

Leeson's Last Drive

By CHARLES E. BAXTER

DOBB was still standing with the revolver in his hand, paralyzed with terror, when the neighbors found him. Leeson was lying huddled up in the seat of his rig, dead, a bullet from Dobb's weapon in his heart.

It was a sparsely settled agricultural community. The nearest neighbor was a quarter of a mile away—old Evan Pim. It was Pim and his sons, Charles and Ewart, who found Dobb standing so stupidly there. It was all they could do to induce him to return inside his house. There Dobb remained in a sort of trance. "I'm glad," was all that he would say. "I'm glad."

Early in the morning the police arrived and took him away to the county jail. And there sat Dobb, brooding, his head in his hands. "I'm glad," he said. "I'm glad."

Nobody was sorry for Leeson. Leeson was a notorious money-lender. He had half the township in pawn, for times were bad and the land was stubborn. He had had Dobb at his mercy, and was going to foreclose. Dobb had written him a note during him to come and see him.

A foolish note, and Leeson, who was no coward, had taken up the challenge. Leeson was a nervous, excitable man with a chronic heart complaint and a poor digestion. Half his cruelties were the result of this indigestion. He would fly up in the air at the least thing. He had immediately harnessed his horses and driven over to the Dobb place.

Mrs. Dobb had come out and begged Leeson to return. Leeson had not said a word, but sat in the rig, waiting for Dobb. Dobb burst from the house, abused Leeson, and opened fire on him. He had fired six times, and only the single bullet had found its mark.

Leeson had died without a word, and it looked very bad, indeed, for Dobb. It was a hanging state, and the farmer-jurymen, much as they had detested Leeson, were not likely to exculpate Dobb. Then there was Dobb's challenge. That was the worst thing of all. That showed premeditation.

Dobb was brought under guard to the inquest. The courtroom was packed. The minute the judge had taken his place Dobb arose.

"I killed him—" he began. "You d—n fool!" whispered his lawyer, tugging at his coat, but in vain.

Then, inasmuch as his defense was to be temporary insanity, he sat down himself, hoping all would be for the best, and that Dobb would make a clear impression of insanity upon the court.

"I killed him," shouted Dobb. "He was going to sell me up and turn me and mine out into the road to starve—"

"Sit down!" called the judge. "You will be heard at the proper time." "No time like this," yelled Dobb. "I want to go to the gallows. I don't want no palaver. There ain't no call for it. The man was a skunk, and his time was come. That's all there was to it."

"If you don't sit down and be silent you'll be removed," said the judge. Dobb was pulled back and the evidence began. It was shown how Dobb was found at the door of his house with the weapon in his hand. The bullet that had been extracted from Leeson's body fitted it. It looked bad for Dobb.

Murchison, the medical examiner, was called. "You performed an autopsy on the body of the deceased?" asked the judge.

"Yes, your honor." "What in your opinion was the cause of death?" "Heart disease," replied Murchison. "You mean—induced by the bullet?" "No, heart disease. The strain of the approaching interview was probably too much for Leeson. He was dead long before the prisoner's bullet struck him. The horse must have stopped at the door of their own accord. Dobb fired at a corpse."

Dobb stood up in the midst of the sensation. "You're a liar," he howled. "I killed him—dam you, you want to rob me of getting even with a skunk like that? I killed him!" "You will return a verdict in accordance with the evidence," said the magistrate to the jury.

"I killed him," whispered Dobb, as his wife led him away.

Useless Animal. "What has become of the sea serpent?" inquired the summer visitor. "They're no good," answered Uncle Bill Bottletop. "Science has decided a thirsey man could hang around the three-mile limit all day and never meet one that could deliver a snake bite worth notice."

Vexatious Opportunity. "I notice your family was particularly enthusiastic in cheering my speech," remarked Senator Sorbusum. "Yep," replied Farmer Cornhusk. "All the young folks are takin' voice culture. I made 'em attend your meetin' 's they could bolster their bladders without disturbin' nobody."

ENGLAND FACES MUCH LIKE THAT OF CURRENCY CRISIS RUSSIA AND GERMANY

BY MILTON BRONNER NEA Service Staff Correspondent

London, Nov. 10.—On the rate of speed at which currency printing presses in England will be run may depend the future of the British Isles.

One of the greatest political, economic, financial and industrial battles of modern times is being waged on the gear ratio of the money mills.

Shall the printing press, which ruined the currencies of Bolshevik Russia and republican Germany, be used to print more paper money for Great Britain?

Britain is struggling to decide whether to pursue the present policy of deflation or reverse its position and start inflation—or merely stand on the tight wire, balancing as long as possible between the hazards of inflation or deflation.

Deflation means retiring much paper money now in circulation and which is largely legal tender, because the government so decrees.

Inflation is the printing and subsequent circulation of more money.

There are two mighty causes at work which have made hitherto conservative British business

men, bankers and editors squint at printing-press methods:

FIRST—The fact that countries whose currency is depreciated in value like France and Italy are at work and are undercutting Britain's trade.

SECOND—That the great industrial districts of Britain are either idle or working on half time, with one million men unemployed, with the prospect of more being idle this winter and with the immense burden of supporting these jobless people by the payment of government doles.

Dollar Enters.

And the dollar comes into the thing, too. The champions of inflation say that the eye of the British government has been fixed too much upon New York. The London masters of finance have been too much concerned in how the English pound sterling stood in relation to the American dollar. They say it is far more vital to know how it stands in relation to the French franc, the Italian lira and the Serbian dinar.

The argument runs—have a little inflation, cheapen the pound as compared with the dollar, and bring it nearer to the level of old customer countries trade will once more flow to England, factories will once more be busy, and the



REGINALD McKENNA (LEFT) AND SIR ERIC GEDDES

number of unemployed will disappear.

Since 1920 Great Britain has pursued a policy of deflation. She has been taking much paper money out of circulation. Now no less a man than Sir Eric Geddes, president of the powerful Federation of British Industries, in a speech at Glasgow, said that if the government abandoned its policy of currency deflation trade would be at once stimulated.

"A policy of continuous deflation," said he, "means a rapid and continuous fall in prices, dislocation of business, an increase in the burden of the internal debt and continuous effort to adjust wages and costs to the constantly falling level of prices."

Urge Investigation.

Both he and the organization of which he is the head therefore urged that the government should appoint a commission composed of bankers, manufacturers, traders and laboring men to investigate whether a further policy of deflation was to be pursued. He urged a monetary policy that would keep the price level stable.

Reginald McKenna, formerly chancellor of the exchequer and at present head of one of the five big billion dollar banks of London said in Belfast:

"When unemployment is greatly in excess of the normal, we should abandon unhesitatingly the deflationary policy which is a cause of unemployment. But I do not say we should pursue a policy of monetary inflation."

However, in another place he wrote as follows:

"A policy either of inflation or of deflation should never be adopted except as a corrective, and the degree of unemployment at any given time will always furnish a test of the right medicine to be applied."

The advocates of the printing press say that if this means anything, it means that there is a great deal of unemployment, more paper money should be issued.

In the meantime the battle lines are being formed. The Federation of British Industries lines up for moderate inflation. The Association of British Chambers of Commerce is bitterly against it. Papers like the London Express and the weekly Spectator oppose further deflation. Papers like the Daily Mail and the weekly Outlook bitterly assail any other policy. And the debaters in Parliament are still to be heard from.

You're Wrong!



Joe McCaskill leaves Concord.

JOE McCASKILL LEAVES CONCORD

Gold and Black.

Joe McCaskill left several weeks ago to enter Columbia University in New York City. Joe will be greatly missed by the high school students because he was always ready to help anyone who needed it. He came to us about two and a half years ago from Davidson College, where he had graduated. During the short time he was here with us, we all learned to love him.

Joe has coached our football and basketball teams for the last two years; they were always a success. He taught the boys the principles of fair play and sportsmanship. The lessons learned on the gridiron and court from this true son of Davidson will live long in the hearts of the players. Joe always had the spirit of the school at heart, he constantly worked for its welfare and for the betterment of everyone connected with Concord High.

Everyone in the school wishes Joe—one of the squarest, cleanest and best of men—worlds of luck and happiness.

Black Sea Pirates Drive Ships to Port.

Varna, Bulgaria, Oct. 27.—The Black Sea is fast winning an unenviable reputation for piracy and lawlessness upon its waters. Seafaring men are terrified by two acts of violence in the past fortnight, and in some cases have declined to take their ships out of the harbors. The tale of the destruction of the Bulgarian sailing ship Biala was hardly out of men's mouths when there came the recital of how the crew of the Amon were done to death by Turkish marauders from the coast of Asia Minor. The Amon sailed from this port for Constantinople, laden with turpentine. A few miles out she was approached by two large motor boats. The Captain, not liking the appearance of these strange craft, crowded on all sail in an effort to get back to port, but the motor boats were too quick for him. One approached him from starboard and the other from port, and ranging alongside with grappling irons soon had a strong hold.

Then armed men went aboard the sailing vessel and made her their own. They overpowered the crew and lashed them to bulwarks and boat davits. Torture made them disclose the whereabouts of the ship's treasure, 26,000 golden Turkish pounds. This was quickly gathered in, and the pirates made a quick getaway, but before they cast off they set the Amon on fire. She was soon doomed, and so were the crew, still lashed to the deck stanchions.

ON "YOUR DAILY PAPER"

Lewiston, Me., Journal.

You buy a newspaper for a few cents. You carelessly put your hand in your pocket and pay for it. You say "Nothing in it." Or you say "Hello, I see there's an earthquake in Japan."

And you think that you are SOME critic; that you are a judge of affairs.

You read in the Lewiston Journal, for instance, for the first time, that Japan had been stricken—its metropolis wiped out. Do you know what that piece of news cost in life, in effort, in service, to lay before you for your three cents—that you would throw to a beggar?

At 6:30 a. m., Saturday, September 1, the Radio Corporation of America telephoned the Associated Press that Japan had been stricken by a great earthquake. It happened at noon, Tokio time. In 20 minutes bulletins were on the wires to all newspapers. This was the first information given to readers in America.

The Japanese earthquake presented some of the most extraordinary and perplexing problems in the bringing of news around the world from Japan to America. At a single stroke, the usual lines of communication across the Pacific from Japan to San Francisco, both cable and wireless, were put out of commission. This compelled an immediate readjustment so that the communication from Japan, hitherto across the Pacific, would now come in the other direction around the world, across Asia, via Singapore, Suez, Gibraltar and London, to New York, known as the Eastern route. Also another outlet across Asia was available, from Japan northward to Siberia, to Moscow-London-New York, known as the Northern route.

The London and New York offices thus became active centers, supplementing the work of San Francisco, in moving the mass of cable matter from Japan and nearby points, giving the first available details of the catastrophe. In this the facilities of Reuters at many vital points in the Far East were combined with those of the Associated Press in bringing forward a large number of cable dispatches direct from Osaka, Kobe, Nagasaki, and other Japanese cities in

close touch with the devastated area.

On the first day of the disaster, September 1, nine of these direct dispatches from Japan—eight during the day and one at night—had thus circled the globe westward to London and New York. On the following day, Sunday, the 2nd, no less than 28 of these direct dispatches from Osaka and other Japanese and nearby cities came westward via London. On Monday, the 3rd, there were 21 such dispatches via London.

Thus, in the first three days of the great disaster, 58 direct dispatches came around the world westward via London, giving extended details direct from the cities in touch with the area of devastation. The Pacific route, even in its crippled condition, was at the same time bringing a large number of direct dispatches from Japan and China points, these rising rapidly to 23 direct dispatches on the 3rd. Thus from both directions, from the West and from the East, these messages from the stricken area flowed around the world and into America, giving a steadily increasing picture of the great disaster through its first crucial days.

The route across Asia was in the main the Eastern, via Suez, at the outset. But it soon developed that the Northern route, via Siberia and European Russia, was exceptionally fast. This route was freely used, making about six hours in linking Japan and China with London and New York.

In the first week of the disaster more than 100—exactly 101—direct dispatches from the Orient had come by these Asiatic routes to London and New York, and above the large and constantly increasing number of dispatches coming across the Pacific to San Francisco.

This is what you get for a few cents. A correspondent went 141 miles through hell to get a part of this and altogether it was the combined effort of an entire world of correspondents—all for you. To serve you with the story that perhaps you turn aside for the mere exclamation, "Hello; there's 'another earthquake in Japan.'" A. G. S.

Rules Out Scopolamin.

Raleigh News and Observer.

Some of the facts promise to prove short lived. Scopolamin for instance. A few months ago quite a furor was created by the announced discovery that a drug, scopolamin, had been found which administered to a person would make him tell the truth. If such a thing could be done, imagine the value its use would be in a trial where the evidence of witnesses is entirely contradictory. The drug would at once determine who was telling the truth and who was perjuring himself. But the fact probably has run its course. Like the gland fat, it will not stand the test of practice.

A judge in Kansas the other day refused to accept the efficacy of scopolamin in developing the truth in a trial. Link Sykes, a negro, was suspected of murder and being tried. His counsel offered to put him to the test of the "truth serum." They insisted that once a person was un-

der its control he could tell nothing but the truth. The Judge held that the accused would be most likely to tell the thing impressed deepest on his mind, and that the evidence that this impression was always the truth had not been established.

Sykes voluntarily allowed scopolamin to be administered to him following his conviction. While under the influence of the drug, he denied committing the murder. The judge was not moved. He said he believed the thing weighing heaviest on the negro's mind naturally would be his determination to deny the murder. That is the common sense of the use of scopolamin in getting at the truth.

A factory is being built in San Diego for the production of gelatine products from seaweed on a much larger scale than heretofore has been attempted.

Borrowed umbrellas cast the shavard of suspicion.

What Do We Vote For When We Vote "For Special Tax" on November 20?

- 1 An eight months' term for every child in the county.
2 An efficient High School in reach of every child in he county.
3 Trucks to transport to these High Schools those children who live too far away to walk to them.
4 Not over 35c on the one hundred dollars' worth of property, or as much less as the program can be put on for—less than one-half cent on the dollar—nothing on the poll.

This does not mean that the schools which we now have will be done away with. We will continue to have the Elementary Schools.

A World of Lovely New Modes

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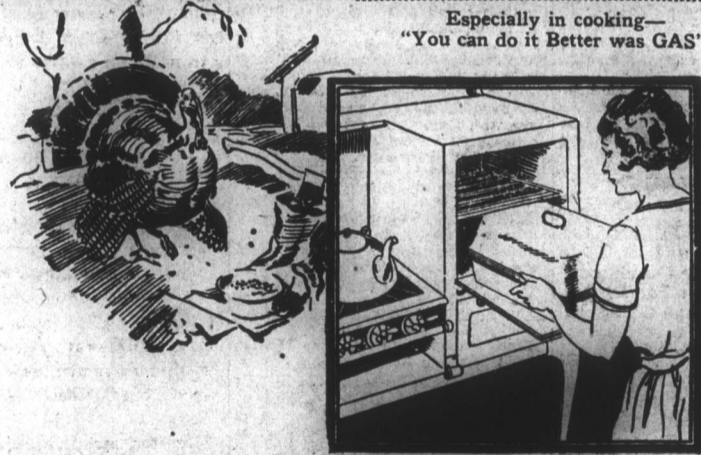
\$3.95, \$5.95, \$6.95, \$9.95, \$11.95

Adorable draped turbans, depending entirely upon their charm of line and, perhaps, just a dashing bow for their allurements. Snug-fitting clothes—ribbon and chenille embroidered and fur-adorned. Visored pokes, and, Oh, hundreds of adorable new modes, in all the Season's favored fabrics and all the most popular Autumn shades and tones.

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and We Will Furnish a

10 lb. Turkey Free

With every gas range purchased from us between November 1st and 24th we will give FREE a 10-pound Turkey. Ranges will be delivered and installed promptly and delivery of your turkey will be made beginning November 20.

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USE THE TIMES AND TRIBUNE PENNY COLUMNS.—IT ALWAYS PAYS