IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

UNPLEASANT CONDITION THERE

Enormous Aggregations of Attendants, Jammed Together in the Criminal Court Room, on a Murky, Miserable Day, Brought About a Very Disagreeable Condition—Trial of Will Hoagland, Charged With Snatching Mrs. Jones Pocketbook—Sentenced to Three Years—Byers Case, Which Was Similar, Dismissed, the Prosecuting Witness Failing to Identify Him Positively.

The feature of the criminal court yesterday was the trial of the olfractory nerves of the spectators and necessary attendants who found themselves in the vortex of the wildest fumes that have swept through the court building this winter. The condition is assignable to the fact that the room was packed to its limit and that the weather throughout the week was such as to make it absolutely impossible to employ such sanitary precautions as would naturally be expected.

Specifically and literally, however, the trials of two alleged purse-snatchers, Will Hoagland and Carl Byers, both colored, were the outstanding events of the day. The first named was charged with snatching a purse from Mrs. H. C. Jones on the streets several weeks ago and the case against him was soon ended, the jury returning a verdict of guilty after being out only a short while. Judge Webb sentenced Hoagland to three years on the county roads.

THE CASE OF BYERS.

The case of Carl Byers, charged with attempting to rob Miss Josephine Worrell on Fourth street some nights ago, ended differently. This trial held far more sensational features than that of Hoagland, because of the brutality of his attack. The evidence submitted by Miss Worrell was to the effect that she had been assailed on the night of February 5th as she was going to her home after dark on Fourth street, her throat was clutched in the hands of a negro and she was nearly thrown to the ground in the struggle which ensued. During the testimony of Miss Worrell, who answered the questions propounded her by Mr. John A. McRae, assisting in the prosecution, Col. T. L. Kirkpatrick, leading counsel for the defendant, persisted in objecting to the forms of questions asked and for a time there was an interesting bout between these two attorneys. After numerous attempts on the part of Colonel Kirkpatrick to have some of Mr. McRae's interrogations overruled, successful in the main, Mr. McRae came directly to the main point in the evidence of Miss Worrell and asked her if she could identify the negro as being her assailant.

"Under oath, I should say he has some of the characteristics of the negro who attacked me, his hands look like the hands I saw on that night, but I will not say positively that he is the right man," said the young lady, and this settled the point at issue.

Judge Webb at this juncture stated that he saw no need of continuing the case and the State's attorneys agreed to have it dismissed. The ending of this trial was altogether out of harmony with the outcome predicted. Miss Worrell was practically sure of the identification in the evidence she gave before the city court, although at that time there was a slight hesitancy in her manner. Recorder W. M. Smith, after weighing the testimony she offered then, coupled with that of the two officers who arrested Byers, bound him over to the Superior Court in the sum of $1,000.

OTHER MINOR CASES.

The other cases disposed of yesterday were very insignificant, largely consisting of retailing, trespassing and such routine events.

The grand jury presented a true bill of murder against Henry McIlweny, charged with killing Dave Lewis, both colored, in the Newell neighborhood a few nights ago. A bill was also presented against Harrison Brown, charging him with being an accessory to the crime after the killing. The murderer is still at large and the officers have nothing now that will indicate an early apprehension. The court is moving along as rapidly as can reasonably be expected. The jail cases will largely be finished when the court adjourns for the week this afternoon, and next week the bond cases will be taken up. Enormous crowds are attending the sessions, the court officials agreeing that the attendance is almost unprecedented. This is primarily due to the number of cases on the docket with the necessary increase in the number of witnesses.

TWO BIG CONTRACTS LET.

Building Committee of New Y. M. C. A Structure Awards Electric and Plumbing Contracts—Splendid View of Approach.

At the meeting of the building committee of the Young Men's Christian Association yesterday afternoon contracts were let for the plumbing and the electrical work. The plumbing contract was awarded to the A. R. Willmann Company, for $8,812 and the electrical work to the Bradshaw Electrical Company, for $1,765. The successful competitors in each case were the lowest bidders and both local firms. The plumbing and electrical work will be the best possible. The electrical work will be of the conduit system giving most perfect possible protection from fires caused by crossing of electric wires, and other similar causes.

Work on the new building has been greatly hindered this week on account of the inclement weather. Yesterday the scaffolding in front of the great arches at the entrance was removed and an unobstructed view of the great approach shows one of the most magnificent architectural features of any building in the city. The lines are simple but are most effective and are of the classical order. From this central feature of the façade will rise four great columns to a height of three stories. No more beautiful effect can well be imagined than that which this building will present in its setting of trees which are so plentiful on South Tryon street.

Work Halted Temporarily.

Owing to the fact that there has arisen a slight misunderstanding between the local committee having chage of the erection of the skyscraper on the Osborne corner of Independence Square and the steel contractors relative to a minor clause in the agreement providing for the furnishing of the steel, construction work has been suspended temporarily. In view of the fact that the difference only emounts to a very small sum, this will doubtless be settled in a few days. This slight misunderstanding would perhaps already have been adjusted had the weather being suitable for building operations. It was not and the committee is going slow.

PRESS CONVENTION IN APRIL.

Secretary J. B. Sherrill Writes to All Members of the Association—Meeting to Be a Big One.

Mr. J. B. Sherrill, of Concord, secretary of the North Carolina Press Association, has forwarded to all members the following circular letter regarding the North Carolina Press Convention which is to be held in Charlotte in April:

To the Members of the North Carolina Press Association:

At a recent meeting of the executive committee of our association, it was decided to hold the meeting for 1908 in the City of Charlotte on Wednesday and Thursday, April 22d and 23d. April was thought to be the best month for the meeting, as the school commencements come in May and the political conventions, etc., in June. It was unanimously agreed that in July it would be too hot to meet anywhere except in the mountains or on the cashore. The time selected was preferred by the people of Charlotte.

President Johnson is now at work on the programme, which he will soon be able to announce in full. The following are a few of the selections made, and others will be announced later:

"The Failure and the Opportunity of the North Carolina Editor"—Mr. C. H. Poe, of The Progressive Farmer.

"How to Prevent Freight Discrimination Against North Carolina"—Maj. E. J. Hale, of The Fayetteville Observer.

"Independent Editorials in Country Weeklies"—Mr. J. Z. Green, of Marshville Our Home.

Papers will also be read by Messrs. R. F. Beasley, J. J. Farriss, Rev. J. O. Atkinson, D. D., John M. Julian, R. W. Haywood, H. B. Varner, H. C. Martin, E. E. Hilliard and others.

The indications are that the meeting will be the largest and most important the association has ever held. The people and the press of Charlotte are taking much interest in the meeting, and it is safe to say that the newspaper folks will have "the time of their lives."

Announcements in regard to hotel accommodations and transportation will be made in my next circular.

If you have severed your connection as editor of publisher, or if for any reason you are not now eligible to membership under our rules, which are very strict and will be rigidly observed, please notify me.

I would like to see every editor and publisher in the State a member of our association, and request that each of our members make a special effort to this end. If you know of a brother newspaper man who should belong to the association, but who does not, write him a personal letter and ask him to join.

Let everybody be on hand at Charlotte.

Fraternally yours,
J. B. SHERRILL.

Concord, February 14th, 1908.

WORK TO GO RAPIDLY AHEAD.

Those Interested Determined to Prosecute Move to Build New Y. W. C. A. Structure in the Near Future—Field One of Broad Scope.

Those interested in the work of the Young Women's Christian Association have decided to go right ahead with the plans for the new building. Of the desired amount, which is $50,000, already $13,000 has been secured. A site has been purchased, the preliminary details have been sketched out and now everything is in readiness for the work proper. The architects will be engaged, the plans will be drawn for the building itself and the lot will be surveyed. When this is done all the data will be put in pamphlet form and a campaign for additional subscriptions will be inaugurated. Little difficulty is anticipated in securing the balance, for the ladies as well as the men will have the matter in charge and success is assured.

The erection of this new building as well as the completion of the Young Men's Christian Association building will emphasize the broad scope of the associational work. No longer can it be said that the Y. M. C. A. or the Y. W. C. A. is nothing more than a religious club for young men and young women. It is that and much more besides. The educational feature of the Y. M. C. A. work is being especially developed. Classes are being conducted regularly in mathematics, English, draughting, book-keeping and kindred branches of practical endeavor and great good is being accomplished. With the Young Women's Christian Association, aside from the dormitory feature, classes will be inaugurated in sewing and the domestic pursuits in order that the young women may secure equal advantages with the young men.

The erection of the new Y. W. C. A. building will mean much for the city.

A Very Minute Bit of Sunshine.

If, in the computations of the sunshine, there is any minuter particle known to science than a ray, it was this unknown particle that swept from under the clouds yesterday afternoon and for a bare moment informed a depressed, mud-ridden, groping, almost prostrate Charlotte that the solar system was still in existence. While Old Sol, as he is familiarly known, is notably in arrears in his donations of the regular weekly amount of sunshine, hope was fertilized yesterday afternoon by that indefinably small bit of yellowness that ventured from behind the voluminous clouds. The record of this sunless week is uncommon, to say the least

Sermon to Woodmen.

The annual sermon to Providence Camp, Woodmen of the World, will be preached a week from tomorrow night at 7:30 o'clock at the hall by Rev. H. M. Parker, pastor of Providence Presbyterian church. An invitation is extended to all the Woodmen of other lodges and friends throughout the county to attend this service which promises to be interesting.

GEORGIA BANKER SUICIDES.

Body of J. R. Carmichael, of Jackson, Found in a Mill Pond—Sought Death Because He Believed Himself Mentally Unbalanced.

Jackson, Ga., Feb. 14.—The body of Mr. J. R. Carmichael, president of the First National Bank here and owner of a carriage factory, was found this morning in McCord's mill pond, near here. He had been dead since last night. A note written by Mr. Carmichael was later found in the bank stating that he did not commit suicide because of financial troubles, but because he felt that his mind was unbalanced. He asked that the note be posted in the bank window. This was done. The affairs of the bank are reported to be unaffected. Mr. Carmichael was 60 years old and leaves his wife and several children.

One reads many ads claiming wonderful results. Some we believe, others we don't. We are not trying to deceive you by fancy ads, but simply ask you to try Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea; if it fails, get your money back. 35c. Tea or Tablets. R. H. Jordan & Co.

THE PARTY'S OPPORTUNITY

A PLEA FOR A UNITED FRONT.

The Republican Party is Hopelessly Divided and by Coming Together on a Strong Man the Democrats Have a Fine Showing of Winning—Bryan Not the Man For the Nomination, His Policies Not Being Accepted by the Country, and the People Are Tired of Him—Governor Johnson Alone Can Lead the Party Out of the Wilderness to the Heights of Victory.

To the Editor of The Observer:

The result of the Republican primaries in Ohio indicates the strength of the President and his candidate for the presidency with the Republican party in that State, and the logical result of the defeat of the Foraker-Dick forces in the Buckeye State will be to discourage opposition to Taft in other sections of the country, and the added inflation of the Taft boom will be noticeable throughout the country, and especially in the Southern States, where the Republicans, in addition to being alert to the favorable winds in presidential years, usually have the discriminating judgment to land on the winning side—for with them to lose their man means to lose all—the offices! It is fair to assume in view of the present state of affairs that Mr. Roosevelt will win out at Chicago, and that Mr. Taft will be the Republican nominee.

This view is interesting to Democrats chiefly because it furnishes the only opportunity the party has had in recent years to gain the ascendency in national affairs. Heretofore the Republican party has been united, aggressive and strong. It has had the advantage of prosperous times, the unification sentiment obtaining when the country is engaged in war with a foreign foe, and the popularty of a supposed war hero, whose gallery plays and comic opera stunts attracted and pleased the populace for a season. But times have changed, and with the change the sober thought of the American people needs only a channel through which it may voice its disapprobation and have recorded its just judgment.

The country is not crazy over President Roosevelt and it is not enamored with his policies. It has had enough of experiments. The newness has worn off. The sensationalism is grinding. The ceaseless agitation has had its effect upon business, and the uncertainty of the individual who occupies the White House is a constant menace, not so serious to capitalists—they can live—but to the thousands of wage-earners and salaried men who are now idle, hundreds of whom are fed daily from the free bread counter, and to the great agricultural classes, and the mills, the merchants and the wholesale dealers throughout the land. They have had quite enough of the President. The glitter and glamour of his stage plays no longer appeal to them who are paying the penalty for his strenuosity, and not more for what he has accomplished than for the promises which he has made, and the things he may attempt before his term expires. The country could not have held its own so long against him and the Republican party but for the high tide of prosperity which it was enjoying, but despite the bounties of Providence and the smile of fortune it could not longer withstand the undermining of confidence, the fomenting of strife, the propagation of wild theories, the whims of a petulant czar and the abrogation of the rights of the individual and the corporation, and the nullification of the constitution, followed by attacks upon the courts, in an effort to coerce and intimidate them.

Mr. Roosevelt is not a Democratic President after the manner of the Democracy of our fathers, and his administration has not exemplified Democratic teaching in any large or approximately adequate form.

But to the Democratic party's opportunity! Shall the party nominate Bryan again and put him against Taft? If so, can the party expect to gain the votes of the independents in the States where votes are needed, or to add anything to Bryan's vote over eight years ago? Has Mr. Bryan grown in favor during these years? Is he stronger now than he was then? Is he more conservative than Taft? Won't Taft get all of the extreme radicals of his own party and have a better chance to get the conservative Republican vote than Bryan. Can the Democratic party win without carrying New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Illinois, Indiana and Minnesota, and will Bryan carry any of these? Why follow a forlorn hope?

The people are tired of Bryan as a candidate. There is nothing new to say about him. He will not grow from the day of his nomination until the election. His policies are well known and the issue will be fought out on Bryan—no matter what the platform may be—in the event of his nomination, and Bryan's policies have been twice rejected at the polls and there is no indication that they will be regarded with more favor in 1908.

The Democratic party of the nation is ready for a call to arms. The militant forces of the party are eager to do battle for the party of the people and the constitution, along the the line of the fundamental principles of true Democracy, free from government ownership vagaries or populistic isms of any kind. The great majority of the American people believe in the constitution, in a fair and just revision of the tariff, in an honest and economical administration of our national government, in the suppression of trusts and combines, and other forms of legalized robbery, in an equal chance for every industry before the law, in the development of our commerce with foreign countries by the establishment of advantageous reciprocal trade relations, thus increasing the demand for our cotton and the products of our mills, and for the largest improvement and development of our internal affairs, compatible with a wise and conservative expenditure of public funds, and for a sound currency system, which shall be sufficiently elastic for emergency periods, and at the same time so safeguarded as to protect us from fiat money or unnecessary and dangerous inflation. And above all a man for President who typifies these things, and who would be content to fill the office of Chief Executive and not undertake to usurp the prerogatives of the courts and exercise the functions of Congress.

The Republican party is seriously divided, and the various factions are at war with each other. A large and respectable element in that party is bitterly opposed to the President and would welcome an opportunity of voicing its opposition to his policies and making it effective.

Shall the Democratic party choose such a candidate as will draw the conservatives and the independents to its support? If the Republicans should choose a reactionary like Hughes or Cannon, then the Democrats would stand a better show with Bryan, but under present conditions his nomination would be a fatal mistake. That Bryan is great as a man, as a Democrat, as an orator and a statesman, is freely admitted, but the fact remains that he cannot unify the Democratic party, not to say anything of winning votes from the other side, both of which results must be obtained in order to win. I confess to a warm admiration for the great Nebraskan, and if he is nominated I shall loyally support him, but in common with eight out of every ten Democrats in Cleveland county and throughout this section, I feel that his nomination practically seals the fate of the party in this election. North Carolina, in the event of his nomination, will vote for Bryan, but it will not be the vote of enthusiastic approval and hopeful expectancy.

With Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, as the Democratic standard-bearer, the heart of the party would beat high with hope. It is a party of strength and virility. Give us Johnson, a thorough-going Democrat, always regular and always Democratic, a man who has never known defeat, and then summon the unconquered cohorts of Democracy to battle, and the nation will witness such a magnificent charge as shall shake, with the fury of its force and the righteousness of its cause, the entrenched powers behind the battlements of Republicanism, and it is not beyond the realm of probability to believe that the year 1909 would mark the beginning of another Democratic administration, with a Democratic House of Representatives.

CLYDE R. HOEY.

Shelby, Feb. 12th, 1908.

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

Men who are now passing into "the sear and yellow leaf" take pleasure in calling up scenes of the past, and by friendly mental debate they strive to hold in memory those persons and influences that had most to do with their "fetching up." A boy has as many mental and moral tentacles as a crab, and is always putting out his feelers—taking in and dissimilating—whatever seems to his liking, and rejecting that which seems "stale or unprofitable." And in looking over a long life the writer is led to do a little moralizing on "the country newspaper," as a power in each and every community where one exists; (I speak advisedly, for few prospered) a power that has never received the credit that its influence deserves. Memory reaches far back to the time when no daily paper ever reached the old village in which the writer was a boy. A few weekly papers were taken and passed around from hand to hand and read with an eagerness that showed how hungry even then, was the average man of moderate education, for tidings from the outside world. The advent of the semi-weekly was hailed with delight, and the old village actually reveled in "fresh news." The dry-goods boxes around the village stores were veritable hustings and pulpit, and we have listened to debates on social, religious, literary and political topics, that gave out not only much information, but the discussions would have been creditable to many a deliberative body, met to shape the destinies of a State. There were men in that village who were perfectly familiar with the utterances of men like Sir William Pitt, Horace Walpole, Curran, also of the leaders that had launched our great ship of State, and were particularly informed upon the living issues that moved—such men as Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Nathaniel Macon. We had a weekly paper, "The Chronicle," and that community could not well have done without just such a paper at that time. It was a small paper, but it was "a live wire" so to speak. The editor of the paper was known all over the State of North Carolina, and some of his short pithy sayings were worthy of permanent record. As a satirist, he had but few equals in his day in our parts, and the weekly exploits of "Jesse Holmes the Foolkiller," were looked for with fear and trembling by some—with keen interest by all—for he never failed to hit somebody, and no one knew exactly where lighting was going to strike. With what delight did the young people look to Friday, for that was publishing day, and we were just ready to swallow anything that Jesse Holmes said. An amusing incident occurred in connection with a Petersburg, Va., merchant, who was one of the early traveling men of that day. He was a man of large size and always walked with a big cane, and was rather a unique personage. Jesse Holmes could not refrain from a humorous allusion to Mr. Blank, and described his personality so well, that he was easily recognized. Late one evening the large gentleman made his appearance at the printing office door with his big stick and inquired, "Is the editor in?" Our editor was standing at his case, coat off, sleeves rolled up, and seeing the giant in the doorway, replied, "The editor is out just now, take a seat, sir."

There was a broad grin on the face of his visitor, who said, "I am sorry he is out. I am Mr. Blank, from Petersburg, and only wanted to shake hands with 'Jesse Holmes.'" Throwing down his stick of type, our editor exclaimed: "Be seated, Mr. Blank, if you were after me with a big stick, 'the editor is out,' but I'm glad to shake hands with you," and how Blank scared the editor was a standing joke in the village, and is remembered to this day.

The country newspaper has always been, and will be, a power in this free democracy of ours, and while the larger dailies are a necessity, they are not more so than these lesser lights that illuminate the masses.

The country editor may be poorly paid, often takes his subscriptions in wood, chickens, eggs, butter and what not (if you know what that is), he is ever grateful for what he gets, and comes in very close touch with the rural homes that are made all the brighter and better by his weekly visitations.

No village of even moderate size can do without its weekly paper, any more than it can dispense with a good school. After many years of close observation and varied experience, I am led to pay my tribute of thanks to the old village Chronicle, that was not only a source of pleasure to me in my boyhood days, but a factor as well, in uplifting, as intelligent a population as I have ever seen in any one little community. My memories of C. N. B. Evans, editor, are only pleasant. Long may the country newspaper live and thrive.

WILLIAM LAURIE HILL.

Floral Manse, Feb. 6th, 1908.

A weak Stomach, means weak Stomach nerves, always. And this is also true of the Heart and Kidneys. It's a pity that sick ones continue to drug the Stomach or stimulate the Heart and Kidneys. The weak nerves, not the organs themselves, need this help. This explains why Dr. Shoop's Restorative has, and is promptly helping so many sick ones. It goes direct to the cause of these diseases. Test this vital truth, and see. Mullen's Pharmacy.

Energy is well-nourished muscles plus well-nourished nerves.

Uneeda Biscuit

are the greatest energy-makers of all the wheat foods.

5¢ *In dust tight, moisture proof packages. Never sold in bulk.*

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

CORN CRACKER'S COMMENT

Written for The Observer.

Grip still prevails at this place. Among other discoveries made by medical science it has been learned that when tax-paid and standard-proof stimulants are present a raging case of this malady will soon be developed.

A very wise disciple of the healing art—living a thousand miles from here, more or less—was called to the bedside of a son of toil who was in an acute stage of this Russian scourge. The doctor pronounced it grip and prescribed proper remedies. By the patient was a comrade who had a constitution and by-laws like horse shoes and log chains, and digestive organs like the bowels of a threshing machine. The patient was laughing, sneezing and groaning. Between snorts and groans he broke the news to the doctor that he had seven quarts of applejack that he wanted to take if it wouldn't have a fatal effect. The doctor said it would go to the right spot. The sympathetic comrade so far had shown no signs of sickness. But when he saw the demijohn and heard the gurgle, he felt a pain not bigger than a man's hand. In ten minutes he was sneezing, and in less than an hour he was in the toils of grip. He was handed a bumper, which he quaffed, but was no better. In five minutes a half-pint sizzled down his gullet, but still no improvement. In less than an hour a quart had disappeared from the eyes of men, and brooding peace was with the invalid.

But some are not fortunate enough to get the help of John Barleycorn, and have still to sneeze and to suffer.

Grip naturally leads up to fiddlers and fiddlers' conventions, and every place of size and importance is having them; and others having neither size nor importance are making the attempt. To one of the latter I was invited; also to a place I'd like to honor with my fiddle and my presence. To both I sent my regrets. One I informed that I'd like to be with them, and the other I arranged the reply with the diplomacy of a Tallerand. They were informed, too, if I had choice between contesting there and in perdition, I'd prefer the latter place. My reason assigned was that in the subterranean regions I'd be with better fiddlers and a more refined audience. The popular opinion bears me out, for preachers say that all fiddlers go there; and, of course, accepting the orthodox element, it is the future home of all actors, journalists, Congressmen, circus-going people, heterodox ministers, scientists, etc.; and there are the most intelligent people we have.

Taking the view of the straight-laced, about the only people who reach the gold-paved city, will be a few dyspeptic preachers, old women whose charms have passed with their youth and a few ignorant roosters who are densely ignorant and have had a "call." Still, some who scorn the ground hog, the moon and all signs and amens, persist in saying that a fellow may get to heaven, even if he goes to shows, theatres, studies music and is skilled in its execution, if he has Christian charity.

Why, one man told me not two weeks ago that if a woman danced she could get to heaven if she had a heart fitted with mercy and led a pure life; while her sister could be barred from paradise, though her tears watered all altars in Christendom if she had envy and malice in her heart. The rebellious heretic further said that if he reached the rest prepared in the heavenly mansions he expected to see fiddlers, light-rope walkers, cowboys, brave railroad engineers who died for others, as well as men of life-saving service who died for shipwrecked mariners; while men of a "holier-than-thou" cast of countenance would be turned away from the beautiful gate. Several of us heard his ribald harangue and told him a man must be born again, for all the preachers say so. He said being born again meant loving all the children of men, bearing a brother's infirmities and having liberal opinions. He even quoted the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and the parable of the Good Samaritan. He scored the priest, and Levite, and said both these men were versed in forms of religious observance, but neglected the weightier matters of true Christianity. Then we settled him in short order. Five of us mauled him with rotten eggs, rotten turnips and cabbage stalks.

Several very orthodox men saw what happened and commended us. We have it on good authority that he says there is no fire in hell and no personal devil. A religion that don't have a good, old-fashioned endless hell in it and a devil forty feet high and horns doesn't suit me and my crowd.

Writing of fiddlers' convention and theology naturally leads up to the dog subject. The Cliffside corporation has issued a manifesto that would cause a yeoman of Polkville, New Hause or Lattimore to feel that the bulwarks of personal liberty had been demolished. The ordinance provides that no indweller of Cliffside shall keep a dog after March 1st, 1908. Next the country will be full of sheep, school taxes will be voted, roads built and maintained by convict labor and taxation. One by one our liberties are assailed. When boys are taught to quit shooting singing and insect-eating birds and to read good books instead of loafing, hunting and lying around livery stables, country stores and barber shops, why, we people who believe in the ground hog and moon signs will make our last stand.

A man from New Hause, who is "agin" schools, good roads and sheep but gave $50 for two hounds when he had no books but a medical almanac and a 40-cent volume on, "How to Be a Hypnotist," says he is discouraged about his boy. He has tried to teach him to hunt and to fish, but the boy prefers going to school. He fears his boy will wind up in the asylum or the Legislature. If he favors education and does not adore dogs, he'll never be a member from Cleveland county.

If a man was ever under suspicion of being for decent roads from Shelby to any point of the compass he is careful to hedge as soon as he feels a jolt of political lightning. Also, he must cherish the same veneration for a worthless dog that a devotee of Burmah feels for the sacred white elephant. All he needs to know is that people of Cleveland are braver, wiser, richer and more industrious and certainly more religious than anybody else. Of course Rutherford, Gaston and Lincoln feel the same way, but they don't get a vote.

CORN CRACKER.

Cliffside, Feb. 10th, 1908.

AMUSEMENTS

Abill of high class vadudeville will be offered at the Academy of Music this afternoon. To-night's performance will again be "Terry the Swell."

The Dandy Dixie Minstrels will be the attraction at the Academy of Music next Saturday, matinee and night.

"THE MAYOR OF TOKIO."

The comic scheme in Richard Carle's "Mayor of Tokio" is an exceedingly droll one, and it is worked out in a bright and sparkling manner that is largely responsible for the favor which the piece enjoys. The musical setting is one of the most pleasing efforts associated with the many triumphs won by productions of this kind in New York and Chicago, where the "Mayor of Tokio" stood a two years' test. John L. Kearney is leading comedian.

It is melodious without being trivial and trashy, and one derives as much enjoyment from hearing it as from the enlivening comedy. The presentation here of the "Mayor of Tokio" will be at the Academy of Music next Thursday night. Seats will go on sale at Hawley's Tuesday.

American Ship Grounds and Ten Are Lost.

Portland, Ore., Feb. 14.—The American ship Emily Reed, 113 days out from Newcastle, N. S., for Portland, with coal, went ashore early to-day at the mouth of the Nehalem river on the Oregon coast and broke in two. The crew was swept overboard by the seas. Ten seamen were lost, while six were saved, including the captain and his life.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

All advertisements inserted in this column at rate of ten cents per line of six words. No ad taken for less than 20 cents. Cash in advance.

WANTED.

WANTED—Lady cashier for retail store. Address in handwriting Box 63.

WANTED—Drug clerk. State experience. Sloan Bros., Greenville, S. C.

WANTED—To rent 2 or 3 furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Would prefer steam heat. References furnished. Address A. B., care Observer.

WANTED—First-class table boarders. Apply No. 5, West 7th.

WANTED—Position by experienced lady stenographer. References furnished. Address L. B., care Observer.

WANTED—Steam heated room by gentleman, in private family, close in. A. Y., care Observer.

WANTED—To buy ten extra good fresh milk cows. 'Phone 162, or write "S.," this office.

WANTED—Ladies everywhere to take orders, deliver and collect for a pure food product, good pay, for particulars write, Box A No. 214, Statesville, N. C.

WANTED—Position by combined bookkeeper, stenographer and general office man, desirous of getting back to Charlotte. Best reference. "Hurry," care Observer.

WANTED—Second-hand lathe and post drill press, both power machines. Give price, size. Address J. A., care Observer.

WANTED—Experienced coal salesman familiar with the conditions and thoroughly acquainted with the trade in the Carolinas. Give references and some idea of salary expected. Address "C. A. M.," care Observer.

WANTED—To buy single buggy that has not been run much, at sacrifice price. See me at Ross' stable Saturday 2 p. m.

WANTED—Electric Piano. State condition and price. "Quick," care Observer.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—My home, No. 707 E. Ave. Mrs. Ida Schiff.

FOR SALE—Controlling interest and management of profitable business if capable. Leaving city, must sacrifice. Address "U." care Observer.

FOR SALE—Two saloons and two sealed bottle houses; all well located in Roanoke, the best city in Virginia and devoid of prohibition sentiment. The largest corn whiskey distillery in the South (Casper's) is located here. There is also a small distillery for sale or owner will take a partner and erect a larger one. Write or wire or come at once and make an inspection. The Woodward Co., Box 233, Roanoke, Va.

FOR SALE—A new and up-to-date stock of clothing, hats, shoes and gent's furnishings; also a complete line of ladies' ready-to-wear apparel. Store located on Main street, Salisbury, N. C. Will sell cheap. Business well established. The fixtures of which are all new, will also be sold. Reasons for discontinuing are that the owner going into the manufacturing business. Address Box 465, Salisbury, N. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BIJOU THEATRE will open to-day at 11 o'clock, 229 West Trade St. Admission 5 cents.

NOTICE—I will sell at public auction the entire stock of jewelry of the Palamountain Co., beginning Thursday evening at 7:30 and continuing thereafter daily at 10:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m. and 7:30 p. m., until the entire stock is disposed of. A. B. Justice, receiver.

WE WANT—The telephone and electric companies to know that we can make quick and satisfactory shipments of juniper poles from 25 feet to 75 feet. Southern Exchange Company, Maxton, N. C.

THE BIJOU THEATRE will open to-day at 11 o'clock, 229 West Trade St. Admission 5 cents.

100 STEERS FOR SALE, WEIGHING from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds, to be delivered between March 1st and April 1st. J. C. COCHRANE & BRO., Charlotte, N. C.

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NOTICE Moving Picture Managers. We are now open and ready to give you an up-to-date service at reasonable rates. Very latest films of all makes and all supplies in stock. Write us. Theatre Film Supply Co., No. 202 S. Tryon street, Charlotte, N. C.

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NORTH CHARLOTTE is the coming part of the city and those who are now making investments in real estate, will no doubt receive large returns on their money. We have some very flattering propositions, and if they do not suit you, then we will do our best to meet yours. Prices reasonable and easy terms. Call and let us talk it over. Weekly payments if you wish. Pegram-Wadsworth Land Co.

THE BIJOU THEATRE will open to-day at 11 o'clock, 229 West Trade St. Admission 5 cents.

ROAD SALESMAN selling in the smaller towns to take our side line, dress goods, novelties and white goods. Liberal commission. Purnell Dale Mills, Box 80, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE BIJOU THEATRE will open to-day at 11 o'clock, 229 West Trade St. Admission 5 cents.

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