

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. Southbound 89-9:30 A. M. 45-3:30 P. M. 135-8:00 P. M. 20-11:00 P. M.

LOCAL MENTION

Miss Mary McKinley is confined to her home in Number 4 township on account of illness. Mrs. C. C. Howerton and daughter have returned to their home in Black Mountain after spending some time in the city.

The condition of Raymond Kluttz, who underwent an operation for appendicitis in the Concord Hospital last week, continues to show improvement.

Judge John M. Oglesby, who presided at sessions of Rowan County Superior Court last week, left yesterday morning for Asheville, where he will preside at sessions of Buncombe county court this week.

A large number of the women of the county have completed their costumes for the dress designing contest which is to be held at the Charlotte Exposition Wednesday. Prizes totaling \$100 have been offered.

Saturday was an unusually heavy day for issuing licenses at the Y. M. C. A., a total of over twenty being sold. This is the most that has been sold since the rush was over last summer.

Such progress has been made with the work on the road from Mt. Pleasant to the Stanly county line that the road is now blocked. The detour begins at the square in Mt. Pleasant and while it is in fair condition the dry weather makes it very dusty.

The poultry felling, feeding and housing demonstration for the Harrisburg community will be held at the home of Zeb Stafford on Thursday afternoon, September 24th, at 2 o'clock. All members are urged to attend.

Continued improvement again today is reported in the condition of R. P. Benson, who is recuperating in the Concord Hospital. Although Mr. Benson has improved greatly during the past several days, he is not yet allowed to see visitors.

Jimmie Shaw, who has been in the hospital here for six weeks as a result of a broken leg, returned to his home yesterday and will be confined to his bed there for a period of two weeks longer. His leg was broken when he was struck by an automobile driven by Mrs. M. L. Marsh.

Margaret V. Herron, two-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Herron, died yesterday morning at 8 o'clock at their home at Hickory Grove. Funeral services were held this morning at 11 o'clock at the home and interment made in the church cemetery.

The last quarterly conference of the conference year for Central Methodist Church will be held on Thursday night of this week in the church parlor. Dr. T. F. Marr, presiding elder, will be present at the conference, which will begin at 7:30 o'clock.

All members of the American Legion Auxiliary are urged to attend the meeting to be held in the Legion club rooms tonight. Officers for the year will be chosen and other business matters transacted at the meeting. The meeting will begin at 7:30 o'clock.

Nevin (Nick) Spangenberg, star quarterback on Davidson's football team and one of the best athletes developed in Concord, suffered a compound fracture to his leg in the Davidson-Elon game Saturday. He was carried to a Charlotte hospital and his condition today is reported as favorable.

Marriage licenses were issued to the following couples Saturday by Register of Deeds Elliott: L. O. Tarrence and Miss Mittie Mae Simmons, of Davidson R. F. D. No. 24; Frank Furr and Miss Dessie Burris, both of Concord; and Ransom L. Swearingin, of Charlotte, and Miss Beulah McEachern, of Concord.

Sunday was one of the hottest days of the summer in this city. The mercury did not climb as high as it did on two other days in August but there was not a breath of air and the humidity was terrific. There was only a little drop in temperatures during the night, and again this morning it has been excessively hot.

According to a news story appearing in Sunday's Greenville, S. C., News, the Cannon & Fetzer Co., of Spartanburg, has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy. Liabilities were given as about \$85,000 and assets at about \$45,000. The store was first operated as a branch of the Cannon & Fetzer Company of this city.

Salisbury Post: "R. W. Graeber, for six years agent for Irgell county, gives up his office in our neighboring county and goes to Raleigh some time later to continue in similar work, but over a wider section. Mr. Graeber is a Concord man, but his people came from Rowan and he has made good in his farm demonstration work, being accounted one of the best agents in the State."

Twelve cases are scheduled to come up for trial in recorder's court this afternoon. One charge operation of car without State license, two charge speeding, two charge intoxication, one having liquor, one operating a car while intoxicated, one affray and three larceny. In two of the larceny cases probable cause will be sought as the court does not have final jurisdiction in them.

DR. THOS. M. ROWLETT OSTEOPATHIC Physician Suite 403 Cabarrus Savings Bank Building "Osteopathy treats any illness for which people consult a doctor." Phone: Office 914; Res. 537

ICE CREAM



Our New Mechanically Refrigerated

Autopolar Fountain

keeps ice cream in the most perfect condition. With this new automatic refrigerating device, it is possible to hold the temperature to the zero mark if desired, and this insures all ice cream and drinks in the best of condition.

Pearl Drug Co.

On the Square Phone 22

10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

On all orders for engraved Christmas Cards placed during the month of September. We represent one of the best engravers in the country. Come in and make your selection early while stock is fresh and complete.

S. W. Preslar JEWELER

EAT ICE CREAM EVERY DAY

One quart of ice cream equals 2 pounds of lean beef; 1.5 pounds of ham; 2.8 pounds of eggs and 5.2 pounds of potatoes. Therefore ice cream is one of our cheapest foods.

Cline's Pharmacy Phone 333

TIMES-TRIBUNE PENNY ADS. ALWAYS GET RESULTS

My Diary

I'm choosing my wardrobe for the autumn. I saw the daintiest pair of pumps imaginable. They will be mine today. So reasonable, too, I was surprised!

Ruth-Kesler Shoe Store

CONCORD COTTON MARKET

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1925. Cotton 3-4 23 3-4 Cotton Seed 58 1-2

CONCORD PRODUCE MARKET

(Corrected Weekly by Cline & Moore) Figures named represent prices paid for produce on the market: Eggs 40 Corn 13.85 Sweet Potatoes 1.75 Turkeys 25 to 30 Onions 1.50 Peas 33.00 Butter 30 Country Ham 30 Country Shoulder 20 Country Sides 20 Young Chickens 25 Hens 18 Irish Potatoes 1.50

LOYAL ORDER OF MOOSE

Regular meeting of Concord Lodge No. 404 Loyal Order of Moose Monday evening at 8 o'clock. All members requested to be present. W. J. HETHCOX, Sec.

IT ALWAYS PAYS TO USE THE TRIBUNE PENNY ADS. TRY IT.

THE STORY OF CHILKOOT REX BEACH

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

THE STORY THUS FAR Penniless, but not discouraged, Pierce Phillips sets out to make enough money carrying packs across Chilkoot Pass to gain entrance to the gold country in the Yukon. The Canadian government required that he be provided with a ton of provisions and a thousand dollars. Neither of these Phillips had, but he was a sturdy young fellow and he decided to hire himself out packing other prospectors' provisions over the Pass to Linderman until he acquired the necessary funds.

He meets up with Polcon Doret, a French Canadian giant, who is a river pilot. "Polcon gives him courage to continue the back-breaking grind. All along the trail men lay about exhausted and only with the most superhuman courage is he able to continue."

CHAPTER II. (Continued) Phillips' abundant vigor continued to evoke the elder man's frank admiration; he eyed the boy approvingly and plied him with questions. Before they had traveled many miles he had learned what there was to learn, for Pierce answered his questions frankly and told him about the sacrifice his family had made in order to send him North, about the trip itself, about his landing at Dyea, and all the rest. When he came to the account of that shell-gamed grizzled stranger smiled.

"I've lived in wide-open countries all my life," said the latter, "but this beats anything I ever saw. Why, the crooks outnumber the honest men and they're running things to suit themselves. One of 'em tried to lay me out." He chuckled as if the mere idea was fantastically humorous. "Have you heard about this Soapy Smith? He's the boss, the bell-cow, and he's made himself mayor of Skagway. Can you beat it? I'll bet some of his men are on our Citizens' Committee at Sheep Camp. They need a lot of killing, they do, and they'll get it. What did you do after you lost your money?"

"I fell in with two brothers and went to packing." "Went partners with them?" "No, they—" Phillips' face clouded, he hesitated briefly. "I merely lived with them and helped them with their outfit from time to time. We're at Sheep Camp now, and I share their tent whenever I'm there. I'm about ready to pull out and go it alone."

"Right! And don't hook up with anybody." The old man spoke with feeling. "Look at me. I'm nesting with a dodo—damned gray-whiskered milliner! He's so ornery I have to hide the ax every time I see him. I just yearn to put him out of his misery, but I dissent. Of course he has his points—everybody has; he's a game old rooster and he loves me. That's all that saves him."

Phillips was greatly interested to learn that two men so unflinching for this life, this country, should have essayed the hardships of the Chilkoot trail. It amazed him to learn that already most of their outfit was at Linderman.

"Do you mean to say that you have done all the packing for yourself and your partner?" he inquired. "N—no. Old Jerry totters across with a package of soda-crackers once in a while. You must have heard him; he creaks like a gate. Of course he eats up all the crackers before he gets to Linderman and then gorges himself on the heavy grub that I've hoarded over, but in spite of that we've managed to make pretty good time." After a moment of meditation he continued: "Say! You ought to see that old buzzard eat! It's disgusting, but it's interesting. It ain't so much the expense that I care about as the work. Old Jerry ought to be in an institution—some place where they've got wheelchairs and a big market-garden. But he's plumb helpless, so I can't cut him loose and let him bleach his bones in a strange land. I haven't got the heart."

They were resting at the Long Lake outlet, some time later, when the old man inquired: "I presume you've got a camp at Linderman, eh?" "No, I have some blankets cached there and I sleep out whenever I can, make the round trip." "Round trip? Round trip in one day? Why, that's thirty miles!" "Real miles, too. This country makes a man of a fellow. I wouldn't mind sleeping out if I were sure of a hot meal once in a while, but money is no good this side of the Summit, and the big people won't even let a stranger use their stoves."

"You can't last long at that, my boy." "You can bunk in our tent as long as we're here," the other man volunteered. "If you get across in time you can travel in our boat, too. But I'll have to warn you about Old Jerry. He's ornery. Nature was cruel when she introduced him into a defenseless world."

"That's the second kind offer I've had this morning," Pierce said, thoughtfully. "A big smiling Canadian made the first one. I found him singing on the Summit. He's an 'old-timer' and he's altogether different to us tenderfeet. He made me rather ashamed of myself."

The elderly man nodded. "Most pioneers are big-calibered. I'm a sort of pioneer myself, but that infernal partner of mine has about ruined my disposition. Take it by and large, though, it pays a man to be accommodating."

CHAPTER III Already the weeding-out process had gone far and the citizens of Linderman were those who had survived it. The weak and the irresolute had disappeared long since; these fellows who labored so mightily to forestall the coming winter were the

strong and the fit and the enduring—the kind the North takes to her self.

In spite of his light pack, Phillips' elderly trailmate was all but spent. He dragged his feet he stumbled without reason, the lines in his face were deeply set, and his bearded lips had retreated from his teeth in a grin of exhaustion.

"Yonder's the tent," he said, finally and his tone was eloquent of relief.



"A big smiling Canadian made the first one. I found him singing on the summit."

Pierce's companion paused; then after an incredulous stare, he said "Look! Is that smoke coming from my stovepipe?"

"Why, yes!" "There could be no mistake about it; from the tent in question arose the plain evidence that a lively fire was burning inside."

"Well, I'll be darned!" breathed the elder man. "Somebody's jumped the cache."

"Perhaps your partner—" "He's in Sheep Camp." The speaker laboriously loosened his pack and let it fall, then with stiff clumsy fingers he undid the top buttons of his vest and, to Pierce's amazement, produced a large-caliber revolver, which he mechanically cocked and uncocked several times while his eyes remained hypnotically fixed upon the telltale streamer of smoke. Not only did his action appear to be totally uncalculated, but he himself had undergone a startling transformation and Phillips was impelled to remonstrate.

"Here! What the deuce—" he began. "Listen to me!" The old man spoke in a queer, suppressed tone and his eyes, when he turned them upon his fellow-packer, were eyes smoldering than usual. "Somebody's up to a little thievin', most likely, and it looks like I had 'em red-handed 'I've been leavin' for this!"

Pierce divested himself of L. pack-harness, then said, simply, "I'll take the case, I'll give you a hand." "Better stand back," the other cautioned him. "I don't need any help—this is my line." The man's fatigue had fallen from him; of a sudden he had become surprisingly alert and forceful. He stole forward, making as little noise as possible, and Phillips followed at his back. They came to a pause within arm's-length of the tent flaps which they noted were securely tied.

"Hello inside!" The owner spoke suddenly and with his free hand he jerked at one of the knots. "There came an answering exclamation, a movement; then the flap were seized and firmly held."

"You can't come in!" cried the voice. "Let go! Quick!" The old man's voice was harsh. "You'll have to wait a minute, I'm undressed."

Phillips retreated a step, as did the other man; they stared at each other. "I invited myself in," the voice explained—it was a deep-pitched contralto voice. "I was wet and no body offered to let me dry out, so I took possession of the first empty tent I came to. Is it yours?"

"It is—half of it. I'm might tired and I ain't particular how you look, so hurry up." As the two men returned for their loads the speaker went on, irritably. "She's got her nerve! I s'pose she's one of these actresses. There's a bunch of 'em on the trail. Actresses!" He snorted derisively. "I bet she smells of cologne, and, gosh! how I hate it!"

When he and Pierce returned they were admitted promptly enough, any lingering suspicions of the trespasser's intent were instantly dissipated. The woman was clad in short, damp undershirt which fell about to her knees; she had drawn on the only dry article of apparel in sight, a man's sweater jacket; she had thrust her bare feet into a pair of beaded moccasins; on a line attached to the ridgepole over her head sundry outer garments were steaming. Phillips' first thought was that this woman possessed the fairest, the whitest skin he had ever seen; it was like milk. She was Scandinavian, she was a Norwegian woman that much was instantly apparent. She appeared to derive a certain malicious pleasure now from the consternation her appearance evoked; there was a hint of contempt, of defiance, in her smile. In a voice so low-pitched that its quality alone saved it from masculinity, she said:

"Pray don't be distressed; you merely startled me, that's all. My Indian managed to get hold of some hogchut at Tagish and upset our canoe just below here."

(To be continued.)

Advertisement for Hoover's, Inc. featuring a man in a suit and hat. Text: "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. Schloss Fall Suits, New Fall Neckwear, Schoble Fall Hats, Fall Hosiery. HOOPER'S, Inc. 'THE YOUNG MAN'S STORE' CABARRUS COUNTY FAIR OCT. 13-17"

Advertisement for A. B. POUNDS featuring a large building illustration. Text: "O A L The Right Coal For the Right Purpose A. B. POUNDS PHONE 244 OR 279"

Advertisement for Cabarrus Savings Bank featuring a building illustration. Text: "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. CABARRUS SAVINGS BANK Capital \$400,000.00 Resources Over \$3,000,000.00"

Advertisement for Robinsons featuring a stylized logo. Text: "Robinsons CONCORDS BETTER STORE FANCY DRY GOODS WOMEN'S WEAR"

Advertisement for a Free Voting Coupon. Text: "FREE VOTING COUPON In The Tribune and Times 'Everybody Wins' Grand Prize Campaign GOOD FOR 100 VOTES I hereby cast 100 FREE VOTES to the credit of— M Address This coupon, neatly clipped out, name and address of the candidate filled in, and mailed or delivered to the Election Department of The Tribune and Times, Room 200 Cabarrus Bank Bldg., or P. O. Box 431, will count as 100 FREE VOTES. It does not cost anything to cast these coupons for your favorite candidate, and you are not restricted in any sense in voting them. Get all you can and send them in—they all count. Do not soil or fold. Deliver in flat packages. NOTE—This coupon must be voted on or before SEPTEMBER 19th."

Advertisement for Ever-Ready Automatic Oiler. Text: "Know at All Times That You Have The Right Amount of Oil in Your Ford This Is Made Possible by Installing an Ever-Ready Automatic Oiler Ten Days Free Trial. Every User Must Be Satisfied, or Purchase Price Refunded. L. E. Boger, Factory Representative Room No. 6 Manass Building"

OUR PENNY ADS. ALWAYS GET RESULTS

Advertisement for The Vanishing American. Text: "ANNOUNCING The World Premiere of Zane Grey's The Vanishing American A Paramount Super-Special at the Imperial Theatre, Charlotte, N. C. For One Week Only starting Monday, Sept. 21, 1925. Performances at 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 Admission: Adults, 50 Cents; Children 25 Cents. Greater Than 'THE TEN COMMANDMENTS' Greater Than 'THE COVERED WAGON'"

Advertisement for Johnson's Pure Liver MUSH. Text: "Every Pound of JOHNSON'S PURE LIVER MUSH Is Sold Under a Guarantee of Satisfaction or Money Back Price 20 Cents a Pound"

Advertisement for Yorke & Wadsworth Co. featuring a building illustration. Text: "ANOTHER CAR —of— 29 Gauge 5 Crimp Galvanized Roofing Only \$4.75 Per Square We Give Nails and Washers for Putting It On Yorke & Wadsworth Co. The Old Reliable Hardware Store Union and Church Streets Phone 30 Phone 30"

Advertisement for Fisher's Hats featuring a woman's face illustration. Text: "FOR THE LITTLE MISS Madge Evans Hats Now on Display They are little beauties in the prettiest range of soft shades and exquisite qualities. From 3 to 14 years at Popular Prices \$4.95 to \$6.95 Other Special Numbers \$1.69 to \$3.45 See Window Display IT PAYS TO TRADE AT FISHER'S Our Penny ADS. Get Quick Results"