

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., No. 136 To Washington 5:05 A. M., No. 34 To New York 10:25 A. M., No. 34 To New York 4:43 P. M., No. 40 To Danville 3:15 P. M., No. 12 To Richmond 7:10 P. M., No. 32 To New York 9:03 P. M., No. 80 To New York 1:55 A. M.

Southbound: No. 45 To Charlotte 3:55 P. M., No. 35 To New Orleans 9:56 P. M., No. 29 To Birmingham 2:35 A. M., No. 31 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 8:35 P. M., No. 37 To New Orleans 10:45 A. M., No. 39 To New Orleans 9:55 A. M., Train No. 37 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 later years.

The Prince of Peace:—For unto us a child is born; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called, The Prince of Peace.—Isaiah 9:6.

MAKING LANSLOWNE IN ERROR.

From Secretary Wilbur on down to officers of small rank, naval officials have tried to make the public believe that Commander Lansdowne was responsible for the time of the Shenandoah flight. Certain witnesses before the board inquiring into the disaster to the dirigible have testified that the commander's bad handling of the craft in the air was responsible for its crash.

We do not know how he handled the Shenandoah but can there be any doubt about the responsibility for the trip into the Ohio storm center? Soon after the ship crashed Mrs. Lansdowne stated publicly that her husband had advised against the trip at the time, suggesting that the second week in August be chosen.

Naval officers were quick to deny this, and Secretary Wilbur entered the controversy, declaring in substance that Commander Lansdowne had made no protest but rather had selected his own dates.

And now comes Rear Admiral E. W. Eberle, Chief of Naval Operations, who took the stand last Monday and when asked whether Lansdowne ever expressed an opinion regarding the timing of the Shenandoah's flight replied as follows: "Only the view that he preferred the flight after the middle of August."

Doesn't Admiral Eberle think the public ever reads? Has he forgotten that his own department sent Lansdowne a letter that contradicts his testimony? Admiral Eberle stated on Monday that he had said to Lansdowne: "Choose your time for going."

How, we ask, can he reconcile the statement with the letter from his department dated August 12? This letter already made a part of the records of the Shenandoah inquiry, said:

"Your recommendations to make the flight the second week in September has not been approved. By starting on September 2, the Shenandoah would fly over State fairs as follows: . . ."

Does Admiral Eberle mean to say that he later gave oral instructions to Commander Lansdowne? Persons familiar with the customs and regulations of the Navy know verbal instructions don't carry in a case of this kind.

The Shenandoah was sent through the west on a political mission as Mrs. Lansdowne charges and the Republicans must assume responsibility for the trip. Commander Lansdowne wrote several letters of protest, but was overruled.

The Republicans, and especially Secretary Wilbur, have not strengthened their case any by directly contradicting the letters sent to and from Commander Lansdowne in regard to his postponement of the flight. It is easy sometimes to hang all blame for disaster to a dead man, but in this instance, fortunately, it is not so easy.

A Mrs. Child, of London, is in charge of a business whose main stock in trade consists of snakes and lizards. The business was started by her father in 1855.

WILL UNIFICATION CARRY?

Two conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, voted on unification Thursday, and their differences show something of the split that has come in the Church on the question.

The Western North Carolina conference votes 219 to 141 for unification and almost at the same time the Virginia Methodist Conference was voting 202 to 169 against unification. These conferences are not widely separated in distance but in this question there is a great difference.

No one seems to know just what will happen at the general conference of the Southern Church. Voting in the various conferences so far has been about even between the advocates and opponents of the unification plan.

The bishops in the Southern Church are divided on the question and it is natural for that reason, alone, that the Church members themselves would be divided.

Opponents of the plan are confident that in the general conference the plan will be defeated this year. That may be, but unification is coming. It may not be this year but the time is not far off when Methodists the country over will be united into one great Church.

Baseball has not lost its hold on the affections of the public. Take the world series which has just ended, for example. During the seven games fans throughout the country paid \$1,182,854 to see the players in action, the total breaking all previous records.

While these fans were viewing the games millions of others were listening in on radios, getting the game play by play.

MANY NAMED IN J. B. DUKE'S WILL Said That Approximately 500 Persons Are Named as Beneficiaries. Durham, Oct. 14.—Approximately five hundred persons are named as beneficiaries in the will of James Buchanan Duke, late Durham tobacco and water-power magnate, who died Saturday and was buried here yesterday.

It was stated by those close to the multimillionaire today. One man known to be close to Duke stated he had seen such a list during the past summer, at which time Mr. Duke had the final draft of his will prepared.

The death of James B. Duke will have absolutely no effect upon the plans for the development of Duke University except for the fact that those in charge of the completion will have to "work a bit harder," officials of the University are quoted as having said yesterday.

Mr. Duke, realizing that his end was near, is said to have arranged, to his satisfaction, everything concerning the development of the university. Just what provisions he made will not be known until his will is filed for probate and made public. There is no doubt, it is believed by local people, that he will be as generous in death as he was in life.

The reading of Mr. Duke's will is anticipated with keen interest by a large number of persons. Especially are the Durham people eagerly awaiting the reading of the great philanthropist's last will and testament. In addition to having a number of near relatives here Mr. Duke has scores of friends. There seems to be little doubt but that he will remember them handsomely.

The multi-millionaire will either be read in New York City or at Somerville, New Jersey, sometime this week, it is stated.

On Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock after eight hours in Durham, the seven-coach train bearing Mrs. Duke and Doris Duke, the 12-year-old daughter, and their friends, left for the North. They arrived in New York today and will probably remain there until details in the settlement of Mr. Duke's estate are made. Their plans have not been made public.

FATHER KILLS DAUGHTER AND CUTS HIS OWN THROAT South Carolina Man Objected to Girl's Marriage and Shot Her. McColl, S. C., Oct. 13.—Because he objected to her marriage, Alfred Wright, a citizen of McColl Tuesday afternoon fired two bullets through the head of his daughter, Annie Mae, killing her instantly and then cut his own throat with a pocket knife. He is now in the McColl hospital where little hope is held out for his recovery.

Wright's daughter was married last week in Dillon, S. C., to Hennie Hardison. Her father objected to the marriage and attempted to have it annulled. The couple had lived together until Monday, when a hearing was held before Mayor S. T. Tarum, who ruled that they were man and wife, having lived together as such.

After the trial the girl went to the home of her father. Tuesday afternoon, while she was sitting at a sewing machine, Wright walked up behind her, fired two shots into her head and, running from the house, cut his own throat.

Conditions of B. N. Duke is Reported as Improved. Durham, Oct. 14.—Improvement has been noted in the condition of B. N. Duke, brother of the late James B. Duke, who is ill at his home in New York city, according to latest unofficial reports received here. His illness prevented his coming to Durham for the funeral of his brother yesterday.



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CHAPTER XIII. (Continued) White Horse, at this time, was purely a make-shift camp, hence it had no facilities for gambling. The saloons themselves were little more than liquor caches which had been opened overnight for the purpose of keeping quick profits; therefore such games of chance as went on were for the most part between professional gamblers who happened to be passing through and who chose to amuse themselves in that way.

After a considerable hour, during which a perhaps a crowd had come and gone, Sam Kirby broke away from the group with which he had



"He insulted my kid—my girl Letty!" Kirby muttered, hoarsely.

been drinking and made for the door. As he passed Roulette he paused to say: "I'm going to drift around a bit, kid, and see if I can't stir up a little game."

"Where are we going to put up for the night?" his daughter inquired. "I don't know yet; it's early. Want to turn in?"

Roulette shook her head. "I'll find a place somewhere. Now you stick here where it's nice and warm. I'll be back by and by." With sinking heart the girl watched him go. After a moment she rose and followed him out into the night. She was surprised to discover that the mud under foot had frozen and that the north wind bore a burden of fine, hard snow particles.

Keeping well out of sight, she stumbled to another saloon door, and then, after shivering wretchedly outside for a while, she stole in and crept up behind the stove.

She was very miserable indeed by this time, and as the evening wore slowly on her misery increased. After a while, her father began shaking dice with some strangers, and the size of their wagers drew an audience of interested bystanders.

Roulette realized that she should not have exposed herself anew to the cold, for now her sensations had become vaguely alarming. She could not even begin to get warm, except now and then when a burning fever replaced her chill; she felt weak and ill inside; the fingers she pressed to her aching temples were like icicles. Eventually she had lost all track of time—her condition became intolerable and she decided to risk her father's displeasure by interrupting him and demanding that he secure for both of them a lodging-place at once.

There were several bank-notes of large denomination on the plank bar and Sam Kirby was watching a east of dice when his daughter approached; therefore he did not see her. Nor did he turn his head when she laid a hand upon his arm.

Now, women, especially pretty women, were common enough sights in Alaskan drinking-places. So it was not strange that Roulette's presence had occasioned neither comment nor curiosity. More than once during the last hour or two men had spoken to her with easy familiarity, but they had taken no offense when she had turned her back. It was quite natural, therefore, that the fellow with whom Kirby was gambling should interpret her effort to claim attention as an attempt to interrupt the game, and that he should misread the meaning of her imploring look. There being considerable money at stake, he frowned down at her, then with an impatient gesture he brushed her aside.

"None of that, sister!" he warned her. "You get out of here."

Sam Kirby was in the midst of a discussion with the proprietor, across the bar, and because there was a deal of noise in the place he did not hear his daughter's low-spoken protest.

"Oh, I mean it!" the former speaker scowled at Roulette. "You dolls make me sick, grabbing at every nickle you see. Beat it, now! There's plenty of young suckers for you to trim. If you can't respect an old man with gray hair, why—?"

The rest of his remark caused the girl's eyes to widen and the chattering voices to fall silent.

Sam Kirby turned, the dice-box poised in his right hand. "Eh? What's that?" he queried, vaguely.

"I'm talking to this pink-faced gold-digger." "Father!" Roulette exclaimed. "I'm just telling her—"

The fellow repeated his remark, whereupon understanding came to Kirby and his expression slowly altered. Surprise, incredulity, gave place to rage; his eyes began to blaze.

DINNER STORIES

"There is not another boy in this town as clever as my Charles!" "Go on—how is that?" "Well, look at those two chairs. My Charles made them all out of his own head, and he has enough wood left to make an armchair!"

Summer Boarder—"Is this bull safe?" Old Farmer—"He's a whole lot safer than you are."

Husband (impatiently): "Is it possible my dear, that you cannot keep those children quiet for a moment?" Wife (soothingly): "Now, John, don't be harsh with the poor little things; it is natural for them to be full of spirit, and they're doing the best they can."

Husband: "Well, if I could have a moment's peace, I would sit down and write this check you've been bothering me for."

Wife (sternly): "Children, go upstairs at once! And if I hear another word out of you tonight I'll punish you severely."

Cowardly Deed! An old tombstone in an out-of-the-way Boston graveyard bears this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Eben Harvey, who departed this life suddenly and unexpectedly by a cow kicking him on the 15th of September, 1853."

Willie: "Did Edison make the first talking machine, Pa?" Pa: "No, child; God made the first one, but Edison made the first one that could be shut off."

COLE CASE BRINGS MANY ANONYMOUS LETTERS

Flood Unleashed on Judge Finley and Counsel in the Trial. Wilkesboro, Oct. 14.—The Cole case has set free to unloose upon members of the opposing large army of counsel one of the greatest floods of anonymous letters ever known to veteran lawyers involved in the trial of the Rockingham manufacturer, according to information obtained here, where the latest phase of the case brought the principals for a hearing on Mr. Cole's sanity.

Judge Finley, who presided at the memorable trial at Rockingham, was not overlooked by the throng of writers of anonymous communications, none of which, so far as could be learned, were of a threatening nature.

The subject discussed in some of the letters evidently were regarded by the writers as of tremendous importance, while the subjects of others ranged all the way from original poetry of the crudest kind to startling disclosures regarding the gun Bill Ormond is said to have customarily carried in the months prior to the time he was slain August 15 at Rockingham by Mr. Cole, acquitted Sunday of a charge of murder.

No attention was paid by any of the recipients to the letters, but the inflow is continuing. Some of them, if the statements should be true, are of a grave nature while others are extremely ridiculous.

Arrested for Alleged Part in Old Robbery.

Tampa, Fla., Oct. 15.—(AP)—Cas, Wall, well known here, and Edward Vestal, former chief of police in Orlando, were released on \$10,000 bond being associates of the Tava Tampa each here today being charged with robbery here more than a year ago in which more than \$24,000 was secured.

The Newspaper Man. Leonard Hall, in the New Yorker. The newspaper man write a little of his gizzard on some stringy paper.

He puts into it a laugh and a tear and a throb. It rumbles off the presses and chugs out to the fuddled thousand.

The newspaper man takes off his hat, and puts on a property smile, and waits for the applause. None comes.

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She eyed him silently for a moment, during which he returned her unsmiling gaze. She dropped her eyes to the whisky-glass, then raised them again to his.

"Can you take a drink like that and not feel it?" she inquired. "No. I want to feel it; that's why I take it," he said, gruffly.

"What's the idea?" "Idea? Well, it's my own idea—my own business."

(To be continued)

BELL-HARRIS FURNITURE CO.

The October Victor Records Are Here.

- 19728—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. 19757—Oh Say, Can I See You Tonight. Billy Murray. Ukulele Baby, with mandola and guitar. Jim Miller-Charlie Farrell. 19730—I Married the Bootlegger's Daughter, with piano. Frank Crumit. How's Your Folks and My Folks, with piano. The Happiness Boys. 19744—The Farmer Took Another Load Away! Hay! Hay! with mandola and guitar. Jim Miller-Charlie Farrell. Little Lindy Lou, with violin, guitar and ukulele. Wendell Hall. 19747—When the Work's All Done This Fall, with guitar. Carl T. Sprague. Bad Companions (cowboy ballad) with guitar. Carl T. Sprague. 19748—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

- 19753—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. 19737—What a World This Would Be—Fox trot, (from George White's "Scandals"). Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra. She's Got 'Em—Fox Trot. Fred Hamm and His Orchestra. 19745—Yes, Sir! That's My Baby—Fox Trot (with vocal refrain). Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawk Orchestra. Sometime—Waltz. Jack Shilkret's Orchestra. 19740—Fooling—Fox Trot. Meyer Davis' Le Paradis Band. Are You Sorry—Fox Trot. Don Bestor and His Orchestra. 19750—Everything is Hot—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. Charleston Baby of Mine—Fox Trot. Don Bestor and Orch. 19752—Funny—Waltz. Jack Shilkret's Orchestra. Croom a Little Lullaby—Fox Trot, with vocal refrain. International Novelty Orchestra. 19754—Hong Kong Dream Girl—Fox Trot with vocal refrain. Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawk Orchestra. Who Wouldn't Love You—Fox Trot, with vocal refrain. Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawk Orchestra. 19750—The Promenade Walk—Fox Trot (from Artists and Models). Johnny Hamp's Kentucky Serenaders. Cecelia—Fox Trot with vocal refrain. Johnny Hamp's Kentucky Serenaders.

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