

THE LORDS OF HIGH DECISION

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Craighill and his son entered the room with a commotion... "The door curled its tape... the basket while the... the portrait was discussed... they checked their coats... they began, and in the... they were immediately... of a group of... it seemed, as if... attention than his... "Colonel," as nearly... it would of course... characteristic way; but... his own relation to the... to be viewed in a fresh... there were those among... who chafed him about his... "She would... undoubtedly visit upon him... contemptuously of step... others reappraised the... millions with a view of... just how much the new... would cut into the ex... of Mrs. Blair and Wayne... Craighill's first wife, every one... had brought him a con... Wayne, and many were... going to recall how much of... passed in him, and how... passed direct to the chil...

Wayne, who crystallized in... the Greater City's as... and muscle, declared... the large dining room... the two Craighills... in fancy, that for... from had yielded the... of the stage to Cupid. Many... left their tables, napkin... to congratulate the colonel... too, submitted his hand... some of them... theaters expressive... and likable... a shrewd one, so... it was a real stroke... himself to the eye of... in company with his son... memorable day. It was not... Craighill to make a... that would estrange his... the outward and visible... of the impending... industrially presented in... where father and son ate... together. When there... in the visit to the Craig... Wingfield lounged listless... up his chair for a chat... Not being a hypocrite... shook hands with the col... did not refer to the topic... He addressed himself to... of the prospects of the... called attention to some... at the Art Institute... the presence in Amer... great French portrait painter... work Mr. Craighill was... should certainly have him... colonel. This is the best... would for the assembling... art; the grimace soon... masters of them all. The... meet at three... in the board room of... building. Your check... generous, colonel; but Wayne... to work. Don't forget the... Wayne. We count on him... Craighill. By the way... an old friend of ours has... here—Padlock of asle... stammering tongue. What... may I ask, for any man... sure of wealth for his... when they're likely to scam... spots for locusts and wild... One might expect Padlock... to study the iron bus... his blessing he's come to... "I've seen Jimmy."

"I thought you hadn't seen him,"... Colonel Craighill in sur... "I ran into him the other... dance," replied Wayne... after we had been talking about... the same chap. Our meet... very fortunate—in fact... don't seem to hit it off."

"Always was modest about him... remember," said Wingfield... to give him a dinner at... to interest people in his... schemes, but he wouldn't... "I'm doing a noble work, I hear,"... Colonel Craighill. "It's unfortu... that he won't accept help from... among us who know the local... "Well, it's a relief that philan... can enter this town just once... without precluding itself with a lot... and brag," said Wingfield... to be Padlock; in fact, every hon...

Society News
Many Women Now Doing Without False Hair.
The use of false hair and other paraphernalia in the upbuilding of woman's thinned hair may be necessary, but the hair is far from pleasing.
With care nature can supply to most women all their hair necessary for attractive dressing.
Thousands of women, refined and educated, have learned that it is not hard to have, and to keep an abundance of lustrous hair, if Parisian hair the hair grower is used daily.
Since its introduction into America, Parisian hair has become a prime factor with women who desire luxuriant hair that will not fall out or turn gray, used daily it will stop itching, immediately clean; will stop itching and falling hair, and remove every particle of dandruff.
Because the hair to grow because it is able to penetrate into the roots, it besides nourishing the hair, prevents the dandruff germ. R. H. Jordan & Co. and druggists everywhere guarantee Parisian hair to do exactly as advertised, or money back. A large bottle only costs 50 cents, and it is a most invigorating and refreshing hair dressing. The girl with the Parisian hair is on every package.

orable intention of placing my soul at his disposal. It's only decent to patronize new home industries." Colonel Craighill had not known of Wayne's election to the orchestra board, and as Wingfield left he said: "That's the kind of thing I like—our name to be identified with—the best aims and endeavors of the city. I'm deeply gratified to know that you're interested in the orchestra. We older men have our hands full. It's for your generation to build upon our foundations." "They put me on the board, I guess, because I used to play the fiddle!" "So you did! That was your dear mother's idea—that you should take violin lessons. As I remember, you showed considerable aptitude."

"I believe I rather liked it." And Wayne saw himself again in knickerbockers standing at his mother's side by the piano, in the half-remembered days of his happy childhood. He was thrown back upon the mood of four nights before, when he had stood before his mother's portrait and felt the call of memory. There was in his heart a turbulent rebellion against this impeccable father, who faced him as always, bland, poised, assured, imaginary wrongs grew real, slight injuries and injustices, long forgotten, cried fiercely in their recrudescence for vengeance.
And conscious of its foolishness he had planned an evil thing. It had crossed his mind like a dart, sharp, obscuring the fair horizon of his better nature the moment he looked upon the face of the woman his father was about to marry. He had known her first, that was the beautiful irony of it; and he was keeping silent because in her, installed as his father's wife, he saw a means of retaliation. His hatred of his father was no growth of a day, and the face in the locket, the letter from the woman herself that he had read the night he began his latest debate, had hardened it into a fixed idea.
The knowledge that his father had brought him here today merely to advertise the perfect family of their relations suggested him, and now Colonel Craighill dismissed him abruptly, saying that he would take his cigar with Fraser, the short, grave, round-faced corporation lawyer, who was soon, it appeared, to accept the nation for his client.
Wingfield, with his eyes on the situation, carried Wayne below for a game of billiards.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VI.
Before a Portrait by Sargent
Wayne Craighill's education had been planned by his father on broad lines. The Craighills had of old been Presbyterians, but Colonel Craighill was no bigot; there, in keeping with his generous attitude in such matters, Wayne was sent to a preparatory school in Vermont, conducted under Episcopalian auspices. Moreover, the head of St. John's was a personal friend, whom Col. Craighill knew well. Nothing could be better for the boy than a few years spent under the eye of the famous master. The transition from the Presbyterianism in which was born to the High Church school was abrupt. The very vocabulary of worship was different; the choral services in the beautiful chapel appealed to his emotional nature, and he found a quiet in his own part in the singing when he attended in the course of a place in the choir of the choir. From the preparatory school Wayne went to the Institute of Technology. His mother and pleaded for the law; but Colonel Craighill pointed out the superiority of scientific education in a day when science guarded so many of the approaches to success. And Wayne, born among the iron hills, was persuaded that his best course lay in fitting himself for a career in keeping with the greatest interests of his native state, and so his father prevailed, and Wayne had, not without much stress and resistance of spirit, taken his degree in science. Certain aspects of mining, and of the chemistry of the force had appealed to him, but rather to his strong imagination than to any practical use he saw in his knowledge. He had spent a summer in a large colliery, obedient to his father's wish that the young man should apply and test theory before he had a chance to forget the teaching of the schools; and Wayne had entered into this with relish. But while he had taken into his own strong hands every tool used in the labor, and fed boiler furnaces and sat by the scales in weigh houses, he had shared also the social life of the world of coal. He had spent his evenings in the saloons of the village, talking and drinking with the miners in a spirit of democracy that won their affections. His violence when drunk had first manifested itself at this period. He was so big and powerful that the fierce reinforcement of his natural strength by drink made him a terror. He had once run wild through the long black lane of a mine, driving an electric motor and train of wallowing mine cars, captured after a fight from their lawful conductors, smashing finally a line of coal pillars with a force that might have shaken the huge cave down upon him.
So far as his own aptitude and taste were concerned his education went for naught. The Homeric, picturesque side of industrial Pennsylvania appealed to him. The wrestling of the enormous latent power from the hills; the sky lighted by the glow of multitudinous ovens and furnaces; the roar and shriek of machinery—these and like phenomena touched his imagination, and he cared little for practical side while they were so much more captivating as panorama than as trade. We need not deal in unprofitable speculations as to what different education might have made of Wayne Craighill; for an intelligent appreciation

of books and pictures and a love of music are too easily confused with genius. It is suffice that some playful god had injected into his blood a drop of the divine essence, enough merely to visit upon him the fleeting moods of the dreamer and the restless longings of those who seek the light that never was.
His nature was compounded of many elements of good and evil. Taste, delicacy, fine feeling, he had in abundance; he was sensitive to the appeal of beautiful things. In fits of solitude and industry he would read voraciously; many subjects awakened his curiosity. But his passions were strong and deep, and they had their way with him. Again, his restraint and measure were surprising. Wingfield, who knew him best of all, was amazed at times by the sobriety and wisdom of Wayne's judgments. We have said that he was free hill of his city; more than that, he was not unkindly to his genius, its confused aims, its weaknesses and its aspirations. The iron of the hills was in his blood; and iron, let us remember, has the merit as well as the defects of its qualities!
Joe drove Wayne to the Modern Art Institute in the machine. He went early to have a glimpse of several recent additions to the collection before the meeting of the orchestra committee, and later he was to go to his sister's.
The peace of the quiet gallery enveloped him gratefully. He paid his respects to old favorites, saying a half hour for the new arrivals. Dick Wingfield's mother, conveying two girls, was among the other visitors. He had reached a point at which, half unconsciously, he gave the women the opportunity to cut him if they wished. This too girls became rather obviously intent upon the upper line of cantrages as he passed them. They were the daughters of his father's neighbors; they had known him all their lives, and yet they deliberately turned their backs upon him. He had paraded, a little resentful, a little ashamed, in a farther corner, when Mrs. W. had said "don't look at her hands." She had been one of his mother's intimate friends and she trucked him gently on the arm.
"I am glad to see you, Wayne. We very rarely meet any more. I wish you would come to see me."
She was so gentle, the meaning of her kindness struck so deep that he flushed as he took her hand.
"I have never lost faith in you, Wayne."
"Thank you; you're the only one, then, Mrs. Wingfield. You and Dick are about all I have left."
"Who is this woman your father is marrying?" she demanded with sudden asperity.
"A lady, of course. What would you expect of my father?"
"I would expect him to be like all the other old fools," she declared. "A woman like your mother, Wayne Craighill, can have no successor."
She still clasped his hand tightly, and he bent over her with deferential courtesy, and such recent fiction of Uncle Remus, and such recent fiction as Mistress of Shenston and Tom Dixon's "Root of Evil." Another supply of these two books will be placed on sale Monday morning.
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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Books
AND
Other Specials
For Monday

Our big removal sale has shown us that Charlotte people appreciate the opportunity we are offering them to secure good books at prices in the reach of all.

Our \$1.02 Counters
have made a big hit—placing on these counters the latest fiction, biography, gift books and artistic juvenile books, ranging in price from \$1.25 to \$2.50 book, such as the A. B. Frost edition of Uncle Remus, and such recent fiction as Mistress of Shenston and Tom Dixon's "Root of Evil." Another supply of these two books will be placed on sale Monday morning.

AT
67c
will be found books in every department of literature, great \$1.00 to \$1.50 values, recent \$1.00 books such as Mrs. Opp, by the author of Mrs. Wiggs, and the big holiday seller, "Molly Make Believe."

39c
All the reprint copyright books sold at 50c and many higher priced books, not only in fiction but in gift books and in the standard authors.

19c
That's where we made a ten strike. Many people picked up such books as St. Elmo, Elsie Densmore, David Copperfield and other books that they thought could not be bought under a dollar. We really hated to let some of the books go at this figure, but we want every home in this vicinity to be the richer on account of this sale. Remember, 19 cents buys a copy of many of the greatest books in the language, with hundreds to select from.

A Special
will be our College Counter. Everything in our stock appealing particularly to college girls will be reduced: \$1.00 Pennants... 87c
75c Pennants... 49c
Pillow Tops, Table Covers, College Posters, College Stationery, etc., all at greatly reduced prices.
Fine Box Writing Paper and Envelopes on sale Monday, 7 cents a box

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Low Rates to Atlanta, Ga., and Return via Southern Railway, Account of Southern Commercial Congress, March 8, 9, and 10.
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For further information, Pullman accommodations, etc., call or write, R. H. DeBUTTS, T. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

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Easy and Quickest Way to Break Up a Cold.
If you want instant relief from cold in head or chest, or from acute catarrh try this:
Into a bowl of boiling hot water pour a teaspoonful of HYOMEL (pronounce it High-ome) hold your head over the bowl and cover head and bowl with towel. Then breathe the pleasant, penetrating, antiseptic vapor deep into the lungs, over the sore, raw, tender membrane, and most gratifying relief will come in a few minutes.
Druggists everywhere will sell a bottle of HYOMEL for 50 cents. Ask for extra bottle Hyomel Inhalant.
Don't be stubborn. Don't be prejudiced. There is not a particle of morphine, cocaine, or any injurious or habit forming drug in HYOMEL.
Give it a trial as R. H. Jordan & Co. risk they guarantee it. It is made of eucalyptus and other grand antiseptics. It will chase away the misery of catarrh or any affliction of the nose and throat in a few minutes.
You can get a trial sample free by writing Booth's Hyomel Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Man is a Failure
When he has no confidence in himself nor his fellow men.
When he values success more than character and self-respect.
When he does not try to make his work a little better each day.
When he becomes so absorbed in his work that he cannot say that life is greater than work.
When he lets a day go by without making some one happier and more comfortable.
When he tries to rule others by bullying instead of by example.
When he values wealth above health, self-respect, and the good opinion of others.
When he is so burdened by his business that he finds no time for rest and recreation.
When he loves his own plans and interests more than humanity.
When his friends like him for what he has more than for what he is.
When he knows that he is in the wrong, but is afraid to admit it.
When he envies others because they have more ability, talent, or wealth than he has.
When he does not care what happens to his neighbor or to his friend so long as he is prosperous.
When he is so busy doing that he has no time for smiles and cheering words.
True as preaching. This also is true: The place to buy life insurance is at Insurance Headquarters, where you get the best insurance on the market.

C. N. G. Butt & Co
INSURANCE HEADQUARTERS
A Warm Fire
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A Good Book
What more could you wish for these cold evenings?
You perhaps have sufficient of the first and second, but the third you can never get too many.
Come in and look over our line of 50-cent copyrights and just see how many good books you can get for a small sum.
Over 800 to select from.
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Prices Reasonable.
150 Elegant Rooms.
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Located in the heart of Charlotte, convenient to railroad station, street cars and the business and shopping centre. Cater to high-class commercial and tourist trade.
Pure Water from our Artesian Well, 203 1/2 feet deep, for sale, 5c gallon at Hotel.
10c gallon in 5-gallon lots, Delivered in Charlotte or at R. Station.
EDGAR B. MOORE, Proprietor.

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NORFOLK & WESTERN.
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11 am. Lv. Charlotte So. Ry. 5:50 pm.
2:40 pm. Lv. Winston N&W 2:10 pm.
6:44 pm. Lv. Martville N&W Ar. 11:40 am.
7:00 am. Lv. Roanoke N&W Lv. 9:15 am.
Additional trains leave Winston-Salem 7:10 a. m. daily except Sunday.
Connects at Roanoke for the East and West Pullman sleepers. Dining cars.
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New 8-room house, well built, with hard wood floors and all modern conveniences. Basement is large enough to be used as a garage. Lot 50x200.
PRICE LOW—TERMS EASY
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OFFICE OF THE
Mechanics Perpetual
B. & L. Association
February 11, 1911
We feel sure that many thousand of Charlotte's citizens as well as many of other states have been on the qui-vive for the announcement by this world renowned Association of the opening of another SERIES the
57TH IN ITS HISTORY
and it might facetiously be said of it as is of a certain medicine that children cry for it, so we can say with assurance that not only children, but every one, old and young and their cousins, sisters and aunts are waiting for it. Our last year's work was phenomenal in its success—in that the two Series opened during that year went to 7044 shares, of a par value of 704,400 that our current business for the year was \$620,000.00.
We have paid out since January 1st, 1910, to maturing Series the sum of \$324,000 of which \$158,000 was cash, and \$166,000 in the cancellation of 189 mortgages—so that this Association has been instrumental in adding since January 1910, 189 homes to Charlotte. These facts ought and no doubt will have their weight with the people everywhere throughout the land.
LOANS
While our application list for loans is large yet we reach applications at from six to seven months from date of the filing and the management have a plan on foot which, if it materializes will be revolutionized B. & L. affairs in the State, in that, it will enable us to reach applications in from three to four months from date of applications, hence, you had BETTER GET ON OUR "HAND WAGON" and be on hand.
THE 57TH SERIES
will open March 1st, first payment of dues Saturday March 4th, the books for subscription are open now.
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bear in mind that the sooner you subscribe and make application for loan, the sooner your loan is reached.
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Prices Reasonable.
150 Elegant Rooms.
75 Private Baths.
Located in the heart of Charlotte, convenient to railroad station, street cars and the business and shopping centre. Cater to high-class commercial and tourist trade.
Pure Water from our Artesian Well, 203 1/2 feet deep, for sale, 5c gallon at Hotel.
10c gallon in 5-gallon lots, Delivered in Charlotte or at R. Station.
EDGAR B. MOORE, Proprietor.

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New 8-room house, well built, with hard wood floors and all modern conveniences. Basement is large enough to be used as a garage. Lot 50x200.
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