

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1915.

Gaston 35 Years Ago

Happenings in Gastonia and the County Over a Third of a Century Ago as Chronicled in the Gazette of that Period—Interesting Items Reproduced from the Paper's Old Files.

(From The Gazette of July 31, '80.)
TENTH INSTALLMENT.

Local Dots.

Miss L. M. Ward, of Dallas, is visiting relatives in Charlotte this week. Dr. William Barron, wife and two daughters, of Perry county, Alabama, returned to Yorkville, his former home, last Friday.

Dr. John D. McLean, of this county, is rusticating at Cleveland Springs, this week. The doctor is only 37 years old and will be much amused for the guests telling anecdotes of the past.

We received calls Thursday from the following delegates of the Kings Mountain Centennial Association: Capt. W. T. R. Bell, J. W. Garrett, Dr. J. T. Tracy, Dr. T. J. Walker and G. A. Mauney, Kings Mountain; W. G. Whiddy, Airline R. R.

The Charlotte Air Line train from Atlanta last night, at the 151st mile post, ran over and killed a white man who was partially insane and who paid no heed to the alarm of the whistle. It was impossible, of course, to stop the train, in fact it was thought he would step off the track, but he gave no heed to the rumbling of the cars.

The Killing of Mr. Joseph White Near Gastonia.

This young man who is about 30 years old and son of Mr. James White, a prominent citizen of this county, was killed by the west bound night express train on the 25th instant. He attended Mount Olive Methodist church Sunday night where a revival was in progress. It was discovered that he was intoxicated, and after leaving the church he went to the residence of Mr. John W. Gamble, near the Rail Road, and procured something to eat, then started for home about two miles distant. Mr. Gamble cautioned him about the train, which he said would soon be along, when Mr. White asked him if he thought he was fool enough to let the cars run over him. From all appearances, after crossing the cattle guard, about 400 yards east of Joseph Gamble's residence, he took a seat on the end of a prominent cross-tie, when he fell asleep, on a big heavy grade and a short curve. It would have been impossible for the engineer to have seen him, even in day time, more than 100 yards distant. It is supposed he was struck by the engine on the head, which broke his skull in. All his wounds were in the head and caused his death in ten hours after he was struck.

Mr. Fred Krogg was engineer and no blame whatever can be attached to him.
Dr. R. H. Adams, of this place.

STOMACH TROUBLES

Mr. Ragland Writes Interesting Letter on This Subject.

Madison Heights, Va.—Mr. Chas. A. Ragland, of this place, writes: "I have been taking Theodor's Black-Draught for indigestion, and other stomach troubles, also colds, and find it to be the very best medicine I have ever used.

After taking Black-Draught for a few days, I always feel like a new man." Nervousness, nausea, heartburn, pain in pit of stomach, and a feeling of fullness after eating, are sure symptoms of stomach trouble, and should be given the proper treatment, as your strength and health depend very largely upon your food and its digestion.

To get quick and permanent relief from these ailments, you should take a medicine of known curative merit.

Its 75 years of splendid success, in the treatment of just such troubles, proves the real merit of Theodor's Black-Draught. Safe, pleasant, gentle in action, and without bad after-effects, it is sure to benefit both young and old. For sale everywhere. Price 25c.
N. C. 12.

"Chesterplace"

Have you seen these lots? They are located in the best residential section of Gastonia and all modern conveniences are available. See us at once and let us have the pleasure of showing you this new development.

FOR RENT

5 Room cottage (one block from square) 209 W. Long ave., per month \$15
Office in Realty Bldg. (2nd floor) per month \$10
4 Room cottage (close in) per month \$6

GASTONIA INSURANCE & REALTY CO.

W. T. RANKIN, Pres-Treas.

R. G. RANKIN, C. B. ARMSTRONG, Vice-Prests.

E. B. BRITAIN, Secretary

and Dr. Paul Barringer, of Dallas, examined the wounds and found several large flesh wounds on his head and his skull badly crushed, which they pronounced fatal.

Mr. Krogg says this is the 14th man he has killed and whiskey has been the cause of nearly all.

The First Cotton Factory in the South.

The first cotton factory in the South was built on Mill Branch, in Lincoln county, in the year 1815, by Michael Schenck, grandfather of Judge David Schenck. It must have been a very miniature affair, judging from the size of the stream on which the factory was built. It was the Southern company. As the demands on the capacity of the factory increased it was removed to South Fork. It was burnt in 1860. A part of the frame work of the old factory building is still standing, mark to the historic spot, and is the property of Mrs. McDaniels, a daughter of Michael Schenck. Mr. Schenck moved to Lincoln county from Lancaster county, Pa. The machinery was shipped from Providence, R. I. One of the old spindles which is in possession of Judge Schenck, was recently exhibited in this office.

EDITOR ON A "GROUCH."

And He Had a Right to Be—Spent a Day With the C. & N.-W. and Thirty Minutes at the Gaston County Fair.

Newton Enterprise, 19th.

The entitlements of this grouchy story are "A Day on the C. & N.-W. or Thirty Minutes at Gaston Fair." And it might be said at once there are grouches and grouches. Some time they are induced by an inactive liver; a chronic grouch is entirely a mental affair; a gen-u-wine, up-standing, bonafide and justifiable grouch is based on rotten railroad service. Nothing else in the world gives you a better right to a grouch than a railroad system that will take your good money and give you push-cart or wheelbarrow service for it.

People who had it in mind to spend several hours at the far-famed Gaston Fair Wednesday foregathered at the Newton station and other stations down the line, and waited for the first installment of the double daily service recently inaugurated by the Carolina & Northwestern. Newton hacks carry you to the station at 9 o'clock, or thereabouts; it is when your journey begins. Capt. J. W. Pope had slipped this party the word Tuesday night that there had been a freight wreck that afternoon at Hickory. "I spect that down train will be a leetle late," he vouchsafed. Nevertheless, word from the station was encouraging. They knew nothing of any wreck; the train so far as they knew was running and on time. The various travelers purchased tickets and stepped out, confident, expectant, and gazed brightly up the track todes Conover. That was 9:30. It was, however, on the 13th of the month, also.

An hour later an engine running backwards, pulling two cars came down. It visited the water tank first, and doubtless considering that being an hour late, anyway, the loss of a few minutes more would make no material difference, the fireman let the water into the coal box and it washed out neat little piles of fuel on each side of the tender; and while the weary passengers stood and watched and waited, the fireman and the porter seized shovels and gaily flung the coal back in the tender including in facetious remarks and hilarious repartee the while, wasting 10 minutes. "Beats anything I ever saw," said an admiring traveling man about to take his first plunge on the C. & N.-W. After a while, then, the engine backed

toes Maiden. At about 10:40 we took a siding to let the northbound passenger train by, and that lasted about 10 minutes. Pulling back to the mainline, we found a hot box, and that took awhile. People got out and walked about. About 11:10 we were off again, and reached Maiden, thank God, about 11:20, and six minutes later we were valiantly steaming towards Lincolnton. Running backwards is a precarious business, and the engineer took his time. Passengers made silly jokes. "If I had 'a' thought about it and brought my dogs," opined one, "we could 'a' hunted some rabbits along here." Came to another siding and stopped to let a freight pass. Passengers grew restless. One started out the car rather vigorously. "Hold on!" shouted his friends, in pseudo alarm. "If you start walking we'll never ketch up with you," and he desisted and sat down. Freight came dashing up and stopped, and the engineers visited around with each other, swapped the time o' day and parted. It took some ten minutes there, and coming back, the same train stopped at the same place to let a freight go by, and passengers of the morning looked out and found the surroundings so familiar that it looked like home. It would have been an excellent time for prospective settlers and real estate agents. They could have examined every foot of the country, analyzed the soils, run imaginary lines, estimated the stumpage, flow of streams, etc.

At Lincolnton, which we reached at 12:09, the engine left us, ran through the triangle and came back with cowcatcher pointing towards Gastonia, and thereafter we burnt the wind. At 12 minutes to one o'clock we hit Dallas, and reached the outskirts of Gastonia five minutes later, paused awhile, and rolled into the union station at 10 minutes after 1 o'clock. Having begun the journey at about 9 a. m., we had accomplished the trip in four hours, 10 minutes. In actual running time, we had made the 36 miles in about two hours and 40 minutes. Some service!

At the Piedmont & Northern electric railway office inquiry was made as to street car service to the fair grounds. The gent behind the wicket said the regular Gastonia cars run once an hour—wow! but there was a special car for fair week crowds, he said, that ran every 15 minutes. Good! how long before it comes again? He couldn't tell. It might be short and it might be long. Special car had to dodge the hour local car and the Charlotte interurban trains and take its chances. In the face of uncertainty, the walk of six of seven blocks appealed and it was hoofed. It was then about half past one. C. & N.-W. would leave at 3:10 o'clock; so, we had an hour and a half to walk to the fair see the sights and get back.

The fair did very well for the first fair. It was not extensive. There were some fine black Polled Angus cattle, and some other that weren't so fine. The horse barn had a couple of good specimens, the poultry exhibit was very good, as were the fancy work, pantry supplies, etc. The usual big pumpkin, sweet potato and gourd were there. The grounds haven't a race track yet. A lot of shows occupied the landscape. The airship man wasn't to go up till 4 p. m., and the train left at 3. After all, it didn't take much time to "do"

Recommends Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"Last winter I used a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a bad bronchial cough. I felt its beneficial effect immediately and before I had finished the bottle I was cured. I never tire of recommending this remedy to my friends," writes Mrs. William Bright, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.

the fair, and get back.

The train left at 3:15, made good time, waited at Lincolnton awhile for the Seaboard and then suddenly deciding that the Seaboard wasn't such-a-much to wait on any how, it left, arriving at Maiden in due course and waiting on the way for a freight, and getting to Newton at 5:30. The day, insofar as it had to do with a guest of the Carolina & Northwestern, was a howling success. One might say that with the exception of the hour and a half we had "off" in Gastonia, we were dealing with the Carolina & Northwestern from 9:30 a. m. until 5:30 p. m.

And it wasn't a novel experience. You can run over in your minds past times when big events had been glowingly advertised for weeks, when the public was moving in large bodies, when passenger traffic was heavy, and went up against the same sort of railroad service on most any railroad in the State, found the event was not so big after all, and got back home feeling like the devil had snatched a day out of your calendar and made a spitball of it which he bean-shooted into your eye.

We get wroth when people blow into this country from sections where public service is right on the dot, and make fun of our way of doing things; but when you come to think about it, we've really and truly get some distance to travel in the way of improvements and means of transportation, and so forth and so on. You've a chance to take a day off and go see something. You pay your money and light out. You spend practically the whole blessed day messing with a dinky little train, find disappointment in the glowingly described attractions and come home feeling like the thing you are—a durn fool. You could have spent the time better knitting socks for the Belgian soldiers.

CAMPGROUND LITIGATION.

Another Paragraph in Rock Springs Affair.

The following from The Newton Enterprise will be of interest to Gazette readers:

C. A. Jonas, Esq., of Lincolnton, has been retained in association with W. C. Feimster, Esq., of this place, by the trustees and tent-owners of Rock Springs, in the suit against them by a committee representing the Western North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Church. As noted in Friday's paper, this committee appointed by the church, sold the campground to Albert Sherrill, alleging that the church owns the property. The tent-owners and trustees refused to recognize the claim, and presumably the suit is for ejectment, but it will develop the title and show who owns the property, the church or the folks. The latter wish to continue campmeetings; the former desires to stop it. For several years there has been a clash of authority and so far the campmeeting crowd has won out, for it has held campmeetings regardless.

A Fixed Institution.

Charlotte Observer.

The Gaston County Fair had the weather and it had the people, and it got a start that no doubt makes it a fixed institution.

Fifty-five persons were killed and 114 injured by a Zeppelin raid on London Wednesday night.

The State Sunday School Convention will be held in Salisbury November 22 to 24.

For Indigestion.

Never take pepsin and preparations containing pepsin or other digestive ferments for indigestion, as the more you take the more you will have to take. What is needed is a tonic like Chamberlain's Tablets that will enable the stomach to perform its functions naturally. Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.



They're Almost Here!!

Good-bye Cold and Discomfort

No more chilly bedrooms, shivery bathrooms, icy dining rooms. My! but they look cheerful and comfy, and never in your life did you see such attractive—oh, well, words won't do them justice.

WATCH THIS SPACE
They will appear to-morrow

THE GAS COMPANY

No. 3

CONFECTION PERFECTION

We realize that perfection is hard to reach in anything, but when you have tried a box of our delicious candies, you'll agree with us that "perfection" is not too expressive of their goodness.

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CHOCOLATES AND BON BONS

Our large sales and careful buying enables us to keep our stock fresh at all times.

Get the habit of taking home a box of candy. Good confectionery is healthful.

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At Your Service

Ready and anxious to serve all your needs.

Your Butcher Man stands like a recorder of deeds.

Pencil in hand, with his ear to the phone Your order he'll take, even for a soup bone.

No matter how small your order may be "Twill be rushed to you with alacrity And the meats he'll send in response to your call

Will be tender and fresh and satisfy all.

So when in a hurry don't get nervous But, avail yourself of our admirable service.

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COZY THEATRE Presents Monday, October 25

The New Adventures of J. Rufus Wallingford

"A Bungalow Bungle"

In 2 parts, featuring Lolita Robertson, Max Figman, Burr McIntosh and All Star Cast. Stories by George Randolph Chester. Scenarios by Charles W. Goddard

This is a new series of pictures. Every one complete every Monday. Ladies Free Monday, October 25, from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.