

Social and Personal

A Sunday Thought. The smallest effort is not lost. Each wavelet on the ocean tossed...

MILLINERY OPENINGS SHOW UNIQUE FEATURES. Curious and beautiful are the new hat trimmings.

At the millinery openings, exclamations of surprise, of joy, of admiration are heard on every side; women are delighted with the quaint touch that is seen on many of the Paris models.

Feathers play an important part in the new hat trimmings. Curiously enough, there is a decided absence of the willow plume, in the newer models.

To be sure, they are often adorned with long willow plumes, but on the smaller hats—and these are still in fashion this winter—the beakie feathers have taken their place.

Thin blossoms they are, with wired edges and stems of wire covered with tracings of gold and silver.

Theater bonnets are trimmed with metal flowers and high-standing aigrettes of fine metal wire, gold and silver.

Does the modern child count his blessings in the matter of Christmas books? asks the London Chronicle.

What would he say if, instead of one of the healthy, brightly written stories that crowd the bookshelves windows, he received a copy of one of the books for juveniles in vogue a century ago?

Miss Josephine Smith has returned to Concord. Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Hovey, of Spartanburg, S. C., who came to attend the funeral of Mrs. Hovey's mother...

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Ryburn, of Shelby, was here yesterday. She stopped at the Selwyn. Miss Sadie Davis is the guest of Mrs. Techaner Degraffenreid at her apartments in the Vance apartments.

Miss Mildred Patterson, of Chester, S. C., who has been the popular and attractive guest of Mrs. Baxter Moore, at her home on Tenth avenue, leaves Monday for her home.

Two of the forenoon hours were delightfully spent at Mrs. M. M. Murphy's yesterday by a charming set of friends who were bidden to bridge.

Miss Mary Armand and Bettie Nash and Ella McAden. Miss Scott to entertain Tuesday afternoon at her home on East Morehead street in honor of Mrs. Jennie C. Hatcher, of Petersburg, Va., the guest of Mrs. W. R. Burwell.

Miss Polly Shannonhouse will sing the offertory at St. Peter's Episcopal church this morning. Her selection will be: Ambrose's "One Sweetly Solenn Thought." Miss Shannonhouse has a delightfully sweet voice, of mezzo soprano quality.

Miss Elizabeth Boyd, of Greensboro, will also be a guest. Mrs. Rufus Johnson, of Gastonia, who has been a patient at the Presbyterian hospital for the past week, returned home yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Holt, Jr., of Lexington, and Mrs. J. H. Holt's parents, Dr. and Mrs. John L. Caldwell, on North Church street they return tomorrow.

Prosperity gains friends and adversity tries them.—Pacuvius.

"BE BEAUTIFUL, 'Tis a Woman's Duty." Every Woman Can Be Beautiful.—Mme. De Le Vic.

MISS DAVIS' PRETTY PARTY. Miss Sarah Adelaide Davis, in a sweet and becoming dress of champagne cloth hand embroidered with delicate floral designs...

On the vote as to which girl was the prettiest the boys voting—and which by the handsomest—the girls voting—there was a tie on the first ballot between Miss Willodene Elliott and Miss Ruth Porter. On the second ballot Miss Elliott won.

MISS ANDERSON HOME. Miss Nancy Anderson returned yesterday morning from visits in Rockingham and Wilmington. In the former place she was the guest of Miss Stelle; in the latter place of Miss Craig.

LEAVE FOR MIAMI. Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Lester and son left this morning for Miami, Fla., where they will spend a month. They may possibly follow the tide of travel to Cuba.

MRS. SMITH IN SANFORD. Mrs. Sam Smith, of North Broadway street, has gone to Sanford, Fla., to visit her sisters who live there.

HOME FROM RICHMOND. Mrs. Brook Tood and son, Brook, Jr., are home from Richmond.

WILL REMAIN A WEEK. Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Hovey, of Spartanburg, S. C., who came to attend the funeral of Mrs. Hovey's mother...

WITH MR. DEGRAFFENREID. Miss Sadie Davis is the guest of Mrs. Techaner Degraffenreid at her apartments in the Vance apartments.

MISS PATTERSON TO LEAVE. Miss Mildred Patterson, of Chester, S. C., who has been the popular and attractive guest of Mrs. Baxter Moore, at her home on Tenth avenue, leaves Monday for her home.

A FORENOON BRIDGE. Two of the forenoon hours were delightfully spent at Mrs. M. M. Murphy's yesterday by a charming set of friends who were bidden to bridge.

A DAY'S SHOPPING. Misses Laura Page and Rebecca Adams, of Gastonia, were in the city yesterday shopping.

GASTONIA VISITORS. Among the Gastonia people in Charlotte for Blancher Ring, were Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Love, Miss Elizabeth Love and Miss Myrtle Dodson.

MRS. JUSTICE'S GUEST. Mrs. J. R. Mitchell, of Winton, is the guest of Mrs. A. B. Justice, at her home in Elizabeth.

AUGUSTA GUESTS. Mrs. J. C. Fargo and Mrs. Jessie Westmoreland, of Augusta, who spent several days with Mrs. Harvey Wilson Moore, at her home on West Vance street, left Friday night.

MISS SHANNONHOUSE TO SING TODAY. Miss Polly Shannonhouse will sing the offertory at St. Peter's Episcopal church this morning.

BRIDGE LUNCHEON. Mrs. J. Letimore McClinkock will entertain at bridge Wednesday afternoon at her home in Piedmont.

MISS SHANNONHOUSE TO SING TODAY. Miss Polly Shannonhouse will sing the offertory at St. Peter's Episcopal church this morning.

BRIDAL LUNCHEON. Miss Minta Jones is to compliment Miss Nancy Brown—the April bride—with a bridal luncheon tomorrow.

MR. AND MRS. HOLT LEAVE TOMORROW. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Holt, Jr., of Lexington, and Mrs. J. H. Holt's parents, Dr. and Mrs. John L. Caldwell, on North Church street they return tomorrow.

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ELIZABETH COLLEGE EVENTS OF INTEREST

The American Monthly Magazine conducts a D. A. R. Subscription Bureau. In the last issue is a fine half-ton reproduction of the beautiful intaglio-Gravure etching of Memorial Continental Hall, erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution in Washington, D. C.

The Euchrean Literary Society held the regular meeting on Tuesday evening. A very interesting program on Charles Dickens had been prepared, which was as follows:

Sketch of Life... Miss Ruth Hearne Piano Solo... Miss Elsie Wallace Dickens the Writer... Miss Lillian Philpot In Your Opinion, his Greatest Work and Why... Miss Susie Woolley Vocal Solo... Miss Elsie Wallace Dickens at Home and Abroad... Miss Marie Lentz Piano Solo... Miss Bess Hellig Dickens' Contribution to Humanity... Miss Sara Moseley

After the program was rendered and other business attended to, a basket ball team was elected to represent the society to the spring tournament. Miss Cora Stansill was elected manager, and Miss Willie Anderson was elected captain. The team is as follows:

Forwards, Misses Vollers and Woolley; centers, Misses Moseley and Lee; guards, Misses Anderson and Watson. The Di's Meet. On Tuesday night the Diatelean Literary Society held a regular meeting.

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Origin and Customs of St. Valentine's Day... Miss Conyers Who is Cupid... Miss Thompson Are Cupid's Chances Better in Leap Year... Miss Myrtle Gray Experiences of Cupid... Miss Alexander

One of the participants being absent Miss Van Poole gave a reading "James Henry in School." McDowell Music Club. The last meeting of the McDowell Music Club was very interesting indeed.

The subject was the study of "The Waltz." The following program was enjoyed by all: Story of the Waltz... Miss Craichen Feather Dance... Miss Elliot

Miss Van Poole spent a few days at her home in Salisbury this week. Mrs. C. H. Robinson of Hartsville, S. C., is spending the week-end with her daughter, Miss Ruth Richardson, at Greenwood, S. C., to spend several days with her mother.

Miss Lurline Mowery is spending the week-end at home in Salisbury. Miss Julia Mae Caldwell is spending the week-end at her home in Huntersville.

Miss Chas. B. King is visiting her mother, Mrs. G. S. Watts in Baltimore. Future Events. The annual celebration and reception of the two literary societies will take place tomorrow night.

This reception is entirely under the control of the literary society. The faculty and the college authorities are simply invited guests. Student's Recital. There will be another student's recital Feb. 26th. During March and April there are twelve recitals and lectures booked.

THE PREACHER'S SOLILOQUY. To move or not to move; that is the question—Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer These ings and arrows of outrageous fortune, Or take arms against a sea of troubles And, by opposing, overcome them, Or to pack up and get away from them, To stay, to move, And by a move to say we end The heartache and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To move, to stay—To stay! perchance to dread that things may change—Ay, there's the rub! For if one say, what troubles yet may come, When one has shuffled off his coil of fear, Must give us pause; there's the respect That makes calamity in the preachers' life; For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, The oppressors wrongs, the proud mans contumely, The pangs of despised love, the salaries delays, The insolence of the officary, and the patient merit of the unworthy takes, When he himself might quietness make With a removing? Who would these troubles bear, To grunt and sweat under a weary life, But that the dread of something after death, The undiscovered country, from which Another has just now moved—puzzles the will, And makes one rather bear the ills he has Than fly to others that he knows not of?—Rev. C. O. Ransford in St. Louis Christian Advocate.

When a man is old enough to understand women, he is too old to enjoy them. You need not worry about giving his Satanic majesty his due; he'll get it.—Chicago News.

New handbags show the continuous use of fabrics in preference to leather. The newest forms of handbags are in the shape of the old-fashioned knitted purse in the form of a long sack having an opening at the center, which is closed with sliding rings.

Bags of this character are very large and made of the richest fabrics—brocades, lustrated faille, and velvet. In flat handbags the prevailing idea is the medium size, with long cord handle the frame of the bag being in such a way as to be very thin; in fact, the thinnest possible.

Nothing can be considered smart in the way of a handbag that is over an inch thick. A willing mind makes a hard journey easy.—Minsinger.

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MUST GIVE CHILD A CHANCE

Education is the right of every child, a right not to be denied either by state or parent. Schools are provided in every community, maintained at large expense, a burden willingly born by the taxpayers, who recognize their duty to provide for the rising generation. Yet hundreds of children are deprived of the advantages the state has provided because their parents either are so careless that they do not compel their children to attend school, or put them to work at a tender age.

Maryland is one of the few eastern states that does not compel parents to send their children to school. In Baltimore city, under the present law, every child between the ages of eight and twelve must attend school; but for the rest of the state, except Allegany county, there is no such law. The school attendance bill, which the present legislature will consider, is designed to remedy defects in the present system. It requires compulsory attendance, in every county, of all children between the ages of eight and fourteen, raising the age limit in Baltimore from twelve to fourteen years.

The proposed new law has the hearty indorsement of the state superintendent of schools, county and city school boards, and of all those who are familiar with educational problems. Civic and benevolent societies, women's clubs and federations, men and women who have the welfare of the state and its children at heart are working earnestly for the passage of this law.

They urge the law on economic grounds, as education will add to earning power. They point out that constant labor at early age stunts the growth of a child and makes him a weakling for life, making him a burden to the community when he should be an asset. They urge it on moral grounds, education developing the child mentally and morally, and strengthening his character.

Parents who are now giving their children an education will not be affected by the proposed law. Parents who are not sending their sons and daughters to school should be compelled to do their duty. Maryland must give every child a chance.—Baltimore Sun.

ONLY ONE ENGLISH POPE.

Many Englishmen have risen to the dignity of cardinal, but only one—Adrian IX.—has ever ascended the papal throne. Adrian—whose real name was Nicholas Breakpear—was born at Abbots Langley, near St. Albans, about the year 1100. His father was a poor man who entered a monastery and left his son to fend for himself. This lad did by crossing to France and traveling about, supporting himself by begging until he entered the monastery of St. Rufus, near Valenciennes. From a menial position he presently rose to be abbot of the foundation. In 1154 he was created cardinal and on the death of Anastasius IV. in 1154 succeeded him as pope. The one interesting event of his rule as touching England was the famous "grant" of Ireland to Henry II.—London Chronicle.

LINEN FROCK.

One of the most attractive of the new linen frocks now being shown for wear in the South is of striped linen, made with a double skirt and blouse, a simple design that requires perfect fit and cut to make it as smart as the original model, says the Washington Herald. The skirts are both quite scant, while the blouse has quite a little fullness. The only trimming is a collar of white lined edged with embroidered scallops. This is round and rather shallow in front, but in the back it extends to the belt.

PROMINENT VISITORS AT MRS. WOODRUFF'S.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendall Wesiger of Atlanta, are spending a few days with Mrs. George E. Woodruff in Dilworth on their return from New York and Baltimore. Mr. Wesiger is an official of the Southern Bell Telephone Company of Atlanta. Mrs. Wesiger, before her marriage, was Miss Rose Woodruff, of Charleston, S. C., daughter of the late Dr. Julian Woodruff, of that city. Mrs. Wesiger and Mrs. George E. Woodruff, of Dilworth.

MR. AND MRS. PURCELL RETURN.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Purcell were among the home people whom last week found at home again. Mrs. Purcell returned from Morehead, where she visited Mrs. W. L. Wilhorte, formerly of this city, but who is now living in the capital.

MRS. ROGERS TO GIVE RECEPTION.

Mrs. Willard G. Rogers will extend gracious courtesy to Mrs. Charles Green, of Laurel, Del., in a reception extending over two hours—4 to 6 o'clock.

OFF TO CUBA.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Chambers and Mr. W. H. Twitty, who are enjoying Florida, write last from Tampa. A card from Mrs. Chambers to Miss Adelaide Caldwell tell of their plans: "Tampa, Feb. 14.—We leave for Cuba tomorrow (Thursday) Have had a lovely trip on the west coast of Florida. On our return from Cuba will take in east coast of Florida." This message came on a card depicting a "Off to Cuba Scene." "Tampa, Feb. 15.—We have enjoyed the west coast. Are now ready for Cuba. About 200 passengers booked for this trip tonight, on the Olivette." This card has a picture of the Tampa Bay Hotel—a building which cost three million and which the city of Tampa bought for \$75,000.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Tartleigh, "when you die you expect to meet all your husbands." "You are very rude," retorted Mrs. Muehewied. "When I die I expect to go to heaven."—Satire.

Changing your ways is cheaper than a change of climate, and usually will do more toward improving your health.—Atchison Globe.

LONDON IN SHADOW TIME.

They are of the night time, the shadow time, these curbstone hotels, called coffee stalls by an unromantic world. They belong to the world stretches itself after a comfortable dinner, when the worker draws his chair to the fire, when the odd shuffling shapes creep along the curb, the eyes ever downward. To the night, and to those whom the night shelters and shields, coffee stalls belong by right of association.

To a palace a coffee stall may be refused, but to refuse it is a palace—a palace where shining paraffin lamps cast a comforting glow on the pavement, where stacks of plum basted cakes and piles of sandwiches make the absence of a penny a thing of shame. Through rainbow hued windows the passerby sees the announcement of tea, coffee or cocoa. Tantalizing the words seem to taunt him, for the coffee stall holds just enough comfort to make the vagabonds wish for more. An elbow may rest on the counter, while eyes tired of the darkness feast on the light of the coffee stall. Quite a long time may be spent over the consumption of a penny cup of coffee at a sandwich stand. Time enough to talk, time enough to see, in an ag rim, unsmiling way. Time enough, too, to watch the busy vendor serving out warmth and comfort and receiving the coin that represents the difference between rich and poor.

There is something of sypsy life, of vagabondage, surrounding the coffee stall. And so it makes its strongest appeal to those with something fine and primitive still lurking in nature warped by the world. A coffee stall and its merchandise placed beneath a roof would be the most comfortable, the most comfortable and pleasant. But on the railway with lights running to and from it like a string of gems, with distant traffic roaring along, and the flossam of life pausing to satisfy as much hunger as their means allow the coffee stall becomes a thing of interest, of romance, and of a "queer creature" it is nectar and our "decorous adventure" is their sad life.

The comedy and tragedy of a contradictory world may be met round the coffee stall. There, a laugh is so nearly a sob, a caress so nearly a blow, a simple design that requires perfect fit and cut to make it as smart as the original model, says the Washington Herald. The skirts are both quite scant, while the blouse has quite a little fullness. The only trimming is a collar of white lined edged with embroidered scallops. This is round and rather shallow in front, but in the back it extends to the belt.

Run by the poor for the poor, these outdoor caravansaries have found and kept their own level and their strange pathetic charm. To some of us a cup of coffee on the curb among those "queer creatures" is quite a decorous adventure after a dance or theatre, and we patronizingly pronounce the beverage "quite passable." But to the "queer creature" it is nectar and our "decorous adventure" is their sad life.

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THE LADY AND THE COCKTAIL.

After a brief but seemingly conclusive experiment, the women's bar that had been put in by one of the leading hotels of the city has been closed. The manager says: "The ladies did not seem to care to drink anything except tea unless they are in the company of gentlemen." Here is a social problem that needs to be worked out. A woman may lead another woman to the bar, but it takes a man to make her drink. It is possible that in the mind of a woman it is not so much the cherry that makes the charm of the cocktail as the company that goes with it?

The incident is the more interesting because authorities agree that the woman's bar is without the companionship of men. Why should the law of the drink be different from that of the smoke? Is it because cocktails prompt to babbling while to bacco lures to silence and reverie and women, trust me, more than men trust women?—New York World.

INQUIRITIVE STUDENT IN ANATOMY CLASS ASK.

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee? Or a key for a lock of his hair? Can his eyes be locked in an academy? Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems are set? Who travels the bridge of his nose? Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth? The nails on the end of his toes? What does he gain from a slip of his tongue? Who plays on the drums of his head? And who can tell the cut and style of the coat his stomach wears?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail? And if so, what did it do? How does he sharpen his shoulder? I'll be hanged if I know—do you?—Pedic items.

A Nigger Reporter.

There was a big fight the other day among two of the colored newspaper men. The News reporter did not get all of the facts and in a joking way asked one of the old time "niggers" to write up the fight for him and send it in. This is the letter as near as it will be hanged if I know—do you?—Pedic items.

THE AMERICAN BABY.

Dr. Roger H. Dennett, a specialist in the diseases of children on "The Healthy Baby" in the February Woman's Home Companion: "The weakness of discipline is an American weakness. You cannot imagine the humiliation with which I have listened to foreign-born mothers of my charity patients say, 'But he is like the American child, he does not mind.'"

"A child's training begins during his first week of his life, and unless he has learned the meaning of discipline at home where it is kindly meted, it goes hard with him. A child's naughtiness is punished because if it is allowed to go on he will not be happy himself, and he will be the cause of unhappiness in others.

"There are several particularly trying periods in a child's training. One of them is at eight or nine months, when he is particularly insistent upon having his way. He has really just discovered that he is an individual with a will. He wants something on the table and reaches for it. Mother takes it away from him, and he picks up the next thing. Mother takes this away, and the same performance is repeated until there is nothing left. Then he cries until mother gives it back to him to keep him quiet.

"What mother should have done is to put up her finger and say 'No.' If he tries again, as he is liable to do, his chair is turned back to the table, so that he may know his misbehavior has been punished. It is wonderful how soon he learns to stop when told to do so."

Mr. Claude Brown Comes This Way

Long Trip But Quite Worth the While He Says—Talks of Denver, His New Home—A Great City.

"Denver is a long distance away, but it is worth the trip to get back to old Charlotte," said Mr. Claude Brown, formerly of this city, but now in business in the Colorado capital, this morning to a News reporter.

Mr. Brown came in Friday night and is at the Selwyn. He leaves in a few days for the North. Mr. Brown is in the agents' furnishing business in Denver. He says the success of the venture has been wonderful. That Denver is spending five times the amount of money for its state, for improvements is the claim of Mr. Brown. Millions of dollars in bonds have been voted for the beautifying of the city and Cherry Creek, which was for many years an eyesore to the residents of the city, is being built into a continuous stream of falls and banked on either side by boulevards 100 feet wide.

For many years Mr. Brown resided in this city. He is a member of the big firm of Tate-Brown. During his residence here he was active in business life and social life of the city. Three years ago he removed to Denver, returning only occasionally to visit friends and relatives.

He speaks of the improvements and developments under way in Charlotte and declares that he is now better able to see the advantages of Charlotte than while he lived here. Mr. Brown had a beautiful home near Hendersonville. He disposed of it before going West. He now owns a lovely home in Denver.

He has two children, a daughter and a son—the latter just four. In a letter from his daughter this morning she says: "Eat all the chickens and eggs you can eat West. Eggs are 65 cents a dozen, and chickens are so high, you can't see them."

Mr. Brown will be in the city several days. He has lacked no proof of the gladness of his friends to have him "home"—if only temporarily.

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