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PUBLISHED TWICE A WEEK—TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.

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W. F. MARSHALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOL. XXVI.

GASTONIA, N. C., TUESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1905.

NO. 69.

THE Citizens National Bank OF GASTONIA

CAPITAL - - - - - \$50,000

Showed business men appreciate the progressive conservatism which governs all the transactions of this bank, insuring ABSOLUTELY SAFE BANKING.

OFFICERS: R. P. Rankin, President. C. N. Evans, Vice-President. A. G. Myers, Cashier. DIRECTORS: R. P. Rankin, C. N. Evans, J. M. Sloan, J. A. Glass, R. R. Haysan.

Your Business Respectfully Solicited.

YORK AND YORKVILLE.

What's Doing Among our Neighbors Just Across the Line.

Yorkville Insurance.

Rev. J. Walter Simpson, son of Dr. I. Simpson of this city, left this week for New York, and on Saturday he will sail for Edinburgh, Scotland, where he will study for several months. Before returning he expects to make a tour through Europe and visit Egypt and other of the old countries.

Rock Hill is again assured of an ice factory which will be in operation by the opening of the next season. Mr. S. C. Campbell of St. Louis, who visited Rock Hill recently to look into the situation, has written Secretary Jas. Wood of the Commercial club, that he has decided to locate here, and enclosed a check for \$250 as a guarantee that work on the building for the factory will be commenced within ninety days.

The first bale of new cotton was brought to the Yorkville market yesterday by Mr. J. E. Brandon of McConellsville, and was bought by Messrs. Letta Bros., for 11 cents a pound. The bale was ginned by Mr. J. Claude Bell of Guthrieville, who did the ginning and furnished the bagging and ties free of charge.

President T. P. Moore of the Neely Manufacturing company, had a letter on Wednesday from Mr. W. S. Lee, Jr., of the Catawba Power company, in which Mr. Lee stated that he expected to commence work on the line from the power house to Yorkville during the week. Although it is being received the Neely Manufacturing company's electrical apparatus comes on and we will use our best efforts to have power ready as soon as you are.

Sunday morning as some children of Blacksburg were on their way to Sunday school their attention was attracted by the noise of a dog barking, which sound seemed to come from an abandoned well in a vacant lot opposite D. R. Bird's store. On investigation the dog was found to be one belonging to Mrs. W. A. Baber of this town and means were taken to get it out. A negro boy was lowered into the well and brought the dog up. It is a pretty water spaniel and has been missing since the first day of August. It was believed that the dog had been stolen. The dog was very emaciated but otherwise unharmed.

Mr. R. W. Whitesides of Smyrna was in Yorkville Tuesday and was full of enthusiasm over some fine Southdown sheep owned by Mr. Baxter Whitesides of the Bethany neighborhood. One ram in the flock of Mr. Baxter Whitesides weighs 220, and a lamb only eight months old weighs 110 pounds. Mr. Whitesides laments that sheep raising is a thing of the past in the Smyrna neighborhood. He has 16 sheep; Mr. R. T. Castles has 25 or 30; Mr. R. T. Love about a dozen; Mr. Irwin Neeland 4 or 5; Mr. John McDonald 4 or 5, and that is all that Mr. Whitesides can think of in his whole section.

It is due to the people of Yorkville that the Southern railway erect a decent freight depot at this place. Yorkville pays to the Southern from \$5,000 to \$7,000 a month for freight. The depot, which can be called such only by courtesy, is an old shell of a building put up originally as a temporary warehouse and left by a fire which destroyed the depot building proper, which was really not much better. The so-called freight

depot is a hundred yards or more from the passenger depot, and very inconvenient of access. It is utterly inadequate for the purposes for which it is being used. The railroad people have had plenty of time in which to put up a decent building and they should attend to the matter without any further delay.

New Tom Johnson Know.

Philadelphia Telegraph. Tom L. Johnson, multi-millionaire, free trader, mayor of Cleveland and former congressman, who was in Philadelphia on Wednesday, and took occasion to congratulate Mayor Weaver on his campaign for good government, is one of the most picturesque characters in the political world, and has frequently jarred his opponents in the most unexpected manner. There is a good story told of the strenuous Ohioan's characteristic of taking any advantage that might be presented, while at the same time vigorously opposing the conditions that make them possible.

It was while he was in congress and waging vigorous warfare against the trusts. There were those of his colleagues on the other side who did not agree with him, and wearying of the repeated demands for legislation the late Dr. Dingley of Maine, the author of the war revenue bill, made a speech in which he said plumply that the clamor against the trusts was all for effect, and that as a matter of fact there was no such thing as a trust in existence.

Mr. Johnson was greatly interested. "How about the steel rail trust?" he demanded. "There is no such thing as a steel rail trust," replied Mr. Dingley, "and never was."

"Well," said Mr. Johnson, cheerfully, "there is a steel rail trust, and I am president of it." Mr. Dingley sat down without another word.

Shooting a Steer.

Washburn Democrat. Mr. B. P. Brannock lost a fine work steer in a rather peculiar way last Friday. He had the animal in stocks, preparatory to shoeing, when he struggled terrifically, and in some way dislocated his neck, dying almost instantly.

New Senators Are Made.

Louisville Courier-Journal. A first-class man cannot afford to go to Congress for \$5,000 a year. He is not willing to surrender freedom and influence at home to take poverty and slavery at Washington. He prefers to make Senators than to be a Senator himself.

The large and conveniently arranged Riddick house at Wake Forest has been opened up for a club house and an effort will be made to provide a better grade of board for the students than the regular clubs have been able to give. The club will be known as "The Students Home."

A number of New York women have formed themselves into a cat club for the purpose, it is said, of cultivating an interest in the ownership of thoroughbred cats, to find homes and care for vagrant cats, and to give private and public feline exhibitions. Well, this is one better than the poodle business.

FUTURE OF THE NEGRO

Thos. Dixon Discusses Booker T. Washington. Colonization Only Safe Solution.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST

For Mr. Booker T. Washington as a man and leader of his race I have always had the warmest admiration. His life is a romance which appeals to the heart of universal humanity. The story of a little ragged, bare-footed picaninny who lifted his eyes from a cabin in the hills of Virginia, saw a vision and followed it, until at last he presides over the richest and most powerful institution of learning in the south, and sits down with crowned heads and presidents, has no parallel even in the Tales of the Arabian Nights.

The spirit of the man, too, has always impressed me with its breadth, generosity, and wisdom. The aim of his work is noble and inspiring. As I understand it from his own words, it is "to make negroes producers, lovers of labor, honest, independent, good." His plan for doing this is to lead the negro to the goal through the development of solid character, intelligent industry, and material acquisition.

Only a fool or a knave can find fault with such an ideal. It rests squarely on the eternal verities. And yet it will not solve the negro problem nor bring it within sight of its solution. Upon the other hand, it will only intensify that problem's dangerous features, complicate and make more difficult its ultimate settlement.

It is this tragic fact to which I am trying to call the attention of the nation.

I have for the negro race only pity and sympathy, though every large convention of negroes since the appearance of my first historical novel on the race problem has gone out of its way to denounce me and declare my books caricatures and libels on their people. Their mistake is a natural one. My books are hard reading for a negro, and yet the negroes, in denouncing them, are unwittingly denouncing one of their best friends.

I have been intimately associated with negroes since the morning of my birth during the Civil War. My household servants are all negroes. I took them to Boston with me, moved them to New York, and they now have entire charge of my Virginia home. The first row I ever had on the negro problem was when I moved to Boston from the south to take charge of a fashionable church in the Hub. I attempted to import my baby's negro nurse into a Boston hotel. The proprietor informed me that no "coon" could occupy a room in his house in any capacity, either as guest or servant. I gave him a piece of my mind and left within an hour.

As a friend of the negro race I claim that he should have the opportunity for the highest, noblest and freest development of his full, rounded manhood. He has never had this opportunity in America, either north or south, and he never can have it. The forces against him are overwhelming.

My books are simply merciless records of conditions as they exist, conditions that can have but one ending if they are not honestly and fearlessly faced. The Civil War abolished chattel slavery. It did not settle the negro problem. It settled the Union question and created the negro problem. Frederick Harrison, the English philosopher, declared that the one great shadow which clouds the future of the American Republic is the irreconcilable conflict between the negro and white man in the development of our society. Mr. James Bryce recently made a similar statement.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE OSTRICH MAN.

If allowed to remain here the negro race in the United States will number 60,000,000 at the end of this century by their present rate of increase. Think of what this means for a moment and you face the gravest problem which ever puzzled the brain of statesman or philosopher. No such problem ever before confronted the white man in his recorded history. It cannot be whistled down by opportunists, politicians, weak-minded optimists or female men. It must be squarely met and fought to a finish.

Several classes of people at

present obstruct any serious consideration of this question—the pot-house politician, the ostrich man, the pooh-pooh man, and the benevolent old maid. The politician is still busy over the black man's vote in doubtful states. The pooh-pooh man needs no definition—he was born a fool. The benevolent old maid contributes every time the hat is passed and is pretty sure to do as much harm as good in the long run to any cause. The ostrich is the funniest of all this group of obstructionists, for he is a man of brains and capacity.

I have a friend of this kind in New York. He got after me the other day somewhat in this fashion:

"What do you want to keep agitating this infernal question for? There's no danger in it unless you stir it. Let it alone. I grant you that the negro race is a poor, worthless parasite, whose criminal and animal instincts threaten society. But the negro is here to stay. We must train him. It is the only thing we can do. So what's the use to waste your breath?"

"But what about the future when you have educated the negro?" I asked timidly.

"Let the future take care of itself!" the ostrich man shouted. "We live in the present. What's the use to worry about Hell? If I can scramble through this world successfully I'll take my chances with the Hell problem!"

My friend forgets that this was precisely the line of argument of our fathers over the question of negro slavery. When the construction statesmen of Virginia (called pessimists and insidels in their day) foresaw the coming baptism of fire and blood ('61 to '65) over the negro slave, they attempted to destroy the slave trade and abolish slavery. My friend can find his very words in the answers of their opponents. "Let the future take care of itself! The slaves are here and here to stay. Greater evils await their freedom. We need their labor. Let the question alone. There is no danger in it unless you stir it."

The truth which is gradually forcing itself upon thoughtful students of our national life is that no scheme of education or religion can solve the race problem, and that Mr. Booker T. Washington's plan, however high and noble, can only intensify its difficulties.

This conviction is based on a few big fundamental facts, which no pooh-poohing, ostrich-dodging, weak-minded philanthropy or political rant can obscure.

The first one is that no amount of education of any kind, industrial, classical or religious, can make a negro a white man or bridge the chasm of the centuries which separate him from the white man in the evolution of human civilization.

Expressed even in the most brutal terms of Anglo-Saxon superiority there is here an irrefutable fact. It is possibly true, as the negro, Professor Kelly Miller claims, that the Anglo-Saxon is "the most arrogant and rapacious, the most exclusive and intolerant race in history." Even so, what answer can be given to his cold-blooded proposition: "Can you change the color of the negro's skin, the link of his hair, the balge of his lip or the beat of his heart with a spelling book or a machine?"

WHAT ABRAHAM LINCOLN SAID. No man has expressed this idea more clearly than Abraham Lincoln when he said: "There is a physical difference between the white and black races which I believe, will forever forbid their living together on terms of social and political equality."

Whence this physical difference? Its secret lies in the gulf of thousands of years of inherited progress which separates the child of the Aryan from the child of the African.

Beckle in his History of Civilization says: "The actions of bad men produce only temporary good. The discoveries of genius alone remain: it is to them we owe all that we now have; they are for all ages and for all times; never young and never old they bear the seeds of

their own lives; they are essentially cumulative."

Judged by this supreme test, what contribution to human progress have the millions of Africans who inhabit this planet made during the past four thousand years? Absolutely nothing. And yet Mr. Booker T. Washington is a recent burst of eloquence over his educational work boldly declares:

"The negro race has developed more rapidly in the thirty years of its freedom than the Latin race has in one thousand years of freedom."

Think for a moment of the pitiful puerility of this statement falling from the lips of the greatest and wisest leader the negro has yet produced!

Italy is the mother of genius, the inspiration of the ages, the creator of architecture, agriculture, manufacture, commerce, law, science, philosophy, finance, church organization, sculpture, music, painting and literature and yet the American negro in thirty years has outstripped her thousands of years of priceless achievement!

Education is the development of that which is. The negro has held the continent of Africa since the dawn of history, crumpling acres of diamonds beneath his feet. Yet he never picked one up from the dust until a white man showed to him its light. His land swarmed with powerful and docile animals, yet he never built a harness, cart or sled. A hunter by necessity, he never made an axe, spear or arrowhead worth preserving beyond the moment of its use. In a land of stone and timber, he never carved a block, sawed a foot of lumber or built a house save of broken sticks and mud, and for four thousand years he gazed upon the sea yet never dreamed a sail.

Who is the greatest negro that ever lived according to Booker T. Washington? Through all his books he speaks this man's name with bated breath and uncovered head—"Frederick Douglass of sainted memory!" And what did Saint Frederick do? Spent a life in bombastic vituperation of the men whose genius created the American Republic, wore himself out finally drawing his salary as a Federal office-holder, and at last achieved the climax of negro sainthood by marrying a white woman!

WHAT EDUCATION CANNOT DO. Says the author of Napoleon, Honorable Thomas E. Watson: "Education is a good thing, but it never did and never will alter the essential character of any man or race of men."

I repeat, education is the development of that which is. Behold the man whom the rags of slavery once concealed—nine millions strong! This creature, with a racial record of four thousand years of incapacity, half-child, half-animal, the sport of impulse, whim and conceit, pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw, a being who, left to his will, roams at night and sleeps in the day, whose native tongue has framed no word of love, whose passions once aroused are as the tiger's equality in the law of our life—when he is educated and ceases to fill his useful sphere as servant and peasant, what are you going to do with him?

The second big fact which confronts the thoughtful, patriotic American is that the greatest calamity which could possibly befall this republic would be the corruption of our national character by the assimilation of the negro race. I have never seen a white man of any brains who disputes this fact. I have never seen a negro of any capacity who did not deny it.

One thought I would burn into the soul of every young American (and who thinks of a negro when he says "American?") this: Our republic is great not by reason of the amount of dirt we possess, or the size of our census roll, but because of the genius of the race of pioneer white freemen who settled this continent, dared the might of kings, and blazed the way through our wilderness for the trembling feet of liberty.

A distinguished negro college professor recently expressed himself as to the future American in one of our great periodicals as follows: "All race prejudice will be eradicated. Physically, the new race will be much the stronger. It will be endowed with a higher intelligence and clearer conception of God than the whites of the west have ever had. It will be much less material than the American white of to-day. It will be especially concerned

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

NEW THINGS for AUTUMN

OUR new fall goods, including the new fall millinery, are arriving constantly. It is a study with us to anticipate the wants of our customers, and this season is no exception to the rule that as soon as our customer realizes even a prospective want, we have the new goods and the new styles to supply it. And where the want is not yet well defined, a look at our goods and styles will help you reach a decision that satisfies.

JAMES F. YEAGER Ladies' Furnishings

FARM STOCK and VEHICLES

Our first lot of Tennessee Stock for fall selling has just arrived—a nice lot of young mules, horses and mares specially adapted to farm use. This stock has all been carefully selected for us by our Tennessee buyer, who supplied us last season with upward of 500 horses and mules. Come at once and make the choice that suits you. Terms are favorable, as usual. Extra big supply of vehicles of every kind. Biggest line of rubber tires we have ever carried, among them some vehicles sure to interest you.

Full Line of Mowers and Rakes

CRAIG & WILSON

CHERRYVILLE.

Remarkably Low Fever Record—Scraping the Streets—A Great Family Reunion.

Correspondence of the Gazette.

Cherryville, Aug. 28.—Dog days are gone and the rains continue.

Cherryville is having her streets worked between rails by means of a scraper mounted under a four wheel concern that might be termed a wagon, which is drawn by a steam engine. It does execution where it goes, and it goes too.

Cherryville has, at present, two cases of fever. A few fever cases in the country.

Two cases of typhoid fever have been the average in the town of Cherryville for the last five years; so says one of the physicians here.

There is quite a number of people visiting friends and relatives here, but such stuff is of no interest to about 95% of your readers, therefore I will not take up your time with such recitals.

Friday the 23rd inst. was the reunion of the late E. A. Randall's descendants at the old homestead. There were present of the children, their wives and husbands 16; grand-children, their wives and husbands 47; great-grand-children 19; making a total of 82 present and there was not a full turner either. I will not tell you the number that was not present, for fear of being accused of stretching the blanket. After an address, which was delivered by the pastor of the Lutheran church at Cherryville, Rev. E. H. Kohn, the crowd assembled around a table 60 feet in length, filled with good things, such as are required to make a hungry man smile all over his face. It goes without saying that the fried chicken, ham, pies, cakes, pickles and other delicacies were enjoyed by the crowd which, all told, numbered 100. There were fully 12 baskets of the fragments gathered up, not counting the chicken bones that had been scattered.

AMICUS.

United States deputy collectors Samuels and Hasty who some months ago assaulted and unmercifully beat Editor R. A. Deal, of the Wilkesboro Chronicle, for printing an article in his paper distasteful to them were tried in the Wilkesboro Superior court last week, found guilty, and sentenced Samuels to three months and Hasty to six months in jail.

Dr. J. M. Hunter

OF ROCK HILL, S. C.

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The Gazette Printing House for

FOR SALE

Make, Wagon, Plow, and other Farming Utensils. Until Friday September 1st, I offer for private sale my entire stock of mules, plows, wagons and farming implements of all kinds. All may be seen and inspected at my farm known as the big Andy Cloninger place. I will mention the following few which are several stands of new (75 to 100 lbs each), heavy wheels, new, like good ones, wagon, plow, mule, drill, the new one, 100 lbs, etc. etc. Make the tools 100-20 via. etc. Such of the above as has not been disposed of by private sale will be sold at auction for cash on the first day of September on my premises. A. M. 12 ANDREW CLONINGER.