

The Charlotte Observer.

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EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1908.

TOO EARLY FOR ARRANGEMENTS.

Several of the Southern papers are seen to argue in behalf of the nomination of a Southern man for President in 1912. For the present we beg to be excused from participation in that movement. The national party can make no plans with safety until Mr. Bryan announces his purpose. If it be to offer for the nomination or to place himself in a receptive position, saying for instance, that he will not be a candidate but that the party can have his services in that capacity if it wants them, then no one else need run; and even if he renounces his ambition unequivocally the best of his mind will have to be ascertained before it can be determined whether it will be worth while to put out a ticket or not. By this latter it is meant to say that if he is not to be cordial toward a future nominee the candidacy of such person is foredoomed. The enthusiasm of many of his followers partakes of the character of a religion. Some of them would rather have seen a Republican elected President at any time within the past twelve years than that Mr. Bryan should not have been nominated and some of them, individuals and newspapers, have already declared for him for 1912. Such is the fidelity of some of his supporters, and any one who recognizes the strength and widespread prevalence of this worship must recognize along with it the fact that the future of the Democratic party, that is to say as an organization which may hope to win, is absolutely dependent upon Mr. Bryan's will. If that will would be other than unreservedly friendly to a candidate other than himself, the South should not wait to see a Southern man prepared for the slaughter. The Washington Post truly says that "the fate of the Democratic party is in the keeping of William Jennings Bryan" and never so completely so as at this moment.

It is idle, therefore, to make plans now for the future, and will be idle until it is learned what Mr. Bryan is to say and do. The party achieved unity during the recent campaign and came out of it united, in so far as the press and leaders of its diverse elements could have it so. We are not of those who share the belief that Tammany was unfaithful. But there are thousands of Democrats whom the party organization cannot control and many thousands of these fell away from Mr. Bryan last week, while of the independent vote, the vote which sways all presidential elections, he received practically none. But this is incidental to the present discussion. The question is whether the regulars will stay in line for another stand-up and arrangements made for the next campaign before this vital fact is ascertained may all have to be recast.

HOW THE LETTER WAS FORGED.

In the trial of the man Brandenburg for forging a letter purporting to have been dictated and signed by Mr. Cleveland shortly before his death some very valuable testimony has come from two women stenographers, Brandenburg. These witnesses state, gave them the long since indisputably fake letter to copy from his own handwriting. He finished the composition of the letter in their office, asking at intervals if they did not think the style very much like Mr. Cleveland's. Since no name was attached to the manuscript or copy, the dead statesman's signature must have been forged later. This story would trace almost from its inception the literary fraud which Brandenburg, after two refusals in other quarters, managed to palm off on the New York Times, and which the Republican campaign managers circulated without the least accompanying hint of its doubtful authenticity. For success in temporarily half-deceiving Mrs. Cleveland and Executor Hastings the forger's impudent assurance appears to have been responsible. It would be exceedingly interesting to know with certainty whether other men, inspired by political motives, aided in concert with Brandenburg. We hope that the trial will not end without the fullest possible inquiry into the whole transaction.

The United States Circuit Court of New York has decided that the American Tobacco Company is a trust. We had suspected as much.

THE USES OF THE TARIFF.

Colonel Waterman, of The Louisville Courier-Journal, having excluded protection as an economic policy and preached absolute free trade, The Petersburg Index-Appeal takes his case in hand. "He departs from the straight path," admonishes The Index-Appeal, "when he denounces all protectionists, as well as the doctrine of protection, because the Republican party, by excessive tariff rates, has twisted that doctrine out of its original shape and made it the means of making some men and corporations excessively rich at the expense of many more men."

We quote further: "The doctrine itself is as old as the first Congress under the constitution. It has done much for all the people of the United States. It will do more perpetually. That it has been turned from its proper mission—that it is being shamefully misused now—is true beyond doubt. As a political necessity the Republican party will wave its hand for the inordinate enrichment of the few. But there is no need that the Republican party should be permitted to do this. Men like Colonel Waterman help them to do it. Irreconcilable fanatics on the subject of free trade, like the colonel, unable to see the virtue in anything but the object they admire, keep the Northern mind all the time excited with a belief that the whole South, and the Democratic party, if in power, would discard at once a doctrine upon which to-day, to a large extent, rests the greatest interests of the country next to those of the agriculturist. The colonel cannot see that the stream made muddy by the Republicans might be made pure and be of benefit not only to the factory and mill and mine owner, but to all. With the colonel nothing goes but free trade, and free trade spells Democratic defeat and opportunities for still further Republican perversion of the doctrine or principle of protection."

The Index-Appeal might, further, have demanded to know how the colonel would raise the money for carrying on the government. Either we must pay duties upon articles like tea and coffee or upon articles like cotton cloth. Imports must be taxed, and the only question is whether the taxes shall or shall not be laid in such a manner as to protect home industries. The colonel, by distinct implication, says not. Here at least nine-tenths of the American people will take issue with him. No large political organization in this country has ever stood for such extreme doctrine. The colonel confesses the use and the abuse. We are heartily in agreement with our Petersburg contemporary in this matter.

HOW IT COMES ABOUT.

It happens not infrequently, as in Maryland last week, that the electoral vote of a State is divided, and this naturally puzzles a good many people. As the candidates for elector run not for themselves but only as representatives of others, viz: presidential and vice presidential candidates, there is no sound reason for a variation in the votes of the candidates for elector on the same ticket; and people wonder how it comes about. This is how: A very popular man may be a candidate for elector and men may vote for him as a personal compliment, scratching another name on the ticket. Or there may be another man on the ticket, an unpopular man, of whom some say to themselves, in the abundance of their feeling: "Well, I wouldn't vote for him for anything." Off his name goes. Thus one runs ahead or another behind and in States where the Australian ballot is in use errors occur in marking the names, which is another cause of variation. It often happens, as is seen, that at an election in a State which is close the popularity or unpopularity of an individual candidate for elector, or errors in marking ballots, may cause a split of the vote of the State in the electoral college.

There will be witnessed, we dare say, a difference in the votes cast for the candidates for elector on each of the two principal tickets voted in North Carolina last week. We recall with amusement a quite spirited quarrel between two prominent citizens of this State many years ago, both very vain, who were candidates on the Democratic electoral ticket. One led it, and was not slow in calling on a newspaper friend to bring the fact out, which he did. The other got mad at his more popular colleague for "blowing" about his greater vote and mad also at the reporter for the undue publicity given the fact.

It is not too late to compliment the law officers of Concord and Cabarrus county for their vigilance nor the people of town and county upon their self-restraint and good behavior from the time of the arrest of the negro criminal, Will Graham, and through the proceedings of last week. They did well. The people, naturally incensed, bore themselves, nevertheless, like the enlightened, law-respecting citizens they are, and carry better consciences and feel better for having done so. The wretched criminal will experience the frightful torture of looking certain death full in the face for six weeks and then be hanged by the mandate of the law. His crime will have been fully expiated and no man will have on his hands or conscience the responsibility for his blood.

"I went down to the Democratic headquarters last night," wrote the day before election, a young man vouched for by The Charleston News and Courier as an intelligent observer. "Everything there appeared to be demoralized, with nobody caring how the election turned out." Of course, with hope of success almost extinct, the men at Democratic headquarters might be excused some little laxity, but for weeks before whoever would could have seen that the campaign management was not in the ablest set of hands imaginable.

The last issue of The Commoner, Col. Bryan's paper, dated November 5th, announced the result of the election and its editorial page is distinguished for its good humor, there being not an evidence of ill temper. All of which is very much to the credit of The Commoner.

THE GOOD WORD "FRAZZLE"

That "frazzle" is an orally used by President Roosevelt in an anti-election prophecy should have been a new word to most Northern people strikes the average Southerner with some surprise. "Frazzle," though not every dictionary-maker has heard of it, is of long and honorable standing in the South. Related to "fray," "frings" and "fray," it conveys the idea of a worn edge, whether of troops, fortifications or textiles. It is most frequently used of clothing so badly "frayed" as to be unfit for further wear. "Worn to a frazzle"—perhaps the terribly hard times of the civil war and the long years following helped in making this expression universally current among Southerners. A correspondent of The New York Sun recalls that just before Appomattox General Gordon sent General Lee word that he had fought his corps "to a frazzle." Contributing not a little to the popularity of the word was its early enlistment for use in another connection. This use most of us will remember from childhood. President Roosevelt's mother was a Southern woman, and on more than one occasion when he acted the part of a bad small-boy she very likely threatened to "have your father wear you to a frazzle." So when the President wished in his joy to picture a thoroughly used up Democratic party he had the precise term readily at command. It is certainly high time that the people of the North were becoming acquainted with the good old word, "frazzle."

It may be observed as a matter of some interest that Abram J. Potliver, Governor-elect of Rhode Island, is a cotton manufacturer, and Governor-elect Eben S. Draper, of Massachusetts, is a textile machinery man. There are now, and almost always have been, representatives of the Eastern cotton mill interests in Congress. It may be further remarked, before quitting the subject, that the Representative-elect for the fifth North Carolina congressional district is a cotton manufacturer.

Judge Adams will not stand for reelection as chairman of the Republican State executive committee. It must be conceded that he managed the recent campaign for his party with ability and tact and that his pre-election forecasts were accurate enough, as demonstrated by results, to show that he knew what he was talking about.

How would it do for the national Democratic party at its next convention to adopt as its platform that of the Palmer and Buckner convention of 1896? There never was a finer one.

And Georgia only gave Col. John Temple Graves eighty-five votes. O unnatural Georgia!

THE FIFTH DISTRICT STATUS.

General Seales Resigned His Seat in Congress Immediately After Being Nominated For Re-election. This is What Kitchen Should Have Done, Mr. W. B. Bell Says. To the Editor of The Observer: In to-day's Observer I note where your Wentworth correspondent says that the fifth district will be without representation in the national Congress after January 1st next on account of the fact that the present Congressman, Mr. Kitchen, has been elected Governor. He also states that in 1884 when General Seales was elected Governor. Now let's keep history straight. I was but a child at that time but remember very well that when General Seales who was the fifth district Congressman from the fifth district was nominated for Governor he immediately resigned his seat in Congress and James W. Reid, the Democratic nominee, was voted for in a separate box at the November election and elected to serve the short term which began in December, 1884, and ended in March, 1885. He was also elected to the long term, which did not begin until March, 1885. Had Mr. Kitchen done the right thing and not wanted to act so hogish in the matter, as soon as he was nominated for Governor he would have resigned his seat in Congress and allowed the successful man in last Tuesday's election take his seat in December of this year.

As far as the fifth district not being represented for the next two months of the year, it certainly has had no representative in the past Congress as Kitchen has not been in his seat but in North Carolina making his campaign for the nomination for Governor; and in the opinion of a great many people the writer included, it has been very poorly represented for the past twelve years.

W. B. BELL, Morganton, Nov. 8, 1908.

LEAVITT VS. LEAVITT.

Mr. Bryan's Daughter to Begin Action Against Her Artist Husband at Once. Chicago Dispatch 7th. Now that the election is over and there is no chance that the string of her domestic unhappiness might have a harmful effect upon the political future of her father, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt is preparing to bring suit for absolute divorce from her artist husband, William Homer Leavitt. This information was given out last night by an intimate friend of Mrs. Leavitt. This friend says the suit will be filed in Denver, where the Leavitts had a home—purchased for them by William Jennings Bryan—and where they last lived together. Leavitt is now in Denver, continuing his art studies. The two children, Ruth Leavitt, 6 years old, and William Bryan Leavitt, 3 years old, are with their mother. Officially, they still live in Denver, but they spend much of their time in Lincoln, and the children had the time of their lives at Fairview during the campaign. Little Bryan Leavitt is the complete master of his grandfather, leading here and there, like a pet lamb, the man who was strong enough to compel the Democratic party to nominate him three times for the presidency of the United States. No opposition is expected from the artist. His wife told friends in Denver that he was "simply impossible" and that she "couldn't endure him" another day. When the action is begun the charges will be non-support, mental cruelty and incompatibility of temper. Mrs. Leavitt will ask for the custody of the children.

LAW VERSUS CHICKEN

BY ANDREW J. HOWELL.

A man may sneer all he wants to at the joke artist who persists in repeating the same old-fashioned joke about the negro stealing chickens. But the joker is right. His humor may have lost its savor to many people, but that is due to their ignorance, not his. The negro is today as much of a dopamine of the sport of midnight chick-stealing as he was when he first inspired the comic writer to make capital of his exploits—that is the negro who steals chickens, not the others who do not. And his devotion to the art will continue as long as the growing of a rooster and the cackling of a hen are heard in the land. There is a fine fascination about it that is entirely irresistible.

At my home we have made about a dozen beginnings to raise chickens in our enclosed and fenced-in back yard; and as many times were our efforts thwarted by the clearing of the roost during the night. The last occasion of the kind was several years ago; and I had begun to think that the unhappy desire for chickens among the negro race had abated. In this I was mistaken.

One morning I dropped around at the city hall, and saw an old negro meekly walking into the court room in the custody of an officer. I recognized him; there was no better handymen in the city for cleaning a flower garden.

"Good morning, boss," he said, bowing low, and with an appeal in his eyes which was unmistakable.

"What is the trouble, Uncle Dover?" I asked.

The officer stopped and surveyed his charge with very evident amusement. "I ran him in last night, sir," he explained, "for raiding a hen roost. I am sorry for Uncle Dover, but it is a clear case, that's bound to go hard with him."

"I 'clare to Lor', boss, he did get me; but an ole man like me can't run, and don't have no chance, no way, 'specially 's I'm gone in dat yard, do? I know dat, but we fool niggers always do'n' sumpun we oughtn't to."

"Why did you want to steal the chickens, any way, Uncle Dover?" I queried. "You can make a good living without stealing."

"Well, dat's jes it, boss; of course I can't do no work in my house, and corn bread, and plenty to eat, but sumpun tell me I want some chicken. I say, No, I don't need no chicken. Den it come to me again—and say, Go on and git a chicken. I say, No. By dat time I done find my hat, and step out on de back porch and reach up for a tew sack. Den widout allowing what I doin', I come on down de street, and fust thing I know, I in Miss Hallie Farmer back yard. I tweak de neck of two hens, and slip 'em in my sack. Boss, 'pon my word, 'specially 's I'm a poor nigger, when I start out de yard, do, de policemen nab me. How he know I dere, I aint see yit."

The officer chuckled. "Captain," continued the old darkey, changing my title, and his tone to one of supplication, "can't you put in a good word for me wid de judge? If he turn me loose, I 'clare to Lor', I'll leave chicken coops alone."

What could I do? He was pleading with me further when the officer ordered him to move on into a cell, to be punished by the law for his crime.

And so it goes—till one might well feel that, to make sure he does not lead an ignorant negro into trouble, he should abstain from raising chickens, and pay his share for the darkey's schooling.

SAYINGS OF MRS. SOLOMON.

Translated from the Confession of Helen Royland, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Hearken, my daughter, and hear my counsel! If thou hast a secret, tell it unto thy man friend; for he is as a patent ink bottle, wherein much ink, but nothing spilloth out. But a woman friend is as a paper bag with a hole in the side.

Yes, a man friend is as discreet as a hammock on the side porch or a cork cover on a davenport; but a man that boasteth of his conquests and smereeth at other women, beware of him, for he is as a placket without hooks ready to betray thee and hold thee up to ridicule.

Lo! how wise is the man that hath been long married! He commandeth the barber that he perfume not his hair; he eateth cloves and osheweth sen-sen; he putteth on a soiled neck-tie when he cometh forth taking his photograph to Coney Island and shangeth it at the haberdashery. Verily, he avoideth the appearance of evil.

Yet, I say unto thee, it is as difficult to persuade him to stay with thee after thou hast married him as it was to persuade him to leave thee before thou didst marry him.

For the strength of duty, and thou art of a sameness like unto the daily hash of the boarding-house luncheon. When he taketh thee forth to a theatre he refuseth to don his dress suit; he smothereth his top hat; and slinketh up his cane, saying, "Behold, I am afraid! Why tarriest thou?"

He walketh two feet ahead of thee and bundleth thee into a street car. He sideth four blocks out of the way that he may procure a newspaper and yawneeth beside thee in a seat in the first balcony. He hurrieth thee home that thou mayest not note the glitter of the restaurant signs.

English the Logical Esperanto. Kansas City Journal. One of the logical and inevitable Volapuk and Esperanto of the future, and long before these so-called universal languages become more than philological freaks in the linguistic museum of the world English will have become the ubiquitous medium of interchange of thought. Human nature to the greatest force in the world, and human nature is silled on the side of the English language, for English is the language of the greatest travelers in the world. Travel means dollars in the pockets of the natives of the countries visited, and tourists travel most where they are best served. The expansion of the markets means growing intimacy between nations, and self-interest always settles more problems than academic philosophy. All nations have contributed to the English language, and it is only nature that it should be welcome in all places.

Gen. W. R. Cox, Washington Herald.

Gen. William Rufus Cox, his well-known Confederate general, is a native of the South. He was born in North Carolina in 1831; secretary of the United States Senate from 1893 to 1898, and chairman of the Democratic State executive committee, besides many other offices of public trust.

OTHER TALES OF THE TOWN.

Mr. C. Smith, of Stanley, tells of an incident which is interesting to those who know the town. Named the Selwyn the Kool Zinnynne. To the Editor of The Observer.

It seems an invariable rule that when a man is nominated for some high office the people look back as well as forward, and that his past life most interest them just as much as the future. Even his name must come in for a share of criticism. Now as the Observer is always on the alert for an oddity in names as well as individuals the following train of thought has been brought about.

At the first convention held in the Queen City, the present year, the name of the gentleman who heads the list, although a common household word, yet we can't remember of a person bearing that name having been a resident citizen of Charlotte, or at least of having any prominent part in the affairs of the city through its long and interesting career. Does any of The Observer's readers know of such an one?

Of the name heading the list at the second convention there has been and perhaps is to-day. We will mention two, and think that both of these have passed away. The first of these was addressed as colonel, while the other was just plain George. They were both frequenters of Tryon street, which they loved much, and almost all of Charlotte knew them. They represented the two extremes of rank and position. They both obtained their wealth through the sale of fuel—

The one through glowing anthracite; The other, through glittering lightwood. One drove his coach with four-in-hand. The other used his pees with merchandise in hand.

It's the latter which is our hero and of him we write, for he was native there and the senior editor of The Observer remembers him. We sometimes think that the part of The Observer designated as The Old Man studied orthography under our hero, for near-spelling was one of his accomplishments. He would never abbreviate, but always added letters to all nouns, both proper and common.

He had a singular attachment for the letter "K," and would use it often instead of "C." He claimed that more letters always added dignity and strength to a man's name. Of the elements he would spell arath, phrost and know. His stock in trade he would sometimes enumerate as walking knaves, pocket knives, and pine knots. But the latter he would write pligne knaokets; and this, we might suggest, that our President adopt near, near, he would rather the Yale-tide smoke curl up from his old Virginia hearthstone.

This man of whom we write would write his name Koxkox. It is hardly probable that our President adopted Mr. Koxkox, ever heard of such present day names as Gib Cross, Bunk Best, Nod Nants, or the more romantic one of Kimpsey O'Husky, and some other briefs of which The Observer is happily familiar. Yet we sometimes think that had this unique and interesting character been on earth and had been given the task of inscribing the name on the minaret of the Queen City hotel when so many were casting about for the most appropriate, that he would have carved it Kseil Zinnynne.

Stanley, N. C. C. F. SMITH.

REHEARSAL OF BELMONT CHURCH.

The Ladies Working to Improve the Church Building and Its Surroundings. Exhibits Given For This Purpose.

To The Editor of The Observer. I want to give you a little write-up of the floral exhibit in Belmont church last Saturday. It was a red-letter day for the Belmont Presbyterian church. The Ladies Aid Society of that church gave a splendid exhibit of flowers and of their handiwork. Both were very fine indeed. The Belmont people and also the uptown ladies took quite an interest in it. The contributions were not confined to the ladies of the Presbyterian church alone, ladies of other churches bringing contributions to the Lord's work and laying them down as their sacrifice. It was truly grand to see them coming in every direction with these offerings. It carried the writer in mind back to the olden times when the Jews brought their thank offerings into the Lord's house.

The object for which the ladies are now working is to improve the church building and its surroundings. They realized something over \$50, and the social feature was worth a great deal both to the church and to the people. There was but one regret, one missing link, and that was that the young man Johnston Hutchison who worked so hard to build up that church and its Sunday school could not be there to enjoy it.

The ladies of the society desire to give a cordial invitation to all ladies in Belmont and the surrounding country to come and join them in their work of the Lord.

LOOKERON, November 5th, 1908.

SETTLING "FOOL" WAGERS.

St. Regis Barbers and Others Make Good Their Promises to Do Quack Things on Result.

New York Herald, 6th. It was pay day in Wall street yesterday for the men who bet and lost on the election. Bookmakers, it was generally said, were the principal losers, having, in the language of the street, been whipsawed by the shifting odds in the contest between Hughes and Chanler. At first they bet heavily on Chanler, and then toward the end of the campaign hedged and finally on the eve of election, shifted again, playing the Chanler side.

Compared with other presidential years there was very little money wagered on the election. Where, therefore, there was at least \$1,000,000 in banks, trust companies and stock exchange houses, held upon the results in the State and nation, this year it was estimated that \$500,000 would cover all.

Because the results were so overwhelmingly decisive the losers did not stand on technicalities and ordered the stakeholders to pay the money at once.

Correction Accepted. Charlotte Evening Post.

The Charlotte Observer thinks that "Mr. Bryan's success in carrying his own State for the first time must be no small accomplishment." It is not the first time Mr. Bryan has achieved the satisfaction of carrying his own State. In 1896 Nebraska gave its electoral vote to Mr. Bryan and that was the first time the State had ever gone Democratic.

A long-remembered incident of the Little-Long Co. is that the company was organized in 1891 by a group of men who were looking for a new field in which to invest their money. They found it in the sale of overcoats, and they have since that time been successful in their business.

The Little-Long Co.



Getting the Right Overcoat at the Right Place, The Right Time and at the Right Price

For just the right Overcoat, look to us, for our store is the right place and this weather is evidence that it is the right time and our wonderful growth in clothing sales is proof that our prices are right. We have the newest models in Tan Top Coats, Black and Colored Dress and Business Overcoats from \$10.00 to \$22.50 Raincoats that answer the purpose of both from \$7.50 to \$22.50

Boys' Overcoats Those little Tan, Red, Blue and Black Reefers \$4.00 to \$7.50 Youths' Raincoats and Overcoats \$3.50 to \$10.00

Swell line Adler's Gloves, new stock just received yesterday in regular and Cadet, Tan, Brown, Gray, Black or White \$1.00 to \$1.75 Dent's Kid Gloves \$2.00 and \$2.50

Emercy Shirts \$1.00 to \$3.00

It fits, it wears, it pleases. In 1-4, 1-2 or full stiff bosom, Colored or Full Dress and Neglige. Men's Union Suits \$2.00 and \$3.00 Heavy Cotton Ribbed, all sizes \$2.00 and Gray Ribbed Cashmere \$3.00

Three Popular Hats

John B. Stetson \$3.50 to \$5.00 No Name \$3.00 Dilworth \$2.50, in the latest novelties.

Fine Shoes

Sorosis \$3.50 to \$4.00 Artistic \$3.00 Florine \$2.50 Superba \$2.00 and Grover \$1.75 to \$3.00 for Women. Men's Fine Shoes in Sorosis and Knox \$5.00 and \$6.00 and "Dilworth" \$3.50 to \$4.50 Our School Shoes are just as good as the best and people like them

Over-Gaiters

Ladies, Misses' and Men's, from 25c. to 75c. Children's Leggings from 50c. to \$1.00

To-Morrow's the Day

When we shall start a sale of 50 twenty-year Gold Filled Watches, Solid Gold Bow, 12 size, thin model, 7-jewel Elgin or Waltham movement; all regulated and every one is guaranteed. Cash sale only, for \$10.50

Mail orders taken, but money must accompany order and we will guarantee you satisfied. Express prepaid.

The Little-Long Co.