

The Concord Daily Tribune

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Special Representative FROST, LANDIS & KOHN... 225 Fifth Avenue, New York

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES... In the City of Concord by Carrier: One Year \$5.00, Six Months \$3.00, Three Months \$1.50

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Table with columns for Northbound, Southbound, and Train No. with times for various destinations like New York, Washington, and Richmond.

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Train No. 34 will stop here to discharge passengers going to Washington and beyond.

All of other trains except No. 39 make regular stops in Concord.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY... Bible thoughts memorized, will prove a precious heritage in after years.

RULES FOR RIGHT LIVING... He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require, but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—Micah 6:8.

THE WONDER IS IT DOES NOT HAPPEN OFTEN.

Dr. R. L. Patterson, of Mt. Pleasant, has addressed an open letter to Governor McLean protesting against laws that permit autos to carry blinding headlights and wagons to operate on the highways without lights of any kind.

Lexington Mayor Outslights the Scuths of Asheville... Lexington Dispatch.

After some eight or ten policemen of Asheville had scoured that city for two nights and a day and Buncombe officers had also looked far and wide, not to mention the dispatch of nine dollars worth of telegrams—duly charged to the owner of the car—the mayor of Lexington himself recovered the stolen automobile of one of the citizens of this city, at Asheville last Sunday morning.

Take the Record... Let the Harnett county outrage be entered on the records: Talmadge Sloan, 16 year old boy, was taken from an automobile by three men, Mark Riley and Mack Moore, and beaten with a stick by all of them.

Caldwell County Has Large Increase in Butters... Lenior, July 30.—An increase of 8,000 pounds of butter was made by the Caldwell County Creamery, according to figures shown at the recent meeting of the stockholders.

Three Greensboro-Charlotte Bus Lines May Be Eliminated... Raleigh, July 30.—Elimination of three lines between Greensboro and Charlotte is suggested by the corporation commission owing to the excess service between the two great cities.

Mrs. Sue Somerville Dead... Washington, July 31.—Word reached here today of the death in Atlantic City, N. J., of Mrs. Sue Somerville, former wife of the late Senator James K. Jones, of Arkansas.

belief that "it is well that incidents indicating the dangers of the unlighted wagon may have record in the newspapers, that they may have even the more impressive form of publicity through the Governor, that the next legislature may be bolstered in courage to enact a law the need of which is becoming more and more apparent."

WHERE THE TARIFF FAILED.

President Coolidge has ordered an investigation into the woolen and textile industries in the New England States and after hearing a report he decided, according to certain spokesmen, that the overbuilding of woolen mills to meet the war demands is chiefly the reason for the depression in the industry and the wage cutting which has become prevalent.

But we thought, as does the New York World, that "the new and high Republican tariff was advertised to correct any such situation as the President describes." Certainly the tariff has been a failure.

It was certain to bring higher wages, and therefore the operatives were to vote for the Coolidge ticket. The election was hardly more than over until wage reductions became open talk, and now they have become a reality.

Attention is called in the notice by the Clearing House association that there is no service charge for savings accounts.

Expense incidental to handling accounts is given as the reason for the service charge. It costs as much, say bankers, to handle a small account as a large one and unless the daily balance is as much as \$100 the interest earned does not amount to as much as the expense incurred in handling the account.

Mr. Leonard, who is connected with the state department of public welfare, was elected superintendent of the new State institution, which will be similar to the Stonehill Jackson Training School near Concord, some months ago, but was unable to get away from his State duties until August 1st.

The most important matter yet to be handled is the digging of a deep well and the linking up of the school's own water system. With the arrival of Mr. Leonard, however, these details are expected to be completed in short order, and the school made ready under his supervision for opening before the month of August is over.

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DOWN ON THE FARM.

It is natural for a body of men who make many speeches to drop occasionally into poetry. Our congressmen do, and everybody knows it. They quote every poet from Chaucer to Edgar Guest.

Down on the farm 'bout half past four, I slip on my pants and sneak out the door.

Out in the yard I run like the dickens To milk all the cows and feed all the chickens.

Clean out the barnyard, curry Rhoda and Jiggs, Separate the cream and slop all the pigs. Hustle two hours, then eat like a Turk.

By heck! I am ready for a full day's work. Then I grease the wagon and put on the track.

Throw a jug of water in the old grain sack, Hitch up the mules, slip down the lane, Must get the hay in, looks like rain.

Look over yonder, sure, as I am born, Cows on the rampage, hogs in the corn, Start across the meadow, run a mile or two.

Heaving like I am wind-broken, get wet clean through, Back with the mules, then for recompense Rhoda gets astraddle the barb-wire fence.

Work all the summer 'till winter 's nigh, Then figure at the bank and heave a big sigh.

Worked all the year, didn't make a thing Less cash now than I had last spring. Some folks say there ain't no hell, Shucks! They never farmed, how can they tell?

When spring rolls 'round I take another chance, As fuzz grows longer on my old gray pants, Give my galluses a hitch, belt another jery.

By gosh! I am ready for a full year's work.

NEW TRAINING SCHOOL FOR WAYWARD BOYS TO OPEN

Superintendent Will Arrive Next Week and Supervise Final Details for Opening.

Rocky Mount Telegram. S. E. Leonard, previously elected superintendent of the Eastern Carolina Industrial Training School for Boys, is expected to arrive in the city the latter part of next week, according to R. T. Fountain, chairman of the institution's board of trustees, and with the rushing of all detailed preparations to completion the school will likely be opened before the month is over.

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THE LIMITED MAIL by ELMER E. VANCE. Copyright 1923, Warner Bros. "THE LIMITED MAIL" with Monte Blue, is a picturization of this story by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

SYNOPSIS. Potts, a seasoned vagabond, and a young tramp who has seen only a few days "on the road," tarry at the foot of a railroad trestle in Granite Gorge, in the Rockies, cooking a "hobo stew" over their rads fr.

CHAPTER I—Continued. Granite Gorge was, on the whole, one gesture of Nature that would scare rather than thrill the tourist and travelling public; that section of the public, at least, which journeyed in pullman comfort.

But to vagabonds the Gorge was a friendly haunt—the rocky declivity from which sprang the spindly legs of the trestle's eastern arch was a haven; a cove beach whereon lay the flotsam edged tide of homeless wanderers that washes over the mellow ways of the Continent always in shy and cautious forerunning of the vernal days of whatever clime their frowzy presence favors.

"Spike Nelson!" Potts ejaculated in painful recognition, without even looking around. "Spike Nelson!" Potts ejaculated in painful recognition, without even looking around.

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campfire under any conditions, calmly unpocketed a newspaper, determined to enjoy his well-earned respite as any real gentleman should. He opened to the crossword puzzle, and was soon lost in its riddles.

Bob was freed from his own searing thoughts temporarily by a sudden, affectionate interest in a study of the happy-go-lucky character in him. This much he had learned in a week of carefree rambling and foraging by day, and sharing—by night—of the mean cover of a single gunny sack; that Potts was fat, freckled, a philosopher, a poet, who many years before had been a professor of history at an obscure university.

He had not told where it was or why he had left it—perhaps he did not know the latter himself. Bob, surveying him, wondered if the answer was in Potts' weak chin—which was a buttery knob receding in a surf of double chin waves. Bob wondered savagely if there was in his own face any telltale of the trait responsible for his own decision. Or had it been in his own case, after all, a sign of strength—the assumption of this roving that society had not trained him, nor Nature fitted him, for.

Forth from this dismal campfire and chilly night his thoughts wandered and captured a confused group of dreams, then bore them to his heart clanking in the brass chains of bitter memories that dazed and burned. He closed his eyes, as if to curtain off the tormenting show. When he reopened them slowly, he became aware that Potts was staring at him with questioning concern on his fudgy face. Again came the wry droop to one corner of Bob's mouth—the smile that never got beyond his lips. He lowered his eyes and went on stirring the stew.

"What kind of desert," Potts asked him by way of sympathetic diversion, reading from the crossword definitions in his paper, which was now limp and blurred from the rain-drops that blew into the half-sheltered retreat, "what kind of desert, I repeat, sir, is usually eaten after roast turkey, mashed potatoes, and brown gravy?" But the luscious visions conjured up in Potts' mind by this "puzzle" made it too difficult for him to long remember that his original intention was to beguile Bob. He immediately became lost in a rapture of martyred longing.

Suddenly both tramps grew alert and rose to their feet as, from the enshrouded darkness nearby, a whistle sounded, fluid and clear, ending with a peculiar trill—the hobo signal. Potts cautiously responded in kind, adding to the signal notes a few bars of reassuring comradery. Then Potts and Bob stood still and listened. But no sound of approaching footsteps reached them.

Without warning Potts jumped forward with a shrill squeak, dropping his newspaper and clapping both hands to the seat of his pants. Only quick intervention by the startled Bob saved him from tumbling into the fire.

The newcomer was a typically soiled specimen of that furtive, slinking, genuinely bad minority whose stigma of "suspicious characters" must unjustly brand all nomads the world over. Symbolically enough, the storm increased and lightning began to flash coincidental with his advent. In physical aspect he resembled a cross between a wolf and a gorilla, with none of the gentler attributes of either beast. His face was cruel beneath its grimy stubble; his left hand was missing and in its place there was a steel spike, pointed to a rapier-like sharpness. Quickly appraising the noisome visitor, it struck Bob that this spike must be a fearful weapon.

OUT TODAY New Victor Records

- RED SEAL RECORDS. No. 1004 10—Indian Dance (Roo-Zamecnik) Frances Alda. Please Keep Out of My Dreams (Bayes-Maxwell) Frances Alda. 1005 10—Shepherd's Hey (Granger) Piano Solo. Osip Gabrilowitsch. Passed (from "Le Roi s'amuse") (Deibes) Osip Gabrilowitsch.

BELL-HARRIS FURNITURE CO.

We have the following used cars for sale or exchange:

Dependable motive equipment. One Buick Six Touring 1922 model. One Buick Six Roadster, 1920 model. One Liberty Six Touring 1920 model. One Dodge Touring, 1920 model. STANDARD BUICK CO. Opposite City Fire Dept.

The Personal Touch. Every detail of the funeral arrangements is given our personal attention. We endeavor to impress upon our patrons our desire to serve them in the capacity of friends. In doing this, we hope to mitigate to some small degree their burden of sorrow. At All Times at Our Market Wilkinson's Funeral Home. J. F. DAYVAULT & BROTHER. PHONES 88 and 684.