

The Mount Airy News.

ESTABLISHED 1880

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\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

ESCAPE WITH ABOUT \$200,000

Armed With Sawed-Off Guns Daring Daylight Robbers Take Money From Steps Of Denver Bank

Denver, Colo., Dec. 18.—Masked bandits, armed with sawed-off shotguns and without regard for human life, today fatally wounded Charles Linton, guard of the Denver branch of the Kansas City federal reserve bank, stole \$200,000 in currency of \$5 denomination at the doorstep of the government mint, and escaped. The robbery occupied less than a minute's time. Tonight every highway in the state is guarded, and police and federal authorities have dispatched armed squads in pursuit of an automobile occupied by seven men, who were seen speeding northward shortly after the robbery. One of the occupants was bleeding profusely, according to the report.

The robbery occurred while the money was being transferred from the mint to a federal reserve delivery truck. Fifty packages of currency of \$4,000 each were seized by the robbers. Witnesses differ as to the number of men participating in the hold-up.

Denver police unhesitatingly declared the hold-up was the largest and most sensational ever executed in Colorado.

With sawed-off shotguns, two of the bandits bombarded the front door of the mint as they leaped from their automobile.

Load Car Under Fire.

Fifty government employes, summoned by an alarm bell, seized shotguns and rushed to the doors or windows of the mint, shooting at the hold-up men, who returned the fire and at the same time calmly proceeded to load the fifty packages of currency into their own car.

The four members of the federal reserve bank employed in the transfer of the funds had just left the entrance of the mint and were walking toward their machine near the curb when another car containing the bandits drove up alongside of the wire-enclosed truck.

According to witnesses, two or three men carrying guns leaped from the car and with a shout of "Hands up," opened fire on the reserve bank employes.

Guards of the mint, and other inside employes then rushed out upon the steps of the government building to shoot at the robbers.

Linton, according to the police, attempted to throw the money into the gridded back compartment of the reserve truck at the hold-up's command and he was shot by the leader of the bandits. Linton was later removed to the county hospital where he died without regaining consciousness.

Employes and government guards employed at the mint were afraid to shoot freely at the bandits for fear they might kill members of the reserve bank crew.

Their work of transferring the currency which they had taken from the guards to their own car completed, the bandits re-entered their automobile amid a rain of bullets from guards in the second story of the mint and sped toward the civic center.

One Bandit Wounded

As the car gathered impetus the leader of the highwaymen, standing on the running board, tried to throw the government building as though to fire a final volley at the guards. As he did so, Peter Kiedinger, a guard who was on duty at the main entrance, fired with a rifle at the bandit, who was seen to crumple up on the running board and was pulled inside the car by the driver. Kiedinger is positive he wounded the fugitive.

The money was the property of the Denver federal reserve bank, the mint merely being a depository for it due to the lack of sufficient vaults in the bank building. Manager Burkhardt of the reserve bank later issued a statement saying the entire amount was covered by insurance. Director Grant also announced that the numbers of every bill in the consignment was on record.

So terrific was the gun fire during the clashes that 40 bullet holes can be counted in the transoms above the main entrance to the mint and in the windows of the second story of the building. The granite walls of the government building likewise are chipped where the bullets struck. Buildings across the street likewise show the intensity of the fire of the guards. Windows in various stores

and apartment houses over the stores were riddled and many narrow escapes from bullets on the part of the roomers were reported to police headquarters.

"I had just come out of the mint with a sack full of currency when the bandits' auto drove up beside our truck," said William Havener, driver of the federal reserve truck. I heard somebody say 'hands up' and then there was shooting. I dived under my car to escape the rain of bullets. They could have shot me easily enough. It was all over so quickly, though it seemed a long time. The automobile drove away and I came out from under my truck and got in it. I was afraid the mint guards would shoot me as they were shooting in my direction at the bandits."

J. E. Olson, cashier of the Denver branch in charge of the guards, who were transferring the money from the mint to the truck, probably had the most precarious position of anyone participating.

"We had just gotten the money from the mint when a car drove up and I heard someone say 'hands up,' I started to rush into the mint for help. The guards inside the mint started to shoot at me.

"I never held up my hands. After one of the mint guards had shot at me, I screamed for him not to shoot me but to shoot at the bandits. 'Who are you?' he asked. I told him, and then he directed his fire in the direction of the bandits."

Mr. Olson collapsed shortly after the robbery and had to be removed to his home.

Judge Lyon, Veteran Jurist, Is Opposed To The Death Penalty

Raleigh, Dec. 13.—"After 16 years on the bench, during which I sentenced the first man to die in North Carolina's electric chair and have passed the death sentence on five others who were executed, I am more than ever opposed to capital punishment.

Judge C. C. Lyon, now in Raleigh presiding over his last term of Superior court, today made this statement to the Associated Press while discussing his experience and the impressions he had gained while serving as a jurist.

"I would be more active in my opposition to capital punishment," he said, "if it were not for the fact that a majority of persons convicted of crimes carrying long terms of imprisonment either escape or are granted clemency within a few years. Very few of them ever serve their complete sentences.

"Still, I believe capital punishment has failed of its purpose and is not humane."

Although 72 years of age, Judge Lyon is very active. His face and figure give him an appearance typical of a jurist. His hair and mustache are white, but the blue-grey eyes that peer at one from behind shell-rimmed glasses are clear and steady. "Sixteen years is long enough for a man to spend on one job," he smilingly replied when asked why he was retiring.

"When I became judge of the Superior court, I reached the height of my ambition. As a youngster, I used to drive into Elizabethtown and there I invariably would my way to the courthouse, where I listened to the trial of cases. I resolved then that my goal in life was to become a Superior court judge."

Judge Lyons early education was interrupted by the war between the states and the resulting conditions. But later he attended the Maysville high school in Bladen county and then studied law in the offices of his older brother, the late Robert H. Lyon, at Elizabethtown. He was admitted to the bar in 1872.

In 1900, he was appointed solicitor-general of his circuit by Governor Aycock, and a year later he was elected for a term. He was elected judge of the seventh judicial circuit in 1906, and re-elected, eight years later.

"Attorneys of the present day," said Judge Lyon in replying to a question, "as a whole are not as eloquent and oratorical as those of olden times. There, also, has been another change; years ago, lawyers were forced to take all the cases that came to them in order to make a living. Today, they are specializing in the different phases of law and handling only certain kind of cases," he said.

Letter From Japan

In my last communication I made known my purpose to refer to one of Surry County's tragedies for the purpose of helping some to have a greater reverence for the Bible and the majesty of the law. As I never made my home in Surry County until twenty years after the murder referred to, and as I have no written record of the matter, and as I have never discussed the matter at length with any one except the one accused of the crime, I must be excused for any inaccuracies which may be observed by those who are more conversant with the history of the affair. The accused was John Jack Mays. There lived alone near him a woman whose land he cultivated in addition to his own farm. He knew that she had some money which was not kept in the bank. He avowed to me that he had reminded her of the danger, or asked her if she was not afraid of robbery.

Apparently Mays was not of a vicious temperament. He had learned to read, was rather religiously inclined, believed that he had experienced a change of heart, had been baptized and received into the church, and was accorded the honor of being made the clerk of his church (the Primitive Baptist.) But he allowed covetousness to prove his besetting sin.

On the night of the tragedy in 1899 while his brother-in-law was in his home he absented himself, went to the woman's home, got her money and burned her and her house together, presumably killing her first. He then made an effort to have a colored man involved, but without success. Though not detected in the crime, Mays was not shrewd enough to keep himself out of trouble. As he expressed it to me, he talked too much. He said that he told his brother-in-law that whoever killed the woman failed to get her money, for he had it himself buried in his blacksmith shop. And he said that his brother-in-law felt that he could not afford to withhold this fact or testimony. So that Mays was arrested and lodged for safe keeping in the Forsyth County jail. At that time I was pastor of one of the churches in Winston-Salem and frequently visited the jail to hold service or to converse with the prisoners. While a college student at Westminster, Maryland, I was a member of the jail committee of the Young Men's Christian Association part of the time, and learned that it was a good place to get a hearing. Once while my landlady was sick I took my meals with Mrs. Millard F. Masten, the jailer's wife, a noble woman who recently went to her eternal reward. Often I went in with the boy who carried food to the prisoners.

I found Mr. Mays communicative, but sobered by his dilemma. I gave him a copy of the New Testament which he read. Later I found him with a copy of the complete Bible which he was eagerly reading. How sad that he had not put first things first! "Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them" is written in the good Book; but John Jack Mays did not ponder it in the good innocent childhood days, probably because no Sunday school teacher led him to search and understand the Scriptures. "Thou shalt not covet" is in the Ten Commandments, but possibly his meat and drink consisted of a few New Testament passages to prove his cherished tenets. Achan who saw, coveted and took the wedge of gold and the Babylonish garment to the demoralization of Israel's warriors before Ai, buried his ill-gotten gains in his tent, while John Jack Mays buried the woman's money in his shop to be unearthed by the officers to his confusion and undoing. How pathetic for him to wait to read this story in jail after his die was cast and his doom soon to be declared!

Mays told me that he had about, or completely, paid for his farm, and was just getting things in shape for an easier life. He discussed with me the matter of mortgaging his farm to secure more funds to aid in his defence in court. With the probability of being hung, he questioned the propriety of depriving his family of a home by mortgaging it. Whether he carried out this idea, and whether Mr. Lowellyn was adequately paid for his service, I have never learned. Whether Mays took the stand in his own defence or not I have never learned. He never fully confessed the crime to me; but claimed that he found the money in a jar under a

stump while working in the woman's field. But his talk led me to believe beyond a doubt that he was guilty. I was present when he was led from the Forsyth county jail and placed in the vehicle which took him to Dobson for the trial. My parting word to him was to tell the truth. I left almost immediately for Japan, and never learned the particulars of the trial. I afterward read that he was sentenced to death, and that he had prepared a confession. But some one has since told me that he made no confession.

I am not writing this to embarrass the relatives and friends of Mr. Mays. To them the verdict of the jury and the sentence of the judge may have seemed stern and cruel. But justice, the majesty of the law, the protection of society, and the good name of Surry county required that he who had taken life should forfeit his life. In this tragedy two lives were sacrificed on account of covetousness. A part of John Jack Mays' religion was to pay his debts, which he probably scrupulously carried out; but in so doing the love of money gnawed at his soul like a cankerworm; and the foundation of his character had not been buttressed with granite. Instead of Bible study when a child hay and stubble had gotten into the foundation. After the evil days had come he tried to use gold and silver and precious stones on the foundation already laid without early piety and early Bible training. There are others with imperfect foundations and with the love of money dominant in their lives. Let them beware. Give covetousness the reins and reap destruction. Sow to blockading and reap criminals. Sow to the Word of God through Sunday schools and churches and reap exalted citizenship and progressive churches.

The truly great of earth have ever been actuated by an upward impulse created by a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, usually rooted and grounded in the soul during the plastic period of childhood.

Last this letter became too lengthy I reserve some other reflections for another issue.

Uwajima, Ehime Ken, Nov. 1922.
J. W. FRANK.

Recover Remains Of A Murdered Officer

Mount Sterling, Ky., Dec. 10.—Federal prohibition agents and possesmen last night recovered the body of Agent Robert C. Duff, 50, killed Saturday in a skirmish with moonshiners who were barricaded in a cave in the hills of Menifee county, east of here. Members of the band had fled further into the hills when the officials and possemen arrived.

Duff was killed while leading a raiding party into the cave, where officers believed a still was in operation. The occupants of the cave opened fire when the officers approached. In the subsequent exchange of shots the fire of the defenders became so heavy the raiding party was forced to retire without Duff's body.

Bringing word of the battle here, Duff's companions obtained reinforcements and returned to the scene of the fight. Entering the deserted cave they found evidences of moonshining, but the plant proper had been removed. The dead agent had been stripped of his arms and ammunition.

Groom Leaves Bride And Takes Her Cash

Hickory, Dec. 12.—Local police, it was learned today, would like very much to get information as to the whereabouts of a man going by the name of W. H. Hunt, aged about 36 years, who came here about ten days ago, induced an elderly woman to wed him after a short courtship, carried \$900 of her money for safety and abandoned her in Salisbury. Miss Fannie Speagle was the victim.

Hunt first wrote to her from Charlotte, it is said, and followed this up by coming in person. A courtship of a few days was followed by marriage. The woman's banker friends endeavored to dissuade her from drawing \$900 of the saving of many years, but her husband explained to her that it would be better. When Hunt deserted his bride at Salisbury a week ago, he told her that he was going to Concord or Kannapolis for his baggage. Officers here have no idea the man gave his correct name.

Miss Teter: "School closes at 2:45 so the teachers can catch the train."

Little J.: "Well, I hope they all catch it."

THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

An Institution That Is Accomplishing A Wonderful Work In Reclaiming Boys Who Were Started Wrong

By C. W. HUNT.

It must have been away back about the fall of 1909, when Mr. J. P. Cook, chairman of the board for the Jackson Training school at Concord invited the writer to come over on a certain day and attend the exercises dedicating or the opening of the industrial building, the gift, by chance of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, of Elkin, that now houses the printing plant, the shoe shop and the woodworking plant of that institution. That was a long time ago, and I am not sure if there were other buildings there then than the Kings Daughters cottage and one other. Since then the song of the hen and the peep of chicks have occupied the time, and for some years I almost forgot there was such a place, but with the return of the publication of The Uplift, I have kept track of most that was going on there, but was not prepared to see what I did see when we (Mrs. H. and I) made a special trip there Wednesday last, spending the day.

Cottage after cottage has gone up as gifts of counties until there are 18, housing 30 boys to a home, not to mention the administration building, the bakery, laundry, ice plant and others. Pity there is not room to go back and tell how a retired newspaper man saw a vision of better things for boys with no or with improper training; how that man has set to work to interest others with him, and how the Jackson Training school came out of that vision; but most of my readers know something of it, as well as how it has grown; long past the experiment stage, and is now where it is entitled to any support asked for. About the first organization interested were the Kings Daughters, who erected one of the very first, and from that day on the cottage plan has prevailed, and all the others have followed closely the architecture of that building. Mr. Cook confesses that he inspired the plan to have a separate home for each of thirty boys, where they live with a matron and others to give the proper care and attention. Here they eat and sleep and play, each cottage having a living room, a play room, a dining hall and dormitory, where 30 clean iron beds, with good covering are placed in one large room, not at all crowded, kept perfectly clean, and made up by the boys themselves.

Wednesday was visitors' day, on which preparation is made to care for the friends of the institution and others that come to see the boys. It is also the busy day at the printing office where The Uplift is made ready for its weekly appearance, but Mrs. J. C. Fisher and Miss Goodman the executive secretary were delegated with the duty of showing the writer all "everything we have," as Mr. Cook put it, and the two succeeded admirably. The school building with auditorium, dining halls, dormitories, bakery, laundry, ice plant, shoe shop, horse barn, new dairy barn, hog houses, hens and the busiest of all hog killing. There were seven 250 to 300 pounders being scalded and cleaned, and the information was that there were more than 40 of that size to slaughter this season. The new dairy barn is a model, the very latest with stanchions for about 30 cows, and as clean as good management can make it.

Mr. Chas. E. Boger is the executive head of the place, and is a man who handles boys mighty well, and there is an active man in charge of all the different departments directly under him, and every one who has to do with the handling of these boys is supposed to be capable of teaching them in the different lines, while their education is under the direction of the best teachers to be obtained. The school rooms are a model of neatness, and the matter of clean new, unsoiled desks is a compliment to both the boys and the teachers. The printing office is fortunate in having Mr. J. C. Fisher, who began with the beginning, and who is still on the job, turning out good work and good printers and linotypers. It is a little short of a wonder how quick a small boy, with a hankering for such work can master so complicated a machine as a Mergenthaler linotype. This business has outgrown its quarters; thousands and thousands of dollars worth

of work is lost each year for want of a building fully equipped for the best job work. Mr. Cook is looking for the man who has thousands of dollars he wants to invest in making good men out of the needing help. If you know such a man make him wise.

The administration building which was burned, is rapidly coming back again, under the wise provision made by Mrs. J. W. Cannon, as a memorial to her late husband, and Mr. J. P. Cannon made possible the splendid auditorium, which is now crowded, and will have to be enlarged. Seven large counties; singly or by doubling have built a cottage, like those described above; these are: Mecklenburg, Guilford, Durham, Rockingham, Gaston, Robeson and Rowan-Iredell, and there are three other counties now "on the string" for similar buildings, each of which made do the maximum, when a house costing \$18,000 to \$20,000 makes a home for 30, not counting the matron and the help. With such a spirit kept up there will in time be a good sized town of cottages; unless the home training should improve and the need for such institutions decreased.

Here boys go to school and work. Half study in school mornings, the other half, afternoons; when one is in school the other half is at work. There are boys for the dairy, boys for the horse barn, boys for the hogs and chickens, boys for the bakery, printing office, kitchen help, the shoe shop and all other places. There are large boys and small boys, but I did not see a bad face or one that was not cheerful and dutiful. The best set I saw were the hog killers, with all the help one could ask for, and every boy trying to see which could do the most handling those large hogs. There are restraints of course, but it is largely a matter of honor here, and the honor roll in The Uplift each week is growing. Many boys go a whole week with not a single mark and are in class with those who get one or more marks by accident or otherwise.

One of the main points I made in a write up of this school in 1909, was the need of the cultivation of the farm that spreads out so inviting from the view from the higher ground. But that came naturally with development, and much, very much of the food for man and beast comes out of the ground. There is need for more land. The matter of getting a water supply on the coulder filled ridge gave much concern for a long time. The man with a peach tree limb was consulted, and he located what he guaranteed was a fine vein of water, but the place did not suit the idea in mind for a water plant. A geologist was sent for, and was free to confess that the formation on that ridge did not indicate water. A drill was set to work and down and down it went as dry as a powder horn, and was finally abandoned. With nothing better in sight, and water "had to be had," the drill was set on the place indicated by the peach tree limb, and the man's claim was verified in a short distance under ground; and such a stream of water! It has never shown any signs of failure. In fact it has never been pumped dry, with the power attached. There science "got a whack."

The writer has rambled much this year, has seen many wonderful things in the business and scenic world, has been in one teacher training school and spoke a word to encourage, but he has had no day equal to the day in the Jackson Training school near Concord. The problem of finally making a man out of a boy with a wrong start is one that many strong minds have pondered over; one that earnest men have long given their best thought. Here is a plant no longer in the experimental stage, but one that has proved it can be done and well done in more than 90 per cent of cases. Is running smoothly and modestly turning out young men with ambition, with character and with a vision of something for them in life. It is worthy of the sympathy, the confidence, the talent, the money of any man or woman wanting to do something for his or her country.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy The Mother's Favorite

The soothing and healing properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, its pleasant taste and prompt and effective cures have made it a favorite everywhere. It is especially prized by mothers of young children for colds, croup and whooping cough, as it always affords quick relief and is free from opium and other harmful drugs.