

# HEARD ON THE STREETS

Indiscriminate Observations and Rambling Notes Gathered Here and There at Random Over the City by One of the News Gatherers.

We are requested to announce that there will be preaching services at Chapel Lutheran church Sunday afternoon, July 23, at 3 o'clock, by Rev. J. C. Diez, pastor of the Gastonia Lutheran Church, and at the same hour on Sunday afternoon, July 30, by Rev. A. L. Bolick, of Newton.

Lost in Gastonia in broad daylight is what happened to a negro man last week who works for the Piedmont & Northern Railway Company, and the occasion of his disappearance caused quite a commotion among his fellow workers. The negro around whom this story is written had been sent into the big culvert which runs under Franklin avenue at the intersection of South street on an inspection tour, this being thought necessary before laying the concrete between the P. & N. tracks. Just what happened to this subterranean explorer is not definitely known but it is known that he sojourned below the surface for several hours, while his boss and co-workers marveled at his continued absence.

It was true that the recent rains had sent an abundance of water through this underground passageway, and for a while it was thought this man had met an untimely end. This, however, was disproved when an examination showed that only a small rivulet of water was passing through the culvert. The man was at last given up in despair, but as the six o'clock whistles were blowing, passing pedestrians in front of the Ideal theatre were startled by the cries of a negro man. An investigation showed that the man was in the opening where the water from Main avenue pours into the big culvert and starts on its way to Hanna branch south of the city. With the assistance of a crowbar and a slab of granite was pried up and the darkie given his freedom.

His only explanation was that he got lost and was unable to find his way out, having wandered around between the narrow walls of the culvert for several hours. There are some, however, who doubt the man's story



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saying that he was only avoiding the more arduous work that would have been required of him on the surface. How pleasant it was in the confines of this cloaca has not been attested to but it is remembered that the sun was beating down on that day in a most terrific manner, and it might have been decidedly cooler below the the surface than above, thus explaining the negro's seemingly unusual conduct.

"Safe at third," you yell loud. Why! you old safe cracking robber.

Every home fan in the crowd Knows he's out, you crooked jobber.

Gee, you lying bandit vile, Doyle got that guy a mile.

The above is but the mildest form of epithets which Gastonia fans hurled at Umpire Dawson last Thursday and Friday afternoons at Loray Park. That Dawson's rulings were at times decidedly unjust there is no doubt, and seemingly Gastonia got the worst end of every close decision. From the bleachers it no doubt looked as if the ump's badly in need of a pair of spectacles; that Thompson was safe at second; that Doyle caught the ball fully two feet on the outside of the foul line; that Carver was safe at the home plate, and that he robbed us in every frame. When everything bad and mean had been said, however, not a decision had been changed and Mr. Dawson possessed just as much virtue as he did the first time he ever set foot within the limits of Gastonia and Loray Park.

"Go get him," shouted some. Just what the would have done had they "got him" is rather doubtful. From what was said by many, lynching would have been entirely too good.

Considering that the fans were in earnest and meant what they said, and following their action to its logical conclusion it would lead inevitably to that point where a respect for the rights of others would be forgotten in the howl of the mob. Mob rule is in opposition to the laws of this fair land of ours and Gastonia citizens who countenance

even the semblance of mob rule have no claims on the good name that this town boasts of.

This flood season offers a splendid time for snake stories and there are plenty of them afloat just now. One is that rattlesnakes are thick all along the South Fork and the Catawba rivers since the water went down. Be it known that this is not a rattlesnake country. The explanation advanced is that the reptiles were brought down from the mountain fastnesses by the unprecedented waters. One report here Wednesday was to the effect that a rattler seven feet long was killed that morning in or near Belmont. The report did not say how many rattles the reptile had. Another report was that five rattlers were seen going down the river on one log. The originator of this story did not indicate how rattlers are to be distinguished from any other breed of snakes when seen from shore and while floating down the middle of a swiftly flowing river. Those, however, are merely little omissions that the bearer of snake news does not feel necessary to be told. In fact it ruins a snake story, doncherknow, to put too many little details to it.

"Mark my Word," said the observant citizen, "There's going to be lots of fever and other forms of sickness along the rivers now that the waters have subsided. It is a self-evident fact that there must be thousands of dead carcasses of cats, dogs, chickens, hogs, cows and even other animals buried in the mud along the banks of these streams. A vigorous clean-up campaign ought to be started at once by every town and country community which is within any reasonable distance of any of these streams. A pound of prevention, you know, is worth a pound of cure." This is doubtless the opinion of many others besides the citizen who was talking and it would doubtless be a good idea for it to be acted upon.

One of the happiest fellows in town Wednesday afternoon was Jack Blake? You don't know Jack? Well, he's the colored porter on the Carolina & Northwestern Railway and has been on the regular run between Chester and the northern terminus of the road for 26 years. "I shore is glad to see Gastony

once again," said Jack to a group in Swan-Slater Company's store. "It looks like I see gettin back close to home."

Jack arrived via the croaste route from Edgemont, the northern terminus of his road. Edgemont nestles away up in the mountains and is almost at the jumping-off place. The passenger crew of which he was a member was marooned there Friday night and their train is still there.

Asked why he left Edgemont Jack replied that rations were getting short. "If those folks don't get something to eat soon they're going to suffer," he said. "It wasn't just right comfortable bein' up there, either," he said. "If you started up the side of a hill to get away from the water why the land begun to slide. A fellow was kinder between the devil and the deep blue sea."

In reply to a query as to how he made the trip to Gastonia Jack said he left there walking Monday. He walked to Collettsville and rode some distance on a dump car which they had frequently to drag over dirt slides. He rode part of the way on a motor car, walked some more, rode in an automobile, rode an engine, walked some more and finally, by hook and crook landed in Gastonia. He left on the southbound train yesterday evening feeling very much at home and happy in the thought that he would get to spend another night under his own little vine and fig tree at Chester.

From Jack it was learned that everything at Edgemont washed away except the hotel. No guests, he said, were marooned there. In all ten houses, including the depot, were taken from Edgemont by the flood.

The C. & N.-W. track is washed out, according to him, from Edgemont to a point several miles down the Wilson creek gorge. At Mortimer seventeen houses were washed away and an immense amount of lumber belonging to the Ritter Lumber Company was carried down stream, causing an enormous loss to that concern. According to Jack desolation and ruin stare one in the face at practically every turn in that neck o' the woods.

"You don't mean to tell me that our new \$100,000 concrete bridge at Sloan's Ferry has been washed away?" queried a Gastonia citizen Tuesday morning. "There must be some mistake about that bridge washing away," he continued when told that the bridge in question had been snapped in twain by the continued onslaughts of the violent Catawba and its cargo of driftwood. It took more than argument to prove to this man that the best bridge in the State had been swept down. "Well, I won't believe it till I see it with my own eyes," he concluded as he shook his head and departed. Gastonia citizens believed that the great bridge, built only three years ago, would stand the test of ages and it was hard for them to realize that it had given away.

"I did the first hobnobbing of my career Sunday night," remarked a prominent young Gastonia business man to the writer of this column of hope Wednesday. "I didn't do it because I wanted to hobo but I wanted to get to Gastonia and I took chances. It happened this way. I went to Charlotte on business on No. 36 Sunday morning. As you know that was the last passenger train going North before the railroad bridges went down. At the P. & N. passenger station Sunday afternoon there was a crowd of people waiting to go to Gastonia and while we were waiting there news came that the interurban bridge at Mount Holly had gone down and, of course, that killed every prospect of getting home that way. I hiked down to the Southern depot where they were making up No. 45, which reaches Gastonia ordinarily at 5:45 p. m., to route it by Rock Hill. There were ten passengers on the train, three of whom were ladies. When we approached the bridge between Fort Mill and Rock Hill we all got on the rear end of the coach and the men all shed their coats. It was reported that the bridge was shaky and we did not know but that we might have to jump and do some swimming. However, we got across the river safely and, as it happened, that was the last train to cross that bridge before it, too, succumbed to the angry waves. From Rock Hill our train went by way of Yorkville to Blackburg. I was still as far from Gastonia as when I started and had traveled a considerable distance in the bargain.

"At Blackburg a wrecking train was being made up with orders to proceed through Gastonia to the Southern bridge at Mayworth. I approached the conductor and asked permission to ride with him to Gastonia. He replied that there was nothing doing. I then showed him my Southern Railway pass but that didn't impress him at all. He said, 'Get an order from headquarters and I'll take you.' He was about ready to leave Blackburg then and there was no time for wiring for orders. I didn't bother him any more but I had already determined that I was going home on that train or be put off somewhere along the line in the attempt. While his back was turned I crawled meekly up on the car carrying a big pile driver and secreted myself. At 5 o'clock Monday morning the train stopped at the water tank at the Trenton Mill inside the corporate limits of Gastonia and I quietly slid off the car and hiked home. He never knew I was on there. You can bet I was glad to get home."

Henry J. McIntyre, a crazed negro, ran amuck in Chicago Tuesday and killed four persons before he was captured.

At Morganton Sunday a young man earned a reward of \$1,200. Alfonso Duckworth, a merchant, was afloat in the middle of the current on the roof of his store house. He offered a reward, it is said, of \$500, then \$800 and finally of \$1,200 to any person that would rescue him. Will Clarke rigged up a boat and rescued him and Duckworth paid the reward of \$1,200 in cash.

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### CHERRYVILLE'S CELEBRATION.

August 5th is the Date—This Year's Event to Eclipse All Previous Efforts—A Big Crowd is Expected.

From Cherryville comes word that neither time nor means are being spared to make their big annual celebration this year equal to or better than for five or six years.

This annual affair is looked forward to by thousands of people in Gaston and adjoining counties. And the managers are anxious that great preparation be made by the people to come and spend the day with them. No one who has ever attended one of these occasions has ever regretted the trip.

Let every one who reads this article make it a point to carry the good news to friends of theirs in the different sections of the country. Friends will appreciate the favor and will be glad to attend, and then the management will likewise appreciate it. Then above all else begin now to arrange to be present and enjoy the day among thousands of friends and fun-seekers.

Plenty of free attractions will be furnished for the amusement of all who come. There will be brass bands, baseball by good teams, foot races, fat man's races, barrel races, greasy pole climbing, wheelbarrow races and rolling, merry-go-rounds, airships or balloons with several drops; something new, side shows, and many other forms of amusement for all who may come.

Watch for further announcements. And remember the date, Saturday, August 5th. Everybody come. Come.—Adv.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is reported critically ill. His relatives have been summoned to Schoenbrunn castle to be at his bedside.

Two lives are known to have been lost in Catawba county section during the high water. John Pope, a young white man, was drowned near Hickory. Another man, name not given, was drowned at Newton.

### Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

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The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c.

It is said that three and perhaps five English and French cruisers are lying in wait for the German submarine Deutschland off the Virginia capes. That they are going to get Capt. Koenig and his boat if possible is a sure thing.

According to reports Catawba county was hard hit by the floods. The total loss is estimated at \$2,000,000. Hickory is entirely cut off from the outside world and was reported Wednesday as being out of sugar and flour.

Lax-Fee, A Mild, Effective Laxative & Liver Tonic Does Not Grip nor Disturb the Stomach. In addition to other properties, Lax-Fee contains Cascara in acceptable form, a stimulating Laxative and Tonic. Lax-Fee acts effectively and does not grip nor disturb stomach. At the same time, it aids digestion, arouses the liver and secretions and restores the healthy functions. 50c.

News reached here Wednesday to the effect that Lake Junaluska near Waynesville where the Southern Methodist Assembly Grounds are located was uninjured by the high waters. The report came by way of Knoxville and purported to be official. The assembly property is said to be uninjured.

### Biliousness and Stomach Trouble.

"Two years ago I suffered from frequent attacks of stomach trouble and biliousness," writes Miss Emma Verbyke, Lima, Ohio. "I could eat very little food that agreed with me and I became so dizzy and sick at my stomach at times that I had to take hold of something to keep from falling. Seeing Chamberlain's Tablets advertised I decided to try them. I improved rapidly." Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.

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New Post Toasties are not only inexpensive but they bear a new deliciousness, produced by a new process of cookery—the first to produce corn flakes with the self-developed true corn flavor.

So fine is this flavor that New Post Toasties are wondrous good eaten dry. Unlike common corn flakes, they do not require cream and sugar to make them palatable. Try some that way — you'll appreciate the point, though they're even better when served with cream or good milk.

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