

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.

BIBLE THOUGHT
FOR TODAY
Bible thoughts memorized will prove a precious heritage in after years.

THE BEST MEDICINE—A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones. —Proverbs 17:22.

FLORIDA HAS SET THE PACE.
Mr. Richard H. Edmonds, editor of The Manufacturers Record, writing from his winter home in Florida on "Some Aspects of the Florida Situation and Its Relation to the South," sees good in the recession from "the hectic conditions which prevailed last summer," and believes that the big development in that State sets the pace for the whole South, and that it has stimulated the South as to its own possibilities. He says:

I would, however, I think, be false to the position of The Manufacturers Record if I did not reiterate the faith which is strong in me that the Florida movement is merely the beginning of a broad, wide development of the whole South, the greatest which any section of America has ever seen. Many years ago the late Judge Kelly, then known as the "Father of the House of Representatives," visioning that which we are now seeing, stated that the mighty plant of capital and energy which has developed the West was now available for the development of the South, and that nowhere else on earth could be found resources so vast and an opportunity so great for the utilization of this plant for constructive, upbuilding work. That plant, composed of brain and brawn, capital and energy, of machinery of every kind, is now being transferred almost bodily to the South. The spirit of development of the South will mean in giving boundless opportunities to others and in creating out of this vast natural asset greater wealth than America has ever known.

Commenting on Mr. Edmonds' letter, the Raleigh News and Observer admits that "Florida holds supremacy for those who wish to bask in warm sunshine in the three coldest months of the year," and that "this State cannot rival it in producing oranges and grapefruit," but finds that "North Carolina has felt the stimulus of the growing interest in the South, and next to Florida, attracted more attention investors and visitors than any other American State. This State has outdistanced all rivals in the increase of its manufactured and agricultural products. It is second only to Florida as a winter resort and first as a summer resort State. As an all-the-year-round resort State it is just coming into its own."

There is no denying the fact that the Florida boom is over. People here, with lots described as very desirable, have not been able to dispose of them at great profit, and persons who have been to the "Sunshine State" recently say that there has been little business since Christmas.
The boom there moved too quickly, but it is true nevertheless, that it has aided the remainder of the South. People in this State, for instance, are beginning to realize the opportunities they have right here at home. If Florida can do it, why can't we? They are rightly asking and they are answering their own question with an activity that has brought the State to the forefront.

VITAMINS
Many grown people do not realize the importance of the right selection of vitamin-rich foods to assure a sound body and health.
Scott's Emulsion
is the food- tonic rich in vitamins that helps solve nutrition problems. It supplies vitamin-nourishment to build health.

WILL COOLIDGE DARE RUN AGAIN?

Washington is already talking about a change in Congress after the fall election. It is generally agreed that the Republicans cannot keep their present majority even if the Democrats fall to get one. The insurgents in the west are expected to make gains while the Democrats are showing gains in at least four States—Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri and Oklahoma. These States usually belong to the Democrats and they were lost to the party in the Harding landslide.

The most important phase of the election is the effect it will have on President Coolidge. If the Republicans show much strength in the election he will be the candidate for his party in 1928. If his party loses heavily in the election, which seems probable now, he will hardly dare make the race. The President really has been able to do but little with Congress despite the fact that he has given a big working majority. That's the reason the election means so much to him. He has no alibi. The strength is with him in Congress if he can just keep it.

The Democrats enter the election with confidence. They are certain to hold what they have, with chances for victory in other States. The insurgents are as strong as ever and it is freely predicted that some western States will send to the Senate in the fall some men who will line up with the insurgents to take the place of men now considered regular.

Wall Street rocked last week when there was the biggest slump in two years on the Stock Exchange, yet the country as a whole paid no attention to it. That shows that our finances are on a sounder basis than they formerly were. Before the passage of the Federal Reserve Act such depression in stocks would have alarmed the financial world. Wall Street controlled the money then and a panic was not impossible by any means. The Democrats are responsible for the Federal Reserve Act, a measure so eminently fair and necessary that the Republicans have made no effort to repeal it.

BRAMHAM POSITIVELY WON'T BE CHAIRMAN

Feels Sure He Could Be Re-Elected But Under no Circumstances Will He Be Candidate.
Raleigh, March 8.—"I would not be state chairman any longer if they paid me \$50,000 a year," Chairman William G. Bramham said here today when asked if he would yield to the pressure being brought on him to hold his place.
"I just wouldn't have it for anything in the world," he said. "I have been importuned to retain it. From what has been told me and what I have seen I do not doubt that I could be re-elected." Estimates of his supporters would give him more than 900 of the votes and that is about 90 per cent. There would be no fight on him. But he stands against holding on. He authorized the Daily News Bureau to say that he would under no circumstances reconsider his resignation.

Mr. Bramham would not discuss his successor. He preferred not to be guessed at. He desires peace above everything. He had seen in the Greensboro Daily News that Brownlow Jackson's name has been suggested. The chairman thinks no praise of Mr. Jackson too high, but the Durham man is not participating in that contest.
The movement to make him reconsider his resignation will come to a full stop. The state chairman means to enjoy life and the baseball games. And a certainty for that sort of sport does not take in the kind that a state chairman must referee.

COMPLAINT AGAINST VETERAN WITHDRAWN

Inmate of Soldiers' Home Had Been Accused of Seducing Girl.
Greensboro, March 8.—Stander M. Wrightberry, aged 88, veteran of the Civil War, who fought in the Confederate army as a member of the 22d North Carolina Infantry, and who was arrested here on complaint of Ivey Perdue, young girl, that he is the father of her infant child, had the papers withdrawn today. They were withdrawn upon action of the County Commissioners. Wrightberry was, however, arrested and detained in the sheriff's office here today.
He is a native of Alamance County, but in his youth moved to Randolph and later to this city. He was wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville and later at Gettysburg. He has no near relatives, and has been in the O'd Soldiers' Home in Raleigh, leaving there two weeks ago, it is said.

In Japan the Japanese cobbler is a carpenter who nails high stilts to wooden sandals for wet weather and low stilts for dry days.

HUNT FRUITLESS FOR RICH BILTMORE MAN

W. W. Carter, Jr., Construction Man, Gone—Nationwide Hunt Is So Far Fruitless.
Asheville, March 8.—With Burns detective agents combing every section of the nation, with a frantic father eiting each minute clock, with a crushed wife racking her memory for any statement of a symptom that may clarify the mystery, all agencies engaged in the search for W. W. Carter, Jr., 28, wealthy construction man and resident of Billmore, today admitted that they were baffled.

After three weeks of diligent search for the missing man conducted quietly but thoroughly, the first statement given to the press today. The enigma of his present whereabouts is so completely inscrutable that his friends are decided to give publicity to a tragedy that they had originally hoped to handle in a purely personal way.
On Saturday night, February 13th, young Carter, long employed as paymaster and timekeeper of the Carter Construction Company, of which his father is president and chief stockholder, left the Stylas plant on the Swannanoa River at the close of the day's work, registered at a local hotel, spent the night, paid his bill the following Sunday morning and disappeared as completely as though the earth had consumed him. His wife was at that time paying a visit to relatives at Gainesville, Ga.

The following week his automobile was found in Washington, D. C., in a garage. It is not known who left it there. Before departing Carter went to an associate at the Stylas plant the time book with which he kept the records of the workmen's earnings, a batch of unclaimed wage slips were left on hand after meeting the payroll, and \$150 in money to cover them. At his home was found more money and all of his personal belongings, including his baggage. It is declared that the home life of the missing man was particularly happy as far as was known and that irregularities had been found in any of his business or personal affairs. No associate is able to recall any statement that might have pointed to the fact that young Carter was thinking of ever leaving Asheville. His father, well known here through numerous visits and business connections, has not given up hope of finding his son, but nevertheless admitted tonight that the chances were small.

Rex L. Farmer Brings Suit Against the Ku Klux Klan

Wilson, Mar. 8.—Rex L. Farmer, local justice of the peace and deposed secretary of the Wilson branch of the Ku Klux Klan, who was barred by the Supreme court of North Carolina from practicing law in the state for "lack of character," today instituted suit against the Klan for the sum of \$123,534, balance due him for services as secretary of the Klan. The case was heard before Magistrate A. L. McIntosh, who gave judgment in favor of plaintiff. Notice of appeal was made and the matter will be aired out in Wilson Superior court.
Counsel for the Klan made affidavit before the Supreme court that Farmer had misappropriated funds of the Klan. Counsel for Klan says everything will come out in the wash in Superior court.

Look Out For Hang-on Coughs—Dangerous Colds

New Tablet Form of Iron and Cod Liver Oil Surest Way to Keep Well.
Follow the plan used by sailors, life savers and others who are exposed to raw weather. Fortify your system against colds, influenza and grippe. Stop that dangerous cough now.
Iron combined with Cod Liver Oil gives you the good, solid flesh and rich red blood that makes exposure harmless and you can now get cod liver oil and iron combined in easy-to-take tablets with the useless, fishy-tasting part left out.
Specify Duxon's Cod Liver Oil and Iron Tablets at your drug store. Take them every day. Then your blood will be so rich and course so healthfully, that you can laugh at a cold.
For sale by Gibson Drug Store

Glands need gland help. Try these effects

Modern medicine, more and more, is using gland secretion. One of the latest is ox-gall, which comes from the liver and which stimulates the liver.
For generations we have thought that drugs could do that, so we took cathartics. Now we know that drugs do not. We know that ox-gall does.
That discovery has changed the treatment for torpid livers. Physicians the world over now prescribe ox-gall. And we are getting results we never knew before.
A torpid liver causes countless troubles—perhaps most of the troubles we suffer. It means scant bile. That means that toxins form in the intestines, and they enter the blood. These poisons cause troubles like these:
Indigestion, Constipation, Impure Blood, Headaches, Black Freckles, Bad Breath, Heart and Kidney Troubles, Bad Complexions, Dropsical Swellings, Rheumatism, and Youth.

Now ox-gall is used to remedy those troubles. It does what drugs can't do. Results start in 24 hours. To countless people this new discovery is bringing priceless help.
Now ox-gall in its finest form is embodied in a tablet. The name is Duxon's. All druggists supply it. Each tablet contains 10 drops of purified ox-gall.
We ask you to learn what it does. Your trouble may be simple, it may be complex. Let us show you what an active liver does.
(Only the advertisement, take it to our special agent, Pearl Drug Co., and they will give you a liberal sample of Duxon's free.)



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CHAPTER XII. (Continued)

"Your friend and mine, Graydon, was deeply concerned by your report of the young man's disappearance. He said that you might not take the trouble to handle in a purely personal way. On Saturday night, February 13th, young Carter, long employed as paymaster and timekeeper of the Carter Construction Company, of which his father is president and chief stockholder, left the Stylas plant on the Swannanoa River at the close of the day's work, registered at a local hotel, spent the night, paid his bill the following Sunday morning and disappeared as completely as though the earth had consumed him. His wife was at that time paying a visit to relatives at Gainesville, Ga.

She was gazing at him too earnestly not to see. His hardness vanished from his face and his eyes as gently as the passing of a shadow. His fingers reached out for the jade paperweights and toyed with it, as she had observed him to do during her first visit to him. When he spoke again it was as if he were not there, as if he spoke to a memory. "Yes, there are times when money doesn't count. So long as youth knows this everything's all right."

CHAPTER XIII

Yvonne Coutant
Yvonne Coutant was one of those women, young in body and old in the lore of all that is woman, of whom it was the fashion to know much, of whom few knew much. Her appearance on the sunshades balcony at the Casino, at Monte Carlo, had echoed from villa to villa along the whole Riviera. Here, if some evening, she unexpectedly framed herself in the urple curtains of the exclusive Embassy Club in London, or topped to drop her cloak in the sunge of any other fashionable upper rendezvous. Mayfair, Grosvenor, or the Regent, she would appear with a final brandy and o'da. Only the favored few knew whence she came, or what were the high lights of her stay.

For Yvonne Coutant was a creature of high lights—"Roddy" Kenilworth called them "high spots." Her birthplace was of London, and New York was born a lord with none of the societies supposedly attached to such high estate, maintained an outinous argument with Roddy as to whether or not it shouldn't be "spot" lights. Being an Englishman, Roddy was a victor for exactitudes. In its minor way this was as good an example as any of the controversies Yvonne Coutant fostered, and quite as sensible. She guarded her mysteries, her past and her future, and danced to melodies of her own making.

Undoubtedly born in France, he had married an American and an Englishman. She laughed at both when they announced that their affections for her were serious, and laughed at them both then she decided that as husbands they were too encumbering. Here was no public comment ver settlements. Indeed, there lay have been none. If there were, it is probable the husbands were voluntarily generous. Both had been artists at heart and were of the sort who wore a woman as jewel and would continue to be round of the splendor that had seen their during their devotedness. The world, at least one corner of the world, must ever envy them. It is probable they would willingly do their share toward relieving the golden sheen on its butterfly wings that had fluttered for them.

The latter one of these had been Fred Coutant, the American, long before him, however. Yvonne's husband had been one who helped with her interests, and exotic, cosmopolitan charm, to give romantic color to the affairs of that cycle of aspiring American hostesses who in themselves can provide fullness. Men who were without a sense of humor fell disastrously in love with her. She wooed women and they bowed gratefully.

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CHAPTER XII. (Continued)

Roddy Kenilworth might have said a great deal more about Yvonne Coutant than the sum of these things. If he wished. So might Brandon. Of the two Roddy probably had the safer knowledge. He was an unprejudiced observer of women. Brandon was only occasionally interested. Kenilworth always, and somewhere out of his knowledge of her Kenilworth had acquired the power of disconcerting her whenever he wished. She sensed the challenge in his mood when he came upon her in a corner of the little winter garden which opened off the drawing room of her home in one of the fashionable cross streets that have usurped the exclusiveness of the Avenue. This house was another of the mysteries that encompassed Yvonne Coutant. It had come to her from neither of her husbands. So far as any one knew she always maintained it as a sort of retreat from her globe trotting. She called it her "anchor." No matter how long were her absence it was always staffed with servants.

Yvonne swept the girl's face with a quick glance. "What do you know about me?"

"I can never enjoy a highball when I'm too close to a woman," she explained. "One distracts my attention from the other, consequently I miss something of both."

"I can't fancy you falling to exact the utmost from either," she retorted.

"You flatter my vanity and in the same breath shame my faults. For the moment, as Walker is prompt in his response to the summons, I shall disabuse you of your judgment—as to the highball."

"She watched him silently while he poised the decanter over a glass. She merely nodded her refusal to his, 'Are you joining me?' He poured his portion and added the ginger ale he preferred to soda. Her comment, he said, holding his glass slightly toward her. She nodded her permission. Her eyes still fixed on him.

"Do you know," he observed, when he had tasted his drink, "I never see a woman—a pretty woman, that is—posed on a cushion, pedestal or throne, in the posture of a female Hindu, or the wife of some Hindu god, that I don't wonder what sinister deviltry they ponder over. If I should come across you, like that, in a Hindu Temple of Gold, or behind the altars along some Path of Ancestralness, I should feel the urge to make a sacrifice to you—a maiden widow, or a first born girl child, or something of the sort, to propitiate you!"

CHAPTER XII. (Continued)

"I repeat," he insisted, "that even if you do spoil my carefully thought out approach, I shall not be deterred from getting my information in my own leisurely way. Let us talk of something extraneous—the girl of last night, for example. Extraordinary situation, isn't it? Smothered by money and doesn't know where to turn for breath!"

"You are not nearly so good now, Roddy, as you were before!" Yvonne flicked him with the tail of her inscrutable smile, and then the girl was thinking about what you came in—I don't think she's been off your mind since last night. And if there's any evil in store for her you want to provide it yourself, don't you, Roddy? Isn't that it?"

"There'll be the woman on the cushions exulted: "You are delightful again, as you always art when you're trapped. Now I shall stop my drink. If I may, while you proceed to your cross examination. See? I am careless of my wits; I expose them to the same whiskey."

"Do you think an impulse of last night, born of my own thrill at the riot that must be going on in her mind, must necessarily be so definite as that? With some hidden motive behind it?"

"There's going to be quite a lot put up to her. I should imagine," Kenilworth agreed. "You simply give her an added problem. How does Brandon associate in your plotting?"

"Now, Roddy, I didn't guarantee to go into details. There aren't any yet. You may be unperturbed, however. Brandon wanted me to ask her to come to me. He doesn't know why I consented, and you won't either, until you discover for yourself. Now then, I'm going to uncurl my legs and come out of my female Hindu goddess pose. It's becoming uncomfortable. So I shall be wondering, even no longer. You observe I do not ask you what your intentions are toward my ward, as I should, but that I know I'll see for myself. I know your procedure perfectly."

He gave her his hand and helped her to her feet. "I have a sense of being completely baffled," he remarked, ruefully. "I learn only what I already knew and nothing more, except—," suddenly his tone altered. "Except that you would torture every living thing and wreck every castle that was ever built in the air if Brandon would hold out his hand to you!"

CHAPTER XII. (Continued)

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