

The Concord Daily Tribune

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE
In Effect June 28, 1925
Northbound
No. 40 To New York 9:28 P. M.

BIBLE THOUGHT
FOR TODAY
The Mission of Jesus—The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.—Luke 4:18.

PREDICTS GOOD BUSINESS.

"An autumn prosperity shared by practically all classes of business," is predicted by the National Bank of Commerce of New York. The Bank, discussing current market conditions, writes:

"Conditions are practically unchanged from thirty days ago. In no line has there been more than the customary midsummer decline in the volume of business while in many industries the slackening has been less than usual. The improved agricultural outlook continues to be an outstanding feature of the situation. Good crops of corn and cotton are now fairly well assured, and the short wheat crop is being compensated by a satisfactory price. While it may well be that in some lines of industry there is a disposition to count unduly on farmer buying, it is safe to assume that this autumn goods of all classes will find a ready market in most agricultural points than at any time since the postwar depression began.

"It is generally conceded that unemployment has been a little more than normal thus far this year, primarily as a result of the difficulties of a few industries, chief among them being wool and cotton textiles, the boot and shoe industry in New England and bituminous coal operations in the territory affected by the Jacksonville agreement. The enormous volume of building and construction continues, however, to furnish steady work throughout the country not only for the skilled building trades, but for the large body of semi-skilled and unskilled labor usually most subject to irregular employment. Good retail trade is therefore assured in most industrial sections of the country.

WANTS MUSCLE SHOALS POWER.

Former Senator Dial, of South Carolina, has wired the Secretary of War, suggesting that power generated at Muscle Shoals be released as soon as possible so as to relieve the power shortage in the South. Business is beginning to feel the result of the drought in no uncertain manner. Senator Dial said, and in his opinion the Muscle Shoals property could be used to his better advantage, than to sit idle in the hands of the government. As a matter of fact, the power plant at Muscle Shoals has not been completed, but it probably will be in the near future and the suggestion of the South Carolinian should be considered. Power from the plant could be relay-

ed to all parts of the South, including North Carolina, and in this manner keep machinery going and labor employed.
Under ordinary conditions the power developed at Muscle Shoals will not be needed by the government and so far as any one can see the plant is not going to be leased. Congress just can't get together on the matter and all bids so far offered have been rejected. If there should be another war the plant will be of great value to the government but at present the plant could be put to no greater use than in relieving the power shortage of the manufacturing South.

Mecklenburg must have its politics. They are already talking about the next sheriff's race in that county and this talk has resulted in the dismissal of John Boyd Pharr, chief deputy and jailer to Sheriff Cochran. Deputy Pharr let it be known last week that he would be a candidate against Sheriff Cochran in the next primary and the Sheriff dismissed him from the county payroll, with the statement, says Mr. Pharr, that he "could not have as chief deputy a man who is working against me." Mr. Pharr opposed Sheriff Cochran in the last primary but despite this fact or because of it, was appointed chief deputy to the sheriff. He is not satisfied that the people do not want him for sheriff and is going to give them another opportunity to elect him, with Sheriff Cochran offering himself again. In most counties politics will create no interest until next year, but in Mecklenburg something seems to be stirring all of the time.

TODAY'S EVENTS.

Wednesday, August 26, 1925.
Seventy-five years ago today died Louis Philippe, the exiled king of the French.
Representative Enis J. Garrett, of Tennessee, the Democratic floor leader in the 69th Congress, celebrates his 50th birthday anniversary today.

The tenth annual meeting of the Canadian Bar Association will attract to Winnipeg today a notable array of lawyers of Canada and the United States.
Members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks from all parts of Canada will assemble in Montreal today for the annual convention of the order in the Dominion.

The annual meeting of the Rocky Mountain Coal Mining Institute will open today at Price, Utah, and continue in session through the remainder of the week.
The fifth anniversary of the proclamation of the ratification of the Woman Suffrage Amendment will be celebrated today by women's organizations throughout the United States.

Asks Pity For the Wretched Newspaper Man.

"The life of a newspaper editor resembles the discouraging eternity of those who in hell try to fill sieves with water," says Aldous Huxley in "The Nation and the Athenaeum."
"Twelve pages, 24 pages—and, as with every advance of civilization, every acquisition of leisure, universal boredom, and the urgent need of distraction grow and grow, the number will gradually increase—must daily be filled with reading matter.
"Every day from 40,000 to a quarter of a million words have to be poured into the bottomless wastepaper baskets, the dust bins, the insatiable sewers of the world. And there is no respite; there can be no slackening off. However, little there is to say, the pages must be filled.
"Esquias had to push a stone up a hill; when it got to the top, the stone rolled irresistibly down and he had to begin again. But at any rate the stone was always there; Esquias was not expected to produce it and reproduce it any time, like a rabbit, out of his empty hat.
"The newspaper man has to push just as hard as Esquias, and just as justly; he must also conjure up his stone, every day, out of nothing. Hence the silliness that is in newspapers. Reading it, we should feel, not irritation, but pity for the miserable wretches who have been reduced to such desperate shifts."
And that's that!

Selling or Holding Cotton.

Monroe Enquirer.
Two weeks ago a Union county farmer asked me, "If you had a bale of cotton what would you do with it?"
"Sell it, of course, and spend the money," I promptly told him.
"Isn't it better to hold it?" he asked.

Filling Station Tank Leaks Into Well.

Robinson, N. D., Aug. 25.—Residents thought they had struck a real bonanza here when it was discovered that the town pump was pouring forth gasoline. Several automobiles filled their tanks, filling the fuel as good as that obtained at a filling station. Today a nearby garage found its storage tank empty, it had sprung a leak.

The Polish Population in the United States Numbers about 3,000,000.

North Carolina ranks fourth among the states in the development of water power. Something that will have to be credited to James B. Duke rather than to the Democratic party.

WE'LL MAKE YOU BEAUTIFUL! So-called "Beauty Shops" in Cities Live on Gullible Women.

New York, Aug. 24.—An ominous feature of American life is the steady increase in the number of beauty shops, which are doing a yearly business amounting to millions of dollars. While many of the massage-mat hair dressing and similar establishments are doing a perfectly legitimate business, there have sprung up during the past few years thousands of so-called "beauty parlors" where the rankest charlatanism is practiced at the expense of the more gullible type of woman.

Most of the "specialties" sold at these places, under poetic, high-sounding names, are shams. Hair dyes which are comparatively harmless usually owe whatever virtue they possess to the photographer's old friend "pyro" (pyrogallic acid), a few grains of which will go a long way in staining. Other of the dyes vended are erratic in their action, and may produce serious skin troubles. One of these mysterious preparations turned a woman's hair green. Another gave rise to eczema. In a number of cases, the worst involving an expenditure of more than \$600 for medical treatment.

No less fraudulent are aids to beauty for which more extravagant claims are made. Of late many preparations have been introduced for reducing flesh by friction. The woman who thinks she is getting too stout pours a little of one of these nostrums into the palm of the hand and applies it to the skin, and presto, she is slimmer.
Medical men of high standing declare that no substance known to science has, by external application, any special effect in reducing flesh. For this purpose, soap and water would be just as potent as any of the much-vaunted liquids sold in tinted bottles with gold-lettered labels.

Many of the flesh-reducing powders and tablets are likewise declared to be all humbug. If they apparently do good, it is because those who take them act on the suggestion made by the vendors, and abstain for a time from sugary, candy, cream, potatoes, and the like. Self-denial, in fact, effects the ardently desired loss of weight.

Just as deceptive as such nostrums are some of the treatments given in the beauty shops. Many women have had paraffin wax injected under the skin of their faces with a view to restoring the lost contours of youth and dispelling wrinkles. They have been delighted with the result—for a brief period. But now they know how the penalties of such rejuvenation.

The wax-faced woman has to cultivate immobility of countenance. She must not smile or indulge in the luxury of tears, however great the provocation, because smiling stretches the skin, thus producing fresh wrinkles, and tears are apt to soften the lining of the cheeks. The "beautification" is not permanent. Sooner or later there is a slight discoloration beneath the skin, followed by a sagging of the youthful lines, and then the wax becomes lumpy, and the face reverts to its old shape. When this happens, the victim usually has the process renewed; but this is dangerous, as the pores of the skin gradually become clogged, and the general health is thereby seriously affected.

Beauty specialists, too, are now banishing wrinkles by electrical treatment, which exercises the muscles under the skin, causing them to develop. This is efficacious only if it is continued indefinitely. If the treatment is stopped the muscles begin to shrink, with the result that the wrinkles return. So it is with "treatments" for other purposes; they have to be repeated over and over again, and consequently they become a regular expense to those who undergo them. There is no end to the cost.

LOOK OUT, BOYS!

There Are Lots of Ways to Ask Her.—And Then Get Sued!

Liberty.
Of course you may never have proposed to her in so many words—but, Oh, boy! the juries nowadays have a funny way of looking at things, and if you pass by a couple of vacant lots and ask her which of the two she would prefer to live on, you're hooked! That's just one of the many little revelations in George McAdam's "What Is a Proposal?" in this week's issue of Liberty. Says Mr. MacAdam:

"Maybe you're free; and then again maybe you're not. What you're figuring on is that a man, to become engaged, must actually and definitely ask a girl to be his wife, and she must accept. That's what most people think. What you're overlooking is the possibility of some girl you've known asking a jury to listen in on what she considered a proposal.
"if that happens to you, don't hire a lawyer and fight, don't attempt to defend yourself by saying you never proposed, never had any intention of proposing; resign yourself to fate. She goes on the witness stand (the more she resembles a Cole Phillips hosiery ad, the worse it is for you), and, with eyes demurely downcast, she says to those twelve good men and true:

T. J. B. Duke Belongs the Credit.

Raleigh Times.
North Carolina ranks fourth among the states in the development of water power. Something that will have to be credited to James B. Duke rather than to the Democratic party.

Couldn't Be Softer.

Huntington, W. Va., Aug. 25.—The quick-tempered small boy, who must not grow angry and say naughty things. You should always give a soft answer.



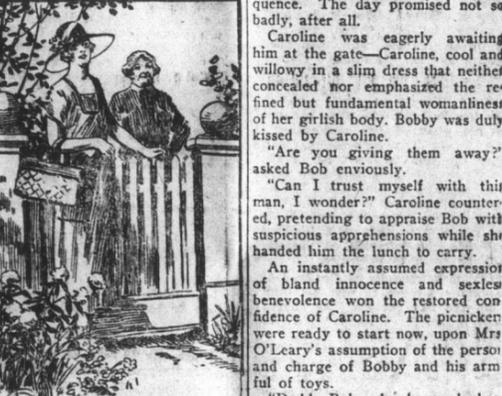
THE LIMITED MAIL with Monte Blue, is a dramatization of this story by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

SYNOPSIS
Bob Fowler, the freight engineer, has halted his train on a siding to let the Limited pass. Another passenger train also has halted. A woman who has descended from the observation car, has turned her ankle and stands in a precarious position between the tracks just as the Limited approaches. Bob goes to her aid, whereat she throws her arms about him and embraces him. When she has rejoined her friends in the car a moment later she explains, "That is my Bob—my husband!"

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

It was a day of the stuff that fair June days and young girls' dreams are made of; a day of such days as were appointed and ordained for youthful hearts when love first began and the world, too, was young.
But to Bob Wilson, hotly restless on the bed that had known no sleepful relaxation of his strong, heavy masculine body throughout the short night, the light of the newborn day welling into his room could bring no glad awakening. It brought not quietude, but weariness; not eager anticipation, but dull and apathetic echoes in his aching head of the old words that expressed the sum and substance of hobo philosophy.

"What the hell's the use of anything? What the hell difference does anything make?"
What use, what difference, indeed? After all his sturdy retelling and reworking, the chance for an abundant and joyous harvest now withered in his hands by discovery when he thought he was safe and forgotten; all his cherished isolation and jealously guarded bars of secrecy brushed down until Crater City and the present were one with the rest of the world and the past.



Caroline was eagerly awaiting him. Bob, rigid upon his back, stared miserably at the same patch of white ceiling on which the first flushing of light had found his eyes blankly fixed.

He looked forward with dread to what would now be an ordeal all day with Caroline in the woodland, instead of a carefree picnic. He wished that Morran had refused to grant him the day off. Then, he suddenly grew conscious that over and over he was telling himself to arise and dress and steal away from town with the beginning day and become a drifting nonentity again on the trail of forgetfulness. He could find and join Potts out there near Eagle Pass—dear, useless, companionable old "Pottsey," whose return at this time was perhaps opportune and providential in that it enticingly represented to Bob the easiest way for a trouble-weary man.

"What the hell difference does anything make?"
What difference could his going possibly make to anyone; preceding circles of ripples in the public interest as the days went on—then, forgotten!

He twisted himself out of bed, slowly, heavily-hearted. He would go, even though the very walls seemed to be mocking him with an accusation of cowardice. He would leave a note for Jim. To Caroline he would explain that Morran in the press of an emergency had cancelled his day's leave. Now that his mind was made up he plodded steadily at the task of dressing.

"Hurry up Daddy Bob—the lady will be waiting!"
He had almost forgotten Bobby, who dishevelled from the sound and untroubled sleep of his babyhood stood in the doorway with his clothes in his hand, ready for Bob to dress him.
Bob sat down on the bed with a short laugh, all his resolutions to

do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.
The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deceives him, the one that never leaves him ungrateful and traitorous, is his dog.
Layton—Well, I've proved that you are crazy, and you are, thank you, a free man. My fee is \$5000.
Client—But I'm not that crazy.

WHAT THE MOVIES MEAN TO ME.

BY MURIEL WOLFF
(This essay won first prize in the recent contest conducted by the Concord Theatre in the interest of Greater Movie Week.)

What do the Movies Mean to Me? That is a question that I have never analyzed before today, and to answer it is a hard job. My mother thinks the movies mean too much for me but I do not agree with her, and some of my friends think they mean too little. So I shall try briefly to tell what they mean to me in three ways—Recreation, History and Geography.
Most people think that because we are young and just go to school that we have an easy time. But if any adult would have to sit six hours in schoolrooms and concentrate on hard subjects they would not find it easy. Therefore I find it a real mental rest to sit in a beautiful theatre like we now have and see a good motion picture. In summer when going on, it is a great pleasure instead of reading hours and hours to go to a cool place and see a book in a few hours.

Seeing the Pathe News is almost the same as reading a newspaper, but it is lots more entertaining. I can almost keep up with the happenings of the day in this way, and get a correct idea of what is happening and how. The movies give me a good conception of past history. They show in an interesting and vivid way, the customs and manners of the people of the past. It's great men-and-women are portrayed in such a way that they seem more real. For an example I will take the great picture that was here some time ago, Quo Vadis. It showed to me the life of Nero's time and what the early Christians had to endure.

Only actual traveling could bring the world before me as moving pictures can. It may be a desert scene a scene on board a great ocean liner, or of the snow-covered north. No matter what part of the world is shown, I feel that I am seeing it as it really is.
And last, but not least, the movies are within the limit of the school-girl's pocketbook. I have paid much more for the price of a movie in my life than I have for anything else. I believe that motion pictures are doing very much good in the world today, besides providing entertainment for millions of people. The movies really mean something for me, even more than I realize.

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