### AS IT SEEMS TO ME BY A PRISONER OF HOPE.

It seems to me that we should be more simple and natural and quite mest with ourselves. I used to fairly revel in the story of Cinderella. Every variation of it delighted my childish soul. But I don't like it now, It seems to me that a godmother who could place a girl in a false position is a very untrustworthy and much to be feared old woman. False positions are dangerous, always. Romance is good and beautiful, but you want true romance. The love of the prince, won by the size of a slipper rather than by the charm of the girl, must have been a shabby affair, and I am be-ginning to doubt if they really did live happily ever after. There was too much pretense about it all.
When I was a child with my hair

in curls and my skirts a long way above my shoe tops, I knew two beautiful young ladies who lived on the corner. Their mother was a widow and kept boarders. I think that is all that anybody could say about her. She never said anything or did anything or went anywhere.

The two beautiful young ladies did every particle of the work, and did it well. They sang merry duets over the wash tubs and gossiped over the ironing table. And the kitchen was as cainty as an arcorn shell. No cinders and ashes for these daughters of toll. Their cooking was exquisite. Looking back, I can't think of no friends of the olden days who might have been more justly proud of being just what they were. But it came to me by a sort of intuition, as things so often come to children, that these young ladies were ashamed of their work and of themselves as they really were. Children take in knowledge as a sacep nibbles grass. It is afterward that we chew the cud of reflection. And this is a long time afterward.

The young ladies whom I admired so much dressed with great elegance. Their gowns were dreams of beauty, always in the extremest of latest fashfon and of the richest materials. I know now why this fact could not esunpleasant comment in the neighborhood. Then my childish imaginations wove wonderful stories around the two exquisitely gowned young ladies.

There was a certain room in the boarding house that was a kind of Blue Beard closet. The ladles alone went into it. Perhaps it was because I admired them so sincerely, because my interest was so genuine, or because nobody minded a girl in the come in the room. It was a sewing room. It was here that the young ladies, working in secret, made their lovely gowns. To a tittle girl whose one best winter dress was always very simply made, this was a chamber of wonders. The soft, shimmery silk and How my soul loved them! But my mother was a very wise woman and she listened silently to all I had to ray. Not long ago, when the mother had grown very, very sweet and white and frail she asked me one day if 1 remembered what had been my heart's desire when I was 14. But I could not remember, and she stold me. It was a blue volvet gown! Dear little mother, she had not forgotten! I never acquired the blue velvet gown. but I like to think that my mother

There was still a mystery about my two beautiful young ladies. I no sooner fell in love with one of their lovely costumes than it disappeared! They And then it came about that I know that the dresses were sold to dealer in another part of the city The price and elegance was eternal sewing! The wardrobes were always empty! Even as a child I felt that the clothes were not the personal he-longings of the young ladies. They were made to be sold, and were worn between whiles

remembered.

Now I am told that many rich wo men cast aside exquisite gowns after a few wearings. But in the case of my young ladies there was the commercial flavor. Besides there was something, apparent to even a child. that made these clothes seem incongurous. The young ladies dressed elegantly for the opera, but they always walked, for even street car fare needed to be saved. And the sents that they could pay for gave them the appearance of being out of pince.

For the public balls the most exquisite evening gowns were mude To see the beautiful ladies with rostling trains float down the parrow stair and across the clean, mely little parlor was to make one believe in waiting carriages and bowing footmen. Put again they walked and with them went young clerks and working men in business suits. the clerks and working men and business suits were all right. They were honest. But the finery of the young Indies was wrong.

The clothes belonged to the girls. There were no uplaid hills. They had worked hard for what they wore. There was no fairy godmother waving a magic ward. Still it was wrong. It is not a question of legal right, but of ethics. In a fine sense if was dis-

honest, because it was pretense, It seems to me that these young women and very little for their labor. They appeared to be what they were not, they seemed to possess what was

not theirs. In the pursuit of happiness we are free to go our own way, and to each of us happiness when found has a different appearing. But sometimes a its leading is false. To the young ladies on the corner the world was a sort of fashion plate. They were not making clothes as a means of living. but only that they might wear them

a few times! Whether or not a man is to be judged by his coat. the conditions must be very exceptional when a woman's clothes do not Indicate her character. If they make her seem what she is not, then is she quite

Because a girl works is no reason that she should not be well dressed. It is often the reason that she is well dressed. But to be well dressed is to

than in Cinderella's soot and cinders. ANECDOTES OF MINISTERS Because we feel out of tune is no reason that we have the right to carry the trouble any farther. There is no

It seems to me that a good woman always dreads to feel herself conspic-uous. But sometimes a woman who uous. But sometimes a woman who to overflowing a paper equal i is very busy with just one idea misses to the Christmas number of knowing a great deal that would have enriched her life. It beems to me that the young ladies on the corner had no time for reading. There were no books about except fashion maga-zines. I wonder what they talked about to the sturdy, handsome young who walked places with them? Not of their work, for that was all done in secret. Sometimes the little hands were stained or burned, but even the boarders were not to know that the young ladies cooked! Not of the sewing could they venture to speak, and not of the neighbors who carely dropped in, any more. And when the neighbors don't drop in, what a pity it is, what a pity!

One of these young men was strug-gling to establish a tinner's business of his own, and it seems to me now that the charming costumes of his pretty sweetheart puzzled him a good deal and frightened him not a little. For how should he know that the girl was really the most economical and thrifty little woman alive?

Poor, foolish little woman! It was the story of Cinderalla all written backward, for there came a lucky day when, because of a broken bell wire, the prince—and he was a prince— opened the wrong door, or, if we are going to be quite truthful, the right door, and there instead of a beruffled silk-lined young woman he saw his sweetheart in a gingham gown

long white apron cooking dinner!
After that the tin shop became very firmly established and there was a new home in the old city, and I am glad that the poor, foolish princess waked vice: forty-five minutes in which to from her enchantment and became a milk a cow, eat support, and gather beautiful lady of labor, indeed.

I finished the true little story because it was too bad to leave both my beautiful young ladies in the false position that the wicked enchantment had brought them to. The small comedy bordered close upon tragedy. It seems to me that pretense of any sort is inexcusable. The woman who condescends to it pays a very poor compliment to her real self. To pretend to be what we are not is to acknowledge ourselves dissatisfied with what we are,

There is no reason why a should wear the badge of her office on her sleeve. The working girl, God bless her! May be and often times is, more refined and cultured and dainty than many a society woman. first of her teens. Any way, there But she is a working girl. She has came a day when I was not unwell not large sums of money to be spent not large sums of money to be spent for clothes. She does not attend the functions that make such apparel necessary. When she wears unsuitable finery she is a dear little jackdan in peacock feathers.

It seems to me that no woman can ever be too carefully or too daintily gowned. But the girl whose clothes need to give long service wants to wear what is inconspicuous, what will tall and his Irish was up. He not perish with the using and what clung to his hold and pulled back she can afford to buy. A little type-writer girl working in last season's bedraggled finery is certainly not one of the world's beauty spots.

It seems to me that we need to be a good deal simpler than we are. More ourselves and less of what we tions, are silly enough to imagine is better than we are. But if we are to avoid the worst that is in us that we want to give to the world. It seems to me no one has been so venturesome as to that we are honest when we make guess. that we are dishonest when we try to he preached with a far-off look of make ourselves seem worth while

THE HEIR TO THE HOORAH." The sale of seats and boxes for The Heir to the Hoorah" will begin lively young calf. This quickly became the pet of the nousehold. Nevat Hawley's to-morrow morning, and the play will be seen at the Academy of Music Thursday night.

This meritorious emanation from he pen of Paul Armstrong author of the pen of Paul Armstrong author of the health and general welfare were the chief topic of conversation around comedy, with a Western locale, of ecent production.

cent production.

As is known, this play presents a butter and buttermilk. plot of exceeding strength and at the same time introduces faithful character delineations, diverting epiodes and flathes of the most delightful humor.

The Kirke La Shelle management announces an excellent cast, and an entirely new scenic production for

demand for seats, for the engagement of the distinguished comedian Mr. window of his study looking out to-Nat C. Goodwin who will appear at the Academy of Music to-morrow seen a playful calf. To his frightennight in his newest and most successful play "The Easterner," a capa-city house will in all probability be Heavens! It mus

any more popular than Mr. Goodwin of all theatre-goers of Charlotte and of all theatre-goers of Charlotte and her cud in the fence corner nearby, vicinity who have ever seen the But, horrors! If the calf is mad it eminent actor easily rank him as the is dangerous. foremost player now appearing be- mother foremost player now appearing to fore the American public. In his new play "The Easterner" which was written especially for him by Mr. George Broadhurst author of that fa-ed from the window, picked up a club for the Hour"

at all its points, practically, they store up a fund of experience from which may be drawn anecdotes with-

And if something ridiculous hap had made an impression. nestly dispensed with thy Gospel this

wade through a disagreeable task in

a hurry. But, alas! it was a still autumn evening and the files were bad. Swish! began the cow's tail. the dominie's face received a stinging broken only by the sound of the milk which streamed in the broken to his relentless grasp. Another blow in the race. Another and another, and the minister's pa-tience was exhausted. He grasped the end of the animal's tall firmly in one hand, entwining the "bush" strongly about his clerical fingers, and resum-

ed his milking.
The flies grew worse. The cow attempted to defend herself and found her chief weapon held fast. With a courage born of desperation she kicked over the backet of milk (flooding the Sunday broadcloth and linen), and made for the open. But she reckoned without the dominic. He still held tall and his Irish was up.

cape if the minister could prevent As she cleared the sill, he feet firmly against It, clinched his teeth and held back. Irresistible forces were pulling in opposite direc-Something must give way; it was the cow's tail. It came off at the end (not the one nearest

They do say that he was ourselves really be worth while, and late to his evening service and that

was up on the latest things in theology, but was lacking in knowldge of the ways of barnyard cattle. me of his parishioners had presenter was seen such e caif. From all the family, from husband and father down to the least child, it was the recipient of constant attention. upon the fat of the land. ordinary calf. It would grow up to be a sleek and respectable cow and

do not weigh your butter and measure the milk before your cow reaches maturity. Enter the element of

tragedy. In a few days the calf became acof feeling began to scamper across the MR. NAT C. GOODWIN lot tousing its head and frisking its lead and

id mind its joyous antics were strange Heavens! It must be mad. No same calf would act that way-it has none No star on the American stage is of the calm dignity and sober equilitrium of its mother, calmly chewing It will attack its and poison her. It is even

mous play "The Man of the Hour" and ran towards the lot. The calf

year by and about the preachers of North Carolina could be collected and Observer. And this writer would sell his coat to buy a copy of the publication. Coming in contact with all kinds of people, entering into all their joys and sorrows, touching human life they

out number. pens to one of the fraternity, he does not hesitate to tell the joke upon himself. Once when a prominent Meth-odist minister of the State was not so well known as he now is, he was preaching his first sermon at a country church. It was a noble effort; the delivery of it caused much brain and body sweat. We may pardon the young brother for thinking that he had made an impression. To bring it all to a head and (who knows)? to hear something nice about himself said to the Lord, he called on good Brother G. to lead in prayer. Brother G- ? petition, after going the usual round of thankfulness for preservation of life, and for divers temporal and spiritual blessings, and after praying for the sick, the suffering, the sorrowing and afflicted, was: "And, oh good Lord, bless our dear young brother, who has so earness the suffering the source of the suffering the sufferi

on the Elizabeth City district came home from a five-mile drive to a country church one Sunday afternoon to find that the cook had falled to come and that the cow was yet to be milked. It lacked out three-quarters of an hour of time for evening serup the last threads or his discourse. Is it a wonder that he hied him to the cow stall with little patience? There was not even time to change his Sunday broadcloth and linen. He set himself to his work with the vim of a man who is going to

with all his might. They reached the door. That cow should not es-

pretense on the one side we must ground, either), and down went the shun bluntness on the other. It is not parson. Out went the cow.

sald: us in prayer." got you here for.

Before going to church on this Sab-bath the old man had had just enough of the offering of the Edenton bars this play, and it can safely be promisted that an excellent evening's amusement is in store for all who attend lis presentation.

Customed to life in this world, got its legs adjusted and began to try them. It was early spring and the air was full of a magic touch of life. The calf caught the challenge of the spring and in its experience. nods, grunts, amens and other signs of approval, that the preacher thought he was making an impression, and warmed to his task. His enthusias-tic listener responded whole-heartedly and when the end was reached seemed just on the verge of giving vent to and oxcarts, and they brought cats his pent-up emotions in characteris- galore. The scene around that store his pent-up emotions in characteristic way. He was half standing in his was lively and ludicious, the entrance lively way. He was half standing in his was lively and ludicious, the entrance seat, his hands raised as in benedictive was jammed with people, and nearly every man, woman and child had a covery man, woman and child had a covery was litten. "Here, buy my cat." called on the old man to pray Instantly his hands dropped as though paralyzed. The beatific expression on his face gave way to one of pained surprise as he turned toward the pulpit and said in utter disdain: "There's where you played hell."

## ODD FREAKS OF THE PRINTER'S

mous play "The Man of the Man of the Messal and the

# urity is Supreme The materials we use are the best we can buy. And a partner in our business selects them.

The goodness of Schlitz is due largely to them.

But the supremacy of Schlitz as a home beer has been gained by the fact of its absolute purity.

Purity is not so conspicuous as some qualities in beer, yet it is very expensive. That is why it is rare.

But what does it matter how good a beer is if it is not a pure beer? If its use is unhealthful? If its result is biliousness?

Ask for the Brewery Bottling. Common beer is sometimes substituted for Schlitz, To avoid being imposed upon, see that the cork or crown is branded

eye for business. No two-eyed man

The result of that ad. was a gath-

madedictions of that merchant were

full of sulphur. Evidently that paper

department should have received quite

and beloved Henry Grady, that when

he was publishing a paper at Rome,

"Wanted:-One thousand cats! Ap-

About sunrise on the second day af-

ply at --- Corner of Public Square.

ter the wonderful ad, appeared the

town begun to be alive with people

They came afoot, on mules, in wagons

cries one. "And mine," called a dozen voices. "What's all this hubbub

about?" questioned the proprietor.

whose place was then being taken by storm. "I don't want any cats." "Yes yer do. Harry Grady's paper says so. Read that," and the display

ad, was shown to him.
"Gracious alive! Harry Grady has
played the mischief. I don't want any

Take these things out for the

"they should take at least a

need apply."

Apropos

whole column."

thing like this:

Schlitz beer is known as the pure beer the world over.

> All orders sent to Whitlow and Perrow, Old Phone, 366, Middlesboro, Kentucky, will receive prompt

# The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous.

Strange to say, in the same town there lived a Baptist preacher who is the chief figure in another true story.

Smith. Now, a young preacher needs to have struck the funny side of our somebody to help with the praying Devil. It should have read: "Wanted: at first. So after a good prayer by himself and a fair sermon our pastor good manners and a single eye to business the chief figure in another true story.

aid:
"Let us pray. Brother Smith, lead our Devil got through with it our as-The congregation was tonished readers saw this in display on its knees and in an impressive si-typo: "Wanted—A young man of in-lence when the latter part of this re-digent habits, perlite, and only one ed him with a fine jersey cow, which in the course of time, contributed to the minister's collection of live stock a lively young calf. This quickly beas a bell came the voice of brother

"Pray, yourself; that's what we've ineligibles in that community, and the

The paster prayed.
Mr. W. T. McMullan, a good friend
of The Observer and of Grover Cleveland, tells of another preacher, this Sue," and other dramatic successes, the fireside. Many and varied plans time a colored brother, who came to is generally conceded to be the best were laid for its future. This was no grief under conditions around the came to the control of the control of the control of the came to the control of the came to the control of the came to the came to the control of the came to the This very eloquent preacher had in his congregation on one occa-sion an old man who was distinguish-But do not count your chickens his love for the cup that cheers. He applied to the largest business before they are hatched.

Likewise would not do much in church work:

One of the cup that cheers. He applied to the largest business house in the church of the could take at least a one thing he would never do-pray in them public. This his paster did not know. whole

## DEVIL.

dressed. But to be well dressed is to be suitably dressed, and the clothes that are suitable for my lady of leistire, the pressessor of servants and carried than the control of the woman who has nothing at Hawley's for the engagement of the woman who has nothing at Hawley's for the engagement of the woman who has nothing at Hawley's for the engagement of the woman who has nothing at Hawley's for the engagement of the woman who has nothing at Hawley's for the engagement of the woman who has nothing at Hawley's for the engagement of decree M. Coalm's biggest musted whom we will call smith, for converging clothes is a very foolish, young person if she sets he heart upon low necks and trains and high with the entire and high poung person if she sets he heart upon low necks and trains and high complete original production as witnessed, and trains and high complete original production as witnessed as well as the same of the copy very far already through the did not stick to the text. There is a certain preacher now lile, and many though ded id not stick to the fext. There is a certain preacher now lile, and many through the did not stick to the fext. There is a certain preacher now lile, and many through the did not stick to the fext. Announcement.—"Mr. and Mrs. Smart are very much obliged to their many friends for their good he was a transge land. Brother spitch of the sets he neart a strange land. Brother upon low necks and trains and high complete original production as withing and production as with the set of the many friends for them are funny indeed. Think of a marriage not read to the many returns to the more modern linostype man, are funny indeed. Think of a marriage not read to the many returns to the more modern linostype man, are funny indeed. Think of a marriage not read to the many returns to the missace and high complete original production as with the sease of the convergence and the many returns to the missace in the funny indeed. Think of a marriage not read to the many returns to the many returns t

THE MATTER OF MILEAGE.

The Traveling Men Would Like to Use Their Books For Inter-State Travel—Former Greenshoro Man Dead-Back From Scotland. pecial to The Observer.

Greensboro, Feb. 2 .- A well-known commercial salesman asks The Observer correspondent to say that, since the adjustment of the railway rate ering of all the one-eyed eligibles and matter, the traveling men who have intra-State mileage books purchased under the North Carolina law enacted by the Legislature of 1907 are anxwas closely read and the advertising ious to have the railroads honor this transportation for inter-State travel. opes of reading ads, the He says the matter is being discussed extensively by the traveling men, who are hopeful that such an order will be issued by the railroads.

Ga., in his early struggling days, he applied to the largest business The body of Mr. J. B. Stapleton, a former resident of Greensboro, who dled in Haw River yesterday, brought to this city to-day and interred in Greene Hill Cemetery.

The reply was, "Oh, nobobdy reads your paper Harry." "They don't hey! Mrs. Jo Hardie, of Brown Summit, your paper Harry." "They don't hey! We will see about that." reached Greensboro last night on her return from Scotland, the land of her nativity, where she spent several Grady returned to his office and wrote off a display ad reading somemonths visiting relatives.

TO A PERSISTENT COUGH. LIEF FOUND AT LAST.

"For several winters past my wife has been troubled with a most persistent and disagreeable cough, which invariably extended over a period of several weeks and caused her many sleepless nights," writes Will J. Hayner, editor of The Burley, Cdo., Bulletin. "Various remedies were fried each year, with no beneficial results. In November last the cough again put in an appearance and my wife, acting on the suggestion of a friend, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The result was inded marvelous. After three doses the cough entirely disappeared and has not manifested litself since." This reemdy is for sale by W. L. Hand & Co.

George M. Cohan's Biggest Mus

Comedy Success Little Johnny Jones Months in New York, 3 Months in

Chicago.
Seats on sale to-day at Hawley's. 

### Had She But Known

When Jean Ingelow, the poetess, wrote? "To bear, to nurse, to rear. To love and then to lose," If she had known what the world now knows.

# Gowan's Pneumonia Cure

Is an absolute specific for croup, colds and pneumonis and costing from twenty-five cents to a dollar a bottle, according to size, and sold by all druggists, she perhaps would have come from her sad frame of mind and pointed the way to all mothers to use this great external remedy to protect the lives of their children.

# Are You From Missouri?

We can show you \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 Fancy 

To-Day Only-For Cash Only.

THE TATE-BROWN CO.