

The Concord Daily Tribune

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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.

REWARD OF THE RIGHT EYES:—Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.—Psalm 37:37.

PROVIDENCE INTERVENES.

It was a merciful Providence that intervened and sent the warm rains Sunday and early Monday morning, melting the heavy drifts of snow and sleet which had been allowed to accumulate and remain untouched for over a week.

There had been no indications that the city administration was planning to do anything about the matter which had become a public nuisance along the main thoroughfares of the city.

When the snow and sleet fell, as soon as possible, the occupants of stores and offices very properly pushed it from the sidewalks adjacent to their premises. It lay untouched in the street. No effort was made to remove it despite the fact that it was dangerous to pedestrians who were compelled to take a leap from the high curb to safe level spots below, or risk a nose-dive onto the pavement by running down its decline.

In fairness to the administration, it should be stated that the block between the City Hall and the Pearl Drug Company did receive attention, the accumulation being hauled away soon after the precipitation. The remainder of the city did not receive attention.

Apart from the danger to pedestrians who attempted to descend the drift or to scale its steep sides, with latent possibilities of a suit against the city in case they were injured, it should be noted that the filth which was swept from the sidewalks was allowed to remain untouched on its surface, making an unlovely sight.

It is generally poor form to throw up what other cities are doing but Charlotte and Gastonia handled the problem in a manner as narrated below. It is thrown out as a suggestion to local officials. In Charlotte they did not wait for the rain but took a hose and washed away the drifts. A little time and considerable water was all that was needed.

ed with "obstruction." Such charges are being made, and apparently they have the backing of the White House. If President Coolidge really thinks the time has come when the Senate hasn't the right to debate a measure before it why doesn't he come out in the open and say so? That method would cause criticism, to be sure, but it would be frank, at least. As a matter of fact the President knows the Senate has such a right, and while the public tires of long Senate debates, such a system is permissible under the law and the people undoubtedly would be unwilling for it to be changed.

The New York World feels that Senator Simmons is right, offering recent news dispatches from Washington as corroboration. "Consider the news which came from Washington Friday," says The World, "via the collaboration of someone in the White House with certain correspondents. We were told that 'the country is watching with critical eye the activities of Congress' and that the country is 'quick to side with the President and 'criticize the Senate for its dilatory methods.' We were told that 'telegrams and letters' were pouring in on the White House urging the President to rebuke the Senate. We were told that 'the great number of letters from Democratic States dealing with the Tax Bill was a surprise to White House officials.' The World asks 'what is all this if not an attempt by some one in the White House to apply pressure to the Senate not openly and directly but by indirection?'

SENATOR BLEASE IN THE SENATE.

Senator Blease has been given opportunity to speak and he made a sorry spectacle on the Senate floor. He used the same sort of logic that always has characterized his public life, a logic that really amounts to nothing.

In one part of his speech the South Carolinian declared he is "absolutely opposed to war," and in the next sentence almost, he was lambasting England, seemingly unable to realize that such talk, if it came from responsible people, would lead to war sooner than anything else. He is opposed to war, yet he is opposed to the World Court, next to the League of Nations, the most potent factor for world peace now in existence.

The water situation in western North Carolina certainly should improve now. From Asheville the report that the heaviest rain since December 1924 fell between Sunday morning and Monday morning, the precipitation being about three inches. To this will be added the melted snow and sleet which should send a whirling, rushing stream into the impounded areas of the Southern Power Company.

DAWSON IN NO HURRY TO CALL DEMOCRATS

Democratic Chairman Sees Nothing to Be Gained By Haste. Kinston, Jan. 19.—The call for the spring meeting of the State Democratic Executive Committee need not be expected immediately. John G. Dawson, chairman, intimates today Dawson said he had given little thought to the matter. Apparently the action of William Bramham, C. O. P. chairman, in calling the Republicans into session next month has not impelled the Kinston politician to hurry things.

Dawson may not summon the Executive Committee to meet until the "weather has settled" and the Democracy's leaders are ready to go to work. He is unwilling, being conservative by nature, to hurry into the campaign which nothing can be gained by haste. He is optimistic. The party will more than hold its own in the 1926 campaign. Further than that, with his customary reticence, Dawson is silent.

Persons close to the chairman believe the committee will not meet earlier than March, and not before the last days of March at that.

WHAT IS THRIFT?

The United States as a whole, and the South in particular, has been blessed with another year of prosperity. Business in nearly all lines has been good, salaries and wages have been liberal. In many ways it has been a year of general progress and prosperity. The forecast is for better business in 1926.

In times of prosperity many forget the lean years of the past or think of the lean years to come. In order to impress upon the public the importance of the wise administration of their economic affairs, our leaders of thought along this line have set aside one week in the year to be known as "Thrift Week." As we approach the observance of this occasion, January 17-23, is it not wise for us to pause for a moment and ask ourselves the question: What is thrift?

Thrift is a habit—a good habit. It enables a man to go to work at the bottom of the ladder and climb to the topmost rung. All that it requires to practice it is a little self-control, a little self-denial, and a little common sense. Thrift inspires prudence, economy and industry. It abhors waste of any kind and advocates temperance in all things. It is just as much concerned with food waste by careless housewives as it is with money dissipated by a foolish youth.

Thrift means the use and not the abuse of money. Many people labor under the impression that thrift is a painful virtue, necessitating a long face, superior courage, and strength of mind sufficient to give up everything that makes one happy. They believe that thrift requires one to save and scrape without hope of enjoyment here or hereafter, to wear old clothes, to live on cheap food, and to lead a miserable existence generally. Nothing of the kind. Only the miser hoards money. The thrifty man lives well, wears good clothes, eats good food, and enjoys wholesome pleasures, but he does not believe in spending more in a night than he can make in a day. He spends wisely and keeps track of where his money goes.

Each month he lays aside a few dollars in a thrift account, for he knows full well that this account is a sure and safe foundation to build upon. Every entry on the credit side is one more stone in a fortress which, when erected, will withstand adversity's strongest attack and make old age secure.

A substantial increase in investments in life insurance, and increased deposits in savings banks and building and loan associations is the best indication that our people are progressing in the right direction in the matter of thrift. A vast increased expenditure in nonessentials is a poor criterion of real progress.

ENOCHVILLE.

Mr. William Sims is seriously ill at the home of his son, Mr. G. P. Sims, near New Bethpage.

Mr. Claude Upright is working in the mill at Kannapolis.

Mr. Geo. M. Goodman moved his family this week to Mr. Floyd Goodnight's farm.

Mr. A. D. Correll has moved his family to Enochville.

Mrs. Triplett has returned to her home after remaining in the hospital several days.

Hugh Weddington, of Davidson, was a recent visitor in Enochville.

W. F. Allman's children have chickenpox.

There will be preaching at Old Bethpage next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, January 17th.

The recent snow was a great delight to the hearts of the youngsters, but is the cause of many bad roads, for the present and for some time to come.

J. H. Overcash, A. D. Correll, W. F. Allman, M. W. and R. O. Upright, Mack Allman spent some fine late Sunday with C. C. Upright.

Mrs. H. H. Overcash spent a few days with her father, Mr. Bill Sims, who has been right sick for some time.

Mrs. A. D. Correll and children spent last Thursday with Mrs. C. C. Upright.

Mrs. A. A. Wallace is on the sick list.

Mrs. Dora Upright, Flora Mae, Octavia and Claude and George Weddington spent a few hours Thursday night at Mr. W. F. Allman's.

Mrs. Dora Upright has moved into one of C. C. Upright's houses.

Gip Sims butchered a calf and some nice beef Wednesday.

A. D. Correll and C. C. Upright went to the Mountains Friday.

BUSY BEE.

Salisbury Route 3. We are spring having some winter days along now.

D. A. Jackson and R. H. Dry spent awhile in Salisbury Friday evening.

Miss Elma Ritchie spent Thursday night with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dry.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Sifford has been right sick the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Petrea's baby is very sick at this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Brown and children spent last Sunday with Mrs. D. A. Jackson.

There is lots of sickness in this neighborhood at this time.

Miss Margaret Douglas, Miss Eugenia Covey spent Thursday night in Salisbury.

BROWN EYES.

666 is a prescription for Colds, Grippe, Flu, Dengue, Bilious Fever and Malaria. It kills the germs.

Mourning Cards Kept in Stock at The Times-Tribune Job Office and can be printed on a few hours notice.

WHO WILL SUCCEED BILL FETZER AS UNIVERSITY COACH

Harry Hartsell, Red Barron and Bill Hartsell, Man Considered to Succeed Him. Greensboro News. Now that Bill Fetzer has resigned as football coach at the University of North Carolina, speculation is on tap here as to who will succeed him. Several alumni of the State University yesterday said that they are in a position to state that already three men are being considered.

Red Barron, the former Georgia Tech star, who is scheduled for a try-out with one of the major teams this spring, is seriously considered. Harry Hartsell, former coach at State College, and Ashmore, a star at Illinois ten years ago, are also given prominence in the speculation. Hartsell is also capable of coaching the basketball outfit, he having played professional ball in several leagues.

It is expected that athletic authorities at Chapel Hill will at an early date decide on Fetzer's successor. Bob Fetzer, as previously announced, will stick. It is the opinion throughout the state that Bob Fetzer has no superior as a line coach—the University's stone walls in the past four years indicated that somebody knew his business. Bill's successor must, primarily, be a man who can teach backfield men how to carry the pigskin.

Football followers in this section are acquainted with the brilliant records of Red Barron, and Harry Hartsell, both of whom in their day could run with the best in the South Atlantic states. Hartsell played four years at State College, graduating with the class of 1912. Eddie Greene, the old Pennsylvania star, once remarked that Hartsell was one of the smartest football players he had ever coached.

Hartsell's leaving State College as coach two years ago was a great disappointment to a large number of State alumni. They argued that while Hartsell didn't put out a wonder team, he did produce teams that reflected credit upon the institution. Probably no cleaner sportsman resides within the boundaries of the state than Hartsell. He is unalterably against the practice of "buying" college athletes. When the University athletic official sit down to consider the appointment to a large number of State alumni. Hartsell will not be without supporters. If he isn't chosen for the varsity job, it is believed that he will be offered the position of head coach of the freshmen team. Hartsell is now in the insurance business in Raleigh.

It is understood that if Barron is offered the post, he will forsake his big league career; some say his wife is against him pursuing baseball as a profession, and that he will abide by her wishes if he finds something to his liking.

Mr. Ashmore, it is reported here, recently spent a day with University authorities. Little is known of his ability, other than he has for several years coached winning teams in the middle west.

Dog Finds Blowout and Notices Four.

Asheville, Jan. 18.—J. D. Moss, who lives at 233 Forest Road, Kinston, has a collie dog who attracted a great deal of attention recently by discovering that the family automobile had suffered a breakdown in the shape of a flat tire.

The car, it seems, had just been driven to the front of the house by Mr. Moss, and the dog, discovering that one of the tires was flat, created a disturbance that brought the owner of the machine to investigate. After the tools were taken out and work of repairing the blowout had gotten under way, the dog resumed his nonchalant pose on the front porch, declining to render any assistance in the task. Mr. Moss admits that he has had several offers for the precious canine, which he refused.

She looked at McTish almost pleadingly, upon which that gentleman, with some additions on the part of David Lacy, outlined what lay behind the strange adventures of the past twenty-four hours.

"This gang, noo, the Swede's, I mean," he began slowly, "acted as a sort of distributor agent for the stuff. We could 'a' laid our hands on them any time, but what we wanted was the man higher up. The man, or men, responsible for actually gettin' the dope into the country, past the customs, an' sellin' it to the Swede to pass along. We combed all the ports, we had spies in lots of places we were a bit suspicious about, but we didn't find our man."

He stopped, and rubbed his red head reflectively.

"I canna go into details," he said finally. "Ye'll have to take my word for part o' it. But we got tipped off, after a while, to watch the Shanghai Line, a little steamship company runnin' three-four ships to the Orient. The line hadna been goin' well for a few years, but something—nobody knew just what—'kep' them goin'." So by pullin' wires I was slipped into the office force, an' after a while I managed to get into the office of the president himself—in charge o' his special files."

"So that was it," David Lacy broke into the narrative, his blue eyes alight with excitement. "You 'ad fox! Why didn't you give a hint? When you asked me to lend you the poor old Bloody Nuisance, and told me I could come in blindfold if I wanted to, I never guessed 't was anything as big as this."

(To be continued)

"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 dramatization of this story by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

CHAPTER XX—Continued

Aunt Celimena walked calmly down the remaining stairs, and seated herself on one of the straight-backed chairs that flanked the mirror. Mr. Brewster, after a moment of hesitation, took the other. It was not his custom to sit while there were ladies standing, but to be waked suddenly in the middle of the night, by such sounds as those which had reached him through his open window, had proved exceedingly unnerving—particularly on top of the unprecedented series of adventures that had occupied the previous day and night.

It was McTish who broke the awkward little pause that followed. "It's no to be wondered at that ye're a bit upset, ma'am," he said sympathetically. "It's been some-thing of a strain even for myself, that's been in the service a lang while. But I dinna think I ever laid a trap for smugglers afore that caught so many extraneous folks in it." He waved his hand to include his entire audience, ending with a forefinger pointed significantly at Sweetie. "With one exception."

"We must get all this straightened out in orderly fashion. From what you have explained," Aunt Celimena addressed herself to McTish, "it is now clear to me that you are a United States Revenue officer. Were those—those people last night, connected with rum running—if that is what it is called? Please continue with what you were saying."



Aunt Celimena addressed herself to McTish.

"No, ma'am, those birrds don't touch liquor; it's opium they trade in," McTish said bluntly.

Aunt Celimena caught her breath in a gasp of horror.

"Opium," she whispered painfully. The very word was an offense against all the traditions in which she had been bred. It called up vague visions of evil-smelling dens filled with Chinese cut-throats, insensible, heathen idols, and unspeakable people sunk to the lowest dregs of humanity.

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(To be continued)

Seeking Relief From Mixed Food Oats Pest.

Washington, Jan. 19.—William A. Graham, commissioner of agriculture, accompanied by the commissioners of Virginia and Alabama, saw Secretary Jardine today, and took up with him the problem of the mixed feed oats pest. Western grain dealers are endangering farming interests in the south by mixing undesirable wild seeds with good ones and selling them. This seems to be permissible under present laws, and amendments to remedy it may have to be enacted. Mr. Jardine was sympathetic, and has taken the matter under consideration.

When T. V. Wissella, Oakland, Calif., steplack, was unable to follow his calling because of two broken ribs suffered in an accident, his wife and her friend, Miss Canfield, climbed a 150-foot smokestack and gave it a coat of paint.

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