

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. XXV.

GASTONIA, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1904.

NO. 9.

CLEVELAND RESPONSIBLE.

His Stubbish Stand for the Standard Money of the World Paved the way for 15 cent Cotton To-day. A Calm Declaration by an Ardent Advocate of Free Silver.

Yorkville Enquirer, 20th.

If, without prejudice, one seeks to unearth the real reason for the present high price of cotton, we are inclined to think that he will not have to strain his imagination very severely for facts and circumstances by which the responsibility can be laid at the door of Grover Cleveland. We are not joking and we are not seeking to boost Mr. Cleveland. But most of our readers will remember that there was a time about ten years back when nearly everybody in this country, this writer included, was crazy on the subject of the free coinage of silver. We all knew that the country was in deep financial trouble and most of us were as firmly convinced that the remedy was free coinage of silver. Great Britain controlled the gold of the world and the only way that we could see out was to make silver the standard. So firmly was the Democratic party convinced of this that it was ready to pass the necessary laws by an overwhelming majority and would have done so had it not been for the firm, stubborn, traitorous, we then thought, stand of Mr. Cleveland. It was the president's influence and power that prevented us from getting what we wanted.

And what followed? More hard times, greater economy and harder work. Our manufactures were further developed and our trade expanded. Then came the South African War, and as the result of the terrible expense that was incurred by Great Britain and the preparedness of the United States, this nation took Great Britain's place as the financial dictator of the world. It used to be said, and with truth, too, that the cotton market could not be cornered. Many able speculators backed by means they deemed sufficient tried it with the result that they were not ruined. The reason was because Great Britain had everything to lose by high priced cotton, and having financial control of the world she was able to make the price as she would.

But the developments of the past two years have emphasized the changed conditions beyond a possibility of a mistake. The fact that the supply of cotton was not equal to the demand was not the shrewdest discovery that W. P. Brown and his colleagues made in connection with the operations that subsequently proved so successful. A shrewder discovery than that was the fact that they could raise the necessary money in spite of this antagonism of Great Britain. The price of any commodity depends as much on presence of the money with which to pay for it as upon the necessity and desirability of the article. Anyhow, it is not necessary to elaborate details as to the result of the Brown operations. Every bale of cotton that sold for over 9 cents bears its own testimony.

But suppose old man Cleveland had not had the nerve to stand in the way of the balance of us on that free coinage proposition. Our standard of value would have been demoralized to such an extent that we would have hardly been able to get it straightened out even up to now. England's financial superiority would have never been phased, and Liverpool would still be fixing the price of cotton as of old. As matters now stand, unless the boll weevil and other pests which have undoubtedly contributed their share to existing conditions, work still more widespread devastation, the south will soon become the richest section of the earth.

The Entertainment Foll Flat.

Concord Times.

A very prominent young lady of Concord made extra preparations to attend the Lyceum entertainment last Thursday evening and after standing before the mirror for an hour or more, and thinking that every article of her clothing was perfectly arranged, started for the opera house. After arriving there, however, she discovered that she had neglected to change her bed room slippers for her patent leather ones, and it is needless to say that she did not enjoy the entertainment.

Subscribe to THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

"No Job."

Richmond News Leader.

Men used to swear by their lives and honors, their hopes of salvation and their fears of damnation. Now they swear by their jobs. The most desperate oath apparently any man can take and the most solemn promise he can give is on penalty of his job. Where formerly a man would say that he would do so and so if he was to be damned for it, now he says he will do it if it costs him his job.

Distinctly there is an element of the pathetic in this. It is distressing to think and know of the anxiety men in all stations of life and in all parts of the country undergo now and again regarding their jobs. Their job means so much. To the youngster in the flush and glory of young life and first love the holding of the job or the loss of it means the happiness and delight of marriage to the girl for whom his very heart is aching or the bitter disappointment of long postponement or permanent separation. To the man beginning to be careworn, bearing upon him the burden, sometimes grievous, but always glorious, of little mouths to be fed and small bodies to be clothed, the job means everything. Probably no other bitterness or sorrow is so heart-searching or hurts quite so keenly as that of the man who sees his children suffer while he is helpless to prevent, and who realizes that he has helped to bring into the world those whom he cannot make reasonably comfortable and safe. Thousands of homes throughout the country live perpetually under the shadow of a threatened job. The great corporation managers and owners and big politicians meet in their offices and plan changes, consolidations, alliances, this or that; and scores and hundreds of anxious men on the outside, whose jobs depend on the decisions listen hungrily for scraps of rumors and behind careless or stolid countenances carry sick and heavy hearts. The great Presence that is everywhere and the Merciful Omnipotence to which all things are known must yearn sometimes over the beauty and the mournfulness of the man and wife conferences by humble firesides, when the wage-earner has carried home the dark news of a job lost and no other in sight. Sometimes, like a lightning stroke, striking and blighting and withering entire communities, sometimes, after long and deadly alternations of hopes and fears, collapse or change or shake up comes. The commercial giants, striding onward or struggling with each other, crush the hearts of hosts of people with as little concern as they would tread on a colony of busy, hopeful and cheerful ants. The inventors work obscurely in their shops and presently earn fortunes for themselves by producing machines which carry the distress of enforced idleness and the bitter pangs of helplessness poverty to families through the civilized parts of the world.

It is one of the pitiful and penalties of the advancement of civilization and the ever-changing conditions that men constantly become dependent on each other. The race becomes stronger, it achieves more and as a mass is uplifted by the process but with these good results the misery comes hand in hand. Practically it is impossible for any man to be independent or secure in civilized life. In primitive days the farmer could be independent, for he lived on his own land and bartered with his neighbors; but now the poorest and most frugal husbandman must buy many things. The needs for family life have increased, the appliances for home production have diminished and now there is dependence on the money-lender, the merchant, the course of events in the worlds of politics and commerce.

The man who is most nearly independent is the man who has made himself necessary to his employer. That can be done. It is not easy to do, but man or boy who tries sincerely and persistently can do it. Employers long always for people about them who will make themselves necessary, who are ready always to do a little more than the contract of the strict line of duty requires and to do it intelligently and sincerely.

Every year good men lose their jobs through no fault of their own. Great employers collapse or go out of business, strikes and fires, new discoveries, scores of causes impossible to foresee bring misfortune and

wretchedness neither intended nor deserved. But the great mass of those who cling precariously to their jobs, not knowing one day whether they can hold on to the next, are the medium good or bad, the people not notable one way or the other, who do their work decently and nothing more, who earn their wages barely and stop there, who drift along in a moral way, not remarkably bad and not to be depended on always to be sober, straight and rigidly honest. These always have been and will be; and all through the history of humanity they have had reason to be afraid of their jobs or skins, whether they were hinds, vassals, farm hands or decorated with titles and tested in larger affairs.

Man, boy or woman who, without servility or fawning or working shop or office politics, can be necessary to the employer, can be as part of him, missed when absent, not easily replaced, depended on implicitly to do the right thing, the right way at the right time, may always be reasonably independent and secure and sure of holding the old job, getting a better one or landing in case of an accident. An employer can judge from the tone of an applicant's papers and records whether he is considering one of a crowd or one conspicuously useful and likely to be necessary. It is the people who are necessary, but who forget to show that they think so, who live and die in good jobs and without fear; and we know nobody else who does.

POVERTY'S LOWEST EBB.

Folks in Tokyo so Poor They Hire Bedclothes From Night to Night.

London Daily Mail.

Deeper than ever plummet sounded in the ocean of poverty and human woe have I descended here in the metropolis of the far east, and found the world's poorest poor. Besides these starved subjects of the Son of Heaven, who cower outside his palace walls, the submerged tenth of London are bona vivants, and the grovelling Rurians of Gorky's night refuges the spoiled children of fortune. Slumming in Tokyo is for the regulation traveler the same as if in London he went to Soho without exploring the east. None but regions of comparative prosperity are shown, because the Japanese are proud of their universal reputation for cleanliness, for artistic surroundings and for a poverty that is always smiling, well-washed, and safely removed from actual want.

In Tokyo not fewer than 200,000 people seldom, if ever, know of a certainty where the necessities of the next day will come from, and throughout the land the great majority are too poor to eat rice. The high grade rice grown in the islands is exported, almost to a last sack, and inferior rice imported for those who can afford it. Rice is not in every bowl, as the tourists fondly imagine.

Tokyo is so vast, it is such an immense sea of sheds, that from the highest point on the clearest day one can see but a fraction of its area—but here are fifteen districts of mean streets. The crazy structures called houses, which are in reality sheds, are strung along in a series of dilapidated and filthy compartments. To folk as poor as those who live here, cleanliness, so dear to the average Japanese that it is above Godliness, is out of the question.

The most tumble-down of these abodes may be rented at twenty to twenty-five pence per month, but there are houses so fine that they cost as high as a penny, or even three half-pence, a day. To afford one of these expensive residences several families club together, not alone for economy but also for warmth; in winter all hands crowding together on the mats. Charcoal is not always to be afforded and heat is a great luxury these cold days. A whole block will sometimes take turns in warming hands at a hibachi wherein a few chunks of charcoal smoulder in a bed of ashes.

Suppose a pipe-cleaner has had a good day and returns to his home with, say sixpence. He will expend this in farthing purchases of misc, a kind of soap stock; oil, fuel, tobacco, and perhaps a little fish, which, if he feels reckless, he will eat raw with horseradish. He buys in dribbles, and like the very poor in all the cities of the world pays enormous prices.

Had our pipe-cleaner returned empty handed he would have hurried to the pawnbroker, always near at hand, and raised a few farthings on his precious brass pipe, his hibachi, or his few poor garments not in actual use. The pawnbrokers fatten off these wretches as in no other land. It is impossible to escape them, and they never relent. Anything worth above five-pence can be pawned.

Until this time of the year, or even until midwinter, one can exist without bedclothing, but when the nights get cold, with the fearful frost of a Japanese winter, some covering must be had. Now appears another plunder of the poor in the guise of the capitalist, who rents quilts by the night. He charges, and invariably collects, from one farthing for a shed of dirty, patched old rag to a penny or even two-pence for a foul, but heavy covering. Then, too, there are frayed silk quilts for bridal couples, but these are too costly to be rented by many bridegrooms. Rent must be paid in advance, and before the family go to sleep the collector comes and gets either the money or the quilt. With the refinement of cruelty he does not appear until the lessee has turned in, and the loss of his covering will be doubly felt. There are heartrending scenes when penniless mothers strive to hold the quilt to protect their babies from the chill and damp. Like the pawnbroker and the money lender, the quiltlender is flinty hearted.

Few of the inhabitants ever get enough money ahead to buy bed clothing, and the ghastly tragedy of renting is re-enacted

Anything in the Shape of Cotton Brings a Big Price.

Mooreville Enterprise.

Every cotton patch in this neck of the woods is being stripped of every boll that has the appearance of containing cotton. The cotton taken from the fields at this season of the year is badly stained, but sold to the ginners at about four cents a pound. One boy gathered two sacks full of cotton from the cracked bolls and marketed same for \$4.80. In other years this cotton has been considered worthless and left in the field to rot.

How Many Acres Shall we Put to Cotton.

C. W. Burkett, in Progressive Farmer.

We wonder how many people have asked this question this year. But now what are we going to do about it? To me, it is not so important how big the acreage is going to be, but how well the work is to be done; not the extent of the crop, but the condition of the soil and the manner of cultivation. These are the important factors that should control the situation. Don't you think that a good many of us are inclined to attempt to do a little more than we are really able to do? We see good prospects on every hand of money in cotton; we look the situation in the face and flatly and squarely decide to do more than we have done before. But kind friends, had we not better go a little slower? Would we not in the end profit ourselves more by not attempting quite so much; and what we do, that we do well and thoroughly. Maybe I am wrong, but I have always felt and experienced that 25 acres well taken care of, will mean more than 40 that are scratched over, hurriedly planted, and poorly cultivated.

And then again: Don't you think that a good many of us are going to forget nearly everything else in our eagerness to grow cotton. Isn't hay going to be a little scarce this year? Or corn, or pork? Don't you feel sometimes that we are going to neglect some of the other crops that are paying us just as well as cotton? I feel this way. I feel that just now is a pretty good time to raise some potatoes, for in a year or so our neighbors will want some seed. Yes, hays will take a climb shortly and we won't have any to sell or even for ourselves. It looks this way to me. And so I am really anxious to see a few more hogs, a few more sheep; a good many more cattle and corn and hay raised next year than ever before.

We can do these things, you know, and at no expense to our regular, standard crops. I hope many of us can arrange to grow more hay and livestock this coming year.

Let us remember that safety comes with diversity.

Easy to "Be."

Rock Hill Herald.

Every travelling man on the cars will tell you that Rock Hill is a good town.

again and again, for winter after winter. Where there are so many children having but a few cotton rags, the winter means acute misery.

York County Items.

Yorkville Enquirer 20th.

The case of Mr. W. T. Slaughter of Hickory Grove, vs. the Southern railroad for injuries sustained at the Fishing creek wreck was compromised last Saturday, through Messrs. McDow & Lewis, Mr. Slaughter's attorneys. The railroad agrees to pay Mr. Slaughter \$5,000 and expenses.

Mr. G. L. Riddle continues to get along nicely, and is pretty nearly able to sustain half the weight of his body on his broken leg. He is not disposed to be imprudent, however, but continues as he has been all the while, as patient as possible.

Mrs. W. P. Youngblood died at her home at Sharon last Friday morning aged about thirty-five years. She was a daughter of the late Dr. Joseph D. Smarr. She leaves a husband and five children—three little girls and two little boys.

The Loan and Savings bank found ready sale for the stock it put on the market recently with a view to increasing its capital to \$50,000. Investors hunted the stock up and took in as much of it as they could get. There is a flattering demand for the stock of the First National bank also. As a matter of fact, it is now difficult matter to get a share in either of these institutions, even at a liberal premium.

There was quite an interesting and enjoyable reception to the old soldiers at the residence of Mrs. J. J. Hunter last Friday night under the auspices of the Winnie Davis Chapter U. D. C. Some seventy invitations were issued; but owing to unfavorable weather, many, of course, were prevented from attending. There was an interesting programme consisting of music vocal and instrumental by Mrs. M. L. Carroll, Misses Marie Carroll and Elizabeth Hunter, and recitations by Misses Hulda McNeel and Daisy Hart. Light refreshments were served, and the occasion was very much enjoyed by all present.

Mr. T. T. Davidson died at his home about five miles south of Yorkville this morning at 8.10 o'clock, of Bright's disease, aged sixty-four years. He had been a great sufferer and has lingered at the point of death for many weeks. Mr. Davidson was well known throughout his neighborhood and to a large circle of friends, as a genial, light-hearted upright citizen, of kind and gentle disposition. He served through the war as a member of Co. K. Seventeenth regiment, and his old comrades remember him as a most excellent soldier, always cheerful and willing even under the most trying and discouraging circumstances. Since the war he has acquitted himself a model citizen, and he enjoyed the respect and esteem of his fellow men to an unusual degree. He was a member of Bethesda church. He leaves a widow and two children, a son and daughter Mr. James Davidson and Mrs. James Benfield. The interment will take place in Philadelphia cemetery tomorrow at 11 o'clock and the funeral will be conducted by Rev. J. K. Hall, assisted by Rev. O. A. Jeffcoat.

Youth and Age.

Bishop Woodcut in Contemporary Review.

The further I get from youth the more I appreciate it. Wisdom I see does not compensate for the loss of enthusiasm.

Will Adams, the negro who is accused of the murder on Friday of the wife and two children of Robert Bridges, colored, was captured near Raleigh Saturday. He denied his guilt but there seems to be convincing evidence that he is the guilty man.

Did You Kiss it Good-bye

?
The Gazette Printing House makes check-books. It prints the checks, perforates them, and binds them into books of 50, 100, 500, or other numbers as desired. Our checks are neat, elegant, stylish; our books are good books, better than the usual kind. We solicit an opportunity to figure on your next lot. And won't you be pleased to give us the opportunity? When you sent your money off to pay for that job of work you had done in Philadelphia, or Richmond, or Baltimore, did you think to kiss it good-bye? You ought to have done so, for it will be a long time before you see it again. On the other hand, the money paid for printing done by the Gazette Printing House is spent at home; you have another chance at it; you may meet it in your road again the day after you let it loose at the

Gazette Printing House

MONEYED MEN



In many cases date their prosperity from the day they made their first deposit in a bank. It seems to encourage thrift and improves the owners business methods.

GASTONIA SAVINGS BANK,

L. L. JENKINS, Pres. L. L. HARDIN, Cashier.

Not Funny to the Man who Disrobed.

Stateville Landmark.

The Gastonia Enquirer tells of a very amusing incident which occurred at Begonia, Gaston county, a few days ago. A number of people were standing in front of a store and one person was standing by a buggy. In the buggy was a laprobe and a lighted lantern. The laprobe caught fire from the lantern. The man by the buggy scented the odor of burning cloth, and thinking his clothing was afire, he, without an instant's hesitation, divested himself of his hat, coat, vest and shirt. Before he could shut off his pants, shoes and socks the fire was located and his anxiety relieved. All this was mighty funny to the on-lookers, but to the poor man who suffered the agony of terror while he hurriedly and publicly disrobed on a winter's day, it was not comedy but tragedy—for the time being at least.

Was it Wise to Sell?

Yorkville Enquirer, 20th.

A North Carolina cotton mill recently sold its entire stock of cotton at a profit of about \$25,000. This profit equaled more than one half the capitalization of the corporation. The management figured that the deal recommended itself in various ways. Among other things it was argued that the profit in sight was already greater than could be expected from operation. In this view of the situation, the management decided to continue to operate from an even market so long as this policy should continue profitable, and in case the mill should begin to pile up a loss to shut down. While there is little question of the right of the management to do as it pleases in matters like this we are not disposed to consider its action wise or business like. The profit that has been realized is certain enough; but since the sale, the price of raw material has already advanced an additional cent, and just as the mill people have a right to consider their \$25,000 made, they have also a right to consider this additional advance lost. They would have done better to hold their cotton to the end, and make out of it all there was in it. That is the way most of the mills are doing, and the probability is that many of them will be able to show up better in the end than the mill referred to showed up.

Work For Corporation Commands.

Concord Times.

The Interstate Telephone Company which is now in exclusive control at Durham, has raised the rates of residence to \$2 per month and business houses to \$3.50 per month.

Worrying About Ills That Never Come to Pass.

Rev. F. A. Law, in Lumberton Reformer.

There has never been a time in the memory of any, even the oldest, when there was not some portending evil. Always, everywhere, tendencies have been pointed out which were interpreted to be fraught with dire consequences. However bright the western sky and fair the morning there has ever been projected by some a cloud to hide the parting sun. There is a proneness to see pointers to ruin. The history of our country is made up largely of sufferings on account of blight that never came. If a portion of the ills we have suffered in our minds through the annals of our history had become actualities, then to-day we would be great, if great at all, in gigantic ruins. The difficulties before us as individuals and as a people are no greater, if as great as those with which our fathers were confronted. The imaginations of seers and all are as great to-day in painting what will not be, as of oldtime.

Electric Power.

Raleigh Post.

Four electric power properties are owned by people who have eyes on Charlotte for a market. These are the Catawba power, near Rock Hill, the Mountain Island power, the Whitney power on the Yadkin, near the Narrows, and the McRay power, on the Pee Dee, near the Seaboard road.

These should in time furnish from thirty to fifty thousand horse power in a territory of which Charlotte is the centre.

Fifty thousand horse-power reckoned at a cash price of twenty dollars a horse-power would mean one million dollars income a year out of water which now runs down streams without yielding any value.

The development of two of these properties is well advanced—the Catawba and the Yadkin. The former is nearly ready for operation and has already obtained license from the city council to come to Charlotte. That of the Yadkin is well under way and will be furnished in less than two years. It is rumored that work will be begun on the Pee Dee at once.

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Concord Times.

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THE OLD RELIABLE

Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

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