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This paper gives correspondents as wide latitude as it thinks public policy permits, but it is in no case responsible for their views. It is much preferred that correspondents send their names to their articles, especially in cases where they attack persons or institutions, though this is not demanded. The editor reserves the right to give the names of correspondents when they are demanded for the purpose of personal satisfaction. To receive consideration communication must be accompanied by the true name of the correspondent.
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1907.

THE TWIN CITY'S GOOD MOVE.
Winston-Salem banks, while of course absolutely solvent, are suffering from a lack of cash and cannot command it from the ordinary sources, just as a man well worth \$10,000 may not be able to lay his hand on \$500 cash and cannot get it where he would ordinarily look for it. They could help their case by calling in their loans but this would work hardship and the general effect would be bad. These banks have therefore resorted to the excellent expedient of issuing certificates which stand for cash and the business men and farmers and community generally with great good sense accept the certificates without hesitation. They pay small debts, are "current with the merchant," as the Scripture hath it, and answer all the ends of and to all intents and purposes are as good as money. The situation is one of stringency—not lack of strength. This is realized and hence nobody is uneasy or need be. The resort to this method to relieve temporary tightness is not new but has been often resorted to elsewhere with good results and without ultimate loss to anybody. We congratulate Winston-Salem upon the satisfactory and success of the system as applied there.

SELF-INTEREST SECTIONALISM.
It is not pleasing to the Norfolk Landmark "to note that the only politicians of any prominence who are saying things to keep sectionalism alive are Southerners." The Landmark recalls that Mr. Bryan voted for a Southern man for the presidential nomination in 1904 and has recently declared that being from the South would injure no man's candidacy. "President Roosevelt," it continues, "took occasion the other day in Mississippi to congratulate the people on their record in the Confederacy and to pay a tribute to Jefferson Davis. Is it possible that there are Southern political leaders who do not wish to see narrow sectionalism disappear?" The Landmark clearly expects the answer yes, and with good reason. Sectionalism, in fact, is valuable stock in trade with many politicians, North and South. Such sectionalism closely resembles the exploitation of patriotism for political effect. The politician who at this late day continues talking about the necessity of loyalty on the South's part may be governed in some measure by old habit, but it is clear enough in nearly every case that he has consulted his own real or supposed interests. Having thriven under past and present conditions, he instinctively opposes a change which might work him injury. The fact is, many Southern politicians feel that they need a certain amount of sectional narrowness in their business and will never willingly consent to be divorced from it.

We don't know whether or not it was wise for President Winston, of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, to have told the students, in his denunciation of hazers and hazing, that it is more gentlemanly to fight it out, but it is true, and if he had cared to tell the whole truth he might have added that it is less cowardly. Dr. Winston would be pardonable for anything he may say or do to stop this detestable practice in his institution.

It is noticed with a great deal of pleasure that ex-Sheriff Cleveland, while by no means restored to health, is yet able to sit up and write or dictate a few lines, in his accustomed vigorous style, in behalf of the Democratic ticket running in his native State, the State of his present residence, which is to have an election next week.

The best substitute for that asset currency which the country ought to have in tight-money times but has not is undoubtedly the clearing house certificate. In adopting such a device the banks of Winston-Salem and numerous other cities both great and small have acted with what appears to us unquestionable wisdom.

MAN'S WAR ON HIS GHOSTLY FOE.
At Columbia the other day a State anti-tuberculosis league was organized for South Carolina and will be extended to the various counties. Such bodies now exist in most of the States and have formed a national organization. Their mission is to fight the greatest scourge of the human race, a ghastly disease from which no one enjoys immunity if subjected to a sufficiently strong and continuous infection. Their hope of speedy results and complete ultimate victory rests upon the well-established fact that no living creature ever develops consumption except where the germs have been implanted from without. Unless the seeds are forthcoming it matters not, so far as this particular disease is concerned, how hereditary influences have prepared the soil. Under present conditions of modern community life the tuberculosis germ is breathed, drunk and eaten to such an extent that most of the weak and some of the strong sooner or later succumb—mainly in the early prime of life. Flying in the dust of our streets, lurking in the milk which we drink, and deposited upon our food by the feet of flies, tuberculosis picks out its victims day by day. Once the germs enter the body anywhere they almost invariably hasten to the lungs, and unless overcome by the white corpuscles of the blood and general vital resistance they multiply until the lung is eaten out in much the same manner as a worm eats out an apple, the victim soon beginning to waste away from oxygen starvation. Often they inhabit the body in a comparatively neutralized and inactive state for considerable periods—some eminent authorities say even for years—ready to assert themselves at any time that their host may be weak from illness or other cause. Every consumptive throws off millions of them day by day, and they are hardy and long-lived in the extreme. Any one who failed to make due allowance for the average human organism's sturdy front toward disease might well wonder that any city dweller is left alive very long.

Such is the dread for whom the anti-tuberculosis organizations propose to combat. They have an immense task, but results obtained prove they came into being afford plenty of encouragement. The press has gladly lent itself to efforts by the medical profession and city boards of health to educate the public upon this vastly important subject. Every intelligent consumptive now knows that the effective destruction of his sputum, and other cautionary measures, guard him against re-infection at the same time that they remove or render almost negligibly small the danger which he constitutes to others. Expectation by any one on sidewalks or the floors of public places has come to be almost universally prohibited. Probably most important of all have been the measures following conclusive proof that human and bovine tuberculosis are identical. Milk, formerly under but vague suspicion, is now recognized as far more in need of attention on this account than even with regard to typhoid fever. All well-regulated cities require that cows in dairies be periodically subjected to the tuberculin test, and Charlotte's experience that a very considerable proportion of such cows are tuberculous has been encountered nearly everywhere else. In the city of Rochester, N. Y., a close watch on the milk supply reduced the number of deaths from consumption among children by 2,500 during a nine-year period. Any one can see what an opportunity for dealing the disease a hard blow such activities as this offer. The anti-tuberculosis people have also been active in promoting the segregation of consumptives in all public institutions, penal and otherwise. Some look forward to a time when public sentiment will permit the segregation of all consumptives, under circumstances which will confer the very best chance of recovery as well as assure that they will cease to be a menace. Whether with or without resort to such extreme measures, few doubt that the plague can be stamped out in the end.

The war on tuberculosis has already achieved much and promises vastly more. It behooves North Carolina to enlist actively without further delay.

THE PO' FARMER NO MORE.
"We have been over a good portion of North Carolina since last July," says the editor of *Charity and Children*, "and we are glad to say we have found the people prosperous and happy, without the slightest fear of the panic. Crops are lighter in some places than others but the average is pretty fair, and the farmers are holding up their heads as free-born citizens should." It is a fact. "The po' farmer" is out of debt and can buy those who used to console with him and shed tears over his condition—the kind of tears that the crocodile sheds when he eats a man. His farm is in better condition than it ever was before; there is more and better furniture in his house; and his folks are better dressed, and his children are better educated, some of them in colleges and universities; he has more and better stock and cattle, has a rubber-tire buggy and money in the bank. He gives liberally to the church, goes to the Jamestown Exposition if he wants to, and doesn't have to ask anybody any odds. He ought to remember that this is true because Old Man Cleveland sat steady in the boat at a certain time when the storm raged and the waves rolled high, and preserved the integrity of the financial system. But this is no time for argument about that. What we set out to remark is that the po' farmer is now only a memory.

THE TIPPING QUESTION.
New York newspaper makes a plea for the waiter in these plaintive terms:
"For your meals you must pay the restaurant or hotel proprietor, because he possesses the means to compel you to pay him.
"But for the service the waiter renders you, which is far greater than he is paid to render, he has only your sense of justice as a check to depend upon."
"Every man who lives in New York knows how great that service is. Without the waiter, the waiter's life would be a hell. He is willing to do double service to oblige you. It would be impossible for you to enjoy your dinner or your luncheon or your breakfast."
"He makes it his business to learn what you want, and to see that you get it."
"He gives you cheerfully the advantages of his knowledge, which is great; and by following his advice, which is always yours for the asking, you will fare far better than if you tried to order yourself."
"All of which is rot. The waiter is hired by the hotel or restaurant-keeper, whose business it is, as a part of the contract between him and the guest, to provide service as well as food. It is no part of the guest's business to pay the waiter. That is a transaction between the latter and the landlord. If he doesn't like the wage he needs to accept it—'accept a position,' as the formula is."
"But why argue? Tipping is a hateful custom imported from Europe and those of this generation observe it because they haven't the nerve not to. They will continue to. They may deplore their weakness in doing so but ought to have enough spirit to resent the claim that when they do they only perform their duty. The New York writer must have been a restaurant-waiter himself at some time in his life."

One of the regrettable consequences in North Carolina of the financial disturbance in New York is the suspension of work on the Blewett Falls water power on the Pee Dee, with the laying off of 1,000 hands Tuesday. The enterprise was being financed by the Knickerbocker Trust Company, of New York, which suspended last week. It is agreeable to know that there is prospect of early resumption of operations. A work which has been disbursing \$400,000 of foreign money a month in North Carolina is of immediate consequence to the State, not to speak of what the enterprise in its fruition will mean to it.

LINEAGE OF THE LEES.
London Times Grossly Mistaken in "Confounding Famous Virginia Family With Governor Charles Lee, Norfolk Virginian-Pilot."
The London Times claims to be infallible. For more than a hundred years the great organ of English opinion has steadfastly insisted that nothing appeared in its columns which was not true. During all that time neither the threats of libel suits nor the appeals of justice have prevailed on the management to retract or amend a statement once printed. Early in the last century the *Tenderer* announced with appropriate comments the death of a somewhat prominent member of parliament. When later the gentleman called at the office, clothed in full health and vigor, to ask reparation for the premature of his taking off, he was assured by the editor, Mr. Walters, that such a thing as the self-stultification of *The Times* was impossible; but at last, as an extreme concession, Walters agreed to insert the name of the complainant in a conspicuous place among the weekly notices of births.

If the policy of *The Times* in this regard has been changed no public notice of the fact has been given and we cannot, therefore, hope that exception will be made in a case just brought to our attention. The issue of a recent date contained a most eloquent and appreciative review of General Lee's character and military career, the author of which showed a critical knowledge of the leading events in the life of the illustrious Virginian but fell into grievous error as to his pedigree, a point which Englishmen are generally strong in confounding the family of Robert E. Lee with that of General Charles Lee, the soldier of fortune who made so discreditable a record in the American War of Independence, is a blunder which would be inexcusable in a journal far less pretentious in accuracy than *The London Times*. The Lee of Virginia began with Richard who came over in the early days of the colony and who sprung from the Lees of Cotton in England of whom it is said that the "family possessed high social standing and great influence when the immediate forebears of two-thirds of the members of the present British peerage had not risen from obscurity." Fourth in descent from this Richard was Light-Horse Harry the father of Robert Lee. In America no generation of the sons had proved unworthy of the stock which was so highly so far back as the Norman conquest when Sir Launselot fought by the stirrup of William at Hastings. Charles Lee came to this country in the latter half of the Eighteenth century having retired from the British army under a cloud, although seeking preferment in the service of his native country had not become intimate with the Virginia Lees who were then high in the colonial and continental councils. He had neither their blood nor their characteristics. He allied himself with a cabal opposed to Washington and the Virginia school of strategy, betrayed the day at Monmouth, was dismissed from the service for complicity in a treasonable conspiracy and died a few years later a misanthrope. By reference to the records of the British War Department *The Times* can find from what English lord Charles Lee came, and that was the Lees of Cotton is certain for their family tree has been traced to the Thirteenth century, and contains no such offshoot.

Effect of a Kansas Jag.
Kansas City Journal.
There is a well-to-do farmer living near Atchison who gets on a queer jag every time he comes to town. When he reaches the reeling stage, he imagines he is superintendent of the Missouri Pacific system. He reels about, giving orders to every one he meets. He knows some railroad slang, and it is funny to hear him bawl out his oxen as he walks up to a man and tells him that he is the superintendent, and then begins talking about "Train 145." Whenever he becomes superintendent he is bad enough for the policeman, and they cut him down and haul him to the police station. He had a terrible time last night. There was a head-on collision near Omaha Junction, and he was reeling all over Commercial street yelling for the wrecking crew to go out, when a policeman took him in charge.

A WOMAN KILLS HERSELF.
Mrs. Claude Shaw, Despondent Over Her Physical Condition, Cuts Her Throat—Was Injured, Accidentally, by the Seaboard Air Line Three Years Ago and, According to Relatives, Had Not Been Clothed in Her Right Mind Since—Was a Widow of 25, and is Survived by Brothers and Sisters—Tragedy Occurred at the Home of Her Brother, on East Fourth Street Extension.
Mrs. Claude Shaw ended her life yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock at the residence of her brother, Mr. J. F. Shannon, at 1207 East Fourth street (extension), by cutting her throat with a razor. The unfortunate woman had been in ill health for a number of years, and especially for several months past she had been a constant sufferer from melancholia. This condition superinduced the rash act, this being the only theory which her relatives are able to form in regard to the sad occurrence.
Mrs. Shaw was in her room at the Shannon home a larger part of the afternoon, and the only other person in the residence was Mrs. Shannon, who occupied an adjoining room, but heard no noise nor had any indication that her sister-in-law was planning to end her existence. Thinking that she was staying alone in her room too long, Mrs. Shannon opened the door about 5 o'clock and found Mrs. Shaw lying in a pool of her own blood, with the instrument of death close by.
About three years ago Mrs. Shaw sustained an accident near Matthews by alighting from a Seaboard Air Line train as it slowed up for a wash-out which had occurred on that day. She was badly injured in the accident, and shortly thereafter instituted suit against the railroad company, alleging responsibility for the injuries she received. In court the contention of her attorneys was that the defendant company was guilty of gross negligence in failing to announce that the stop was not at the station. Mrs. Shaw laboring under this impression when she jumped from the train. She received a verdict of \$1,500 from the court.
Her relatives stated freely to an Observer man yesterday evening that Mrs. Shaw had never fully recovered from this accident, and that since that time it has been noticeable that her mind was not normal. There were times when she became fearfully despondent, a condition which, they claim, was alien to her prior to the accident.
Mrs. Shaw had been living with her brother for four or five months, removing here from Matthews, where she lived for a number of years. Her husband died four years ago.
The deceased is survived by one little daughter, Lena, three brothers, Messrs. J. F. and H. N. Shannon, of the Southern Bell Telephone construction force, and Mr. J. L. Shannon, living near Matthews. Her mother and two sisters, Mrs. J. M. Caldwell and Mrs. S. W. Matthews, also survive.
Mrs. Shaw was just 25 years of age and was a woman widely known in the section of the county where she lived for so many years. The fact that she was so constantly a sufferer from despondency during a large part of her residence here had the effect of preventing the formation of many acquaintances here, but those who did know her were strong in their friendship.
The deceased was a member of the Pleasant Plains Baptist church, two miles from Matthews, and the funeral will be held there this morning at 11 o'clock, to be conducted by Rev. Dr. H. H. Hulten, pastor of the First Baptist church of this city. Mrs. Shaw was a member of the Pleasant Plains church. The funeral party will leave the city at 8 o'clock.

TEXAS WOMAN'S DISTINCTION.
Is the Largest Individual Land Owner in the World.
Washington Herald.
Mrs. H. E. King, the largest individual land owner in the world, is at the shoreham, accompanied by her brother, Robert Kieberg, of Corpus Christi, Tex., and her nephew, August J. Kieberg, a prominent banker of that city. Mrs. King, whose ranch lies near Victoria, Tex., is here to put her niece in school. In speaking of the ranch last night, August Kieberg said: "Just now I cannot tell you the exact size of the ranch, but you can gather some idea of the vastness of it from the fact that you can ride over it all day on horseback without coming to the end. The most unusual part of it is that every acre of it is fertile ground, and there is but little of it not used for the raising of stock. There are enough cattle and sheep to supply the people of Washington for a year, and when the time for shipment comes it is necessary to charter the railroad trains for weeks at a time."
"Mrs. King, although in close touch with the business, does but little of it herself. She leaves the entire management of the ranch to the management of her nephew, August Kieberg, who has been in charge for about ten years. Every day during the year there are a number of visitors, and it is necessary at times to give them guides so that they will not get lost on the place. August Kieberg, the most distinguished and interesting of the recent years was Richard Harding Davis, who spent nearly a week there, and who afterward wrote of it in a graphic and thoroughly competent manner. It is one of the sights of Texas, as it gives you some idea of how great and rich a country it is."

ARRESTED IN CHURCH.
Insisted Upon Preaching and Had to Be Taken in Hand.
Wadesboro Ansonian.
Quite an unusual occurrence took place at the Presbyterian church here Sunday morning when Mr. Lee, a young man who lives near Wadesboro, went to the pulpit a short time before the preaching service was to begin and insisted that he be allowed to preach. Rev. W. H. Whitehead, of Laurinburg, and of course he was surprised to find his pupil occupied. After much persuasion on the part of his friends, McBride was induced to take a seat in the pews, where he remained quiet during the sermon and uttered the benediction. As the people turned to go, he jumped from his seat and started for the pulpit. It was then that Policeman Redfern and Deputy Sheriff B. Martin, who had been summoned by the church, quietly arrested McBride, who professed that he was about the Lord's work and called upon Divine power to aid him. He was placed in jail.

Let's See the Books.
Durham Herald.
Compromise nothing—give us a look at the books.

CONCERN OF A WHOLE SECTION.
Concord Tribune.
When it comes to voting on prohibition in Salisbury all near-by towns will feel like they should have a voice.

MEMORIAL MEETING.
The Round House Book Shop, 111-113, Second Street, is the place to go to for the book, "The Little Long Co." Special to The Observer.
History, Oct. 31.—On the 30th day of October the Round House Book Club held its regular meeting at the beautiful home of Mrs. C. C. Boat.
Owing to the death of John Charles McNeill for whom many competent critics are claiming a place among the South's foremost poets, it was decided to dispense with the regular programme and to turn the meeting into a McNeill memorial.
The house had been brilliantly decorated with autumn leaves and potted plants. Hand-painted souvenir cards, representing a scene in autumn, were distributed among the guests, containing beautiful quotations from Mr. McNeill. It was noted by more than one that the meeting was held in the same house and the same room where John Charles McNeill gave his first public reading from his own poems and many pleasing incidents of that pleasant occasion, of which he had the central figure, were recalled. The photographs, smiling down upon the gathered guests, recalled his graceful image, standing in the soft glow of shaded lights, as he turned into spoken words the fearful thoughts that had gone singing through his brain.
"In some long career, let me write, Not thronged with guests as here to-night, Where beauty, passing in and out, Is sweeter seen than sure about, When straggled in some lonely place I shall recall you, face by face, As now you seem, 'till then be time To cast this radiance into rhyme— Your radiance which I would might My wireless heart throughout the year."
With that gentle poet's face in sight and the copy of "Songs, Merry and Sad," bearing upon the fly-leaf his name where he wrote it, hard indeed it was to remember that the gentle poet had put away his books and pencil forever and that the visions of glorious sunset by mountain, streams and wood, the call of the partridge from the dim twilight hill, the sight of the autumn flowers flaring scarlet and gold in the clear sunlight, it seemed strange indeed that we should see and hear such sights and sounds through the poet's magic no more.
Mrs. C. C. Boat, his hostess on the occasion of his visit and reading to the club, paid a beautiful and impressive tribute to the personal characteristics of the poet who had been a much-prized friend. Mrs. Thomas M. Hufham gave a most interesting sketch of his life, showing his achievements and his even greater promise. Mrs. J. F. Allen read a discriminating and sympathetic estimate of his poems and Mrs. L. E. Whitener read an excellent criticism of his fables, which were enjoyed alike by old and young. Mrs. J. L. Murphy sang beautifully "Best For the Weary," and more than one eye was dim as thoughts came of this gifted child of fancy who had found the rest, deep and lasting, for which he sought so long in vain.

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL.
Whispering the leaves are falling, And the shadows softly lay, Where our wood-land-hill and valley, Early signing all the day, Touch the sweetest chords of cadence, Hush and listen for the strain, Whispering the leaves are falling; Whispering the singer's name, Melody is gone a mourning, Hears the weeping willow tree, Soft winds the wild-wood rustle Unto thee; unto thee, October 25th, 1907.

AGE OF PRESIDENTS.
Young Mr. Roosevelt Compared With Former Chief Executives.
New York World.
In vigorous health from his brief bear hunting vacation, President Roosevelt received congratulations Sunday. He was forty-nine years old.
Of the elected Presidents of the United States, Washington was fifty-seven when inaugurated; disregarding the odd months, Adams and Jackson were sixty-one, Jefferson, Madison and J. Q. Adams were sixty-two, Monroe fifty-eight, Van Buren and McKinley fifty-four, Polk forty-nine, Taylor sixty-four, Pierce forty-eight, Buchanan sixty-five, Lincoln fifty-two, Hayes fifty-four, Garfield forty-nine, Cleveland forty-seven, Benjamin Harrison fifty-five.
The oldest elected President installed was William Henry Harrison at sixty-eight, the youngest, Grant at forty-six. The average age of the twenty elected Presidents when inaugurated was above fifty-six years, including the odd months.
Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Cleveland and McKinley were inaugurated in second terms at an average of sixty, odd months included. Grant when inaugurated for the second time was the youngest re-elected President—not quite fifty-one.
Of Presidents reaching their office by way of the Vice Presidency, Tyler was fifty-one, Fillmore fifty, Johnson fifty-six, Arthur fifty; average age, odd months included, but fifty-two and one-third. Mr. Roosevelt himself was not quite forty-three when he became President upon McKinley's death. He was inaugurated in 1905 at forty-six.
Upon the 4th of March, 1909, Mr. Roosevelt will be fifty years, four months and seven days old, two years younger than the average age of Presidents promoted from the Vice Presidency, six years younger than the average of first-elected Presidents, ten years younger than the average of Presidents beginning a "second elective term."

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Illustration of a man in a long overcoat, holding a hat.

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