

10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

On all orders for engraved Christmas Cards placed during the month of September...

S. W. Preslar JEWELER

EAT ICE CREAM EVERY DAY

One quart of ice cream equals 2 pounds of lean beef; 1.8 pounds of ham; 2.8 pounds of eggs and 5.2 pounds of potatoes...

Cline's Pharmacy Phone 333

TIMES-TRIBUNE PENNY ADS. ALWAYS GET RESULTS

ODD FELLOWS NOTICE

Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. M. L. ROSS, N. G. C. H. RITCHIE, Sec.

JOHN W. CLINE STOCK OF GOODS FOR SALE

The entire stock of goods in the store of J. W. Cline on East Depot street in Concord for sale in bulk privately.

MRS. L. I. CLINE, J. LEE CROWELL, Atty. 10-4.

BULBS BULBS

Hyacinths Narcissus Jonquils Tulips Crocus Fusias

Gibson Drug Store The Rexall Store

BULBS BULBS

Concord Daily Tribune

TIME OF CLOSING MAILS

The time of the closing of mails at the Concord postoffice is as follows: Northbound 136-11:00 P. M. 36-10:00 A. M. 34-4:10 P. M. 38-8:30 P. M. 30-11:00 P. M.

LOCAL MENTION

Ten pages today—two sections. Cotton on the local market today is quoted at 24 cents per pound; cotton seed at 58 1-2 cents per bushel.

The weekly meeting of the Concord Kiwanis club will be held tomorrow at the Y. M. C. A. at 12:30 o'clock.

The condition of L. T. Hartsell, Jr., who is recuperating in the Charlotte Sanatorium from a recent operation for appendicitis, is said to be much improved now.

R. D. Goodman, county farm agent, is spending today in Mooresville where he has gone on business in connection with the farm work of the county.

Several firms of the city sent members of their sales force to Charlotte to assist there in the dollar day which is being put on by the stores of that city.

Pittsburgh won two games while New York was winning one game in the National League yesterday.

No session of the recorder's court was held yesterday. Judge M. H. Caldwell was out of the city and as no cases of unusual importance were docketed for trial it was decided to continue all cases until tomorrow.

There was a big drop in temperature during the night. Summer heat was recorded during yesterday but during the night the mercury dropped to about seventy degrees in the city.

Long lines of new Ford touring cars passed through the city Wednesday from Charlotte and headed north. Interested spectators watched them but failed to count the number.

Concord will be well represented at Davidson Saturday afternoon when the football season will be opened in North Carolina with a game between Davidson and Elon.

According to Supt. A. L. Fisher, of the water and light department, the water in Cold Water Creek continues to flow at about the same rate that it has been flowing for the past week.

A free tuberculosis clinic will be held at the county health department from September 21st to September 26th under the direction of the extension department of the North Carolina Sanatorium.

For the third week local cotton mills halted work at noon today owing to the water shortage in the dams of the Southern Power Co.

Judge Xenophon Hicks said at a dinner in Knoxville. "We lawyers should use very precise English. We should never employ words that have several meanings. Such words lead to confusion or worse."

Artificial silk was invented in 1854 by a Frenchman, Count Hilaire de Chardonnet, following an accident to a bag of colloid used for photography.

Country Shoulder 20 Country Sides 20 Young Chickens 25 Hens 18 Irish Potatoes \$1.90

CONCORD COTTON MARKET THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1925 Cotton 24 Cotton seed 58 1-2

USE PENNY COLUMN—IT PAYS

CIRCUS DAY

By HARRY LEE IN OCTOBER SMART SET

Sure we was! Why, we seen 'em unload. Me an' Daddy did! Sure! An' y' know, 'Wax me get up first, an' called Daddy, 'An' told him it's time we mus' go. 'Quiddy jet' stretch an' gab—'An' set up in bed an' say: 'What's up!' 'jet' like he forgot; 'An' I tell him: 'Why, Circus Day! 'An' we're libble to miss it, too, 'Cause wagons are rumblin' by!'

An' Dad says: "By George, he's aint!" An' jumps up! An' says we mus' try to be quiet, so's not to start Mother. We hurry out then! An' run! 'Can't catch me, I bet!' Daddy says, 'But I did, though! An' boy, we have fun!' An' cut 'cross the fields where it seeds.

An' there was a tent with a chimney! An' breakfast a-cookin'! An' tables as long— As the Sunday School picnic has; An' a black man, singin' a song, 'Pattin' cups down, an' plates! An' a cage, where sumpin' go: "Out!" An' there's a giraff, 'sway up, lookin' down, with hay in his mouth! 'Yes, an' all sorts o' monkeys there, too!

An' elephant—all in a row— Tails hitched up in their trunks; An' they seeing by us—just as slow! Then I ask Daddy, "Where is the Clowns?" An' he says: "Oh, sleepin', I spon; Clowns got to sleep, like rest o' folks!" Then I tell him, 'at first thing he know, 'I'm gonna be one! Then he's sprind; An' says 'at he didn't know, 'But some day he'd be gettin' in free— 'Cause is me would be ownin' the show! 'But I ain't gonna own it! No! 'I've 'cided to jet' be a Clown!

Gonto climb up an' walk on a wire— An' holler—and tumble down— An' fall on the loose thing—an' bow! An' get slapp'd with a board, an' run With my spenders a-flyin' behind— An' red on my nose! An' have fun. 'Just all th' time fun! An' flip-flop. An' ride in the prades through the town— With the clyopce bloom! Oh boy! 'Jet you wish you could be—a Clown!



TOM SIMS SAYS

Bad news from Italy. Winter's coming. Great fuel shortage. Imagine trying to eat cold spaghetti.

France and Germany have agreed about something. We don't know what. But when they agree on anything, it's news.

Everyone wants to know what will happen in the future. But the future wouldn't be so bright as it is now.

Babies are amusing people. Take one about three teeth old and he's better than any circus.

So few ladies and gentlemen drive their autos like ladies and gentlemen.

News from Bulgaria. King shined his own shoes. About the only king left who really knows how to shine.

New Wrinkle



For some time we have been pinning our hats up in front, but in Paris they now tack up the back in the manner sketched. Some of the loveliest pins for this purpose are studied with real diabolism.

Stingo: "How do you like your eggs—soft boiled or hard boiled?" Dingo: "I want mine hard boiled." Stingo: "That's fitting. Birds of a feather flock together."

Mrs. Teller: "I hear they put that fat Mrs. Adipose on a diet of bread and water at the hospital for a whole week."

Wife: "Oh, Henry, I bless the day I married you— etc." Henry: "Cut out the comedy. What kind of hat have you gone and bought now?"

The first frame house erected in the city of Portland, Oregon, was manufactured in the State of Maine, and taken in a ship, in pieces, around Cape Horn, and set up in Portland in 1847.

In some of the famous museums in Europe there are large mounted mammals several centuries old.



Published by Arrangement with First National Pictures, Inc., and Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc.

THE STORY THUS FAR

A son of provisions and a thousand dollars! The prospect of Pierce Phillips ever getting across Chilkoot Pass to the gold of the Yukon was indeed dimming. Most fellows will quit and go home, he thought. And yet Phillips is not discouraged. He is rather surprised at his own rebound after the first shock.

After a time there came a lull and the dealer raised his voice to entice new patrons. Meanwhile, he paused to roll a cigarette the size of a wheat straw. While thus engaged there sounded the hoarse blast of a steamer's whistle in the office and he turned his head. Profiting by this instant of inattention a hand reached across the table and lifted one of the walnut-shells. There was nothing under it.

"Five bucks on this one!" A soiled bill was placed beside one of the two remaining shells, the empty one. Thus far Phillips had followed the pea unerringly, therefore he was amazed at the new bettor's mistake. The dealer turned back to his layout and winked at the bystanders, saying, "Brother, I'll bet you ten more that you've made a bad bet. His offer was accepted. Simultaneously Phillips was seized with an intense desire to beat this sharper at his own game; impulsively he laid a protecting palm over the shell beneath which he knew the little sphere to lie.

"I'll pick this one," he heard himself say. "Better let me deal you a new hand," the gambler suggested. "Nothing of the sort," a man at Phillips' shoulder broke in. "Hang on to that shell, kid. You're right and I'm going down for the size of his bankroll." The speaker was evidently a miner, for he carried a bulky pack upon his shoulders. He placed a heavy palm over the back of Phillips' hand, then extracted from the depths of his overalls a fat roll of paper money.

The size of this wager, together with the determination of its owner, appeared briefly to nonplus the dealer. He voiced a protest, but the miner forcibly overbore it: "Say, I eat up this shell stuff!" he declared. "It's my meat, and I've trimmed every thimble that ever came to my town. There's three hundred dollars; you cover it, and you cover this boy's bet, too." The fellow winked reassuringly at Phillips.

"You heard him say the sky was his limit, didn't you? Well, let's see how high the sky is in these parts!" There was a movement in the crowd, whereupon the speaker cried, warningly: "Boosters, stand back! Don't try to give us the elbow, or I'll close up this game!" To Pierce he murmured, confidentially: "We've got him right. Don't let anybody edge you out." He put more weight upon Phillips' hand and forced the young man closer to the table.

Pierce had no intention of surrendering his place, and now the satisfaction of triumphing over these crooks excited him. He continued to cover the walnut-shell while with his free hand he drew his own money from his pocket. He saw that the owner of the game was suffering extreme discomfort at this checkmate, and he enjoyed the situation. "There's a few minutes ago," Phillips' companion chuckled. "Now I'm going to make you put up or shut up. There's my three hundred. I can use it when it grows to six."

"How much are you betting?" the dealer inquired of Phillips. "Pierce had intended merely to risk a dollar or two, but now there came to him a thrilling thought. That scopic proportions by the size of his surroundings. They flowed across the floor of the valley, then slowly, very slowly, they flowed up its most perpendicular wall. Now they were lost to sight; again they reappeared clambering over glacier stars or toiling up steep, rocky slides; finally they emerged away up under the arch of the sky.

Looking down from the roof of the pass itself, the scene was doubly impressive, for the wooded valley lay outstretched clear to the sea, and out of it came that long, wavering line of ants. They did, indeed, appear to be ants, those men, as they dragged themselves across the meadow and up the ascent; they resembled nothing more than a file of those industrious insects creeping across the bottom and up the sides of a bath-tub, and the file was borne out by the fact that all carried burdens.

"There's mine," he said, shortly. "One hundred and thirty-five dollars. I don't have to count it, for I know it by heart." "Business appears to be picking up," murmured the proprietor of the game. Phillips' neighbor continued to hold the boy's hand in a vicelike grip. Now he leaned forward, saying: "Look here! Are you going to cover our coin or am I to smoke you?"

"Every now and then I win a little one," the dealer intoned, gravely pocketing his winnings. "I only goes to show you that the hand— 'Damnation!' exploded the man at Phillips' side. "Trimmed for three hundred, or I'm a goat!" As Pierce walked away, some one fell into step with him; it was the sullen, black-browed individual he had seen at the trading-post. "So they took you for a hundred and thirty-five, eh? You must be rolling in coin," the man observed. Even yet Pierce was more than a little dazed. "Do you know," said he, "I was sure I had the right shell."

"Why, of course you had the right one." The stranger laughed shortly. "They laid it up for you on purpose, that Kid Bridges worked a shift when he held your hand. You can't beat 'em."



We're making it easy for you to come here for the first time—

And hard for you to come here for the last! A stranger within these gates isn't treated any finer than our regular customers—but he is taken care of so well that he is a stranger only as long as we are strangers to him. Let's break the ice before the ice freezes.

Come in and see this beautiful collection of crisp Fall apparel—get the feel of real friendship in the Values and you'll think it strange that you've been a stranger so long.

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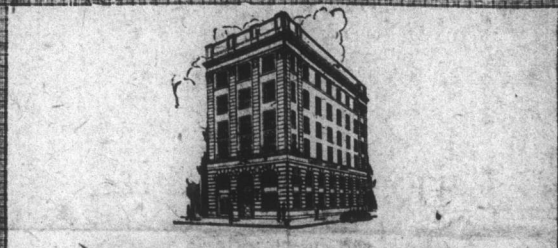
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THAT PIGEON-HOLE

Is it crammed full of important papers? We wager that it is. But pigeon-holes were not made for safety vaults, therefore, they should not and can not serve that purpose. Just take a look through your desk and lay out all the papers that you would not want destroyed by theft or fire. Quite a collection, isn't there? Bring them to us. We have just the place for them in our vault.

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Capital \$400,000.00 Resources Over \$3,000,000.00

Robinsons

FANCY DRY GOODS WOMEN'S WEAR

15 DAY EXCURSION

TO Cincinnati, Ohio VIA Southern Railway System

Thursday, September 17th, 1925 Round trip fare from Concord, N. C. \$16.00

Tickets on sale September 17th only, good 15 days in addition to date of sale. Tickets good in Pullman, sleeping and parlor cars. Baggage checked. Tickets good going regular train 21 September 17th, returning good on all regular trains so as to reach home station prior to midnight, October 2nd. Grand opportunity to visit friends in the middle west. Big league baseball games at Cincinnati and racing at Latonia. For detailed information and reservations call on nearest Southern Railway Agent. M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent, Concord, N. C. R. H. GRAHAM, Division Passenger Agent, Charlotte, N. C.

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FISHER'S

CONCORD PRODUCE MARKET (Corrected Weekly by Cline & Moose) Figures named represent prices paid for produce on the market: Eggs 40 Sweet Potatoes 1.25 Onions 1.75 Peas 25 to 30 Beans 1.50 Butter 35.00 Country Ham 30