

A MOST STRENUOUS NIGHT

A PAPER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The Observer Force Labors During the Recent Fire—After the First Shock the Boys Returned to Their Machines and Turned Out Proofs While the Fire Fighters Fought the Flames—Pill Falls From Above and Burns Hands and Heads—Kelly, the Dipper, Sheds All of His Clothes in His Mighty Struggle With the Flood of Water—But All is Well That Ends Well.

The outside world will never know what the Observer force passed through the morning of the recent fire. The paper was issued under disadvantages.

It was 1:30 o'clock Friday morning, when the alarm was sounded. The city editor and his associates had turned in their last bit of copy, but the news editor and the telegraph editor were bending to their work. Miles, the galley devil, had brought the midnight mail and there were signs from all parts of North Carolina. The Associated Press wire was hot, telling of the Thaw trial, the disasters of a day, and the President and the railroad magnates. The hooks were full of copy and every printer was bending to his machine. Dick Allen, who was acting foreman that night, was busy at his tables making up forms. The proof reader and his copy holder mumbled away in their secluded corner.

It was under these circumstances that the ordeal of a fire had to be experienced.

COOKING HELL BROTH.

Charlie, the metal cook, was making pigs for the linotype machines in the basement, near the bottom of the elevator. He was behind time and his printers were calling for metal. Adams, the machinist Lotbario of the shop, had been out to peep down the elevator shaft to see if Charlie was coming with the pigs. Others had been calling to the darkey to make haste.

The composing room, where the six typesetting machines were at work, filled with smoke. Fleming, one of the operators, had just remarked: "That negro has got a hustle on him now and is melting stuff to beat the devil; he must think he is going to lose his job the way he is sending smoke up here."

At this juncture Hub Allen, a half grown son of Dick, left his case, where he had been setting ads, and went into the hall to yell at Charlie. But, just before he opened his mouth, on hearing a crackling over head, he turned his dirty face to the skies, and discovered the fire that had started in the hallway on the fourth floor, eating its way into the elevator shaft. The boy jumped back 10 feet, turned in the air and burst into the composing room shouting "fire! fire! fire!" at the top of his voice.

"The building is burning up," declared Hub, as he snuggled close to his daddy.

Dick Allen, Vincent, Brown, Adams and others ran out to the elevator. The shrill cry of Hub had shot down to the press room, four floors below, and aroused Rogers, the betty pressman, who quickly made his way to the front of the building and pulled down the hose provided for such emergencies. A number of the boys filed down the winding stairs and joined Rogers Jim Robertson, a linotype man went flying to the square to turn in the alarm. On arriving at the box he discovered that he had nothing, except his watch, with which to break the glass. Every second counted. Robertson drew his time-piece and shattered the glass and gave the crank a turn, and by the time he got back to the Observer office the ready, alert firemen were turning in Tryon street.

In the meantime the Observer force had carried the emergency hose up the stairs, around the elevator, and into the bindery. The water was turned on but there was no force behind the stream. As Dick Allen expressed it "the damned thing wouldn't squirt after we got it up there."

THE BOYSTICK TO THEIR POSTS

The fire doors were shut on every floor. The firemen arrived and went to work. Managing Editor Vincent quieted his boys and got them back to their posts. As the fire fighters labored with the flames in the fourth story, the Observer men sent out copy, set type, made forms and read proof on the floor below. As the editors and printers went about their tasks hot pitch fell from the ceiling above, making blisters on heads, backs and hands, but as the wet of the water became louder the rattle of the machines became quicker and more regular. Every man was at his post, for it was not long until mail time—trying to make No. 8, the 3:30 northbound Southern train. Every now and then the operators would stop and listen at the roar of the flames overhead, but each and every time they turned to their keyboards and hammered away, turning out "Weeds by the Wayside," "Animal Fables," "William Gerrill stunts," or news matter.

After the firemen had pounded away at the stubborn flames with vigorous streams for some time, the water began to find its way to the composing room. Dick Allen covered his machines with blankets, but kept them going. However, the floods became so great later, that two of the delicate linotypes were put out of commission.

As the night wore on and the fire was subdued the entire upstairs force gathered. Walter Croker, the regular foreman who was taking a night off, appeared on the scene, from where and when no one knew, but he was there, with his coat off and at work. There was no end of printers, reporters and helpers.

KELLY SHEDS HIS CLOTHES

Down in the press room, where Rogers and his assistant, Kelly, held forth, there was quite a different scene. The basement will hold water—barrels of water. The big press is a delicate piece of newspaper furniture. No one knows that better than Rogers and Kelly. Therefore, they remained with it throughout the ordeal. Gailon upon gailon of water found its way to the press room. Kelly formed himself into one long, quick, hot, sweating bucket brigade and balled water as no had ever did before. With a mouth full of tobacco he chewed, cursed, and dipped.

When first observed by a reporter he had off his coat, but later in the night shed all but the lone sweat smite upon his grimy face.

"I gad, it's no fire that I'm fighting, but a flood," said Kelly, as he bent low and soused his bucket in. Kelly looked for the world like a

great muskrat when he lifted himself up for a long breath. His hair, his eyes, brows and lashes, were streaming with water, and slanting back from his face. But Kelly was there all the time, dipping, snorting and swearing as did his Irish ancestors of old.

Kelly and Rogers saved the press and when No. 8 sounded its warning signal the morning Observers were there, all bundled, bagged and ready to go.

The boys had fought a good fight and won. Eustory Brown, the mailing clerk, and his crew stood in water, shoe mouth deep and made the mail.

CLARKSONISM RUN MAD.

The Coming Political Fight Promises to be Interesting—The Field Against the Clarksonites.

"There is promise in a fight right between the field and the Clarksonites," said a citizen who does not like a dull time, yesterday.

"That is all that I see in the contest—the field against Solicitor Clarkson and his handful of allies. I am delighted. The people of Charlotte and Mecklenburg county have stood for Mr. Clarkson's leadership longer than any other community in North Carolina would have done. The idea of a city of 35,000 people being controlled by a one-ideaed man, I have never scratched a ticket in my life. My father was a Confederate soldier and a Democrat. I believe in the principles of the Democratic party and do not like to be told that I am a bar-room bum when ever I do not agree with the Clarksonites. I have heard a half hundred false stories about the Business Men's Municipal League and they are being circulated for a purpose. Take the men who compose that organization and see if you think any of them are 'bar-room bums!' The people of Mecklenburg county are tired of such common, mean politics and they will not stand for it much longer. The last primary in the county should serve as a warning to the bosses. This is a free country.

"Liquor, liquor, is all that the old gang can holler.

FINE RESIDENCE SECTION.

The Vail Property Will be Developed by the Suburban Realty and the Elizabeth Realty Companies.

The Vail property southeast of the city, near Elizabeth College, which has been sold in two lots, one of 25 acres to the Suburban Realty Company, and of 68 to the Elizabeth Realty Company, will be developed as a high-grade residence section. A large avenue, 80 feet wide, will be run through the property and lots will be laid off and sold.

The Vail place is high and beautiful. It can be converted into a pretty suburb for people who want attractive homes.

The Elizabeth Realty Company was recently organized with Dr. Charles A. Hiant as president and John R. Van Ness as secretary and treasurer. The company is capitalized at \$100,000. It paid \$38,600 for the 68 acres.

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Day Medicine for Busy People. Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor. A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Itching Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Hayfever. Its Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 25 cents a box, legitimate made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis. GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

STIEFF

TO BE OFFICIAL PIANO

Norfolk, Va., Feb. 20, '07.

Mr. Chas. M. Stieff, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir:

It gives me pleasure to inform you that the Board of Governors of the Jamestown Exposition Company, acting on the recommendation of the Bureau of Music, after investigation of pianos of the highest grade, have selected the Stieff Piano as the Official Piano of our Exposition. We will require a number of your concert grand pianos.

Respectfully,

C. BROOKS JOHNSTON, Chairman Board of Governors.

Advertisement for Stieff pianos, featuring an image of a piano and text describing its selection as the official piano for the Jamestown Exposition.

COMING TO VISIT ELKS.

News That Will Interest the Best People on Earth.

Mr. William A. Mabry, district deputy for the western district of North Carolina, will pay an official visit to Charlotte Lodge No. 492 B. P. O. Elks, to-morrow night.

The Legislature passed the following law at its recent session at Raleigh:

"The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact:

"Section 1. That any person who wilfully wears the badge, insignia or button of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, incorporated in conformity with the revised statutes of the United States, relating to the District of Columbia, enacted the 19th day of June, 1895, a benevolent and social organization which has existed continuously for over 40 years in the United States, or wilfully uses the name of such order or organization, the title of its officers, or its insignia, ritual or ceremonies unless entitled to use or wear same under the constitution and by-laws, rules or regulations of such order shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of \$50 or imprisoned 30 days, or both, in the discretion of the court.

"Sec. 2. This act shall be in force from and after its ratification."

A Memorial Service.

The Colored Ministers' Union of the city will hold a memorial service in honor of Dr. D. J. Sanders, the late president of Biddle University, at Seventh Street Presbyterian church to-morrow. The following named persons were appointed a committee to draw up appropriate resolutions: Revs. Drs. Wyche, R. B. Bruce and P. P. Alston.

The Y. W. C. A. Conference To-Night.

The board of directors of the Young Women's Christian Association invite all of the members and subscribers, men and women, of the association to attend the conference to be held in the banquet hall of the Selwyn Hotel this evening. The addresses will be made by Mr. D. A. Tompkins and Miss Anna D. Casler.

Mrs. Carter is Coming.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will appear at the Academy within the next few weeks. She will present "Du Barry." The date has not been fixed.

A BOLD BURGLAR.

Some One Enters the Home of Mr. E. L. Mason and Steals a New Coat and Vest and a Gold Watch.

A bold burglar entered the home of Mr. E. L. Mason, at 608 North Poplar street, Saturday night and stole a new coat and vest and a gold watch. The thief climbed a tree, walked out a limb to the roof of the kitchen, let himself down and entered the house through a window. After gaining an entrance to the building he passed by the foot of the bed where Mr. and Mrs. Mason were sleeping, while a dim light was burning, entered the closet and got the clothes which had been delivered by the Tate-Brown Company that afternoon. On his way out the burglar stole Mrs. Mason's watch and a \$16 purse. After going out and searching the purse and finding nothing in it he hung it on the front door knob where it was found later. Mr. Mason's gold watch lay near where Mrs. Mason's had been, but when the burglar turned it over and saw the initials of Mr. Mason left it.

Pistolman Asbury examined the premises yesterday and discovered tracks in the back yard and tack prints on the tree limb. The guilty person has not been apprehended.

CERTAIN MASCULINE WAYS.

An Interesting Conversation at a Dinner Table at a Hotel.

"I do not like the way certain women dress," said a neat looking vigorous woman at the dinner table at one of the leading hotels of the city, yesterday.

"They look too manish. A woman cannot get over the fact that she is a woman and not a man."

"Yes, I notice a tendency toward masculine cuts," said the lady next.

"Now, I believe in a woman doing all sorts of work, and making a living for herself, but when it comes to dress I think that women should stick to her sex. In fact I cannot tolerate a manish woman."

"Do you live here, madam," asked the Charlotte woman.

"Nope, I am a traveling woman—a knight of the grip."

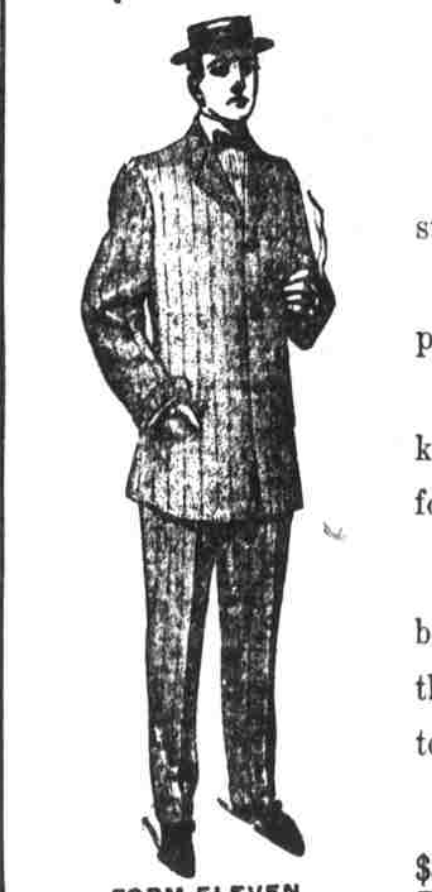
"What is your line?"

"I sell whiskey and buy mules."

There was a prolonged silence save for the clatter of knives and forks.

Use a little KODOL after your meals and it will be found to afford a prompt and efficient relief KODOL nearly approximates the digestive juices. It digests what you eat. It is sold on a guaranteed relief plan. Sold here by Hawley's Pharmacy.

Our Clothing



Our kind of Clothing stands out from the crowd. There is nothing commonplace about it. We study the whole market, we see all the best before we buy. We avoid the cheapest, because it is bad stuff for the merchant and the customer. Spring Suits \$12.50 to \$35.00.

FORM ELEVEN

"EFF-EFF"

Long-Tate Clothing Co.

42 South Tryon Street. SPRING SUITS ARE READY



We are ready for the Spring Trade with the finest showing of suits that we have ever had so early in the season. If we have forecasted the Spring Fashions correctly, men are going to be better dressed this spring than ever before. Patterns run from the sober, plain mixtures and the modest blues to the smart checks and stripe effects in grays and in new browns. We have a long price range from \$12.50 to \$30.

YORKE BROS. & ROGERS.

Advertisement for W. T. McCoy Bed Room Furniture, featuring an image of a bed and text about special prices and furniture quality.

Advertisement for Easter Clothing by ED. MELLON CO., featuring an image of a man and a woman in formal attire and text about the latest in spring and summer clothing.

Advertisement for Parker-Gardner Co. Mattings and Rugs, featuring text about a solid carload of goods and a list of various matting and rug options.

Advertisement for Flowers, featuring text about carnations and roses and contact information for The Florist.

Advertisement for Cut Flowers, featuring text about carnations and roses and contact information for J. Van Lindley Nursery Co.

Advertisement for The Tate-Brown Co. Special Sale, featuring text about men's imported fancy hosiery and a list of various fabric patterns.