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Dr. William M. Dehn, of the University of Illinois, stated after analysis, that coca-cola does not contain any cocaine or other powerful alkaloids, and that physiologically it does not differ much from tea, coffee and such beverages.

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PRESIDENT SMITH'S OPINION.

Future Quotations Depressed Simply for Speculative Purposes.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 26.—Mr. E. D. Smith, president of the South Carolina Cotton Association and organizer of the general association, has returned from a tour of the West, and several days spent in New Orleans and cotton centers.

"The most interesting contest in the history of cotton is now on between the farmers and the New York speculators," said he, in answer to a question from your correspondent as to the falling off in the price of spot cotton. "The price of the manufactured goods is now based on a price of 15 cents or more for the raw material, and the demand for the cloth is unprecedented. The mills, a few weeks ago, were paying 14 to 14 1/2 cents without a murmur. The crop is unquestionably short, far below the needs of the trade, while the trade conditions of the world are excellent, and the money situation is easy."

"Now, what has caused the decline? Certainly no lack of demand for cotton. There is no oversupply in sight. No strikes or other curtailment of spindles. Every mill is running on full time. There is no financial stringency or rumor of international complications."

"Therefore, the low price of cotton means simply that the speculators entrenched behind a lot of low grade cotton held in their warehouses, are putting the future quotations down for purely speculative purposes. And it is a clean-cut fight between them and the farmer, merchant and banker of the South as to who will win."

"If the people of the South simply refuse to sell below 15 cents the fight is won. If they put their cotton on the market at the absurd capacities of the gambler then all the work of the different organizations goes for nothing."

Mr. Smith says with the exception of South Carolina and Georgia and parts of North Carolina, where the mills are located, not half as much cotton has been sold for future delivery as was sold in the same manner last year. The South Carolina association has received a report that in York county alone 5,000 bales has been sold for future delivery.

"It is the weak cotton that breaks the back of the strong," said Mr. Smith. The great bulk of cotton that would be held for the minimum price is forced on the market by conditions brought about by the weak fellows going on the market. I am going to call a meeting of the South Carolina county presidents in a day or so to see what can be done to put our holding schemes into practice. These holding concerns are being operated with success in other parts in parts of the South, and I have reports from several South Carolina county organizations that the money is available. If we can hold this weak cotton off the market the fight is won, as the strong will stay off itself then."

Why Men Don't Go to Church.

"What we want is more virility and less effeminacy," said Bishop W. A. Candler before the assembled Methodist ministers of Atlanta at the regular conference Monday.

"We've got to be more vigorous. We have a big work to perform and we want to show that we mean business."

Bishop Candler was talking of the laymen's mission movement and the recent meeting at Knoxville, Tenn., and said he had noted the tendency in the men to drop away from the church.

"They are leaving things to the women," he continued. "This is not hard to account for. Pretty little curled up speeches and curried up words don't draw men. They draw men away. It's plain, straight talk and hard words and business actions that attract the kind of people we are after. We need virility. The men must be fed with something meaty, not choked to death with adjectives. Seminary stuff won't do."

LIQUOR SOLD IN 34 COUNTIES.

List of Counties and Towns Where Liquor May be Sold Legally.

The following statement, prepared by the Rev. R. L. Davis, state organizer of the Anti-Saloon League, shows the present state of liquor in North Carolina. All the counties are dry except the following thirty-four, and liquor is sold in them as indicated:

Alamance—Graham; dispensary.
Anson—Wadesboro (dry after January 1, 1908); saloons.
Beaufort—Washington, saloons; Edwards, dispensary.
Bertie—Windsor and Coleraine; dispensary.
Buncombe—Asheville; saloons.
Caswell—Milton, saloons; Yanceville, dispensary.
Chowan—Edenton (dry after January 1, 1908); saloons.
Craven—Vanceboro; dispensary.
Edgecombe—Every town has saloons.
Forsyth—Winston-Salem; saloons.
Franklin—Louisburg; dispensary.
Granville—Oxford and Creedmore; dispensary.
Greene—Snow Hill and Jason; saloons.

Halifax—Weldon, Enfield, Halifax and Tillery saloons; Roanoke Rapids dispensary.
Harnett—Dunn; dispensary.
Haywood—Waynesville; dispensary.
Hertford—Harrellsville; dispensary.

Johnston—Pine Level; dispensary.
Lenoir—Kinston; dispensary.
Lenoir—Kinston; dispensary; La-Grange, saloons.
McDowell—Marion (dry after January 1, 1908); saloons.

Martin—Williamston, Hamilton, Everett, Hassell, Parmele, Gold Point and Robersonville; saloons.
Nash—Rocky Mount and Battleboro, saloons.

New Hanover—Wilmington, saloons.
Person—Roxboro; dispensary.
Pitt—Greenville, Bethel, Ayden, Grifton and Falkland, dispensaries; Farmville, Oakley, Stokes, Pactolus, Grimesland and Fountain, saloons.
Rockingham—Mayodan, dispensary; Madison, Reidsville and Wentworth, saloons.

Rowan—Salisbury; saloons.
Transylvania—Toxaway hotel; saloon.
Vance—Henderson; dispensary.
Wake—Raleigh dispensary.
Warren—Warrenton (dry after January 1, 1908); dispensary.
Wayne—Pikeville, Fremont and Eureka; dispensaries.

Wilson—Wilson, Elm City and Lucama, dispensaries; Saratoga, Black Creek, Wilbanks and Bridgers, saloons.

The above shows that thirty-four counties still license the sale of whiskey. But four of these, Anson, Chowan, McDowell and Warren, have won battles that will put them in dry list after January 1, 1908.

Thirty-one towns operate the dispensary and thirty-nine, plus all the towns in Edgecombe, operate saloons. Twenty-three of these counties are east of Durham.

A Rule All Newspapers Should Adopt.

The Statesville Landmark states that in the future it will make a charge for all cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, obituaries, etc. This is right and proper, and all newspapers should adopt the same rule, especially since everything in the newspaper line has increased in price. The Dispatch long ago adopted this plan and is mildly surprised at the esteemed Landmark for not having done so before now. There is no reason at all why a newspaper should give space to matters of the kind noted. Few people outside the immediate family of a deceased person find interest in an obituary, and as for cards of thanks—there is nothing whatever to them.

Hon. James Hinton Baker and Miss Baker, of Fernandina, Florida, are in Salisbury on a visit, the first that Mr. Baker has made since leaving there in 1860.

FARMER SAFE, IF HE HOLD FIRM.

Atlanta Journal.

Evidence is accumulating of the conspiracy to make the Southern farmer part with his cotton for less than it is worth. The plot thickens every day. The effect of the manipulations of the cotton gamblers has already been seen in the depressed price of futures—figures which it lies within the power of the cotton grower to make absolutely meaningless.

Now comes one of the greatest known cotton bears, Theodore H. Price, who has circulated by mail a signed card which presents strong evidence of another prospective bear raid—if the farmers will submit to it. Here is what Mr. Price says in his circular, which seems to be a sort of preparation for his expected, "I told you so," later on in the game:

"I have estimated the American crop at 12,500,000 bales, I think it quite possible it may be 13,500,000 bales more, and in that case with the manifest contraction in trade, I shall not be surprised to see cotton sell at 8 cents a pound or lower. It is because I venture the suggestion of this possibility at a time when nearly everyone is bullish that I ask those who receive this card, to preserve it, that if I am wrong it may be a matter of record."

What a tempting bit of bait to lure the farmer to part with his cotton at present prices!

This circular appears to have been ingeniously distributed in the rural districts, among the growers of cotton, no doubt in the hope they will swallow the hook, sinker and all.

The Farmers' Union, when it met in Little Rock and fixed the minimum price of cotton at 15 cents, knew just as much about the situation as Mr. Price, and perhaps a little bit more.

That minimum was not based on the world's supply alone. It was based upon the world's increased demand.

With a supply of cotton practically the same as that of last season, and a known demand of far greater proportions, it is unquestioned that cotton is worth more than then. It was worth more than that it brought, and the farmers would have gotten it if they had stood firm, as they will get their price now, if they refuse to fall into these traps which they will frequently find set for them with the gathering of the new crop.

Mr. Price cannot hope to cajole the farmers into selling by juggling with the supply figures and dealing in generalities about the "manifest contraction in trade," when several million new spindles are waiting, hungry for the staple.

The Southern cotton grower is the master of the cotton situation. The man who holds the raw cotton and who refuses to give it up until he receives his price will continue to occupy the role of dictator. No power can overthrow him so long as he stands firm. He is the colossus of the cotton world.

His effort to secure a just and equitable price for his property is right and reasonable. In his fight to protect the product of his toil, he has, with insignificant exception, the sympathy of the whole world. If he yields; if he is intimidated or bullied or coerced into relinquishing his property; if he agrees to accept for it a lower price than its worth, he has only himself to blame.

If the farmers who hold cotton decline to sell at the price the man who owns no cotton quotes to a purchaser on the cotton exchange, the exchange gambler and the world will have to come to the farmer's price.

When the farmer sells, he has the goods to deliver. When the speculator sells, he hopes to be able to buy cotton at a lower price than the one he quotes in order to complete his trade.

All must come at last to actual producer—the cotton farmer. He holds the key of the situation. He possesses the goods which the world demands. If he will recognize the faulty exchange man's prices, refuse to be bound by them, learn how the prices of his commodities are jugged and realize that the man who sells what he does not possess is not in respect in his position, he will continue to stand firm. Even the cotton speculator who has sold "futures" must eventually become a purchaser.

That the farmers of the South will stand like a rock wall against these onslaughts upon their property and their living, there seems to be no present reason to doubt.

They have learned the lessons of experience and they are going to profit by them.

HAUNTED BY HIS WIFE'S GHOST.

New York Sun.

Explaining that for two years he had been haunted by his wife's ghost John Crane, a laborer of 261 East Seventy-first street yesterday appealed to Coroner Harburger to assist him. His wife committed suicide in 1905 by jumping into East river.

When the body was recovered Crane was sent for, and he denied knowing the woman. He told Colonel Harburger that he had refused to make the identification owing to the gossip of his neighbors, who had said he was really glad to get rid of her because he wanted to marry a younger woman.

"That was why I let Bridget go to the potters' field, God forgive me," he said. "But I've had no peace of mind ever since, nor sleep. Night after night she comes to me and rebukes me for letting her lie there with the unknown dead. She was a decent woman and I did wrong Please let me dig her out and put her to rest in consecrated ground."

Coroner Harburger said that all he could do was to accept Crane's identification as the official one and he would gladly do that if it gave him any comfort. But it was up to the health department, he said to give permission to disinter the body.

"The blessing of God upon all," said Crane as he left for the health department.

Modern Style Cuts Out Hips.

Curves will be unfashionable and hips impossible in winter style for women according to Miss Elizabeth A. C. White, president of the Dress Makers' Protective Association of America.

"The stylish figure," Miss White, declared, "will be one without hips, a straight figure. It is all in the correct."

Nor will there be any fleshy women, at least none that are well dressed. Miss White declares there is no need of any woman appearing fat unless she is lazy and wants to so appear.

Miss White told a man who sought authoritative information, that well dressed women on winter afternoons demurely shrifted of grey, lavender, red dish-purple and light blue; black coats; waists of net embroidered in the color of the skirt; and partly mushroom hats trimmed with orchids morning glories and roses.

The Red Death.

New York Times.

It will be remembered that Edgar Allen Poe, in his "Masque of the Red Death," describes a plague, the main symptom of which was a bleeding from the pores of the body.

In Central America the Red Death is personified in the Blook Snake, or, as the Spaniards call it, Vivora Sangre. This snake is of a reddish-black on the back, while underneath it is of a bright vermilion.

Its deadly work is easily recognizable in the condition of the victim. An Indian cattleman, finding a cow bleeding at the nose, eyes and ears, and perspiring blood at every pore, does not hesitate to blame it on Vivora Sangre. Unfortunately the effect upon the human being is the same, and our Indian friend quite realized it when he lights a cheroot, gathers his blanket around him, and stoically sits down to await the meeting with his forefathers.

Find a man better than yourself. If you can't find one, stand by yourself, although you may be with the biggest rascal in town.

SAILORS TELL OF DISASTER.

Wrecked on Bleak Island They & State Librarian.

Comrades Die from Hunger and Exposure to Storm.

The story of the wreck of the American bark Prussia, on Bleak Staten island, Terra Del Fuero, "The land of fire," recently is a thrilling one.

Six of the crew have been landed here by the steamer from Montevideo. Four perished and three are in a hospital at Punta Arenas. The Prussia was owned in San Francisco and sailed from Norfolk, Va., March 27, with a cargo of coal for San Francisco.

On the night of June 19, which was stormy and bitterly cold, while Captain Johnson was trying to make the New Year's island light the bark went ashore and soon broke up. Eleven of the thirteen in the crew succeeded in reaching a strip of sand sheltered somewhat by overhanging rocks. At dawn it was discovered that Sibata, the Japanese cook, and Harry Hammond, a sailor, were missing. The strip of sand was narrow and huge cliffs barred any escape across the island.

Captain Johnson soon died of exhaustion and was buried in the lee. The survivors had a few provisions and subsisted on these. Meantime, a boat was laboriously built from the wreckage. But fear that the provisions would not last led to two of the men, S. Porthin and Joseph Hosteth; to try to work across the mountains to obtain help. Porthin crawled back a few days later with his hands and feet badly frozen. Hosteth, he reported, had died from the cold. Food gave out and the men lived on shell fish. Eventually, after much danger, Mate John Hunter, Carpenter Carl Stark and Seaman Heine reached New Year's island, in the frail boat, a distance of 30 miles.

Lieutenant Delgade, in charge at the light house on Staten Island after much peril and delay. They were kindly nursed at the light house and then taken to Punta Arenas.

The Law and the Profits.

"It is always refreshing," says a Cleveland lawyer, to hear of an attorney who will not undertake a shady case. I know of at least one such, a lawyer in Toledo.

"At one time a chap in business in that town known to be practicing questionable methods sought to retain the Toledo lawyer, and was smoothing over his crooked conduct as well as he knew how, when the attorney astonished him by exclaiming:

"I think you have acted like an infernal scoundrel, sir!"

"Is there any charge for that opinion?" asked the man, as he rose to go.

"Yes, sir; five dollars!"

When a girl's breath suggests cologne water it is a sign that a certain young man is due to call on her.

TEDDY'S SUCCESSOR?

Some pertinent questions are asked by Mr. Billy Sanders, of Shady Dale, Ga., and set forth in Uncle Remus's Magazine for October.

"Sense Teddy had got tired of his job, I want to know who's a-gwine for to take his place; I want to know who's a-gwine for to deal 'em the general crossroads that we find all about us. Who's a-gwine for to strangle the speckled trusts an' the streaked railroads, an' who's a-gwine for to settle the hoodlum question that's done gone an' shifted to Japan, the land of the bran' new moon? It's one thing for to be skeered before the shootin' begins, an' quite another for to be surprised at the shootin' begins. They say that Taft has been tipped off as Teddy's successor, an' ef that ain't nothin' for to do but to set on things, he'll come mighty nigh comin' under the string not more'n ten lengths behind the best pacer that kin be brung agin him. He's willin' for to do anything except run, or trot, or walk fast, for to get the job. So fur as I'm concerned, I don't feel right easy in my mind—not that I keer a drunkard's dream about the Republican party. What I do keer about is the whole country, more especially our own pine-barren an' black-jack thickets."

Heart Protectors.

Philadelphia Record.

Many persons are puzzled to know why policemen wear their badges so low on their coats instead of on the flap made for that purpose. As a matter of fact, the badge or star, as he calls it, of many a policeman is right next to his heart. Some of the bluecoats can thank their "stars" for being alive. This little metal shield has deflected the bullet of burglar or highwayman, and at times, too, has stopped the knife thrust of would-be assassins. During the last twenty or thirty years there are many cases on record showing that the little badge had been a life saver. Even bullets fired at close range, as a rule, cannot penetrate the shield. That's why a bluecoat always feels safer in keeping the star at a vital spot. When off duty some policemen wear their stars on their vests, but always directly over their heart. They are so accustomed to the little protector that they feel uneasy without it.

A modern dude with narrow striped clothes, saddle colored shoes, a loud necktie, hair parted over his nose, and smoking a cigarette, addressed his best girl thus: "If you was me and I was you, what would you do?" She hesitatingly said with a smile: "I would take off that hideous tie, put that cigarette in the stove, part my hair on the side, then pray to God for brains."

When a girl's breath suggests cologne water it is a sign that a certain young man is due to call on her.

What Everybody Says Is True Must Be So.

Proof of the Pudding Is Chewing the Bag.

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