

**The Charlotte Observer.**

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D. A. TOMPKINS.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1908.

**FACTION-TORN REPUBLICANISM.**

The State primary, born in one-party States, where it gives the people their only real chance to express themselves at the polls, has of late been working its way into politically normal territory and there causing trouble. For obvious reasons, primary fights rage fiercely in a majority party, leaving a minority party unharmed and inspired by the hope of victory otherwise impossible. This is precisely what the Republican party of the North and West has just found to its alarm. In a Chicago dispatch Illinois Democrats are described as jubilant over the admittedly wide split in the Republican ranks which Saturday's primary caused and as filled with new hope thereby. Deploring these consequences, The New York Globe, Republican, calls attention to demoralization similarly produced in the Republican party of other States. "In June," it recalls, "Iowa held a State-wide primary after an angry three months' senatorial campaign, and there have been reports that the Iowa Republican factions had become so heated that there was a possibility of this most reliable of Republican States going Democratic during which the friends of Senator Long denounced Joseph L. Bristow as a cheap demagogue, and the friends of Bristow denounced Senator Long as a tool of the corporations, and Bryan now asserts that he has a chance of carrying the State. Oregon held a State-wide primary last spring, and as a result thereof it is represented at Washington by a Democratic Senator, although the State is overwhelmingly Republican. Even Pennsylvania Republicanism is a little fragile as the result of a State-wide primary experiment. It is not strange that old hands in politics shake their heads and declare that the direct nomination system is the most practical device yet discovered to split a majority wide open—far surpassing in this respect anything ever done by the most boss-ruling convention." Thus we see that the heated personalities and bitterness of the State primary do their work in Northern States also. At bottom, Republican human nature and Democratic human nature are not widely different. If the Republican party at the North adopts the State primary idea it will lose its present advantage of discipline and contend with the Democracy on equal or less than equal terms.

We note with much interest that Republican (professed) hopes in the South and Democratic hopes in the North alike rest mainly upon factionalism and division arising from primary contests. The State primary idea is not without its advantages, but wherever an aggressive minority party must be reckoned with, it places a very decided premium upon defeat unless certain precautions, principally in the way of formulation, are carefully observed. If November returns show Republican defeat or West, few outsiders will be at a loss to locate the responsibility.

An appreciated communication in yesterday's paper upon the respective ages of State universities elaborated along pro-Georgia lines our earlier statement rather than take issue with it. Except merely on paper, where, as our correspondent points out, the University of Georgia leads, the University of North Carolina is beyond question the oldest Southern State college. If, as we find suggested, the University of Pennsylvania be disqualified from the country-wide comparison because never a State institution in the full sense, the University of North Carolina assumes first place here also.

New London, Conn., dispatches convey the official announcement that hereafter Norfolk will be abandoned in favor of Charleston as base for the torpedo boat flotilla, including destroyers and sub-marines. This means that Charleston will get the benefit of about \$1,000,000 a year now expended at Norfolk. The old town between the Ashley and Cooper rivers will become better worth owning for the Germans, better worth running for the Irish and better worth enjoying for the negroes. Congratulations to it and condolences to Norfolk.

"Each is a born ruler," said Sir Joseph George Ward, Prime Minister of New Zealand, in toasting King Edward and President Roosevelt at a banquet to the American naval officers. "Each," he went on, "is richly endowed with common sense, and a great, ardent lover of his country and people. Each is a peacemaker." We deem it very unfortunate that the deal does not stop at some German port, where the far closer resemblance between the President and Emperor William would become the theme of orators.

The estimated Harry Thaw is getting about as much space in the press as the man who was shot. Harry Thaw is getting about as much space in the press as the man who was shot.

**AN APPEAL FOR THE FORESTS.**

To the Editor of The Observer:  
I have time to spare. I have expressed my regret at the passing of our once splendid forests. The woods on its resources and woodland beauty is particularly noticeable in the eastern section, where I was born. Our homestead is like an oasis in a desert. No timber has been cut from our acreage for years, and as long as I am able to wield any influence, none of consequence will be.

I would be delighted to read an editorial in your paper on the subject. I know that you have the best interests of our State at heart, and it is so sad to see the woods that is being wrought—even the little saplings six inches in diameter are being cut away. HAROLD CHILD, 277 South Third Street, Wilmington, N. C., Aug. 9th, 1908.

**THE WEST POINT "HAZERS."**

Under a new law, hazing by military or naval academy cadets must be punished by dismissal without pardon or commutation. This is a harsh and unwise measure, for it leaves "hazing" a vague term, and some very mild and inoffensive as well as brutal practices belong by custom under one general designation. Though the superintendent of the academy recommends their expulsion for its value as an example, most people agree that the convicted West Point upper classmen do not deserve so very heavy a punishment. This is the President's view, and the problem of how to get around or through the law has been furrowing his august brow for some time past. It now appears that he and Secretary Wright, between them, will declare that the hazing such as the cadets perpetrated is not hazing within the contemplation of the law. The offense will simply be called by some other name. Hazing thus displays itself as like neither Romeo nor that which we call a rose. May the President so manage, if he lawfully can, as to save these particular hazers from suffering excessive punishment because of the lack of any awareness whatever in a name.

The Asheville Citizen, taking knowledge of the distinction which Col. Watterson last week conferred upon the editors of The Charlotte News and Courier and The Observer files this protest and complaint:  
"Great Scott! Are there not enough of the faithful to absorb the glories and honors of the task, and must they be given to men who but yesterday were impaling the Peeples' Leader upon a thousand barbed heads?"  
And the Raleigh Evening Times, entertaining the same grievance, takes it out in this sarcastic reference to the same circumstances:  
"There is nothing like being on the band wagon when the honors are being distributed. But when there are not honors enough to bestow some distinction upon all the Peeples' Leaders who have made contributions to the campaign (and come first)"

"We know what's the matter with both of these protestants and admonish them in the language of Mr. Shakespeare:  
"O, beware, my lord, of jealousy! It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on."

The Commoner, Mr. Bryan's paper, has acknowledged receipt from Maj. Hemplill of The Charlotte News and Courier of the sum of \$25 for the campaign fund. This money is the proceeds of the auction sale of the Hen and Hog Kite, a gander contributed by the editor of The Charlotte Observer for the benefit of The News and Courier's campaign collection. If we are not in error, The News and Courier some time back estimated that Charleston ought to contribute like \$100 to the campaign fund. If that is correct, and the \$25 from the Hen and Hog Kite sale is credited on account, it appears that Charleston is still \$75 shy of her duty. Savannah Morning News.

What we want to know is where does The Observer come in on this deal. Does it get no credit for any part of the contribution? It is Maj. Hemplill this and Charleston that; with never a word in The Commoner about The Observer or Charlotte. Is this equal rights to all and special privileges to none? Is this a square deal for every man? We pause for a reply.

"We know our friend of The Charlotte Observer is 'down in the mouth' these days," says the venerable editor of The Greensboro Record. "Just as the air sailing machines seemed to be perfected one of 'em busted and while the Wrights flew some he must still be dejected." Don't you believe it, colonel! Rome was not built in a day and we never expected the flying machine to be perfected with the first attempt. But we are coming right along. We have aerial science by the tail, and even you will live to see us all sailing through the air like birds.

"A colicky old gander that had probably put to flight the boy brigades of Charlotte for a generation and a blue-blooded hen of doubtful age were contributed by the North Carolina paper to the cause," etc., etc. And we don't thank The Chattanooga Times for these references, ill-mannered and worse, to those birds of beauty, tender of years and passionaria of the poultry yard, both of them; unappreciated, of course, in Charleston, which knows nothing about hens and ganders and whose bird fact is to be gauged by the fact that it thinks the buzzard should be the national emblem.

**A MODEL CRUSHING PLANT.**

The Messrs. Oliver Have Installed a Quarrying and Crushing Outfit That Almost Does Away With Laborers—Some Interesting Details Given—Lifting, Hauling and Dumping Done by System of Cables—Capacity 99 Tons an Hour—Oliver Quarry, Southwest of the City. The Messrs. Oliver, father and son, have installed a rock crushing plant on their property, near the Southern Cotton Oil Mills on the road that connects the Dowd with the Fineville roads, and are quarrying granite for the public. The Atlantic Bitulithic Company, which has been at work on the streets of the city, used their rock in its various forms, but rock, medium size rock and top dressing.

The Oliver crushing outfit is one of the most interesting enterprises in the country. Within the last few years various patents, have made rock quarrying and crushing a matter of wires, wheels, and levers. Of all the labor saving machines the up-to-date rock plant is the most successful. The stone is loosened in the quarry by dynamite, picked, and other means, much as it used to be, but hoisting, hauling and feeding is done by modern machinery. If the Oliver plant were run in the old style way, or even that of many of the present day are operated, it would require hundreds of men. In fact the work done would be impossible, with the quarry located as it is. Several years ago the railway track, or tramway, running from the quarry to the crushing outfit was considered the proper thing but that is now antiquated. In its stead wires, strung between towers, are used.

It would require an educated mathematician to explain the technical movement of the machinery at the Oliver crusher and the average mind could not grasp it, but for ordinary purposes a technical description is unnecessary. The two towers, head and foot, the cableway, the skip and the crusher are the four features essential and that appeal to the untrained eye.

To put rock in shape for general use things must be done: in the first place, the rock must be quarried, that is, hauled from the quarry to the crushing outfit; secondly, it must be carried to a place where it is shaped and there handled. At the Oliver quarry the rock is loosened and broken into workable pieces by various means, then piled in the skip, or scoop, over at tons at a time, drawn up, as a bucket is drawn out of a well, and then hauled over a cable several hundred yards and dumped into the very jaws of the crusher. The skip, which goes and comes, is manipulated by an engineer, who stands in the head tower, and works a system of levers. A number of men in the quarry load the rock and the man at the crusher guides the skip at the crushing machine. The capacity of the cable and skip is 60 tons an hour.

This statement will give a fair idea of the labor saving ability of the plant. The engineer, who stands in the head tower, does the work of scores of men. The skip, swinging as it does, has a play of 25 feet to the right or left of the cable, so that it will take 50 or more feet to be worked. The cable, over 700 feet, from the crusher to foot tower, thus giving a working territory of 700 by 50 feet. Then, too, the foot tower is so portable, so that when one section is worked it can be moved to another. The Oliver quarry will last everlastingly for the entire hillside is full of blue granite. One of the advantages of this modern plant is that no noise is made, and that the piece of rock is used and the debris, such as can be utilized, dumped at the foot of the hill, the skip being used to haul it.

Crushed rock are in great vogue nowadays, being used in cement work of all sorts, to make barge and ways about homes, roofing, and pebble dash houses. The four grades are rock dust, for top dressing; pieces ranging in size from one quarter to three quarters of an inch to one-and-three quarters of an inch, and one and one quarter to two and a half inches.

**THE LATE MRS. SALSBURY.**

Was Well-Known in Charlotte, Where She Often Visited—Survived by One Son and One Sister. The following notice has been received in regard to Mrs. Julia Salsbury, whose death was mentioned in our issue of Monday last. She was well known in Charlotte, where she often visited.

Mrs. Julia C. Salsbury, who died at her home in Charlotte, Monday, August 10, 1908, was well known in Charlotte, where she often visited. She was before her marriage Miss Julia Happoldt, a daughter of Dr. J. M. Happoldt, a prominent physician of Charlotte many years ago. Mrs. Salsbury was born in Charlotte on December 1st, 1838.

Dr. Happoldt moved to Morganton in 1845 and Mrs. Salsbury's girlhood was spent in that place. In 1857 she married Mr. D. C. Salsbury, of Old Fort, a Pennsylvanian by birth. Mr. Salsbury died fifteen years ago, and since that time Mrs. Salsbury has spent much of her time in Asheville and Knoxville.

She was of a most genial and cordial disposition and made many friends wherever she went. Since childhood she has been a devoted member of the Episcopal Church. She is survived by one son, Mr. J. H. Salsbury, of Knoxville, Tenn., and one sister, Mrs. Laura Johnston of this city, Charlotte.

For The Observer.  
**BESS AND BILL.**  
A little girl clad in a homespun dress came singing along my way.  
"What's your name?" I asked. "Sir, my name is Bess."  
"And I'm going to school to-day."  
A little boy stood at the brow of the hill. "Sir's name?" I asked. "Sir, my name is Bill."  
"What's your name?" I asked. "Sir, my name is Bill."  
"And I'm going to school to-day."  
He called her Bess and she called him Bill.  
"I think I heard him say,"  
"I'll always wait at the brow of the hill if you'll always come this way."  
Well, the days went by and they both grew old.  
And they saw all sorts of weather;  
But a few short words and the story is told:  
They went down the hill together.  
Two simple mounds in the church yard end a "Peace to Bess and Bill."  
Yes, he waited for her, and together to-day they sleep at the foot of the hill.  
—OSCAR ROLAND.  
Mebane, N. C.

**"GO SNUCKS."**

Information Wanted as to the Origin of This Phrase, by One Who Already Knows, So He Says.  
To the Editor of The Observer:  
While ex-Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, and suit fame is now an ardent Bryanite, check by Jowl in Chicago with our national committee-man, and prospective Secretary of War, Mr. Josephus Daniels, Mr. Pettigrew's partner in the suit, our grandiloquent syster, Mr. Marion Butler, is buying himself with writing letters to North Carolina business men in the interest of Mr. Taft and, incidentally, for the slaughter of so well-fixed and worthy a gentleman as Judge Pritchard. While it grieves me to see these two old-time friends and bond-sisters thus widely separated, I can but hope that no unfair division of the swag will cause them to keep right on feeding and rooting where they were. This acuteness of the death instinct in all animals—when well fed—is remarkable; but realization of deadness, in man or beast, is a much slower process.

But speaking of the princely Mr. Butler, unresting as the sea and ambitious as the sun of a July morning, do you recall how, up to the time it was evident even to the denizens of that State whose metropolis St. Louis is, that the President would not be re-nominated, our distinguished Congressman was pointing out the band-wagon and going snucks with Roosevelt? To the President he clung like Partridge to Tom Jones after his fair dream of the gray horse; but now, with no less zeal, or ecstacy, he is going snucks with Taft; for whom in April he thought it unwise that the Greensboro convention should instruct its delegates. This is a beautiful picture—a sort of moving picture on a marvel machine.

But for all these things I care nothing; they are out of my line; it is literature that interests me. My only purpose in writing these lines to you is to ask if you know the origin of the phrase to "go snucks." I am not asking to be informed myself as to its origin, for I have already had it ready, but only to test your literary pretensions. Oh, for much as I admire your learning—oh, it is deeper than that!—let me say your erudition, you sometimes nod and must needs be nudged.

L. C. N.  
August 12th, 1908.  
["Go Snucks! No friend, The Observer doesn't knit. Enlighten us!"]

**A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE.**

As Specimen of the Fourth of Next March as Seen by a Prophetic Eye.

Let us imagine that it is the Fourth of March, 1914, and that we are in the City of Washington, the capital of this puissant nation. The sun is shining in unapproachable glory; the air is fresh with the first breath of spring; the city is crowded with men and women from all parts of our vast territory, the tramp, tramp of the marching legions is heard in all the streets of the national capital, and from all the public buildings and from nearly every private residence the flag of the free, its graceful folds filled against the heavens, is the day of the People's triumph, and of every tribe and tongue and kindred, they march in multitudes which cannot be numbered to the Capitol of the nation where the Government of the People is rendered to the representative of the people, William Bryan, of Nebraska. The hour of the scene is Pennsylvania avenue. With trumpets blowing and banners flying one great company of civilians follows another, and regiments of rifle, and battalions of infantry, and batteries of field artillery lead the great procession, filling the streets from curb to curb.

Suddenly with glad acclaim the people shout "He is coming!" and the bands play "Hail to the Chief!" Seated in an open carriage drawn by six splendid white horses the Man of the Hour, the Man of the Century, the Man of the People bows to the right and to the left, oblivious, it would seem, of the sturdy and immovable figure at his left. It is a most inspiring spectacle. But what means that distinguished company on foot, the chariot wheels of the Nation's Choice as a special guard of honor, their bright eyes yet flashing with the joy of conflict through which they have passed, and their footsteps firm as the immovable rocks of their party? The martial figure of their party? With the fighting gray mustache is Henry Watterson, the Invincible, of The Courier-Journal, and the sixteen men who follow him are the Democratic Press Committee of Advice, from Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. Marching two by two, just as the animals went into the Ark of safety, so these men follow their leader, the editor of The Charlotte Observer and the editor of The News and Courier, holding the right of the line, so to speak, because of their most loyal service to the party and its candidate. That will be a great procession, and it will celebrate the return of the Government of the People to the control of the People.

**Lexington Republicans Fail to Support Their Paper.**

Special to The Observer.  
Lexington, Aug. 13.—The Republicans of Lexington are in a quandary over their county organ, The North State. Some four or five months ago publication of the paper was suspended, but after missing several issues was started again, the general belief at the time prevailing that the Republican politicians of the county would keep going until after the election. But it seems they loved their dollars too fondly to throw them away on such an enterprise and several weeks ago the company was thrown into the hands of a receiver. Even after the appointment of a receiver the paper was published for two weeks, but the doors are now closed and the Republican "organ" of Davidson is peacefully sleeping, while upon the plant rests the burden of more debts than it can stand.

**Mr. Moore's Anniversary.**

One year ago last night, Mr. Edgar B. Moore leased the Selwyn Hotel and has been a resident of the city ever since. For practically that length of time Mr. Moore has been one of the most progressive citizens of Charlotte and with every effort looking to its advancement he identifies himself. As a hotel man he stands among the most successful under the management has been run successfully during the past year.

**THE DEATH RECORD.**

**FUNERAL OF MR. ARMFIELD.**

Great Throng Attends Last Rites Over Body of Deceased High Point Citizen—Mr. Armfield Held Office in Many Enterprises. Special to The Observer.  
High Point, Aug. 13.—A great throng gathered at the graded school auditorium this morning to attend the funeral services over the remains of the late E. M. Armfield, the services being conducted by Rev. O. L. Powers and Rev. C. F. Kirby. The banks and other business establishments had closed out of respect to the dead, and after the funeral was over a long line of people followed the remains to their last resting place. The active pall-bearers appointed from the Junior Order of which the deceased was a member, were: Robert Brockett, J. L. Parrish, Dr. H. C. Pitts, W. A. Ring, J. G. Leonard, T. H. Spencer, J. L. Secherst and J. E. Kirkman. The honorary pall-bearers were: F. F. Venable, Chapel Hill; F. C. Boyles, Greensboro; W. T. Whitsett, Whitsett; N. C. English, Trinity; W. G. Ragsdale, Jamestown; E. W. Cates, Thomasville; J. D. Ross, Asheboro; J. O. Bagnall, Madison; Dr. J. A. Turner, Leno A. Briles, M. J. Wrenn, O. E. Kearns, Robert Brockett, A. M. Rankin, N. W. Beeson, J. H. Tate, Ray Newby, all of High Point. The floral offerings were very beautiful and literally covered the grave and surrounded it. They came from all parts of the State.

**Well-Known Mining Man Dead.**

Special to The Observer.  
Roanoke, Va., Aug. 13.—J. F. Euddeley, a well-known mining man, died today at Ivanhoe, Va., of typhoid fever, aged 48 years. He was for many years superintendent of extensive iron mines at Cranberry, N. C.

**Miss Ruth Radcliff, of East Durham.**

Special to The Observer.  
Durham, Aug. 13.—Miss Ruth Radcliff, daughter of W. R. Radcliff, died at the home of her parents in East Durham last evening. She was 16 years of age and her death was caused from typhoid fever. This was the third death in the Radcliff family in five months. First a sister of Miss Ruth Radcliff died about five months ago and since then her little daughter. Now the other sister is dead. She left father, mother, one brother and one sister.

**MEETING OF TELEPHONE MEN.**

Independent Association Held Third Annual Session at High Point Wednesday, With Large Attendance. Much Growth of Independent Lines Reported. Special to The Observer.  
High Point, Aug. 13.—The third annual meeting of the Independent Telephone Association of North Carolina was held here yesterday, the session being in the rooms of the chamber of commerce. There were nearly one hundred representatives of the 200 independent telephone companies throughout North Carolina, this being the largest attendance in the history of the association. An all-day session was held and many matters of importance came up and were acted upon. The business of the association kept the delegates busy from 8 o'clock until a late hour, just finishing the work in time for the delegates to take the night trains for home. However, several remained over until this afternoon looking over the city and attending to matters of business. At the meeting of the independent companies very encouraging reports were made in growth from every quarter. Many toll lines have been put up the past year and many more are now in course of erection or contemplation. The increase in the number of local phones in the various towns and cities throughout the State was also very gratifying. The independent companies now have a perfect network of systems throughout the State, reaching about every point of importance. It was shown at this meeting, as it was known before, however, that from \$5 to 95 per cent of the telephone business is done within from twenty to fifty miles of where it originates, and that considerable over half in the cities and towns where the service is installed, there being practically a very small percentage of long distance service outside of these limits.

The association numbers among its membership some of the most influential men of State in all walks of life, who are very enthusiastic for the independent companies. The officers of the association elected for the ensuing year are: President, W. A. Wynne, Raleigh; vice president, Mayor H. P. Grier, Statesville; secretary and treasurer, B. W. Leavitt, Southern Pines; executive committee: W. A. Wynne, Raleigh; J. B. Morris, Roxboro; H. F. Grier, Statesville; H. P. Stevenson, Smithfield; J. F. Hayden, High Point.

**POSSIBLE SOLUTION.**

Mr. Wittkowsky Suggests That the Charlotte Meters Be Examined by an Expert Reader to Test Their Accuracy. To the Editor of The Observer:  
In view of the universal complaint by our citizens as to the water rent charges—and the allegation of many that the reading of their meters is wrong, which may in part be owing to "fuzzy meters," I would suggest that for the purpose of conciliating our people, and to allay the general distrust entertained by them as to the fairness of the charges; and as the high moral, intellectual and business standing of the present commission precludes even the remotest allegation of their intentional shortcomings in the management of the waterworks, that it might be good policy for the proper authorities to follow New York's lead in employing for a few months an expert "water meter reader" (not connected with the management of the waterworks) and I beg to call their attention as well as the public's attention to a clipping here below from The New York Herald of the 11th inst., which, while in that case it applies to "gas meters," may apply equally so to "water meters."

"In a report on the work of testing gas meters during the month of July, Mr. Whitney, general secretary of the service commission, states that 24,878 gas meters have been tested; 21,752 were repaired and removed meters and 327 were 'complaint' meters of those tested because of complaints. Of the complaint meters tested 44, or 13 per cent, were found to be absolutely correct; 178, or 53.1 per cent, were fast, and 114, or 33.9 per cent, were slow."  
S. WITKOWSKY.



**NEW FALL GOODS**  
**NOW IS THE TIME TO GET BUSY**

**Silks**  
New Dress and Waist Silks, Chevron Weaves, in all the popular shades. Peacock Blue and Bronze Green are the leading colors. We have a beautiful line of patterns to select from. Price, the yard, 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

**Wool Dress Goods**  
Pretty warm weather to speak of wool. Our first shipment of new fall styles is here. All the new colorings in the popular Chevron effects in Serge, Broadcloth and Panama. Don't wait till all the good dress-makers are engaged and then try to get something handsome turned out within 24 hours. Buy now while you can get the best selection. Prices range from 88c. to \$2.50 per yard.

**Dress Trimmings**  
Our handsome line of Imported Dress Trimmings will be shipped from New York on August 15th. Every season our line of fine Trimmings is more attractive, and this year we have surpassed all previous efforts.

**Hosiery Sale**  
Watch our ads. for a special Stocking Sale. We are going to get the girls and boys ready for school.

**Remember**  
All summer stuff is being slaughtered at half price. Parasols, Figured Lawns, etc., etc., at exactly one-half the regular price. This is where you save money.

