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INTERCEPTS PASS AND SCORES LONE TOUCHDOWN

Big Crowd Watches Greensboro School Griders Beat Concord Highs 7 to 0.

Grabbing the pigskin from the air after MacIntosh had slightly tapped the oval in his attempt to break up a forward pass in the last quarter, Koenig, who was sent to right tackle in the place of Neal, ran 75 yards through a broken field for a touchdown and was responsible for the Purple Whirlwind opening the football season here with a victory over Concord high school griders yesterday afternoon at Cane Park by a 7 to 0 count. The extra point was added by Block, whose sturdy toe kicked the oval over the cross bar.

Approximately 800 high school students and other football enthusiasts of the city took their initial peek at Coach Johnston's husky Greensboro high school khaki-clad warriors, and placed their stamp of approval on their work.

While MacIntosh has been with the local high griders but three days and despite the fact that he had not taken any part in scrimmage workout, the big fullback, who substituted for Sellars in the first half, easily grabbed the spotlight of the afternoon tussle. Repeatedly MacIntosh plunged the line for large gains, skirted around both flanks and broke up numerous forward passes.

During the first and last quarters the local high school eleven showed mid-season form and executed plays with canny ability. But in the second and third quarters the Concord high school team showed much the superior form. Several successful forward passes and a number of end runs, together with the constant fumbling of the line by the local high, resulted in the visitors playing in Greensboro's territory throughout these periods.

When Greensboro did recover the ball in the second and third quarters "Buster" Swift was called upon to kick the ball out of the danger zone. In the first quarter Greensboro made steady gains by a series of line plunges, but once within distance of the goal they would lose the ball on a fumble. The locals secured two first downs in the initial quarter of the game. When within 15 yards of the goal Greensboro attempted a drop kick, but it fell short of going over the cross bar.

In the second quarter the Concord champs, led on by Sullivan, hefty fullback, and Ridehour, speedy and clever quarterback, carried the ball to within striking distance of the goal, but they were unable to carry the ball over as the Greensboro line was a veritable stone wall of defense. In the third quarter the visitors came within an ace of scoring, but again the Greensboro team tightened up and prevented their goal line from being crossed. Sullivan to Ridehour by way of the ball, passing through the air, netted the visitors considerable yardage.

But just as the forward pass proved the big ground gainer for the Concord grid warriors, just so this feature of play proved their defeat. Playing in Greensboro's territory, Sullivan drove back and received the ball from the center. He was all set for a forward pass of the ball to one of his mates, but MacIntosh broke through the line, slight-

THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION

By EDISON MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY E. W. SATTERTFIELD © LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, 1923

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Ned Cornet, Lenore Hardenworth and Bess Gibbs face refuge together on an island when they are shipwrecked. Lenore is engaged to be married to Ned. They find the island inhabited by a man named Domsdorf and his Indian wife.

Domsdorf takes Ned and the girls prisoners and makes Bess and Ned slaves for him. Lenore is allowed to help the squaw with the housework, but Bess and Ned are driven by their master until they fall unconscious.

The prisoners are allowed to build a cabin and, after it is finished, Bess and Ned are sent on different trapping routes. They have several narrow escapes from death. Together they plan how to escape from the island. When Domsdorf becomes infatuated with Bess and makes advances to her Ned interferes.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"There's no need of going farther," he said in his deep, rumbling voice. "There was no need of even coming here. You seem to be forgetting, you two, where you are—all the things I told you at first."

He paused, and his voice had dropped, and the tone was strange and even, dreadful to hear, when he spoke again. "I've evidently been too easy with you," he went on. "I'll see that I correct that fault in the future. You, Ned, made a serious mistake when you interfered in this matter tonight. I'll see if I can't teach you to keep your place. And Bess—long ago I told you that your body and soul were mine—to do with what I liked. You seemed to have forgotten—but I intend that you will call it to mind—again."

But Ned still faced him when he passed, eyes steadfast, his face an iron gray in the wan light. His training had been hard and true, and he still found strength to stand and meet. "I want to tell you this—in reply," he answered in the clear, firm voice of one who has mastered fear. "We know well enough what you can do to us. But that doesn't mean that we're going to yield to you—to every one of your evil wishes. Life isn't so pleasant to either of us that we'll submit to everything in order to live. No matter what you do to me—I know what I'll do to you if you try to carry out your wicked designs by force."

Domsdorf eyed him calmly, but the smile of contempt was wholly gone from his lips. "You'll show fight?" he asked. "With every ounce I've got! You may master me with every advantage of weapons and physical strength—but you'll have to try first. Bess will kill herself before she'll yield to you. You won't be better off—you'll simply have no one to do your trapping for you. It isn't worth it, Domsdorf."

He eyed them a moment, coolly and casually. When I want anything, Ned, I want it bad enough to pay all I've got for it," he said in a remarkably even tone. "Don't presume that I value your lives so much that I'll turn one step from my course. Besides, Ned—you won't be here!"

Ned's eyes widened, as he tried to read his meaning. Domsdorf laughed softly in the silence. "You won't be here!" he repeated. "You fool—do you think I'd let you get in my way? It will rest as it is tonight. Tomorrow morning you start out to tend your traps—and you will tend Bess' lines as well as your own. She will stay here—with me—from now on."

Ned felt his muscles hardening to steel. "I won't leave her to you!" "You won't? Don't make any mistake on that point. If you are not on your way by sun-up, you get a hundred—from the end of your trap. You won't be able to leave for some time after that—but neither will you be able to interfere with what doesn't concern you. I'll give you a few in the dawn—just as a sample to show what they're like. Nor am I afraid of Bess killing herself. It's cold and dark here, but it's colder and darker

"There. She'll stand a lot before she'll do that."

"That's definite?" Ned asked. "The truest words I ever spoke. I've never gone back on a promise yet."

"And believe me, I won't go back on mine. If that's all you have to say—"

"That's quite all. Think it over—you'll find it isn't so bad. And now—good night."

He bowed to them, in mock politeness. Then he turned back into his cabin.

For a moment his two prisoners stood inert, utterly motionless in the wan light. Ned started to turn to her, still held by his own dark thoughts, but at the first glance of her white, set face, he whirled in the most breathless amazement. It was in no way the stricken, terrified countenance that he had seen a few moments before. The lips were firm, the eyes deep and strange; even in the half-light he could see her look of inexorable purpose.

Some great resolve had come to her—some sweeping emotion that



NED MOVED TOWARD HER, REACHING FOR HER HANDS.

might be akin to hope. Was she planning suicide? Was that the meaning of this new look of iron resolution in her face? He could conceive of no other explanation; in self-inflicted death alone lay deliverance from Domsdorf's lust. He dared not hope for any happier result.

He reached groping hands to hers. "You don't mean"—he gasped, hardly able to make his lips move in speech—"you don't intend—?"

"To kill myself? Not yet, by a long way." The girl's hand slipped cautiously out from the pocket of her jacket, showing him what seemed to be a small, square box of tin. But the light was too dim for him to make out the words on the paper label. "I got this from the shelf—just as we left the cabin."

The hopeful tones in her voice was the happiest sound Ned had heard since he had come to the island. "What is it?" he whispered. "Nothing very much—but yet a chance for freedom. Come into the cabin where we can scratch a match."

They moved into the newer hut of logs, and there Bess showed him the humble article in which lay her hopes. It was merely a tin of fine snuff from among Domsdorf's personal supplies.

XXVIII
TALKING in an undertone, not to be heard through the log walls, Bess and Ned made their hasty plans for deliverance. Here, in the cabin they occupied, the assault must be made. The reason was simply that their plan was

defeated at the outset if they attempted to master Domsdorf in the squaw's presence.

The plan, on perfection, was really very simple. As soon as Lenore came, she would be sent back to the cabin to bring Domsdorf. She would need no further excuse than that Bess had asked to see him; Ned's knowledge of the brute's psychology told him that.

Ned would be waiting in the newer cabin when Lenore and Domsdorf returned. He would immediately excuse himself and pass out the door, at the same instant that Bess extended a chair for Domsdorf. And the instant that he was seated Bess would dash a handful of the blinding snuff into his eyes.

Ned's axe leaned just without the cabin door. Domsdorf would notice it as he went in; otherwise his suspicions might be aroused. And in his first instant of agony and blindness, Ned would seize the weapon, dash back through the door, and make the assault.

They had scarcely perfected the plan before Lenore appeared, on the way to her cot. Just an instant she halted, her face and golden head a glory in the soft light, as she regarded their glittering eyes.

Ned moved toward her, reaching for her hands. For a breath he gazed into her lovely face. "Bess wants you to go—and tell Domsdorf—to come here," he told her. His voice was wholly steady, every word clearly enunciated; if anything, he spoke somewhat more softly and evenly than usual. "Just tell him that she wants to see him."

She took her eyes from his, glancing about with unmistakable apprehension.

Her searching eyes suddenly turned in fascinated horror to Bess. Standing near the open door, so that the room might not be filled with the dust of the snuff and thus convey a warning to Domsdorf, she was emptying the contents of the snuff-box into her handkerchief. Her eyes gleamed under her brows, and her hands were wholly steady. Lenore stirred a little, her hands pressing Ned's.

"What does it mean—?" "Liberty! That's what it means, if the plan goes through." For the first time Ned's voice revealed suppressed emotion. Liberty! He spoke the word as a devout man speaks of God. "It's the only chance—now or never," he went on with perfect coldness. "You've got to hold up and do your share—I know you can. If we succeed—and we've got every chance—it's freedom, escape from this island and Domsdorf. If we fail, it's likely death—but death couldn't be any worse than this. So we've nothing to lose—and everything to gain."

Overawed by their ardent Lenore turned back through the door. Her instructions were simple. The easiest task of the three was hers. Bess took one of the crude chairs, her handkerchief—clutched as if she had been weeping—in her lap. Ned sat down in one of the other chairs, intending to arise and excuse himself the instant Domsdorf appeared. His muscles burned under his skin. It was only about 60 yards to the cabin. If Domsdorf came at all, it would be in the space of a few seconds.

The door of the cabin closed behind her, and Lenore was alone with the night.

Could she take the fighting chance? Could she rise above this awful first fear; master it, scorn it, go her brave way in the face of it? But before ever she found her answer, she found herself at the cabin door. Listless, terrified, almost to the verge of collapse, she turned the knob and opened the door. Domsdorf had not yet gone to his blankets; otherwise the great bolt of iron would be in place. He was still sitting before the great, glowing stove, dreaming his savage dreams. The girl halted before him, leaning against a chair.

At first her tongue could hardly shape the words. Her throat filled, her heart faltered in her breast. "Bess—asked to see you," she told him at last. "She says for you to come—to her cabin."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

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ly tapped the ball and Koenig made the catch and raced 75 yards for a touchdown six minutes before the end of the tussle.

It was a brilliant run and twice Koenig dodged Concord players in his rush to carry the ball over the line and to bring victory to the Greensboro high in the initial game of the grid season in this city. In the try for points after touchdown Block booted the ball over the cross post and added another point to Greensboro's tally.

After Concord kicked the Greensboro team again threatened to score. A series of line plunges by "Buster" Swift, MacIntosh and High netted them considerable yardage but the whistle blew before the locals were able to rush the ball over the goal line.

The locals attempted two forward passes, Swift to Burroughs, both of which failed. While the Greensboro line withstood all the rushes of the Concord players and offered the visitors for a loss, the local backfield was unable to get going to any great extent. They were minus the driving power but the backfield did show that it is going to be one of the most powerful backfields in North Carolina scholastic circles.

The Concord high, also, have a powerful backfield, but their line yesterday appeared woefully weak as the locals broke through the right and left sides for repeated gains.

Willie Green, captain of the local team, Norman Block, center and Ford, tackle, played a great game, breaking through the line and making spectacular tackles. For the visitors Ridehour and Sullivan grabbed all the glory. During the latter part of the game Henderson, last year with Pithoune, and the year previous with Greensboro, was sent to right end in place of Irving.

Lineup and summary:
Greensboro (7) Position Concord (6)
Burroughs I. E. Fink

Green (Capt.) I. E. McInnis
Ford I. G. Benfield
Block F. Verble
Wrenn R. G. Peck
Neal R. T. Brown
Irving E. Smart
Swift G. B. Ridehour
High L. H. Hoover (Capt.)
Harrison R. H. Clever
Sellars F. B. Sullivan
Score by periods: 1 2 3 4
Concord 0 0 0 0
Greensboro 0 0 0 7
Summary: Greensboro scoring touchdown, Koenig. Point from try after touchdown, Block. Substitutes, Greensboro, MacIntosh for Sellars, Henderson for Irving, Conley for Wrenn, Koenig for Neal. Concord, Widenhouse for Fink, Crowder for Hoover, Hoover for Widenhouse, Referee, McAllister, Umpire, Hendrix. Head linesman, C. Phillips. Timers, Lee and Barringer. Time of periods, 15 minutes.

A Job Waiting. Family landed at Ellis Island speaking a language nobody could understand. If they could only sing, they would make a valuable addition to grand opera.—New York Evening Mail.

AUTO PAINTING For Quick Service and Quality Work See R. S. ABERNETHY 25 Barbrick St. Concord, N. C.

Well Answered. When Charles IX, king of France, asked Lasso who, in his estimation, was happiest, the poet answered: "God." "Everybody knows that," said the king, "but who is next?" And Lasso answered: "He who becomes most like to God."

No Need for Further Call. Little Katherine was visiting her aunt in the country and one morning while she and her cousin were dressing, chanticleer crowed long and loud near the house. Katherine rushed to the window and shouted, "Never mind us, Mr. Rooster! We're up."

RESALE OF VALUABLE CITY LOT. Whereas the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church authorized the undersigned trustees to sell the property described below and whereas said property was sold at Court House door in Concord, N. C., on Thursday, September 20, 1923, at 12 o'clock M., and whereas said bid has been increased 5 per cent., now therefore we will resell said property on Monday, October 1st, 1923, at 12 M., at the Court House Door in Concord, N. C., to the highest bidder for cash, said bidding to begin at \$2780.00. Said property lies between the Blume Garage and Old Presbyterian Church property on South Spring Street and has a frontage of 28.1 feet and a depth of 202 feet. The sale will remain open 10 days for an increased bid of 5 per cent. E. C. BARNHART, SR., D. B. MORRISON, GEO. H. RICHMOND, Trustees. Concord, N. C., Sept. 21, 1923. 21-3t-chg.