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THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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SUPPLANTING THE NEGRO.

Now Being Superseded in Domestic Service by Whites—The Charge of Instability.

Memphis Scimitar.

The introduction of the white domestic in the service of one of the prominent hotels of Memphis is another straw in the wind pointing to the banishment of the negro from the cities of the South.

Southern steamboat men commenced this battle of color in the South when they attempted to substitute the white rouster for the negro. That they have thus far failed is only an incident. The attempt is a significant feature.

Following this first skirmish between the races came the formation of the Housekeepers' Club, for the express purpose of bringing the battle into the homes of the Southern people. Now the line of war is extended to the places of public entertainment.

That the white domestics are being cheerfully, nay, enthusiastically, welcomed is shown in a certain rivalry between two hotels in this vicinity as to which was first to discard the negro and bring on the white girl.

A hotel of West Point, Miss., telegraphs: "The guests were agreeably surprised by the appearance of a full corps of German dining room girls, who arrived here twelve hours in advance of the change made by the Memphis hotel. West Point congratulates Memphis on being a close second in this movement."

It is understood that the Housekeepers' Club is endeavoring to make arrangements with the Memphis hotel manager to establish a bureau of immigration so equipped that it can provide a white person to take the place of every negro domestic in the city. It is declared that this bureau meets with the eager approval of housekeepers, who have been and are now kept in mental anxiety and physical distress because of the incapacity and instability of the negro domestic.

Not satisfied with the formidable attack upon the industrial and domestic intrenchment of the negro, the white races have, like Hannibal, carried the war to Rome. They have thrown sharpshooters into the plantations and are thus disputing the negro's usefulness in those strongholds heretofore deemed impregnable to white attack.

Thus, all along the line the battle is on. The negro must now fight for his very existence. Those imperfections which opened the way for the white invasion will doubtless cause him soon to flee the cities for the plantations, where his virtues are stronger and his failings of less personal inconvenience.

Incapacity, irresponsibility, instability—and the chiefest of these is instability—are the imperfections that have precipitated the fight. Looking upon the negro as of greatly inferior race, the Southern whites are inclined to excuse incapacity in him. A mistaken spirit of generosity encourages irresponsibility, but the instability pinches the employer both in pocket and in personal comfort. It also strikes a blow at his pride and tears off a pinnacle in the temple of happiness devoted to his women. He cannot forgive this characteristic in the negro, and it will prove the negro's downfall.

The South chided the negro over duties half-performed; it has shown a disposition to laughingly toss a dollar to the lazy and the trifling; but whenever it faces the instability of the race, it grows serious. There is no disposition among them to win a permanency in any occupation, no ambition to settle themselves firmly amid their surroundings. No personal comforts can win them; no personal kindness retain them. On the contrary, they look upon consideration as a weakness, and instead of returning gratitude for favors, are more than apt to meet them with injury.

White domestics may import failings that the Southern housekeeper now experiences to a minimum degree, such as a certain "uppishness" and possible impertinence; but the white race is amenable to kindness and consideration, and the white race has well-defined ambitions which serve as so many anchors upon which reliance may be placed. They will win an easy victory in the Southern home, for there the negro has been weighed in the scales of patience and is found wanting.

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AUTOMOBILING AT MIDNIGHT.

Local Autoists, a Physician, and a Reporter Make a Swift Run in a Big White Touring Car to Pineville—Impressions by the Way.

Charlotte Observer, Dec. 30, 1904.

Night before last, just before the pale hour of twelve, Mr. Osmond Barringer came into the Observer city office and invited one of the force to share an up-to-date automobile ride in his new White Car. There was no time to halt and hesitate. A reporter accepted the muffler thrown at him and followed out to the machine. There sat Dr. C. G. McManaway, wrapped up in a bear skin and other things, by whose side the reporter crawled in. Mr. Barringer and Mr. Catlin occupied the front seat.

At fifteen minutes to twelve the machine started. The terminus adquem was Pineville, eleven miles away, where lay a sick woman awaiting the doctor. The moon had not risen. The night was black as ink. At a middling good gait the vehicle sped down North Tryon, past the Spot Cash Store, and swung her nose out into the open country. The kerosene lamps did not dissipate the gloom entirely nor far ahead, but kept a thousand shadows dancing for every throb of the engine. The two drivers, huddled in their leathern clothes and caps, goggled and gloved, looked, in the uncertain light like pictures of pearl divers.

The macadam road sloped off in gentle curves, and the man at the wheel opened the throttle and let her rip. Purring and panting like a huge animal and quivering under the head of steam, she flew through the darkness, and her occupants sat there fascinated, straining their eyes forward to the limits of the light where all sorts of horrors seemed impending.

"It's a good thing we started so late," said the doctor. "The roads are clear now."

At that very moment there rose in the foreground an apparition which proved to be a white mule on his hind legs. The lamps discovered him hitched to a buggy and headed toward Charlotte. The buggy contained a man and his sweetheart. She snatched off the fascinator as if to get the benefit of her ears as well as her eyes, and by that time the automobile had passed and left the white mule still with his forelegs held out in benediction. Four other buggies were a little beyond this, all headed toward Pineville and all drawn by mules. These animals, being stolen up on from behind, did not have time to get badly frightened, but one of the ladies did. She leapt from the buggy, cleared the little ditch by the roadside, and started across the fallow field like a March hare. Her lover doubtless enjoyed settling her nerves when he got her back.

"Look at the fire," said Mr. Barringer.

"The moon," corrected Mr. Catlin.

The top half of her cut smooth off, the big red moon looked among the tree tops very much like a forest fire. She looked wintry enough and raw and red like a wind beaten face.

Over the railroad is a bridge in the shape of four pannels of a fence, not quite so much twisted as an S. Jerked this way and that, but tearing forward the while, the tenderfoots lost their sense of direction and thought the thing had left the ground; but in a second or so she had straightened out again on a level stretch of macadam from which she climbed a slope, jolted herself across a piece of muddy ruts, turned a sharp angle, and pauted down the street of Pineville. It was 12:08, twenty-three minutes from Charlotte.

While the doctor was in the sickroom and the others were by the company fire, the reporter asked one of the maidens present if she knew George Marks. George was "originally born" at Pineville.

"I know the gentleman," she replied, "but not to say that I keep company with him, and not to say that he ain't a nice gentleman."

The doctor came in after a while, saying that he was ready to go. The folks came into the yard to see the machine start away. She snorted and bragged to herself till she felt brave; then she picked her way cautiously from the back yard to the street and cautiously along the ragged street to the reaches of macadam once more. The moon now stood well over the horizon. The road wound white off toward the city. The driver gave the machine head and she bounded away for home. There was no teams on the highway now. In the frosty moonlight the world lay asleep. Dark houses and hedges and hay stacks and woods flew by. The breeze was too fierce for conversation. There was only the impatient sound of the engine. Over the crazy bridge she zigzagged, swung herself around curves, climbed slopes, and went for all she was worth down grades, until, when she had left behind her some six and a half or seven miles and when she was making a long hill, she began to gasp and slacken her speed and stopped.

The doctor said it reminded him of a cartoon he had seen entitled "The Passing of the Horse," setting forth the same moral as that of the story of the tortoise and the hare.

But the drivers knew a thing or two. The gasoline had given out. They took out the lamps, poured in the kerosene from them instead of gasoline, vaporized it, got up steam, and away.

It was quite a thrilling experience for a bitterly cold night, and an exceptionally fine opportunity for the automobile and the macadam road to show what they can do.

"I could never have taken the trip in time to have done any good," said Dr. McManaway. "if it had not been for the automobile."

Which makes one reflect that even if there be cause for criticism of automobiles scaring horses in the country, there may be a blessing mixed with it.

JAPAN-FLORIDA ORANGES.

An Orange Tree That Will Thrive in Colder Latitudes.

Washington Dispatch, 26th.

An orange tree that will thrive in latitudes five hundred miles north of Florida has just been developed by the plant experts of the department of agriculture. It is the result of crossing the Japanese tree with the best of the Florida varieties. Some time ago the department experts conducted experiments with a view of finding an orange tree that will survive the comparatively hard winters of Florida in recent years, or the climate of localities north of that State. Announcement is now made that they have been successful.

The new variety, it is claimed, will live in a temperature of six degrees below zero, although it will not bear fruit. The planters of Florida have suffered great loss at times on account of the frost, losing not only the year's crop on occasions, but the trees as well. With the introduction of the Japanese-Florida variety the trees may be saved now, even when conditions are such as to prevent them from bearing.

Most of the thoroughbred cattle in this country are the result of a process of selection and crossing of breeds. The same process has been adapted to the plant world and the government experts are developing stronger and better varieties of fruits, their most notable achievement being a hardy orange tree.

The Tree and the Newspaper.

Westminster Gazette.

Everybody knows that trees are felled to make the wood pulp out of which the paper used in the printing-office is manufactured. A German paper manufacturer at Esenthal has just made an experiment to see how rapidly it is possible to transform a tree into a newspaper. Three trees in the neighborhood of his factory were cut down at 7:35 in the morning. They were instantly barked and pulped, and the first roll of paper was ready at 9:34. It was lifted into an automobile that stood waiting, and conveyed to the machine-room of the nearest daily paper. The paper being already set, the printing began at once, and by 10 o'clock precisely the journal was on sale in the streets. The entire process of transformation had taken exactly two hours and twenty-five minutes.

A Sparkling Fashion.

Lady's Pictorial.

Fashion decrees that we shall once more bespangle ourselves, fill our hair, as it were, with fireflies, wear trimmings and ornaments and embroideries that shine, and carry little shimmering bags and sparkling fans, and set our feet in shoes that are incrusted with golden and metallic beads. It is a good sign that social life, too, will have some sparkle and glitter, and that for a season, at all events, we are going to look on the brighter side of everything.

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HOW THE JAPS KEEP WARM.

Underground Homes in Manchuria Have Solved the Problem.

Chicago Record-Herald.

With November the cold weather begins in Manchuria, and is increasingly intense. Around Mukden the thermometer does not usually fall below zero (Fahr.) until the middle of December, when night after night it may sink to 5, 10, and even 20 degrees below zero, and during January to 30 below.

In the frequent northeasterly or northwesterly blizzards no human beings can live under canvas. Some may be quartered in native houses, but where, even supposing that the owners should be ruthlessly turned out, will accommodation be found for 300,000 men?

The answer is simple: The Japanese are already making use of underground dwellings, such as the natives sometimes use, and which were used by the Russians during the winter after the Boxers had destroyed their railway buildings.

The soil of Manchuria, excepting in certain places, is dry at this season, especially in the districts between Mukden and Liaoyang, where it is largely loess and sand.

The Japanese, who hold the low hills with gentle slopes, are in the better position. The method is to dig a trench about ten to twelve feet deep and varying in width, but generally about nine feet wide. A narrow stairway is cut leading down to the south end. At the base it is widened and a door frame set up with a native door, turning on wooden pivots.

The upper half of the door is openwork, which, being covered with the opaque native window paper, admits light. The sun shines at midday down the steps, and when the door is opened freshens and warms the room.

Immediately within, on one side, is a cooking stove, camp oven, or boiler, in a simple and primitive style, to which both Russians and Japanese are accustomed. Along the length of the trench is a platform some two and a half feet high and six inches wide, made of hammered earth and rough, unburned bricks. Beneath this are several simple flues, up and down which the smoke and heat from the cooking place finds its way, issuing at the end remote from the entrance by a small chimney cut in the solid ground.

On this platform, which resembles the old style of greenhouse fine and is called by the Chinese a kang, many men can sleep in warmth and comfort on a rough mat of dried grass. This mode of heating is not only economical, but the flues consume and carry off the earth damp or carbonic acid gas which always generates in underground dwellings.

Across the top of the trench rough pieces of timber or poles are laid, and on these kao-liang stalks or straw, upon which is heaped the earth excavated from the trench. This covering keeps out the cold and is practically shellproof. No rain falls, and but little snow, and the latter can, if desired, be swept off the roofs or mounds over the dwellings.

The Japanese have access to a large number of the native "surface" coal mines, where a coarse dust coal is readily excavated, and can be, when mixed with a little wet loess earth, burned in the rough cooking places referred to, in which grass, rubbish and almost anything can also be consumed as fuel.

While the first twelve to twenty feet of the plain and low hills now occupied by the armies are dry in winter, good water can be found almost anywhere at twenty-five to thirty feet below the surface.

Traded Mortgaged Horses.

Statesville Landmark.

Sometime ago the Henkel Live Stock Co. sold two horses to Mr. W. L. Ratledge, of Davie county, taking a mortgage on the horses and other personal property for $300 to secure payment. Recently it was learned that Ratledge had traded the horses and Deputy Sheriff Ward was sent to Winston last week to investigate. He found that Ratledge had traded the horses to Mr. Robert Transou, of Pfafftown, Forsyth county, for a mule and $150 in money. It is reported that Ratledge has gone to Indiana. Transou knew nothing of the mortgage held by the Henkel Co., and he refuses to surrender. Unless the mortgagees can make their debt out of the other property embraced in the mortgage given by Ratledge they will doubtless contest the matter with Transou.

Beneficial Gains.

Boston Globe.

The per capita drink bill of the United States is increasing, but, on the other hand, statistics show that more people are joining the church now than ever before. The Episcopal Church, for instance, gained 3 per cent. on its membership last year, the Presbyterian Church 2½ per cent. and the Methodist Church also made an unprecedented gain.