

VALUABLE PROPERTY AT AUCTION SAT., DEC. 12 at 2 P.M. CONCORD, N. C.

On the above day and hour we will sell at absolute Auction some valuable business and residence property owned by the Concord Bonded Warehouse and Realty Co. This property is ideal in every respect and will be sold regardless of price on easy terms.

FIRST SALE

Twelve Front Lots lying on National Highway opposite intersection of Sunderland Hall Road and near Flint Rock Filling Station.
Also in rear of above lots one or more lots ideally located for coal yard, lumber yard or industry, with side tract facilities easily obtainable.

SECOND SALE

Five lots on National Highway near the Fig Mill beyond Hartsell Mills and 40 remaining lots on Highland Park development adjoining Hartsell Mills property.

THIRD SALE

Four lots of approximately 1 acre each being a part of Highland Park No. 2.

FOURTH SALE

Four store lots and one dwelling on National Highway directly opposite Hartsell Mills.

It will pay you to look these properties over before the sale and make your plans to attend. Remember they are all located on the New Charlotte Highway, and all well located for business and residence purposes. Remember the day and hour and meet the boys on the ground.

50 Turkeys Free

-- Band Concert --

Easy Terms

FREE—50 Big Fat Xmas Turkeys will be given away absolutely free. Be There.

Sale will be conducted by the famous Pitts Brothers, Twin auctioneering force of America. Hear them—it's worth your time

CAROLINA LAND COMPANY, Selling Agents

Concord Bonded Warehouse and Realty Co. Hickory, N. C.

FOR TOWN PEOPLE ONLY

Stanly County Herald.
Have you who live in the towns and cities ever really stopped to think how absolutely inconsiderate most of us are of the rights of the rural dweller? We motor out in the spring time and, like so many vandals, we pluck his flowers, break up his native shrubbery and mar the beauty of his countryside. We go right on the land of the farmer, on which he pays taxes just like we pay taxes on our stocks of merchandise, office furniture or back yards, and park ourselves for an all-day picnic. We make a big mess with our paper boxes, scraps of food, chicken bones and whatever else we may feel like throwing around his spring, and then go off without ever stopping to think that we should certainly show the land-owner the consideration and courtesy of cleaning up. We trespass upon his land with guns and dogs in fall and winter, shooting his birds and even endangering his life and that of his family by our too often reckless and promiscuous shooting. We do all these things and then talk ugly to him if he orders us away, and we call him an old grouch, and every other ugly name we can think of. Are we treating Mr. Country Dwellers right when we do this?
The farmer buys and pays for his land. And it is his and the trees and flowers and birds and water are his and everything on that land is his. He pays taxes on that property just the same as we pay taxes on our homes and front lawns in the towns and cities. Have we any right to steal his flowers, break and mutilate his trees and shrubbery or shoot his birds?
Suppose Mr. Farmer should get out his Ford, load in all the kids and the wife and the neighbors' wives and some of the neighbors' kids, and then suppose he should drive that Ford up in front of some of our beautiful city homes where we have well kept lawns and flowers and shrubs. And then suppose he should park his Ford in our front lawn and the kids should commence to run here and there, breaking up our flowering bushes and young trees and filling that Ford full of the flowers and parts broken away. Then suppose he should get out his lunch boxes, spread out his dinner on our front lawn, eat and leave a big mess of paper boxes, glass jars, tin cans, melon rinds and other junk there to mar the beauty of our place. How long do you think he would stay out of the hands of the local police? We'd tell Mr. Rural Dweller that that was private property, that we owned it and that we have to pay taxes on it and that we pay those taxes for protection against unlawful trespassers, etc. And yet that is not a bit worse than we treat country property owners and their rights. Folks, we ought to be ashamed of ourselves.
But you may think the country landscape—the great out-of-doors—is something on which no one has a monopoly. That's true. The fields

and water courses and woods and birds and flowers anywhere are ours—ours to see and love and admire—but not ours to trample and mutilate and waste. Our beautiful city homes, with their well kept front lawns and gardens and flowers are the farmer's—his to look at, to admire, to enjoy—but not his to trample and destroy and carry away. It's all the same, brother. We have no more right to mutilate and trample and carry away the young trees and birds and wild flowers growing on the farmer's property, than he has to do the same with ours in the city. We have no more right to park ourselves on his property in the country and make a big mess and go away and leave it there, than the farmer has to come onto our front lawns and make a big mess picnicking and then go off and leave it there. It's all the same. Just a matter of representing the other fellow's rights.
Up in Pennsylvania the legislature has passed a law making it a fine of \$300 or imprisonment of not more than three years, to steal a farmer's vegetables, or apples, break and mutilate his trees and shrub, shoot his birds, or otherwise trespass upon his rights, as a private property owner.
In other words the Pennsylvania law forbids the stealing and carrying away of anything living or growing on the land of another. And that's just the kind of a law we need right here in North Carolina. If we had such a law, and it were rigidly enforced, all this tearing off of great limbs of trees in order to get the foliage, or flowers or berries, would soon stop. But worst of all, we people who live in towns and cities need a keener sense of what is right and wrong. We need to learn to respect the rights of other people, and when we learn this, we shall stop shooting the farmer's birds, breaking and taking away his trees, flowers, etc.
We are approaching another Christmas season. Soon we shall all be thinking of Christmas decorations of holly, cedar, pine and mistletoe. This country has a plenty of holly and cedar and pine and mistletoe and other things to decorate our homes. This country has also a plenty of money, too, but unfortunately for many of us, it is not ours, and we can't enjoy it unless it were ours. So with these things which are a part of the property on which the farmer pays taxes. We should, therefore, not try to steal our holly and cedar and mistletoe but on the contrary we should go to the owner of the land on which these things are growing and buy, or at least offer to pay for the decorations which we may want. Let's be fair with the land owner as we expect him to be fair with us.
Seymour Hicks, the noted English actor, has not eaten breakfast for years. He finds that a good lunch and a good supper are sufficient to keep him fit.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Monroe Journal.
"Thank God for the man who invented the sewing machine and the rollers which the beds rest on!" exclaimed Rev. J. D. Harts, while preaching a sermon on praise and thanksgiving. And everybody will agree. But let's see what has happened.
What relation is there between Elias Howe's first sewing machine and modern divorce which so many ministers and others are raving about today?
What relation is there between Geo. Stephenson's first locomotive, Robert Fulton's first steamboat, Samuel F. B. Morse's telegraph instrument, Alexander Graham Bell's first telephone, Edison's electric lights, Henry Ford's rattle, and id genus omne, and, say bobbed hair, and women's votes, not to mention the crime wave and the alleged failure of our courts to cope with it?
What did Eli Whitney's cotton gin, Arkwright's spinning frame, and Cartwright's power loom have to do with breaking up the home as it was known in former times and as so bitterly bewailed today?
We may well thank God for the inventors that raised women from the servitude of feeding, clothing, and housing the world by hand to the dignity and leisure of citizenship which they now enjoy, but why will we not recognize the consequences?
We may well sing the praises of the inventors who have multiplied the power of man's labor to such an extent that the world has been turned over thereby, but why are we determined to shut our eyes to the social consequences thereof and bewail our inability to confine gas and acid in the pigskin bottles which the ancients used?
Women have suddenly been made free and have not yet learned how to use their freedom and we will have a good many tragedies while they are learning.
Men have suddenly been liberated and their power multiplied and very few of them know what to do about it. More of them would try to solve the problem by getting drunk if they were more boozed. There will be a great many more smashups before things get adjusted to the new relations.
Our courts, our churches, our schools and many other agencies were moulded to the needs of a world which existed before the present one and it will be a good while before we can get them to functioning properly to the needs of a new day. It is useless to belabor them for not being able to do that for which they were never intended. They must be made adaptable to present needs. And that takes time, even in an age of hurry.
The inventors are not the ones who have played the devil, but would you have them take it all back and let mankind again be bound to the daily wheel of hand labor? Mythology says that a wicked king of Thebes killed his own mother and the gods therefor

condemned him to be kept in hell bound tightly to a revolving wheel which never rested.
Before the inventors came along mankind was bound to the wheel of toil, and especially were the women so bound. From that condition we have the old sentiment that man works from sun to sun but women's work is never done. The women were bound to the home with everlasting tasks. Most of these tasks, certainly 75 per cent. of them, have been taken away from her by economic development. She is no longer compelled to marry to have a home and a place to work. Her work is in demand away from the home, so she stands not as she stood in the old days but in the new position which has been thrust upon her. She is bewildered. Men are bewildered and neither has got the new, range. Most of the bad dreams that the pessimists and the moralizers are having arise not from any decadence in morals, but simply from changes of conduct in a new environment. Don't blame the women and don't blame the men, so very much.
Smoking Rules For Girls.
Statesville Ledger.
With girls' colleges all over the country feverishly debating the problem of smoke or no smoke, here is a policy that reveals an unusual amount of common sense.
Bernard College, in New York, doesn't assume to dictate whether girls should smoke or not, but takes the position that if they must smoke, they should have guidance. So the college physician submits a set of nine rules, to this effect:
Six has no necessary connection with the harmful effects of smoking, and a weak man may be out-smoked by a husky girl.
It is best, though, that a girl should not smoke before she is 21, and before she has been examined by a physician to determine whether she can stand it.
Inhaling and blowing smoke through the nose is bad.
Smoking out doors is better than smoking indoors, because of the fresh air.
The wisest time for smoking is after dinner.
It is a good thing to use a holder.
The smoker should have one month of total abstinence a year.
PLAY "HODGE PODGE."
New York Mirror.
Hodge Podge!
It's the funniest game that was ever invented.
Here's how it's done: You think of a hodge and you think of a podge, then you hitch them together. Like this:
He dropped his head—and—broke the silence.
He lit up—and—he lit out.
He was down at the mouth—and—she dropped in.
He put her in Dutch—and—she threw him off the track.
She turned up her nose—and—he beat it.

She took his eye—and—make a quick get-away.
She gave him the aid—and—she blew up.
He brought home the bacon—and—she cooked his hash.
He hung on her words—and—died by inches.
Get the idea? You simply think of popular expressions like "He dropped his head," "He put his foot down," "He lost his head," "She caught his eye," "He turned up his nose," "He put his mind on it," "She threw him a glance," and then hitch them together, like this:
She caught his eye—and—threw him a glance.
He bent his head—and—put his mind on it.
He put his foot down—and—turned up his nose.
He dropped his eyes to the floor—and—lost his head.
Just imagine how he must look without a head and his eyes on the floor! Every day you hear people holding and podging without knowing how funny they are.
He wrote her he was all unstrung—and—she wired him.
He gave her a piece of his mind—and—she made a mess of it.
He had his eye on a seat—and—she took it.
She set her cap for him—but—he gave her the high hat.
He brought home a chicken—and—she cooked his goose.
He let the cat out of the bag—to let the sleeping dogs lie.
He went to the dogs—when—his wild ones went to seed.
She threw herself at his head—and—she shouldered the burden.
He toppled on the brink—and—she made a splash.
She threw him a glance—and—she got it in the neck.
CUTEST THINGS.
New York Mirror.
Alice was displaying her doll's wardrobe. Among the articles were socks without any heels. As she held them up her uncle asked, "What are those?"
"Socks," answered Alice.
"But there are no feet," questioned her uncle.
"Of course not," replied Alice, "you put the feet in them."
Little Ruth was sent to school for the first time, and the teacher asked her what her father's name was.
"Daddy," she answered.
"Yes, dear," said the teacher, but what does your mother call him?"
"She doesn't call him anything," Ruth answered, "she likes him."
"Mother," said little Bobby, "why does daddy go to town so early every morning?"
"To work so that you and I may have good dinners."
A few days later, when sitting down to dinner and seeing his favorite dish, Bobby remarked: "Mother, daddy didn't do much work today."

The Recapture of Wood.

Charlotte Observer.
Chief of Police Woodside, of Mooresville, and those who assisted him, the State prison management and the people of the State are to be congratulated upon the bloodless recapture of Otto Wood, the notorious convict. It was occasion for a sign of relief when the news went abroad that he had been taken without resistance and without bloodshed.
His career had been such and the nature of the situation was such that the reasonable expectation might have been that some one would be killed in the attempt to capture him following his second escape from the State prison, where he was serving a long term for slaying a Greensboro pawn broker in an attempt at robbery. It was a reasonable expectation that when an attempt was made to capture him he would offer violent resistance that would result in the death of the convict or the death of one or more of those attempting to make the arrest. In the latter case, it would have meant in all probability the ultimate capture of the desperado, his trial on a charge of murder and final electrocution for him.
But Wood is no idiot. He has lots of intelligence, of a sort, and his good judgment dictated that the resistance of the officers of the law, once they encountered him, would be not only futile but calculated to make bad matters worse for him. The same intelligence, however, that suggested surrender without fight would have stood him in good stead had he been minded to refrain from the second escape, because he will certainly not be in position hereafter to expect any leniency on the part of the prison officials. We are told in press dispatches from Raleigh that if he had sought to avoid work he has succeeded, because hereafter he will not be given freedom enough for that. The intimation is he will be closely confined hereafter so that there will be no possibility of escape.
The Petition Signer.
Albemarle Press.
We reproduced a fine editorial in our last issue from the Charlotte Observer—Signers of Petitions.
If comes to our knowledge that today there is abroad in Stanly county a lot of petitions and people are being requested to sign them.
It is alleged that these petitions carry a request for the removal of county superintendent of education, Mr. C. A. Reap, and that they are to be presented at an early meeting of the board.
Today, Mr. Reap ranks high with the county superintendents of the state. He has brought Stanly county to a plane of recognition under educational accomplishment. Our schools are outstanding in record and accomplishment, and by virtue of them Stanly county is a ranking county, far removed from the background position she held six or eight years ago. Mr. Reap is a member of the state legislative committee which is back of the state's educational program to be placed before the next session of our legislature, and his

advice and service measure with those of other members.
Whatever the result the petitions being signed in Stanly may inspire, Mr. Reap may rest under the calm verdict of an approving conscience that he has worked hard and wrought well, and that his chief wrong, if wrong there be, has been that his best efforts have been expended towards bringing to the children of indifferent parents the very advantages they most needed and which were being denied them.
The Press will carry a full list of all signers to these petitions when it gets hold of a copy. It will be a matter of interest to see just who in our county place this sort of valuation on the fine services done by Mr. Reap.
Poster Contest For School Children.
Chapel Hill, Dec. 8.—(AP)—The second annual poster contest for the school children of the state was announced here tonight. The contest, to continue throughout this school year, will be held under the same auspices as that of last year, the North Carolina branch of the Extension Division of the University of North Carolina. Tonight's announcement was made by the bureau of visual education of the extension department.
At the seventh annual convention of the North Carolina Parent-Teachers' Association, held at Wilmington a few weeks ago, the posters submitted in last year's contest were displayed and a vote endorsing continuation of the contest was given. The board of managers re-appointed Mrs. Curtis Bynum, of Asheville, to act with the University in conducting the contest.
The purpose of the contest is to stimulate the interest of school children in artistic production. Awards will be made to the schools winning first, second and third places in each of the two classes, namely, elementary and high schools. Entry in the contest is open to all children in the public schools of North Carolina. Posters will be exhibited at the state meetings of the education association and the Parent-Teachers' Association. They also will be added to the collection of visual education material of the bureau of visual education and be made available for free distribution throughout the state.
Faithfulness.
At Council Bluffs, Iowa, a man and a dog set out for a jaunt and their course took them over a frozen stream. The ice appeared to be plenty thick and strong enough to bear the weight of the man as he walked slowly in the direction of the opposite bank. Near the middle of the stream, however, he was taken wholly by surprise when the ice gave away from under him, and he was unable to prevent the plunge into the chilly depths.
Several hours later two boys walking up the bank near the scene of the tragedy, saw a dog standing motionless near the break in the ice. They called and whistled to him but

the animal did not move. Sensing something wrong the lads cautiously made their way over the ice until they were within reaching distance of the dog and they pulled him away from the spot. The dog was frozen to death after having waited faithfully for his master to come up, which he never did. And now this little black and white mongrel dog has been buried by understanding people and they have placed over his grave a stone inscribed: "Faithful even unto death."
The South Still Leading.
Winston-Salem Journal.
Government reports on the textile industry show that the South is still holding its supremacy over the New England States, which was gained early last summer for the first time in history. When it was announced last June that the South was leading New England, there were many who thought the supremacy was temporary. Even the Richmond Times-Dispatch expressed the view that "while there may have been local or seasonal conditions bringing this about, it is worth noting."
But now, after six months, the Government report discloses that the South has held its position. The New England States still have 500,000 more spindles in place than the Southern States, but the South with 16,809,532 active spindles during the month had more than 3,000,000 more active spindles than the New England States and more than half of the active spindles in the entire United States. Measured in hours of operation the South pushed even further to the front with nearly five billion hours against three billion hours for the New England States.
Analysis of these figures disclosed that while the New England States had more spindles in place than the South, the South had more spindles in operation and each spindle did almost 75 per cent more work than the spindles of the New England States when measured in terms of hours operated. This would seem to indicate that more Southern spindles operate at a profit, or they would not have operated, while spindles in the New England States could not meet competition.
We agree with the Times-Dispatch, which now says that the "inference seems justified that the future will see more of the idle spindles of the New England States transferred to the South where they will become active and bring profit to themselves and greater activity and prosperity to the South."
Otherwise.
New York Mirror.
Before winning a divorce yesterday in Newark, Mrs. Minnie B. Vaughan, hotel owner, described her husband as follows:
"A woman-crazy old fool."
"A pussy-footed snail."
"Fifty-eight, but acts like sixty-nine."
When Vaughan failed to appear for the hearing the court awarded Mrs. Vaughan the decree.