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## WILSON'S BODY LAID TO FINAL REST

### BUGLE CALL ENDS FUNERAL RITES OF DEAD LEADER

Service is Simple As He Wished But Proves Majestic In Its Simplicity

Washington, Feb. 6.—A bugle, calling softly in the fading day told that Woodrow Wilson had passed today down "The Way of Peace" to his earned and honored rest.

It sang the same soldier requiem that once before at the lips of the same loyal comrade, it sang to lull America's Unknown to his sleep in glory.

And as the bugle called, out over the hills that look down on the city, a stricken woman turned away from the entrance of the stone crypt down in the dim chapel leaving her dead to the mercy of God.

At the end, there still stood beside the vault one staunch friend of the dead president, a friend who had battled death for him to the bitter end, who had shared in the great days of triumph, the bitter days of disappointment even as now he stood to render the last loyal service. Not until the great slab of stone had been swung back to close the vault did Dr. Grayson end the vigil he has kept with Woodrow Wilson for more than half a score of years.

### In Casket of Black Steel

Tonight the somber casket of black steel lies in the western niche of the great vault below Bethlehem chapel. Above towering from the hillside, looms the gray mass of the cathedral. Below the lights of the city that has turned back from its day of sorrow to the crowding cares of life twinkle through the dark of an overcast night. And on that casket, where the great dead lies alone at last for his endless rest, beside the plate that sets forth only his name and the days of his birth and death, there still lies the handful of soft hued blossoms that were the last touching gift of the grief worn widow.

Distant rumbling of saluting guns in the cloud darkened dawn ushered in the day when the nation would pay to Woodrow Wilson the simplest tribute that he had claimed of it. The busy life of the capital surged on for a few hours before its course was checked in the last moments of silent respect for the dead man. But to the door of the stricken home and into the dim chapel where the last rites would be paid poured an endless stream of flowers that banked and overflowed every space with tender beauty. The names of kings and the great of the earth were on these tributes, and the names of loyal, humble friends and comrades.

### Thousands Pay Respects

As the hour of the double services drew on, thousands took their places along the way from house to chapel to stand long in the chill air, unmindful of the flurries of snow and rain that beat about them. The wide avenue over which the dead war President would make his last long journey was banked with people and kept clear of traffic until he should have passed.

Before the house, across the street a solid rank of people had gathered before the first of those who would join with the family in the home service had arrived. They stood oblivious of the cold, awaiting to bare their heads a moment. Opposite them the guard of honor came to stand in ranks before the house, soldiers, sailors and marines.

Singly and in groups the little company that could be admitted to the house came and passed within. Thus came President and Mrs. Coolidge, the honor guard saluting as their commander in chief passed to stand beside the bier of a dead colleague. Thus came others who had stood shoulder to shoulder with Woodrow Wilson in his days of greatness and came also those few humble ones who could not be forgotten at such a moment, the faithful friends of the old days.

In the study, where a great vacant chair before the fire place stood untouched since last he had sat there to ponder in the warm glow, the casket had been set. On the walls about

clustered the old, trusty friends of many years, books ranking row on row from floor to ceiling were in the spaces where old pictures made sacred by ties of memory, looked down. At one side stood the piano brought from the quiet, scholarly home at Princeton of those other years before greatness had found Woodrow Wilson out and called him forth to battle and to death.

It was among these surroundings of a quiet homeloving thinker, the precious memory laden things of home to pay him last honors. For a little before the service began, the casket was opened and a few who knew and loved him best might gaze a moment at the still, painworn face into which death had brought at last something almost of the placid look of the years long past. Not all of those who crowded the rooms had this opportunity. It was reserved only for intimates, of whatever station in life, who mingled in this silent company.

### Placing the Steel Covering

There was dim light in the room. The shades were drawn, and only the soft glow of wall lights filled the chambers as those who gently placed the steel covering above the tired face, and men had known their last sight of Woodrow Wilson. All the rooms were filled and even the doorways blocked with those standing silently about.

Out in the hallway by the stairs stands a great clock, which ticked solemnly in the hush. As the President and the old friends and companions of the trying days at the White House grouped about the casket, the members of the family came down stairs leaving only Mrs. Wilson and the two daughters of the dead President in the refuge of the landing above. The three clergymen took their places at the head of the bier.

The mellow chime of the great hall clock beat three solemn strokes through the stillness. As the last tone dwindled and died, Dr. Taylor, the pastor in Washington under whom Woodrow Wilson sat in all his years of presidential greatness, raised his voice:

"The Lord is my Shepherd," he read.

### The 23rd Psalm

The old comforting words of the 23rd psalm carrying out through all the rooms and up the stairs to the tearful woman waiting there in deepest black. As he read, faint sobbing came from the landing where Mrs. Wilson's courage faltered for a moment in the strain she had known.

As Dr. Taylor said the last word of the Psalms, there was a murmured "Amen" and he gave place to his colleague from Princeton, Dr. Beach, Mr. Wilson's pastor in those far off quister days. With raised hands the minister bade the company to prayer, pouring out his earnest plea that divine aid be given in the realization of the high vision of a world at peace the dead President had glimpsed. There was sobbing again as he besought God's compassion on the grief bowed family.

The prayer over, Dr. Beach gave place to Bishop Freeman whose deep voice sounded in the scriptural quotations dearest to the dead leader.

They had been copied from the little book of devotional exercises it had been his wont to read at night and stirred again the bitter grief of the widow and daughters.

"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

"To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power both now and evermore, Amen."

### The Great Clock Chimes

As the solemn words were spoken, the clock chimed the quarter hour and the simple home service of Woodrow Wilson, plain American, had been said as he wished it said.

In the room came eight men from the honor guard, their sun-tanned, youthful faces set in solemn recognition of the dignity and honor of the place that had been given them. They stood soldierly and erect a moment beside the black casket upon which now lay the cluster of orchids, Mrs. Wilson's favorite flowers, the flowers her dead husband had often sent her in the glad other days. Then the soldier, sailor and marine comrades stooped and raised the fallen chieftain to bear him out for his last journey.

## Mount Airy Pays Tribute to Wilson

Central Methodist church Sunday afternoon was packed with people of all denominations and political persuasions to pay their respects to the memory of Woodrow Wilson. A large choir sang several appropriate numbers and Rev. E. K. Boyer, pastor of the church, read the scripture lesson. Rev. Z. V. Roberson, pastor of the Presbyterian church led in prayer. Mayor A. V. West made a timely speech calling attention to the purpose of the service and the signal service rendered the world by the great war leader. Among the forces making for righteousness in America Mr. West named four as being paramount—the Church, the Home, the School and the Press. As representing the Press he introduced the speaker of the hour, Mr. Sanford Martin, editor of the Winston-Salem Journal.

Mr. Martin gave his audience a most balanced and sane appreciation of the fallen chieftain. He dwelt upon the criticisms directed at Wilson and showed in various ways that such criticism was not well founded. The assertion that Wilson was all intellect with no heart, he showed to be unfounded because he was the idol of his scholars as a teacher, millions responded to his every wish as President and no man whose heart was small could ever gain the love and adoration paid to him during his career. The speaker pictured the devotion of Mrs. Wilson during his long illness. "Women do not set this toward a man devoid of a great beating heart," declared the speaker.

Refuting the criticism that Wilson was a dreamer and not a statesman capable of putting his reforms across, the speaker pointed out that up to the time of the Peace conference every measure advocated by him was enacted into law by Congress. Undeniably Wilson's great contribution to the progress of the world was as a teach-

er of peace. He it was who first formulated a workable plan looked to the abolition of all wars. Said the speaker: "If I were permitted to write the epitaph of the stricken chieftain I would write simply, 'Woodrow Wilson Teacher.' Like Moses and Lincoln, Wilson was not permitted to enter the promised land of his dreams, but for that reason he is none the less great. The speaker then told his audience how Woodrow Wilson was affected by the grand old hymn, 'How Firm a Foundation.' This hymn was a favorite of the fallen leader. Mr. Martin closed his discourse with a glowing tribute to Wilson the Christian. The congregation joined in singing the favorite hymn of the Ex-President, after which Rev. Eugene Olive, pastor of the First Baptist church pronounced a benediction.

## FIRST LETHAL GAS EXECUTION SUCCESS

### Chinese Tong Murderer Dies at Once, But Chamber is Sealed 2 Hours, 43 Minutes

Carson City, Nev., Feb. 8.—In the first lethal gas execution on record in the United States, Gee Jon, Tong murderer, officially was pronounced dead at the State Prison here today, two hours forty-five minutes after a spray of liquid hydrocyanic acid was turned into the stone death chamber in the prison yard.

Official physicians believe the Chinese lapsed into unconsciousness after his first breath of the vaporized acid. Death, they said, came virtually instantly, although the condemned man's head continued to move up and down six minutes. This movement, they explained, probably was muscular reaction after death. The three doctors agreed the condemned man did not suffer.

## World News Briefly Told

**KAISER'S WIFE QUITS HIM**—Rather than give up her children for whom Kaiser Bill, of Germany, formed a dislike, Hermine, his wife, has quit his royal highness for keeps. The former-German emperor it will be recalled, after the death of his first wife married a widow with several children. It seems from the news dispatches the separation was brought about because the Kaiser and the children did not get along well together and Hermine decided to give up her husband rather than her children.

**DRY WORKER CONVICTED**—William H. Anderson, Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York state was last week convicted in the New York courts of third degree forgery in connection with the keeping of his records. Not less than one year and not more than two years in Sing Sing prison was the sentence meted out to him. He was tried for misappropriating funds of the League and the trial brought out the fact that he had received moneys from sources the nature of which he could give no satisfactory explanation. He was convicted on the charge of falsifying his books.

**ACTRESS SLAIN FOR JEWELS**—Louise Lawson, a pretty and talented young woman of good family from Texas, was found dead in her luxurious apartment in New York last Saturday. Miss Lawson left her Texas home six years ago and became a cloak model and sometimes movie actress in the gay city. She later formed the acquaintance of rich men who showered her with luxury and jewels. Two gangsters, disguised as expressmen entered her apartment bound, gagged and chloroformed her. After looting the apartment of some \$1000 in jewels, the murderers skipped out.

**EX-PRESIDENT TAFT ILL**—Ex-President Taft, now Chief Justice on the U. S. Supreme Court, was recently ordered by his physicians to quit work. He is suffering from some sort of digestive trouble. On account of his illness, he was unable to attend the funeral of the late Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Taft's physicians report that he is rapidly recovering.

**GUARDS AND PRISONERS FIGHT**—Led by a bunch of murderers, bank robbers and other desperate characters, several hundred prisoners revolted at the Pennsylvania penitentiary Monday and attempted to dynamite their way to liberty. Two prison officers were killed.

**HERRIN, ILL. BRISTLES WITH TROOPS**—Troops of the State Militia of Illinois have been ordered to Herrin, scene of so much labor trouble amongst miners, and the contingent now en route will swell the ranks to 1700 troops. The present trouble grew out of a riot betwixt Kluckers and Anti-Kluckers in which an officer was shot.

**AGAIN DUTCH**—Trust the German always to do the wrong thing. Because the German embassy in Washington failed to lower the German flag at half mast out of respect to the memory of Woodrow Wilson, it is likely the starving children of Germany, for whom this nation is now making contributions, will suffer. It is most unfortunate this incident should have happened at a time when it would affect the life and happiness of little children.

**ST. LAWRENCE FROZEN OVER**—For the first time in 25 years the St. Lawrence river between Quebec and Levis, was frozen over last week. Usually giant ice breaking ships aided by the 18 foot tides keep the river from freezing over solid, but last week's cold blast froze the river over. Last Friday night while 15 persons were crossing on the ice the bridge from the pressure of the tide broke and marooned them on floating ice cakes. Saturday morning they were all rescued.

**NO OIL ON MCADOO**—At his own request W. G. McAdoo Monday told the committee investigating the Teapot Dome oil scandal that he was in no way connected as client for the Doherty oil interests in transactions in this country but that his services were rendered the company only in protecting its Mexican interests from troubles across the border. When McAdoo ended his explanation the galleries cheered him.

**TO REMOVE BULLET FROM LUNG**—Miss Bernice Eules, of Graham, N. C. went to Philadelphia Monday to have a bullet removed from her lung. The leaden pellet entered her lung 21 years ago when a neighbor shot at a dog and hit the girl. Unless the operation is successful it is feared she can not live.

**FORD TRAIN KILLS THREE**—A special train bearing Henry Ford from Boston to Detroit Monday hit and killed three brothers, who were out hunting and were walking the railroad track.

## ELEVEN PLANKS IN BAILEY PLATFORM

### J. W. Bailey, of Raleigh Outlines His Policies and Principles in Announcing His Candidacy For Governor

To the Democratic Voters of North Carolina:

I shall be a candidate in the primary, June 7, 1924, for the nomination of the Democratic party for Governor of North Carolina.

The office of Governor is a post of service, not a personal prize. It would be better not to aspire to it than to obtain it by means other than the voluntary motion of the people, in the interest of the common good. I ask them carefully to consider and conscientiously to vote, and I shall have no complaint to make of any one's decision.

A candidate in a primary must rely upon the impressions he has made and the cause he represents. He cannot recommend himself. I have been active in public affairs for 30 years, have all my life been interested in public questions, have always been a Democrat, and since 1908 have had the honor to be one of the party's speakers in every campaign. This fact imposes no obligation. I mention it as evidence of my interest in the party and in our Commonwealth. If the service was rendered in expectation of office, it was unworthy. But there has been no such expectation. I am now a candidate because I believe there is a service to be rendered—a cause to represent.

I have not been thrust forward as the candidate of any group or faction. I hope that one consequence of my candidacy will be to put an end to factional sway in the Democratic party and to reveal the power of the voters themselves in the primary.

The primary, rather than the election, determines the State's policy. So far as I am concerned, we shall have a contest not for a personal honor or reward, but a contest for public causes. It is my intention that my candidacy shall represent the following policies and principles:

### Policies and Principles

1. The demand of justice and the common welfare, that land shall be relieved of the unjust share of the burden of taxation now imposed upon it. This may be done, and must be done. Land ought to bear its fair share of taxation and no more. The burden now upon our farms and small homes is greater than can be borne.

2. To foster all that makes for real progress—roads, both State and county, free schools, education and charitable institutions, departments, health service, etc.; and while fully appraising the value of our industrial and material development, also to lay a necessary emphasis upon those moral and spiritual factors without which there can be no real progress or prosperity. The primary offers to the Commonwealth its best opportunity to draw upon the moral and spiritual forces resident in the people; and, therefore, not only presents the people with a vital opportunity, but imposes upon them a great duty.

3. To teach and practice a sound economy—to spend where spending is required; to save where saving is practicable; and to strive to get a dollar's worth of public service for every dollar of taxes paid, to the end that the burden of taxation may be made as light as possible without impairing the State's magnificent progress. There ought to be a reduction of taxes. In one aspect the State is a business institution, and its business ought to be conducted upon sound business principles.

4. To put an end to special favors and special privileges; to treat the powerful justly, to be sure, but likewise to see to it that the weak are treated also with justice. For example to grapple with the common carriers and to exact of them a square deal in the matter of freight rates. For another example, to assure the humblest worker of a Commonwealth's sympathy to match its power against all the powers that would crowd him down. For another, to encourage the punishing of violators of the law without regard to influence or prestige.

5. To call our people to renewed devotion to law as the bulwark of their civilization, and to the constitutional forms and processes of law in law enforcement, as the indispensable means of order and progress.

6. To draw the policy of the Commonwealth to the pressing demands of an agricultural situation that directly involves half our population, and indirectly, every one. The next great public step in this State will be that of establishing our farmers in a system of just and sure rewards for honest toil; of encouraging land-ownership; of making rural life attractive. This is the most practicable of all our possibilities of progress. It is indispensable to progress.

7. To establish election and primary laws that will put an end to the power of money in politics; that will prevent coercion, and ensure fair play. It is of the essence of freedom that elections shall be free, and every vote counted.

Our political standards are 80 years behind the material, moral, and spiritual progress of the State. With all our progress, let us now progress a little politically.

8. To set the trend in North Carolina in the direction of Local Self-

Government; to alter the tendency to concentrate power at Raleigh; to give to our counties the largest practicable control in the conduct of affairs.

9. The Democratic party is the accepted means of expressing the will of the majority of the people. It has made these 80 years a great record of service. In order that it may continue to serve, it must ever renew its spirit by direct contact with its constituents. It must, in order to maintain its hold upon the confidence of the people, encourage full disclosure of the facts, free discussion of public policies, and honest criticism of official conduct. The party is the people's institution, the vehicle of their will. It belongs to no faction or group.

### "The Machine"

10. To assert in the Democratic party the control of its constituents and, therefore, to break down a political machine that seeks power only to serve itself, and that arrogantly and ignorantly boasts the power to kill and make alive—in manifest here of impressing the timid. Responsibility in free governments must always be to the people, and only to the people. Public servants selected by bosses and machines are selected to serve bosses and machines.

I need not call attention to the fact that the self-confessed political machine in this State has for months spread its abroad that I would not be a candidate in the face of its opposition, save for the purpose of remarking that this announcement is an acceptance of that challenge. To be sure, it is much more than that.

So far as I know, the only active opposition to my candidacy is that of the political machine. I am ready to reckon with this opposition.

A political machine is an organization of politicians holding office and controlling patronage, who seek to maintain themselves in power by organization and patronage, rather than by the freely-expressed will of the people.

The existence of a political machine is a challenge to free men and women. It exists upon the theory that the people are incapable of self-government.

We do not have to prove the existence of the political machine in this State. Its members speak of themselves as "the Machine."

Only by direct political action may free peoples maintain their rights and obtain justice.

### The Way

11. The way to public economy, just freight rates, justice in taxation, and agricultural relief lies in unrelenting assertion of the will of the people. If shippers and consumers want fair freight rates, they will assert themselves in the primary, and choose their own servants in the present crisis. If our farmers want a square deal, let them assert themselves in the primary. If labor seeks to advance the cause of the workers, let them know that the primary is their opportunity. If the people desire to govern themselves and not be governed by a machine, the primary is the battlefield upon which their power must be manifested. Stay in the Party and fight for the right in the primary. There is only one day in any two years in which the people rule—that day now approaches. It will come and go June 7, 1924.

I have set out the foregoing eleven statements as of the essence of my candidacy. They are necessarily condensed. I have prepared a full statement touching many subjects, to be submitted later. I shall, of course, readily disclose such views as I may have upon any matter of public policy. There should be no question as to the manner of campaign we shall have. It ought to make for intelligent decision upon the questions involved. It should bear fruit not so much in the nomination of a candidate as in the determination of public policy. There should be more light than heat.

The object ever to be kept in view is the will of the people for the welfare of the Commonwealth—that is, of all. Certainly, while I shall speak boldly, I shall under no circumstances engage—publicly or privately—in personalities. On the other hand, I shall endeavor in all events to prove my regard for the people, and my interest in the cause at stake; and I shall strive so to run that none that support the cause I represent shall have occasion for apology or regret.

Very Truly,  
(Signed) Josiah W. Bailey,  
Raleigh, N. C. Jan. 17, 1924.

### Aged Citizen of Elkin Passes

J. H. Ball, of Elkin, aged 83 years died Sunday morning as a result of an attack of pneumonia contracted three weeks ago. He was unable to rally owing to his advanced years.

For a number of years he served as postmaster but resigned five years ago owing to failing health. He maintained an active interest in the affairs of the day and kept abreast with the progress of the times in spite of the infirmities of age. No citizen of Elkin was held in higher esteem than the deceased. He is survived by his wife, four sons and four daughters.

The funeral was conducted from the Presbyterian church Monday afternoon.