

The Mount Airy News.

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NO.

MOREHEAD'S CALL.

Crisis to be Met by the Republicans in North Carolina.

Greensboro News.

A formal call for the meeting of the Republican executive committee in Greensboro on August 7 at 2 p. m., was issued from Spray Saturday night by State Chairman John M. Morehead. The meeting place is designated as the McAdoo hotel and the object of the call is set forth in the following words: "For the purpose of selecting time and place for the next Republican State convention and for the transaction of such other business as it may deem advisable."

Chairman Morehead has mailed broadcast over the State copies of the call with invitations to all Republicans and their friends to be present "to the end that your counsel may be had at this critical time when unselfish devotion to principles is our only safeguard."

In the form of an enclosure with the call and the letters of invitation to be present, is a copy of a letter purporting to have been written by Chairman Morehead in reply to an inquiry. In this letter Chairman Morehead gives expression to his feelings and opinions regarding the third party. He describes the present situation as a crisis and calls upon Republicans to lay aside personal prejudice and preferences to the end that the party may be perpetuated in the State. He characterizes the claims of the third party leaders as farcical. The letter, duly labeled "copy," is herewith given in full:

"Acknowledging receipt of your favor, allow me to express my appreciation and thanks for the complimentary sentiments expressed therein.

"As I conceive the situation a crisis is upon the Republican party in the State, and it is essential that every man who is truly a Republican lay aside personal prejudice and preference to the end that the party may be perpetuated in the State.

"It is farcical in the extreme to claim that the party as a party can be aborted and transferred to the third party.

"Let those desiring to accomplish this end have the courage of their position and legitimately inaugurate their third party by calling a convention for same, as is of course their undisputed prerogative.

"But to attempt to prostitute the Republican party to this end through control of a Republican convention and then to deliver the party to, or merge it with, this departure from the 'faith of the fathers' is too ridiculous and absurd for serious discussion.

"The Republican party will be perpetuated in North Carolina and it will be done, in a decent, orderly and regular manner, and we will receive the support and co-operation of every Republican who places principles above expediency or passion.

"Furthermore, I believe these principles will appeal to every citizen who views with any concern the trend of the Radical Democrats and Third partyites toward free trade and socialism."

Cupid Wouldn't Accept Name.

St. Louis Telegram to The Philadelphia Record.

Louis Kehlengelken filed a petition in the circuit court asking permission to change his name. He asserts that his fiancée refuses to be afflicted with an unpronounceable name.

Another reason is that he wants to register and vote at the coming election, and thinks it would be easier to do this if his name was shorter. As a brief and pronounceable name he suggests the last three syllables of his present one, and in future he would be known as "Louis Eng-elken."

One of the most common ailments that hard working people are afflicted with is lame back. Apply Chamberlain's Lotion twice a day and massage the parts thoroughly at each application, and you will get quick relief. For sale by All Dealers.

OFFICERS CLOSE TO ALLEN OUTLAWS.

Sidna Allen and Wesley Edwards Traced to Seattle—They Leave Salt Lake City Just Ahead of Government Men and Now Secret Service Detectives, Police and Sheriff's Deputies Are Hunting Them.

Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 4.—Sidna Allen and Wesley Edwards, leaders of the murderous Allen gang of Carroll county, Va., have been traced to the city, according to a statement made to-day by United States Marshal R. H. Jacoby. Federal officers and the police have definitely determined that Allen has been in Seattle proper within the last week and within the neighborhood for two weeks. The secret service men have been on the lookout for two weeks. This did not become known until to-day.

Allen and Edwards were traced to Salt Lake City, but they cleared that city just ahead of government officers. Allen is known to have been in Ballard, a suburb of Seattle, within the last two days. At that time he was secreted at the home of a relative, but was seen and recognized by men whose names, W. R. Bryan, special agent of the Department of Justice, refuses to divulge. His hand is not yet healed from the gunshot wound he sustained during the killings at Hillsville in March.

The government secret service men are indignant that the story leaked out. Marshal John Anderson, at Salt Lake, passed on word that Allen and Edwards were bound for the ranch of a man named Hatfield in or near Everett, Wash. This tip resulted in a serious delay on the part of the government officers, for when Hatfield was really located in Snohomish county, which was combed by posses Allen and Edwards had come on to Seattle. Hatfield was finally located in the Big Bottom Country, between Elbe and Morton, and there were found several families who had come from the Allen's home in Virginia. Among them were "Devil" Hatfield, as he is known. He is a close friend and former associate of Allen, who has relatives and friends in Puget Sound country.

Allen was here on an extensive visit eight years ago. It is believed that both fugitives are trying either to get north to Alaska or south to Mexico. Seattle is being thoroughly scoured, and as both men are dressed like laborers, the hundreds of cheap lodging houses below the dead line are being given particular scrutiny. The Big Bottom country is being closely watched in order to prevent them getting back among the foothills and mountain fastnesses, where they could be protected by their former neighbors and friends in Virginia.

The entire police department as well as the full strength of the sheriff's office, the United States marshal's office and a score of special agents of the Department of Justice, augmented by several secret service men, are on the job, and Marshal Jacoby and Captain of Detectives Tennant are confident their arrest is only a matter of a few hours.

Yield Brain to Save Others.

Covington, Ky., Aug. 3.—Putting aside their natural dislike for a post-mortem examination of the brain of their son, the parents of five-year-old James Tary, who died here yesterday of hydrophobia, today permitted physicians to remove the brain and examine it that other children might be safe-guarded. Two other children were bitten by the same dog that attacked the Tracy boy.

"In your civilization," said the barbarian, with the inquiring mind, "the people select a candidate for office, do they not?"

"Not precisely," replied Senator Sorghum. "The candidate selects himself and then gets out and persuades the people to endorse him." Washington Star.

Read This to a Peer Ecy.

Poverty is capital—a creative force, a whip, a spur, an incentive. Ambition dies on a diet of truffle and goose liver. Determination grows sluggish on a full belly, writes Herbert Kaufman in Woman's World.

Hard schools teach great lessons. Rich men's sons are seldom rich men's fathers. An unearned dollar is a fool-maker. Those who do not understand how to make money can't retain it. You are not handicapped—it's the idler, the pampered, overfed, careless, protected boy who must fear the future.

Don't mind these few Spartan years. They are blessings. The appetite for achievement stales on sweets—hunger lends zest to doggedness.

You must work—you have no choice. You must earn or you can't eat. There's no helping hand behind you—you've got to seize the opportunity before you.

Responsibility is riding on your shoulders, but duty broadens character. Paek your chest with courage and begin to win. What you've missed in training you can make up in steadiness and readiness. Education at its best merely points out the most competent method, and if you keep your eyes open and put your heart in your tasks, common sense will show you as much as a text book. You are ignorant of theories, but theory, after all, isn't nearly so important as practice.

You stand today where Edison and Wanamaker and Marshall Field and Carnegie and Lincoln stood at your age—on your feet, with empty pockets, a sound constitution and license to make a dare anywhere. The path to prosperity and fame runs through your soul.

You can't achieve more than you believe. Your reward will be proportionate to your effort. Whatever you can grasp with clean hands is your property, but you'll be knocked about, blocked and fought by every man who wants what you seek. If you have one yellow streak you haven't a show.

The years that face you are full of promise. Tomorrow is always mightier than yesterday.

The new-comer profits by the trials and struggles of the past, and more knots have been untied, more problems have been solved in this single generation than in any previous century.

Legislation is tearing whip after whip from the hand of Privilege—hours are shorter—sanitation is better—and facilities of every sort are at the disposal of all who wish to improve their minds and bodies.

But we offer no charity—only rewards and shirkers whine for concessions. We want the greatest ability at the top, so we are merciless to quitters. It's the one way in which we can truly test efficiency.

When you are discouraged, weep on your own shoulder—pluck is ashamed to display its tears.

Hold hard to hope—fling your faith in the teeth of ridicule, disaster and emity.

Dream far—we build close to the stars in this century. Think with unleashed imagination.

Whatever Mind can plan, Will can produce.

Lest, He Lives on Berries.

Wiles-Barre, Pa., Aug. 3rd.—Frank Mason, a resident of this city, wandered away from his home while in a demented condition and was lost on the mountains.

He lived for several days on berries, and when found by a party of berry-pickers was minus his clothes and partly unconscious. With good care it is thought he will recover.

Ever See This?

We will cure your piles, no matter of how long standing, and accept whatever you think our service was worth, after you're cured.

Bengal Salts Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

DISGRACEFUL OCCURRENCE.

Supposed Blessiter Make a Big Rough House at Spartanburg

Spartanburg, Aug. 3.—Efforts made tonight by Mayor John P. Grace of Charleston to speak to a crowd of 1,200 representative voters in this county, and one hundred hoodlums who poured into the balcony of the theater, were marked by proceedings most disgraceful and loyal citizens are absolutely ashamed. With the police force doing nothing to keep down the scouts of the "roughnecks" with every man on the force in apparent sympathy with the yelling in certain parts of the hall, with the fumes of whiskey, the gritty little mayor stood on the floor from 8:30 to 10:30 and during this time spoke about fifteen minutes all told.

On one occasion one of the hoodlums in the balcony threw an over-ripe egg on the stage. This was quickly followed by another, a second dared the "nigger" who threw it to stand up. No one stood up, and Grace then apologized to the few negroes who were present for alluding to the monster who threw the egg as a member of their race.

Mayor Johnson, some say, was in the city, others say he was not, at any rate it was said that he would not be here and Alderman Leonard, mayor pro tem, attempted to preside. He made a miserable failure.

On one occasion during the thick of the riot, Grace stated that he wished he was mayor of Spartanburg for five minutes. "What would you do" meekly asked Leonard. "If I were you I would resign," hotly responded the mayor. "I would resign tonight. Such a thing as this could never happen in Charleston." Mayor Grace then proceeded to condemn the police force and said the men were even worse than the New York force in every particular, and they are the worst in the entire world.

At one time efforts were made to induce the officials to have 100 citizens sworn in as special officers and the stage was crowded with volunteers. The police force stood back and sympathized with the hoodlums and roughnecks. Then the sheriff of the county appeared and promised to keep order, which he did for ten minutes, and during this time Grace did his only real speaking. Soon, however, the hoodlums reappeared after a conference outside, and after taking on more drinks, then the meeting was pandemonium for half an hour and the mayor quit trying, after saying he "would have Blessiter arrested, tried, convicted and put behind the bars of the State penitentiary."

Several fights occurred on the outside of the theater but few arrests were made.

Another Law Book by Judge George P. Pell.

The W. H. Anderson Law Book Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, announce that they are issuing from the presses this week a new law book written by Judge George P. Pell, of the bar of this city.

This is the fourth law book prepared by Judge Pell and contains nearly a thousand pages. It is to be known as Pell's Forum of Pleading and Practice and is intended as a guide for lawyers in the preparation of all legal papers. Such a work has long been needed by the profession which has had to content itself with following Eaton's Forms ever since 1867.

Judge Pell's Revisal of the laws and other works have taken first rank among legal publications of recent years and his new book will doubtless be up to the standard.—Winston Sentinel.

The Choice of a Husband.

It is too important a matter for a woman to be handicapped by weakness, bad blood or foul breath. Avoid these ill-hopes by taking Dr. King's Life Pills. New strength, fine complexion, pure breath, cheerful spirits—things that win men—follow their use. Easy, safe, sure. 25c. at Peoples Drug Co.

UNCLE SAM'S SMALL DEBTS SLAIN IN A ROW IN WAYNE COUNTY.

Thousands Neglect to Collect Little Sums He Owes Them

New York Times

The reported loss of many thousands of dollars by the sinking of the Titanic a few weeks ago directs attention to the fact that the government of the United States frequently benefits by the misfortunes of the people, says the National City Bank in its July circular. It never can be known what amount of United States money went down with the Titanic, but whatever the sum, the Treasury Department has just so much additional to its credit, as it can never be presented for redemption.

Early in the Civil War the United States issued over \$400,000,000 of legal tender not which were used in payment of all Government obligations, including the pay of the armies in the field. At the same time there are still outstanding over \$300,000,000 of these notes in the denominations of \$1 and \$2 alone, which are never heard from except now and then a stray bill or two is presented for redemption. It is a fair assumption that a large percentage of the whole \$300,000,000 has been accidentally destroyed, and this is undoubtedly proportionately true of all the old issues.

Soon after the war began the government issued from time to time an aggregate of nearly \$368,000,000 in fractional paper money and something over \$15,000,000 is still carried in the Treasury accounts as outstanding although only a few hundred dollars are presented each year for redemption.

As fast as these old war-time "skin plasters" come in the Treasury destroys all of them that are much mutilated and but they are never paid out again other than in small amounts and in exceptional cases. The Treasury now has on hand about \$246 of these small notes. In 1879 the department, recognizing the fact that comparatively few of these old fashioned notes would ever be presented to the Treasury, directed the segregation of a fund of something over \$8,000,000, held in the Treasury for the redemption of these notes, the amount to be applied to the payment of war pensions. Large sums of this issue are no doubt held by collectors as souvenirs.

Of the Civil War issue of compound interest notes, which amounted to nearly \$267,000,000, there still remains outstanding approximately \$160,000, and of this issue only \$70 came to the Treasury last year. Of this issue of seven-thirty notes running from 1861 to 1865, which totaled about \$970,000,000, there still outstanding \$130,000, and only \$100 in these notes were redeemed last year.

Of the war-time demand note issue of \$60,000,000, a total of \$53,000 is still unaccounted for, and one of this issue has recently been presented for redemption.

Drops Dead Shooting Hens.

Malone, N. Y., Aug. 3.—While shooting a neighbor's hens that were scratching up his garden today Wallace Barber, a G. A. R. veteran, aged 70, residing at South Bangor, dropped dead. The excitement of the aged man's wroly war with the protesting neighbor brought on heart disease.

Servant—"Please, sir there's a man at the door with a bill."

Mr. Owens—"Tell him we are well supplied."—Boston Transcript.

What Makes A Woman?

One hundred and twenty pounds, more or less, of bone and muscle don't make a woman. Its a good foundation. Put into it health and strength and she may rule a kingdom. But that's just what Electric Bitters give her. Thousands bless them for dispelling weakness, nervousness, backache and tired, listless, worn out feeling. "Electric Bitters have done me a world of good," writes Elias Pool, Dewey, Okla., "and I thank you, with all my heart, for making such a good medicine." Only 50c. Guaranteed by Peoples Drug Co.

SLAIN IN A ROW IN WAYNE COUNTY.

Crowd Gathered on the Sabbath Day Engaged in Wrestling Match and Drinking Hard Cider Ends Tragically.

Goldboro, Aug. 5.—Benj. F. Coley, a young white man of the Eureka neighborhood, about 16 miles north of Goldboro, was shot in a row at that place Sunday morning about 11 and died at an early hour this morning. Coroner Stanley and Sheriff Edwards were notified at once of Coley's death and hurried to the home of Coley where he had been carried.

The jury which the coroner empanelled placed the killing on Ernest Cook, who it is alleged fired the shot, and his brother, Arthur Cook, as an accessory. Ernest Cook was arrested after a long chase by the officers in their automobile just as he was attempting to board a train at Boston, on the Norfolk Southern and is now in the Wayne county jail.

Josiah Roe, a friend of Cook's who drove him through the country to the station, was arrested for aiding him to escape and is held in default of \$1,000 bond. The officers are on the hunt for Arthur Cook and expect to arrest him tonight.

The drinking of hard cider is said to have been the cause of the Sunday morning row. A number of young men that had been drinking cider were engaged in a wrestling contest when Arthur Cook became angry with Alvin Coley, a brother of the dead man, and drew a pistol snapping it several times at Coley.

He was disarmed by bystanders and went at once for his horse and rode to get his brother, Ernest Cook, who returned with him in about half an hour, followed up the Coley boys and started the fuss over again, when Ben Coley was shot.

The dead man and the men accused of his murder stand well in their community and are looked upon as young men of excellent character.

Marshall New in Politics.

Gov. Thomas R. Marshall of Indiana, the Democratic nominee for vice-president, rode to the front of his party on a wave of reform. But the Indiana wave was not so hoisterous as those that broke on the New Jersey coast and elsewhere. Governor Marshall believes in reform—in moderation. Also he believes in progressing—with moderation. He does not believe that this great and glorious commonwealth is going to the "demolition bow-woos;" in fact, he points with pride to his belief that the country is just a little bit better politically, financially and morally than ever before.

It required heroic measures on the part of his friends to induce Governor Marshall to take his presidential chances seriously, and even then he refused to allow any effort to be made in his behalf outside of Indiana.

Governor Marshall was born in Manchester, Ind., in 1854 and has spent his entire fifty-eight years in his native state. He was graduated from Wabash college in 1873, when he was twenty-one years old. He practiced law in Columbia City, Ind., until he was elected governor two years ago. He is a member of many clubs and holds LL. D. degrees from Wabash, Notre Dame and the University of Pennsylvania. He married Miss Lois I. Kinsey of Angola, Ind., in 1885.

In the Literary State they call Marshall the "Little Giant." When one sees him for the first time he wonders why, because there is nothing colossal about the slender, undersized man with sloping shoulders and quiet mien. His hair and mustache turning from gray to white, do not bristle his brows do not "boogie" so one can notice it an even his violet-blue eyes are mild. It is only when one knows him and his political history that that "Little Giant" term is understood.