Every Day in the Year.

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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1907.

IS HEARST LINING UP WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT?

Will William R. Hearst line up with the Republicans next year, supporting either President Roosevelt or a Rooseveltian? At first any such supposition may well appear a trifle wild, but few close observers of things political would view it with great surprise. Nothing in the way of affiliation is impossible in politics, and stranger events have come to pass within living memory. The fact is, Mr. Hearst has gotten together by one pocketdraining means or another a third party with sufficient strength in several important States to constitute it a subject of lively interest in both the major party camps. This third party, moreover, is not one of the infusible kind; indeed, its clearly understood object is to gain a balance of power in the country and form mutually advantageous alliances with either the Democrats or Republicans as its owner may deem advisable. While yet in a formative stage it sandbagged New York State Democrats into nomiwithin the past few weeks it has fused with the Republicans in New York county. The chief question now is whether this second alliance, rather than the first, will be the one to guide the Independence League's affiliations the near future. There are very iany wise men who think it will.

Hearst-Republican fusion the bitter

attack made upon Mr. Hearst last

year by President Roosevelt through Secretary Root can easily answer their own doubts. Hearst-Republican fusion, though on a comparatively small scale, is already an accomplished fact. Herbert Parsons, chairman of the New York county Republican executive committee and the man who made the deal with the Hearstites, is President Roosevelt's recognized representative In New York politics. Virtually, the President is already supporting Mr. Hearst, his last year's denunciation of the man as "a self-seeking demagogne" to the contrary notwithstanding. The "demagogue," in view of the fact that he controls not a few votes, has been stamped as respectable and worthy of alliance. And Mr. Roosevelt's implied consent to tolerate Mr. Hearst is not less marked than Mr. Hearst's prior efforts to secure such toleration. His Labor Day speech at Jamestown was unmistakably Rooseveltian in tone, embodying only such radicalism as Mr. Roosevelt could cordially approve, and in such And matters as the commendatory attltude of his papers toward the administration's naval adventure in the Pacific the same desire has been evident. This flattering homage to Mr. cance from repeated rebuffs dealt to advances made by Mr. Bryan. It is easy to see whose supporter and ultimate successor the owner of the Independence League would fain become. His action in securing Col. John Temple Graves, that wildly enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Roosevelt. for his New York American also serves to indicate the drift of his intentions.

There are some long-headed people who already regard as not improbable the nomination of Mr. Hearst, meantime politically reformed and made Irreproachably respectable, by the Republican national convention of 1912. That is doubtless what Mr. Hearst has in view, but we believe him doomed to early and complete disappointment.

"Now that we are solemnly advised that "it is the duty of women to be good-looking," says the New York Commercial, "attention is called to a helnous neglect of duty by the sex in New York." Doubtless this can be said with safety in a town of four million people, but we'd like to have When this life's fond hope longs to besome newspaper in a town between four hundred and four hundred thousand say it, just to let us see what would happen.

Seeing Charlotte writhe in the grasp of a cook's union we are led to to how, with trusts all along the line m cooks to automobile manufactures, the man working or doing bust. any s outside a combination of some can keep on the earth much

NOW THE THEATHAR SPREATERS NOW LOOKS.

Unions all appearances are mistenting financial New York has passed through the deepest of its trouble. It is a patient which, having brought ent dissipation, may now be declared convalencent. The crisis of the disease was undoubtedly alarming. Dr. J. P. Morgan and his associate physiclans labored unrestingly for two days, applying all the extreme remedies known to modern financial science. At the workers' elbows was Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou, 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 fliness 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 explated. 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 sounder 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 Caro-

Despite the troubles of additional banks there seems little room for doubt that Messrs. Morgan and Rockefeller, assisted by the United States government to the best of its limited nating Mr. Hearst for Governor and ability, have pulled financial New York through.

lina and the South leading the proces-

Bryan fetichism" is what The Roanoke Times calls it. And that's just about what it is.

[For The Observer.

Thou lovely, faultless season of the Those who recall as an obstacle to Whose sunshine, so subdued and mellowed, kiss The face of earth with fond and tender

And fondle her within its soft caress, Again you come upon the wings of To smile as though a part of heaven's

Delightful aftermath of seasons gone! Though thou dost blight ere winter's cruel doom ath 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

Exhausted nature seems to sleep the sleep peace upon the bosom of the earth. sheds a dreamy languor, still and desp.
ong the slopes and glades, and autumn's birth, Along forest foliage and russet field,

Such time the seasons see mto take a When storms and heat and cold have

With all the raging elements at peace. Such wather, o'er the senses, takes soul.

the soul a restful heaven found, Lethe-like, life's troubles lulled Roosevelt has derived added signifi- The very waters curve themselves to With not a sound to break the stillness

> o'er all, the translike, lay atmosphere languid, luscious drowsiness doth Nature's face, with autumn's blight and sear, 120ks upward to the bland and hazy whose soft and balmy canopy doth seem.

O'er summer's grave, to hover like a

Mid all the blight a pleasant andness The air doth seem to echo with a Of long-gone song, and joys of long-past "Come forth from out the misty ways" Like measures about, to tell of dear Old times that left their cherished memand float

On upward, alry wing could I but fly, I'd sour beyond the clouds into the Of heaven's dome to bathe in that soft sky, d revol there, 'till sunset's golden hue Revealed the dying splendor of the day Before the darkning gloom of twilight's

When the full measure of my life seems Ere I shall pass beyond the bounds of

The endless springtide of a fadeless clime."
Oh, may the soul, when it from earth doth fly.
A plece of heaven find like yonder sky!
UPTON B. GWYNN.

For Chronic Diarrhoen, "While in the army in 1963 I was taken with chronic distribuca," 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, permanded me to try Chamberlain's Colle, Choiers and Distribuca Remody, one bottle of which stopped it at once." For sale by W. L. Hand

IN MEMORIAM.

THE RIVALS.

glad eyes She met him at the portale when he For she was Life, and he, full lover-Did kiss her hand and fervent love

And fitly joined in every mood and they plighted love beneath the forest In Nature's school together they were

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

But gaunt-eyed Death sat envious an Perceiving how the happy pair were blest: And she into a jealous rage was thrown—
With dealitess palm she smote her hollow breast

nd in that mood Death made an awful To lie in wait where Life and Poet stroll'd, That she might plant her vile kiss on his brow, Touch his warm, singing heart and leave it cold.

And even so transpired the tragic deed: From Death's assault there was no arm to save; And many hearts shall long in silence while Lafe stands weeping by her

Poet's grave. JAMES LARKIN PEARSON. Moravian Falls: IN MEMORIAM-AN ACROSTIC

ust as the sweet singing birds in the meadows and fields come and call, they sing Never thinking they'll go in the Fall;

Come slong thine own self, singing into our world.

Holding us with thy songs in a spell.

As we followed theo laughing with ban-ners unfurled.

Roaming gladly o'er hill and through

ittle dreaming 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 thing and sad, and they touched every heart, Coming forth from thine own heart of Never sorrow nor jey but thou sharedst

it ir. part, Ever singing as lark or as dove. n the ground as thou liest, "away down home."
Long thy memory shall last as the years go and come,
Javing on in our hearts full of love.
G. M. 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,

The untimely death of Mr. John Charles McNeill removes from this earthly sphere of usefulness, one of our State's most gifted sons. though dying at the early age of 33 many young men of promise.

He died, where he loved to live, in the happy home of his childhood and under the tender ministry of those though dying at the early age of 33 had been awarded the Patterson cup for the best literary work done in this State for the preceding year.-Chat-

poetically beautiful soul of John Charity and Children. Charles McNell, of The Charlotte Observer staff, passed beyond the vell of time last week. Such lovable spirits as his charm and make better the world with 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 our own, 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 lives 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 made a truce, gently slumber on Dame Nature's 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 mana genius—an honor graduate from Wake Forest at 19, and only 33 years In presence of such perfect peace around old when he died. In his short career existence seems o'er lite to since his school days he has been college professor, lawyer, legislator and latterly a writer of both prose and poetry which entitle him to deservedly 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 ome 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 out 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 novellst. 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 stories. His first assignment for The Observer, we believe, out 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' rounion 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.

was a lovable man, personally, but we pass that by. We think mostly of his gonius and the loss his native ternoon, October 17, 1907,—a month one of God's prophets of the Beautiful, with the seeing sye and the un-

have been a manter novelist, had he lived. It. is disheartening—these deaths, in view of the fact that we have so few able literary figures, and that we have in the past so niggardly supported those who have possessed the spark of genius.—Lexington Dispatch.

It was with unfeigned sorrow that the Trinity community heard of the death of John Charles McNeill, the poet and a member of the staff of The Charlotte Observer. His death is a dis-tinct loss to the State. He had already produced work of merit and he gave promise of making a great contribu-tion to the literature of his time. He was several times a visitor to the park, and had many friends here. Last year he delivered a lecture before the col-lege community, and after the lecture a banquet was given in his honor. On this occasion he gave a reading from his published volume of poems, "Songs, Merry and Sad." to the great

delight of all who heard him.

His career was watched with great interest by Trinity men, not only because of his literary work, but also because he took the place on the staff of The Observer made vacant by the death of Trinity's honored son, I. E. Avery, whose work on The Observer was such a distinctive feature of this excellent paper.

Avery's column of "Idle Comments," which attracted so much attention, was followed by McNeill's "Weeds of Idleness," which was always a column engerly looked for. What Engene Field was to The Chicago News, Mc-Nelli was to The Charlotte Observer. As a reporter there has been few men in journalism in this section of the country who could excel him. He knew just what to say, and he always said it with a spirit of fairness which admitted of no dispute. The loss to The Observer and to the State of the 'owo bright young men," Avery and Mc-Neill, cannot be measured .- Trinity

The death of Mr. John Charles Mc-Nelll at the home of his parents in Scotland county, on Thursday last, will be deplored throughout the country. He was a genius, and his marvelous gifts were recognized North

His songs were racy of the soil, and revealed to a degree never approached by a North Carolinian, the rare qualities of the true poet. In the short life that he lived he enrolled his name among the noblest singers of the South.

He was a young man of the finest impulses. He had as true 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 in his country home. He was too large to be lured away from the real things of life by the false light of flattery that deceive and destroy so

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 The genial, lovely, charming and wounds his untimely end has made!-

> John Charles McNeill, literateur, colished speaker, genial man, passed from earth's work on Thursday, Octo-

> 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 shadows 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 black folk of the 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

The Charlotte Observer gave him the opportunity he longed for, and for several years his poems and sto-ries have brightened its pages and thousands have read them with in-

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

olina. His boyhood days were spent

on the farm. He received his early education in the schools of the community and the gracious influences of the neighborhood church were po-tent in those formative years. He en-tered Wake Forest College in 1893 and graduated five years later, having won many honors in his literary so-clety, and as editor-in-chief of the college magazine, winner of the Dix-on essayists' medal, instructor in no job. English, and valedictorian of his class. English, and valedictorian of his class.
For the year 1899-1900 he was acting professor of English in Mercer University at Macon. Ga. Returning to his native State, he secured license to practice law and opened an office first in Lumberton and then in Laurinburg. In 1903 he represented his native county in the State Legislature.

Some one of the committee. native county in the State Legislature. But in neither law nor politics could be become interested as a life-voca-After some work on local jour- while in the State seem to have been nals and several contributions to the determined that our Governor should leading magazines of the country, he get all the advertising out of it was won to the stan of The Charlotte possible.

in the State during the year he was awarded the Pritterson Cup, President Roosevelt making the speech of presentation. In 1966 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. What could be more appropriate than John Charles McNeill reporting a speech by Risden Tyler Bennett!— ers for its appearance in a handsome-ly illustrated volume under the title The Dispatch is a movemer at the "Under the Persimmon Tree." After bler of John Charles McNelll. He some months of falling health, he died

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 swirl of daily
journalism bits of medicore verse
flowed from his pen he realised 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 lefty,
notes and accomplished now and then
perhaps well-nigh the perfection of 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 and boated 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 rush and roar he took up his lyre and amote 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-chords 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 equaled,

if not surpassed, by his two stanzas on "Sundown." Surely these lines Surely these lines will live among the treasures of our mother tongue. With superlative 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

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 laments by his newmade grave that a life so brilliant and beloved was yet so brief. the book of his life was closed by One who knew when and where to write our assertion. The "Finis," and so myriads bow, in si-lence 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 Moore, in Biblical Recorder.

The Gazette-News wishes to add its

tribute, although somewhat tardily, to the memory of John Charles Mc-Neill, of The Charlotte Observer edi-torial staff, who fell on sleep a week ago. On returning from a sojourn in regions 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 selfabsorbed 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-

Things That Joe King Thinks. Durham Herald.

Federal control of the trunk lines would mean Federal control of everything except those lines that nobody else would want. The lawyers appearing for the State should be reasonable in their

charges in consideration of the advertising they are getting out of it. As our two Senators were given no place on the programme at any of the celebrations it must be that they do not belong to the Bryan

If the Southern contributed to the Charles McNelll was born July 26, 1874, in Scotland county, North Carlast Democratic campaign fund, of course somebody knows it, but you cannot expect that somebody to tell. While the prohibitionists are supposed to have a great majority in the State, it would still be safer to let the Legislature turn the trick for the State.

> If Mr. Simmons continues to stand idly by and let the other fellows run the thing he will wake up some of these mornings to find that he has

> Some people make money standing up for trusts and corporations, while

The committees having in charge the entertainment of Mr. Bryan

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 Those who figured that the at-Raleigh fairs was because of the low

In the Editor of The Observer:

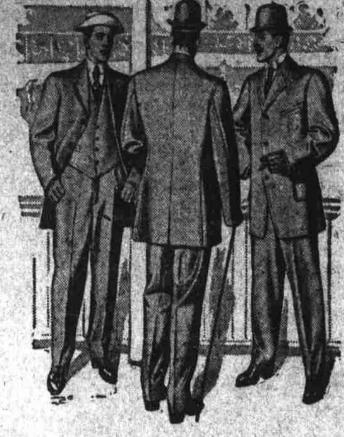
In the article 'phoned you last night and appearing in to-day's paper under the head, "Man Completely Disappears," you have the name slightly wrong. It should be E. T. Ponder instead of E. T. Conder. Please make the above correction in your next issue and oblige.

J. S. P. CARPENTER.

Cherryville, Oct. 24th.

We Are After the Men Who Wear Made-to-Order Clothes

more persistently than ever before, because we know our ready-to-wear garments will positively please the most exacting man in every detail of fashion, fabrics, finish and fit, and at almost half the cost of to-ordermade apparel. In



Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing at \$12.50 to \$27.50

we will give you as good, if not better fitting garments and better materials and tailoring than the custom tailor would give you at from \$25.00 to \$40.00. If you are open to conviction, come see, as an example of

Snappy Sack Suits at \$20.00

in up-to-the-minute single and double-breasted models, made of fine quality Cassimeres, Tweeds, Cheviots and Worsteds in a wide selection of patterns and colorings. There isn't a tailor in town that will match any of these suits under \$35.00.

Our New "Dilworth" Shoe, \$3.50 and \$4.00

The Shoes are all entirely new, new lasts and new toes; in Patents, Vicis and Gunmetals; Button. Bal and Blucher. The best Shoe for Men at \$3.50 and \$4.00.



Women's Fine Shoes

"Sorosis" at.... \$3.50 and \$4.00. "Artistic" and "American Lady" at\$3.00 In all leathers and on B to E lasts. These have snap. wear and comfort.

The Grover Shoe is the Shoe for women with tender

Men's Furnishings—A Snappy Line Dilworth Hats, soft or stiff, black or colored, in

nobby shapes...... \$2.50. The "Emery" Shirt, Negligee, Silk and Flannel. attached or detached collars.....\$1.00 to \$3.00. Dent's and Adler's Kid Gloves, White, Tan and

Norfolk New Brunswick Worsted and Wool Under-garment.

Nobby Neckwear in those new combinations of col-Our entire stock Furnishings is first-class and up-

to-the-minute.

The Little-Long &