

The Charlotte Observer.

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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

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GENERAL ADVANCE IN FREIGHT RATES.

A Washington special to The New York Journal of Commerce says that according to information received in trustworthy railroad circles here [Washington] there has been no change whatever in the disposition of the managers of the roads to inaugurate at an early date a substantially higher schedule of railway rates for the transportation of practically all commodities.

THE ATTITUDE OF A MODERATE.

There is cheer for Democrats in the firm stand taken for the national ticket by Edward M. Shepard, of Brooklyn. Mr. Shepard is of the Cleveland type and has not always been regular. He is a man of patriotism and wisdom, whose counsel carries far, and these words from a statement which he gave out some days ago will be a wide and convincing influence.

THE NEED OF A NEW BROOM.

Senator LaFollette is supporting Taft, but he makes bold to laugh at some Republican campaign talk. The Wisconsin "progressive" finds exquisite humor in the idea of investigating the tariff, with a view to its revision, through the Senate finance committee and the House committee on ways and means.

IT DOES.

Last week the North Carolina State Republican convention was held in Charlotte. On Sunday The Observer, of that city, welcomed the headquarters of the Standard Oil Company in these words: "If we must have trusts, let them do business through Charlotte." Advertising pays.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Beyond the distant waters Flows the burnished western cloud. Wrapped about the weary sunset Like some giant mountain shroud.

THE BELLE OF CAROLINA.

Far beyond the distant waters Flows the burnished western cloud. Wrapped about the weary sunset Like some giant mountain shroud.

SAVINGS BANK INSURANCE.

It is fairly well known that life insurance could be sold much more cheaply than at present but for the heavy expense of getting business. The average man, little accustomed to contemplate the idea of his own death, will not do what simple duty dictates unless run down and repeatedly preached at by insurance agents; and the maintenance of effective agency forces comes high.

AIR NAVIGATION ACCOMPLISHED.

The time for jesting incredulity with regard to the success of the airship has passed. It has already succeeded. As The Philadelphia Record of Thursday said: "To speak doubtfully of the possibility of human flight after yesterday's performance at Fort Myers would be whimsical or perverse."

HAD A SENSE OF HUMOR.

A goat may not have sagacity but Billy Brown had a keen sense of humor. Being confined to a lot in a city he could not walk telephone poles, trim young fruit trees, do the buck and wing dance in barn lofts and cavort in pliant pastures as his kind does in the country, hence for pastime, he did new and original tricks.

HE TEASED STRANGERS.

But it was not at this sort of mischief that Billy Brown excelled. He showed more cunning in dealing with human callers at the stable. A stranger was sure to meet him. His favorite prank was to steal up behind the unsuspecting visitor, catch him by the coat tail and bleat and sputter. Although he would not butt, the victim of his innocent, boisterous joke, would take to the tail timber, with him swinging on behind.

SHOULD BE CONDEMNED AND EXECUTED.

Mr. P. D. Alexander, of Charlotte, should at once be tried, condemned and executed by the admirers of that fair city. In his advertising space in The Observer to-day, he says: "This man a law unto himself—a startling statement by our chief executive. In substance he says: 'I'll keep the laws that suit me best and bust the rest.' Let us, the lambskins of the flock, imitate our leader and each man bust the law that calls his tenacious neck and keep just those that please us best."

NEW YORK STATE LEANING TO BRYAN.

Mr. W. C. Kenyon, who has returned from a visit to New York State, tells us that the Bryan feeling is strong. The conservative Cleveland Democrats, who opposed Bryan in former campaigns, are for him this year, and the great army of working men who used to vote the Republican ticket because they believed in the full dinner-pail argument will this year vote according to their natural inclinations for the Democratic candidates, as they have seen from the present panic which is much worse in the North than it is in the South.

ASHEBORO COURIER.

The people of Erect are rejoicing in the promise of a railroad. The people of Erect are rejoicing in the promise of a railroad. The people of Erect are rejoicing in the promise of a railroad.

GOOD TIMES ARE COMING.

New wheat biscuits are on the farmer's table, new oats are in the horse's stall, and everybody in both town and country is happy and hopeful because the corn and cotton fields hold out a promise of bountiful harvests. Will a great crop in the country bring an abundance of money into circulation? The Northern counties are full of money and in six weeks the large cotton crop will bring much of it South. The grip of the panic is not nearly so tight as it was a month ago.

Tales of the Town and the Times

BY RED DUCK

Billy Brown was a goat with a humorous habit. He belonged to Messrs. Mose and Ro Brown, liverymen of Concord. Readers of The Observer will recall that I told of an experience that I had with Billy a few years ago. No stranger who called at the Brown stables during Billy's career as fighter, disease preventer and aromatic king will forget his goatship.

Within three feet of him stood Billy, tall up, jaws working, and eyes bating, mumbling something. "And it was you, confound you," said Orison as he sent his right foot at Billy's snout. The goat swung his head to one side and the flying foot went so high that Orison, losing his balance, fell flat on his back. Billy went into the air and dropped on him.

"Bah! bah! sput! sput!" cried he as he looked at the prostrate politician. "By this time there were many on-lookers, mounted on the fence, in the windows of nearby buildings and elsewhere. "Lay on, Billy!" shouted one of the stablemen who knew that the goat was not vicious. "I'll cut your throat, Mose Brown. You drotted Democrat."

Orison had confused the goat with one of his owners. "Bah-ah-ah!" answered Billy. "Oh, damn you, you can swear all you like, but I'll get you when I get up," said the Politician. "You are trying to kill me and get me out of the way."

ORISON GIVEN A CHANCE. Tiring of prancing on Orison's tummy, Billy backed off, stood clear of the winding legs and waited developments. As mad as a hornet the humiliated politician scrambled to his feet and drew his knife. "I'll cut your throat, you blasted white whisker rascal," declared Orison.

"Bah-ah-ah!" retorted Billy softly. "Don't you curse me," shouted Orison, getting red in the face and assuming a threatening attitude. "Sput! sput! sput!" was the reply. "I won't take that off of any man!" said Orison, flourishing his blade.

"Do it if you dare!" cried Orison. "Do it and then talk about it. I don't believe a word you say." "Talk to him, Billy!" urged a boy from the fence. "Bah, ah, ah!" said Billy, rearing on his hind legs to make a spring at his opponent. "You shake your fist at me?" shouted Orison, cutting at the goat, but being unable to control himself the man fell and Billy sidestepped and renewed the fight from the rear, pulling Orison's coat and bleating vigorously.

For an hour the battle between the politician and the goat continued. Billy was the aggressor and Orison, the defendant, never did realize that he fought a goat and not a man. Tiring of the monotony of the contest, Billy returned to the front part of the stable. Billy Brown was a great goat. He teased everybody and everybody teased him. Dr. Frank L. Smith gave him cigarettes and he ate them. In order to get even with him for some time he had been working to give him lighted cigarettes and he would draw the fire end to his mouth and then spit them out with a splutter. After the cigarette struck the ground he would turn his head sideways and look and listen as if expecting a bee to sting him.

But, like all good goats, Billy passed away. He died and went to the happy hunting ground. "Native Born" or Not? To the Editor of The Observer: Is it not "painting the lily" to speak of one as "native-born" as you do in your editorial on day before yesterday? One is accustomed to see such faultless composition in the editorial columns of The Observer that it brings a feeling of astonishment to see this form of speech. Maybe, in Richmond, Charlotte and Charlotte, where the social lines are so tightly drawn, the double duty of being "native-born" may be requisite, but is it not exacting too much of the admirers of The Observer's English to ask us to subscribe to this new autology? Just being a plain native North Carolinian is sufficient cause for gratification. Respectfully, ARTHUR T. ABBERNETHY, Rutherford College, Sept. 6th, 1908.

Mr. Smith Was Confident of Victory. To the Editor of The Observer: Your Columbia correspondent had nightmare. I talked with Hon. E. D. Smith Sunday afternoon, two days before the election to choose a United States Senator. The serenity and calm of the man bespoke victory. He is a modest man—one who never boasts—but he was confident of a minimum majority of 10,000. Friends assured him of a majority of 20,000. But were offered that his opponent would not carry seven of the forty-two counties and found no takers. Mr. Smith had no doubt as to the result and the people of the State have less doubt about his accomplishing things at the national capital. E. D. Smith will be the LaFollette of the Democratic party. P. P. Spartanburg, S. C., Sept. 10th, 1908.

Up to Colonel Sikeleather. Houston Post. Colonel Caldwell, of Charlotte, will now proceed to send Major Hemphill the "cgs" of Ireland county corn ticks, with or without revenue stamps. Col. John Sikeleather, of Olin, is authorized during our absence to attend to the details of drawing the fluid from one of the stamps in the vicinity of Snow Creek.



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