

The Charlotte Observer.

J. P. CALDWELL, Publishers. D. A. TOMPKINS.

every Day in the Year

Table with 2 columns: Subscription type and Price. Includes Daily, Semi-Weekly, and Yearly rates.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

No. 34 South Tryon street. Telephone numbers: Business office, 219; city editor's office, Bell phone 24; news editor's office, Bell phone 234.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1908.

PREVARICATION AS A SYSTEM.

Wm. R. Hearst said in one of his speeches last week that Wm. J. Bryan had on one occasion spoken of laboring men as "beggars" and undertook to support the statement with an affidavit by an unknown man who claimed that he had heard him.

THOSE WHOM PANICS DO NOT PINCH.

A paragraph in yesterday morning's paper referred to the excellent opening of the schools and colleges this fall, notwithstanding the hard times.

WORKING FOR OTHER PEOPLE.

The Dallas, Texas, Times-Herald, says in commenting upon an editorial in The Manufacturers' Record showing that the South is not living up to its opportunities:

The Columbia State asks: "How much will Carnegie give to the Republican campaign fund? We don't know, but if he gives as much as the South Carolina fight-wads contribute to the Bryan fund he will still be far from realizing his ambition to die poor."

A REFRACTORY PRISONER.

The Sheriff of South Carolina and other States has arrested The Norfolk Landmark for non-conformity and the prisoner is in a condition of mutiny.

The Landmark does not submit to this discipline with proper humility but retorts in part as follows: "The State's kind invitation to us to 'retire from the party' does not apply to us."

"This is less majesty, but The Observer confesses sympathy with its Norfolk contemporary because it has been arrested itself."

TIME ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

The New York Evening Post, independent, offers this paragraph in its issue of Friday: "Mr. Bryan, in his speech in Indiana yesterday, made a telling attack on Mr. Cannon. Now there can be no doubt that the Democratic party has suffered through Mr. Bryan's use of his position as perpetual candidate to advertise himself and procure lecture engagements."

The question is pertinent and under the circumstances proper. Mr. Bryan stated, promptly and truthfully, in reply to the Speaker's jibes, that he is worth \$150,000, and told how he got it.

He (Cannon) began holding office in 1881, when I was yet a child, and during the last forty-seven years he has held office more than forty years of the time, and about half of that time he has been drawing a salary that the members of Congress thought to be inadequate for the salary he has recently been receiving.

It is distinctly up to Mr. Speaker, having started this thing it is his duty to see it out. He is reputed to be not only wealthy but very wealthy. He has been a life-time office-holder. How did he make his money?

WHAT TO DO WITH CONVICTS.

A special from Elizabeth City to yesterday's paper said that the grand jury of Pasquotank county has recommended the abolishment of the chain-gang. "It is claimed that the convicts have been a burden to the county and that the class of work done on the roads was not satisfactory or of sufficient permanency to continue the system."

There must be a moral awakening in the Republican party of the State of Washington. Senator Ankeney, a candidate for re-election, an ignorant, rich, notorious corruptionist, was defeated in the primaries last week and will retire next March, unless, as is evidently feared, he buys the Legislature, as he is said to have done six years ago, notwithstanding the primary instructions.

O. LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

We had feared that with the lamented decease of Miss Mattie Peterson the spirit of poetry had become extinct in eastern North Carolina.

MORE ABOUT "BEAUTIFUL OAK-DALE"

(By B. F. Penny). There is a dear spot Near this town; It is where some day I'll be laid down.

The grounds are fine And laid out well; In the little squirrels, In their do well.

Of all the sacred Spots to me, It's beautiful Oakdale, All covered with trees

Eight thousand bodies Are buried there, All of them, and more, Some day 'll reappear.

Its kind directors Are business men; Its superintendent Is one of them.

The scenery of This beautiful place Is very superb, And in its place.

So many loved ones Have crossed this stream; Of our departed I often dream.

With Mr. Donlan, Who superintends, To his courteous manner, There is no end.

When this good keeper, Days are passed, For we're no more Than fading grass.

We'll think of him From time to time With the beautiful grounds Of his make to remind.

"Now don't that take the lead!" The late Jake Halyburton, of Burke, when editor of the Morganton paper, went to accompany his mention of the death of every favorite subscriber with some lines of original poetry, wherefore it grew into a saying in Burke that Jake had added a new terror to death.

Governor Cummins, of Iowa, who is somewhat of a tariff revisionist and who desires to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Allison, has been run over by the steam roller. The extra session of the Legislature, after having taken a number of ballots, has adjourned until November 14th, after the election, without having elected a Senator.

Mr. John Temple Graves is a favorite in Georgia and naturally so, for he is a lovable man. In Atlanta, Friday night, when he was "notified," two thousand people cheered him and Wm. R. Hearst, his chief, Candidate Hixson and Clarence J. Shearer, who ever he is; but people do not always vote as they cheer and if the Independence League ticket gets ten per cent of the vote represented in the Atlanta meeting it will do better than is to be expected.

TRAVELERS TO HAVE A DAY.

Commercial Men Will Parade, Five Hundred Strong, They Say, From Ninth Street to the Fair Ground—Conference Last Night.

A meeting of Charlotte Council, United Commercial Travelers, and the other traveling men of Charlotte was held at the Selwyn last night in conference with Messrs. C. F. Crewell, W. J. Chambers and William S. Orr, of the management of the Mecklenburg Fair Association, to make arrangements for Traveling Men's Day at the coming Fair. The fair men gave the travelers Thursday, the best day of the week, for their special celebration.

The following committees were appointed by the U. C. T's.: On decoration: Messrs. S. M. Payne, W. M. Lyles and L. N. Schiff; on advertising: W. M. Lyles, N. H. Johnson and B. R. Barnett; H. J. Herb, L. N. Schiff and C. O. Kuester.

The stores will be asked to close on Thursday this year instead of Wednesday, as usual.

Telephone May Supersede Telegraph on Southern.

It is reported that the Southern Railway is contemplating superseding the telegraph with a telephone system as a means of keeping in touch with trains.

Tales Well Worth Reading.

"Tales of the Town and the Times," by Red Duck, appearing daily for several weeks in The Charlotte Observer, will, we understand, be published in book form.



Tales of the Town and the Times BY RED DUCK

I spent several days of last week in Concord, a breezy little city north of Charlotte, on the Southern Railway. While there I saw several of my old friends, among them Uncle Jimmie Brown, who fought in three wars, attended the Democratic State convention in Charlotte fifty years ago and would welcome another skirmish between the North and South; Prof. Jack Napoleon Ingram, of Sidco Creek, known here as Concord as Billy, the Russian Goat; Col. Jack Wadsworth, formerly of Pineville, and akin to people in Providence; Dr. Frank Smith, the keeper of a rendezvous of good fellows, and Dr. Grisham, the owner of Brown's stables, Uncle Derrick, President Roosevelt's colored friend, is ill.

Concord is about as I left it two years ago. The burning of two cotton mills was a calamity, for hundreds of people were deprived of employment and families that had not moved for years were compelled to seek work and homes elsewhere.

Morally, Concord is where it used to be. Old innocent thinks it ideal, a model, in fact, and Old Jones knows that it isn't. The town still "drips"—drip to the pro-highs who go to bed with the chickens and never wake up. To the solicitor and Old Innocent all is well in Cabarrus. Same as in Charlotte. Court convenes, the roll is called, and the records answer: "No change." Peace reigns.

Two small monopolies. The hackmen, who meet the trains at Concord, have formed a hard and fast combination to sting the traveling poor—the poor drummer—who fills from place to place like the honey bee. Where one used to pay 25 cents for a round trip fare he is touched for five cents extra now, the price being 15 cents each way.

A beautiful road. Kannapolis, the home of the big Cannon Mill, over which Mr. T. L. Ross, formerly of China Grove, presides, is eight miles from Concord. The joke has to do with a prominent Asheville citizen who was recently in Raleigh where State Democratic headquarters is located, the richest joke of the present campaign is on A. H. Eller, the Democratic State chairman.

Joke on Chairman Eller. Lost Sight of the Fact That the Solicitor of the Fifteenth Judicial District is a Republican and Wrote Him For Campaign Contribution. Asheville Gazette-News.

Strange light in the heavens. Winston-Salem Journal. 12th. Those who were so fortunate as to be seated on their porches and looking westward last night at a few minutes after 8 o'clock, had a rare treat in stellar phenomenon.

Optimism. Optimist: Would to God that He who, in luxurious ease, Doth thus proclaim himself, Could for a single moment Realize the hollow mockery Of his unlicensed claim!

With the return of prosperity it will have close to 5,000 inhabitants. JOHN WADSWORTH'S BALL GAME. Colonel Wadsworth is passing into the reminiscence stage. He likes to tell of days gone by.

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