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MARKSON SHOE STORE

KANNAPOLIS DEPARTMENT

KANNAPOLIS DEFEATS THE CHARLOTTE TEAM In a Ball Game Marked by Spectacular Play.

BY JAZZY MOORE
Kannapolis, July 2.—Another jab of frenzied baseball fans saw Kannapolis move a notch toward the state championship by noing out the strong Charlotte All-Stars, 2 to 1, here this afternoon, in a game that will go down in history as being one of the most exciting struggles ever staged between amateur teams.

The seven or more hundred people who saw it yelled themselves hoarse and those who went out as neutrals found themselves yelling for one side or the other before it was half through. Charlotte put up a magnificent battle. The Merrickburg boys fought every step of the way but the breaks were against them. The locals on the other hand, played faultless ball, and in addition made some spectacular plays that were life savers in time of need.

Herman Holshouser, manager of Carolina last season, and now sought by the New York Giants, who was on the hill for the locals, was airtight and pitched shutout ball for a half dozen innings, in addition to holding the Charlotte chargers off base during that period. But Westridge, hurling for the visitors, was equally as stingy, and the count was scoreless. In a manner which can never be adequately described, Manager Lindsay with a worry that usually comes to a helmsman, tried 'Champion, well known semipro, to break the deadlock. Suffice it to say, in the same inning the locals came to bat. Johnson, another Carolina protegee, slammed Joe Westridge's fast-pitched ball over the fence to score ahead of him Wood, who had walked, Hopkins scared the locals half to death in the last session by crashing one for two bases and racing home on Summers' slugging single. Lapsley ended the game when by tagging Westridge for the last put-out.

Johnson, in shortfield, played great ball for the winners, handling four hard chances perfectly. It was his honor that

registered the tallies for the home players and inspired new hope into the breasts of his teammates.

For the visitors Westridge was the star performer, with Hopkins running him a close second. The Kannapolis club will carry a crippled team to Mooresville today to meet the Ireddell forces in a double-bill. Saunders, Johnson and Holshouser, collegiate stars, will be ineligible to play today and tomorrow, since college rules that a player cannot engage in but three games a week, and Manager Lindsay has decided to use them in tomorrow's double bill with Shorty Lawrence's Rockingham wonders.

Box score:
Charlotte AB R H PO A E
Jarrett, lf. 4 0 0 1 0 0
Hopkins, ss. 4 1 2 0 0
Summers, 2b. 4 0 2 1 3 0
Westridge, p. 3 0 0 0 1 0
Heid, 1b. 3 0 0 0 0 0
Oates, 3b. 2 0 0 3 0 0
Lapsley, cf. 2 0 0 2 0 0
Helm, c. 3 0 0 8 0 1
Milbe, cf. 3 0 0 1 0 0

Totals 29 1 3 24 4 3
Kannapolis AB R H PO A E
Saunders, 3b. 3 0 0 1 2 0
Lapsley, 1b. 3 0 0 12 0 0
Lee, rf. 4 0 0 1 0 0
Blak, cf. 4 0 1 0 0 0
Wood, lf. 2 1 0 0 0 0
Johnson, ss. 3 1 2 2 0
McCain, c. 2 0 0 10 1 0
Lindsay, 2b. 2 0 0 1 4 0
Holshouser, p. 1 0 0 0 1 0
Champion, p. 1 0 0 0 1 0

Totals 25 2 3 27 11 0
Summary.—Two-base hits: Summers, Hopkins. Home run: Johnson. Sacrifices: McCain, Lindsay. Base on balls: Holshouser 1; Westridge 2. Struck out by Westridge 7; Holshouser 8; Champion 1. Hits off Holshouser 0 in six innings; Champion 3 in three innings. Left on bases, Charlotte 2; Kannapolis 2. Umpires Roberts and Laughlin. Official scorer: Mitchem. Time 1:45. Attendance 700.

MONTANA TOWN ONCE NOTED TO JOIN THE GHOST CITIES

Marysville Is to Be Wiped Off the Railroad Map in a Few Weeks.

Melena, Mont., July 2.—Marysville, Mont., to be wiped off the railroad map within a few weeks as it has been erased from record in its other activities, once was the col of a race between two great railway systems and in the thirty-odd years of its life was the source of metals valued at not less than \$100,000,000. The town, incidentally, produced a baseball team with a record of defeating all Pacific Coast league clubs of its day and sending several players to the major leagues. A quarter of a century ago Marysville had a population of 7,500.

Peliton of the Northern Pacific railway to remove its tracks from Helena to Marysville relegated to the backwoods what is left of the one-time famous town and again it is to become a stage coach town, fifteen and one-half miles from a railroad. Years ago the Great Northern, which lost the race for a terminus within the city, and ended its line just outside the boundary, abandoned Marysville and gardnuffs, as the mines worked out, the surviving line limited its service until, during the past year, a train operated only when there was an accumulation of freight for its haul.

Truly a ghost city with a handful of shacks and tumbled foundations left of its once bustling business district, scattered, weather beaten house outlining its residence section, possibly fifty or sixty families claiming it as home, Marysville indicates its past glory only to the imaginative.

The famous Drum Lummum mine, chief source of its wealth, is still being worked sufficiently, it is said, to pay wages to a handful of men; some other of the older mines are operated on the same scale and there are numerous prospects whose owners optimistically forecast a renewed activity in the old camp. Nevertheless, the Montana railroad commission, after an exhaustive investigation, has pricked the bubble of hope and has given its consent to the abandonment of the railroad.

The Drum Lummum mine, discovery of Thomas Cruse, alone is said to have produced \$67,000,000 worth of gold. Cruse sold the mine to a London syndicate for \$1,000,000 when the vein had just been scratched. The new operators honey-combed the surface of the hill and, so the story goes, made millions in Boston, Helena, and New York, as well as in England. Many other mines paral-

leled its development and, from one of these, the Penobscot, Nate Vestal brought down to Helena what was then the largest hoard of gold in the world, valued at \$50,000.

What is said to have been one of the first concentrators ever constructed on a commercial scale was built below the Drum Lummum to work the tailings of the famous mine. The ruins of the giant plant still mark the road to the city.

Rules for Fighting the Boll Weevil.
1. Begin dusting when 10 per cent of the squares have been punctured. This may occur in late June or not until sometime in August. Watch closely and start promptly when this 10 per cent infestation has been reached—when 10 squares in 100 have been punctured.
2. Use five to seven pounds of calcium arsenate per acre for each application. With a good dusting machine this will cover the plants well.
3. At least three applications should be made at intervals not more than five days apart—four days would be better. The number of applications will depend on the infestation. If rain falls, dust again while the plants are damp.
4. Use dusting machines approved by your county agent or your college of agriculture.
5. Dust when the wind is not blowing and when the cotton plants are moist. This may mean that the dusting must be done at night or begin just before day-break before the dew dries from the plants.
6. Poison and machines for applying it must be on hand before the time for dusting arrives. Practice with the machine before going into the field. Be sure you know how to run it right before beginning to dust.
The Progressive Farmer.

A western governor had lost one of his colonies, and there was an unbecomingly scramble for the office, despite the fact that the colonel's body was awaiting burial. One of the ambitious candidates went so far as to call upon the executive and ask: "Governor have you any objections to my taking Colonel Smith's place?"

"No," the governor replied complacently. "I have no objections if the undertaker is willing."

A woman likes to think she is being loved and to know she isn't.

THE STRANGE CASE OF ARTHUR FRAZIER

The Pathfinder.
The government went to considerable trouble and expense to prove to the Rev. and Mrs. Charles Frazier, of Winner, S. Dak., its contention that Arthur Frazier, their son, had been killed in France and that the "Arthur Frazier" who returned from the war is an impostor.

An army officer and official of the veterans bureau testified that the present "son" confessed he was Arthur Lopez, a Mexican. Two wax recording cylinders bearing the confession were introduced. A neuro-psychiatrist told the federal court at Minneapolis that Lopez was fully conscious of his sin.

The Rev. Mr. Frazier, Indian Methodist preacher, related indignantly how his "son" proved his identity by remembering things of the past. But other witnesses explained that Lopez was able to identify Frazier's relatives by means of photographs which the real Arthur, a war-time buddy, had showed him in France. That is why, it was asserted, he was able to identify Mrs. Frazier's sister, at the station on his home-coming.

As for identifying the mother, Lopez's repeated confession says he took a chance that the woman he saw weeping on the station platform was Mrs. Frazier. The parents, however, insisted that the claimant was their son and said his familiarity with many things precluded any fraud. The government argued that Lopez was an Indian. The minister and his wife clinched their argument by identifying Arthur by means of the initials "A. F." tattooed on his arm. Indeed, one of the strongest arguments who said he attended the Fandagan Indian school before the war. An identification expert said the tattooing was quite recent and claimed it could not have been done so early as the parents said it was.

To complicate the situation, Anna Monsola, brought all the way from Mexico by the government to support its case, informed the court: "This boy? Ah, I know him well! He is Arthur Lopez, the son of my dead sister."
"He is not. This boy is my son," as earnestly declared Mrs. Frazier.
After four hours of deliberation the jury decided that the real son had died for his country and dubbed the claimant an impostor. The motive was held to be desire for war service compensation and the advantages of a home.

But the Rev. and Mrs. Frazier refused to accept the verdict; they have taken Arthur home with them as their son. "I guess I know my own son better than 12 strange men do," says Mrs. Frazier.
There is a grave in a cemetery at Niobrara, Neb., that holds an "unknown soldier." It was there that the Fraziers buried as their son the remains of the soldier shipped home from the French battlefields. However, in the view of the "happiness of having their real son home alive" they have decided to continue to take good care of the grave.

Everyday Nobility.
Youth's Companion.
"The way I figure it, Uncle Turner, the greater part of my life has been lost," said Bob Hampton reflectively.
"What's happened to give you such a sudden grudge against yourself, Bob?" inquired old Turner GHL.
"A quotation that I read, 'Count that day lost whose low descending sun views from thy hand no noble action done,' or something like that. As I look back over my life I cannot recall a single thing that is entitled to be called a noble act."
"What is a noble act, Bob?"
"Why I—I don't know. Something big and fine, I suppose; saving a life, thwarting the schemes of a villain, endowing a college or a hospital—something like that."
"Um. Try to give your employer an honest day's work for his money, do you, Bob?"
"Oh, yes."
"Pay your bills when they're due?"
"Of course."
"Try to do the right thing by your children in the way of food, clothing, education, moral training, and so forth?"
"Certainly."
"Remember to tell your wife's cooking occasionally—praise her what a good wife she is and give meaning to your words by acting accordingly?"
"Yes."
"Ever lend a hand to help a fellow traveler up if grade that's a little too stiff for his motor?"
"Sometimes."
"Dig up a dollar or two now and then to help the charitable organizations?"
"I never turn down such an appeal."
"Well, Bob, I shouldn't worry much about those noble actions if I were you. A rainbow is a beautiful sight, but a sky that is all rainbows would be ridiculous. A world that is populated all together with heroes and geniuses without any insignificant plodders like you and me to keep the world stopped and such things would be a very unsatisfac-

tory place. The man who follows the path of duty as God gives him to see it and keeps his hands clean, his head clear, his heart warm and his soul in tune with his Maker has not lived in vain."

An Education Free.
Youth's Companion.
How many American boys know anything about the Webb Institute—where it is and what it is and what it does; who founded it and for what purpose? Not many we believe; yet it was established for the sole benefit of American boys and is maintained for no other purpose than to give them a free education in naval architecture and marine engineering.

During and for a time after the Civil War Mr. William H. Webb was the leading shipbuilder of America. He built vessels for the Russian navy and the Italian navy, a battleship for the United States government, the first of the great palatial steamers that made the reputation of some of the bravest lines.

The technical training that enabled him to attain his high position in his calling had come hard. He had had to work for it, with few advantages and little help, and the memory of the struggle was so vivid and enduring that he determined to make things easier for other young men who desired to follow his profession. The result is the Webb Institute, established under his direct supervision and supported by funds left for the purpose in his will.

It stands in ample grounds and a beautiful situation, on Fordham Heights, in the upper part of New York City. For the fortunate young men who gain admission, the "boarding school" who gain admission is not only a high school education, but their clothing is freed. Their food, their room rent, their tuition, even their laundry work, costs them nothing.

Although the courses of study are devoted to naval architecture and marine engineering, the students also receive a thorough training in subjects fundamental to general engineering. Next year there will be a course in aircraft design and construction.

The whole period of instruction covers four years. Any American boy between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one is eligible for admission if he has had a high school education, is of good character and can pass the entrance examinations, which are held early in September.

Prohibition's Worst Enemies.
Charity and Children.
The liquor interests forfeited all claim to consideration as legitimate business by their own lawlessness long years before prohibition became the established policy of the country. Indeed, one of the strongest factors working for prohibition was the notorious unwillingness, or inability, of saloon keepers to obey the laws regulating the traffic. At length the people lost patience with the saloon orderly and law-abiding and abolished it altogether. It is worth while to recount this more or less ancient history because we are facing the fact that prohibition itself is losing prestige with the country for exactly the same reason. It seems as difficult to compel prohibition enforcement agents to remain within the law as it formerly was to compel saloon keepers to remain within it. Hard upon the slaughter upon the public highway of a peaceable, law-abiding traveler, S. Holt, came the slaughter of a young man in Watauga county, Leonard Triplet. The circumstances surrounding the latter shooting are in dispute, but it is admitted that Triplet was not running liquor and that there was no liquor found among the party of which he was a member. It is clear, therefore, that the officers were in the wrong when they stopped and searched the cars. Their one way to apologize and withdraw promptly. Instead, they lingered long enough to indulge in an altercation which culminated in the killing of Triplet. Now, whatever else it may have accomplished, this affair does not tend to heighten respect for the prohibition law. It has exactly the opposite effect. When things of that sort occur, prohibition suffers at the hands of its own agents, just as the liquor traffic suffered at the hands of its agents, the saloon keepers.

Well Trained.
A commercial traveler, visiting a large insurance office, boasted to the manager that he could pick at all the married men among the employees. Accordingly he stationed himself at the door, as they returned from dinner, and mentioned all those he believed to be married. In almost every case he was right.
"How do you do it?" asked the manager.
"The married men wipe their feet on the mat; the single ones don't."

In addition to the four normals conducted for the training of negro teachers, the State of North Carolina conducts one for training teachers for the Cherokee Indians of Robeson county.

HEARS HILLS WHISPER OF GOD



ABOVE IS "OLD GEORGE" MORGAN, MOUNTAIN PREACHER, WHO FINDS TRUTH AND COMFORT IN THE TENNESSEE HILLS AND DESIRES NO ANSWERS TO HIS QUESTIONS. BELOW IS HIS LITTLE HOME, PERCHED 2100 FEET ABOVE THE TOWN OF DAYTON.

BY ALLENE SUMNER
NEA Service Writer.

Dayton, Tenn., June 26.—"We humans haven't so call to comprehend the incomprehensible, or scrutinize the inscrutable."

The little mountain cabin of "Old George" Morgan, mountain preacher, hugs the green breast of Walden's Ridge, 2100 feet above the town of Dayton, where "the monkey war," as the mountaineers call the evolution battle, rages.

The "Worst Header."
Generation after generation of Morgans have lived atop Walden's Ridge and watched the valley folks far below. They call George Morgan "the worst header in the county." That means that he reads the most.

Montaineers who sometimes see a newspaper and who keep the Holy Bible and a patent medicine almanac upon their bare tables, look at Morgan with awe.

"Old George Morgan's read this Darwin fellow," they tell you, and a bit of respect and fear for one who would so defy his God, runs through their veins. We found "Old George" Morgan hoing his dabbia plants and gazing at the blue-misty valley more than 2000 feet below him.

The monkey war down there? George Morgan's genial old face sobered.
"So much wrangling and laughing," he said, "all because folks want to compr-

hend the incomprehensible and scrutinize the inscrutable."

The Mountain Know.
"Look at my mountains," and his lean brown fingers pointed to a distant peak creamy with chestnut bloom. "They know and they keep still. When folks know, they keep still, too."

Morgan studied to be a minister long years ago in a little theological seminary down in Athens, Tenn.

But he came back to the mountain of his fathers without his degree and sheepskin.

But degree or none, he went upon his work, tending his bees and cattle and fruit trees week-days, mounting his horse, Bible in saddle-bag, and preaching the word of God to soul-hungry mountaineers on the Sabbath.

"Folks can't begin to doubt one word in the Bible," says the mountain preacher, "without beginning to doubt all of them. And then where'll they be?"

Favors School Law.
Any evolutionary teachings that deify the special creation of man are a menace to the state's young, declares Morgan, and he's for any law that will keep the schools safe for children.

Morgan cast a bright blue eye over skies no bluer.
"At night I sit in front of the cabin and watch the stars," he went on.
"They make me hunger to know things! Why we came and where we're going and

if our folks are waiting for us over there.
"But that's sin, and I make myself stop bothering God and just sit still and watch 'em up there all crisp and cold like fire, and I know He knows, an' that's enough."
"I'm just a homespun plain man and He is God. Who am I to comprehend the incomprehensible?"
Easy to Believe.
"But God comes closer to us folks on the mountains than to those down in the valley. It's easier for us to believe."
"There were 10 of us kids running over these mountains, and our mummy and pappy didn't have much, but they taught us that cool mountain air and spring water and the green grass and the blue sky were enough, and not to be asking for other things."
"I learned to keep satisfied in life. I got another suit of clothes and enough money for buryin' and I got my Bible and my wife and I am 'em the happiest man alive. I can live on \$100 a year up here."
Black smoke rose like a wreath from the lowlands, and the foot of a factory whistle echoed faintly through the ridge.
"They slave so down there for things they don't need," said the mountain preacher.
"I don't want to take nothin' away from life with me but happiness and my belief in my Book. I want those little children down there to have that, too."

and especially if the skin becomes rough and warty, a physician should be consulted at once.

All three candidates for the nomination for attorney general in the primary of 1924 are now connected with the Attorney General's office. These are Dennis G. Brummitt, attorney general and Frank Nash and Charles Ross, assistants, both appointed by Mr. Brummitt. Mr. Ross is assigned to the State Highway Department.

You can't keep a good weed down or a good weed of lettuce up.