

The Concord Daily Tribune

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Table with columns for Northbound and Southbound routes, including destinations like Washington, Danville, and Charlotte, with corresponding times.

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 a later year.

RULES FOR RIGHT LIVING: Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.

CONSIDER THE LIBRARY. One cannot delve into the records of the Concord Public Library without being impressed with the growing needs for better quarters and more funds for maintenance.

For the five months period ending October 31st more than 16,000 books were borrowed from the library. This total, of course, does not include the several thousand books which were used in the library by visitors to the reading room.

The library is so crowded that a systematic manner of shelving and cataloging the books is impossible. The librarian tries to keep the books in their proper place but space is so scarce that the volumes have to be placed where room can be found for them.

CONCORD NEEDS A NEW LIBRARY BUILDING AND MORE FUNDS FOR THE OPERATING EXPENSES. These things can be secured if the people of Concord want them. It has been suggested and the suggestion is a worthy one, that the next legislature be asked to provide the necessary law for putting the question before the people.

MR. GARDNER GIVES HIS VIEWS. Special interest is attached to the utterances of O. Max Gardner in his Artistic Day address at Greensboro. The Shelby man was heard with unusual interest because to many persons he is already recognized as the next Governor of North Carolina and any address he may make, certainly any address in which he advocates changes in government or any phase of the State government, is accepted as part of his administrative program.

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deals with the election law of the State. He wants a change in the law and it must be said to his credit that he comes out boldly for the change despite the fact that most of the leaders of his party will have nothing to do with any change. They do not support the present plan any more than they support the proposed changes but by keeping quiet they are understood to be offering their support to the present system.

Mr. Gardner wants the Australian system adopted in North Carolina, declaring in his speech: "In a modern democracy the life of a people is expressed at the ballot box. The boasted scepter and crown of a free people is an untrammelled ballot. Our elections have been as free from corruption and injustice as human nature and partisan feeling will permit, but I am convinced that the time has come in our state when we should stand abreast of our sister commonwealths and offer to the electorate of North Carolina a secret ballot in conformity to the Australian law.

"My feeling is that we should maintain an election law so far and free that it will secure beyond the shadow of a doubt unchallenged expression of popular will. I therefore urge the American Legion to throw the weight of its powerful influence to the enactment by our next General Assembly of the Australian ballot."

The Shelby candidate for Governor discussed other matters in addition to the change in the balloting system. He wants North Carolina to go forward, for after paying his respects to the administration behind and the present regime he says:

"We are today taking stock after a big investment and tremendous expansion in order to ascertain our true bearing, harmonize our assets, inventory our resources and prepare for the systematic liquidation of our obligations to the end that we may gather renewed strength to go forward. * * * There must be no reduction in the potential horsepower of our engine."

Mr. Gardner has expressed his views and he undoubtedly has gained friends and supporters in so doing.

PINEVILLE JAIL SWAMPED WITH SPEEDWAY ARRESTS

Three Men Break Prison, Steal Own Car, and Decamp—Cases in Magistrate's Court.

The Mecklenburg rural police christened the new Pineville jail Wednesday with more prisoners than it would hold—more than it did hold, at any rate. Three High Pointers decided it was time to go home, bent the bars, crawled out, stole their own automobile and left town. They, with the seven others lock up, were enjoying the speedway occasion to much under the influence of liquor, the officers say.

Y. P. Kesnerman, rural police chief, who didn't have time to get the names of his High Point guests, says that if they will kindly send him their names he will take pleasure in mailing their auto key accompanied by a letter of thanks for their not taking the jail along with them.

They were charged with being drunk and disorderly. The officers had quite a lively time taking them. One of them made a lunge for Henry Moseley and that officer gave him a slap on the side of his head that rolled him in the dust, it is related. Not discouraged, it is said, the High Pointer rose to his feet and promptly elbowed with Officer Howard Wilson biting him on the temple, thinking he was fighting the man who slapped him. His fighting urge was quenched and the three were locked up.

One Hard Guy. F. W. Higginson, of this city, was next. The officers say he was happy and boastful, wearing a revolver in a holster concealed under his coat. They quote him as saying that he had already killed three "niggers" and two white men earlier in the day and was looking for some more. He was locked in the cell next to the High Pointers.

TODAY'S EVENTS

Friday, November 13, 1925. This is Friday, the thirteenth, when Old Man Superstition says: Evil omens rule the heavens, and fearful portents glow from the skies. One hundred and fifty years ago today the Americans under Montgomery took Montreal.

If Robert Louis Stevenson were living today he would be celebrating his 75th birthday anniversary. Louis E. Brandeis, associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, today enters upon his 70th year.

Old-time residents of Galveston, Texas, will recall today as the 40th anniversary of the great fire which laid the larger part of their city in ruins. The most momentous Federal political campaign in the history of Australia comes to a close today, preparatory to the general elections to be held tomorrow.

Standardization and regulation of the motor truck traffic are to be the chief subjects of discussion at a national automotive transportation conference to be opened in Philadelphia today under the auspices of the Society of Automotive Engineers.

An aviator says that flying has become fool-proof. We are most gratified to hear of something that is.



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CHAPTER XXVII (Continued)

He pushed open the cache door, and a moment later there came the sound of rending wood as he shouldered his way into the dark cabin, regardless of lock and bar. Rouletta was close behind him when he struck a match and held it to a candle which he discovered fixed in its own wax beside the window.

Curiously the interlopers surveyed the unfamiliar premises. Rouletta poked first, with suppressed excitement: "You were right. And they left in hurry, too."

"Sure. Beddin' gone, an'—dey got enty beddin' on Hunker. Here dey ak' grub-pack, see?" Poleon ran his finger through a white dust of oil which lay thick upon the table, triding to the stove, he laid his hand upon it; he lifted the lid and sift of the ashes within. "Dey left about five hour' ago. Wal, dat's best start. I guess mebbe dey safe enough."

"Don't say that," Rouletta interposed. "Rock can overtake them. 'e's a famous traveler."

"I dunno. Dey got good team—'He must catch them! Why, he has ninety milks to do it in! He must, Poleon, he must! Of course this is evidence, but it isn't proof. Remember, Pierce talked wildly. People are prejudiced against him—and you know the Police. They act on suspicion, and circumstances are certainly strong. Poor boy! If these men get away—who knows what may happen to him? I tell you his very life may be in danger, for the law is an awful thing. I've always been afraid of it. So was father, to his dying day. We must send Rock flying. Yes, and without a moment's delay."

"You still got deep feelin' for dat feller?" Poleon inquired, gravely. "The quick look of anguish, the frank nod of assent that he received, were enough. 'Bien!' he said, slowly. 'I can't satisfy, dat's all. I never see you so scare' as dis.'"

"You know how I feel!" Rouletta said; then, more seriously: "Why do you need to make sure? Do you think I've changed—?" She hesitated for an instant; there came a faint pucker of apprehension between her brows; into her eyes crept a look of wonder which changed to astonishment, then to incredulity, fright.

"She exclaimed. She raised a faltering hand to her head as if to stay a further betrayal of the knowledge that had suddenly come to her. "Oh, Poleon, my dear! My brother!"

The man smiled painfully as he met her shocked gaze. "I'm fonyy 'eller, ma seur; always dreamin' de mos' foolish ting. Don' pay no 'tention."

"I am—I always will be that—your sister. Have I made you unhappy?"

Vigorously he shook his head; his face slowly cleared. "No, no. In dis life one ting is give me happiness—one ting alone—an' dat is bring you joy. Now come. De grass growin' on our feet."

Together and in silence they hurried back as they had come; then, on the plea that he could make better time alone, Poleon left his companion and headed for the Barracks.

Rouletta let him go without protest; her heart was heavier than lead; she could find no words whatever. A new tragedy, it seemed, had risen to face her, for she realized now that she had hurt the man who loved her best of all. That certainty filled her with such regret, such a feeling of guilt, that she could not bear to think of it. A very poignant sense of pain troubled her as she turned into the Rialto, and as a consequence the lively clatter of the place grated upon her sensibilities; she felt a miserable, sick desire to shut her ears to this sound of laughter which was like ribald applause for the death-blow she had dealt. Yes, she had dealt a death-blow, and to one most dear.

But how could she have known? How could she have foreseen such a wretched complication as this? Who would have dreamed that gay careless, laughing Poleon Doret was like other men? Rouletta felt the desire to bend her head and release those scalding tears that trembled on her lashes.

Lieutenant Rock was preparing for bed when Poleon, after some little difficulty, forced his way in upon him. The officer listened to his caller's recital, and even before it was finished he had begun to dress himself in his trail clothes.

when Poleon, among the dog-team into the lighter space in front of the Rialto; nevertheless, many people were about, for Dawson was a city of sleep-haters. The sight of a racing-team equipped for a flying trip at this hour of the night evoked instant interest and speculation, pointing, as it did, to a new gold discovery and a stamped. Stampedes were frequent, they never failed to create a sensation, therefore the woodsman was soon the center of an inquisitive crowd. Not until he had fully explained the nature of his business was suspicion allayed; then his word that Joe and Frank McCaskey had fled for the Boundary ran up and down the street and caused even greater excitement.

Rouletta came hurrying forth with the others, and to her Poleon made known his intention of accompanying the fleet-footed Rock.

"Nobody is able to catch dem feller but him an' me," he explained. "Dey got too long start."

"You think they may get across?" she queried, apprehensively. "Five, six hour, 'an' bec' edge. But me—'e speaker shugged. 'Forty Mile, Circle, Fort Yukon, Rampart, it mak' no differ. I get 'em some place, if I go plumb to St. Michael's. When I get goin' fas' it tak' me long tam for run down.'"

Rouletta's eyes opened. "But, Poleon—you can't! There's the Boundary. You're not an officer; you have no warrant. 'e decla ed, 'I don' savvy dis law bizness. You say get 'em. Bien! I tell you."

Rouletta stared curiously, wondering into the big fellow's face; she was about to put her thoughts into words when a shout arose from the crowd as the Police team streamed into view. Down the street it came at a great pace, flashing through shadows and the past glaring lighted fronts, snatching the light hickory sled along behind as if it were a thing of paper. Rock balanced himself upon the runner heels until, with a shout, he put his weight upon the shaft-toothed sled brake and came to a pause near Poleon. The rival teams plunged into their collars and set up a pandemonium of yelping, but willing hands held them from flying at one another's throats; meanwhile, saloon doors were opening, the street was filling; dance-hall girls, white-aproned bartenders, bleary-eyed pedestrians, night-owls—all the queerly assorted devotees of Dawson's vivid and roisterous nocturnal life hastened thither; even the second-story windows framed heads, for this time put slumber to flight without delay.

The wind was no longer strong, and already a clearing sky was evidenced by an occasional twinkling star; nevertheless, it was bitterly cold and those who were not heavily clad were forced to stamp their feet and to whip their arms in order to keep their blood in motion.

Nothing is more exciting, more ominous than a man-hunt. Nothing is more exciting, more ominous, than a man-hunt; doubly potentous was this one, the hasty preparations for which went forward in the dead of night. Dawson had seen the start of more than one race for the Boundary and had awaited the outcome with breathless interest. Most of the fugitives overtaken had walked back to town, spent, famished, frost-blackened, but there were some who had returned on their backs, wrapped in robes or canvas and offering mute testimony to the speedy and relentless efficiency of the men from the Barracks. Of that small picked corps Lieutenant Rock was by long odds the favorite. Now, therefore, he was the center of attention, and wagers were laid that he would catch his men, however rapidly they traveled, however great their start. Only a few old-timers—"sour-doughs" from the distant reaches of the Yukon—knew Poleon Doret, but those few drew close to him and gave the lieutenant little notice. This French Canadian they regarded as the most tireless traveler in all the North; about him, therefore, they assembled, and to him they addressed their questions and offered their advice.

Rouletta was slow in leaving; for some time she stood harkening to the swift diminuendo of those tinkling sleigh-bells, staring into the night as if to fix in her mind's eye the picture of what she had just seen, the picture of a mighty man riding the tail of a plunging basket sled. In spite of the biting cold he was stripped down; a thin drill parka sufficed to break the temper of the wind, light fur boots were upon his feet, the cheek pieces of his otter cap were tied about his crown. He had turned to wave at her and to shout a word of encouragement just as she vanished. That was just the way

she told herself—eager to spare her even the pain of undue apprehension. The shock of her discovery of an hour ago was still too fresh in Rouletta's memory; it was still too new and too agitating to permit of orderly thought, yet there it stood, stark and dismaying. This woodsman loved her, no longer as a sister, but as the one woman of his choice. As yet she could not reconcile herself to such a state of affairs; her attempts to do so filled her with mixed emotions. Poor Poleon! Why had this come to him? Rouletta's throat swelled; tears not of the wind or the cold stood in her eyes once again; an aching tenderness and pity welled up from her heart.

She became conscious finally that her body was growing numb, so she bestirred herself. She had taken but a step or two, however, when some movement in the shadows close at hand arrested her. Peering into the gloom, she discovered a figure it was L-ure.

The girl wore some sort of wrap, evidently snatched at random, but under it she was clad in her dance-hall finery, and she, 'oo, was all but frozen.

Rouletta was about to move on, when the other addressed her through teeth that clicked like castanets.

"I got here—late. Is it true? Have they—gone after Joe and Frank?"

"Yes."

"What happened? I—I haven't heard. Don't they think—Pierce did it?"

"You know he didn't do it," Rouletta cried. "Neither did he steal Courteau's money."

"What do you mean, I know?" Laure's voice was harsh, imperative. She clutched at the other girl; then, as Rouletta hesitated, she regained control of herself and ran on, in a tone bitterly resentful: "Oh, you'd like to get him out of it—save him for yourself—wouldn't you? But you can't. You can't have him. I won't let you. My God! Letty, he's the only thing I ever cared for! I never had even a dog or a cat or a canary of my own. Think a little bit of me."

Laure drew her filmy wrap closer; she was shaking wretchedly. When she spoke her words were spilled from her lips as if by the tremor of her body. "I could help. I would, but you sha'n't have him. Nobody shall! I'd rather see him dead. I'd—No, no! I don't know what I'm saying. I'd sooner die than hurt him. I do my bit, only—McCaskey'd kill me. Say, Will Rock gets him, 'you think? I hear he gets him man every time. But Joe's different; he's not the ordinary

DINNER STORIES

"Her line is like a clothesline." "How so?" "Ain't a lot of intimate stuff."

The bride (at the telephone)—Oh, John, do come home, I've fixed the plugs in some way. The radio is all-covered with frost and the electric ice box is singing "I Wonder What's Become of Sally."

Teacher—Let us suppose a cat has fallen into a well. The walls of the well are slippery, and every two feet she climbs she falls back one. How long will it take her to get out? Son of Efficiency Expert—I have little or no interest in such a cat.

"Where were you last night?" "It's a lie."

"Some friend give you that cigar?" "I don't know yet."

Little Charlie came running into the house with the paper, shouting: "Ma! Ma! There has been a panic in Chicago!" His mother asked, "What makes you think so?" Charlie promptly replied: "It says here Chicago, Ill."

Post and Flag's Cotton Letter. New York, Nov. 12.—The market today has been nervous and unsettled with general business comparatively light except for some spot house buying of March against sales of January and May. Easier cables influenced by talk of curtailment in the American section in Lancashire and the easier technical condition of the market together with somewhat disappointing consumption figures for October had a depressing effect on quotations December, however, showed much greater strength than the rest of the list and the differences widen considerably but there has been as yet no news of shipments for that month. After an almost continued advance in the market for several days it is only natural that a reaction of some sort should occur, which should afford good opportunities for picking up contracts.

POST AND FLAG. Raleigh and Greensboro Men Purchase Salisbury Theater. Salisbury, Nov. 12.—The Strand theater of this city, part of the property of the late H. B. Varner, of Lexington, has changed hands being sold by the administrator to Raleigh and Greensboro men. It will continue to show pictures and vaudeville under the management of Paul I. Grimes, who has had charge of it for several years.

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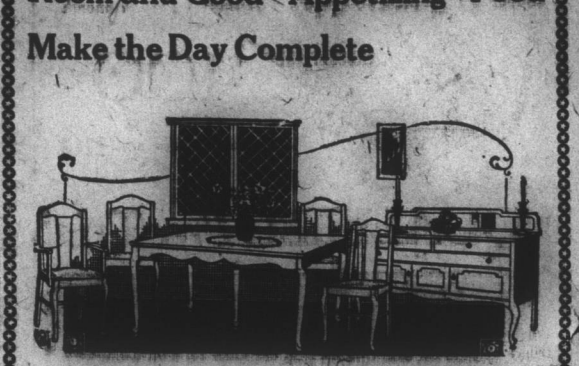
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