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Published Twice a Week—Tuesdays and Fridays.

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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

DEVOTED TO THE PROTECTION OF HOME AND THE INTERESTS OF THE COUNTY.

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HIGH FENCES MAKE GOOD NEIGHBORS

RALEIGH BIBLICAL RECORDER.

The art of getting on with one's neighbors is one of the high arts of Christianity. Religion does her best work here. To be sure it is no great matter to get on fairly with one's friends for a time. Love covers a multitude of shortcomings. But many a friendship goes to wreck for want of a high fence. Love itself will expire under certain conditions.

To get on with one's friends, however, is not the whole necessity of a man. There are also his neighbors—using the word in its meaning in the parable of the good Samaritan as referring to the people with whom one comes in contact in the ordinary course of his life.

To a man going up and down amongst men, Jesus says, Do unto them as you would have them do unto you; see their side, consider their circumstances, put yourself in their place. It is the most broadening exercise that we know of. To a man seeking to know the secret of life, Jesus says, Love your fellow man as you love yourself. That is the fundamental adjustment—the solvent of all difficulties on earth.

If the Master attached so great importance to one's relations to his fellow man, we, as his followers shall do well to take heed unto ourselves in this particular matter.

High Fences Make Good Neighbors. Half the family feuds have arisen for want of a high fence. Frequently in court we find neighbor against neighbor, brother bitterly against brother and Christian hating Christian, all because the line between their estates has not been properly maintained. A high fence would have saved many a family from division many a church from disgrace, and indeed many a life.

But I have not now in view these difficulties. I have in mind the friend who says of another friend, "Oh, John, why John is my friend, I need not explain to him, he will understand me." You may be ever so good friends, but that policy will wreck your friendship. So far from being less considerate of a friend, the fact that he is your friend should move you to be the more watchful. One cannot in the nature of things have many friends. I have never yet known a man that had as many as seven at once and was true to them; and who has had life-long friends? When your heart finds one, let no foolish presumption upon the sin-covering love of friendship lure you to take things for granted. Keep up the fence. Understand that your friend is but human. And treat him with the courtesy and the care that you would use toward a stranger.

Moreover, keep up the fence about yourself. Never yet did a man unbosom himself to another with satisfaction. You may be intimate without turning your heart inside out. You need not even undertake to explain and speak forth all your love. No man has yet attempted so much without making a fool of himself. I do doubt if even sweethearts think more of one another—or husbands and wives—for finding that they have at last brought up the bottom of their hearts.

Between the people who are cold as ice-bergs and the people who are as warm as mush, there is a mean—somewhere near the high fence—that I am talking about. But if one must be ice or mush, I advise ice. It is slightly. And there is your neighbor. She is so good-natured. You do not at all mind forgetting to order your groceries; she is such an easy lender. And you send the cook over and borrow every day or two, "Why," you say, "we are such good neighbors!" And so you are. But if you could see how you interrupt her and how inopportune your request comes, you would perceive that you are killing the very spirit of neighborliness. And the children, why let them run over your neighbor's yard and garden. Take all manner of liberties at the expense of neighborliness. She is so good-natured. But one of these days you will wish that there had been a high fence between you. Many a time has good fellowship gone to wreck over a wheelbarrow or a lawn-mower or a curtain stretcher.

And there are brethren who like to tell their religious experiences; and you must tell them

yours or you are not spiritually-minded. We have all heard of the man who in one of Bill Pife's sermons told such a harrowing tale of his conduct that his wife was hopelessly humiliated. This sort of stuff is not spirituality or spiritual-mindedness. It is morbid and mawkish. There are experiences to tell; but one can tell them and yet keep the fences up.

We may apply the aphorism to all the varieties of neighborliness—all the relations of man to man. Are you on a committee? Do not presume. Keep the fences up. Give every member consideration. Are you leader of a cause or enterprise? Do not presume that all will trust you. Consult the rest of them. Do you employ men? Respect them. Do not be too familiar, and be sure you treat them as you would men whom you do not employ.

In a word, keep up your fences.

When Riley Blushed.

The Commoner.

When James Whitcomb Riley was in Lincoln a few months ago, he was greeted with an enthusiastic audience, and the poet was spurred to his best efforts. Of course, he succeeded but following the entertainment he met with an embarrassing adventure.

Just before the poet appeared upon the stage he was handed a dainty little note requesting him to read, "That Old Sweetheart of Mine," and the name signed to the note was that of one of Lincoln's charming young matrons.

Riley did recite the beautiful poem, and after the entertainment the young matron, fairly bursting with enthusiasm, approached Mr. Riley and began thanking him.

"O, Mr. Riley, you have no idea how much I appreciate your kindness in reading the beautiful verses I requested you to read."

"I am happy if I have given you pleasure," replied Mr. Riley, with his best bow.

"O, they are so beautiful. I have read them so often that they are indelibly stamped upon my memory."

"You flatter me, my dear madam," said the poet.

The tender sentiment in the lines is so beautiful," gushed the matron. "They certainly were written from the bottom of your heart. How proud one should feel in the knowledge that she had inspired such beautiful sentiments. I know Mrs. Riley must be one of the happiest of women, and I would be so delighted to meet her. May I not hope to have the exquisite pleasure some time?"

"I hope so, madam," said Riley, blushing like a school-girl. "And if ever you do meet her I wish you would let me know how she looks. I have never seen her, and I often wonder whether she is blonde or brunette, short or tall, slim or—"

But the gushing young matron had disappeared.

This little incident recalls another that has been told before. At a social function a young woman approached Mr. Riley and after gushing for a few minutes, said:

"O, Mr. Riley, how fortunate you are. I understand that you get a dollar a word for everything you write."

"Yes, that's true," said Riley. "But sometimes I sit for a whole day and can't think of a blamed word."

A Pretty Incident.

Charlotte Chronicle

It's a very pretty custom which prevails among the young ladies of Winthrop College by which the junior class gives to the seniors, each year, some complimentary entertainment. This year the juniors brought the seniors up to see Jefferson in "The Rivals" last night.

In order to make sure of getting seats all together Prof. Johnson took the students to the opera house about an hour ahead of time. Mr. Jefferson learning who the party was and why they were so early, rivaled the juniors in doing a graceful thing in coming out and making a little speech to the students. He told them some serious truth, some funny stories and he and the girls spent a very pleasant hour together betwixt the stage and the chairs. And it wasn't acting either. It was the real thing.

The women of Lexington are raising funds for the erection of a handsome monument to the Confederate dead of Davidson county. The monument which they are preparing to build will be situated in the public square and will cost \$1,500.

WOMEN IN WASHINGTON.

Good Salaries Paid by the Government to Women Employees and they are well Treated and Highly Respected.

Washington Special to Charleston News and Courier.

There is just one city in the United States where the self-supporting woman is not dubbed a "working woman," and that city is Washington.

To be on Uncle Sam's payroll as a department clerk is not a social taboo, and the women who are fortunate enough to achieve independence upon a salary of fourteen or eighteen hundred dollars a year are in a position to make a good showing in fashionable society.

To say of a woman that she is "in office" means that she occupies a snug berth in the Government ship, has ample time to enjoy the pleasures of life after seven working hours a day and has, as likely as not, assumed her position as a convenient way of continuing "in the swim."

Among the thousands of women in office 20 per cent are the widows of United States Senators and the near relatives of past or present Government officials. As Washington is not a city of mills, factories or general trading industry, there is no other class of feminine wage earners with which to confuse the women in office. It is an absolutely unique way to earn a living and still maintain a social gentility that banishes such terms as "labor" and "toil" from its polite vocabulary.

At the beginning of every administration hundreds of attractive women are installed in office either through the civil service or as temporary appointees, which is an easy way of getting on Uncle Sam's payroll, and perfectly satisfactory so long as one has "pull" enough to stay. These women come from all parts of the United States and represent the culture and refinement of a country-wide feminine constituency.

In the war department, where a great many women in the army and navy set occupy positions, there is one room that is called facetiously "Vanity Fair." Nearly all the clerks are of the really smart set that plays bridge, goes in for horseback and fencing and furnishes patronesses for all the fashionable charities. Their blood is of the bluest, their husbands, fathers or brothers have bled or died in their country's service and they themselves are in such demand socially that somebody's victoria or brougham is always in waiting at the conclusion of office hours, to whisk them off to receptions and afternoon teas.

One stunning looking woman, who is regarded as the most smartly gowned person in office, spends all her vacations with the Vanderbilts and the Goellets

and maintains an enviable position in social Washington.

Out of respect to Government hours all the fashionable recitals and lectures are held at half-past 4 o'clock. The only thing the social woman in office has to forego is the high noon luncheon, but as Sunday entertaining is more and more the fad in Washington, even this pleasure may be had one day in the week.

Women in office are entitled to one month's sick leave and one month's vacation in the course of a year. This, in addition to the numerous national holidays and the shortening of hours in very warm weather, affords a fair amount of leisure to the women in Uncle Sam's employ. One very beautiful and popular young woman, who is extraordinarily fond of society, takes her annual leave in January in order to have one month's genuine social fling. If she goes at such a pace that her month's sick leave follows close upon the month's frivolity, it's no one's affair but her own.

The bureau of American Republics is another department noted for the beautiful and fashionable women in its employ. The bureau faces the White House on Pennsylvania avenue and at inauguration time, or any other occasion of festivity that includes a military pageant and review by the President a charming luncheon is served to the bureau force. The department of justice, the State and agricultural departments, the department of commerce and labor, the post-office department, the census bureau and the patent office are a few of the great institutions under the Government where women are congenially employed and where their compensation enables them to maintain a social position that puts them on a social footing with the wife of the President of the United States.

BARRED FROM COMMUNION.

Rite Denied to Holder of Lottery Tickets by Elizabeth City Pastor.

Washington Post.

Suffolk, Va., April 13.—Rev. Dr. Tuttle, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Elizabeth City, has caused consternation among members of his flock by issuing a manifesto withdrawing the communion cup from holders of lottery tickets. Rev. Mr. Tuttle, during the progress of a series of evangelistic meetings, invited believers in Christ to commune, but declared that none who held tickets of chance should place their lips to the cup.

A street carnival is in progress at Elizabeth City, and many church people have bought chances on a piano and gold watch to be awarded by lot. He said all who held such tickets should tear them up on breaking bread with God's people.

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Druggists J. H. Kennedy & Co., Takes all Risks of Mi-o-na Curing Dyspepsia and Increasing Weight.

If you are weak, sickly, thin, pale, tired and troubled with indigestion take advantage of the following coupon offer and get a month's treatment of Mi-o-na from J. H. Kennedy & Co., the well known druggist.

COUPON.

This coupon entitles any reader of THE GASTONIA GAZETTE to have the purchase price of Mi-o-na refunded in case it does not increase the weight and cure stomach troubles. We assume all the risk, and Mi-o-na is absolutely free unless it gives satisfaction. J. H. Kennedy & Co. WE TAKE ALL RISK.

On this special coupon offer, Druggists J. H. Kennedy & Co. take all the risk and any one who uses Mi-o-na does not have to pay a penny unless the treatment cures dyspepsia and gives an increase in weight. As an evidence of good faith, fifty cents should be deposited with J. H. Kennedy & Co., when getting a box of Mi-o-na, and they will give a signed receipt to refund the money if the treatment fails. You certainly can afford to begin the use of Mi-o-na to-day on these terms. —A12-19.

Keep Young.

Raleigh Times, 12th.

Mr. J. D. Moore, who is in the city attending a meeting of the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Institute, was heard to say to a gentleman whom he met on the streets to-day: "No, I do not get old; I never expect to." Such a remark might at first blush seem to be lacking in candor and thoughtfulness, but to take the idea which Mr. Moore had in mind, it's not only a reality, but it's the most sane position possible to hold. It is certain that he who invites old age, by constantly referring to the fact that he is getting old, will find that he is in the camp and rank of the veterans long before the man who, though as old in years, but who has striven to remain young in his feelings, in his associations, his thoughts and in his daily vocation. The "dead line," as it is sometimes called, is, after all, a venerable rather than an absolute condition. In other words, men set, to a large degree, their own bounds to their effective period of active work and vigorous thinking. Mr. Roosevelt's arbitrary "dead line," at the age of 62 years, when he proposed to give all ex-Union soldiers a pension, was more a bid for support of his nomination for President than it was to provide for the failures incident to old age. Of course we all know that the human machine has its limit, beyond which it cannot go, but the day when the grasshopper becomes a burden is more largely the day of our own setting than most of us think.

Oranges vs. Whiskey.

Washington Post.

There are a number of instances on record where antidotes to the whiskey habit, though conscientiously followed, have failed, remarked an eastern merchant on a visit to the capital. But there is one of the simplest nature, too, that has been known to cure tapers of all degrees, which recalls to me one of the worst cases I have ever known, the case of a young man from my state. He could and did drink more whiskey to the square inch than any man I ever heard of—three pints a day was a usual thing. Then suddenly he swore off. He fell in love with a girl who would not stand for such proceedings, and made it clear to him that it was up to him to do something. He admitted his weakness to her, which everybody else had known for years, and then and there swore off for good and all time, which, of course, nobody else but the girl believed. The sequel is that he kept his word and after sufficient test they were married.

He has since told me that to stop drinking in that abrupt way nearly killed him, and at times he was almost crazy, but that he also knew to break through once would be the end of his reformation. Every time the maddening desire for whiskey came he would start right in and eat oranges as long as the appetite for whiskey lasted, frequently consuming as many as fifteen or twenty oranges a day. The acid quality of the orange appeased the desire for alcohol. This was ten or twelve years ago, and I have yet to hear of any regrets on the part of the young lady or of my friend breaking his promise to her, but frequently hear that as an antidote to whiskey he suggests a desire to reform and plenty of orange juice.

FASCINATING

No other word so fitly describes the quality and style of the things for women! to wear with which this store teems.

Neckwear.

New line of washable neckwear for summer just arrived yesterday, 25c.

Crushed Belts.

New line of the newest things in crushed leather belts, each, 50c, 75c.

Spring Hosiery.

For ladies and misses. Lace stripes, gauze, silk, plain, and fancy. Pair, 25c, 37½c, 50c, 75c, and \$1. Our 25c and 37½c Lisle lace-stripe are superior in quality and beauty to anything we have ever shown in this line. A large and varied assortment. We ask your comparison before purchasing.

Royal Worcester Corsets.

We have just received our second shipment of No. 457 Royal Worcester Corsets—Princess hip. They have supporters on sides, and front, velvet grip, which prevents cutting out of hose. This, the latest and newest model, is worn with ease and comfort. If you have not tried this model, be sure to get it next time.

Dress Goods.

Our line of dress goods, woolsens, silks, mercerized and cotton goods, is all complete with the newest weaves. Just received a shipment of wash goods in blues, greens, pinks, reds, white black, 27 to 36 inches wide, all sheer and thin for summer wear, a marvel at the price charged only, yard 10c.

Millinery.

Our line of ladies and children's ready-to-wear hats is complete, and our order department is full to overflowing with all the new creations and decrees of fashion, with services of our expert trimmer at your disposal.

Don't forget our Embroideries and Laces. New lot of Dress Trimmings just received.

JAS. F. YEAGER.



Smart Oxfords

Our Spring line of Edwin Clapp's Oxfords is the best money can buy. If you wear one pair you will never be satisfied with any other kind. Price \$5

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Going! Going! Three Times! And Gone.

The season for handling stock is drawing rapidly to a close. Our fine stock of horses and mules is now "going," "going," and pretty soon it will be "three times and gone!"

Our last shipment for the season was a car-load of horses and a car-load of mules received last week—we have only 100 head in all. In this lot are some unusually good stock for farm purposes, and especially is attention called to some fine driving and saddle horses.

This stock is from our old reliable Tennessee dealer, and of course we guarantee every animal to be just as represented.

Come along quickly and get your choice, we are winding up the season.

Craig & Wilson



TO BE HAPPY

A man must know that his family will not come to want in case of his death. You cannot feel that their future is secure except by having a substantial LIFE INSURANCE POLICY. The Northwestern Mutual Life of Milwaukee gives the BEST CONTRACT offered. BIG DIVIDENDS! See us before giving an application, and let us explain it to you.

Gaston Loan & Trust Co.
E. G. McLEOD, Treasurer

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