

W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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THE PRESIDENT'S SUNDAY.

Mr. Roosevelt Attends Services Held by a Rough Country Parson in Wilds of Colorado—He Listens to the Preacher, but Afterwards Delivers a Short Sermon of his own, and then Shakes Hands with the Congregation.

Glenwood Springs, Col., April 30.—Unique in the history of Colorado was the church service held at the old Blue School House on West Divide Creek today, attended by President Roosevelt, and his hunting party and all the ranchmen and their families for miles around. The little district school building was not a tenth part large enough to accommodate the congregation and as a result the organ was moved to the front porch. On this porch seats were provided for the President and his party, the Rev. Horace Mann, of Rifle, Col., the choir and the trustees of the church. The members of the congregation stood or sat on the ground of the school yard, or in their conveyances, which were grouped around the building. The sermon by the Rev. Mr. Mann was of an unusual kind. It began with a story, teeming with slang of the Western flavor and was full of advice suited to a congregation inuring itself to the hardships of mountain life. It touched on the responsibilities of the President, as well as the characteristics of some of the men who have occupied that exalted place.

After Mr. Mann concluded, the President spoke for ten minutes. He expressed his well known views on good citizenship, the morality of man, the patriotism and duty to home and country. He was cheered heartily throughout his remarks. After the services were concluded, the President shook hands with every man, woman and child present. The President's party presented a picturesque appearance as they came to the services. All were on horseback and they were dressed in their hunting costumes.

They had no others at the camp. Many of those in the congregation wore their best clothes. The gowns and hats of the women were showy and in striking contrast to the muddy tan, duck, blue jeans and other rough materials making up the costumes of the President and his fellow hunters.

No mountain band of road agents ever looked more formidable than the President and his party. The Western air of the party went straight to the hearts of the people. They applauded and yelled boisterous praise of the President, regardless of the day and the fact that they were virtually in a house of worship, through the ceiling was the blue sky, the floor soft grass and dead leaves and the walls were mountains. In his address to the people the President told them how glad he was to be there and how much it pleased him to come face to face with so many people who were braving hardships with light hearts and doing their part in life without complaining or bitterness. He told them the spirit they were displaying was the chief quality of the American people that went to make this the greatest of all countries. It was at the conclusion of the President's remarks, when he leaned forward and beamed a welcome that took in every one in the congregation, that the President looked his best. He was the picture of rugged health as he said:

"And now I want to shake hands with all of you. There are a good many of you, so don't stampe, or get to milling."

As the President made use of the cattle tongs, applause was terrific. He took a position in a corner made by the school house and the platform and shook hands with all. Secretary Loeb will visit the President tomorrow in company with Elmer Chapman, the courier, who arrived in Glenwood Springs tonight from Camp Roosevelt.

The annual meeting of the North Carolina Press Association this year will be one of the greatest events of the kind ever held in the State. Not only will the Virginia Press Association hold its session in Asheville at the same time, but it is now learned that the South Carolina Press Association has accepted an invitation from President Varner, backed by the authorities of Asheville, to hold its annual session at the same time and place.

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THE CHEROKEE INDIANS.

Mrs. Prichard Tells in a Charming way of Life on the Reservation and of the Government Schools.

to the Editor of the Gazette:
Cherokee, N. C. April 29.—According to a long-standing promise, I will try to tell about one of the prettiest little valleys in Christendom, and its unique inhabitants.

When the "Great Father" at Washington chose to send the Indians to the west, the eastern Cherokee tribe rebelled and cunningly fled to the mountain caves where they were indeed safe from Uncle Sam's emissaries.

So, since the government could not move them out, it has endeavored to bring civilization to the hills and caves.

The land of this Reservation was purchased and homes given them. Then to educate their children, this school was established and maintained by the government.

Truly, Uncle Sam chose wisely and with excellent taste, when he selected this spot for the school. It must be one of the prettiest among the mountains of Western North Carolina, and certainly has no equal on the Reservation itself, lying as it does just between the great smoky mountains, and the Balsam Ridge, you can imagine how beautiful the scenery must be.

It is indeed a little valley and once you get within, you begin to wonder how you will get out again, for you find yourself in a triangle whose three sides are mountain walls, and but for the Oconalufy, that beautiful mountain stream, running through, it seems that there would be no outlet.

Along this river, for the most part, is the county road going to Whittier and Bryson City, our nearest towns. On this road we find many little post-offices and country stores, and here and there a "meeting house" topping some knoll.

An old settler tells me that years ago these Indians were Methodists, but some how the Methodists had lost their "holt" and now they were nearly all Baptists. Whatever they may be, they certainly are not the ardent worshippers we see in the old time darkies—more like Quakers, I should say for they are indeed a silent, say-nothing people.

The older ones despise to speak English—even if they can. I have good opportunities to draw them into conversation for they are like the rest of the human family, they will tell their troubles to a willing listener. So incidentally I am able to learn many of their peculiar notions.

It is funny and even ludicrous to see the old Indian instincts cropping out in the younger generation. You may see the school boys anytime dressed up in their government uniforms with long rooster feathers flaunting from their caps.

The school here is primary and industrial. The farm, garden, laundry, dairy, bakery, shoe-shop, cooking, sewing, etc., are all operated by the students themselves, under the direction of the respective directors provided by the government.

The school hours are arranged so that each child works one half the day and goes to school the other half.

The buildings and grounds of the school are modern and attractive. The new dormitory for the girls is a handsome structure costing about fifteen thousand dollars.

At present there are one hundred and forty pupils in school, but there are many more children on the Reservation who ought to be here. It is pitiful to note with how little gratitude the Indians receive, or ignore, the good advantages placed here for their children.

mountain ridge beyond, and so dimly the pretty blooming azaleas of the most beautiful colorings, the "harnt orange" shade seeming to be "most popular." I understand that seven different varieties of this gorgeous flower, grow here.

To those who have asked me about this region as a summer camping ground, I would say that it is fine, if they wish to betake themselves "far from the maddening crowd." Last summer, a party of college men from Atlanta had a camp on a little island, in the river, just opposite the school-grounds. They seemed to get a great deal of fun out of the free wild life, for a few weeks. Visitors are often seen here, showing that the red man is still an object of interest to the pale faces.

But at present I am finding mountain climbing much more interesting. As an amateur climber I often went up one step and slipped back three, but now my companions have no occasion for merriament at my expense, for I am rapidly becoming an expert and hope soon to become a leader of this delightful recreation.

With best wishes for the GAZETTE my ever welcome semi-weekly visitor from Gastonia, I am

Very sincerely,
(Mrs.) ROSA HOLT PRICHARD.

Walking the Figure "8"
Yorkville News Item.

In the asylum for the insane at Columbia, so we have been told, is a poor demented creature that spends his entire time walking a well-beaten path on the asylum grounds that forms the figure "8." This is his self-imposed task day in and day out, continuously except when he is interrupted by an attendant. If led to another part of the grounds he is lost and bewildered until he finally stumbles back into his much trodden path when he resumes again his monotonous, ceaseless, foolish labor. Why does he do it? one will ask. What hallucination of mind is it that impels him onward in his endless journey? There is but one explanation—his crazy.

The above is for the purpose of illustration. It may not seem apt and appropriate to some, but it appears to us that the cotton planter of the south who continues ceaselessly year in and out to raise more cotton than there is demand for is simply walking the figure "8." And ask why he does it; seek his motive; sum up his case in your own mind. You will conclude the same as cited above.

That is the whole trouble with the south today. It is walking around the imaginary lines of the figure "8" with a huge cotton bale on its shoulders that nobody appears to want.

It is wearing itself out in this self-imposed burden—this pauperizing, foolish toll. Is there no way to divert its mind into other channels? Has this foolish drudgery of cotton raising so engrated itself upon the south that it will be impossible to throw it off?

For a time it seemed that the cotton planters organization would find a remedy for the malady, but late reports, we are afraid, will prove to the contrary and show that the southern farmer has stumbled back into his old rut and taken up again his heavy burden of cotton.

The Daughters of the Confederacy of Virginia have started a movement for the erection of a monument to General Fitzhugh Lee in Richmond.

GASTON PEOPLE IN TEXAS.

An Interesting Letter from Mr. C. L. Stowe, of Sherman.

A letter received by Capt. W. I. Stowe a few days ago from his nephew, Mr. C. L. Stowe, who went to Sherman, Texas, many years ago contains so many references to Gaston county people who are now living in that great state, we are pleased to print the letter, in full, feeling sure that it will be of interest to very many of our readers. The letter also contained a beautifully gotten up copy of the elaborate program in honor of President Roosevelt's recent visit to Sherman. Mr. Stowe's name appears as Chief marshal of the day.

Sherman, Tex. April 24th, 1905
Capt. W. I. Stowe.

Dear Uncle Will:

Your favor of the 20th inst. gave me a pleasant surprise this a. m. Indirectly I had heard of the welfare of you and family, more often of our friends in Charlotte and vicinity. Last summer and again in October, Sam Pegram visited us. He proved to be a good talker, well informed, and recently from N. C., so I was in nearer touch with my old home people than at any time since death of uncle Jasper. (Col. Jasper Stowe, of Belmont) and I was deprived of his most excellent letters. From time of our arrival in Texas, May 1866, till period of his last sickness, uncle Jasper wrote me regularly twice a month, letters full of wise comment on current events, minute reports of health and condition of our friends near him, and criticism of actions in national and local political fields.

I am glad that my good aunt can be spared you though not as when young and full of vigor. Give her my love and tell her that the memory of her goodness to this orphan when he was a boy, then more desolate in heart than she knew, will be cherished while I have life. Congratulate your sons on their success as heads of families. I pray their children may ever be sources of pride and comfort to them. I have been blessed in my children, only four born to us, all now mature and useful members of their race. My oldest son lives in city of Fort Worth, has important position on daily morning newspaper in that city. My second son is in medical department of Tulane University in New Orleans, he has temporary position also, and practices in a large hospital in that city. My youngest son is doing well in land abstract business here. My daughter with her husband and three children live in Ardmore, I. T., from all I know prosperous and happy.

Only several weeks since my way was less by fire of my home 31st of last October, only had it half covered by insurance, with it went books, pictures, papers etc. records and relics accumulated in housekeeping for period of 32 years.

My wife has been almost an invalid for over a year, now through rest and careful treatment she is gaining both flesh and strength. None of our children with us, we put off rebuilding our home till summer, comfortably spent the winter with quarters and services hired. All five of my sisters' children I see some times, they and little ones are in better condition than the majority of people enjoy.

Tell Capt. J. Q. H. to not leave Sherman out when he visits Texas. I expect he will come in May to visit meeting of General Assembly of our church at Fort Worth. The last moder-

ator of this high church body, was Dr. Sam Neal of Kansas City, Mo., a first cousin of my father. I have a letter from him that he will visit us here when enroute to next months meeting. He will preach for us here, our pastor Dr. McGee being a warm friend of his, having known him in Missouri. Capt. J. Q. H. will be able to meet his old friend Dr. Sampson, once President of Austin College here, but now in charge of a church college in Austin, Texas. He is an able man and quite prominent in Texas Presbyterianism. Manuel Kudasill (color bearer of 10th N. C. Regiment) my life time friend and neighbor I see often. No better citizen in our county, no more prosperous farmer than he.

We missed late frost and freeze but got too much spring rain. Fruit crop prospects never better, garden truck now abundant.

As cause for lack of letters to my friends from me, it will interest you to know that I am a busy man though 55 years old, no time of my life did I find so much to do. Sometimes a man in office has leisure, when so fixed please write me again and again. I did not tell you that my brother Jim's son now lives in California. My youngest brother's widow and two sons live in Ardmore, her daughter married and is in Neasho, Mo. Remember me kindly to our mutual friends.

Yours,
C. L. STOWE.

Grover Cleveland on Woman's Clubs.

Ex President Grover Cleveland has an article on "Woman's Mission and Woman's Clubs" in a current magazine. He says in part:

"To those of us who suffer periods of social pessimism, but who, in the midst of it all, cling to our faith in the saving grace of simple and unadulterated womanhood, any discontent on the part of woman with her ordained lot, or a restless desire on her part to be and do something not within the sphere of her appointed ministrations, cannot appear otherwise than as pervasions of a gift of God to the human race.

"The restlessness and discontent to which I have referred is most strongly manifested in a movement which has for a long time been on foot for securing to women the right to vote and otherwise participate in public affairs. Let it here be distinctly understood that no sensible man has fears of injury to the country on account of such participation. It is its dangerous, undermining effect on the characters of the wives and mothers of our land that we fear. This particular movement is so aggressive and so extreme in its insistence that those whom it has fully enlisted may well be considered as incorrigible. At a very recent meeting of these radicals a high priestess of the faith declared: 'No matter how bad the crime a woman commits, if she can't vote and is classed with idiots and criminals and lunatics, she should not be punished by the same laws as those who vote obey.'

"This was said when advocating united action on the part of the assembled body to prevent the execution of a woman proved guilty of the deliberate and aggravated murder of her husband. The speaker is reported to have further announced, as apparently the keynote of her address, 'If we could vote we'd be willing to be hanged.' It is a thousand pities that all the wives found in such company cannot sufficiently open their minds to see the complete fitness of the homely definition which describes a good wife as 'a woman who loves her husband and her country, with no desire to run either.'

"There is comfort in the reflection that, even though these extremists may not be amenable to reformation, there is a fair prospect that their manifest radicalism and their blunt avowal of subverting purposes will effectively warn against dangerously wide acceptances of their theories.

After considering the woman's club as a weapon of retaliation upon man for neglect of his home, and suggesting that the retaliation may fall upon the innocent as well as the guilty, Mr. Cleveland says:

"It may safely be assumed that among those who are most disturbed by the growth of woman's clubs, the sentiment is universal that man's neglect of woman is a startling offense, and that the whipping post for wife-beaters would be a wholesome feature of our criminal

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He goes on: "I am persuaded that without exaggeration of statement, we may assume that there are woman's clubs whose objects and intents are not only harmful in a way that directly menaces the integrity of our homes and the benign disposition and character of our wifehood and motherhood.

"I believe that it should be boldly declared that the best and safest club for a woman to patronize is her own home."

Sad Death in Monroe.

Mr. E. Wilson Griffin, only son of Mr. E. M. Griffin, died last Saturday morning as a result of a broken leg received by a fall from a pony buggy. The circumstances surrounding his death make it the saddest that has occurred here in a long time. Last Tuesday afternoon Mr. Griffin was driving a small pony hitched to a buggy. It had been a custom with him to make the pony go at full speed by waving his hat to frighten it. He was thus urging the pony on for amusement, when the lines hanging over the dashboard, when it made a sudden turn on the embankment near the residence of Mr. Blakeney and upset the buggy. Mr. Griffin was thrown out and his leg was broken just above the ankle. He got up, caught the pony and hitched it to a tree. Mr. T. C. Lee, who got to him first, says the bone was actually sticking through the skin and resting on the ground. The wounded man was taken to the Monroe hospital and the wound was dressed as best it could be in the shattered condition of the limb. Mr. Griffin was very anxious that his foot should be saved, but by Friday it was seen that amputation was necessary, gangrene having set in. Dr. Pressley of Charlotte and the local doctors took off the leg early Friday evening. The patient rallied and became conscious, but soon after midnight became unconscious and remained so until he died at six o'clock Saturday morning.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

The remains of Jo. Jefferson, the actor who died at West Palm Beach, Fla., a week ago Saturday, were buried in Sandwich, Mass., last Sunday.

The Rock Hill Herald says: The large congregation that assembled at the Presbyterian church on Sunday morning to hear the decision of Rev. Mr. Lingle as to whether or not he would accept the call recently extended to him from Houston, Texas, was exceedingly gratified to learn that their pastor would remain here.

The Wilmington Messenger says that people are paying one hundred dollars an acre for trucking land in that section. A few years ago much of that land would not have brought one-tenth of that sum. Trucking has revolutionized farming and the price of lands and been a blessing to the State.

Arthur and J. D. Hooks, brothers, aged 11 and 6 years, were drowned near Cheraw, S. C., Saturday while bathing with a party of boys. The younger boy got over his depth and his brother noticing it, went to his rescue, and both were drowned. The bodies were recovered and taken to Wadesboro, N. C., for burial.

mined, open-hearted, manly young fellow, and his death, so unexpected and so terrible, threw a sadness over the community such as is seldom felt.

The funeral was held from the Baptist church Sunday morning and the building was crowded to its utmost capacity, all the churches of the town having suspended the regular morning service, and Rev. Mr. Ware of the Methodist, Atkinson of the Presbyterian, and Watson of the Baptist taking part.

Gaston Boy Wins Medal.

The third annual contest of the Philomathean Society endowment prize at Catawba College was held on Thursday night. The speakers and their subjects were: Paul R. Moore, "Men and Memories of the Southland;" Water H. Quinn, "The Existence of a God;" Robert H. Riddle, "The Old South;" Ross B. Forbes, "A Scene on a Battlefield." The decision was given to Mr. Riddle, of Gastonia.

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