

HOWANS MEETING

New President of Club... Members Introduced... at the last meeting...

Washington 1921. By Archibald Henderson... It is a curious fact that none of Washington's many biographers...

Washington started from Mount Vernon April 7th, in his own splendid coach, with postillions, outriders, and a baggage train...

Washington's Southern Tour is issued in a single royal octavo volume of about 335 pages, bound in gray paper stamped in gold...

Annual Pet and Hobby Show Had Large Attendance. The big Pet and Hobby Show was held at the Y. M. C. A. last Friday...

Twenty Cities Participate in Junior Order Orphanage. Lexington, Dec. 22.—This afternoon a program came to the Lexington Junior Order committee...

Why He Was Sad. "Why do you look so sorrowful, Dennis?" "I just hear-r-d a man call another man a liar, and the man that was called a liar said the other man would have to apologize, or there would be a fight..."

A Wise Little Head. "Well, Elise, how do you like your new baby sister?" "Why, she seems rater disagreeable, Mrs. Brown, but I suppose it's a mistake to judge too hastily."

Handicapped. "Sam, do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" "Ah, does, sah."

Talking Without Thinking. The prosecuting attorney was examining a negro witness. "Now, Mose," he said, "tell us what you know about this fight?"

A Bald Fact. Bessie, aged four years, who was downtown with her mother, caught sight of a baldheaded man. "Oh, mother," she exclaimed in high shrill tones, "just see that man! He hasn't a hair on his head. Isn't it sad?"

How to Enjoy War. An American soldier of the A. E. F. wrote to his wife in Pennsylvania: "Don't send me no more nagging letters. You're 2,000 miles away and it don't do no good. Let me enjoy this war in peace."

Noblesse Oblige. In iniquitous tenant had not paid the rent of his room for several months. "Look here," said the landlord, "I'll meet you half way. I am ready to forget half of what you owe."

Correct. A small boy in the visitor's gallery was watching the proceeding of the senate chamber. "Father, who is that gentleman?" he asked, pointing to the chaplain.

The Great Issue. A subscriber asks us to point out the difference between the "progressives" and the "reactionaries." We have given the matter careful study and gladly comply with the request.

Use Times and Tribune Penny Ads—It Pays. In Paris there are twelve great bridges over the Seine, with an average of only 345 yards between them.

DINNER STORIES

"You're pretty light on your feet, little one." "I'm sure that's better than being light in the head like you."

How many an oil well do we find That wades into the empty air, And, fading, only leaves behind Some deskroom and an empty chair.

A Liberal Gob. The doctor was examining Bosworth, a hospital corpsman, for advancement in rating. "What would you do if the captain fainted on the bridge?"

A Hint to the Hens. Abbie, the little girl of the family, was seated at the breakfast table one morning. As usual, eggs were served.

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TUCKERS EXPERIENCE A SECOND CEREMONY

Marriage at Carthage Yesterday Took Place to Conform With North Carolina Laws.—Woman's Hair Bobbed. Raleigh, Dec. 20.—To make more certain their union, Burton S. Tucker, Jersey City, N. J., youth and the wealthy widow of Joseph Simpson, today were remarried before Squire Jesse Fry, at Carthage, according to a story sent the Raleigh News and Observer by its Carthage correspondent.

Mr. Tucker, in giving information preparatory to securing marriage license, said his age was 17 and that of his wife 48.

Mrs. Tucker has bobbed her hair, and, the correspondent said, looked hardly half her age when she was married this afternoon. She was dressed in the latest styles, he said. The second marriage followed a lengthy conference of the couple with U. L. Spence, Carthage attorney, and took place in the attorney's office.

The license, he added was issued this afternoon by E. C. Matheson, register of deeds, and as no statement of permission had been filed by the parents of the young bridegroom, Mrs. and Mrs. Tucker made a deposit of \$200 with Mr. Matheson in case he should be sued from the penalty allowed in such cases under the laws of North Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. Tucker were driven to Carthage in their automobile this morning from Southern Pines, where they have been spending part of their honeymoon. Immediately after the second wedding they returned to Southern Pines.

Mr. and Mrs. Tucker were first married at Union Hill, N. J., early in October. Shortly after this wedding they came south to spend their honeymoon, but this did not become generally known until day before yesterday when they were discovered at Southern Pines.

They were informed by the Associated Press that indictments had been brought against them in New Jersey on charges of conspiracy to violate the New Jersey marriage laws and of perjury. Their reply was that their attorney would take care of the indictments for them.

Evidently, the reported indication of a Jersey City, N. J., assistant prosecutor, that leniency probably would be shown the young bridegroom if he would come into court, plead guilty to the charges against him and show that he had taken steps to have his marriage annulled, had little effect on the youthful husband.

Hub White's Property IS ON MARKET AT LAST Old Negro's Home Place/Long A Blot on Asheville's Exclusive Residential Section. Asheville, Dec. 21.—Fate has decreed that crumbling shacks and weather-worn outhouses nestled in the heart of one of Asheville's most exclusive residential sections must go.

Hub White, one of the few surviving darkies of the old school, and owner of disintegrating property tucked in the curvatures of the boulevard of wealth and architectural finery, died following an illness of several months.

For more than half a century Hub White's home place has stood the storm, and Hub himself weathered the attack launched against his home instincts for the past 12 years by real estate brokers and others who sought his property.

It was the only land ever owned by Hub White, and instinctively he hung his head to it, despite the fact that aristocratic wealth brought its splendor around it and Grove Park developers planted an impenetrable forest of white pines around it.

From the frontage on Charlotte Street Hub White had the sunlight and so the shacks stood as a blot on the escutcheon of the exclusive neighborhood.

Hub White, born a slave, not even owning himself, leaves property valued at from \$10,000 to \$15,000. He also leaves five children, four of whom are college graduates and the fifth with a partial college education.

Borah and Johnson Part Company. Philadelphia Record. Senators Borah and Johnson, who fought so fraternally against the peace treaty and the League of Nations, have parted company on the question of the Presidential election. Now he is said to be for Coolidge, and Johnson looks upon him with suspicion. At one time Senator Borah was regarded as being of Presidential caliber, but he is no longer considered seriously in that connection.

Charlotte Looking FOR VISIT BY IZZY The Bootleggers Reported as Keeping Weather Eye Out For Sleuth. Charlotte, Dec. 20.—Charlotte bootleggers are traveling with one ear to the ground these days. For Izzy Einstein is reported headed this way.

Izzy, prohibition sleuth par excellence, had been doing quite a bit of "gadding about of recent weeks. Not so long ago he bobbed up in Mobile, Ala., and hardly had reports of his sleuthing there been flashed over the wire before reports came from New Orleans that Izzy and his detestable companions had been busy in the Louisiana metropolis.

Izzy is reported to have been working in Knoxville lately and it isn't such a long jump from that city to Charlotte. Also a traveling salesman who says he knows Izzy had told him he was coming to North Carolina next and soon would be in Charlotte.

The Christmas bootlegging trade is flourishing in Charlotte, according to latest reports from the front. Local officers are being kept on the jump, reports say.

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FIRE-TONGUE BY SAX ROHMER

BEHOLD HERE TODAY Sir Charles Abingdon asks Paul Harley, criminal investigator, to find out why Sir Charles is kept in constant surveillance by persons unknown to him. Harley dines at the Abingdon home. Sir Charles falls from his chair in a dying condition. Abingdon's last words are "Nicol Brinn" and "Fire-Tongue." Dr. Murdoch pronounces death due to heart-failure. Harley insists that Sir Charles was poisoned.

Paul goes to call on Nicol Brinn, millionaire club man. Brinn receives him cordially but refuses to tell him the meaning of "Fire-Tongue." Brinn laughs when Harley warns him that he stands in peril of his life and assures Paul that he welcomes a diversion.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY "You are out after one of the big heads of the crook world," he said. "He knows it and he's trailing you. My luck's turned. How can I help?" Harley stood up, facing Mr. Brinn. "He knows it, as you say," he replied, "and I hold my life in my hands. But from your answer to the question which I have come here to night to ask you, I shall conclude whether or not your danger at the moment is greater than mine."

"Good," said Nicol Brinn. "My question is simple but strange," said Paul Harley. "It is this: What do you know of 'Fire-Tongue'?"

CHAPTER V "The Gates of Hell" IF Paul Harley had counted upon "Fire-Tongue" to have a dramatic effect upon Nicol Brinn, he was not disappointed.

"Fire-Tongue!" he said, tensely, following a short silence. "For God's sake, when did you hear that word?" "I heard it," replied Harley, slowly, "tonight." He fixed his gaze intently upon the sallow face of the American. "It was spoken by Sir Charles Abingdon."

"Sir Charles Abingdon," echoed Brinn; "and in what way is it connected with your case?" "In this way," answered Harley. "It was spoken by Sir Charles a few moments before he died."

Nicol Brinn's drooping lids flickered rapidly. "Before he died! Then Sir Charles Abingdon is dead. When did he die?" "He died tonight and the last words that he uttered were 'Fire-Tongue'!" He paused, never for a moment removing that fixed gaze from the other's face.

"Go on," prompted Mr. Brinn. "And 'Nicol Brinn'?" Nicol Brinn stood still as a carved man. Indeed, only by an added rigidity in his pose did he reward Paul Harley's intense scrutiny. A silence charged with drama was finally broken by the American. "Mr. Harley," he said, "you told me that you were up against the big proposition of your career. You are right."

With that he sat down in an arm-chair and, resting his chin in his hand, gazed fixedly into the empty grate.

"Give me the whole story," said Mr. Brinn, "right from the beginning." He looked up. "Do you know what you have done tonight, Mr. Harley?"

Paul Harley shook his head. "Swiftly, like the touch of an icy finger, that warning note of danger had reached him again."

"I'll tell you," continued Brinn. "You have opened the gates of hell!" Not another word did he speak while Paul Harley, pacing slowly up and down before the hearth, gave him a plain account of the case, omitting all reference to his personal suspicions and to the measures which he had taken to confirm them.

"You think he was murdered?" said Brinn in his high, toneless voice. "I have formed no definite opinion. What is your own?" "I may not look it," replied Brinn, "but at this present moment I am

the most hopelessly puzzled and badly frightened man in London." He half turned in the big chair to face his visitor, who now was standing before the fireplace staring down at him.

"One day last month," he resumed, "I got out of my car in a big hurry at the top of the Haymarket. A fool on a motorcycle passed between the car and the sidewalk just as I stepped down, and I knew nothing further until I woke up in a drug store close by, feeling very dazed and with my coat in tatters and my left arm numbed from the elbow. A man was standing watching me, and presently when I had pulled round he gave me his card."

"He was Sir Charles Abingdon, who had been passing at the time of the accident. That was how I met him, and as there was nothing seriously wrong with me I saw him no more professionally. But he dined with me a week later and I had lunch at his club about a fortnight ago."

"He looked up at Harley. 'On my solemn word of honor,' he said, 'Nicol Brinn crossed to a bureau, unlocked it, and while Harley watched him curiously, sought among a number of press cuttings. Presently he found the cutting for which he was looking. 'This was said,' he explained, handing the slip to Harley, 'at the Players' Club in New York, after a big dinner in predatory days. It was said in confidence. But some disguised reporter had got in and it came out in print next morning. Read it.'"

Paul Harley accepted the cutting and read the following: NICOL BRINN'S SECRET AMBITIONS Millionaire Sportsman Who Wants to Shoot Niagara! Mr. Nicol Brinn of Cincinnati, who is present in New York, opened his heart to members of the Players' Club last night. Our prominent citizen, responding to a toast, 'The Distinguished Visitor,' said: "I'd like to live through months of midnight frozen in among the polar ice; I'd like to cross Africa from east to west and get lost in the middle. I'd like to have a Montana sheriff's posse on my heels for horse stealing, and I've prayed to be wrecked on a desert island like Robinson Crusoe to see if I am man enough to live it out. I want to stand my trial for murder and defend my own case, and I want to be found by the eunuchs in the harem of the Shah. I want to dive for pearls and scale the Matterhorn. I want to know where the tunnel leads to—the tunnel under the Great Pyramid of Gizeh—and I'd love to shoot Niagara Falls in a barrel."

"It sounds characteristic," murmured Harley, laying the slip on the coffee table. "It's true!" declared Brinn. "I said it and I meant it. I'm a glutton for danger, Mr. Harley, and I'm going to tell you why. Something happened to me seven years ago—"

"In India?" "In India, Correct. Something happened to me, sir, which just took the sunshine out of life. At the time I didn't know all it meant. I've learned since. For seven years I have been flirting with death and hoping to fall!" Harley stared at him uncomprehendingly. "More than ever I fail to understand."

Nicol Brinn dropped his chin into his hand and resumed, feet unseeing stare into the open air. Paul Harley watched him, and— (Continued in Our Next Issue)

"OL' N'OTH C'LLINA" Bertan Bralley in The Raleigh Times As soon as you get to No'th Ca'lina The roads and the towns get newah, finah. The people walk with a brisker step. And even your motor has more pep. The hookworm's banished, the country has A lot more energy, pep and jazz; The livest Northerner couldn't design a Livelier State than No'th Ca'lina.

The farms look fatter, the hamlets ain't Quite ignorant of the sight of patent. They're building roads and are not content. With sand and clay, but they use cement. And the schools look good; mills are busy And each inhabitant owns a Lizzie. Or a big twin-six, or something finah. As soon as you get to No'th Ca'lina!

This State's not dreaming of the days gone by. There's a modern glint in each mortal's eye. And the village belles and village beaux Are smartly dressed as the crowd which flows. On Gotham's street. You must give 'em credit. These folks are fully awake; you said it! You meet the boostah; you loose the whinah. As soon as you get to No'th Ca'lina!

The space occupied by the engines crew of an ocean steamship is not calculated in the "registered tonnage," as it has no real commercial value, and cannot be used for either passengers or cargo.

The United States consumes more than one-third of the world's total production of turpentine.

Right in the Midst of Winter You can purchase good High Grade Shoes at a Great Saving. At less than half the cost price. \$12.50, \$11.50, \$8.50 and \$7.50 Good High Grade Selby Shoes In these are included all sizes, but not all sizes in any special lot. \$2.95, \$3.95, \$4.95, \$5.95 and \$6.95 We have just received many New Oxfords and Strap Pumps in Buck and Suede Priced For Quick Selling. Come Now S.S. Brown Shoe Store QUALITY FIRST USE TIMES AND TRIBUNE PENNY ADS—IT PAYS