

CHARLOTTE'S FALL FESTIVAL

OCTOBER 13th to 20th, 1907

The Greatest Week's Attraction Ever Offered in the Carolinas. The Nation's Leading Orators and Musicians Will be Here

PROGRAMME IN PART

MONDAY, OCTOBER 14TH,
BRYAN DAY
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15TH
JOHN SHARPE WILLIAMS
 Will be the speaker.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16TH,
MUSICAL DAY
 With these celebrated musicians participating:

GRACE MUNSON
 One of America's best Contraltos.

JOHN BARNES WELLS
 The great American Tenor.

THE TEMPLE MALE QUARTETTE
 The best Male Quartette in the country.

OTTO PFEFFERKORN
 The celebrated Pianist.

HELEN CHANDLER
 of Boston,
 and our own Charlotte Musicians.
 These Musicians Will Supply the Musical Programme
 During Every Day of the Festival.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17TH,
CHAMP CLARK DAY
 Missouri's Distinguished Orator.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18TH,
RALPH BINGHAM
 The renowned Humorist will be the attraction at the
 afternoon session, and

SIGNOR CAMPANARI
 The greatest of all Baritones, will give a special song
 recital at 8:30 p. m.
 Campanari will be assisted by Franklin S. Sonnab, the famous
 Pianist, and Grace Munson, Contralto.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19TH,
FREE CHILDREN'S SESSION
 Miss Henrietta Massing, of Atlanta, will be the enter-
 tainer.

TICKETS

Full Season Tickets..... \$3.00 each
 Night Tickets..... 50c. each
 Afternoon Tickets..... 25c. each
 Campanari Night Tickets..... \$1.00 each
 All tickets are transferable.

Two sessions will be held daily, 3:30 and 8:15 p. m.,
 in the big, **NEW AUDITORIUM**, just finished for the
 occasion. Seating capacity, four thousand.

TICKETS ON SALE AT
 R. H. Jordan & Co.'s, Hotel Selwyn, Stone & Bar-
 ringer Co.'s, Charlotte Music Company's, Chas. M.
 Stieff, and the Blind Man on the Corner.

Out-of-town patrons may secure tickets and further
 information by addressing

The Fall Festival Management

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

AN EFFECT OF CORN LIQUOR

A PAIR OF RICH FARMERS

A Morning Symposium—A Trip to Texas Stopped Short—The Breaks of the Cup That Inebriates—The Golden Vision of King Aho—The Old Baron's Apology—Woman's Picture of Pity Common—Snap Shots at Spring and Autumn.

Written for the Observer.
 "O thou invisible spirit of wine!
 If thou hast no name to be known by,
 Let us call thee—devil!"

I am minded to-day to treat the readers of the Sunday Charlotte Observer to a dissertation on alcoholic drinks; not from the viewpoint of the prohibitionist or the anti-prohibitionist; but rather a discourse scientific in its nature, and speculative of the outward and visible signs of deliriously exhilarating and highly intoxicating beverages on the mind and body—for instance, how corn liquor makes a man twist up his legs and double up his fists, and talk, and project "enterprises of great pitch and moment," and "pick up money off the ground." Or if there be a minor note of pessimism in the gray matter of the brain, how "booze" will make a man bemoan himself, and tear his hair—mandala, like Dick Swiveller, in the "Old Curiosity Shop" by Dickens, who cast his hat on the ground, and informed the surrounding world that he had been left an unhappy orphan by his parents at a tender age.

The Latin adage, "in vino veritas," may be freely translated, "there's truth in the cup," and means that in his libelousness a man off his guard, lets out his prodigious characteristics. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." A bad-tempered man will be pugnacious in his grog; a liar will discount Baron Munchausen; here may be found one so rich that he could give John D. Rockefeller a good running start, while another is "on his uppers," and "down on his luck."

S. C. Warren, in his great novel, "Ten Thousand a Year," gives the reader a graphic picture of the lawyer, Oily Gannon, at the dinner given on the evening after winning the famous Tuttlebat Timmon case at the Latton assizes. Gannon was a shrewd, wily, astute fellow, whose whole life was an effort to take the rest of the world in. As the dinner proceeded, the qualities were accentuated with the emptying of every bottle of wine. The drinker he got the wilder, shrewder, astute he got. Where the others were boisterous he was quiet; where they were surly he was silent. He sat there, watching his companions, and "taking them in," until, in the intensity of his astuteness, he found himself trying to "take himself in." Then he rose un-
 expectedly to his feet, took a candle, looked solemnly and reproachfully around upon the company and marched off to bed.

But there is not always "truth in the cup." Some vicious developments are unexpected and appalling. I know a man who is as graceful and prosaic as the side of an old barn; a "man of affairs," who thinks only of business. He gets "off" rarely, but three or four drinks make him drive. He has no use for his desk during the time, but goes about a silly, vacuous smile on his face, boring people with the most innocuous remarks in the world. I know another—a charming fellow, of delightful manners and correct life, whose talk is as clean as a woman's. His genial disposition renders an occasional spree irresistible to him, and "in his cups" he can outwear the "Dutch

in Holland," and tells stories that he wouldn't listen to with the liquor out of him.

Perhaps the funniest of the frail indulgers and bibbers, who cannot refrain from "looking upon the wine when it giveth its color in the cup," is the man who gets soberer and soberer with every added drink, and continues to look as wise as a judge and as sober as an owl long after he has got past speech or locomotion. The reader will, doubtless recall the dear old peanitic Baron Bradwardine, the Laird of Tully Veolan, in Scott's "Waverley," and the drinking bout, in which he and the Laird of Balma-
 whippie were the heroes, and which culminated in a sword duel the next morning before breakfast. The old Baron's apology to his guest was lim-
 itable and characteristic: "I would not have you spine, Captain Waverley, that I am by practice or precept an advocate of sobriety, though it may be that, in our festivity of last night, some of our friends, if not perchance altogether 'sober,' or drunken, were, to say the least, 'in a bad way.'"

Let us now conclude this disquisi-
 tion by a short story illustrative of one or two of the features under discus-
 sion.

One morning between daybreak and sunrise, in the Cape Fear section of North Carolina, Billy Sears, a ne-
 horse farmer, stepped out of the door of his house, clad in a striped calico shirt and home-spun trousers, held up by a one-gallon suspender, bare-footed, and frying white meat. It was a "sunny" morning, as "Meg Dods," in Scott's "Saint Ronan's Well," describ-
 ed it to the Indian nabob in the office of "Squire Bindloose."

As Bill Sears stood meditatively scratching with his big toe the side of a razor-back hog, lying against the pig pen, he saw a man frugging up the road, carrying a long string back valve, that sort of a grip-sack that has a mouth like an alligator's, can hold a barn-fall, and never has any-
 thing in it. As the man got nearer, Bill recognized Tom Graves, another farmer of about his height, living two or three miles down the road, and hailing him:

"Hello, Tom. What you off to, this fryin' in the day?"
 "Off for Texas, Bill," said the new-
 comer, as he slowed up to the little gate, and rested the valve on the top rail of the fence.
 "To Texas! the land sakes!"
 "Yes; I'll starve to death here. A fellow ain't got no show. My crop tick through the winter."
 "You're more'n half right, Tom. Darn me if I ain't goodder mind to go with you. My corn's not knee-high to a duck, and, blame my hide, if it didn't begin a-tasseling before it got well out of the ground. What about in Texas you aim to pull up, Tom?"
 "Along about El Paso?"
 "Wouldn't be surprised if I land about thar, Bill."
 "Well, I've got a brother living around thar. They say he's doing well, and's got money. I wish if you see him you'd tell him I say for the Lord's sake to 'send me a little help to keep from petering plumb out. But, Tom, I've got a jug of good liquor

under the bed. Let's go in, and drink to your trip."

Seated on the side of the bed, each tipped the jug up, and took a long, long pull.

"So you're g-g-going to Texas?" continued Bill, coughing and his eyes red with the strength of the drink.

"Yes; I think I'd better go. But I tell you, Bill, there's come out in my crop yet."

"So there is in mine. As I said, my corn's sorter small; but, Lord, with good seasons it'll head, and make hefty corn. I wonder jist wharabouts that brother of mine is. If I knew I'd write to him; perhaps he's a-suffering right now, and I'd give him a lift. Let's take another drink."

"Lord Tom," said Sears, smacking his lips after his dram, and lying back luxuriously on the bed, "you'd have no call to write to Texas, if you was fixed like me. I jist don't believe that when I dig my potatoes they kin naturally lay on the ground. They'll spill over the top rail of the fence."

"I'm fixed jist as good as you ever dared to be, Bill. You jist order see them chufas. Hang me if I don't believe there's a bushel to the hill."

"Let's have another," said Bill, straightening up, and reaching for the jug.

The pessimistic drawl, the calami-
 tunity whine, were gone, and their voices rang with a soft, care, exultant optimism, while the ruddy glow of the corn whiskey had knocked the tallow out of their lantern-jaws.

"When you git to Texas," began Bill, putting the jug slowly down—
 "Damn Texas!" broke in Tom. "I want a man like me want with Texas? Why, I kin lay in bed, and hear my corn fatly crackin'; and the pax vines is jist reaching out for some-
 thing to hold onto as they grow."

"Well, Tom, you know we was a-talking about Texas; and I was jist going to say when you git to Texas, if you see my brother, tell him to go to Jericho, poor devil. If he needs anything tell him to draw on me for the whole amount, and if he needs it bad, and needs it quick, let him wire, and I'll telegraph it to him, be God! Let's take another."

bronze and gold, with the low, tender pipe of the quail in the brown stubble, and the far-away coo of the dove in the gently swaying pines.

"Why sigh for yester's song-bird and its joyous notes?"
 "Looop your ears, and hear the 'still small voice'"
 "Oft spirit that to-day from heaven floats,
 Bidding us claim our birthright, and re-
 joice!"

For God is here; And all the waste of weary years
 Grows dim and distant in the morning light;
 Vanished are heartaches, tears and brood-
 ing fears
 And Egypt's darkness flees before the light.
 Fayetteville, Sept. 30. J. H. M.

EXPRESS AGENT RESIGNS.

Mr. John C. Correll, of Concord, Will Go With Firm of Cotton Buyers—Lutherans to Call Pastor To-Day. Special to The Observer.

Concord, Oct. 5.—Mr. John C. Correll, who has had charge of the Southern Express office in this city for the past several years, has tendered his resignation, to take effect at once. It is the understanding that if the company will relieve him, Mr. Correll will begin work Monday morning for J. A. Skipwith & Co., cotton buyers. Mr. Correll asked for relief some time last fall, but inducements were offered which caused him to reconsider and continue his work. This time, however, Mr. Correll has fully determined to leave the express business.

The church councils of St. Andrew and Mount Herman Evangelical Lutheran churches will meet in joint session to-morrow afternoon for the purpose of calling a pastor. Rev. Charles R. Pless, who has been serving the two congregations for several years, will leave Monday for Troutman, where he will enter upon the work embracing the Lutheran churches at Troutman and Amity. Concord and her good people regret very much to lose Mr. Pless and his excellent family, and the best wishes of the entire community go with them into their new field.

REV. MR. KAHN DISAPPEARS.

Wife in Raleigh and Charleston Friends Don't Know Where He Is. Charleston Evening Post.

The friends of Mr. A. Kahn, formerly of the Jewish faith, but now a Baptist preacher, and recently the editor of The Star Mission, and employed in the advertising department of The German Zeitung here, are much worried over his strange disappearance of a couple of weeks ago. His wife, at Raleigh, does not know where Mr. Kahn is, nor do his friends here. It is thought that he has wandered off while suffering from illness.

Mr. Kahn for some time previous to his disappearance had been acting queerly, and seemed troubled with a pain in his head. For about two weeks nothing has been seen of him, although his belongings at his boarding house are untouched. He is a man of short stature, dark eyes and hair, and wore a derby hat and dark suit when last seen.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Cande Cold Tablets called Preventics. Druggists everywhere are now dispensing Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no Quinine, no laxatives, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "mezza stage" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. Preventics 2 cents. Total boxes 1 cent. Sold by Muller's Pharm-
 acy.

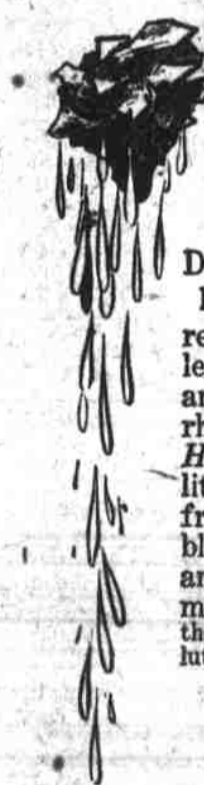
SEVEN HAIR FACTS

- ONE Dandruff is a contagious disease caused by a microbe.
- TWO Dandruff is a forerunner of itching scalp, falling hair and baldness.
- THREE Chronic baldness is incurable.
- FOUR The cause of dandruff cannot be washed out of the scalp with soap and water.
- FIVE The only way to cure dandruff and falling hair is to kill the germ that causes it.
- SIX Each day that dandruff is neglected adds to the permanent injury of the scalp, for dandruff does not cease voluntarily while the hair lasts.
- SEVEN The only safe and satisfactory remedy that will kill the dandruff germ and keep it out of the scalp is Newbro's Herpicide.

Kill the dandruff germ with Newbro's Herpicide, and the hair is bound to grow as nature intended. Almost marvelous results sometimes follow the continued use of Herpicide.

Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00, at drug stores. Send 10c. in stamps to The Herpicide Co., Dept. N., Detroit, Mich., for a sample. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 915. Be Sure You Get Herpicide.

R. H. JORDAN & CO.
 Special Agents.
 Applications at Prominent Barber Shops.



Uric Acid CRYSTALS

Dissolve readily through the action of **HARRIS Lithia Water** relieving the sufferer from the merciless passage of "stone in the bladder" and from uric acid poison manifested as rheumatism of the muscles and joints. **HARRIS Lithia** is a superior natural lithia water so known to the medical fraternity in all cases of kidney and bladder trouble, and from years of trial and the hundreds of gratuitous recommendations it receives, it has become thoroughly established as a lithia water absolutely peerless in its especial sphere.

So d by all druggists and dealers generally or sent direct from Spring; 5 gals.—\$3.00, \$1.50 allowed for return of package.

Harris Lithia Springs Co.
 Harris Springs, S. C.
 Hotel Open June 15

HARRIS LITHIA WATER

ACADEMY OF MUSIC Monday Oct. 7

MESSRS. MATIN & EMERY'S
 Presentation of Richard Wagner's Mystic Festival Drama

PARSIFAL

(IN ENGLISH)

SPECIAL NOTICE

For the convenience of "Parsifal" patrons the former rule of commencing the evening performance at 8:00 and giving a two-hour dinner intermission has been done away with. During this engagement the curtain will rise at 7:45. Carriages may be ordered at 11:15. Auditors should be in their seats at rise of first curtain, as no one will be seated during the action of the play.

Scale of Prices. Box Seats, lower \$2.00
 Box Seats, upper \$2.00
 Lower Floor... \$1.50
 Balcony, 1st 3 rows \$1
 Balcony, rear... 75c.
 Gallery, Reserved 50c.

Seat Sale Now Open. Tickets ordered by mail will be promptly forwarded on receipt of remittance and self-addressed stamped envelope. (No free list.)