

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE

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FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1917.

Those greedy coal barons are going to have to come down. Oh, how we wish Uncle Sam would say to the paper octopus, "You next."

Irish potatoes dropped yesterday to four dollars a bushel in New York as the result of immense quantities of spuds being thrown on the market.

Our friends down Filbertway always secure some star attractions for their big August picnic but this year they have gone themselves one better.

The biggest piece of news so far this week—at least the news that was most eagerly read and commented on by the general public—was the dispatch on Wednesday chronicling the safe arrival in France of the first contingents of regular United States Army troops.

Some deft pen artist recently made a cartoon, which was widely used, entitled "The Blow That Almost Killed Father" and depicting Kaiser Bill in a most dejected attitude when the news was conveyed to him that the American people had oversubscribed by 50 per cent the Liberty Loan of two billion dollars.

If there was doubt in the minds of any Gastonians that canning and drying were going to be vocations of small import in this neck of the woods this summer the announcement in today's Gazette that the Chamber of Commerce has found it necessary to employ an additional demonstration agent for the town alone will dispel any such notion.

Miss Virginia Arnold, one of the six suffragettes who served a three-day jail sentence ending today in Washington for displaying treasonable banners, is a North Carolina woman, the daughter of Rev. J. D. Arnold, a retired Methodist minister living at Waynesville.

Inside the Lines

By EARL DERR BIGGERS AND ROBERT WELLS RITCHIE Copyright, 1915, by the Bobbe-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER VII. The Hotel Splendide.

MR JOSEPH ALMER, proprietor of the Hotel Splendide, on Gibraltar's Waterport street, was alone in his office, busy over his books. The day was Aug. 5. The night before the cable had flashed word to General Sir George Crandall, governor general of the Rock, that England had buried herself into the great war.

It was 4 in the afternoon. The street outside steamed with heat, and the odors that make Gibraltar a lasting memory were at their prime of distillation. The proprietor of the Splendide was nodding over his books. A light footfall on the boards beyond the desk roused him.



"Haven't I been Josepha, the cigar girl?"

Romany sash, and with thin white waist, open at rounded throat. A cheap tortoise shell comb held her coils of chestnut hair high on her head—Louisa of the Wilhelmstrasse, but not the same Louisa, the sophisticated Louisa of the Cafe Riche and the Winter Garden. A timid little cigarmaker she was here in Gibraltar.

"Nineteen thirty-two," Almer repeated under his breath; then aloud, "On the Princess Mary, you say?" "Yes; she is already anchored in the strait. The tenders are coming ashore. He will come here, for such were his directions in Alexandria."

The girl had suddenly changed her tone to one of professional wheedling, for she saw three entering the door. Almer lifted his voice angrily: "Josepha, your mother is substituting with these cigars. Take them back and tell her if I catch her doing this again it means the cells for her."

permitted himself to mutter angrily as he turned back to his books. "You see, mother? See that hotel keeper lose his temper and tongue lash that poor girl? Just what I tell you—these foreigners don't know how to be polite to ladies."

"Cheer up, mother. Even if this first trip of ours—this 'grand tower,' as the guidebooks call it—has been sorta tough we had one compensation anyway," said the magnate of Kewanee—"we saw the Palace of Peace at the Hague before the war broke out. Guess they're leasing it for a skating rink now, though."

"How can you joke when we're in such a fix? He-Henry, you ne-never do take things seriously!" "Why not joke, mother? Only one thing you can do over here you don't have to pay for. Cheer up! There's the Saxonias due here from Naples some time soon. Maybe we can horn a way up her gangplank. Consul says—"

Mrs. Sherman looked up from her handkerchief with withering scorn. "Tell me a way we can get aboard any ship without having the money to pay our passage. Tell me that, Henry Sherman!"

"Well, we've been broke before, mother," her spouse answered cheerily, rocking himself on heels and toes. "Remember when we were first married and had that little house on Liberty street—the newest house in Kewanee it was, and we didn't have a hired girl then, mother. But we come out all right, didn't we?"

The gentleman who knew Kewanee was making for the door when Almer, the suave, came out from behind his desk and stopped him with a warning hand.

"I am afraid the gentleman cannot see the famous Rock chambers," he purred. "This is wartime—since yesterday, you know. Tourists are not allowed in the fortifications."

"Like to see who'd stop me?" Henry J. Sherman drew himself up to his full five feet seven and frowned at the Swiss. Almer rubbed his hands.

"A soldier—with a gun, most probably, sir." Mrs. Sherman rose and hurried to her husband's side in alarm.

"Henry—Henry! Don't go and get arrested again! Remember that last time—the Frenchman at that Bordeaux town." Sherman allowed discretion to soften his valor.

"Well, anyway"—he turned again to the proprietor—"they'll let us see that famous signal tower up on top of the Rock. Mother, they say from that tower up there they can keep tabs on a ship sixty miles away. Fellow down at the consulate was telling me just this morning that's the king pin of the whole works. Harbor's full of mines and things; electric switch in the signal tower. Press a switch up there and everything in the harbor—blam!"

"He shot his hands above his head to denote the cataclysm. Almer smiled sardonically and drew the Illinois citizen to one side.

"I would give you a piece of advice," he said in a low voice. "It is—"

"Say, proprietor, you don't charge for advice, do you?" Sherman regarded him quizzically.

"It is this," Almer went on, unperturbed. "If I were you I would not talk much about the fortifications of the Rock. Even talk is—ah—dangerous if too much indulged."

"Huh! I guess you're right," said Sherman thoughtfully. "You see, we don't know much about diplomacy out where I come from."

Interruption came startlingly. A sergeant and three soldiers with guns swung through the open doors from Waterport street. Gun butts struck the floor with a heavy thud. The sergeant stepped forward and saluted Almer with a businesslike sweep of hand to visor.

"See here, landlord!" the sergeant spoke up briskly. "Fritz, the barber, lives here, does he not?" Almer nodded. "We want him. Find him in the barber shop, eh?"

The sergeant turned and gave directions to the guard. They tramped through a swinging door by the side of the desk while the Shermans, parents and daughter alike, looked on with round eyes. In less than a minute the men in khaki returned, escorting a quaking man in white jacket. The barber, greatly flustered, protested in English strongly reminiscent of his own.

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"Orders to take you, Fritz," the sergeant explained not unkindly. "But I haf done nothing," the barber cried. "For ten years I haf shaved you. You know I am a harmless old German." The sergeant shrugged. "I fancy they think you are working for the Wilhelmstrasse. Fritz, and



"But I haf done nothing."

they want to have you where they can keep their eyes on you. Sorry, you know."

"Close in! March!" commanded the sergeant. The guard surrounded the hapless barber and wheeled through the door, their guns hedging his white jacket about inexorably. Sherman's hands spread his coat tails wide apart, and he rocked back forth on heels and toes, his eyes smoldering.

"Come on, father"—Kitty had slipped her hand through her dad's arm and was imparting direct strategy in a low voice—"we'll take mother down the street to look at the shops and make her forget our troubles. They've got some wonderful Moroccan bazaars in town. Baedeker says so."

"Shops, did you say?" Mrs. Sherman perked up at once, forgetting her grief under the superior lure.

"Yes, mother. Come on, let's go down and look 'em over." Sherman's good humor was quite restored. He pinched Kitty's arm in compliment for her gulle. "Maybe they'll let us look at their stuff without charging anything. But we couldn't buy a postage stamp, remember."

They sailed out into the crowded street and lost themselves amid the scourgings of Africa and south Europe. Almer was alone in the office.

The proprietor fidgeted. He walked to the door and looked down the street in the direction of the quays. He pulled his watch from his pocket and compared it with the blue face of the Dutch clock on the wall. His pudgy hands clasped and unclasped themselves behind his back nervously. An Arab hotel porter and runner at the docks came swinging through the front door with a small steamer trunk on his shoulders, and Almer started forward expectantly. Behind the porter came a tall well knit man dressed in quiet traveling suit—the Captain Woodhouse who had sailed from Alexandria as a passenger aboard the Princess Mary.

He paused for an instant as his eyes met those of the proprietor. Almer bowed and hastened behind the desk. Woodhouse stepped up to the register and scanned it casually.

"A room, sir?" Almer held out a pen invitingly.

"For the night, yes," Woodhouse answered shortly, and he signed the register. Almer's eyes followed the strokes of the pen eagerly.

"Ah, from Egypt, captain? You were aboard the Princess Mary, then?" "From Alexandria, yes. Show me my room, please. Beastly tired."

The Arab porter darted forward, and Woodhouse was turning to follow him



"Out you go!"

when he nearly collided with a man just entering the street door. It was Mr. Billy Capper.

Both recoiled as their eyes met. Just the faintest flicker of surprise, instantly suppressed, tightened the muscles of the captain's jaws. He murmured a "Beg pardon" and started to pass. Capper deliberately set himself in the other's path and, with a wry smile, held out his hand.

"Captain Woodhouse, I believe." Capper put a tang of sarcasm, corroding as acid, into the words. He was still smiling. The other man drew back and eyed him coldly.

"I do not know you. Some mistake," Woodhouse said.

Almer was moving around from behind the desk with the soft tread of a cat, his eyes fixed on the hard bitten face of Capper.

"Hab! Don't recognize the second cabin passengers aboard the Princess Mary, eh?" Capper sneered. "Little bit discriminating that way, eh? Well, my name's Capper—Mr. William Capper. Never heard the name—in Alexandria—what?"

Charter No. 4377 Reserve District No. 5. REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

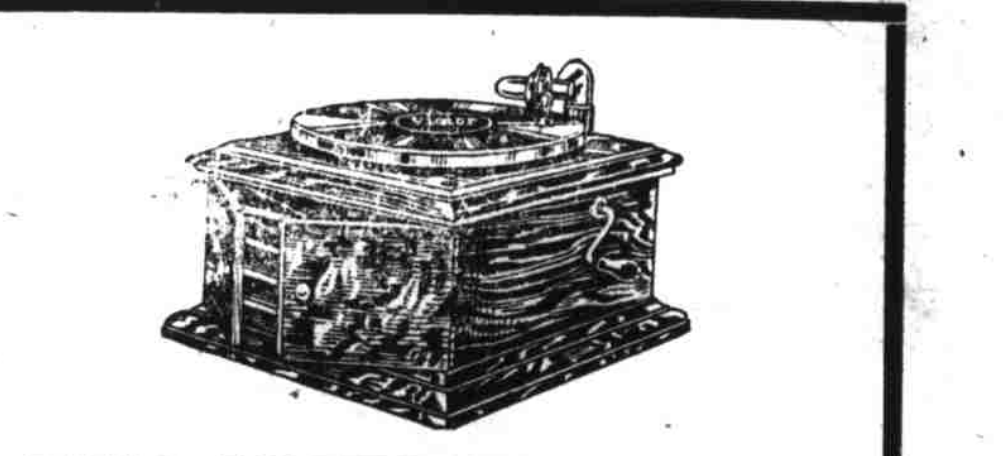
at Gastonia in the State of North Carolina, at the close of business on June 20th, 1917.

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Resources include Loans and discounts, Notes and bills rediscounted, Foreign Bills of Exchange or Drafts, U. S. bonds, Bonds, securities, etc. Liabilities include Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, Demand deposits subject to Reserve, etc.

Table with columns for LIABILITIES. Liabilities include Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, Demand deposits subject to Reserve, United States deposits, not subject to Reserve, Bills payable, etc.

State of North Carolina, County of Gaston, ss: I, S. N. Boyce, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of June, 1917. D. M. Robinson, Notary Public. CORRECT—Attest: THOS. L. CRAIG, S. A. ROBINSON, J. H. SEPARK, Directors.



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guttural. "I'll have no other insulting guests in my house." "Oh, you won't, won't you? But supposing I want to take a room here—pay you good English gold for it. You'll sing a different tune, then." "Before I throw you out, kindly leave my place." By a quick turn Almer had Capper facing the door; his grip was iron. The smaller man tried to walk to the door with dignity. There he paused and looked back over his shoulder.

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(To Be Continued.) —Next Wednesday is the Glorious Fourth.