

A blue mark here means that the subscriber to this copy of The News is behind on subscription. Please make a payment as soon as convenient.

# The Mount Airy News

VOL. XXXI

MOUNT AIRY, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1911

7

## SLASHED THROAT WITH A BAD RAZOR

In a Despondent Mood, Judge Spencer B. Adams Tries Suicide.

Greensboro Record, Jan. 2. Incapably and almost beyond relief was the news late last night that Judge Spencer B. Adams, in a fit of despondency, had made a desperate attempt to end his life by slashing his throat with a razor.

He had been at Keeley Institute for some days and it was about nine o'clock last night when he made the attempt. No one entertained the least idea that he was in such a mood, or he would have been more closely watched.

The wound looked dangerous, but he was rushed to St. Leo's hospital and the news from his bedside this afternoon is that he will recover, barring complications, which are not expected.

Naturally it will be taken that as he was a patient at Keeley, he was there recovering from a debauch. The Record has no information on this point, but wants to say that this is no doubt erroneous. His friends have known that he has been despondent for a long time, though being of a most jovial disposition, he succeeded in hiding his troubles, except to a very few. Probably he used a stimulant in the shape of whiskey to keep him up, but that is a guess on the part of his entering Keeley is probably not true. While it was known that he was in a bad way when he left so inclined, he certainly was not a man accustomed to that extent requiring treatment. His troubles had probably been of such a long duration that his continued brooding over them had for the moment dethroned his reason.

Judge Adams is well known throughout the State and has hundreds of friends who will be shocked to hear this news. For years he was prominently identified with the Republican party, being chairman of the State committee for four years, being only last summer. Dozens of times within the past few months he has said to this writer that he was done with politics and desired only to be left alone that he might look after his law practice and his private affairs and he meant every word of it. He was thoroughly disgusted with the political game as it is played—and no wonder. His devotion in this respect was due to his manhood.

### Was He Doped?

At 3 o'clock this afternoon Judge Adams was resting comfortably and his physicians say he will recover, barring complications, such as pneumonia, etc. Danger will be present for a day or more, although there are no indications of it at present.

There has been current reports today that when he left from Jacksonville on his trip, he went to the Guilford Hotel and that he showed evidence of what was supposed to be dope, or to be more in condition erected the fact that he had been drugged on this account he was taken upon to go to Keeley. It is probably nothing in this, as a part of the news of the day and is given for what it is worth.

## AVIATORS FALL FROM HIGH IN AIR

Moisant's Accident Happens in Morning at New Orleans While Hoxsey Makes Fatal Drop at Los Angeles in Afternoon.

John B. Moisant and Arch Hoxsey, aviators, extraordinary were killed today. Both fell out of the treacherous air currents with their machines—falling from a vast height—and Moisant's remaining minutes of life were so few as to count as naught. Hoxsey was killed instantly.

Moisant met his death at 9:55 a. m., attempting to alight in a field a few miles from New Orleans, La. Hoxsey, who went into the air early in the afternoon at Los Angeles, lay at 2:12 a crushed, lifeless mass in view of the thousands who were watching the aviation tournament.

### Moisant's Record.

Thus the last day of 1910, in bringing the total number of deaths of aviators to 30, capped the list with two of the most illustrious of those airmen who have been writing the history of aviation in the sky of two continents. Moisant, a Chicagoan by birth, after an adventurous life in Central America, became interested in aviation in France less than a year ago. After soaring into public recognition by his plucky flight from Paris across the English channel to London with a passenger, Moisant's fearlessness and resourcefulness were exhibited recently. Find

Forecasts Were Made. Forecasts of the fatal accident were made in both instances. A 15-mile wind with gusty intervals caused hangar attendants to shake their heads at Moisant, but he laughed at them and sailed up for a try at the long distance sustained flight record and the Michelin cup with its attendant \$4,000 prize. Death was the victor in the long contest it has fought with the daring Chicagoan.

When Walter R. Brookings and Hoxsey, who with Parmelee, alone were left of the Wright exhibiting teams, wheeled their machines out warnings were offered by half a score of the flyers, each of whom bore a record for daring in the air.

### Hoxsey's Achievements.

Arch Hoxsey, after a year of uniform success with the Wright aeroplanes, had gained a name for daring and competence in the air. Only in the past week he set a new world's record for altitude of 11,471 feet and then, to show his contempt for the earth, sailed majestically more than 4,000 feet above the highest mountain in California. Today he ran afoul of the same kind of boiling, treacherous wind within some 500 feet from the earth, and a minute later a horrified crowd, aroused from its shock, was rushing madly to where a broken mass of humanity lay beneath a torn bit of canvas and some broken spars.

Both met death in almost the same manner. Each machine was headed for the earth and suddenly seemed to stop, hover in the air, then "turn over onto its nose" and dive headlong to the earth—and to destruction.

### Moisant in a Bleriot.

Moisant's aeroplane was a Bleriot monoplane, and in addition to the heavy engine in front of the main planes, he had fastened a tank holding 35 gallons of gasoline. Aviation experts believe a sudden puff of wind stopped his machine dead in the air and the heavy weight ahead dragged the light framework behind it flipping the then useless rear elevator. From his position partly back of the main planes, Moisant was flipped out clear of the machine, and struck the ground on his head, breaking his neck. He died on a fire car on which he was being rushed to New Orleans. Hoxsey likewise was returning from a journey into the clouds.

He was within 500 feet of the earth and clouds were going up to meet the computer of the higher air, when his machine seemed to stop, shudder and whirl over and over to the ground. As in the morning's tragedy, the rear elevator, rendered useless when the momentum was gone, flipped around, helpless to aid the fated machine. Hoxsey vainly endeavored to right his craft by warping the main planes, and by use of the rudder. Vain attempts, for before sufficient momentum was gained, the frail structure crumpled upon the earth, the heavy engine being torn loose.

### Thousands Locked on.

Only a few farmers saw Moisant hurried to his death, but Hoxsey's end came before the horrified gaze of thousands, who had come out in the pleasant afternoon to watch the birdmen darting here and there through the air. The day's pleasure ended when an announcer sadly lifting his megaphone, droned out the message:

"Arch Hoxsey has been killed. There will be no more flying today."

Mrs. C. M. Hoxsey of Pasadena, Cal., missed by a mere accident seeing her son meet his death. She had arranged to attend the tournament and to take her first aeroplane ride with her son. Some detail of importance in her household kept her at home, and word of the accident was taken to her by Roy Knaben and Thomas Jackson of the

### Forecasts Were Made.

Forecasts of the fatal accident were made in both instances. A 15-mile wind with gusty intervals caused hangar attendants to shake their heads at Moisant, but he laughed at them and sailed up for a try at the long distance sustained flight record and the Michelin cup with its attendant \$4,000 prize. Death was the victor in the long contest it has fought with the daring Chicagoan.

When Walter R. Brookings and Hoxsey, who with Parmelee, alone were left of the Wright exhibiting teams, wheeled their machines out warnings were offered by half a score of the flyers, each of whom bore a record for daring in the air.

"It's too full of holes up there today," they all agreed; "it's just like a swiss cheese; better stay on the ground."

Hoxsey, smiling as he had on the day when in a similar way he had gone far up into the blue to a new world's record for height, again took the air. His barograph, still running when the crowds reached the heap of humanity and canvas and broken sticks, showed the fatal drop started when the aviator had come down to within 563 feet of the ground.

### JUDGE ADAMS RECOVERING.

Physicians Say He Will Soon Be Out Again.

Greensboro, Jan. 3.—Reports from the bedside of Judge S. B. Adams are to the effect that he is getting along nicely and he will soon be out. It is understood that the beginning of Judge Adams' trouble was getting some whiskey that had been either intentionally or accidentally drugged by another person, and this and not any excessive drinking produced the mental state under which he has been laboring for the past ten days. Judge Adams himself has made no statement, and his physicians will probably not allow him to discuss the matter until he gets out of the hospital.

## THINGS THAT PEOPLE LOSE

Every Conceivable Article Found in Street Cars of New York.

New York, Dec. 27.—An interesting museum of freaks in household articles is the "Lost and Found" department of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company's lines, where everything from a live monkey and a box of snakes to \$3,000 in money has turned up recently, not to say anything of the thousands of other things which have accumulated since the last semi-annual public auction of unclaimed goods, held about three months ago. The articles are found in the subway and elevated trains and stations by employees. They are held six months, when, if not claimed, they are sold to the highest bidder.

One would hardly believe that so many articles wander away from ownership in the channels of travel if one did not make a pilgrimage into this labyrinth of mislaid goods. One of the officials says he has all the parts necessary to construct an automobile, with the exception of a number and a license, and the assertion is near truth, for in the collection of lost articles gathered in within the last twelve weeks are more than one hundred parts belonging to automobiles. And this is but one section.

Umbrellas! You never saw the like in or out of an umbrella shop. They are there by the hundreds. If you have lost one and journey to No. 8 Morris street, where the department is located, you are

tables, completely covered and stacked high with every conceivable kind of rain shelter.

"Lose an umbrella? All right, just step in and pick it out." That's what they tell you in the very nicest sort of way. You smile inwardly. If you have lost a common or garden variety umbrella, immediately you see a couple of hundred that look like it. If you are not positive in your final selection, as they leave you alone in the "garden" of umbrellas alone, you take one that appears more like the one you lost than another. You are impressed how easy it is to walk away with articles from the department as you start to pass out through the outer office.

"Find it!" asks a young woman at a desk, busy over some papers.

"Yep!" you reply, and make for the street, when—well, the way you are halted you could not object to, for it is accomplished in such a polite, mannerly way. You are questioned again regarding the date of your loss, and on what train you left the article in question, when the young man draws forth a memorandum tag from inside the closed umbrella and politely informs you that the article you adopted was lost five weeks before the time you designated and not on the same line at all.

This much you may depend on, you will never pass the portals, after going through the rigid though gentle "third degree," with property that does not belong to you, so your conscience will never ting you on that account.

Any rainy day, followed by a rainbow and clear weather, will bring several hundred umbrellas into the pound. Very few are ever claimed. Likewise will a warm day or evening, following a cold spell, bring in a bountiful crop of over-coats and wraps of every description. Another surprise is the number of walking sticks picked up on the trains. One would think that seldom

would a man leave a companionable cone in a car, but from five to ten a day is the average.

It was only a few weeks ago that a conductor brought in a box of hissing snakes late one night. The peculiar fact about them is that they have never been claimed, just as if the persons were in the habit of losing a lot of reptiles in the public thoroughfares of New York. Did they keep them waiting for the owner? Not much. One day and one night was the limit, for the "evils woman resistant" was ready to branch off into hysterics and resign when Charles Snyder, of the Bronx Zoological Park, was summoned, and he promptly gave them a home among their own in the reptile house at the Zoo.

But think of any one leaving a perfectly good and healthy monkey in a subway train! That's just what occurred not long ago. And it never was claimed. After making history in the department for two days and two nights the monkey escaped over the roofs and never was heard of again. Some one is harboring a lost monkey and probably wondering where in the world it came from. The officials made a chance deduction that an inebricated sailor, introducing his monkey friend to the sights along the gay White Way, became separated from it in the throngs and the monkey sought a place of safety in the first opening it saw—a subway entrance—and subsequently found its way

Many pocket-books and wallets are found. Some of them contain only a few cents, while others have hundreds of dollars, and one picked up recently held more than \$3,000. While purses containing money are usually claimed, still some two or three hundred remain in the department, the accumulation of less than three months.

They have what they call the wine cellar in one part of the office. Here are wines, cordials and liquors galore, in every quantity from a two gallon decanter to a half pint flask. Several hundred receptacles filled with the "oil of joy" now repose unclaimed, unused and unhonored in the wine cellar.

Wrapped packages containing everything from a nightshirt to a Navajo blanket are on the shelves awaiting the call of the owner. There are teddy bears, teddy niggs, bottles of malted milk, two suits of pink tights, revolvers, canned saxon, violins, fishing tackle and even so many things—a greater variety than one would find in a cross roads country store.

The odd fact is the high average of music rolls recovered. The officials say it is that many musicians keep late hours in plying their vocation and generally sleep or nod on their way home in the early morning hours.

Then, again a large number of women's hats are gathered in by the trainmen. Rarely does any one present herself to claim a lost hat. It might be added that now is the open season for lost hats, with all the summer resorts running full blast.

Now and then a live duck is found on a Second or Third Avenue elevated train, but ducks are invariably claimed the following day. Recently a bicycle was found in a subway station. A small boy came after it in a few days on reading the "Found" advertisement which the company carries in the Herald every day. A pair of corsets were picked up in a subway train one even-

ing only a few days ago. The corsets had been worn and looked as if they had just "come off duty." The only way they could be accounted for was that a white woman had been caught in the evening jam of a subway car and the corsets slipped from her frame. At least such was the deduction of the office boys in the lost and found department, who order goods articles with forms in their hands, and the study of how they have been

Resolved to Respect. Whereas:— Brother John Henry Wall, who being an honored member of Copeland Lodge No. 390 A. F. and A. M. met a sad and untimely death on Friday Dec. 16th, 1910. Be it therefore resolved,

1st. That while we bow in humble submission to the order of the Grand Master above, we realize our Lodge has lost a valuable member, his family a kind father and loving husband and the County a useful citizen.

2nd. That in this dispensation of Providence, we be true to duty and are touched by the fraternal feeling to the bereaved family.

Resolved to Respect. Whereas:— Brother John Henry Wall, who being an honored member of Copeland Lodge No. 390 A. F. and A. M. met a sad and untimely death on Friday Dec. 16th, 1910. Be it therefore resolved,

1st. That while we bow in humble submission to the order of the Grand Master above, we realize our Lodge has lost a valuable member, his family a kind father and loving husband and the County a useful citizen.

2nd. That in this dispensation of Providence, we be true to duty and are touched by the fraternal feeling to the bereaved family.

J. W. Simmons, Solomon Johnson, W. H. Doss, Committee.

### OUT OF THE GLOOM

Many a gloomy countenance in Mount Airy New Lightens With Happiness.

A bad back makes you gloomy. Can't be happy with continual backache.

The aches and pains of a bad back Are mostly due to sick kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys. They have made many a home in Mount Airy.

Road what a grateful citizen says: R. H. Newton, railway clerk, Lebanon, N. C., says: "It is a pleasure to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as I obtained more relief from them and in a shorter time than from any other preparation I ever tried. I suffered from dull pains in my back, caused I believe by the jolting of the car. The symptoms of my back grew worse and finally my kidney secretions became in passage and I had a length learned of Doan's Kidney Pills and purchased a box."

Asberaft Drug Co. Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents. Postpaid. For the United States. Remember the name.

PINEULES for the Kidneys 10 DAY TREATMENT FOR \$1.00