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STATEMENT OF THE WACHOVIA NATIONAL BANK

Winston-Salem, N. C.
 From Report to Comptroller of the Currency, August 22, 1907.

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans	\$1,065,887.67	Capital	\$ 150,000.00
Overdrafts	2,990.42	Surplus	160,000.00
U. S. Bonds to secure air		Profits	50,500.89
collation	50,000.00	Interest Reserve	4,000.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds	2,300.00	Credentiation	50,000.00
Other Bonds	27,500.00	Redeemable	51,874.88
Furniture and Fixtures	2,500.00	Deposits	
Redemption Fund	2,500.00	Individual	\$571,161.25
Cash due from other		Banks	28,500.18
Banks	182,275.16		889,691.42
	\$1,328,067.29		\$1,328,067.29

JAMES A. GRAY, Pres. E. S. GRAY, Asst. Cashier.

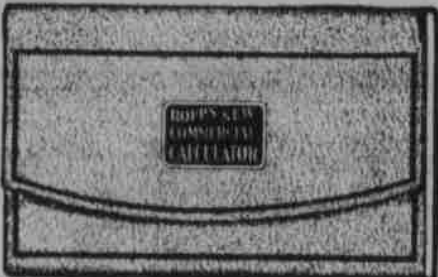
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Mother's Friend

The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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WACHOVIA MILLS.

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GIANTS' FAMOUS DEAF AND DUMB PITCHER

Taylor, of the New York National League Baseball Team, Has Made a Notable Record During the Past Few Seasons.

Taylor, the famous deaf and dumb pitcher of the New York Giants, was formerly a student at the Deaf and Dumb School at Morristown and is known by a number of Winston-Salem people. Consequently a recent article about him in the New York American may not be without interest here.

The American's article follows: Here is one hero of the diamond who lives a life unlike any other.

The tumultuous outbursts of admiration which warm the cockles of another player's heart are, to a certain extent, wasted on Luther Taylor, for he was born a deaf-mute and can neither speak nor hear.

Taylor, who is one of the star pitchers on the New York Giants, is often called the most remarkable ball-player that ever lived.

While his more fortunate teammates look in the applause of their admirers Taylor sits quietly by and gazes about his work in a way that has made him a greater hero of the diamond than most of them, despite the handicap of his infirmity. Not that he does not know when the crowd is in an uproar of enthusiasm, but to him the electrifying effect of that indescribable but always welcome noise is absent.

He appreciates applause in his way and knows that it is meant as a compliment. He can tell by the waving of hands and the spirit of victory bobbing from the eyes of fandom that he is doing well. But to Taylor it is a vast pantomime.

Imagine yourself in a sealed glass case watching ten thousand people venting their feelings by a waving of hats, clapping of hands and cavernous stretching of mouths—but never a sound—and you can appreciate the isolated position occupied by a deaf-mute twirler.

There are some sounds that Taylor can distinguish, but not in the way that you or I do. A shrill whistle or a peculiar nasal screech which the ball players have learned to make will grate upon his ear and he will turn in the direction whence it comes. The inflection or pronunciation of words to him is meaningless.

How Taylor Gets "Square."

Taylor's guide to success in his chosen profession—and he is at the top—is facial expression entirely. Being born without the power of hearing or speaking he has so developed his other senses that his power of observation is little less than marvelous.

No runner can take advantage of the deaf-mute pitcher's infirmity and steal a base from behind him. Many have tried to their grief.

The coach may yell at the top of his voice, but that means nothing to Taylor. The expression which lights up his face means all. It is a warning far more forceful than a thousand words could convey. If a runner is on second and starts for third while Taylor's back is turned he looks into the face of the catcher or the coach and there he learns, as if by mental telegraphy that the runner has started. It is said that no runner has ever stolen a base, cleanly, while Taylor was in the box.

Taylor is alert at all times and one who did not know of his infirmity would never perceive—from his actions that he could neither talk nor hear, except that he does not verbally offend the umpire. That in itself might expose his misfortune and then he sometimes talks back with his fingers. From his gesticulations the officials have little difficulty in being fully aware of his feelings.

Though the catchers give him signals with their fingers he can often tell what kind of curve is desired by a mere look into the eyes of the man with the mitt, even though they be partially concealed behind a mask.

The remarkable New York pitcher was once ordered out of a game for "rowdyism" and from that time he knew full well the limit to which he could go, as well as could his more noisy team mates. It was rather difficult to understand how a deaf-mute could be rowdy, but he can. Taylor had placed a ball directly over the plate that seemed a perfect strike.

"One ball!" yelled the umpire. It was a critical moment in the game and Taylor grew white with rage and indignation. He emitted a wild unearthly screech, and, with all the venom in his body hurled his glove to the ground. The umpire needed no explanations. He promptly ordered him out of the game.

A player once insulted Taylor on the field by the mere use of his fingers. McGraw often laughs when he tells how the deaf-mute came to the bench with a scowl on his face that boded no good for the other thoughtless athlete. Taylor handed the manager a note which read:

"I want to lick that man; will you allow it?"

Deep in his heart McGraw wanted to say "Yes," but he realized that it would be a lack of discipline, and quietly shook his head and tried to get the enraged pitcher in a good humor. For four days thereafter Taylor refused to "live up" among the players, and to this day has not forgiven the man who insulted him.

Aside from his ability as a great pitcher, Taylor is a humorist. Nothing of a ludicrous nature ever escapes him. This is corroborative proof of the theory that humor is a natural gift, and cannot be acquired in quantity.

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The silent pitcher during the spring when exhibition games are in order often sets a minor league crowd into roars of laughter that lasts for two hours. Last summer in Jamestown the Giants played an exhibition game and Taylor went in to pitch. McGraw started to put in another pitcher, but the crowd raised such a storm of protest that the deaf-mute had to continue and finish the game. His antics were especially laughable, as the crowd knew of his infirmity. In fact, there is not a boy in all America that has not heard of "Dummy" Taylor.

One of his funniest pranks is to stop a batted ball and then, with all the mock dignity of an umpire, motion the runner out before throwing the ball. He then stands in a pose as if to say, "and that proved it."

Another prank which always sets a crowd laughing is when he plays first base. Taylor is as nimble as a cat and with a baseball is really a juggler. Standing at first he will receive a ball in his right hand and then without apparent effort allow it to go on around his back and suddenly flip over his shoulder into the other hand. As Bill Dahien, the shortstop, says, "He does this without saying a word."

Taylor had learned that any feat out of the ordinary or anything unexpected will always bring a laugh from the crowd. In Chicago one day he played a little trick that changed the feeling of the enormous and hostile throng from bitterness to merriment in a second. Steinfeldt had driven a line ball straight toward the pitcher's box and Taylor made a motion as if he had caught it. He then turned and looked out over the field as if following the course of the ball, and all the infielders began running in that direction. They thought it had gone to center field. Just as everybody was in a quandary and the officials mystified Taylor quietly slipped the ball from under his arm and handed it to the umpire, who was standing near. He had been holding it all the time. The infielders looked foolish and the crowd catching the spirit of the deception, broke out into peals of laughter and was good humored the rest of the day.

But the humor of the famous deaf-mute is not limited to the diamond. Off the field his remarkable personality is a happy spring from which flows an incessant stream of good nature. His intellect is far above that of the average man and his will work rapidly. While he has never learned the lip language, which is now taught to deaf-mutes in the more modern schools experience has taught him to understand the drift of an argument from the gesticulations and expressions of a man's face.

On the sleeping cars he sits around with the other players and pays the closest attention to the relation of a funny story. He cannot understand a word, but as the story teller's face lights up and his arms begin to move Taylor catches the thread of the narrative. Often he laughs outright at the climax, seeing the point ahead of some of his team mates. When he fails to catch the drift of a story he turns to Sammy Straug for an explanation, and the utility man of the Giants repeats the story on his fingers.

At Philadelphia, while the Giants were playing there last season, there was a convention of deaf-mutes. Naturally Taylor was very much interested and scores of unfortunates came round to see the great pitcher.

Several of us attended the convention out of curiosity. A speaker was rattling off a speech on his fingers, and his auditors occasionally clapped their hands in appreciation and then conversed with each other. The room was a sea of moving fingers. Over in a secluded corner two fellows were sitting together "talking" with their fingers under their coats—in an "under-tone" as it were. They occasionally laughed aloud and the others turned round in response to that instinct that tells when something is going on behind them. I asked Taylor why these fellows were keeping their fingers screened under their coats.

Taylor smiled and replied on his fingers that one of them was telling a story which was broader than it was nice.

Taylor has a great love for music. He admits that he cannot distinguish some of the sounds, but melody runs through his soul and at theatres he may be seen keeping time with his hand. He never misses a theatrical performance when he has the opportunity.

Sounds He Enjoys Without Hearing Them.

Whenever the ball players gather for a song Taylor is there. The Giants have a fine quartet, composed of Straug, Matthewson Ames and Wiltson, sometimes Secretary Knowles is the tenor. They have one song that must be sung for Taylor's benefit and he al-

She's a good house keeper give her something nice keep says our little house-maid



Mr. homelover:-
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ways demands it. The song is that old melody "Turkey in the Straw." When the singers get to the part where all shout in chorus "Ha! Ha! Ha!" Taylor's face lights up with appreciation and he tries to join in the yell. His "Ah! Ah! Ah!" is known throughout ball-dom.

The silent pitcher says he can hear that shout most plainly and that is why he enjoys it so. He follows every line of the song, keeping his eyes glued on the mouths of the singers and marks time with both hands until the shouts comes. Then all break forth together and end the concert so far as Taylor is concerned. He is satisfied.

Taylor is highly educated and at one time was a teacher in a deaf-mute school. His wife, who is also a deaf-mute, teaches in a school in North Carolina during certain months of the year.

This remarkable pitcher was born in Kansas and still votes at Baldwin. He first learned to play ball at a deaf-mute college and was so successful that he was engaged by the manager in the New York State League. He also played for awhile in the Southern League.

He was finally bought by the New York Club and has been a great attraction for the Giants for several years.

His favorite pastime is shooting, and they say out in Kansas that he can bring home as big a bag of quail or prairie hens as the most successful Nimrod in the country. He directs his favorite bird dog with a police whistle.

How Baseball and Other Things Look to Luther Taylor.
 By Luther Taylor, the Great Deaf-Mute Pitcher of the Giants.

It is rather difficult to explain how I feel while playing before a crowd of 10,000 people, as my point of view and understanding is probably different from that of you who can speak and hear, especially, hear. The actions of the crowd tell me plainly when they are in a happy frame of mind or disappointed. When the crowd breaks into an uproar of applause I can slightly hear it, but I imagine it does not mean to me what it does to others. I can distinguish the clapping of hands much more easily than the noise of voices, as the sharp vibrations of bringing the hands together jar more acutely than the voice.

Yes, everything seems silent to me but the difference between that silence and the silence of ordinary occasions is in deep contrast to me because everything else is silent. You appreciate the roar of human voices because it is different from the ordinary noises which you hear every

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