

At The Theatre.

The Academy will offer next Thursday night the first real production of the after-holiday season—a return of "Buster Brown" and his dog, which scored such a magnificent triumph at the Academy last season. "Buster Brown" is a musical comedy with 40 people, mostly girls, and is said to be intoxicatingly funny and one that is appreciated alike by both young and old from five to fifty. Master Gabriel will not be seen as "Buster" this season, but in his place will come a little 22-inch chap known to the stage as Master Rosen, said to be the equal of Gabriel in every respect while in the role of "Tige" his faithful pal, will be seen Jack Bell, who certainly knows dogs.

His reconstruction of Tige's quizzical countenance is a masterpiece in paint, papier-mache and canvas. Feecity, amiability, curiosity; even that peculiarly subtle and illusive dog-dog motion called humor is fitted clearly and easily across his canine mask.



He wags his tail, licks his chops, tracks foot-prints with tremendous energy, worries the tramp's boots and just plays dog.

Master Rosen has attained a national reputation as Buster. He is so small that he has to stand on a chair to the his cravat. When he rings the door bell of a house, the girl looks out and says there is no one there. Rosen then climbs on a chair where he can be seen and then is allowed to enter. He is considered a wonder in his impersonation of Buster Brown, as Mr. Outcault has created him in the Sunday Herald.

If negotiations now under way are consummated this city will be visited in the Spring by one or both of the two greatest musical attractions sent out this season. One of these is Mme. Marcella Sembrich, the most famous of the Metropolitan Opera House prima donnas, assisted by her strong concert company. The tour of Mme. Sembrich and her company begins on March 11 at the close of her opera house engagement, and will extend over the entire South and Middle West as far as Texas and the Missouri river.

The other attraction is no less than Walter Damrosch and his splendid New York Symphony Orchestra. This tour begins Easter Sunday, March 31 and continues for six weeks and covers the same territory as Mme. Sembrich's tour, but each tour will proceed in opposite directions, so that in several cities both attractions will be heard from two weeks to a month apart.

For the Louisville, Spartanburg and Syracuse Festivals, each comprising five performances, both the Damrosch Orchestra and Mme. Sembrich have been engaged for simultaneous appearances. Both of these famous attractions, the most expensive on tour this season, are under the direction of London Charlton, who sends through



this section each year many celebrated artists and organizations. It will be a source of delight to the Wilmington public if Mme. Sembrich or the Damrosch Orchestra, or both, are able to include this city in their itineraries.

Fresh from its New York success at the Savoy Theatre, Edward R. Sailer's company in "It's All Your Fault," a farce in three acts by Edward Selwyn will be the attraction at the Academy on Friday. The plot of the piece—and it really has a plot—hinges on the deception of a young married man, who, in order to obtain a comfortable income from his wealthy uncle allows him to believe that he has named a son after him, whom in reality he has no son. All goes well until uncle wishes to have the boy to come and live with him and then the nephew is obliged to make good. A precocious youth who has escaped from a boy's home is pressed into service and the real parentage of the boy is the pivot about which the movement of the piece revolves.

"A Message From Mars," which will

be seen at the Academy the night of the 21st made an immediate impression the first time it was ever played. It had its bringing out in London. Those interested in it were of four months, but instead it ran for a bit over three years. After its great success in the English metropolis, it was brought to America where, it was placed before the public in New York City, remaining there for two years. This, in brief, is the story of this comedy—and enough to recommend it in the highest terms to all theatre-goers.

Of "My Wife's Family," which will be the offering at the Academy on Monday evening, January 14, the Cincinnati Times-Star says:

"Farces whose stories are not interrupted and blotted out by innate specialties or the introduction of the semi-voiced chorus girl, are rare in these days of demand for the spectacular. So, when a vehicle that does not depend upon the length of stockings shown or the quantity of humarity offered for inspection of the pub-



lic comes and entertains nicely, it deserves the heartfelt thanks of lovers of something that is a little out



ETTA RAYNOR

With the Buster Brown Company at Academy of Music This Week.

of the ordinary and contains merit, besides "My Wife's Family" which opened a week's engagement at the Walnut Sunday night comes under this head. The humor of the dialogue is decidedly up-to-date and the situations are screamingly funny.

GRIEF KILLS SAM MARTIN.

New York, Dec. 31.—Sam Martin, whose restaurant at Broadway and Fortieth street has been conducted by a receiver since he went into voluntary bankruptcy a month ago, died suddenly today in the apartments his family have occupied for a month at 2850 Broadway. His wife said tonight that he died of a broken heart over the thought of having failed at what was once a prosperous business. Dr. E. H. Quinn, the family physician, ascribed the cause as heart disease and said it was doubtless incited by grief. Until within two years, no all-night restaurant was busier than Sam Martin's. Before the day of Rector's and Shanley's and when Brown's Chop House was at Twenty-seventh street, Martin's was the meeting place after the theatre of all the best known stage folk and men about town.

When other and more elaborate restaurants moved up town with the upward movement of the theatrical district, Sam Martin's patrons began to desert the old-fashioned restaurant for the lobster palaces. Before they went away many left a memento in the shape of checks, sometimes amounting to \$500, which Martin cashed for them without question. When the checks came back from the banks dishonored, Sam merely sighed and pocketed the loss. About the only thing that he leaves to his family is a stack of worthless paper, which represents a loss of at least \$25,000 and on which not a cent can be realized.

Mrs. Martin said to-night that for the past week her husband had cried a good part of every day, bemoaning the misfortune that left his family without resources and compelled them to go out and look for work. His wife encouraged him as much as possible and finally on Sunday afternoon, he braced himself and said:

"I am going downtown to-morrow to look for work. Surely some of my old friends will have something that I can do."

Mrs. Martin left her husband's bedroom for a few minutes this morning to brew him some tea and when she returned found him unconscious. He was dead before a doctor arrived. Martin was 54 years old.

To the Beach. On fine days there is no better place to spend an hour or two than the beach. Frequent schedule on Suburban Line. Jan 4 1w** July 20-1f

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

Familiar Names and Figures Along Water Front Years Ago. (Communicated)

In search of current news this scribe sought solace with his pipe at Market dock upon an upturned boat for casual observation. Upon this spot unchanged since old Colonial days the red coat Brits were wont to quaff their ale around the tables set to catch the river breeze, ten paces from the tavern near, which was the only hostelry. And near, he puffed, the weather beaten ferry boat propelled by lazy strokes came into dock linking the long dead past with modern strenuous life, and left as lazily upon its western course. Nearby there sat an ancient mariner whose hoary head attested his longevity; accosted by the scribe his face assumed a troubled air.

"Tis fifty years to-day since I have seen this place," quoth he, "so long familiar to mine eyes."

"The market house is gone, the bell which told the hours of labour and refreshment has ceased, likewise the Orrell Ark. The buildings are unchanged, but where are the strong and steady men who trod these streets a half century ago?"

"I've passed the day without a recognition; confusing forms and faces baffle the old familiar scene. There is a bay, where 'honest Jake' held forth, for Lyon was an honest man; and next was Hathaway and Utley, Coville the Chandler; then DeRosset & Brown and Colonel Miller was Collector of the Port. Old Captain Ellis, Mitchell, Murray, Cumming, Adams, McInnis, Harri & Howland, Pettoway & Pritchett, Murray Murchison, Avon Hall and J. & D. McRae; John Dix and Henry Nutt, Parsleys, Hall & Armstrong, John Heyer, Chas. Robinson, and G. & C. Monroe; and John S. James and Adrian VanBokkellin; and, on the lower side, were Ellers, Blossom, Cyrus Stowe VanAmringe and S. M. West, the auctioneer; and Hall McCoy, Anderson & Savage, Joe Neff, old Captain Potter, Kilder and Martin, the Chadburns, and John Mularky; Kit Dudley, the Worths, Toney Cazaux, Miles Coston, Green Daniel, John Polsson, Tom Sutton and Kit Styron, James Cumming, Virginus Ballard, Rankin and Martin, Mike Cronly, Smith and McLaurin and 'paunchious' pilot Bishop, the genial Captain Jack:—Where are the countless white-winged sailing ships which lined these rotting wharves while the cheery cry of 'go ahead horse' and chuckling blocks made merry with the rattling drays? Most all are gone you say? Then I too must away," and sure enough he went and while we searched for him this scribe awoke, for behold, it was a dream!

GENERAL LEE AND HIS CHAPELS.

Rev. A. D. Betts Tells of His Great Devotion to Christian Work.

Appropos the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of General Robert E. Lee on the nineteenth of the present month, Rev. A. D. Betts, of Town Creek, sends the following with reference to one side of the Great Chieftain's life:

"During the Winter months when the armies were quiet, the chaplains met every few weeks. General Lee was frequently present.

"On February 22nd, 1864, I met him on the train going to Richmond. I told him I thought he had about 25 chapels in his army. He modestly said: 'Yes, we had 29 last Saturday.' How did he know? Of course the good man had sent to each brigade for an official statement, which showed his interest in the spiritual welfare of his soldiers. It is well for us to think of him as a Christian on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth.

"A. D. BETTS,"
Town Creek, N. C., Jan., 5th, 1907.

HUGH MacRAE & CO.,

WE BUY AND SELL ON COMMISSION

SOUTHERN SECURITIES.

COTTON MILL STOCKS.

North and South Carolina State Bonds.

Harris Lithia Water

The strongest Lithia Water known

Harris' Lithia Ginger Ale.

The best in the market.

A trial will convince you.

H. L. VOLLERS.



10c Bottles . . . 2 Doses
25c Bottle . . . 8 Doses
Ask your dealer for it.

ADVERTISE

—IN—

THE MORNING STAR.

THE MORNING STAR IS
The Oldest Daily Newspaper
in North Carolina

And never since its first issue has there been any change of name, proprietorship or editorial management. It guarantees a much larger regular, bona fide circulation than any other daily newspaper published in Wilmington. This claim has never been challenged by any competing newspaper.

The amount of advertising carried by The Morning Star is steadily increasing. More advertisers are using it than ever before.

The Steady Growth in Circulation
makes the Paper More and
More Valuable to
Advertisers

For the more readers for your advertisement the greater the increase in your business.

In addition to its very large city circulation, The Morning Star
Covers the Entire Territory Commercially Tributary to
Wilmington

Circulates largely among the most prosperous class of merchants and farmers, and has been read in hundreds of families continuously for more than a generation. Advertisers will make no mistake in seeking business through the columns of The Morning Star.

Terms of Subscription

One Year by Mail	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	\$5.00.
Six Months by Mail	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	2.50.
Three Months by Mail	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	1.25.
Delivered in City, per month	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	45c

WILLIAM H. BERNARD,

Owner and Editor,

WILMINGTON, N. C.