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FINAL SUMMONS TO GOVERNOR JOHNSON

Minnesota's Chief Executive, After Brave Fight Passes into Eternity—Pathetic Scene at Death Bed

Rochester, Minn., Sept. 21.—Hon. John A. Johnson, three times governor of Minnesota, candidate for the democratic nomination for president last year and looked upon by many throughout the country as a probable nominee of 1912, died at St. Mary's hospital here at 3:25 this morning following an operation of last Wednesday.

The governor lapsed into unconsciousness at 1 a. m. Toward the end he revived himself several times to pat his wife on the cheeks. His last words were: "Well, Nora, I guess I'm going."

Mrs. Johnson, who had been at her husband's bedside all through his illness, was with him when he passed away. With her were two friends of her girlhood, Mrs. John Sullivan and Miss Sullivan, Drs. W. J. and C. Y. Mayo and McNevin and Nurse Jamie Schiller stood by when the life spark flickered out.

One of the doctors felt the dying man's pulse.

After a moment he exclaimed: "He is gone!"

With a cry of despair Mrs. Johnson fell upon the dead body and burst into tears. The death scene was most pitiful.

Unconscious at the end, he seemed to realize that he was dying but he did not speak of it. Although in great agony he never once complained. He was cheerful to the last. It was apparent at 6 o'clock last night that death might come any minute. Mrs. Johnson was told that her husband could not live much longer. Her grief was uncontrollable.

At 8 o'clock last night the physicians announced that the spark of life was flickering out. They thought he might live until morning, but no longer. An hour later Mrs. Johnson sent out this message from the hospital:

"Tell all the people who are friends of the governor to pray for his life."

Johnson was thrice governor of Minnesota and the popular idol of 1,500,000 partisans.

Had he lived it is likely he would have been the next democratic nominee for president of the United States.

Johnson was a loyal son of Minnesota. He was born in St. Petersburg, Minn., July 28, 1861.

For about an hour beginning at midnight Governor Johnson talked steadily to his wife while conscious, and at that time, was most of the time.

"I guess I'm going now," he said, time after time. He held his wife to him, stroking her hands and face. "I want to see Fred," he said at that time.

It was not known whether he meant his brother Fred Johnson who was not at the hospital, and who was unable to get there before his brother's death, or Fred B. Lynch. Mr. Lynch is sent for and the two had a conversation. It lasted only a few minutes.

Though unconscious Governor Johnson moaned almost constantly for two hours before his death. The announcement of the governor's death was made by Dr. McNevin. With Miss Johnson out of the hospital, Dr. Mayo's automobile, 3 a. m. Watchers immediately called him what Mrs. Johnson

departure meant. "He died at 3:25," said Dr. McNevin. The physician was sobbing bitterly, tears rolling down his cheeks. He had been a close friend of the governor.

A few minutes later the big bell of Central School, in Rochester, began to peal. Forty-eight strokes were tolled, one for each year of the governor's life.

The father of Governor Johnson who came from Sweden a short time before the birth of the future governor, was a blacksmith, but died in a poor house. His mother, desiring to give her son an education, took in washing.

Johnson was born in St. Petersburg, Minn., on July 28, 1861. In the same town, 13 years later, he took up the task of supporting the family. For a time he worked in a grocery store and then got a job in a drug store. He was studious but also displayed, even in his early youth a deep interest in affairs about him. He took an active part in the affairs of the town, eventually becoming editor of its newspaper. On June 1, 1894, he married Elinor Preston, a young drawing teacher. In the same year he was defeated when he ran for the state senatorship. Four years later he won the office, but at the expiration of his term, in 1902, was again defeated. This was fortunate for him, however as, had he been elected, he would have been ineligible for the governorship.

In 1904 Mr. Johnson was elected governor for the first time. Although a democrat in a republican state he ran 92,000 ahead of his ticket. He was re-elected in 1906 and 1908. While at the head of the state government he made a name as a reformer. It was he who brought about the model insurance law which was fostered by Roosevelt.

In 1908 Governor Johnson was mentioned prominently as a possible candidate for president, and probably was the closest contestant of William Jennings Bryan for the democratic nomination.

Johnson's Career an Inspiration. Winston-Salem Journal.

The career of Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota, who died yesterday, should be an inspiration to the millions of young men in the United States. He ascended from the bottom rung of society to the highest position in the gift of the great state of Minnesota, if we except a United States senatorship, and he was spoken of as the democratic nominee for the Presidency. He was equal to the position too, and had his life not been cut short it is probable that he would have been president of this great country.

The fact that Governor Johnson's mother was poor was in his favor. Minnesota is normally 100,000 republican. Johnson's mother was a washerwoman. No disgrace in that. Rather honor as it is proved. The republican nominee referred to the young man as "the son of a washerwoman." The republican nominee was defeated and Johnson rode in on a landslide.

"The son of a washerwoman" made such a good governor that he was renominated and re-elected. The second time he carried the state of Minnesota when President Taft got the electoral

vote by 120,000 or more. The fact that his father was an ordinary Swede and his mother a washerwoman did not count against the ambitious Johnson. A man of the people, and they in their wisdom stood by him.

They say he was not a great statesman and that his ability was not much above the average. That's probably true; but his character was sublime.

Governor Johnson began his career as a printer. He worked at the trade when he was twelve years old, later published newspapers and won prominence by his honesty and square dealings with the public. He was strong in his convictions and believed in the principles of democracy. The world is better because he lived.

Last Tribute to Johnson.

St. Peter, Minn., Sept. 23.—The body of Governor John A. Johnson was buried in the family lot in Green Hills cemetery here this afternoon, in a grave adjoining that of his mother. At the Presbyterian church the body lay in state and was viewed by hundreds of citizens of St. Peter.

Rev. R. E. C. Clarke, read the sermon, using the text: "Know ye not that a prince and a great man has fallen this day?" Brief services were held at the cemetery and the local company of National Guard fired a salute as the casket was lowered into the grave.

In announcing his text Rev. Mr. Clarke said that no more expressive couplet than a prince and a great man could be used to characterize Governor Johnson. He spoke of the great loss to the State and to the nation in the death of Governor Johnson and closed with a glowing personal tribute to his character and achievements.

Floral tributes were taken to the church and cemetery by the wagon load. The various State departments, municipal, civic and fraternal organizations, as well as individuals, contributed set pieces and beautiful bouquets.

The little town of St. Peter, the birthplace and final resting place of the late Governor John A. Johnson, held a concourse of people to-day more than double its population.

Governor Johnson's Surgeons.

One gratifying thing about the untimely death of Governor Johnson was that nobody has presumed to criticize his surgeons and physicians. It would be a bold man that would do that. Yet his surgeons are "country doctors" whose whole lives, except for study, have been spent in a town of 7,000 people sixty miles from St. Paul.

A few years ago the names of Drs. William J. and Charles H. Mayo were unknown to the general public but not to the medical profession. Surgeons and physicians in all parts of the United States who wanted their own appendices removed, or required any other operation performed on themselves used to slip away quietly to Rochester, Minn. Of course they sent other patients there, too. Without advertising or maintaining a medical college, the Mayo brothers soon found their private hospital always full. Patients go there from the Atlantic coast as well from the Rocky mountains.

Men can be found who are willing to go to Africa as missionaries who are not willing to take care of a cross baby for the tired wife for half an hour.

One Who Never Came Back.

"The One Who Never Came Back" was a newspaper headline of last week in recounting the various expeditions to the north pole, observes the Kansas City Star. Of the long list of those who have braved the frigid horrors of the arctic seas in the interest of science or to grasp the will-o-the-wisp of fame there are endless tales to stir the souls of men and arouse sympathy, but it is the chapter dealing with the "one who never came back" from which the world turns with a shudder. It is twelve years now since S. A. Andree made his daring and, as it has proved, foolhardy attempt to sail over the north pole in a balloon. How he perished, and when and where, is one of the secrets locked in the icy fastnesses of the region of everlasting cold. What terrible suffering, what horror of loneliness and despair beset him before he perished is dreadful to contemplate.

Andree was a Swede. He was a member of the Swedish international polar expedition of 1882 and 1883, and an aeronaut of considerable skill. He had his own ideas about reaching the goal of the ages. He had observed that at certain seasons of the year a steady current of air flowed toward the north pole. What could be easier argued Andree than for a well equipped balloon to set sail in this current of air, float over the pole, descend, take observations, and then float away again to carry the word to a waiting world.

Desperate as appeared the undertaking, Andree found men who were willing to aid him in carrying it out. Even more, he found two men who were willing to take the slender chance with him and stake their lives for fame and adventure.

Oscar, late king of Sweden, was among those who gave their support to the venture. It was in 1896 that Andree went north to Danes Island, Spitzbergen, and made preparations for the journey. A balloon house was built, and the big bag was inflated. It was found, however, that the gas escaped more rapidly than was expected, and the trip was postponed a year. Two Swedish war vessels escorted the expedition to Switzerland the following June. Experiments had shown that the gas would keep the balloon afloat for 30 days. The plan was to have the balloon drift along about 800 feet above the surface of the ice. Of men, freight, food and ballast the craft carried a weight of about five tons.

A favorable breeze was awaited at last, July 11, 1897, it came. The ropes were cut and the balloon shot upward. Suddenly, for some reason never known, it dropped rapidly almost to the surface of the sea. Ballast was thrown out by the men on board, and the balloon arose again and sailed away over the mountainous island of Vogelsang, an altitude of 1,500 feet being necessary to make the passage.

When the watchers on shore and on the war vessels lost sight of the balloon it was the world's last glimpse of Andree and his two intrepid companions. Three message buoys dropped by Andree the day the start was made have been found. The latest was dated 10 o'clock that night. An altitude of 82 degrees, 8 degrees from the pole, had been reached at that time. The brave aeronaut reported that all was well. But of the ultimate fate of the balloon and its passengers searchers have found never a sign.

A Father's Letter to his Boy.

(Some years ago, a young Scotchman left his home to seek his fortune in America. It has been our good fortune to read the following letter which the father gave the son at that time; we are also privileged to give it a wider circulation. It may be pleasant for the reader to know that the young man is now himself a father and an honored elder in one of Philadelphia's most prominent Presbyterian churches. His father's letter and his Bible have ever been "a lamp unto his feet, and a light unto his path." —Editors.)

My Dear Son:—You go away from our sight it may be for a long time. Of course, we cannot expect you to understand the feelings that agitate our hearts. We only get calm by bearing you and ourselves to the throne of God. We are hopeful for your future. You promise well, and this is our comfort. The untried future is before you, with an entire change of circumstances, and the thought of this causes us some anxiety. We have many times spoken to you and given you counsel of love, but you have all you need in your Bible. Do not forget constantly to consult it; make it your daily study. Read often the fourth chapter of Proverbs; it is the safe compass for a young man; it is all true; keep strictly by its precepts.

Love and meditate often on the words of Jesus; walk and talk with Him. He is a real, personal, present friend.

We will be often thinking about you, and you will be remembered always in our prayers.

Keep your own counsel; be wary of men; don't think you know everything; ask advice, if you require it, from those older than yourself, and especially of a Christian.

Suit and shape yourself to your place and circumstances; get to know the custom and ways as soon as possible; get knowledge, it is easily carried about.

Discard entirely all evil habits; be master of yourself, be an out and out abstainer, and don't be afraid of letting it be known. Don't smoke, it is a useless senseless, expensive habit, and will never recommend you, but in many cases, would be an obstacle to your success.

Cultivate and keep the company of good young men; if possible, those better informed than yourself, from whom you can learn some good or useful thing.

Let your every word be true, no half truths, and you will command trust and respect.

Write often. You will be getting a letter from some of us by almost every mail. Should you not succeed or wish to come home, let us know at once, and we will not fail you.

You go from us, we believe, with good and noble motives, and we trust you. You have good aims and we share them

Many people delude themselves by saying "It will wear away," when they notice symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble. This is a mistake. Take Foley's Kidney Pills, and stop the drain on the vitality. They cure backache, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, and make every trace of pain, weakness, and urinary trouble disappear. Sold by all Druggists.

with you. Don't be discouraged; though you may meet with disappointments, don't brood on them, but rise above them. Pray to God to open up your way as you go along, even as you enter a door to apply for employment. And now we commit you to the care of your God, who is our God, hoping to meet again.

Your affectionate.

Father.

—Presbyterian Standard.

Sure Cure For Worry.

Two women were conversing on the front porch.

"I am so nervous," said one, "and I have so many little things to worry about. These little worries seem to me to be important, too; and often cause me great uneasiness and anxiety."

"Too bad," murmured the second woman.

"You never worry, do you? Perhaps you have nothing to worry about. I don't see how you can keep so calm at all times. What do you do with your perplexities?"

The other woman hesitated before replying, and then said: "I'll tell you just what I do. Whenever anything bothers me, I go straight to my bedroom, enter in and shut the door; then I kneel down before my bed, and talk to God. I tell Him all about it. Oh, what a comfort it is! I tell Him what bothers me, and how anxious I am; and I ask Him if it is His will, to deliver me, to comfort me, either by answering my prayer in a wonderful way, or by lifting my burden."

"How wonderful is the power of the nervous lady."

"You would laugh, perhaps, if I would tell of the little things about which I pray, but which are so necessary to my happiness or the happiness of others, perhaps. Jesus comes very near to me at such times, and treats me so much better than I deserve. Prayer, or talking to God, is a sure cure for worry; try it. Although He may not always answer my prayers in the way I ask, yet my mind is relieved of my burden." —Exchange.

The Careful King.

Once upon a time a certain king of Persia went out hunting with all his court. The chase that day happened to be long, and the king became thirsty. But no fountain or river could be found near the spot on the plain where they rested for a short interval. At last one of the courtiers spied a large garden not far off. It was filled with trees bearing lemons, oranges, and grapes. His followers begged the monarch to partake of the good things in the garden.

"Heaven forbid that I should eat anything thereof," said the king, "for, if I permitted myself to gather but an orange from it, my officers and courtiers would not leave a single fruit in the entire garden.

The higher in life a person is the more careful he should be, for all his faults are copied by those beneath him." —Ghattebox.

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