

The Concord Daily Tribune

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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Outside of the State the Subscription Is the Same as in the City.

Out of the city and by mail in North Carolina the following prices will prevail: One Year \$5.00, Six Months \$2.50, Three Months \$1.25, Less Than Three Months, 50 Cents a Month.

All Subscriptions Must Be Paid in Advance.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect Jan. 30, 1926.

Table with railroad schedule: Northbound, No. 40 to New York 9:28 P. M., No. 36 to Washington 5:05 A. M., No. 36 to New York 10:25 A. M., No. 34 to New York 4:43 P. M., No. 46 to Danville 3:15 P. M., No. 12 to Richmond 7:10 P. M., No. 32 to New York 9:08 P. M., No. 30 to New York 1:50 A. M.

Southbound

Table with railroad schedule: No. 45 to Charlotte 3:45 P. M., No. 35 to New Orleans 9:50 P. M., No. 29 to Birmingham 2:35 A. M., No. 31 to Augusta 5:51 A. M., No. 33 to New Orleans 8:15 A. M., No. 11 to Charlotte 8:00 A. M., No. 135 to Atlanta 8:37 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.

how Morris hoped to get by with his plans. He shot his car full of holes, left some old clothes about the car prepared conditions so that searchers would presume he had been killed. And in the meantime he had gone off with another woman. He left his wife and two children at home.

Such plans never work out. They have been tried time and time again, yet they lead to nothing but grief! It would not be so bad if Morris were the only one to grieve, but always there is the wife and children and other relatives. Most of the time the woman who goes with the man knows their Utopia will prove nothing more than a bubble, easily exploded by the law.

We have known a number of men to escape the law when they sold liquor, gambled or did both. We have known them to escape the law when they turned thief or when they took up the manufacture of liquor. We have known few who ever "got by" with a paramour.

EXCELLENT BUSINESS REPORTED HERE.

Business men of Concord were almost unanimous Monday in reporting "excellent" business in Concord on Saturday. One merchant said conditions on Saturday reminded him of "old times," speaking of season before the drought of last summer.

The curtailed schedule forced on local mills by the water shortage was felt in all lines of business here. Apparently the full envelopes of the past several weeks have made it possible for the textile operatives to get their debts cleared up, and they are in position now to buy new things.

While cotton mill men declare business with them is not "rushing" they are running at a profit and that means full employment for the thousands of workers. The employment means these people are going to have money to spend with the local merchants. Concord is vitally interested in the welfare of the cotton mills.

THINKS WORLD COURT WILL BE END OF WAR

Saner Declares if America Enters the Tribunal Strife Will Be Put in Shackles. New York, Feb. 22.—The hand maulers of strife and desolation—imperialism, territorial ambition and the spirit of conquest" will be discredited if the United States is accepted into the world court. R. E. L. Saner, of Dallas, Texas, said today in a Washington birthday address urging American participation in the court.

Mr. Saner, who is president of the American branch of the International Law Association and a former president of the American Bar Association, expressed hope that "only a short time shall intervene before the nations supporting the world court may accept the adhesion of the United States to the permanent court of international justice upon the reservations adopted by the Senate."

"Perhaps the millennium is not in sight," he said. "Perhaps there will continue to be other great wars. Perhaps it is impossible for human hands to devise schemes that will prevent war. Imperialism, territorial ambition and the spirit of conquest know no law. It is certain, however, that these hand maulers of strife and desolation will not so quickly raise their heads if they realize that by so doing they shall receive the concerted discharge of the other nations of the earth."

Analyze the Health Conditions in Rowan.

Salisbury, Feb. 22.—John A. Kingberry, former commissioner of charities of New York City, and now of the Milbank Memorial fund; and Dr. Stephen A. Douglass, formerly superintendent of the Ohio State Sanatorium and also formerly superintendent of the National Military Home, were health officers of a New York county, spent a day in Salisbury and Rowan studying health conditions and the operation of the city and county health departments under Dr. C. W. Armstrong. These noted physicians have been on a tour of the south getting first hand information as to the workings of health departments. Salisbury was the only stop made in North Carolina. The visitors expressed themselves as well pleased with the manner in which health work is done here.

Dr. George Howard, superintendent of Rowan schools; Prof. Guy Phillips, superintendent of the Salisbury schools, and Mrs. T. E. Johnston, of the State educational department, are Salisbury representatives at the meeting of the National Educational Association at Washington this week.

In twenty-two states women now are eligible to serve on juries.

RED PEPPERS END RHEUMATIC PAINS. When you are suffering with rheumatism so you can hardly get around just try Red Pepper Rub and you will have the quickest relief known. Nothing has such concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers. Instant relief. Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you feel the tingling heat. In three minutes it warms the sore spot through and through. Frees the blood circulation, breaks up the congestion—and the old rheumatism torture is gone.

Holmes Morris is not dead; he has eloped with another woman. That is what Sheriff Fowler told a crowd of 2,000 persons who gathered near Monroe to seek the body of the Union county man who was believed to have been killed. Sheriff Fowler told the searchers that no reward would be paid for Morris and that he would be arrested when the authorities wanted him.

It's rather difficult to understand

MARION TALLEY AGAIN AROUSES GREAT OVATION

Sings in Mad Scene From Donizetti's "Lucia."—Hundreds Were Turned Away. New York, Feb. 22.—Marion Talley, youngest coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, this afternoon repeated in her second appearance the success she achieved at her debut Wednesday night.

The ovation that greeted her entrance in the mad scene of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" equaled in volume the duration that accorded her singing of "Caro Nome" in her debut in "Rigoletto," which introduced her to New York audiences. Today's ovation exceeded in apparent spontaneity the Wednesday welcome.

Hundreds were turned away from the doors after the last possible stanzas had been sung into the horse-shoe bordering the orchestra seats, to hear the 19-year-old Kansas City girl.

Her arias in the three acts in which she appeared were generously applauded, and at the end of the first act she took nine curtain calls, and at the end of the second act ten calls, with Laurioli and DeLuca, who also supported her at her debut.

In the sextet in the second act Miss Talley at times held back her voice and was obscured by Laurioli's vigorous tenor; but in the mad scene of the third act she gave herself full range, taking the coloratura runs with the same assuredness and absence of nervousness that marked her debut.

The brilliancy of her upper register and the full softness of her lower tones delighted the audience, and at the end of the aria she was given an ovation of three and half minutes.

Again, as in "Caro Nome," the brilliancy of the high notes was achieved at the expense of tightness and apparent straining. But as she followed the flute obligato there was less sharpening than was noticed at her debut. At the end of the act she took seven calls alone.

Then the outer curtain was lowered, but the audience vociferously demanded more and the curtain was raised for two more appearances. Although it was immediately lowered again, the demand of the audience brought the younger singer twice more before the footlights. As she did not appear in the last act, she took no curtain calls at the end of the opera.

Former Kaiser Begins Living Like Real King in Holland.

Doorn, Holland, Feb. 20.—With the prospect of receiving millions from Germany as recompense for the loss of his vast estates, the former Kaiser has dropped his role of poverty and has embarked on a series of receptions and dinners reminiscent of the old imperial days. The change in the mode of life at his chateau here is marked. Not only are entertainments given on a grand scale, but the ex-kaiser and his wife accept invitations to functions elsewhere.

Tonight, for the first time since his arrival in Holland, William, Prince Hermine, Prince Henry and other members of the former royal family were guests at an official gala dinner given by the governor of the province of Utrecht.

Many official personages and numerous members of the Dutch aristocracy were invited. The dinner was followed by dancing.

Iron with Cod Liver Oil Makes Weak Child Strong

New Easy-to-Take Tablet Form Builds Him Up Quickly. When your child "outgrows his strength" or is weakened by illness he should be given remedies known as "food tonics" to rebuild solid flesh and produce rich red blood. For this purpose, physicians prescribe cod liver oil and iron.

Chemists now extract the vitamins and flesh-building elements from cod liver oil and throw the nasty, useless oil away. They combine these extracts with blood-building iron in easy-to-take tablet form. To see the genuine, specify Burke's Cod Liver Oil and Iron Tablets at the drug store. You'll soon have cause to be proud of the sturdy, energetic, well-nourished condition of your youngster.

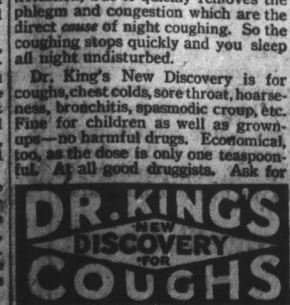
For sale by Gibson Drug Store.

Quick Way to Stop Night Coughing

New Method is Remarkably Effective. No need to put up with that distressing weakening, sleep-robbing night cough another night. For there is a simple, but very effective treatment which usually with a single dose, stops all irritation and lets you sleep soundly the whole night through.

This treatment is based on the prescription known as Dr. King's New Discovery for Coughs. You take just one teaspoonful at night before retiring and hold it in your throat for 15 or 20 seconds before swallowing it. The prescription has a double action. It not only soothes and heals soreness and irritation, but it quickly removes the phlegm and congestion which are the direct cause of night coughing. So the coughing stops quickly and you sleep all night undisturbed.

Dr. King's New Discovery is for coughs, chest colds, sore throat, hoarseness, bronchitis, spasmodic croup, etc. Fine for children as well as grown-ups—no harmful drugs. Economical, too, as the dose is only one teaspoonful. At all good druggists. Ask for



THE STORY THUS FAR

Joanna, pretty, modern, shop girl alone in the world, has never known anything but poverty and a desire for the luxuries of life. Her lips are lipstick red, her hair bobbed, her dresses short, but her heart is clean with all her happy ways. She is summoned into the august presence of Gordon, her employer. She is expecting to be dismissed.

CHAPTER I. (Continued)

"I must say that you impress me," he said, as if voicing a profound conclusion, as one who would not hesitate to dismiss friends if they were not invited. Again he was silent. Joanna fancied that he was preparing a new method of attack. She built new fortifications around her scruples and waited craftily.

Graydon was still patient. "You have read, I suppose," he said quite slowly, as if he wanted her mind to follow him, "of Cinderella and the Prince who put her feet into the golden slipper?"

"Yes," Joanna replied, "I've read about it—lots. But I'm off the prince stuff, and I put on my own slippers, thank you."

Then the Old Man laughed, laughed as some of his executives didn't know how to laugh. He dropped the jade paperweight and rose. Joanna rose with him, but he turned to a window and looked out into the skyscraper maze that opened here and there to release a glimpse of an ocean liner ploughing its way down the sapphire river toward the Narrows and the sea.

"We mustn't fence, Joanna," he said. "I didn't send for you with any idle pretense. I am to have the pleasure of delivering to you a message, a rather interesting message, I assure you. Something has happened to you, or for you, that so far as I know has never happened to any girl, at least so unexpectedly. First, I am to hand you this."

The sense of impending climax suddenly numbed Joanna's brain. The manner of Graydon had become portentous. She stared, fascinated, while he turned to his great desk.

"When he stood over her again she took into her hands, wonderingly, a small thin book which he silently held out to her. She looked up at him. He closed her fingers about the book and then lifted its cover for her. A folded letter dropped to the floor. Graydon recovered it and, opening it, gave it to her, motioning her to read it. She held the manuscript with the store given as her address."

When she had read the first typed paragraph Joanna, Joanna with the shimmering gold brown hair, clutched frantically as if with her hands to catch her wandering wits. One hand fattened then to her throat. She swallowed and guided her as she drooped into her chair.

CHAPTER II. Into the Kingdom of Money

For a long time Graydon silently looked down upon the girl who had swayed into the chair. She, too, was silent, motionless. The letter he had given her with the small, leather bound book, shook in her hand. She held it before her, an arm resting across her knees. Her eyes stared at the typed lines. Now and again she closed her lids tightly, shook her head over so little and parted her lids again, as if the words on the paper blurred before the fascination of her gaze and she had straightened them out by shaking the confusion out of her brain.

Once she let her hand droop, and kept her eyes closed for what might have been half a minute. Then, with an sudden start that seemed as if she were clutching at a shadow that she didn't want to fade, she brought the paper closer and read each line again, in frantic haste. As Graydon watched her the writhing of something very tender, and ineffable, hovered about his lips. Out of the eccentric patterns of the exaggerated type she represented, the excessively obtrusive "daughter of today," a new shape emerged. For the moment he forgot the intellect that surged outside his office doors—the humdrum of bargaining in the great lavish floors of the department store. The girl, who was one of those who bargained, bargained with her wife against the purses of housewives; bargained the shimmer of her hair and the brown of her eyes and the curves of her lips against the world of which the crowds out there were a symbol, became a flower, a delicate, exquisite blossom that came from a hot-house where the rain had been distilled into a luscious taste of bliss.

The "Old Man," forgetting for the moment the fluctuations in the price of Manchester cotton and the season's demand for Highland plaids, pictured her as a rhododendron suddenly bewildered by a beam of sunlight breaking through a mist. And then Joanna looked up at him, doubt and confusion had come from her face. It was lit with the taunting smile of one who has solved a riddle. "Somebody needs a doctor! Who's crazy, you or I?" Graydon shook his head. "It's all very real, Joanna. You came in to me a while ago, a little lady of very small estate. When you go out again, you will be a veritable princess in a kingdom of money!" Joanna crumpled back in her chair. She brushed her forehead with the back of a hand. "Please, Mr. Graydon," she pleaded. "Don't make a fool of me."

The earnestness, the seriousness of the man who confronted her puzzled her, and sent her pondering for other words. He pointed to the paper she still held in her hand. "Read it aloud," he said.

The man only shook his head, rather sadly, as if he suffered a little before the spectacle of a girl, fresh and young and lovely, who must ever be on the alert for "the catch in it."

"There are no obligations," he said, still shaping his words slowly. "The stupendous gift is yours without conditions. Is that the word you would have me use; consideration?"

Before this rebuff Joanna again was speechless. Graydon went on. "You may not even ask a question. In return, none will be asked of you. It is possible that you shall never know the name of your benefactor. I know his reasons. I know the motives. But I may not reveal them to you. I may only say, and I hope you will have a little trust in me—that you need have no trouble and that there is nothing unpleasant about your mystery."

Joanna sank to her chair. "You mean," she persisted. "You mean that someone—someone I don't even know—has made me rich and that I don't have to—that he won't ask me—" She could not go on. All her reasonings, her wisdom, her safeguards were beaten away as if they were futile things. She heard Graydon say what still maddened her because of the puzzle in it; because it left her helpless.

"You will not be asked to give anything!" The office door opened. Graydon had touched his buzzer and the secretary entered—the strangely soft mannered, unobtrusive girl in whom Joanna had first seen utter unattractiveness, but who had caused her to wonder, after a bit, if her own lips were not a little too scarlet.

On the girl's arm was Joanna's hat. It was the same fur wrap Joanna had thought to be in direful risk of the pawnshop when Graydon summoned her from the silk counter, presumably to her dismissal for some unknown offense. The hat was the one still unpaid for.

The sudden sight of the fineries she could not afford, either to have or not to have, sent her into a torrent of hysterical laughter. Graydon gave the secretary a hasty sign. Both waited until the girl in the chair quieted, her laughter dying away in stifled sobs. The secretary moved toward her, then, and held her wrap.

"Automatically Joanna drew the cloak around her slender figure. Then she fixed her hat. Suddenly she turned, faced Graydon again and cried out to him: "But what am I to do—with the money?"

The man answered in the even, curiously convincing manner that so completely baffled her. "That is one of the questions I may not answer. I shall be eager to know what your decisions will be."

The secretary would have comforted the girl; would have taken her arm and led her out into the store and to the street, but Graydon stayed her with a motion of his hand, as if whatever Joanna was to face, she must face it alone. Joanna propped her way across the office and the reception room. The secretary held open for her the outer door. For a moment she leaned against it. Before her eyes the busy people who hurried through the passages ways between the petitions of the cubbyholes on the "office floor" seemed to be swimmers in a whirlpool. She felt that Graydon had followed her and was standing close. Without turning she asked, her voice rising barely above a whisper: "Which way do I go?"

A long time afterwards, when Joanna of the skirts too short and lips too red and tongue too wet had become a Golden Girl around whom a vortex raged, she remembered Graydon's reply to her whispered appeal: "I wish that I might show you, my dear; but it is every girl's burden to choose for herself. And as each one of you makes your choice, the world becomes better or worse. You may go either to the right—or to the left!"

When the door closed behind the girl who had been "Miss Twenty-seven of the silks," Graydon asked the secretary to get for him, on the telephone, the bank whose letter Joanna had wondered longingly carried away in her hands. "Ask that I have Mr. Eggleston. He is expecting a call from me."

The telephone conversation was brief. Graydon seemed only to wish that his friend, the closest of the friends of his elderly years, should know that "she" was on her way to the bank; that "she" would be there in a few minutes.

At the other end of the wire Andrew Eggleston, a gray man who might have been moulded from the same pattern that had shaped Graydon except that the lines of his face were sterner, the lights of his eyes less gentle and his gestures more spasmodic, would have had his friend say more. He was unhappy with his own curiosity. Andrew Eggleston, chairman of the board of the great banking institution, and himself one of the world's richest men, was totally unfamiliar with a sense of curiosity about the private emotions of one of his bank's patrons. Yet he wanted to know how "she" had received the news that "she" suddenly had become possessor of the not inconsequential sum of one million dollars. He attempted to keep his friend, Graydon, on the line. (To be continued)

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