The Concord Daily Tribune

J. B. SHERRILL
Editor and Publisher
W. M. SHERRILL, Associate Editor

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.
All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Special Representative
FROST, LANDIS & KOHN
225 Fifth Avenue, New York
Peoples' Gas Building, Chicago
1004 Candler Building, Atlanta

Entered as second class mail matter at the postoffice at Concord, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In the City of Concord by Carrier:

One Year	$6.00
Six Months	3.00
Three Months	1.50
One Month	.50

Outside of the State the Subscription Is the Same as in the City

Out of the city and by mail in North Carolina the following prices will prevail:

One Year	$5.00
Six Months	2.50
Three Months	1.25

Less Than Three Months, 50 Cents a Month

All Subscriptions Must Be Paid in Advance

RAILROAD SCHEDULE
In Effect June 28, 1925

	Northbound		
No. 40	To New York	9:28	P. M.
No. 136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No. 36	To New York	10:25	A. M.
No. 34	To New York	4:43	P. M.
No. 46	To Danville	3:15	P. M.
No. 12	To Richmond	7:10	P. M.
No. 32	To New York	9:03	P. M.
No. 30	To New York	1:55	A. M.
	Southbound		
No. 45	To Charlotte	3:55	P. M.
No. 35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No. 29	To Birmingham	2:35	A. M.
No. 31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No. 33	To New Orleans	8:25	A. M.
No. 11	To Charlotte	8:05	A. M.
No. 135	To Atlanta	8:35	P. M.
No. 37	To New Orleans	10:45	A. M.
No. 39	To New Orleans	9:55	A. M.

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—
Bible Thoughts memorized, will prove a priceless heritage in after years.

God's People:—My people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places.—Isaiah 32:18.

WILL THE POLITICIANS LET HIM DO IT?

General Andrews, charged now with perfecting a prohibition unit that will function, has some fine ideas about the hard job and he may be able to accomplish something if given the chance.

"Just now," he said, "the interest of the Nation is more or less centered upon the operation of the prohibition law. Let us consider that for a minute. Government recently took a daring, determined step in the matter of regulating community life. For the improvement of the social and economic conditions of the whole community, it in effect wrote an eleventh commandment for the conduct of the individual—'Thou shalt not drink strong drink.' Thousands of citizens are opposed to this law for one reason or another. Hundreds of thousands are wilfully violating it. With the latter I take serious issue. They are, perhaps quite unconsciously, doing a dangerous thing to the community. Their demand for liquor has necessarily built up the business of supplying it, and thousands of men have gone into the outlaw business. Each one of them is a criminal, so we have a new criminal class in the country, more numerous and more widely-spread than Government has had to meet before. They have established in effect a new industry, gradually becoming organized, employing lawyers, gunmen, detectives and intelligence agents, operating in defiance of government. They are an active enemy, fighting against our institutions; to give them aid and comfort is hardly the act of good citizenship."

In other words General Andrews sees a dry nation when the temptation has been removed from the path of the bootlegger. He wants a nation without a desire for drink. If the buyer for liquor cannot be found, then the bootlegger will have no business left.

It is going to be hard for General Andrews to create such a state of affairs by law, and it is also going to be hard for him to get a prohibition system that will work for politicians will not let him. He no sooner announces a reorganization of the dry unit than word comes that Senators and Congressmen are going to be consulted about appointments. Of course the party leaders in various communities will have to be consulted also, and in the last analysis the politician will decide on the man who is to carry out the provisions of the law.

That probably means the new organization will be no more effective than the old one was for politicians are going to recommend favorites regardless of their qualifications.

THE MONEY WILL BE FORTHCOMING.

A furor has been created by the announcement from Sanatorium, the State hospital for tuberculosis patients, that sixteen persons, seriously ill with the disease, must leave the institution September first because of lack of funds. The last session of the General Assembly gave Sanatorium something like $150,000 when officials of the institution had asked for about a million dollars and had demanded not less than about $400,000 if their work was to be continued on the scale needed.

The money needed at Sanatorium will be forthcoming all right, for North Carolina people are not willing to see bed-ridden tuberculosis patients sent from a hospital when they are not able to take the treatment at their own expense. The directors of the hospital have just a certain amount of money to spend and they have decided that it will be better to give treatment to sixteen persons who have just contracted the disease and who have a chance to be cured, than to keep the 16 persons who have no chance to recover. Still, the State is faced with the need of caring for the 16 hopeless cases just the same. The fact that they cannot be cured should not mean they will have to be in want in their last days.

North Carolina has prospered greatly in recent months and her humanitarianism has been responsible for this prosperity to no uncertain degree. We do not believe a State can prosper unless the people of that State are willing to give enough of their substance to care for the unfortunate people. What shall it profit North Carolina or any other State for her people to save a little money while neighbors and friends are suffering from insanity, disease or some other affliction.

Surely there must be a way for the State to meet the demands in this case. We are certain the legislature members did not intend for such a condition to exist as has been created by the decreased appropriations for this hospital for tuberculosis patients.

The chief justice of the United States always wears a new satin gown when he swears in a President.

USE PENNY COLUMN—IT PAYS

WADE BOWMAN BACK AFTER ILLINOIS TRIP

Hickory Man Applies to City and County Officials But Finds No One Wants to Arrest Him.

Hickory, Aug. 15.—Wade V. Bowman, former commander of the second squadron of the North Carolina cavalry, who is out on a $7,500 bond for his appearance at the November term of Catawba Superior court on a charge of assault with criminal in tent on a 12-year-old girl, returned to Hickory about 9 o'clock last night in his car, the alleged sale of which led to his arrest in Illinois last week.

A few minutes after his return he went to the police station and asked if there were any papers out for him. He was not wanted there. He then went to Sheriff Bost but found that he was not wanted by county officials.

Porter Burns, one of his bondsmen, who went to Aurora, Ill., after the report of Bowman's arrest there, returned last Thursday by train. That Bowman was taking a vacation at the solicitation of his friends is being told by those who wish to explain his visit to Illinois.

No statement was given by the defendant today. The only light on the matter of Bowman's arrest last Thursday was given by Burns, who issued a statement to the press today to the effect that he had perfect confidence in Bowman and went to Illinois merely in the interest of the defendant. Information is that Bowman has not announced where he will go when he leaves again. It is said that Mrs. Bowman accompanied her husband on his trip to Illinois.

Garrett Commander of Spanish War Vets.

Asheville, Aug. 15.—W. E. Garrett, of Greensboro, was elected commander of the department of North Carolina, United Spanish War veterans, at the state encampment held in Asheville today. John H. Davis and Col. E. L Gilmer also of Greensboro, were appointed department adjutant and quartermaster, respectively, L. M. Gipson of Wilmington, and S. O. Smith, of Asheville, were elected senior vice commanders respectively.

COURT CALENDAR

The August Term of Cabarrus Superior Court will convene August 17th, 1925, before His Honor Judge Henry P. Lane. The Civil Docket will not be called until Monday, August 24th, 1925, and will be called in the following order.

MONDAY.
454—J. B. Holt & Co. vs. H. W. Harkey, for motion.
19—Annie Hopper vs. Wade Hopper, for motion.
30—Maggie Gains vs. Dudley Gains, for motion.
39—A. Henry M. Pethel vs. Bruner W. Pethel.
79—Laura Furr, vs. Jason Furr, for motion.
90—Corl Wadsworth Co. vs. Bennie White.
104—C. W. White vs. Corl Wadsworth Co.
112—C. H. Peck vs. Eugene Hartsell.
124—Corl Wadsworth Co. vs. D. H. Sides.
202—J. L. Query vs. Postal Telegraph Co.

TUESDAY.
219—David D. Golston vs. So. R. R. & Yadkin R. R. Co.
246—M. A. Crowell vs. H. E. Sh[illegible].
253—Kiser Auto Exchange, Inc. vs. Edgar Mullis.
267—Dyktie Bros. vs. Hartsell Mills Co.
269—Furst & Thomas vs. J. O. Summerlin, et als.
275—M. B. Fuller vs. Motor & Tire Service Co.

WEDNESDAY.
281—W. A. L. Smith, vs. J. Frank Smith and Charlie Wade.
283—Southern Railway Company vs. Hartsell Mills Co.
284—J. L. Dry, vs. The American Tobacco Co. et als.
288—Melzie Watts vs. Lewis and A. F. Lefler.
296—A. P. Widenhouse vs. J. C. Pounds.
299—Wiley W. Davis vs. Lewis and A. F. Lefler.
303—Mosie Ree Reel vs. Lewis and A. F. Lefler.

THURSDAY
312—M. F. Teeter vs. W. C. Yates.
322—The Bishop & Babcock Co. vs. E. P. Athenalius et als.
335—Watt and Coley Smith vs. Locke Cotton Mills.
336—Wm. Whittington vs. John Warren.

FRIDAY
339—Fixall Motor Co. vs. G. L. Osborne.
344—C. Electa Tucker vs. Q. A. Whitley.
345—Chas. E. Turner vs. Lewis and A. F. Lefler.
351—R. B. Little vs. N. A. Archibald.
354—The Commercial Shirt Corp. vs. R. T. Fry.

THIRD WEEK BEGINNING AUGUST 31st, 1925

MONDAY
361—N. M. Barbee vs. J. A. Patterson.
362—V. C. Barbee vs. J. A. Patterson.
363—Motor & Tire Service Co. vs. R. P. Harvey.
365—C. J. Harris vs. M. H. McKnight.
369—Mary Ewing, vs. J. W. Petrea.
370—Fixall Motor Co., vs. Dave Earnhardt.
373—Fred Lowder, vs. Sprott Bros.
377—Joe Cunningham vs. Jno. A. Patterson.
378—Mack Steel vs. Jno. A. Patterson.

TUESDAY
379—David Cook vs. W. W. Hoagland.
385—M. F. Teeter, vs. Lock Cotton Mills.
389—T. M. Alexander vs. Laura Fleming, et als.
393—W. B. Ward & Co., vs. Tom Strate.
395—Ernest Shoe Mfg. Co. vs. J. C. Pounds Shoe Co.
400—J. C. Pounds vs. Southern Fruit Co.

WEDNESDAY
402—Wood Stubbs vs. A. P. Furr.
408—Nelson Machine Co. vs. J. C. Pounds.
409—Pearl Novelty Co. vs. J. C. Willeford.
416—Cabarrus Savings Bank vs. G. P. Heilig and Motor & Tire Service Co.
420—J. W. Tarlton vs. J. A. Patterson.
423—Richmond-Flowe Co. vs. J. F. Bales & Son.
424—Henry B. Burr, vs. E. G. Lawing.

THURSDAY
430—Peeler & Co., vs. Furr Bargain House.
431—Durham Market vs. Furr Bargain House.
442—Richmond Flowe Co. vs. Coughlin Co.
459—Eclipse Paint & Mfg. Co., vs. J. W. Tarlton.
460—W. S. Bogle vs. R. T. Fry.
463—D. H. Privett vs. Cabarrus Cotton Mills.

Divorce cases not docketed by agreement of the Bar, will be called at convenience of the Court.

Witnesses need not attend until day set for trial. All cases not reached on day set will take precedence over cases of next day.

This August 10th, 1925.

J. B. McALLISTER, Clry Superior Court.

Trib. 11-13-15-17-19-21-23.
Times 13-17-20-24.

Copyright, 1925, Warner Bros.
"THE LIMITED MAIL" with Monte Blue, is a picturization of this story by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

SYNOPSIS

Jim Fowler has induced Bob Wilson to remain in Crater City in the employ of the railroad. The two meet a unemployed tramp, who attempts to stab Bob with his steel spike, for exposing him as a thief, but Wilson is too quick for him. At the railroad station Bob sees a handbill bearing his own photograph and the offer of a reward for information concerning him. As he tears it down he sees Spike, the tramp, leering at him through a window.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Jim, pausing as he rounded the platform corner, looked at his excited friend in curious surprise; then, catching sight of Spike, he shrugged and came forward again.

"Oh, wouldn't blame you if you did choke him, Bob," he sympathized, "but it's too hot to get excited at his like. Besides, he's got plenty coming to him. The men inside say they've got the goods on him for many things—breaking box car seals, among other things. He'll get fifteen years if he gets a day. Come, let's go home."

Sick at heart for reasons he could not confide, his outlook clouded with morbid speculation as to how much Spike had seen of the handbill, or knew, Bob stumbled away in silence beside Jim.

After him, a gleeful shout from the window—"I've got your number, 'bo!" After him, too, a derisive, mocking, knowing laugh that was

The yard bully shrunk away.

to haunt and disturb Bob on many a day when otherwise surety and peace would have been his.

CHAPTER V

Dust from the measured footsteps of five trudging years sifted over sleepy Crater City, every season adding a square to the quilt of time that tucked the little town more and more snugly each twelvemonth in the isolated importance of its remote hill-country bed. Though professionally aiding and abetting the ceaseless pulsation of traffic blood through the railroad artery on which it was a parasite, it was virtually stagnant itself. For every baby born, someone died or left town; for every restless journeyman member of the Big Four Brotherhoods who rolled up his store of the world's good in greasy overalls and fared on, some half-baked recruit put in an intimidated first day under Bolts Morran.

And yet, excitement was endemic in Crater City like measles in an orphan asylum or barber's itch in Italy; a public trait it had in common with other central spheres of brawny industrial activities such as colliery villages, steel-mill towns and fishing hamlets. There was always the Damoclean threat of those Sierra twins of perversity, Granite Gorge and the Old Witch, to raise this latent infection into an epidemic. Indeed, the town had known many a night's travail when blizzard or freshet were amuck in the mountains. Then its womenfolk waited and wept at the despatcher's bulletin board—like their storied sisters on beach and quay when waves roll high, or at colliery pit mouth when rescuers brave the gas damp below.

As headquarters of the most danger-fraught division of transcontinental railroading Crater City was in effect, therefore, somewhat of a vermiform appendix on the country's steel intestines in which every foreign body that stopped set up community inflammation; and aside from the sporadic ragings of strange dramatic pain in their workaday lives, the good citizenry were subjected to acute epidemics of less tragic, if not less interesting, excitement. There was, for instance, the thrilling advent into the town's ken of the handsome, mysterious hobo, Bob Wilson, on that storm-racked night already a half decade gone. And the draped day when a crepe-hemmed Special bearing a dead President's body to Washington rolled mournfully through. Days of other sorts, too; when Bolts Morran, hilariously behootched over the arrival of a junior Bolt, broke open a cage door in the menagerie car of a circus train in the Yard and allowed a tiger to escape into the streets; when the town Magdalene crept timidly and obscurely into church, and upon being singled out and patronizingly welcomed in an impromptu lost sheep text by the minister spat at him and departed in a huff; when Morran's Yard gang won their third successive blue ribbon for having the best kept Division on the Road; when the Paymaster's car was robbed; when the Widow O'Leary had her goitre removed; when Bob Wilson thumped the Yard bully who sneeringly called him a tramp.

But all these manifestations were mild compared with the sudden onslaught of brash cramp that, without a forewarning symptom, kinked Crater City's inwards one feverish summer morning when a certain taffy-colored head flamed and sizzled through the dry masculine hearts of the town like a virginal comet in a heap of dead worlds.

Bob Wilson, on his way downtown to breakfast early that morning, found himself conscious of an unwonted something in the air. Not that many visible evidences suggested this; although, true enough, there seemed to be a sabbatical repression in the dusty flow of Main Street, while Feeney's Pool Emporium was barren of its usual handful of oily-handed idlers and the several groups of gossiping off-duty men whom Bob passed were perky and animated quite beyond their accustomed stolidity. Bob wondered mildly, almost subconsciously, at these signs; but the most acute and significant testimony emanated from a premonitory tingling in his chest—a sort of pleasant uneasiness.

Bob was on call to take out a local freight at seven-thirty. It was already five minutes past seven when he elbowed briskly into the Ned Larvey lunchroom in the Depot, so he did not have any too much time in which to down his breakfast and glance through the morning paper. His general sensibility to an atmosphere of expectation and surprise was heightened at sight of the extraordinary number of trainmen in the place, considering the time of day. Men coming off the night runs lingered, bright-eyed and sleepless; day crews ate unhurried by the inexorable tale of the clock. Bramley, the English ex-butler manager of Crater City's branch of the famous Larvey chain of Transrockian Railroad restaurants and lunchrooms, was already on the job—this, in itself, a phenomenon of rare note.

Bob nodded in his genially silent way to acquaintances, saw with chagrin that his favorite table was occupied, then found himself an untenanted table in a secluded corner. Here he sat down in hasty peace, confident of the service of Minnie, the fat waitress, whose consistent and especial stewardly attentions he made sure of by generous tip

"What the deuce is up?" he speculated without much real curiosity, looking around as he propped against the sugar bowl with practised deftness his copy of the Salt Lake City morning newspaper, a batch of which were dropped off in Crater City at five a. m. each day by an eastbound through express. His eyes discovered no answer to his question, and a moment later the newspaper headlines had taken his whole attention and interest far out of the influence of his immediate surroundings. So he did not realize it was fully ten minutes before [illegible] came at his elbow a shy voice, "What will you have, sir, please?" Bob's eyes were wistfully scanning the society column, which, with the financial pages, he searched each morning.

(To be continued)

Cuban Pineapples Sold En Route to Markets.

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 15.—Movement of approximately 2,700 carloads of Cuban pineapples, practically the entire 1925 crop, from Jacksonville for distribution throughout the South, Central West, and East, has just been completed by the Southern Railway System, more than fifty per cent having been sold while moving and diverted to final destination, according to announcement made by H. L. McKellar, of Louisville, foreign freight traffic manager for the Southern.

The bulk of the movement went to markets in the Central West, 1,346 cars having been handled through the Southern's Cincinnati terminals. Through Potomac Yards, Va., 414 cars moved to eastern destinations. Cars sold and reconsigned en route totaled 1,514, the diversions being accomplished by the Southern's traffic and transportation forces.

The pineapples were brought to Key West by ferry and moved by the Florida East Coast Railway to Jacksonville where they were delivered to the Southern for distribution throughout the United States.

Raising Sunken Riches.

London, Aug. 14.—Over a hundred years ago off the coast of Pondoland, the East Indiaman, "Grosvenor," was lost, together with her cargo of gold, silver and precious stones worth more than ten million dollars.

Up to the early part of the present century two attempts had been made to reach the treasure, but both failed, the first on account of the lack of special gear, and the second because the strongly-built hatches could not be opened.

In 1905 operations were again started, this time by a syndicate floated in South Africa. But it was now found that the ship had become surrounded by sand and had completely disappeared. Luckily the weather kept fine, so a dredge was set at work to remove the sand. Seemingly the effort was meeting success—yet it failed. The force of the sea caused the walls of sand to collapse, so that the work of men and dredge was destroyed.

Two years ago still another effort was made, this time in a totally different manner. It was hoped to recover the treasure by way of the land instead of the sea. The "Grosvenor" was not a great way from shore, so it was an easy task to sink an inclined shaft below the floor of the sea, and then tunnel out to the ship.

Before the operations could commence, however, a great deal had to be done, for the nearest village is forty to fifty miles from Port St. Johns. In order to get the material, roads had to be made; and after this work was completed it took another two or three months before the material arrived.

The work of salving the "Grosvenor's" wealth is still going on. The money and precious stones have not as yet been reached, but it is expected that before long success will crown the salvage men's effort.

Advertising Did It.

Wrigley, the chewing gum man, has explained how he built up a business of millions of packages a day.

He has done it by sticking to his one line of advertising it. He spends over a million dollars a year in buying newspaper space to tell the word about 5 cent chewing gum. He has educated people to chew gum and to chew Wrigley's. He did not stop shouting as soon as he attracted attention.

He says you must keep it up or the buyer will forget you. Whether yours is a 5 cent or a $50,000 business keep telling about it.

Bus Lines Ask For Schedule Rehearing.

Raleigh, Aug. 1.—Kirk's Auto Bus Service, the Charlotte-Concord bus line, the White Bus Line and the Royal Blue Transportation company have requested rehearings before the corporation commission in regard to bus schedules between Greensboro and Charlotte. The commission announced today it had set August 21 as the date for the hearing.

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.

PEARL DRUG COMPANY

Please don't forget we are now at our new location on Church Street.

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

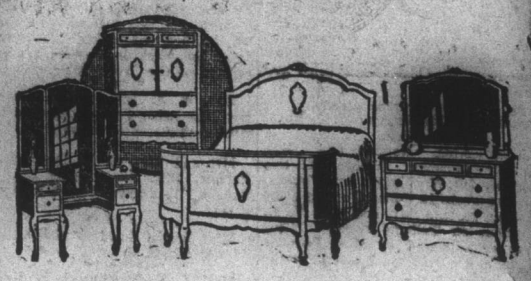
If you haven't we hope you will.

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 - Kesler Shoe Store

BELL-HARRIS FURNITURE CO.

Greater Comfort in a Home is Only Received From One That is Home Like



Our Display of Bedroom Suites is Especially Complete at this Time

All of the popular period design are presented in the various woods and finishes, and at the low prevailing prices they represent vales that cannot be duplicated elsewhere. Come in and see these suites. Full suites priced from $78.00 and up.

BELL-HARRIS FURNITURE CO.

This is a good opportunity

ELECTRIC FIXTURES
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

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.
STANDARD BUICK CO.
Opposite City Fire Department

Wilkinson's Funeral Home
Funeral Directors and Embalmers
Phone No. 9
Open Day and night
Ambulance Service

Add the Comfort of PLUMBING to Your Home
Modern Plumbing will as much or more than any other one thing toward making your home a comfortable and convenient place in which to live. It costs you nothing to get our cost estimate.
Concord Plumbing Company
North Kerr St. Phone 5