

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE

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GASTONIA IS A BUSY TOWN.

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NO. 13.

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE

Lowell Locals.

(Omitted from last issue.)
Correspondence of The Gazette.
LOWELL, Feb. 8.—There were two funerals here yesterday, both those of infants. One was the four-month-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Jess Baucum, the other the 17-month-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Allen.
The boys from St. Mary's College are having a picnic at Spencer Mountain, near here today.—Mrs. J. L. Thompson was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital at Charlotte Tuesday where she underwent an operation. She is reported as getting along nicely.
Considerable cotton is being pinned here this week by Harrison & Ellington. It is also being sold for ten cents. Mr. S. M. Robinson bought over 80 bales last Saturday for the Lowell mills.—Mr. H. S. Adams is able to be out after an illness of 2 weeks.—The youngest child of Mr. Kelly Lewis was pretty badly scalded Tuesday.—Mr. Honeycutt, who had his leg broken while working on the interurban depot, is getting along nicely.
I have just learned of the death of my old friend, George A. Gray. A good, true, kind man has passed. Many of his kind deeds perhaps may never be known in this world. He may have had his faults but those who knew him best believe that long years ago George Gray ceased to do evil and learned to do well and that he has gone to reap the reward of a faithful man. Peace to his ashes.

MADE HIT IN ASHEVILLE.

Ben Greet Players Pleased Audience in Mountain City With Splendid Presentation of "Merchant of Venice"—Will be in Gastonia Thursday Night.
The following from Sunday's Asheville Citizen, with reference to the appearance there Saturday matinee and night will be of especial interest to Gastonians as this company is to present "The Merchant of Venice" here Thursday night of this week at the Central school auditorium.
"Quite a number of lovers of Shakespeare witnessed and greatly appreciated the presentation of 'The Merchant of Venice' at the Asheville play yesterday afternoon and night. The play was presented at Asheville at night, by the Frank Merrett's excellent company of local actors. This company has appeared in Asheville several times and in favor until the 'Ben Greet' are counted among the popular attractions that come to this city. The plays are presented as they were written, and the actors were interested in presenting them to the best of their ability. There is no raising for social or political ends. It is purely dramatic art for art's sake.
"It may be said that the play is not the best of Shakespeare. The entire finds his best expression, his conception of that role being practically perfect. In the opinion of many, who may be regarded as good judges, he is much stronger as Shylock than in the role of Hamlet, although one can find no fault with his work in the latter role. Mr. Leonard Shepard acquitted himself superbly as Antonio at the matinee and as Claudius at night. Miss Millicent Evison, always a favorite here, distinguished herself with artistic work as Nerissa and as Ophelia. In the famous 'mad scene' last night she was unusually effective and well merited the generous applause which greeted her efforts. Miss Augusta True made a splendid Portia in 'The Merchant of Venice,' but she has but little opportunity to shine in 'Hamlet.' Another strong actress was Miss Helena Head as 'Jessica' and 'Gertrude,' being especially suited to the latter role.
"In fact, there was not a weak spot in the entire company and Asheville theatre-goers will look forward with pleasure to its promised return in the early summer when it will probably play on the Manor grounds.

—Mr. Falls Garrison, of Belmont, winner of the second prize of \$15.50 in the 1911 contest of the Gaston County Boys Corn Club, is in town today and received his prize. Mr. Garrison raised 78.8 bushels of corn on one acre of ground at a profit of \$53.65. He is fifteen years old and a son of Mr. Mac Garrison. He says he is going to try the contest this year again and feels sure that the season is going to be better and that he can increase his yield very considerably.
—In connection with the annual meeting of the Cleveland District Dental Society to be held here Thursday and Friday of this week a public address will be given at the Central school auditorium at nine o'clock Friday morning to which the public is cordially invited. Dr. J. C. Watkins, of Winston-Salem, is down on the program to deliver this address, but in case he is not able to be present, the address will be given by Dr. A. E. Frazier, of High Point.

IN SOCIETY.

S. & O. CLUB WITH MRS. ATKINS.
Mrs. J. W. Atkins will entertain the S. and O. Club tomorrow afternoon at her home; No. 210 West Fourth avenue.

STUDY CLUB WITH MRS. WRAY.
Mrs. Joe S. Wray is hostess to the Study Club at her home on Third avenue this afternoon. The subject for study is Riley and Field and the program is as follows: "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," Riley, by Mrs. F. L. Wilson; "Childhood as Depicted by Riley and Field," by Mrs. Wray; "The Duel," "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," "Little Boy Blue," Field, by Mrs. Kennedy; "Wet Weather Talk," Riley, by Mrs. LaFar; round table, leader Mrs. Reid.

Stockholders' Meeting.
The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Piedmont Telephone & Telegraph Co. was held in the offices of the company in its handsome new building on South Marietta street at 10 o'clock this morning. Among the many business matters transacted was the authorization of the building of several hundred miles of new toll line circuits, one of which is to be a heavy copper circuit from Charlotte to Forest City. Reports of the president and the general manager showed the company to be in a good and prosperous condition. The semi-annual dividend of three per cent was declared on the preferred stock and three and one-half per cent on the common stock. All the officers were re-elected as follows: W. T. Love, of Spencer Mountain, president; W. T. Gentry, vice-president; A. Maupin, of Atlanta, secretary and treasurer; R. B. Babington, of Gastonia, assistant treasurer and general manager. All of the above were present except Mr. Gentry, and other stockholders attending were Mr. J. White, Ware, of Gastonia, Mr. Morgan R. Spier, of Charlotte, Mr. W. B. Moore, of Yanceyville, S. C., and Mr. J. Epps Brown, of Atlanta.

Personal Mention.

—Mr. Falls Adams spent yesterday at the cottage shoulder.
—Mr. J. A. Johnson spent Friday with friends in Greensboro.
—Mr. J. A. Bach, of Belmont, was a business visitor in the city yesterday.
—Mr. W. L. Pahl, of Pleasant Hill, was a business visitor in Gastonia this morning.
—Mr. F. C. T. Smith, of Belmont, was a business visitor in Gastonia this morning.
—The regular meeting of the city school board will be held at 7 o'clock this evening.
—Mr. W. P. Moore, of Greensboro, was a business visitor in Gastonia today and paid The Gazette office a pleasant call.
—Miss Maggie Hall, of the Cherryville graded school faculty, and Miss Elva Hall, of High Shoals, were Gastonia visitors Saturday.
—Mr. R. S. Harmon, of Kings Mountain, is a business visitor in the city and is the guest of his sister, Mrs. L. C. Davis.
—Mr. R. V. Williams, of Atlanta, arrived Sunday to spend the week with Mrs. Williams, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Barber.
—Little Misses Mabel, Elizabeth and Nell Ormand spent Saturday night with their grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Burke, at Bessemer City.

—The concert which was to have been given at Belmont by the Atkins Orchestra on Friday, February 23rd has been again postponed until some time in March. The date will be announced later.

—Superintendent Joe S. Wray, of the city schools, placed in the library today several extra copies of Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice so that those who contemplate attending the play Thursday night and wish to re-read the text may have ample opportunity to do so.

—Mrs. R. L. Smith, who came a few weeks ago to Gastonia from Little Rock, Ark., to make her home with her mother, Mrs. Pierce, underwent a serious operation at the Gaston Hospital last Thursday. She is recovering nicely from the effects of the operation.

—Prof. J. S. Wray has done the Gastonia public a real service in securing the Ben Greet players for Thursday night of this week. They will present "The Merchant of Venice" at the Central school auditorium. The papers in towns where this company has played this season accord them very high praise.

—Mr. J. W. Culp, of the Standard Hardware Company, was the victim of a very painful accident yesterday afternoon. While showing a customer a large cross-cut saw it slipped

MONTANA POSSE ON HUNT FOR RATTLESNAKES

Organize a Party of Extermination and Kill 290 Reptiles in Gulch.

Anaconda, Mont.—A posse of extermination was organized and at least 290 rattlesnakes of all sizes were killed in Rattlesnake Gulch, near Three Forks.

The source of the hundreds of the reptiles from which the gulch takes its name was found in the shape of a small cave, discovered by accident by Amos Smith the other morning. Mr. Smith notified his friends in Three Forks and nearly 100 men and boys proceeded to the scene, armed with all variety of weapons.

For three hours the battle raged and at its close 290 rattlers were



For Three Hours the Battle Raged.

counted down on the ground, and not a man had been bitten. The reptiles were slightly dormant, owing to the coldness, but when aroused would snail forth from the cave. Clubs, sticks and staves were used in the slaughter. When no more snakes remained a charge into it and about fifty more were dragged forth.

Some of the specimens killed measured more than three feet long, while others were only a few inches in length. Some of the larger ones will be stuffed and placed on exhibition. For years the farmers in that neighborhood have been bothered by the great number of rattlesnakes. The gulch of that name was literally alive with them. The den discovered by Mr. Smith is on the Peoples ranch. After cleaning out this den it was decided to continue the crusade and there are a number of men and boys scouring the community for more snakes.

ped from his hands and the large teeth inflicted a severe wound on one of his knee caps. The wound was dressed by a physician but it will probably be some days before Mr. Culp can use his leg with ease.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. R. E. Oates, of Bessemer City, route two, are spending the day in Gastonia. Mrs. Oates is secretary of the Gaston County Sunday School Association, which was organized at Bessemer City last November, and is now distributing to all the Sunday schools of the county blanks to be used in making statistical reports which it is hoped to have in hand within the next two weeks to complete the county report. Any Sunday school secretary or superintendent whose school fails to receive one of these blanks should write a card to Mrs. Oates, who will gladly furnish them.

New Officers Elected.

At a called meeting of the board of directors of the Gray Manufacturing Company Saturday night officers were elected as follows: This action being necessary because of the death of Mr. George A. Gray, president of the company; President, L. L. Jenkins; vice-president, Thomas L. Craig; secretary and treasurer, J. H. Separk; superintendent, J. L. Gray.

Get a Gazette dinner set free.

MR. GRAY'S FUNERAL

Hundreds of People Pay Last Respects to Dead Citizen—Splendid Tributes by Revs. G. H. Detwiler and J. E. Abernethy—Postoffice, Mills and Business Houses Close for Service—Magnificent Floral Tributes—Laid to Rest in Oakwood Cemetery.

While the thousands of spindles and looms in Gastonia's sixteen cotton mills stood silent and while banks, postoffice and business houses closed their doors at the busiest hour of the busiest day of the week, Gastonia stood for an hour Saturday afternoon at the bier of the late George A. Gray in Main Street Methodist church and paid solemn and heartfelt tribute to the memory of the man who did more than any other one man toward making the town what it is today, one of the most important cotton manufacturing towns in the South.

When the hour of 1 o'clock arrived, the hour set apart for the funeral service, the auditorium, Sunday school rooms and gallery of the church were crowded to their capacity and many could not gain entrance. It was the largest crowd that ever attended a funeral in Gastonia. As the casket, covered with flowers, was borne down the aisle to the chancel, preceded by the officiating ministers and followed by the active and honorary pall-bearers and the family and relatives, a special choir sang "Like As a Father." On the rostrum were Rev. J. E. Abernethy, pastor of deceased; Rev. G. H. Detwiler, D. D., and Rev. C. M. Campbell, former pastors, and Rev. J. A. Baldwin.

Prayer was offered by Dr. Detwiler, following which Mr. Campbell read from the ritual the Scripture lesson. The choir then rendered the old familiar "Rock of Ages" and Dr. Detwiler followed with a splendid tribute to Mr. Gray which is given below in full. Mr. Abernethy then paid a very beautiful and feeling tribute to deceased, which is given in part below. "Nearer My God to Thee" was sung by the choir and as the party left the church the choir sang Tenneyson's beautiful hymn "Crossing the Bar."

The floral tributes, which came from friends far and near, were the most elaborate in design and the largest in quantity ever seen here. The entire chancel and pulpit were bordered with them. The body was taken to Oakwood cemetery and laid to rest in the family plot where it was buried beneath a wealth of magnificent flowers.

It was a noticeable fact that, almost the entire gallery was filled with colored people, evidence that Mr. Gray was held in the very highest esteem by the best negroes of the town and section. They had a friend in him and they mourned at his death.

DR. DETWILER'S ADDRESS.

In speaking to you this afternoon, I find it necessary to hold myself under control and be very careful what I say, for two reasons. First, my friend and I lived so close together and his friendship meant so much to me that I find it very difficult and almost impossible to use language that would express my feeling toward this great and good man. In the second place, I must hold myself very much in restraint because my friend was not a man of the amen corner. He was a ball-sent saint. I must be very careful what I say about him today for I feel that my friend is very near us right now and he was always so unostentatious and so modest in all the things that he did. I do not wish to incur his displeasure, and I must give an account to him for what I say about him here today. There was nothing that my friend disliked more than display, so it becomes necessary for us to be very careful what we say about him. I shall not take a text and attempt to preach a sermon, for that would be very inappropriate on this occasion. I shall simply speak of my friend in the two relationships that he had in this community.

His first relationship that I shall speak of is that of a business man and a citizen. I want to say that so far as his personal influence and his personal work was concerned, if you have not discovered it now you will discover it some of these days that he was one of the most aggressive and forceful men that this city has had in its citizenship. As a business man he had peculiar qualities. He had qualities that gave him the highest efficiency for success. But he had one quality that hindered and hampered him some in the development of his qualities. I have had some acquaintance with great financial and business men, and I think my friend had in him qualities to have achieved as high success in the world as any man in this commonwealth, and would have done so but for two hindrances. First, he was a man of such excessive modesty that he distrusted himself. Secondly, he was too honest to do a great many things that other men do. I personally know of instances where he had opportunities to take advantage of men and make money by so doing—opportunities to enrich himself by questionable means—and without any hesitation I have known him rather than sacrifice his principle of right, to simply and quietly brush them aside. So, for that reason, his real business genius never did come to its full flower and bloom. I suppose Mr. Gray has had more to do with the construction of mills in this section and all the south than any other man. He used to tell me in some of our confidential talks of the mills he had furnished, buying all the equipment and putting them in

operation for men who did not know the difference between a spindle and a room. These were fine opportunities for graft, but he was too honest to take any advantage of the man who did not know. By taking advantage of his fellowmen he could have enriched himself, but I am quite sure that he never in a single instance did a thing of that kind. He was a builder and had much to do with the development of interests that will make the Southland one of the greatest industrial centers of the world. If he had not been hindered and hampered as he was, none of us are able to measure the things that might have been accomplished by him. One of his peculiar qualities was his prophetic spirit. He told me that he never knew why he came to his decision. He never could tell the methods by which he reached a business conclusion. He told me that he was standing on the door-steps of his office one day, considering an important matter, when he suddenly looked up and said "This thing will not do," and it didn't do. This is the way he reached a business conclusion—by that peculiar prophetic, intuitive spirit.

I want to say of my friend as a citizen, he was "a man among men." His standard was very high, and he was one of the cleanest men I have ever known. You have to find his way out by associating with him. He was too modest to parade his virtues before men. He was always tender and sympathetic, but he was also firm. One day I remarked to him something about his gentle disposition, and he replied, "Oh, you don't see I am a fierce man when aroused." He had a temper when he was aroused, and he knew that. All these things come to my mind now as I talk about him. But how many of you have ever known George Gray to lay violent hand on any man? Who ever heard him use violent words on any man? If he did, there was present only the other man, himself and God.

Who ever heard him rebuke another for his wrong doing, and say "You must not do that?" He never thought himself better than other people. His greatest rebuke to those who did wrong was his high standard of living. That was so quiet and effective.

Another of his peculiar qualities was his spirit of forgiveness. In talking with me one day in one of our confidential conversations, he said to me, "Brother Detwiler, life is too short and too serious to hold grudges and I just will not allow myself to do it. I have had some men to wrong me, but before God I can say to you this day that I have no ill will in my heart toward any of these men."

He was forgiving even unto the end. If you had stood around his bed in his last hours, you would have heard him speak of forgiveness. I am going to tell you the last thing he said because I think you men ought to know. You men who bought and sold with him, you men who went up against him and he against you, you who dealt with him in the business world, I want to say these things to you. This is what he said: "If any man has done me a wrong, tell him that he is forgiven; that I forgive him, and if I have wronged any man, I ask his forgiveness." The second thing was, "It is all right with me; everything is settled." How like him to say that. He had made his life's settlement with God, and everything was all right. This was the last thing he said, "I am going out of this life now; I know I am going out, but I am going out without any feeling of ill will toward any man. If any man has wronged me, let him know that I have already forgiven him." If those words could be preserved in just the way he spoke them, might they not be written in letters of gold on the walls of this church?

He was always so quiet and unostentatious in the performance of his duties. But he had his opinions. I used to wonder when I first knew my friend if he had any positive convictions about things, he said so very little. You might have known him for years and never have known what political party he belonged to. I was very much surprised one day to find that he had very strong convictions about politics. His opinions about politics were sometimes different from the opinion of other men, but he did not think less of the other man because he differed in opinion with him.

And he never spoke evil of any man when he was not present. As I look into the faces of you business men here today, I want to tell you that you always had a friend to defend you when you were discussed in George Gray's presence. He was a friend to every one of you. Sometimes I have heard the faults and shortcomings of other people discussed in his presence, and he would say, "Well, I don't know what temptations they have had, and I don't know all the circumstances. Maybe if we had been situated just as they were, we would have done the same thing."

But, as I have said, my friend was a back-seat saint. Mr. Gray had his limitations. He was a man who could not talk. I never heard him make a speech in my life. He had no way of expressing what he felt, and I think that is one reason he worked so hard. I have often thought if he were only able to express his feelings in words, how eloquent his language would have been. But he could not talk, and he could not sing. These two ways of expression were closed to him. He was a member of the city council and very prominent in the industrial world, but I have never heard of a speech made by him. And I call on

you who have been closely associated with him in the business world to say if you ever heard him try to make a speech. All that he accomplished was done in a very quiet way. That was the life he lived with you in this community. As he could neither talk nor sing he felt that he could not be of much use in the amen corner of the church, so he always stayed in the back of the church by the door. When I came in the church on Sunday morning, I always happened where to find my friend; he was always at his post by the door.

I must be very careful what I say about my friend today, for I must give an account to him for everything I say. And I owe him very much. I know if he were here by my side now, he would be pulling my sleeve and saying, "Be careful what you say about me, for you know I was not very much of a man."

But he was a Christian. I remember one day as I was sitting in my study, there was a knock on my door, and I said, "Come in." My friend stepped in the door, and his face was as white as chalk. He came in and pulled off his hat. Great beads of sweat stood on his forehead like the size of a pea. He sat down and said, "I have an important matter to settle today, and you must help me. It is not a question of doing my duty, but of wanting to know what my duty is. Thousands of dollars are involved, and great business interests depend on my decision. I must find a way out." I am not going to tell you what passed between us there, because that was strictly confidential. Men's names were mentioned, which if I were to repeat you would know. We talked the matter over and he said "You have helped me, but I think we had better pray over it before I go." So we went down on our knees, side by side, and prayed, asking God for light, and when I said "Amen" he said "That's enough." We arose from our knees and he walked out of the room without a word. This was like the man. He could not trust himself to speak to me just then. Months and months afterwards he said to me, "I got all the light I needed in your study that day." He was a Christian.

He was a Christian. No one knew better than his pastor how close he lived to his Saviour. His life was so quiet and he talked so little about his religion. If he were hearing my words, and were he not dead, he would rise up and look in my face, and say, "Oh, don't talk that way about me, about me." The last thing he said was, "Everything is settled." And his mind was as clear as glass when he said that. And the other was, "There is nothing between me and any man. If any man has done me a wrong, I forgive him." So, brothers, you are forgiven. Can't all say to him, "Yes, brother, I hold nothing against you, nothing against you."

I was in my study the other day, had been scanning the Charlotte Observer as it came to my office every day at noon. Although reports came to us that my friend was getting along very well, still I always glanced over the column for the dead fearing to find my friend's name there. At every meal the question went around in our little family circle or three, "How is Mr. Gray?" I was sitting in my study when the telegram announcing his death was placed in my hand. I read the telegram, and then sat perfectly still for sometime, so deep was my feeling for my personal friend. I cannot think of my friend as dead. I know there are hundreds of people in this community who have said, "It doesn't seem like George Gray is dead." You business men will look up street and expect to see him coming. You will do this tomorrow and the next day. People will turn around at the corner and listen for his voice. There is something peculiar about personality. Some men die and are soon forgotten. But it will be impossible for this community to forget my friend. You will be looking for him for months and months to greet you on the streets.

My friend is not dead; he has just begun to live. He is speaking now. His voice did not sing here, but now it has joined in that Anzelle chorus, and he will sing his Saviour's praises evermore.

He was a back-seat saint in this church, and I think the other day when he knocked at the Gates of Heaven, the usher said, "Come in; I have a seat up here for you." And as they started up to the front with my friend, it seems that I can hear him saying, "Excuse me, but I think you have made a mistake. I am not used to sitting up at the front; I always had a back seat." But I think the usher told him that he was in the right place, the place that had been prepared for him, and he was located very near the front at last.

I have prayed one prayer today, and that is that these sorrowing ones may be led by the hand of God, and that He will give peace and comfort to their saddened hearts. What I have to say to the stricken family, I will say in the seclusion of the home circle that my friend loved so well.

TRIBUTE BY HIS PASTOR.

The following tribute was made by his pastor, Rev. J. E. Abernethy: George Alexander Gray was born in Mecklenburg county, N. C., Sept. 28, 1851. His opportunity in school lasted but eight months and four days. In that time he learned how to study. His books were more attractive to him than the playground. In all his life he never learned to play games of any kind. He never smoked a cigarette. He never used whiskey or tobacco. He knew no language but the language of a gen-

(Continued on page 5.)