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Fortune's wheel turns best for him If we but knew it - Who always puts, with all his vim, His shoulder to it."

And the main impetus of making the wheel of Fortune roll the way you want it is Saving. But there are ways and ways of saving. :: ::

Depositors Receive Every Consideration

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

PROTECT THE BIRD'S NEST.

Parents Should see to it That Children are not Allowed to Destroy the Eggs of Song Birds and Insect Eaters.

Messrs. Editors: This morning with the first streaks of dawn, there awoke about almost every home of a Progressive Farmer reader the songs of numerous birds; for this is not only the spring of the year with the fruit grower, the farmer and the fisherman, but it is the spring of the wild things as well. It is now that there is being constructed on every hand numerous examples of that wonderful type of architecture which no man can duplicate, namely, the bird nest. Every nest is the centre of interest and devotion of a pair of the happiest and most useful of God's wild creatures. The nest is not built as a home in the sense of a resting and sleeping place for birds, but is made as a safe depository for the eggs and a cradle for the young.

I presume that ever since civilized boy first walked the earth and watched the birds as they sang and loved and built their nests there has been a feeling in the embryonic masculine brain that it was good to rifle the nests of their contents. This sort of vandalism seems occasionally to be so deeply implanted in the mind of a boy that in mature years the lust for unnecessary slaughter still abides with him.

Some years ago the writer saw a man twenty-one years old shoot a mother robin as she sat on her nest. Chancing to pass that way two days later, I found the remains still in place on the nest, the head hanging downward over the rim, swinging desolately in the evening wind. Curiosity led me up the tree and out the long limb to the nest. Then I discovered that when death came to the bird she was brooding her newly hatched young. To these, however, death had now mercilessly come and the ants were doing the rest. I inquired carefully into the home training of the man behind the gun, and learned that at the age of twelve he began a collection of bird eggs with two or three companions and had patrolled the neighborhood with great care, robbing every nest which could be found; even those eggs which bore evidences of being so far advanced in incubation that it was impossible to blow the contents through the small holes made at either end of the egg, were also taken - the boys explaining that if they took these, the birds would build another nest and the next time they could get nice fresh eggs for their collection.

His accumulation of eggs did not bear the least evidence of having been gathered by scientific methods. They were not even gathered in "cintches;" there was no record of the location of the nest, number of eggs which the nest contained, state of advancement of the incubation, materials of which the nest was composed, habits of the birds, and other data, always carefully preserved in scientific collections. The boy apparently had no real love for this work, his chief object being to gather more eggs than his rivals. The collection, of course, was soon deprived of his care; mice got to them and ate the shells. Now, when he was grown to a man this destructive instinct which he had so much cultivated caused him to take pleasure in such wanton cruelty as shooting a parent bird on its nest. This boy's parents always allowed him to rob the nests of birds or shoot the old ones at pleasure, not realizing the hardening effect

which such a life was having on the sensibilities of their child. What chance is there of cultivating in the mind of a boy, thus trained, any appreciation for the high and beautiful things of life? Aside from the evil which a boy like this does to his own character, he also greatly wrongs the community by wantonly destroying the lives of useful birds. The robin belongs to the thrush family, all the representatives of which are widely known for their value as destroyers of insects and are more or less famed for the beauty of their song. The above is but one example of thousands of instances which occur every spring in North Carolina and throughout the South. The chief reason for this useless destruction of bird life by destroying their nests, is due to the thoughtlessness of parents. So many people do not stop to think that the bird has a place on the farm and a work to do, otherwise God would have not placed it there.

The State Audubon Society has published and distributed thousands of leaflets giving detailed information regarding the feeding habits and the economic value of our common birds of the State. These leaflets may be had by request from this office, and it is our desire to place them in the hands of every man in North Carolina who has been intrusted by kind Providence with the rearing and instruction of children. It is morally wrong to rob the nests of useful birds, and it is a violation of the laws of the State to do so. The bird egg is a beautiful thing, but the proper place for it is in the nest. T. GILBERT PRARSON, Secretary of the State Audubon Society, Greensboro, N. C.

NO EXCUSE FOR CATARRH.

Worst Cases Quickly Cured by Breathing Hyomei. Guaranteed by J. H. Kennedy and Company.

There is really not the slightest excuse for anyone having catarrh, now that Hyomei is so widely known and so easily obtained. The worst cases of catarrh are quickly cured, simply by breathing the remedy through the pocket inhaler that comes with every outfit.

Used in this way for a few minutes four times a day, every particle of air that reaches the nose, throat and lungs is laden with germ-killing and health-giving Hyomei.

The sale of the old-fashioned stomach remedies for catarrh has been reduced to almost nothing since the introduction of Hyomei. J. H. Kennedy & Co. will tell you that their sales on this out-of-date line have fallen off at least two-thirds in the last few years while the demand for Hyomei has increased as its curative powers became more widely known.

The complete outfit, consisting of a neat pocket inhaler, a medicine dropper, and a bottle of Hyomei costs only one dollar, while extra bottles can be obtained for 50 cents, making Hyomei the most economical, as well as the most reliable method for curing catarrh. J. H. Kennedy & Co. positively guarantee a cure when Hyomei is used in accordance with directions, as they will refund the purchase price.

MR. EDISON INTERVIEWED.

An Observer Man Runs the Distinguished Visitor Down and Gets a Few Points of Interest Mr. Edison Found by the Road-side Digging for Cobalt.

By R. C. R. in Charlotte Observer.

Lincolnton, May 25.—Mr. Thomas Alva Edison, of West Orange, N. J., is here searching for cobalt, or in the language of his men, the manguese wad or the mineral tramp. Mr. Edison has invented and is making a storage battery, the weight of which makes it objectionable. If cobalt can be found in sufficient quantities to mine the weight of the battery can be reduced considerably by mixing it with the nickel used.

The coming of the great inventor to North Carolina has caused somewhat of a sensation. The good people of the State have opened their gates to him and are ready and eager to help him in any way possible. Fifteen years ago Mr. Edison went to Charlotte and lived there for a month or more, trying an experiment on iron ore, but at that time he had not become the famous man that he is to-day.

I arrived here this morning, having been sent by The Observer to interview Mr. Edison, and found that the distinguished visitor had left early in the day for Pasour's mountain. No one seemed to know which way he had gone but everybody was certain that he was traveling in one of his pair of White automobile touring cars, which had brought the party from New Jersey. Being fond of following a trail I got a negro, a team and a buggy and set out in the wake of the large machine. Col. Robert S. Reinhardt, who knows everything good that takes place in this beautiful, quaint old city, being appealed to for information, declared that Mr. Edison had gone out the Laboratory road, by the home of Mr. Daniel E. Rhyne. We drove that way for some distance without seeing any signs of an automobile but finally came to a place in the road where two large tracks, like those of tremendous snakes, had gone suddenly to the right and two smaller ones had cut and see-sawed to the left.

"Dat's it," said the negro, "cause I done see where dat horse stood up on his hind feets when he seed dat thing comin'. De horses an' mules uv dis country ain't gwine to take no dragging from one uv dem things. Yes, sir, boss, we sho' is on de right track."

Every now and then we came to just those sort of places in the road. We passed Rudisill's Mill, and went on toward Payson's mountain. As we glided down a hill toward a piece of timber I saw a large, covered vehicle standing by the side of the road and several persons bending and picking at something in the side ditch.

"Yon dey is now," said the negro, who had been promised a small sum if he would overlook the automobile. "Dat's dat thing standin' by de road."

The driver was right. As we approached I could see three men delving away with their picks and a fourth moving about the big touring car. Our horses took fright at the machine and hurried by before the negro could stop them. I jumped out and presented myself to the man at the back of the auto and told him that I wanted to see Mr. Edison.

"The original?" said the man with a pleasant smile upon his ruddy face.

"Yes, sir, the only one." "Well, there he is, the man in his shirt sleeves, with gray hair." I had guessed that the man indicated was Mr. Edison for he looks like the pictures printed of him. He is a man of strong limbs, large body, massive head, and more than ordinary stature. He is 59 years old and must weigh about 200 pounds. His hair is a little more than iron gray and his face is bright and full of life.

While I conversed with the man at the auto, who introduced himself as Mr. John Morris, Mr. Edison, his son Charles and his brother-in-law, John Miller, continued to peck away along the road. The inventor was collarless, hairless and hot, but in his zeal for cobalt he forgot that the sun was pouring down on his back. If the automobile had been out of sight and a stranger had passed he would, no doubt, have mistaken Mr. Edison for some well-to-do Gaston county farmer, who had run out of fishing bait and had gone up to the road to grab for a few worms. No man would have ever dreamed of his being the

man who perfected the duplex telegraph, or invented the printing telegraph for gold and stock quotations, the carbon telephone transmitter, the microphone, the megaphone, the phonograph, and the incandescent electric lamp.

Having watched him for some moments I asked Mr. Morris if he would present me to Mr. Edison. But about that time he dropped his pick and came into the road where we were. "Where are you from?" "Charlotte."

"Where is Mr. Tompkins?" "Well, tell him that I want to see him. If he will come up to High Shoals I will go down there."

"Are you finding any cobalt?" "Yes; some. We have no right to dig holes in other people's land without their permission, we can peck along the road. I want to get the consent of the men who own this land, and I will in a day or two."

"I know they would not object," I suggested. "Yes, but it is not right." "If a poasum hunter's dog trees, the tree is cut down and nobody objects."

"Yes, but this is different." "What counties in this State have cobalt?"

"Lincoln, Catawba, Gaston, Clay, Cherokee, Mitchell, Ashe, Watauga, Wake and Jackson. We are here to investigate. We have some cobalt but cannot tell what it amounts to until we test it."

Here Mr. Morris, who kept the samples, pulled one out of his pocket and rolled it in his hand. It was black, rather smooth and a little greasy looking. "This is a tramp mineral," said Mr. Morris, "it leaches out, and beats about like a regular human tramp. It is found with manganese."

"If you find it here what do you expect to do with it?" Mr. Edison was asked.

"If I find it in sufficient quantity I expect to mine it, for I need it. I am making a storage battery that is used in delivery wagons and other machines and the battery weighs 67 pounds to the horse power. If I get cobalt to mix with the nickel I can reduce that weight to 46 pounds. The express companies are using the battery now but the wheels cannot stand the load. Less weight is the need."

Mr. Edison will be in and about Lincolnton for ten days. Besides his prospecting party he has with him two machinists who look after the automobiles. He will visit other Southern States before returning home, and will, if possible, locate the finest lot of cobalt in this country. Mr. Morris had just returned from Tennessee and Kentucky, where he found ore in varying quantities.

Cobalt is described as a metal of a steel-gray color and a specific gravity variously given at from 8.52 to 8.95. It closely resembles nickel, the atomic weights of the two metals being the same, and they also have very nearly the same ductility and tenacity, and have in many respects a marked resemblance to iron, but are less fusible than that metal, and far less magnetic. Cobalt might be, and is to a very small extent, used for the same purposes for which nickel is used, especially for plating the surface of iron; but is much rarer than nickel, and is procured with more difficulty in the metallic form, and is consequently a dearer metal. Cobalt ores occur in a considerable number of localities, but nowhere in large quantity. The chief supply comes from Saxony, Bohemia, Hesse and Norway. The principle value of cobalt in the arts is due to the fact that its protoxide furnishes an intense and beautiful blue color, of importance in painting, and especially in the decoration of porcelain glass. Mr. Edison has given it another value and he is determined to find the ore in this country if it is here.

copy of yesterday's Observer and one of Thursday's New York Sun, for then he climbed up in the automobile and lay back to read.

The citizens of Lincolnton are very proud to have Mr. Edison in their midst, and so he will permit them to do so he will be entertained royally. The latch strings are all hanging out. Lincolnton is one of the most delightful places in the country and the people here know how to treat visitors.

Later, after Mr. Edison has visited all of the cobalt deposits in Lincoln, Gaston and Catawba counties, the Observer will give the result of his research.

A Kingdom in a One-Mule Farm, Country Gentleman.

The following communication is sent us by Mr. Raymond L. Griffiss, 35 Wall Street, New York, whose experience as president of the Southern Immigration Society has brought him into close touch with the agricultural problems of the South and with the possibilities which that section offers to immigrants. Mr. Griffiss adds that he can prove every word of his story (we do not doubt it, for we know what can be done in the South) and offers to send the name of the "King" of the little "Kingdom" and other information in regard to what has been done by others to any who will write him.

As an illustration of what can be accomplished on Georgia land by studying the soil, supplying it with the necessary plant food, diversifying crops, using brains as well as hands, and superintending everything personally, a Southern farmer has year by year added to his possessions, until his one-mule farm has become one of the largest in the world, covering thirty square miles of land, and giving employment to 1,250 men, women and children.

His average for years has been twenty-five bushels of corn per acre and one thousand pounds of seed cotton. Some acres yielded sixty-five bushels of corn, thirty-five of wheat and two bales of cotton. His land at first was worth \$10 per acre, now \$50. His cattle now number 500, beside his one hundred thoroughbred Jerseys and Holsteins, which have produced each year 20,000 pounds of butter at eighteen to twenty-five cents per pound. With agriculture he has combined manufacturing, and his raw material has been turned into valuable manufactured articles by means of the steam ginney, oil mills and fertilizer factory. He has employed negro labor only. His saw mill cuts his lumber for his houses, etc.; his brickyard turns out his brick; his wagons are made in his shop. His own railroad, seventeen miles long, hauls materials to his factories and his marketable products to the outside world.

The average production of lint cotton is one bale to two and one-half acres on good, bad indifferent farms, but it is not at all uncommon for a good farmer to raise a bale to the acre by good culture and abundant fertilizer. Intensive farming, which applies the lessons of science and experience, has achieved some remarkable results.

The following is the average annual product of this farm: 2,200 bales of cotton, 120,000 of cottonseed oil, 3,000 tons of fertilizer, 20,000 bushels of corn, 10,000 bushels of wheat, 1,000 bushels of rye, 5,000 bushels of oats, 8,000 of peas, 20,000 pounds of butter, 100,000 pounds of fat cattle, 5,000 pounds of bacon and hams, besides such crops as sweet and Irish potatoes, watermelons, ground peas, acorn, etc.

What looks like benefited you most? The young reporter inquired of the fabulously rich man. "Lawd, look!" the Croesus promptly replied. "My father lent me for a lawyer, but I failed to pass my examination, and now I'm worth fifty million." - Cleveland Leader.

Progress, the growth of intelligence and power, is the end and union of liberty, and without this a people may have the name, but want the substance and spirit of freedom. - Chamberlain.

Lighter wear for warmer weather. As summer draws nigh the attention of those who like stylish dress, and comfort along with it, will be directed to lighter fabrics and suitings. These are always to be had at this store in the greatest variety and freshness. Please note the following and give us an opportunity to supply your needs.

- Lawn Values: We are placing on sale to-day three lots of printed lawns—excellent values. First lot, 5c yard, second lot 8 1/2c yard, third lot 10c yard.
- Embroideries and Laces: Something attractive far beyond the ordinary at 5c, 10c, 15c, 20c, and 25c. These are special lots and great values.
- Wash Underskirts: These we have in splendid values at 5c, 7 1/2c, and \$1.00 each.
- Wash Suits and Skirts: Very inviting material and value at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, and \$1.75 each.
- Shirtrwaists: These we have in lace and embroidery trimmed, in great range of styles: 25c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$4.50, \$5 each.

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