

THIS SEASON'S NEW GOODS

The time is past for "Jobs" and "Junk." The Spring Season is rapidly approaching and our twenty different departments are rapidly filling up with the newest and most fashionable fabrics that are being shown.

SILKS

Some of the new Silks that are being displayed, Mandarin, Tussorah, Shantong, Ragoda, Motora, Mirage, Foulards and every other Silk that is new and up to the hour.

BLACK TAFFETA SILKS

Listen! 36-inch genuine Imported Swiss Taffeta, Black only. We have not sold this for less than \$1.50. Monday this goes on sale at the yard.... \$1.25

SPECIAL NO. 2

36-inch Black Guaranteed Taffeta. This number we have not sold for less than \$1.25. Monday you can buy this for the yard..... \$1.00

DRESS SILKS

The greatest collection of Novelty Dress Silks that we have ever shown, on exhibition at both stores. Price from..... 50c. to \$1.50 yard

ORIENTAL SILK

White, Black and all Colors, absolutely water proof. Price the yard..... 50c.

JAP AND PONGEE

Complete line of Jap Silk from 39c. to \$1.25 Pongee (Imported), price the yard..... 75c. to \$1.00

DRESS GOODS

New Panajah, 54 inches wide. Colors: Champagne, Brown and Navy. We are the only house that will show this goods in Charlotte this season. Price the yard..... \$2.00

NOVELTY DRESS GOODS

A beautiful line of Spring Novelties, in dress patterns only, and these will not be duplicated. All the popular colorings and weaves represented. Price the yard..... 50c. to \$2.00

WASH GOODS

White and Colored Linens, plain and fancy weave, for Tub Dresses. Price the yard..... 25c. to \$1.00

NEW GINGHAM

Splendid line new Spring Gingham, Checks, Stripes and Plaids, neat patterns. Price the yard... 10c. to 25c.

GALATEA

You know the price of Galatea has been 17c. Monday our new Spring line goes on sale at..... 15c. a yard

WHITE GOODS

Monday we will show the most magnificent line of White Goods that has been brought to the city. The lines consist of Sheer Check and Plaid Dimity, Stripe and Figured Waisting, new Shirting Madras, Persian Lawn, Mercerized Batiste, etc. All new and crisp from the looms and finishing plants. Price the yard from..... 10c. to \$1.00

HANDKERCHIEF SALE

Monday we put on sale one hundred dozen Ladies' Initial Sheer All-Linear Handkerchiefs. Genuine 25c. value, for..... 19c. each, or 6 for \$1.00

LADIES' BELTS

New assortment of Leathers, Kid, Silk, Elastic and Beaded Belts. Price each..... 50c. to \$4.00

DRESS TRIMMINGS

New ideas in Dress Trimmings, Paris Novelties in Gilt and Silver, Gold Filet Net and Bands, all right up to the hour.

HOSIERY

Our American Beauty and 201x are the most popular numbers. Get in touch with these two numbers. Price the pair..... 50c.

LADIES' GLOVES

Our new Long and Short Silk Gloves will be on sale Monday. Price..... 50c. to \$1.50

Sole Agents for Ladies Home Journal Patterns and Sorosis Shoes

The Little-Long Co. DEPARTMENT STORES, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Sole Agents for Centimeri and Adler's Kid Gloves

We Pay Railroad Fare on Purchases Amounting to \$40.00 to Patrons Within 50 Miles of Charlotte, and Deliver Free of Charge Purchases Amounting to \$5.00.

MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Ollie M. James By Savoyard

The first was the "Gibraltar" district of Kentucky in the '40's of the last century, so named for its immense Democratic majorities, even when Clay and Crittenden, Dixon and Underwood were leaders of the Whigs. It embraces "Jackson's Purchase," that part of the State west of the Tennessee river, where there have been nothing but Democrats for three score years and ten. It is a magnificent country, as prodigally endowed by nature as any other in the Union. The farm products are corn, wheat, oats, rye, cotton, tobacco and whiskey. The forests yield immense quantities of lumber and the orchards are prolific of fruits. Vast stores of coal, iron and stone are in her mines. Paducah is a growing and thriving city located where the Cumberland and the Tennessee find the Ohio and near the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Some day it will be a great commercial center. The Gibraltar district was never represented in the American Congress by a Whig, or a Know-nothing, or a Republican, though the bayonets sent one or two "Union men" to Congress during the war, when some thousands of the electorate were marching and fighting with Breckenridge and riding and fighting with Forrest in the big war. In 1847 Fulton county cast two Republican votes in as free an election and as fair a count as was ever had in this Union.

The present representative is a native of Crittenden county, the son of a leading lawyer of that section, and a man born to public life. He was a Whig before he entered the teens and a stump speaker at the completion of his second term. At sixteen he was a page in the Kentucky Legislature and an active politician. Ben Johnson, the present Representative in Congress from the Fourth district, of whom this country will likely hear much the next double decade, was the Speaker when James was page. Most boys would have been forever ruined living that life, half pet and half counselor of the leading men of the State at that tender age. Ollie James studied in his father's office, and came to the bar at the age of twenty by virtue of an enabling act of the Legislature relieving him of the disability of legal infancy. He became a partner in his father's extensive practice, and soon developed into a skillful and successful trial lawyer in courts of his pride. He "rode circuit" and was a powerful advocate before the juries of the entire district. Then, as he is now, and as he will be at seventy, if he shall survive to that age, Ollie James was a big boy with more capacity for making friends and retaining their affection than any other man in the State. His sincerity was, and is, transparent, his conviction

did, many Bryan 16 to 1-ers of 1896 into the Republican party, where they are this good day.

The present Governor of Kentucky is a Republican, chosen by 18,000 majority, due to the impression made on the minds of some 60,000 Kentucky Democrats that there was a machine at Frankfort that was governing the State as though it was a satrapy. Conventions convened to ratify the will of the machine. Primary elections were held to fetch in majorities for nominees already chosen. Frank Hatton said Kentucky would go Republican, all right.

There are two men who can save Kentucky to the Democracy and keep her in line. One is Ollie James, of the first district, and the other is Ben Johnson, of the fourth district. Neither of them has ever been mixed up in the quarrel and faction hates of the past dozen years. Neither is in any sense a boss.

If he lives, James will likely hold a seat in Congress as long as Joseph G. Cannon, and it is good to think he will some day be Speaker. Repeated attempts have been made to induce him to seek the office of Governor, and had he been the nominee last year the majority—10,000 more than 18,000—would have been on the Democratic side of the account. It is likely, too, that James will some day be Senator, if he wants it. But that would be a mistake, just as it might, and probably would, have been fatal to Joseph G. Cannon had he succeeded John A. Logan or John M. Palmer in the Senate. The House of Representatives, a stormy body, where politics is something like a football match, is the place for James, as it is for Cannon, for Grosvener, for Champ Clark, if you please. Those old fathers of ours intended to give the House the relative importance under the constitution of the United States that the Commons has under the British constitution; but the thing did not work, and while it is considered a misfortune to be transferred from the Commons to the peers in England, with us it is regarded as a promotion to be sent from the House to the Senate.

It did Joe Blackburn positive harm to go to the Senate, though with Beck it was different, as it was different with Carnock and will be different with John Sharp Williams. But Ollie James' place is the House of Representatives. He is a born parliamentarian, and an experience will make of him an accomplished and able legislator. In a rough and tumble colloquy he is already a very dangerous antagonist, employing the tactics that made him so formidable an advocate at the bar and pursuing the methods that made him so powerful on the stump.

James is the most trusted adviser, as he is the most enthusiastic follower, of William J. Bryan in all Kentucky. This year James will be the happiest man on the continent. He religiously believes that Bryan's speech at Chicago was in all and every respect the greatest oration that ever fell from the lips of mortal man, and he is who grabbed the banner of the Kentucky delegation and made a progress round the hall that did much to keep alive the enthusiasm until the nomination was made. He

is now a stronger advocate of Bryan's nomination than ever before, and when Bryan shall have been defeated next November, as he is certain to be, he will not be half as miserable as Ollie will be.

Mr. Bryan has a wonderful hold on his party, and if he was gifted with the wisdom of a Jefferson or a Tilden he would be a very great man indeed; but he is brilliant without sagacity, eloquent without logic, and on the stump he would dwarf Ollie James; in the trial of a cause at common law before a learned and impartial judge and an intelligent and unbiased jury Ollie would make a monkey of him. There is nothing savoring in Bryan's utterances. He allures, but never convinces.

Ollie James is, perhaps, the most popular man personally in Congress. His associates of both parties know that all the money in the Treasury could not buy him to cast a corrupt vote, and that sort of character gives a man a place of immense vantage in that council. He is good-natured and kind-hearted, a great big boy at heart, disingenuous and confiding and yet with a big brain that can think.

His place is the House of Representatives, the place for the rest of his natural life. He will some day be Speaker, and the Congress of which he shall be Speaker, if ever, will have a true man for its head.

MUSICAL MELANGE

BY KARL VON LAWRENZ.

"Well, how did you like it?" asked the manager of the Metropolitan concert when the first concert was over. "Pretty good—"

"Isn't the soprano's voice glorious?" "Very nice, she only took her departure from 'Mother Earth' and flew to higher regions too soon in the Rigoleto quartette."

"What do you mean?" questioned the managerial individual. "Nothing much; just want to say, I'm sorry that the soprano did not stick to the earthly scene and landed her third step above the ground on the 'last-note'."

MUSICAL MELANGE

BY KARL VON LAWRENZ.

He has repeatedly sung at the Worcester Festival, he has toured the whole continent and has never failed to elicit complimentary remarks from those who know."

"The first messengers of spring have arrived—Nature is in an awakening state. There is something glorious and fascinating about this waking from the involuntary slumber into which winter with his robust strength has mesmerized her. Many poets have spoken unto us of this beautiful state of transition, and musicians have erected many an artistic monument in its honor."

Over hill and hollow, past sleeping fields, over miles of moorland, the first low sounds of a familiar pipe fall on the ear. Spring is practicing his stiff fingers as he blows a few trial notes into his mellow reed, and gradually the disused joints are loosened, and the notes form themselves into a melody.

without beginning and without end, blossoming out of corruption and springing again where it perishes.

"ANDANTE MOLTO MOSSO."

"Spring has deepened into summer, and the melody of his pipe has fled on the perfumed air. Instead, June makes harmony with her choirs of bees and gaily flies; and the brook that foamed and tumbled merrily, an infant freshet, down the mountain side, now murmurs and quietly talks to itself as it fares through field of corn and poppy. The busy sounds of creation and re-awakening are heard no more; the stream of life is brimming at its flood, and the earth lies hushed in a charmed silence, balanced on the edge of Summer."

Through this silence the low sound of the brook gradually makes itself heard, and soon it becomes the foreground of the tone-picture. How, in comparative quietude, the brook was made sensible of its endless flowings. The simple orchestration gives us all the changing lights on the water; here and there the undertone of the two solo violoncelli shows up for a moment and is gone, like a shadow under the surface; now there is an eddy, now a bend in the course, but necessarily the stream is moving, moving, ever so slowly. As we wander along its banks the child-like song beguiles us into deeper dreaming. The song falls on our outward ear, but its language is alien; we should need the wisdom of children to understand it. But we can understand, and long for something of its happy innocence and full life. We watch the stream as it passes us on its way to age and knowledge, and trouble; we would arrest it, we could, that fateful progress. Earth is past the poppies in a melody of laughter and dreams.

"ALLEGRO-ALLEGRO-ALLEGRETTO."

It was written long ago that it is not good for man to be alone. Nature shows plainly that she dislikes her children selfishly to isolate themselves; and man, if he be in sympathy with her, seeks not to cut himself off from his fellows. And the man who in our picture stands for the observer, half of a divided consciousness, has long been alone; in the quickening woods, amongst the flowers, he holds the crooning streamers. He thinks, perhaps, that here is the life for him; no trouble, no toil, only to listen to the talking branches and the whispering wind. So, when the merry sounds of a peasant party first fall on his ear, his soul dies in him. The rude glee of the yokel's jays him to the quick; why are they here, making their infernal din, bios on God's landscape? The loud bassoon sings no jubilee for him, and the tart, squalling oboe that persists in entering just one beat too late, sets his nerves on edge. From his dreamy contentment to this acute discomfort in cold and shocking plunge.

And there is no doubt that this peasant scene is a dangerously harsh touch in the symphony. It comes suddenly like a jolt in the smooth and gliding progress, and we start up, rudely shocked, in evil mood. Like most of the daring things that Beethoven did, it is justified in the end, although at the moment its reason is not clear. It is far more than the smooth human

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