

OLDEST LARGEST BEST

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Charlotte Steam Laundry,

F. D. LETHCO, MANAGER.

AGENTS WANTED.

Visitors are always Welcome.

OLDEST LARGEST BEST

OUR SECTIONAL HUMILITY

A STRANGE MENTAL ATTITUDE.

The New England Missionary and Southern Self-Abasement—Provincial Individuality Not a Bad Thing in Itself, as New England's Own Example Proves—Southern Educational Traditions Peculiarly Worthy of Being Preserved—Low Opinion Which the Initiated Always Have of the Initiators.

The orator of the evening, with a mission to Southern women concerning education, came forward. She was built after the regular rule, rather heavily, and from her fair, open countenance benevolence shone with a glittering surface cordiality. Her mild blue eyes looked everywhere, penetrating the darkest corners where conscious literacy sat abashed.

Beginning with a plea for the universality of knowledge, the speaker quoted from Horace Mann the axiom that it is in the power of a nation, as it is in the power of a child, to walk directly up from the ignorance of the infant to a knowledge of the primary duties of man. Having thus tactfully defined the status of the audience, she chose for her text the magic phrase, "Broadening, Widening, Uplifting the Individual Life."

And when she uttered these words she suited the action to the words—she opened her arms, she breathed hard, she tipped her head, and from her fair, open countenance benevolence shone with a glittering surface cordiality. Her mild blue eyes looked everywhere, penetrating the darkest corners where conscious literacy sat abashed.

The habit of the South, the missionary was pleased to tell us, was intellectual inactivity. We were not different from the North and West in our natural organism. She had seen the children of Southern brought up in New England, who had contracted the New England habit of mind and speech in one generation. To be sure, tradition had its influence, an effete civilization had weakened the will, but she was not one to bid the child of the drunkard expect to be himself a drunkard; she believed that habit could overcome heredity.

There was no reason why the new ethical and educational training could not give the individual, and through the individual, the section, self-propulsion and self-control. Therefore, she would encourage rather than depress her audience. To be sure, it was easy to reply to these hopeful words that she (the speaker) lived in the atmosphere of culture and educational advantages. She acknowledged that she was fed from the stream of great public libraries, from courses of lectures, delivered by the most up-to-date women and men of the day; that she was the happy child of a land of clubs and organizations, while those to whom she addressed herself were still struggling with the elemental problems of intellectual existence, but there the difference ended. The heritage of North, West and South was essentially the same. The classics belonged to no one section, but to all.

"Froebel" we were assured, addressed himself to the humblest as well as to his encyclopedic readers. The inspiring sentiments of Emerson floated over the boundary line and lodged in the brain of the descendant of the slave-driver. There is hope in multiplied breaths in the human and humanizing element, that is as much your heritage as ours. The future is yours, whatever you may have done with your past.

The Sun will wait in vain for any one "field" or in crowded ones, sign of indignation. On the contrary, where they have no recognition. Possibilities of their expressive countenances, as a conscience-saving term for bore-land persuasive, "even-you" look, a well-born woman, accustomed to the best that breeding and education could give her, leaned over and in a sort of ecstasy of self-abandonment, murmured the first she had heard of the surroundings! We in the South, are so lifeless, so depressed in this stagnant atmosphere! Whereupon the gratified missionary gave her a long, deep, searching look, such as, I understand, the first she had given to a subject when a refractory subject is to be controlled, and yet encouraged, and whispered, "Strive, hope."

By the invitation of Southern housekeepers, the author of an economical cookery book came to a Southern city and delivered a course of lectures. In such a pleasant thing, high-spirited women allow committees from other sections to examine into our educational institutions, why specialists are urged to "come down" and why we sit in self-abasement before the holder of a college certificate.

SOUTHERN EDUCATION.

Education in the South has always been of an interesting and individual character. In the first place, it was one of manners and breeding and was not acquired through books of etiquette. I have never seen a manual of behavior either written or read by Southern genteel people. A certain amount of culture was a necessity of existence, like the daily habit of which we hear so much nowadays in rent-of society. As for the secondary knowledge to be gleaned from books, all well-brought-up people knew everything by intuition or inheritance, but for our custom-bred to be in line of literature and to be in constant rambling with the best authors, we read and assimilated what we read. To be sure, we did not enjoy "direct" reading, and as we knew books themselves, there was an absence of those tiresome little tracts about books which "trained" persons think so necessary to mental development and which is like reading a recipe for, instead of eating, broiled lobster. People by people I mean a certain class—read as they bathed and boasted about nothing.

It is perfectly easy to understand, on the other hand, why foreigners should "come down," as they call it, when they meet with the welcome that persons, with elementary information and little culture, who in a most creditable way have acquired the education of which they fancy themselves a sort of Columbus. Their itch to air their accomplishments impels them southward. Or they are of respectable antecedents and attainments who live in isolated communities, where they

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able modesty, into his distinguished presence suddenly became conscious that her "a's" were not Boston "a's," her "e's" were not Boston "e's," and she took her talent and hid it under a very superficial knowledge of Beacon street speech. As there was very little distinguishing in the young person, her host greeted her pleasantly, but without impressment, and talked about the weather. And presently she forgot her newly-acquired accomplishment and said "karnt" and "gayrien" in the old fashion that she knew. And no sooner did she come back to her own than the old gentleman grunted: "Hum—hum—hum! So you are from—?" and he named the State and county. "Why didn't you tell me that before? Your name is—?"

The first open acknowledgment of our illiteracy was made about 20 years ago by a young gentleman of distinguished lineage and an education acquired at the university of his native State, an institution of world-famed scholarship. This filial son, in his eagerness to improve the condition of the whole country by sacrificing his own, he being a citizen of the world in the "widest" sense—wrote a book, in which he laid bare her waste places. It was hard to see the good to be expected by this sacrifice, for the attack was upon the past and a lecture to the dead, though an opportunity for the living is not in the nature of the practical reform. And although his oblation was not approved of by his own sex, who know that we are set down at our own estimate, the opportunity for our own to crowd the professional could not be resisted. Since then avowals of illiteracy, done in private, have poured forth with a frankness which makes Rousseau tame reading. At an educational conference held lately in a Southern city two women, the daughters of gentlemen of ripe scholarship and long lineage, presented the committed of Northern missionaries with a draught of nattery that must have flowed down dry and gaping throats like champagne. It was like old-fashioned religion, when decent people called themselves "vile sinners," and declared that they were worthy of the perpetual society of thieves and outcasts in an unmentionable place. Then the missionaries rushed to the rescue, with Froebel and Nature Study stretched out to save them.

PROVINCIALISM AND DISTINCTION.

Then, in the matter of provincialism, I think, the shrill from this stigma, with too much shame, if provincialism means the mark of one's State or section. I do not see why, in a machine-turned world, we should not cling to any trace of individualism or distinction. To be Johnsonese, it is not the language we speak but the thought in which the language is clothed which makes us provincial. When Carlyle wanted to be effective, he spoke broadest Scotch. D'Artagnan bragged and strutted in Gascon and hid his subtlety under the Gascon reputation for bravado. An Englishman was invited to breakfast by Dr. Holmes, and was surprised to see blueberry pie. Dr. Holmes expressed inextinguishable grief and pity that there was a region on God's earth so desolate as not to know blueberry pie. The same Englishman had no doubt his tea, his sour bread, his joint and his tub tucked away somewhere about him.

And we are ashamed of our "do's" and "go's" and abuse ourselves before our habit of pronouncing the letter "C," and blush at the sound of "mighty" and "certainly is."

It was in Boston, in a "friendly home of lettered refinement," to quote Mr. Howell's happy phrase, and the dark wainscoted room, looked through leaves and flowers to the river beneath the windows. The walls were covered with old portraits and books in honor-able vellum and calfskin. The very absence of striving for the "old" and the picturesque in furniture and drapery gave the dignified place an air of long leisure and large ease. A Boston gentleman of the past generation was the host, and the young Southern person who entered, with a very pardon-

THE SWAYNE IMPEACHMENT.

Largely the Author of His Own Troubles—He Has Never "Made Up" to the People of Florida and They Dislike Him.

Nobody unfamiliar with Florida affairs, political and otherwise, during the past fifteen years can clearly understand or fully appreciate in all its bearings the impeachment case against United States District Judge Swayne, of that State. The case bids fair to be more than famous. It is likely to become distinctly historical. Apart from the fact that this will be the first impeachment trial of a Federal Judge in seventy-four years—the removal of Judge Humphreys, of Tennessee, in 1831, for accepting a Confederate commission being unworthy of classification in this connection—the case promises to bring out a mass of information as to Federal-bench practices hitherto years of public knowledge and other specific facts that must instantly challenge popular attention and interest the country over; and the outcome is extremely doubtful.

Beyond question there is an element of persecution in this movement against Judge Swayne—persecution both because of his political prejudices and of his assertive indifference to the people and the interests among whom and which his lot has been cast; a most any Northern Republican lawyer of more tact and less stubbornness than he could have gone on the Federal bench in Florida and have commanded public respect and confidence from the outset, if not popular esteem and affection. Judge Swayne obviously cared little or nothing for any of these, and thus his enemies have been enabled to put up a case about him largely from material that would hardly have suggested impeachment in the case of any other Judge—and at the same time a case that at present appears to disarm any criticism which might charge that there is politics or sectional prejudice behind it.

Judge Settle, the predecessor of Swayne, was a North Carolinian—also a Republican—and he died late in 1888. A Republican Senate refused to confirm President Cleveland's appointee. Some months later President Harrison named Charles Swayne, of Delaware, for the position—chiefly, it is said, through the influence of Hamilton Dismas, and others, of Pennsylvania, who then had large property interests in Florida—and the appointment was a great surprise here, especially to the "machine" Republicans, who had been unable to agree on a candidate of their own. Thus Judge Swayne went on the Federal bench in the Jacksonville district—practically unknown, with no friends or defenders in his own party and with the entire Democracy of the State regarding him as an open enemy—or, at best, suspiciously—because of President Harrison's proclaimed policy of relentlessly pursuing and punishing all offenders against the Federal election. One of Judge Swayne's early official acts was the appointment of a jury commissioner from Columbia county who was not generally regarded as a fit man for the place and was especially and extremely offensive to the Democracy of the entire State.

That was a mistake—perhaps a case of imposition by persons whom the judge trusted. He should have corrected it promptly, might have done so easily. He did not—and that was the beginning of his troubles. For fourteen years his path has been a thorny one. As soon as he could do so a Florida Congressman, whose venomous hatred Judge Swayne had incurred, secured the passage of a bill so changing the Federal district boundaries that the Judge's jurisdiction was shifted from Jacksonville to Pensacola and he was obliged to give up the home that he had purchased in St. Augustine. That soured him, and

Monotonous London Names. St. James Gazette. The "Saints" have no fewer than 237 streets named in their honor in London. There are 105 Church streets, 66 Chapel streets, 66 King streets, 100 Queen streets, and nearly as many High streets. If a letter were addressed to one of these without further definition, it would take some months before it could reach the address.

Thoroughly Independent Again. Louisville Courier-Journal. The Senator—Why mustn't I vote for that bill? Constituent—Because the people don't want it. Senator. The Senator—What have the people got to do with it? Ain't election over, yet?

Palms Live Long.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin. "Most of the palms sold in this country come from Belgium," said J. C. McHutchinson, of New York, at the C. McIntosh Hotel, "and the lily of the valley slips from Germany. Nursery stock comes largely from France. There is a 25 per cent. duty on palms, but we sell millions of them in this country every year. They vary in price from \$2 hundred wholesale to \$200 apiece or even higher. There is no limit to the price paid for a good palm if a man happens to want it, but when he wants to dispose of it, he may have to let it go for almost nothing. There is no limit to the age to which palms grow under favorable circumstances, apparently. I have seen palms in the Pacific Ocean apparently growing right out of the water to a magnificent height. On approaching them, it is seen that they are on little sandy islands, with the waves almost wetting their trunks. Some of them are doubtless hundreds of years old, perhaps even thousands. Palms are used in the East much more than in this part of the country, forests having orders to decorate hotels and theatres and private residences for social functions."

Gold Standard in Mexico. New York Herald. The bill introduced in the Mexican congress yesterday with the approval of President Diaz, the finance minister and the cabinet, assures the adoption of the gold standard in Mexico at an early date. It was probably because of the general confidence that this step would be taken that the little republic on our southern borders was able to recently dispose of its forty millions of 4 per cent. bonds—the first secured loan it ever floated.

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bittered him; and thenceforth he apparently regarded every man's hand as against him. He should have resigned then and there. He should have understood that he was unfitted by temperament to sit on the Florida bench—on any bench, perhaps.

Most of the acts with which Judge Swayne is charged would have provoked no criticism against a judge reasonably respected and measurably popular. He has himself to thank for more than a dozen years Florida-dians have had him "under surveillance," ready to put a pry under him on the very slightest pretext. If he will, he can put up a defence that must arouse considerable popular sympathy for him; he can make the issue an exciting partisan one if he so elects. And there is a grain of comfort for him in the thought that of the three Federal Judges under impeachment from the foundation of the government down to the present day—the Humphreys case being omitted—only one was convicted.

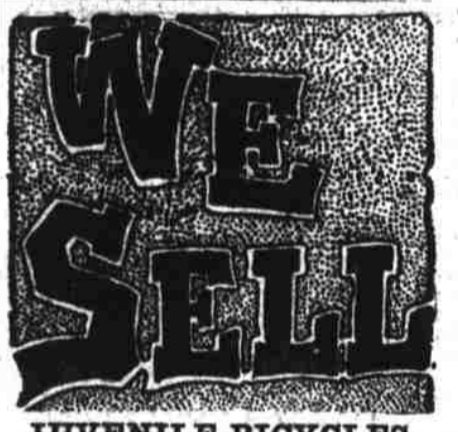
Telephone Etiquette. Philadelphia Press.

A prominent society woman of Walnut street was entertaining an English woman recently. In the latter's country telephones are not as much in use as in America, and where they are installed in private houses the service is usually answer the "phone." It is different in this country, as the mistress of the house never considers it beyond her dignity to talk over the "phone," and attends to much of her shopping and business duties in that way. The English visitor was interested in the convenience of the telephone. One day her host was out and the bell rang, and she thought she would answer the "phone." The first word she heard over it was "Who are you?" The question was asked so abruptly and sounded so harshly to the gently used woman that she instantly dropped the receiver with indignation, and called a servant. When the hostess returned her visitor described what she considered was a very discourteous "phone message, and the former had quite a time explaining the abrupt message necessary in using the "phone." However, they both came to agree that it was time for some one to write a book on telephone etiquette, and the author should make it imperative that the person called up should be the first to answer "I am so-and-so," and thus the lady can whisper her pretty name and the courtesies of life be unbroken.

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