### THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Insued every Monday, Wednesday and Friday by The Gazette Publishing Company.

L. D. ATKINS. | Editor and Mgrs

Admitted into the mails at - the pound rate of Postage, April 28,

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

One year ..... \$2.00 Six months ...... 1.00 Three months ..... One month ..... ... .20

All subscriptions payable in advance and discontinued promptly apon expiration.

> ESTABLISHED 1880. NO. 236 West Main Avenue. PHONE NO. 50.

. . . . . . . . . . . . Mr. M. Luther Barnes, of Mt. Holly, is regularly employed by The Gazette and is authorized to collect for subscriptions, take orders for advertising and job printing and to transact other terms of business for this paper. Mr. Barnes is now making a canvass of the county. Give him your subscription and begin keeping up with Gaston by reading the county's leading newspa-per three times a week. Only \$2 a year, \$1 for six months,

. . . . . . . . . . . . . .



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. This is quite a tumble from the top price of \$12 per bushel. It would tickle us awfully to see a few other things in the food line fall a little bit.

Our friends down Filbertway always secure some star attractions for their big August picnic but this year they have gone themselves one better. Congresswoman Jeanette Randontana, is to be the star attraction with a few Congressmen, Governors and ex-Governors as sideissues. If the committee in charge carries out the program as outlined elsewhere in today's Gazette we feel safe in guaranteeing them a recordbreaking attendance from Gastonia.

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. From now on Americans will read with even keener interest than ever before the war news from France. Soon we expect to be hearing of some splendid fighting done by Uncle Sam's soldiers on the Western front.

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. Now that the American people have in a week's time, contributed more than \$100,000,000 asked for the support of the American Red Cross. Kaiser Bill is due another attack of vertigo or something of the kind.

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. Hundreds of housewives are eager to learn how to can and dry vegetables and firuts and already, it is stated, more than thirty clubs for this purpose have been organized inside the city. Let the good work go on. All of this canned stuff will come in splendidly next winter.

Miss Virginia Arnold, one of the ix suffragettes who served a threelay jail sentence ending today in Washington for displaying treason-able banners, is a North Carolina woman, the daughter of Rev. J. D. Arnold, a retired Methodist minister iving at Waynesville.

# Inside the Lines

By EARL DERR BIGGERS AND

ROBERT WELLS RITCHIE Copyright, 1915, by the Bobbs-Mer-.

CHAPTER VII.

The Hotel Splendide. R 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 hurled herself into the great war. But that was no concern of Mr. Joseph Almer except as it affected the hotel business. Admittedly it did bring complications there.

A sleek, well fed Swiss he was, one whose neutrality was publicly as impervious as the rocky barriers of his home land. A bland eye and a suave professional smile were the ever present advertisements of urbanity on Joseph Almer's chubby countenance. He spoke with an accent that might have got him into trouble with the English masters of the Rock had they not known that certain cantons in Switzerland are very close to the frontier of Germany, and Almer therefore was hardly to be blamed for an accident of birth.

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 Spiendide was nodding over his books. A light footfall on the boards beyond the desk roused him. A girl with two cigar boxes under her arm slipped, like a shadow, up to the desk. She was dressed in the bright colors of Spain. claret colored skirt under a broad



"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.

"Louisa!" Almer's head bobbed up on a suddenly stiffened neck as he whispered her name. She' set her boxes of cigars on the desk, opened them, and as she made gestures to point the worthiness of her wares she spoke swiftly and in a half whisper.

comes on the Princess Mary-a cablegram from Koch just got through today. I wanted"-"You mean"- Almer thrust his head

"All is as we hoped, Almer. He

forward in his eagerness, and his eyes were bright beads.

"Captain Woodhouse-our Captain Woodhouse!" The girl's voice trembled in exultation. "And his numberhis Wilhelmstrasse number-is-listen carefully-1932."

"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." Louisa started to move toward the street door. "But you?" Almer stopped her. "The English are making a roundup of suspects on the Rock. They will ask questions-perhaps arrest"-

"Me? No, I think not. Just because I was away from Gibraltar for six weeks and have returned so recently is not enough to rouse suspicion. Haven't I been Josepha, the cigar girl, to every Tommy in the garrison for nearly a year? No-no, senor; you are wrong. These are the purest cigars made south of Madrid. Indeed,

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."

The cigar girl bowed her head in simulated fright, sped past the incoming tourists and lost herself in the shifting crowd on the street. Almer. permitted minself 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."

Henry J. Sherman-"yes, sir, of Kewanee, Illynoy"-mopped his hald pink dome and glared truculently at the insulting back of Joseph Almer. Mrs. Sherman, the lady of direct impulses who had contrived to stare Captain Woodhouse out of countenance in the Winter Garden not long back, cast herself despondently on the decrepit lounge and appeared to need little invitation to be precipitated into a crying spell. Her daughter, Kitty, a winsome little slip, stood behind her, arms about the mother's neck and her hands stroking the maternal cheeks.

"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 foke, mother? Only one thing you can do over here you don't have to pay for. Cheer up! There's the Saxonia due here from Naples some time soon. Maybe we can horn a way up her gangplank. Consul SAVE"-

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 ansevered 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?" He patted his daughter's shoulder and winked ponderously. "Come on, girls and boys, we'll go, look over those Rock chambers the English hollowed out. We can't sit in our room and mope all day."-

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 hurrled 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 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 his 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 startingly. 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

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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



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

"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 coattails 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 ber 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 guile. "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 scourings 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 Woodbouse 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.

"Ab, 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



"Out you go!"

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

Both recoiled as their eves 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 bebind the desk with the soft tread of a cat, his eyes fixed on the hard bitten face of Capper. "Hah! 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?" "You are drunk. Stand aside!"

Woodhouse spoke quietly. His face was very white and strained. Almerlaunched himself suddenly between the two and laid his hands roughly on Capper's thin shoulders.

"Out you go!" he choked in a thick

Charter No. 4377

\$1,467,690.71

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.

RESOURCES. Loans and discounts (except those shown on b and c) .... \$1,629,855.11 Total loans ..... 1,629,855.11 Notes and bills rediscounted (other than bank acceptances sold) (see Item 55a) ..... 162,164.40 Foreign Bills of Exchange or Drafts sold with indorsement of this bank, not shown under Item d

above (see Item 55c) ...... 162,164.40 U. S. bonds (other than Liberty Bonds of 1917):

U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value) ..... Total U. S. bonds (other than Liberty Bonds) and certificates of indebtedness .... Payment on account subscription for 100,000.00 Liberty Loan Bonds ..... 2,750.00

Bonds, securities, etc.: Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent of subscription) .... 9,000.00 Value of banking house ..... 165,827.01 Equity in banking house ....... 165,827.01 Net amount due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis ..... 18,352.88 Net amount due from approved reserve agents in other reserve cities ..... Net amount due frem banks and 52,712.89 71,065.77 bankers (other than included in 13 or 21) ...... 20,467.86 Other checks on banks in the same city or town as reporting bank 6.332.25 Outside checks and other cash items 28,581.40 Fractional currency, nickels, and cents ..... 390.24 28,971.64 Notes of other national banks ..... 7,665.50 Federal Reserve notes ..... 4,830.00 Lawful reserve in vault and net amount due from Federal Re-

118,192.96 urer and due from U. S. Treasurer .... 5,000.00 Total ..... \$2,007,793.20 LIABILITIES. Capital stock paid in .... \$ 150,000.00 Surplus fund 

Less current expenses, interest, and 36,028.64 25,000.00 Circulating notes outstanding ..... 100,000.00 Net amount due to approved reserve agents in other reserve cities . . 4,793.04 Net amount due to banks and bankers (other than included in 30 or 31) ..... 195,230.74 Demand deposits subject to Reserve: individual deposits subject to check . 645,705.27 Certified checks .....

to Reserve, Items 34, 35, 36, 37, 38. 39. and 40 ..... Time deposits subject to Reserve (payable after 30 days, or subject to 30 days or more notice); 588,107.43 Total of time deposits subject to Reserve, Items 41, 42, and 43 588,107,43 United States deposits, not subject to Reserve: Bills payable, other than with Federal Reserve Bank, including all obligations representing money borrowed, other

Cashier's checks outstanding .....

Total demand deposits subject

than rediscounts .....

serve bank (see Item 1d) ...... 162,164.40 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.

S. N. BOYCE, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of June, 1917. D. M. Robinson, Notary Public.

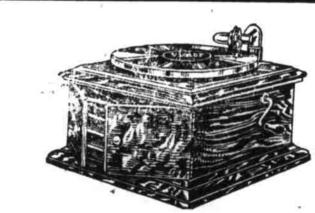
CORRECT-Attest: THOS. L. CRAIG. S. A. ROBINSON,

J. H. SEPARK, Directors.

107.00

12,821.08

100,000.00



## THIS VICTROLA \$15.00

Just the thing to take with you on a camping trip.

OTHER MODELS \$25, \$40, \$50, \$75, \$100 and up.

H. M. VAN SLEEN, JEWELER

guttural. "I'll Thive no loarer insulting guests in my house."

"Oh, you won't, won't you? But supposing I want to take a room herepay 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. "Remember, Captain Woodhouse," he called back, "remember the name against the time we'll meet again. Capper-Mr. William Capper."

Capper disappeared. Almer came back to begin profuse apologies to his guest. Woodhouse was coolly lighting a cigarette. Their eyes met.

(To Be Continued.)

-Next Wednesday is the Glorious

-McNeely Company is today giving to the Gaston County Chapter of the American Red Cross 10 per cent of all cash sales made - and they sell only for cash. This is quite a unique idea and has appealed favorably to many people. A half-page advertisement in Wednesday's Gazette set forth the firm's plans to do this and told also of many bargains that are being offered for the day.

-Mrs. J. D. Moore and Mrs. J. C. McNeely spent Wednesday in Charlotte with Mrs. T. B. McNeely.

#### CAVALRY RECRUITS WANTED.

I have been authorized to accept recruits for a machine gun troop for the 1st N. C. Cavalry

-78-MEN ARE WANTED-78 All un-married men between the ages of 18 and 45 are eligible.

Apply to R. GREGG CHERRY, 103-4 Realty Building Gastonia, N. C.