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SPELLIN' TO BE AN ISSUE

A SERIOUS SIDE TO SITUATION.

Likely to Be Something Done When Congress Meets in the Fall—Tariff and Other Reforms Give Place to the Spelling Reform and the President May Find that He Has Been Too Strict—An Interesting Fight in Ohio Between Burton, Foraker and Dick—The Situation in New York.

BY SHELDON S. CLINE.

Washington, Aug. 31.—Has the thought-to-be invincible Roosevelt been hoist on petard of spelling reform? Is phonetic or anti-phonetic to become an issue between the parties?

It is easy to imagine aspirants for presidential honors asking these questions of themselves. And what a boundless field for speculation it opens up! If Mr. Roosevelt is to be the Republican nominee in 1908, as a great many good people are convinced he will be, a decent regard for the seamstress of things would require that the national platform be written phonetically, thus officially committing the Republican party to the Carnegie school of spelling. And there would opportunity knock at the Democratic door. A straight-out plank in the Democratic platform declaring against any presidential monkeying with the king's English would rally to the cause goodness knows how many Republican voters who had a hard enough time learning to spell once, and who would rather risk a Democratic administration than tackle the job again.

Of course, it may not come to pass as a matter of fact, but just now spelling reform is paramount. Tariff reform isn't one, two, three. Regulation of railroads has become a cheap common thing alongside the regulation of vowels and consonants. Even the matter of governmental ownership of transportation lines has been forced to rear its head by the question of Mr. Roosevelt's ownership of the English language.

A prominent Senator suggests that the President should be known to future generations as "Roosevelt the Regulator." He forced Congress to regulate railroad rates, and Congress claims it really enjoyed the job. He issued a preachment for the regulation of the size of American families, and a good many American women made no pretense of enjoying it; and now he has set out to regulate the English language, despite the clamoring of pedantic professors and the howling of the British mob. What have the English got to say, anyhow? Not how English should be written? Not in old England, but in Young America, is planted the seed that to save the tongue of Shakespeare from joining the ghostly legions who march the Greek, the Latin, the Hebrew, and other languages that have no place in the world of living things. These are the days of the strenuous life, and there is no thing, from man's religion to the color of his hair, that may not be made the subject of magisterial supervision.

There may be those who will assume that the foregoing was written in a spirit of levity. Without affirmation or denial as to that, here is something that is presented in all seriousness. When Congress convenes next fall there is likely to be the very deuce of a time over Mr. Roosevelt's spelling reform. The Executive departments, of course, will spell phonetically, as the President directs. But the President cannot direct as to how Congress shall do its spelling. At least Congress is not obliged to obey his direction.

The situation will be presented of communications from the President and Executive Departments going to Congress spelled phonetically, and when they are printed by order of Congress in the Record or otherwise they will reappear in old-fashioned English. The public printer cannot do the printing of Congress in the Carnegie-Roosevelt style unless Congress by resolution so directs. It is not to be doubted that some zealous friend of the administration will introduce in Senate or House such a resolution. Then Pandora's box will be open, and there will be a debate fit for the gods and the laughter of nations. Imagine the smooth, oily, stinging, biting sarcasm of John Sharp Williams; think of the javelin thrusts and hammer blows of Benjamin Tillman; look forward to the ponderous arguments of Joe Bailey as to the constitutionality of through or there. And when you think of these things, does the suggestion that phoneticism may become an issue between the parties sound so shocking?

And if Williams and Tillman and Bailey attack the President's spelling reform, will not Lodge and Knox and Spooner rush to its defense? And what else, pray you, is required to create a political issue, than the claims of one party to reform and the claims of the other party arguing against a thing?

So far as human eye can discern in that horizon of the future which the energy of a Roosevelt has made so full of promise of spectacular things, there is just one chance that the Republican party may escape unscathed for, and the Democratic party against, reforming the English language. It lies in the possibility that there may be effected that realignment of the parties of which we have heard so much. If a considerable faction of Republicans refuse to endorse Carnegieism and a considerable faction of the Democrats refuse to oppose it, then may come the

WHO SUFFER IN SILENCE

PICTURES FROM OTHER SIDE.

Trojan Comments on "What We Do Not Know of Our Fellow," and the Seamy Side of Life—A Recollection of the Late Mr. William Twelvemore—The Newspapers and Advertising—Lynchburg, George Hall.

BY TROJAN.

In The Observer of Aug. 19th, Col. Wooten made very interesting "The Story of Aaron Burr." There was a strong vein of sadness in lines referring to the tragic taking off of "Theodosia," the beautiful daughter. I am not going to review the story, every body read it and found it all right, but to the following lines in the article I call attention.

"How sad it must have been for the poor man in his old age to be deprived of the company of his only child. Oh what we poor mortals have to endure in this life. I sometimes think I would not care if I were out of it." Why certainly not. The dead, that is the good, are really the only happy and consistent people in the world. Of course, Col. Wooten might not care but there are many others who would hate very much for him to leave us. He is entirely too interesting to pass. I am afraid he must not have been well when he wrote that last sentence. A man who enjoys a good dinner as he, and then write it up in such felicitous style doesn't look often on the seamy side of life, I am sure.

Then there is the editorial in The Observer of the 28th ult. "What we do not know of our fellows." Why certainly the ignorance in this matter is absolutely stupefying when thought about. The editorials were suggested, just at this time, by the break down of Thos. W. Lawson on account of the death of his wife a few weeks since. The editorial is an interesting homily in all the way through. Here is an abstract:

"It does not occur to us that the next door neighbor, it maybe, who appears cheerful and normal, is suffering from sorrows he has sustained, until another falls under his burden. It may be a similar one. Then the thought arises that after all there may be more unhappiness in the world than it knows of, and which it does not know of because those who endure take care that it shall not know." That is true in every word. This condition by some is called resignation to the will of God, by others "the philosophy of the Stoics." As written at the time, I was with the big-hearted man, Irwin Avery from Greensboro to Concord on his way home to Charlotte where he died a few hours after his arrival. I have often thought of that night. I am sure every mile he travelled was one of suffering. But he opened not his mouth. For all what the next door neighbor who is established in business was to see me some time ago. He is 30 years old, just read yfor life. Every day he suffers what he calls hell. But only a few know of it. The average man he meets with a bright smile and a glad hand. He is marked for an early grave—Bright disease, but on he goes. "He said to me some weeks ago, "There are some Christian Science people, fine women, who are anxious to help me out, but Oh My Lord, what's the use? Haven't I enough?" The world is full of the silent sufferers, and will know they are much happier if there be happiness in it when enduring alone. No healthy man can appreciate the broken down. It is not natural. We are not anxious to cultivate "the next door neighbor" unless he is cheerful and normal. But all the same, in the quiet of his own home on account of awful sorrow and suffering, he may often say: "Oh, what we poor mortals have to endure in this life. I sometimes think I would not care if I were out of it." But true philosophy teaches, never mind the hard rub, hold on until it thunders and then don't let go until the lightning strikes.

I have read with much sorrow the account of Mr. William Twelvemore's death. He was a great man because of his goodness. In 1894 the year I began to write for The Observer, he wrote me a long letter, one of comfort and full of encouragement. He was full of information, carefully gathered during his long life and his letters were always exceedingly interesting. He, as is known, was an Englishman. He knew well the history of his own country and also America. He loved to write about the great men of the past and his ideas as to the late civil war, and the condition following, were very good and to the point. When much of a physical break down I visited Charlotte remaining there several weeks. He called frequently at my stopping place to see me. And on subsequent visits he was my privilege to be with him. The last time was two or three years ago when it was a pleasure to have tea with him at his residence. He loved to talk about the Bible. In it he made both day and night. With the good book he was an speaking and intimate terms and it was an inspiration to any man who might have the opportunity to sit at his feet and learn from him. He was a carpenter I believe and no doubt all of his work was done with an eye single to the satisfaction of his own good heart and well developed brain. Like him who was the son of Joseph the Carpenter he was meek and lowly and his thoughts were of others more than of himself. I can't write well enough to express my sense of loss in the death of the good man. Long before his entering into the eternal rest he had realized in this life the sweet-

The almost daily changes in the New York situation are watched as closely in Washington as they are in the Empire State. A week or ten days ago Hearst's chance of securing the Democratic nomination for governor was regarded as at least a 2 to 1 shot. The odds have been dropping since, and there is talk now of Jerome as an even money proposition.

It is not, however, the personal fortune of either Jerome or of Hearst that interests Democrats in Washington; it is the involved issue of the things for which Hearst stands. Democratic Senators and Representatives in town, and a good many of them are here just now for consultation at campaign headquarters, are agreed that there is in the New York contest the possibility of far-reaching influence on the Democratic party. If Hearst captures the New York Democracy, they point out, he will be a figure in the party's national councils that cannot be ignored, and the doctrines for which he stands will have to be recognized in greater or lesser degree.

Fledged to Remedy the Disgrace. Oxford Ledger.

It is a shame—worse than a shame, it is a disgrace—that North Carolina has so long postponed caring for its insane, those who should have first place in sympathy. Conditions are better, we are told, than they were years ago, but the fact that thousands are languishing and perishing in mental darkness for the reason that the State's representatives keep too tight a hold on its purse strings admits of no excuse or apology.

We are glad to say that Senator A. Hicks and Representative E. B. Royter, who were nominated Saturday, pledged themselves to do all in their power to remedy this disgrace upon the State.

NEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

Every time I pick up a newspaper these days the advertising displayed is always interesting to me. And especially so as it respects the banking business. Not that I am at all identified with banks, any more than occasionally to cash a check, but because the pages of a paper are invariably interesting. Some years ago I solicited an advertisement from a bank president for a paper with which I was connected. He appeared rather surprised at the request and declined to comply on the ground that it was

contrary to the dignity of a bank to advertise. However, that same bank man subsequently found out he was no longer on the right track in this respect and now he advertises. Another man went into the old town, put up another bank, used double column space in the papers, and there was something doing in banking right away. Of course that had something to do with converting the other man and his bank has not lost one iota of its dignity either but has increased its deposits.

This is not a sermonette to Charlotte bankers. They know how all right and their statements are very interesting reading to the public and

no doubt ditto to the distinguished presidents and directors themselves. And I know they are all very dignified gentlemen.

I see in the papers much rejoicing over the fact that Lynchburg George Hall was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen years. That does not mean, however, that he will serve his sentence. His attorney appeals to the Supreme Court on three different grounds and so able a lawyer as Mr. Kluttz, who appeared for Hall, does not believe in foolish pleadings, and certainly he would not have taken this step had he not felt there was some chance for

the fellow. I can't understand myself why Hall was not indicted for murder at a lynching here or anywhere else. But no man has yet felt the rope tighten on his neck for being a lyncher. A community is either in sympathy with a mob or afraid of it. A mob is a terror. Nearly two thousand years ago Judge Pilate tried his hand but his influence wasn't. He finally washed his hands of the affair and the mob got its victim.

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