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HOW THE FINANCIAL SITUATION NOW LOOKS.

Unless all appearances are misleading, financial New York has passed through the deepest of its troubles. It is a patient which, having brought a long illness upon itself by persistent indisposition, may now be declared convalescent. The crisis of the disease was undoubtedly alarming. Dr. J. P. Morgan and his associate physicians labored unremittingly for two days, applying all the extreme remedies known to modern financial science. At the treasury's elbow was Secretary of the Treasury Cortright, who lent the government's moral support and made available a most timely dose of \$10,000,000. The patient has been saved from indefinitely prolonged illness and the country at large from dangerous infection. It is impossible not to believe that Wall Street has seen the worst. A stock market upon which undeniably solid railroad and industrial securities yielding ten per cent. have sold down to par is due a marked improvement; for its sins are fully expiated. Having reacted from absurdly high to absurdly low, prices should now seek a more natural level. Values in the country at large, however, occupy a different position. In varying degrees they shared the boom led by Wall Street, and while some little shrinkage has taken place they are still on a somewhat inflated basis. It is more than a question whether the general public, which has been making merry at Wall Street's troubles, will not yet have to go through a mild form of the same experience. But that there can be any really serious general depression we do not for a moment believe. Some of Wall Street's worst troubles, such as exposures destructive to confidence in many of its leading men and fear of just government prosecutions, have been peculiar to itself. There exists elsewhere no such moral basis for a panic. It is quite true that if this had been a short-crop year the general situation might easily have become grave, but Providence was kind and all sections have had bounteous returns from their sowings. Nowhere are conditions essentially sadder than in the South. Never have the banking institutions of this State and section possessed greater strength. Today it is the South's cotton crop upon which New York and the country chiefly base their continued financial cheerfulness. The country will come out all right, Charlotte, North Carolina and the South leading the procession.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Thou lovely, faithless season of the year,
Whose sunshine, so subdued and mellowed,
The face of earth with fond and tender care
And tangle her within its soft caress,
Again you come upon the wings of time
To smile as though a part of heaven's scheme.
Delightful aftermath of seasons gone!
Though thou dost blight our winter's cruel doom
Hath swept away all signs, and left forlorn,
Where summer's smiles have been with all her bloom,
Thy gorgeous garb, o'er fading nature,
In richest hues—like dying dolphin shows.
Exhausted nature seems to sleep the sleep
Of peace upon the bosom of the earth,
And when a dreamy languor, still and deep,
O'er the slopes and glades, and autumnal dith,
Thy forest foliage and russet field,
In all its solemn beauty is revealed.
Such time the seasons seem to take a rest,
When storms and heat and cold have made a truce,
And gently slumber on Dame Nature's breast
With all the rugged elements at peace,
Such weather, o'er the senses, takes a control
And seems a part and parcel of the soul.
In presence of such perfect peace around
A new existence seems o'er life to creep,
As if the soul a restful heaven found,
And lethargic life's troubles lulled to sleep.
The very waters curve themselves to rest,
With not a sound to break the stillness blest.
O'er all the trandike, lay atmosphere
In languid, luscious drowsiness doth lie,
And Nature's face, with autumn's blight and wear,
Looks upward to the bland and hazy sky.
Whose soft and balmy canopy doth seem
O'er summer's grave, to hover like a dream.
Mid all the blight a pleasant address
The air doth seem to echo with a solo
Of long-sung songs, and joys of long-past days
"Come forth from out the misty ways"
"Like new-born babes, to tell of dear
Old times that left their cherished memories here."
On upward, airy wing could I but fly,
I'd soar beyond the clouds into that sky,
Of heaven's dome to bathe in that soft sky,
And revel there, 'till sunset's golden hue
Revealed the dying splendor of the day
Before the darkening gloom of twilight's gray.
"When the full measure of my life seems told;
Ere I shall pass beyond the bounds of hold."
The endless gratings of a fadeless time,
Oh, may the soul, when it from earth doth fly,
A piece of heaven find like yonder sky!
LEPTON B. GWYNN.

For Chronic Diarrhoea.

"While in the army in 1863 I was taken with chronic diarrhoea," says George M. Felton, of South Gibson, Pa. "I have since tried many remedies but without any permanent relief until Mr. A. W. Miles of this place, persuaded me to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, one bottle of which stopped it at once." For sale by W. L. Hand & Co.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE RIVALS.

Rose-crowned with hooded veil, and soft, glad eyes
She met him at the portals when he came
For she was Life, and he, full lover-wise,
Did his her hand and fervent love proclaim.

And they were boon companions—Life
And Rity joined in every mood and thought;
They plighted love beneath the forest
In Nature's school together they were taught.

His poet-heart was awakened into song,
Nor ever sang the nightingale so well;
Great thoughts that to eternity belong
From his lips lips in perfect numbers fell.

But saint-eyed Death sat envious and alone,
Perceiving how the happy pair were blest;
And she into a jealous rage was thrown,
With leafless palm she smote her hot-tempered breast.

And in that mood Death made an awful vow
To lie in wait where Life and Poet met,
That she might plant her vile kiss on his brow,
Tough his warm, singing heart and leave it cold.

And even so transpired the tragic deed;
From Death's assault there was no argu-
And many hearts shall long in silence bleed.
While Life stands weeping by her foot's grave.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.
Moravian Falls.

IN MEMORIAM—AN ACROSTIC

Just as the sweet singing birds in the spring
On the meadows and fields come and call,
Holding us charmed with the songs that they sing,
Never thinking they'll go in the Fall;
Come along thine own self, singing into our world,
Holding us with thy songs in a spell,
As we followed thee laughing with banners unfurled,
Rejoicing gladly o'er him and through dell;
Little availing that thou in the summer of life,
Even out of the midst of its toil and its strife,
Shouldst be called with the angels to dwell.

Merry songs thine, sad, and they touched every heart,
Coming forth from thine own heart of love;
Never sorrow nor joy but thou sharedst it,
Ever singing as lark or dove,
In the ground as thou liest, "away down home,"
Long thy memory shall last as the years go and come,
Lying on in our hearts full of love.
G. M.

TRIBUTES OF THE PRESS.

The passing away of that brilliant young writer and poet, John Charles McNeill, of The Charlotte Observer's editorial staff, is a singularly striking exemplification of the mysterious dispensations of Providence.—Lancaster, S. C. News.

The untimely death of Mr. John Charles McNeill removed from this earthly sphere of usefulness one of our State's most gifted sons. Although dying at the early age of 33 he had made his mark in the literary world that any older man might well feel proud of, and when only 31 he had been awarded the Patterson cup for the best literary work done in this State for the preceding year.—Chatham Record.

The genial, lovely, charming and poetically beautiful soul of John Charles McNeill, of The Charlotte Observer staff, passed beyond the veil of time last week. Such lovable spirits as his charm and make better for the world from whom they come in contact, and his loss is not limited to the Observer office. Those who came in contact with him in the different phases of life all loved while living as well as since dead. While he was professor of English at Wake Forest and the young townsman, lawyer John A. Holbrook received instruction from him, and his mead of praise of the lovable character of John Charles McNeill is full and complete in its sincerity and heartiness, as expressed to this editor. Such words as his are an inspiration to the better nature of us all.—Wilkesboro Chronicle.

The death of John Charles McNeill, of The Charlotte Observer staff, brings sorrow to the hearts of the many who claimed him for a personal friend and to that larger circle that knew him through his literary work and admired him on account of his rare and scholarly gifts. The end came after a brief illness at the home of his childhood in Scotland county, October 17th. He was a brilliant young man—a genius—a honor graduate from Wake Forest at 18, and only 33 years old when he died. In his short career since his school days he has been college professor, lawyer, legislator and latterly a writer of both prose and poetry which entitle him to deserved high rank in the world of literature. Many people now will read again and with a larger interest than before, the little volume of his verse, "Songs Merry and Sad," which came recently from the press. He had for some time suffered with insomnia, which brought about a complete nervous breakdown, and his death was so unexpected as to be a great shock to his wide circle of friends.—North Carolina Christian Advocate.

The State's brightest light in the field of pure literature went one last week when John Charles McNeill died. We had picked him out as the man from whom would come the State's first great work in fiction. He had the imaginative power, the keen, delightful humor, the poetic nature and the deft hand so essential in the novelist. His work during the last three years on The Charlotte Observer was in the highest degree brilliant, whether he was reporting a speech or convention, writing poetry or purely imaginative fiction. His editor-chief of The Observer, we believe, one of Charlotte, was to Newton. One hot July day in 1904, he stepped into The Enterprise office and said he had come to report the soldiers' reunion and Judge Bennett's speech. There were not a dozen people on the streets and the day looked like anything else but a soldiers' reunion in Newton. He had come just three weeks ahead of time. He had got the date wrong, a not unnatural happening to a man of genius. But he came back in August, and got a different picture of Newton. What could be more appropriate than John Charles McNeill reporting a speech by Rixson Tyler Bennett!—Newton Enterprise.

The Dispatch is a mourner at the death of John Charles McNeill. He was a lovely man, personally, but we pass that by. We think mostly of his genius and the loss his native State sustains in his death. He was one of God's prophets of the Beautiful, with the glowing eye and the un-

MEMORIAL.

He was a young man of the finest type in our country. He was a heart as ever beat in a breast, and none of the glare and glitter of the realm in which his talent placed him ever blinded his eyes to the beauty of his simple childhood, or deafened his ears to the sweet voices of the past. His country from his home was too large to be lured away from the real things of life by the false light of flattery that deceive and destroy so many young men of promise.

He died, where he loved to live, in the happy home of his childhood and the tender ministrancy of those he loved so well.

His death has brought sorrow to thousands of his friends, but has broken the hearts of those who loved him most. May Heaven heal the wounds his untimely end has made!—Charley and Children.

John Charles McNeill, literateur, polished speaker, genial man, passed from earth's work on Thursday, October 17th.

His pen had won him a place, for there was a talent unusual behind that pen. In the difficult art of rhythm and rhyme he was foremost in North Carolina and as a story teller, one who could take the simple things of every day and make them glow with interest, he was a master.

He was born on the banks of Lumber river, Richmond county, now Scotland, near the shadow of old Spring Hill Baptist church. In the quiet of his country home he communed to the fullest with nature and learned many lessons from the simple folk of his farm.

Wake Forest College gave these native powers the needed training. He tried law, but it was not his work—too irksome for his poetic soul. He tried teaching the literature of others, but not yet had he found his place.

The Charlotte Observer gave him the opportunity he longed for, and for several years his poems and stories have brightened its pages and thousands have read them with intense joy.

He was a young man, with a wide field open to him, but his brilliant career is over. Many loved him, for he made glad with his pen. We shall miss him.—North Carolina Baptist.

Of sturdy Scotch parentage, John Charles McNeill was born July 26, 1874, in Scotland county, North Carolina. His boyhood days were spent on a farm in the neighborhood of a cathedral in the schools of the community and the gracious influences of the neighborhood church were potent in those formative years. He entered Wake Forest College in 1893 and graduated five years later, having won many honors in his literary society, and as editor-in-chief of the college magazine, and then in Laurinburg. In 1903 he represented his native county in the State Legislature. But in neither law nor politics could he become interested as a life-vocation. After some work on local journals and several contributions to the leading magazines of the country, he was won to the staff of The Charlotte Observer, in which position he spent the last three years of his life. In 1905 for producing the best literature in the State during the year he was awarded the Patterson Cup, President Roosevelt making the speech of presentation. In 1906 his poems were collected and published (one thousand copies) under the title of "Songs, Merry and Sad." Early in 1907 he began the collection of his dialect verse and arranged with his publishers for its appearance in a handsome illustrated volume under the title of "Fossams and Ferns: or 'Under the Birch and the Elm.' After some months of falling health, he died at the home of his parents on the acres he loved so well, Thursday afternoon October 17, 1907.—a month he had celebrated in winsome song, and just two years, almost to the hour, after he received the coveted

dedication of the nation.

Admired as a charming personality and accomplished as a writer of delightful lyrics, his death is a loss to the State. If not one of the literary immortals will be long remembered as the author of a number of superb poems. Doubtless he possessed genius at a high order, the wide and generous recognition of which did not disturb his natural modesty. He certainly attained front rank among the writers of his native State. Had he lived and fulfilled the promise of his years, he would have risen to the higher peaks of Parnassus and taken his place among the great poets of America, if not of the English-speaking world.

The leading traits of his poetry were lightness and delicacy of touch, smoothness and melody, occasional classic flavor, freshness and sweetness of sentiment, and themes of human interest. That in the sweet of daily journalism bits of meditative verse flowed from his pen he realized more than anyone else; for poetry may be written by the foot but not by the yard. And though in the last year or two of his life he struck some lofty notes and accomplished now and then perhaps well-nigh the perfection of negro dialect verse, yet his place in literature was won by his serious poems and those that early in his literary career were written amid or in memory of rural scenes.

A child of the soil he grew up amid fertile fields, played on grassy lawns and lanes, dreamed and hunted in the level woods, fished at holes and swam in the beautiful Lumber river, and often gazed into the upper world with its sunlit blue or mantling cloud or trains of twinkling stars. He was a lover of Nature and of home; and it was under the spell of this twin love that amid the city crush and roar he took up his lute and amated from its strings the melodies of "Away Down Home."

Of Mr. McNeill's love songs the prettiest, purest, and most polished was "Oh Ask Me Not." It is lofty throughout, and its closing stanza touches the warmest heart-strings struck by a Carolina poet. Two years before his death the author considered it his best production; possibly no later piece reversed his opinion.

The poet's preference is equalled, if not surpassed, by his two stanzas on "Sundown." Surely these lines will live among the treasures of our mother tongue. With superlative sympathy, insight, and spirituality they carry you into the Holy of Holies of Nature's Tent of Meeting. Read them in the solemn even-tide or by the fading embers of some splendid sunset.

What was there not in store for the seer who penned such poems as these three and others perhaps as good? Alas, the State he loved and that loved him in return lamented by his own-made grave that a life so brilliant and beloved was yet so brief. But the book of his life was closed by One who knew when and where to write "Fits" and so myriads have in silence and suffer their loss with his loved ones. Long will his songs be sung and his memory cherished, for literature is richer and the world better because John Charles McNeill has lived and written.—Rev. Hight C. Moore, in Biblical Recorder.

The Gazette-News wishes to add its tribute, although somewhat tardily, to the memory of John Charles McNeill, of The Charlotte Observer editorial staff, who fell on sleep a week ago. On returning from a sojourn in the remote from newspapers and the telegraph, the writer's survey of the happenings of a week was arrested by the record of this latest bereavement in The Observer's official family, and with the knowledge came a sense of loss to the journalism of the State, and to the people of the State. With all the high estimate of the poet's work and personality that has been uttered since his eyes were closed in death, it is gratifying to know that while he was yet able to enjoy it, fitting recognition of that work and of his talent had been made. Humbly doubtful of the merit of his songs himself, he had abundant testimony of the high esteem in which they were held by his fellows. A loving and lovable man was he, loving all men and all nature, and therefore seeing much in men and nature that is beyond the ken of self-absorbed souls. High estimate, indeed, has been made of his life, all too brief, and of his work, all too meagre, as compared with what he might have produced had an all-wise Providence seen fit to bestow upon him years and strength. The discerning are agreed that the like of his talent has not lived in the Old North State these many decades, if indeed, in her history.—Asheville Gazette-News.

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J. S. F. CARPENTER.
Cherryville, Oct. 24th.

—The Leopards and the Buffaloes will contest in a game of basketball to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock.