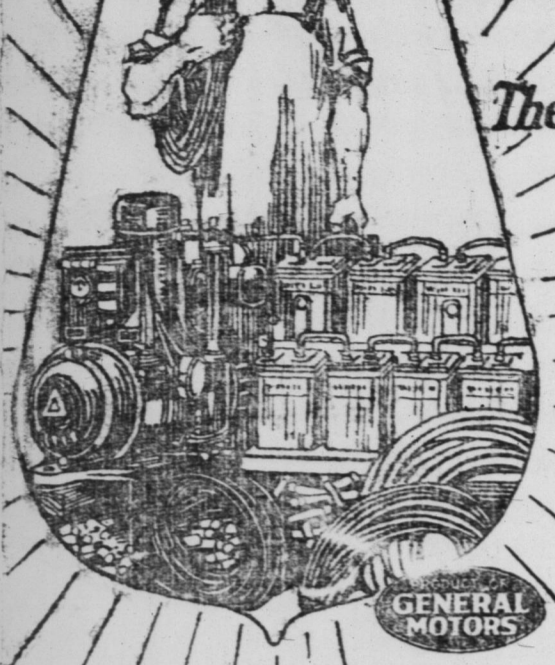


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To make it easy for you to get your Delco-Light Plant we have set a very low first payment and made the terms very easy. The local Delco-Light man will explain these terms to you. A liberal discount allowed for cash.

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## Tarlton and Owen

### LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

The condition of Mrs. A. W. Perkins who entered the Concord Hospital Sunday and underwent an operation Monday, is reported today.

One new case of whooping cough was the only disease of any kind reported to the county health department Monday, according to a department report.

Mr. Guy Beaver has moved his family into their handsome new home on George Avenue. They had been living on Church Street.

Sheriff W. P. Malery is able to be out again after being confined to his home on North Church Street for several days on account of illness.

Marriage license was issued Tuesday by Register of Deeds Elliott to Pete Murphy, of Kannapolis, and Miss Marie E. Moore, of Concord.

The condition of Thomas Moore, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Moore, who underwent an operation at the Concord Hospital last week, is reported today as improved.

Dr. S. E. Buchanan, county health officer, is now enjoying a vacation of two weeks. Dr. Buchanan left Sunday for Illinois to join Mrs. Buchanan and son, who are visiting relatives there.

Mr. L. A. Martin has moved his family from their former home on Kerr Street to their new home on the old Lee factory road, several miles north of Concord.

The condition of Mrs. R. C. Corzine, who underwent an operation in the Concord Hospital several days ago, is reported today as improving as rapidly as could be expected.

Two new cases of whooping cough were reported Tuesday to the county health department. These were the only cases of any kind reported during the day.

The Southern Railway Company has undisputed material to be used on the underpass to be constructed between this city and Kannapolis. The material was unloaded Tuesday night, and work on the pass is expected to be started soon.

During the absence from the city of Mr. J. Lee Crowell, Jr., who is on his bridal trip, Mr. Morrison Caldwell will act as city attorney. Mr. Caldwell served in this capacity for a number of years and is well posted on the work.

The Hobartton Mill has about been completed and machinery probably will be installed in the near future. The work of constructing the building began several months ago and has been rushed with all practical speed.

Chief L. A. Talbirt, of the local police department, is enjoying a vacation at present. Chief Talbirt is visiting friends in Charlotte, and later he will go to

South Carolina to spend several days before returning to his home here.

Mr. A. F. Faggart, who has been unable to work for several months on account of illness, has accepted a position with the Ward Wholesale Grocery Company. He began his duties with the company this week.

A number of defendants paid fines totaling \$105 in recorder's court Monday. Most of the defendants were charged with gambling, eight being fined on this charge. Other charges were intoxication, speeding and using profane language.

A large sign giving publicity to the Cabarrus County Fair has been erected across the square. Smaller signs will be erected at other points in the city, and a number will also be erected at various community points throughout the county.

Brick masons have begun work on the King building, which will adjoin the new Cabarrus Savings Bank Building. All excavation work for the structure has been completed, and carpenters have completed all work that can be done at this time.

Material has been delivered for the county building which will be erected on the county's property near the cotton platform. Excavation work for the structure has begun, and actual work on the building will be started in the near future.

Miss Cathleen Wilson, county home demonstration agent, has returned from South Carolina, where she spent her vacation. Miss Wilson is busy now assisting in plans for a number of community fairs to be held throughout the county in the near future.

A new room has just been completed at the Brown Mill School. New and modern desks have been installed in the room, which will greatly facilitate the work in the school. The school will open next Monday, September 17th, for an eight months' term.

Work at Monni Pleasant Collegiate Institute and Mont Amoenia Seminary will get underway during today and tomorrow. Students in the two schools are reporting in Mt. Pleasant today, and are being assigned to rooms and classes. Actual work in the two institutions will begin tomorrow.

The 1923-24 term at Davidson College got underway during yesterday and today. Students in the two schools there this year reported today for work. Among the Concord Students this year will be Tom Coltrane, John M. Cook, Jr., Nevin Spenfeller, Ed. Morrison, Wal-lace Morris, Peter Boger Best and Ray Morris.

The Musette, Inc., which is selling school books again this year, is the scene of much activity each day now as the children purchase their books. Some of the books have been ready for sale for several weeks, but almost all, judg-

ing by the crowds in the store, have waited until the last minute to make their purchases.

Mrs. Jane Ash died Tuesday night here today, and most of the Hartwell Mill. She was 68 years of age and was probably the oldest woman in Cabarrus county. One daughter, Mrs. Mary McInnis, and a number of grandchildren survive. Funeral services were held today at York, S. C., a former home of the deceased.

Parents who desire to have their children vaccinated according to the State law requiring them all to be vaccinated before entering school, can get the treatment given their children each afternoon at the offices of the county health department. This plan will be followed the remainder of the week by the health department.

It is probable that a football game will be one of the features of the Cabarrus County Fair. The local high school team is trying to arrange a game with Charlotte fair week, and if this game cannot be scheduled, some other team will be brought here. The Concord highs are practicing daily now, and already have games scheduled with Greensboro, Gastonia and Salisbury.

Mr. J. H. Tow has brought to this office a number of shop made nails which he found from a cedar chest which is claimed to be 100 years old. The nails are of all sizes and were made by hand before the manufacture of nails by machinery was known. The nails are in a splendid state of preservation, some of them not even being rusted from their long use.

Football practice in earnest has begun at the Concord High School. Captain Hoover has his men on the field every afternoon now, and the coaching is being done by Prof. Moore, who will have charge of all athletics at the school this year. Most of the members of last year's team are in school this year, and an unusually good team is expected to be developed.

Walter Parnell, the Concord man arrested by Rowan county officers last week after he was brought back to Cabarrus at present. He will be kept in Rowan and tried there for shooting Deputy Sheriff Rankin, who was wounded when he tried to arrest Parnell on a capias from Cabarrus county. Parnell is wanted here on a larceny charge.

Babe Ruth is tied now with Cy Williams for home run honors. Both have driven over 35 circuit drives during the week. New York won in the National League Monday as did Pittsburgh, but Cincinnati lost and is now in third place. Bill Harris pitched part of the game for Cincinnati, and allowed but two hits in five innings. The game was lost, however, before he entered the box.

### STORM AT KANNAPOLIS CAUSED MUCH DAMAGE

Crops Near That City Were Destroyed and Water Poured—Like Torrents Through Streets.

Kannapolis was the center for the severe electrical and hail storm which visited this section Monday evening. Reports from that city show that the rain which fell here was very light in comparison to the downpour at Kannapolis and the territory immediately surrounding that city.

At several farms between this city and Kannapolis corn fields were completely destroyed by the hail, which fell in great quantities in the northern part of the county. Corn stalks were torn into shreds by the hail on several farms, while on others the corn was smashed to the ground by the wind and rain.

One Kannapolis man stated that water was running through the streets like rivers during and immediately following the rain, and in several homes where windows were not closed, the rain beat in to such an extent that water stood several inches deep on the floor.

In one yard in Kannapolis, where hundreds of sparrows were roosting in an oak tree, the ground under the tree was covered with dead birds following the storm. The birds were killed by the hail.

The corn bottoms just south of the Southern passenger station in this city, were flooded by the storm. Corn in the bottoms was washed to the ground, and other was covered by the water. This corn is not believed to be badly damaged, however, as the water soon passed over it.

Quite a bit of electricity accompanied the storm, but so far as is known here, no damage was caused by it.

### Death of Little Frank Biggers.

The entire community was shocked on last Friday, September 7th, when the news was spread that Frank, the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Philas Biggers, was dead. Little Frank struck a splinter in his foot. The splinter was removed and his foot seemed to be all right, but on Thursday, on Friday morning when the child got up its parents noticed it was unwell. They immediately sent for a physician, who was soon there and did all in his power to save the child's life, but to no avail. Death occurred about 12 o'clock.

The little body was laid to rest at Running Creek cemetery on Saturday morning at 11 o'clock, September 8, 1923.

### Mrs. Keach Tells How She Got to Know Rat-Snap.

"I have always feared rats. Lately I noticed many on my farm. A neighbor said he just got rid of droves with RAT-SNAP. This started me thinking. I tried RAT-SNAP myself. It killed 17 and scared the rest away." RAT-SNAP comes in three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by Cline's Pharmacy and Ritchie Hardware Company.

### Rev. J. Frank Armstrong Returns.

Rev. J. Frank Armstrong has just returned from Siler City, where he assisted Rev. O. L. Hinson in a revival meeting.

Mr. Armstrong reports himself as greatly pleased with that section. Siler City is growing rapidly. It now contains one cotton mill, four chair factories, a broom factory and one of the largest washboard factories in the world. In addition the city ships carloads of rabbits, and cedar lumber that rivals that of Lebanon.

The meeting was one of the most satisfactory he has ever conducted in so short a time—five days. About thirty-five people will join the various churches as a result of the meeting.

### "It Must Have Been Dead at Least 6 Months But Didn't Smell"

"Saw a big rat in our cellar last Fall," writes Mrs. Joanny, "and bought a 35c cake of RAT-SNAP, broke it up into small pieces. Last week while moving we came across the dead rat. Must have been dead six months, didn't smell. RAT-SNAP is wonderful!" Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by Cline's Pharmacy and Ritchie Hardware Company.

### 78th Anniversary Dinner.

Mrs. T. P. Johnston gave a 2 o'clock dinner this afternoon at the Johnston home corner Main and Keen streets, in honor of Mr. Johnston, who is today celebrating his 78th anniversary, and also in compliment to Misses Dorothy and Julia Johnston, grand-daughters of Mr. Johnston, who leave early next week to enter college. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Kizer, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McAdams, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Johnston, Misses Dorothy and Julia Johnston, and Misses Honiselle Mcorkle and Francis Mcorkle.

### "I Spent \$1.25 on Rat-Snap and Saved the Price of a Hog."

James McGuire, famous Hog Raiser of New Jersey, says, "I advise every farmer troubled with rats to use RAT-SNAP. Tried everything to get rid of rats. Spent \$1.25 on RAT-SNAP. Figured the rats it killed saved the price of a hog." RAT-SNAP comes in cake form. No mixing with other food. Cats and dogs won't touch it. Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by Cline's Pharmacy and Ritchie Hardware Company.

### Tent Services at Norcott Mill.

Rev. W. F. Love, a traveling evangelist, is having his tent erected near the Norcott Mill for a three weeks' meeting. He is from South Carolina originally, but has travelled all over the country doing evangelistic work. He is a member of the North Carolina Conference of the M. E. Church, South. His tent has a seating capacity of from 1,000 to 1,200. Services will be held at 7:30 p. m. each day, except Sunday, when a three o'clock service will be held also.

### Read What U. S. Department of Agriculture Says About What Two Rats Can Do.

According to government figures, two rats breeding continually for three years produce 359,769,482 individual rats. Act when you see the first rat. Don't wait. RAT-SNAP is the surest, cleanest, most convenient exterminator. No mixing with other foods. Dries up after killing—leaves no smell. Cats or dogs won't touch it. Sold and guaranteed by Cline's Pharmacy and Ritchie Hardware Company.

### Left Yesterday on Trip to Canada.

J. B. Sherrill, publisher of The Tribune, left Concord yesterday afternoon for New York and Canada. He will spend several days in New York, and on Mon-

## THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION

BY EDISON MARSHALL

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

### BEGIN HERE TODAY

Godfrey Cornet sends his son, Ned, on a voyage to Norway to exchange two thousand silk and velvet gowns with the Indians for fine furs. Godfrey offers to split the profits 75-25—the lion's share to Ned.

Cornet is engaged to Lenore Hardenworth, who offers to accompany Ned on the trip if he will take her mother with them. Ned hires Bess Gilbert to go as seamstress. The party is in the speed by hosts of friends.

Godfrey Cornet comes to the dock to bid Ned goodbye. He asks Miss Gilbert to give his son a woman's care. Mrs. Hardenworth objects to calling for the same table with the seamstress. Bess makes up her mind to avoid the three aristocrats as much as possible.

Now go on with the story. "That's three for each table, considering one of the men has to stay at the wheel. Why shouldn't one of these plates be removed?" "Of course, if you prefer it," Ned said. "I'll take the fourth plate removed." "Miss Gilbert will eat at the second table," he explained. When the man had gone, Ned turned in appeal to Lenore. "She'll be here in a minute. What shall I tell her?"

"Just what you told the servant—that she is to wait for the second table. Ned, you might as well make it clear in the beginning, otherwise it will be a problem all through the trip. Wait till she comes in, then tell her."

Ned agreed, and they waited for the sound of Bess' step on the stair. Mrs. Hardenworth's large lips were set in a hard line; Lenore had a curious, eager expectancy. Quietly Julius served the soup, wondering at the ways of his superiors, the whites, and the long seconds grew into minutes. Still they did not see Bess' bright face at the door.

"Send for her," Mrs. Hardenworth urged. "There's no reason you shouldn't get this done and out of the way tonight, so we won't have to be distressed about it again." Wholly cowed, Ned called to the negro waiter. "Please tell Miss Gilbert to come here," he ordered.

A wide grin cracking his cheeks, falling wholly to understand the real situation and assuming that "de boss" had relented in his purpose to exclude the seamstress from the first table, the colored man sped cheerfully away. Bess had already spoken kindly to him; Julius had deputed the order to remove her plate almost as a personal affront.

Again they waited for the seamstress to come. The women were grim, forbidding. And in a moment they heard steps at the threshold. "De lady say she 'stremely sorry," he pronounced, bowing. "But she say she's already promised Mista McNab to eat with him!"

VI  
The Charon sped straight north, out of the Sound, through the inside passage. Days were bright; skies were clear, displaying at night a marvelous intricacy of stars; the seas glittered from the kindly September sun. They put in at Vancouver the night following their departure from Seattle, loaded on certain heavy stores, and continued their way in the lea of Vancouver Island.

to go day upon day without seeing scarcely a village beside the sea, a single human being other than those of his own party. Here was one place, it seemed, that the hand of man had touched but lightly if at all. The impression grew the farther north he went. Ever there was less sign of habitation upon the shore. The craft passed through narrow channels between mountains that dropped up from the sea, it skirted wooded islands, it passed forgotten Indian villages where the totem poles stood naked and weather-stained before the forsaken homes of the chiefs. The glasses brought out a wonderland scene just beyond the reach of their unaided sight—glacier and snow-slide, lofty peaks and waterfalls. The mystic, brooding spirit of the North was already over them.

They had touched at Ketchikan, the port of entry to Alaska, and thence headed almost straight west, across the Gulf of Alaska and toward the far-stretching end of the Alaskan Peninsula. During these days they were far out of sight of land, surrounded only by an immeasurable ocean that rolled end-



JULIUS, HIS FACE BESET WITH GLOOM, CAME THROUGH THE OPENED DOOR.

lessly for none to see or hear. They were already far beyond the limits of ordinary tourist travel. The big boats plied as far as Anchorage at the head of Cook Inlet—to the north and east of them now—but beyond that point the traffic was largely that of occasional coastal traders, most of them auxiliary schooners of varying respectability. They seemed to have the ocean almost to themselves, never to see the tip of a sail on the horizon, or a fisherman's craft scudding into port. And the solitude crept into the spirits of the passengers of the Charon.

It became vaguely difficult to keep up a holiday atmosphere. It was increasingly hard to be gay, to fight down certain inner voices that had hitherto been stifled. Some way, life didn't seem quite the same, quite the gay dream it had hitherto been. And yet this immeasurable vista of desolate waters—icy cold for all the sunlight that kissed the up-reaching lips of the waves—was some way like a dream, too. The brain kept clear enough, but it was all somewhat confusing to an inner brain, a secret self that they had scarcely been aware of before. It was hard to say which was the more real—the gay life they had left, the laughter of which was still an echo in their ears, or these far-stretching wastes of wintry waters.

They couldn't help but be thoughtful. Realities went home to them that they had no desire to admit. A fervent belief in their own sophistica-

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

tion had been their dominant point of view, a disillusionment and a realism that was the fate of their generation, denying all they could not see or hear, holding themselves superciliously aloof from that gracious wonder and simplicity that still blesses little children; but that was something that was insupportably beyond them. They couldn't laugh it away. They couldn't cast it off with a phrase of cheap slang; denouncing it in order to hold firm to their own philosophy of Self. Here was something that shook their old attitude of self-reliance and self-sufficiency to its foundations. They thought they were bigger than life; that they had mastered it and found it out and stripped all delusions from it; but now their unutterable conceit, the pillar of their lives, was threatening to fall. This sunlit sea was too big for them; too big and too mighty and too old.

The trouble with Ned's generation was that it was a godless generation: the same evil that razed Babylon to the dust. Ned and his kind had come to be sufficient unto themselves. They had lost the wonder and fear of the loss of their own life. To these, life had been a game that they thought they had mastered. They had laughed to scorn the philosophies that a hundred generations of nobler men had built up with wondrous reverence. Made arrogant by luxury and ease, they knew of nothing too big for them, no mystery that their contemptuous gaze could not penetrate, no wonder that their reckless hands could not touch. They were drunk with their own glories, and the ultimate Source of all things had no place in their philosophies or their thoughts. It was true that churches flourished among them, that Charity received her due; but the old virile faith, the reverent wonder, the mighty urge that has achieved all things that have been worth achieving were cold and dead in their hearts. But out here in this little, wind-blown craft, surrounded by an immensity of desolation beyond the power of their minds to grasp, it was hard to hold their old complacency. The old philosophies were largely insignificant, and they couldn't repel an ever deepening sense of awe. The wind, sweeping over them out of the vastness, was a new voice, striking the laughter from their lips and instilling a coldness that was almost fear in their warm, youthful blood.

The sun shone now, but soon was areas, not far off, would be locked tight with ice, never the movement of a wave, never the flash of a seabird's wing over the wastes; and the thought sobered them and perhaps humbled them a little, too. Sometimes, alone on the deck at night, Ned was close to the dearest reality, the most profound discovery that could possibly touch his life: that the dreadful spirit of God moved upon the face of these desolate waters, no less than, as is told in Genesis, at creation's dawn.

Everything would have been different if they had come in a larger boat, for instance, one of the great liners that plied between Seattle and Anchorage. In that case, likely they would have had no trouble in retaining their old point of view. The brooding tone of the North would have passed them by; the journey could still have remained a holiday instead of the strange, wandering dream that it was. The reason was simply that on a liner they would not have broken all ties with their old life. There would have been games and dancing, the service of menials, social intercourse and all the superficialities and pretenses that had until now comforted their lives. Their former standards, their attitudes from which they regarded life, would have been unaltered. There would have been no isolation, and thus no darkening of their moods, no haunting uneasiness that could not be named or described, no whispering voices heard but dimly out of the sea. They could have remained in their own old ramparts of callousness and scorn. But here they were alone—lost and far away in an empty sea, under an empty sky.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

Concord and certain parts of Cabarrus county were visited by a severe electrical storm Monday night. In this city the rain downfall was very heavy, and lightning was seen for several hours. In some sections of the county, according to reports, some hail fell, and this is given as the reason for the drop in temperature following the storm. So far as can be learned, no serious damage resulted from the storm. Some damage was done to cotton near Kannapolis, and many English sparrows were killed by the lightning.

Mr. John K. Espey, of Washington, D. C., who is connected with the Washington News of that city, and who has been spending his vacation as the guest of Ed Wallman at the St. Cloud Hotel, left today returning home.

There will be a train about Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock for the city.

### EVERY STREET IN CONCORD Has Its Share of the Proof That Kidney Sufferers Suck.

Backache? Kidney weakness? Distressed with urinary troubles? Want a reliable kidney remedy? Don't have to look far. The what Concord people re-remember. Every street in Concord has its cases of kidney trouble. Here's one Concord man's experience. Let's see how he got it. He says: "My work Depot St., tell it. He says: 'My back is a heavy strain on my back of back-ness and I have had attacks of back-ache, especially when shooting horses. I had an aching in my back didn't get my kidney. My kidneys were bad and pills and they strangled my back and put my kidneys in good condition. Price 60c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Death of Miss Estelle Blackwelder.

Mr. H. M. Blackwelder of this city, has been notified of the death in Asheville Monday of his niece, Miss Estelle Blackwelder, who had been at Oteen for some time. A message to Mr. Blackwelder stated that Miss Blackwelder died Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

The message also stated that the body would arrive in Concord this afternoon on train No. 45. All funeral arrangements have been made, the message added, but they were not announced.

Miss Blackwelder is a daughter of Mrs. H. H. Blackwelder, of this county. She had been at Oteen for some time.

### With Our Advertisers.

Everything in hardware at the store of the Ritchie-Caldwell Company. All kinds of school needs—Parks-Bell Co. can supply it. See new ad. today on page etwo.

The Green Ribbon Club, formed in Paris to encourage friendship between shy and lonely people of both sexes, has just recorded the first marriage between two of its members.

Interested workers report growing interest in permanent pastures in North Carolina. Livestock and pastures are two great needs of the State.