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# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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## HOW THE FLAMES RAGED.

Julian Hawthorne's Graphic Story of the Disaster.

Julian Hawthorne, writing of the Baltimore fire in the New York American, says:

After viewing the moulded desolation of what was Baltimore's business quarter and that region which was inhabited by the unknown hordes of the poorer classes, one imagines that the angel of destiny, in his journeyings to and fro over the earth, paused here, on the Sunday morning of this week and recognized the spot named in his book of fate for an especial and memorable visitation.

Not long ago he made terrible history in a Chicago theatre; in the near future he had work of another kind to do, far to the east, in the Yellow Sea, and adjacent shores; but he has always leisure for his doings, and he was resolved to leave nothing undone.

With his irrevocable finger he marked out the arc of catastrophe. It was a line simply drawn. On this side should be immunity on that chaos and destruction. Here and there, in the midst of crumbled ruin, should be left a structure almost unscathed. But in the main the sweep of the fiery besom should be thorough. Nothing should be lacking to the significance of the disaster.

It was not life that the angel on this occasion sought to destroy but that for which much of our life is eagerly expended—wealth, and the means of wealth, the property which we buy so dear, and whose safety we hedge about with such stringent laws and secretion.

When in the early dawn I looked from my window toward the east, there was a ruddy glow upon the sky, which I at first mistook for the reflection of the still burning city. But it was only the daily burning miracle, once more "God made himself an awful rose of dawn," and when, leaving the train and hastening up Charles street, I had my first glimpse of the city itself, the quiet houses and the wide, clean, almost deserted street suggested no calamity.

The few shops and buildings in the region were closed. I seemed to have come upon a community still, peacefully still. Yet I did not ask my way, for over yonder beyond the tall and massive shaft of the Washington column there was a low haze of heavy smoke clinging near the ground, as if trying to conceal the havoc of which it was the sign.

As I passed the monument and descended the hill, I saw the ragged borders of the blighted area standing out, bleached, blackened and irregular against the whitish mist further down; and the passing of squads of militia-men, and the gathering of the police on corners, and the formation of throngs of anxious and solemn-faced citizens along the lines of forbidden space, apprised me that I had reached the scene which I had come to behold.

The only means of passing the ready bayonets was by means of a pass, signed by the general of the city. It was a magical document; upon sight of it the sentinel at the line admitted me under the rope, warning me that he must return the pass, and that if I stepped back over this line I could not be readmitted except by means of a fresh authorization.

What was the prevailing characteristic of the scene? I should say a cold and irredeemable desolation. Nothing was visible that was not ruin—burnt out of mere lime and cinders. Heaps of barren brick; rugged mounds of scorched, splintered and calcined stone; a cheveaux-de-frise of contorted steel girders and gigantic beams of iron; an inextricable tangle of wires of all sizes; the low ramparts of walls which had been lofty, charred with the breath and bitten by the tooth of the intolerable flames; now and then the entire facade of a great building, tottering in air, destitute of support, which a gust of wind might blow over; isolated pinnacles of masonry, still more threatening, all that was left of some massive four-square structure; in one place a towering edifice over fifteen stories in height, with all four walls standing, but as hollow and as empty as a house of cards, and scorched and defaced with smoke; telegraph posts which had become mere crooked sticks of charcoal; pillars of iron which had supported trolley wires, corroded by fire as by the erosion of centuries; the tracks of the street railways embedded in the pavement, visible here and there through the crowding rubbish; a wilderness, an emptiness

a labyrinth of defaced nothings.

Nothing was in sight in this region which last Sunday morning had been an array of commercial palaces worth a hundred millions of money, but an agglomeration of desolation for which no man would have given a cent. And the ruins did not look recent; but you would have said that they might have stood there for a hundred years. The dust and antiquity seemed already to have fallen upon them.

In spite of the thin pall of smoke, and the strange, sickish smell of burning that pervaded the atmosphere, and the flickering tongue of fire which rose from some of the brick heaps, and the intense, white hot places which glowed in the interior of some of the ruins all appeared so dead that you might have fancied you were contemplating the remains of Babylon.

## A DARING DEED.

How a Brave Man Rescued a Girl From Death by the Use of Courage and Common Sense.

Charlotte News.

Columbia, S. C., Feb. 14.—A story of splendid daring, combined with rare physical prowess, has just been received through the medium of one whose indebtedness bespeaks for a public acknowledgment of his gratitude. Though meagre in details the essentials are preserved.

On January 22, Mr. J. D. Long and daughter, of Rosemary, a hamlet on the banks of the Santee river, were ascending the river on one of the steamers that ply the lower waters of that stream. These boats are of the ordinary type of river steamers, broad of beam and equipped with side-wheels. And it is with these side-wheels that this story relates.

In the course of their trip up the river Mr. Long's daughter, whose name is Ethel and whose age is not stated, ventured too near the edge of the deck. Bewildered, perhaps, by the rapid revolutions of the wheel, churning the sluggish waters into feathery rolls of foam which trailed astern in a long white wake, the girl, who was standing some feet forward of the wheels, lost her balance and toppled from her position into the water, and directly in the path of the swiftly whirling wheel. The danger of death by drowning was lost in the more imminent peril of being caught and mutilated by the paddles of the steamer. It was a situation that demanded instant action on the part of any would-be rescuer. Before the horror-stricken crew or the fear-paralyzed father could collect their wits a man dashed to the side of the vessel and plunged into the water. In an instant he was at the side of the struggling girl—but, too late, it seemed, to save her or himself from the circling blades. Death would be upon them in a moment more. To become confused at the critical period would have been fatal to both.

Grasping the girl in his arms the man dragged her, despite her efforts, beneath the water; they disappeared from sight and the steamer passed over the spot where they had sunk. The watchers on deck were dumfounded—the next moment their hearts bounded with delight; with the girl still in his arms the rescuer rose from the spot where he had just passed over the death-dealing steamer wheels. He had dived beneath the surface just in time to save himself and his charge from a horrible fate. But his work was not done. In the icy waters of the river he could not long sustain himself and the weight of the helpless girl and it would be some time before a boat could reach them. Without waiting for assistance he struck out for the shore, a hundred yards away. He had not overestimated his strength and succeeded in bringing himself and his burden to land.

The gentleman who performed this daring and difficult feat was a Mr. Sparks—that was all the father of the rescued girl could learn. Where he was from or what was his full name is not known.

## Not to be Ruffled.

Smart Set.

Mrs. Bangs: "So that pretty widow is really married so soon again, eh?"

Old Bangs: "You bet."

Mrs. Bangs: "But her late husband's will expressly stipulated that if she took a second husband her legacy was to revert to his most distant relative."

Old Bangs: "That's where she was foxy. She hunted up the relative and married him."

## WAYS OF FAIR AMERICANS.

"Women are Women Everywhere," Says a Japanese Woman.

Charleston News and Courier.

As the result of two years' residence in this country—and evidently much close observation—a Japanese woman makes this critical and generous summary of the ways of American women compared with those of her own country:

My previous knowledge about American women—knowledge principally obtained from addresses and lectures in Japan—was rather idealized. To me women in this part of the world seemed something wonderful and beyond my reach. They seemed to possess all the good traits which our women lacked. Systematic in work, skillful in entertainment, earnest in their pursuits, always true to their promises, never wasting time on useless matters—these were the chief characteristics I attributed to these highly educated people.

With a joyous hope of meeting some of this splendid type of women, I started for this country, and it is two years since I set foot here—time long enough to make me acquainted with the dominant traits of the people, and time not too long to blunt my senses of strangeness and newness. Have I been disappointed? Or have I been reassured in my former belief?

What I learned was but a part of the whole. Here I have seen and examined the people myself. I have become acquainted with their many sided characteristics. And the result is this: Without decreasing my estimation for these women, I have attained a new hope and courage. More than ever I have been convinced of the truth of the saying, "He is a man; so am I. No matter how great he may be, he has some faults; no matter how mean, have I not some worth?"

American girls are altogether clever and studious, exact and in earnest. Yet American girls are the same human beings as Japanese girls—nothing especially wonderful and amazing about them. One very good trait they have which most Japanese girls do not—that is, their frank and open hearted dispositions. They speak out what they think and express their feelings freely; therefore they are light-hearted, easy to live with, lively and interesting.

I have praised American girls. Have I not something to say on behalf of Japanese girls? The courteous manners and graceful composure of our girls at home I do not find here among these mirthful girls. I miss the politeness to elders and the pretty manners toward each other. Consideration for age and for superiors is less noticeable here, the feeling of equality being so strong. What I meet here in girls is rushing, instead of walking; hasty nod, instead of bowing; quick "Hallo!" instead of quiet salutation.

How have women in general—namely, wives and mothers—impressed me? Well, women

are women everywhere in every age! What they worry about most here, too, is their appearance and dress. They are like Japanese women, often, confined in little domestic worlds of their own, and have the same disadvantage in being unfamiliar with what is going on in the world. They are also beings of feeling and emotion, and not of intellect and reason alone. They are, therefore, treading the same route as Japanese women. But, though their attention is turned largely toward their books and attire, they have a strong, earnest desire to broaden and extend their interests in many other directions. They are emotional and not cool-blooded; but they take pains to moderate their emotion with reason. Being aware of the progress of the world, they devise means of putting themselves in touch with it.

Where do these admirable motives come from? Love of study, ambition for increasing knowledge, desire to know something new—in short, magnanimity of mind—are the foundations. Women in this country do not think that books are special tools which belong only to schools. Women here are unlike some of our women who lend not their ears to anything unless it directly concerns them. Mothers and wives here do not limit their duties to the training of children and good housekeeping. Therefore they reserve time for reading; not only they read for themselves, they contrive time out of "no time" and go to lectures or profit themselves by talk and study in common. Thus equipped with some knowledge about many subjects, they go out, meet new people and hear new things, meanwhile they talk and express their opinions. No wonder their interests deepen and their knowledge widens more and more.

The idea that "man is all equal" is in the head of every one here; girls in girlish way, women in womanly way, believe they are independent beings. They respect and honor themselves. Our women, as a result of custom and old teachings, do not possess this precious self-respect. In their minds still slumbers a regret that they were not born men, still lingers a sense of being a burden to society, still remains a feeling of dependence on brothers, uncles and husbands. In past ages, when women knew not how to guide and manage themselves, this lack of self-esteem was inevitable. In the present age, however, when women are receiving better education and know that they are rightful members of the society and loyal citizens of the country, they are shaking off the servile feeling of the past and are exerting themselves to esteem themselves; for this is the only way to make men honor and respect them.

Mr. A. C. Miller has sold a valuable farm two miles south of Shelby to Mr. S. H. Hamrick for \$1,850 cash. The tract contains 81 acres.—Shelby Star.

## A NUT PARTY.

Enjoyable Afternoon Affair Complementary to Two Brides.

A most pleasant informal afternoon affair in the shape of a nut party was given Tuesday from 3:30 to 6 o'clock by Mrs. S. N. Boyce at her home on east Main street to honor two brides, Mrs. W. Meek Boyce and Mrs. E. H. Tuttle.

The guests were greeted at the front door by Miss Kathleen Boyce. The receiving party, consisting of Mrs. Boyce, Mrs. Tuttle and Mrs. W. Meek Boyce, stood in the front hall, which was prettily decorated with red geraniums and other potted plants. Mrs. Boyce was assisted in receiving by Mrs. L. L. Jenkins in the sitting room and Mrs. M. H. Curry in the parlor, and by little Misses Ruth and Lucy Boyce in the rear hall.

The sitting room was prettily decorated in pink carnations and potted plants while a profusion of white hyacinths and ferns decorated the parlors.

The interest of the afternoon centered in a nut game. On entering the parlor each guest was presented with a peanut, tied with a ribbon, which contained the number of her table. Bon-bon spoons were used and the game was to take up the largest number of shelled peanuts without touching more than one at a time.

At the close of the nut game refreshments were served in three courses, as follows: Pressed chicken mayonnaise dressing and nuts, nut sandwiches and biscuit; almond cream with coconut cake and white cake with nut icing; coffee. After the serving of refreshments the remainder of the afternoon was pleasantly spent in a game of progressive pit.

The invited guests were: Mesdames John F. Love, Rufus M. Johnston, J. F. Culp, Thomas W. Wilson, E. L. Bain, L. F. Wetzel, W. F. Marshall, G. W. Ragan, J. T. McDill, J. K. Dixon, J. H. Kennedy, Frost Torrence, A. A. McLean, J. M. Sloan, R. M. Reid, J. A. Glenn, W. E. Kindley, J. O. Rankin, L. L. Jenkins, M. H. Curry, D. R. Laffar, W. J. Clifford, F. G. Wilson, J. A. Page, J. Lee Robinson, J. H. Separk, C. D. Holland, T. L. Craig, J. P. Reid, H. Rutter, W. S. Hay, of Bessemer, Mrs. R. K. Davenport, of Mount Holly, E. Bryan Jones, of Hickory; Misses Mamie Love, Lowry and Osie Shuford, Rosebud Adams, Neil Smyre, Ada Friday, Bryte Torrence, Madge White, Mary Galloway, Emma Page, Madge Little, Mabel Craig.

## Reads Better When Paid for.

Monroe Journal.

"I don't want to ever get behind with my subscription to a newspaper," said Mr. J. C. Helms, as he paid in advance for the Journal. "If I haven't paid for a paper before I get it, it doesn't read good to me."

## HIGH-CLASS DRESS GOODS

In to-day's list we mention the following, which are only a few of the many new things we have to offer:

- 36-in. Voiles, half wool, blue and cream, yd., 25c.
- 36-in. Voiles, all wool, blue and cream, yd., 50c.
- 36-in. Spot Mohair, black and white, blue and white, yd., 50c.
- 36-in. and 38-in. striped Mohair, blue and black, yd., 50c.
- 46-in. plain Mohair, blue and black, yd., 50c.
- 42-in. all wool serge, yd., 50c.
- 36-in. Albatross, pink, blue, cream, yd., 35c.
- 38-in. Albatross, pink, blue, cream, white, gray, and black and white, yd., 50c.
- 36-in. all wool Etamine, blue and cream, yd., 50c.
- 44-in. all wool Storm Serre, blue and black, yd., 75c.
- 44-in. all wool Skirtings, blue and brown, yd., 75c.
- 42-in. Melrose, black and colors, yd., 50c.
- 42-in. Melrose, better grade, yd., 75c.
- 54 and 56-in. Skirtings, black and colors, yd., 50c.
- 27-inch all wool Tricot black and colors, 25c.
- 36-inch All wool crepe celeste black and blue, yard \$1.00.
- 42-inch Silk and wool Crepe Celeste, yard \$1.25.
- 42-inch Wool Taffeta, black, gray and blue, yard \$1.25.
- 42-inch Silk Voiles, black, white and colors, yard \$1.25.
- 24-in. silk Crepe de Chine, black, white and colors, yd., \$1.00.

Many of these high-class goods come only in patterns—one pattern of a color. All newest Spring fabrics and latest weaves. Watch for our message on Silks next week.

# JAS. F. YEAGER.

If You Can't Come Telephone 25.

We want to remind you of the convenience of the telephone in buying Drug Store goods. We want you to telephone us your orders for anything in the drug line. Telephone us when you have a prescription to fill and we will send for it and deliver to you promptly and make no extra charge. Remember this is our traffic to us and we assure you that you will get what you order exactly.

Yours to Serve.

## ADAMS DRUG CO.

SUCCESSORS TO CURRY & CO.

## GIVING AWAY A STEEL RANGE



We will give to the first little girl, under 12 years of age, who guesses the correct number of cook stoves, heating stoves, and ranges that we bought and received in our house or shipped direct to our customers from January 1st, 1903, to March 1st, 1904, the Buck Steel Range, worth \$10, in our show window.

Write your guess, together with name, date, and address plainly on a postal card and mail to us or leave your guess in writing at our store.

## LONG BROTHERS

GASTONIA, N. C.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.