

The Concord Daily Tribune

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Special Representative
FROST, LANDIS & KOHN
225 Fifth Avenue, New York
Peoples Gas Building, Chicago
104 Candler Building, Atlanta

Entered as second class mail matter at the postoffice at Concord, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
In the City of Concord by Carrier:
One Year \$8.00
Six Months 4.00
Three Months 2.00
One Month .50

RAILROAD SCHEDULE
In Effect June 28, 1925
Northbound
No. 40 to New York 9:28 P. M.

BIBLE THOUGHT
FOR TODAY
Bible thoughts memorized, will prove a reticent heritage in after years.

LOVE MASTERS FEAR:—There is a love in us; but we do not feel love cast out fear.—1 John 4:18.

MUST KEEP UP THE FIGHT.
Although figures for a period of eleven years, compiled by the bureau of vital statistics of the State board of health, show that the death rate from tuberculosis in this state is decreasing, there is much still to be desired, according to Dr. P. P. McCain, superintendent of the North Carolina Sanatorium.

Although Dr. McCain estimates that there are at least 15,000 cases of the disease in North Carolina, there are only 873 hospital beds in this state for tuberculous cases, he states. This is exclusive of the large government sanatorium at Otter, which has 1,000 or more beds for ex-service men, but which, of course, is open to men from all over the United States.

Dr. McCain's estimate of the number of cases of tuberculosis in this state is based, he says, upon the number of deaths, and includes cases in all stages of the disease—arrested, quiescent, and active. This number he says is a "conservative estimate."

Two thousand three hundred fifty-five new cases were reported during the fiscal year ending June 30th, last, he states. And he adds that "of course nothing like all the new cases which developed were discovered, and probably a good many of those discovered were not reported."

Of the total number of new cases reported during the year mentioned, 1,440 were white and 915 negroes, Dr. McCain says.

We are making progress in fighting the White Plague but we must keep up the fight until the disease is controlled, to the same extent that typhoid fever is controlled. We must educate our people as a primary factor against the disease, for once we can make them realize some simple fact about the disease we can better control it. It is right that we should devote liberally of our time and effort to the battle against tuberculosis.

WILL BE PREPARED.
Governor McLean has ordered Adjutant General Metts to Asheville as a precautionary measure during the trial of two negroes charged with assaults on white women. Due to the fact that mobs formed at the Asheville jail soon after the arrests of the negroes, Governor McLean was not willing to take a chance on other mobs forming during the trial, so he ordered General Metts to Asheville with power to call out National Guard troops whenever he feels such action is necessary.

General Metts will follow the Governor's instructions to the letter. He has called out troops on previous occasions when mobs formed to storm jails or otherwise violate the law; he has called out troops to handle other serious situations in the State, and he will call them to arms without hesitancy should Asheville people attempt in any manner to harm the negroes while they are standing trial.

The State of North Carolina promises a just trial to every man arrested. This applies to the black man as well as to the white. Governor Mc-

Lean is right in taking no chances with mobs that might be formed. It is too late to act after a negro has been lynched. While it is true that criminal assaults by negroes on white women have occurred frequently in and around Asheville recently. It is true that speedy court action is promised and no one need doubt that the negroes will be given the full penalty under the law.

THE "GANG" BEFORE THE PUBLIC AGAIN.
The indictment of Thomas W. Miller, alien property custodian, by a grand jury in New York, brings to the public again the "Ohio gang" appointed to federal office under the direction of the late President Harding.

Miller has been indicted for alleged misconduct in office, or rather more specifically with taking money from some Swiss and German citizens who secured in return stock in a German company seized as enemy property during the war. Several other persons were indicted along with Miller.

Jesse Smith, who apparently was the "goat" for the "gang," was one of the men who is said to have helped Miller swing the deal. A former attorney in Miller's office is also said to have aided Miller. Due to the fact that he is a star witness for the government in the case he was not indicted.

INCREASE IN BUS FARE TO RALEIGH EXPECTED
Say Corporation Commission Will Be Asked to Make It About Three Dollars.

The bus situation was described yesterday by a man closely identified with it as one of watchful waiting—waiting for some concern, preferably composed of bankers, to come along with a large roll and buy out the various concerns that run in and out of Greensboro.

But not a single option has been acquired since Hamilton and company, Baltimore investment bankers, got those on the three big lines between here and Raleigh.

The bus business is evidently going to pay from now on and one of the first things expected is a raise in the fare from here to Raleigh from \$2.50 to about \$3, to make it equal to the railroad fare from here to Raleigh.

The request is expected to be made to the State Corporation Commission and it was stated here yesterday by one of the bus owners that he expects the raise to be allowed. The schedules between here and Raleigh are still half-hour schedules, although hour schedules have been asked.

One company on one route and the fare higher—good times for bus men are just around the corner, it is believed.

L. F. Bernard, one of the pioneers here in bus transportation, head of the Royal Blue Transportation Company, operating big cars between here and High Point, between here and Winston-Salem and between here and Danville, is one of the men of whom it may be definitely said that he has not given any options. He seems to enjoy the role of independent.

But some of the fellows undoubtedly would like to be approached. However, it was said that prices went up when it was learned that bankers, with real money, were in the field, and scanged off the bankers.

In a wire to the Daily News Hamilton and Company, of Baltimore, the bankers who bought three outfits from Raleigh to Greensboro, stated that "We are in no way acting for or connected with any railroad or any other large corporation in connection with North Carolina bus proposition."

TODAY'S EVENTS.
Monday, November 2, 1925.
This is All Souls' Day, which in France corresponds to Memorial day in America.

One hundred years ago today the city of Albany was on fête in celebration of the opening of the Erie Canal.

One hundred and fifty years ago today St. John, New Brunswick, was taken by the Americans under Gen. Montgomery.

If President Warren G. Harding were living today he would celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of his birth.

Beginning today all barbers in Connecticut will be barbers and nothing more, under a ruling of the State Board of Hairdressers and Cosmeticians which prohibits beauty parlors in barber shops.

No Harvard Plan at Baptist Convention.
Charity and Children.
There will be no Harvard plan at the Baptist State Convention in Charlotte. Delegates will pay their way at hotels and boarding houses the same as everybody else does.



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

CHAPTER XXIII

"Wal, wal I tol' you," Poleon foret exclaimed, cheerfully. "Me, I'm cut off for poor man. If one dose El Dorado millionaire give me his pay-dump, all de gold disappear before I get him in de sluice-box. Some people is born Joahn."

Despite this melancholy announcement Poleon was far from depressed. On the contrary, he beamed like a boy and his eyes were sparkling with the joy of again beholding his "sister."

He had returned from the hills late this evening and now he had come to fetch Roulette from her work. This was his first opportunity for a word with her alone.

The girl was not unmoved by his tale of blighted expectations; she resented, nevertheless, to accept it as conclusive. "Nonsense!" she said briskly. "You know very well you haven't prospected your claim for what it's worth. You haven't had time."

"I don't got to prospect him," Poleon asserted. "Dat's good 'ting 'bout dat claim. Some Swede fellers above me cross-cut de whole dam creek an' don't fin' so much as one color. Sape! Dat's fenny creek. Sape! ain't got no gravel." The speaker threw back his head and laughed heartily. "It's fac! I scover de only creek on all de Yukon w/out gravel. Muck! Twenty feet of solid frozen muck! It's lucky I stake on soch bum place, eh? Spose all winter I dig an' don't fin' 'im out?"

For a moment Roulette remained silent, then she said, wearily: "Everything is all wrong, all upside down, isn't it? The McCaskeys struck pay, so did Tom and Jerry. But you—why, in all your years in this country you've never found anything. Where's the justice?"

"No, no! I fin' someting more better as dem fellers. I fin' a sister; I fin' you. By Gar! I don't trade for fenny pay-streak!" Levelling his voice, Poleon said, earnestly, "I don't know how much I love you, ma savor, until I go 'way and t'ink 'bout it."

Roulette smiled mistily and touched the big fellow's hand, whereupon he continued: "All dese year I look in de most likely spot for gold, an' don't fin' him. Wal, I mak' change. I don't look no more creek-bottom; I'm goin' fin' de high spot!"

Reproachfully the girl exclaimed, "You promised me to cut that out."

"You promised me to cut that out." With a grin the woodsman reassured her: "No, no! I mean I'm goin' dig on top de mountains."

"Not—really?" Why, Poleon, gold is heavy. It sinks. It's deep down in de creek-beds."

"It sink, sure 'nough," he nodded, "but where it sink from, eh? I don't lak livin' in low place, anyhow—you don't see notin'. Me, I mus' have good view."

"What are you driving at?" "I tell you, long tam ago I know old miner. He's forever talk 'bout high bars, old reever-bed, an' soch 'ting, he call 'em 'High Bar.' He mak' fenny story 'bout reever dat used to was on top de mountain. By golly! I laugh at him! But wat you t'ink? I'm crossin' dose hill 'bove El Dorado an' I se place where dose miner is shoot dry timber down into de gulch. Dose log have dug up de snow an' I fin'—what?"

Impressively the speaker whispered one word: "Gold!"

Much to his disappointment, Roulette remained impassive in the face of this startling announcement. Vaguely she inquired: "What of it? There's gravel everywhere. What you want is gold."

"Mon Dieu!" Poleon lifted his hands in despair. "You're worse as cheechako. Where gravel is dere you fin' gold, ain't you?"

"Why not always?" With a shrug the woodsman agreed. "Of course, not always, but—"

DINNER STORIES

Chicken Licker.
"Ed: 'Say, Bo, what kinder licker wuz dat yo' wuz drinkin' last night? Ah saw yo' layin' in de gutter.'"

"Hufe: 'Dat wuz what dey call a chicken licker—two drinks an' yo' don't care where yo' lays.'"

A young woman who had studied in one of the modern universities met a professor who was noted for his absent-mindedness. "Don't you remember me, professor?" she inquired. "You once asked me to marry you, you know?"

"As, yes," replied the professor, displaying sudden interest; "and did you?"

No Job for the S. P. C. A.
"It says here," remarked Murphy, looking up from his paper, "that a bi-ol-ogist who wanted to study the effects of alcoholism kept a guinea pig under the influence of whiskey for four years."

"Think of that!" exclaimed Flanagan. "An' only yesterday a man was tryin' to tell me that scientists are cruel to animals!"

There Are Others.
Folks say currency's elastic, "And no matter where I go, When de tak' gets down to money, That's the guff they always throw. As they know whereof they're speakin'."

I must be a stupid wretch— Although currency's elastic, I can't seem to make mine stretch.

Right Back at Him.
A Florida rector died—once occasionally does, despite the climate—and descended to the realms below. It was decidedly warm there, and he remarked to a native, as he mopped his brow with his very best asbestos handkerchief: "You have the most miserable, unbearably hot weather here I have ever felt."

"Ah, my dear sir," replied the native, "I assure you that it is merely unusual."

"Why," asked the Sunday school teacher, "should little boys always be honest and truthful?"

"So can't mothers will trust us to wash our own necks," replied Bobby.

To the conservative ladies of Concord and vicinity. To-wit: "A big enough heater burns up Less Coal than one 'too small.' The Right Size means less waste and more genuine satisfaction. Special sale of 'Loths Hat Blast' at York & Wadsworth Co. 2-61-c.

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1974—The Farmer Took Another Load Away! Hay! Hay!, with mandolin and guitar. Little Lindy Lou, with violin, guitar and ukulele. 1974—When the Work's All Done This Fall, with guitar.

DANCE RECORDS
1973—Miss My Swiss—Fox Trot, with vocal refrain. The Kinky Kids Parade—Fox trot, with vocal refrain.

1973—What a World This Would Be—Fox trot, (from George White's "Scandals"). 1974—Yes, Sir! That's My Baby—Fox Trot (with vocal refrain).

1974—Sometime—Waltz. 1974—Fooling—Fox Trot. 1975—Everything is Hotter—Topsy New—Fox Trot with vocal refrain.

1975—Summer Nights—Fox Trot. 1975—Punny—Waltz. 1975—Hong Kong Dream Girl—Fox Trot with vocal refrain.

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