

**The Concord Daily Tribune**  
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**RAILROAD SCHEDULE**  
 In Effect Nov. 29, 1923.

**Northbound**  
 No. 40 To New York 9:25 P. M.  
 No. 136 To Washington 5:05 A. M.  
 No. 36 To New York 10:25 A. M.  
 No. 34 To New York 4:43 P. M.  
 No. 46 To Danville 2:15 P. M.  
 No. 12 To Richmond 7:10 P. M.  
 No. 32 To New York 9:03 P. M.  
 No. 30 To New York 1:55 A. M.

**Southbound**  
 No. 45 To Charlotte 8:35 P. M.  
 No. 25 To New Orleans 9:55 P. M.  
 No. 29 To Birmingham 2:35 A. M.  
 No. 31 To Augusta 5:51 A. M.  
 No. 33 To New Orleans 8:25 A. M.  
 No. 11 To Charlotte 8:05 A. M.  
 No. 33 To Atlanta 8:35 P. M.  
 No. 39 To Atlanta 9:50 A. M.  
 No. 37 To New Orleans 10:45 A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

**BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY**

SHALL WANT NO GOOD THING—For the Lord God is a sun and a shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly.—Psalm 84:11.

**DRIVING OUT TYPHOID.**

Figures recently published in Raleigh show that typhoid fever has been on the decrease in Cabarrus County for the past several years. The slump in the number of cases of this disease in the county started when the free county-wide campaign against disease was started several weeks ago, and with the exception of one year, when a number of cases were reported in a negro community, there has been a decrease each year since 1919.

What has been done in this county has been done in practically every other county in the State. We have about driven typhoid fever from North Carolina.

In the past eleven years, says the Health Bulletin of the State Department of Health, the death rate in the State from this disease has been reduced by 72 per cent. From its position near the top in the United States the State has been pulled down to a place among those States having the least typhoid fever, and now heads the list of the Southern States with the lowest death rate from this particular disease.

The intensive fight against typhoid fever began in 1914, when definite plans were adopted to be carried in to effect the following year. Vaccine for the prevention of typhoid fever had been thoroughly tested and its efficacy established. So the State Board of Health decided to attempt mass immunization on a large scale.

Only a few years ago it was the usual thing to see typhoid fever deaths reported almost daily in the State newspapers during the summer months. Experiments with the typhoid serum were first made on a large scale in the United States Army and they proved so successful there that they have been adopted by practically every State in the Union.

Of course the serum does not work in every case but it works in nine cases out of ten. Take the Army for instance. During the Spanish-American War there were more deaths from typhoid than from wounds. That experience made the Army take steps to wipe out the disease among its personnel and the success thus attained has been passed on to all States.

In 1914 the total deaths from typhoid in the State numbered 830, giving a death rate of 25.8 per 100,000 of population. In 1923 the deaths from typhoid in the State numbered 270, giving a death rate of 8.9 per 100,000 of population. The reduction in the death rate was 72 per cent. Or to put it another way, if no efforts had been made to eradicate typhoid fever, and the same death rate had prevailed in 1924 as in 1914, 997 citizens would have succumbed to the disease. For the year, as compared with eleven years previously, there was a saving of 697 lives, and ten times the saving in serious illness.

**POWER CURTAINMENT DEFIED.**

While the water in the lakes and

**APPECIATION OF DR. W. S. RANKIN**

Ben Dixon MacNeill in News & Observer.

Over the desk of Dr. Rankin, where he has sat in the red brick building where he has worked for near two decades to the end that the world has made a path to his door and made him to walk up it into new fields, there hangs a picture of Napoleon. Yesterday I think he must have had it picked up to take with him to his new office in Charlotte. It was not there as I talked to him. Looking a Rankin, and then at Napoleon, there is an inescapable similarity between them, a physical resemblance. It must be deeper than that. The biographies of the Little Corporal that I have read tell of a man whose sentences were crisp, whose voice was incisive, whose processes were direct, but who, when the situation demanded, could be swiftly adroit. They are alike in these things, too. There is, too, an unfathomable quality about Rankin that must have been characteristic of Napoleon.

There is usually no lack of water in the State at this season of the year and it seems reasonable to presume that no further curtailment program will be necessary any time soon.

The lifting of the ban means a great deal to Concord and Cabarrus county. This city depends to a large degree on the pay rolls of the cotton mills for its business, and when these pay-rolls are cut down business suffers a loss.

**BURNS PROVE FATAL TO 2 ROWAN WOMEN**

Mrs. Mary Holshouser, of Rockwell, and Mrs. R. F. Burch, East Spencer, die of injuries.

Salisbury, Jan. 10.—Mrs. Mary Holshouser, aged 82, widow of Maxwell Holshouser, died this afternoon at 1 o'clock at her home at Rockwell, death being caused by burns she received Friday night. Mrs. Holshouser was alone in her bedroom when her clothing caught from an open fireplace and when her step-granddaughter, Mrs. Louis Sides, was attracted to the room by her screams she found the elderly woman wrapped in flames. The funeral and burial takes place Monday afternoon at Crescent.

Mrs. R. F. Burch, of East Spencer, died this afternoon in the Salisbury hospital from burns she received the day before Christmas.

Mrs. Burch's clothing caught from an open fireplace and she did not realize that she was a fire until she had walked about the room. The flames burned her body so badly the injuries proved fatal today.

Mrs. Burch was 42 years old and leaves a husband and three children: also a brother, Paul Collins, of New Jersey, and a sister, Ethel, who lives in St. Louis. She was a daughter of the late Jonnie Collins who for many years was foreman of the Raleigh News and Observer.

**FOUR ARE KILLED AT GRADE CROSSING**

Two Men and Two Women Meet Death When Crescent Limited Hits Car at Gastonia.

Gastonia, Jan. 10.—Three persons were killed outright and one fatally injured here tonight when an automobile was struck at a little used grade crossing on the outskirts of the town by northbound train number 38 of the Southern railroad, known as the Crescent Limited. The accident happened shortly after 8 o'clock.

Those killed were: Robert Anderson, driver of the car; A Mrs. Wheeler; C. R. Dixon.

Miss Annie Sutton, the fourth occupant of the automobile, suffered both broken arms and legs and died at a local hospital a few hours later.

The dead were all horribly mangled and the automobile was torn into small fragments and scattered along the tracks for many feet.

**What Concerned Him Most.**

Stany News-Herald.

Speaking of the venerable preacher who, on January 1st, at Elon College, preached a sermon on his 100th birthday anniversary, the Monroe Journal makes this very interesting comment:

"It is a wonderfully appealing story which the paper carries today about the sermon preached by Dr. J. W. Wellons at Elon College on the day that he became one hundred years old. Men do live to be a hundred, now and then, and still retain their faculties. Some years ago a celebrated French chemist attained to that age in such condition. But for a man to live to be a hundred years old and be able to sit before an audience and deliver a coherent discourse for an hour is so far beyond the ordinary accomplishment of human life that it is memorable. When this man was born Andrew Jackson had not become president of the United States, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams still lived, though they both died in the summer of that year; the country beyond the Mississippi was unknown, and not a one of the inventions which largely dominate life today had made much if any headway. But it was not so much these things that the venerable preacher was concerned with in this, his last sermon. He was concerned in the one idea which had concerned him at the beginning of his seventy years of preaching, namely, seeking God. It may well be imagined that this old man himself, so far as it is given to one in this life to do, has already found God, and he must have spoken much from his own experience when he said, seek, seek, seek first, and of all things, seek God. With the experience of the most wonderful century of human knowledge in his mind, the old man comes back to his mother's knee in the same childish need for knowledge and experience of God."

May we who are younger not get a line thought from the grand old man's advice?

**Old Columbia sheep-shearers** from the Harris Mountains shear as many as twenty sheep in a day, doing the operation so skillfully as not to cut the skin of a single animal.

**Bobbed Hair**  
 A CONCORD MYSTERY STORY BY TWENTY FAMOUS AUTHORS

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 "BOBBED HAIR" with Marie Prevost is a pictorialization of this story by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

**SYNOPSIS**

Saltonstall Cabot Adams finds himself in the early morning on Long Island. An officer of the New York State Police is approaching him on a motorcycle. Adams had left a Connecticut town just after midnight to search for Connemara Moore, who had suddenly disappeared a few hours before. Connemara was to have announced her engagement to him—or to Bing Carrington—but didn't. Adams had barely reached Long Island when he was "held up."

**CHAPTER XVII—Continued**

Salt caught his breath. Then he grinned abruptly and in spite of himself. In the movies and in books, the thought flashed through his brain, the man who came along to save the day was always a member of the Royal Northwest Mounted. Well, here was the day being saved, and by the nearest thing to the Mounties that the forty-eight states have yet produced.

The trooper saw Salt as he came abreast of him and brought his machine to a slijfing stop with an ominous grating of two outspread boots against the pavement. The newcomer stared a moment, in the manner of one who had momentarily forgotten his breeding, wriggling his motorcycle backward the while in that disconcerting fashion of a cop who desires converse and information.

Presently the trooper spoke. "What's the big idea?" he asked. His tone gave Salt a sinking and definite impression that what the gentleman wanted to know was precisely what he had outlined, to wit: the nature of the big idea.

"H'm!" mused the trooper. "No, I guess you're not worth takin' up. You're what I thought you were—just a harmless boob. The ferry's that way." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "And I'll bet you have a string of kids seven miles long behind you before you get there. Move your dogs, buddy, before I change my mind."

Salt moved. When he reached Bayville, hungry and tired and thirsty, but unconscious of it all because of the utter humiliation and wretchedness attendant upon the laughter and taunts and gibes that had followed his every step, he made for the farthest corner of the ferry-pier. The sky was blue and the sun was bright and warm, the water danced with the care-free sparkle of a mellow summer's day. But Saltonstall Cabot Adams saw nothing of this. Aside from a hiding place and complete extinction, there was one thing and one only that he desired. He wanted a cigarette. He had none, and he could not bring himself to try to beg. Yes, he wanted a smoke. He would have given fifty dollars on the spot for that.

He had no idea where anybody was, and at the present moment he did not much care. He did not even know that his nine-mile pilgrimage had taken him past the very entrance gates of the house where Connemara and the rest of them had fallen together. But even that would have interested him little. In spite of his need for help, Salt had been in no mood to drop in at anybody's house. What he wanted now was to get home—and to his own proper clothes.

He did not even know that at that very moment he was missing a perfectly good ride in a perfectly good automobile.

Lacy and Connemara had returned rather soberly from their unsuccessful hunt for the buried fifty thousand, to find that Aunt Celimena, having regained that miraculous composure which is breathed into any right-minded woman by the accessibility of a dressing table and the presence of a mirror, had once more suddenly become her old self. The company recognized this by a certain lift of her eyebrows. It was a lift that Connemara knew well.

Said Aunt Celimena with decision: "We shall now go home."  
 "Suits me," said Sweetie, "as long as I stick with the party. Where's home?"  
 Aunt Celimena looked languidly past and through her interrupter.  
 "Mr. Lacy," she pursued, "will you tell me where I can secure a motor? I desire to take my niece back to Moorelands. If Constance Mary insists upon the presence of this—she transfixed Sweetie with a glare—of this young woman, I suppose I shall have to take her as well. And I want Bing to come, because I shall not sleep a wink to-night unless there is a man in the house."  
 "How about me?" David asked with a grin. "Don't I qualify?"

(To be continued)

**Want Members of the Asheville Mob Paroled.**

Efforts will be made to get the names of 25,000 people on the petition to be presented to Governor McLean asking the pardon or parole of the 15 men who were given prison and chain gang sentences for participating in the masked attack on the Buncombe jail in September in an effort to get Alvin Karpis, negro rapist, if it is reported in which a total of 13,250 signatures have been affixed. There are 40 more petitions

In circulation.

Just when these petitions will be presented to the governor has not been determined. However, it is believed that as soon as 25,000 names are secured, the documents will be forwarded to the chief executive.

Several county and city officials have signed the petitions, also a dozen or more Asheville policemen.

In summer cracked ice served in bowls is sold at railway stations in Japan.

**Columbia Sleds**  
 Have Your Fun While the Snow Is Here

**Yorke & Wadsworth Co.**  
 THE OLD RELIABLE HARDWARE STORE



**OH, LOOK!**  
 Several New Styles in Blond Kid  
 Both Pumps and Straps. Very Pretty and Reasonable  
 \$5.95

**RUTH-KESLER SHOE STORE**



**Shoes of Quality and Long Wear**  
 Latest Styles—Moderately Priced  
 \$1.95, \$2.95, \$3.95, \$4.95 to \$6.95

In every detail our Shoes are far above in quality those usually found at these prices.

**MARKSON SHOE STORE**  
 PHONE 897

**Get It At**

**Ritchie Hardware Co.**  
 YOUR HARDWARE STORE  
 PHONE 117

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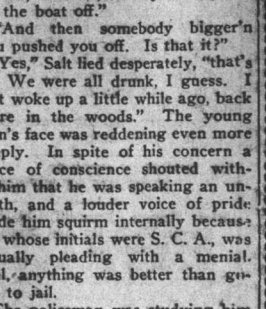
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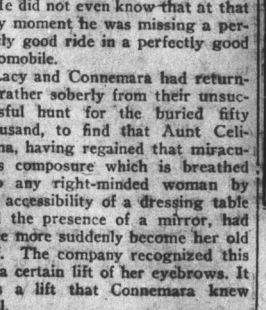
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