty millions a year, and it is not unlikely to double within ten years. Already his financial power is enormous, so that he could influence stock values very materially if he chose, and, at times, make or unmake ordinary millionaires by mere whispers at the telephones.

Malevolence is not attributed to him, nor is he felt to be a mischief maker, but the feeling is that his business abilities are so surprising and his business judgment so unapproachably sound that he can't help seeing and improving chances to make millions more. To discuss him is as little of an impertinence as to discuss the comet. He is a force, sixty-four years old, moving through the earth's atmosphere, and believed to be rapidly increasing in weight and velocity. Persons who fear they are in his orbit and may be pinched may find some relief in considering that even though his fortune increases very rapidly its growth may long be fed by the increase of wealth in the country.

Big North Carolina Tree.

Harper's Weekly.

When Columbus discovered America there stood in a remote mountain gorge in Cherokee county, N. C., a tulip poplar tree that was then 400 years old. For four more centuries it grew and flourished and was recently felled for exhibition at the St. Louis World's Fair. The tree was 13 feet in diameter at the base when it was cut. The gorge in which it grew was so inaccessible, being forty miles from a railroad, that it was impracticable to obtain a section near the base. Forty feet up, where the tree was a little more than six feet in diameter, a disk was cut. This has been polished and will occupy a place in front of the hunter's lodge. On the polished disk have been engraved the important historical events of the Old North State from the time that Sir Walter Raleigh took possession of the land in his sovereign's name on July 4th, 1584, through the colonial days, during the Revolution and up to the present time. Another section of the tree will stand like a monument in the forestry exhibition. It is ten feet high. A portion has been dressed, polished and varnished, while the lower portion is covered with the bark.

Some Other Old Things.

Cleveland Star, 14th.

In a recent issue we mentioned a very old washpot and cupboard in possession of Prof. Joe G. Hoyle, of Casar, and a few days ago we received this interesting note from our old friend, Capt. W. I. Stowe, of Gastonia:

"I think your Prof. Joe G. Hoyle, of Casar High School, is as much an antiquarian as I am. I guess he, as I, inherits it from the Hoyle side. While he tells you of his ancient washpot, that has been in use since 1775, will he please allow me to go him one better in my camphor bottle, which has been in the family as handed down from one to another, more than two hundred years. It is a peculiar shaped glass bottle. Again, I have in my house and in use whenever one of my little grand children comes in, a cradle in which my great-grandmother, my grand-mother, my mother, myself, my children, and now my grand children are rocked in—thus you see making six generations who have been rocked in the same cradle. True it has had several sets of rockers, but sides, ends, etc., are the original. So Prof. will excuse me this time on the ancients, and will say that I too have much Hoyle blood running through my veins, as my mother was a daughter of the late Andrew Hoyle, of Gaston county.

PRAIRIE DOGS HIS HELPERS.

Nebraska Farmer to Test Law Designed to Rid Him of His Workmen.

There is great excitement and indignation on the head waters of the Minneconjuze creek, in Cherry county, Neb., over the action of Senator Brown of this district in securing the passage of a bill by the last legislature designed to exterminate one of the industries of northwest Nebraska, says the Omaha Bee.

It will be remembered that Senator Brown secured the passage of an act to exterminate the prairie dog in Nebraska. When they were not exterminated by the owner of the land on which they had their habitat, then it was made the duty of the road overseer to destroy them and charge the expense of same against the land.

Louis Grosmentir, who was one of the earliest settlers on the Minneconjuza creek, near Georgia, Neb., has for a number of years been training the inhabitants of a small prairie dog town upon his farm. As is well known, the most profitable crop that can be grown in this region is alfalfa. For the greatest success in growing alfalfa two things are necessary. First, that the roots of the alfalfa plant shall be infected with a certain fungus, and, second, that the roots shall be able to pierce the soil and reach the water beneath. Mr. Grosmentir made the important discovery a few years ago that this fungus is propagated by the prairie dog and carried by it in digging its burrows through the earth so as to prepare the ground for alfalfa culture. After four years of diligent application he has perfected his system so that his dogs not only infect the soil with fungus, but break through the hardpan in numberless places so as to afford easy access to the alfalfa roots to the all important water beneath.

One of the most beautiful sights ever witnessed in the redemption of the semiarid west is to behold Mr. Grosmentir's town of prairie dogs at work preparing a field for alfalfa culture.

It has just been made known that under the statute passed by the last legislature of Nebraska these beautiful and industrious redeemers of the region are condemned to death. Mr. Grosmentir is taking steps to test the law and for that purpose will consult the most eminent counsel in the state.

AMBITIONS OF JAPANESE.

A Marquis Tells Why They Wish to Fight the Russians.

An interview had recently in Paris with an unnamed Japanese marquis is quoted widely in Europe as being the best expression of Japanese ambitions and desires that has yet been made, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. He said:

"We desire to enter into the lists with Russia because that would assure our race an equality with European nations. Whether you like it or not, you are influenced by the racial type to which we belong and by our color. You cannot conceive the idea that we are civilized and as powerful as yourselves, that we are your equals in the economic, military and social sphere. When the international expeditions were organized during the late war in China the command of the different columns was intrusted in turn to English, German, French and Italian generals. None of you would have been willing to place European troops under the orders of a Japanese general.

"Yet I ask you, why not? Are we inferior brethren like Darwin's gorillas or civilized men having the same claim to social rights as yourselves? Well, then, we desire this war if only to conquer our place in the world, even if it were to bring us no material advantage. If we have the misfortune to postpone this inevitable conflict Russia will prepare for it in such a manner as to become formidable. That is the reason why we wish to fight at once."

To Oust the Mule.

Poor ole mule! Day's afruh you sho'ly
Wif auto cars an' air ships dat 'll travel like de win';
Day's ringin' in a subu dat 'll mile you fum'ly tree
An' fix you up wif stripes till you is funny as kin be!

You used to be right com'fable an' happy till you went
An' got a job a-workin' fuh de U. S. gov'rnment.
You had to jine de army an' be active in de fray
Instid of haulin' wagons in de good ole fashioned way.

You's gone de way of vanity; you had to put on airs,
An' purty soon you'll be lef' out of dis here world's affairs;
Day 'll crowd you off de towpath, leave you standin' like a foot,
Wifout a friend to cuss you out, you mis'rable ole mule!

—Washington Star.

THE OLD RELIABLE

Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Peco Petticoats
Always in the Lead

The very best black mercerized Sateen Petticoats that we have ever offered at these prices; and they have the Peco label, which is a guarantee of the meritorious materials, shapely cut, excellent workmanship and invincible values. Absolutely nothing on the market that can touch these matchless garments.

Prices: $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.25, $3.50, $4

JAS. F. YEAGER

Horses and Mules

The season has now arrived for the Horse and Mule trade and we are prepared to furnish you what you may need in this line.

Have already received one car-load of good Tennessee Horses and Mules and expect another car of Mules by the last of this week. Among them will be some extra nice matched pairs suitable for farm or team use. Call and see them.

WAGONS.

We have just received a car-load of Old Hickory Wagons. They are too well known to need describing. We can give you any size you need.

RAKES AND MOWERS.

We still have some McCormick Mowers and Rakes to be sold on easy terms.

BUGGIES AND HARNESS.

We always have a nice line of Buggies, Surreys, and Harness, and have just received a nice line of winter Lap Robes.

When in need of any thing in our line we will be glad to have you call and will take pleasure in showing you our stock.

Craig and Wilson.

Gastonia Banking Co.
Gastonia, N. C.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, $75,000.00

State Bank Incorporated May 13, 1903

STATE AND COUNTY DEPOSITORY

OFFICERS
JNO. F. LOVE, President
R. C. G. LOVE, Vice Pres.
JAS. A. PAGE, Cashier

DIRECTORS
R. C. G. LOVE
JNO. F. LOVE
EDGAR LOVE
ROBT. A. LOVE

SPECIAL PRESENTATION PIECES.

Just received, in entirely new and original designs, beautiful and artistic pieces of Royal Bonn, Royal Vienna, New Art, Neapolitan, and Oriental Art Pottery. Every piece is the creation of an artist and must be seen to be appreciated. We can not tell you of their beauty on paper, you must come and see them. Also a superb line of rich cut glass and sterling silver. Come and see for yourself whether you buy or not, remember you are always welcome at

TORRENCE'S
The Jeweler.

GASTONIA CANDY KITCHEN

I have to-day opened a first-class candy kitchen in the Rogers building on the corner. I will keep on hand at all times fresh candy made every day—taffy, chocolates, and bon bons, etc. In fact, every variety of candy known to the candy making art; also California fruits, such as peaches, figs, pears, grapes, etc. Give me a call.

GASTONIA CANDY KITCHEN
A. ANNICO CHRISTIAN, Proprietor.

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