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William Jennings Bryan Dies Suddenly In Dayton

Commoner Discovered Dead In Bed Three Hours After He Had Partaken Of Hearty Noon Meal

Heart Disease Given as Cause of His Death—Mrs. Bryan on Porch Writing When Husband Passes Away—Had Been Engaged Since End of Scopes Trial in Preparing for Printing Speech Which He Was Not Allowed to Deliver in Court.

Dayton, Tenn., July 26.—William Jennings Bryan, three times presidential nominee of the Democratic party and known the world over for his eloquence, died here this afternoon.

The end came while the great commoner was asleep and was attributed by physicians to apoplexy. He had retired to his room shortly after eating a large dinner to take a short rest. Mrs. Bryan sent the family chauffeur, Jim McCartney, to wake him about 4:30 and it was learned then that he was dead.

Dr. W. F. Thomason and Dr. A. C. Broyles, who examined the body, expressed the opinion Mr. Bryan had been dead between 30 and 45 minutes before they arrived.

Funeral arrangements had not been completed late tonight, but Mrs. Bryan indicated interment would be in Arlington cemetery. Mr. Bryan, who was a colonel of the third Nebraska Volunteers during the Spanish-American war, on several occasions had expressed a desire to be buried in Arlington.

Mr. Bryan's death came on the eve of another crusade that he had planned to carry before the American people—a battle against modernism.

Appeared in Good Health

He returned to Dayton this morning after having made addresses yesterday at Jasper and Winchester, Tenn., and after having completed arrangements for the early publication of the speech he was to have made in closing the trial of John T. Scopes, who recently was found guilty of violating Tennessee's anti-evolution law.

Despite the strenuous program, Mr. Bryan had been following as a member of the prosecution staff in the Scopes case and as leader of the fundamentalists, he appeared in excellent health.

Shortly before Mr. Bryan entered his room to rest he told his wife he had never felt better in his life and was ready to go before the country to wage his fight in behalf of fundamentalism.

About 4:30 o'clock, Mrs. Bryan said she felt her husband had slept long enough so she sent the chauffeur who also was his personal attendant, to wake him. McCartney shook Mr. Bryan twice before he noticed the latter was not breathing. The physicians and A. B. Andrews, a neighbor, then were summoned hurriedly.

Mrs. Bryan accepted the shock bravely and remained calm.

"I am happy that my husband died without suffering and in peace," she said.

"You know he was a colonel in the Spanish American war and since it was his wish to rest in Arlington, we probably will place him there," she continued. "But no definite decision will be reached until we hear from William Jennings Bryan, Jr."

Shortly before William Jennings Bryan died today he remarked that he had never felt better in his life and was ready to go before the country to wage his battle against modernism.

The great commoner had returned to Dayton this morning after completing arrangements for the publication of an address he had prepared to deliver in closing the trial of John T. Scopes, who recently was convicted of violating Tennessee's anti-evolution law.

Publication of this speech at an early date was to mark the opening of the crusade in behalf of fundamentalism Mr. Bryan planned to carry before the entire country.

Despite the fact Mr. Bryan had spoken yesterday in Jasper and Winchester, Tenn., and had traveled over 200 miles he appeared in the best of health and unfatigued. He attended services at the southern Methodist Episcopal church and led the congregation in a prayer which citizens of Dayton tonight described as one of the most beautiful ever delivered in

BRYAN HAD PREPARED TO WAGE HIS GREATEST FIGHT

Was to Make Many Addresses For Which He Said There Would Be No Charge for Fundamentalist Doctrine.

William Jennings Bryan regarded the contest of issues growing from the Scopes trial as the "greatest fight of a career not without fights," he said shortly after the trial. Mr. Bryan told an Associated Press representative at Dayton last week that he expected to make many addresses, for which he would not permit admission to be charged, stressing the issues as he construed them after the first court test of the Tennessee statute prohibiting the teaching of evolution theories.

From the opening of the trial he was desperately in earnest, insisting throughout that a battle was being waged against revealed religion and Christianity. Last Wednesday he showed the Associated Press a sheaf of telegrams from individuals and organizations in many sections of the United States, applauding his position in the Scopes case. Then it was that he declared he expected to speak "soon and often," for Christianity.

Mr. Bryan had prepared what was to have been the closing argument before the jury at Dayton. It was no secret that the preparation of this address had been a matter of weeks. Some of his friends thought that he expected to make it one of the greatest efforts of his career, suggesting that it would be perhaps his last extended oratorical effort. When arguments were waived and the case went to the jury without final speechmaking, Mr. Bryan said that he would nevertheless deliver his prepared address later and the first succeeding days in Dayton after the trial were spent in revising his manuscript.

There was no indication of illness in "the great commoner" during the trial. On his arrival at Dayton a few days in advance of the opening of the case his apparent physical fitness was generally remarked. He spoke only once in court but delivered addresses in Rhea county. His public appearances included a speech at a banquet in his honor by the Dayton Progressive club, an informal address to his fellow prosecution lawyers and their guests at Morgan Springs, two religious addresses in Dayton and one at Pikeville. Saturday he spoke at Winchester, carrying out a promise made to Attorney General A. T. Stewart, during the trial that at its close he would deliver an address to the attorney general's fellow townsmen.

As the "leader of the fundamentalists," Mr. Bryan was made to feel very much at home in Dayton and Rhea county. His entrance and departure from the courtroom were marked by a succession of handshakes. Rhea county politically has been found frequently in the Republican column and many of opposite political faith were among the most ardent admirers of the former Democratic candidate for President and cabinet officer.

"Will you let a life-long Republican shake your hand, Mr. Bryan?" was a question heard more than once in the courtroom.

Among his last discussions with Dayton folk concerned the suggestion that a college devoted to fundamentalist doctrine be established there. Approached with the information that sentiment in Dayton favored "Bryan" for its name should the college be established, his comment was: "We'll see. There's time enough to discuss the name later."

Winston-Salem Journal Sold to New Jersey Man

Winston-Salem, July 24.—The sale of the entire capital stock of The Winston-Salem Journal company, publishers of the Morning Journal to Owen Moore, of Trenton, N. J., was announced here tonight by H. E. Fries, principal stockholder of the paper.

The new owner assumes complete charge tomorrow morning as publisher and president, with William K. Hoyt as assistant publisher and treasurer.

The new owner announces that the present plant as well as the news service, will be expanded and that the paper "will be operated in the future as strictly independent, representing no party, clique or influence, without political aspirations on the part of the owner."

1,241,000 PEOPLE OF STATE NOT FREEHOLDERS

Dr. Branson Discusses Flight of Tenants.—Tells of Thrift of Danes, and Lack Here.

Chapel Hill, July 24.—There are 1,241,000 citizens of the state of North Carolina who do not own a single inch of the ground they cultivate, or a single shingle of the roof over their heads," was the startling declaration made by Dr. C. E. Branson, of the university faculty, in addressing the public welfare institutes here today.

"The problem of the landless, homeless people of the state is one which must be reckoned with some day," he said. "Our civilization is so grounded in the home loving, home owning instinct that the remedy will come through creating a more satisfying country civilization, for a large proportion of our landless, homeless population live in the open country."

Compares Denmark

Dr. Branson compared conditions in North Carolina with those in Denmark, where he lately spent many months. "There are," he said, "no problems of home ownership nor are there problems of illiteracy. They have instilled within their very beings a thrift which compels them to own their homes. This feeling for the essential power of thrift is largely lacking among our American people today. They see the immediate needs and forget that they should be willing to forego them in view of more permanent things. The average American sees what he wants and gets it, whether it be bread, bonnets or paregoric. It is from this widespread lack of thrift that our own problem of farm and home ownership arises."

White Problem

"The problem of excessive tenancy, which is the problem of the landless and homeless countryman, is not a negro problem. It is primarily a white problem; for throughout the South the white tenants and croppers outnumbered the negroes. Three-fourths of all the farmers in the state are tenants. They move from pillar to post, from Dan to Beersheba and back again. They make a restless, roving, irresponsible element of citizenship. They seem to present a hopeless problem. But it is one which you can not forget. If you have any real religion in you, you can not give up the problem. The children of those tenants present such a picture of neglect that if you are really interested the slightest in making this little place called earth a safer place for children to be born into you must help to solve it."

The Studebaker Family

(From The Kansas City Star.)

The last members of the noteworthy and somewhat typical American family died in South Bend, Ind., recently. She was Miss Maria Studebaker, one of a family of five brothers and five sisters.

The brothers were the Nationally known builders of wagons, carriages, buggies, implements and manufacturers of harness, saddles and other vehicle and horse equipment. The latter survivors of these five brothers were among the first men of capital to engage in the manufacture of motor cars. The last of them, J. M. Studebaker, retired in 1916. The Studebaker corporation of today is rated as a \$100,000,000 concern.

The pioneer impulse was strong in the Studebaker blood. The first American Studebaker came from Switzerland, although of German stock. They settled in Pennsylvania. The father of a family of 10 was a blacksmith, and several of the sons learned the same trade.

The whole family moved first to Ohio, then to a farm near what is now South Bend, Ind. Here J. M. Studebaker built his first wagon, and on this wagon he and a party of kindred spirits went to California in the memorable year of '49.

When they reached Hangtown, Cal., the party disbanded. J. M. had 50 cents. He found a job as a blacksmith. Later he made a contract to build wheelbarrows for the mines.

When he had saved \$4,000 he went back to South Bend, where he and his brothers founded the Studebaker business, which was to penetrate every part of the country and many foreign lands.

Perhaps a good many marriages really are made in heaven, but a lot of them were made in Studebaker buggies, which to swains and lasses of the time was about as near heaven on earth as they ever attained.

FEW EQUAL TO BRYAN IN POLITICAL ENDEAVOR

His Life For Almost 30 Years Was a Panorama of National Sensations

In all the history of American politics there are few names which carry that brilliant luster of spectacular effort which has become a part of the memory of William Jennings Bryan.

His life for almost 30 years was a panorama of national sensations, piled one upon the other. At 36 he became almost overnight not only the leader of his party but the idol of millions. Three times he carried the party standard as its choice for the highest office of the land; in another presidential year—1912—he reaped much of the credit for placing Woodrow Wilson in the White House, and in almost every other national Democratic convention in a generation he was in the very center of every storm that came.

As a recognition, many said, of his long leadership, President Wilson made him secretary of state—a post from which he resigned two years later under the most sensational circumstances because he felt the nation was verging toward participation in the European war. World peace always had been his passion in his earlier years, just as in his later days he made the espousal of religion his all-absorbing concern and turned his talents to an attack on evolution.

Throughout all his active years his followers clung to his standard in unswerving devotion for the man and his ideals, while his enemies reviled and hated him, calling him ignorant and misguided in both his economics and his religion. His great power of eloquence, which first brought him to a place of national prominence, remained unimpaired for many years; but toward the last his old-time brilliance on the platform and stump began to dim perceptibly.

Although he found time for many venturesome excursions into other fields politics was his forte, and the story of his life work is almost a history of the national political campaigns that began when the Chicago Democratic convention of 1896, stampeded out of a deadlock by his "cross of gold" speech, made him its candidate for President.

Bryan went to that convention as editor of the Omaha World Herald, and a former member of the house, but entirely unknown to any considerable portion of the rank and file of his party. Nevertheless, he took with him an unflinching faith in his destiny, and as the leading candidates—now forgotten—began to muster their strength for the fight, he turned to some of his intimate friends in the press stand and remarked that he himself would be the nominee of the convention. None of them believed him, and very few believed that he was speaking seriously.

It was but a few hours later that he set the convention wild with his speech for free silver, and that night a group of delegates hired a band and went to serenade him at the old South State Street hotel where he was staying. He rose from bed, slipped on a pair of trousers over his nightshirt, and in bare feet received his visitors with a warm handclasp and a smile that soon enough was to become famous the world over.

His first campaign against McKinley was epochal for its fiery earnestness, and not until the votes had been counted did he believe it possible he could be beaten. In 1900, with McKinley again for his opponent, he adopted "Imperialism" for his paramount issue and for a second time stamped the country in a vain effort to reach the great goal of his ambition.

After this second failure many of the leaders within his party turned away, and the nomination four years later of Alton B. Parker, was a bitter disappointment to him. In that convention he made a spectacular fight against the forces that he declared were handing over the party to Wall street, delivering a speech which was regarded almost universally as the swan song of his career. Yet in another four years pendulum had swung back again and he was nominated as the opponent of William Howard Taft.

The part he took in the Baltimore convention of 1912 was of a piece with the spectacular strain that ran through and through his whole career. Rising on the convention floor at a time when his long-time friend, Cham Clark, was within reach of the

nomination, he denounced the Clark forces for accepting the support of Tammany, and declared Wall street was trying once again to fasten its talons on the Democratic party. The reaction to Wilson, who had been running well behind, was instantaneous, and Bryan was one of the first to be named to the Wilson cabinet. The breach between Bryan and Clark never was bridged.

As secretary of state, he came under attack many times; was ridiculed by many both at home and abroad for his policies, but always loyally supported by his friends; and finally made his exit from the cabinet rather than sign a note to Germany prepared by Mr. Wilson himself, to the submarine outrages.

It was after a long talk between the President and the secretary that the resignation was announced. Summoned to the White House on a bright June morning Mr. Bryan entered the President's private office untruffled, apparently believing that by throwing his powers of persuasion onto the scale he could convince his chief that the note should not be sent. After they had talked alone for an hour, Mr. Wilson pressed a button on his desk and a negro usher entered to find the President calm and silent and the secretary nervous and voluble.

"Mr. Bryan wants a drink of water," said Mr. Wilson.

When it was brought, Bryan's hand was so unsteady that he upset a part of it as he raised it to his lips. He demonstrated later in many ways that he had been cut to the quick by his failure to avert what he believed was a warlike gesture by his country, and by his parting from the man he had helped lift up into a greater leadership than he himself had been able to attain.

He did not oppose Mr. Wilson's re-nomination in 1916, but the party candidates of 1920 and 1924 were chosen over his opposition. He went on a vacation trip during most of the campaign of James M. Cox, but he took the stump for John W. Davis in 1924.

At San Francisco in 1920, however, most of his energies were directed toward the writing of a platform rather than the choice of a candidate. His fight this time was for a bone dry plank, and he took the speakers' stand in its espousal. In old-time form, his face shining and his eyes alight, he sent his rounded periods rolling and rollicking through the great convention hall, and when the speech was ended the delegates gave him an ovation that lasted for an hour. His intimates said that until the vote was taken, he firmly believed that once more he had stamped a national convention; but it was only a tribute of a party for an old and tried friend, for the plank he advocated was lost overwhelmingly.

Even more spectacular was his part in the New York convention of just a year ago. A member of the sub-committee which drafted the platform, he was in the thick of the fight over the league of nations and the Ku Klux Klan. At the end of one futile all-night session of the sub-committee, when the members had agreed to separate for a few hours rest, he rose in his place at the committee table and asked his colleagues to remain for a moment while he led in prayer. Then with bowed head he asked Providence for guidance in the dark hour of dissension and bitterness.

Later he took the floor before the convention, on one occasion to defend William G. McAdoo, and on another to oppose a plank condemning the Ku Klux Klan by name. But for the first time, he had found a Democratic convention he could not quiet. Applause, mingled with hisses and boos, came both from the floor and the gallery. His delivery lacked the fire of other years, and his presence the command that was its wont. Only once or twice was there a flash of the old-time brilliance, as when he took up the challenge of a spectator who applauded his remark that this might be the last convention he would attend.

"Don't applaud," he said, "I may change my mind."

Heroes who always suffer in silence probably never had any experience whatever with the dentist's chair.