

CHINCHILLA

OVERCOATS

\$25.00 \$30.00 \$35.00



Here is the most sought for Overcoat Fabric of the season. Chinchilla Overcoats in long double and single breasted models with shawl, storm or velvet collars, and the popular short belted back coat with plain or shawl collar. The colors are Blue, Gray, Brown, Tan and Black, some in heather mixtures and many with fancy plaid backs.

MEN'S SUITS \$15.00 TO \$30.00

Plain Blues, Browns, Grays and Blacks, in smooth and rough textures. Pin stripes, chalk stripes, mixtures—wide variety. Coats with soft rolling lapels—some with patch pockets; also conservative models. Trousers in medium or narrow widths, with plain or cuff bottoms. Medium or high cut waistcoats.

MEN'S HANAN SHOES FOR WINTER WEAR.

Smart models on the new English and Continental lasts, also the more conservative and extremely comfortable models in all desirable leathers.



\$6.00 \$6.50 \$7.00
The French Shoe at \$5.00.



THE TATE-BROWN COMPANY

HOW CHARLOTTE'S PURE FOOD OBSERVANCE IMPRESSED A VISITOR

In a recent issue of The Goldsboro Argus the following item appeared in the form of a communication from J. D. Langston, an attorney of Goldsboro, who visited Charlotte to inspect the means in use here for the service looking toward pure food. A campaign for pure food in that city is being waged at this time.

"Editor Argus: It would be a revelation to the people of this city to go to Charlotte and go through several of the meat markets in that city. I have always had the idea, heretofore, that markets could not be run upon a strictly sanitary basis except in a special market place, owned and controlled by the municipal government, but I was convinced while in Charlotte a few days ago that the only thing that is necessary to insure sanitation and cleanliness in the sale of meats, vegetables and the like, is to have it in charge of people who know and respect the rights of the public. A man who is a good citizen will not knowingly endanger the lives of others. The man who will knowingly do so, especially in imposing foodstuffs which are poisonous and filthy, upon the public, is a criminal of the worst class, and should be treated as such.

"I visited and thoroughly inspected something like half a dozen of the markets in Charlotte and did not see but one fly. This was in the last market I visited, and as I was leaving I noticed that one fly was having the time of his life dodging fly swatters in the hands of about three employes. I dare say he lived about three-

quarters of a minute after my exit. "In the Powell market I asked Mr. Powell if he had much trouble with people handling his meats in the selection of what they wanted. He said 'No; in the first place they do not get the opportunity to put their hands on the meats until after they are purchased; and in the second place, if they did have the opportunity and should attempt to exercise it, although I am a peaceable man generally, some lawyer would have to defend me the next morning in the recorder's court.' He said that the finest dressed lady in the city of Charlotte would not dare to touch the tip of her finger to a piece of beef that he had for sale.

"What a contrast is this to markets the readers of your paper have, no doubt, in time past patronized, where a bury negro, in dirty overalls, fresh from the sewer pipes, would walk up to the counter where hundreds of cuts of steak were lying beneath swarms of flies, also fresh from the sewer pipes, and would pick up a nice cut of steak, poke his finger in it to see if it had the proper degree of tenderness, push the meat back from the bone to see if the bone composed the major part of it, and then, as a final test of its good quality, lift it to his nasal organs to see if the odor was sufficient, and then, after glancing down the counter and spying another piece which suited his fancy better, would go for the other piece, leaving the cut which he had so carefully examined lying on the counter awaiting purchase by one of the good ladies of the town standing some few feet

in the rear. "My visit to the Powell market was an unexpected one on the part of the owner of the place, but if you could have seen the look of pride upon his face as he invited me not only to inspect the front part of his market where his meats are sold, but also took me all over the back part of the building, in all of his rooms and various refrigerators, you would have reached the same conclusion I did, that here was a splendid citizen who knew the duty that he owed to his fellow beings, a citizen whom any one should have been proud to meet.

"In his fish bins the smell of fish was absent. In his refrigerators and other receptacles for keeping meat that odor of blood that we so often find in many markets was not to be detected. His floors were so spotlessly clean that one would hardly have been afraid to have eaten from them. His market did not contain a live stock pen. His windows would have done credit to those of any mill or establishment. Strange to say, I was informed that he was making money out of his business. This may cause some shock to those who are accustomed to running places of the kind as they would run a mule pen; but I am inclined to the opinion that beef at forty cents a pound, or even a dollar a pound, from such a market is of more value and more economical than beef that carries with its consumption the necessity of paying a doctor's bill.

"With such citizens in charge of markets, groceries and fruit stands, health laws would be unnecessary. I am informed that Mr. Powell was very energetic while himself a commissioner of Charlotte, in having proper laws passed regulating the sale of meats, etc., in his city. It is only when people who sell foods of this character persist in violating the duty that we owe the public, that laws for the protection of the public become necessary. When a man who sells beef reaches the point where he regards the inner lining of your stomach as being composed of the same kind of material as the hide of a hippopotamus, but who, on the con-

trary, throws up his hands in holy horror if a fly should accidentally light on the lap wing of his Sunday collar, then it is high time for thinking men to be guided by the prayers of thinking women and show such a fellow that all people of his kind have bought a nice farm up in Halifax County which is in great need of his services.

"I note with interest that a hundred and fifty leading housewives of the city of Wilmington met in session several days ago and declared a boycott on the merchants who displayed foodstuffs for sale on the sidewalks. If the women of this city would decide to live on canned goods and ham and eggs for about thirty days, they could throw a pretty stiff scare into a few of the merchants of this city who pay no regard to cleanliness in their business. How easy it would be for the markets and grocery stores of this town to equip themselves with display counters furnished with wire frames on the inside and enclosed in glass and thus shut out the flies and dust from the beef and other foodstuffs just as our dry goods stores do. They may say this is not practical, and yet this is exactly the kind of equipment that several of the markets in Charlotte have. A man who will not spend a few dollars to protect your life ought to be legally dealt with—and I want to especially emphasize the fact that I am not referring to Cole Blaise, either.

"There is no doubt that the committee recently appointed by Mayor Higgins under direction of the board of aldermen will work out some salutary laws for the improvement of our health conditions, but what a fine example it would be for some good citizen, who is in the market or grocery business and who has not, perhaps, given the matter serious consideration, to equip himself properly and show the public that it is best to be clean.

"It is time for all business men to jump on the band wagon and not wait until they have to be pulled up by a yoke of steers."

Any Man.

A well-known universally professor, says the Youth's Companion who has taken much interest in the woman's suffrage movement, was persuaded to carry a banner in a parade that was held in New York some months ago. His wife observed him marching with a dejected air and carrying his banner so that it hung limply on its standard and later she reproved him for not making a better appearance.

"Why didn't you march like somebody and let people see your banner?" she said.

"My dear," meekly replied the professor, "did you see what was on the banner? It read, 'Any man can vote. Why can't I?'"

He Knew Their Names.

(Philadelphia Ledger.) They were discussing the North American Indian the other day in the primary room of a district school, when the teacher asked if any one could tell what the leaders were called.

"Chiefs," announced a bright little girl at the head of the class.

"Correct," answered the teacher.

"And now can an yof you tell me what the women were called?"

There was a moment of silence then a small boy's hand was seen waving aloft, eager to reply.

"Well, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"Mischief," he proudly announced.

Not Stung Much.

(Saturday Evening Post.)

Charles P. Norcross went into a cigar store in a Pennsylvania town and asked for some good cigars. A brand that retailed three for a quarter was the best the cigar man could offer.

Norcross took three and lighted one. He stood puffing it for a moment and the dealer asked:

"How do you like that cigar?"

"It's rotten!" said Norcross.

"Well," said the dealer, "I can't see that you've got any particular kick coming. You've only got three of them and I've got a thousand."

Stingy, Not Pious.

(Harper's Magazine.)

Young Harold was late in attendance for Sunday school and the minister inquired the cause.

"I was going fishing, but father would not let me go announced the lad.

"That's the right kind of a father to have," replied the reverend gentleman. "Did he explain the reason why he would not let you go?"

"Yes, sir; he said there wasn't bait enough for two."

Why He Wept.

(Pittsburgh Chronicle.)

"What's the matter, Willie?" asked his mother as the lad entered the house weeping.

"The boy across the way hit me," he replied.

"Oh, well, I wouldn't cry for that," she replied. "Show that you can be a little man."

"Oh, I ain't crying for that," he retorted.

"Then what are you crying for?"

"He ran into the house before I could get at him."



INAUGURAL CEREMONIES WON BEAUTIFUL BRIDE FOR MCCOMBS.

(Miss Dorothy Williams.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10—Members of the official and army set in Washington are still dumfounded at the sudden news of the engagement and wedding of Miss Dorothy Williams, one of the most popular buds of Washington, and William F. McCombs, the young man who won National attention by his able management of President Wilson's campaign. The pair were married in London on Friday, only one day after their engagement had been announced.

GRAY Will Arrive Tonight

A Few Words About This Remarkable Man, Telling Who He Is and Who Should Particularly Call on Him

Gray, the Quaker Health Teacher, is due to arrive in Charlotte tonight and all arrangements have been completed whereby he will be found at Charlotte Drug Co.'s store Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. Much interest has been aroused in this man and information concerning him was ascertained by telephone today from E. A. Tragle, Richmond, Va., the well-known druggist, at whose store Gray has been for the past month. Tragle said Gray is a plain, ordinary man, polite and courteous, and his language is plain and easily understood. He converses fluently in both the English and German languages.

He gives each person a personal talk and he never offers his Quaker remedies unless he honestly and truly believes good results would follow their use. He desires it emphatically published that his remedies do not cure all. People suffering with lung or throat troubles, feverish or contagious diseases consult their family physician or specialist as the Quaker remedies will be of no help in such cases. But all people suffering from rheumatism, catarrh, constipation, kidney, liver, stomach or blood troubles by all means call on him. His work has been wonderful here and I am sure he will meet with the same success in Charlotte if the peo-

ple will only call on him. The same words of praise for Gray were also sent by Mr. Gunn, the druggist at Roanoke, Va., in which city Gray also met with immense success.

It cannot harm therefore to call on him at Charlotte Drug Co.'s drug store Tuesday and it costs nothing to talk to him. Gray offers a bottle of Quaker Extract absolutely free to any person afflicted with a tape worm and the more that call the better Gray will be pleased. You don't have to starve, diet or be sick from taking Quaker Herb Extract. Wise people will call at once to avoid future crowds. He can be seen from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.