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THE GASTONIA GAZETTE

Published Twice a Week—Tuesdays and Fridays.

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

GASTONIA, N. C., TUESDAY MAY 23, 1905.

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NO. 41

W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXVI.

THE CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

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COL. JIM SMITH'S BIG FARM.

What One Man in Georgia Has Accomplished on the Farm.

"Way down in Georgia," about twelve miles from Athens, on the line of the "Smithsonian," Smithsonia is not a town. Smithsonia is just a great big farm, a farm of 23,000 acres, the annual crops of which yield their owners some \$100,000 per annum, and the management of which centers in just one man, Col. James M. Smith, of Smithsonia.

Col. Smith is now 46 years old. He began farming just after the war on 65 of the thousands of acres that he now owns. His first year's crop cost him \$400. His harvest was just two bales of cotton and fifty bushels of corn. Now his farm produces each year:

- 3,000 bales of cotton. 25,000 bushels of corn. 12,000 bushels of wheat. 15,000 bushels of oats. 60,000 bushels of cowpeas. 6,000 bushels of sweet potatoes. 10,000 bushels of turkeys. 500 tons of hay and forage. There are many other products of the farm, and the department of the great enterprise turning out annually 20,000 pounds of beef for the market. Smithsonia on the whole is a remarkable example of what one man can do when he concentrates his energies intelligently on one thing.

When "Kahnel Jim" began to lay the foundation for Smithsonia he had a plan, particularly in the South, particularly in the South, to present the pitiful spectacle of land stricken with the double misfortunes of war and a long drought. That was thirty-eight years ago. Now the farm of thirty-five acres has grown to be a little republic. Hundreds of laborers and owners of all kinds find employment there and their children make a little army for the education of which six schools are provided on the farm.

Five hundred horses for the help a private railroad connects Smithsonia with the outer world. There is an electric lighting plant, a steam blacksmith shop which costs \$5,000 a year to operate, corn mills, distilleries, cotton seed oil mills, syrup mills, a wood working shop, a buggy repair shop, ironsmithing bars and sheds to shelter the cows and a complete system of waterworks. The land is covered by the hundred acres. Miles and miles are enumerated by the scores and last year there was one field of 1,000 acres planted in cotton on the farm.

Saving of Thousands Annually.

Gaston county voted last week to issue \$300,000 of 4 per cent 30-year bonds for improving public roads. That wide-awake county has now made possible the saving of thousands of dollars annually to the farmers who will use the roads. Bad roads are the heaviest possible tax to be placed upon the citizens of a county, and it is to be hoped that Stanley county will soon get to a point of realizing the truth of this statement.

Our present system is an improvement over the old, but the Enterprise expects to lend itself from this on toward creating a sentiment for a bond issue which will enable us to buy a rock crusher and other equipment for macadamizing of our public roads.

With a macadam road between Albemarle and Big Lick and Locust, others to New London, Norwood and Palmers, making an approximate total of 54 miles the county would be well covered. It would take time to bring about this change, but it can be done, and we don't need a heavy bond issue with which to make a start. We would like to get expression from many of the leading farmers and business men of the county regarding this question.

The county is growing in wealth and population. Let us be not behind.

Ten Bank Officers in One Prison.

The penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, opened its doors Saturday to receive A. B. Spear, late cashier of the Oberlin bank, to close upon him for seven long years. He is the tenth bank official on the present roll of that institution.

Just think of it—ten bank officials and no two of them, we suppose, from the same bank, serving terms at the same time in one prison for embezzlement and other fraudulent transactions with the money entrusted to their keeping by the patrons of the banks. Some of these are men who had occupied positions of trust and responsibility for years. Some had, by application, attention to duty and tried honesty worked their way up from low-grade clerkships to the leading positions in the banks. No doubt, some of them, before they fell had been more than once sorely tempted to commit criminal breaches of their trusts, but had resisted the temptation. But the time came with each one of these when the strain on their moral strength was greater than they could bear and conscience gave way. Moral fortitude to stand up against some temporary pecuniary embarrassment deserted them. The tempter told them they could take the money entrusted to their safe-keeping for their pressing needs and return it before their action was found out; that there were many men now living in wealth and standing high in the estimation of the moral and financial world who had done the same; that it would be easy by speculation to make enough money to pay back what they had taken and to leave a goodly sum for themselves.

No doubt there are among these ten men some who falsified accounts, made false statements, who, before they had given way to the first temptation, would have recoiled with horror at the bare suggestion that they should make temporary use of any of the money of others over which they had control, but after awhile they began to listen to the tempter, but still refused to do his bidding. Then they began to argue the matter with him, still resisting, though that resistance grew weaker and weaker until at last the fatal step was taken with the idea of early restoration and some of the bank's money was secretly "borrowed." Thence the downward road was easy which ended in disgrace and a cell in the penitentiary.

An Unwreckable Train.

At the International Railroad Congress, in Washington this week, a deliberate attempt to wreck a train was made, but failed. We had an account of it in a letter to The Baltimore Sun. The attempt to wreck the train was made by George on Westinghouse, the electrical wizard. A train composed of 80 brand new steel cars, which had been delivered, was made up, and to it was attached an ordinary locomotive. The train was then set late three pieces, two of which were allowed to stand idle on the track. The third, however, to which the engine was attached, they moved down the track a distance of about two miles. The engineer opened the throttle and the third portion of the train rushed down the track at a speed of 40 miles an hour. It crashed into the second section of the train and the latter into the third. Instead of plunging the cars up on the tracks in a tangled mass there was just a quiver, and then the train motioned, which had been automatically resisted, settled down on the tracks as if nothing had happened.

All the cars were equipped with what is known as the friction draft gear, which absorbs the strain. The same performance was repeated with a single phase electric locomotive. This is the first time that an electric locomotive has ever drawn that number of cars. It looks like the inventors are at last making real progress in the matter of reducing the dangers of the rail.

WITH THE ROPE.

Ten Texas Steers in 6:10 is the New World's Record.

Charleston News and Courier.

What is believed to be the world's record on ten steers was made by J. R. Carroll, of Oklahoma, at the base ball park Sunday afternoon in the world's championship roping contest, between him and Clay McGonagill. McGonagill is the popular puncher and roper of San Angelo. These two men—acknowledged the best in the business, met in contest before a crowd of 3,000 people Sunday.

Each man roped ten steers. Carroll made the remarkable time of 6 minutes and 9 seconds McGonagill who had hard luck on three of his steers, took 7 minutes 56 3-5 seconds for his ten. McGonagill made the best time on an individual steer, getting his fifth in 25 seconds. Carroll's best time was on his last steer, which he got in 28 seconds. The world's best time for ten steers is not known, but it is believed Carroll's 6 minutes and 9 seconds reduces it, whatever it is, by many seconds.

Both men were in magnificent form, all the horses used did work which suggested almost human knowledge of the game, the steers, with a few exceptions, were wild enough to suit the most critical, and the immense crowd, which packed the stand and bleachers and leaked out onto the edge of the field, was wildly enthusiastic.

McGonagill used three horses, his ponies, Rowdy, Sunflower and Rambler. Carroll used but two horses, Red Buck and Jack Hill. The latter and Rowdy showed themselves past perfect pressissimo masters of the art of roping, and many an envious eye was cast toward these cow ponies by the hundreds of punchers present who had come off the range to see the contest. More than once Rowdy and Jack Hill prevented a steer getting to his feet again after the throw by hauling away and backward from the animal, thereby keeping its head down, and drawn back, while the agile cowboystwisted the hand rope quickly around the flying legs.

The roping began promptly at 2:30 o'clock and continued to the finish without a hitch. Not a steer was crippled, not a rider was spilled and not a complaint was registered by any one.

McGonagill and Rambler did pretty work on the Taxan's eighth steer, although the time was only 45 2-5 seconds. The steer was a fast one, but Rambler was faster and got alongside before the fence corner was reached. A hard fall resulted and McGonagill was off like lightning and after the steer's legs. Before he could reach the steer tried to get up. Quick as a flash the pony swung his weight on the rope and sidestepped to draw the animal's head back. McGonagill did the rest.

Mounting his favorite horse, Rowdy, a ten-year-old that has helped win nearly \$50,000 in prizes, McGonagill made up for three bad breaks by getting his ninth steer in 26 2-5 seconds, and his tenth in 26 3-5 seconds. In both the steers were thrown after a hard run to the far corner of the field. The work on both of these was quick and sure and without an instant's delay. On the ninth steer, McGonagill took 9 3-5 seconds from time he quit his horse until he threw up his arms. When the Texan went after his tenth steer a mad race to the fence in the far corner ensued. Just as it looked as if both horse and steer were going crash bang into the fence, McGonagill threw his rope. He got the steer by one horn. The pony stopped, but the steer did not. He sailed over the fence like an antelope, the rope jerking loose as he landed on the other side. It was ruled that this did not count and another steer was turned out. Mr. McGonagill got him in quick order.

A feature of the work of both men Sunday was the rapidity with which they tied their steers. McGonagill cut down his total time in this manner in nearly every instance. While he did the quickest work in this regard on any one steer, his average was not better than Carroll, who made a remarkably quick tie on each steer and on two took ten seconds from the moment he dismounted. Neither man broke a rope during the contest, although each had a rope slip off after the steer had been lassoed.

Carroll's record for the day was the subject of much comment and praise. On only one steer did he take over a minute and in that case, broke over the mark only two seconds. One

SOME FACTS AND FANCIES.

Boys will be boys. When Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer of the law of gravitation, was a lad at school, he was small and stood low in his class. The fact that the Newton boy was neither strong nor even smartly dressed, caused him to serve in the capacity of a butt for the bullies. One big boy in particular made it his business to punch, kick and cuff him on all occasions in class or out. This continued for a month. One day the little boy invited the big one out into the church-yard and there fell upon him tooth and claw. The big boy had strength, but the little boy had right on his side. The schoolmaster looked over the wall and shouted, "Thrice armed is he who knows his cause is just." In two minutes the bully was beaten, but the schoolmaster's son who stood by as master of ceremonies, suggested that the big boy have his nose rubbed against the wall of the church for lack. This was accordingly done, not o'ergently, and when Isaac returned to the school room, the master, who was supposed to know nothing officially of the fighting, prophesied, "Young Mr. Newton will yet beat any boy in this school in his studies." And now all the world knows how true was the prediction of the school-master at Grantham, whose name was Stokes.

Ever go back to the home of your childhood? Ever notice how the babbling brook had shrunk; how the sycamore trees all seemed so much smaller than when as a barefoot boy you used to play under their great sheltering limbs; and some-how everything seemed to have dwindled? Even the hills had grown to look like mole hills in comparison to what they were when we had to climb them, with a half bushel of new fangled seed corn that a person neighbor wanted Pa to try. How heavy it seemed! The same old hill is there; the same rocks; the sheltering oaks. The "swimmin' hole" in the creek nearby to seemed have filled up. Everything looked familiar, but how each and every place that we loved so well as a child had dwindled!

It was very gratifying to the writer to learn that the necessary bonds had been voted with which to build good roads in "Old Gaston." We were slow to move in the direction of any kind of reform or improvement, but when once the good people of Gaston county get started on the right track, there is no stopping them. Time was when the only thing of note that the good county of Gaston was distinguished for was forty government distilleries. What a change has taken place in the short period of twenty years.

Over in Japan they have some strange customs. In the "Land of the Rising Sun" when one is in love he does not kiss his lady love; simply shakes her hand. What a pity. The writer has the authority of a Japanese lecturer for this statement. He is touring the South at the present writing and his lecture is extremely interesting. Monsieur Okano Yamato Danji, for this is the name that he is hailed by in his native country, is well educated; speaks almost faultless English; and is withal a good politician—for he has already learned the art of flattery and he never fails to throw innumerable bouquets at the United States during the course of his lecture. Nevertheless, one is impressed with the fact

that there is a feeling of gratitude existing in the heart of the little brown man from the far East, toward this country. Ever kiss a girl? Ever get flogged for it? No? Well, if you live up in the glorious Blue Ridge mountains in the "Land of the Sky" they call it, you are certainly liable to be chastised for osculating. A short time ago a little fellow about twelve or thirteen years of age, a pupil of the Graded school, in the city of Asheville, made so bold as to kiss a pretty little girl, did so with malice aforethought; premeditated—with malice intent, so the teacher thought. Anyway, this young Beau Brummel was dragged up and given a severe dusting by the principal of the school. Smarting under his stripes, the little fellow left for home and mother. After listening to the tale of woe poured forth by his offspring, the irate father proceeded to swear out a warrant for the school-master for assault. The case was tried in the Police Court one day last week and after lengthy arguments by counsel both pro and con the decision of the Judge was given for the plaintiff, and the teacher was found guilty and fined \$10.

A good story is that concerning a suit brought by a Buffalo woman for the loss of her husband who was killed in an accident. And yet the lady is not a widow. Since the deceased of her erstwhile, she has married the attorney who conducted the case in which she recovered five thousand dollars. So the attorney who appeared for the lady who lost her husband was her husband and the jury on seeing and hearing her husband, promptly gave damages for the loss of the first. Wasn't it wise in the widow to marry her attorney, for otherwise, what per cent of damage would she eventually have received? As it is, the law fixes her share at one third, but she will have to wait until her counsel dies in order to realize.

WHY Await the Millennium. Louisville Cir. Lincoln Journal. This section has not transferred its citizenship to Gaston county yet. She will bide her time, and wait the convening of the—well, millennium, or Will o'Wisp—See?

SUIT AGAINST A DOCTOR.

For Failure to Attend Plaintiff's Wife in Case of Mortal Illness. Chapel Hill News.

We learn that Dr. Manning, of the Whitfield section, has entered suit against Dr. Isaac M. Manning, of Chapel Hill, for \$5,000. The case will probably come up at the civil term of Orange Superior court, which convenes Monday, May 22nd. The cause for this suit was brought about in this way. Dr. Manning's wife was sick and he came to town after a doctor, and it is claimed by him that Dr. Manning told him to go, but he failed to do so, and his wife died. Dr. Manning, we understand, claims that he did not make any promise. Either Dr. Manning or Mr. Heaver has made a mistake and a lit. one, too. We suppose the court will have to settle.

Whiskey in Horse Collars.

Managers Letter in Topics Capital. The officers have just discovered a new method of smuggling liquor. A treasurer meeting for a railroad grade divided the plan. He had two very large horse collars made with tight. He would make regular trips to Texas and every time he would return the liquor would get drunk. After watching him for a long time the officer became convinced that he would take the extra horse collars with him and bring them back full of whiskey. Each collar would hold about two gallons of liquor. The man is under arrest.

He Could Bragg, Too.

Anderson Mail. This story was told on the streets yesterday. It may or may not be true: A Greenville man went to New York. While there he met a man from Sumpter. "How often do you visit New York?" inquired the Sumpter man. "This is my first visit," replied the gentleman from Greenville. "Why," said the Sumpter man, rather proudly, "I come to New York, twice a year." The Greenville man wasn't crest-fallen a little bit, and he was resourceful. "Have you ever been to Anderson?" he asked. "No," replied the gentleman from Sumpter. "I've never been there." "Well," replied the Greenville man, with withering scorn, "I go to Anderson twice a month."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 109 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

YEAGER'S NECKWEAR and LACES!

We have just received two new shipments of Ladies' Neckwear, comprising every style and quality known in the fashionable centers. And all at reasonable prices 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

For the lace buyers of Gastonia and Gaston county we are offering 10,000 yards of beautiful laces which have just arrived. We secured these laces at a price so that we can sell them at 5c per yard. They comprise val, torchons and real laces.

Our vals at 5c are the great leaders in the trimming of white dresses for the summer season. To match these laces we can furnish materials for dresses—beautiful and sheer in mill chiffon, chiffon cloth, French lawns, French batiste, India lawns, Persian lawns, French organdies, and Nainsooks.

In this large, varied, and beautiful selection, we are able to offer you the very low prices for the quality of the goods, of 5c, 8c, 10c, 12 1-2c, 15c, 18c, 20c, 25c, 35c, 50c. These run in widths from 30 to 72 inches wide. For additional attractions in novelties, dress goods and millinery, visit the Ladies' store. We cordially invite your inspection.

JAS. F. YEAGER.

Insomnia!

You can become a fast sleeper by protecting your property by means of a policy in a reliable insurance company. You could carry the risk yourself, but the premiums on an insurance policy are but small things when reckoned against the loss you would sustain if the property should burn and the apprehension of such a catastrophe you are under daily and nightly. A word to us and we'll insure you against loss and worryment.

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ROYAL Baking Powder Makes Clean Bread

With Royal Baking Powder there is no mixing with the hands, no sweat of the brow. Perfect cleanliness, greatest facility, sweet, clean, healthful food.

Full instructions in the "Royal Baker and Pastry Cook" book for making all kinds of bread, biscuit and cake with Royal Baking Powder. Gratis to any address.