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AMERICAN TELLS OF TORTURES IN JUNGLE.

Dr. Hamilton Rice Often Faced Death on Trip up the Amazon.

London, Dec. 6.—Dr. Hamilton Rice, an American surgeon and traveler, who has just arrived in London after a journey of 21 months' exploration in southeast Colombia and northwest Brazil, in the course of which he has traversed 100,000 square miles of almost unknown territory, has given out an interesting account of his experiences.

"Accompanied by Lieut. Von Baer, an Austrian officer," Dr. Rice said, "I left London in Dec. 1911, for Barranquilla, at the mouth of the Magdalena river, and 25 days later reached Bogota the capital of Colombia. Eleven mules, each carrying 200 pounds of supplies, were procured and dispatched to San Martin, a little town founded 300 years ago by the early Jesuit fathers, and to that base we proceeded a month later with a second batch of mules.

"Until August last, when we reached civilization at Manaos, 1,000 miles up the Amazon river, our record was one of bad weather and physical horrors which only South America can supply, of insects which made existence horrible, of periods of starvation and consequent mutiny, and the constant presence of disease.

"The greater portion of the region we explored was uninhabited. We found traces of a race of very light-colored Indians, by no means white, but much paler than the ordinary Amazon tribes. These are known as Andoques, and according to report are small in number. Their villages are shunned by their neighbors. On the Papunara river we came across people who had never seen a white man. They suffered much from the bites of poisonous serpents with which the river was infested, as a result of which a large number of Indians perished every year.

"Mosquitoes made life almost unbearable, and the swarms of large grass-cutting ants, which appeared at sunset, ate our clothing, and even devoured our ropes. Disease, too, was a very grave consideration, and during a certain portion of our journey our food supply gave out, and we were reduced to eating monkey flesh, and very little of that. While traveling to the sources of the Apaporis our food was exhausted, and my companions were so weakened by two months' continuous hard labor and disease that it was impossible for all to proceed, and I had to go on with only 12 men.

"Our progress was extremely difficult and painful, and only worked out at two to three miles a day. Every foot of the track had to be cut with hatchets and axes, one man going ahead with a compass. Hundreds of rapids, or small streams, ran across our path and these were simply alive with rarpas, a dangerous sword fish of a vindictive nature which inflicted an ugly septic wound attended with much pain."

This resulted a month later in Dr. Hamilton Rice himself being attacked with poisonous ulcers and compelled to operate by candle light by injecting cocaine and cutting his leg to the bone. The operation took two hours and although this occurred nine months ago the wounds are still unhealed.

"All of us," continued the explorer, "were practically starving and the only course was to retreat in the hope of meeting some relief parties. These did not, however, turn up, and we were reduced to one meal of monkey per day. Continuous thunder storms, with great trees being struck by lightning all around us, made our retreat a perfect nightmare. Soon we had to abandon everything except our hammocks.

"Presently the rain stopped and myriads of ants, bees, and mosquitoes came out and further tortured us. Our condition was desperate. Every day the eyes of my people assumed a more curious and glassy appearance, our faces became sunken and an ashy yellow, and we were so depressed that we rarely exchanged a word. One of the men lost all

power of speech and could only whine like an animal.

"It was under such poisonous conditions as these that a number of operations were performed. The majority of the operations, of which there were over a hundred, were successful. One notable case was of a man suffering from anthrax. His temperature was 107 for six days, and I had to operate three times, reducing his temperature by means of sheets soaked in a stream. He made a complete recovery, and hundreds of cases subsequently came to me for treatment."

Dr. Rice described how they came across a colony composed entirely of male Indians. At a subsequent stage of the journey they traversed a snake infested swamp on the upper Yurida. "There was no sign of human life, but tapers, jaguars and monkeys abounded," Dr. Rice explained. "They were as tame as domestic animals. The tapers swam around the canoe, while the jaguars sniffed round our nets at night and had to be driven off like dogs."

Reign of Terror now Prevailing.

Mexico City, Tuesday, 9.—A real reign of terror best describes the conditions today prevailing throughout Mexico and especially in the capital.

President Huerta is taking what he wants wherever he finds it and declares that he will hold on indefinitely.

Scores of women have been pressed into military service as camp cooks, nurses and gatherers of fuel and provisions.

Mexico City now looks like a deserted village, because before 9 o'clock today all peons locked themselves in their houses to avoid seizure.

Illinois Child Wants Younger Santa Claus.

Washington, Dec. 6.—"Please appoint a younger Santa Claus," wrote eight-year-old Ledema L. Hile, of Albion, Ill., to Postmaster General Burleson in a letter which reached that official's desk today.

"Grandpa says he used to come to his house when he was a little boy, so he must be pretty old by this time, and I'm afraid he's too old to come to my house."

Mr. Burleson wrote Ledema that a personal representative of Santa Claus would attend to her wants.

Honor Roll.

Honor Roll of Gordon school for second month.

1st Grade—Herbert Fulk, Rena Stewart, Aubrey Marsh, Wesley and Annie Davis, Mattie Chilton, Irvin Chilton, Claud Cox, Coy Needham, Sherman Chilton, Roscoe Long, Mammie Chilton, Fred Bryant, Marvin and Jeremiah Bryant, Roy Towse.

2nd Grade—Maud Bryant, Nonnie and Pernie Needham, Elmer Chilton.

3rd Grade—Gabriel Towse, Bessie Key, Ann and Dorey Chandler, Dewey Needham.

4th Grade—Fred Key, Myrtle Chilton, Samuel Fulk, Sylvester Denney, Mattie Chilton, Herbert Chilton, Charlie Cox, Effie Key.

5th Grade—Cora Fulk, Pearl Chilton, Ida Stewart, Etta Wagner, Minnie Fulk, Coley Denney.

6th Grade—Jesse Stewart, Emory Fulk, Jacob Denney, Nonnie Fulk, Drue Chilton, Robert Key.

7th Grade—Ada Fulk, Cora Flineham, Isaac Denney.

Nellie K. Haymore, Teacher. Dec. 9th, 1913.

Notice.

By virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Surry County as Commissioner, I will sell at public auction for cash on the premises on Saturday the 27th day of December 1913, at one o'clock, P. M., the following real estate: Lying in Surry County, N. C., adjoining the Harden Luffoon place on the North, J. A. Creed on the East, Peter Creed place on the South, and West containing about three and three fourth acres more or less. Known as a part of the Dudley Creed land. Sale will be made for assets to pay debts. This Dec. 9th, 1913. J. A. Creed, Com.

PANAMA HERO DEAD.

Seven Years of Arduous Labor in Tropical Climate of Canal Was Too Much.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 5.—Lieut. Col. David Dabose Gaillard, U. S. A., who directed the engineering work in the Culebra cut, a division of the Panama canal, died at Johns Hopkins hospital here today.

Lieutenant Colonel Gaillard had been a patient at the hospital since August 17 last, suffering from a growth in the head, the result of seven years arduous labor in the tropical climate of the canal zone. He failed gradually but steadily and for the last two months had been in a state of coma due to the pressure of the cranial growth upon the brain cells. The physicians decided sometime ago that an operation was useless and might hasten his death.

He is survived by his widow and a son, Lieut. David P. Gaillard, U. S. A. Both were at the bedside when he died.

Lieutenant Colonel Gaillard was born at Wimsboro, S. C., in 1854. He graduated from West Point Military academy in 1884, and since that time had won many honors in the engineering service. A bill was introduced in Congress last month promoting him to the rank of colonel in recognition of his distinguished services which culminated in the great engineering feat in the Culebra section of the Panama canal.

When Culebra cut was flooded by the blasting of Gamboa dike on October 10 last Colonel Gaillard lay unconscious in his bed at the hospital here.

Colonel Gaillard's death is the culmination of a breakdown incurred by long hours of work and exposure in the canal zone where he pitted his skill as an engineer against the shifting soil of the Culebra cut. To him had been given the most difficult task in connection with the canal's construction, to master the landslides and quakes which extended for eight miles along the line of the Culebra cut.

During the early years of his contest with the landslides Gaillard never knew what a morning was to bring forth. Over night the mountains moved and covered with their deposit the tracks and even the cars which were used to remove material. The Culebra cut runs through the backbone of the American continent. Gaillard dug indomitably until hill after hill found its angle of repose and he checked the landslides save at Cucaracha and points nearby. There the sliding was persistent but had visibly weakened when the engineer was compelled to stop his work and seek rest.

For the greater period of his work on the Isthmus Colonel Gaillard was without a chief assistant. He wanted to save money. He gave his attention not only to the great engineering problems but to all the details of shovel work, train work and drainage. He checked up on the small things and once it was computed that by his careful oversight he had saved the government \$17,000,000.

Men who worked with him said that he gave 12 hours of each day to the Culebra cut. In addition he had a voice in all matters pertaining to engineering work in the zone, to civil administration and to the general conduct of affairs. The hard work, the nervous strain, the worry and the tropical climate combined broke his health at the hour of his final triumph. There was little left there to be done but to remove the soft earth of the slide at Cucaracha.

Greatly Reduced Fares for the Xmas and New Year Holidays.

For the Christmas and New Year Holidays the Southern Railway will sell round trip tickets at greatly reduced fares. Dates of sale December 17th to 25th, December 31st, 1913 and January 1st, 1914, with final return limit January 6th, 1914.

For further and detailed information apply to any Southern Railway Ticket Agent, or, R. H. DeButts, D. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

BOB THORPE, OLD STAGE DRIVER, HELD RECORD AS HOLDUP VICTIM.

Robert Thorpe Was Held Up More Than Dozen Times and His Passengers Robbed By James and Anderson Gangs.

Fulton, Mo., Dec. 6.—Robert Thorpe, who died recently in San Antonio, Tex., was one of the pioneer coach drivers of Missouri. Before the railroads were built Thorpe was a boy in Howard county and learned to drive the first coach between Fayette and Jefferson City. Later his territory was enlarged and his drives included those to Fulton, Columbia, Glasgow, Providence and other early day towns.

He was almost born on the stage, his father having been a driver before him, and when he was a little fellow used to hold the lines. As he grew older he became a proficient driver, and when his father caught the "gold fever" in 1849 and went to California, Bob took his place. He was only 14 years old at that time. The stage he drove was drawn by but two horses and was called the mail hack. It plied between Columbia and Jefferson City, Mo. As he grew older he was promoted to drive a four and later a six-horse stage between Columbia and Providence. This was in 1858 and 1859. He drove a stage for a time in Arkansas after this, and later, returning to Columbia, drove out of there to Centralia, Huntsville and Glasgow.

No Ceremony in Hold-Up.

Bob Thorpe liked to recount incidents of his exciting career and used to tell of many experiences he had with bandits. Shortly before his death he told of the first time he encountered the James boys and the Anderson gang. It was after he returned to Missouri and occurred along the road near Glasgow. This was during the Civil War and the "jayhawker" times, and a short time before they had captured a train, killing 14 federal soldiers in charge of it, and in a fight with militiamen killed 87 of them and buried them in one grave.

"They used little ceremony in holding up and robbing me," said Thorpe; "as little as was used in burying the militiamen. They ambushed me and surrounded the stage. They called on me to throw up my hands. I did not hesitate. Both hands went up at the instant that one of the gang grabbed the bridle bits of the leaders of my team. They got all the money that was in the bag in the 'boot,' and after rifling the letters in the mail sacks, which they made me help them do, they let me go. I did not carry either, nor did I look back.

"I suppose during my career as a stage driver I was held up more than a dozen times, although I have never counted them.

Never Harmed Drivers.

"The James and Anderson boys held me up oftener than any other gang while I was driving in Missouri. I must say that no personal violence was ever done to me. This, I suppose, was because I was only a boy, and even after I was fully grown and had attained my majority I had a very youthful appearance, which may have made the robbers think me younger than I really was. I was known all over the country as being the youngest stage driver on any line.

"On one occasion, when I was held up by Anderson and his pig the letter looted the express bundle, which contained a fine pair of boots. Anderson pulled off his own boots and put on those he took from the bundle. They had been made for the colonel of one of the regiments in the service of the government. There was another package, containing a box of cigars, also being sent to the colonel. Anderson opened the box and filled all of his pockets with them. Anderson said to me, 'I don't like to see no man go barefooted, not even a durned Yankee officer, so you can take him my boots and tell him with proper cobblin' he can get a good deal of wear outen 'em. They'll last him several months, especially if he's a cavalry colonel and stays on his

Not Sightingless for Us.

The Jayhawkers Get a Recruit.

"This same Anderson was a picturesque character. I remember another incident that occurred while he was robbing a stage I was driving. Among its passengers was a tall, lanky, raw-boned chap. When Anderson asked him for his valuables the chap replied:

"I ain't got none." Anderson then asked him where he was going. He frankly admitted that he was going to look for the leader of the Jayhawkers, a man by the name of Anderson. This seemed greatly to interest Anderson immediately. Anderson asked him what he was going to do with him. The lanky chap replied:

"Jine him and his gang."

"Could you swim the Missouri river?" asked Anderson.

"I guess so, if I had to."

"Could you kill a man?" was the next question. The reply was the same.

"Anderson then spat in the lanky chap's face. He had hardly done so before the latter knocked him down and lit on top of him. Anderson's gang, which had been snickering at the simple-minded stranger, promptly pulled him off their leader, who immediately said:

"I guess you'll do, and I'll take you." The lanky one then said, "Why, who are you?"

"The Jayhawker leader answered: 'Me? Why, I'm only Anderson. You are the jinneral. I kinder command this gang. We are the Jayhawkers you are lookin' for, and you have jined."

"When my stage went on it went without the lanky stranger. I heard afterward he became the most daring of all the gang."

Raised 113 Bushels of Corn on an Acre.

Durham, Dec. 6.—Berk Weatherly, son of A. C. Weatherly, of the Gouman section of Durham county, won the first prize in the boys corn club contest. This boy raised 113 bushels of corn on one acre of land. The first prize was a patented cultivator which was given by the morning newspaper of this city. The second nearest for first honors was Berk Weatherly's brother, Bill Weatherly, who produced 95 bushels of corn on an acre of land.

The awards were made at the county courthouse yesterday and a large crowd of Durham county boys and a number of the city people attended the contest, and the amount of interest taken in the contest by the people of the city was indicated by the fact that there were more prizes than boys who entered the contest. The committee made it a rule not to consider yields unless they amounted to as much as 50 bushels to an acre, and this rule knocked out a large number.

The twenty-two boys who sent in their reports raised on twenty-two acres of land during the past season 1,558 bushels of corn. The average number of bushels per acre of land was 71 3-11 bushels. The average cost per bushel was about 35 cents. According to calculations made by a government worker from the department of agriculture the boys this year made a profit of \$1,008.00 on their corn crop this year.

Rats Do Start Fires—Caught in the Act.

New York Sun. Rats do sometimes steal matches and start fires. Proof for skeptics:

For an hour yesterday afternoon smoke from nobody knew where sifted through the six-story tenement house at 134 Cannon Street, on the East Side. Persistent sniffing traced it to the kitchen of Solomon Lieblbaum on the third floor. It was curling through a crack under the sink.

Solomon called the firemen. They tore up the floor and found a rat's nest made of rags. The rags were smoldering. In another hour the rat family would have had no home.

"All my life people have been telling me that rats are responsible for some tenement fires, but I never believed it until now," said Battalion Chief Helm.

The gun work of Ralph Lopez

in killing five officers of the law and getting away, after the murder of a fellow-Mexican at Bingham, Utah, may serve to dispel the too-prevalent notion that as against Mexican warriors Americans are almost bullet-proof. This notion, while founded broadly upon contempt for the Greasers, is in large part due to the record of light casualties in our Mexican War. But people acquainted with only so much history covering that war overlook some important facts. The Mexican troops were for the most part furnished with arms and ammunition of the poorest sort. Either grafting officials at home or swindling contractors in Europe had put off on the Mexican Government weapons whose discharge would often do little more than break the skin. Wretched muskets in the hands of troops good for little but display were pitted against the trusty rifles of our backwoodsmen, accustomed to shoot squirrels through the eye, did not let their usual attitude of attack during the Mexican War prevent them from exercising as much of that careful regard for shelter learned long before from the Indians as they possibly could. Nor did we ever attempt the grave task which would confront us now, namely, that of not simply winning pitched battles and taking principal cities from an enemy beaten in advance but of subduing guerrillas and bandit bands throughout Mexico's vast extent.

Present Mexican armed forces are real soldiers, though ragged and disreputable, not the tin kind. They have been engaged in very real fighting almost continuously for several years. They hold their lives extremely cheap. They have become veterans in just the sort of warfare we should be compelled to wage against them. They are armed with modern repeating rifles whose deadly capabilities their interneece struggle shows. Finally, they have formed the habit of fighting and plunder, they have adjusted their family relationships to it, and they ask nothing better for the rest of their lives. American volunteer troops or militia—who would necessarily comprise the majority of our forces—hold quite different views.

Perhaps more than we realize, our low opinion of Mexican warriors, and certainly the favorite theme of our ridicule, has to do with their preposterous number of commanding officers. But, noting the seven Mexican Generals now in flight with 700 men toward our border, The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot recalls a report by Gen. D. H. Hill to the War Department at Richmond on a Home-Guard Carolina regiment. There were present for duty one colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, two majors, 12 captains, 36 lieutenants, 48 sergeants, 72 corporals, and "one private with the misery in his bowels." We may add Private John Allen's proud boast that he was the only surviving private of the Confederate Army. And the Confederate Army did some fighting. Weakness for titles, especially military titles, is by no means confined to the other side of the Rio Grande. It covers the Western Hemisphere south of Canada as broadly as the Monroe Doctrine, if not more so.—Charlotte Observer.

A Big Shortage in Egg Supply.

Atlantic City, N. J., Dec. 6.—A shortage of two hundred and forty million eggs on December 1 was reported by forty-five of the largest warehouses in the United States at the convention of the American Warehousemen's Association here today.

The high prices are blamed in part on the farmers' wives not knowing the proper method of handling the product and not gathering and shipping promptly. These changes prompted the recent boycott on eggs by the Housewives' Leagues in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Kansas City, by which the prices were forced down.