

The Concord Daily Tribune

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE
In Effect Nov. 23, 1925.

Table with columns for Northbound and Southbound routes, including destinations like Washington, New York, 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.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

BIBLE THOUGHT
FOR TODAY

Bible thoughts memorized will prove a precious heritage in after years.

AN UNLIMITED SUPPLY.—If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.—John 15:7.

HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN THE NEGROES.

In her progress forward along the educational path, North Carolina has not forgotten the negro children. We have built generously and expensively so that the white children could keep step with the rest of the world in educational matters and we have not been unmindful of the negro youngsters.

It is a fact that in urban North Carolina negroes are responding in splendid fashion to the facilities provided for them in most instances. Of course the law compels the colored children to go to school, just as it does the white children, but we find the black children as anxious to attend school as the whites.

Statistics recently made public show that there were 249,951 pupils enrolled in the colored schools of the state in 1924-1925. Of this number, 190,948, or 76.4 per cent., were enrolled in the rural systems, and 58,983, or 23.6 per cent., were enrolled in the city systems.

Halifax county had the largest colored enrollment, 6,677. Wake, Edgecombe, Pitt, Nash and Robeson each had over 5,000 pupils enrolled in their schools.

In Winston-Salem there were 5,003 colored pupils enrolled, the largest number in any city system. Charlotte had the second largest number, 4,908.

Out of every 100 colored pupils enrolled in the State an average of only 67 attended school every day. In the rural systems an average of 65 out of every 100 attended school daily, and in the city systems an average of 74 out of every 100 attended school daily.

Attendance was best in the eight large city systems. In this group 80.1 per cent. of the enrollment were in average daily attendance.

The attendance in counties was on the whole very poor. Even in some of the cities, especially in the two last groups, attendance was found to be very poor.

The average number of pupils enrolled per teacher was 47 in all the schools of the State. In fact, this was about the average in the rural and city systems. Of the three city groups, City Group I had the least number of pupils enrolled per teacher, 44 and City Group II had the largest number per teacher, 49.

On the attendance basis, the city schools had an average of 35 pupils per teacher, and the rural schools had an average of 30 pupils per teacher.

Among the several county systems the number of pupils enrolled per teacher ranged all the way from 14.7 in Edgecombe to 16.0 in Mitchell. In Mitchell this fact is evidently due to sparse colored population, and in Edgecombe to poor attendance.

THEY ARE FOR IT.

A poll has been taken by the American Foundation of the newspapers of the United States as to their attitude toward the World Court, to ascertain, if, insofar as the newspapers represent the mind of the country, the people are ready for their Government to become a signatory to this great tribunal.

The result is an eye-opener. Fully 90 per cent. of the newspapers, we should imagine from a glance at the lineup furnished, are outright in favor of going into the Court, while a very small minority are non-committal and another inconsiderable number, largely augmented by the Hearst interests, are strongly opposed.

Newspapers may not at all times fully and fairly reflect the temper of the people, but in a case of this kind, where their sympathy and favor are so strongly expressed by such a great number, it is inconceivable that they do not actually and fairly portray the sentiment of the people, as a whole.

And the present Congress would do well to keep this refreshing fact in mind, when it comes to deal with this issue.—The Charlotte News.

We are convinced that the majority of the people in the United States want to see this nation take an active part in the leadership of the movement looking to world peace.

President Coolidge and many other prominent Republicans are actively working for American participation in the work of the court. They see in it a solution of the war problem and naturally they feel that as the leading nation of the world the United States should lead its influence in a determined manner to any feasible plan that will end war.

Of course everybody knows that it's Tom Bumgardner's business to talk Ford's and their merits, but he told one yesterday, and proved it by Walter Milton, which established the fact that Ford's not only run on their reputation, but that they can crank themselves and make it on three wheels.

Mr. Bumgardner saw a wreck at Red Cross Tuesday afternoon. A Ford came from towards Millington filled with folks. A big Dodge sedan was moving towards Charlotte on the Albemarle-Charlotte highway. As the big sedan approached the "Red Cross" (the point where the Millington-Oakboro road crosses the Albemarle-Charlotte road) the Ford smashed right into it. The Ford stood on its head, then spun around once and toppled over spilling the passengers.

Some of them were slightly bruised and everybody was interested in looking after them, paying little attention to the Ford which lay there by the side of the road with the oil and water and gas leaking out. After the people had been looked after, several men got hold of the Ford (one wheel was smashed entirely) and tilted it back on its belly. "As it came to its feet," said Bumgardner, "it cranked itself and hit the ground running." "And despite the fact that it only had three wheels the blooming thing came very nearly getting away from all of us," he continued.

Some one had suggested that if Venus can beat that, that he trot out his automobile.

Winning By Degrees. In 1921 David "Slim" Goldstein, a senior at Columbia university, made a wager with a Cornell university student that he would remain at Columbia until his football team defeated Cornell. But in 1922 Columbia was defeated and Goldstein took the A. B. degree. Another year rolled around and Goldstein, still a student at Columbia, again saw his team lose—and Goldstein came in for an A. M. degree.

In 1924 this Columbia student once more saw his team lose to Cornell and so he got the B. S. degree. Recently the 1925 game the two teams which would decide whether Goldstein would remain a student at Columbia with another degree affixed to his name was played with the same result as in the three preceding years—and Goldstein got the M. S. degree. If this thing goes on another year with Columbia losing, Goldstein will get a B. L. degree.

Who says football does not instill education?

Man Hurt in Train Wreck. Little Rock, Ark., Dec. 12.—(AP)—One man was seriously injured and scores were burned and otherwise injured when five cars on Rock Island fast passenger train No. 42 eastbound from California and New Mexico points, were derailed near Roland, seventeen miles northwest of here today, according to long distance advices from Roland.

The telegraph operator at Roland said that reports received there from the scene of the wreck were that five of the six cars of the train left the tracks and overturned, but that the locomotive remained on the rails. The wreck occurred on a sharp curve. At the time the train was 20 minutes behind schedule and was said to have been running at a high speed.

Relief trains were sent from Little Rock to the scene.

Lumping the Bad Luck. "You say it was just hard luck that brought you to prison?" asked the well-meaning visitor.

"Yes," answered the convict sadly. "I made a counterfeit two-dollar bill on Friday the thirteenth."

BIGGEST TURTLE EVER CAUGHT

Horse Required to Pull Him Out of Ditch—Shell Held 16 Bushels of Wheat and Was Used Afterward For a Canoe.

Webb Clout, in Monroe Journal. Half a century ago, there lived in the whereabouts of the headwaters of Crooked Creek, a great and mighty man, far-famed and widely renowned in the great state of Vance, and his name was Armand.

To few men was ever bequeathed as more abundantly the good fortune of great, rare and valuable experiences.

So it happened one slobber summer day, while he was humbly occupied cutting a driveway from a swampy plot in his lowland to the creek, that he came upon what first appeared to be a brown-black flat stone, covered deep in the blue, mucky soil, on which his spade began to grind and squeak. At length he decided to extricate the big bulk, since it lay imbedded exactly in the middle of the driveway. But upon clearing away the mass of turf and mud he discovered that it did not so exactly resemble an underground flint stone. And it was such a tremendous bulk!

Presumably he taps sharply on its top with his spade, when all at once he feels a quivering sensation, not unlike that of a ghostly shudder, but "alive!" he shouted; "something alive!" And, brushing back clearly the remaining particles of dirt which obscured the surface of the underground ghost from his eyes, he discovered it was the shell of what covered to be the largest specimen of the species of the turtle, or common "cooter."

Drawing a half breath at every nine quick-cut short steps, he made his way post-haste to the barn lot, where he harnessed and hitched his wagon steed, Molly, to the old wagon; and, assembling a miniature rigging outfit, consisting of a number of blocks and a pole to pry it out; chains and hooks; and various other apparatus and paraphernalia galore he loaded the outfit and away he sped to extricate the monstrous "cooter."

First upon reaching the scene of the find again he pried and pried and after many strenuous passes, "blub!" and out came the monster. Fastening the hooks and chains he hitched Molly in and gave the word in a tone which seemed to convey to the prized steed, "Do your best, Molly!"

One prancing pass, a strong forward lunge, a broken draw chain; after carefully plunging the broken chain, he gave the word to go in a stern command, "Out of here, Molly!" And with a frenzied and wild forward rush the trusted horse lunged against the collar again and the driveway gave up its burden.

On they drew the captive to the backyard of the captor's home. He "shelled" it, and cleaned the meat and salted away enough to supply the family for three weeks.

There was the top shell, so large and rare. It immediately occurred to his thoughtful mind that this should be made into a wheat garner. So he removed it to the granary and began pouring it full of wheat from the new harvest, until it had taken the twentieth measure or ten whole bushels of wheat.

The seasons passed and another summer had come. The sons of Mr. Armand carried the large shell to the swimming hole for a canoe and, boy like, left it unchained and a big freshet came and washed it away. And to this day no one knows where lies the "cooter" shell canoe!

Advertising Cuts Prices. Persons who have not been the subject of advertising serious thought may be inclined to believe that standard products could be sold cheaper if the manufacturers did not spend so much money in advertising them. The contrary is the truth.

Every concern which seeks a general market for its goods finds it necessary to set aside a certain sum each year for advertising, and this is charged as a part of the operating expenses, the same as rent, fuel or insurance. The aim of the advertising manager is to buy the largest possible circulation among persons who would be interested in his product.

Every manufacturer has certain fixed charges which must be paid out of the receipts from the business, and the larger the volume of business that can be created the less per article is charged for the payment of overhead costs. This volume of business is obtained only by creating a demand for the goods, and it is most quickly and cheaply done by direct appeal through the newspapers.

The same principle which obtains in the case of the general advertiser could be applied in the business of the smallest merchant. The quicker the turnover which a dealer is able to make the sooner his profit is obtained and the less he has to pay for the practical kind of help to make quicker sales and more frequent profits.

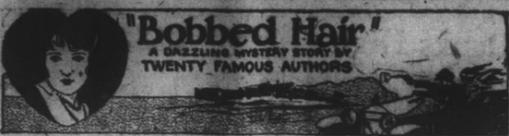
The result is that the retailer, with the aid of the general advertiser, is able to maintain standard prices and quality in the widely advertised articles.

You Don't Have to Believe This. Failure Magazine. A minister in a certain town in Alabama took permanent leave of his congregation in the following manner:

Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-by. I don't think God loves this church because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me because you have not paid my salary. Your donations are moldy fruit and wormy apples, and by their fruits ye shall know them.

Brethren, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go ye cannot come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-by.

Maine produces 25 per cent. of all the feldspar in America.



"Bobbed Hair" A GAZZLING MYSTERY STORY BY TWENTY FAMOUS AUTHORS

Copyright 1924-25, P. F. Collier & Son Co. and G. P. Putnam's Sons "BOBBED HAIR" with Marie Prevost is a picturization of this story by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

CONCERNING Moore, finding herself on a yacht in Long Island Sound after midnight, threatens to leap into the water to escape the menaces of one Pooch, who has roved her out of the craft from the shore. Meanwhile, David Lacy, young New Yorker, is rowing in the company of "Doc" and "Sweetie," both strangers to him. Concennara was expected to announce her engagement tonight, but, instead, stole out of Aunt Celestina's Connecticut home and disappeared. It's a night of adventures

CHAPTER VIII—Continued "Different here!" said Mr. Pooch laconically. "And I'll tell the cock-eyed world I ain't gonna take no lessons to-night! Hop down off that rail and we'll talk matters over. I'm gettin' sick of this clownin'! Who in 'blazes are you, anyways?" "Will you put me ashore?" parried Concennara, still poised on the rail.

"Oh, be yourself!" grunted Mr. Pooch disgustedly. "Every copper in the wide, wide world is lookin' for us now, and it's a cinch you don't wanna meet no John Laws any more than I do! Who's that cake eater which was with you on the ferry?"

"Who are you?" queried Concennara in turn. "Me?" grinned Mr. Pooch. "Why, I'm the fifth horseman of the year-of-our-lord. Never mind who I am! Why don't you get sensible and hand over that fifty thousand bucks and be done with it? You don't look like no Dumb Dora, why act like one? Your boy friend has left you flat on your ear and Swede's gang'll be along any minute, so—"

"And that's that!" remarked McTish lightly, tossing his weapon aside. Amazement—and suspicion—momentarily overcame Concennara's gratitude. She stared at McTish almost accusingly. "Then you are not intoxicated—you weren't when we came on board?" she murmured. "You were shamming! Why—"

"What—me drunk?" broke in McTish, with a curl of his lip, "I never touch the stuff—that is, I don't drink it!" He touched Mr. Pooch's inert body with a contemptuous toe. "And now, my girl, who's this swab and where's the chief?"

"Chief?" repeated Concennara vaguely. "What chief?" "Don't stall, my girl; I heard his voice a bit ago, as I was kicking my way out of the after hatch. Where is he?" demanded McTish sternly. Concennara suddenly recalled the familiar voice that had called from the blackness over the rail of the yacht. She began to explain, but at that moment there was a chorus of yells from seemingly underneath the bows, a rending crash and then—silence!

"We've run some damned fool down—look over the side and see what you can see, while I stop the engines!" yelled McTish and dashed away.

Feeling certain she was just a figure in somebody's nightmare, Concennara leaned far over the rail, straining her eyes at the sullen black waters. The throbbing of the yacht's engine had ceased, and the boat now rolled aimlessly on the waves as McTish ran past her with a lighted flare in one hand and a life preserver in the other. Determined not to be left alone, Concennara summoned her nerve and cautiously moved forward. She reached the bow just as a drenched and bedraggled figure threw one leg over the yacht's side. At her involuntary exclamation the visitor from the sea halted in the process of boarding the yacht and stared at her, displaying a beautiful set of molars.

"Well, well, well—what a delightful evening!" smilingly greeted Mr. David Lacy, of hither and yon. "Fancy meeting you here!"

A helpless gurgle was the only witty retort Concennara could think of.

Lacy vaulted lightly to the deck, shedding water like a spaniel. "Where's McTish?" he demanded. Concennara nodded speechlessly to the rail. McTish, fishing diligently with his life preserver, had evidently got a bite and was now hauling in with a will. Drawing near Concennara, Lacy observed her torn garments with a puzzled frown—then his eyes wandered to the prostrate Mr. Pooch, who was beginning to show signs of awakening. Shaking his head quizzically, Lacy knelt down and removed Pooch's coat and, arising, tendered the garment to Concennara with a bow. Concennara hastily buttoned it around her bared shoulders, while Mr. Lacy began to twist the water out of his own soaked clothing.

"Well, what do you know—Sister?" he inquired, with his winning smile.

"First, get some rope or something and tie that—beast up!" commanded Concennara, finding her voice at last and gesturing to the recumbent Pooch. "He tried to—Oh, don't stand there looking at me. Tie him up or I'll do it myself!"

Lacy disappeared down a hatchway, returning a moment later with a coil of stout rope. Meanwhile McTish had assisted aboard from the sea a burly gentleman and a lady. The lady collapsed gracefully to the deck and as Concennara ran to her with quick sympathy, the big man turned on the scowling McTish.

"You rich boloney think you own the ocean, don't you?" he bellowed, shaking a huge wet fist under the little Scotchman's placid nose. "I got a good mind to knock you silly, you red-headed boob!"

(To be continued)

Foreign Epigrams. Equality of the sexes has arrived; and, as Euclid says, when two things are equal they are equal to anything.—Lord Justice Darling.

Violence is moral when it is timely, surgical and civilious.—Benito Mussolini.

All over-expression is bad for the language and for the mind.—John Galsworthy.

I await a fresh crown of thorns on my still bleeding forehead.—Joseph Callaux.

My contention is that the influence of a newspaper decreases as its circulation grows.—St. John Ervine.

Remember the Roman virtues: obedience, sagacity, tenacity.—Benito Mussolini.

Satire is good and healthy. It keeps a nation on an even keel.—John Galsworthy.

A little pep in a newspaper is a very good thing, like a taste of mustard on a slice of beef; but if you hold it up to your nostrils, you will discover with mustard, you will discover with mustard, you will discover with mustard.—Sir Esme Howard.

DINNER STORIES

Nothing worries a girl more than to discover that the man after her own heart isn't after it at all. Counsel: "The cross-examination didn't seem to worry you. Have you had any experience in that line?" Client: "Married three times."

Mary: "I wouldn't marry the best man living." You couldn't." Mary: "Of course you wouldn't. You couldn't." Mary: "And why couldn't I?" Mary: "Because I'm going to."

Inmate Teacher: "Why, when I was your age I could name the presidents from memory." Bright Pupil: "Aw—when you were my age there were only a few of them."

"Yasdr," said Ernsto Dingley. "When I made my appearance in that convention, I was de object of mo' attention dis anybody else in de place. De jes' rix in de seats when dey saw me comin' down de aisle."

"Did you make a speech?" "No, indeed; I had a bucket of ice water and a glass."

A lady who had given a dinner party met her doctor in the street the following day, and stopped to speak to him.

"I am so sorry, doctor," she said, "that you were not able to come to my dinner party last night; it would have done you good to be there."

"It has already done me good," he replied tersely. "I have just prescribed for three of the guests."

Perils of Prohibition. The dry chief was approached by his secretary.

"Sir, you remember the new man you sent out with instructions to jot down the name of every agent you found to be corrupt?"

"Yes, what about him?" "He's dead, sir."

"By violence?" "No; writer's cramp."

The lecturer of the evening before was holding a post mortem on his speech with one of his auditors.

"And did the audience think that my talk was convincing?" he asked. "Sure did," replied the other. "They all said it was one of the most convincing talks they'd ever heard in their lives, and it was too bad there wasn't a word of truth to it."

Stately Indignation. Charlotte Observer.

Some of the citizenship of Albemarle is not reconciled to the situation in the Cranford affair and are protesting against the injustice done Stany County by reason of current newspaper reports. Sentiment in that town and in Stany County, they say, is that the county has been grossly misrepresented in the various reports sent out from Albemarle and through channels at Raleigh.

To believe the charges made against the convict camp boss would be to refute the integrity of witnesses whose character is unassailable and who are men of standing and honor." The reports of the matter in the Albemarle Press are indorsed as the only correct version of the trial and the charges, and the only article going out which has sought to show the real sentiment of the leading thought of the county." The Press editorially declares that "Cranford is not guilty of the things charged." It points out, as substantiation, the fact that Judge McElroy released Cranford under nominal bonds of \$1,000 in each case of alleged murder, and \$500 in the case of criminal assault. This, says the Press, is "news to the world that he is not guilty of the things charged against him." We believe The Observer has given fair presentation of the case. It has told what the convict witnesses had to say and of what the witness for the defense had contended. At the outset it had suggested that the convict boss has not yet been convicted, and that the trial might develop another and a better angle from which the situation of Cranford could be judged.

To The Observer's mind that is a good stopping place. If the case for Cranford is as strong as the defense witnesses say it is, the Stany people who are chafing under thought of the wrong done the reputation of their county might well afford to await the vindication that is coming for them and for the county.

D'ORSAY TOILET WATER An exquisite nicety in the toilet of women. Used to perfume the bath, the hair basin, the shampoo, cooling and refreshing in case of fatigue or headache.

May be had in all odors. Tojours, Fidele, Chevalier, Charm, Chypre, and Fleurs De France

Gibson Drug Store The Rexall Store

Just Received Another car of that Good Laying Mash and Scratch Feed. You can buy higher priced feeds, but you can't buy better than Spartan.

Cabarrus Cash Grocery Co. PHONE 571W

BELL-HARRIS FURNITURE CO. HOLIDAY GIFT NUMBERS Here are gifts for home adornment, intimate, thoughtful, useful and above all, wanted. For no matter how particular the person you are giving to may be, or how well furnished his home, there is always some niche he would like filled—with lamps, chairs, book table or screen. Come, search through the holiday display in our store for your gift—man gifts and woman gifts are here, likewise gifts for all ages and purses. P. S.—Beginning Monday the 14th we will be open evenings until 9:00 o'clock. BELL-HARRIS FURNITURE CO.

This is a good opportunity. We carry at all times a complete line of genuine Buick parts, will be glad to supply you. STANDARD BUICK CO. Opposite City Fire Department

Good Advice Now, Reuben, you go over to the Pearl Drug Store. I just know they have medicine that'll cure Hanner. She's nervous, can't sleep—but tonight she'll snore. And, Reuben, they can cure your "janders" in like manner. Sakes alive! man, their medicine is the best out. It's good—don't take a thousand bottles to cure! They can cure ev'ry ailment, even the gout. And when you get well, you stay well to be sure. That store's not just for the rich, but also the poor. So what's the use for sick folks to set and holler? Get the Pearl Drug Store Remedies, to be sure. Everyime—for they'll give you the worth of your dollar. IF YOU WANT TO WARM YOUR HOME A BIT REMEMBER WE CAN FIX AND FIT. What sort of fixing and what kind of fitting do you need done in your home before the cold weather gets here? Now's a pretty good time to think about it. Do you need some new kitchen conveniences, bathroom accessories or a new heating apparatus? CONCORD PLUMBING COMPANY 174 Kerr St. Concord, N. C.