

The Concord Daily Tribune

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE
In Effect June 28, 1925

Table with columns for destination (New York, Washington, Richmond, etc.), time, and train name (Northbound, Southbound).

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Withhold Not Good.—Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it.—Proverbs 3:27.

IT'S BETTER TO BE CONSERVATIVE SOMETIMES.

You've heard all about these big fortunes that have been made in real estate in Florida and other places? Well, in some cases money has been made but in other cases the outcome has not been so rosy.

The Greenville, S. C., News has this to say about "the old lady who figured so prominently in that Land Room:

According to the realtors she bought the property for \$50,000 and sold it for more than \$100,000 in the same year.

One of her confidential friends explains the transaction thus: She did pay \$50,000 for the property. An auctioneer told her he could sell it for \$75,000, provided she would give him all over that amount the property "brought."

The property was sold on easy terms to Tom, Dick and Harry, operating on a shoe-string, who paid in cash all told about \$5,000 and gave "paper" due up to ten years later for the remainder.

The old lady had agreed to "carry" the "paper." She paid the auctioneer in cash, \$25,000 being his fee for a few hours work.

She recapitulated: Whereas she did have \$50,000 in cash, she now had none, having applied the \$5,000 from the sale to the auctioneer's fee and borrowed \$20,000 more besides. She had actually paid out \$70,000 and had as assets \$95,000 worth of "paper."

She cannot borrow \$95,000 on that "paper" at the bank. Indeed she will do well if she borrows \$50,000.

She will be a marvel if she eventually gets her investment of \$70,000 out of the "paper." She may take back some of the property, but in the meantime the process of deflation has a chance to operate too.

The auctioneer, of course, won. But then you hear it said that now's the time to get rich because so and so "cleaned up" \$50,000 on a certain piece of property bought this year.

Oh, well, it is good to see the inside of some of these individual transactions and the Greenville citizen who furnished this information has perhaps performed a service, though he brings on his head that derisive term "conservative."

WHEN COURTESY IS DANGEROUS.

Another motorist out for a vacation spin in his auto is killed by a stranger to whom he gave a lift. The murder is said to have been committed by a seventeen year old youth who wanted the automobile.

is dangerous. The youth who slew for a car was a police chief's son. He had been reared in a well established home under the care of parents who sought to direct him in the right manner. He had been given every opportunity to make something of himself, yet he killed a kind stranger for no stronger motive than to get possession of an auto.

The time was when decent looking people on the roads were safe enough, but certainly that time has passed. It is not safe to ride any stranger, no matter what his appearance may be!

CAN HIS SON TAKE HIS PLACE?

The country will watch with unusual interest the race in Wisconsin for the Senate seat made vacant by the death of Senator LaFollette. The late Senator's son announced his candidacy some time ago and now the Coolidge republicans have nominated Roy P. Wilcox as their candidate.

No one had a chance to defeat Senator LaFollette but even his most ardent supporters are not certain that the son can win. It is a long jump from father to son in this case, and while many persons undoubtedly will vote for LaFollette just because of his relationship to his father it is only reasonable to suppose that many former LaFollette men will go back to the Republican ranks now that their leader is gone.

If LaFollette can muster anything like the strength his father always received in Wisconsin voting he will be certain to win the seat.

Southern Puts on New Florida Train on September 7th.

Jacksonville, Fla., Aug. 14.—The "Ponce de Leon," new through train between the Ohio river and Florida, via Cincinnati, Atlanta, Macon, Jesup and Jacksonville, with through sleeping cars between Central West. ern cities and Florida points, will be inaugurated by the Southern Railway on Monday, September 7th, according to announcement made today by Division Passenger Agent Virgil L. Estes.

Leaving Cincinnati at 6:45 p. m.

the "Ponce de Leon" will get connections from "Big Four" trains leaving Chicago at 10:10 a. m., Indianapolis 9:20 p. m., Cleveland at Noon, Detroit 9:10 a. m., Toledo 10:55 a. m. will arrive at Chattanooga 4:15 a. m., Atlanta 9:05 a. m., Macon 12:40 p. m., Jacksonville 7:55 p. m. in ample time to make connections with evening trains of the Florida East Coast, Atlantic Coast Line, and Seaboard Air Line for South Florida points.

Northbound, the "Ponce de Leon" will leave Jacksonville at 9:30 a. m., receiving connections from incoming morning trains on all Florida lines, will arrive at Macon 5:00 p. m., Atlanta 6:20 p. m., Chattanooga 11:15 p. m., Cincinnati 9:20 a. m., making connection with "Big Four" trains arriving at Toledo 6:45 p. m., Detroit 8:50 p. m., Cleveland 7:30 p. m., Indianapolis 2:30 p. m., Chicago 7:50 p. m.

In addition to the through sleeping cars, the "Ponce de Leon" will handle coaches between Cincinnati and Jacksonville with Southern Railway System dining cars serving all meals.

Idleness at Ford Plant Mysterious.

Newark, N. J., Aug. 13.—Officials of the Ford Motor company today refused to admit that the Kearney plant normally employing from 4,000 to 5,000 men was virtually idle nor would they confirm reports that the apparent shutdown was due to large changes in machinery and operation preparing for radical innovations to be introduced in the machinery of the Ford car.

Private investigations among traffic officers, trolley car operators and proprietors of stores and lunchrooms near the plant disclosed that the plant had been practically idle for two weeks. Officials of the company in denying this said 3,000 men remained at work.

"It says here in the paper," began Mrs. Fumblegate in the midst of her perusal of the county seat newspaper, "that a man dropped dead right in front of the ticket window in the railroad depot in Torpidville." "I guess likely the station agent must have given him a civil answer to a civil question," replied Farmer Fumblegate.

THE LIMITED MAIL by ELMER E. VANCE

Copyright, 1924, by Vance Bros. THE LIMITED MAIL, by Monte Blue, is a dramatization of this story by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

SYNOPSIS
Jim Fowler, the mail clerk, has lured Bob Wilson, the young tramp, to seek a railroad job and settle down with him in Crater City. The two are on the way to the yards when they meet Potts, a former companion of Bob's. Potts is accused of a theft of which Spike, another hobo, is guilty. Jim and Bob expose Spike and he is taken into custody. The guilty engineer is being led away when, suddenly, he jabs the spike attaching to one of the cars straight at Bob Wilson's throat.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

The attack came too suddenly and too unexpectedly for any of the onlookers to interfere. Bob's own wariness was all that saved him; he caught the terrible arm when its razorlike tip was so close that it pricked a drop of blood from his throat. An instant later Spike went flat and cold from a smashing right fist which Bolts Moran had unleashed almost simultaneously with Spike's murderous thrust. Handcuffs were clamped on Spike while he was still unconscious, and the detectives bore him away to temporary confinement in the headquarters building until he could be turned over to the local authorities.

"Narrow shave," laughed Bob, brushing the blood drop from his forehead. "You're a cool customer," sputtered Bolts. Jim had told him, during their short walk from the soundhouse before meeting the detectives, that Bob sought work; so inspired by Spike's mistake in the connection of Bob with the arrest, Bolts now proposed abruptly, "There's always a chance for bright, cool guys with the Road's detective staff. I can fix it for you. What say?" Bob tried tried to look pleased



Sure he was unobserved, he tore down the handbill and ripped it into bits.

and thoughtful, though inward convulsions—whether of fear or of merri ment—sucked in the corners of his mouth. Him—a detective! Presently regaining control of himself, albeit there was a curious timidity in his voice, he answered, "No, thanks! I want to fire—and then to drive."

Although Jim kept silent his pleasure in Bob's decision was reflected in his face. Moran, too, looked pleased. "You're turnin' down something easy for something hard and dirty," he warned. "Have you had any drivin' experience?" "Can drive a fiver!" Bob boasted innocently.

"Hell," exploded Bolts, "I don't mean a lousy gas buggy—I mean a real, steam engine! A good old poundin', sweatin', furchin', coal-swillin' Mallet or Baldwin or Cook or American!" "No!" stammered Bob in a drowned voice.

"What's your education been, son—and by that I mean pistons, not poetry—mechanics, not music? Can you tell the business end of a Stillson?"

Bob thought remotely of his B.S. from Princeton; his M.E. from Carnegie Tech; his post-graduate work at Massachusetts, during which he had invented a new type cylinder head vacuum with which these very same Mallet thoroughbreds that Moran's men fussed over and groomed like race-track pets were equipped. But circumspection's white fies ruled Bob's tongue.

"Three years high school, worked in a machine shop, fired in the boiler-room of a city utility company back east, and took lessons in 'Railroad Shop Practice' and 'How to Be an Engineer' from the Inter-

locan Correspondence Schools of Scrambleton," he bragged vainly and gloriously.

Bolts was dumbly aghast in the face of such crudition.

"Report for work seven o'clock Monday morning," he condescended, "and I'll shove a callous-stick into your fists, son. And now, so long—there goes a guy what's developed the hotbox habit an' I got a few remarks to make to him!" Eyes flaming, he bolted after a passing yardman.

"Congratulations, Bob! You lie beautifully," chuckled Jim, wondering what Bob's education and training really had been. But Bob vouchsafed no information—his enigmatic smile indicated plainly his wish to consider that avenue of discussion now closed; his firm unwillingness to reveal any of his secret past even to Jim, whom he had accepted as his best and closest friend.

The offices of the Transrockian System's Mountain Division headquarters, occupied the yard-end of the spindly, roach colored, blind-looking wooden building with long platform sheds—like insect antennae, perpetually feeling and searching before it for the shunting trains—that was ostentatiously spoken of in Crater City as "The Depot." Toward these offices, where Jim wanted to establish some facts regarding his coming resumption of duty, the friends leisurely strolled.

Bob, sitting down on an unused baggage truck outside to wait for Jim, drowned into easy reflections; the sleepy warmth of the late afternoon, the reaction from judgments of excitement, the clatter and bustle of the yards leavened by distance into a soothing confusion of sounds, all conspired to encourage a reverie. A measure of mental peace had come to him with his decision to start life and a modest career anew here, untormented by worldly purposes and involvements, unknown and unlikely to be hunted out. Roaming always, the slate of his life would have been ever smudged; now it was cleaned, and the writing thereon from this day forward would be his will—not the wind's will, not a sham society's will.

Then, with a stomach chilling suddenness that brought him cursing to his feet, he became aware that staring him in the face, ironically belying his comfortable feeling of security, was his own photograph on a handbill—tacked to one of the nearby pillars of the trainshed—that gave particulars as to his age and physical descriptions, and offered a large reward for information concerning him, dead or alive.

Gone, the present! An unending past was snapping at his heels! Bob felt sodden and airless, like a punctured bladder; his ears rang from the tumbling of his cardhouse about them.

If Jim came out now and read that brand—yet, it came to Bob as he scanned the poster with a detachment local to his eyes and not felt in his heart, that there was a chance he might not be recognized from the photographed resemblance. He had been soft, flabby, listless, faced with the weight of a harassed mind when the picture was made; he was lean, hard, finely-drawn now. Still, the chance was too great. Jim must not see that handbill! Bob's eyes searched out what walls and pillars of the station were within his view, but no duplicate poster was to be seen. Perhaps only one had been sent to the local authorities in the usual police mail broadcasting. Bob fervently hoped so, as with grim energy, after a glance up and down the platform to make sure he was unobserved, he tore down the handbill and ripped it into bits which he crammed into his pocket for future surreptitious discarding.

A hoarse, slimy laugh rasped on the lazy air. Bob whirled in the direction whence it came and was shocked to see Spike indolently watching him from the small, barred window—the only window in that blind end of the depot—of a room in which he had evidently been put for safekeeping. Spike bore the archly wise air of a man who had been observing for a long time and with huge enjoyment. Bob, confounded by his discovery, nonplussed by the assurance of his tormentor, rushed at the window with hands extended to reach through and throttle Spike.

"You devil—you—you—oh, hullo, Jim—back already—"

(To be continued)

PLAYER BREAK ARM WHILE PITCHING BALL

Winston Taylor, of Fayetteville Club, Had "Wound Up" in Throw. Fayetteville, Aug. 14.—A most unusual accident occurred here this afternoon during the final game of the amateur baseball championship series between Fayetteville and Siler City, when Winston Taylor, of the local club, broke his arm while pitching in the second inning. Curtis Siler City first baseman, was at bat and Taylor "wound up" to throw a fast ball. As the ball left his hand his arm dropped limply to his side and the pitcher fell to the ground. All the players of both teams and three doctors rushed to his aid and he was taken to Siler City hospital. A clean fracture was found just above the elbow.

Taylor is a left handed pitcher and considered one of the stars of the team. Though small of stature he puts every ounce of strength and energy into each pitch, and literally gave his arm to help his team win the state championship. Fayetteville won the game, 12 to 3. Taylor's home

HAIR TONIC HUNTING BOOTLEG BUSINESS

Durham Department Stores Making Specialty of the Stuff, Which Has a Strong "Kick." Durham, Aug. 14.—According to statements made by the local police, hair tonic, or what is more familiarly known in certain local circles as "red Lizzie," is hurting the business of the bootleggers in the city of Durham and hundreds of bottles of this hair stimulant are each week being purchased and consumed as a beverage by the local drinking fraternity.

Several of the big department stores in the heart of the city are making a specialty of the brand of hair tonic most favored by the thirsty, selling this at a price of 25 cents a bottle. It is said that the man who imbibes a bottle of it has a 24 karat jag on his mind.

Bootleggers are said to charge from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per pint for their product and for the lowest price the thirsty one can secure half a dozen bottles of "tonic."

There is no law preventing the sale of the hair tonic but during the past two or three months local police have made more than a hundred arrests in which those nabbed were charged with drunkenness and the illegal possession of intoxicating spirits.

TODAY'S EVENTS

Saturday, August 15, 1925. Today is the Feast of the Assumption, observed by the church of Rome in honor of the Virgin Mary. The Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Lillis, Catholic bishop of Kansas City, today observes his 40th anniversary in the priesthood.

Chicago's world championship Rodeo, against which protests have been made on the ground of cruelty to animals, is scheduled to open today. Representative William A. Oldfield, chairman of the Democratic national congressional committee, leaves Washington today for an extensive tour of the Far West for conferences with local leaders.

A movement which seeks to establish the identification of Anglo-Saxons as the ten lost tribes of Israel, and entitled to the promises of Christian leadership in world development, is to be promoted at a national convention which has been called to meet today at Waunita Hot Springs, Colo.

Wife Throws Acid on Younger Rival

Norfolk, Va., Aug. 14.—Waning love on the part of her husband and his alleged infatuation for a 19-year-old girl caused Mrs. Harry Zehm to throw a vial of carbolic acid in the face of her younger rival, Miss Katherine Thorne this afternoon. Between sobs the accused wife told of the gradual waning of her husband's love and her efforts to persuade the younger girl to keep away from him.

USE PENNY COLUMN—IT PAYS

ITCH! Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap) fail in the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk.

ECZEMA! Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap) fail in the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk.

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Most of our old customers have found us and many new ones.

If you haven't we hope you will.

Cabarrus Cash Grocery Company PHONE 571W South Church Street

My Diary

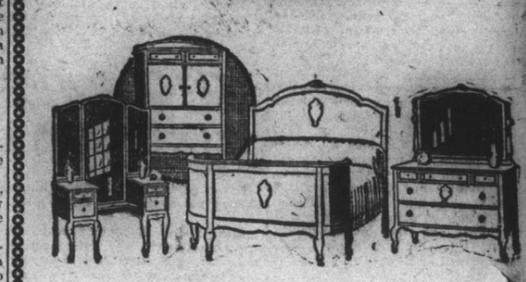
In going about town, I've noticed that none can compete with the new pumps I've selected. This shop is the only one carrying them and so reasonably priced, too.

Ruth - Kessler Shoe Store

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We have the following used cars for sale or exchange: One Buick Six Touring, 1922 model. One Liberty Six Touring, 1920 model. One Dodge Touring, 1920 model.

If you have been planning to make your home more attractive by the aid of decorative lighting fixtures, we suggest that you grasp the opportunity presented by the arrival of new stock here to make your selections. "Fixtures of Character" W. J. HETHCOX W. Depot St. Phone 669

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