

The Concord Daily Tribune

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE
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Northbound
No. 40 To New York 9:28 P. M.

Division Destroys—Every city or house divided against itself shall not stand.—Matthew 12:25.

THE "WHY" OF THE BROOKHART VICTORY
Disatisfaction with farm relief measures is the real cause of the victory of Col. Smith W. Brookhart in the Iowa primary.

It is true the cry of "martyr" which was raised by the former Senator, after he was defeated in his contest with Senator Steck, probably aided his cause, but the chief cause was lack of sympathy shown by the administration for the farmer.

Senator Cummins has been an administration man. It is true he came out solidly for the Haugen farm relief bill but that bill was never passed. He may as well have come out for anything else, so far as the farmers were concerned. They could not be satisfied to know that he was supporting a bill which had been killed.

Frank Kent, who has been in Iowa studying the situation, says that everybody in that state depends largely upon agriculture and that "a deep long depression disastrously affects everybody's pocketbook's very life," and he adds:

"Such a depression exists today. A large proportion of the farmers in Iowa are, as one of the best qualified experts in the State to speak on the subject expressed it, "having a hell of a time to get by." There is no space here to discuss reasons. It is enough to say that everybody agrees something is wrong and something has got to be done.

What the corn belt got in response to its appeal to the Administration at Washington, instead of sympathy and understanding was a chill rejection of its proposals as "economically unsound" without a proffer of what is considered here an adequate or constructive counter-suggestion. The result is a situation where any form of farm relief legislation at this session seems impossible.

It is surprising that Iowa and the rest of the corn belt are sore? It is surprising that the sort of political situation described in this and the first article has resulted? It is the colorless, coldness and lack of conviction about the Coolidge attitude toward a distressing if not a critical condition that actually exists, that has destroyed his propaganda-built popularity in this section and makes Senator Cummins' friends regard his support in this fight as undesirable.

NOT ALL A WASTE OF TIME.
Republicans, especially members of the "old guard" do not like investigations. They are especially opposed to investigation of fraud in official life or in elections, and usually they raise the "time-worn cry" that "the Senate spends too much time chasing down rumors," and that "Senators are unable to transact the regular business because they are busily running down rumors." "Sides" were the statements made by Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, when the Senate decided to make inquiry into the manner in which the last Republican primary was managed.

Senator Reed, of Missouri, answered in this fashion:
"I remember two investigations

that brought two results of the most important character. The investigation by Congress disclosed the Newberry corruption. The investigation what is commonly called the Walsh committee uncovered an unspeakable condition in the cabinet."

We do not argue that Congress should spend too much time with investigations, but what other business can Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, suggest that is if more important than honest elections and primaries free from corruption and graft? And does Senator Reed argue that corruption and graft are absent when more than \$2,000,000 is spent in a primary?

PREDICTS RECORD YEAR FOR HIGHWAY WORK IN STATE.

Chairman Frank Page, of the North Carolina Highway Commission, was in Charlotte several days ago and while there was questioned by newspaper men as to the progress of highway work in the State.

Mr. Page is quoted as saying the greatest single year's program in the history of the North Carolina Commission is being carried steadily toward completion, and if weather conditions are favorable, 600 miles of paved highways and 300 miles of other types of roads will be built as the commission's record for 1926.

The North Carolina commission's forces are completing an average of three miles of highway per day, Mr. Page explained, and a greater mileage is now under construction than at any former time in the history of the State. Mr. Page expresses himself as well pleased with the progress of the commission in its vast undertaking, one of the greatest of its kind in the United States.

One delights to hear of progress with our highways, especially in the western part of the State. There in several counties the hard-surface road is opening a new world to our people, is giving them an outlet for their produce and as a result is giving them an incentive to work. Mr. Page has a right to feel proud of the record the commission has made.

The New Office of the Tribune and Winston-Salem Sentinel.

John B. Sherrill, owner and publisher of the Concord Tribune and Times, who set type on the Western Sentinel during the days of Edward A. Oldham's ownership, has just moved his printing plant into a new and spacious building, with all modern equipment. He and his papers are at home to their thousands of admiring friends. It is understood that the publisher is planning for a generous housewarming shortly.

Among the newspaper fraternity it will be recalled that John Sherrill served the State Press Association as secretary for many years. He was then elected president and in both positions he has performed his duty well. He has met with splendid success in the newspaper "game" and is one of North Carolina's most popular publishers.

The Sentinel hereby extends its congratulations upon the forward step taken by the owner of the Concord daily and semi-weekly publications.

WISE CRACKS

A Kentuckian wants to sell his mule because the animal kicked. On the other hand, thousands of men are clamoring to buy something they "can get a kick out of."—Greensboro Record.

Sometimes we wonder what would happen if the nation's writers should ask Congress for an appropriation to buy their surplus crop.—Arkansas Democrat.

The trouble is that making federal officers out of state officers is also apt to make fools out of them.—Durham Sun.

An intellectual is one who can quote the good authors who furnished the few ideas he possesses.—Tampa Tribune.

A New York thug, using a turpentine in a burlap bag for a blackjack, found it didn't work. Of course not. You can't get blood money out of a turpentine.—Fayetteville Observer.

SEEK RACERS FOR CHARLOTTE EVENT

Roberts Off For Altoona Speedway In Effort to Sign Lockhart and Others.

Charlotte, June 8.—C. W. Roberts, general manager of the Charlotte speedway, will leave tomorrow for the Altoona, Pa., speedway where he will sign twenty-five racers to appear here at the next race on August 23rd.

Mr. Roberts said he expects to have a few new faces along with the many old favorites when the race is held. Among the new men that Mr. Roberts expects to bring here is Frank Lockhart, the young driver of California, who was a sensation in the recent Indianapolis race.

Among the other local favorites Mr. Roberts said he is sure of signing again for Charlotte are Peter De Paolo, Harry Hart, Fred Comer, Doc Shattuc, Earl Devore, Zeke Meyer, Peter Kries and Ben Jones.

The Charlotte speedway today was granted a franchise by the American Automobile Association of Washington to hold the August race.

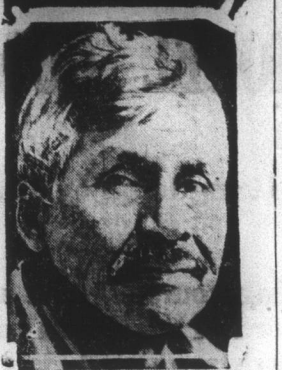
B. F. Brittain Defeated in His Home County by Long.

Asheboro, June 8.—Official returns from Saturday's primary in Randolph county give Zeb V. Long for solicitor, 15th judicial district, 823 votes and B. F. Brittain, his opponent, 333. Senator Overman received 1,081 votes against 12 for Robert L. Reynolds. In 11 of the 20 precincts in the county Reynolds did not get a vote, or one out of five Democratic voters in the county went to the polls.

Our anger and impatience often prove much more mischievous than the things about which we are angry or impatient.

Wife Sued

Mrs. Jackson Barnett (top) has been sued by the Government on behalf of her husband (below), world's wealthiest Indian. The suit, filed in Los Angeles, asks the accounting of \$550,000 in Liberty Bonds turned over to her.



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YORK POLKS TO PRAY FOR RAIN

Comparatively Few Stands of Cotton Have Been Secured in the Entire County.

Rock Hill, S. C., June 8.—With the drought situation in the section having reached a stage declared to be the most serious ever recalled, Mayor J. B. Johnson today called upon citizens to lay aside business Wednesday at 11 o'clock and to gather in the First Presbyterian Church to offer up prayers for Divine relief.

In practically all of York county, no rain greater than a sprinkle has fallen since April 7th, and Wednesday will mark the sixty-third day of the drought which has occurred at the most critical period of the year for farmers.

If rain does not fall within the next seven days, all hopes of producing a cotton crop must be abandoned. L. W. Johnson, county agent, declared today. Both Mr. Johnson and A. A. McKown, district agent, agree that the situation is the most serious in their recollection.

"This is not, however, a time for panic," they said in a message to farmers. "It is a time for courage and for swift and decisive action when the moment comes."

A survey of the county by the agents has proved that comparatively few stands of cotton have been secured. The ground in all parts of the county, except that adjacent to the North Carolina line, is hard and absolutely without moisture, they said.

OWENS SEIZED SIX DISTILLERIES HIMSELF

Heads Efficiency List For May in the Western District—Much Property Is Confiscated.

Charlotte, June 8.—Heading the efficiency list with a lead of thirteen points, J. W. Owens, prohibition agent, of Hendersonville, commended by administrative officials here for his bravery in capturing the slayer of Agent Grant last week, again received recognition when his past month's record was made public.

Owens seized six complete distilleries, 47 gallons of whisky and made nine arrests, his record placing him thirteen points ahead of the nearest prohibition agent's record.

Although the agents of the western North Carolina district have been in attendance in federal district court a greater part of the time, the month's report from the office of Deputy Administrator J. L. Otter shows 91,680 gallons of beer and 1,087 gallons of whisky seized and destroyed.

There were 76 illicit distilleries captured and destroyed, one still, 34 still forms, 34 gallons of wine, 80 gallons of mash, nine fermenters and six cars valued at \$1,550.

The total value of property seized and destroyed was estimated at \$30,421. There were 404 arrests made and 53 prosecutions in federal district court.

A Brave Deed.

Mrs. Vernon Lockhart, who lives two miles east of Monroe on the Wadesboro road, believes credit should be given when credit is due. Mrs. Lockhart relates an occurrence 28th of last year which should have been chronicled at that time.

William Porter was digging a well for Charlie Strawn, a tenant on the Lockhart farm. Porter was over-come by foul air in the forty-foot well and there was no one to rescue him, or who would take the risk. Stanley Strawn, who lived nearby, heard the commotion at the well of those who had gathered, ran quickly to the aid of the smothering man. He did not hesitate, even when he was taking his own life in his hands, and went down

BROKEN HEARTS OF HOLLYWOOD

Copyrighted by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc. "BROKEN HEARTS OF HOLLYWOOD" with Louise Dresser is a Warner picturization of this novel.

SYNOPSIS
Betsy Trevalliger, a beautiful girl, and Hal Chayne, a handsome young man, are mutually attracted on a routine in Hollywood as prize winners of newspaper contests, for movie tryouts. Arriving in Hollywood they take rooms in the same boarding house—a place frequented by movie actors, who find Betsy's face strangely familiar. Some movie old-timers discourage the couple, but Marshall, a hanger-on, champion of Betsy, who likes Hal. But an actor warns Hal to keep Betsy away from Marshall, who is responsible for many of the "broken hearts of Hollywood."

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Many and varied are the kinds of conferences perpetrated each and every day throughout Studioiland. One may be called on scanty warning and less pretext. There are the internal departmental conferences; that is, the Publicity Office, where each bright young worker wonders "how they expect us to get up steam about this celluloid garbage"; the Sales Department, wherein the disgruntled salesmen wonder how they can ever get canny exhibitors to book such a "yuk of cheese" as the Company's latest feature; the Scenario Department, where the writers was wrathful about the way directors maltreat their scripts; the Directorial conferences, wherein the directors groan about the hopeless scripts that are handed to them to be made into pictures; the Executive conference, in which the Magnate bemoans the incompetency of his own entire

staff and the excellence of the staffs of every other Magnate to captivity. And so on.

Then the interdepartmental conferences, in which the Publicity Department tells the Sales Department it is going to spring "the greatest stunt in the history of the business"; and the Sales Department assures the Exchange managers that the latest feature is "the greatest picture ever made"; and the Scenario Department tells the Directors that they are about to turn over "the greatest scripts ever written"; and the Directors tell the Stars they are going to give them "the greatest chance of their careers in the greatest bit of directing ever attempted"; and the Stars thereupon ask the Magnate for raises; and the Magnate informs the atmosphere at large that he employs the "greatest bunch of robbers in the history of the business."

There are many other conferences mentioned. Not the least of the miscellaneous brand is the lunch room conference, where every one toots his part as a cog in the little game known in motion picture parlance as "saving the picture."

Ally's, naturally, center around the directors, who are the active center of the production. If a picture turns out poor, the Director says: "What could I do with such a rotten script?" If the picture is good, the Director says: "I had a rotten script, but I saved it." But he is not allowed to cackle alone; the subtitle-writer says, "Rotten story—rotten direction—but my titles saved it;" the film cutter says, "Rotten story—rotten direction—rotten titles, but my cutting saved it;" the Publicity Department says, "Rotten production—but our boosting saved it." So it goes.

In a business of superlatives, comparative methods will not do. The motion picture is not an industry following grooved prod-

uct channels, where the product is standardized and added to by each worker as an unthinking unit; where a wisp of cotton put on a moving sidewalk will have grown into a four cylinder coupe by the time it has traveled three hundred yards, past four departments, and 4,000 workmen, each of whom adds a screw or a dab of paint. Unlike mechanical workers, the moving picture laborers are specialists who think somewhat for themselves. Unlike Ford's, a completed motion picture is a child of many independent brains; raised, patting, bullied, coddled, by many hands; growing out of ideas not preserved in patterned moulds, but always in a state of flux, capable of being changed, in detail or in entire trend, from one moment to another as new ideas supervene, or to meet shifting business conditions or political circumstances. Here, indeed, is a restless, unhampered bra of the Muses; a conglomeration of many interchanges of opinion parabolized before the lens in Klieg rays.

To be blunt as well as brief, the whole matter can be summed up in the proverbial nutshell by remarking that the initials "M. P. I." can stand, interchangeably, for Motion Picture Industry or for Much Palaver Industry.

Into this high-tension and volatile atmosphere young people like Betsy and Hal are constantly plunging without restraint, and unarmed with experience or money or talent. Attracted by the glamour and romance which always gild the minarets of the make-believe world—whether it be the stage or the studio lot—they beat against the casting gates in flocks, like gulls against lighthouse windows. Many brave hearts go down in the gale, for most of them have but one qualification, the consuming desire to act—and that's too common a trait for Magnates to invest money in.

Pictures, after all, are investments—and precarious ones, depending upon the unfastidious whims and moods of a fickle public.

Their rights to win their respective contests and the rainbow strip to Hollywood were as a pathway of primroses for Betsy and Hal, but it ended at the threshold of the Amalgamated Studios on that first morning when they presented their persons and credentials. What lay ahead was on the lips of the gods—and gods can have lapses as grim and gray as granite quarry ledges.

This biggest of all mornings in the lives of Betsy and Hal, was just an ordinary morning in the Amalgamated Studios—which means, in other words, that the office of the Production Manager was a madhouse, besieged by a constant procession of lunatics.

Hiram Butler, the Production Manager of the Amalgamated, had attained his commanding position in the industry by virtue of an ability to outdo, outpace, outsell (himself), outkick, and kick out—physically or figuratively, as need be—any other hally chased son of a sea gull in Hollywood. Butler's office, then, during the flood tide of any day's work, resounded with hollow, booming reverberations, like a limestone cavern thumped by the Bermuda curf, or a boiler factory in full whack.

This morning things were particularly disordered—and Butler was in his most bellicose mood. The forquema of the Movies had two victims impaled on the barbs of his sarcasms, frying over the coals of his wrath. A director and a scenario writer were the wriggling subjects; and as usual in such instances they were blaming one another for the mistakes that had caused a character in their latest picture to be played throughout three expensive sequences of scenes which, in point of story time, occurred long after the character was supposed to have died. It was impossible to cut the parts out, because of other action involved; it would be too expensive to remake.

"She wasn't in the script—if you had looked at the script, you had head—"

"Anaa—w-w-wrrr, if I'd taken your script seriously I'd a killed all the characters in the first scene, and spared the public—"

"Maybe we can change the character's name; make her the hero's love's wife; in the best half of the story, why didn't she die sooner in the first half? You tampered the scenario writer hopelessly, in between Butler's general blasts.

"Yeh, and how are you going to explain that the Aunt wears all the sister's clothes? Tell me that!"

"Maybe we can stick in a little saying that all her own clothes were lost in her trunk when the ship on which she came from Australia sank."

(To be continued)

into the well, brought the unconscious man to the surface, and thus saving his life. Mr. Strawn collapsed when he reached the top of the well and would have fallen back had not other hands reached out and saved him.

Mrs. Lockhart says nothing ever appeared in the papers of Stanley Strawn's brave act and that it should be done even at this late date.

The Beauty of the Uwharrie Range. Monroe Enquirer. Henry Ford now owns a 16,000-

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hills and valleys afford just as fine scenic views as the higher peaks of pure mountainous sections. Then among the hills there is the additional advantage of level lands that are fertile and accessible.

In the coming years our people more and more will be inclined to leave their homes where "beauty spots" may be observed. Such places have artistic value that should not be overlooked.

Twilight buschall is very popular in Boston, where some of the semi-professional clubs attract an attendance of 100,000 or more during the camp.

acre plantation in an isolated spot in southeast Georgia and will build a home in a grove of trees overlooking the Ogeechee river from a high bluff affording miles of scenic view.

While none of our folks here in Piedmont North Carolina will be quite so much of the "wherever" as Mr. Ford, they do have homes located where there is scenery worth going a big way to see.

Partly as the true son of the South, Henry Ford's plantation is situated on the Uwharrie Mountain range. High

DESTROYS Moths, Roaches, Bedbugs, Flies