

The Concord Daily Tribune

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Northbound
No. 40 To New York 9:28 P. M.
No. 136 To Washington 5:05 A. M.

BIBLE THOUGHT
FOR TODAY
PRIDE A PITFALL:—Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.—Proverbs 16:18.

AMERICA, LEADER OF THE WORLD.

The amazing development of America within the past two decades reads more like fiction than fact. In world affairs we are the leaders and the rest of the world looks to the United States.
While we have advanced along all lines, we have made astounding progress insofar as material resources and material achievements are concerned.

imports and exports combined, was \$2,452,000,000; in 1924 our exports alone were almost double the combined value of exports and imports of 1904, and the total of our foreign trade for 1924 was \$8,200,000,000.

While the increase in savings banks deposits indicate the spread of wealth in the country, one of the most interesting signs of progress in this direction is the growth of building and loan associations, which mean the building of homes. These associations in 1904 had 1,600,000 members, with assets of \$618,000,000. In 1923 there were 7,200,000 members and the assets of these associations had risen to \$3,942,000,000.

TO VIEW SOLAR ECLIPSE
Total Eclipse of the Sun Due to Take Place January 14th.

How Dumb is a Dumbbell?
He's so dumb he thinks Fort Lee is a Chinaman.

How Dumb is a Dumbbell?
He's so dumb he thinks a cocktail is a breed of dog.

How Dumb is a Dumbbell?
He's so dumb he thinks Babe Ruth is a chorus girl.

How Dumb is a Dumbbell?
He's so dumb he thinks a hot house is a Turkish bath.

How Dumb is a Dumbbell?
He's so dumb he thinks Chinese laundry tickets are written in shorthand.

How Dumb is a Dumbbell?
He's so dumb he thinks a hurricane is a walking stick.

How Dumb is a Dumbbell?
He's so dumb he thinks a shooting star is a new kind of art.

How Dumb is a Dumbbell?
He's so dumb he thinks the "Long Long Trail" is a subway railroad.

Wilson Leads in Tobacco Sales.
Raleigh, Jan. 2.—(AP)—A total of 86,139,078 pounds of producers' tobacco were sold on the auction markets of North Carolina during November, last, for an average price of \$26.17 per hundred pounds, according to the Monthly Review of the Fifth Federal Reserve Bank.

RABBI WISE'S VIEW

Asheville Citizen.
One who deals with any article of fundamental faith must choose his words with great care and consider all possible implications which may be drawn from them, if he is not to risk misunderstanding.

Doubtless Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of New York, thought he was doing when in his now celebrated sermon he declared that the time has now come when "Jews should accept Jesus," and so we thought also in noting the limitation that he then placed on this sentence. It was Jesus, an illustrious Jewish teacher who should be accepted by the Jews, not the Divinity.

But some rabbis, perhaps those who correspond in other religions to fundamentalists, incline to take the detached phrase and overlook the limitation. They have sharply criticized Rabbi Wise, one of them terming him the "sensationalist of the Jewish pulpit," in fact to such an extent that he has presented his resignation as head of the United Palestine Appeal. Prompt remonstrance against such criticism has come from Nathan Straus and others whose orthodoxy is undoubted.

And likewise some Christians have leaped to an erroneous conclusion from the detached quotation. They foresee an abandonment of the ancient Jewish belief and the acceptance by Jews of the Messiah whose coming they expect. And this in turn misconceives Rabbi Wise's thought. He did not say anything to justify the Christian hope that he favored deifying Jesus.

To understand the situation it must be recalled that some of the Jewish faith hold that Jesus is a myth whose existence is not probable even by secular historians, while others whose view is that of the Christian, consider that there was a great Jewish teacher whom Christians accept as the Son of God. Rabbi Wise insists that this view is amply proven, and eloquently urged that the Jews should not merely accept but "claim Jesus," the wonderful Jew.

We see a better understanding between Jew and Gentile come from an acceptance of this view, but not the "common understanding" in a religious way fostered by the Christian Science Monitor. A fundamental principle is involved in this latter. Such a common religious understanding would mean either the acceptance of Christianity by the Jews, or the renunciation by Christians of the claim that Jesus was a Divinity who came to earth.

Is it not possible that unity of belief is not so essential as some think, that it is necessary for all men to have the same view? Must we have a standardized belief which makes an end of liberty of religious thought? Surely it may be better for people to hold to doctrines they sincerely believe than surrender them for some compromise for unity which is not the whole-hearted belief of any one.

HOW DUMB IS A DUMBBELL?

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The Review compares this year's crop with last: During November, 1924, practically the same amount, 85,180,070, at an average price of \$28.44 per hundred pounds. Sales on the auction markets in November this year were practically double those of November, 1924, and the price was more than \$2 per hundred pounds less than that of last year.

Entertains Club Members.
Charlotte, Jan. 2.—(AP)—Prize winning club members of Mecklenburg county together with the farm and home agents were entertained at a "round up" last week by the Kiwanis Club of Charlotte.

USE PENNY COLUMN—IT PAYS
Mrs. A. E. Elder Injured.
Charlotte, Jan. 2.—Mrs. Louise Elder, wife of A. E. Elder, well known local business man, sustained painful and possibly fatal injuries about midnight last night when the automobile in which she was riding was struck by a street car on Central avenue, near the Plaza. Hospital authorities this morning reported her condition as serious.

VETERANS BUREAU REVEALS SURPRISE

Hines Thought Everything Was Running Smoothly.—Late Inspiration Made.
Washington, Jan. 2.—There were no signs of excitement today at the civil service commission office, or at the veterans' bureau, over the report that formal charges were to be made against the management of the veterans' office at Charlotte. There is an accumulation of official mail at all the departments and bureaus. It is considered likely that the Charlotte communication is somewhere about, but thus far it has not been brought to the attention of officials whose duty it is to look after such allegations.

If it is charged that there has been drinking of whiskey at the Charlotte office, or that ladies have been treated discourteously, the communication will be referred at once to the veterans' bureau, as the civil service commission is only concerned when it is charged that the veterans business has been run into politics or religion, or that persons have been engaged contrary to civil service regulations.

A copy of the Daily News containing the Charlotte dispatch was requested for perusal by General Hines, and surprise was expressed that there should be trouble, or talk of trouble, at Charlotte. Co-ordinating officers or inspectors will go to Charlotte at once, if a letter is received alleging that all is not well there, but officials are impressed with the assurance from the head of the North Carolina branch of the bureau that there has been no wrongdoing in connection with his office.

A few weeks ago inspectors, on their usual rounds, reported that all was well with the Charlotte office, and few complaints are coming in now from any part of the country. It was remarked that it has been rare of late months to hear a discordant note, such as is coming up from Charlotte.

A total of 51,297 North Carolina veterans of the World War and the dependents of 1,497 others have applied for compensation under the World War adjusted compensations act of May 19, 1924. It is shown by a report just submitted to Congress by Major General Robert C. Davis, adjutant general of the army.

The total number of applications received have been in excess of 2,700,000 which is estimated to be approximately 80 per cent. of the total. Approximately 700,000 veterans or their dependents have failed so far to apply for adjusted compensation. They have, however, until January 1, 1925, to make application.

Under the adjusted compensation act, veterans of the war are given compensation at the rate of \$125 per day for each day of overseas service, and \$1 per day for each day of home service, in excess of 60 days, rendered between April 5, 1917, and July 1, 1919. The 60-day period is deducted under the law because, upon discharge, each veteran was given a cash bonus of \$50.

If the amount due the veteran is \$50 or less, he paid in cash; if it exceeds \$50 he receives from the United States veterans bureau an adjusted service certificate of a face value equal to the amount of 20-year endowment insurance that may be purchased at his age with the amount of his adjusted service credit increased by 25 per cent. The amount of adjusted service credit due, however, is limited to \$625 in the case of a veteran with overseas service and \$500 in the case of a veteran with home service only.

Farm Co-operatives to Meet.
Washington, D. C., Jan. 2.—Proposed federal legislation affecting farmers' business organizations will have first place on the program for the meeting of "business farmers" to be held in Washington next month. Advice received by Secretary Walton Preyer indicates that the coming meeting will be the largest as well as the most important of its kind that has been held in this country.

The organization of co-operatives already has made its influence felt in the national legislative halls. Last winter it successfully opposed proposals ranging from federal incorporation to co-operatives to regulation by a federal marketing board.

What Dickens Said.
Winston-Salem Sentinel.
Charles Dickens wrote to his son on going to college as follows: "You know that you have never been hampered with religious forms of restraint and that with mere unmeaning forms I have no sympathy."

Facilities of Indiana Bank Taken to Farmers in Field.
Rising Sun, Ind., Jan. 2.—(AP)—When the farmers of southeastern Indiana find themselves unable to keep bankers' hours, the Rising Sun State Bank takes its facilities to the farmers.

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"Bobbed Hair"
A DAZZLING 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.

David Lacy, meeting Connemara Moore on the beach at dawn had led her on a five-mile jaunt to his farmhouse, where Lacy's housekeeper supplied the girl with dry clothing. Connie needed it, for she had swam to land from a yacht far out in Long Island Sound. And now at Lacy's house there suddenly appears Sweetie whom Connemara had encountered several times the night before. Connie was to have announced her engagement last night but, instead, disappeared from Aunt Celimena's Connecticut home.

CHAPTER XV—Continued
But Sweetie was alone. "Don't be alarmed, dearie," she reassured the startled girl at the desk, "I'm as much alone as a smallpox patient. You can't imagine how good it feels to get into a nice clean home where the most exciting event of the week is ice cream on Sunday."

Connemara did not fall into the mood of Sweetie's opening speech, however. "How did you get here?" she asked, abruptly. "Now don't get Ritz, dearie,"—here Sweetie put a hand on Connemara's shoulder. "I could tell you that I flew here on the wings of Opportunity or paddled over in Mark Antony's gondola. But I won't. You're one girl in a million, and I want you to be my friend if you will."

"Well, there's no mystery about my being here at all. When your classy gentleman friend escaped from the gang I simply did a slide-away myself and followed him. I surprised you, but you didn't surprise me. I saw him bring you here."

"The two girls had just gone through a night of terrifying adventure, yet not one of those domestic reprobates who had taken part in the nightmare of horror had scared them half as much as the prim little housekeeper who had come into their lives so recently. But Liddy's visit was strangely uneventful. It was one of those little incidents that happen in the lives of middle-aged ladies of no particular worldly affiliations. For want of something better to do they go to their rooms, make sure the rooms are still there, and then walk out. Perhaps each room contains the imaginary child of an imaginary love. Who knows?"

Anyhow, Liddy left in a moment or two, and the girls emerged from the dark closet to complete Sweetie's transformation. Liddy continued on her way downstairs, where she engaged herself for the next hour or so in sweeping and dusting, and occasionally taking a sly look at her image in the mirror, giving herself the secret treat of a slight flirtation with the emotion of vanity.

Connemara and Sweetie dared not come down for fear of being put bodily out of the house. So they could do nothing but remain in Liddy's room and await developments. They did not have long to wait. "Soon the hum of a motor could be heard, and a car drove up containing Mr. David Lacy, Mr. Brewster—the ever-present family lawyer—and a forlorn bundle of once-elegant heaving humanity that the bluebloods of Stamford were wont to hail as Aunt Celimena.

Lacy and his rescue party had had no trouble in locating the little inlet in which he had left the Filomena and her captors the night before, but though the motor boat was still visible, her sharp white nose now poked up into a mud bank left by the receding tide; she had appeared, from the bank above, to be entirely deserted.

Investigation however, disclosed the figures of Aunt Celimena and Mr. Brewster trussed up neatly and securely, and laid side by side in the cockpit, for all the world like two rather shapeless packages waiting for the expressman.

Connemara sat listening to this half-humorous, half-emotional outburst with a feeling of slowly-dawning guilt. Here she was, though at present slightly worn and down-at-the-heels from her unusual experiences of the last few hours, still a girl of culture with every opportunity to get the best that life had to give. Just a bath and a visit to her elaborate wardrobe and she would be a lady again.

But what about the girl before her? Where would Sweetie go? What friends would help her along the right path? Before Connemara had a chance to assemble her thoughts into the proper words Sweetie resumed, "I'm coming clean with you, kid. I'm a bad girl and I admit it. While the going is good you get a certain kick out of doing something wrong and getting away with it. You never think of the future. You grab yourself off a little excitement and let it go at that. But when it starts to go against you, then you begin to think of papa and mama. That's what I'm doing now. The gang is about cooked and I want to get away. They'll all be in jail before they know it, and I don't want to go with them." Her eyes were glazed with a film of tears.

Connemara got up from her chair and impulsively slid her arm around the other girl's shoulders. There was a silence—the silence of feminine understanding—as they stood together. "I'm just a selfish, good-for-nothing hobbled-up here Connemara checked herself. With a slight in take of breath she went on. "I'll take you to Moorelands and we can pretend you're my personal maid until the excitement dies down. Then you'll be free to go wherever you like."

Sweetie planted a resounding smack on the cheek of Connemara leaving a red spot to take the place of the rouge that had been overlooked in the latter's routine that morning. But Connemara had been brought back to stern reality with a jolt. One look at the ex-shop-girl's get-up and their plans seemed to totter. "Sweetie," she exclaimed, "do you realize I can't employ a personal maid who wears dilapidated flannel trousers—and ones that fit terribly at that?"

Glancing down with a giggle, Sweetie realized she was still wearing Lacy's much-abused suit which made her resemble her late gentleman associates. "Sure, I must get rid of this hand-me-down. Here I am trying to stage a comeback in clothes that make me look like Captain Kidd's twin brother."

There must be another collection of clothes upstairs in Mrs. Parker's room. That's where I got these. You know, she's the housekeeper and she's a terrible prude. We mustn't let her know you're in the house. If she finds out there are two of us here, she will think the Sultan of Turkey moved in with his whole harem."

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BELL-HARRIS FURNITURE CO.
As the year is drawing to a close, we want to thank you, one and all for the splendid trade given us during the year and hope that you have had as prosperous a year as we have had.
As the New Year dawns, we send you these greetings, wishing the new Year brings you Health, Wealth and Prosperity.

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At 15c and 25c
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