

The Concord Daily Tribune

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COTTON LOOKS GOOD IN THE COUNTY.

While it is too soon to predict what the outcome will be, it is a fact that cotton looks fine in this county at present.

The season so far has been dry, taking the county as a whole, but there have been showers enough to keep the crop growing in a very favorable manner.

Few farmers who have been heard to discuss the crop so far, were pessimistic.

It is true that many of them are careful not to predict too much, but as a whole they are exceedingly optimistic now.

The boll weevil has been reported in some parts of the county, but so far the insect has done no real damage to the crop.

August is usually a dry month in this county and the weevil may become more numerous then, but up to the present time he has done no material damage to the Cabarrus crop.

This county produced about 14,000 bales of cotton last year and if the season continue favorable this year's total will probably exceed 15,000 bales.

The cotton acreage last year was about 20 per cent greater than that of the year before, and apparently about the same acreage has been devoted to the crop this year as last year.

The season last year was not favorable until late in the summer, and in view of the good season so far and the amount of cotton planted, it seems safe to predict now that this year's total will exceed last year's.

Identified.

There is a story going the rounds in London of a party of American sight-seers who were viewing the outside of the prime minister's house in Downing Street.

His plain, unpretentious exterior obviously did not impress them, and they were at no pains to hide their disappointment.

"What a home for a prime minister!" one of them exclaimed.

"Yes," said another, "and look at that car," pointing to an unpretentious two-seater standing outside the door.

"Why, in all of New York a second-hand store clerk would be ashamed to own a flier like that."

At this moment a well-groomed man emerged from No. 10, entered the car and drove off.

"Say, who was that guy?" asked a third American of a humorous-looking man who was standing by.

Answered the other promptly, "The American ambassador."

At a big party in London a woman of the newly rich and ostentatious type was sitting beside the wife of a prominent business leader.

The former began to talk about her jewels.

"I clean my diamonds with ammonia," she said, "my rubies with Bordeaux wine, my emeralds with Danish brandy and my sapphires with fresh milk. And you, Mrs. Blank?" she queried of the leader's wife.

"Oh, I don't clean mine," said the latter airily. "When they get dirty I simply throw them away."

Free.

An angry woman rushed into the marriage license bureau in her hand she bore a letter to the clerk she said, "Did you not issue this license for marriage to Albert Berr?"

"Yes, I believe we did. Why?"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" she demanded. "He's married."

"The wicked are punished in the hereafter," warned the postmaster. "Why, he's married, and you're not getting it in the sack here, are you?"

Make Your Summer Free From Ice Worry

Install Kelvinator electric refrigeration in your refrigerator and you can forget all about ice delivery this summer.

Kelvinator will keep your refrigerator much colder and your foods much better and longer. When you go visiting it will stay cold while you are gone.

Kelvinator requires no time or attention and is trouble free. It usually costs less to operate Kelvinator than to buy ice. Phone or call for details.

Yorke & Wadsworth Co.

Kelvinator

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

DINNER STORIES

Two of a Kind

The genial but overcast boarder came downstairs.

"Good morning, Mrs. Montahan," he called out cheerily. "Did you ever see anything so unsettled as the weather we are having these days?"

"Well, there's your board bill," the landlady informed him pointedly.

New Unstrud.

"Do you remember, dear," said Mrs. Blank, "that before we were married you always offered me your left arm?"

"Yes," replied her husband, "I wanted to have my right hand free. You see, I had a lover's face some one would try to take you away from me, and I always kept it in readiness for defense."

"How sweet! But how is it that now you usually offer me your right arm?"

"Well, I am not so afraid as I was."

Expected.

The prospective maid of all work was answering her terms. "I want \$15 a week, paid in advance, and I don't wash, nor scrub floors, nor—"

"But"—began her would-be employer, feebly.

"Or work after 6 o'clock," went on the woman steadily, "and I want every evening off, and a fine refrigerator, and—"

"But, surely, the refrigerator can wait till you have us," broke in the mistress, nervously.

"No, I want the letter now," returned the domestic, firmly. "I've tried getting them when I leave, and I've never got a good one yet."

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CHAPTER XXI (Continued)

And Gladys—my Gladys of the mystic lake, how to be re-claimed the Central, for never shall she have immortality through me.

Did I not always love you hard? Did I not love you hard? Did I not, even at the time when I was proud to obey her beckon, feel that it was surely a poor love which could drive a lover to his death or the dagger of it? Did I not, in my true thoughts, always recurring and always dismissed, see past the beauty of the rock and peering into the soul, discern the twin shadows of selfishness and of hollowness glowing at the back of it? Did she love the heroic and the spectacular for its own noble sake, or was it for the glory which might, without effort, be sacrificed, be reflected upon herself? Or are these thoughts the vain wisdom which comes after the event? It was the shock of my life. For a moment it had turned me to a cynic. But already, as I write, a week has passed, and we have had our momentous interview with Lord John Roxton and—well, perhaps things might be worse.

Let me tell it in a few words. No letter or telegram had come to me at Southampton, and I reached the little villa at Streatham about ten o'clock that night in a fever of alarm. Was she dead or alive? Where were all my nightly dreams of the open arms, the smiling face, the words of praise for her man who had risked his life to humor her whim? Already I was down from the high peaks and standing flat-footed upon earth. Yet some good reasons given might still lift me to the clouds once more. I ransacked the garden path, hammered at the door, heard the voice of Gladys within, pushed past the staring maid, and strode into the sitting-room. She was seated in a law-settee under the shaded standard lamp by the piano. In three steps I was across the room and had both her hands in mine.

"Gladys!" I cried. "Gladys!"

She looked up with amazement in her face. She was altered in some subtle way. The expression of her eyes, the hard upward stare, the set of her lips was new to me. She drew back her hands.

"What do you mean?" she said. "Gladys!" I cried. "What is the matter? You are my Gladys, are you not—little Gladys, Hungarian?"

"No," she said, "I am Gladys, your husband."

"How absurd!" I said. "I found myself mechanically moving, and almost involuntarily with a little stammer, I had said who was called upon to sit in the deep arm-chair which had, once before, sacred to my own name. We looked at each other.

"What are you staying here? We are getting our house ready," said Gladys.

"Oh, yes," said I, "I was just saying that you didn't get my letter at you, then?"

"No, I got no letter," she said. "Oh, what a pity! It would have made all clear."

"It is quite clear," said I. "I told William all about you, and he told me all about you. I am so sorry about it. But it couldn't have been so very deep, could it, if you could go off to the other end of the world and leave me here alone. You're not rabby, are you?"

"No, no, not at all. I think I'll have some refreshment," said the little man, and he added, in a confidential way, "It's always like this, isn't it? And must be because you had polynomy, only the other way round; you understand." He laughed like an idiot, while I made for the door.

I was through it, when a sudden impulse came upon me, and I went back to my successful trick, who looked nervously at the electric push.

"Will you answer a question?" I asked.

"Well, within reason," said he. "How did you do it? Have you searched for hidden treasure, or discovered a gold mine, or done those things which are done in the Channel, or what? Where is the glamour of romance? How did you get it?"

"I was started at me with a sudden suspicion upon his forehead, good-natured, comely little fellow, being erected, cost \$160.

Mr. Herbert died on May 26, 1924. He had left a few days later indicated that he had left a substantial estate. The appraisal shows that his widow received \$55,831.14; his daughter, Ella, \$1,367.30; and his son, Clifford, \$1,157.63.

Another reason for the shrinkage of the estate was the payment of back federal and state taxes. Federal income taxes for 1923 and part of 1924 amounted to \$3,288 and \$1,322. New York state income tax for 1924 was \$1,617.86.

Red is the color of good fortune among the Chinese and yellow is the most popular color. Green is disliked as unwholesome and white and blue are the colors of mourning.

Just Out New Victor Records For July

- RED SEAL RECORDS
Number Size
1000 10—Ranchito Viejo (Out on My Little Old Ranch (A Marriage) In Spanish—Armand Crabbe.
1082 10—Nocturne (Boulanger) (Piano accompaniment) Violin Solo—Jascha Heifetz.
3035 10—The Gentle Maiden (Scott) 2. Cortege (Boulanger) (Piano accompaniment) Violin Solo—Jascha Heifetz.
1080 10—Miniature Viennese March (Marche Miniature Viennoise) (F. Kreisler) (with piano) Violin and Cello—Fritz Kreisler-Hugo Kreisler.
1002 10—La Golondrina (The Swallow) (Mexican Folk Song) In Spanish—Marguerite Matzenauer.
6504 12—Polonaise in E Major, Part 1 (Liszt) Piano Solo—Sergei Rachmaninoff.
6490 12—Polonaise in E Major, Part 2 (Liszt) Piano Solo—Sergei Rachmaninoff.
6505 12—Lohengrin—Prelude, Part 1 (Wagner)—Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra.
45403 12—Dance Macabre, Part 1 (Dance of Death) (Saint-Saens)—Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra.
19657 10—Over the Hills (Logan)—Victor Salon Orchestra.
19670 10—The Mystery of Night (Kneal-G. Deani)—Victor Salon Or.
19668 10—Polonaise (Polonaise-Elfrigue) (Nesokowski)—Polish National Orchestra.
35757 12—The Emblem of Freedom—March (Goldman)Goldman Band.
19654 10—Swanee Butterfly—George Price.
19656 10—Isn't She the Sweetest Thing?—George Price.
19667 10—Everything is Hotty Totty Now, Ukulele and Jazz effects by Billy (Uke) Carpenter—Gene Austin.
19668 10—Yes-Sir, That's My Baby, Ukulele and Jazz effects by Billy (Uke) Carpenter—Gene Austin.
19668 10—He Sure Can Play the Harmonica, with Violin, Guitar and Ukulele—Vernon Hallhart.
19668 10—Ain't You Coming Out Tonight?—Vernon Dalhart.
19677 10—Rock-a-Bye Baby (from "The Music Box Revue")—Grace Moore.
19677 10—If Love Were All—Lewis James.
19677 10—Let it Rain, with Ukulele and Piano—Gene Austin.
19677 10—What a Life, with Ukulele—Gene Austin.
19677 10—Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen (negro spiritual)—Marion Anderson.
19677 10—My Lord, What a Moralin' (negro spiritual)—Marion Anderson.

BELL-HARRIS FURNITURE CO.
We have the following used cars for sale or exchange:
1 Buick Six Touring
1 Buick Six Roadster
1 Liberty Six Touring
1 Ford Sedan.
1 Hupp Touring
1 Anderson Sport Roadster.
STANDARD BUICK CO.
Opposite City Fire Dept.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY
ASK WHAT YE WILL.—If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.—John 15, 7.

INCREASE IN TAX RATE A NECESSITY.

The commissioners of Cabarrus County have found it necessary to increase the tax rate for the county. The increase has been made necessary by demands of the citizens of the county for better roads and better schools and teachers.

Ten cents of the increase will go to the schools of the county. The county board of education asked for an increase of this amount, and the commissioners under the law, had no other course than to grant the increase. The school officials pointed out that better schools and better teachers will of necessity mean more money for schools, and if the people demand the change they have to pay for it, of course.

One cent of the increase will go to the county road commission which is building some excellent roads in all parts of the county. People living in high ways which are built and maintained by the county want the best, and of course they must pay for them.

Money spent for better schools and better roads is money well invested, and the commissioners believe that providing sufficient funds for each.

SAYS FLOGGING OF PRISONERS IS ILLEGAL.

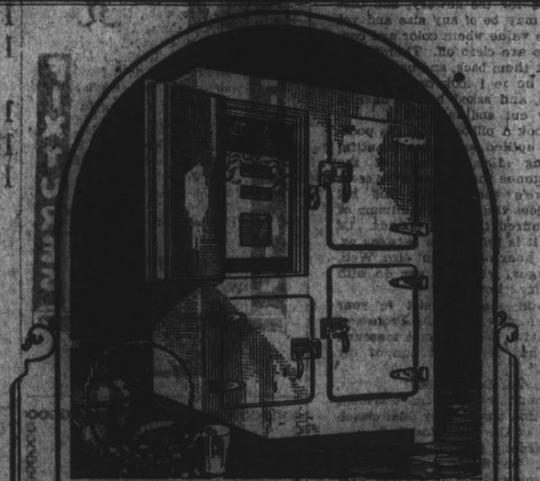
Judge Devin, in a Superior court, holds that the flogging of prisoners is illegal. The courts have no right to order a man flogged in North Carolina, the Judge pointed out, and he does not think horses and guards in convict camps have more authority than the courts.

"I believe that the Supreme Court of the State as now constituted would hold that flogging of prisoners is illegal," Judge Devin said in his charge of the grand jury of Wake county. Pointing out that the Constitution of 1868 did away with the whipping post as a form of punishment and only provides death, imprisonment, fine and removal of office as punishment in the courts of the State, Judge Devin declared that since the judges of the Superior Court cannot sentence men to be whipped he does not believe convict guards have that power.

"The people of North Carolina are incensed," the Judge added, "at the certainty of punishment and the severity of punishment."

There is going to be less flogging in convict camps in this State in the future. The matter has been brought to the attention of the public and the practice is not going to be tolerated. The convict houses and guards have somehow assumed the power necessary to administer whippings to convicts, but we agree with Judge Devin in the belief that the practice is illegal. The Supreme Court is almost certain to get a case before long with this issue to be settled, and when it does we expect it to render such decision as was rendered by Judge Devin.

The world may be glad that in the Pierpont Morgan library is said to be the earliest known book of the Bible.



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Install Kelvinator electric refrigeration in your refrigerator and you can forget all about ice delivery this summer.
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BIG DROP IN ESTATE OF VICTOR HERBERT

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