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D. A. TOMPLINS, Editor.

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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 27, 1907.

A DOCTORS' UNION IN IOWA.

It appears that in Bremen county, Iowa, the physicians recently formed a regular union along lines learned from labor organizations, with such features as the boycott and the "closed shop." Results have been interesting. From N. A. R. D. Notes, a drug trade paper, we take the following:

"In Bremen county, Iowa, the grand jury has returned indictments against fourteen physicians, members of the county medical society, indicted with Dr. M. A. The testimony and evidence on which the indictments were based dealt with the society's effort to maintain fixed charges for physical services.

"It is also charged that the society has a black list containing the names of persons who cannot or will not pay for doctors' services, and that each doctor is pledged not to call upon these persons professionally, that on different occasions members of the society were to assist a local physician not a member of their association in the treatment of patients because of his refusal to become a member of the organization, and that on one occasion when that obstructed physician induced the presence in his city of a non-resident physician to assist him at an operation the same was prevailed upon by the 'trust' physicians not to render the assistance needed and he returned home without rendering it."

"In medicine, as in law, delicate questions of professional ethics often arise. That doctors have a right to employ organization as a means of protecting themselves against wilful and inexcusable deadbeats, few will undertake to deny. No other class of men under heaven render their fellows so much service without reward or the hope of reward, and they are among the last who should be grudged a privilege freely exercised in nearly all vocations. That they are warranted in declining professional association, unless under exceptional circumstances, with quacks and those who from any cause constitute a discredit to the profession and a danger to the public, would also appear beyond question. But when they borrow certain tactics from trusts and labor unions of the ultra left, the matter becomes more complicated. We cannot believe that the medical profession as a whole approves any extreme measures of this nature. The chief point which we would make, however, is that such questions are for the profession itself to decide and not for the law. It would be rank injustice to deny doctors the privilege of choosing for themselves in matters where choice without other than moral hindrance is freely conceded everybody else except certain oppressive combinations at the industrial top. We have little doubt that the action of the Bremen county, Iowa grand jury had its origin with a lot of resentful deadbeats and a demagogical prosecuting attorney.

"There is, indeed, no modern calling whose rules of conduct may be more safely left in the hands of its reputable members. There already exists a code of ethics much higher than any law could establish. It would be preposterous, for example, to exact that no physician, with an eye to profit, should either patent or keep secret a professional discovery valuable to mankind, yet medical ethics make this requirement. Here is a calling whose ideals are worthy of its place as the chief servant of ministering religion. Isolated incidents like that reported from the Iowa county only bring into view, by contrast, the essential usefulness of the great majority among those enrolled in its ranks and obedient to its discipline.

"There is clearly something wrong with a system under which the Secretary of the Treasury must periodically act as cash boy for Wall Street. Every little while comes a cry from the army of professional speculators to save them from the consequences of over-speculation. But that great legitimate interests inevitably become involved the Treasury Department might well leave them to their fate. Certain it is that so long as they can count upon protection from the effects of their own recklessness Wall Street finance will continue to be frenzied.

A STATE STILL OPPRESSED.

The Charlotte News and Courier, which has learned to believe that its community "enjoyed the unique distinction of commercial martyrdom," has had its eyes opened wide since the railroad unbolted Charleston. This incident has drawn our contemporary's attention to the existence of other oppressed cities, and it names Charlotte and Chattanooga among these justly demanding similar relief. "However," it continues, "we may congratulate Charlotte and Chattanooga on the splendid struggle that they have made under these terribly adverse conditions. It is almost incredible that their great and steady prosperity and growth have been maintained and increased. It is perfectly clear that the energy and the brains of the people of these communities have been adequate to overcome any and all obstacles, just as they have been sufficient in Charleston to bring this city to the occupancy of a stronger position in the commercial world at present than it has had before in its history."

The News and Courier "has been slow to learn these outside-Charleston facts, but it states them well and truly. It might have added that the grievances of Charlotte are held in common with all North Carolina. What this city and State have achieved in face of the most outrageous railroad discrimination eloquently indicates the great things they could do with something like a fair chance. And the sooner the railroads realize that they will never rest content until they are granted something like a fair chance the better it will be for all concerned."

THE BULL OF THE BRUSHIES RAMPANT AGAIN.

We note with no little excitement that the Bull of the Brushies, known in private life as Col. Romulus Z. Linney, roared at the Appalachian forest reserve project again the other day. The place was Warrensville, Ashe county, eighth congressional district, and the time was two hours. From our correspondent's excellent report we assume that Colonel Linney has changed his method of attack. He did not delve into mediaeval forestry laws and argue by implication that the erection of forest reserves was under all circumstances a crime against humanity, degrading bold yeomen to villenage or quasi-serfdom, but bitterly denounced the bill pending before Congress as "a scheme of the Yankees of New York and Pennsylvania to sell these worthless mountains to the government." When the echoes of his peroration had ceased reverberating in the mountains round about he called upon all who were opposed to the forest reserve to assume a vertical position, and everybody present stood up against it.

"Wouldn't it be a devil of a calamity if they were to send Linney back to Congress?" quoth the wily Bull of the Brushies by way of delicate hint to the applauding throng. Upon such an issue as this we are compelled to say, despite our known admiration for the speaker, that we really think it would. What a pity that Mr. Duzger, Colonel Linney's victor at Boone, could not have been present to overwhelm him beneath torrents of liquid oratory also at Warrensville!

A WAY OUT.

The Washington Post has an editorial Friday which seems important enough to be reproduced conspicuously:

"The financial stringency in New York City can be ended quickly and effectively by prompt cooperative action of the Secretary of the Treasury and the national banks of the country. The banks hold in their vaults hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of bill-of-exchange securities, and a sound and legitimate demand that these securities be accepted at least part by such securities. These securities are approved by the national bank examination at each examination and rightly so, for they represent absolute values.

"Let it be known at once that the banks of the country will proceed immediately, with approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, to increase their circulation of such securities, or, if necessary, to issue new ones. The securities in question are based on such issue, and the relief will be felt before the issue of the new circulation is made.

"The increased demand for money is caused by the extreme prosperity of the country, and in the majority of instances, it is a sound and legitimate demand that should be supplied. The increased circulation can be made through the banks. They are strong in resources, and let these become the basis of additional currency at the earliest possible moment, and the banker, the investor, the depositor, and the people at large will each and all be benefited thereby.

"Coordinated action by the banks and prompt publication of the fact that this will be done will end the troubles now local in New York and Pittsburgh and inspire business men throughout the country."

"The argument speaks for itself and appears to be worthy serious consideration.

"The Observer has the usual beautiful annual book of Latham, Alexander & Co., bankers and cotton commission merchants, 16 and 18 Wall street, New York, "Cotton Movement and Fluctuation," which it is properly claimed has become a standard book of reference, and which has added value in the fact that it is not for sale but is for gratuitous distribution.

"Important and interesting are the reports that the North Carolina rate cases are to be settled out of court and the litigation stopped. We shall all know more about this a little later.

"Now when there is some opportunity for a review of the events of the week just past it occurs to us that the most important single financial occurrence was the passing of the Westinghouse Companies into the hands of receivers.

"Mr. Wm. E. Curtis, the greatest newspaper correspondent of the country and one of the greatest men of the profession or trade, has a very cordial welcome to Charlotte.

IN MEMORIAM

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL  
And then dost sleep sweet singer, far too soon  
For us, who love'd to hear thy silver tones  
From fragrant lands and flowering fields  
Of June,  
On carrying winds thy music softly raise!  
As songbirds speed on swift winds away,  
Ere frost despoils the grove and aylvan glades,  
And whispers that which makes the rose decay,  
And in its wake the bud of promise fade.  
So thou hast gone before the frost of years,  
Hath bid thy withering touch upon thy heart.  
Or from thine eyes have rung love's costly tears,  
Or thou hast seen thy sweetest dream depart.  
Before life's storms hath overcast thy sky  
Or dark Gethsemane thy feet hath pressed,  
Sweet singer, thou art young, so young to die,  
And yet, how sweet, with God to be at rest!  
For thy silver lute will sound no more,  
In vain we wait thy tender strains to hear,  
Thy harping fall upon another shore,  
We hush to catch the echo on the air.  
MARY B. HEYER,  
Wilmington.

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL  
They grieve for him—the little wayside blooms,  
Ere autumn's misty showers;  
The songbirds, silent mid the chilly glooms,  
Of summer's ruined bowers.  
The best-loved streamlets make their bitter moan;  
The pines sob their refrain;  
The sea, the night-winds, in vast monotone,  
Voice their unlanguage pain.  
For you hath wisdom now, and skill, to teach  
That which they would impart—  
The cryings of their inarticulate speech  
Unto the human heart.  
HENRY JEROME STOCKARD,  
Oct. 27, 1907.

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL  
The death of John Charles McNeill the State loses the finest poet genius ever born within its borders. Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke easily surpassed him in the volume of her literary output and in years of poetic activity; Edwin W. Fuller was more intellectual and knew better how to blend severe argument with flowing verse; Theophilus Hunter Hill has touched chords of despair and voiced moods of hopelessness that were alien to the heart as they were foreign to the disposition of McNeill; and John Henry Boner has written one poem equal if not superior to anything yet produced by a native North Carolinian.

But not one of these was the equal of McNeill. He surpassed them in natural endowment, in range and delicacy of sympathy, in loving familiarity with the homes and habits of woodland things, in subtle knowledge of the great primal emotions of the heart, and in that still rarer gift of craftsmanship, without which the greatest genius must remain inarticulate. McNeill was a poet because he looked life straight in the eyes, felt the virgin wonder and glory of it all, and knew how to body forth his compelling appeal in simple, clear and compelling language. The words he wrote have written "Songs, Merry and Sad," than to have the costliest monument in the State erected to my memory. The equal of that little volume has not appeared in the South since Sidney Lanier fell on sleep twenty-six years ago.

A more unselfish man than McNeill I have never known, nor a wiser—not wise in prudential virtues, but in the wisdom that comes, if it come at all, from love, insight, intuition, and overflowing sympathy.

As the first winner of the Patterson cup he becomes in a very real sense our first poet-laureate. The honor could not have been bestowed upon a sweeter, gentler, worthier spirit. The cup will henceforth have an added value because his name will enhance it and his fame will dedicate it.

THE STATE'S GREAT LOSS.

In the death of John Charles McNeill the State loses the finest poet genius ever born within its borders. Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke easily surpassed him in the volume of her literary output and in years of poetic activity; Edwin W. Fuller was more intellectual and knew better how to blend severe argument with flowing verse; Theophilus Hunter Hill has touched chords of despair and voiced moods of hopelessness that were alien to the heart as they were foreign to the disposition of McNeill; and John Henry Boner has written one poem equal if not superior to anything yet produced by a native North Carolinian.

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TRIBUTE OF A FRIEND.

To the Editor of The Observer:  
I have just heard of the death of my young friend, John Charles McNeill. It was a shock to me. Although I do not know his mother, I should like for you to send to her this expression of personal distress, even from a stranger.

He was a stout spirit and in my judgment the only genuine poet that the South has produced in 50 years. Hayne might be excepted, but McNeill, by sense and greater, he was the Robert Burns of the South.

He had a simple home and life, and for that matter of America. No one else has glorified the clod, illumined the furrow and enveloped the little farm house with its family and environments in such true and tender colors as he. I remember him on the journey through New England with Governor Glenn two years ago. In the different cities where Governor Glenn responded to toasts at banquets—Exeter, Portland, Concord, St. Johnsbury and others—McNeill was a lithe, angular, shambling, ungainly and homely figure, and yet when he arose to speak there was a strange, calm music in his voice and a sad depth in the wonderful dreams of his great gray eyes. I remember what silence followed upon his first word, as if some new note had fallen upon the ears of the multitudes. He sang of intellect, intelligence, thrill, if not appalled, by the new things which started his imagination into a kind of ecstasy after his pent-up youth in the country upon which he had fed so richly, after the reading under the oaks of things he possibly had never hoped to see. His presence during our journey was a spiritual perfume—it was something it was a kind of unobtrusive, soothing color of a peace with that which comes in the evening sky when the sun is nearly gone.

Without guile, with dreams that reached forth far beyond the horizon of his fellows, with simplicity, without knowledge of that insight of life which could transform the light of a mere fire-fly to that of a star—like "the ploughman" mid the fields of Ayr—the ploughman who midst foul air and fair—he sang at his task.

I do not believe that his measure has yet been accurately taken. Had he been born in the desert, it would have blossomed. What came from him could not have been impeded by environment. He belonged to that small group of souls, called poets, who stepping forward into the twilight of their own and way, say "Let there be light!" and behold there is light.

His head was high and full above the ear, with a heavily-arched brow deep over an absent introspective eye, whose mellowness and richness would have resulted in melancholy, least for the quizzical, electric

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Pure  
LIQUOR MORPHINE

twinkle, that was accompanied by the silent brave music of his smile. He rambled sometimes seemingly aimlessly. He did not see things with the eye; he intuitively grasped all essential details where others were blind. He did not before their very eyes. He illustrated in his notes on New England, wherein he breathed one in North Carolina the atmosphere he had breathed in there.

The thrush will lose some of its melody because he is gone. We will listen and wonder whether the brief notes of his heart's song, a note that he knew it is to be the lover's song of his Nor care to ask.

Thrown with him day by day for three weeks on a private car, I did not learn to love him—I could not help loving him. The grief I feel I cannot express. If there be dreams of which we do not know let us be assured that the fragrance of his soul free from the flesh will be grateful to the sense of spirits and known not of if dreamless dust, only shall follow the red roses of his life let us keep those roses close to our lips and breathe deeply of them, for such roses will not come again soon.

"Touched by his hand the wayward weed becomes a flower, the lowliest reed the stream is clothed with beauty, gorse and grass.

And heather where his footsteps pass  
The brighter scenes  
Like Challerton—with whose nature he had points in common—he went straight from the cradle to the fatal central light that at once is the life and the death of the genuine poet.

W. E. CHRISTIAN,  
Atlanta, Ga.

"The pity of it! To die so young and leave Unfinished what he might achieve." Let him sleep and his people will keep his body warm with a coverlet of flowers and on his tomb over his young life might well be cut "A little warmth, a little light Of love's bestowing, and so good-night."

IN MEMORIAM.

I did not know Mr. John Charles McNeill personally because for the last three years I have not been on the road and for two years confined practically to my quarters, so that the opportunity to meet the man who charmed me has not been available. But with hundreds of others, let me say, I am sorry he is dead. But as sleep is sweet to him who toly will not wake tomorrow? I read with pain in Thursday's Observer that he was suffering with acute nervousness and insomnia and had gone home to recuperate. That malady is sufficient to make any poor, fidgety sufferer pleased to know of the good Lord made him I cannot figure out. Certainly not. Why was it necessary for him to make a man? That is a hard sum also to figure out. But there was a purpose, and so like-wise in the creation of the doodle. One to North Carolina bright young man rounds it up in beautiful style that must appeal to every reader. It certainly did to me. And here it is again:

"Perhaps who made the roses sweet  
That weary human hearts might find  
Sureness of toil and care,  
Designed this dusty deliver, this petty  
Beside of prey.  
That children might be happier with  
One more game to play."

The man who writes poetry always has something to say, sometime, about the children. And it is well. For the child after all leads us and he was set in our midst with these words: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. Think about that and consider your ways."

From the touching remarks in today's Observer about the man I can see the humility and beauty in his character. The expression: "He and Willie Farrell, the errand boy, would play for hours like two school children." Is a tribute to the gentleness of the great man who at last has found his "sweetheart, sleep."

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TRIBUTES OF THE PRESS.  
The Reporter read with the deepest interest the death of John C. McNeill of the staff of The Charlotte Observer, last week. Mr. McNeill was only 33 years, but he had already won an eminence in North Carolina journalism and a place in the literature of the South that has been reached by but few. We all ways read his writings with the keenest pleasure. As a poet, he has not been approached in North Carolina. Many of his stanzas are the equal of anything that Tennyson or Longfellow has done. They are immortal. Times that I remember better than that of Stanton, Joel Chandler Harris, or Thomas Nelson Page. His poetic conceptions were often almost divine, and his expression of the despair of all who would imitate him. When McNeill died, passed the brightest light among the literature makers of the South.

Mr. J. F. Caldwell, who has the faculty of finding the best writers in the State for his staff, will look a long time before he discovers another McNeill.—Danbury Reporter.

The death of John Charles McNeill, of the Charlotte Observer staff, is a distinct loss to not only that paper but to the whole State—in fact the entire South. Mr. McNeill was foremost among the State's literary geniuses having distinguished himself many times since taking up literary work. He will be sorely missed by Observer readers who always looked forward to the poems and comments of this genius. The death of Mr. McNeill makes the third to occur on The Observer staff within a short time, the others being Avery and Abernethy. Truly "death loves a shining mark." We sympathize with The Observer in its irreparable loss. His position cannot be filled.—Southport Herald.

The literary world suffers a distinct loss in the death of John Charles McNeill. He was one of the finest scholars in the country. From the time he first entered college he showed marked natural ability, and when he had completed his education he rapidly developed into one of the finest writers of prose and poetry that the State has ever had. He died in the very prime of his manhood, being only 33 years of age. The people liked him. He was popular as a student in college and when he went out into the world of men he was universally loved. From a human standpoint it is a pity he died before his work was completed. Had he lived to write for twenty years it is probable that he would have taken a place among the greatest writers that have ever lived.—Mount Airy News.

In the death of Mr. John Charles McNeill last week, at his home in Scotland county, The Charlotte Observer lost one of its brightest and ablest staff officers. His taking off, in his young manhood, was a distinct loss to the State and Southern literature. His place will be hard to fill and the entire South mourns his death.—Lenoir News.

John Charles McNeill died last Thursday at the home of his parents in Scotland county, aged about 32 years. He was a member of the staff of The Charlotte Observer. He wrote prose and verse with equal ease—all his writings were poetic. "A volume of his poems has been published. In his death the State loses a gifted son and the Observer a most valued and esteemed member of its staff.—Alamance Gleaner.

It is with unfeigned sorrow that we learn of the death of Mr. John Charles McNeill. As a special writer for The Charlotte Observer and as a poet he won a wide and well earned reputation as a man of superior intellectual gifts. Some of his poetry will stand for all time as a monument to his genius. He was just in the prime of his young manhood, and had hardly entered into that period of life which promised the best products of his pen—like Byron, Burns, Keats and Shelley, his work was brief but brilliant, and like them, he has left a name imperishable.—Wilkes Patriot.

The Charlotte Observer has sustained many severe losses in the past by death and by fires, but the most serious was that of the death of John Charles McNeill last week. His death is a serious loss not only to the staff of The Observer, but to the State as well. He was a literary genius and his place will be hard to fill. It seems so sad for a young man, just entering upon life's duties and with a bright future, to be cut down. But we know in humble submission to the will of the All Wise Creator, who doeth all things well.—Warrenton Record.

One of the brightest young men in journalism in North Carolina, John Charles McNeill, died last Thursday evening at his home near Laurinburg, after a brief illness, following a year of failing health. Mr. McNeill was a writer of exceptional ability and was just preparing a book of his poems and writing for publication at the time of his death. He won the Patterson cup for the best piece of creative literature he had ever written the cup was offered to competitors of both Carolinas. He had published a book, "Songs, Merry and Sad." Mr. McNeill was on the staff of The Charlotte Observer, and his pen will be greatly missed from its columns.—Furlington News.

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The Reporter read with the deepest interest the death of John C. McNeill of the staff of The Charlotte Observer, last week. Mr. McNeill was only 33 years, but he had already won an eminence in North Carolina journalism and a place in the literature of the South that has been reached by but few. We all ways read his writings with the keenest pleasure. As a poet, he has not been approached in North Carolina. Many of his stanzas are the equal of anything that Tennyson or Longfellow has done. They are immortal. Times that I remember better than that of Stanton, Joel Chandler Harris, or Thomas Nelson Page. His poetic conceptions were often almost divine, and his expression of the despair of all who would imitate him. When McNeill died, passed the brightest light among the literature makers of the South.

Mr. J. F. Caldwell, who has the faculty of finding the best writers in the State for his staff, will look a long time before he discovers another McNeill.—Danbury Reporter.

The death of John Charles McNeill, of the Charlotte Observer staff, is a distinct loss to not only that paper but to the whole State—in fact the entire South. Mr. McNeill was foremost among the State's literary geniuses having distinguished himself many times since taking up literary work. He will be sorely missed by Observer readers who always looked forward to the poems and comments of this genius. The death of Mr. McNeill makes the third to occur on The Observer staff within a short time, the others being Avery and Abernethy. Truly "death loves a shining mark." We sympathize with The Observer in its irreparable loss. His position cannot be filled.—Southport Herald.

The literary world suffers a distinct loss in the death of John Charles McNeill. He was one of the finest scholars in the country. From the time he first entered college he showed marked natural ability, and when he had completed his education he rapidly developed into one of the finest writers of prose and poetry that the State has ever had. He died in the very prime of his manhood, being only 33 years of age. The people liked him. He was popular as a student in college and when he went out into the world of men he was universally loved. From a human standpoint it is a pity he died before his work was completed. Had he lived to write for twenty years it is probable that he would have taken a place among the greatest writers that have ever lived.—Mount Airy News.

In the death of Mr. John Charles McNeill last week, at his home in Scotland county, The Charlotte Observer lost one of its brightest and ablest staff officers. His taking off, in his young manhood, was a distinct loss to the State and Southern literature. His place will be hard to fill and the entire South mourns his death.—Lenoir News.

John Charles McNeill died last Thursday at the home of his parents in Scotland county, aged about 32 years. He was a member of the staff of The Charlotte Observer. He wrote prose and verse with equal ease—all his writings were poetic. "A volume of his poems has been published. In his death the State loses a gifted son and the Observer a most valued and esteemed member of its staff.—Alamance Gleaner.

It is with unfeigned sorrow that we learn of the death of Mr. John Charles McNeill. As a special writer for The Charlotte Observer and as a poet he won a wide and well earned reputation as a man of superior intellectual gifts. Some of his poetry will stand for all time as a monument to his genius. He was just in the prime of his young manhood, and had hardly entered into that period of life which promised the best products of his pen—like Byron, Burns, Keats and Shelley, his work was brief but brilliant, and like them, he has left a name imperishable.—Wilkes Patriot.

The Charlotte Observer has sustained many severe losses in the past by death and by fires, but the most serious was that of the death of John Charles McNeill last week. His death is a serious loss not only to the staff of The Observer, but to the State as well. He was a literary genius and his place will be hard to fill. It seems so sad for a young man, just entering upon life's duties and with a bright future, to be cut down. But we know in humble submission to the will of the All Wise Creator, who doeth all things well.—Warrenton Record.

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