

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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M. D. ATKINS
J. W. ATKINS } Editors and Mgrs.

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GASTONIA
County Seat of Gaston County After January 1, 1911.

No. 236 Main Avenue.
PHONE NO. 50.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1910.

A NEEDED ORGANIZATION.

Mecklenburg is going to organize a County Good Roads Association this month. Gaston county ought also to have such an organization. These two counties were among the very first in the State to build good roads and both are proud of their highways. But there is yet a vast amount of work in this line to be done, not only in the matter of constructing new roads but—and this is more important still—in the keeping up and preservation of those already built. Such an association would, we believe, be of great value in assisting the county authorities in this great work.

At the present time there is danger of one of the most important roads in the county, the Linwood road, going unimproved simply because the citizens living on that road are not sufficiently interested to get out the necessary rock. If we had a live working Good Roads Association in the county sentiment in that particular section of the county would have long ago been stirred up to the point where the property owners would be not only willing but anxious to lend the county all the aid possible in building this road.

What is true in this particular instance is true of the entire county.

Let us have a Good Roads Association by all means.

Who says the cost of living is not coming down? They're about to get the rate lowered on Pullman upper berths. Let the poor man take notice.

Returns are beginning to come in from the sections where men go hunting. The list of killed and wounded will probably be as large this year as usual. For a while anyway automobile casualties will lose a little of their prominence.

Gaston is a good county. It's a mighty good county. Fact is, it's about the best county we know of. If you're a Gaston cotidian, push. Help shove her along. Let's begin now to plan for 1911—to make it the biggest and best year in all our history.

CONDITION OF TREASURY.

November Was a Favorable Month Financially and Produced a Surplus on All Accounts of Nearly \$1,000,000 as Against a Big Deficit for October.

Washington, Dec. 1. — November was a highly favorable month for the finances of the United States Treasury. It produced a surplus on all accounts of nearly \$1,000,000, where October had produced a deficit of more than \$5,000,000.

The working condition of the nation's cash drawer shows a corresponding improvement for the month. December opened today with a working balance of \$34,000,000 on hand and \$86,600,000 in the general fund, an improvement of a round \$2,000,000 in the cash available for immediate operations. This condition would seem to justify Secretary McVeagh's confidence in the Treasury's ability to maintain itself for the present without financing.

As compared with this date last year receipts are \$14,000,000 higher and expenditures are \$5,000,000 lower. The result of all this is that the total deficit for this fiscal year to date is \$20,000,000 as against \$44,000,000 this time last year.

The general condition of the Treasury's finances seems to argue against any issue of securities in the immediate future.

BABES IN THE WOODS.

Revenge and Punishment of a Maine Scoundrel in 1679.

In 1679 James Adams of York became affronted with one of his neighbors, Henry Simpson, and determined to avenge himself upon two of Simpson's children, whose ages were six and nine years. In a solitary place four or five miles from the dwelling houses of the inhabitants he built of logs beside a ledge of perpendicular rocks a pen or pound several feet high, with walls inclined inward from bottom to top. After he had built this he decoyed the children into the woods under a pretense of searching for birds' nests and caused them to enter within the pound, where he left them confined to perish. The place has since been called the Devil's Invention.

The children were soon missed, and the alarmed inhabitants searched for them more than forty-eight hours. The boys, when aware of their wretched situation, made various attempts to get out, and at length, by digging away with their hands the surface of the earth underneath one of the bottom logs, effected their escape. They wandered in the woods three days, being at last attracted to the seashore by the noise of the surf, where they were found.

The depraved criminal was condemned to have thirty stripes well laid on, to pay the father of the children £5, the treasurer £10, besides fees and charges of the prison, and remain a close prisoner during the court's pleasure or till further order. The same month he recognized before two of the judges, "conditioned to send him, within twenty-one days, out of the jurisdiction."

Pigtails in British Army.

Pigtails survived in our army until well into the nineteenth century, the Welsh fusiliers being the last to abandon them. Sir Algernon West relates how he heard an argument once as to whether the blues did or did not wear pigtails at Waterloo. One of the disputants, who had seen them on their way to Dover, was convinced that they did. The other, who had been a midshipman on the transport which conveyed them to Ostend, was equally certain that their hair was short. The giver of the dinner at which the dispute arose referred the matter on the following day to a friend who had served in the blues at Waterloo. "Both your friends were right," he said. "We were reviewed at Windsor by the king on our departure with our pigtails on, and at Dover we had them cut off before our embarkation."—London Chronicle.

An Anxious Waiter.

General Frederick D. Grant said of camp cookery: "Soldiers in camp have a right to expect nourishing and palatable food. They mustn't expect, however, French 'plats.' They mustn't be overparticular, like the man at the quick lunch counter.

"Give me," said the man, "two new laid, brown shelled eggs fried on one side and mounted on a grilled slice of Virginia peach fed ham—be sure it is peach fed, mind you."

"The waiter roared down the speaking tube:

"Two new laid, brown shelled eggs, fried on—fried on!"

"Then he turned to the man again.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but which side will you have them fried on, please?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A New Method.

To those interested in the training of the memory by the association of ideas the following will appeal. A young lady of the south was teaching the alphabet to a little pickaninny who seemed unable ever to recognize the letter F.

One morning, however, after having successfully named the first five letters, he passed on to F, which he called out at once without the usual preliminaries.

"Well done, Caesar!" said his teacher. "But how did you manage it?"

"'Twas mammy, Miss Ella," Caesar explained. "She say tuh me, she say, 'Caesar, ef you tries, you kin remember.'"—Youth's Companion.

The Point of View.

A Mississippi judge relates this occurrence:

Uncle George Snow, an old antebellum negro, was introduced for the state. The counsel asked Uncle George which side of Souchatouchee creek he lived on, to which he replied:

"Which side of the creek do I live on, boss?"

"Yes."

"Gwine up or down the creek, boss?"—Case and Comment.

THE PARROT HELPED.

A Lesson in Voice Culture That Resulted in Liberal Tips.

A young woman who left an uptown hotel in New York the other day was much more liberal in her tips during this visit to the city than she had ever been in the course of her many visits to the hotel. After she had gone to the train one of the managers overheard scraps of conversation between two of the bellboys and made them tell him the facts in the case.

The woman has a parrot which converses as fluently as any parrot can in half a dozen tongues. Having had occasion to test the bird's powers, a bellboy in the New York hotel conceived an idea.

The next day at lunchtime, the owner of the bird having left her door open, two bellboys repaired to the room, and while one remained on guard the other approached the parrot.

"Say 'Give the boy a dime,'" said the page to the parrot. The parrot paused and cocked his head on one side.

"Give the boy a dime," repeated the bellboy encouragingly, and he kept it up until he had said it a full fifty times. The parrot seemed interested, but that was all. The bellboy got scared. Then he went out, and the other bellboy went in and gave the bird a lesson in voice culture.

These lessons went on for three days before the bird seemed to realize that he was expected to do anything, and then on the fourth day, when one of the boys entered the room, he was greeted with "Give the boy a dime." The news spread among the conspirators, and before the end of the week they had the bird so that he would exclaim "Give the boy a dime," at sight of a uniform.

There came a day when the bird rose to the occasion as expected. A bellboy took an express package up to the rooms, knocked, opened the door and entered. As he handed the package to the woman a deep voice was heard to exclaim, "Give the boy a dime." The woman started, gasped and then as the bird repeated his injunction said, "Yes, of course," and she fished into her purse for a coin. The bird's owner up to the time of her departure had not been heard to brag about this new linguistic accomplishment of her pet.—New York Sun.

The Room Full.

An Irishman went to England in search of work, and when shown his room in the boarding house the landlady remarked:

"There's your bed, Pat, and there are two more to sleep with you, but they won't be in till late, so don't be alarmed."

"They're welcome," said Pat.

Before retiring Pat locked his bedroom door and during the night was roused by a great knocking.

"Who's there?" asked Pat.

"We are the lodgers. Open."

"No room for ye," replied Pat.

"How many of you are in the room?" they asked.

"Enough," said Pat. "There's myself, Paddy Murphy, a man come over from Ireland, a man looking for work, a man with a wife and six children, an' a Tipperary man too!"

By this time they had fled.

Twain's Gentle Reproach.

In New York the novelist Miss May Sinclair met Mark Twain at a dinner party. Naturally, their neighbors at table were curious to learn what the two famous personages would find to talk about. It seemed that they were not going to find anything. Miss Sinclair waited diffidently for the great man, so much her senior, to begin the conversation. He, in turn, waited for her.

Minutes passed in silence. At last he turned to her.

"Child, child," said he in tones of gentle reproach, "do not be so boisterous."—Youth's Companion.

"That Foolish Passion Called Love."

There have been illustrious dissentients from the proposition that love is the only excuse for marriage. The editor of "John Wesley's Last Love" recalls that Whitefield, after explaining to the parents of his intended wife that he wanted a mistress for his orphanage, added, "You need not be afraid to send me a refusal, for I bless God, if I know anything of my own heart, I am free from that foolish passion the world calls love."

What She Could Do.

The guests were temporarily absent from the room when the husband said to the wife: "I am beginning to feel as if I would like our house to ourselves. I wish the guests would go home."

"So do I, dear," said the wife.

"But you can't turn them out—doors."

"No," replied the husband, "but you might play the piano."



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William Welch, a negro, was arrested in Bluefield, W. Va., yesterday on the charge of having shot and killed a street car conductor in Spencer, this State, five years ago. He will be brought back for trial.

After a three-days session the third annual conference of Governors adjourned yesterday at Louisville, Ky. More than twenty Governors were in attendance. Next year's program it is stated, will call for more business and fewer social functions. The establishment of permanent headquarters is one of the things which the conference expects to effect.

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Seventy-Five National Banks in North Carolina.
Charlotte Observer.

Washington, Dec. 1.—In a statement issued today by the Comptroller of the Currency it is shown that North Carolina has seventy-five national banks; that they have loans and discounts amounting to \$34,080,478, and that their individual deposits amount to \$26,268,662.

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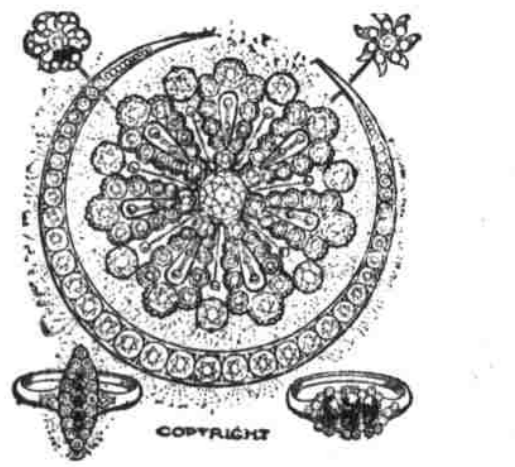
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113 W. Main Ave.
Mr. L. E. Warren gathered 5 1/4 bushels of sweet potatoes the other day from a piece of ground about 125x175 feet which is considered a good yield.—Lincolnton News.