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BORN BLIND, SEEKS SURGEON'S LICENSE.

Asserts There is no Nerve, Sinew or Tissue Which Finger Cannot Feel.

Chicago, Aug. 24.—Surgical operations may be performed by a blind man if Jacob W. Bolotin succeeds in passing the examination for a physician's license, which he is taking before the State Board of Medical Examiners at the Coliseum. Up to the present he has met every test that has been given him, and the examiners believe he will qualify and become the first blind medical practitioner in the State of Illinois.

Bolotin, although blind from his infancy will complete a course in medicine in the Chicago College of medicine and surgery this month. He says he has faculties that equip him for his particular branch of practice even better than the average physician. "A blind physician!" exclaims the young man after he had finished dictating his answer to the final question of the examination paper. "Well, is there anything so remarkable about it? Because a man hasn't eyes is it any sign that he hasn't any brains? That is the trouble with the world and the blind man. All the blind man asks is fair play. Give him an equal chance without prejudice and he generally manages to hold his own with his more fortunate brother.

"They laughed at me when I asked for a chart, and said that I was going in the regular class for dissecting. But there wasn't a nerve, a sinew, a vein, an artery a tissue that the eye could behold but I could feel with the tips of my fingers. My fingers are good eyes. With them I can detect pulsations, irritations and tremors. I am keen to every little sound within the human body. They tell me unquestionably and promptly when the machinery of the heart or digestive organ is not running smoothly. Or if there is a catch or obstruction in the lungs my ears tell me immediately what is the cause, and then I know what to do.

"It was interesting work to study of anatomy. I am to specialize in heart and lung disorders, and am sure that I shall succeed, for already I have been practicing as assistant in the Chicago municipal tuberculosis sanitarium.

Dr. James A. Egan, Secretary and Executive Officer of the State Board of Health, has taken a special interest in Bolotin.

"According to my recollection," said Dr. Egan, "he is the first man, totally blind, who has ever taken the State Board examination. I have glanced at his papers, and his treatment of the different questions has certainly been masterly."

Bolotin was born in Chicago twenty-four years ago. His parents were poor and he was sent to the State school for the Blind at Jacksonville. He finished his education there about eight years ago. He wanted to be a physician, but was discouraged both because of his blindness and because he had no financial resources.

One day a woman came to his home selling matches. He said he would sell matches. He made 3 cents the first day, 74 cents the first week, and after that, he says, he never made less than \$3 a day. Last year he went on the road selling typewriters and made nearly enough to carry him through his last year of college.

Mail Carriers Will Fly.

This is an age of great discoveries. Progress rides on the air. Soon we may see Uncle Sam's mail carriers flying in all directions, transporting mail. People take a wonderful interest in a discovery that benefits them. That's why Dr. King's New Discovery for Coughs, Colds and other throat and lung diseases is the most popular medicine in America. "It cured me of a dreadful cough," writes Mrs. J. F. Davis, Stickney Corner, Me., "after doctor's treatment and all other remedies had failed." For coughs, colds or any bronchial affection its unequalled Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at Peoples Drug Co.

BARRED FROM CHOIR BY ORDER OF COURT.

Alabamian Not Only a Sweet Singer With Spunk But an Undertaker.

Gadsden, Ala., Aug. 24th.—The little town of Albertville, on Sand Mountain, in the northeast corner of Alabama, has had a unique church war, which, culminated in Chancellor Simpson, sitting at Decatur, granting an injunction restraining J. Perrino Emmett, the village undertaker and sweet singer, from singing in the choir of the Baptist church.

The injunction was sued out by the deacons who objected to Emmett because he had been deposed not only as choir leader but as a member of the congregation.

But they first adopted other methods. The choir would attempt practice in secret. But Emmett was always on hand. They changed from square to round notes, but the old leader was undaunted, for he is an expert musician and knows both square and round notes.

Then, as a last resort, the deacons sued out a writ of injunction, in which they charged that "J. Perrino Emmett, has committed numerous and repeated distinct trespasses upon the rostrum or platform of said church, and that he threatens that he will continue to do so; that the action of said J. Perrino Emmett has been productive of great discord, confusion and bad feeling; that the remedy provided by law is inadequate; that there is no certain or adequate rule for the estimation of pecuniary damage for such conduct, and that a continuation of the same will destroy the church."

Emmett is a prominent citizen. His father aided in building the church which later turned him out because he fractured a rule of faith. He is a Mason and an officer of the Grand Lodge of Alabama.

Oliver D. Street, United States District Attorney, represented the Albertville Baptist church and was ready to battle for it in the courts, but Emmett has decided not to fight.

In a letter to the pastor and the deacons he says:

"I shall do as you request and stay off the rostrum. I am not a perfect man. Are you? I am not without faults. Are you? I commit sin. Do you? I try to do right. Do you? I am a frail mortal, and if there be any one of you who is not he may properly condemn me.

"As a child I attended Sunday school and church here with my father and mother, and was taught to believe in the goodness of God and the divinity of Christ," he said. "From this sacred altar I followed my parents to their last resting place. I love the church, sinful as I am. I love it for the good I have learned there, for the help it gave me to resist the evil temptations of my nature, and for the sacred memories which cluster around it.

"I am going to abide by your decision. You have consented that, though I may not put my arms about the cross, may not kneel at the altar of my father and mother, I may stand afar off and look on. When you reach the great White Theatre will you be contented with the measure with which you are measuring me?"

The pastor, the Rev. John F. Gable, refused to read the letter to his congregation and it was published in the mountain paper. The church officials involved are men of wealth and high standing and their appeal to the courts in such a matter produced a considerable sensation in North Alabama.

"What interested me most in my travels," said Henpeck, "was the mummy of a queen I saw in Egypt."

"Wonderful, eh?" asked his friend.

"Yes. It's wonderful how they could make a woman dry up and stay that way."—Philadelphia Press.

FATHER OF STEEL INDUSTRY IS 90.

Andrew Carnegie Was Once One of Old John Fritz's "Boys"—His Eventful Career.

Bethlehem, Pa., August 21.—John Fritz, known far and wide as the father of the steel industry in the United States, attained his ninetieth birthday anniversary today. The dinner given at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York ten years ago in celebration of the eightieth birthday of Mr. Fritz is still remembered as one of the most remarkable gatherings ever assembled in this country of captains of invention and industry and the central figures of finance allied with the iron trade.

It was hoped that some similar affair might be held to commemorate Mr. Fritz's ninetieth year but the precarious condition of his health caused the idea to be abandoned. For the past six months the veteran ironmaster has been in very poor health and during much of the time has been bedfast. During his time messages of inquiry and cheer have been received at his home almost daily from leading men in the iron and steel world, from Andrew Carnegie down to the active present day plant managers, many of whom in years past were numbered among Mr. Fritz's "boys."

John Fritz long ago earned his title of father of the steel industry not by any single invention or discovery, but by a contribution of new devices, new methods and practical work in building up the industry in the United States. With only a district school education, gained near his birthplace in the middle part of Pennsylvania, he gained a position in the steel industry that has been recognized by the whole world.

At the age of sixteen Mr. Fritz left his father's farm to work in a country machine shop, with a view of learning the trade of machinist. After various experiments in steel making at Norristown and Safe Harbor, he went to Johnstown, where he remodeled an old mill and built what is now known as the Cambria Iron Works. It was at this period that, in connection with his brother George, he designed and erected the well known "three high bloomers," with their automatic tabs and the "three high mill." These inventions started an economical revolution in steel manufacture.

When the United States government, some twenty-five years ago, decided to build a modern navy of armor-plated vessels equipped with guns of great calibre, there was no plant in the country where the plates, guns and forgings for such ships could be made. Bethlehem was selected as the site for the projected plant and Mr. Fritz was chosen as the man to build it. He went to Europe and spent some months in studying the plate and gun making plants there, and when he returned he built a plant that surpassed its European models. Among other features it contained the greatest hammer and the most powerful press in the world. When Mr. Fritz first built this, the first armor plant in America, such men as Schwab, Corey and others who subsequently became famous in the steel industry, were still boys.

Mr. Fritz is the only man now living of the small group that introduced into the United States the Bessemer steel press. A great economical revolution was thus effected, from which has flowed the tremendous development seen today in steel manufacture in the United States. In 1893 the British Iron and Steel Institute gave Mr. Fritz the Bessemer gold medal, which is the highest distinction a steelmaker can receive.

The Choice of a Husband.

Is too important a matter for a woman to be handicapped by weakness, bad blood or foul breath. Avoid these troubles 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.

FIVE ARE NABBED.

Secret Service Agent Thomas After Counterfeiters.

Charlotte Observer, 24th.

Secret Service Agent Henry E. Thomas has returned from a trip through Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, North and South Carolina, where he was on the trail of a bunch of counterfeiters, wanted by the United States government. He, with several other agents, succeeded in arresting I. C. Lawing, J. L. and LeRoy Case, Sam Smith and William Holly on the charge of making and distributing counterfeit money. There are four other men said to belong to the gang, but these have not been arrested as yet. The officers have the men located and their arrest is expected daily.

The men seem to have made their headquarters at Alton Park, near Chattanooga, Tenn., but their outfits are supposed to have been distributed in North Carolina and Alabama. It is the opinion of Mr. Thomas that the main outfit for the coining of the counterfeit half-dollars and dollars was located in Cherokee county, this State, and that the money was sent out to men in surrounding states. The chase lasted for about a week or ten days. There were three outfits captured in the round-up.

Mr. Thomas stated that the officers had no idea as to how much money the men had coined, but the amount was well up in the thousands. There have been cases made against the men in several States and they will be tried in the different States for each case of passing the worthless money. There is no telling how many charges the men will have to face, as each day new cases have turned up.

His service in this case only adds another to the long list of counterfeiting cases that are to the credit of Mr. Thomas, who is one of the government's best-known agents in this section of the country. He was the leading man in the famous Allen counterfeiting case. That never came to trial, as Sidna Allen is still at large, wanted for the murder of several court officers who were killed in the Hillsville tragedy last spring.

Negro Shoots White Man Who Shot Fowls.

Kinston, Aug. 23.—An angry negro farm tenant shot and painfully, though not seriously wounded J. W. Dixon, a Greene county farmer, because Dixon had shot some chickens belonging to him. The fowls had been troubling Dixon by roving about his premises, and he took summary vengeance on them and carried them, dead to the negro's home and threw them in the yard. As he threw the dead chickens over the fence the colored man, standing in the yard with a shot gun, levelled the weapon at Dixon and pulled the trigger. The farmer received the entire load of No. 6 shot in his body, from head to feet, and stumbled off. He received medical aid at Snow Hill, where the shot were picked from his person. The assailant has not yet been apprehended.

Dr. Hatcher Dies.

Lynchburg, Va., Aug. 24.—Dr. William E. Hatcher, age 78, a prominent minister in the Southern Baptist Convention, 25 years pastor of Grace Street Baptist church of Richmond, and president of Fork Union Military Academy, died here this afternoon after a brief illness. His death was sudden. Before the civil war he preached in Baltimore and later at Petersburg and Manchester, Va. He was the organizer of the Virginia Baptist Orphanage, at Salem, and president of its trustees. Among his surviving children are Dr. E. B. Hatcher of Baltimore and Miss Ora L. Hatcher, who is a member of the faculty of Bryn Mawr College. His widow also survives.

"I was cured of diarrhoea by one dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy." Writes M. E. Gebhardt, Oriole, Pa. There is nothing better. For sale by All Dealers.

A WATER HAUL FOR HIM.

Girl Reporter Gets The Bulge on Candidate.

("Beulah of the Sun," in Red Book).

Being naturally a modest young lady, Beulah Crossman hesitated when, as she peeked around a clump of bushes, she discovered the great Cornelius J. Smith up to his neck in the lake some 50 feet from shore. But her reporter instinct overcame her and other feelings she might have had and she decided, that, inasmuch as Cornelius J. Smith had been the quest of the best reporters in the city for weeks and that she had at last found him, after bribing the gatekeeper of his estate, it was no time to give up. His back was to her, so calmly and quietly she walked out and sat down on the pile of his clothes. Then:

"Oh, Mr. Smith!" she called sweetly. Smith's head pivoted slowly on the water until he saw Beulah. He started bereft of speech, while Beulah smiled at him, pouted her red lips and began to talk.

"I am Beulah Crossman, a reported from the Sun, Mr. Smith," she began, "and I've come to get an interview. Won't you please tell me if you are going to run for governor?"

She saw that Cornelius J. Smith's jaws were chattering. Ten seconds later he would have come ashore to dress. He had already been in the cold spring water too long for his health.

"G-g-g-o-o away!" he chattered.

"Get out! What the devil!"

"Sh-h-h-h!" admonished Beulah placing a forefinger to her lips.

"Don't swear, Mr. Smith. Remember, what you say will be used against you or for you. I won't write anything but nice things about you if you'll be nice to me. Isn't that fair? Now—"

"G-g-g-et off my clothes!" he commanded. "Go up to the house, I—I—I'll see you there in a few minutes."

"I'm afraid you'll have to talk to me here, Mr. Smith," urged Beulah with one of her sweetest smiles.

"I e-e-e-ant!" sputtered Mr. Smith. "I haven't any bathing suit on."

"Oh!" exclaimed Beulah with sympathetic little pout. "You poor man. I should think you would be afraid of catching cold—going in swimming like that. But you can talk to me from there can't you?"

Cornelius J. Smith's face was swiftly turning from a ruddy hue to purple. His teeth were knocking together like castanets. He looked about him hopelessly.

"See here," he cried suddenly, "if y-y-y-o-u don't go away I shall come out any way!"

"Come on!" invited Beulah pleasantly. "What a nice picture we can make of that, Mr. Smith—in crayon, you know, and we'll surely give it four or six columns on our front page. Please come out!"

"You little pirate!" he exploded. "I'll have you arrested as sure as my name—"

"Please don't!" pleaded Beulah.

Then Cornelius J. Smith stared, and for a moment the purplish hue seemed to leave his face. In spite of the numbing chill that was creeping to his very marrow he grinned. He fought desperately to keep the smile back, but Beulah saw it and clasped her hands delightedly.

"I knew you'd tell me!" she cried. "And oh! I'll write it up so nicely, and never say a single naughty word about you—"

"You little pirate!" he gurgled.

"And I'll never tell how I found you—"

"Got any paper?" he asked.

In an instant Beulah produced her pad and pencil.

And there up to his neck in the water, chattering and shivering, Cornelius J. Smith dictated his reasons for not running for the governorship.

If you need tablets, box paper, pound paper or anything in stationary visit Earp's store before you buy.

RULING PASSION.

Political Speaker Could Not Overcome It Even at a Funeral.

Evening Post.

During the campaign of 1896, when the West under the hypnotic spell of the Peerless Leader was seeing things in the dark, there was hardly a county seat but developed its local graduate of Coin's Financial School. Inoculated with the virus of oratory these apostles of free silver let few opportunities pass unimproved.

It is related that during this period a young graduate of an Eastern theological school was called to a small rural community in western Kansas. He had barely settled in his parsonage when he was called on to hold funeral services for old Bill Parsons. When the young minister tried to find out something about the deceased as material for his eulogy he found the neighbors strangely uncommunicative. To tell the truth, Bill had been the village seapeague and the majority of the community probably held his taking off to be more or less a public benefit.

When the time came to hold the services, however, curiosity brought out nearly every one in the county and the church was crowded. The young minister was plainly embarrassed. After an opening hymn and the reading of the regular service, he stepped to the front and rather huskily began:

"Friends I have but lately come among you and it has not been my good fortune as yet to become well acquainted with any intimate friend of our departed brother. I know that there are many here who can speak much more feelingly than I can on the life and deeds of our late friend and comrade; so instead of attempting to address you myself I am going to ask those of you who know him best to speak a few words of reminiscence on the life of Mr. Parsons."

There was a long pause, during which the pink slowly mounted from the minister's neck to his forehead. Then he began again, almost imploringly:

"Friends, will not some one rise and speak to us on this occasion?"

Another pause ensued, and this time the minister's face was not the only one that grew red. At last a tall, spare man in the back of the room rose. A ramp of shaggy hair fell over one side of his face. His thin cheeks and glittering eye betrayed the emotional enthusiast. He spoke and at the first word every one in the room jumped, so great was the tension.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I am a stranger in this community. As I passed along the road I saw this assemblage gathering and I was moved to join it. I regret to say that I never heard of the deceased before; and therefore cannot speak on that subject; but ladies and gentlemen, as I look round this crowded chamber I thought to myself that seldom have I beheld so many intelligent and thoughtful faces. Rarely, indeed, at this busy season will so many of this community be gathered together in this way. The occasion is one too valuable to be wasted. Therefore, fellowcitizens, since no one appears to care to speak on the subject suggested, I move you that under the chairmanship of your worthy pastor, for the time being, we lay the corpse upon the table, so to speak, and proceed to the consideration of a live subject, a burning issue, a topic that challenges the attention of every-thinking man who has the salvation of his country at heart—to wit, the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one."

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 Sales Co., Jacksonville, Fla.