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HARRIS PAYS FULL PENALTY FOR KILLING F. W. MONNISH

Eleventh Hour Efforts to Induce Governor Morrison to Stay Execution Fail

By W. T. Boat in Greensboro News.

Raleigh, Oct. 26.—Tom Harris, stumbling prayers to his Maker, marched a brisk step to the doleful cantata of his preacher this morning, and when the clergyman led this lion of last year, a lamb dumb to the slaughter today, Harris jumped into the electric chair and Warden Busbee turned off the light!

Electrically speaking, the executioner first switched a high voltage into the mountaineer's body; but potentially the prisoner was hurled into abysmal darkness. He entered the octagonal abattoir operated by the state, to greet more strange eyes than ever looked upon the degrading spectacle of statutory man-killing here in Raleigh. But Harris greeted no man and wrapped himself in that impenetrable stolidity which has marked his every movement since he slew F. W. Monnish, Tuscaloosa, Alabama, man in Widgecrest more than a year ago.

Rising early to receive a substantial breakfast and to prepare for the ordeal, he announced that he felt a little nervousness and thought it natural, though he dreaded none whatsoever the sting of death. Moments that dragged for him until he could give a few final instructions at last brought the old death-wagon rumbling over the brick walk and Harris knew that Governor Morrison was still holding out. At 10:10 a message came to the warden that his excellency would not interfere. The telegrams from jurors whose hearts had finally been touched may have reached the executive office; they did not reach him. At 10:29 when Harris was probably being tied to a body of death, Judge Frank Carter, with a deathless hope of clemency, sought yet again the stay of execution with a telegram from a prominent man declaring that on the day before the homicide Harris had told him that either Mr. Monnish or the prisoner must die if the Monnish attentions to Mrs. Harris did not cease. And Harris, in that moment fulfilling the prophecy, the counterpart of fiction had failed at the last.

The Penalty Paid.

Whatever paying the penalty means, Harris put more into his discharge of debt than any man who has gone before him. He, who would owe no man in his life, met the state without suggestion of discount for cash. Never criminal man came to Raleigh to die with any such record of scrupulous honesty in his business dealings. He, who pegged shoes for a living, bore a name of never having overcharged or underpaid a penny.

If that principle doesn't account for the way he faced death, nothing else will explain it. For all that the people gathered about him and for all that the state was doing to him he appeared to have no concern whatsoever. He may have shown a little interest in the trappings of the chair—he never had seen one before. But one had the feeling that if every man had left the room and gone off to stay a week, Harris would have been sitting there to meet his payment when it was due.

So many spectacular potentialities had been heard in Raleigh that even the newspaper men who ordinarily will not witness these executions, forewent their humanitarianism and crowded themselves into the little room. W. M. Sanders, member of the state prison board and father-in-law of Superintendent George R. Pou, wedged his way into the chamber of horrors. So far as newspaper man can recall, this was the first time that any member of the board ever witnessed an execution.

"If there are any witnesses here under 21 I will excuse them," Warden Busbee said, viewing many beardless youths in the crowd. One boy left, then five followed. "I will not be responsible for anything that may happen to a minor," Mr. Busbee said while the huge dynamo was speeding up the machinery preparatory to the last test of the incandescent lamps. The heavy doors were then barred and every man took a fresh grip on his nerves.

It Takes a Long Time

Rev. O. B. Mitchell, friendly preacher, led the way to death. He read the ritual, good for all the dying, and Harris following him moved his lips sturdily. A word, sometimes was caught, but Harris was praying only to his newly found Lord. It took a

long time as electrocutions go to get him finally bound. As the attendants drew those heavy leather straps about his big body and bound his right leg with a murderous electrode placed on the milk-white calf, men began to murmur what a pity from the purely physical aspect to take a body so capable as this and cook it to a blister in a minute and a half of running time.

Harris threw himself back as if to help the attendants and then the big leathers closed over his eyes and nose. The prayers now said with more difficulty appeared to come more rapidly. Down fell those infernal bonds with which the state of North Carolina so chivalrously chains its citizens to death and so nearly smothered its victims before concentrated hell is conducted into the body.

Harris surprised and uncovered dropped back for the second butchery and this time a good job was done. From now on the story is all the same. It is a narrative of bulging blood veins, fiery-red face spots, pulling, straining body, of great watery blisters, scorching flesh, sickening odors, clouds of steam and smoke. Oh, it is ghastly vengeance which the retributive state wreaks! Down under the death cap there is over the two eyes a crackling sound and a smell of burning cloth. The helmet is ready to fire and the face has agony burned into it. Of course, there is none now. The current has been on 45 seconds and the body is too hot. The fire is less intense, but the machinery goes on. There is a test, the heart still beats and the law says the doctor must say "dead."

The warden steps out, gets water, pours it on the places of contact and stops that frying for a second. But even water is burned up. Dead, Harris leaps convulsively when the current goes on and the helmet again emits smoke and smell. Again the crackling over the eyes and the preacher folks recall the scripture wherein the Philistines take Sampson, put out his eyes, bind him and set him to work grinding. The parallel is in favor of the Philistines, for after blinding and binding, they did give the poor devil something to do. Mr. Harris was just blinded and bound and killed.

No View Permitted

Then came the voice from dead Harris. He had left a last request that no human eyes, save the undertaker's should see his body after death. One man not knowing it stumbled for a second into view of the dead, but dropped immediately out. A coterie of Masons took charge of the body without seeing it and tonight it went to Ridgecrest, where it had committed the crime for which it was given today.

This wound up State against Harris Rarely has the state been more against anybody. But the mystery of all the mysteries is the silence which Harris maintained throughout a year as momentum to others as to himself. When it was finally learned that he had locked his secret in the bier and the shroud, the 5,000 people here today, ostensibly for the fair, but apparently more interested in Harris, gave the whole thing up as humanly incomprehensible.

The desperate campaign of three days this week is the finest tribute to the power of publicity. No such response to an appeal for a man was ever recorded in Raleigh's experience with crime. No executive since the war days of the 60's has had to make such a decision. A week ago one would have prophesied almost universal acclaim in the immovable stand taken by Governor Morrison. But the state has been turned upside down.

Failing at every point to shake the governor, the friends of Harris last night sought to reach Mrs. Edith Vanderbilt in the final hope of getting her to say a word to Governor Morrison.

She had been the guest at his reception at the mansion; he had high place at the function which last night she gave as president of the state fair. Eleventh-hour doubts on the righteousness of the Harris execution, quite apart from the incongruous elements of prison death and holiday city, of dancing youth and dying devil, had greatly impressed the visitors. It touched none more than Governor Morrison. He did not attend the reception; he took to his bed. But Raleigh's visitors today have stood stupefied. They cannot comprehend such an execution at such a time under such doubts.

Mrs. Vanderbilt, of course could not appeal to the governor nor could he have changed. It was written in the book of fate that Harris must die today. The stars in their courses fought against him and his wonderfully resourceful attorneys. But had Harris

been hanged as Kipling's mother-lover, on the highest hill, not more people could have seen it than saw Tom Harris step off today.

How abiding the sentiment will be, only time can tell; but more abolitionists went the streets of the capital today than ever walked them before. The executive's loss of his temper helped; the pall of the execution hangs over the city and the strangers within its gates. Men asked each other what they thought of human life anyway. And a group of Masons said this evening that in all the vast crowd today, polled specifically as a starter toward war on the death penalty, they could not find one man who thought today should have been the time of execution.

Sympathy for Governor Morrison is not all condemnation of the governor. Among the many who cannot reconcile themselves to the day's doings are hundreds who have sympathy only for one who has had to decide an issue laid upon him by the laws. These men can account for the nomination in the murderous bond. Governor Morrison felt that propaganda aimed specially at him had brought him to the awful issue of yesterday. He could not yield one week without living over all that he has lived since Monday.

Judge Frank Carter likened the execution to that of Guiteau—popular murdered of a lunatic.

Mr. Carter left today for Asheville. He was caustic, but brief. "The execution of J. T. Harris, in both its legal and moral aspects, is of like quality with the judicial murder of Guiteau, the lunatic, who slew President Garfield," Judge Carter said.

"In that case as in this, the judgment of the courts was overwhelmed by the weight of popular passion and prejudice. In this case as in that, the executive was incapable of rising to the emergency of justice.

"Here the parallel ends. For malice, frauds and perjuries, for hypocrisies and deceptions, for lies sworn and truths suppressed, all to the end of destroying the life of an unfortunate man, the Harris case stands alone.

"But there is another side to the troubles of poor Harris. In his sore distress he found friends—one in his own family, many among strangers who had seen him in his own home. His devotion shed a sweet radiance on his hard path to death.

"And his spirit responded right nobly. He died with a heart full of love for God and men without a trace of resentment of the wrongs he had suffered.

"One word as to my personal acquaintance with him. I knew him for more than 20 years and had frequent dealings with him. I never knew a man of more sincere nature, more trustworthy in business, more honest or more truthful. He was a friend whom I held and still hold in high honor."

Suspension for Ruth is Probable

Chicago, Oct. 19.—A decision in the Babe Ruth post-season case by Judge K. M. Landis, baseball commissioner, is expected within a few days, and the general impression prevailing here today was that Ruth will be let off with a suspension long enough to keep him out of a few of next season's games without pay.

"What goes up must come down," said Judge Landis. "I notified Ruth two weeks ago that the rules prohibited this sort of thing."

New York dispatches received indicated that Ruth would receive no support from the Yankee club owners in the controversy with the judge. Colonels Ruppert and Huston are quoted as saying: "Judge Landis has no alternative but to meet the situation firmly."

The Judge's statement may be embellished with some of the repartee which have made his court cases notable, it was indicated in his remark that his forthcoming statement would show "what kind of a gentleman Ruth is." This was taken to be a reference to Ruth's assertion that the Judge hung up the receiver when Ruth called him on the telephone to discuss the barn-storming tour.

Reports from Elmira, N. Y., where Ruth's aggregation played Monday, quoted Ruth as saying he would attempt no appeal "if Judge Landis sees fit to rule us out of base ball for the remainder of our lives, but that he believes he was only following a precedent set by other major league stars of former years.

The automobile now pays more special taxes than any other industry.

S. S. Association at Pilot Mountain

Sunday school workers of Surry county will hold convention in the Methodist church, Pilot Mountain on Saturday and Sunday, November 5-6. This meeting is arranged for Sunday school workers of all denominations in the county. The first session of the convention will be held on Saturday night November 5, at 7:00 o'clock. Three sessions of the convention will be held on Sunday, November 6th, morning, afternoon and night, closing with the Sunday night session.

Arrangements for this convention were made several days ago when Miss Flora Davis, assistant Superintendent of the North Carolina Sunday school association, visited Pilot Mountain and had a conference with the pastor, Sunday school superintendents and many of the Sunday school leaders, Sunday school workers from all parts of the county are invited to attend the sessions.

The principal speakers will be Mr. D. W. Sims, General Superintendent of the North Carolina Sunday school association, and Miss Flora Davis, assistant Superintendent. Both Mr. Sims and Miss Davis are recognized leaders in Sunday school work, not only in this state but other states.

Mr. Sims has had charge of the work in North Carolina as General Superintendent of the State Sunday school association for about one year. Under Mr. Sims' leadership the North Carolina Sunday school association is doing progressive work throughout the state. Similar meetings to the one arranged for Surry county are being held in a number of the counties of the state during this fall. Kindred county conventions have been held in the past few months in Raleigh, Greensboro, Winston-Salem, Wilmington, Durham, Charlotte, Gastonia, Asheville and Burlington. In its work the conventions and institutes leaders from the various denominations take part. But in results it is denominational for if a worker puts into use the methods discussed in these conventions he increases the efficiency of his own denominational Sunday school. The officers of the association are among the leading Christian business men of the state. Vice President Mr. Joseph G. Brown, Raleigh; Treasurer Mr. R. E. Crow, Raleigh and Chairman Executive Committee, Mr. J. M. Broughton, Raleigh.

The following were appointed on the local committee on arrangements: Mr. O. T. Fowler, Superintendent Methodist Sunday school, Pilot Mountain; Mr. I. K. Gordon, Superintendent of Baptist Sunday school, Pilot Mountain; and Mr. W. C. Presnell, Superintendent of Friends Sunday school, Pilot Mountain.

MOTHER OF MURDERER MAKES FUTILE APPEAL

Governor Morrison Declines Clemency in the Case of W. Y. Westmoreland, of Iredell County

Raleigh, Oct. 21.—Coming from his bed for an hour or two today to hear petitions for clemency toward W. Y. Westmoreland, Iredell murderer, Governor Morrison was forced to tell Westmoreland's mother and her attorneys that he could give no hope. It was an awful aftermath to the Harris case.

"God be merciful to my poor boy," the mother said as she rose to shake hands with the sick executive and left the office. Westmoreland's appeal has no Harris talking points. He murdered a jitney driver who had done him a kindness, then threw the body into a well after robbing the dead man.

Westmoreland was convicted of killing J. H. Nance on the testimony of a witness who turned state's evidence. But the jury found the facts against Westmoreland and acquitted the state's witness of any connection with the crime. Governor Morrison said new evidence only could give hope. He urged the attorneys not to organize a propaganda to save Westmoreland for the governor would not act on petitions from men who knew less of the case than those connected with it. The date set is November 21.

Chinese are the most satisfactory bank depositors, according to a Chicago banker. They have the largest average accounts, and the bank never has any trouble or controversy with any of them. They ask no favors that cannot be granted to the bank's advantage and work hard and save their money.

Liquor, Pistols and Nerve

Plenty of liquor, three loaded pistols and an unlimited quantity of self-professed nerve—it was a combination of these three forces which contributed to the sorrow as well as the awakening of six of the coming young citizens of the state of Patrick. And this awakening would not have been so sudden or occurred just when it did had they not attempted to mix the above combination with the officers of Carroll county on Sunday afternoon.

The beginning of the troubles of these young men dates back several days, (not several months or years.) It was while making a tour of inspection for liquor along the Carroll and Patrick line several days ago that the Carroll officers intercepted a car they suspected of transporting liquor whereupon they made a search of it and the occupants, removing from the person of one John Roberson a forty dollar Coits automatic. With this performance over the officers allowed them to proceed on their way, since which time nothing more had been heard of the party until Sunday afternoon when a part of them accompanied by some others drove up, unheralded, into the yard of Deputy Sheriff L. D. Largent at the top of the Wards Gap, called him out with no ceremonies whatever, and demanded the return of the gun they had lost by the previous encounter with the officers. And they were prepared, they said, to pay for all damage or any punishment a court would put on them for anything they did. After talking very brave for some time, no doubt being assisted by the spirits they had been partaking of, they were informed by Mr. Largent that money would not get them their gun back, and that they were out on a useless mission.

The young man, not being satisfied with the pilgrimage to Mr. Largent's in search of the lost gun, announced their intention of proceeding down the mountain for an interview with Deputy Sheriff Morgan Edwards, a brother of the high sheriff of Carroll. They believed that Edwards had taken their gun away from them and it was from him they were going to re-take it. Immediately after their departure Sheriff Edwards, of Hillsville, was informed of what was going on and in about thirty minutes he was coming down the mountain with a force of deputies in pursuit of the searches of the lost gun. And it was with some misgivings that the officers pictured, while coming down the mountain, the result that would follow in the wake of any disturbance this crowd might start around the home of Morgan Edwards. True the young men were found by the Sheriff near the home of his brother, and the result was pleasant from an officer's view, to look upon, for young Edwards had the entire bunch under guard and had a magistrate on the ground writing up warrants for the visitors.

It seems that just as the car of young men started down from the top of the mountain they met young Edwards, the one they were looking for, going up in his truck. Upon being recognized he was halted and one of the occupants of the car, Fred Harold, jumped upon the running board of Edwards' truck and with his hand on his hip pocket demanded his other pistol. Edwards realized they had the drop on him, so he promptly told them all right, got out of his truck, walked around it to where Harold was standing, and by a quick and sudden plunge at him snatched the gun from Harold's hip pocket. When Edwards did this Harold made a jump back to his car with Edwards after him, and just as Harold reached over into it Edwards saw him endeavoring to get hold of two more pistols lying on the front seat, when he struck Harold a blow with his pistol across the side of the head, splitting his ear almost open, and inflicting a bad wound back of it. This was all over so quick Harold's comrades failed to comprehend what was taking place, and Edwards promptly bundled them all up in a car and carried them to his home three miles further on to await the arrival of the magistrats.

Next thing the court machinery of Virginia was set in motion. Warrants were issued and the cases tried before Squire Rawley Boyd at the foot of Wards Gap on that Sunday night by the light of a lantern. Bud Scott the owner and driver of the car, was convicted of being drunk and also for driving a car without license, contributing a total of \$30.00 as his part to the Sunday excursion expense. It cost John Roberson \$12.00 for being under the influence of liquor. Tom Harold paid the court \$55.00 for being drunk and carrying a concealed weapon, and was bound over to the

superior court at Hillsville for assaulting an officer with intent to kill. Roy Stanley was adjudged guilty of being drunk but he disagreed with the court and gave notice of an appeal. Roy was very anxious to prove to the court that he could not be drunk for he never drank. As an evidence of this fact he swore on his behalf that at that very moment he had stored at his home under his bed a keg with four and a half gallons of pure peach brandy that had been there for five years, and he argued to the court that this brandy lying there under his bed for these many years unmolested was proof unassailable that he could not be guilty, but the court held otherwise. Roy's statement about the brandy caused him deeper trouble for Sheriff Edwards then asked for a warrant charging him with storing an unlawful quantity of whiskey and now Roy must go before Judge Campbell at Hillsville and explain all this brandy tale.

The young men were also indicted for the disturbance at the home of Deputy Sheriff Largent and will be tried at Gladesboro next Saturday for this offense.

These were all said to be splendid looking young men of good families, robust and healthy, had on as good clothes as one could buy at any store, and but for the quantity of mean liquor some one had been able to sell them they would have perhaps been acting otherwise. However their narrow escape from what might have been a more serious Sunday afternoon experience may deeply impress upon their minds the dangerousness of getting tanked up and starting out with a pistol on their hip bent on finding trouble.

Dobson School News

Under the leadership of Prof. J. E. Dowd of Raleigh the school at Dobson has grown from a four teacher school to seven teacher school, from one hundred pupils to one hundred and seventy five. Never in the history of Dobson has interest been so great. On the morning of the opening of school a large number of parents were present and were addressed by Messrs. A. D. Folger and E. A. Freeman and Prof. J. E. Dowd.

The following teachers have charge of the various grades, Miss Nora Bryant, Mrs. John Richards, Miss Emma Comer, and Mrs. Henry Wolfe. Music department is conducted by Mrs. Grady Cooper. Prof. M. D. Foster of Richmond Va., is assistant high school teacher.

A splendid brick school building, has just been completed, well equipped and newly furnished through the efforts of the trustees, Dr. R. R. Folger, R. A. Freeman, J. J. Richards, Dr. R. M. Lancaster, and W. S. Comer.

The literary societies have grown from one to three, the following societies have been organized and officers elected.

Graham literary society, pres. Brooks Freeman, sec. Alma Bledsoe, chaplain, Elizabeth Booker, Rob't E. Lee literary society, pres. Lettie Beamer, sec. Ima Beamer, chaplain, Mody Coble, Cleo literary society, pres. Mary Norman, sec. Jone Edmonds, chaplain, Floyd Wood.

The ladies of the town have shown their interest in the school by organizing a betterment association on last Friday. Mrs. Walter Turner was elected president.

Through the efforts of Prof. Dowd a moonlight school has been organized. The students are thoroughly interested and show much determination to learn to read and write.

A box supper was given last Saturday night by the high school. Over fifty dollars was raised for benefit of school.

Any pupils desiring to enter school will be welcome and prepared for college if they so desire.—Contributed.

The Busy Bee

Few persons realize the enormous effort required to make a single pound of honey. In a pound jar Manchester Guardian tells us, there is the concentrated essence of sixty thousand flowers.

To make a pound of clover honey the bees must take nectar from sixty-two thousand blossoms and make two million seven hundred visits in getting it. Often the journey from the hive to the flower and back is as much as two miles, so that the making of a pound of honey requires journeys that may aggregate more than five million miles. When we remember that a single colony of bees will produce from sixty to eighty pounds of honey in a season we realize that the bee is indeed "busy."