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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.
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 Advertising rates are furnished on application. Advertisers may feel sure that through the columns of this paper they may reach all Charlotte and a portion of the best people in this State and upper South Carolina. This paper gives correspondents as wide latitude as it thinks public policy permits but it is in no case responsible for their views. It is much preferred that correspondents sign their names to their articles, especially in cases where they attack persons or institutions, though this is not demanded. The editor reserves the right to give the names of correspondents when they are demanded for the purpose of personal satisfaction. To receive consideration a communication must be accompanied by the true name of the correspondent.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1907.
ENEMIES OF THE STATE.
 Gen. John Gill, president of the Mercantile Trust and Deposit Company, of Baltimore, a Southern man and an ex-Confederate soldier, writes to a business man of this city who had addressed him on the subject of an investment: "To be frank with you, I am not inclined, at present, to consider any proposition in the South. The recent action . . . in disregard of the rights of corporations disinclines me to put any money out in that direction for some time to come. There is too much Populism in the South. I think if men like you and other prominent citizens of Charlotte would come out and denounce the action of . . . as virtual confiscation of property, it would have a good effect in restoring confidence and business relations with that section of the country which has always commanded my love and affection." Gen. Gill does not need any introduction in the South.

There are those who say in effect: "We do not need the aid of outsiders; we are able to finance ourselves." It looks as if such persons were being regarded as representatives of the South and are being taken at their word. Yet when we get to that point where outside capital cannot be commanded we will be merely swapping dollars among ourselves. All the money that is brought in is doubly serviceable, leaving our own for home enterprise and adding to the South's working capital by so much as it increases it. All the money, for instance, that a railroad brings in from the sale of its securities, for double-tracking or other improvement, for disbursement here, is a net increase of the wealth of the South, it having been earned not here but elsewhere.

Those who countenance radical legislation or other action which drives capital away through unreasonable hostility to it are enemies of the South, of their neighbors and themselves.

CART WHEELS AND DIRTY BILLS.
 Because of an admission by United States Treasurer Tread that he finds it simply impossible to keep pace with the demand for small bills Northern cities are fearing that they may be compelled to fall back upon the despised cart-wheel money for a while. Silver dollars have long been thoroughly unpopular everywhere except in the South, owing to their weight and bulk. It has usually been explained that the vogue of "tin" money in this section arises from the negro's suspicious attitude toward paper money—an attitude not altogether without reason in decades of squalidly Confederate bills and illiterate negroes. When paper money was tendered it stood a much better chance of acceptance if dirt and wear were present to afford some assurance of genuineness. Silver dollars and filthy, gummy bills largely supply the South's currency needs to-day, though the banks in enterprising centres like Charlotte are more and more making it a practice to hand out over their counters only fresh, crisp bills except, of course, for fractional amounts. That this practice is continually spreading gives the best evidence of public appreciation and assures its permanency notwithstanding it involves some little trouble and expense. The Southerner need no longer attract unpleasant attention by the filth and bulk of his money when he goes North. This section can command the best in money, as in other things, and we are glad to see it beginning to do so.

AN UNDESIRABLE BEQUEST.
 That the trustees of Swarthmore College have deferred until December their decision upon the problem presented by the conditional bequest of Miss Anna T. Jeanes is taken to indicate a probable refusal. This is well. Three million dollars make a tempting bait, to be sure, but any college would better retain poor than sacrifice its academic freedom. If affluent rich people wish to propagate their whims or beliefs let them found institutions of their own rather than seek to warp those which already have behind them an honorable and independent history. This is the principle involved in the Swarthmore case, and it should suffice to inspire a refusal quite apart from the alternative of becoming a nursery for mold-making by placing the required

WHAT TO NAME THE WARSHIPS.
 Pointing out that Diah is the only State not now represented by a battleship or armored cruiser in the navy, a correspondent of The New York Sun suggests that the famous fighting names of the old navy be restored. "There is a great deal of sentiment throughout the country," well says this writer. "It made its appearance in Congress when in 1895 that body went out of its way to give the name Keams to one of the battleships authorized to be built by the naval appropriation bill of that year. It manifested itself again when such an uprising of our people followed the suggestion of Secretary Bonaparte that the old frigate Constitution be taken out and made a target for the guns of the North Atlantic fleet. Sentiment has wielded a powerful influence in all maritime nations and in all navies. Great Britain preserves Lord Nelson's old flagship Victory as a perpetual reminder of the crowning triumph of Great Britain's greatest sea fighter." As showing that this sentiment has long existed in the United States The Sun's correspondent might have told of Oliver Wendell Holmes' timely poem, "Old Ironsides," and how it saved a glorious old fighter from threatened degradation to base uses—
 "Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Whence leapt the valiant's soul,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread
 Or know the conqueror's blow,
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

"Oh, better that her tattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep
 And there should be her grave;
 Nails to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every thread-bare sail,
 And give her to the God of storms,
 The lightning and the gale."

Wherefore these ancient wooden warriors are affectionately cherished among us, serving as naval training ships in most instances.

The Sun's correspondent has renewed a suggestion favorably heard more than once before and we trust that Congress will in due time take a similar view of the matter. By all means let us have a Constitution, a Bon Homme Richard, a Congress and a Chesapeake in our fighting line again.

INSOLENCE PROPERLY REBUKED.
 The Norfolk Landmark, which thinks it occupies chief place at the Round Table and has the exclusive right to accept or object to the maynoo, renews The Observer's exclusion of Big Stick poetry as represented by "Ingratitude," presented by Andrew Jackson Andrews, of Richmond, dedicated to President Roosevelt and beginning, "Robinty, Robinty, big-headed Ben." We quote: "What right has The Charlotte Observer to rule out Big Stick poetry without first obtaining the approval of the head of the table? We cannot brook such breaches of discipline."
 "The Landmark built the Round Table, named it, selected the leaders, and started most of the friction which gave it fame. The Landmark discovered Miss Mattie Peterson, of North Carolina, for instance, before The Observer did, though, from the way it talks, one would think The Observer first seen Pa coming, stepping high."
 "With that same long and unerring Excelbiter wherewith we administer the coilbinder (when it is deserved) will we cut off the head of any Table-guest who undertakes to move the head round to himself? Do we make ourselves clear?"
 Your insolence is perfectly understood, though so much cannot be said of the big words which you captured on a recent foray into the domain of learning. But let them pass. The Observer does not propose to be overruled by The Norfolk Landmark, which discredits itself, if that could be done further, by its absurd claim that it discovered Miss Peterson, and which will next be claiming that it discovered America. The edict has gone forth. Big Stick poetry has been excluded. Andrew Jackson Andrews, take your "Ingratitude" and—Go!

President Finley says that a rumor circulated in the financial district—meaning of New York—Friday of receivers for the Southern Railway Company, "is preposterous." The Observer reads this statement with pleasure. It was prophesied in North Carolina as much as three months ago, and has been often prophesied since, that this company is coming to a receivership, and while that element whose meat-and-drink politics would rejoice if the prophecy should be realized, its realization would be a blow to North Carolina. Southern preferred stock is quoted now at only 48 1/2 and we hope the company will weather the storm through which it is passing and continue its development of the South.

Elder Hempill's valiant, though unsuccessful attempts to give Andrew Jackson a "South Carolina nativity" should prove of utmost service in advancing his senatorial candidacy. It is just here that Campaign Manager Waring incurs our only criticism. He really could have used this part of the candidate's record with no small effect, and we trust that he will henceforth be found doing so.

Following Persia's example, the Dowager Empress of China has issued a decree declaring China a constitutional monarchy. Japan has long since gone this way and India is filled with desire to obtain from Great Britain the position of a self-governing colony. Who a half-century ago could possibly have foreseen such rapid political progress in Asia?

Not Interested in the Others.
 An examination of the books of other trades is not demanded. It is the Southern and the friends of the Southern that they are after.

Danger In, Out and Under.
 Richmond Times-Dispatch.
 The Charlotte Observer says that there is "danger in the automobile." Maybe so, but it's nothing like the danger there is under one.

BY REPORTORIAL LICENSE.
 The representatives of the International Federation of Masters Cotton Spinners were yesterday and majority committee, reporters and men of affairs gathered to do them honor; they also discussed high and serious questions. One man was there, however, for a different purpose. He suspected that there would be an international difference on one subject at least. He had often seen thirsty Germans rush into Berlin beer gardens and shove quart steins of cool and foaming Pilsener. He had often heard their sigh of utter content as they emerged undrunk from the foam. You understand then why he stood near the thirteenth looking over Do neither land and awaited developments.

After the speech-making was finished, after our German friend had mopped his brow and moistened his lips a few hundred times, the reward came. The waiter, butler, came up, carrying a waiter of beautiful little glasses filled with what Americans call beer, and triumphantly held it out to our Teuton with an air that said, "We know how to treat our guests."
 "Was is dat?"
 "Beer, sir."
 "Mein Gott!"
 Gentlemen of the reception committee, had you no buckets?

They lurched heavily around the corner of Mullen's Pharmacy and began their uncertain progress up Trade street. As they passed the entrance of the Presbyterian church, he suddenly jerked loose from the other, steadied himself for a moment and made this remarkable announcement: "Iv' gol' th' go' damdeesh besh moltr' liv'n." He reinforced his delivery with a gesture that swept the whole earth and a few stars also, all but losing his feet as a result. His mind seemed to be perfectly relieved and he staggered on up the street, still insisting as the two passed out of hearing, "Ain't I tell' right?"

The man and his oath were easily dismissed from the mind of the man that overheard the remark, but he often finds himself wondering about the mother.

Do you wish to see the pride and flower of our city? Come out on the square at the hour when women move along the street and the tension of the hard day is over. Do you wish that gentleman leaning against the mail-box. Well, study him closely; for you are very proud of him. His dress is in the very latest fashion—every line and curve the perfection of the tailor art. What exquisite taste in neckwear! What shining shoes! And that hat, now. Was there ever more perfect pose of hat on mortal head? If you will move a little closer, you will see that the "shiny things" you speak of are lights reflected from his polished nails—pinked and polished beyond belief. Oh, the wind has disturbed the locks which he spent so much time smoothing out upon his forehead. Too bad! We will instruct ourselves to gather up his winds. It were better that Southwind should never stir among the plumes or sport in joyous abandon with the golden leaves of autumn than that one curl should be disarranged upon Adonis' temple.

But you have not seen yet our greatest reason for pride in him. Do you see that beautiful girl coming up the street? Watch Apollo closely as she passes. What exquisite taste in artistic stare, that slight drooping of the eyelids? He is an artist. He signals to every woman that passes so delicately, so shyly that no father or brother can see. He thinks himself Apollo, but we will call him Venus in Pantaloons.

Did you ask who that gentleman is that lifts his hat? Oh that's only Mr. Rutherford. He was a captain at Appomattox. I admit that he has a certain masculine presence, a certain courtly manner, a certain majestic bearing. But that is of the old time. Do you notice that he never stares at women? Do you mark the deference he shows to the beggar woman there as well as to the grand lady in her carriage? He holds to such old-fashioned ideas. He would even be so brutal as to kick our fair Adonis into the gutter if he should see that eyelid droop at the woman that is passing.

Peace will brood over the city to-day. Dust will gather on tool-box and desk and counter. The roar of the street will die into a pleasing murmur. And John will stay at home with Mary and the children.

It will be worth your while to stroll idly by his cottage to see him stretched in his easy chair on the vine shaded porch of his cottage, accepting his slights in peace. A woman with face slight sits by him; children play and laugh and tumble around his feet.

In the later afternoon they will walk out into the fields, down wooded paths, and drink in the silence and the rest that swoons about them.

Shine upon these two, Autumn, with all your splendors lighted. Make golden-rod to dance to their delight. Make leaf and needle harps of music in the wind's mystic fingers. Trick them, for this short afternoon, at least, into forgetfulness of the bitter fact that man must live away from this perpetual Eden.

MARRIAGES.
 Baird-Mebane, at Hawfields.
 Special to The Observer.
 Mebane, Oct. 4.—Old-time Southern hospitality and youthful joy and happiness were in evidence on all sides at the home of Rev. Dr. B. W. Mebane, at Hawfields, last night, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Allee Mebane to Dr. Campbell A. Baird, of Madison. Long before night the attendants and friends began to gather, being made welcome and happy by the cordial smiles of host and hostess.

After partaking of an abundant feast of good things the crowd repaired to old Hawfields church for the ceremony. The fine old brick church was beautifully decorated, a large platform having been raised in the chancel; the attendants arranging themselves usually in a crescent facing the audience, and the bride and groom taking their positions under an arch in the centre, also facing the audience, where the marriage vows were said.

The ceremony, the ring ceremony of the Presbyterian Church, was performed by the bride's father.

The bride, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, was dressed in radiant silk, trimmed in lace and pearls, carried bright roses. The maid of honor, Miss Daisy Busick of Madison, wore champagne crepe de chene and carried bridesmaid roses. Little Miss Dorothy White was flower girl and the ring-bearer was Miss Ethel Johnson Webster.

Miss Trotter sang "Because" and the beautiful song, "Love Me and the World is Mine," and Mrs. Walter S. Crawford played Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

After the ceremony the bridal party and many visitors and friends returned to the home of Dr. Mebane, where refreshments were served by Mrs. Dr. Matheron, of Madison, and Mrs. Carter, of Aberdeen, the punch bowl being presided over by Mrs. Crawford. Among the visiting guests other than the bridal party were: T. J. Oldham, of Oaks; Mr. R. W. Scott, of Hawfields; Mrs. Webster, of Madison; Mrs. Carter, of Aberdeen; Mr. John A. Baird, of Madison; Mrs. Dr. Matheron, of Madison; Miss Daniels and Prof. and Mrs. Crawford, of Mebane.

The groom is a son of Mr. John A. Baird, and a native of Perry county, but now of Madison. He is a popular young physician, prominent in his profession in Rockingham county. The bride is the daughter of Rev. Dr. B. W. Mebane, formerly pastor of the Mount Airy Presbyterian church, now pastor of the Hawfields church, and a splendid movement for the upbuilding of this historic section. She has many friends throughout the State. Many beautiful presents served as abundant evidence of their friendship.

MR. TOMPKINS ON RAILROADS.
 Grievances of Public as Set Forth in His Letter to President Finley Undeniable.
 Wall Street Journal.
 Numerous attempts have been made to analyze that complex and many-sided factor known as the public, in its relation to this railway question. But the correspondence just published between D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, N. C., and W. W. Finley, president of the Southern Railway, presents one of the most lucid analyses of the public attitude which has yet been given. Mr. Tompkins is one among the few men in the South who can speak for the people as a whole because of his intimate acquaintance with conditions there from long experience and careful thinking in large business interests with which he is identified. In his statement of the public's case he says that the people's grievances "as they exist in their hearts, but are in most cases not defined in their heads," are:
 1. Discriminating rates.
 2. The speculative action of railway securities.
 3. Inconsiderate and discourteous treatment of the traveling public by railway companies and their employees.

He suggests, by way of remedy, that the railway employes, to eliminate discrimination, should themselves take serious hold of this matter and "organize a commission of experts to work out a plan of rate-making which would put everybody on the same footing." As to speculation he says that the railway people should take "some comprehensive action to bring this wild-cat speculative system of stocks and bonds into decent investment shape," claiming that the poor credit of railroads is due to the absence of such control in the issue of securities as the Federal government exercises over national bank issues. "The people," he says, "would soon see that such a movement would be no invasion of State rights. The tariff, the mail and the banking have already been made national and there is no such invasion."

As for the treatment of the traveling public by railway employes, Mr. Tompkins thinks that this is probably as important as the other two combined. The lack of courtesy in handling people, it is claimed, has embittered and prejudiced the public until it has been forced to complain of any defect that against a kind of treatment which is foreign to a democratic spirit, and which, judging by the courteous standards of some other roads, is not necessary in railway practice.

This view is, of course, a partial one. It does not cover the whole ground. Moreover, it does not justify any lynching of railway capital such as has been attempted in some of the States. However, there are in the small measure represent valid grievances against the railroads.

THE COLORED INSANE.
 There Are 647 in the Hospital at Goldsboro, Many Engaged in Gainful Employment.
 Goldsboro Record.
 Dr. W. W. Faison, the clever and most efficient superintendent of the State Hospital for the colored insane, near this city, informs us that there are now confined at this hospital, 647 patients, the greatest number in the history of the institution. These patients are well fed, with good, wholesome food, comfortably clothed, and well cared for, and the greater part of this expense is borne by themselves.

There are a great number of these patients that are not entirely devoid of reason and are capable of working out their own living. These are given light employment, suited to their case, such as they are capable and are willing to do.

There is a large farm near the home and many of the patients are required to till the soil as other farm hands, and every year they raise a fine crop, consisting of potatoes, corn, vegetables, raise pork, chickens, eggs, raise cattle, etc., in abundance, all that is needed at the home, and in the State. Several hundred of these things that the hospital can consume and the surplus is brought to this city and sold, where there is always a ready demand.

Others are engaged in carpenter work, brick laying, milking the cows, feeding the cattle and stock, washing, starching, ironing, mending, according to their several capacities.

They do their work cheerfully and well—of course under the direction of their attendants—and by this means they are not only self-supporting, but save the State an enormous sum of money in the run of a year or as the years come and go.

Charlotte's Time Now.
 Red Springs Citizen.
 Charlotte wants the next Democratic State convention. It has been to Greensboro twice, and we say let it go the rounds. It is Charlotte's time now. The city can take care of the crowd, and The Charlotte Observer's report of the proceedings will be of the high grade order.

An Inadvertence on Our Part.
 Charleston News and Courier.
 When The Charlotte Observer questioned the accuracy of the Hon. Locke Greig's statement that Asheville consumes \$1,000,000 worth of whiskey a year, it forgets that Asheville is a Georgia town in the summer months.

BIG SALE

Men's and Young Men's Winter Suits HALF PRICE

Two Big Lots Men's and Young Men's Worsted, Cassimere and Cheviot Winter Suits Are Being Sold Now at Our Store For Just About Half Price.

Suits worth \$7.50 to \$10.00 for \$5.00.
 Suits worth \$10.00, \$12.50 and \$15.00 for \$7.50.

These Won't Last Long and You Should Come Early

Cut Price Shoe Sale!

Women's Fine Shoes

One lot Ladies' Patent, Vici and Kid Button and Lace Shoes, worth \$3.00 to \$3.50. Cut price. \$1.90.
 One lot Ladies' Dress and Heavy Shoes, worth \$1.50 to \$2.00. Cut price 90c.
 One lot Boys' and Girls' School and Dress Shoes, worth \$1.25 to \$2.00. Cut price 80c.
 One lot Children's 75c. to \$1.25 Shoes. Sale price 60c.

Men's Shoe Sale

One lot \$5.00 and \$6.00 Patent, Vici and Gunmetal Lace and Button Shoes. Sale price \$3.85.
 One lot Men's Patent, Vici and Gunmetal Winter Shoes, worth \$3.50 to \$4.00. Sale price. \$2.60.
 One lot Men's \$2.50 and \$3.00 Shoes cut to \$1.85.
 One lot Men's \$2.00 and \$2.50 Shoes \$1.60.

Fur Hat Sale-- Men's and Boys'

One big sample lot Men's and Boys' New Fall Shaped Hats, Black, all colors; worth \$1.00 to \$2.00. Choice 50c.