

FOREIGNERS OF CHARLOTTE

LOCAL GREEKS AND OTHERS

The Athenians Do Not Like to be Taken for Syrians—A Newspaper Man is Asked to Make a Correction and Set the Public Right—Charlie and the Little Greek Boys—Fruit Sellers of the City Are Interesting People—The Syrians do the Fighting.

Charlotte is blessed with many foreigners of the better class. Her Greeks, her Italians and her Syrians are all proud in their way. The Syrians fight among themselves now and then. The average Charlotte man classes these three types together, but this is wrong. All of the local dealers did not have the same origin. The Italians come from Rome, the Greeks, Athens and Sparta, and the Syrians, Antioch and Damascus. They are all swarthy, but their characteristics are unlike. The Syrians are turbulent and warlike, while the Greeks and the Italians are industrious and peaceful. The Syrians neat and broad, the Greeks are bachelors. There is not a Greek woman in the city. George Karikas, Chris Karmegias, George Pappendamas and all of their associates are single. They left their mothers, their sisters and their sweethearts in sweet Athens. The dames of the men from Damascus are here. Some of them are very prolific and their neighbors on West Trade street would testify. The Syrian women make good mothers. The Kouris, the Abrahams, the Rokases and the Georges are multiplying and filling the city with their kind. Little Rebekkas go hand in hand about the town dodging carriages, street cars and pedestrians, with little Abrahams. After a Syrian child learns to walk he can take care of himself. He knows the city code by heart before he is ten years old. Crooked-Nose Charlie, the little Syrian who slips about hunting "ducks," beating little negroes and out running police officers, is as wise as a Bowersy thug. The Italians have been here so long that they have become a part of the people. Every year ago there came to this city the sons of Italy, among them Tony Panella and Joe Vita, two industrious, law-abiding citizens. Tony and Joe have raised interesting children who are now growing into young men and women. They are in the fruit business.

A decade and a half ago the Syrians began to invade the city. They came from Damascus and Antioch. John Motta was among the first to arrive. He could not stand American prosperity. Others followed and the swarthy men and women who peddle their wares in this and adjoining counties are the late arrivals. When a Syrian peddler has saved up a goodly sum he quits the road and opens a store or a stand; in other words, becomes a merchant. As a rule he is law-abiding and prosperous, but occasionally his pugilistic tendency gets the better of him and he hunts trouble. He and his tribe dwell in little tumbled down city houses. The Syrian likes to be close to his piece of business so that his wife and children can help to wait on the customers.

Several years ago the Kirakas, the Pappendamas, the Manegases, began to come to Charlotte and establish fruit stands. They secured the corners about the square and other fine locations. These muscular, well-built, handsome boys are Athenians and Spartans. They labor and save while others sleep.

Last Saturday morning, as an Observer man was on his way up town, he was accosted by a Greek who begged him to correct a serious error that had run the gauntlet of all the papers. It had been said that the Greeks had fought the Turks, the day before, when the Syrians should have had credit for the battle. The Observer man met Greek after Greek and each time he had to promise that he would set the public straight. The Charlotte Greeks do not fight. They call in a policeman if a trouble-hunter appears on the scene.

One night not long ago as a few night-prowlers were taking their final coup "dope" at a corner drug store, a fat, chubby Greek had rushed in and ran behind the counter. The boy was evidently fleeing from some one. He headed not the customers but the clerk. He was very safe. Soon there appeared on the scene Crooked-Nose Charlie, the Syrian Peck's bad boy, with rock in hand and the devil in his face.

"Come out of here," said Charlie. The fat Athenian crouched closer and shivered with fear. In the back ground, in the street stood five robust little Greeks, any one of whom would have been a match for Charlie, who was the only Syrian within two blocks.

The Greeks were not afraid of the Syrian but of the law. A police officer was called and he had to threaten Charlie with imprisonment before he could get him away. The sons of Greece were very much excited.

This story illustrates the characteristics of the Charlotte Greeks and the Syrians. The public should learn to discriminate between the foreigners. Some of the young fellows who come here from foreign lands are very attractive. John Pappendamas, who runs the fruit stand across the street from the Second Presbyterian church, is a very clever fellow. He has traveled much and has a great deal. The same is true of George, Chris and Gus.

Little Gus, the boy who used to run the fruit stand at Jordan's, is in the Mary General Hospital recovering from a long siege of typhoid fever. Unless some good Charlotte woman has sent him flowers he has had none for his dear ones are in the land of his nativity. Gus is a fine little fellow.

The Cow and the Negro Wag. One day during the commotion in the city over the discovery of so much tuberculosis in the Moore cows a long-legged country negro drove a rather attractive looking milk cow through the city. As the negro and his cow crossed College, going up Trade, a number of idlers admired the milker. At the approach of a street car the cow, instead of becoming frightened, began to play, throwing her head up and down and from side to side.

A neighborhood who had seen all of this said, "O, you kin kick an' you kin prance an' paw de earth, but you's plum fall uv tubercles an' it's des a question uv time till Dr. Fisher sees you an' den des as sho' as Gawd, he'll fix yer."

William and His Jim Swinger. William Gorrel and all of his fellow servants at the Southern Manufacturers' Club had on their new and their yesterday. William's coat is a fine swimmer. It lacks his heels as he bows and scrapes to his "old masters" who have been good to him on former occasions.

The club has put its servants in green livery and brass buttons. William is the high cut-to-iron of the bunch. His Jim Swinger shows his rank.

Absolutely the very best that money and experience can produce—Blue Ribbon Lemon and Vanilla Extracts. At fancy grocers.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

The following invitation has been issued:

Miss Nell M. Orr At Home Monday, July 23, 1906 7:30 to 10:30 Mr. Will Wren Mr. Lamar Wren.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hauff left Saturday for Wrightsville Beach, where they will spend two weeks, stopping at the Tarrymore Hotel.

Mrs. R. K. Blair returned, last night, from Monroe, where she visited relatives of Mr. Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Taylor, of Lincolnton, were visitors in the city yesterday, being guests at the Central.

THE S. S. CONVENTION CLOSSES. After a Most Interesting Week the Inter-Denominational Colored Sunday School Convention Concluded Its Work Yesterday—The Local Committee Offers Vote of Thanks—Greeting of the Hosts—Meeting Place.

This was the last day of the colored Sunday school convention. The exercises were opened with a model union general superintendent, and Prof. W. B. Matthews and Rev. J. W. Moutrie assistants. Scholars and teachers from all of the schools of the city participated. The most advanced methods in Sunday school pedagogy were illustrated.

Rev. Dr. C. H. King, of Raleigh, preached the annual convention sermon in the Seventh Street Presbyterian church at 11 a. m. The discourse was from the text, "Son thy sins are forgiven thee."

A part of the afternoon service was conducted at Grace African Methodist Episcopal Zion church. Rev. G. Paduma, of Troy, read paper entitled, "Methods in the Sabbath School." The speaker made a strong plea for larger instruction in the knowledge of God, the application of the principles of teaching to Sunday school work, and a constant play of the silent and active magnetic forces. More day-school teachers, it was urged, should be secured for Sunday school work with a view to correlating secular and sacred teaching.

Prof. Pearson's wife of Durham, presented a paper on, "Home Life in the Proper Development of a Child." The reader said, "The home is the crystal of society, and that social well-being rests upon it. Women should be instructed in the branches intimately connected with her destiny. A thorough course in physiology should be pursued, and special attention given to healthy living. The rearing of young children from destruction lies in making the home attractive."

Dr. W. P. Burrell, of Richmond, Va., bore testimony to the high esteem in which superintendent Shepard, is held, this as expressed in his Toronto convention last year.

At the Presbyterian church in the afternoon, the following persons took part: Prof. G. E. Davis, of Biddle, "Enthusiasm"; Dr. Chas. Shepard, of Durham, "The True Estimate of a Man"; S. L. Warren, of Durham, "Religious Training in the Development of a Race"; A. D. Shepard, of Durham, "Social Side of Sunday School Work." Greensboro is the next place of meeting.

At the close of the meeting the following vote of thanks was offered by the local committee: "In these closing hours of this meeting of the fourth Inter-Denominational Colored Sunday School and Educational convention, we feel profoundly grateful to Him in whose name we came and in whose service we have been and are engaged for the Good Providence which has been over us and has made this the most encouraging and hopeful meeting in the history of the convention.

"The Charlotte Greeks are due and are hereby cordially extended: To the ministers and churches of Charlotte; to the superintendents, teachers and Sabbath school and local union together and engaged for the committee, whose co-operation and tireless efforts have contributed so largely to the success of the convention.

"To all who have welcomed us to their homes and entertained us so hospitably, and to the good people of the Queen City generally who have shown their friendship and appreciation.

"To the pastor and sexton of the Seventh Street Presbyterian church for the use of their beautiful house of worship as the regular place of meetings for the convention and also to the authorities of Grace African Methodist Zion church and the Emanuel Congregational church for the occasional use of their attractive houses of worship.

"To the several gentlemen and friends who, by their presence and helpful addresses did great good.

"To the officers and press reporters for their valuable services.

"And to the city press, making special mention of The Daily Observer, for publishing notices and abstracts of the proceedings of the convention."

PERSONAL. The Movement of a Number of People, Visitors and Others. Mr. John J. Brown, a Raleigh young man, who is employed in the office of Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, was in the city yesterday, stopping at the Central.

Mr. L. Cox, of Columbus, Miss., spent yesterday in the city visiting friends.

Mr. W. C. Petty, of Carthage, was registered at the Central last night. Among the out-of-town people in the city yesterday was Mr. J. K. Lewis, of Gastonia.

Mr. John J. Brown, of Shelby, was in the city last evening, at the Central.

Among the visitors in the city yesterday was Mr. Archibald Johnson, of Thomasville, who was a guest at the Buford.

Mr. M. G. Bunn, of Wilmington, was a guest at the city yesterday, being a guest at the Buford.

Mr. T. C. Murrain has returned to the city, after spending some time at Catawba Springs with his wife.

SEIZED THE VISITOR'S JUG

AN OLD NEGRO AND HIS LIQUOR.

A Country Darkey Leaves a Two-Gallon Jug of Good Whiskey in His Buggy and a Thrifty Charlotte Negro Takes It—The Trials of the Old Man After He Discovered His Loss—He Went to the Thief's House and Saw Him Pour Out the Good Stuff But Could Not Get In—The Police Station is Appointed To—An Interesting Story.

Saturday night, just about the time Mr. J. M. Earnhardt, turnkey at the police station, had settled himself in an easy chair, for a rest, the telephone rang.

"Hello—this is 83," said Mr. Earnhardt, as he took down the receiver. "Is—er dat de p'leece station?" asked a cornfield negro at the other end of the line.

"Yes," answered the officer, "this is the place."

"Well, er boss send er p'leececum down here right quick."

"What's the matter; and where are you?"

"Er nigger's done tuck my licker, an' I can't get it. Send de p'leececum des as quick as you kin, please sir."

"Where are you?"

"T' here 'n Charlotte, sir."

"Well, what part of Charlotte? You can't be all over the city."

"Lemme see, boss, hold on. I's er country nigger, an' I can't des, ad'cally tell where I is des now."

"Where is dis here anyhow?" asked the darkey, turning to some one in the room.

"Boss, is you dere?" asked the negro.

"Yes, I'm waiting," said Mr. Earnhardt.

"Is down on Mint street, at my auntie's, boss. Please sir, let de p'leececum hurry on down, an' order me two gallons of rye licker, sir. It come yistiddy, in dis here jug, an' I went 'roun' to de 'spress office, dis now, an' paid 75 cents 'spress on it. I hain't had it me' dan er hour, sir. I driv' 'roun' dere in mer buggy, sir, an' I got it out an' slip it down in de foot an' start home."

"Well, what were you doing down on Mint street?" inquired the officer.

"Dis hole on, lemme tell you how it all happen. I got er aunt on Mint street. She ain't been well, sir, an' I sent her word dat dis as soon as mer whiskey come, I'd fetch her a little fur medicine. Yes, sir, an' when I git de jug out uv de 'spress office I dis put her down dat way so dat I kin give her what she want. I whip uv mer mule er little, so dat I kin git down dere where I kin taste er leele drap 'fo' I start home. I driv down dere an' tuck up in front uv de house, I seed a boy dere an' I ast him to 'ot' mer mule 'til I kin step in an' git somefin' to put de licker in. I wuzn't gone no time, but when I come back I seed dat de jug was gone. I low to de boy: 'How'd dat, where's mer jug?'

"Why, er man come out uv dat house dere an' tuck it. He loved dat it wuz his.' Dat's what de boy say."

"Well, sir, I didn't stop. I dis went down dere an' commence to bam on de do', where de boy say de man wear. Fur de longes' time I don't hear nothin'. But arter while some man in dere say: 'Who in de devil is dat beatin' on my do?'

"It's me, I 'low, 'an' you better gimme mer licker, too."

"Gway frum dere! I 'shoot you! he say."

"Gimme mer licker, nigger, don't be foolin' wid me now,' I holler, but he ain't pay no 'tention to me. 'I try to break in de do', but seed dat won't do. So I set down an' slip 'roun' to de back winder an' peep in. An' dere, sir, I seed de nigger wid mer jug, dis very jug, er pourin' uv de licker in buckets, an' bowis an' bottles. Dat nearly run me crazy. I yelled at him an' try to bust thru de winder but he say dat: 'he'll kill me if I do dat. Den I went back to de front do' an' try to bust in dere. Dorr-reckly der nigger come dere an' say, 'Whut's de matter wid you, ole man, I'll kill you.' He open de do' des a little, an' I shove mer hand in. He alam it on mer arm an' nearly broke it. But I didn't let go. I des flew at de do' an' push it open. I run back to de kitchen an' snatch up mer jug an' put out. But when I git out side I seed dat all de licker, 'ceptin' what's in dere now wuz gone. Dere's dis a little in dere. You kin scarcely hear it shake."

"Dat's de man I wants you to send arter. I'll des go right erlong wid de p'leececum an' git him, fur dat sho' wuz er mean trick."

"Hlow Gawd, sir, de nigger had 'sorb'd all uv mer licker 'fo' I coul' git to him."

The officers went down and arrested Henry Anderson, colored, and locked him up. He will have to defend himself before the recorder this morning.

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WE'RE HOLDING OUT SOME GREAT INDUCEMENTS IN TROUSERS VALUES

Clearing up the season's residue stock—getting ready for Fall business. Choice Trouser Patterns in Flannels, Serges or Fancy Worsteds now offered at a much reduced figure.

OUR SPECIAL TROUSERS SALE

opens To-day—it will last till the assortments are gone—and not a minute longer. You get the same high-class tailoring that we always give—but you pay less for it.

The prices—\$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.00

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# SPECIAL SALE LADIES' HOSIERY MONDAY.

25c. Gauze Lisle Hose ..... 15c.  
A special offering in Ladies' Hosiery just at the right time. 25 Dozen Ladies fine sheer 25c. Gauze Lisle Hose Monday ..... 15c. pair.  
60c. "Frits Scheef" elts ..... 38c.  
Soft Kid Frits Scheef Belts, by far the most popular Belt of the season. In these we have both black and white and are as good as many sold at 50c. Price ..... 38c.

## Another Embroidered Collar Reduction

This time it's a splendid new lot of Swiss Embroidered Stocks and Turnovers. They arrived most too late. Many 25c. values. Reduced to 10c.

## The Mid-Summer Novelties in Cotton Materials and Arnold and Pacific Beige Effects

Materials popular because just the right weight and in variety of styles that are exact copies of the newest fall effects in woolsens.  
Arnold's Beige, 34-inch ..... 16 2-3c.  
Pacific Beige, 30-inch ..... 10c.

## A Bargain in Bleached Domestic

Splendid heavy quality yard-wide Bleached Domestic, worth considerably more than our special price ..... 7 1-3c. Yard.

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Wholesale and Retail.

## Garments Re-Dyed to Look Like New

Our improved process of dyeing and our experience with this class of work enables us to redye garments of nearly all kinds without taking them apart. This makes the cost almost insignificant with the old way of ripping, dyeing and re-making. Ladies' skirts in colors that are faded or undrable can be dyed black and made serviceable—good enough to wear with a white or colored shirt waist. Get our prices for dyeing and cleaning.

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is an excellent thing for putting on your hands when they become red and wrinkled from doing housework and being in too much water.

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are quickly improved in appearance by the application of a little of this Lotion at bedtime. It moistens the skin, cooling, overcomes tenderness and helps to restore the skin to its youthful appearance.

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For comfort, as well as convenience, try one of our Velour or Leather Couches for your sitting room. They will help you pass the hot days pleasantly. Prices are low, with quality guaranteed. Velour Couches, all colors; regular value \$8.50; our price \$7.00. Velour Couches, all colors; regular value \$11.50; our price \$9.50. Velour Couches, large size, regular value \$14.50; our price \$12.00. Velour Couches, large size, regular value \$16.00; our price \$14.00. Verona Velour Couches, large size, regular value \$21.00; our price \$17.50.

Leather Couches, regular value \$20.00; our price ..... \$28.00  
Leather Couches, regular value \$25.00; our price ..... \$31.00  
Leather Couches, regular value \$42.00; our price ..... \$37.00

We need the floor space to show our new fall stock, which will beg to arrive in a few days.

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