

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	8:15 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 82 to New York	9:03 P. M.
No. 50 to New York	1:55 A. M.
Southbound	
No. 45 to Charlotte	9:45 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	9:50 P. M.
No. 29 to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No. 81 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. 37 to Atlanta	9:50 A. M.
No. 39 to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

Train No. 24 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The Only God—Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord.—Deuteronomy 6:4.

SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS INCREASE

"Prodigal America" and "extravagant America" are expressions often heard and often warranted, but the American citizen is not wasting all of his money at that. We are spending millions for radios, automobiles, moving pictures and other things that did not tempt the average man and woman a few years ago, yet we are saving more than any generation of Americans in history. During the year American people saved \$2,900,000,000 more than they did in 1924.

These figures indicate that the annual income of the American people from savings bank deposits is approximately \$750,000,000—and increase of \$60,000,000 for the year.

And Treasury officials declared that another material increase is in prospect for 1926.

The result is that the United States has probably a greater surplus of cash than the rest of the world combined, according to officials.

The increase in savings accounts during 1925 was particularly noteworthy coupled with the investment of a sum nearly three times as large placed in foreign and domestic industry. Officials declared that probably 80 per cent. of the funds invested last year went into productive business promising a greater per dollar income in 1926.

Productive investments last year were featured by \$1,496,000 used in public utilities development. The great increase in the demand for electrical power was chiefly responsible for the heavier investment in this field.

Building construction, requiring capital of \$715,000,000, doubled the 1924 expenditure and according to preliminary figures for 1926 another record breaking year is in prospect.

Railroad investments were \$380,000,000, about half the 1924 figure, while \$198,000,000 went into iron, steel, coal and copper developments.

The total capital issues amounted to \$4,100,000 in United States, while American capital investment abroad were \$1,300,000.

These investments, represent a vast contribution to the world's earning power in the future, according to officials. It was pointed out that the government has exerted pressure upon American bankers to prevent the outflow of gold and credit, except where it will be devoted to productive industry.

HENRY FORD TO "SAVE" NEW ENGLAND.

Textile manufacturers of the East have done to Henry Ford for counsel

and encouragement. Following periods of depression in their chosen vocation, the manufacturers see conditions becoming more acute all the time, primarily because of Southern competition.

Answering the appeal of the Associated Industries of New England, Mr. Ford has consented to lend his personal efforts and staff toward "Fordizing" the manufacturing industries of New England.

"Fordize New England if you want to save her manufacturing industries from the competition of the New South," was the advice given in the early part of the week by E. A. Filson, Boston's largest merchant, and acted upon by the Associated Industries.

The Detroit manufacturer, stopping at his recently acquired property, Wayside Inn, at Sudbury, just south of Boston, consented to review the New England situation and follow a conference with a representative committee declared that mass production and mass distribution as best exemplified by his own factories would solve the problem of New England industries.

"What we have done with our Detroit factories can be done by New England industries and will save you manufacturing from the industrial activities of the New South," declared Mr. Ford.

"Your New England industries need mass production and mass distribution. These factors are accountable for the remarkable growth of the South industries as displayed in the Carolinas."

Mr. Ford, characterized as the greatest producer of all time, will devote his personal time and that of his production staff to the originating of a committee of New England manufacturers during the month of April.

ESTEP WILL OPPOSE
ROBERT L. DOUGHTON
Denounces Prohibition, Volstead Law and Medical Society Rules and Regulations in Announcement.

Hon. Robert L. Doughton, congressman from the eighth district, is going to have opposition in his home county in the approaching primary and election.

In a signed statement sent to The Charlotte Observer Sunday Dr. Thomas A. Estep, of Stratford, Allegheny county, announced his "independent candidacy" for Congress. Mr. Doughton has represented the eighth district for a number of years.

In his statement Dr. Estep gave some indication of what he is expected to stress in the campaign. He said he does not like prohibition and the 18th amendment, nor the present system of taxation.

The doctor goes further, admitting that he is a physician he adds a word of criticism to the "unjust system of the medical practice rules and regulations by the will of the special-privileged medical society and its private board of examiners."

The statement of Dr. Estep, sent to The Observer and addressed also to the Associated Press, reads as follows:

"With faith in the Jeffersonian principles of democracy carried on by Jackson and Lincoln, I declare my independent candidacy from the eighth district of North Carolina in the United States Congress.

"It seems to me, as a life-long Democrat, that the Democratic party should be democratic one hundred per cent. in action, as name applies, and that our government should be shorn of the grips of wealth and oligarchy.

"There can be no righteous excuse for a system of taxation or of tax reduction that accords to the rich and the privileged of wealth-possessed, relief and immunities that are denied to the poor, to those who toil and on whose very will the government rests.

"There can be no excuse for the continuance of the unjust system of the medical practice rules and regulations, by the will of the special-privileged medical society and its private board of examiners for the public in the state and in their own interest, that secures to some the doctor's aid and relief, with protection and privileges, health and life, that are denied to the victims of neglect, the helpless sick and distressed-dying whom North Carolina permits to cry unheeded.

"Give us repeal of the liberty destroying prohibition amendment put over by force and intimidation and stop the intemperance and the persecution resulting by the will of the immoral and despotic Volsteadism, oppressing the poor and corrupting the rich.

"Let us have equal rights before the law, every woman and man, girl and boy, in church, state and school.

(Signed)
"THOMAS L. ESTEP, M. D."
"Stratford, N. C., March 18, 1926."

"The Old Norwegian custom of 'Julebuk' or dressing up in comic costumes and calling on friends is still practiced between Christmas and New Year's Day in many Norwegian-American communities.

PROPOSE TO REVIVE
INTEREST IN SPEAKING

Newton Teachers Think Too Much Emphasis Is Placed on Athletics.

Newton, March 19.—At a recent meeting of the School Masters Club, D. J. Whitener chairman, the following motion was adopted:

"Believing that declaiming and reciting are very important and highly beneficial; that there is too much emphasis placed on county athletic activities in comparison to the place given the almost forgotten art of public speaking; that the best way to encourage declaiming and reciting is to have a county-wide contest; that the winners in the final contests should be awarded appropriate prizes; that the School Master Club go on record as favoring the declamation and recitation contests."

It was decided to have two separate declamation and recitation contests, one for the grammar grades and one of the high school department.

The time of these contests will be announced later, the preliminaries will probably come about the last of this month.

The Georgia Peach Crop "Killed" Again.

Monroe Enquirer.

Report is to the effect that 40 to 50 per cent. of the Georgia peach crop has been killed by the recent cold weather.

I cannot recall a single year that the Georgia peach crop has not been "killed" at least half a dozen times. Still each succeeding season many hundreds of cars of Elbertas, Heleys, May Queens and other kinds of peaches are shipped east to the large cities.

It is said that 90 per cent. of the Georgia peach crop was in bloom last week. One million more trees this year are coming into bearing, and over the crop was been destroyed, more production has been feared. If half profit will accrue in the end to the peach growers.

WHAT SKINNY MEN OUGHT TO KNOW

You probably know that Cod Liver Oil is the greatest flesh producer in the world.

Because it contains more Vitamins than any food you can get.

You'll be glad to know that Cod Liver Oil comes in sugar-coated tablets now, so if you really want to put 10 or 20 pounds of real healthy flesh on your bones and feel well and strong ask the Pearl Drug Company or any druggist for a box of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets.

Only 60 cents for 60 tablets and if you don't gain five pounds in 30 days your druggist is authorized to hand you back the money you paid for them.

It isn't anything unusual for a person to gain 10 pounds in 30 days.

"Get McCoy's, the original, and genuine Cod Liver Oil Tablet."

Sauce For The Goose



THERE is almost no meat or poultry that is not improved by the accompaniment of a tart fruit sauce. Chief of these is applesauce. Without it the goose would lose much of its popularity. As for pork—derived of applesauce, it would be like a story without a point.

Provided it is made of rather sour apples, applesauce is excellent with fudge chicken or even turkey. It is the handiest possible sauce for the housewife, since it is now put up in a ready-to-serve form, thus saving her much time and labor. She may also get her duck, chicken or turkey out of a can, as well as most of the staple meats.

The velvet-smoothness of the commercially prepared applesauce is a great asset. Sugar or lemon juice

may be added according to taste. Otherwise, it is ready for the table or to use in making various dainty desserts.

Baked Apple-Pudding is made by mixing a can of applesauce with two beaten eggs and bread-crumbs which have been moistened with melted butter. If applesauce is very tart, add sufficient brown sugar to sweeten. Bake until brown.

Apple Roll—Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder and 1/4 teaspoon salt. Work in 2 table-spoons butter and add 1/4 cup milk, mixing with knife. Roll out dough on floured board, cover with canned applesauce and roll dough like jelly roll. Steam one hour and twenty minutes in covered vessel. Serve with vanilla sauce.

CHAPTER XXIII. (Continued)

She laughed, gaily but all she said was, "Heaps!" After awhile she added, "But we mustn't reminisce, Teddy. It may transpire that some day I shall have nothing left but reminiscence. If that happens, I'll want them all saved up. You'll be one of the best of them."

He caught her hand, when she rose, and held her. She did not draw away, but stood quietly, her eyes meeting his. She was so close to him that he felt the warmth and tenderness of her, and that she was almost breathless. For one brief instant his brain went into a riot and he was dizzy. When his head cleared he felt her crushed against him, and realized that it was his own arms that were holding her there, holding her so tightly that already her arms were aching. He would have dropped his arms and released her, but she caught them, and let him understand that she was yielding. She was even holding her pale lips to his. When, at last, she stirred, he kissed her again, and then freed her. Before she drew back she said to him:

"I would like to love you, Teddy, and if I could, I would. No one has ever said so fine a thing to me as you have—that you'd not only want me but take me however I am. That is so different than being told that I'm wanted but mustn't be had! I'll remember that, whatever happens."

Before they reached the gates of the Villa Amette grounds Joanna brought up his threat to do the sporting thing with Kentworth. "I'd rather you'd not tell him that I know what has been in the past between him and Yvonne," she said. "It hasn't interested me at all, you know."

Teddy thought, it did interest her. He was foolishly bitter about it, and resentful, which he didn't have a chance to show, however, because they were turning into the villa path and Joanna, with a flirt of her crop, broke into a final gallop toward the stables.

Dorminster had all the Englishman's love for him among the grooms, and these rides through the fragrant beauty of the Riviera hills were as frequent as she would grant, that he did not watch the grooms rub down their horses and perform the countless little services which the British stable-master finds necessary to his charges as are the admiring glances of a watchful maid to the grooming of her dainty mistress. Both of the steeds they had ridden that morning had been his gifts to the Golden Girl, brought from the stables in Sussex he had inherited with his other fortunes.

It was significant of him that while Joanna left him among the grooms, after an affectionate and appreciative rub at her steed's nose, Martha, who had caught the echoes of the gallop through the hedge path of Villa Amette had hurried out from the house with a soft cape for her mistress's shoulders, but Joanna waved her away and turned among the bushes of gorgeous pansies and French violets which lined the walk on either side up to a glistening white summer house, with its broad porches and crystal windows was famous along the Riviera in legends of the lost romantic. When the grounds of Villa Amette were thrown open to some exotic revel the house in the "Amette Trion" was the center of bizarre festivities. From its porches one might look along far stretches of the deep blue Mediterranean, and weave many idle fancies about the snail-like ships coming in from Suez or steaming along to Corsica.

Joanna dropped onto a step beneath the window and, with her customary trick of pulling up her knees and resting her chin in them, fell into a profound study. She did not notice when her riding crop slid from her listless fingers, nor when Martha, who had been observing her, came across the lawn and stubbornly spread the cape, which was heavy enough to baffle the always cool sea breezes, around her slim shoulders.

Of what Teddy had said to her only one thing hurt a bit. The talk among that circle of butlers and buttery hunters which make up the gay colony of gamblers—gamblers in love of one kind or another as well as in money of the only kind—that credited her with deliberately "stealing" from Yvonne, one by one, that rich company of devotees whose constant hanging on about her had classified them as her own particular army of serviceable henchmen. It was true, of course, Brandon, for whom she knew Yvonne would have left, whatever she had said; Roddy Kentworth, who had once been much to Yvonne; Coutant, and who, for some strange reason, might still command her horses to drop his gaudy mask and tear hers aside; Michael, the Russian,



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who had saved his fortune from the debacle at St. Petersburg and had been generous with it to Yvonne's benefit; one or two others who fluttered around her in London and Paris and who counted in a lesser way, and, even Teddy Dorminster himself—for there always had been, before a sort of genuine affection between Yvonne and Yvonne which Yvonne had called upon at those times when she was a little tired of everything. All of these had made a corral of her own treasure chest and had climbed into it, each with his separate manner, and separate intent.

Yet Yvonne had never revealed the slightest gesture of concern. Indeed, those were times when Joanna fancied that she glowered in the fickleness of her satellites. It was almost as if she deliberately invited it. And, then, there were other times, Joanna reflected, when she had surprised the weariness in the dense black eyes of the woman who had been, from her perspective, the ideal pattern

a telegram or cablegram, had arrived for her. The servant assured Mademoiselle none had. If Johr was coming or, as she understood from the conversation she had overheard, he was already some place near in the South of France he had sent her no word.

She knew he was in London. He had written from there, his usual letter, glowing with the details of his reception by British architects, telling of some of his plans, and restrained affectionately. He had said he would "run down" to the Mediterranean soon, but had mentioned no time. She made sure of this omission by hunting out his letter and reading it again.

She heard Yvonne come in from the grounds and found a reason for seeking her. They had not been together since the closing hour of the affair at Prince Michael's party night before. They had returned to Villa Amette in different parties and Joanna had retired at once.

Yvonne seemed to nourish no memory of what must have been her chagrin when the whisper went around at Michael's that the Golden Girl had stolen the prince away to settle the question thus less possibility of intrusion than that afforded by many palm hung nooks on his own estate. She talked of some of the details of the night before, and didn't mention that she knew of John's coming or arrival.

"Roddy turned up this morning after you had gone," she remarked. "I was in a fearful fret. I gave him what consolation I could which didn't satisfy him. I suggested he join us for tea at the Hermitage. I am supposed to drop in, there, on Michael. You will come along?"

Joanna agreed enthusiastically. "I must make some amends to Roddy," she observed. She didn't add that she was glad of the opportunity to settle the gossip over her and Michael by being seen, casually, with him and Yvonne. She wanted to disabuse any notion that she had time for an affair with this Russian whose emotional amusements were never romantic. She preferred that he remained classified as belonging to the other woman.

When they crossed the lounge into the palm room, at the Hermitage, the smartly robed women and debonair, idle men who gather from all parts of the world for this fashionable tea hour, exchanged furtive and curious glances. The two men were most discussed of the Riviera habitues, and the woman and the girl the season's brightest ornaments. For several weeks there had been rumors of some forthcoming event at Villa Amette. The Golden Girl, so the rumors ran, had wearied of such stereotyped thrills as spectacular plays at the roulette tables in the Casino, commonplace revels as were on the daily calendar among the Cap Martin villas—as Michael's for example. With her apparently endless supply of money and Yvonne's customary disregard of convention to support her, the news was, Mademoiselle Joanna was about to give the Riviera something actually worth while talking about. The echoes were vague, indefinite, but it was observed, workmen already were mysteriously engaged on parts of the Villa Amette grounds.

"I have been approached by an exact dozen of people," Roddy remarked when they had settled to their tea, "so far today with a request for inside information as to what's coming off at Amette. Monte Carlo is getting uneasy."

"And you've told what they expect to hear, haven't you?" Joanna asked lightly, "that it's to be just another wild extravagance of the mysterious American child?"

"I've told them nothing," he returned. "It will be time enough when I am entrusted with a few invitations to extend. I may have some of my friends, may I not?"

"Yvonne is really a hostess, you know," Joanna informed him. "I'm only helping to pay the bills. I haven't spent anything for an age, now, it seems. I must have a real fling."

It was then that Prince Michael's out in and set Joanna's pulses to racing.

"I am reminded," he remarked. "Haven't I heard that Mademoiselle counted among her acquaintances at home this architect chap who is crushing such a commodore just now? Wilmore, John Wilmore, I think it is. Sufficient importance for our esteemed journals to announce his arrival at Monte Carlo. Extraordinary compliment, what with so many dukes and their duchesses, right and left handed, arriving daily. Am I right Mademoiselle? Have I heard his name and yours together?"

Joanna answered quietly, "It is possible. You hear so much about names being linked together, down here." She smiled at him quizzically.

He laughed pleasantly. Prince Michael was always pleasant. This Russian who found nothing in his thirty-five years to make him otherwise except on such temporary occasions as when, entwined in some amorous adventure. It was a pleasantness, though, that impressed as a mask. The night before Joanna had known quite well there would have been no wedding formalities if she had found herself in Genoa with him.



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CHAPTER XXIV
Old Memories

In the house Joanna called her butler and inquired if any message,



"John wouldn't have me then, she said simply—I doubt if he'd want me now."

in the minds of Miss Twenty-seven and her excessively-modern kind. Joanna had become so accustomed to riddles that she wouldn't fight them too long when they persisted in baffling her. A quick, nervous shrug of her shoulders was the sign that whichever way things went they'd get to where they were going anyway. She reached for her riding crop which lay at her feet. While she was clasping it she was conscious of voices that floated out from the rose hung window just above her.

She would have called out mercy, for one of the voices was that of Yvonne, but one word plucked her brain as sharply as a sudden shock. Yvonne was saying—Jeha! Her mind just escaping from the thrall of her reverie, it was caught and held again. Joanna was totally unconscious for a time, that she was listening.

Yvonne was saying:
"I don't imagine his coming will make much of a difference. If he told her of this visit, or if she knew of it, she has not mentioned it. I doubt if she knows. It isn't a thing she would be secretive about."

The other voice was Brandon's: "Nevertheless he will have to be reckoned with. She hasn't seen him since she left America, and she isn't the fumbling peeper Wilmore isn't the changes now, John. He was a year ago. He's aroused the popular enthusiasm. He is sufficient of a celebrity to be acclaimed in Europe.

"The homage people are paying him probably has ironed out some of the kinks in that contorted philosophy which irritated her when she wanted to find out how fast a pace she could go. He'll probably measure up fairly decently now."

Joanna felt the touch of irony in Yvonne's reply: "You'll hardly be afraid that he will measure up to you? Roddy is frankly worried by him. That I can understand because when Roddy goes on an emotional spree he accents a battle in every lone scout that gives his quarry a chance inspection. But you are usually confident. And, if I'm not mistaken, you hold the whip and can swing it, whenever you are ready."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Only my careful deductions, my dear. I know you too well besides and buttery hunters which every move you make. You've been so deliberate in your play that I know you can afford to take your time. That, to me means you're holding a trump of some kind. I won't ask you if I'm right, for of course you wouldn't tell me—the truth anyway."

He answered something, but Joanna had conquered herself and shut the voices away from her. She recovered her crop, rose quietly and went toward the house.

The Strange, Romantic Love Adventures of the Flapper you know

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WHAT'S SMART IN MEN'S WEAR

Some men get a lot of pleasure in being well dressed



ALL of us work to get money to buy the things that give us most pleasure—that's natural.

One man finds his pleasure in a fast car; another in a radio set that will "pick up" Europe; others in a fine home; pictures; the theater; books.

Some men find they can get pleasure from clothes—more pleasure for the money than in almost any other way.

They find that it adds zest to life not to have to wear the same suit to the office every day; to have flannels for the country club; a good looking dark suit for evenings when they don't wish to get into the dinner jacket.

Their associates unconsciously defer to them; they are at ease when thrown into contact with business superiors; they have more self-confidence; get along faster.

And they don't spend a lot of money—it isn't necessary. They just get a new suit every now and then, before their old one is absolutely threadbare.

Of course, when they do get a suit, they usually get a good one—one with style and quality

that will last—and before a great while they have built up a wardrobe that gives them a lot of pleasure.

Uncle Sam's Possessions Seeking Political Grants.

Washington, March 18.—(AP)—Nearly all of Uncle Sam's territories and dependencies are knocking at the doors of Congress demanding one form of political concession or another.

From the Philippines, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Alaska, and the Virgin Islands have come communications ranging from petitions for a simple change in the present form of civil government to requests for absolute independence.

For the first time citizens of the Virgin Islands came this year before a committee of Congress to picture restlessness in the islands and ask for reorganization of the island government.

The delegates to Congress from

Hawaii and Alaska have introduced bills to give their respective electorates the power to choose their own governor generals. In addition, Hawaii wants a readjustment of the immigration laws as applied to Hawaiians of Oriental extraction.

The demands of the Philippines and Porto Rico have been the most insistent of all. The Porto Ricans now seem to have put aside the idea of independence, so intense two years ago, and are asking for the privilege of electing their own governor from 1932 on, with statehood as their goal. Many influential groups in the Philippines, on the other hand, are as ardent as ever for independence.

It is certain that very few of these petitions will be granted, at least at the present session of Congress.

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