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districts of the State moved up to 79.8. an increase of two per thousand, while the rate for the rural districts of the registration area dropped to 71.0, a decrease of 6.4 per thousand. On the other hand the urban rate for the State dropped, the rate for 1924 being 100.7 as against 109.5 for 1923, a decrease of 8.8 per thousand. The rate for the ur dropped from 77.9 in -923 to 72.8 in 1924, a decrease of 5.1 per thousand.

Among the 14 cities of the State with population of 10,000 or over, Gastonia led with the highest birth rate, 41.0, with New Bern having the lowest 24.4. The same relative standing of these two cities occurred in 1923. Gastonia and Salisbury divide honors for the lowest death rate, 10.7, a rate considerably under that for the State. Salisbury was lowest in 1923 with High Point second. The highest rate is 24.0 for Asheville, Raleigh being second with a rate of 20.7.

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finement has deranged his mind. Of course the alienists were on to testi-fy for the State and the defense. One group was just as reputable and promi-nent as the other, yet they disagreed as they always do in such cases. The State alienists said Scott was all right now: those employed by the defense said he was insane. There is just one experi-ment we would like to see tried. Get a bunch of alfenists to examine a man without telling them which side they were to be employed on, and see what they would do. Scott has ben committed to an insame asylum as a result of the jury's verdict face the death charge again. The chances are he will never recover, certainly not until his lawyers see some loop-hole they think he can escape through. French astronomers predict a "hard Mayor Cook reserved his decision in

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 STNOPSIS

 Bob Wilson, a young framp, has sword the Limited from disaster on its of the Samiled in her arms the restless, who held in her arms the restless, who will go."

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 Bob Wilson, a young framp, has its den into Crater City with Jim Fowler, conductor hands him a parse which has been raised by the passengers a cept is for himself but tosses it of Potts and Spike, fellow-wagabondi Then he accompanies Fowler to his has to find that he has become a father.

 CHAPTER II-Continued Who sonthy closed the door behind
 The silence became so oppres-sive that the slow and tense breath-ing of the four adults, the fretting of the newborn, the unduly hurried ciking of a mantel clock some-where, the rasping whisper of the gas-jet, and, like a mourner's dirge, the wague murmurings of the sht-ut tempest only seemed to make it more tangibly real and intense; it was a breathing, 'curiously alert' isob pever knew how long that

No one paid any attention to Bob, who softly closed the door behind him, then leaned inconspicuously against it—his feeling of intrusion Bob never knew how long that who softly closed the door behind him, then leaned inconspicuously against it—his feeling of intrusion changed, unaccountably, to one of apprehension. Jim di not look at the infant long. He cast a loving glance to-ward the doorway of a darkened ad-ioining cross then while di course. Slow infant changed, in the soft of the soft

ward the doorway of a darkened ad-joining room, then whirled joously upon the Doctor and framed the question that was uppermost in his heart. "And-my wife-" "

"And-my wife-" "And-my wife-" The doctor snapped his bag so-berly. Bob, watching, saw the mid-wife, Mrs. O'Leary, clutch the baby close to her in a scared way; saw the minister wet his lips. The Doc-tor, in whose face were the lines and the cares of hard fights and the cares of hard fights and words that his voice failed as bear; then seemed to expect that the tes-yond the need of speech. But Jim, in a sudden frenzy, caught hold of him and shook him, "My boy," the Doctor forced him-self to say in an awkwardly flat and tired voice, "your wife is deal" wards the the state of the source, "the backness of the source, "Come, Jim," slipping an arm around the roug man's shoulders with the fatherly licenge of a life-long healer and friend, "come-my boy-" Then adding lamely, in-wardly baffled by the insufficiency of his power of suggestion, "It can't be lined-there's boysing."

of his power of suggestion, "It can't be helped—there's nothing to be done. Cry, now—have a good cry done. Cry, now-hav it will do you good!"

Jim did not even know to shake the restraining arm off. He merely the restraining arm off. walked unheeding, from under it.

The minister stepped after him with gingery softness, and said monotonously, "Why not try pray-er, my con-seek your comfort and solace in the final hope of all those who grieve-" Jim shook the minister's blue-

white hands off as though they were sticky caterpillars. "Go to hell!" he said in a low,

thin tone, and walked on, as if he had neither heard nor spoken. To Bob, as a disinterested observer, it appeared that the minister's quick disconfiture grew out of ruffled pride in his own sense of weak-ress, rather than sympathetic feeling for Jim.

Bob felt himself an audience to a shadow drama. Here was life bared CHAPTER III to its essentials; here was a tiny hinterland parlor transformed into a

Bob, the shabby and bruised hobo, in that tragic moment had a leaden feeling that he was sarrliggiously out of place, and wished that he were a thousand disinterested miles were a thousand disinterested miles away. But this selfsh thought was that told her the canny thing to do for the man who had befriended way and held out to this self-him. Over that slenderly fine and here

away. But this selfish thought was dismissed the next instant by a selfish rought was dismissed the next instant by a selfish rought was dismissed the next instant by a selfish rought was dismissed the next instant by a selfish rought was dismissed the next instant by a selfish rought was dismissed the next instant by a selfish rought was dismissed the next instant by a selfish rought was dismissed the next instant by a selfish rought was dismissed the next instant by a selfish rought was dismissed the next instant by a selfish rought was dismissed the sentence of the rought can be discussed her matomatically received the infant into his outstretched hands.
Bob had never seen such naket ragedy. He felt himself relaxing himply against the ham bof the door way, through which he had barety stepped. Jim, on rigid limbs, moved stimpt rough which he had barety stepped. Jim, on rigid limbs, moved inner one. The doctor, knowing him well the devastating menace of such a pent up flood of emotion, shoot jim as if in an effort to break loost the key log of his emotions.
"Come, Jim, my lad—don't=doit."
But even the professional witness to mole realized the infant from its peril.



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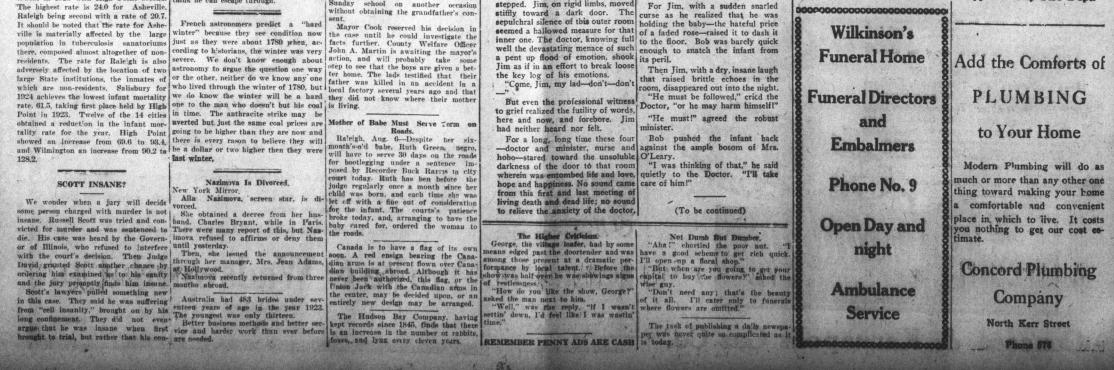
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Saturday, August 8, 1925



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Bob was barely quick enough to snatch the infant from its peril.