

SOCIETY WITNESSES WEDDING POPULAR COUPLE

At St. Peter's Church

Miss Annie L. Laughinghouse, of This City, Wedded to Mr. Malcom Worthington, of Darlington, S. C.

LEAVE FOR BRIDAL TOUR

One of the most beautiful scenes possible in all the world is a lovely bride crowned with youth and surrounded by the real friends of a lifetime.

Such was Annie Elizabeth Laughinghouse, as she pledged her troth till death do part, to Malcom MacLean Worthington, of Bel Air, Maryland, within the sacred walls of St. Peter's Episcopal Church this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

While marked by a beautiful simplicity, yet it was one of the most brilliant social events in the history of the city.

The golden note carried out in the chancel decorations, flowers and gowns of the bridal party made a most beautiful wedding. Appropriately adorned by loving hands for the joyous occasion and in its bounty of green-banked ferns and gorgeous yellow and white chrysanthemums, the beautiful edifice presented a picture of which memory's star will long linger.

It was a feast for the artistic fancy of those present waiting the expectant bride's procession and the happy ceremony. No wedding carried with it more interest, for the bride, through all her young life, from girlhood to womanhood, and to this radiant crowning of love's triumph in marriage, has been ever so gentle and joyous, so loyal to her friendships, so charitable in thought and spoken word, so unselfish for others as to be the admiration and fealty of all as an abiding inheritance through all the glad years they wish for her in the new life she is now entering.

Just before the hour for the impressive ceremony, Mrs. David Carter sang most sweetly and touchingly, "Oh! Perfect Love." Her sweet, clear notes fell upon attentive ears and lingered undisturbed until broken by the familiar strains of Lohengrin's wedding march from the organ under the deft touch of Miss Lillian Bonner, announcing the entrance of the bridal party.

Preceding the party Miss Hattie Jones, Miss Tillie Morton, Miss Mary Carter, Miss Mattie Baughman, Miss Carrie Simmons, Miss Mary Clyde Hassel, Miss Mary Powell, of Tarboro, and Miss Alice Blow, of Greenville, girl friends of the bride-elect, were assigned seats of honor near the chancel.

Immediately the door to the main entrance opened through which appeared little Miss Mamie Latham Richardson, a niece of the bride, bewitchingly attired in a dainty creation of white Paris muslin, embroidered, and trimmed in real lace, escorted by Master Joshua Taylor. They skillfully formed a chain of ribbon down the center aisle to the chancel, falling off the pews on either side.

The ushers, Messrs. Carl H. Richardson, J. I. Leary, Norwood L. Simmons and August D. MacLean, were the next to enter. They waited at the chancel steps.

From the vestry room came the bridesmaids, Miss Annie Laurie Worthington, a sister of the groom; Miss Julia Hoyt Moore, Miss Muse Blount and Miss Elizabeth Hill, all comely attired in gowns of white messaline silk, black picture hats, and carrying bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums. The bridesmaids wended their way down the center aisle to the main entrance, where they were joined by the groomsmen, reentering the church as follows: Mr. Samuel L. Laughinghouse with Miss Annie Laurie Worthington; Mr. J. D. Worthington with Miss Julia Hoyt Moore; Mr. Harry McMullen with Miss Muse Blount; Mr. J. D. Callais with Miss Elizabeth Hill.

On reaching the main desk at the chancel steps the bridesmaids crossed to the right, the groomsmen to the left. The next to enter was the first dame of honor, Mrs. Carl H. Richardson, charmingly attired in a white lace robe over Duchess satin with hat and bouquet of white chrysanthemums. She was followed by the bride's second dame of honor, Mrs. J. I. Leary, of Goldsboro, N. C., gowned in blue embroidered messaline, trimmed with lace. She wore a black picture hat and carried white chrysanthemums.

The last of the attendants to enter was Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Worthington, father and mother of the groom, Bel Air, Md. Mr. John D. Worthington, the groom's brother, Bel Air, Md.; Mr. Edmund Hunter, Washington, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Leary, Goldsboro, N. C.; Miss Mary Powell, Tarboro, S. C.; Miss Alice Blow, Greenville, N. C.

At the altar the bride and groom were joined by the officiating minister, Rev. Nathaniel Harding, that effected the eternal locking of their young lives together, followed by the prayer that is always beautiful and the blessing of their union before God by the officiating clergyman.

BUILDING GIVES WAY IN WILSON KILLING ONE

Four Are Badly Hurt

Guano Factory in Process of Erection Gives Way and the Cement Mixer is Instantly Killed Yesterday Afternoon.

100 MEN WERE EMPLOYED

Wilson, N. C., Nov. 23.—Yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock, the Contentment factory, in the southwestern section of Wilson, which was under way of construction, gave way, killing instantly Rev. B. B. Taylor, who was a concrete worker; Julius Woodard, colored, had a leg broken and was considerably bruised about the body. Tobe Bellamy, a colored laborer, legs, arms and body bruised; Frank Battle, a white carpenter, received several bruises and it is thought he sustained internal injuries; Speight McNeill, white, was also badly hurt.

The trusswork that gave away was about thirty feet high and 30 feet long (the building is to be, when completed, 150x350 feet) and when the truss section gave away it struck the next, and so on until the whole of the three hundred feet of trusswork came tumbling down in a tangled mass. There were more than a hundred workmen employed around the big building and it is a great wonder that none of them were not hurt when the terrible crash came.

The devil can get so many people to do his work for him he hardly has to lift a hand himself.

The edifice was the maid of honor, Miss Mattie Laughinghouse, dressed in an exquisite creation of white messaline silk, elaborately braided and wearing black picture hat. She carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. Then, leaning on the arm of her father, Mr. Wyatt L. Laughinghouse, who gave her away, came the lovely bride, marvelously beautiful in her wedding gown, flowing veil and carrying a shower bouquet of bridal roses and lilies of the valley. She made a beautiful picture in her exquisite gown of white Duchess satin, hand-embroidered and trimmed with pearls and crystals in Greek effect.

As she neared the altar the groom, with his best man, Mr. Edmund Hunter, of Wheeling, W. Va., approached and gracefully received his bride. To the softened notes of Schubert's "Serenade" the marriage vows were spoken to the pastor, Rev. Nathaniel Harding, that effected the eternal locking of their young lives together, followed by the prayer that is always beautiful and the blessing of their union before God by the officiating clergyman.

To the inspiring strains of Mendelssohn's and the merry sound of the marriage bell, the bridal party left the church.

Immediately after the ceremony throngs of friends, young and old, hurried to the Atlantic Coast Line station, while the bride and groom repaired to the home of the bride's parents, West Second street, to don traveling attire before taking the 4 o'clock train for an extended tour of Northern cities.

On last evening the bridal party were entertained at the home of the bride's parents, where the decorations, yellow and white, throughout the spacious home, were superbly beautiful and artistic. The gift room was a great attraction, filled to overflowing with the wedding presents of the young couple. They were costly and handsome and show in some manner their popularity.

The bride is one of the most attractive and charming young women of Washington, one whose attractive personality has made and retained many friends. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Laughinghouse, and an ornament to the social life of the city.

The groom is a native of Bel Air, Maryland, but is at present employed by the Atlantic Coast Line as civil engineer at Darlington, S. C. He is a young man of promise, standing high in his chosen profession.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington will be at home in Darlington after December 2d.

FIGHT MANIAC ON ROOF EDGE IN BROOKLYN

Reserves to Rescue

The Madman Bound and Carried to a Hospital Where it is Learned His Name is Chas. Wygant—Escaped From Home.

RESIDES IN AIRSHIP HE SAID

New York, Nov. 24.—William Lowe, who lives in the apartment at No. 480 Prospect place, Brooklyn, was taking his bath yesterday morning when his wife called to him that there was a strange man in an apartment on the floor below, and the women living there could not get him to leave.

Clad only in a bathrobe and slippers, Lowe went downstairs and found a well-dressed young man in the hall. When asked what he was doing there the man said he lived in the flat, and produced a key to prove it. He was told he would have to leave the house. The stranger refused, and Lowe told his wife to go for a policeman.

Locks Man Out on Roof. Some one got Mr. Lowe's shoes, and while he was putting them on the man ran up another flight of stairs and got out on the roof. Lowe locked the trap-door and then finished dressing. Policeman Noll came a few minutes later, and from the sidewalk asked the man on the roof what he was doing there.

"Looking for the North Pole," was the answer. Noll went to the roof and tried to compel the crazy man to come down. Then a thrilling fight began. The man, who was later identified as Charles Wygant, No. 380 Lincoln road, Flatbush, was forcing Noll to the edge of the roof when the policeman called to Lowe for help. Lowe took a hand in the fight, but the lunatic was a match for both. Several times he had them almost to the edge of the roof, and it was only because each time they ran against a chimney that they were saved from a fall.

After the battle had gone on for nearly half an hour and Wygant had winded both of his antagonists some one ran for another policeman, who sent in a call for reserves. Soon a great crowd gathered in the street watching the struggle.

Roll to Roof Edge Again. Wygant was getting stronger all the time while the policeman and Mr. Lowe were weakening. Finally all three went down, the policeman under the lunatic, who was choking him, and Mr. Lowe on top. All three rolled to the edge of the roof again and it seemed they would fall off and be killed.

Just then the reserves gained the top of the house and pulled the struggling men back. It took only a moment to overcome Wygant. He was bound hand and foot and carried to the patrol wagon uttering maniacal yells.

Said He Lived in Airship. At the Grand avenue police station Wygant said his name was John Sweeney, 92 years old and lived in an airship. Letters found in his pockets established the fact that his name was Wygant and that he lived with an aunt, Mrs. Marietta Clark. He was removed to the Kings County Hospital's observation ward. His aunt said he had been under a physician's care for some time and had escaped from the house at daybreak. She could not explain how he got the key to the apartment house on Prospect place.

WATERS-LEGGETT.

Mr. S. Z. Waters, of Pantego, and Miss Ella Leggett were happily married at 2:30 p. m. Monday, November 15, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Charles W. Snell, near Macker's Ferry. Mr. H. C. Bowen, of Belhaven, was the officiating minister. The secret had been successfully kept. However, several young friends learned what had happened in time to meet the bridal party at the train and give them a beautiful shower of rice and a lively send-off. The happy couple joined the delegation to spend a few days in Wilson, N. C., attending the State convention of the Disciples of Christ. They will be in the city for a few days at their residence at Pantego, N. C. A large circle of friends join in best wishes for happiness and success on the matrimonial voyage of life.

H. A. D. Mrs. C. G. Morris and little son left yesterday afternoon for Grimesland to visit for a week.

DYNAMITE-FED HENS ARE SAFE FROM THE AXE

Farmer Fears Danger

He Doesn't Even Dare Crack One of the Eggs for Fear it Will Blow Up—Chickens Eat the Dynamite.

SUPPOSE IT IS IN SHELS

Winsted, Conn., Nov. 21.—A man who has a small farm a few miles from this town does not dare to trample on a small portion of it and is afraid to eat his own hens' eggs. Heavy fowls he had been fattening for Thanksgiving are immune from death for the present so far as his killing them is concerned.

Dynamite is the cause of his trouble. He opened two pound sticks of the explosive, into which a little frost had found its way, and after breaking the cylinders into pieces spread them on a flat stone in the sun to dry. He meant to use the dynamite in a lot he is clearing.

When he went to get the explosive after he had drilled holes in a big boulder, he saw a flock of his hens scratching in the dynamite and eating it as they would eat small grain. That's why the farmer does not dare to eat his own hens' eggs, for he fears particles of dynamite may lurk in the shells.

"Who knows where that dynamite they ate is now?" he said, sadly, today. "Suppose it's got into the shells? Think I'd run the risk of cracking one of those eggs? Yet how are you going to eat eggs without breaking the shells?" And there's the story in an egg-shell. The puzzled farmer cannot tell by the looks of his hens which ate the dynamite. There's no one who dares to eat any of them at Thanksgiving. As for swinging heavily on their heads with an axe, he shudders at the thought. The farmer begged the correspondent not to use his name.

The Farmers Thanksgiving

The earth is brown, and the skies are gray And the windy woods are bare, And the first white flakes of the coming snow Are afloat in the frosty air! But the sparks fly up from the blackery log,

On the homestead's broad stone hearth, And the windows shake, and the rafters ring. To the lads' and the lassies' mirth.

The farmer's face is furrowed and worn, And his locks are thin and white; But his hand is steady, his voice is clear, And his eyes are blue and bright, As he turns to look at his sweet old wife.

Who sits in her gown of gray, With her cobweb kerchief, and creamy frills. She wore on her wedding day.

He bows his head to the laden board, And the guests they are silent all— "Thanksgiving, Lord, for the sun and rain, And the fruit on the orchard wall; For the silver wheat, and the golden corn, And the crown of a peaceful life— The greatest blessing that Thou canst give— A true and a loving wife!"

This white-haired lover he bends to kiss Her hand in its frill of lace, And the faded rose on her wrinkled cheek.

With a proud and a courtly grace; And the snowflakes click on the window pane, And the rafters ring above, And the angels sing at the gates of— Good!

The words of the farmer's love.

DELIGHTFUL LATE SUPPER.

A delightful late supper was given Monday night after the Halcyon Club dance by Miss Julia Moore, in honor of Miss Mary Powell, of Tarboro, who is visiting her. Covers were laid for ten, and the color scheme was yellow and white, with quantities of chrysanthemums about the room. A delicious four-course supper was served to the following guests: Misses Mary Powell, Maude Windley, Evelyn Jones and Julia Moore; Messrs. W. S. Wolfe, J. D. Callais, Ed. Clark, Dr. A. C. Hoyt and Mr. Outlaw, of Greensboro.

A LEADER IN LOWER HOUSE DIES IN FIRE

James A. D'Armond

The Distinguished Missourian Met a Horrible Death Yesterday Morning—His 5-Year Old Grandson Also Burned.

HELD PROMINENT PLACE

Butler, Mo., Nov. 23.—Congressman David A. DeArmond and his 5-year-old grandson, David A. DeArmond, III, were burned to death this morning in a fire which destroyed the congressman's home in this city. They were sleeping out of doors on a front porch. The fire apparently caught in the house near where the two were sleeping, and all that portion of the building was in flames when neighbors reached the scene.

Some charred bones have been found, believed to be all that remains of the two bodies. A maid servant who slept in the rear of the house was awakened when the flames burst into her room. She escaped in her night clothes and ran to the front of the house. Her screams aroused the neighborhood, but no one could get near the front of the building because of the intense heat.

James A. DeArmond, a son of the congressman and father of the boy who was burned, was one of the first to arrive. It was with difficulty that he was restrained from rushing into the flames. The other members of the family escaped. Other occupants of the house at the time of the fire and who escaped were Mrs. DeArmond, James A. DeArmond, aged 35, a son of the congressman, and a daughter, aged 25.

The congressman and his grandson were close companions. Mr. DeArmond had been sleeping out of doors for two years and had found the plan very beneficial. He believed it a great aid to good health and was endeavoring to cure his grandson to the open air this winter.

Few men in congress in the last half century have had more spectacular or brilliant careers than David DeArmond, of Missouri. He had served as representative from the sixth Missouri district continuously since 1891, previous to which he had won his political spurs in his home State as a lawyer, presidential elector, State senator, circuit judge and supreme court commissioner. He was born in Blair county, Pa., March 15, 1844, and went to Missouri as a young man.

In 1907, following a series of bitter differences with the Democratic leaders in the house, John Sharp Williams, culminating in a personal conflict on the floor, the Missourian consented to the use of his name for the Democratic leadership in the sixtieth congress. However, nothing ever came of the movement and Mr. DeArmond kept his place in the floor ranks and continually added to his prestige as one of the quickest, "most eloquent" speakers in either house of congress. His gage of battle was never lightly accepted.

One of his most characteristic efforts, perhaps, was made on the floor in March, 1908, when he proposed to protectionist Republican colleagues a scheme to raise a domestic brand of titled suitors for the hands of American girls in the Philippines. "It will be cheaper, it will be under our own contract and I think it would be in harmony with the protective policy to which our friends are devoted," he declared.

GEM THEATER TONIGHT

The pictures at the Gem last night were exquisite, and warmly applauded by the people who braved the storm to see them. Tonight's program is a good one also. A farce comedy, a good comedy drama, and several melodramas and a fine vaudeville act by Japanese acrobats, comprise the program. The box of Huyler's will be drawn for tonight. Tomorrow night a benefit for the graded school will be given. The beautiful Tom Thumb wedding, so highly complimented as given at the school the other night, will be repeated by the young actors. First performance at 7:30. Admissions will be 10 and 20 cents. Be sure to come tonight, and don't miss tomorrow night. The orchestra will play your favorite music and you will enjoy a treat beyond words.

THANKSGIVING EXERCISES. The public schools pupils celebrated Thanksgiving today at the school building. Mr. Stephen C. Bragaw made the address. Full report of the exercises in Friday's paper.

FIRE DESTROYS 18 BUILDINGS AT WARRENTON

Dynamite Checks Fire

Unverified Report Says the Conflagration Was Caused By a Lighted Cigarette—Fire Fighters Are Handicapped.

LOSS ESTIMATED AT \$75,000

Warrenton, Va., Nov. 23.—The most disastrous fire in the history of this town swept about four blocks early tonight, destroying 25 residences and business houses, and was not gotten under control until two frame buildings and the annex to Warren Green Hotel, a brick structure, which were in its path, had to be dynamited to check its further progress.

An unverified report said that the conflagration was caused by the careless throwing away of a burning cigarette end. Late tonight the total damage was estimated at \$75,000, with about \$50,000 insurance.

Among the buildings totally destroyed was the summer studio of Richard M. Brooke, the Washington artist, located on Waterloo street, and the "Fire House," containing the mayor's office, the council chamber, and the fire department. The last named consists of a reel and ladder truck and while this apparatus was handled by willing hands the fire spread before a stiff wind and the volunteer firefighters were practically powerless until they resorted to explosives.

Started in a Livery Stable. The blaze started in Bradburn's livery stable, in the southwestern section of the town, just south of Waterloo street and a short distance east of the Warren Green Hotel. A high south wind soon blew the flames toward Waterloo and Winchester streets, which converge near the courthouse, within a stone's throw of where the conflagration started. In a short while the buildings on both sides of those streets were, one after another, enveloped. The courthouse and jail were within 100 feet of the track of the flames as they ate their way across Waterloo street, and several prisoners, who were confined in the jail, were paroled only with difficulty. Neither the courthouse nor the jail was injured. Warren Green Hotel, the leading hostelry of the town, was saved by dynamiting the annex.

When the fire spread beyond the livery stable, and it became evident that it was beyond the control of those who were fighting it as stubbornly as possible, scores of householders in the western section of the town removed their household goods to places of safety, and among these were a number who, a short while later, saw their residences completely destroyed.

TOYLAND OPENING POSTPONED.

The opening of Toyland at J. K. Hoyt's is postponed, due to the inclemency of the weather. Full announcement of the opening will be made through the columns of this paper. Toyland is a dream of loveliness and the little folk are eagerly awaiting the time to view it.

GROWING INSTITUTION.

The Savings and Trust Company of this city, since its organization, has made wonderful strides in the banking world. Its success should be a matter of pride not only to the stockholders, but the entire community. This bank is the youngest in the city and its officers are men of fine business qualifications. Every reader of the News should read the statement published today. The merits of the Savings and Trust as a safe depository has long ago been recognized by the entire community.

CREDITABLE STATEMENTS.

Washington should feel proud of its banking institutions. In today's News appears the statements of the Savings & Trust Company, the Bank of Washington and the First National Bank. Every reader of this paper should peruse them, for they show a condition that is more than creditable to the stockholders and officers. No town in North Carolina can boast of safer or more worthy banks than this city. All the officers of the respective institutions are men of business acumen and integrity.

COUNTY TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

To the County Teachers: On Friday, December 3, as soon after 9 o'clock as possible, the County Teachers will meet at the Washington Graded School building and visit the various departments of the school. In the afternoon the teachers will assemble in the auditorium and organize, when Prof. J. A. Divins, of the State Department of Education, will address them on "Teacher Training." At the same time a County Teachers' Association will be organized. It is desired that as many members as possible from local associations be present and become a part of the county organization. All persons interested in this work are invited to meet with us.

W. L. VAUGHAN, County Supt. Schools.

THE CHURCHES WILL OBSERVE THANKSGIVING

Everybody is Invited

Services at the Episcopal, Presbyterian and Christian Churches Tomorrow Morning and at Baptist Tomorrow Night.

JOYOUS DAY ANTICIPATED

The following is the program for the different churches of the city Thanksgiving day, to which all are cordially invited.

First Baptist Church, 7:30 P. M. Hymn 199. "When the Roll is Called." Hymn 128. "Keep Step." Prayer. Mr. S. C. Carty. Hymn 55. "There'll Be No Dark Valley."

The President Proclamation. Read by Miss Edna Willis. The Governor's Proclamation. Read by Miss Gladys Allgood. Solo, "Face to Face." Mrs. D. H. Creech.

Bible reading, "Helping the Orphans." Prayer. By Mr. S. P. Willis. Hymn 242. "Welcome, Wanderer, Welcome."

Talk, "The Unselfish Motive." By Rev. J. A. Sullivan. Offering for orphans. Quartette, "Wonderful Story." Hymn 8. "Never Give Up." Benediction. By Mr. E. L. Dawson.

The hymns to be sung are among the most popular used in the recent union revival meetings. Those having a copy of the hymn book are asked to bring it with them. The public is cordially invited to the service.

St. Peter's Church. Sermon by the rector at 11 a. m. The offering will be for the widows and orphans of deceased ministers. Christian Church.

The pastor will deliver a Thanksgiving sermon and a collection will be taken.

Presbyterian Church. Thanksgiving services at 11 a. m. Preaching by the pastor.

GAIETY TONIGHT

The program at the Gaiety will be most attractive and those attending will be more than pleased. Dropped From the Clouds is a beautiful hand-colored picture. The Legend of the Lighthouse will be seen with interest. It is well worth your patronage. Don't Eat Green Apples and Billie's Choice are two comic pictures full of fun and merriment that will make you laugh from start to finish. Attend the Gaiety tonight and witness a fine program. You will not regret it.

STORM WARNING.

Washington, D. C., November 24, 1909. Northeast storm warning 11 a. m., Norfolk, Newport News, Port Monroe, Weems, Reedville, Baltimore, delayed. Report Hatteras shows marked disturbance central near Diamond Shoals. High north to northwest winds today and tonight. MOORE.

New Advertisements

- Today's News
Postponed Toyland Opening
Knight Shoe Co.—Shoes.
R. L. Stevart—Watches.
H. G. Sparrow—Toy Opening.
Garfield Clements—New Delivery Wagon.
Gaiety Theater.
Gem Theater.
Gowan's Preparation.
Vick's Remedies.
Chesapeake Steamship Co.
Laxative Bruno Quinine.
Hotel Korman, Baltimore.
Hyemel.
Parlatan Sage.
Pain Ointment.
J. L. O'Quinn, Florida—Baths.