

AS IT SEEMS TO ME BY A PRISONER OF HOPE.

It seems to me that we should be more simple and natural and quite honest with ourselves. I used to fairly level 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 beginning 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 shoes, 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 quaint as an arched shell. No cinders and ashes for these daughters of the air. 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 sheep 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 in great elegance. Their gowns were dreams of beauty, always in the extreme of latest fashion, and of the richest materials. I know now why this fact could not escape unpleasant 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 ladies 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 first of her teens. Any way, there came a day when I was not unwelcome in the room. It was a sewing room. It was here that the young ladies, working in secret, made their lovely gowns. To a little girl whose one best winter dress was always very simply made, this was a chamber of wonders. The soft, shimmering silk and web-like laces and mossy velvets! How my soul loved them! But my mother was a very wise woman and she listened silently to all I had to say. Not long ago, when the mother had grown very, very sweet and white and frail she asked me one day if I remembered what had been my heart's desire when I was 14. But I could not remember, and she told me. It was a blue velvet gown! Dear little mother, she had not forgotten! I never acquired the blue velvet gown, but I like to think that my mother remembered.

There was still a mystery about my two beautiful young ladies. I no longer fell in love with one of their lovely costumes than it disappeared! They all disappeared after one or two wearings. And then it came about that I knew that the dresses were sold to a dealer in these clothes 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 belongings of the young ladies. They were made to be sold, and were worn between who and who.

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

For the public halls the most exquisite evening gowns were made ready. To see the beautiful ladies with rustling trains float down the narrow aisle and across the clean, homely little parlor was to make one believe in walking carriage and bowing footmen. And when they walked and with them went young clerks and working men in business suits. Now the clerks and working men and business suits were all right. They were honest. But the fancies of the young ladies were wrong.

The clothes belonged to the girls. There were no upland hills. They had worked hard for what they wore. There was no fairy godmother waving a magic wand. Still it was wrong. It is not a question of legal right, but of ethics. It is a question of dishonesty, because it was pretense. It seems to me that these young women had very little for their labor. They appeared to be what they were not, they seemed to possess what was not theirs.

AMUSEMENTS

THE HEIR TO THE HOORAH! The sale of seats and boxes for "The Heir to the Hoorah" will begin at Hawley's to-morrow morning, and the play will be seen at the Academy of Music Thursday night. This meritorious emanation from the pen of Paul Armstrong author of "Salomy Jane," "The Superstition of Sue," and other dramatic successes, is generally conceded to be the best comedy, with a Western locale, of recent production.

MR. NAT C. GOODWIN Judging from the already heavy demand for seats, for the engagement of the distinguished comedian Mr. Nat C. Goodwin who will appear at the Academy of Music to-morrow night in his newest and most successful comedy "The Easterner," a capacity house will in all probability be the rule.

"LITTLE JOHNNY JONES." Seats will go on sale this morning at Hawley's for the engagement of George M. Coban's biggest musical comedy success "Little Johnny Jones," which will be presented at the Academy of Music Wednesday matinee and night with the entire and complete original production as witnessed for twenty-two weeks in New York and over three months in Chicago last season, with engagements of several weeks in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, St. Louis, and Louisville.

SMITH. Now, a young preacher needs somebody to help with the praying at first. So after a good prayer, he said himself and a fair sermon, his pastor said: "Let us pray. Brother Smith, lead us in prayer." The congregation was on its knees and in an impressive silence when the latter part of this request was made. For a full half minute the silence was prolonged. Just as it was becoming painful, clear as a bell came the voice of brother Smith: "Pray yourself; that's what we've got you here for."

THE MATTER OF MILEAGE. The traveling men would like to use their books for inter-state travel—former Greensboro man dead—Back from Scotland. Special 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 matter, the traveling men who have intra-state mileage books purchased under the North Carolina law enacted by the Legislature of 1907 are anxious to have the railroads honor this transportation for inter-state travel.

ACADEMY Wednesday Matinee and Night George M. Coban's Biggest Musical Comedy Success Little Johnny Jones 4 Months in New York, 3 Months in Chicago. Seats on sale today at Hawley's. Prices: Matinee.....25, 50, 75 Night.....25, 50, 75, \$1.00, \$1.50

ANECDOTES OF MINISTERS

One of the most eloquent preachers on the Elizabeth City district came home from a five-mile journey to his country church one Sunday afternoon to find that the cow had failed to come and that the cow was yet to be milked. It lacked only three-quarters of an hour of time for evening services, and the minister was in a hurry to milk a cow, eat supper, and gather up the last threads of his discourse.

There is no reason why a girl 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 daintier than many a society woman. But she is a working girl. She has not large sums of money to be spent for clothes. She does not attend the functions that make such apparel necessary. Why should she wear unsuitable finery she is dear little Jack-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 be more refined and cultured and daintier than many a society woman. But she is a working girl. She has not large sums of money to be spent for clothes. She does not attend the functions that make such apparel necessary. Why should she wear unsuitable finery she is dear little Jack-in-peacock feathers.

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Purity 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 unhealthy? If its result is biliousness? 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 attention. 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.

Schlitz The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous. Smith. Now, a young preacher needs somebody to help with the praying at first. So after a good prayer, he said himself and a fair sermon, his pastor said: "Let us pray. Brother Smith, lead us in prayer." The congregation was on its knees and in an impressive silence when the latter part of this request was made. For a full half minute the silence was prolonged. Just as it was becoming painful, clear as a bell came the voice of brother Smith: "Pray yourself; that's what we've got you here for." Mr. W. T. McMullan, a good friend of The Observer and of Grover Cleveland, tells of another preacher, this time a colored brother, who came to grief under conditions similar to the above. This very eloquent preacher had in his congregation on one occasion an old man who was distinguished not so much for his piety as for his love for the cup that cheers. He would not do much of church work; one thing he would never do—pray in public. This his pastor did not know. Before going to church on this Sabbath the old man had had just enough of the offering of the Edenton bars to make him feel warm-hearted and mellow as to his spirits. The parson's discourse agitated him deeply. He punctuated it with such frequent roars, grunts, and other signs of approval, that the preacher thought he was making an impression, and warmed to his task. His enthusiastic listener responded wholeheartedly when the old man was reaching toward the altar and was reaching toward his pent-up emotions in characteristic way. He was half standing in his seat, his hands raised as in benediction, his whole countenance beaming. The preacher seized his opportunity and 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 painful surprise as he turned toward the pulpit and said in utter disdain: "There's where you played hell." S. B. U. ODD FREAKS OF THE PRINTER'S DEVIL. Poor little Devil! How did you get your name? For generally the article thus known, is an inoffensive country boy, who is wrestling with the types, and striving to make good sense, and straight English out of miserably bad copy. We find him with freckled face and puckered brow, smudging that face with ink as he knocks off a fly, now and then, saying under his breath, "dog-gone the man that wrote this, he ought to go to night school, or have a fly-crawlin' where he can't knock him off." Altogether the printer's Devil is a comical fellow and grows into a useful type in time, but the mistakes he makes, with the aid of the more modern hoodlum type, are just amazing, and some of them are funny indeed. Think of a marriage notice reading thus: "The bride prospective is a member of one of the oldest families in the State, a niece of the Hon. ——. She is a splendid young—Rockaway Beach Railroad. The young man of splendid character, etc." We have heard of a bride's being called a "jilly of the valley," with eyes that sparkle like dew on Hermon—or "the Rose of Sharon, all bloom and sweetness." But "A Rockaway Beach Railroad" is a simile we haven't thought of in connection with a bride—that is original. The following advertisement seems Floral Mansa, N. C., Jan. 29, 1908. Had She But Known When Jean Ingelow, the poetess, writes "To bear to nurse, to rear, To love and then to lose," If she had known what the world now knows, that Gowans' Pneumonia Cure Is an absolute specific for croup, colds and pneumonia 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 Shirts at95c. each. To-Day Only—For Cash Only. THE TATE-BROWN CO.