THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1913.

ROAD BUILDING.

The building of roads throughout the State has reached a crisis. The day of the macadam is at and end. The sand-clay road is the road of the future. The Gazette has prophesled this time and again. The upkeep of the macadam after it is built is too expensive for the time it lasts. The sand-clay road improves with working and attention. In view of these facts we are giving below an editorial from The Charlotte Observer on "The Up Keep of Roads." followed by a strong comment from The Statesville Landmark along the same line. They are well worth the reading by those interested in the building of roads in Gaston county. The Landmark save This from The Charlotte Observe:

It appears from an editorial in the Savannah News that a number of counties in Georgia are wasting money by reason of failure to keep the macadam roads in repair. The experience of these Georgia counties is that of Mecklenburg over agaia. This paper has often in the past emphasized the importance of repairing the macadam roads, but the county seemed too intent on making a record in mileage of new roads built. The consequence is being faced today in miles of roads so badis out of repair that the reshaping of them atmost amounts to rebuilding. The News quotes one of the papers in south Georgia as saying county is spending \$10,000 to \$20,-000 a year on her public roads. That is all right, but we ought to spend \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year on the upkeep of those same roads. Berrien is making a big mistake in spending so much for road building and then allowing the roads to go to ruin. They should be taken care of after they are built." Moralizing, The News says it is expensive to allow roads to get out of repair. "By comparison it is exceedingly inexpensive to keep them up to the proper standard. To spend thousands of dollars to build a few miles of road and then to pay no further attention to it, permitting it to be cut by traffic and to be badly washed by the rains without making any effort to repair the damage is almost equivalent to throwing the money into the ocean. South Georgia has many hundred thousand dollars 'sunk' to new roads and cannot afford to lose all that money simply through the failure of county authorities to prevent the new roads from going to

This is not printed as a matter of information, for all intelligent observers know the facts already. But it is printed here to emphasize again the fact that Iredell county today faces by far the most important work, and that is the upkeep of the roads it is building. In the near future the county will have expended the \$400,000 of road money. Unless the roads built are kept in repair our boasted good roads will be but a name a few years hence and the greater part of the money we have expended will be wasted. If the roads are allowed to wear out before repairs are begun, the cost of repair will be almost equal to rebuilding. If a systematic and economical system of upkeep is devised the roads can be kept in repair at small cost; but the most important matter is eternal vigilance. If close attention is given and repairs made promptly, the roads will never get bad and the upkeep will be a simple matter. Iredell people should keep this matter to the front at all times. If it is allowed to lag we will in a few years be like Mecklenburg, Once exploited as the good roads county of the State, Mecklenburg now has many miles of worn-out roads simply because they were not kept in repair. The Iredell commissioners should see to it that enough money is provided to keep our roads in good repair, even if we have to stop building new roads.

BOY CIGARETTE SMOKERS. Says The Charlotte Observer of

recent date:

"It is against the law in North Carolina for any boy under 17 years of age to smoke rigarettes. Know that? So, and what is more, any person who gives the boy a cigarette. or cigarette tobarco, as well as any one who sells the same to a boy, can be fined for the offense. Still further, the law requires the officers of the law-every police officer in the State of North Carolina, it reads to ask the boy caught smoking to tell where he got the eigarette, and on being told, to forthwith issue a warrant for the arrest of the party so offending. If the boy refuses to tell, he shall be hauled up before a magistrate, mayor or recorder, as the case may be, and tried for a The old cigarette misdemeanor. law was amended in this stringent manner. Of course no attention is going to be paid to it. The streets of Charlotte are filled with urchins smoking cigarettes every and the enforcement of this law would paralyze the delivery service of the whole town, and might even break up some of the Sunday schools. But all the same, the parent who is worried by his boy smoking cigarettes has it in his power to give painful trouble to both the boy and the one who gives him or sells him cigarettes."

We believe that Gastonia and surrounding towns in this county have more to complain of from the boy cigarette smokers than any other would go bravely back to it. As nobody section in North Carolina. With 67

cotton mills in the county and with the variety of conditions and environment that always attend cotton mills, there are numbers and numbers of small boys from seven and eight years up who are habituar smokers. They are a familiar sight around every cotton mill village. in is to be hoped that the parents who are worried about their boys will give trouble to those guilty of selling the eigarettes.

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

THE OFFICE SEEKER.

The Greensboro Record of recent

"Doesn't it make you tired to read in some papers that the Hon. and So had 'this honor thrust upon him,' when as a matter of fact the man has been legging and working for the job for months? Even Mr. Wilson worked for the presidential nomination: then he worked to be A candidate for township constable does the same thing, anit is right and proper, yet the home papers-perhaps others-speak or Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown having this honor thrust upon him, just as if he did not want it; as if he was in fact undecided whether he would take it or leave it for some of the smaller fry to take. The truth is we would like to take a look at a man who has had an office thrust upon him. He would be a drawing

card in a dime museum. And the way these prospective of fice holders seek newspaper notorie ty is a caution. You can see their on the streets most any old time They get mighty friendly with the reporters and editors along about nomination time and are always giving the newspapers a little some thing to "fill up space," as they say They do not know probably that newspaper space is valuable and that newspapers are not often hard put to it to fill up the space. They like to be pestered by reporters in the way that James Marsh is Blythe's serial story, "The Price of Place," running in The Saturday Evening Post, spoke of. It's all right to feign indifference, but inwardty they are anxious to see their names in print.

WANT COLUMNS.

Says The Yorkville Enquirer: "A development that The Enquirer has watched with pleasure and satisfaction is the increasing number of farmers who from time to time make use of the want columns of the paper to make known their desires as to buying, selling, etc Most farmers who have tried method have found that there is no better way of disposing of a horse. mule, cow or other personalty, and many use the same means in connection with the buying, selling and renting of land. Ten years back such advertisements by farmers were Now they are quite common rare. problem in connection with its road and constatnly growing more popular.

> The Gazette could cite incident arter incident of result happening in this paper where the farmers have sold horses, cows and the like through the columns of this paper. A glance at its penny ads in any issue will be sufficient to reveal the fact that farmers make a liberal use of this kind of advertising. There are others who should become better acquainted with it.

Chester County's First Bale.

The Lantern, 20th. To Mr. J. G. L. White goes the honor of bringing to the city the irst bale of 1913 cotton. He had it brought to Chester this morning and was bought by the S. M. Jones Co. for 12 cents a pound. It weighed 474 pounds and graded as strict middling. It brought \$56.88.

The Leopard's **Spots**

By THOMAS DIXON

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CHAPTER VIII.

T was a vain hope that relief could come from any quarter. The red flag of the sheriff fluttered from 2.320 doors in the county. This was more than two-thirds of the total. Those who had saved just escaped by the skin of their teeth. They sold old jewelry or plate that had been hidden in the war, or they sold their corn and provisions, trusting to their ability to five on dried fruit, berries, walnuts, hickory nuts, and such winter vegetables as they could raise in their

The preacher secured for Tom a tumbledown log cabin on the outskirts of town, with a half acre of poor red hill land around it, which his wife at once transformed into a garden. She took up the bulbs and flowers that she had tended so levingly about the door of their old home and planted them with tears around this desolate cabin. Now and then she would look down at the work and cry. Then she

occupied her old home, she went back and forth until she moved all the jonquils and sweet pinks from the borders of the garden walk and reset them in the new garden. She then moved her strawberries, and raspberries and gooseberries, and set her fall cabbage plants. In three weeks she had transformed a desolate red clay lot into a smiling garden. She had watered every plant daily, and Tomhad watched her with growing wonder and love.

"Ole woman, you're an angel!" he cried. "If God had sent one down from the skies she couldn't have done any more.

The problem which pressed heaviest of all on the preacher's heart in this crisis was how to save Mrs. Gaston's

"If that place is sold next week, my dear." he said to his wife, "she will

never survive. "I know it. She is sinking every day. It breaks my heart to look at

her.

"What can we do?" "I'm sure I can't tell. We've given everything we have on earth except the clothes on our back. I haven't another piece of jewelry, or even an

"The tax and the cost may amount to \$175. There isn't a man in this county who has that much money, or I'd borrow it if I had to mortgage my body and soul to do it."

"I'll tell you what you might do," his wife suddenly exclaimed. "Telegraph your old college mate in Boston that you will accept his invitation to supply his pulpit those last two Sundays in August. They will pay you hand-

"It may be possible, but where am I o get the money for a telegram and a ticket?

"Surely you can borrow somewhere?" "I don't know a man in the county who has it."

"Then go to the young commandant of the post here. Tell him the facts. Tell him that a widow of a brave 'onfederate soldier is about to be turned out of her home because she can't pay the taxes levied by this infamous negro government. Ask him to loan you the money for the telegram and the ticket."

The preacher seized his hat and made his way as fast as possible to the camp. The young captain heard his story with grave courtesy.

"Certainly, doctor," he said; "I'll loan you the \$40 with pleasure. I wish I could do more to relieve the distress of the people. Believe me, sir, the people of the north do not dream of the awful conditions of the south. They are being fooled by the politicians. I'll thank God when I amrelieved of this job and get home. What has amazed me is that you hot headed southern people have stood it thus far. I don't know a northern community that would have endured

"Ah, captain, the people are heartsick of bloodshed. They surrendered in good faith. They couldn't foresee this If they had"-

The preacher paused, his eyes grew misty with tears, and he looked thoughtfully out on the blue mountain peaks that loomed range after range in the distance until the last bald tops were lost in the clouds.

"If General Lee had dreamed of such an infamy being forced on the south two years after his surrender as this attempt to make the old slaves the rulers of their masters, and to destroy the Anglo-Saxon civilization of the south, he would have withdrawn his armies into that Appalachian mountain wild and fought till every white man in the south was exterminated.

"The Confederacy went to pieces in a day, not because the south could no longer fight, but because they were fighting the flag of their fathers, and they were tired of it. They went back to the old flag. They expected to lose their slaves and repudiate the dogma of secession forever. But they never dreamed of negro dominion, or negro delfication, of negro equality and amalgamation, now being rammed down their throats with bayonets. They never dreamed of the confiscation of the desolate homes of the poor and the weak and the broken hearted. More than 200,000 southern men fought in the Union army in answer to Lincoln's call-even against their own flesh and blood. But if this program had been announced, every one of the 200,000 southern soldiers who were the blue would have rallied around the firesides of the south. This infamy was something undreamed save in the souls of a few desperate schemers at Washington, who waited their opportunity and found it in the nation's blind agony over the death of a martyred leader."

The preacher pressed the captain's hand and hastened to tell Mrs. Gaston of his plans. He found her scated, pale and wistful, at her window looking out on the lawn, now being parched and ruined since Nelse was disabled and could no longer tend it.

Charlie was trying to kiss the tears away from her eyes.

"Mamma, dear, you mustn't cry any

"I can't help it, darling." "They can't take our home away from us. I tore down the sign they

nailed on the door, and Dick burned it up." "But they will do It, Charlle. The sheriff will sell it at auction next week.

and we will never have a home of our own again." Charlie quickly bounded to the door

and showed the preacher in, "I have good news for you, Mrs. Gaston. I start to Boston tonight to preach two Sundays. I am going to try to borrow the money there to save NA A

your home. We will not be too sure till it's done, but you must cheer up.'

"Oh, doctor, you're giving me a new lease on life!" she cried, looking up at him through tears of gratitude. That night the preacher hurried on his way to Boston. The days dragged slowly one after 2nother, and still no word came to the anxious, waiting woman.

The scoundrelly postmaster had recognized the letter in Dr. Durham's handwriting and had hidden it, suspecting its contents.

When the day came for the sale Mrs. Gaston tried to face the trial bravely. But it was too much for her. When she saw a great herd of negroes frampling down her flowers, laughing



"You'll fight this battle out."

cracking vulgar jokes, and swarming over the porches, she sank feebly into her chair, buried her face in her hands and gave way to a passionate flood of tears. She was roused by the thumping of heavy feet in the hall and the unmistakable odor of perspiring negroes. They had begun to ransack the house on tours of inspection. The poor woman's head dropped and she fell to the floor in a dead swoon.

There was a sudden charge as of an armed host, the sound of blows, a wild scramble, and the house was cleared. Aunt Eve with a fire shovel, Charlie with a broken hoe handle and Dick with a big blacksnake whip had cleared the air. Aunt Eve stood on the front door

step shaking the shovel at the crowd. "Des put yo' big flat hoofs in dis house ergin! I'll split yo' heads wide open! Yo' black cattle!" "Dat we will!" railed Dick, as

cracked the whip at a little negro Charlle ran into his mother's room

and found her lying across the floor on her face.

"Aunt Eve, come quick, mamma's dying!" he shouted. They lifted her to the bed, and Dick

ran for the doctor. Dr. Graham looked very grave when he had completed his examination.

"Come here, my boy; I must tell you some sad news." Charlie's big brown eyes glanced up with a startled look into the doctor's

"Don't tell me she's dying, doctor. I

can't stand it." The doctor took his hand. "You're getting to be a man now, my son: you will soon be thirteen. You must be brave. Your mother will not use

through the night." The boy sank on his knees beside the still white figure, tenderly clasped her thin hand in his, and began to kiss it slowly. He would kiss it, lay his wet cheek against it, and try to warm

it with his hot, young blood. It was about 9 o'clock when she opened her eyes with a smile and looked into his face.

"My sweet boy," she whispered. "Oh, mamma, do try to live! Don't leave me," he sobbed in quivering tones as he leaned over and kissed her lips. She smilled faintly again.

"Yes, I must go, dear. I am tired, Your papa is waiting for me. I see him smiling and beckoning to me now. I must go."

A sob shook the boy with an agony no words could frame.

"There, there, dear, don't," she soothingly said. "You will grow to be a brave, strong man. You will fight this battle out, and win back our home and bring your own bride here in the far away days of sunshine and success I see for you. She will love you, and the flowers will blossom on the lawn again. But I am tired. Kiss me-I must go."

Her heart fluttered on for awhile, but she never spoke again.

At 10 o'clock Mrs. Durham tenderly lifted the boy from the bedside, kissed him, and said as she led him to his room:

"She's done with suffering, Charlle. You are going to live with me now, and let me love you and be your mother."

The preacher had made a profound impression on his Boston congregation. They were charmed by his simple. direct appeal to the heart. His fiery emphasis, impassioned dogmatic faith. his tenderness and the strange pathos of his voice swept them off their feet. At night the big church was crowded

merca in Abrahal Hali

to the doors, and throngs were struggling in vain to gain admittance. At the close of the services he was overwhelmed with the expressions of gratitude and heartfelt sympathy with which they thanked him for his mes-

He was feasted and dined and taken out into the parks behind spanking teams, until his head was dizzy with the unaccustomed whirl

The preacher went through it all with a heavy heart. Those beautiful homes, with their rich carnets and handsome furniture, and those long lines of beautiful carriages in the parks, made a contrast with the agony of universal rum which he left at home that crushed his soul

He hastened to tell the story of Mrs. Gaston to a genial old merchant who had taken a great fancy to him.

A tear glistened in the old man's eye as he quickly rose.

"Come right down to my store. I'll get you the money before the postoffice closes. I've got tickets for you to go to the Colosseum with me tonight and hear the music-the great Peace Jubilee. We are colebrating the return of peace and prosperity and the preservation of the Union. It's the greatest musical festival the world ever saw."

The preacher was dazed with the sense of the sublimity and the pathetic tragedy of the south that lay back of

The great Colosseum, constructed for the purpose, seated more than 40,-000 people. Such a crowd he had never seen gathered together within one building. The soul of the orator in him leaped with power as he glanced over the swaying ocean of human faces. There were 12,000 trained voices in the cherus. He had dreamed of such music to heaven when countless hosts of angels should gather around God's tarone. He had never expected to hear it on earth. He was transported with a rapture that thrilled and lifted him above the consciousness of time and sense

They rendered the masterpieces of the ages. The music continued hour after hour, day after day, and night after night.

The grand chorus within the Colosseum was accompanied by the ringing of bells in the city and the firing of cantion on the Common, discharged in perfect time with the melody that rolled upward from those 12,000 voices and broke against the gates of heaven. When every voice was in full ery, and every instrument of music that man had over devised throbbed in harmony, and a hundred anvils were ringing a chorus of steel in perfect time, Parepa Rosa stepped forward on the great stage, and in a voice that raised its splendid note of triumph over all like the trumpet of the archangel, sang "The Star Spangled Ban-

Men and women fainted, and one woman died, unable to endure the strain. The preacher turned his head away and looked out of the window. A soft wind was blowing from the phan, the hungry and the dying, still being transpled to death by a war more terrible than the first, because it was waged against the unarmed, women and children, the wounded, the starving and the defenseless. He tried in valu to keep back the tears Bends ing low, he put his face in his hands and cried like a child.

"God forgive them! They know not what they do!" he mouned.

The kindly old man by his side said nothing, supposing he was overcome by the grandeur of the music.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Maury I. Diggs, former State architect of California, was Wednes-", deral for at San Francisco on four counts for violations of the "white slave" laws. Each count carries a maximum penalty of five years and a minimum of one year. Sentence will be pronounced on him September 2nd. Mean-while his bond is fixed at \$5,000 in each count or \$20,000 in all. The trial of this case has been in progress for several weeks and has attracted nation-wide attention.

Major J. C. French, aged 72, appointed postmaster at Memphis, Tenn., about two months ago after a hard fight, dropped dead at his breakfast table Friday morning forlowing a stroke of apoplexy.

AGE NO BAR.

Everybody in Gastonia is Eligible. Old people stooped with suffering, Middle age, courageously fighting, Youth protesting impatiently;

Children, unable to explain: All in misery from their kidneys. Perhaps a little backache first. Urinary disorders, dropsy may

quickly follow. Doan's Kidney Pills are for sick idneys.

Are endorsed by thousands. Here's Gastonia testimony.

Mrs. C. Gardner, 117 Loray St., Gastonia, N. C., says: "We have used Doan's Kidney Pills in our family and they have done such great good that I am just as willing praise them now as ever. One of our children suffered from weak kidnevs. There were pains in the back and the action of the kidneys was irregular. Doan's Kidney Pills were finally used, being procured at The Torrence Drug Company's drug store, and they made a complete cure. There has been no sign of the trouble since.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United

Remember the name-Doan's and take no other.

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Piano and Voice Fall Term in Gastonia Opens Satur-

day, September 13th. Address W. H. Overcarsh

605 So. Tryon St., CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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LENOIR, N. C.

Offers to Young Women Who Want Good School Advantages the Lowest Possible Rates

Fall Term Opens September 10th. Send For Catalogue. JAMES BRAXTON CRAVEN, Pres.

PIEDMONT & NORTHERN LINES. SPECIAL THEATRICAL RATES

Beginning September 6th, and continuing through the Charlotte Theatrical Season, the Piedmont & Northern Lines will have on sale reduced round-trip tickets Gastonia to Charlotte and return. When necessary, last train leaving Charlotte will be held until after performances south. On its wings were borne to his in order that passengers may rethereby affording an excellent opportunity for Gastonia theatre-goers to witness all the high-class shows at Charlotte during the coming sea-

For further information inquire of

ticket agents, or write. C. V. PALMER, G. P. A.,

Charlotte, N. C.



PIEDMONT TRACTION

COMPANY Between Gastonia and Charlotte, N. C.

Effective Sunday, June 1, 1913. Station 204 Wast Main avenue. Leave Leave Charlotte. Mt. Holly. Gastonia No. 1.... 7:00a 3.... 8:15a 9:15 5.... 9:15a 10:15 9:42 7.... 10:50a 11:20 11:50 12:12 9.... 11:45a 12:45 4:00 4:30

No. 11.... 12:55p No. 15.... 1:55p No. 17... 3:30p 5:35 No. 19.... 4:35 5:02 No. 21.... 7:00 6:00p 6:30 No. 23.... 7:30 8:00 7:00p 8:30 9:00 No. 25.... 8:00p 10:30 No. 27.... 9:30p No. 29.... 10:55p Leave 11:25 11:55 Leave Arrive

Gastonia. Mt. Holly. Charlotte No. 2.... 7:00a 7:55 4.... 8:15a No. 6.... 9:30a No. 9:55 10:25 No. 8.... 10:20a 10:48 11:20 No. 10.... 11:55 No. 12.... 12:50p No. 16.... 2:00p No. 18.... 3:00p 3:27 4:00 No. 20.... 5:00p 5:26 No. 22.... 6:00p 6:30 No. 24.... 7:00p No. 26.... 8:00p 8:30 No. 28.... 9:30p

No. 30.... 10:55p 11:25 11:55 Connection made at Mount Holly. N. C., with Seaboard Air Line to the East and West, at Gastonia, N. C., with Southern Railway and Carolins and North-Western Railway.

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