

NIGHT OF REVELRY

WILD SCENES ON CHARLOTTE STREETS

Wild scenes on Charlotte streets... Drive Nervous People Indoors... Well-nigh Distracted—Dynamic... Drags to Bonds of Madness... Wild... Christmas... Streets... and Exploding Them on... Pavements Make Night Hideous...

Christmas is here. No person with ear drums worthy of the name residing within a dozen miles of Charlotte ought not to know it. Never in years has Charlotte experienced such a night as fell to the lot of the city on yester eve. An inch was given the boisterously inclined and they took a mile with impunity. The result was one unbroken avalanche of deafening noise for hours.

Long before 8 o'clock the first boom-booming of the pop-sticks permitted by the city for a limited period began. At first this was intermittent, here, there, yonder, usually at a distance from the pedestrians no two reports coming from the same immediate vicinity. As the minutes passed the reports increased rapidly in number and in volume, until when the clock struck 8 the fact was significantly concerted volley of shots. From that moment until midnight there was not a second of relief for the ears of the pedestrian who ventured forth from behind closed and protecting doors, though even these protected but in a degree. Scores of small boys from 15 and 18 all the way down armed themselves with the sticks and caps and went out upon the warpath. They were followed by the grown people, whites, negroes, Italians and Syrians, who marched up and down carrying thunder in their hands and exclamations in their waks.

Rising in deep, sonorous majesty above the din of the distant concussion of rattle and anon the boom of a giant cracker, fired by some daring fellow in violation of the law. Apprehension in such cases, of course, was practically impossible. One might have as well tried to stop the rainfall had it been coming down in drenching torrents.

A BRILLIANT SCENE.

It was a riotous, yet brilliant spectacle. The city had practically thrown aside work, or did so soon, realizing its accomplishment to be an impossibility. The streets were thronged with the holiday multitudes of people at play. Horses pranced to the music of the Mittery which faced them, women darted hither and thither in laughing groups as boldly as the men, others stopped their ears desperately with their fingers, especially if they were fortunate enough in time to spy the designing individual preparing to make the world as receding his existence in what was the most tangible and satisfying way. Bright, dazzling sizzlers were lit and carried in the hands of the lawful rioters lending to the scene color and light. Automobiles, afraid of nothing, with their glaring headlights, flashing fierce defiance in the faces of the enemies of peace and quiet, dashed up and down the thoroughfares, contributing generously to the general hubbub and to the general activity.

BOOMS AND BANGS.

Since the crowd was out for excitement, nothing but noises would appease its insatiable thirst for that which would stimulate its nerves and answer the demands of its nervous craving for the unusual. When the individual demonstrations grew so numerous that the streets were placed on street car tracks, surreptitiously, of course, and in answer to the street car's rush and clang as it swept swiftly down upon and over the hidden dynamite, up there went to the startling and nerve-racked heavens such a thunderous broadside as if Admiral Evans' squadron of death dealers had opened a furious bombardment upon the coast of Japan. Even this soon proved to be insufficient, congregated and banded themselves together. In one solid mass they marched down past The Observer office and with a clamor which put everything else to shame brought down the dynamite caps on the sidewalk in unison, putting William Gorell, who stood at his post in the lobby of the Manufacturers' Club, to flight.

MUCH KICKING.

Not to admit that last night's celebration was produced of the ordinary sort, to chronicle untruthfully the story of the night. Many people who could have stood the noise otherwise did not relish the spectacle of negroes parading the streets, exploding the dynamite in the faces of white people and ladies. There was no help for such as this, however, except to resent it personally. Although those with the explosives appeared to enjoy themselves, they may not have been so satisfied. They would not make 20 points toward a degree of sanity. Dozens and scores echoed the sentiments in words almost identical. A repetition of last night's scenes may therefore be looked for to-day and to-night.

CHILDREN THEIR GUESTS.

United Commercial Travelers Present Hundreds of Children and Others to the Feast of Sweetmeats. The happiest children in the State yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock were the scores and hundreds who were the guests of the United Commercial Travelers in the basement of the city hall. Fruit and candies were given to every one who would, and a strong turned out. Inside the scene was one of pushing and shoving, under the direction of Sergeant Youngblood and Chief Kuester. Outside the spectacle was one of joy. Not only children, both boys and girls, but men and women were there, in behalf of the little ones at home. Boys there were barefoot, girls without hats, their tangled hair wet with the falling rain, at the mercy of the wind. Shy little sisters who perhaps had not ventured up to the city from the mill settlements for months clung desperately to the arms of brothers as small, who elbowed their way through the crowd to where the ladies were handing out the generous and well-filled paper bags. Hugging their feet to their bosoms they were bowed out the opposite side of the building.

Cotton Receipts.

Thirty-one bales of cotton were received yesterday at the local platform. The prevailing price paid was 12 cents. The figures registered for the same day last year are as follows: The receipts yesterday brought the total amount of cotton marketed this fall just 100 above the number of the same period last year.

Mr. Fred C. Smith, Jr., of Burlington, spent last night in the city, stopping at the Central.

Christmas Greetings. On this one day we all realize that there is something better than mere cold business—something more inspiring than the pursuit of dollars—in this good old world, after all. The Christmas spirit which is abroad in the land is everywhere softening the hardest natures today, and carrying that feeling of peace, good will and good wishes that make all mankind kin. In the spirit of the day it is fitting for the Kress Stores to proffer to their hosts of friends sincere good wishes and earnest appreciation of their hearty support and continued patronage. Merry Christmas! And may the New Year bring to you every possible joy and good cheer with many happy Yuletide seasons yet to come. May that Christmas Spirit so heartfelt and soul-warming be with you the day long and may you feel that blessedly human inspiration so well summed up by Charles Dickens' Tiny Tim in the words: "God bless everybody!"

CHURCH SERVICES TO-DAY.

Christmas to be observed at several churches—The Order of Exercises. Christmas was ushered in at St. Peter's Catholic church on the stroke of the clock at midnight with the solemn high mass celebrated by Rev. Father Joseph, the pastor, assisted by Rev. Fathers Wilkibal and Gallagher, of Belmont. Low masses will be said at 6, 8, 9:30 and 10 o'clock and another solemn high mass at 10:30 o'clock, at which Rev. Father Joseph will deliver the sermon. After this mass there will be benediction.

At St. Peter's Episcopal church, Mr. Henry F. Anderson, organist, and a vested choir of 35 voices, will render the following programme at the Christmas service: Prelude, "March of the Magi King," DuBois. Professional Hymn, Adeste Fidelis. Venite and Benedictus, Cathedral Psalter. Te Deum, Westbury. Hymn, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," Anthem, "There Were Shepherds," Vincent. Communion Service, Eyre. Recessional, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." Postlude, March, List.

SMOKE CAUSED ALARM.

A lively time on the streets yesterday afternoon—much ado about nothing. An innocent switch engine, playing dutifully its part in the tangled skein of life and with no thought beyond that, was the cause of much commotion yesterday afternoon close to the hour of 5. It was pulled up under the shed of the Elba Manufacturing Company. A nervous person saw volumes of smoke pouring forth from under the shed. "Aha," thought he straightway, "a fire." And forthwith he hastened him to the nearest telephone and called for No. 10. "Hello," exclaimed a deep bass voice at the rendezvous of the city's fire fighters. The alarm was quickly given and in a moment the big bell on the city hall was booming forth the tidings. Out dashed the fire department, van and rear, forward rushed the Christmas crowd pell-mell, crowding upon each other's heels and shoving wildly to see the wagons and horses disappear in a cloud of dust, while on every doorstep people counted mentally to ascertain the box locality of the supposed conflagration. The firemen soon reached the scene and "the tragedy of a day was over. "Fire out" tolled the bell again and the tide of humanity resumed their accustomed ebbing and flowing.

TRAINS 39 AND 40 TO GO.

Official Notice Has Been Given of the Discontinuance of These Two Trains Between Washington and Atlanta. Much to the discomfort of the traveling public, official notification has been received here of the discontinuance of trains Nos. 39 and 40, after the first of the year, a meeting having lately been held in Washington to determine this matter. It all comes about through the adoption of a policy of retrenchment as it is commonly called, the railroad having received some incoercible kicks at the hands of the Legislatures of Southern States.

MRS. MARGARET DAVIS DEAD.

Death Comes After Ill Health of Many Months—Funeral Yesterday. After a period of ill health extending over several months, Mrs. Margaret Brewster Davis, widow of the late Mr. Fred S. Davis, died yesterday morning shortly after 9 o'clock. The funeral services were conducted from the residence of her son, Mr. B. S. Davis, yesterday afternoon. Afterwards the remains were carried to Pittsboro to be laid to rest beside those of her husband.

WILL GIVE RECITAL.

Mr. Don Richardson, Mr. H. Lee Venance and Mr. Karl von Lawrens will give Recital in Winston, at Home of Mrs. R. J. Reynolds, next Tuesday. Mr. Don Richardson, of this city, violinist, assisted by Mr. H. Lee Venance, cornetist, and Mr. Karl von Lawrens, pianist, will give a recital December 31st, at the home of Mrs. R. J. Reynolds, in Winston-Salem. The occasion will be one of the most brilliant and elaborate entertainments of the State's social season. The programme is as follows: Overture—"Light Cavalry" (trio)..... von Rinpe. Gavotte..... von Rinpe. Serenade..... Moszkowski. Gypsy Dance..... Ernst. Polonaise No. 1..... Chopin. Ruelle of Spring..... Sinding. Quartette from Rigoleto..... Verdi. An Camin..... Schumann. Polka (Hollo)..... Rogers. Romance in G..... Beethoven. Andants from 2d Concerto..... Wieniawski. Faust Fantasie..... Alard. Grand Selection from "Marius"..... von Plotow. Trios.....

Watch For Mr. Hooper.

The white employees of the Buford Hotel yesterday afternoon made Mr. C. E. Hooper, one of the proprietors and the manager of the hotel, a present of an elegant watch. This was, of course, as a token of esteem. Mr. Hooper is very popular with his employees as well as with the trade.

A REAL WONDERLAND.

South Dakota, with its rich silver mines, bonanza farms, wide ranges and strange natural formations, is a veritable wonderland. At Mount City, in the home of Mrs. R. D. Clapp, a wonderful case of healing has lately occurred. Her son seemed near death with lung and throat trouble. Exhausting coughing spells occurred every five minutes, writes Mrs. Clapp, "when I began giving Dr. King's New Discovery, the great medicine, that saved his life and completely cured him." Guaranteed for coughs and colds, throat and lung troubles by all druggists. See and be tried bottle free.

Mr. Frank R. Harris has gone to New York on business.

Recipe for Delicious Golden Glory Doughnuts. 1 egg, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 tablespoon Golden Glory Cooking Oil, 1-2 nats. 1 teaspoon salt, 1 heaping teaspoon baking powder, 1 quart flour (or as much as may be necessary for proper consistency). Sift salt and baking powder with the flour. Roll out the dough and cut with a tin doughnut cutter. Use a deep frying pan nearly full of Golden Glory Cooking Oil. Get the oil hot enough to brown a bread crumb in five seconds. Carefully drop the doughnuts in and do not overcover the pan. They will soon float. Turn them over as soon as possible. When brown take up with a fork and lay on folded cloth or blank white paper to absorb the adhering oil. Sprinkle with powdered sugar. BRANNON CARBONATING CO.

As to Santa.

"Despite the blare of trumpets, the boom of crackers, and the tooting of horns," said a philosopher, "I never fully realized that the Christmas season was upon us until the newspaper discussion about whether we shall tell the tooty-wooties who Santa Claus is or not, started up. At once I felt perfectly at home and in thorough harmony with the season when the flinke of the reindeer's bells is heard. I had almost forgotten that there was such a thing as Santa."

Don't Delay Your Christmas.

Don't Delay Your Christmas. Order Your Christmas Piano From STIEFF To-Day. Chas. M. Stieff. Manufacturer of the Artistic grand, Shaw and Stein Self-Player Pianos. Southern Wareroom: 5 West Trade St., CHARLOTTE, N. C. O. H. WILMOTH, Mgr.

With the return of the season will come the perplexing problem of "What shall I give him for Xmas?" a Suit, Fancy Vest, Hat, Neckwear, Shirts, Gloves, Mufflers, Suspenders or any of the many other articles we have for a man's wardrobe.

Long-Tate Clothing Co. With grateful appreciation of your patronage during the year now drawing to a close, we extend to our friends, one and all, wishes for a joyous Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year. W. T. McCOY The Home Furnisher.

REAL CHRISTMAS CHEER will prevail at this hotel, in addition to the characteristic cheer and hospitality which are inseparably linked with Clegg management. If you are looking for a hotel where things are a little bit better and cooler than common, just stop here the next time. HOTEL CLEGG Just a step beyond the station. GREENSBORO, N. C. THE HOLIDAYS ARE NOT SO FAR OFF That you can afford to put off much longer the filling of your Christmas needs. In fact, if you are wise, you will not put it off at all. You Can Choose Your FURNITURE better now than you can later on. The variety is more complete now and prices are as low as they will ever be. Buy now and we'll deliver whenever you are ready for it. Store will be open until 8:30 for the convenience of our patrons. Lubin Furniture Company.