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WHEN YOU SEE IT IN THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER IT'S SO.

ONE MINUTE INTERVIEWS

BY MRS. J. P. CALDWELL Office Phone Number 334.

One of the Gold Stars on the Methodist Conference Service Flag is for Capt. Bascom Field, son of Rev. M. C. Field—Lieut. Col. Joseph Hyde Pratt's Tribute to Dead Soldier.

One of the features of the opening here of the present session of the Western North Carolina Conference was the presentation to the conferees of a service flag with 100 stars on it, each star representing a son of a Methodist preacher in the present conference personnel.

All of the stars are not blue. There are gold stars, too. One of these is for Capt. Bascom Field, of the 105th engineers, son of Rev. and Mrs. M. C. Field, of Greensboro, who was killed in action September 29, being in the engagement that broke through the Hindenburg line at Bellecourt. He was commissioned a captain September 21. Mr. and Mrs. Field have received an in memoriam letter from Lieut. Colonel Joseph Hyde Pratt, commander of the 105th engineers, Thirtieth division, in France, in which is a beautiful testimonial to the fallen soldier. In the tribute Lieut. Colonel Pratt says:

"In all of his life I never heard him utter an oath or speak harshly of any one. He was a true Christian soldier. Bascom had been associated with me in highway work for six years, and enlisted in my battalion. I feel his loss greatly. He is buried in the Timecort military cemetery, the American plot, row A, grave 25. We placed a cross at the head of his grave, facing the enemy. At the time of his death.

"Captain Field was superintending the reconstruction of a road at the front so that our troops and artillery could go forward. He was killed by a piece of shell that exploded near him. I do not think that he suffered the least pain."

Captain Armstrong of the same regiment wrote: "He was a born commander, an inspiration to us all, and his memory will always be cherished through the Thirtieth division."

Captain Field graduated at the University of North Carolina, class of 1915. As a freshman he entered with a class of seven to win the coveted Phi Beta Kappa honor.

Rev. Mr. Field, father of Captain Field, is unable to attend conference on account of poor health.

"Whit" Forbes Comes Back—Finds a New Charlotte.

A prominent visitor in the city Wednesday was Mr. Whit Forbes, of Richmond. Mr. Forbes had been to Henricetta to visit the Henrietta Mills in which he has large holdings. On his return he stopped for a day in Charlotte, where he was born and reared, and where, in former years, he was a successful merchant, dealing in shoes, the name of his firm being Smith & Forbes. Mr. Forbes left Charlotte 39 years ago for Richmond. He is one of the wealthy men of that city and a leading citizen. He has a palatial home in the Virginia city, and there dispenses royal hospitality.

"This is a new Charlotte," said Mr. Forbes, when seen at the Selwyn with L. W. Sanders, one of his Charlotte friends. "I know only a very few people. The place has grown into a beautiful city. I should never have known it."

Methodist Sing Better Than Anybody and Say Amen Better Than Anybody—Conference Side-Light.

"There are two things the Methodist can do better than anybody," launched out the woman of observations Wednesday afternoon on coming out of Tryon Street Methodist church, where the Western North Carolina conference is being held. "They can sing better, and say 'Amen' better than any other church. I stepped in the church as they were singing, 'America.' There was no organ or instrument of any kind. Some brother sang 'America.' The conference was on its feet in a minute, and, as the saying is, 'believe me,' they sang it, especially when they came to the lines.

'Long may our land be bright 'With freedom's holy light 'Protect us by thy might 'Great God, our King.'

"Following the hymn Bishop Kilgo offered prayer. No man in the evening class taught by Mrs. Essie Blankenship on the use of the adding machines. This course is being given as the result of the many calls for operators of these machines, and is held on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Full information with regard to this course may be obtained at the Y. W. C. A.

The children will meet for gym class tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock. This is the first lesson of a term of 10 lessons, and all children interested in gymnastics class are urged to be at the first class.

As to Kissing.

"Hearing the matter of kissing discussed yesterday—the kissing that is indulged in by way of greeting—re-echoed one of Col. George Bailey's paragraphs: 'If people must kiss,' says a Boston doctor, 'let them kiss hands or cheeks, and beware the lips.' We would just as soon be a rooster pecking at a small ant in the neighbor's vegetable garden as to be pecking at talcum or calamine on a girl's cheeks."

Right on the Bat.

An attractive young married couple are spending the winter at a well known home on South Tryon. Yesterday the husband came in late and ate very little dinner. Noting this some at the table said, "You've been eating between meals."

"No," said he, "smoking between meals."

Hear The Aeolian Vocalion

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Monroe Soldier in France Discusses "Cooties" From National and International Standpoint

"Dear Mrs. Caldwell: Your paper is the first I read after looking over the front page headlines. Your page seems almost like a letter from a friend. I am inclosing extracts from a letter written by a Monroe boy to his mother. He is first lieutenant with the famous 42nd Rainbow division, and has been in France for 15 months. He has been gassed and wounded but was still on the job when the last landing was made. To a woman the thought of the 'cooties' and rats is worse than shot and shell. With best wishes for your continued success, I am,

"Very truly, 'MRS. WALTER CROWELL,' Monroe, N. C., Nov. 22.

The letter follows:

"I laughed a good bit about my children going up the cooties steps. I guess it was because I was feeling like laughing at anything, because I felt so good and had just celebrated by having a boiling hot bath and had put on my pajamas. I could naturally expect. They are making fine substitutes for B. V. Ds. You know approximately how many baths I have had since I have been in France, because usually it is such an event that I write a letter telling about it. This time I sure needed one for the 'cooties.' Don't be shocked. Yes, I really have them and this is not the first time, but I don't believe I have had a finer breed before. I know exactly when I got them and I don't believe any of segmental headquarters officers have a finer breed. They are as nearly as I can ascertain of a very fine mixture of French, German, and American. They take their lack of discouragement from the French. Their vigor and activeness come from Americans, and their habit of running when you go after them comes from the Germans. The Germans attacked the French in 14 at the place where I got them and they took the French Cootie along with about every thing else and mixed their German and the French. Every American came along and re-took the place and an American private slept in the bed the night before I did, exchanging a few of his for new ones. I came along slept all night and part of the day, and I was very happy collecting a wonderful mixture of all three. They get real tame for awhile but they want to play all the night and one can't get much sleep if their wants are fully come with as you would naturally expect. They are mighty fine to have in the winter as you can keep yourself warm, but as I needed sleep more than warmth I decided to separate myself from them. They are a pest, but you can wear them any boiling. They get fat and burn on 'cooties' powder, and you can't thrive without burning your clothes, as I have only one suit of clothes, and they are ragged. I didn't want to let them plan. Everybody offered ideas from hanging my clothes on a wire let the cooties crawl out on the wire then grab my clothes and run, to discharging a shot down each pants leg and down the sleeve and hat. I had a little hard on the clothes and the former a little tedious and chilly, posing as a male 'Sept Morn' waiting for them to crawl on the wire—I passed them up and decided as last resort to take a bath. Of course every body thinks me trying to be a dude taking a bath between attacks and delousing myself, but I should worry for I will get some sleep—providing. The 'Boche' said that you must be a Dutchman if flying above, guess however, he is headed for further back at any rate, I sincerely hope so.

"There is absolutely no doubt of my pride in the Rainbow Division. It is not pride in my own, that is little. It is the pride of what the boys are doing and that I can be associated with such boys. I consider it a privilege to be allowed to fight with such an outfit. Not that I am sacrificing anything for the war, for what I have given is 'little in comparison with what I have received. 'Even if I were not to come through I have gotten a fair exchange and that is all anyone should ask.'"

Young French Soldier Writes Miss Oates From Hospital in France.

In the perfect handwriting of the French, a letter came to Miss Lucy Oates yesterday from a French soldier.

On the envelope, beside the address is the words "Americaine," and "Correspondence Militaire." The first words of the letter are these: "Chers Mademoiselle," and then followed the letter in French which was translated by Mr. George Van Echip, one of Charlotte's best Frenchmen, Professor Jeanrenaud, being the other.

"Having been at the front for four years, I have just been wounded for the third time. I am again at the hospital, and this time with one of your countrymen whom I have been glad to have made his acquaintance, for Dear Miss, coming from the invaded country, I shall never forget what America has done for us. I hope you will pardon me if I take the liberty to write you, as I would be happy to correspond with one from America. Awaiting to hear from you, Dear Miss, receive my sincere regards. L. FERNAND.

"Corporal Chafon, Chasseurs a Pied, S. H. R. "Secteur Postal 110."

Dr. Hill 87 Years Old.

"The youngest man in our section of the country had a birthday today, the 20th of November," said a prominent citizen of Maxton, who was here to attend the big doings at the temple where they were making 75 new Scottish Rite Masons. "This young man is Rev. H. G. Hill, dean of the synod of the Presbyterian church, the best of youth and good cheer. Dr. Hill is 87 years of age. He is hale and hearty and as active as any man in town. Although pastor for years of the Presbyterian church he is not looked upon as belonging to any one denomination, for all churches and all people cherish him. He is called the 'Grand Old Man of Synod.' Dr. Hill has been moderator of the general assembly of the southern Presbyterian church; moderator of the synod of North Carolina many times; is present of the board of regents of the Presbyterian orphanage at Beaufort Springs, and is just anything that he wants to be in the gift of the church. He has been at the Maxton church since 1886 and is loved by white and colored, young and old."

Saturday Evening Party.

The first of a series of Saturday evening parties will be held at the Young Women's Christian association tomorrow night, 8 p. m. Mr. D. Ward Milam, of Camp Greene, will have charge of the first hour, conducting the singing of popular and patriotic songs. Following this, Miss Passmore, recreation director, will take charge of the program, giving a presentation in a general good time. A general invitation is extended to the girls of Charlotte and their friends as well as to Camp Greene soldiers, to be present and an enjoyable evening is promised.

Mr. Preston Allan will meet the History Class at the Y. W. C. A. this evening at 8:30 o'clock.

Battle of Charlotte Chapter Has Reunion Meeting

Battle of Charlotte Chapter, D. A. R., started the year yesterday under very happy auspices. The chapter met with Mrs. E. S. Dodschoff, at her home on East Seventh street. There was a large attendance and an interesting session. The Regent, Mrs. Gordon Finger, presided. The members caught the inspiration of her enthusiasm and suggestive brain, and there was unusual interest, and ready response to every plan suggested.

"This is our re-union meeting," said Mrs. Finger, "and we are glad to see so many members, old and new, present. Mrs. Dodschoff has placed here on the Regent's table for her, and your inspiration the Purple Iris, which we may call the Fleur-de-Lis of France to remind us of France, and the great victory achieved on her halcyon soil."

After a resume of the last meeting of the chapter in the Spring, Mrs. Finger led the discussion as to how chapter day, Dec. 3, would be celebrated, whether to merge with "British Day" or observe chapter day on the regular day. It was decided to have the celebration separate.

Mrs. C. E. Harrison, recording secretary, submitted the program for the year as follows:

January—Belgium. Brief history of her struggle for freedom. Study of flag and national anthem. Hostess, Mrs. Harrison.

February—France. Battle ground of freedom. Battles to be remembered. Study of flag and national anthem. Hostess, Mrs. E. L. Mason.

March—Italy. Our impregnable ally of the Alps. Decisive battles. Study of flag and national anthem. Hostess, Miss Laura Orr.

April—Russia. The tragedy of the war. Why victory was turned into defeat. Present outlook. Study of flag and national anthem. Hostess, Mrs. Morgan B. Speir.

May—Serbia. Her part of the war. Study of flag and national anthem. Hostess, Mrs. C. L. Watts.

June—England. "Our Mother." Why we ought to love her more. Study of flag and national anthem. Hostess, Mrs. Frank B. Smith.

In response to a request from Mrs. Finger that the members tell of their work during the summer, responses came from Mrs. H. Adams, Miss Margaret Berry, Mrs. Frank Smith and Mrs. Massey. Mrs. Smith spoke on the Home Service of the Red Cross. Mrs. Massey carried off the palm in that she had spent the summer knitting socks for seven counties of hers in the army.

The regent announced the presence of five new members, giving them hearty welcome.

A Prophecy.

"A writer in the New York Times gives interesting prophecy from Isaiah," said a church member yesterday, "which predictions are for this time of the armistice that concludes the greatest of all wars (Isaiah 33, 7-11, 13).

"Behold, their valiant ones shall cry without: the ambassadors of peace shall weep bitterly. The highways lie waste, the wayfarer man ceaseth. He hath broken the covenant, he hath despised the cities, he regardeth no man. The earth mourneth and languisheth: Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down: Sharon is like a wilderness, and Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits. Now will I raise, saith the Lord; now will I be exalted; now will I lift up myself. Ye shall conceive chaff, ye shall bring forth stubble; your breath, as fire, shall devour you." "Hear ye that are far off, what I have done; and ye that are near, acknowledge my might."

Noted Young Sculptor Soldier at Camp Greene—D. A. R., Italian-American, Exhibitor in Number of Galleries.

Much of talent of the country has been found in the mass of soldier citizenship at the various war camps, Camp Greene being no exception. A noted artist is among the present personnel of Camp Greene. He is an Italian-American, his name is Salvatore E. Florio. Although Italian by birth, he is now a loyal American citizen.

Mr. Florio is a sculptor who has won fame in the galleries of both his own and his adopted land. He has the genius of creative art which is fostered alone by idealism, the inspiration of creative art. Florio is still in his twenties. He came to the United States from the Messian Province in 1907 bringing with him that love of the beautiful, the artistic, that is a part of the American disposition of warm, color-ful Italy. The boy was left an orphan soon after coming to America, and while still a lad he turned to art as consolation. He mastered English in the public schools, then joined the Art school at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn where he first took up modelling. His talent won speedy recognition. He became assistant to Calder when the latter was Director of the Sculpture section of the San Francisco Exposition in 1915. In San Francisco many of Florio's works in sculpture were exhibited, the distinct charm of his work being its imaginative beauty. He has since exhibited in New York, Chicago, Buffalo, and other cities of the country. Two of his chef d'oeuvres are "the fountain of the Generations" and "the Angel of Peace," both wonderful conceptions of art.

The Pan-American Magazine contains a two-page article on Florio and his work, the article being handsomely illustrated.

Mr. Florio was "discovered" at the camp, by Mr. and Mrs. Benwick Wilkes, both of whom are enthusiastic over his genius, as are other friends he has made in the city, through Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes.

Another Woman Enters Journalistic Field.

Mrs. E. C. Land, associate editor of The Albemarle News, was a prominent visitor Tuesday. She came on business connected with the paper and returned home with a new idea.

Mrs. Land is a native of Lexington, N. C., and is one of the state's brainiest women. She is peculiarly gifted as a writer, and can match pens with any one, as a smart lawyer in this city, with whom she had several interviews in the One-Minute page during the summer, can testify. She is not only a brilliant woman, but a very attractive one. She is helping Judge Frank Carter get out The Albemarle News and later will practically have charge of the paper while Judge Carter is in Raleigh, it being his intention to write the editorials from Raleigh while attending the sessions of the General Assembly.

Judge Carter will also establish Carter's Weekly.

Mrs. Land is enthusiastic over journalistic work. She has the qualities that go to make up a successful newspaper man, and the Judge will have to look to his laurels.

Visiting at Alexanders.

In the absence of her mother, who has gone West to spend two weeks, Miss Mary E. Alexander is present at the home of her grand father, Capt. S. B. Alexander, on West Trade street.

Observations in the war showed cooties rot that while increase in destructiveness more than charge to their inches. A 12-inch shell is estimated to be eight times more dangerous than a 6-inch one.

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