

CHARLOTTE TO STUDY CLINCHFIELD LEASE

Opposition to A. C. L. and N. Railroads Getting Coal Line is Growing. Charlotte, Aug. 28.—A public meeting is to be held here under the auspices of the chamber of commerce and the Charlotte Shippers and Manufacturers association with reference to the proposed lease of the Clinchfield and Ohio railway to the L. and N. the A. C. L. or the Seaboard Air Line.

ESCAPE FROM TRAIN IS MYSTERY TO OFFICERS

They Have Found No Trace of Weavers Brother, En Route to the Penitentiary. Salisbury, Aug. 28.—Sheriff Alex Moore, of Macon county, left today for Asheville from which place he will prosecute the search for the Weaver brothers, Vojile and Lawrence, who escaped from him here last night will enroute to the state penitentiary.

Local officers are continuing the search here but up to this afternoon had not succeeded in overhauling the boys. The prisoners escaped through a window in the lavatory of the coach as a western train was coming into the city. They were handcuffed together and how they got out of the window which they raised about a foot is a mystery. Vojile was going up for six years and his younger brother for four, for robbing a store at Franklin. Their homes are at Asheville.

Postal Campaign Directed Against Illegible Writing.

Washington, Aug. 29.—Postmaster General New, who is working on a new chapter in the great drama, "Why Mail Goes Wrong," has announced that a special campaign is being conducted to direct the attention of postal workers and the public to the frequent misarrangement of letters because of the similarity in the names of towns in various states.

A chair of alcoholic research is to be established at one of the Japanese universities.

STOP LAW IS SCORNED BY MOST CAR DRIVERS

Railroad Men Out of Spencer Say Public is Ignoring Law Everywhere. Spencer, Aug. 28.—Engineers, conductors and other trainmen running out of Spencer in large number and covering perhaps more than 1,000 miles of road in every direction, towards Asheville, Greenville, Columbia, Salma, Monroe, Va., and other places, state that the new state law requiring motorists to stop at grade crossings is being disregarded to an alarming extent.

The engineers are especially watchful and if there is any one class of men in the country who know how the law is observed it is the railroad man. They state that when the law became effective July 1 there was a general tendency to observe it and to stop at the crossings, but now, at the end of 60 days, great numbers of motorists have grown careless and not only fail to stop as required by law but flout the trains and apparently play with danger.

Engineer A. B. Chandler, whose run is between Spencer and Monroe, says he sees numbers of drivers almost every day who dash across grade crossings with utter disregard for the law or for danger. Some of the engineers running out of Spencer are making it a point to take the state number of drivers who dash over grade crossings in an unlawful manner and are sending the numbers to the officers.

Something to Think About. Mr. H. W. Baker, an attorney of Washington, writes The Tribune as follows: "As a native Southerner, naturally I take great interest in the Southland. I have just returned from a motor trip through the South and am amazed at the wonderful progress being made in roads, schools, etc. And yet the North and the West are still the money sections of the United States."

"I think that one reason for this is that the North and West produce inventions and when it is remembered that over 95 per cent. of all money that changes hands is for patented goods or goods made on patented machines, the result is only natural. Last year, for instance, North Carolina secured 139 patents, or 1 to every 18,411 people, while California, another agricultural state, secured 2,326 patents, or 1 to every 1,473 inhabitants."

\$6,000,000 Credit Arranged For Carolina Cotton Cooperatives. Raleigh, Aug. 28.—A. E. Bing, secretary and treasurer of the North Carolina Cotton Cooperative association, and John H. Boushall, representing the Citizens National bank of Raleigh, have just returned from New York city, where they concluded arrangements with the National City bank for a line of credit for the North Carolina Cotton Growers Cooperative association of \$6,000,000 and at a very satisfactory rate.

In addition to extending the credit of \$6,000,000, the bankers said that if more money was needed, they wanted the Tar Heel men to come back to them. The best educated man is he who knows what is to the point.

KANNAPOLIS DEPARTMENT

Kannapolis, Aug. 29.—An hour of genuine pleasure was spent by our people on Saturday afternoon at the Kannapolis Y. M. C. A. where the singing class of the Odd Fellows' Home at Goldsboro, gave a delightful concert. The singing won the admiration of the audience, and the behavior, even of the smallest boys and girls would have been a credit to older people. This concert demonstrated the high ideals maintained at this institution, where the children received their training. The class stopped at the homes, and the managers were guests at the Mary Ella Hall.

Mrs. O. H. Hollyfield and little child spent the past week in Faith with Mrs. Hollyfield's aunt, Mrs. F. M. Correll. An interesting marriage took place in Concord Saturday evening when Miss Johnnie Griffin became the bride of Mr. Cecil Duncan. The couple spent Sunday in Charlotte and at the home of the bride's parents, returning to Kannapolis Sunday night for the Cannon Mt. C. Co. Mr. Duncan is a promising young man with fine characteristics. Their many friends will be pleased to know they will continue to make their home in Kannapolis, and wish them prosperity and happiness.

Miss Tira Ervin and mother, of Salisbury, are visiting relatives in Kannapolis this week. Mrs. W. J. Cline returned Monday night from Chincoteague, Hendersonville, and Asheville accompanied by Miss Ethel Cornelius.

Mrs. W. D. Lyster and daughter, Miss Helen, of Charlotte, spent the weekend at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cauten. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Deal, of Salisbury, visited friends in the city Sunday.

Mr. R. E. Goble and family expect to move next week to their new home in North Kannapolis. Miss Nell Cauten leaves today for Charlotte, where she will spend the rest of the week with her aunt, Mrs. W. D. Lyster.

Mr. J. W. Correll, of Fieldsdale, recently spent several days with his mother, Mrs. C. E. Correll. Miss Shirley Morris left Saturday for Stanley, where she will be the guest this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Spury. Mrs. J. E. Dixon returned Monday from Bessemer City, where she spent the weekend with her sister-in-law, Mrs. D. M. Rudisill.

The friends of Master Harry Morris will be glad to know that he is now able to be out again after an illness of a few weeks. Prof. J. W. Sloan arrived here yesterday. He comes to us from Greensboro. He will be a guest at the Mary Ella Hall until the completion of the residence he is to occupy. The residence is in process of construction near the Cabarrus Y. next door to the Baptist parsonage. Prof. Sloan's family will remain in Greensboro until the house is ready for occupancy.

It will interest Kannapolis people to know that Mr. D. D. Dixon, of Bessemer City, is leaving today for Detroit, Mich., where he will spend some time. If Mr. Dixon is pleased with his surroundings, he will make his home there indefinitely. The series of meetings being conducted here by Rev. G. Ed. Caldwell, evangelist, of Dillon, S. C., will close with the Sunday night service. The people here much regret his leaving so soon. Seldom does such an opportunity as to hear Mr. Caldwell knock at our door, and those who do not hear him have no idea what they are missing. Words fail to express the earnestness, sincerity and conviction which characterizes his discourses. He makes his meaning so clear with his impressive illustrations that a little child is able to understand.

Mr. C. L. Black is leaving today for Gastonia, where he will accept a position as barber at the Watts Barber Shop. Mrs. M. C. Early was the honor guest Sunday at a delightful surprise birthday dinner which was given by her children. One hundred twenty-five guests shared the elegant dinner, and during the course of the day, enjoyed social intercourse with each other. All who are acquainted with the honoree are aware of the rare treat that is theirs with an opportunity of conversing with her who is so pleasant and possesses so genial a disposition.

A chapter of sixteen from the Oxford Orange gave a concert last evening at the Kannapolis Y. and were greeted with a large audience of enthusiastic people which packed the auditorium. The concert was of a high character, and was entertaining as well as uplifting. The class was guests of the Mary Ella Hall, as also Miss Myrtle Muse, director and teacher, and Mr. L. W. Alderman, manager.

Mr. Clarence A. Norfleet is visiting his mother, Mrs. Rosa Norfleet, of the Mary Ella Hall. Mr. A. C. Lockman is spending a few days in King's Mountain. Mrs. J. W. Cauten is spending the week with Mrs. Chas. Lyster. Master Johnnie and little Miss Sara are also, visiting at home.

Mr. Hubert Stonestreet leaves today for Kentucky, after spending some time at home following the death and burial of his mother. Miss Kerfees, of Mocksville, is visiting Miss Aileen Stonestreet. Survives 'Bullet in His Brain 24 Years; Heart Attack Fatal. New York Times.

After carrying a steel-jacketed Mauser bullet in his brain for 24 years, John S. Gretzer, 48 years old, died yesterday of heart trouble in his home at 71 Boss Avenue, South Ozone Park, Queens, Mr. Gretzer received his wound in the Philippines in 1899 while serving as a private in the volunteers. The bullet entered his head just above his left eye and lodged, as physicians described it, between his larger and smaller brain. When brought back to the United States, physicians took what was said to be one of the first X-ray pictures in this country. They decided that to remove the bullet would be fatal. Mr. Gretzer had been in the postal service for eighteen years and for the last eight years had been an inspector.

THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION BY EDISON MARSHALL ILLUSTRATED BY RAMSATTERFIELD © LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, 1923

THE manifold powers of circumstance were in conspiracy against Ned Cornet this late August afternoon. No detail was important in itself. It had been drizzling slowly and mournfully, but drizzle is not uncommon in Seattle. Ned Cornet had been passing the time pleasantly in the Totem Club, on Fourth Street, doing nothing in particular, nothing exceedingly bad or good or even unusually diverting; but such was quite a customary practice with him. Finally, Cornet's special friend, Rodney Coburn, had just returned from one of his hundred sojourns in far places—this time from an especially attractive salmon stream in Canada.

The two young men had met in Coburn's room at the Totem Club, and the steward had gone thither with tall glasses and ice. Coburn had not returned empty-handed from Canada. Partly in celebration of his return, and partly because of the superior quality of the goods that had accompanied him, his friend Ned raised his afternoon limit from two powerful pre-dinner cocktails to no less than four richly amber whiskies-and-sodas. Thus their meeting was auspicious, and on leaving the club, about seven, it came about that Ned Cornet met the rain.

It was not enough to bother him. He didn't even think about it. It was only a lazy, smoky drizzle that deepened the shadows of falling twilight and blurred the lights in the street. Ned Cornet had a fire within that more or less occupied his thoughts.

In a space of time so short that it resembled some half-glimpsed incident in a dream, Ned found himself, still at his wheel, the car crosswise in the street and the front wheels almost touching the curb, a terrible and ghastly sobriety upon him. Something had happened. He had gone into a perilous skid at the corner of Fourth and Madison, the car had slid sickeningly out of his control, and at the wrong instant a dark shape, all too plainly another automobile, had lurched out of the murk of the rain.

Ned Cornet had had automobiles at his command long before it was safe for him to have his hands on them. When cold sober he drove rather too fast, none too carefully, but had an almost incredible mastery over his car. He knew how to pick his wheel tracks over bumpy roads, and he knew the exact curve that a car could take with safety in rounding a corner. Even now, in the crisis that had just been, he had handled his car like the veteran he was. The wonder was not that he had hit the other car, but rather, considering the speed with which he had come, that it should continue to remain before his sight, but little damaged, instead of being shattered into kindling and dust. Nevertheless it was not yet time to receive congratulations from spectators. There had been serious consequences enough. He was suddenly face to face with the fact that in his haste to get home for dinner he had very likely obliterated a human life.

There was a curious, huddled heap on the dim pavement, just beyond the small car he had struck. It was a girl; she lay very still, and the face half covered by the arm seemed very white and lifeless. And nudged by a terror such as was never known in all his wasted years, Ned leaped, reeled, and fell to his knees at her side.

The car he had struck was one of the thousands of "jitneys" of which he had so often spoke with contempt.

The girl was a shopgirl or factory worker, on her way home. Shaken with horror, but still swift and strong from the stimulus of the crisis, he lifted her head and shoulders in his arms.

"Then the girl smiled in his face. 'I'm not hurt,' he heard her say, seemingly in answer to some senseless query of his. She shook her head at the same time, and she smiled as she did it. 'I know what I'm saying,' she went on. 'I'm not hurt—one-bit!'"

The little drama, as if hurried in an instant from the void, was already done. Tragedy had been averted; it was merely one of the thousands of unimportant smash-ups that occur in a great city every year. Some of the spectators were already moving on. In just a moment, before half a dozen more words could be said, other cars were swinging by, and a policeman was on the scene asking questions and jotting down license numbers. Just for a moment he paused at Ned's elbow.

"Your name and address, please?" he asked coldly. Ned whirled, turning his eyes from the girl's face for the first time. "Ned Cornet," he answered. And he gave his father's address on Queen Anne Hill.

"Show up before Judge Rosaman in the morning," he ordered. "The jitney there will send their bills to you. I'd advise you to pay 'em."

"I'll pay 'em," Ned agreed. "I'll throw in an extra twenty to pay for their loss of time."

"This young lady says she ain't hurt," the policeman went on. "It certainly is no credit to you that she ain't. There is plenty of witnesses here if she wants to make a suit."

"I'll give this young lady complete satisfaction," Ned promised. He turned to her in easy friendliness, a queer little crooked smile, winning and astonishingly juvenile, appearing at his mouth. "Now let's get in my car. I'll take you home—and we can talk this over."

She directed him out Madison, into a district of humble, modest, but respectable residences. "It's lucky you came along—I don't often get a ride clear to my door."

"Lucky! I want to say if it wasn't for all the luck in the world you'd be going to the hospital instead. I'm taking all the blame for that smash back there—I got off mighty lucky. Now let's settle about the dress—and a few other things. First—'you're sure you're not hurt?'"

She was a little surprised at the gray, girlish smile about her lips. "Not a particle. It would be nice if I could go to the hospital two weeks or so, just to rest—but I haven't the conscience to do it. I'm not even scratched—just pushed over in the street. And I'm afraid I can't even charge you for the dress. I've

always had too much conscience. Mr. Cornet."

"Of course I'm going to pay—" "The dress cost only about twenty dollars—at a sale! And it doesn't seem to be even damaged. Of course it will have to be cleaned. To save you the embarrassment I see growing in your face, I'll gladly send the bill to you if you like—"

In the bright street light he looked up, studying her face. Her skin had a healthy freshness, pink like the marvelous pink of certain spring wild flowers, and she had delicate girlish features that wholly suited his appreciating eye. This girl in his car was in her early twenties—over, rather than under—of medium height, with the slender strength of an expert swimmer, yet her beauty was that of a child.

He couldn't tell, at first, if just what her beauty lay. Other girls had fresh skins, bright eyes, smiling lips and masses of dark lustrous hair—and some of them even had the simplicity of good manners. Ned had a quick, sure mind, and for a moment he mused over his wheel as he tried to puzzle it out.

But soon after this Ned Cornet caught himself with a widespread, doubtful, interest in certain of his friends who went in for that sort of thing, but he, Ned Cornet, had other interests. The gaze he bent upon her was suddenly indifferent.

They were almost at their destination now, and he did not see the sudden decline of her mood in response to his dying interest. Sensitive as a flower to sunlight, she realized in a moment that a barrier of caste had dropped down between them. She was silent the rest of the way.

"Would you mind telling me what you do—in the way of work, I mean?" he asked her, at her door. "My father has a business that employs many girls. There might be a chance—"

"I can do almost anything with a needle, thank you," she told him with perfect frankness. "Tying, hemming, stitching, embroidery—I could name a dozen other things."

"We employ dozens of seamstresses and others. I suppose I can reach you here—after work hours. I'll keep you in mind."

An instant later he had bidden her good night and driven away, little dreaming, that, through the glass pane of the door, her lustrous blue eyes had followed the red spark that was his tail-light till it disappeared in the deepening gloom.

NED CORNET kept well within the speed laws on his way back to his father's beautiful home on Queen Anne Hill. He was none too well pleased with himself, and his thoughts were busy. There would be some sort of a scene with Godfrey Cornet, the gray man whose self-acquired wealth would ultimately settle for the damages to the "jitney" and the affront to the municipality—perhaps only a frown, a moment's coldness about the lips, but a scene nevertheless.

No one could look at Godfrey Cornet and doubt that he was the veteran of many wars. The battles he had fought had been those of economic distress, but they had scarred him none the less.

Every one of his fine features told the same story. His mouth was hard and grim, but it could smile with the kindest, most boyish pleasure on occasion. His nose was like an eagle's beak, his face was lean with never a sagging muscle, his eyes, coal black, had each bright points as of blades of steel. People always wondered at his trim, erect form, giving little sign of his advanced years. For all the luxury with which he had surrounded his wife and son, he himself had always lived frugally; simple food, sufficient exercise, the most personal and detailed contact with his business.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

BOYS and GIRLS WE HAVE— Roller Skates that Roll Roller Skates that are Guaranteed Roller Skates that Outdistance all others Roller Skates that provide Outdoor Exercise for healthy boys and girls. Buy a Pair of These Skates Today Ritchie Hardware Co YOUR HARDWARE STORE

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We wish to announce that we will sell, at a very Special Price The Chambers Fireless Gas Range. The Royal Assco, All Steel Kitchen Cabinets, and The Sani-in-the-Sink Dishwasher that we used during our ten day demonstrations. Concord & Kannapolis Gas Co.