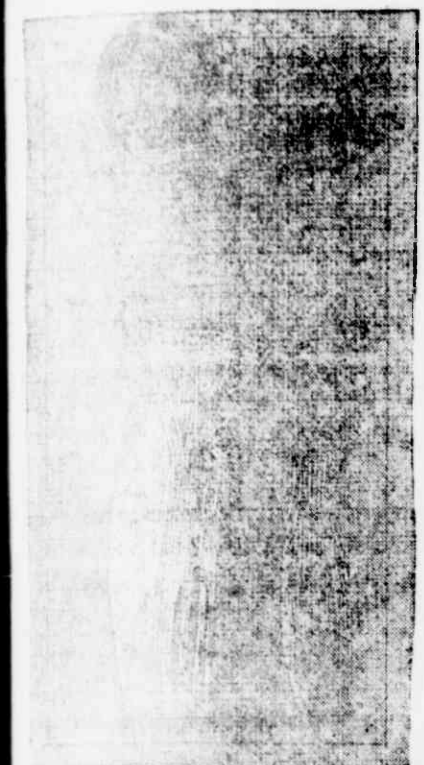


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Have You Seen It? GLASON The Imitation Man or Real Man WHICH? Can You Guess? IVEY'S

Social and Personal

(By Adde Williams Caldwell.)

Aspiration. I envy not the sun His lavish light; But O to be the one Pale orb of night, In silence and alone Communing with mine own!

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT OF WOMAN'S CLUB. As a prelude to Dr. Johnson's address at the Presbyterian College last night the Literature Department of the Woman's Club met yesterday afternoon at Mrs. Frank McNinch's and observed the day as "North Carolina Day."

Between the living room and dining room a large state flag was hung as a portiere, the flag being the property of Mrs. Dudley Burkheimer, one of the club members. On the chairman's table was a big brass jardiniere of long leaf pine, which, later in the afternoon was the inspiration, quickly thought of by Mrs. Rogers, the chairman, for the women uniting in the North Carolina Toast, which was said with gusto.

The Ride of Captain Jack—1775. Come hear the ride of Captain Jack To Philadelphia and back. John Gilpin never rode as he; Not Paul Revere, as you shall see, Nor Tam O'Shanter's modest mule Your ear shall from my tale beguile.

God save the King! forever said; And he be wrong or be he right, "God save the King!" from morn till night. But men in Mecklenburg there were Who dared King George's wrongs

Then Captain Jack agreed to be The messenger to congress. See! His hat they bring, his spurs, his sword, He mounts his horse, a farewell word, The message safe in hand, at last, The hated street of Tryon passed!

Every day, all day, all day once more Nor half that daring ride is o'er.

No courier of prose or song Ever yet did ride so fast and long. For thirteen hundred miles he went, And half a hundred horses spent Before the Quaker town he spied, Or rested from his fearsome ride, At once our delegate he sought And showed the document he brought. The president of Congress deemed The act too premature, but it seemed That Jefferson with wiser eyes

Whatever fate the paper met It's bearer we cannot forget, James Jack is dead long, long ago, His fame, indeed, shall never be so; For we will ever tell how he Rode far and well for liberty.

Mrs. W. L. Nicholson—who always has something bright and surprising, no matter when or where she is called upon—had been assigned the subject of "An Ideal Home." "As we never attained into an ideal home" in its broader and more figurative sense, said Mrs. Nicholson. "I have taken the liberty of paraphrasing the subject by the insertion of one word—club—making my subject 'An Ideal Club Home.' (Applause.) Then and there followed one of the cleverest bits of humor in a running story emanating from Mrs. Nicholson's fertile brain, that it has never been the department's pleasure—and profit—to hear. Each member of the club had part and parcel in the paper—but more must not be told, for The News is going to let you read it for yourself on Sunday's Social Page.

the poem composed by Rev. Plato Durham for "North Carolina Day," to music and it was sung by Mesdames C. C. Hook, Paul Lucas, A. B. Justice, F. O. Doggett, O. J. Theis, Rush Wray, F. McNinch, Miss Patterson was the accompanist and Mrs. Henry Anderson the violinist.

A piano solo and a vocal solo by Miss Patterson with violin obligato by Mrs. Anderson, made up the musical feast of the afternoon.

Mrs. McNinch, could not, after writing "Capt. Jack's Ride," serve "tea" at an old-fashioned coffee-urn, at an "ideal" table, Mrs. O. J. Theis presided. Ices and cakes, made from recipes in the Woman's Club Cook Book, were served. In the centre of the table was a large plateau surrounded by long leaf pine—and the burrs.

Silk strips of the North Carolina colors were thrown across the table and high over all, hung from a handsome electrolier, was the hornet's nest—the famous insignia of this country.

The whole affair was "ideally" planned and executed.

Mrs. J. E. Reilley, president of the State Federation, was the guest of honor at yesterday's meeting.

A pleasing benediction she left with the department was: "I am just as proud of you as I can be."

The next meeting of the department will be April 4th, at the Manufacturers' Club.

ECHOES FROM RECIPROCITY DAY. A gifted writer in the Greensboro Industrial News, writing of "Echoes from Reciprocity Day," pays gracious compliment to Charlotte hostesses.

"Echoes continue to come from the members of the Woman's club of this city, which, together with the sister club at High Point, was a guest of the Charlotte club on March 2.

Every member of the Queen City club had resolved, in the words of the poet, to "let our reciprocal vows remember none more brilliantly."

A more perfectly planned and executed day of pleasure could not have been. "He cannot have sufficient honor done unto him, but the uttermost we can do, we must," seemed to be the constant watchword. Nothing in the world was omitted to make the entertainment a complete success.

"The Greensboro club," said one woman, "spent a never-to-be-forgotten day with the Charlotte club on March 2. Truly it was a red (and white) letter day. From the moment of arrival we were treated like invalids so far as walking was concerned, but when it came to providing for the inner man, we should have had the capacity of a healthy, voracious epicure. The Charlotte women are royal hostesses, indeed. They treated us to one delightful surprise after another, with a joy in so doing that can come only from feelings of genuine hospitality."

Among dozens of expressions one woman emphasized particularly her motor drive over the city, the favorable impression she derived from it as to the well planned, well kept streets, the beautiful homes, and in her words, "my hostess was the most queenly I ever knew. The luncheon was perfectly arranged and served."

Another said that beside the profusion of beautiful courtesies of her hostess, one of the things that impressed her was the beauty and cleanliness of the streets. Even the business streets are kept in such beautiful order that they looked like residential streets.

She was told that the civic league had been working on them for some time. When the club women were settled back in their seats of the homeward bound coach they sighed with regret that the happy day was over, but not so, for as the train pulled slowly along the platform there was a beautiful line of hostesses giving the chatanqua salute, nor was this the end, for the extreme thoughtfulness followed after Charlotte was left for behind—a thoughtfulness that betook the form of supper arranged in dainty boxes and including the most toothsome collation.

Beneath the cover of the box was a card upon which was a pine cone, and the familiar toast, on the reverse side, were the compliments of the household economics department, the daintiest preparation of two kinds of sandwiches, delicious chocolate creams and beautiful white cake.

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