

The Concord Daily Tribune

J. B. SHERRILL
Editor and Publisher
W. M. SHERRILL, Associate Editor
MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Special Representative
FROST, LANDIS & KOHN
225 Fifth Avenue, New York
Peoples' Gas Building, Chicago
1004 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 5.00
Three Months 2.50
Outside of the State by Subscription
In the Same as in the City
Out of the city and by mail in North
Carolina the following prices will prevail:
One Year \$10.00
Six Months 6.50
Three Months 3.25
Less Than Three Months, 50 Cents a
Month
All Subscriptions Must Be Paid in
Advance

RAILROAD SCHEDULE
In Effect June 28, 1925
Northbound
No. 40 To New York 9:28 P. M.
No. 136 To Washington 5:45 A. M.
No. 36 To New York 10:25 A. M.
No. 34 To New York 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 9:50 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. 13 To Charlotte 8:05 A. M.
No. 15 To Atlanta 8:25 P. M.
No. 37 To New Orleans 10:45 A. M.
Train No. 34 will stop in Concord
to take on passengers going to Wash-
ington and beyond.
Train No. 37 will stop here to dis-
charge passengers coming from Wash-
ington and beyond.

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

AN END TO WORRY.—Be care-
ful for nothing; but in everything
by prayer and supplication with
thanksgiving let your requests be
made known unto God. And the
peace of God, which passeth all un-
derstanding, shall keep your hearts
and minds through Christ Jesus.
Philippians 4:6, 7.

WILL COTTON PRICES STAY
DOWN?

Immediately following the latest
government report on the size of the
1925 cotton crop, prices broke about
\$6 a bale within several days, how-
ever, prices rose again, indicating
that the "trade" believes the govern-
ment estimate is too high and that
prices for the staple eventually will
be higher.

Writing in Commerce and Finance,
Theodore H. Price expresses the same
views. Mr. Price is recognized as a
cotton expert and his views are ac-
cepted as sound.

The total of ginnings up to No-
vember 1, he says, does not sustain
the government's estimate of total
production. The ginnings report
shows that only 1,679,000 bales were
ginned between October 18 and No-
vember 1, he points out, which is
only 140,000 per working day for the
period, "and the per diem rate is so
low that it suggests a reduction rat-
her than an increase in the productive
expectancy." An interesting view of
the price trend in cotton is thus ex-
pressed by Mr. Price:

"There is, indeed, some evidence
that the trade is coming to believe
that higher prices are inevitable be-
cause the money in which the value
of all merchandise is expressed is de-
clining. This decline in the value of
money commenced with the beginning
of the war, and has been intermittently
in progress ever since."

Pointing out that it now takes about
\$1.60 to buy what would have cost \$1
before the war, Mr. Price says that
"it is round figures this means that a
present price of 19 cents is the equiv-
alent of about 12 cents in the money
of the pre-war period. Therefore
there is some plausibility in the argu-
ment that 12-cent cotton is no dearer
now than 12-cent cotton was in 1913."

And meantime, of course, the uses
of cotton are increasing and the de-
mand for it continually goes up. The
export movement thus far shows a
gain of about 20 per cent. on last
year's figures, and, says Mr. Price:
"if it continues to increase at this
rate and our domestic consumption
amounts to about 6,000,000 bales, as
now seems almost certain, there will
be no surplus of cotton this season.
Therefore the price level after New
Years will probably depend upon the
popular view of next year's acreage
and production."

PROTECTING THE MAN WHO
"TAKE A CHANCE."

Railroads with "blind" crossings
are severely criticized and in many in-
stances are made to pay dearly for
them in law suits. States are spend-
ing millions in eliminating grade
crossings and the elimination is ac-
cordingly to the railroads. And yet the
public seemingly is not disposed to
take precautions in keeping with the
precautions required of the railroads.
It is costing the public millions of

dollars to protect the man who "takes
a chance." Grade crossings are bad,
to be sure, but they are bad in most
instances because the persons using
them are careless.

Figures recently carried in the
Greenville, S. C., News show that
"between two-thirds and three-fourths
of the grade crossing accidents that
occur in the United States occur at
'open' crossings; that is crossings at
which there is a clear view each way."

Most of the accidents occur in
day time, and in about one in seven
such accidents the motor car actually
runs into the train."

The News points out this interest-
ing fact—most accidents occur at
crossings that are not considered dan-
gerous. That means just one thing—
people are careless. "The fact that
fewer accidents occur at the more
dangerous crossings," says The News,
"may mean that upon approaching a
crossing known to be dangerous or
treacherous, the motorist feels the
need for exercising a greater caution,
while at the open crossing he feels
that the need is not so great and may
become actually careless."

In North Carolina the new high-
ways for the most part are free from
grade crossings. Similar plans are
being used in other States which have
a building program. The best way it
seems, to eliminate the grade cross-
ing accidents is to eliminate the cross-
ings, for the public apparently is not
concerned enough in the matter to
use common sense. Persons who are
willing to take chances with grade
crossings think nothing of bond issues
to raise money to eliminate them.
They could save themselves much if
they would use sense enough to be
careful at the crossings.

BILL TO STERILIZE
UNWED MOTHERS

German Urges Weak-Minded Girl
Parents of Illicit Babes Be Made
Sterile.
Berlin, Nov. 13.—A resolution has
been presented to the Reichstag which
if translated into law would make
compulsory the sterilization of un-
married mothers.

Dr. Boeters, author of the resolu-
tion, has evolved what he calls a "de-
fective class" which is wide and
sweeping. It includes deaf and dumb
or blind children, of mentality below
the average; "morally irresponsible"
adults, and those afflicted with heredi-
tary blindness or deafness. This latter
class would be permitted to marry
only after a certificate of operation
had been issued for them.

The resolution further declares:
"Women and girls who have borne
more than one child whose father can
not be determined are to be examined,
and if it is found that their mental-
ity is below normal are to be made
sterile or kept in public institutions
until they are past the child bearing
age."

It is provided that criminals who
consent to the operation will be par-
doned. Should normal persons be
sterilized by careless or malicious doc-
tors, a long term of imprisonment is
provided for the doctors.

Dr. Boeters has long led a move-
ment in Germany for a drastic steril-
ization law. Deputies in the Reich-
stag point out that even if it were
possible to adopt such a law the prob-
lem would still be to determine what
a normal mentality is. A group of
bureaucratic physicians could hardly
judge, they insist.

It is not likely that the resolution
will receive more than perfunctory at-
tention during this session of the
Reichstag. The bill, its author in-
sists, already has such popular sup-
port that his wishes will become law
at the next session.

BROKER REGRETS
"KINDNESS" TO GIRL

Charges She Beat Him After Supper
and Ride.
New York Mirror.
"She asked me for a ride, a supper
and a loan—and then assaulted me,"
Milton Levy, real estate broker, No.
47 W. 42nd St., told Magistrate Ob-
erwager in West Side Court yester-
day.

"He took me for a ride, gave me
supper, and then insulted me," said
pretty cashier Fay, 18, No. 77 W. 92nd
St., cashier in a restaurant.
Levy had put a charge of disorderly
conduct against the girl, alleging she
had asked him for a ride on Broadway
from 86th St. to 72nd street. Then,
he stated, she said she would ap-
preciate being invited to supper. After
the supper, Levy said, the girl asked
him for a loan of \$20 and on his re-
fusal broke her umbrella over his
head, heaved a paving block and a dry
battery at him.
The Magistrate placed Miss Fay
under \$500 bail and committed her to
the Florence Crittenden home.



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

CHAPTER XXVIII
From Dawson City the Yukon
flows in a northwesterly direction
toward the International Boundary,

and although the camp is scarcely
more than fifty miles due east of
American territory, by the river it is
ninety. Since the Yukon is the main
artery of travel, both winter and
summer—there being no roads or
trails—it behooved those malefac-
tors who fled the wrath of the
Northwest Mounted Police to obtain
a liberal start, for ninety miles of
dead flat going is no easy run and
the Police teams were fleet of foot.
Time was when evil-doers had un-
dertaken to escape up-river, or to
lose themselves in the hills to the
northward, but this was a desperate
adventure at best and had issued in
such uniform disaster as to discour-
age its practice. The Police had
won the reputation of never leaving
a trail, and in consequence, none
but madmen longer risked anything
except a dash for American soil, and
even then only with a substantial
margin of time in their favor.

But the winter wind was moody,
the temper of the Arctic is uncer-
tain, hence luck played a large part
in these enterprises. Both Rock and
Doret were sufficiently familiar with
the hazards and the disappointments
of travel at this time of year to feel
extremely doubtful of overhauling
the two McCaskeys, and so they
were by no means sanguine of suc-
cess as they drove headlong into the
night.

Both teams were loaded light;
neither driver carried stove, tent, or
camp duff. Sleeping bags, a little
cooked food for themselves, a bundle
of dried fish for the dogs, that was
the limit the pursuers had al-
lowed themselves. Given good
weather, nothing more was needed.

In case of a storm, a sudden biz-
zard, or a drop in temperature,
this lack of equipment was apt to
prove fatal, but neither traveler per-
mitted himself to think about such
things. Burdened thus lightly, the
sleds rode high and the malamutes
romped along with them. When
the late dawn finally came it found
them far on their way.

That wind, following the snowfall
of the day before, had been a happy
circumstance, for in many places it
had blown the trail clean, so that
daylight showed it winding away
into the distance like a thread laid
down at random. Here and there,
of course, it was hidden; under the
lee of bluffs or of wooded bends,
for instance, it was drifted deep,
completely obliterated, in fact, and
in such places even a seasoned
musher would have floundered aim-
lessly, trying to hold it. But "Pol-
eone Doret possessed a sixth sense,
it appeared, and his lead dog, too,
had unusual sagacity. Rock, from
his position in the rear, marveled at
the accuracy with which the wood-
sman's sled followed the narrow,
hard-packed ridge concealed beneath
the soft, new covering. Undoubt-
edly the fellow knew his business,
and the officer congratulated him-
self upon bringing him along.

They had been under way for five
or six hours when the tardy day-
light came, but even thereafter
Doret continued to run with his
hand upon his sled. Seldom did he
ride, and then only for a moment or
two when the going was best. For
the most part he maintained a
steady, swinging trot that kept pace
with the pattering feet ahead of him
and caused the miles rapidly to drop
behind. Through drifts knee-deep,
through long, soft stretches he held
to that unflinching stride; occasion-
ally he turned his head and flashed
a smile or waved his hand at the
man behind.

Along about ten o'clock he halted
his team where a dead spruce over-
hung the river-bank. By the time
Rock had pulled in behind him he
had clambered up the bank, ax in
hand, and was making the chips fly.
He sent the dry top crashing down,
then explained:

"Dem dogs go better for li'l rest.
We boil de kettle, eh?"
Rock wiped the sweat from his
face. "You're certainly hitting off,
old man. We've made good time,
but I haven't seen any tracks. Have
you?"

"We see 'em bimby."
"Kind of a joke if they hadn't
come, after all—if they'd really gone
out to Hunker. Gee! The laugh
would be on us."

"Dey come dis way," Poleone
stoutly maintained.
Soon a blaz was going; then,
while the ice in the blackened tea-
bucket was melting, the drivers
sliced a slab of bacon into small
cubes and fed it sparingly to their
animals, after which they carefully
examined the dogs' feet and cleaned
them of ice and snow pellets.

The tea was gulped, the hardtack
swallowed, and the travelers were
under way again almost before their
sweaty bodies had begun to chill.
On they hurried, mile after mile,
sweeping past bends, eagerly, hope-
fully scanning every empty tangent
that opened up ahead of them. They
made fast time indeed, but the im-
mensity of the desolation through
which they passed, the tremendous
scale upon which this country had
been molded, made their progress
seem slower than an ant-crawl.

Eventually Poleone shouted some-
thing and pointed to the trail under-
foot. Rock fancied he could detect
the faint, fresh markings of sled
runners, but into them he could not
read much significance. It was an
encouragement, to be sure, but nev-
ertheless, he still had doubts, and
those doubts were not dispelled until
Doret again halted his team, this

time beside the cold embers of a
fire. Fresh chips were scattered un-
der the bank, charred fagots had
embedded themselves in the ice and
were frozen fast, but Poleone inter-
preted the various signs without dif-
ficulty.

"Here dey mak' breakfast—'bout
daylight," said he. "Dey go slower
as us."

"But they're going pretty fast, for
all that. We'll never get them this
side of Forty Mile."

"You don't spec' it, do you? Dey
got deeg scare, dem feller. Dey run-
nin' so fast dey can't see de trail."

Forty Mile, so called because the
river of that name enters the Yukon
forty miles above the Boundary,
was a considerable camp prior to
the Dawson boom, but thereafter it
had languished, and this winter it
was all but deserted. So, too, was
Cudahy, the rival trading-post a
half-mile below. It was on the banks
of this stream that the earliest pros-
pectors had first found gold. Here
as its mouth, during the famine days
before the steamboats came, they
had cached their supplies; here they
had brewed their hootch in the fall
and held high carnival to celebrate
their good luck or to drown their
ill-fortune.

Rock and his companion pulled up
the bank and in the afternoon,
they had halted their dogs before
the Mounted Police station, only to
find the building locked and cold.
The few faithful Forty-Milers who
came out to exchange greetings ex-
plained that both occupants of the
barracks had gone down-river to
succor some sick Indians.

Rock was disgusted, but his next
question elicited information that
cheered him. Yes, a pair of strangers
had just passed through, one of
them an active, heavy-set fellow,
the other a tall, dark, sinister man
with black eyes and a stormy de-
meanor. They had come fast and
they had tarried only long enough
to feed their dogs and to make some
inquiries.

Upon learning that the
local police were on the main river
somewhere below, they had held a
consultation and then had headed
up the Forty Mile.

"Up Forty Mile?" Rock cried, in
surprise. "Are you sure?"

"We seen 'em go," his informant
declared. "That's what made us
think there was something wrong.
That's why we been on the lookout
for you. We figgered they was on
the dodge and hard pressed, but we
couldn't do nothing about it. You
see, it's only about twenty-three
miles to the Line up Forty Mile.
Down the Yukon it's forty. They
been gone mos' two hours, now."

"What do you want 'em for?" an-
other bystander inquired.

"Murder," Rock exclaimed, short-
ly; then he heaved his sled into mo-
tion once more, for Poleone had
started his team and was making
off through the town. Down into
the bed of the smaller stream the
pursuers made their way and up
this they turned. Again they urged
their dogs into a run. It took some
effort to maintain a galloping pace
now, for the teams were tiring, and
after some mental calculations Rock
shook his head doubtfully. Of
course, his quarry was at a disad-
vantage, there being two men to one
sled, but—twenty-three miles, with
a two-hour start! It was altogether
too great a handicap. The lieuten-
ant had figured on that last forty
miles, the last five or ten, in fact,
but this change of direction had up-
set all his plans and his estimates.

Evidently the McCaskeys cared not
how or where they crossed the Line,
so long as they crossed it quickly
and got Canadian territory behind
them. Barring accident, therefore,
which was extremely unlikely, Rock
told himself regretfully that they
were as good as gone. Two hours!
It was too much. On the other
hand, he and Poleone now had a
fresh trail to follow, while the fleeing
brothers had unbroken snow
ahead of them, and that meant that
they must take terms ahead of their
dogs. Then, too, fifty miles over
drifted trails at this season of the
year was a heavy day's work, and
the McCaskeys must be very tired
by now, for neither was in the best
of condition. In the spring, when
the snows were wet and sled run-
ners ran as if upon grease, such a
journey would have been no great
effort, but in this temperature the
steel shoes creaked and a man's
muscles did not work freely. Men
had been known to play out unex-
pectedly. After all, there was a pos-
sibility of pulling them down, and
as long as there was that possibility
the Mounted Policeman refused to
quit.

Rock assured himself that this
flight had established one thing, at
least, and that was Pierce Phillips'
innocence of the Courtenay killing.
The murderers were here; there
could be no doubt of it. Their fran-
tic haste confessed their guilt.
Friendship for the boy, pride in his
own reputation, the memory of that
ovation he had received upon leav-
ing, gave the officer new strength
and determination, so he shut his
teeth and spurred his rebellious
limbs to swifter action. There
was no longer any opportunity of
riding the sled, even where the trail
was hard, for some of the Police
dogs were limping and looting in
their collars. This was indeed a
race, a Marathon, a twenty-three-
mile test of courage and endurance,
and victory would go to him who
could fall into fullest response his
last uttermost ounce of reserve
power.

Doret had promised that he would
show his trail-mate how to travel,
and that promise he had made good
all day he had held the lead, and
without assistance from the lash.
Even now his dogs, while not fresh,
were far from exhausted. As for
the man himself, Rock began to
feel a conviction that the fellow
could go on at this rate eternally.

DINNER STORIES

The Poet: "How soon we are for-
gotten when we are dead!"
The Politician: "How soon we are
dead when we are forgotten."

Tommy: "Paw, what is the Board
of Education?"
Mr. Figg: "In the days when I
went to school it was a pine shingle."

"He made an unusually good at-
ternoon speech."
"Was he any say?"
"His name was 'Walter, give me the
check.'"

Mother (to little girl who was
yawning): "Fanny, you have your
mouth open."
Fanny (unconcerned): "Well, I
opened it."

"Well, Nancy," said Uncle John,
who had just come on a visit, "come
and take a walk with me and show
me your town."

"Alright," agreed Nancy; "we has
two ice cream parlors—I specks you
want to see them first, don't you?"

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

"Think of that!" exclaimed Flau-
nagan. "An' only yesterday a mau
was tryin' to tell me that scientists
are cruel to animals!"

MAY RUN AGAINST
HUSBAND FOR CLERK

Mrs. Stella Health May Turn in and
Make Jess Her Subordinate.
Kinston, Nov. 12.—Friends of
Mrs. Stella Health, deputy clerk of
Superior Court here, have been
pledging their support if she will run
for the office of clerk. Mrs. Health de-
clares she is considering it, but in-
timate acquaintances say she is
factious about it. Her opponent
would probably be her husband,
Jesse T. Health, who has held the
office a number of years and is a
mainstay of the Democratic party in
Lenoir county.

"It would be great," Mrs. Health
admits, "to sit back and boss Jesse.
Of course, I would hibe him as my
deputy. I would do the gadding
around and his-gaging with every-
body having a vote." The couple,
grandparents, are exceptionally pop-
ular. "Only Mrs. Health could get
the job away from Mr. Health," their
friends say. Lenoir already has two
women officials.

The finest import-
ed Flower Bulbs,

Narcissus Hya-
cinths, Choice Tu-
lips and Lilies di-
rest from France
and Holland.

—at—

Pearl Drug Co.

On the Square Phone 22

Stuffed Country
Style Sausage

Liver Pudding, Native Pork
Chops and Pork Ham

Sanitary Grocery
Company

Phones 686 and 676

WILSON'S
ECCENAL

Money back without question
IF YOU'RE GUARANTEED
SKIN DISEASE REMEDY
(ECCENAL'S BALM AND SOAP), GIVE
THE TREATMENT OF BOTH SCALDS
WILSON'S, TOTTENHAM, ENGLAND.
Try this
treatment at our risk.

WILKINSON'S
Funeral Home

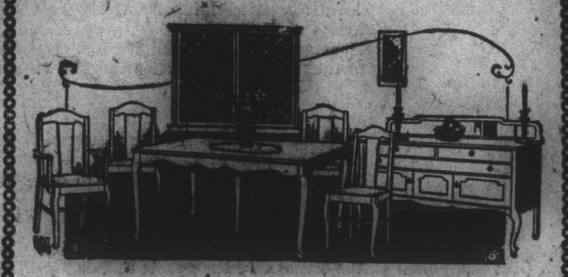
CONCORD, N. C.

PEARL DRUG COMPANY

(To be continued)

BELL-HARRIS FURNITURE CO.

An Attractively Furnished Dining
Room and Good Appetizing Food
Make the Day Complete



Unexpected good fortune in the receiving of new
shipments promptly gives our patrons great advantages in
the choosing of new Dining Room Furniture. Whatever
may be the present need of your dining room, we believe
you will hardly fail to find just the suite you want.

A very distinct personality is possessed by a charm-
ing new suite that is similar to the above illustration in
walnut. It is a correct and harmonious reproduction of
the Chippendale type, unusually well built and imposing
for the price that is upon it. We can sell cheaper.

Come in and look our line over. We own our own
building no rent to pay.

BELL-HARRIS FURNITURE CO.

Charlotte Speed-
way Tickets

Buy your tickets
now. We have good
seats in Grand-
stand A.

STANDARD
BUICK CO.

Opposite
City
Fire
Department

Better Service
Add the Comforts
of
PLUMBING
to Your Home

Modern Plumbing will do
as much or more than any other
one thing toward making
your home a comfortable and
convenient place in which to
live. It costs you nothing to
get our cost estimate.

PHONE 9

Wilkinson's
Funeral Home

CONCORD, N. C.

North Key St. Phone 876