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**THE CAPE FEAR CHANNEL.**

The proposed thirty-foot waterway from Wilmington to the sea is not merely a matter of Wilmington interest, but is of concern to the State. It is a pleasure, therefore, that Mr. John A. Fox, special director of the national rivers and harbors congress, is making a partial tour of the State in this behalf and is now due in Charlotte where he will make an address to-morrow on this subject. Mr. James H. Chadbourne, chairman of the Wilmington chamber of commerce committee on a deeper waterway has written The Observer a letter from which this extract is made:  
 "If we can get this depth of water, which is entirely practicable, Wilmington, without a doubt, will be made a gateway port, thereby insuring competitive rates with our neighboring towns in Virginia. We feel that the deepening of this harbor will be a benefit to the whole State. Charlotte is as much as to Wilmington, and in consequence of the heavy co-operation given us by the press of the State, we have decided to form a State association, having our first meeting in Wilmington, November 15th, and at this meeting electing officers having in charge the furtherance of this project.  
 The undertaking is one which should enlist the friendly interest of all North Carolinians. Mr. Chadbourne gives abundant reason for this in the statement that if Wilmington can get this deeper channel it will, 'without a doubt, be made a gateway port, thereby ensuring competitive rates with our neighboring towns in Virginia.' For this sake the project should appeal to us all and we hope that Mr. Fox will be heard by many business men in Charlotte and elsewhere in the State.

**A SERIOUS THING TO SUGGEST.**

The New York World last week sent the following telegram to Col. Bryan:  
 "You are quoted this morning in Richmond dispatches by the Associated Press as saying that the large metropolitan dailies are controlled by the trusts and their columns are open to the highest bidder."  
 The columns of the World are open to you to elaborate and make good this charge. We earnestly urge you to make answer, which is repaid in any extent."  
 Col. Bryan delayed his answer to this telegram a day or two or three and when he sent it said that what he had said was that "some" of the large metropolitan dailies, etc. But the charge, even as he left it, is a grave one. It is quite generally understood by newspaper men throughout the country that one great New York daily is owned and its policy dictated by corporate interests, but we do not think it is believed that this is true of any other. If this suspicion attaches to any excepting one as here intimated, we are not aware of the fact. There are some undoubtedly that minister in their news columns to certain depraved tastes, for the sake of financial or political returns, or both, to be realized, but it is not thought even of these that their editorial utterances are bought with money. It is a right serious thing to say of a paper or of a class of papers that its or their opinions are purchased or that they are other than legitimate enterprises, if absolute facts to sustain the charge are lacking. The World's resentment is natural.  
 The Washington Post has let it out. "The Vice President and Mrs. Fairbanks," says the heartless Post, "are recognized as among the most hospitable entertainers in the official set in the national capital. Their dinners are in excellent taste, and the usual wines are served with the several courses, while at the large receptions, of which they give at least one each season, there is provided a punch which has an unmistakable and wholly satisfactory foundation of rum."  
 Rum! Speaker Cannon will make the White House reek with his corn liquor before ever Mr. Fairbanks and the Rum Demon are permitted to pass their portals arm in arm.

It has not been noticed that the five Wake Forest students who were suspended week before last for hazing have been restored and if the faculty holds stiff to its position the effect is sure to be salutary. The suspension was for a brief enough period but the enforcement of the law to the last day indicated will have good results while its relaxation will weaken the discipline which its adoption and enforcement will promote.

Few North Carolinians have more friends than Dr. Kemp P. Battle and the award to him at the meeting last week of the State Historical and Literary Association of the Patterson loving cup affords pleasure to many of his fellow citizens. He won it on his history of the University, the first volume of which is out and which is to be completed in three volumes. That already issued shows a work of much merit.

Mr. Earle Godbey who has long been connected with The Asheville Gazette-News, has taken its editorship, succeeding Mr. W. A. Hildebrand, who has become editor of The Industrial News. He is a capable young newspaper man and the duties of the position are not wholly new to him. It is a safe prophecy that he will discharge them well.

Those who fail to read the second section of to-day's paper—or the first, for the matter of that—will miss things which they cannot afford not to know about.

**WHERE LIFE LASTS 25 YEARS LONGER.**

Iceland's census of 1905, recently made public, reveals the amazing fact that Icelanders live to an average age of 61.8 years. Though increasing attention to hygiene and the triumph of medical science over certain diseases have raised the estimated mean duration of civilized human life by several years, the average for the world at large is as yet little beyond 25. Only Sweden and Norway, two countries of Iceland's Scandinavian fatherland, can sustain even a very remote comparison. In Sweden man lives 59.02 years, and in Norway 49.94. All such figures, of course, are heavily pulled down by the disproportionate mortality of infancy and early childhood.

It appears rather strange at first view that longevity should be greatest upon an island traversed by the Arctic circle, yet explanations are not hard to find. Iceland, owing to its insular position, has by no means so harsh a climate as might be supposed. During a large part of the year it is green enough and grazes sheep to good advantage. The inhabitants, moreover, spring from the hardiest branch of the hardest racial stock in the world. But it is undoubtedly the simple life which primarily explains Iceland's longevity, as also, in a less degree, Sweden's and Norway's. The nervous strain of modern civilization can be little felt in a land so remote from the paths of those electric impulses which stream around the world. No roaring cities there to consume the tide of fresh blood without which they would in time come to nothing, like engines deprived of fuel. No craze for wealth at any cost in Iceland; no political, moral or religious hysteria; no continual craving for sensations; no frenzied social climbing. The quick-lunch counter and the life it abets are entirely unknown. Until very recently mail from the outside world was received only once every three weeks, by steamer. Here, if anywhere, is a people in a permanent state of equilibrium and comparative repose. But for the nerve-racking volcanic earthquakes which rock the island at times its inhabitants might live almost indefinitely, like those old patriarchs who lived their still more simple life on the plains of Palestine.

It can hardly be expected that Iceland's existence will remain quite so idyllic much longer in an age when no corner of the world escapes active search. Already a cable has been laid from Europe, and tourists are beginning to come in large numbers every summer. Perhaps the Icelanders will learn ultra-modern ways of thinking and doing. He may learn to rush, to fret, to worry. His needs will certainly grow more complex, and he will to some extent repeat the history of more advanced nationalities in his eagerness to satisfy them. Diseases of body and mind will not only be imported on a much larger scale, but will find a more fertile soil in which to take root. When appendicitis arrives, as it must after the people have begun abusing their insides with bread made from the fine, white flour which differs little from laundry starch, Icelanders may know that twentieth century civilization has taken its firm hold. Medical science, without whose aid life under truly modern conditions is impossible—consumption and typhoid fever, uncomprehended and unopposed, could alone wipe out whole cities—must be invoked to restore as far as it can what will have been lost by departure from natural methods of living. In large measure, however, the Icelanders will doubtless avoid the evils of the age while reaping the benefits. This his geographical situation should enable him readily to do. If the Swiss, though perennially overrun by and thriving upon the luxurious of all nations, have largely retained their native simplicity of life, much more can remote Iceland maintain itself uncorrupted.

By even slight modernization the Icelanders will doubtless lose heavily in length of days, health and peace of mind. Will he gain enough to compensate him? We think so. Whether or not fifty of Europe are better than five hundred of Cathay, it may safely be said that they far outweigh the 61.8 which the average Icelander actually enjoys at present.

There was never a more glorious day than the funeral day of John Charles McNeill. The setting of the occasion was perfect. The dignified church in the quiet grove; the solemn music; the solemn words of the speakers; the presence of the people among whom and with whom he was reared and whom he loved so much—no element of deep impressiveness was absent. Everything was fitting for the funeral day of John Charles and no visitor who was present will ever forget the occasion and its surroundings. Everything was just as our Scotchman would have had it; just as those who were there thought it should have been.

Col. John Temple Graves is to go from Atlanta to New York to take the editorship of Hearst's American. For some time his politics have run on lines generally parallel to those of Hearst and that he will join his journalistic fortunes with those of the New Yorker is not wholly a surprise.

The Mecklenburg County Fair to be held this week gives every promise of having a larger attendance and more and better exhibits than any that has preceded it. Its success is already fully assured, dependent only upon good weather which, let us all hope, will be vouchsafed it.

**BY REPORTER'S LICENSE.**

As our carriage rolled along over the country road, down long shaded stretches, by old mills, over hay streams, silence often fell upon the company. "The Scotchman has often seen that there, no doubt," some one would say.  
 "Yes," I was thinking the same thing, another would answer.  
 Finally our carriage swept around a sharp turn in the road and before us, across wide-stretching fields, a house stood in a grove of trees. That, his home, John Ross said. The silence became profound.  
 The carriage drew up in front of the old-fashioned country home and stopped. No one moved, no one seemed to know what to do. We were beside the old gentleman, came down the walk to meet us and bid us welcome to his darkened home. His presence, his manner, his face, all proclaimed the gentleman of the old school. As our names were called to him his lips quivered and his grip on our hands tightened.  
 "Very precious names to me. My poor boy so often spoke of each of you. Cha—Cha—Charlie will be so glad you have come."  
 He led the way up the walk and, reaching the entrance, stepped to one side and his hands were down by his manner beautiful in its stately courtesy, even as his heart broke. There was again a moment of hesitation; one moved slowly into such a presence. And who was to be the first?  
 He lay in majestic stillness. His face had become august. The "Old Man"—our beloved "Old Man"—moved slowly over toward him. The others of us turned away and left them there.  
 The hour has come, John Charles, you are passing now, of that door forever. But, have no fear. The men who walk at your side will let no harm come to you. John Ross is at your head—faithful to you in death as in life. And no friend ever came to grief when John Ross bore him company.

At John Charles, have no fear. For who follows so close behind you? Who is that woman, old and bent and gray, that keeps so near you as you pass out of that door to return no more? You will not leave him, will you, mother? Now, in his hour of need you will stay beside him until Earth, the great mother, takes him into her waiting arms. Tears, blind not our eyes now. We would see this thing. For never shall we look upon a sweeter, nobler, sadder picture than I saw drowned in the deepest sea. I know whose tears would come down to me.  
 Mother of mine."

Do you remember, John Charles, when your eyes were lit with tears as you listened to that song? You understand, John Charles McNeill, why our words were so poor as uttering as we stood to speak above your dust, of your gentle, unselfish, golden heart. You understand. For your friends believe that your life beat itself out at last against the bars of words. We spoke as best we could. And in that day—far or near, we know not—when some one stands to speak above your ashes, if the same love beats in his heart, we will sleep content.  
 The slow procession moves—the procession that followed the body of dead Abel—that has moved through all the years. Ministers, beloved ones, friends, and a mighty company of neighbors bear him to his grave in state. Carry him, and bury him, in a mother's arms and will hold him close until upon the marble at his head shall glow the purple of the eternal morning.

So we leave you, John Charles. But the pines remain to whisper to you and the Lumber river is flowing on, and moaning its unending lullaby. But more than all, there stands an invisible Presence above your grave. It is North Carolina, your mighty mother. She will guard your ashes well.  
 Did you see us lift our hats as we passed? It was the salute of brave men to a brave man. And we will return. The journey which we take up again brings us to your bed at last. And when we come, make room: for we will be weary. D.

**BRIEFS.**  
 A Few Minor Happenings in and About the City.

—Mr. Rowland Pruitt, son of Rev. L. R. Pruitt, who has been very ill with typhoid fever, is improving.

—The Mothers' Club of the Second Presbyterian church will meet to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock in the church parlors.

—Cotton receipts in Charlotte yesterday amounted to 385 bales at 11:45. Last year 205 bales were sold, the price being 10:50.

**Mr. Nicholson at Matthews To-day.**  
 Rev. W. L. Nicholson left last night for Matthews, where he will preach to-day in the Methodist church. The pastor of the church there is Rev. M. H. Hoyle, and he has not been well recently and is unable to occupy his pulpit. Mr. Nicholson, as well known in Matthews, and he will be heard to-day with pleasure. He is an earnest preacher, and a man who has the good of the church at heart. He has accomplished a good work wherever he has been assigned pastor.

**Preaching in New Church Next Sunday.**  
 The first service in the new Methodist church in North Charlotte will be held next Sunday afternoon. Rev. Harold Turner will preach the sermon. The growth of the congregation at that point and the good that is being accomplished is due largely to Mr. Turner's work with the church. Faithfully done, in addition to his pastoral labors at Brevard Street church.

**William's Advice.**  
 "If you get any twenty-penny nails in there, you'd better nail up every thing," said William Gorrell, at the Southern Manufacturers' Club last night.  
 "Why William?"  
 "De fakirs is here an' most uv 'em put one leg shorter dan de tuther an' er cock eye or two, an' dat ain't no good sign fur homes' folks."

**Death of An Old Lady.**  
 Mrs. Martha Todd, aged 51 years, died at the home of her nephew, Mr. J. A. Todd, on the Derita road, yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock. She is the last of her immediate family. The funeral services will be held at the residence this afternoon at 3:30 and the interment will be at Sugar Creek.

**A Reason Why We Should Have It.**  
 Durham Herald.  
 As Charlotte is the only town in the State that has provided an auditorium for the accommodation of the convention who should have it.

**FREE LIQUOR MORPHINE**  
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 GREENSBORO, N. C.

**IN MEMORIAM.**

**IN LOVING MEMORY.**  
 We saw him start his way 'mid joy and mirth,  
 We watched his dizzy flight with straining eyes,  
 We marked the moment that he ceased to rise,  
 And saw with silent pain his fall to earth.  
 A FRIEND.  
 Thomesville.

**JOHN CHARLES McNEILL.**  
 Singing the songs of the field and the fan  
 As sang the lark; as sang the wren,  
 Dreaming of songs still yet unborn,  
 Lo! The silence falls on heart and tongue.  
 The pine tree mourns with the golden rod  
 For the child in the cradle beneath the sod.  
 For the "Bobbie Burns of the Old North State,"  
 With hands so gentle, with heart so grand.  
 "Down Home" lifts up the vacant chair  
 And asks in tones of holy prayer,  
 Peace for the soul of the Scotland boy  
 And with the peace—Eternal Joy. X.

Winston-Salem.  
**GOOD BYE.**  
 Goodbye, John Charles, dear boy, goodbye:  
 God guard you till your journey ends;  
 And may you, on the farther shore,  
 Find better and more helpful friends.  
 They cannot love you more than we,  
 But theirs may be of wiser kind,  
 A love that, coming from the heart,  
 Is ever guided by the mind.  
 So may their friendship set you free,  
 Not bind you as perhaps did yours;  
 May you live and do as you please,  
 Unto the utmost of your powers.  
 Somehow I feel this hope not vain;  
 Somehow I know that brilliant spark  
 Of genius, which is all your own,  
 Will shine again beyond the dark.  
 God will not yield it to the night;  
 God will not let it fade and die,  
 He'll keep it bright—all will be well.  
 Goodbye, John Charles McNeill, goodbye.  
 R. L. T.  
 Spray.

**Scotland Mourns Her Gifted Son.**  
 Scotland county mourns the death of a gifted son. Born and reared in a quiet home in a rural district, among the whispering pines and hard by the banks of the beautiful Lumber river, he grew up in love with Nature, with birds and trees and flowers, and upon this matchless theme he ever delighted to dwell in his "Songs, Merry and Sad."  
 To-day in his native county, man, woman and child are bowed in deep grief; the sigh of the pine is but a sad requiem; and the river, of which he delighted to tell in song and story, flows mournfully on its sad mission to the sea.  
 Like the lamented and gifted Avery, who loved the modest violet, John Charles McNeill paid tribute at the shrine of Nature, and, in dying, has left unfinished a picture grand and beautiful, conceived and outlined by the genius and master hand of an artist. T. T. COVINGTON.  
 Laurinburg.

**Told the Mystic Charm of Life.**  
 I know every one is grieved who knew in person or by letter the thoughts of this good man. He was an ornament to society whether he walked with Togo by the pleasant waters of Lumber river or receiving in Raleigh from the hands of the President of the United States a badge of his literary achievements.  
 Any one who would be impressed with the genius of this man's verse need only turn to his little poem entitled "Christmas Comin'" written for The Observer about Christmas time of last year. The sentiment is as unalloyed as the first little prayer we learned when I lay me down to sleep. "Little did I think when I read the lines that he would pass away before Christmas came again. I am glad he lived to tell anew the mystic charm of life to proclaim from his news that the unselfish craving for the thoughts without dissimulation. I trust that in the world to which he journeys the medium of pure delight will move the limits of his soul to boundaries of perfect harmony and adjust the lyre of his already perfected aspirations.  
 J. E. KERR.  
 Lilesville.

**TRIBUTE OF THE PRESS.**  
 With unfeigned sorrow The Star takes note of the death of John Charles McNeill, poet and raconteur on The Charlotte Observer. He died yesterday afternoon at his home in Scotland county, where he had resided a few days ago on account of illness. Mr. McNeill's death deprives North Carolina of a son of marked genius and recognized brilliancy, and cuts short a career which was adding to the literary distinction of our State.—Wilmington Star.

Another lute is hushed and another harp hung upon the willow. We extend to The Charlotte Observer our deepest sympathy in its loss by death of John Charles McNeill, which occurred at the home of his parents in Scotland county, yesterday morning. There is darkness where once shone a brilliant light. We sorrow with our contemporary for the State has lost a rising star in its literary firmament.—Durham Star.

By the death of John Charles McNeill the South has been removed of one of its best poets and literary men. Mr. McNeill, in his peculiar style of poetry, could be called a genius, as his work deserved the highest degree of poetic merit. For a number of years his poems have adorned the pages of The Charlotte Observer and have been copied by the press throughout the whole country. His work was full of originality and true to nature, while there was a peculiar streak of humor that blended it to suit the mind of almost all classes of readers. His first edition of poems, namely, "Songs, Merry and Sad," has

been read quite extensively and has also received much critical favor by well-known critics. At the time of his death the young poet was preparing the second edition. "Under the banner of Simon Gray." We are exceedingly sorry to hear of the death of so bright and highly gifted a young man. We have kept up with his work and know the merit of the same; also we know what the loss of such young men of talent means especially in the prime of life, and when their words are needed the most. The words of praise that have been bestowed upon him for his works of literature by such as President Roosevelt and other well-known men tell for themselves the value of such a young man. And we join with his friends in mourning the loss.—Danville, Va., Register.

In the death of Mr. John Charles McNeill The Charlotte Observer loses one of the most gifted members of its staff and the South is deprived of a young man of marked literary genius of a high order, and had won recognition both North and South. His newspaper work was admirable, and he had begun to attract wide attention, both as to performance and promise. His untimely taking off is a severe blow to The Observer staff, as well to thousands of readers who had begun to admire his splendid work.—Yorkville Enquirer.

The State was shocked at the news yesterday evening of the death of John Charles McNeill, for scarcely has a man so young achieved such wide prominence throughout the State. Those who saw John Charles, as every one knew him, for weeks past, have silently realized that the end was not far off, and though expecting the sad news, it nevertheless was a surprise.  
 In his short career Mr. McNeill has written some verse that will live long after all but his dearest friends have forgotten him. "Songs, Merry and Sad," his book of poems, contains some of the crispest and most pleasing lines he ever penned. In his short career before the public Mr. McNeill wrote a lot of verse, and everybody in the State has read it. The Observer some poem of other that impressed itself, for he sung of every impulse of the soul.  
 But, to those who knew McNeill personally, the blow falls most heavily. None were ever privileged to know him and not love him, for his was a most pleasing and lovable disposition.  
 There is genuine sorrow all over the State for the taking off of this gifted young man, and no where is that sorrow felt more acutely than here in the city, where so many admirers and friends lived.—Charlotte News.

The readers of The Chronicle have been prepared for the announcement of the death of Mr. John Charles McNeill for several years past a writer on The Charlotte Observer. The news columns give the details of the passing of this splendid young man. Like Afernehy, he withered, drooped and fell while his companions had no thought that they had seen his face and heard his voice for the last time. His going was not so sudden as that of the lamented Avery, yet it brought the same quick pang of desolate bereavement. Mr. McNeill was a literary genius. He was a born student of nature. He loved to hunt and fish, to stroll through fields and loiter in woods; and when it came to choosing a life profession, he tried to divorce himself from field and wood for the law library. But Blackstone was too stern for his poetic nature. From writing briefs he got to writing random sketches for the press. The editor of The Observer, keen of perception, saw a new literary star in Mr. McNeill, and called him to Charlotte. When the young man got here and reported for duty, he asked what he was expected to do, and we told him to do "stunts." He had never heard of a stunt and did not know what it meant, but soon went at it in his own way, and within the short space of a year, his literary stunts had won for him the loving cup offered by Mrs. J. Lindsay Patterson for the North Carolina student who made the highest mark in literature. He easily won the trophy and the award was applauded throughout the State. It was hard to tell whether he excelled in prose or verse. Throughout all his writings there was a vein of blishest humor. His pen never tarred. He was an artist who painted always in harmonious colors. In hundreds of libraries to-day, the volume most thumbed and the volume most treasured for the pleasure it gives, is the little book between whose covers are contained his "Songs, Merry and Sad."  
 We have told of his love of the fields, woods and flowers. In spring, he would make one feel that spring is the most beautiful season of the year, but it has always seemed to us that he wrote best when the spirit of fall was upon him, for then he would fill of the period making the sunning side of the slopes; of the cotton fields showing black where the dardies had picked out the staple and white to show the labor before them; of the nodding fall flowers with which he was so familiar; of the rustling blades of the frost-smitten corn fields; of the glories of the autumn tints of poplar, gum, oak, hickory, elm and maple, and would make one feel that autumn, passing into death, was more beautiful than spring rising into life. And so it is, that he has passed away at the old home, whose memories were ever an inspiration to him, among the scenes his pen loved to dwell upon and in the season which appealed to his heart.  
 They will lay him away this evening in the soil of his nativity, and the scarlet leaf from the gum detached by the sun, and will drop gently upon his mound in token of the nobility of his blood, while the poplar will give from its store of brilliant foliage a leaf in token of his golden heart.—Evening Chronicle.

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At \$12.50 to \$22.50 we offer you a variety of snappy styles in Black, Gray and Oxford Undressed Worsteds and Cheviots in twill, diagonal and herring-bone weaves, superbly lined with serge or Italian cloth, the sleeves lined with silk or satin, every one at every price a model of all that is desirable in a smart-looking, service-giving overgarment.

**Our Dilworth \$2.50 Derbys**  
 is the best \$2.50 value in the city. It is worth \$3.00—looks it and will prove it by service. All the new shapes.

**"Tooproof" Sox, 6 Pairs For 6 Months.**  
 Buy six pairs of these "Tooproof" Half Hose from us and we give a signed guarantee that the six pairs will last six months without holes. If they don't, you'll have a ticket with the date on it and you can return the hose with it and get a new pair. Try these. We have them in Colors and Blacks. Each pair . . . . . 25c.

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 A right new one, and it's up to snuff. It takes a back seat for no shoe for snap, comfort or wear. They came in yesterday, and you should see them. Patents, Vicis, Gunmetals, Button, Bal and Blucher in those "nifty" lasts that are swell with style. Prices . . . . . \$4.00 and \$4.50.

**"Sorosis"**  
 Men's snappy "Sorosis" Shoes . . . . . \$5.00, and Women's "Sorosis" Shoes from \$3.50 to \$4.00.

**"Emery" Shirts**  
 You get a shirt that fits and is satisfactory when it's an "Emery." Prices . . . . . \$1.00 to \$3.00.



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