

The Charlotte Observer.

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MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1908.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR JUDGE TAFT AS TO NORTH CAROLINA.

An interesting special of the 14th to the New York Tribune from Hot Springs, Va., tells of a visit to Judge Taft last Friday from Messrs. G. S. Bradshaw and Garland Daniels, of Greensboro, and J. Elwood Cox, of High Point, hearing an invitation to him to speak at the Greensboro centennial in October. He told his callers that it would be impossible for him to deviate from his announced policy not to speak during the year except at Hot Springs and Cincinnati, but he has no doubt an attentive listener to what is spoken of as "some interesting information to the candidate" which these gentlemen took him from North Carolina.

"GO SNUCKS" SOME MORE.

Our accomplished correspondent, "L. C. N.," tells us lucidly and interestingly the meaning and origin of the phrase "Go Snucks," of which he wrote a few days ago. A Statesville correspondent, writing in yesterday's paper, gave the same interpretation, saying that the word is generally pronounced "snocks" and means to divide, to share equally. Our Statesville correspondent is certainly correct in saying that "go snucks" is good in French, with the meaning as stated, but we didn't recognize "go snucks." Now "snuck" (Scottish) means to smile or search, but we are advised that it has another meaning. "Snuck" pronounced "snuck" is a perch-like fish of American tropical seas, a garfish, a mackerel, like fish caught in great numbers in Cape Fear and salted and dried, smoked, etc. Why, it is suggested, shouldn't "go snuck" or "snucks" or "snocks" mean to go fishing for snocks and divide up "go snucks" may have been, we are reminded, a proposition to go fishing, but "L. C. N." has no doubt states the origin correctly. Anyhow, it is an illuminating conversation we three have had.

The Charlotte News and Courier has in one month raised \$29.50 for the national campaign fund and \$19.50 of this was paid for a gander and hen from North Carolina. So says the Houston Post, which adds to the foregoing that "Tightwadness has been reduced to a science in the Palmetto State." All of which is very true except that our Houston contemporary has its figures wrong. Of the News and Courier's fund of \$29.50, \$25 were realized from The Observer's fowls, so that Deacon Hemphill has raised only \$4.50 additional, none of which he contributed himself.

As an expert upon aeronautics, we have to say that Captain Baldwin's dirigible balloon, now under test by the War Department at Fort Myer, is a very inconsequential affair.

"A GOOD FIGHTING CHANCE."

Colonel Watterson, the head of the Bryan literary bureau, says in the course of a letter to a friend: "Mr. Bryan has a good fighting chance now, and in my opinion it will grow with the progress of the campaign." The New York Herald, an unexceptionable authority, prints the foregoing and confirms Colonel Watterson's diagnosis of the situation. Indicating unmistakably a predilection for Judge Taft, it proceeds that "No one now fears that his [Mr. Bryan's] election would provoke an industrial, commercial and financial cataclysm. As a matter of fact his speech of acceptance has strengthened rather than shaken public confidence. Mr. Bryan has evidently mellowed in retirement. While Mr. Roosevelt has been growing steadily more radical in his attitude toward economic questions, the Nebraskan has been steadily growing more conservative and prudent." It continues that "The question who will win is rendered still more difficult to answer by the fact that there is no 'paramount issue' in the present presidential campaign. If the party platforms were to be surreptitiously transposed nobody on either side would ever find it out. It is a case of 'six of one and half a dozen of the other.' Mr. Taft could stand on Mr. Bryan's platform and Mr. Bryan could stand on Mr. Taft's platform without either one of the other feeling that he was on strange territory. "The personal fitness of Mr. Taft," it says further, "is evenly balanced by the personal magnetism of Mr. Bryan," which is another way of saying, what has been said many times during the campaign, that it is after all a contest of men and not of measures. And again—following the above declaration about the similarity of the platforms—"It is for this reason that The Herald as a perfectly independent and unbiased newspaper agrees with Colonel Watterson's assertion that Mr. Bryan has a good fighting chance. Of course he has."

BETTER THAN HARMONY.

Republican National Chairman Hitchcock is certainly a resourceful political manager unless report err. In crediting to him an arrangement reached by Tennessee Republicans. All goes off as planned factionalism will actually do party service. The "home rule" or Brownlow-Austin-Houck-Oliver faction has already met in convention and put out a State ticket. It wrote a "State-wide prohibition plank in its platform and will get all the votes possible for its candidates. The Evans-Sanders faction has also met and nominated a ticket, minus, however, the prohibition addendum. Both factions will vote for one set of electors. Thus Mr. Taft may well get more votes than would come his way if harmony prevailed, and very hopeful partisans talk with some little conviction about carrying the State for him. Verily, politics is a queer critter.

TOTAL PROHIBITION.

How it isn't enforced in the Empire State of the South. Atlanta Constitution. Savannah's City treasury will suffer from the result of Georgia's prohibition law. The process is a simple one. The city has issued an edict prohibiting the opening of "blind tigers" on Sunday. But for week days, it is the city that is blind and not the tigers. Except that once every six months the city wakes up, summons the alleged eyesless ones into the city court, extracts from each \$100 and sends them on their way rejoicing in another half year's immunity. By this process the city treasury is enriched to the extent of \$60,000, to be most as the result of prohibition—a sum now become the price of open and defiant lawlessness.

It must be said to Savannah's credit that the city made, apparently, an honest effort to enforce the law. Blind tiger proprietors were arrested and brought into court with seeming unquestionable evidence. It was not necessary, lastly, about the prosecution and yet petty justice came back promptly with emphatic verdicts of "not guilty." And so the question arose, if justice will not convict if public sentiment will tolerate, why should not the city have its erstwhile revenue?

Savannah has answered by proceeding to collect it. Batch No. 1, Improved and Reformed Order of Blind Tigers, ninety-three in number, has just been haled into court, leaving \$100 each—\$9,300 for the city treasury—and there are a hundred others yet to come. An interesting condition of this which confronts Georgia with the most stringent prohibition law yet adopted by any State. A condition of lawlessness absolute, recognized and licensed by municipal government! But what about it? Is there any hand that will or can be raised to stay it? Or will it grow and grow until unbridled example has spread infection to other communities of the State? An economic problem of deep intrepidity here presents itself.

ORIGIN OF "GO SNUCKS."

The Observer Enlightened Regarding This Peculiar Term, Which Means Divide the Spoils. To the Editor of the Observer: Surely to shed light upon the mountain-tops is a high and blessed privilege; wherefore, in compliance with your request for enlightenment, it is with unfeigned pleasure that I write you as follows: In older times in England the prototype of that common official known nowadays as the coroner was entitled the "body-searcher," and his business was to examine the bodies of the dead and make report as to the cause of the death. For this service he was al-

OUR BAD-MANNERED HEROES.

We recognize the fitness of having the American participants in the recent Olympic games at London given a formal welcome by patriotic New Yorkers. Only one country, the United Kingdom, led them in total number of points, and in track and field events they were easily first. The Marathon race, the crowning event of the games, was won by an American. Of all this we are proud, but in some other respects the American contestants as a body did neither themselves nor their country any honor. The reference here is not especially to their complaints, the British officials entering strong denials, that certain rulings were unfair. This trouble, perhaps the result of honest differences, was in itself sufficiently regrettable. The one thing certain about the unpleasantness as a whole is that the American athletes—according to the most plausible explanation, because about half of them were New York Irishmen and inspired with the out-of-date hostility toward everything English which still persists strongly in spots—showed an ugly spirit from the very first. When the athletes of the nations passed in review before the King's stand at the opening ceremonies the American color-bearer committed the wanton discourtesy of refusing to salute, his fellows then and thereafter openly manifesting approval. A willingness to make things unpleasant for their English hosts was evident on the part of the Americans throughout. They rendered it certain that, so far as England and the United States are concerned, the games would serve anything but the avowed purpose of promoting international amity. On this account a welcome very moderate in size and heartiness should suffice for their home-coming. They did us great credit on the foughten field, but their manners were nothing less than atrocious.

HOW TO WIN A WOMAN.

In "Telemachus Friend," the same author tells how to get to the heart of a woman by leading up to a rivalry between himself and Paisley Fish, his friend and rival. Hicks, declares: "The only perfect case of true friendship I ever knew was a cordial inter-boarding between a man and a monkey. The monkey clipped palms in Barranquilla and threw down coconuts to the man. The man sawed them in two and made dippers, which he sold for two cents each and bought rum. The monkey drank the milk of the nuts. Through each being satisfied with his own share of the graft, they lived like brothers. But in the case of human friendship it is a transitory art, subject to discontinuance without further notice." Having won the girl from Fish, Hicks makes this observation: "Now, I give you my own recipe for involving a woman into that state of affairs when she can be referred to as 'nee Jones.' Learn how to pick up her hand and hold it, and she's yours. It ain't so easy. Some men grab at it, much like they were going to set a dislocation of the shoulder that you can smell the arnica and hear 'em tearing off bandages. Some take it up like a hot potato, and hold it off at arm's length like a druggist's bottle of assafetida in a bottle. And most of 'em catch hold of it and drag it right out before the lady's eyes like a boy finding a baseball in the grass, without giving her a chance to forget that the hand is growing on the end of her arm. Them ways are all wrong."

SOME LOCAL STORY-TELLERS.

Every page in O. Henry's books are filled with the best of humor. He is a gifted story teller. North Carolina has many men, who, if they had turned their talents to writing, would be shining in the literary world to-day. The short story is in great demand and few

Tales of the Town and the Times

BY RED BUCK

There are various kinds of humor and the average North Carolinian, though he is a bit of a snob, has the ridiculous side of life as he journeys through this vale of tears. O. Henry—how I wish I knew what that O stands for, so I could spell it out and make the name look full—is a typical Tar Heel of the humorous sort. Senator Vance was the humorous statesman; O. Henry, the humorous writer. The humor of Senator Vance helped him to success at home and abroad; that of O. Henry is making him fame and fortune. In reading the books of O. Henry one is struck with delightful wit and humor in their multitudinous forms. In his story on "The Handbook of Hygiene" he makes Sanderson Pratt, one of his characters, say: "I've seen them Eastern college fellows working in camps all through the West, and I never noticed but what education was a drawback to 'em than you would think. Why, once over on Snake river, when Andrew McWilliams' saddle horse got the botch, he cordial inter-boarded ten miles for one of these stragglers that claimed to be a botanist. But the horse died."

THE SMALLPOX SCARE.

About ten years ago I made my first trip from Fayetteville to Sanford. As the train crossed the sand hills I made notes of everything that impressed me. Among other things I saw a tramp shaving himself under a railroad bridge, using the running stream for a wash bowl, and the engine chase a white and brindle steer from the track. It was at that time that smallpox was taking rank and hold in this State. Every town and city was quarantining against its neighbor and the people were frightened out of their wits. At Jonesboro, Moore county, I saw quite a commotion in the street. Groups of people stood about the town, talking seriously. I got off for a moment to ascertain the cause of the solemn agitation.

HOW TO WIN A WOMAN.

"What's happened?" I asked. "Smallpox," said the town marshal. "Where?" "In the country, about ten miles." "You certain that it's smallpox?" "Almost, but not quite. The doctor has just come back from there. He saw the patient, but could not tell exactly what he had. Being a young fellow he was scared to tackle it. When he got there he was afraid to enter the house, but he made the patient stick his hand out the window and he felt his pulse with a pair of tongs."

I crawled back in the train. In 1898 I rode about North Carolina on a bicycle. One of my favorite pastimes was copying signs from trees, posts and postoffice and court house doors. In one of the eastern counties I found this trespass notice: "Any man or woman's ox or steer or cow caught in these signs is liable to have his or her tail cut off as the case may be."

Up the Carolina Central I read this on a dilapidated blacksmith shop: "N. B. The copartnership heretofore existing between Moses Skinner and me am this day resolved, and all what owe the firm will settle wid me and thum what the firm owes will settle wid, Moses." In a hamlet on the Carolina & North Western road this warning appeared on a slab in a roasting ear-patch: "Any persons ketching on these grounds, or cows or weemins, is liable to find itself in a scrape."

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URGED TO ELECT BRYANT.

Mr. R. B. Redwine, of Monroe, Says Durham County Will Do the State a Great Service by Electing Victor S. Bryant to Next Legislature. To the Editor of the Observer: In to-day's Observer I notice that a call to service has been made on Victor S. Bryant, of Durham. This recalls to me a conversation of two years ago in Raleigh when I was asked to name a half-dozen of the brightest and ablest young men in the State. Among those I named Victor S. Bryant, of Durham; Cameron Morrison, of Mecklenburg; A. S. Duckery, of Rockingham, and Walter Bickett, of Louisburg. At the time I stated that in my judgment it would be wise for the Democratic party to keep in training some of the best young talent within its ranks, and expressed the hope that the three first-named gentlemen would be members of the next General Assembly of this State. Mr. Bickett at the time being a member of that body. Mr. Duckery has already been chosen by his party for the Senate; it is too late now for Mr. Morrison, but there is an opportunity for Durham county to do herself proud and the State a great service by sending Mr. Bryant to the next General Assembly. He would be an honor to the Commonwealth and would be placed in training for future usefulness. We should have in reserve capable men well trained for future contests which are fast coming. Bryant is one of them. R. B. REDWINE. Monroe, Aug. 15, 1908.

The Little-Long Co.

NEW SILKS AND DRESS GOODS WE ARE FIRST

To show the New Fall Line of Dress goods and Silks, including all the new, popular weaves and colors.

Tricot Messaline. The new soft Satin Finish Silk, which will be very popular for day dresses, evening gowns, etc. Colors, Cream, Pink, Light Blue, Lavender, Pearl Gray, Green, Mode, Brown, Navy, Old Rose and Black. Price the yard.....\$1.00

Fancy Silks. Splendid assortment of the new Fancy Stripes, Chevron Weaves, Persians, etc.; all the leading shades. Price the yard.....75c, 88c, \$1.00 and \$1.25

Woolens. We are showing an elegant line of Wool Goods in the new fancy diagonal and herringbone weaves, the new shades of Browns, Blues, Green, Garnets and Black. Price the yard.....\$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50

Parasols Half Price. A few left of those fine White Linen and Fancy Silk Parasols to be closed at exactly half price.

Figured Lawns. At less than half price—the 10 and 15c. kind—all to be cleaned up at the yard.....5c. One lot Colored Lawns worth 5 to 7 1-2c. Clean up price the yard.....3c.

Mercerized White Aelion, 3 to 9 yard lengths, worth 18c. Price the yard.....7c. New lot of Hand Bags and Purses in the new Blues, Browns, Tans and Black. Price each...50c. to \$1.50 Plain and Fancy Silk Belting, White, Cream, Light Blue, Pink, Navy and Black. Price per belt.....19, 25 and 30c.

Tourist Ruching.....25c. per box New lot just in, "nuf sed."

New shipment just in of the "Catawba Earthenware." One to five gallon jars. Another new lot of Jelly Glasses just in. 1-2 gallon Fruit Jars.....\$1.00 per doz. Just a few dozen left.

The Little-Long Co.