

THE MESSAGE FROM MARS

A MOST PRONOUNCED SUCCESS.

Mr. Charles Hawtreay and a Splendid Company Filled a Large Audience at the Academy Last Night—The Story of a Supremely Selfish Man Acted With Decided Cleverness—The Effects, Both Mechanical and Electrical, Were Remarkable, But the Acting Was Even Better—An Interesting Situation Well Set Forth.

It doesn't make any difference if you are a mechanic or a millionaire, a misanthrope or a bubbling optimist, you missed it if you did not see Mr. Charles Hawtreay in "The Message from Mars," the stage drama which was presented last night at the Academy. It is a plausible impossibility it out-herods Herod. It is a triumph of supernatural and natural things set in contrast. And we may well say right away that any man who can give a nature play of the scene where he is in the grip of an unearthly agent, such as the messenger from Mars was, and go about the stage kicking and stamping putatively the stage snow under his feet—any man who can do that and make his audience feel that it's not too strange for belief is a genius. That's what Mr. Hawtreay did.

A selfish man, abnormally satisfied with himself and having no regard for the feelings or rights of others—that was the first picture. How the dread messenger from Mars reconstructed his points of view, made him, by harrowing oracles, see himself in all his littleness and insignificance, that was the other side. But we do not purport to attempt to tell the whole story in all its wonderful batch of circumstances, its manifold glimpses into a variety of life's happenings, its strange and large and appreciative audience, a comfortably filled house, indeed, but nothing less than the S. R. O. sign was what Mr. Hawtreay and his clever company deserved.

After a scene in which the lordly Horace Parker, the part played by Mr. Hawtreay, lolled in comfort in his room, absorbed in self satisfaction and treating his fiancée with abrupt attention, so that at last she flays him and goes to a dance with another man, Horace is visited by the messenger from Mars. And let us say that Mr. Henry J. Hadfield, in capital in the part, his staid frame ashen countenance and sonorous enunciation being strangely and properly suggestive of another world, where, as he himself says, there is no sense of humor, no ambition indeed, except to help others. For a crime committed and confessed, the Maritan is sent to earth to reform a mere man, and he is chosen the most selfish man in the world—Horace Parker.

The messenger compels Parker to follow him out into the streets, bringing him finally in front of the stage, with a wave of the hand, he shows him scenes going on in the interior. The mechanical and electrical effects in this act are remarkable. Successively, the front of the dwelling disappears and as if through a light film, but quite distinctly, you see and hear what is taking place in a room inside. Conversations between the girl he loves in his selfish way and the man who loves her, talks between men who are seen and heard, thought in his vanity admired him, but who spoke of his unbearable selfishness, at last his solicitor announcing that his fortune has been swept away in a bank failure—all these are seen and heard by the man in the custody of the messenger from Mars. Scenes in the street are shown him—scenes of the most abject pity, and yet he is not dissuaded from his selfishness. At last by a mystic power, he is in a lightning flash, a time stripped of his fur-lined coat and appears a haggard pauper.

Then comes the strongest part of the play. Along the snow-covered street comes a man whom Parker had turned away from him, and who only a few hours before he is a mechanical genius whom fortune had played with and cast aside—in fact, he is the father of the girl whom Parker loves. The guests coming out of the house give no heed to either of them as they beseech aid. Finally, the old man staggers and falls faint with exhaustion. Then comes the light of compassion into the mind of the man who had been self-centred. He drops to his knees and attempts to revive him. The old man says, "Let me go, pardner. They've got to give me a decent burial—damn 'em." From away off somewhere there is a party of Christmas Eve singers and their voices in the sweet harmony of "Venit Adoramus." Parker is all intent on the suffering of the man beside him and feverishly cries for aid. The sepulchral voice of the messenger bids him look in his pocket and he obeys in a dazed manner. Then the light of a supreme happiness gleams on his features. "A sovereign!" he cries. And then you know that the Maritan messenger must go, for his work is accomplished.

It all ends happily. But whatever of force is in the concluding scenes is based on the superbness of that which has gone before. Especial comment is deserved by Mr. Hawtreay, who, as the "Girl in the Case," was charmingly unaffected with an easy and capable grasp of the part. Mr. Hawtreay displayed complete mastery of that highest of dramatic gifts—intelligent facial expression in a wonderful degree.

REV. J. W. WHEELER HURT. Boy in Uniform and Riding a Bicycle Collides With Mr. Wheeler in Dilworth—Collar Bone Broken and Many Severe Bruises Sustained.

REV. J. W. Wheeler met with a serious accident yesterday afternoon near his home on the Boulevard, in Dilworth, when a messenger boy in uniform, riding a bicycle, ran into him, knocking him down and breaking his collar bone, and causing severe bruises to his head and body. While no criminal intent on the boy's part is thought of, still Chief Irwin has instructed Sergeant Farrington to apprehend him if possible, so that an investigation may be made.

It appears that Mr. Wheeler was crossing the Boulevard when the boy came along at a swift pace. The boy rang his bell and Mr. Wheeler stopped short. The boy made an attempt to swerve around him, but the collision occurred. The injured boy rode away. It is hoped that Mr. Wheeler may be out again in a few days, but his age of 68 years causes his many friends to fear he will be confined for some time.

BEFORE THE RECORDER.

One of the Largest Attendances of the Season—The Docket Cramped and the Cases Full of Interest—The Tale That Lay Behind a Charge of Drunkenness.

The gathering at the recorder's court yesterday afternoon was the largest since the opening of the term. All colors and sizes were present. The majority of the spectators were negro women, who before the opening of court sat in anticipatory enjoyment, laughing and giggling, whispering, and otherwise signifying their interest in the scenes about to be enacted. And such scenes as they were. It was life with the lid off, and the swiftly changing panoramas exhibited a kaleidoscope of types such as the average man does not see in a life-time.

There is neither time nor space to do justice to the scenes that followed, but there was one case before which all the others paled into insignificance. Chief Irwin's stentorian voice called out the name of William Morgan, and a man of the name of Morgan, plain and unimpressive, stepped forward. "Morgan you are charged here with being drunk. What do you plead, guilty or not guilty?"

The prisoner at the bar scratched his head meditatively a moment and then slowly and reluctantly said: "Well, I 'spec' I'm sorer guilty, cap'n." The defendant and witnesses were then called up to the desk to be sworn. The scene that followed was one for a master pen. It is on occasions like these that one realizes to the full the shortcomings of the English language. The witnesses consisted of the wife of the prisoner and his two daughters. To the left stood the father, dirty, maddin, with grey hair frowny and unkempt, and with arm round close to his side, the mother, plain, she was, stood the mother—long, gaunt, with the hard features and sharp face that spoke of many a battle against the raw side of the world. On her right stood one of the daughters, plain, she was, even homely. Then came the figure that drew all the eyes in court. It was a young girl. Her head was covered with a kind of lace mantilla in cream and red, the dress of perfect form and Spanish type of beauty. She was a pretty thing as she stood straight up with a defiant expression in her brilliant black eyes, her cheeks flushed, her figure trim and shapely.

Never was such a case that so combined the profoundest pathos with the excruciatingly ludicrous. The witnesses, one after another, were called to their evidence, but all began at once, and were immediately called up short by the recorder.

With tears in her eyes, the girl told the story of a worthless drunkard father, and of a family that had to be supported at all costs. Then came charges and re-charges, and mutual recriminations, which high above the din of the proceedings, a cracked voice of the mother: "I have tried every day for the last ten years—well, of you wasn't drunk you was just a black-eyed, hen-choked, cracked old man."—All the recorder enforced silence once more.

"What is the matter with your arm there?" asked the recorder of the prisoner.

"My collar-bone is broke," and to prove it he began unwinding the wrapping until summarily stopped. He then tried to replace the wrappings but made a rather odd job of it when the wife came over, jerked his arm away, and proceeded to do the rewrapping herself, all the time not looking at the patient who stood by helplessly, but talking volubly to the court concerning the many sins and divers shortcomings of the man to whom she was married. She said that the pretty daughter was just fifteen years of age, and she poured a vitriolic flow of language upon the head of her devoted spouse, who tried to protest, but in vain. The sharp, feminine voices of the daughters joined in, till the recorder shouted: "Hush! Hush! I'll have to put you in jail for ten days, and we'll see whether that does you any good." And the good wife led him away, with a final order to the girls to "go on to the mill." The recorder turned wearily to another warrant, and the case was soon forgotten in the interest of the next.

It is useless to try to describe the remaining cases in detail. Ed Hart, a sleepy-eyed, pompadour haired negro, was found guilty of stealing a pair of trousers from Belk Brothers, and was bound over to Superior Court in the sum of \$20.

A. W. Whitaker, for allowing loose stock to be driven through the streets was given the costs to pay. He said he was ignorant of the ordinance forbidding this.

Comie Chappel, a small, yellow negro, was found guilty of being drunk, disorderly and using profane language. She was fined \$5 and costs.

Jack Johnson, colored, was found guilty of being drunk. His general character was good, and so he was let off with the costs.

A young white man of the name of Farrington, was charged with being drunk at a meeting of the Salvation Army and afterwards pounding on the door of the W. C. A. He was given 15 days in jail.

Will Probst, a young white man, for firing a pistol in the corporate limits, was bound over to court in the sum of \$25.

Lindsey Whitaker, a young white boy, was charged with an assault on Horace Kennedy, a little negro. The recorder found that they were both drunk on the following day, and gave half the costs to each.

D. Brooks, a young white boy was charged with buying whiskey after the opening of the term. The recorder sent him to jail for ten days.

Issey Carter, colored, for profanity, paid the costs.

Mary Crosby, colored, was charged with profanity by one Mary Franklin. The letter was given the costs to pay for malicious prosecution. And court was adjourned.

To the Auto Races. Messrs. J. A. James, W. M. Jose, and Armistead Burwell, Jr., left last night for Sumter, S. C., to attend the carnival week, but more especially to be present at the automobile races to be held there on the following day. Five machines of the Pope-Hartford make, which these gentlemen are interested in, have been sent on ahead, and it is likely that one or more of them will participate in the special contests. The races will be held on a straightway course. Cash prizes amounting to \$1,000 will be given.

BRIEFS.

Minor Happenings in and About the City—Events of a Day.

Train No. 48 of the Southern Railway, was three hours late last night.

The session of the First Presbyterian church will meet this evening at 8 o'clock in the church parlors. A full attendance is desired.

On the local cotton market yesterday 10 bales were received, the price being 34 cents. On the corresponding day a year ago, the receipts were 20 bales at 11 cents.

Mr. George H. Bellinger is engaged in moving from his old residence at No. 101 South Tryon street to his new home at 512 West 11th street.

The many friends of Mrs. A. E. McCord will be glad to learn that the serious operation she underwent at the Presbyterian Hospital yesterday was very successful and she is now resting well.

The regular weekly meeting of the teachers and officers of St. Peter's Episcopal Sunday school will be held this evening at 7:30 o'clock in the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Mallinckrodt have moved from the Ryder flats on East Morehead street to No. 608 North Church street. The premises formerly occupied by Mr. H. E. Burdette.

Mr. J. W. McGill, of Raleigh, has taken a position in the book store of the Sloan & Barringer Company. Mr. Gill was formerly a Charlotte resident, employed in the office of the superintendent of the Southern Railway.

The library benefit is being well advertised by the committee in charge, and is expected that a large gathering will be present on the coming Friday evening. The programme as arranged by Mrs. J. W. Wable, is an attractive one, and will be well patronized.

The 19th-century school opened its first day yesterday, and the pupils for the first time included Mr. Robert B. Johnson, Jr. principal, with Mrs. Charles Moore, Miss Jennie Beattie, Miss L. D. Whaley, and Miss Charlotte McDonald as teachers.

Mr. James T. Hood, who has been very ill at his residence, No. 69 East Fifth street, for the past month, is improving slowly. Mr. Hood is clerk at J. H. Lilly, shoes, and his many friends in the city and county will be glad to learn that hope is now entertained of his ultimate recovery.

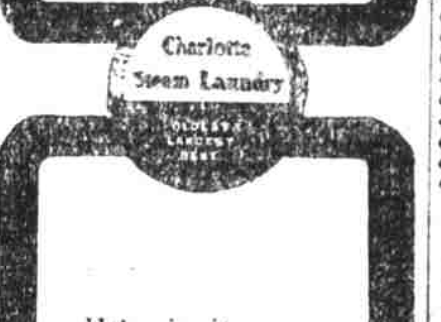
Mrs. Sidney Herbert, of Lake Mattahunt, Pa., who was injured in the Catawba explosion several months ago, has been removed to the Presbyterian Hospital. Mrs. Herbert is for some time past in a comfortable condition, and she will be glad to learn that she is now very much improved. She is a sister of Mrs. E. T. Carden, commissioner.

The Central Hotel property will be sold next Monday, the 28th, under a deed made by the Superior Court in a special case. The property is owned by Mrs. J. H. Winton-Salem, and is in the lists of contributors to current issues of Fire and Marine Insurance, and Engineering Societies, respectively, and they deal with a similar subject the recent break of the reservoir at Winton-Salem, which did damage to lives and property. Diagrams and photographs of the scenes are available with articles.

Making Friends Every Day.

This can truthfully be said of Jell-O Ice Cream Powder.

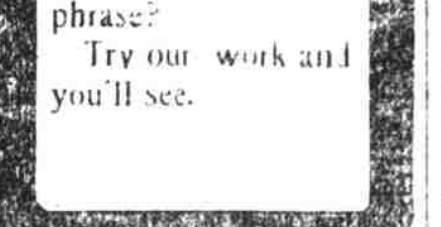
The new product for making the most delicious ice cream you ever ate, everything in the package. Nothing tastes so good in hot weather. All grocers and delicatessen stores carry it. It is sold in 25c. for two packages by mail. Four kinds: Vanilla, Chocolate, Strawberry and Unflavored. Address: The Genesee Pure Food Co., Box 99, Le Roy, N. Y.



Why is it everybody seems to look up to us for the standard?

If people—and laundries, too—did not look up to us as a standard why do they ring in that "just as good" phrase?

Try our work and you'll see.



BE SURE You Write WITH A WATERMAN

They are the best We sell them \$2.50 to \$15.00

Houston, Dixon & Co., Stationers

We give Automobile Tickets

Mr. C. H. Campbell will go next week to attend the exhibition of new water sprinklers at Newark, N. J. Mr. Campbell is chairman of the insurance committee of the American Water-Works Association, an organization which is in process of affiliation with the National Fire Protection Association. Both organizations are composed of men eminent in their line, and all over the United States, and their jointing of interests will operate to the public good.

TAKE PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION FOR Coughs and Colds. By all Druggists.

If You Are Going

to the Theatre don't forget your Opera Glasses. If you haven't a pair we can supply your wants in this direction. We have only the best qualities, but at prices that will suit you. We can show you the largest selection in the city. No trouble to show them.

The Mountain Co.

THANKSGIVING

If the Thanksgiving dinner is well dressed, surely the dinner ought to be.

A man may be just as thankful in his old clothes as in his new ones, but he doesn't look it.

How about one of our handsome \$18.50 or \$29.99 suits, or one of our elegant \$16.50 or \$19.50

OVERCOATS

FOR THANKSGIVING

Perhaps it is a new idea, a new Thanksgiving something else in holiday-dress your wanting.

The best of everything in Men's wear is here, and Thanksgiving is an excellent time to appear in something new.

Yorke Bros. & Rogers.

ORIENTAL RUGS

DIRECT FROM THE ORIENT. The Genuine at Less Than New York Prices

GENUINE PERSIAN RUGS

These we have in various sizes at prices ranging each from \$20 to \$140

CARABAUGH RUGS

These we have in various sizes at prices ranging each from \$16 to \$34

DAGHESTAN RUGS

Our prices on these are each \$20 to \$30

CARABAUGH RUGS

Ten patterns at each \$14

KEJAI RUGS

Only a few styles of these at each \$28 to \$35

TURKISH RUGS

We show quite a variety of these and the prices are each from \$8.50 to \$20

This is an opportunity to get Choice Genuine Oriental Rugs that will last you a lifetime at less than New York prices. No hifing makes so handsome bridal or Christmas gift as a Choice Oriental Rug. See them before they are picked over.

Thanksgiving Offerings

In Our Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Department

It's impossible for us to mirror on this limited space the many good things we are offering in this, our fastest growing department. The increasing demand among women for ready-to-wear garments has encouraged us this season to exert greater efforts than ever towards making this department complete. Our buyer has just returned from the Northern markets, having made a special trip in the interest of this department. The many special purchases made, such as securing a great many manufacturers lines, samples (all this season's goods), together with the many new, nobby styles, that came out later in the season; all tends to put us in a position at this THANKSGIVING SEASON to offer great values in this line.

New Coat Suits

Fifty to sixty new stylish Coat Suits that are most desirable from point of style, fit, make-up and price. Especially good in this shipment are a lot of neat, nobby, well-made Suits at prices such as \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00 and \$18.50. \$12.50 would be cheap for this stylish All-Wool Coat Suit. The shades are the best—Black, Navy and Brown—pleated Coat and Belt satin lined, seven-gore Skirt. Big bargain for the price \$10.00

Those Three-Quarter Coats at \$7.50 and \$10.00.

Both in Kersey and Covert Cloth, half satin lined, black, castors and tans a great many manufacturers' samples in this line, consequently only one or two of a kind, great values for the price \$7.50 to \$10

Rain Coats, Still the Rage. A new lot of Ladies' Cravenette Rain Coats in Saturday, with which reinforcement puts us in a position to fit every one in this line. Our special Thanksgiving offerings are at prices \$10, \$12.50, \$15 and \$17.50

Special Values in Ladies' and Misses' Coats. Good quality Melton in brown, tans, blacks and castor, also Ziblines, all shades and black, both in ladies and misses, 27 inches, both lined and unlined, price \$11.98 and \$2.98

Men's, Ladies' and Children's Underwear. Men's Wright's Health Underwear, special, the garment at \$1.00. Wright's Health Underwear, for Boys, the garment at \$1.00. Extra good value Men's 50c. fleeced-lined Undershirt, at \$1.00. Extra good value Boys' fleeced-lined Undershirt at \$1.00. Children's Union Suits, extra good values, at the price .25c. and 48c. Splendid 38c. value in Ladies' Vests, at \$1.00. Ladies' extra full, bleached, fleeced-lined, also the ribbed ones, both numbers made and shaped to fit, price \$1.00. Pant to match both 25c. and 48c. 10c.

TABLE LINEN SPECIALS 75c value, 70-inch, full bleached, all linen patterns, assorted, a bargain at price \$1.00. 50c. 75c value, half-bleached, very heavy, 70 inches wide; a linen for heavy wear, and an extra bargain at 50c.

Belk Brothers, Wholesale and Retail

CHARLOTTE'S BEST CONDUCTED HOTEL. The Central and Annex

Special attention given to Table Service, making it unequalled in the South. This is a feature of the Central that is claiming the attention of the traveling public. Clean, Comfortable beds, Attentive Servants. C. E. Hooper, Manager.

NEW GOODS

Lots of new bargains in now that our buyers picked up in New York, it being the clean-up time with manufacturers, we bought lots of goods below cost to manufacturers.

WOOL BLANKETS

104 Gray Wool Blankets, per pair, \$150 Heavy all wool Red and Back Chuck Blankets, extra fine wool, used a great deal for bath Rubes, etc. \$2.48. The finest all wool white Blankets, full eleven quarter size, extra heavy \$3.48

BED SPREADS. New Marseilles Quilts in handsome patterns, really worth \$3. going now for \$1.98 Crochet Quilts, nice new designs, in extra heavy Bleached Spreads, the finest ever offered at the price \$1.98

Light Colored Outing Fine quality Outing in pretty neat stripes and checks, light blues, pinks, 6 and 71-2c Ludigo Blue Percales. New Percales in nice patterns \$7.1-2c

PILLOW CASES. The White Rock Mills, full size, 45x36 inches, Pillow Cases 10c

Our Store will be closed all day Thursday, Thanksgiving Day.

The Bee Hive

THE BIG STORE Corner Trade and College Streets, Charlotte