

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. 35 to New York 10:25 A. M.
 No. 34 to New Orleans 4:43 P. M.
 No. 46 to Danville 3:15 P. M.
 No. 12 to Richmond 7:10 P. M.
 No. 32 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. 35 to New Orleans 9:55 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. 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 to after years.

CURSE OR BLESSING, WHICH?
 —He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessing shall be upon the head of him that scattereth it.
 Proverbs 11:26.

WHITE MEN IN COURT.

Anyone attending the sessions of Cabarrus County Superior court last week must have been impressed by the fact that a great majority of the prisoners were white men, many of whom were charged with larceny, store breaking or receiving stolen goods.

In sentencing several alleged store breakers Friday afternoon Judge H. P. Lane commented on the change that has come about in the color of defendants in court. Not many years ago, His Honor said, it was unusual to see many white men in court and it was a rare thing to see a white man in court for stealing.

Now there is nothing rare about such an occurrence. Not only are fewer negroes brought into court charged with stealing, but the number of white men tried on such charges is rapidly increasing.

The grand jury which served for the October term of court reported that 19 persons were found in the county jail, eighteen of them being white men.

There are too many white men trying to live without working. They are content to take a chance with the law, and rather than live by their labor they seek to live by their wits. They do not hesitate to enter a place of business and carry off hundreds of dollars worth of goods. They care nothing for the man who has worked to secure the goods they steal.

Lawyers who have been practicing for a number of years are the ones most struck by the change in the color of the prisoners they defend. Negroes are respecting the law better than white people now. Take the bootleggers, the robbers, the thieves and murderers—most of them are white men.

COMMUNISTS WOULD AGITATE NEGROES.

Communist agitators with backing from Russia are disclosed in documents officially noted in Washington as chiefly instrumental in organizing the American negro labor congress, which was scheduled to meet Sunday in Chicago.

The purpose of "awakening to revolutionary significance" the negro "workers and peasants of the Southern provinces of North America" is set forth in a declaration of the plan for the congress circulated through communist organizations on both sides of the Atlantic by the press bureau of the Third International. The American Federation of Labor, through William Green, its president, has issued a statement denouncing "the whole affair" and has warned trade unions organizations to refrain from having anything to do with it.

An ambitious communist program is outlined for the negroes. This consists of a manifesto under the signature of T. S. Ford-Whitman, who is identified as a negro delegate to the Third International, which has been drafted in Russia under auspices of the Soviet government.

Not only would revolutionary effort

among Southern negroes in the United States be encouraged under this program, but the Congress, when assembled, would be urged to take the leadership in an attempt to "rally the negro races of the world for a struggle against world imperialism."

"The social demands upper in the minds of the negro masses of America are that of abolition of 'Jim Crowism,' that is racial separation; political enfranchisement; equal opportunities of employment for white and black, measures on the part of the federal government against the practice of lynching; larger appropriations for educational facilities for negro children in the Southland; the abolition of the lines of residential segregation, etc. The congress will take up these social problems for deliberation and action."

President Green, of the American Federation of Labor, refuses to have anything to do with the communists, declaring that "communism in America is comparable to the boll weevil in the cotton fields."

Of course the federation is to oppose anything the "reds" do toward agitating the negroes, but the negroes are not going to allow themselves to be deceived by the communists. The Southern negroes are not opposed to "Jim Crowism" for they realize full well that they are better off when allowed to live separate from the whites. There is no real oppression against the negroes in the South and it will take more than communism to convince the Southern negro that the Southern white man is not his best friend.

UNION COUNTY FARMERS SELLING OUT AND LEAVING

How Will They Better Their Conditions By Going Elsewhere?

Monroe Enquirer.

A surprisingly and also distressingly large number of Union county farmers are "selling out" just at this season of the year. Some are going to other sections of the country to engage in agricultural pursuits while many are going to "public works" in order to secure jobs.

While there have been no crop failures for the past two years, more difficulties on the farms have not been conducive to make or save money. However, one cannot but wonder if these good people will be enabled to better their condition by going elsewhere?

It should be remembered, too, that when live stock at this season of the year is sold at auction it brings only about one-third actual value. Farming tools and household goods likewise are sacrificed, and cannot be replaced at anything like the prices obtained at the average sale.

So many citizens leaving the farms tend also to depress land values. There are few farms in Union county that should not sell well above \$50 an acre. A tract of 200 or more acres was bid off at the court house only recently at less than \$20 an acre. And this same land will readily produce bale-to-the-acre cotton.

But the fact remains that many farmers are leaving the county. None are coming in to take their place. It is possible that the business men of the county—the bankers, the merchants and others—might do something to make living conditions of these immigrants more tolerable? Evidently something is radically wrong and should be remedied if it can be done.

Still, on the other hand, the great majority of Union county farmers are happy and content with their lot and making good at the business of farming and allied pursuits, which include stock raising, dairying, poultry growing, and so forth.

It is true that oftentimes families going to a new community get out of a rut long traveled. They like the ways of new neighbors and "chime in" better than at the old home.

We have no quarrel to make with any man who wishes to move. Have moved a number of times myself, but not always to advantage.

Grandma Thought the Young Lady Had "Fainted."

Monroe Enquirer.

That the older and sedate persons cannot understand and properly appreciate the young people of the rising and jazzy generation is often exemplified.

The story goes that a dear old motherly Monroe lady on a recent bright Sunday afternoon was out for an airing, her daughter and some of her grandchildren in the car. They met a couple in an other automobile, a young woman apparent limp, with her head pillowed in the bosom of the young man accompanying her, said young man slowly driving with his left hand and his right arm gently supporting the girl as best he might under the circumstances.

Whereupon the elderly lady exclaimed: "For mercy sakes—look! The poor young woman has fainted. Let's turn back and see if we can be of any assistance to them."

And grandma's grand-children giggled at grandma's greenness.

Buried Alive.

Chester Byrnie, 12, and Alfonso Kosciukiewicz were using a cave near South River, N. J., in which to address to go swimming. The roof fell and both boys were smothered.

While at work in the Baltic mine at Grass Valley, Cal., Robert Hill escaped death by inches when the roof collapsed. As it was he had to spend 57 hours on his natural prison before released.

Sylvie Guiana was one of a party of miners that tried to recover a body of Adolph Steiner, crushed to death under an earth slide. The slide continued and caught Guiana. The position of some rocks kept him from being crushed. He was rescued.

An advertisement that appeared in the columns of an Indian paper was among the best examples of Babu English. Here it is, word for word: "Mohamedsunn, hair-cutter and clean shaver. Gentlemen's throats cut with very sharp razors, with great care and skill. No irritating feeling afterward. A trial solicited."

CHAPTER XIX

Every new and prosperous mining camp has an Arabian Nights atmosphere, characteristic, peculiar, indescribable. Especially noticeable was this atmosphere in the early Arctic camps, made up as they were of men who knew little about mining, rather less about frontier ways, and next to nothing about the country in which they found themselves. These men had built fabulous hopes, they dwelt in illusion, they put faith in the thinnest of shadows. Now the most practical miner is not a conservative person; he is erratic, credulous, and extravagant; reasonless optimism is at once his blessing and his curse. Nevertheless, the old-timers of the Yukon were moderate indeed as compared with the adventurous holiday-seekers who swarmed in upon their tracks. Being none too well balanced themselves, it was only natural that the exuberance of these new arrivals should prove infectious and that a sort of general auto-intoxication should result. That is precisely what happened at Dawson. Men lost all caution, all common sense; they lived on a land of rosy imaginings; hard-bought lessons of experience were forgotten; reality disappeared; fancy took wing and left fact behind; expectations were exalted and no exaggeration was too wild to challenge acceptance. It became a city of Freney.

It was all very fine for an ardent youth like Pierce Phillips; it set him ablaze, stirring a fever in his blood. Having won thus far, he made the natural mistake of believing that the race was his; so he wasted little time in the town, but very soon took to the hills, there to make his fortune and be done with it.

Here came the awakening. Away from the delirium of the camp, in contact with cold reality, he began to learn something of the serious, practical business of gold-mining. Before he had been long on the creeks he found that it was no child's play to wrest treasure from the frozen bosom of a hostile wilderness, and that no matter how rich or how plentiful the treasure, Mother Earth guarded her secrets jealously. He began to realize that the obstacles he had so blithely overcome in getting to the Klondike were as nothing to those in the way of his further success. Of a sudden his triumphal progress slowed down and he came to a pause; he began to mark time.

There was work in plenty to be had, but like most of the new-comers, he was not satisfied to take fixed wages. They seemed paltry indeed compared with the drunken figures that were on every lip. In the presence of the uncertain he could not content himself with a sure thing. Nevertheless, he was soon forced to the necessity of resorting to it, for through the fog of his misapprehensions, beneath the obscurity of his ignorance, he began to discover the true outline of things and to understand that his ideas were impractical.

To begin with, every foot of ground in the proven districts was taken, and even when he pushed out far afield he found that the whole country was plastered with locations; rivers, creeks and tributaries, benches and hillsides, had been staked. For many miles in every direction the blazed trees and pencil notches greeted him—he found them in places where it seemed no foot but his had ever trod. In Dawson the Gold Commissioner's office was besieged by daily crowds of claimants; it would have taken years of work on the part of a hundred thousand men to even prospect the ground already recorded on the books.

Back and forth Phillips came and went, he made trips with pack and hand-sled, he slept out in spruce forests, in prospectors' tents, in new cabins the sweaty green logs of which were still dripping, and when he had finished he was poorer by a good many dollars and richer only in the possession of a few recorder's receipts, the value of which he had already begun to doubt.

Disappointed he was, but not discouraged. It was all too new and exciting for that. Every visit to Bonanza or El Dorado inspired him. It would have inspired a wooden image. For miles those valleys were smoky from the sinking fire, and their clean white carpets were spotted with piles of raw red dirt. By day they echoed to blows of axes, the crash of falling trees, the plaint of wind-lashes, the cries of freighters; by night they became vast cauldrons filled with flickering fires; tremendous vats, the vapors from which were illuminated by hideous furnaces. One would have thought that here gold would be made, not sought—that this was a region of volcanic hot springs where every fissure and vent-hole spouted steam. It was a strange, a marvelous sight; it stirred the imagination to know that underfoot, locked in the flinty depths of the frozen gravel, was wealth unmeasured and unearned, rich hoards of yellow gold that yesterday were ownersless.

A month of stampeding dulled the keen edge of Pierce's enthusiasm, so he took a breathing-spell in which to get his bearings.

The Yukon had closed and the human flotsam and jetsam it had borne hither was settling. Pierce could feel a metamorphic agency at work in the town; already new habits of life were crystallizing among its citizens; and beneath its wintry pool surface new forms were in the making. It alarmed him to realize that as yet his own affairs were in

suspense, and he argued, with all the hot impatience of youth, that it was high time he came to rest. Opportunities were on every side of him, but he knew not where or how to lay hold of them to his best advantage. More than ever he felt himself to be the toy of circumstance, more than ever he feared the fallibility of his judgment and the consequences of a mistake. He was in a mood both dissatisfied and irresolute when he encountered his two trail friends, Tom Linton and Jerry Quirk. Pierce had seen them last at Linderman, engaged in prosecuting a stampanners' divorce. He was surprised to find them reunited.

"I never dreamed you'd get through," he told them, his greetings had passed them. "Did you come in one boat or in two?"

Jerry grinned. "We swam up that outlaw four times. We'd have split her end to end finally, only we run out of pitch to cork her up."

"That boat was about worn out with our bickerings," Tom declared. "She ain't over half the length she was—all the rest is sawdust. If the nail-holes in her was laid end to end they'd reach to Forty Mile. We were the last outfit in, as it was, and we'd missed a landing if a feller hadn't run out on the shore ice and roped us. First town I ever entered on the end of a lariat. Hope I don't leave it the same way."

"Guess who druz us in," Jerry urged.

"I've no idea," said Pierce.

"Big Lars Anderson?"

"Big Lars of El Dorado?"

"It's the party. He was just drunk enough to risk breaking through. When he found who we was—we, he gave us the town; he made us a present of Dawson and all points north, together with the lands, premises, privileges, and hereditaments appurtenant thereto. It still got a kind of a hangover headache and have to take soda after my meals."

"Lars was a sheepman when we knew him," Tom explained. "Jerry and I purloined him from some prominent cow-gentlemen who had him all decorated up ready to hang, and he wound up the night with everybody but the night watch, and he wound up by buying all the fresh eggs in camp. Forty dozen. We had 'em fried. He's a prince with his money."

"He owns more property than anybody," said Pierce.

"Right! And he gave us a 'lay.'"

"Phillips' eyes opened. 'A lay? On El Dorado?' he queried, in frank amazement.

"No, Hunker. He says it's a good creek. We're lookin' for a pardner."

"What kind of a partner?"

It was Linton who answered. "Well, some nice, easy-going, hard-working young feller. Jerry and I are pretty old to wind a windlass, but we can work underground where it's warm."

"Easy goin'?" that's the word?"

Jerry nodded. "Tom and me get along with each other like an order of buckwheat cakes, but we're set in our ways and we don't want anybody to come between us."

"How would I do?" Pierce inquired, with a smile.

Tom answered promptly. "If your name was put to a vote I know one of us that wouldn't blockball you."

"Sure!" cried his partner. "The ballot-box would look like a settin' of pigeon eggs. Think it over and let us know. We're leavin' tomorrow."

A lease on Hunker Creek sounded good to Phillips. Big Lars Anderson had been one of the first arrivals from Clark City; already he was rated a millionaire; his name was one to conjure with. Pierce was about to accept the offer made when Jerry said:

"Who d'you s'pose got the lay below ours? That feller McCaskey and his brother?"

"McCaskey?"

"He's an old pal of Anderson's."

"Does Big Lars know he's a thief?"

Jerry shrugged. "Lars ain't the kind that listens to scandal and we ain't the kind that carries it."

"Pierce meditated briefly; then he said, slowly, 'If your lay turns out good so will McCaskey's.' His frown deepened. 'Well, if there's a law of compensation, if there's such a thing as retributive justice—you have a bad piece of ground.'"

"But there ain't any such thing," Tom quickly asserted. "Anyhow it don't work in mining-camps. If it did the saloons would be reading rooms and the gamblers would take in washing. Look at the lucky men in this camp—bums, most of 'em. George Carmack was a squaw-man, and he made the strike."

"Pierce felt no fear of Joe McCaskey, only dislike and a desire to avoid further contact with him. The prospect of a long winter in close proximity to a proven scoundrel was repugnant. Balanced against this was the magic of Big Lars' name. It was a problem; again indecision tried to trouble him.

"I'll think it over," he said finally. Farther down the street Phillips' attention was arrested by an announcement of the opening of the Rialto Saloon and Theater, Miller & Best, proprietors. Challenged by the name of this former employer and drawn by the sounds of merriment from within, Pierce entered. He had seen little of Laure since his arrival; he had all but banished her from his thoughts, in fact, but he determined now to look her up.

The Rialto was the newest and the most pretentious of Dawson's amuse-

ment places. It comprised a gambling-hall with a spacious gaming room adjoining. In the rear of the latter was the theater, a huge log annex especially designed as the home of Bacchus and Teppeschore. The front room was crowded, through an archway leading to the gambling-hall came the noise of many voices, and over all the strains of an orchestra at the rear. Ben Miller, a famous sporting character, was busy weighing gold dust at the massive scales near the door when Pierce entered.

The theater, too, was packed. Here a second bar was doing a thriving business, and every chair on the floor, every box in the balcony overhanging three sides of it, was occupied. Waiters were scurrying up and down the wide stairway; the general hub-bub was punctuated by the sound of exploding corks as the Klondike spendthrifts advertised their prosperity in a hilarious contest of prodigality.

All Dawson had turned out for the opening, and Pierce recognized several of the El Dorado kings, among them Big Lars Anderson.

These new-born magnates were as thrifless as locusts, and in the midst of their bacchanalian revels Pierce felt very poor, very obscure. Here was the roisterous spirit of the Northland at full play; it irked the young man intensely to feel that he could afford no part in it. Laure was not long in discovering him. She sped to him with the swiftness of a swallow; breathlessly she inquired:

"Where have you been so long?"

"Why didn't you let me know you were back?"

"I just got in. I've been everywhere." He smiled down at her, and she clutched the lapel of his coat, then drew him out of the crowd. "I dropped in to see how you were getting along."

"Well, what do you think of the place?"

"Why, it looks as if you'd all get rich in a night."

"And you? Have you done anything for yourself?"

Pierce shook his head; in a few words he recounted his goings and his comings, his effort and his failures. Laure followed the recital with swift, birdlike nods of understanding; her dark eyes were warm with sympathy.

"You're going at it the wrong way," she asserted when he had finished. "You have brains; make them work. Look at Best, look at Miller, his new partner; they know better than to mine. Mining is a fool's game. Play a sure thing, Pierce. Stay here in town and live like a human being; here's where the money will be made."

"You think I want to go flying over hill and dale, like a tumbleweed? I haven't had warm feet in a week and I weep salt tears when I see a bed. But I'm no Cressus; I've got to hustle. I think I've landed something finally." He told of Tom and Jerry's offer, but failed to impress his listener.

"If you go out to Hunker Creek I'll scarcely ever see you," said she. "That's the first objection. I've nearly died these last three weeks. But there are other objections. You couldn't get along with those old men. Why, they can't get along with each other! There's Joe McCaskey to think of. Why run into trouble?"

"I've thought of all that. But Big Lars is on the crest of his wave; he has the mine to touch; everything he lays his hands on turns to gold. He believes in Hunker."

"I'll find out if he does," Laure said quickly. "He's drinking. He'd tell me anything. Wait!" With a flashing smile she was off.

She returned with an air of triumph. "You'll learn to listen to me, she declared. "He says Hunker is low grade. That's why he lets Lars in instead of working it himself. Lars is a fox."

"He said that?"

"The best there is in it is wages. Those were his very words. Would you put up with Linton and Quirk and the two McCaskeys for wages? Of course not. I've something better fixed up for you." Without explaining, she led Pierce to the bar, where Morris Best was standing.

"Best was genuinely glad to see his former employee; he warmly shook Pierce's hand.

"I've got 'em going, haven't I?" he chuckled.

"Laure broke out, imperiously. "Lodsen up, Morris, and let's all have a drink on the house. You can afford it."

"Sure!" With a happy grin the proprietor ordered a quart bottle of wine.

(To be continued.)

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION AT NEW ORLEANS ENDS

Forty-Eighth Triennial Meeting Will Be Held Today.

New Orleans, Oct. 24.—(AP)—Business of the 48th triennial general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church was concluded at 11:30 o'clock this morning. The bishops and deputies repaired to Price Church Cathedral where the final closing services will be held and the pastoral letter read.

Movement to Put School Teachers in Uniform.

Raleigh News and Observer.

From what source came the suggestion of putting school teachers in uniform? The Kinston Free Press furnishes the answer, saying: "It came from a desire to curb the tendency of the more flapperish young school ma'ams to parade in fashion's extreme decrees before the class room." It adds: "While resorting to a uniform would be perhaps too much in the other extreme, it is not amiss to call attention to the fact that for teachers to make of themselves fashion plates and models is not the most wholesome and beneficial example that they can set for their classes."

Some of the toboggan slides at the Swiss winter resorts are nearly a mile long.

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

DINNER STORIES

"Paw?"

"Now what?"

"Why didn't Noah swat both the flies when he had such a good chance?"

"You go to bed, young man!"

"Did you behave in church?" asked an interested relative when Junior returned from the service.

"Course I did," replied Junior. "I heard the lady back of us say she never saw a child behave so."

"Ah, we doctors have many enemies in this world."

"Yes—but more in the next!"

Young City Miss: "There isn't much pep to the girls out here, is there?"

Farmer Jimson: "Pep! Wahl, I dunno 'bout that, lady. Now, dis maw'nin' our gal Sarah milked fifteen cows before breakfast."

Sailor's Wife: "So you'll be back in four years, will you?"

Sailor: "Aye, but I may be a bit late on this trip."

Sailor's Wife: "Well, if you are, don't let's 'ave any of your old excuses about the ship going down an 'aving to walk 'ome."

Brown always did possess a soft heart. This is how he wrote: "Dear Mrs. Harrison: Your husband can't come home today, because his bathing suit was washed away. P. S. Your husband was inside it."

An advertisement that appeared in the columns of an Indian paper must be among the best examples of Babu English. Here it is, word for word: "Mohamedsunn, hair-cutter and clean shaver. Gentlemen's throats cut with very sharp razors, with great care and skill. No irritating feeling afterward. A trial solicited."

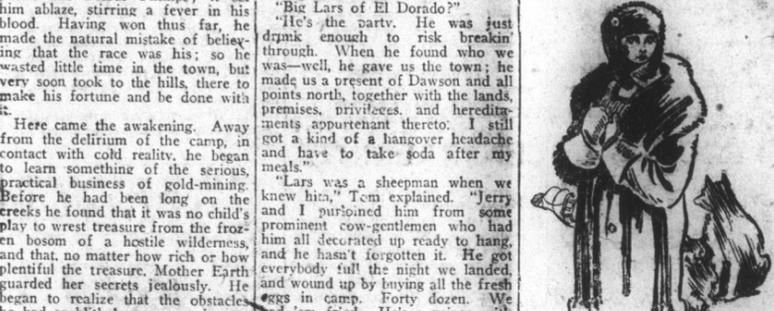
"Mother," said a little boy after coming from a walk, "I've seen a man who makes horses."

"Are you sure?" asked his mother.

"Yes," he replied. "He had a horse nearly finished when I saw him; he was just nailing on his back feet."

Little Mabel was sitting on papa's lap while mamma combed her hair. She put up her hands and patted his bald plate. "No waves for you, daddy," she said. "You're all beach."

It is announced that babies born on shipping board vessels will be carried free the remainder of the voyage. This is as it should be. Making the helpless little creatures work their passage by stoking the furnaces in the engine room is unthinkable.



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The October Victor Records Are Here.

- 19738—By the Light of the Stars, with Mandola and Guitar. J. N. Miller-Charlie Farrell
- The King Isn't Kink Any More, with Mandola and Guitar. J. N. Miller-Charlie Farrell
- 19737—Oh Say, Can I See You Tonight. Billy Murray
- Ukulele Baby, with mandola and Guitar. J. N. Miller-Charlie Farrell
- 19739—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. J. N. Miller-Charlie Farrell
- Little Lassy Lou, with viola, 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**
- 19763—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 Hamn and His Orchestra
- 19745—Yes, Sir! That's My Baby—Fox Trot (with vocal refrain). Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawk Orchestra
- Sometime—Waltz. Jack Shilkrut's Orchestra
- 19746—Fooling—Fox Trot. Meyer Davis' Le Paradis Band
- Are Lou Sorry?—Fox Trot. Don Bestor and His Orchestra
- 19750—Everything is Hot-Not-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—Funnies—Waltz. Jack Shilkrut's Orchestra
- Croon 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
- 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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