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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. 130 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. 82 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. 85 To New Orleans 9:56 P. M.
 No. 20 To Birmingham 2:35 A. M.
 No. 81 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 8:55 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 precious heritage in after years.

God's Word Stands—The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever.—Isaiah 40:8.

JAMES B. DUKE.

James B. Duke lived long enough to realize that the amassing of great wealth fails to bring to a person that soul-filling pleasure that comes with the spending of a fortune for other persons, and the greatest tragedy of his death is the fact that he did not live longer so that he might see the benefits that are to come from a vision that leaves him in the ranks of America's great philanthropists.

The early years of the life of James B. Duke were devoted almost wholly to the making of money but in recent years he has devoted the same energy, forethought and talent, coupled with wide experience, that he spent in making money to devising plans for spending that money for the benefit of humanity. Forty million dollars he gave at one time, the money to be spent for education and charity, and while this sum represented the greatest single gift he ever made, it did not cover his entire beneficiaries by any means.

North Carolina more than any other state, will miss James B. Duke, but his influence will be felt in the State throughout generations although that influence will be without his personal touch. Through the industrial agencies he built, which will pour their incomes into the trust fund he created, education and charity in the State will be available for thousands that otherwise would have been without such aid as great wealth can bestow, and the influence of this man will be felt throughout the State for untold years.

THE RIGHT KIND OF SENTENCE

Major Wade Phillips, of Lexington, presiding over Forsyth Superior court as an emergency judge, imposed a sentence of not more than five nor less than three years on a check flasher who had added the larceny of an automobile to his shortcomings. The defendant was told that if he made restitution reduction in sentence would be wise in handling of this case and he was considered.

R. R. Clark thinks Judge Phillips will rise to give support to his contention. "Evidently that judge," says Mr. Clark in the Greensboro News, "thinks that giving of worthless paper for valuable consideration is a serious matter, something few judges seem to take seriously. Neither does he seem disposed to let a violator of the criminal law buy out, as is somewhat of a custom. If some of the temporary judges who look at matters that way could be made permanent, criminals might find their business somewhat hampered."

COLE ACQUITTED BY JURY.

"Not guilty" was the verdict of the jury in the case of W. B. Cole, wealthy cotton mill man charged with the murder of W. W. Ormond. The jury took three ballots and returned its verdict after being absent from the courtroom for 21 hours.

Judge Finley will rule on the insanity plea of Cole tomorrow in North Wilkesboro and the decision will determine whether the Rockingham man is to be entirely free. Under the ruling of the Judge, the defendant may be sent to the State criminal insane asylum.

Sentiment in Concord seemed to be about evenly divided on this question—should Cole be punished? There are few people who have expressed the opinion that he did not violate the law. The "unwritten law" and this law alone freed Cole, although the jury, as has been the case often before, was told that such a law is not recognized in North Carolina. Cole did not convince the public that he shot in self-defense, nor has the public been convinced that Ormond intended to take Cole's life.

The fact that Ormond wrote Cole that he and his daughter had been living "as man and wife" for a year was the deciding point in the case. If the charges were untrue, as the defense contended, then Cole had grounds only for slander so far as the law is concerned. However, when the sanctity of the home and the virtue of a woman is made one of the points in any case, although the State and defense may not agree on the point, it is difficult to find a jury that will convict.

Judge Finley may find Cole insane but we do not think he will. Certainly Cole did not testify as an insane man would and his conduct throughout the trial was that of a man whose mind was very keen and whose mind was wide awake. At the time of the homicide, the defense contended, Cole was insane, but the public has never been convinced of that point. It is customary in many cases of this kind to plead insanity and the defense counsel seems to have followed the custom for custom's sake.

CHAPTER XI (Continued)

With eyes of terror Sam Kirby scanned the boiling expanse through which the barge was drifting, but nowhere could he catch sight of Danny Royal. He turned to shout to his pilot, only to discover that he also was missing and that the steering-sweep was smashed.

"God! He's gone!" cried the old man. It was true; that inundation

companions it seemed that the scow had come through handily enough and was in little further danger, but "Poleon, for some reason or other, had blazed into excitement. Down the bank he leaped; then he raised his voice and sent forth a loud cry. It was wasted effort, for it failed to carry. Nevertheless, the warning note in his voice brought his neighbors running after him.

"What's the matter?" Pierce inquired.

The pilot paid no heed; he began waving his cap in long sweeps, cursing meanwhile in a patois which the others could not understand.

Even while they stared at the *Rouletta* she drove head on into an expanse of tumbling breakers, then the onlookers could not believe their eyes—she stopped dead still, as if she had come to the end of a steel cable or as if she had collided with an invisible wall. Instantly her entire after part was smothered in white. Slowly her bow rose out of the chaos until perhaps ten feet of her bottom was exposed, then she assumed a list.

The Countess uttered a strangled exclamation. "Oh! Did you see? There's a man overboard!"

Her eyes were quick, but others, too, had beheld a dark bundle picked up by some mysterious agency and flung overboard into the waves.

The *Rouletta's* deck-load was dissolving; a moment or two she turned completely around, then drifted free.

"Why—they brought the girl along!" cried the Countess, in growing dismay. "Sam Kirby should have had better sense. He ought to be hung—"

From the tents and boats along the bank, from the village above, people were assembling hurriedly, a babel of oaths, of shouts arose.

"Poleon, about his recent employer plucking at his sleeve.

"There's a woman out there—Kirby's girl," she was crying. "Can't you do something?"

"Wait!" He flung off her grasp and watched intently.

Soon the helpless scow was abreast of the carpenter, and in spite of the frantic efforts of her crew, to propel her shoreward she drifted momentarily closer to the cataract below. Manifestly it was impossible to row and intercept the derelict before she took the plunge, and so, helpless in this extremity, the audience began to stream down over the rocky borders which formed the margin of the river. On the opposite bank another crowd was keeping pace with the wreck. As they ran, these people shouted at one another and gesticulated wildly. Their faces were white, their words were meaningless, for it was a spectacle tense with imminent disaster that they beheld; it turned them sick with apprehension.

Immediately above White Horse the current gathers itself for the final plunge, and although, at the last moment, the *Rouletta* seemed about to straighten herself out and take the rapids head on, some malign influence checked her swing and she swung over quarteringly to the right.

A roar issued from the throats of the beholders; the craft reappeared, and then, a cry, "An eye! An eye!" hidden again in the smother. It could be seen that she was completely awash and that those galloping white-manned horses were charging over her. She was buffeted about as if by battering-rams; the remainder of her cargo was being rapidly torn from her deck. Soon another sight of human figures could be seen still clinging to her.

Onward the scow went, until once again she fetched up on a reef or a rock which the low stage of the river had brought close to the surface; there she hung.

"Poleon Doret had gone into action ere this. Having satisfied himself that some of the *Rouletta's* crew remained alive, he called to the painter of the nearest skiff and called to Phillips, who was standing close by:

"Come on! We goin' get dose people!"

Now Pierce had had enough rough water for one day; it seemed to him that there must be other men in this crowd better qualified by training than he to undertake this rescue. But no one stepped forward and so he obeyed Doret's order. As he slipped out of his coat and kicked off his boots, he reflected, with a sinking feeling of disappointment, that his emotions were not by any means such as a really courageous man would experience. He was completely lacking in enthusiasm for this enterprise, for it struck him as risky, nay, foolhardy, insane, to take a boat over that cataract in an attempt to snatch human beings out from the very midst of those threshing breakers. It seemed more than likely that all hands would be drowned in the undertaking, and he could not suppose the reckless abandon necessary to face that likelihood with anything except the frankest apprehension.

He was surprised at himself, for he had imagined that when his moment came, if ever it did, that he, Phillips, would prove to be a rather exceptional person; instead he discovered that he was something of a coward. The unexpectedness of this discovery astonished the young man. Being deeply and thoroughly frightened, it was nothing less than the allowance at allowing that fright to become known which stiffened his determination. In his own mind he dismissed to very small proportions the "them" came the realization that Doret was having

THREE BADIN MEN HELD FOR THEFT OF COPPER WIRE

Caught at Albemarle With 1,000 Pounds of Cable Taken at Badin.

Albemarle, Oct. 9.—H. L.ARRIER, H. R. PRITTELL and E. E. FRIEZE, of Badin, county, who sometimes frequent the Hardaway company section, on Wednesday night the Badin of felled got the "boys" number and followed them to Albemarle. Just before the car loaded with the Hardaway copper got to this place, the Badin cops passed them coming in just far enough ahead to have a full line of blue coats ready as a reconnoiter on the crossing of Main and Second streets. Results: The men answer for their apparent delinquency before County Judge R. B. LUGRAN Monday morning.

The fellows claimed they got the copper cable in Montgomery county.

Control of Advocate to Remain the Same.

Greensboro, Oct. 9.—Rev. A. W. EYLER, editor of the North Carolina Christian Advocate, and Rev. T. A. SIKES, business manager of the publication, will remain another year at their posts, as the board of publication of the North Carolina Methodist conference and Western North Carolina Methodist conference have recommended that action and the formal recommendation will be acted upon at the annual meetings of the two conferences. The latter conference starts its meeting in Statesville on October 10. Endorsement of the recommendation will be only a formality.

The Advocate, published here, is the official organ of the Methodists of North Carolina. The report of Mr. Sikes will show good gains in a business way and under the hand of Mr. Eyer, it has taken a leading place among the church papers of the country.

TODAY'S EVENTS.

Monday, October 12, 1925.

Italy today will observe Columbus Day as a national holiday for the first time.

A great army of American pilgrims will be in Rome today, the Pope at a special audience today.

Rev. W. Bertrand Stevens, coadjutor bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Los Angeles, celebrates his fifth anniversary in the episcopate today.

Throughout the country many tributes will be paid today to the memory of Gen. Robert G. Lee, the great Southern military chieftain, on the 55th anniversary of his death.

One hundred and fifty years ago today was born Dr. Lyman Beecher, the first of the famous family of preachers, the father of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Delegates to the recent meeting of the Interparliamentary at Washington today will become guests of the Canadian Group for a series of sessions at Ottawa.

The Rt. Rev. John Gregory Murray, late auxiliary bishop of the Catholic diocese of Hartford, Conn., today will be formally installed as bishop of the Portland, Me., diocese. Several thousand officers and employees of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway will gather in Kansas City today to celebrate the road's 75th anniversary.

The U. S. Navy has designated this as "Constitution Week" during which school children will be urged to contribute to a fund to rebuild the famous frigate of that name, now stationed at Boston.



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

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DINNER STORIES

First Convict: "When I get out of this place, I'm going to have a foot time, ain't you?"

Second Ditto: "I don't know. I'm in for life."

"How big is your home town, Al?"

"Oh, about the size of New York, but it isn't built up yet."

A girl, unfamiliar with the ways of photograph galleries, had her portrait taken. After discussing size and style, she was asked whether she would prefer the photographs sepia or black and white.

"Oh," she said, "I will have them black and white. My aunt died only a few weeks ago."

"Is this the speedometer?" asked the pretty girl, tapping the glass with her finger.

"Yes, dear," she replied.

"And that's the clutch?"

"That's the clutch, darling," he said jamming on the brake to avoid a fast approaching taxi.

"But what on earth is this?" she inquired, at the same time giving the accelerator a vigorous push with her foot.

"This, dear," he said in a soft, celestial voice, "is heaven." And picking up a harp he flew away.

She back from a honeymoon in Switzerland: "Don't you remember that wonderful gorge in the Alps, dear?"

He: "Sure do; it was the squarrest meal I ever had."

He (triumphantly): "That new dress of yours looks quite decent."

She (despondently): "Yes, I was afraid it would."

Thirty-fifth Anniversary of D. A. R.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 10.—Local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution throughout the country have arranged for an appropriate observance tomorrow of the thirty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the national society. Formally organized on October 11, 1890, by a handful of patriotic women, the organization today enrolls more than 200,000 members and has branches in every state. The society had its birth in Washington and it is in this city that it maintains its national headquarters in the Memorial Continental Hall, one of the most imposing structures in the capital. The society had for its first president-general Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, wife of President Benjamin Harrison.

Congress of Tropical Medicine.

Tokio, Oct. 10.—Many eminent medical scientists are in Tokio to take part in the sixth congress of the far eastern association of tropical medicine, which corresponds in the Orient to the International Medical Congress of Europe, and which was organized in 1910 to promote the science and art of medicine in the Far East. The sessions of the congress will be opened tomorrow and continued through the remainder of October.

USE PENNY COLUMN—IT PAYS

YOU MAY HAVE PELLAGRA AND NOT KNOW IT

EARLY SYMPTOMS—Nervousness, stomach trouble, despondency, shortness of breath, burning feet, tingling sensations, smothering spells, diarrhea, loss of hair, loss of weight, dizziness or swimming in the head, general weakness with loss of energy

You do not have all these symptoms in the beginning, but if you have any of them YOU MAY HAVE PELLAGRA. By FREE BOOKLET, "THE STORY OF PELLAGRA," will explain. My treatment differs from all others, and is endorsed by a State Health Department, physicians and hundreds who have taken the treatment. Write for Questionnaire and FREE Diagnosis.

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Let's Us send you a jar—it's fine.

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Money back without question if you are not cured of SKIN DISEASES REMEDIES (Itch's Salve and Soap), all in the treatment of Itch, Scabies, Ringworm, Tetter or other skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk.

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The October Victor Records Are Here.

- 10738—By the Light of the Stars, with Mandola and Guitar Jim Miller-Charlie Farrell
- The King Isn't Kink Any More, with Mandola and Guitar Jim Miller-Charlie Farrell
- 10757—Oh Say, Can I See You Tonight Jim Miller-Charlie Farrell
- Ukulele Baby, with mandola and Guitar Billy Murray
- 10739—I Married the Bootlegger's Daughter, with piano Frank Crumit
- How's Your Folks and My Folks, with piano The Happiness Boys
- 10744—The Farmer Took Another Load Away! Hay! Hay! with mandolin and guitar Jim Miller-Charlie Farrell
- 10747—When the Work's All Done This Fall, with guitar Wendell Hall
- Bad Companions (cowboy ballad) with guitar Carl T. Sprague
- 10748—Dear Old Back Yard Days, with piano Bill Murray-Ed. Smalle
- It's Just That Feeling For Home, with piano Billy-Murray-Ed Smalle
- 14740—Sweet Little Mother of Mine Henry Burr
- Down Deep in an Irishman's Heart Sterling Trio
- DANCE RECORDS**
- 10703—I Miss My Swiss—Fox Trot, with vocal refrain Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra
- The Kinky Kids Parade—Fox trot, with vocal refrain Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra
- 10737—What a World This Would Be—Fox Trot, (from George White's "Scandals") Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra
- She's Got 'Em—Fox Trot—Don Bestor and His Orchestra
- 19745—Yes, Sir! That's My Baby—Fox Trot (with vocal refrain) Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawk Orchestra
- Sometimes—Waltz Jack Shikret's Orchestra
- 19746—Fooling—Fox Trot—Meyer Davis' Le Paradis Band
- Are Lou Sorry?—Fox Trot—Don Bestor and His Orchestra
- 19750—Everything is Hotsy-Totsy Now—Fox Trot with vocal refrain Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawk Orchestra
- That's All There Is—Fox Trot, with vocal refrain Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawk Orchestra
- 19751—Summer Nights—Fox Trot—Don Bestor and His Orchestra
- 19752—Furry—Waltz—Don Bestor and His Orchestra
- Croon a Little Lullaby—Fox Trot, with vocal refrain Jack Shikret's Orchestra
- 19754—Hong Kong Dream Girl—Fox Trot with vocal refrain International Novelty Orchestra
- Who Wouldn't Love You—Fox Trot, with vocal refrain Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawk Orchestra
- 19756—The Promenade Walk—Fox Trot (from Artists and Models) Johnny Hamp's Kentucky Serenaders
- Cecilia—Fox Trot with vocal refrain Johnny Hamp's Kentucky Serenaders

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NOT one drop of water can enter this vault, because it is constructed on the "diving bell" principle, of twelve gauge Keystone copper-bearing steel which positively resists rust and corrosion. It affords the permanent protection we desire for the remains of our loved ones. (Stone, brick and concrete vaults let water in and hold it.) We supply the Clark Grave Vault because it has proved to be the most perfect form of protection. It is guaranteed for fifty years.

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