

The Concord Daily Tribune

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE
In Effect Nov. 23, 1925.

Northbound	
No. 40 To New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 136 To Washington	5:05 A. M.
No. 38 To New York	10:25 A. M.
No. 34 To New York	4:43 P. M.
No. 40 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	9:56 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. 11 To Charlotte	8:05 A. M.
No. 135 To Atlanta	8:35 P. M.
No. 39 To Atlanta	9:50 A. M.
No. 37 To New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

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.

SAFETY OF THE RIGHTEOUS:
—The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever. The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.—Psalm 37:29, 31.

AS A SOUTH CAROLINA JUDGE SEES IT.

In his charge to the grand jury at a recent session of court in Greenville, S. C., Judge John H. Johnson depicted conditions existing in the United States in general and in South Carolina in particular.

The carrying of concealed weapons, disregard of the prohibition law, illiteracy and ignorance, the tendency of the people to confuse liberty with license, failure of petty jurors to do their duty, slowness of the movement of the wheels of justice, operation of the course under ancient criminal law and failure of the people to carry their religion into everyday life were the causes Judge Johnson gave for the volume of criminal cases which today clutter the dockets of the courts all over the country.

People will always carry concealed weapons until the federal government makes it unlawful to send them through the mail. Many States have laws governing the sale of firearms but the laws are useless so long as people living in the States with these laws can get what they want from mail order houses.

Disregard for the prohibition of law is a national problem. The law cannot be enforced until the public wants it enforced. It is not difficult to get people to testify against an alleged thief, but it is seldom that a man will go into court and give the name of the man from whom he purchased liquor.

Illiteracy and ignorance go hand in hand with crime as they have always done. Better schools are economically sound for this reason if no other.

Persons who confuse liberty with license do so deliberately. They are seeking some excuse and they know full well when they talk about liberties being taken away from them they will get the ear of ignorant people who know no better.

Petty jurors too many times are too lenient, and in many instances they make the fatal mistake of convicting a man and then signing his pardon. They better had turned him loose in the first place.

Speedy trials will do much to deter crime. So will the certainty of punishment. The average law violator seeks every possible means of postponing his trial. He knows the longer he waits the better chance of escape he has. When our courts begin to function so that punishment comes in a majority of the cases we will have fewer cases. The punishment need not be so severe; it should be certain.

Many judges are opposed to the jury system of trying cases. Or at least they think the matter should be optional with the defendant as to whether he will be tried by a jury or by a judge. The latter system speeds up the work of the court, although many persons think it is vesting too much authority in the court.

Too much Sunday religion has always been a curse to the world. We

should have clean dockets if we could get the people to practice *sema* days in the week the tenets of the Golden Rule.

But can we change conditions? That's the vital question. We see the faults. To find a remedy should be a source of much thought by the American people.

NO AGREEMENT REACHED.

The public regrets the fact that representatives of the miners and operators could not reach an agreement whereby the hard coal miners could return to work. Conferences were held in New York City for several weeks but after each conference the representatives announced their inability to reach a settlement.

Of course each side blames the other and no doubt each is to blame. Suffering is reported in the mining centers but there conditions must not be as bad as pictured in some stories, for if there were real hunger and need the miners would be more inclined to accept the compromise offered.

The operators are determined not to raise the wages of the miners and the miners are just as determined to remain idle until they get the increase demanded. That is the real bone of contention although other differences are reported. It is the same old question of wages. If the miners are given what they want in money the other matters will be easily adjusted.

Governor Pinchot sought to find a solution to the problem but his efforts availed nothing. He offered compromises with each side making some concessions, but the wage differences were in the way as they have been at the New York conferences.

A Real Chance For the Democrats

There is talk in Washington that Senator Simmons, ranking Democrat in the House, is forming a committee, plans to go to the Republicans one better and propose that the forthcoming cut in taxes by increased from \$330,000,000 to \$450,000,000. Senator Jones, another Democrat, would like to go to the Republicans one better still. He favors tax out of \$525,000,000. Why not \$750,000,000? Meantime, in the Ways and Means committee of the House, Representative Rainey, another Democrat, has announced his opposition to the American debt settlement with Italy; Representative Oldfield, still another Democrat, has denounced the Italian interest rates as "ridiculously low;" and there are persistent reports that out of the Italian settlement the Democratic party in Congress will seek to make capital for the next election.

The Democratic party, we believe, could not do more for itself than to pursue the action outlined in these Washington dispatches. There are two major fiscal issues before Congress: our own debt to our own citizens (with which is tied up the question of tax reduction) and the obligations of our European debtors. On both issues, if these dispatches forecast Democratic policy, the Democratic party is jumping to conclusions. It seems to think that simply by swinging the axe on taxes more recklessly than the Republicans it can outmaneuver the Republicans for popularity. It seems to think that by demanding of Italy something nearer to the "last red cent" it can appear as the protector of the American investor. In both cases, we believe, the policy thus indicated is shortsighted. That party which insists upon prompt payment of the national debt instead of squandering the whole of a surplus on a tax cut will eventually reap most prestige in the tax issue. That party which insists upon generous and farsighted terms for our foreign debtors, recognizing that a really prosperous Europe is of more value to us than a theoretical last red cent, will reap most prestige in the matter of the debts.

The present attitude of these Democrats in Washington is especially shortsighted because a real opponent for leadership is open to the Democratic party on both issues. (1) In taxation, the Democratic party can agree with Mr. Mellon that a cut should be held at \$330,000,000 for the sake of applying the balance of the surplus to debt reduction, and direct its efforts to a more democratic division of the benefits of the cut, with emphasis on reducing consumption taxes rather than high surtaxes. (2) In the matter of the debt, the Democratic party can argue that Mr. Mellon's logic applies to all our European debtors, and demand a prompt and generous settlement with France.

The opportunity for leadership is there, and it is a splendid opportunity. Have the Democrats in Congress will enough and brains enough to take it?

Name Your Man.

The Union Republican, of Winston-Salem, last week had the following to say of a minister of that city, but why didn't the paper name the preacher?

"A minister in one of the local churches Sunday night spoiled a really brilliant sermon by an uncleaned slur on the women, during the course of his sermon. There was absolutely no excuse for him to go out of the way and say that when you get a man anything it goes into one ear and out the other, while if you tell a woman anything it goes into both ears and out at her mouth." This had nothing whatever to do with the sermon being delivered and was a gratuitous fling at the women who numbered fully two-thirds of his congregation, that was wholly uncalled for. The women are getting tired of being slurred at by public speakers both from the pulpit and the platform and some of these days one of the more forward slanders is going to give the preacher and the speaker who to see to it? We hope she does. Lord-bless the day for we are with the women. God bless them, in resenting these uncalled for thrusts against their sex made in a place where they are not in position to defend themselves."

To Compel Reinstatement in Ministry Bishop Brown to Sue Episcopal Church

The Rev. William Montgomery Brown, former Episcopal Bishop of Arkansas, who was expelled from his ministry in the Episcopal Church by the House of Bishops at New Orleans last October, plans to start suit to force the Episcopal Church to reinstate him, it was learned last night.

Bishop Brown came here a week ago from Galion, Ohio, and since that time has been engaged in preparing the action. He would not say last night just what the basis of his complaint would be, but it was learned that suit would probably be brought in the courts here within a month.

In the meantime Bishop Brown will be busy on matters pertaining to the Old Catholic Church of which he was made Bishop while still in the Episcopal Church.

Next week he will speak at the Star Casino on the same platform with Benjamin Gilroy, under the auspices of an organization called the International Labor Defense. His subject will be "The Worker and the Public."

Last October, at New Orleans, Bishop Brown asked the United States District Court for an injunction restraining the House of Bishops from carrying out the sentence of expulsion and deposition imposed upon him by the Episcopal court in Cleveland in January. Judge Burns denied the injunction and the sentence was imposed as ordered.

ABOUT GROWING COTTON

It Behoves Farmers to Look to Other Sources of Revenue.—About Kudu.

Monroe Enquirer.

"I see by the papers where the annual January discussion of cotton acreage reduction has begun. Such talk gets the South nowhere, for in the event reduction in acreage is made each individual farmer will determine in his heart to produce more per acre. And Texas, as always, will produce every bale she possibly can.

Another fifteen million-bale crop would depress the price of cotton below 15 cents a pound. Such eventuality is not beyond a possibility.

With such outlook it behoves Union county farmers to look to other sources of revenue than cotton. With cows producing milk, it is an easy matter to feed chickens and pigs. But cows must be fed, and how to produce milk for the market, and for the chickens and pigs?

Kudu is the answer. And any Union county farmer who has plenty of good pasture and quantities of fine hay will be almost independent of cotton's fickle fluctuations. The Enquirer has gone to the trouble of finding out about this wonder plant, and with which G. A. Marsh, of Charlotte, has met with such amazingly fine results. Kudu is a true legume, similar to velvet beans, having all the soil-building qualities possessed by any other legume. It is a native of Japan and does not seek anywhere in the United States. The only method of propagating in this country is by setting out the root plants. This should be done as early as possible while the plants are in a dormant stage.

The plant propagates itself by sending out runners which throw out roots at the joint, and take hold of the ground, each joint becoming a new plant. This makes cultivation necessary the first year to keep the ground clear of weeds and grass just ahead of the runners.

Kudu is the most vigorous growing plant known, forming a thick mass which grows from 3 to 5 feet high. One great advantage about Kudu is that it does not have to be cut at any certain time like other hay crops. It can be cut whenever the growth and fine suits you. It keeps on growing until it is killed in the fall by frost, and it comes up from the roots in the spring with the first warm days. Furthermore it does not fall flat on the ground when cut with a mower, but remains standing, due to its vining habit of growth, thus permitting a circulation of air through the cut hay which cures it very rapidly.

Kudu is said to grow well in all parts of the United States, on any kind of well-drained soil without being fertile, also grows on acid soil without lime. It does very well on land that is too poor for any other hay crop and rapidly improves the soil by drawing nitrogen from the air. It will grow well on rough, hilly ground that has been considered worthless and makes it a profitable portion of the farm. The roots penetrate so deeply as to make proof against dry weather.

Kudu does not resemble Johnson grass or Bermuda, it can be destroyed by cutting off the crown with a disc plow in hot dry weather and exposing them to the sun or by heavy pasturing with hogs that are not rung, they will root up the plants and eat them.

Kudu analyzes higher than any other hay grown, and stock like it better. Kudu has never been troubled with any disease or insects and when roots are planted, there are no inoculation problems to contend with.

The planting time is in January until the 15th of May. But it should be planted as soon as the ground will do to work in. Plants should be set about five feet apart.

Kudu will pasture from two to four dairy cows per acre from frost to frost. The sooner you get started in Kudu the quicker you will solve the food problem. Kudu will not bloat stock as clover does.

Two cuttings can be made each year in the North and four in the South. Instances have been known where four cuttings of hay averaged two and one half tons each cutting.

To plant Kudu prepare ground same as for corn, and set plants 4 to 5 feet apart each way, with the crown end up. Cover top lightly with dirt, and cultivate enough to keep weeds out.

A number of Union county farmers have left orders with The Enquirer for plants, and these will be ordered and ready for delivery about February first. No one will plant a large plot, but enough will be planted in order to secure plenty of roots for enlarging acreage another year.

Mr. Marsh thinks so much of Kudu that he will set about twenty acres this spring. He already has ten or twelve acres growing.

Rogers Hornsby, the sensational batsman of the St. Louis Nationals, has made a grand average of .363 for his seven years in the National League.

At 62 years of age, Mrs. Calhoun, Philadelphia golfer, defeated Miss Glenna Collett, the national champion, twice in one season.

"We Are Forever For Radio For Farm Families!"

The Progressive Farmer's story illustrating the value of a radio on the farm is found in this extract from an official report by County Agent G. E. Thomas of Love County, Oklahoma:—

"Friday we visited club boys in the neighborhood of Burneyville and Jim Town. We took dinner with J. M. Northard of Burneyville. During the noon hour one of the little girls, who had been picking cotton during the morning, tuned the radio receiver in on the Dallas broadcasting station and got an explanation of the next Sunday school lesson. Then we listened to a very excellent talk on the beef cattle industry and then received the day's market report. This was the first time we ever realized just what the radio means to the farmer and his family. The entire family was interested in what was going on and what it means to them to be in touch with the world around them. We were informed by the children of the family that they could get Denver and other cities with all ease. We are forever for the radio for farm families."

Mr. Thomas is right. The radio is a marvel and a boon to folks, but it is almost a godsend to our farm folks. Formerly, for example, only a relatively few people could hear the world's best music—the great singers, violinists, pianists, organists, and the best bands and orchestras of the nation. In those days, to get the privilege of hearing such music, one had to take several days time and a pile of money for a railroad trip to New York or Chicago, array himself in a dress suit and a collar more uncomfortable than a mule ought to wear and buy high-priced seats in fashionable theaters. Now, on the other hand, the farmer, after a hard day's work, can take off his shoes, light his pipe and summon a dozen great musicians or a dozen bands and orchestras performing in a dozen different cities to entertain him—and if one set of entertainers doesn't suit Mr. Farmer's fancy, he simply turn them down and calls another. Aladdin with his wonderful lamp was no more truly master of his servants, nor had a power more magical or mysterious.

Great indeed is radio! Not only does it summon all the daughters of music for our entertainment, but, it also brings instant news of all the world's market places, the views of great thinkers and orators, the wit and humor of famous comedians, and even the bedtime fireside story to add happiness to the listless ones before they again find fellowship with angels in slumberland. And since radio, fortunately, may be had in rooms suited to almost anybody's pocketbook, The Progressive Farmer is glad to echo the sentiment of G. E. Thomas:—

"We are forever for the radio for farm families."

"Your hair wants cutting badly," said a barber, insinuatingly, to a customer.

"No, it doesn't," replied the man in the chair: "it wants cutting nice. You cut it badly last time."

He's so dumb he thinks a safe cracker is a social tea biscuit.

The next instant she was again sitting rigidly erect, staring into the shadows of the room.

Common sense told her there was no reason whatever why sleep should not come swiftly to her exhausted body, and yet, for what seemed hours on end, sleep played around like a tormenting demon, always just out of reach of her snapping eyelids. She tried to calm herself by thinking how good it was to be safely back in her own room, and instantly her mind was more awake than ever. In all seriousness, she asked herself this double-barreled question: Was she back in her own room, or had she never been away?

Her thoughts began to race and presently became a jumble, a kaleidoscope with a thousand points of light blazing against the immovable sea background of Aunt Celimena. Never had that background changed. Pattering against it like the toy torpedoes of childhood on a wall, rained and burst all the events of her life. Ping! her first and only spanking. Pong! Auteuil, and David Lacy's handsome face, glowing for an instant in the blaze. Boom! and the strange marriage contract. Bang! and she an immaculate nun, stepping into a high powered motor car of foreign make at the mercy of a strangely fascinating young man.

And yet there was one sweet interlude which lived in memory as an indubitable fact. Never would she forget the blessed relief of plunging into the black waters of the Sound, of squirming out of her new-made slip, and finding herself swimming freely in her silk undies, unafraid and unashamed. Before her had shone a pilot light, a bead of hair as red as her own.

At the thought of hair, she sat

CHARLES PICKLE.




Knoxville, Tenn.—"My grandson (picture above) who is now about 8 years old, has always been rather delicate, due to the fact that he has always suffered from constipation and liver trouble," but Dr. Pierce's "Pills" have relieved him of these conditions and he is no longer a delicate boy, but is filling out and getting stronger day by day. He was always under weight but now comes up to all the requirements at school. I do not think there is any medicine that is so harmless, and yet so beneficial, as give children (and grown-ups as well). The "Pills" completely restore the stomach to its normal condition, keep the system in perfect condition."—Mrs. E. M. Madison of 611 Chamberlain St., Put up in tiny glass vials. Easy to carry. Send for trial pkg. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Bobbied Hair"
A GAZELLING MYSTERY STORY BY TWENTY FAMOUS AUTHORS

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"BOBBED HAIR" with Marie Prevost is a dramatization of this story by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

SYNOPSIS
From David Lacy's farm home on Long Island, Aunt Celimena, Connamara Moore and Bing Carrington set out in Lacy's car to return to auntie's Connecticut home. On the way to the store they overtake Saltonstall Adams, still wearing the fancy costume he put on for last night's ball. Connamara was to have announced her engagement to either Bing or Salt but has become greatly interested in David. Aunt Celimena has a premonition that more adventures are ahead for the entire party.



erect and put up her hands to her head. The face of the New York barber leered before her, reminding her that whether she was awake or dreaming she still had a secret to keep. She tried to remember if she had locked her door. She arose, went to it, found that she had turned the key, and started to return to bed; but so dilated were the pupils of her wakeful eyes that she was arrested by the sight of the familiar objects in the room, coming toward her as if out of a mist. Impulsively she walked to the triple mirror and stood before it. How slim and virginal appeared the straight shaft of her body, shining through the filmy drapery of her sheerest chiffon nightgown! It seemed so young, so unsullied, surely only in the tortured twistings of a disordered mind had it been exposed to the post-Volsteadian night life of Long Island Sound!

Gradually she perceived her uncovered head. What if she should, in the morning, open the door to her aunt or a tattling maid without remembering to guard her secret? There was a long linen runner on the bureau. She snatched it, bound it around her head, and tied a great butterfly bow above her brows. The confusion, which looked like one of those wet-me-not bathing caps you see at Deauville, was almost as fetching as had been the turban before its ruin.

Her mind at rest, she slipped back into bed, drew the sheet up to her chin, and smuggled her face into the pillow. Now, cradled in the memories of her girlhood, soothed by contact with the homely objects she had known all her life—the ponderous mahogany furniture, the ancient hooked rug, her little four-poster bed with its fluted pillars, the patched quilt folded over its foot—she could believe she had never been through the torment of the foregoing night. In fact, its events seemed more than ever improbable. She closed her eyes sleepily, her lips curved in an adorable childlike smile, and she drew a contented sigh. The next instant she was again sitting rigidly erect, staring into the shadows of the room.

A sound only half heard can be more terrifying than a near-by explosion, and it was such a sound, faint and ominous as the ticking of a death watch in the wall, that had galvanized Connamara into a sitting posture. She held her breath and listened until her back ached, then she let her head down to the pillow, and listened some more. Yes; she heard it again—a stealthy footstep in the hall or somewhere in the house below... Someone was striving so intently to walk noiselessly that the faint whisper of a footfall became surcharged with its own threat of disaster until it actually seemed to reverberate in Connamara's ears.

Her impulse was to scream, but she suppressed it. In the first place, as the events of the last twenty-four hours had proved, she was not the kind to scream before she was hurt. In the second place, the thought came to her that perhaps only unnecessary scandal would arise from rousing the whole house. She was by nature innocent, and yet no fool. Her personally conducted tour of the Sound had brought in its train a certain amount of awakening of one sort and another. She had seen modern man fight with fists, butts, and iron bars; she had envisaged his primeval prototypes, grappling as savagely as wild beasts and battling with teeth, gouging knuckles, and stamping heel. But the one thing which had implanted a first mental hazard of fear within her was the look she had glimpsed in Mr. Pooch's glittering slits of eyes as they gorged themselves on her bared loveliness even while his groping hands were reaching for her throat.

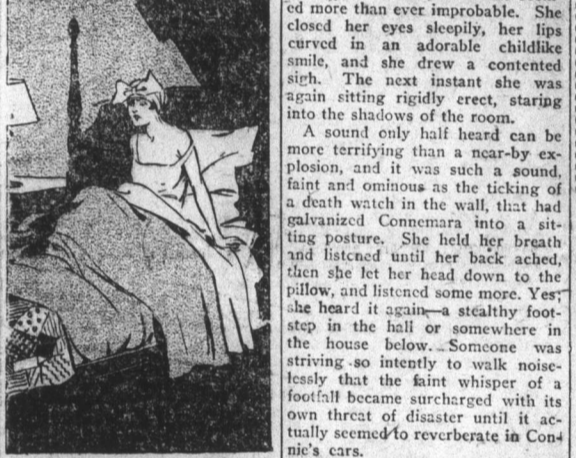
Her first thought was to put more than a filmy chiffon nightgown between herself and the world before she ventured out to meet it. Characteristically enough, she took it for granted that she would creep out, come what may, rather than lie shivering on a warm night with her head under the covers.

She arose, went to a closet, and rummaged in its depth until her fingers encountered a mackintosh. She put it on over her night dress, buttoned it, stole softly to the door, unlocked it, and crept out along the wall. Instantly she felt something like a blown breath fly past her face. She just had time to fasten her back and her outflung hands against the wall when a tremendous Bang! resounded through the house.

CHAPTER XVIII

It can be imagined that Moorelands, under its long virginal regency, had not been much given to indiscriminate hospitality. In spite of the outcrop of sporting blood in Aunt Celimena, she was still a victim of that high voltage New England reticence which senses a sort of violation in having unattached gentlemen sleeping on the place. As for the presence of Sweetie, that was simply more and worse of the same thing. Never would Aunt Celimena forget or forgive the shock of finding one of her own sex wearing male attire, not in the simpering spirit of a fancy dress ball, but as if she gloried in its opportunities for unmaidenly display. Could the unwilling hostess have had her way, she would have locked Sweetie in the cellar.

Nevertheless, in spite of all the varieties of tension which troubled its inmates, the house finally settled down to an exaggerated calm. A palpitating stillness which was harder on the nerves than any amount of noise teased Connamara with the illusion of peace. Her



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Common sense told her there was no reason whatever why sleep should not come swiftly to her exhausted body, and yet, for what seemed hours on end, sleep played around like a tormenting demon, always just out of reach of her snapping eyelids. She tried to calm herself by thinking how good it was to be safely back in her own room, and instantly her mind was more awake than ever. In all seriousness, she asked herself this double-barreled question: Was she back in her own room, or had she never been away?

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Boys Pay the Penalty.

Eleven-year-old William Daveney of Philadelphia, persisted in running away. His father took him before Judge MacNeill in juvenile court. The magistrate ordered the boy to read Bishan's "Pilgrimage Progress" until he could tell the story to his father.

Three years in a reform school or an old-fashioned whipping. Judge Williams at Chickasha, Okla., said to two boys convicted of using the mails to defraud. They took the flogging. It

was administered by their parents in the presence of the judge.

Clarence Wallace, 11, of Bloomfield, N. J., sent in two false fire alarms. He wanted to "get close to the engine."

"Oh," said Judge Rawson, "I'll give you a chance. The next two Saturday mornings you will polish up the brass on them."

The first 100-year-old in 945 seconds was run by John Owen, who performed the feat in Washington, D. C., in 1880.

(To be continued)

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- One Buick Touring Model 1922
- One Oakland Sport Touring Model 1923
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If you neglect your plumbing needs they seem to increase as rapidly as a snowball rolling down hill. If there's something wrong with your plumbing it will cost you less money to have it attended to at once than to put it off for a while.

