

Published Every Tuesday and Friday. W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor. Addressed into the mails at the Post Office at Gastonia, N. C., at the special rate of postage, April 29, 1903.

TUESDAY, DEC. 22, 1903.

Among the new enterprises apparently on docket for Gaston county is the fur hat factory mentioned in our East Gaston correspondence. It is to be hoped that the project will materialize into a prosperously successful industry.

The end of the year draws nigh. It is a time for squaring old accounts and preparing a clean sheet for the new year. To such as are minded to call on THE GAZETTE at this season we give a hearty invitation. The weather is cold, but inside THE GAZETTE'S office are warm fires, a few chairs, and a plenty of red receipts. If you have not yet called at our new office, the invitation is to you also to drop in and get acquainted, even if you have no other business. We expect to keep open office through the holidays, and shall be glad to see our friends.

Our East Gaston correspondence relates that Colonel Robert L. Abernethy has been to Lincoln and learned things which cause him to declare that the capital of our neighboring county has rocked itself out of its cradle of sleepiness. A remodeled court house is among its creditable and ornamental improvements. Stopping long enough to suggest to our home readers that Gaston county also needs a new court house, we throw out the remark that it is now up to Mr. Edgar Love to extend the glad hand to Colonel Abernethy and up to both of them to take the Idle Comment man of the Charlotte Observer around the town and show him the sights.

LEMONADE THE LATEST DIET

Carleton Food Food of a Club of Women in Portugal. "The only way to prevent poverty is to convince people that it is unnecessary for them to eat." So says the Boston Herald, and what is more, the positive "what the preacher, says the Chicago Record-Herald. For many years the business resided in one of the public houses, but recently she removed to Lisbon, and there she flourished, with various other names, a club, the members of which have pledged themselves not to eat anything. Two glasses of lemonade a day every member may indulge in, but nothing more. The business says that she has lived a long time on the daily allowance of lemonade and she defies doctors to prove that she is not as healthy and as vigorous as any ordinary woman of her age. Solid food, she claims, does much more harm than good, and she warns every one who desires to become a member of the club that instant explosion will be her fate if she does not eat even as much as a mouthful of bread. In this strange experiment both the Lisbon doctors and restaurant keepers are much interested and for obvious reasons.

DOGS TO HELP WOUNDED.

Misses Pannie, Sallie, and Mary Jenkins are spending Christmas here. The festivities of Christmas opened here by the young people's having a pleasant "sociable" at the residence of Mr. E. C. G. Love last Friday night. Among the large number of young ladies present we noticed Miss Emma Parks, of Pineville, and Miss Katie Page of Marietta, Ga.

Wreck at Long Creek.

Last Wednesday evening about 3 o'clock, the work train on the Chester and Lenoir Narrow Gauge Railroad going up the road had a terrible fate at Long Creek trestle. The trestle was knocked to pieces and the engine, tender, and seven flat cars were wrecked, killing the fireman, a colored man named Jo Henderson, a colored brakeman named Bill Davis, and seriously wounding the conductor, Capt. J. T. McCabe, and two colored men named Sam Thompson and Ephraim Dennis, and slightly wounding the engineer Mr. Henry Gray, and a colored man whose name is unknown. About 100 feet of the trestle went to pieces and the wonder is that any of the hands escaped. The fireman was unable to extricate himself and the poor fellow was absolutely scalded to death by the escaping steam.

CHRISTMAS 20 YEARS AGO.

Some interesting items copied from The Gazette's files of a Score of Years Ago.

From THE GAZETTE Dec. 21, 1903.

William S. McLain, of South Point, a brother of Mrs. Dr. R. H. Adams, was married to a Miss Guy, of Lowryville, S. C., the 15th. Sheriff Abernethy has deposited \$7,532.30 in the Commercial National Bank of Charlotte, the full amount of county taxes due the State for 1883.

Rev. James Boyce, Jr., writes from Louisville, Ky., to his father, Rev. E. E. Boyce, that it snowed there last Saturday and Sunday. There is a young stranger at Mr. W. H. Jenkins'. It is a girl and ready for the Christmas tree.

Mr. A. B. Rhyne of Gastonia township, was robbed in Charlotte last Thursday night the 13th of about \$60. The man who got his money was captured and the money recovered except \$10 which had been expended! It is reported that a certain man sent his team for a barrel of corn juice, and on reaching a little town on the Carolina Central, which we will call B—, the driver noticed that both his horses had lost their collars and remembering that "necessity is the mother of invention" he bored two holes through the front gate of the wagon, and pulling the horses' tails through the holes and tying a knot on the end of each, he drove off with an air of complacency and remarked to a companion, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Who Was It?

There was a fisticuff in town last Tuesday night. A trifle over four dollars paid for it.

Who Was the Groom?

Miss Mollie Hill, one of Gaston's fair daughters, was married on the 12th. Thanks, for cake and an abundance of it.

Have You Got it Yet, Sheriff?

Sheriff W. C. Abernethy showed us the other day an Irish copper coin that is over 100 years old, bearing date 1776, with the likeness of George III. The coin has been remarkably well kept and is a curiosity in the way of old money.

Friday, December, 20, 1883.

Mr. Miles Hoffman has returned from his business trip to Arkansas.

One of the pleasant features of Christmas in this town was the Christmas tree at the Academy last Monday night.

Every child inside the incorporation under the age of twelve years was made to receive a present of some kind. Rev. J. J. Kennedy opened the exercises with an appropriate address and Mr. W. C. Huddleston performed the office of Kris Kringle to the satisfaction and delight of all. The Gastonia Cornet band entertained the audience with sweet music.

From the Dallas correspondent Dec. 26—Mrs. Withers, a sister of Mr. Jonas Hoffman, in company with her daughter, is on a visit to friends here, from Illinois.

Were You There?

The festivities of Christmas opened here by the young people's having a pleasant "sociable" at the residence of Mr. E. C. G. Love last Friday night. Among the large number of young ladies present we noticed Miss Emma Parks, of Pineville, and Miss Katie Page of Marietta, Ga.

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BRYAN ON ENGLISH SOIL

Noted Nebraskan's Method of Sightseeing in London.

MISSISS LITTLE AND QUESTIONS ALL

Trade-cases, Policemen and Cabbies. Porters, as well as Ambassadors and Others of Distinction. Are Thoroughly Questioned—The Aberrant Knowledge at Every Stage and How it Tipping Problem Without Flinching.

During the course of his systematic sightseeing in England, William Jennings Bryan, the noted Nebraskan, launched at the Cheasire Cheese tavern, on Fleet street, London, occupying the seat which, according to a tablet in the wall, was the favorite seat of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and remarked that he would know the portrait afterward because of the family resemblance to Tom Johnson, says Charles Nicholson in a special cable dispatch from London to the New York American. Mr. Bryan's lunch consisted of stewed steak; but, being a vegetarian, he had to forego the bitter beer which Dr. Johnson found so acceptable. He copied from the menu the Johnson quotation, "No, sir, there is nothing which has been contrived by man by which so much happiness has been produced as by a good dinner," and inquired the sentiment. Naturally he bought a book about the place, as he buys a book about everything he sees and, what is more, reads them.

Bryan is about the most conscientious sightseer that ever the world's metropolis identified, and it does identify Bryan. Wherever he goes he is recognized, and there is about as much curiosity about him as there is about the king of Italy, who is also in London. It was this king who gave Bryan his first sight of royalty. Bryan was returning from the Cheasire Cheese when a procession escorting the visiting ruler came along the Thames embankment from Guildhall, and the apostle of democracy found himself hemmed in by a crowd in front of Somerset House. The subaltern was lined with soldiers and policemen, and Bryan soon found what was expected and waited on the sidewalk for the royal carriage to come.

King Edward was not in the procession, but the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught were. So Mr. Bryan had a good view of them; also of the king and queen of Italy. Their majesties looked a good deal bored by the whole proceeding, and something of the same expression was noticed on the face of the great Nebraskan.

His only comment on the royal parade was that the English people seemed to take their dignitaries philosophically.

The next stage in his exploration of London led Bryan to Westminster abbey. The viceroy took him through and pointed out the tombs of forgotten kings, murdered princes and beheaded nobles in the stonework way peculiar to the tribe of exhibitors of famous places. Here, as elsewhere, Bryan was thorough and systematic. First he thoroughly inspected the beautiful building on all sides; then he took the decorations, panels and carvings in the nave and transept, sternly averting his eyes from the monuments and tombs until he had secured a proper impression of their surroundings. Then he went with the viceroy, and that good guide had a new experience. Bryan did not disturb him in his recital of the names and deeds of more kings and queens, but he cross questioned him closely about every tomb that holds the body of a man distinguished for what he did for the people.

He tarried at the spot from which Cromwell's body was torn after the restoration to be hanged and spent much time in the poets' corner. He would not discuss the effect of so much buried royal splendor, but there was with him all the time his son, William junior, and it was easy from the manner in which he called the boy's attention to the violence of the death of so many great ones of English history to read his mind. He was tremendously impressed by the beauty of the abbey itself, but the record of murders, beheadings and violations of the sepulcher made a stronger impression upon him than did the glory of the dukes and kings of England.

Bryan differs from the majority of American sightseers in London. He really wants to see and hear and does not care who knows that he is a tourist in London. He questions everybody—tradesmen, policemen, cabbies and porters, as well as ambassadors and others of distinction. He pays all charges without objection and never the tipping question without flinching, but he asks the cabbies all about themselves, their earnings, their history, and abounds knowledge at every stage of his journeying. The cabbies' books, guides and catalogues which he has already collected would make a first class start for a library of London reference.

Are Menade Alive?

According to a writer in Harper's Weekly, a distinguished Hindu scientist, Jagdish Chander Bose, professor of science in the Calcutta university, has asserted that the true test of life in an object is its capacity to respond to external stimulus—in other words, its irritability or sensitiveness—and it is claimed that, according to this test, there is no essential difference between animals and plants; that a leaf of iron, in fact, is as irritable and sensitive as the human body. Further, he says a leaf of iron can be killed—that is, deprived of its sensitiveness forever—just as an animal organism can be killed.

Be It Now!

Publication of our next issue on Thursday, instead of Friday, means that our force will have to do all the work this afternoon and tomorrow. Advertisers who wish a change, will do us a favor for which we shall be duly grateful if they will send in their copy immediately.

WEDDING INVITATIONS—Send your orders to THE GAZETTE OFFICE.

NEW USE FOR FOOTBALL.

Yale Instructor Applies the Sport to Greek Verse.

GAME WITH HARVARD THE TOPIC.

Dr. H. B. Wright's Theory in That Football Arouses the Same Enthusiasm in Modern Youth That Event-Described in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" Inspired in Men of Other Days—Hearty Response Made to His Plan.

Football and the classics are being combined in the course of Greek at Yale, says a New Haven dispatch to the Philadelphia Press. Nearly a hundred poems recently written in flower-like verse on the subject of the Yale-Harvard football game were presented by members of Dr. H. B. Wright's Greek classes.

The poems are closely modeled on the "Iliad" and special attention to the use of Homeric epithets was required of the students. Instead, however, of references to "swift-footed Achilles" and "Ajax, who bore his shield like a tower," it was "Horseback with his back leaped like a mountain" and "long-headed, red-headed Hector."

The poems were the result of a plan of Dr. H. B. Wright, instructor in Greek, to arouse the interest of the students and to familiarize them with the construction of the epic verse. His theory is that the game of football arouses the same feeling of intense enthusiasm in the modern youth that the events described in the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" inspired in the men of former times. Accordingly, he made an offer of extra credit to members of his classes who would present poems along the lines laid down. The general and enthusiastic response, he says, confirms him in his theory.

The offer was made after he had tried vainly to interest his classes in Greek. The language and lofty sentiments of Homer had no effect on the majority of the students, who seemed unable to get the spirit of the poetry. In trying to find a contemporary example of the feeling which inspired part of the world's greatest literature he thought of the game of football. "Football is real and vivid to every one of these men," he said in explaining his idea. "It arouses the same intense admiration that is manifested in Homer. Effort, Hopen and Shevlin occupy positions almost like demigods of old in the estimation of the undergraduates. They are not unfitting subjects for heroic poetry; they have many of the qualifications—strength, courage, daring and heroism. The battle is one in which the strong of body, the quick of eye and the swift of foot will triumph. The poetry which I have read is very satisfactory and shows that the men have caught the spirit I desired. Many of the epithets are truly Homeric."

The following is a part of one of the poems handed in: This is the noble glory which Hafferty, he fought in battle, Led to the glorious conflict under the bonny blue banner. Farmer, the mighty line hatter, low smothering, fit as a mountain, Guarded the center back field; Mercat, the speedy, stood next him. Holding the line at his right hand, Mitchell stood hard by his left hand. Shevlin, whom Hermes, they say, had given his wonderful sandals, Guarded the far right wing, strong in offense or defensive; Rockwell, the crafty, was there, close behind Horseback, center, Whom Bloomer, the mighty line smasher, and Datscheider, strong as a bullock, Aided on either side.

PASSES FOR HEAVEN.

Dr. Dowie Claims His Influence Will Open Gates to Worth. The right to leave free passage to heaven to those he may recommend was claimed by John Alexander Dowie in his address at Zion City the other afternoon, says the Chicago Record-Herald. The speaker dwelt at length on his claim of being sent to command the world. He said: "It matters not what people say of me, but it does and will matter what I say of them at the day of judgment. A man's power in heaven is to be measured by his work on earth, and as mine is one of the greatest my word at the judgment day will be worth something. It will count much what I recommend."

Alarmed at the spread of the cigarette habit among the young people of Nutley, N. J., the citizens of that town are forming an anticigarette league, in which women are to take a leading part.

BAN ON CORSETS.

Englishwomen Waging a Crusade Against Time Honored Article. Perhaps it is too much to say that the "new woman" has inaugurated a campaign against feminine traditions, but it is certain that from Leeds and Birmingham blasts have been sounded upon the trumpets of the aggressive crusade, while in London and the suburbs the new rainy day skirt, which within the last few months has been seen in large numbers, is already working a reform in teaching women to be careful how they walk, says the New York Herald.

Langues have been formed for the suppression of that first mentioned article, which has so long been regarded as essential to feminine dress, and men are being enrolled among the members. That women are bad walkers—many being pigeon-toed—is declared to be one revelation of the new skirt. Physical culturists, discussing the question, say the greatest offender is the "man-nish girl," whose attempt to assume man's ease and freedom is an absurd mimicry. Watch a woman going upstairs at a railway station. In nine cases out of ten they will plod laboriously up their feet coming down at either side of the stair, foot turned in.

In sitting, too, women are guilty of a number of sins of awkwardness. A stout woman invariably sits squarely, with her feet planted twenty inches apart. The lean woman winds her feet about the legs of the chair or else crosses her legs and thrusts her feet out in front of her, while the small woman either sits with her feet dangling in a helpless way or perches herself on a high seat with one foot touching the ground and the other hooked around the ankle of the first.

The ideal stadium.

(The stadium undoubtedly lacks a certain indolent something, a certain je ne sais quoi—Harvard Monthly For October)

When it been bucks the center For gains of many a yard. When Matherwick plays tackle And Beveridge's about plays hard. When soulful sikes are punctured And trembled nodules jarred. When Suberman in crimson Unset furious in din. When wild, aesthetic plunges The field with wounded crew. When "Victor's" "Resurrection" Is tried to bring men to. When Arthur Wing Pinero Is coaching all the sack. When problem plays are taking The place of tactics book. When Howard Shaw is punting Beyond the ender track. When crowds await D'Annunzio's (The referee's) command. When Gorky leads the cheering And Richard Strauss the band—Ah, then the Harvard Monthly Will thank the Stadium grand! —Harvard Lampoon.

Contest of Two Chefs.

Two chefs, one named Pett and employed in a Pittsburg hotel, the other named Dowst and superintending the culinary department of a hostelry in Montana, are going to have a cooking contest, says the Minneapolis Times. Each will serve a dinner of seven courses, the one producing the best meal to receive \$1,000. Dowst believes in cooking without the use of liquor, while Pett contends that many viands can be greatly improved with a dash of brandy or wine. The contest will not only test the skill of the men, but show whether the cooking can be done on lines of total abstinence. A contest like that is worth while. We need more cooking matches and fewer prize fights.

Takes Everything.

"They say Snatchem takes whatever he sees." "Good heavens, how hard for his family!" "Oh, he's not a kleptomaniac. He's an amateur photographer."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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A MERRY XMAS to YOU AND YOURS!

May the day be pleasant, the dinner good, the turkey done to a turn, the pudding hot. May you receive as gifts the things you most desire, and may the day be, as it should, the most enjoyable one of all the year.

CURRY & CO.

Administrator's Notice. Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Thaddeus S. White, deceased, late of Gaston County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 22nd day of January, 1904, or this notice will be filed in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the said estate will please make immediate payment. This the 22nd day of December, 1903. GASTONIA LIAN & TRUST COMPANY, Geo. W. Wilson, Attorney. Administrator. 7756c

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PREPARE FOR CHRISTMAS! TREMENDOUS STOCK OF FURNITURE TO SELECT FROM.

Thanksgiving over and our faces turn toward Christmas. May it be a very happy one to all our customers. We have more things than ever before to help you make it happy. A PICTURES, UMBRELLA STANDS, LEATHER COUCHES, MORRIS CHAIRS, FURNITURE NOVELTIES, in short, a tremendous stock of Furniture of all kinds. Your coming here and giving us a chance to gain your patronage is bound to result in mutual benefit. Come.

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