The Concord Daily Tribune

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE
In Effect Jan. 30, 1926.

	Northbound	
No. 40	To New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 136	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	9:03 P. M.
No. 30	To New York	1:55 A. M.
	Southbound	
No. 45	To Charlotte	3:45 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	8:15 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.

BIBLE THOUGHT —FOR TODAY—

Bible Thoughts memorized, will prove a priceless heritage in after years

A NATION'S GREATNESS:—Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people.—Proverbs 14:34.

THE TAR HEELS STRUT THEIR STUFF.

Four times have basketball teams of the University of North Carolina won the highest honors of the Southern Intercollegiate Conference. Tournaments have been held now for five years and the Tar Heels failed just once to win highest honors.

While all North Carolinians are justly proud of the record of these University teams, it appears to us that unusual interest should be attached to the manner in which the games have been won. It is fine to win honorably at any game, but it is doubly fine to win without a sense of braggadocio. The Carolina players are elated over their victory of course, but they haven't "crowed" over it.

One writer who witnessed the games in Atlanta brought out what seems to us another significant fact. In almost every game this writer commented on the fact that teams playing against the Tar Heels seemed to be working harder than their opponents. There was a fire and dash to the work of the other team, but the ease, consistency and efficiency of the Tar Heels brought them victory.

Life is much like that in every way. It isn't the man who stirs up the greatest noise or who starts out with the greatest rush that gets the best results. To be sure enthusiasm and dash are to be desired but often they are mistaken for efficiency. The Carolina team refused to become anxious when opponents took the lead. They knew their game, realized their ability and made the most of this knowledge. They began easily, each man sticking to the task assigned to him and without flutter and ado they won their fourth championship in five years.

FILLING THE GAP.

The large addition to the Cannon mills will be built by a Gastonia firm, the head of which is the son of the man who built so many walls for housing cotton machinery in this immediate section of the state. The big addition to the Cannon mills will be seven hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide.

Kannapolis will bulge again when this big addition is under way and the scant gap between Salisbury and Concord will be further taxed to take care of the expansion.—Salisbury Post.

The new mill at Kannapolis will mean another big increase in population, and when more people come in more hopes will be built and more business houses will spring up.

The road from Concord to Salisbury now is little different from a "main street," and with Kannapolis assuming larger proportions it will not be long until the "gap" between the two cities is entirely filled with houses and business structures.

The Cannon Mills are determined to retain their leadership in towel manufacture and the additional mill, housing 50,000 spindles, will further increase its superiority over any other towel manufacturing plant in the world.

DO THEY KEEP UP WITH THEIR WORK?

The Wage Commission and heads of some departments at Raleigh have had another verbal battle over the number of legal holidays the departments are to observe. The commission claims that it has the right to say when holidays shall be observed and heads of some of the State departments deny this authority.

All of which means little to the people of the State. What the taxpayers want is efficiency and if the bureaus can keep up with their work a holiday now and then is nothing to argue about.

Of course if a holiday interferes with the work of a department then it should not be taken. However, whether the commission gives the authority for such a holiday doesn't make any real difference to the people. If a department is behind with its work it shouldn't observe a holiday even if such a holiday is sanctioned by the wage commission. It is a matter of common sense more than anything else. The people want something for their money and if the departments keep up with their tasks and are not overlapping duties then we say the holiday matter amounts to nothing.

The Tag Bureaus.

Charlotte Observer.

Statesville, Concord and other towns are complaining that they are not included in the points where automobile licensing offices are to be located. Statesville, as we judge from its Daily, is taking it out in talk. Concord, as we learn from The Tribune, is taking a more practical view of the prospect and is offering, though its Chamber of Commerce, to operate a branch license bureau there free of cost to the State. The only objection which might be raised to that plan on part of the License Bureau, is that if an office is located in Concord under the plan suggested, it would be required to extend similar privilege to other towns. But it all goes to strengthen the argument that location of these offices throughout the State established a medium of much convenience to the people, as well as giving a time-saving service to the State.

Between thirty and thirty-five entries are expected for the Bermuda ocean race to be held next June, starting from New London, Conn.

TODAY'S EVENTS

Friday, March 5, 1926.

Cheer up! Only two weeks and a day till Winter's end.

Today is the one hundredth and fifty-sixth anniversary of the Boston Massacre.

"On that night the foundation of American independence was laid"—John Adams.

This is the centenary of the birth of Hans Balatka, an eminent musician and conducter, who founded a famous music school in Chicago.

Maj. Gen. Charles T. Mencher, U. S. A., commanding the Ninth Corps Area, with headquarters in San Francisco, goes on the retired list of the army today.

Wife (at the seashore)—Why do you always bathe with the hotel help?

Hub—I may get a chance to rescue a cook to take home with us.

HELP FROM THE FIELDS AND FORESTS!

Many years ago Dr. Pierce, a skilful physician, who realized the value of herbs, knew that the Indian women used decoctions made of certain herbs and that they usually passed painlessly through the ordeal of motherhood. He used the same herbs and roots to prepare an improved and more palatable nerve tonic for women's ills and called it Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has been a great favorite for fifty years and still is a real help to women suffering from ills peculiar to their sex. Nervousness, too, soon disappears. Ask your neighbor!

OUCH! RHEUMATISM! RUB THE PAIN AWAY

Stop drugging! Rub soothing, penetrating St. Jacobs Oil right into your sore, stiff, aching joints, and relief comes instantly. St. Jacobs Oil is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disappoints and cannot burn the skin.

Get a 35 cent bottle of St. Jacobs Oil at any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pain, soreness and stiffness. In use for 65 years for rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains.

WRIGLEY'S P.K.

NEW HANDY PACK

Fits hand ~ pocket and purse

Always ready, in your pocket, to give you long lasting beneficial refreshment. BEST Chewing Sweet for any money.

Look for Wrigley's P.K. Handy Pack on the Dealer's Counter.

All Were Wrong

Cathartics never stimulate the Liver

All of us doctors were wrong. All of us, for several generations. We thought that cathartics stimulated livers. Now we know they don't. They simply irritate the intestines.

But modern science, studying glands, has found a way to do what we were after. It finds that ox-gall, a liver gland secretion, does stimulate the liver. Physicians the world over now employ it. And it is doing for millions what drugs never could accomplish.

Torpid livers are the chief source of our troubles. They mean lack of bile. Then toxins form in the intestines, and the absorption of those poisons causes endless troubles. Some are these:

Indigestion	Heart and Kidney Troubles
Impure Blood	Bad Complexions
High Blood Pressure	Lack of Youth

It is now found that ox-gall—a liver secretion—corrects a torpid liver. It does what we aimed at, but never accomplished. The results begin in 24 hours.

Physicians, the world over, now prescribe the liquid ox-gall. But it also comes in tablet form. The name is Dioxol. All druggists supply it. Each tablet contains 10 drops of purified ox-gall.

We ask you to learn what it does. No matter how many methods have proved unavailing. This is the new-day method. Try it. It is bringing to countless people new health, new vitality, new careers.

For your own sake, cut out this advertisement now. Quit the methods which are now taboo. Let Dioxol show you, in a day or two, how much it means to you.

"Clip this advertisement, take it to our special agent, Pearl Drug Co., and they will give you a liberal sample of Dioxol free."

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CHAPTER IX. (Continued)

"Tricks," she confessed, laughing to him. "I could hold my own with Georgie—She's been rather a chum, you know—or with any of the rest. If they had somebody I wanted I usually landed them if I tried, and they had to start early to get anyone away from me—but now, well, I'm in for new competition now."

A woman, a young woman, whose smooth black hair clung to a beautifully formed head; a woman with sombre black eyes that suggested twin flowers of night, hovered close to the table and paused. An observer would have thought that she had stopped, and was about to speak to one or the other of the pair at the table. But she moved on, her slender hand fluttering at her escort's sleeve. Only one who observed very closely would have detected the almost imperceptible signal that Brandon passed to her with a gesture of his cigaret. Joanna was not even conscious of the little tableau of an instant. Brandon kept her attention.

"You think, then, that your problems will have to do mostly with - - - what you are calling competition from your own sex? That implies that your plans, when formed, will be a conquest of men?"

Joanna's brow wrinkled. "That sounds as if I'd admitted something I shouldn't. Won't you tell me what?"

"But you haven't," he protested, earnestly. "What else should there be for you to plan—but to bring the moths to your candle-flame. Could there be anything more interesting for a girl so lovely, and so free from care?"

Joanna smiled into his eyes, brightly. "There really isn't anything else to do, is there? For a while I shall be buying things. No one will tell me of any thing else to do with the money. And there are so many things to buy, I hardly know where to start in. I shall have to find someone, too, to help me. Georgie has been my best girl friend, but she's too much like I am. All she can do is to squeal. That's a trick she developed until it's become second nature to her. I imagine men like you, for example, require more efforts on the part of girls than we could think of behind the silk counter."

Brandon smiled with her. "You mustn't class me as so different from the rest of 'your boys' as you call them. You have succeeded admirably in captivating me, without added wiles. And you can't put me down as a plain fortune hunter, can you? You see I have a famous banker as a doting uncle and I've heaps of stocks and bonds and such things—so you are not to consider me as having set a trap for your millions."

"There—that's what I mean," Joanna flung at him. "I shall have to learn how to meet you and your kind when you say things like that. The best sort of talk I've ever had for a man who went right down into deep water was, 'come in out of the wet,' or something like that. John has been the only one I could ever allow to talk seriously to me about—well, about my ever being married, you know."

Brandon caught the wistfulness in her voice, the wistfulness that came into it at every mention of John. His lips curled again, ever so slightly. "You will have to listen to a great many men who will talk of marriage," he said. "I think it is better for you that you had your little smash, last night before you had plunged too far. John will be waiting, when you are ready to call him—if you really want him."

A deep flush warmed Joanna's face. Her eyes hardened. Brandon saw, but he had been deliberate. He met her eyes coldly. Before she could make her attack he disarmed her.

"I fancy that whoever bestowed a fortune upon you would prefer that you be uninfluenced in your spending of it—for a time, at any rate. That, though, is only my own conclusion. And I'm wondering if you will fit John into your new career as snugly as you fitted him into the one behind you."

Again Joanna surveyed the company around her while she considered what sort of a reply to make. She realized that Brandon had been leading up to this—and she was unhappy before a doubt that he had succeeded in planting in her mind. Would John fit in? Now? Into this gay world of pleasure, joy, unrepression, to which she was being admitted? Could she, with him holding up for her the examples of his own old fashioned ideals, exact from her new opportunities their full need of the only things she knew to be worth while. She hated Brandon, fiercely, she concluded, for conjuring up the doubt. And hated him for the cunning with which he had stirred it.

She was brought abruptly out of her reflections. The woman who had once before hovered at the table, had come up again. Joanna had not seen that quiet signal from Brandon's cigaret which was instantly caught at the nearby table where a woman sat with her escort, a man made much after the pattern of Brandon himself.

Brandon rose and greeted the newcomer. Joanna looked up at her, startled by a sleek, perfectly assembled beauty that was as pungent as the essence of some heavy perfume. Brandon made his presentations easily. Joanna caught the softness of a foreign sounding name, and heard that Brandon called the stranger, "Yvonne." Despite the pretenses, Joanna sensed, instinctively, that the meeting had been arranged.

CHAPTER X.

Joanna Meets Another Suitor

In the sudden cascade of small talk with which the newcomers were settled into their places at the table by two waiters, each more excitable than the other, Joanna was vaguely uncomfortable—out of her accustomed depths. Her store of smart things seemed utterly inadequate to the easy greetings and persiflage. Within her own experiences, introductory conversations took one or the other of two set courses—herself, or "himself." She was never concerned with other women, whether they liked her

"Decisions made after midnight are not always safest. I'm going to drive you home," said Brandon.

or not. Not the ones who came and went across her horizon. They were all like her, merely rivals, equipped as she was, with the common weapons of our modern flapperhood—lips always shaped for kisses, a ready wisdom that guarded those lips when occasions arose, clothes that added to the lure of her and a skill at defense or attack. In Joanna's scheme of things any girl these days, must be ready instantly to take the defense or launch an attack—one or the other was certain to be necessary. She and Georgia got along splendidly in the induction of all new acquaintanceships among the available supply of properly mannered, good enough-looking young chaps with new places to go. She considered now, when she stole a glance at the man who had come up with the woman with the sleek, black hair, that by the time he had said, "How do you do?" to Georgia, that little lady would have blithely inquired of him:

"Well now, look who's here: Why do you think you amount to so much?" And she reflected that, this time, Georgia would get the worst of it in any such encounter.

As she had concluded a moment before, at her first sight of him, Kenilworth—"Roddy," Brandon had called him—was made in the same mold as Brandon, but there was a difference. She disliked Brandon, because she feared that he was to have some tragic influence over her and her mysterious future, but, she admitted, he wouldn't be little. He would not be the sort who would plot for some small favor. If he should want to amuse himself with a woman, he would aim at her soul. She knew the kind—and the danger they embodied.

Kenilworth—he was of the sort she was most accustomed to, only, of course, he was the super-kind that would press to his lips whatever ribbons might come to his finger tips at night, and blow them to the winds in the morning without regard for silk or cotton.

She would always have to be on her guard against Brandon. If Kenilworth carried out the threat which lurked in his calculating eyes as he let them sweep over her, she'd checkmate him, easily. Considering all persons of the other sex as hunters, Joanna fell to wondering what would be the tactics of such a man as Kenilworth who, not being by any means young, must have had divers experiences. She was brought sharply out of this reflection by the young woman with the black hair, whom Brandon had called Yvonne.

"Don't you all know it's horrid, to have to pretend," Yvonne said, suddenly, allowing her fingers to flutter over Joanna's wrist, "that we aren't bubbling over with excitement about Miss Manners' amazing news? I, for one, must tell her how thrilling I think it must be."

Joanna gave her a grateful glance. "There doesn't seem to be anything else I can think about," she admitted. "If I only knew 'why! and from whom!'"

"Let's see," Kenilworth mused aloud. Joanna stands for some generosity of the gods, doesn't it? Something like a 'gracious gift,' if I remember my mythology aright. Gods, like gifthorses, mustn't be looked in the mouth. Not even be the loveliest of their favorites. My advice to Miss Maners is to never worry over the source of her dramatic good fortune but proceed to hire as many pipers to make music for her as she wants to pay."

Yvonne laughed a silvery little laugh that Joanna envied. "And you, Roddy, are dying to offer yourself as one of the original pipers," she accused. To Joanna she added brightly:

He's a beast of prey, this Roddy. He has the same accessories in every port that a sailor is supposed to have put away for his shore leaves. You must never take him seriously. Especially when he makes furious love to you." Kenilworth raised a protesting hand but Yvonne continued, nodding at him.

"Oh, you'll be making love to her before the evening's out." She turned again to Joanna, and informed her, with a trick of dropping her voice into the inflection of a mock confidence that Joanna resolved to practice as soon as she was home: "He'll start in with your eyes, my dear; he has a fancy that young women pin their faith in their eyes and old women on their complexions."

"Don't let her mislead you," Kenilworth pleaded. "She has me confused with someone else. She is positively libelous. I never begin with the eyes, as I'll prove to you as soon as possible!"

"You see!" Yvonne exclaimed. "He prepared you for his onslaughts. You must tell me at once if I am right. It'll be the eyes I'm sure. They're quite pretty you know. I can fancy him raving over them."

Brandon came to Joanna's rescue. "She will survive, even Roddy, I'm sure," he commented. "She has a most disconcerting way of putting the proper people in the right places."

Over the coffee they talked of the money, of Graydon, and Egglestone—and quite understood Joanna's inability to make plans. As often as she could Joanna watched Yvonne, and studied her. She was of the kind that seldom comes to the silk counter of a department store. Joanna decided she was a bright example of the butterfly who hovers gally over the most desirable gardens in that world to which "Miss Twenty-seven, of the silks" had stood no closer than the farthest edge until tonight. And she thought that Yvonne was deliberately reaching out to her, as if to bring her within some common bond. Immediately, though, she considered if this feeling were not born of her own selfconsciousness.

She concluded she would have to learn, soon, to take these new people, who lived among the hilltops and knew the real ways she had always imitated, as she found them. With this resolve she smiled, brightly at Kenilworth. He acknowledged it by putting down his cocktail glass.

"I don't know whether you mean it or not," he said, "but you are saying to me that with so much dancing to be done before they turn us out you'd like to be getting busy. May I consider that I'm right?"

When they were on the floor Joanna asked him to repeat Yvonne's name. "I didn't hear, or I didn't understand it," she explained.

"Yvonne will do, quite satisfactorily," Kenilworth assured her. "Whoever knows her knows her well enough to forget the rest of it—if he can! Anyhow, its Coutant—the Yvonne Coutant you read about. There's a husband here tonight, off in a corner some place. But I don't know which one it is, the first or the last. No use asking her. She's probably forgotten."

Yvonne Coutant! Now Joanna knew why her face had fascinated her; why it had seemed so vaguely familiar! Each marriage a sensation, and each divorce a greater one. She had seen her pictured regularly in the Sunday newspapers—that part of them which she really looked at, the illustrated pages. She remembered Yvonne Coutant divorcing a college boy she'd run away with. A college boy, who was a scion of a family, or something like that. Yvonne Coutant engaged to another millionaire's son, and then to an Egyptian prince. Yvonne Coutant at Monte Carlo, shocking English duchesses with gowns that wouldn't be allowed even in the movies—one newspaper had described them just that way. And in the most daring of beach costumes at Deauville. Then married to the famous author and promptly divorced in Paris. Joanna knew her Sunday-papered history as girls of another day knew their cook books. The Paris buyer for the store had sent over a dress, one time, which he said was an exact copy of the model worn by Yvonne Coutant at the Longchamps races. The store designers had added four inches to the back and front and put on shoulder straps, and made of it a best selling number in the four hundred dollar class. And she, Joanna, yesterday morning "Miss Twenty-seven," had talked with her! Had talked and held her own with her!

"Did you really mean that her husband actually is here, tonight?" she asked her companion.

"One of them. If I spot him I'll give you a nudge. He's with a new flame. Yvonne went over to them, awhile ago, to see what she's like. Says she's the kind that has golden weddings."

(To be continued)

Victor Dance Records for March

Marvelous Music Makes Marvelous Dancing. These dance records are simply superb. You'll never want to stop stepping once you put these on. Let us play them for you today.

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No Man's Mamma—Fox Trot—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra.
The Monkey Doodle-Doo—Fox Trot (from The Cocoanuts)—Busse's Buzzards.
Poor Little Rich Girl—Fox Trot (from Charlot's Revue 1926).—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra.
What Do I Care?—Medley Fox Trot (from Princess Flavia)—International Novelty Orchestra.
That Certain Party—Fox Trot With vocal refrain—Russo and Fiorto's Oriole Orchestra.
I 'Wanno" Go Where You Go—Then I'll Be Happy—Fox Trot—Russo and Biorto's Oriole Orchestra.
Thanks for the Buggy Ride—Fox Trot with vocal chorus—Waring's Pennsylvanians.
I've Got Some Lovin' to Do—Fox Trot—Waring's Pennsylvanians.
In Your Green Hat—Fot Trot with vocal refrain by Billy Murray.—Jack Shilkret's Orchestra.
University of Pennsylvania—Medley Fox Trot With vocal Refrain—Waring's Pennsylvanians.
Pennsylvania State College—Medley Fox Trot with vocal refrain—Waring's Pennsylvanians.
I Wish't, I Was in Peoria—Fox Trot with vocal refrain—Russo and Fiorto's Oriole Orchestra.
Somebody's Eyes—Fox Trot—Russo and Fiorto's Oriole Orchestra.
She Was Just a Sailor's Sweetheart—Fox trot with vocal refrain—George Olsen and His Music.

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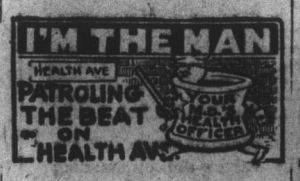

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