South, North Carolina ofd noble as is the source of little genuine poetry has e a source of much pride le to all who are interestthe literary life of the State, every patriotic citizen that at n vent to pent-up feelings of sings: quisite verse, which has won from the foremost literary America. It seems pathetic, that some of them should ed the highest admiration North while in their own State received scant recognition. Why we inquire. Is it because the fully the importance of native ? Or, is it because "a prophet is thout honor save in his own wy?" and are our people reservoir praise and appreciation until bards shall have passed from ng us? Such, we know, has been e in the history of literature, d recognition until he was deadthis not an unsafe policy for realization of the best work possi-rom the poet's pen? Would it not etter to encourage in every possiway the poets who have shown res possessed of the real poetle and who are trying to do somefor the State that will live for rity, instead of smothering out t spark and choking every ason by cold indifference and lack tous consideration? s not my purpose to ask for symfor these poets, or for praise

byef review with citations from of North Carolina's poets tongue is now slient, was the "And slowly comes he that went springo receive any sort of recognition.

Inst volume, Whispering Pines No laurel leaf holding and bringing No hope but to die." efore his death he collected the eins from all his previous work. appeared in a little volume enrmanent addition to poetry, and ly heeds to read carefully from 's Lyrics should especially apo all North Carolinians not only it is genuine poetry, but beit flows from heart, a heart oing with fervent love and patrifor his native State. While away York, he was continually longd yearning for the Carolina hills codlands. On lighting his first his Staten Island home, he says

opeal to the reading public of no praise is due, but I do make

on; for I believe that among the

ay be found some poetry that

lina for thoughtful consid-

ttle poem, "Cricket Lodge," er had I known my beam old Yadkin's gentle stream— or there on wintry days the cheery lightwood's blaze, d the cawing of the crow the wild geese honking go

the ever balmy air; not thus the stern fates would. so-and God is good. s appreciation of the State is in "Wanderer Back her leave North Carolina for for his poetry breathes the oirlt and atmosphere of the portraying from time to time and things peculiar to his old for instance, what truer picture have been drawn of the gruff couth, yet plous and hospitable aineer, than is preented in the narrative poem "Saddle Bags " which fittingly closes, ned the philosophy vainly to

way he felt safe with a man that too he sings of "Hatteras,"

for Indigestion and Dyspepsia linguists what you eat, it tones ich and adds strength to the fy. Makes rich, pure blood. forms to the National Pure Drug Law. Sold by Hawley's

Spring," "Time of Drought," "A Counry House in the South," "The Moon-Loved Land," The Song of the Old Mill Wheel," and "Sparrows in the

beautifully related in "The Boy in the sprung up from among Piney Woods" and "Hunting Muscaal bards, who regardless of dines." In the latter, note the sunshine rence and lack of apprecia- of youth, the vividness of the scene he part of the reading public, and the music of the rhythm, as he

art, and from their pen has "Floating down the Yadkin in an oldtime cance
Singing old plantation ballads—I and
charming blue-eyed Sue.
Blue-eyed, golden tressed Sue.

birch a shadow flings
Far across its dimpled bosom. Down
shore her laughter rings—
Merry, rippling laughter rings.

Pendent dewdrops glitter brightly in the overhanging vines
Laden with a juscious treasure of large
purple muscadines—
Ripe, delicious muscadines.

Sweetest grapes that ever clustered— purple juice on mouth and breast— Pearly teeth and love and laughter! Fonder love was ne'er confessed— Sweeter lips were never pressed.

Now we row from dappled shadows underneath the tangled vines.
Up the sunny stream where all the radiance of the morning shines.
O, the purple muscadines!

Years may pass, but I can never cease to dream of blue-eyed Sue And the morning on the Yadkin in the olden-time canoe-Blue-eyed, golden tressed Sue."

But a sadder note is sounded We Walked Beneath the Whispering Pines," when he gives a most touching remembrance of a dead love.

In his serious poetry pathetic is the picture of a page from the poet's own life, showing how poverty continually dogs his heels and finally conquers, thereby revealing the awful tragedy enacted in the human life by the constant presence of the wolf at the door. ive, and this I purpose to show Read "The Wolf" for this description. In "A Song at Evening" there is the story of his blighted ambition, which was written after he had broken in health and was forced to retire-

The last three lines of "A Dead Poet" may be fittingly applied to him-'His was the saddest fate-to love and

lose; ally heeds to read carefully from And then most pitiful, to strive for fame age, to be convinced of this fact. And the with finger lips against the wreath."

Beautiful is the spirit of reverence and resignation to his illfortune ex-

'He who shapes the beauty of the rose, And sheds its leaves, is Wisdom-and He

Boner was a natural lyrist and his poems are marked by variety and originality. He is at one time rollicksome and cheerful, at another, sad and serious; now imaginative, then artistically, strikingly real. Mr. Stockard says, "'Crismus Times is Come' is the whole negro race at a touch."

His best poem is "Poe's Cottage at Fordham," of which Edmund Clarence Stedman, writing in a recent number of The Century says: "After the test of time it seems to have taken its place as a little classic, and is one of the finest American lyrics in point of melody, form and impassioned conveyance for a haunting impression." With two stanzas of this poem which represents the poet at his best, we take leave of his work, to explore an entirely different field of poetry:

entirely different field of poetry;

"Here lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By demontal throng;
Here sang the lips elated;
Here sang the lips elated;
Here sang the lips elated;
Here loved and here numated
Was he so frail so strong.

Here though this lowly portal,
Made sacred by his name,
Unheralded immortal
The mortal went and came.
And fate that then denied him,
And envy that decried him,
And mlice that belied him,
Have cenotaphed his name."

Henry Jerome Stockard, professor of Latin in Peace Institute, published his "Fugitive Lines" in 1897. This with

A cheering pipe of cob or brian And a red lemping light ood fire."

An example of his excellent power of description is found in "Moonrise in the Pines." Than e'er the Gaul or Spartan wore." Other poems of this kind are "Th nes," "Washington," "The Southern lead," "Over Their Graves," and his nost excellent poem "The Last Charge

But Mr. Stockard Is not confined to patriotic verse, he has shown skill in excellent description, as in "An Evenng Song" and "An Autumn Song," from the last of which I quote the fol-

"But hall to the fall and hall!
To her hills of flaming gold,
Her starlit nights, her frost that whites
At morning mead and wold!

A more unfading chaplet than shoulds'

Away to the deep brown woods.

Where the pattering chestnuts full, where the matted vines with their muscadines

Festoon the hickories tall!"
and in "A Winter Song,"

"I love the rattling hail And the snowflakes tempest sown The woods in mail that creak in

gale. And the night wind's baritone!" In "The Review of the Dead" note the beautiful description of night: "Twas night. A lurid light Made field and wood seem of some other

world. Before the rising winds the vapors whirled, Wild, spectre-like; and in deep gulf

Star after star Shone fugitive: the white moon shud-dered thro' The clouds that flew."

in "The Dead Laureate," "Nor cried the wind, nor made the sea its moan

As out he drifted to the great unknown, So far away-so far!" However, we find Mr. Stockard at his best in the production of sonnets, examples of which are "Unattained." 'Shakespeare," and "Some Verses Carol." In these he shows marked book culture. A reviewer in The Atlantic Monthly said that "some of his sonnets rise distinctively above the common level, and are decidedly better than most of the modern verse." Frank L. Stanton in The Atlanta Connature-if indeed he is equalled, in There are laurels for this poet of the Old North State; the bays are bloom-

ing for him from far away." With what I consider his two best sonnets I conclude my review of his

MY LIBRARY. At times these walls enchanted fade, it

seems, And lost, I wander through the Long Ago,-In Edens where the lotus still doth And many a reedy river seaward gleams, Now Pindar's soft-stringed shell blends

ith my do

immemorial amaranth-margined Gray Dante leads me down the cloud-built stair.

And parts with shadowy hands the mists that vell

Scarred deeps distraught by crying winds foriorn;

By Milten stayed, chaotic steeps I dare, And with his immaterial presence pale, Stand on the heights flushed in creation's morn!"

HOMER.

conjuring name doth change the And the enchanting pagan world restore! Old Triten and the Nerelds sport before Poseidon's chariot storming down the

seas, Pan blows his mellow reed, and to the The nautilus unfurls his sail once more; While sliver voices wake the waters

Mid asthodels on Anthemusia's leas, hear the Odyssey and Iliad rise With deeper-raythm than that of Chios' surge, And there upon the blue Aegean's Inchanging while the centuries increase After three thousand years, before me

The unveiled shore of old sea-cinctured Benjamin Sledd, professor of Eng-

lish in Wake Forest College, though a native of Virginia, has produced his poetry in North Carolina, where he married and has made his home for some 20 years, Professor Sledd's poetry is refined and elevated in quality, crystalline in thought, and artistic in style. His work throughout is characterized by personal sincerity, for as one reads he catches glimpses of pages

sunset down the way.

Yonder stands his lonely cabin slowly yielding to decay.

Weeds and creepers now are struggling where we played before the door.

And the rabbit hides her litter there beneath the sunken floor." one reads he catches glimpses of pages from the poet's own life. Two volumes June" and mark the genuine beauty in have thus far appeared from his pen, "From Cliff and Scour," (1897), and "There are beauty and cheer in will "Watches of the Hearth" (1901), both To the heart that love makes sad," occasional contributions to such mag- of which have met with the most fa- and the sublimity of "My

or to write pathetic poetry that not degenerate into sentiment he the touching and psychologily true poem, "The Mother," which

Will they not leave me in peace?—Yes dear I am coming soon. What need of winter's presence at rose-crowned rites of June?

He brings her home in triumph the sawest young life he has won;
And I could rejoice in a daughter, had I not lost a son.

Long since God took my others and nov I am left alone; For though I am still his mother, the wife will claim her own.

called me simply mother; se old sweet names of endearment so soon he gives to another.

Oh for one hour of the nights when he sat by the hearth and read, and "twas to his voice I listened, and not what the duli books said."

And often I'd fall to weeping-and yet But then we older children must have our meaningless cry.

A moment of silence and weeping, and then my tears have done:

May I who have wept for nothing not weep for the loss of a son?

But why is my loss so bitter? "Tis wall mothers have known;
For, though we still are mothers, may not claim our own."

Says The Boston Transcript; "Vigor of thought and of expression are the Beautiful is the tribute to Tennyson | characteristics of the poems by Benjamin Sledd, gathered into a little volume called "The Watchers of the Hearth," and there need be no hesita- jon," and "Valentine" show that the parcel of land along the banks of the tion in assigning Mr. Sledd a promi- author is not unacquainted with Cu- river and would create therefrom a nent position among the American verse-writers of the present moment." liam Dean Howell, "I find a sympathy

with more delicate and refined moods of nature and of literature and a poet's sense of the world of mystery which enspheres them both. Your path has not been in the beaten roads, and you have known how to win a neculiar. have known how to win a peculiar charm for your verse."

stitution said, "We repeat that no one especially noticeable for their delicacy to-day is writing better sonnets than of form, their sympathy with nature those which bear Mr. Stockard's sig- and their persuasive mysticism. He is nature—if indeed he is equalled, in continually weaving into them mys-this most difficult form of verse \* \* tery and legend, making them highly interesting. In beauty and richness of lieve, have never been equalled by any American poet. As an example of how Dr. Sledd plays around elfish legend read "The Ballad of Otter Hill." It is written in a racy style with a rush of narrative, and quick, suggestive yet delicately comitete description, come critic has said of it, "Its breath of mystery and liveliness of imagination is a great and permanent addition to the ballad poetry of our literature."

There is a world of pathos in "Out d now the elfin horns of Oberon blow of the Depths" and even the hardest flutes Theocritus by the wimpling heart would soften when its meaning comprehended. "Lillian" and "Alice" are charming poems in which are woven beautiful love stories. Among his excellent sonnets "Life's Triumph" is the best,

Reviewing "The Watchers of the Hearth," Public Opinion says, "It is a marked advance over its predecessor. The paternal love, the main theme of the volume can not fail of respone; the love poetry has a graceful tenderness beoming at times almost intense; the yearning love for nature has the added charm of the feeling that there is a mysterious life back of all phenomena . . . . Mr. Sledd is a sin-

cere poet and conscientious artist." Dr. W. L. Poteat says of the same, "In the dainty volume before us a genuine poet heart finds utterance. These poems are not echoes, but the unconstrained and free outpouring of a singularly delicate and tender soul, which sings its own song and not another's, and sings it truly because it has lived deeply."

The second volume is a collection, varying in length, nearly all of which are of the highest type among the production of the day. Of his narrative poems and ballads the writer found genuine pleasure in "The Truants," 'The Children," and "The South Sea Watch." But "Isaac" is the best, in which note the vividness of the scene: "For no more the aged figure comes at

"Love Knoweth No Season," "There are beauty and cheer in winter's

dy, and the buoyancy of youth per-vading the entire collection. He is gay, cheerful and rellicksome, and there is choly to be found. In this respect, his poetry is distinct from that of our ther poets, presenting an entirely different, though very popular class of poetry which has been cordially received by the public, he being really the first poet to reach the people of the State. His themes are best told in his own words, The little loves and sorrows are my

O'er oft-told joys, and ghosts of ancient

wrong; The little cares and carols that belong

And spreading acres, where calm-eyed desires Wake with the dawn, unfevered, and strong."

his love poems, "Oh, Ask Me Not," miles from each town. "Pardon Time," "For Jane's Birth- matter was written about in the newsday," in all of which he portrays papers last summer et was stated that strong sweet passion. "Love's Fash- the Four C's had purchased a large pid's art.

"Two Pictures" is suggestive of dif-"All through your work," says Wil- ferent conditions of society, and does or somewhat and which is not yet not fail to appeal to one, "One sits in soft light, where the hearth

> Is happy, seeing that all sweet thoughts that stir The hearts of men bear worship unto

Another wanders where the cold blows
Wet-haired, with eyes that sting one
like a knife.
Homeless, forever, at her bosom close
She holds the purchase of her love and

Of motherhood, unglorified as wife; And bitterer than the world's relentless The knowing her child were happier never born.

scenes Mr. McNeil is not at a loss to portray, "Harvest" and "Before Bed- probable and there seems ample reatime" are good examples, the last of which I quote in full:

"The cat sleeps in a chimney jam With ashes in her fur. He keeps his eyes on her.

The jar o' curds is on the hearth, An' I'm the one to turn it, I'll crawl in bed and go to sleep When maw begins to churn it.

An' study out the weather, An' bud has got a gourd o' grease To He his harness leather.

looks an' looks into the fire, Half squintin' through her lashes, An' I jis watch my tater where It shoots smoke through the ashes." A more serious note is struck in "To

Melvin Gardner, Suicide," Drudge" and "Oblivion," which I Green moss will creep Along the shady graves where we shall

Each year will bring Another brood of birds to nest and sing. At dawn will go New ploughmen to the fields we used to

Night will call home The hunter from the hills we loved to

She will not ask The milkmaid, singing softly at her task. Nor will she care To know if I were brave or you were fair.

No one will think What chalice life had offered us to drink The sun comes back to kiss the snow away."

His power of description in such

ruggling door, here beeauty in winter's d,"
Silent THE NEW PURF FOOD AND DRUG LAW.

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other haumful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. R. H. Jordan & Co.

CHARLOTTE TO GASTONIA.

ficial Statement is Obtainable.

Gastonia, May 11 .- From Gastonia ity, but the construction of such a engineer for the Four C's, and his Wightman Gibbs corps of assistants reached Gastonia Noble, Wilbur Calhoun stake being driven down about 6 o'clock almost in front of the Falls House.

In conversation with The Observer correspondent, Mr. Law stated that the route as surveyed by him takes in Mount Holly, McAdenville, Lowell and Gastonia, the length of the route To home hearts and old rustic lutes ing about 60 miles all told. This line was surveyed and the laid as far as the tracks Hoskins west of Mills, three or four miles Charlotte, last summer, and it was be-Nor are charm and melody, sweet-illeved then that the road would be ess and inspiration lacking in the ex- completed to the river by this sumecution of his work. He is indeed an mer, though such is not the case. interpreter of the feelings of the human The line is, however, in operation to heart, and of things about him, and is the Hoskins Mills. On a direct line truly possessed of the "faculty divine." from Charlotte to Gastonia the Ca-His best work is, perhaps, shown in tawba river is half way, being eleven pleasure park.

A matter which puzzles the surveydefinintely settled is the entrance of the line into the town of Gastonia. The survey, as made, would bring the line in along the old road from uptown to the Ozark Mill on the north Hoffman, of Dallas, cor side of the railroad. The only difficulty about this route is the possibility of its encroachment upon the Southern Railway's right-of-way, Bain and the bestowal of though as to the fact in the case, Mr. honor. Mr. Bain presented Law was not prepared to say. The and thoughtful address on other feasible entrance is Franklin and gains resulting from t avenue, east, on the south side of the Southern Railway, though the engineer says this is not practicable as there is no point between Lowell and Gastonia where a crossing, either overhead or underneath the Southern's tracks, could be effected without J. D. Moore Chapter of Chile an enormous expense.

A trolley line connecting Charlotte and Gastonia has, for the past three or four years, been regarded as very son to justify the belief that it will indeed become a certainty.

WAS WASTING AWAY. "I had been troubled with kidney dis-ease for the last five years," writes Rob-ert R. Watts, of Salem, Mo. "I lost flesh and never felt well, and doctored with leading physicians and tried all remedies suggested without relief. Finally, I tried Foley's Kidney Cure and less than two bottles completely cured me and I am now sound and well." During the summer kidney irregularities are often caus-ed by excessive drinking or being over-heated. Attend to the kidneys at once by using Foley's Kidney Cure. the sum-ing fame implies—when at the "Sneeze Stage." For or LaGrippe, break it quickly with Preventics, well-Dunn Retail Store.

made an eloquent

John Atkinson Fer terminal phonso Ward, Albert ( The members of the cli men and the sincerity pose together with the they have received at the faculty will enable them

high stand in their prof After the diplomas had sented the exercises were t to the class. Dr. Ward, the took the chair, and Dr. Die the class history. Dr. 1 ble presented the last w

MEMORIAL SERVI

Exercises Held in Main Church-Address by

Special to The Observer. Gastonia, May 11 .- Mei cises, under the auspices tonia Chapter of the United of the Confederacy, w Street Methodist morning beginning at 10

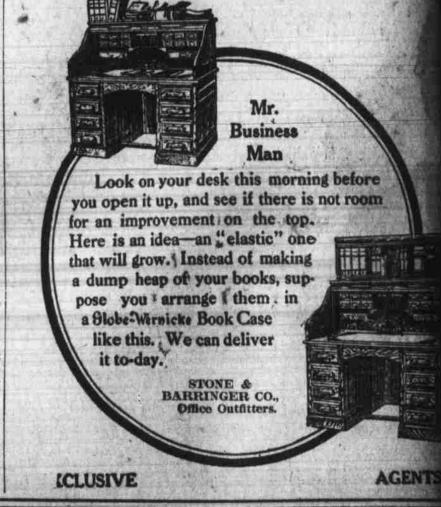
The Bessemer City headed the procession fr room to the church, church to the cemetery. diers followed, headed b William Gamble Camp.

The principal features cises were the address by casioned by secession. was very impressive. wipe away a tear as it stol ously down the faded cheel The graves were decora

Confederacy, and a few brie held at the cemetery. Quite as enjoyable

probably more so, was the feast provided by the Dau given in the Boyce and Fall The veterans have been har and all rejoice with them.

you, on request, by Dr. Wis., simply to prove m are little Candy Cold Co Quinine, no Laxative, r the name implies-when



## TO THE CITIZENS OF SALISBURY:

Mr. L. M. O'Connor, who formerly operated "Wonderland" in Charlotte and others has opened in Salisbury a high-class Moving Picture Show, The Bijou, located in the Meroney Theatre, Salisbury, has been entirely renovated, elegantly fitted up and will not prove a disappointment to any one. 'A pleasant and comfortable place to spend a few minutes, to say nothing of the advantages to be derived from the pictures as an educational proposition.

Special attention always to Women and Children. Pictures and Illustrated Songs changed each Monday and Thursday. Prices: Adults, 10 cents; Children, 5 cents.

Bijou Theatre Company

GREENSBORO, N. C.