

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE

LOWER STONE. The health of this community is good at this time. No sickness to report. Cotton picking is about a thing of the past. Paul Foutz lost his barn by fire about ten days ago. Neighbors and friends started Thursday to rebuild for him. I. Cumble had a corn shucking Friday night. The wind sure did blow. Paul Bonds has set himself up to a new Ford. The Hammill brothers have moved their sawmill to Alabama to do a large amount of sawing. Archie Cline and Clifford Troutman have gone with them. G. J. Miller has been making molasses for the public this year. RUBE.

FAITH. L. N. Lipe, of Salisbury, says he has the best possum dogs in the state. They were on twelve trails and caught eight possums. Who can beat that? H. B. Shive and family passed through Faith in his fine car, en route home from Salisbury today. The Concord Daily Tribune of October 2nd, 1923, page 5, fourth column, we see the finest article about advertising the city. It would apply to any city. Look it up. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Dodson and son of Atlanta, Ga., and Mrs. G. Dodson, of Asheville visited Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Miller here this week. Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Nance, spent the week-end in High Point. Hall Rusher and family has moved to Salisbury, where he will be near his work. Mr. Brady Fink has moved in Mr. H. W. Rusher's residence here. W. B. Russell, of the Salisbury Ice Cream Co., is one of the cleverest young men out. He delivers ice cream to Faith merchants. One lady in Cabarrus county sends check for a dollar to pay for a jar of our eczema cure. Veda Shaping is visiting her sister, Mrs. F. A. Nance in Faith. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Misenheimer have moved in their handsome new residence here. Mr. Misenheimer has a pretty little wife, a pretty baby girl, that can rambout and a pretty little new home—and is no doubt the happiest man in town. In Salisbury we met a crowd of pretty Catawba College girls on the street. Mrs. Robert Latta, of Raleigh, Mrs. C. L. Shaver and children, Mrs. C. L. Murphy and children motored out to Faith in a fine car and met Venus while there. We met J. M. Green, of Lincolnton, Route 3, in Salisbury. He lives near Daniel Boone's cave. We met the new manager of the Salisbury Post circulation department. He is a fine young man. Venus wants to join with some of Rowan county manufacturers and have a few thousand circulars printed and distributed telling what we have for sale. VENUS.

ROBERTA. Seems like winter has paid us a visit the way the weather feels. The big tent meetings started at this place last Wednesday night. Rev. Henry Blackwelder is doing some mighty good preaching. The meeting will continue through Sunday, October 18th. Everybody is invited to come and help make this meeting one of the best ever held at old Roberta Church. Mr. Bud Sells and Miss Elsie Martin were married last week. We extend congratulations. The supper given by the Ladies' Aid last Friday night was a success, in spite of the inclement weather. The sum of \$25 was realized. We wish to thank everyone who helped in any way. There will be a birthday dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. (Bob) Hudson, Friday, October 23. Everybody is invited to come and bring well filled baskets and enjoy the day with us. A large number of our people are planning to attend the fair. The mill is still running on short time and will continue to do so until it comes a good rain. Misses Louise and Viola Smith entertained a number of their friends at a pound party last Saturday night. All report a nice time. We are listening for the wedding bells again before long. One school opened Monday with a good attendance. Come on, White Hall, with your items. We like to read them. SWEET DREAMS.

CONCORD ROUTE THREE. The weather continues dry, but there are good prospects of rain soon. The farmers are having a hard time getting their ground prepared to sow small grain. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Christy spent one day last week in Landis. The house of the late R. J. Cook is empty now. It belongs to Mr. Joe Goodman, of Kannapolis, and they will move in a short while. We will be glad to have new neighbors. The remodeling of Mr. Mitchell Church certainly does improve its appearance. The people of No. 5 township are gathering their corn this year without any frost on it. Frank Linker and Miss Pearl Eller were married October 4th at Kannapolis. We are having preaching service at Keller Reformed Church each first and third Sunday. We think Mr. Peeler will build up the church again. Paul Barnhardt spent last Sunday with Charley Edgison. Marvin Moore has purchased a

People are almost through picking cotton in No. 5 township. Mrs. E. Edgison's condition is somewhat improved, although she is still under the doctor's care. Come on Polly Parot with your

Late tomatoes and late beans are very scarce this fall. I have been thinking where to go to take dinner that they may have a good old time dinner of the late crop. BROWN EYER.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., (above) and Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, who will join their husbands in hunting the famed ovis poli and other rare animals in isolated parts of the Himalayas mountains.

JOHN W. WEEKS GIVES UP HIS CABINET POST. Dwight F. Davis Succeeds to Place and Will Be Formally Installed Today. Washington, Oct. 13.—John Win- gate Weeks regretfully stepped out of public life today, relinquishing his office as secretary of war to Dwight E. Davis, assistant secretary, world war veteran and holder of the distinguished service cross for gallantry in action. Mr. Weeks will leave Washington tomorrow night to begin a six months period of leisure and travel which his physicians hope will bring him complete restoration of health. He deferred his departure in order to be present tomorrow when Chief Justice Taft, at his personal request, administered the oath of office to Mr. Davis. In his letter of resignation, the retiring secretary made it clear that his physical sufferings of the past few months had in nowise dimmed his keen interest in public affairs and particularly in the problems of the war department. A man from a small village, where every one knows every one else, was paying his first visit to New York. Arriving at the station, the first person he saw was a policeman. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but is this New York?" "Yes," said the policeman with a grin. "Thank heaven for that," said the visitor, "and now can you tell me whether my sister Bess is in?" "No," said the Scotchman. "I don't enjoy smoking a pipe so much. When I smoke my own tobacco I pack my pipe too loose and when I smoke somebody else's I pack it too tight."

Judge Finley Sets Cole Free.

Wilkesboro, N. C., Oct. 13.—W. B. Cole, acquitted last Sunday of murder, walked from a little red brick courthouse here today a free man, after proving to Judge T. B. Finley that he is sane and not a menace to society. Cole's family and a score of friends accompanied him here from Rockingham, where since August 15 he has been in jail for the killing of W. V. Ormond. Cole pleaded not guilty at the trial and based his defense on two pleas, self defense and transitory insanity. The jury did not specify which of its contentions guided its verdict, but Judge Finley exercised the court's discretion in applying the statute that provides that a man acquitted in a capital case on an insanity plea must show cause why he should not be committed to the State Hospital for the Insane. The hearing was perfunctory. Cole testified in his brief that he had gained his mental balance, and members of prosecution counsel argued to the jury that Cole was a sane man. Neither Cole nor any member of his family was questioned today. James H. Post, Raleigh, A. L. Brooks, Greensboro, and James A. Lockhart, of Charlotte, all of defense counsel, presented to the court some 40 affidavits from townspeople of Cole declaring that he is a sane man. The state was represented by Solicitor F. Don Phillips, prosecutor in the trial. The solicitor presented the testimony of Mrs. Cole, in which she had told of describing her husband as "wacky" and of others who had testified to Cole's queer actions. The Rockingham manufacturer will not return immediately to the presidency of the Hannah Picket Mill. Accompanied by Mrs. Cole, his brother, Dr. W. F. Cole, of Greensboro, and his three children, Elizabeth, Catherine and Robert, Cole left late today for Greensboro. After several days' rest here, he will visit some result for a longer period. Ormond Family Represented. The affairs of the mill will be managed by W. B. Lath, treasurer, and J. W. Jenkins, superintendent, both of whom were here today. They both testified at the trial in Cole's behalf. The family of W. V. Ormond, who was killed while he sat in his car near Cole's office in Rockingham, was not represented today.

THE ACQUITTAL OF COLE.

Charlotte Observer. However, the jury might have decided the issue in the case of Cole, charged with the murder of Ormond, the public would have been left in a state of divided opinion. In one event, those who might have contended for a verdict of not guilty would have been satisfied; in the other event, those who might have contended for the penitentiary or the electric chair would have pursued their retrogressive way. The State was divided into these three camps, sentiment in which became the more aggressive as the evidence developed. Outside the court house, Cole's money was argued by one side as a factor of influence with the jury; by the other faction Ormond's war service, and his position with the American Legion, was kept to the front as a circumstance of influence. But inside the court house these two circumstances were kept under suppression, and in presenting the case to the jury the judge warned that neither Cole's money nor Ormond's war service should be taken into consideration. He further charged the jurors to abide the principle that the law is no respecter of persons. The conclusion of his elaborate charge was to the effect that the jury must make one of four decisions: it must find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree; murder in the second degree; manslaughter, or not guilty. It could not justify the slaying of Ormond on the score of slander, nor because the defendant had been threatened. If Cole had willingly made at Ormond and if Ormond had made a motion to get his pistol, and Cole believed he was about to be killed, he would even in that event have been guilty of manslaughter. The slaying of the daughter was not to figure in the case, nor was Ormond's war record to be taken into consideration. Reference to that had been permitted only to an extent showing the physical defects and condition of Ormond. So, the issue was narrowed to that of the insanity of the defendant. As to whether the defendant had been worked into a state of mind making him irresponsible, by the broodings over the conduct and charges made by the dead man about his daughter—whether Cole had been brought into such a condition that he did not know at the time of the slaying, right from wrong, was a matter the court left for the jury to decide. If the jury deliberated and reached conclusion in the light of the charge by the judge, it acquitted Cole because it believed he was an insane man when he killed Ormond. A very large number of people who followed the evidence in the case will be in agreement that Cole was suffering under accumulated provocation sufficient to upset his mind; there are others who would contend that what Cole had done, they would have done themselves. Perhaps the same appeal stirred the hearts of the jurors for it would have been hard to get away from application of Cole's position to their own, if placed in the same circumstances. They may have revolved in their minds the assassination of the character of a young woman; of the conduct of the assailant which flavored the Stone Age, and they might have wondered if like experience of one of their own daughters might not have run them insane for vengeance; they might have accounted all the distressing circumstances with which the case was threatened as sufficient ground for adjudging the defendant not guilty because of an insane act. Behind it all, perhaps, was a moving impulse not publicly touched upon. It was an issue engrossed in the heart. It might develop, if the mind of the jurors could be read, that one deep-seated issue was protection of the sanctity of the home. Upon that they might have been determined to accept any verdict which would have justified a ground on the only score left them by the court, even if there must be resort to the possible straining of a point. Henri Bergson, the noted French philosopher, is the son of a Polish Jew who migrated to England. We like to read them.

Not Engaged Now, But Wait. Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., (above) and Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, who will join their husbands in hunting the famed ovis poli and other rare animals in isolated parts of the Himalayas mountains.

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Betty Bronson and Douglas Fairbanks Jr., youthful movie stars, have been busy recently denying Hollywood reports of their engagement. She says they're "too young to think of marriage," but he says he would like to marry a girl like Betty some day.

James B. Duke Is Laid to Final Rest in City Where His Life Began

Durham, Oct. 13.—James Buchanan Duke came home today for his last rest; beside the body of his illustrious and beloved father and other relatives long called to their reward by the Grim Reaper and who are at repose in the family mausoleum in beautiful Maplewood cemetery which overlooks the surrounding hills and from which one can on a clear day look far to the westward where, just a few miles from Durham, this city's most honored son spent his childhood. With heads and hearts bowed down with grief and sorrow the citizens of Durham early this morning greeted the funeral train which through the night had plunged through the darkness bearing the great bronze casket containing all that was mortal of North Carolina's greatest philanthropist, who died at his New York home Saturday evening after an illness extending over a period of several weeks. Never has Durham had a more funeral appearance than today. Flags on many buildings were at half mast, crepe floated in the breeze from many doors in the business section and there was an air of quietude over the whole city, so different from the everyday scene that even the ranger within the gates was visibly impressed. Durham's Heart Bowed. A pall of intense grief hung over the entire city and still remains. Never has the passing of any man caused such a general sorrow here as the passing of Mr. Duke, a man who Durham claimed as its own son, the man who did more for the city and the county and the state than any other individual. The grief of the people was unceasing. Many wept at the train pulled into the station while all stood with bared heads as the casket was taken from the car and placed in the motor hearse preparatory to being carried to Duke University where it was to lie in state for a few hours so that the students of the college, the members of the faculty and others connected with the institution might gaze for the last time upon the features of their greatest benefactor. About the special train were members of the immediate family and scores of business associates from the north who had come to pay their last tribute to the dead dictator and their friend. Members of the family at once went to homes of relatives here where they remained until the hour of the funeral. The others remained aboard their cars until near the four. Body Lies in State. As soon as the casket containing the body of Mr. Duke had reached the university grounds it was carried at once to the East building where for more than three hours it lay in state, attended by a guard of honor composed of the members of the senior class. At 9:40 the casket was removed and carried to Memorial Church, on Chapel Hill street, where the funeral services were to be conducted. Being accompanied to the church edifice by the student honor guard who, after the casket had been taken into the edifice by the pallbearers, the latter being members of the board of trustees of the Duke endowment, remained lined up on each side of the walkway leading to the church entrance. In the meantime thousands of persons had gathered about the church. It was known that only a few hundred of these could possibly gain admission after members of the family and visitors had been supplied with seats, but all were intent upon gaining entrance, if it possible. Unfortunately hundreds were not able to hear the funeral service. About the arrival of the family at the church, students from Duke University lined each side of Chapel Hill street for blocks on the route out to Maplewood cemetery and remained standing thus until the service had been concluded and the funeral cortege passed by on the way, after which they marched to the latter place.

The interior of the church presented a scene of simplicity. There were no flowers in evidence with the exception of a huge bouquet of white carnations and lilies which graced the altar. Just in front of this was the casket, covered with pink roses and orchids. These were the only flowers in evidence until the cemetery was reached. There the great mausoleum was literally banked with floral offerings from near and far. Thirty minutes after the casket had been carried into the church the doors were thrown open to admit the mourners. Seats were procured for the close friends and business associates of the dead man, members of the faculty of Duke University and a few others, following which the general public was admitted. A few minutes later the widow, the fatherless daughter and others of the immediate family arrived and were escorted to seats which had been reserved for them. The service was opened with the singing of "How Firm a Foundation" by the choir, following which Dr. Edmond D. Soper, dean of the chair of theology at Duke University, read the beautiful and impressive Methodist funeral service. Concluding this Dr. Soper read one of Mr. Duke's favorite hymns, "Abide With Me," after which the choir joined in singing the same. Came then the conclusion of the reading of the funeral service, a short but beautiful prayer and the service at the church was brought to a close. Crowds Numbered Thousands. Loving hands again lifted the casket with its wealth of flowers and carried it to the waiting hearse and the last journey to Maplewood cemetery was started. More than two hundred automobiles and thousands of people in all walks of life joined in the cortege and the spectacle as it wended its way out Chapel Hill street was one which will probably never be forgotten by those who were present to witness it. Arriving at the cemetery the casket was again removed from the hearse and carried to the mausoleum where, after a short service presided over by Dr. Soper, it was placed beside the others which rest therein. The last, sad, loving rites over the body of James B. Duke had been performed. It remained only for loved ones and very near friends to shed a parting tear but hours after the funeral service at the cemetery had been ended and the body enclosed within stone walls, thousands were to be seen about the place admiring the beautiful floral tributes which had been sent near and far. While the funeral service was in progress business in Durham came to a complete standstill. At 10 o'clock today every business house in the city closed its doors and the employees were given an opportunity to attend the service. In the great tobacco manufacturing plants not a wheel moved during the day. At the tobacco warehouses sales were suspended and other places joined in the observance of the rites of respect.

City Pays Real Tribute. Never before has there been such an absolute suspension of business in this city for even an hour. It is possible that never again will this occur. But Durham was paying a real tribute to its honored dead and every effort was made to perform these rites as they should be. Out at Duke University today there was a complete suspension of all activities, students and faculty members being deep in their grief. In the city schools memorial services were held in the chapels this morning and these were most fitting, being attended by thousands of the boys and girls in the city. Durham tonight still sorrows and will for many days. But as Dr. Soper said during the course of his service at Memorial Church, the good that James B. Duke has done will live on and forever and Durham people will always hold his memory dear.

To Himalayas



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Every Man a Speed Demon—Every Car a Comet! 18 Super Stars Thrills Galore In the Armistice Day Race Wed., Nov. 11 2 P. M. The South's greatest speed classic—1925 world championship may be decided in this race. Every lap of the 250-mile race will be filled with thrills as these dare-devils race to beat the flying seconds. Make reservation now while there are plenty of good seats unreserved. Charlotte Speedway Charlotte, N.C. Admission Grandstand A— Reserved Seats...\$5.00 Grandstand B— Reserved Seats...\$3.00 Front Row Boxes \$64.00 Second Row Boxes...\$48.00 Third Row Boxes...\$32.00 8 Seats to Each Box General Admission \$2.00 Infield Parking Space...\$1.00 Free parking space for 15,000 cars at the Speedway Grounds. Speedway Tickets on Sale at Efrid's Department Store.

Policeman Bogey. Raleigh News and Observer. One of the sins of parents is to induce obedience by instilling fear. How many children have received their first impression of policemen in the threat: "If you don't hush, I'll call that big policeman!" It might be argued seriously that fear of any sort is too high a price to pay for obedience. But for this purpose, it is sufficient to insist that to create in the formative mind of a child the belief that a policeman is a man to be feared by little boys and little girls is vicious folly. The automobile has changed many of our customs. It has wrought revolution in roads, in trade, in churches and schools. There is hardly a phase of life that has not taken on a new complexion with the advent of the motor-driven vehicle. Now, in the larger centers at least, it is going to banish the policeman bogey. There isn't a finer sight to be seen in Raleigh or any other town, for that matter, than a stalwart traffic officer, standing watch at street intersections near schoolhouses, leading a group of little tots across the traffic lane to the street car or the opposite side of the street. That work is symbolic. The policeman's job is a protective job. There is no higher phase of it than the protection of children and the helpless. It's a fine thing that children are learning as they leave school that a uniformed policeman is or ought to be a man to trust and to honor—and never to be feared by the innocent. Some women make their own way. Others marry and have their own way. A tax on gossip—if we could collect it—would go a long way toward paying off the national debt.