

The Concord Daily Tribune

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Table with columns for Northbound and Southbound routes, including destinations like Charlotte, Durham, and Raleigh, with corresponding times.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

ETERNAL LIFE:—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.

DOES THE CRIME LIE IN GETTING CAUGHT?

The sentiment in North Carolina today is that it is no harm to violate the law if you don't get caught. Judge Harding at Hickory.

666

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

Skinny People Need Iron with Cod Liver Oil

Easy to Take in New Tablet Form. How to Order at the Drug Store. Surprise those who have been calling you "skinny" behind your back.

rich and poor, high and low." It was only the other day that a Concord man remarked to us that he believed fewer negroes are in court now because they realize that in a majority of the cases they have to pay for their deeds.

DENY CHURCHES HAVE WEAKENED IN FIGHT ON RUM.

A militant denial that the churches have weakened in their support of prohibition has issued this week over the signatures of high officials of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Protestant Church.

The joint statement characterized the recent prohibition survey of the research department of the federal council of churches as "an inexcusable betrayal of many church bodies; declared there had been no apparent change in the sentiment of the people as a whole and appealed to church members to unite in support of the law.

It was the first time high dignitaries of the Methodist organizations had joined in a common outline of their views of prohibition. The statement was signed by Bishop James Cannon, Jr., chairman of the commission of temperance and social service of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; Bishop William F. McDowell, president, and Dr. Clarence True Wilson, secretary of the board of temperance, prohibition and public morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Dr. Thomas H. Lewis, president of the general conference of the Methodist Protestant Church.

RUM PASSING BAD, AVERS MISS BOOTH

Parlor Drinking Will Die Out in Time, Says Commander of Salvation Army.

Present day violations of the prohibition law were pronounced yesterday by Commander Evangeline Booth, of the Salvation Army, to be merely a "showing and drawing-room fad," which would soon die out, and from the government, she said, could calm and without any fuss deal with the law breakers just as those who murder or indulge in any other forms of "human liberty" are dealt with.

Her statement defending prohibition against the criticisms of those working for modification was made to the Anti-Saloon League and made public by State Superintendent Arthur L. Davis. A copy of her statement will be sent to every member of the New York State Legislature and to Gov. Smith.

Commander Booth points out that her father, who founded the Salvation Army, began by salvaging men and women in and about the bars of England, and that to this day, the Salvation Army has held rigidly to its purposes and feels it had a great deal to do with the enactment of prohibition in America.

"It is an illogical thing to say that because a new law has not worked like magic, it is best to cast it aside and return to the original state of vice, which, because of its awfulness, prompted the enactment of that law," she said.

"If prohibition has lifted up a new element of rum-drinkers who can afford to pay bootleggers' prices for immature or poisonous liquor, then, indeed, it is but a passing condition that soon must disappear. If it is now an indoor sport among those who can afford to throw away their money to carry flasks, give cocktail parties and float the prohibition law as a matter of amusement, then it is but the clatter of teacups in the boulevards that is distracting the public, and has nothing to do with the humble side streets and the great open spaces which make up the real America, because of their overwhelming majority."

First Laborer—You poor fish, you get only \$4 a day while I get \$6. Second Ditto—Yes, but when a wet day comes I lose only \$4 while you lose \$6.

Held in Plot



Jarge Prieto Laurens, former mayor of Mexico City, is being held at Kansas City on an indictment returned in San Antonio, Texas, charging he plotted to overthrow the Mexican government.

WHAT'S PARTY PLEDGE? CONGRESS MAY DECIDE

Uphaw of Georgia Now Denies He Promised Steele Not to Run For House Again.

Washington, Feb. 24.—Congress may yet be obliged to lay down a law defining what is a pledge and when. Wallace McCannam, of Oregon, upon whom President Coolidge seeks to confer a Federal judgeship, says he gave no pledge to vote for Hiram Johnson at the U. S. convention of 1920.

Mr. Uphaw has now changed his mind. One of the compelling reasons, he declared today, is that "the prohibitionists of this country are insisting that I remain in Congress because the wet and dry issue seems to be coming to a head and they want me here to aid the dry cause."

"Furthermore," explained Mr. Uphaw, "I am under no obligation to Mr. Steele, because he campaigned against me almost to the end and did not see me when I went to Atlanta to see him and have a full understanding. He did not get out of my way until the middle of August, just three weeks before Election Day."

COLDS THAT DEVELOP INTO PNEUMONIA

Persistent coughs and colds lead to serious trouble. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsified creosote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a new medical discovery with twofold action; it soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and inhibits germ growth.

SULPHUR IS BEST TO CLEAR UP UGLY, BROKEN OUT SKIN

Any breaking out or skin irritation on face, neck or body is overcome quickest by applying Mentho-Sulphur, says a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation that instantly brings ease from the itching, burning and irritation.



The Strange, Romantic Love Adventures of the Flapper you know

THE STORY THUS FAR

Joanna, pretty, modern, a shop girl making her way alone in the world is informed by her employer, Gordon, that an unknown man has given her a million dollars to spend as she wishes. There are no conditions, no "strings" to the gift. She is not even to know the name of her benefactor.

CHAPTER III. (Continued)

"I am sure Mr Graydon explained to you, or didn't he, that you are not to know the answer to either of those two questions—yet. Someone who wants you to have it, someone whom the bank, and I know very well and in whom we have complete trust as to his motives, has put the fortune at your disposal. He has even directed the bank to replenish the fund if you meet requirements beyond the initial deposit—until such a time as he may give further directions."

"You mean that after awhile he will give me directions?" "Not at all." And in the tone of the banker's promise, more than in his words, Joanna knew that whatever might be the outcome of this fantastic conversation, she would not need ever to ask that question again.

"If your benefactor has directions to give," Eggleston went on, with the banker's manner of monotonous dwelling upon the detail of a financial bargain, "they will be given the bank, and will have to do only with additions to your funds, or the cessation of them. At any rate, the present deposit of one million dollars, which includes securities we shall be glad to negotiate for you should you require the cash, is at your disposition and none of it may be withdrawn from you. It could not be, in any event, as it has been completely transferred to your account. You must accept it, to do with it as you will. You will not be asked for an accounting."

"And it's really true that I don't have to go back to the silks? To my job at the store?" Eggleston's smile was quizzical. "I should be rather astonished to know that a young woman with a million dollars in the bank's vaults was concerned as much with the selling of silks as the buying of them."

"Joanna nodded. "If I had a million dollars you can bet the last shot on your hip—I mean you can bet I'd do a lot of buying, all right!" "I wouldn't wonder!" Eggleston commented, shortly. Joanna looked up at him quickly, detecting the hardness in his voice. "Oh," she assured him gravely as if to defend herself against his implied disparagement; "I wouldn't put it all into dancing pumps, you know!"

The girl floundered. She'd never thought much beyond dancing pumps and their kindred things. "What else, then?" Eggleston repeated. There was nothing for Joanna to do but fall back upon her subtleties. She had many subtleties. They covered a multitude of a girl's needs nowadays.

"Wait until something like what you're kidding me about really happens," she said, at last, brightly. "Then watch me!" "Perhaps that will be the better bargain," the banker agreed, his voice still hard in the unpleasant way the girl didn't like so well. He pointed to the opened check book which lay forgotten at her hand. "It will begin to feel real won't it, when you have filled out one of those?"

The girl's wits swam again. She picked up the book of long, slender leaves, and examined it curiously. Here, at her finger tips, would be the test—the test of the impossible dream these two old men, her employer, Graydon, and his friend, Eggleston, were pulling her into. She clutched at an obvious excuse to postpone what she was convinced would be the tumbling down of the house of cards that was being built for her.

"I've never had to write out one of these," she protested. "I'm afraid I'd get it twisted." The man who had been watching from the window came abruptly into the room. A sign, merely a meeting of the eyes, passed across the girl between him and the banker. Joanna turned sharply when she realized a new figure was standing almost beside her. She knew, instantly, that she had been right in feeling an additional presence in the room. When she looked up into the newcomer's face a sudden fear, a sense of danger, tingled along her nerves. She had met many men in whose slightest approach she always recognized a challenge and a paid against her.

battements. Unconsciously she stiffened in her chair. But Eggleston spoke calmly. "I have forgotten to present Mr. Brandon. He is very close to me in a manner, and is interested in your extraordinary circumstances—of which I had told him. He begged me to let him pay you his compliments."

Brandon bowed, easily, his manner marking him immediately, in Joanna's mind, as one who could make devotions gracefully at any kind of feminine shrine. She reflected that he would be the sort that would dance well and say things that fitted the music. "But I am going to ask Miss Manners if I may not do more than offer my congratulations," Brandon said, smiling down at her. "Perhaps she will allow me to help her draw her first check. That will be something I shall always remember—when Miss Joanna has taken her place among the hill tops."

Dazed again by the imminence of the test, Joanna obeyed him silently, the letters made by her pen running together in a black mist as he pointed out the place for her signature, the date, and the amount. After one or two attempts she signed her name to his satisfaction and her own. Then she wrote in the date—as supplied by Brandon.

"And now," Brandon said, softly, almost caressingly, "the amount." She looked across the table, at Eggleston. He nodded. "Any amount you need—or that would like to carry away," he said. A wild impulse stirred Joanna's blood. She would make the test a real one, puncture the bubble with one stroke of her pen. Her finger, firm, now, a light of determination in her eyes. She would demand a sum which would—well, something would happen then!

Her pen shaped the line: "One Hundred Dollars!" Brandon laughed. He lifted the check so laboriously—and, then, defiantly, written out. He read the amount aloud. A twinkle came into the eyes of the banker at the other side of the table, but he said nothing. "Let's try it again," Brandon said, looking down into the puzzled face of the girl. "A hundred dollars will hardly buy you—what shall you buy first, wasn't it dancing pumps, you said? Well—surely you will want more than one pair. Here, let me fill in another check for you."

He tore the paper he held, crumpled it, and tossed it aside. Pulling the check book to his own hand he filled in the money line. "Ten thousand dollars!" "There, he said, as he placed the paper for the girl to sign. "That will make a better beginning for you!" The banker touched his bell. A messenger responded almost immediately. "You will have this cashed at once," the banker ordered the messenger. "It is the first draft upon the new account of Joanna Manners, and bring the money here. She will want it immediately."

CHAPTER IV. The First Triumph and Defeat. With the crisp notes of her ten thousand dollars spread on the table before her, with Eggleston, the grave, impenetrable banker, and Francis Brandon, debonaire, easy mannered courtier of the new world into which she was being ushered, silently watching her, Joanna closed her eyes in quiet communion with herself. It was real! The fantasy had become a chapter of life with "Miss twenty-seven of the silks" lifted from the valley to the hill-tops where there possibly couldn't be any shadows.

Weakly, she made new battle for understanding, and again lost it. They, those two men, one of which, she was sure, knew the whole of the mystery, would tell her nothing. Brandon professed to know no more than she; he declared that the banker had told

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