

The Concord Daily Tribune

J. B. SHERRILL Editor and Publisher W. M. SHERRILL, Associate Editor MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE In Effect Jan. 30, 1926. Northbound No. 40 To New York 9:28 P. M.

No. 138 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 precious heritage in after years.

Right Reasoning—Let us reason together, said the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.—Isaiah 1:18.

OUR POPULATION. Figures just compiled by the National Bureau of Economic Research show an estimated gain of 1,629,000 in population in the United States last year.

The estimated gain was almost identical with that of 1924. Most of the increase is due to excess of births over deaths.

There were approximately 1,350,000 more births than deaths in the country last year, immigration accounting for but about 250,000 new citizens.

The estimated population of continental United States was placed at 115,940,000 on Jan. 1, 1926, or a gain of more than 10,000,000 since the last Federal census in 1920.

The estimates were reached principally by a process of figuring covering the registration area by consideration of arrivals and departures from the United States and by a reapportionment of the work done by the bureau in previous years.

There was a moderate decrease in the amount of net immigration into the United States, the bureau said, but it was offset by a larger number of births and a smaller number of deaths.

"The total population gain in 1925 was slightly larger than the average for the last seventeen years," said the report, "but materially less than that of 1923, when the large amount of immigration contributed to a population increase of 1,966,000, or of 1909, when for the same cause, the growth ran up to 1,173,000.

"During the last year, immigration played a minor role in the growth of the country, accounting for less than one-sixth of the total increase, the excess of births over deaths adding 1,397,000 persons, while immigration accounted for but 262,000 new inhabitants.

"It is a noteworthy fact that, despite the growth in population, both the number of births and the number of deaths were approximately the same in 1925 as in 1909. The year 1909 had an abnormally high birth rate and is therefore not a typical year, but since 1916 there appears to have been no tendency toward an increase in the number of children born in the United States, while the number of deaths tends to run lower now than sixteen years ago."

"FARMER BOB" SEEMS SAFE. Friends of Congressman Robert L. Doughton, popularly known through out his district as "Farmer Bob," should rest easy about his coming contest for the seat in the eighth district.

There is already one candidate in the field, and there will be at least one other, but the signs point to another victory for the Democrat.

The Republicans will offer a candidate to be sure, but that is about all. They never had much chance, even with Cabarrus in the Republican ranks, and now that this county is back with the Democrats, the chance

of any Republican in the district is lessened.

Dr. Thomas L. Estep, who hails from Mr. Doughton's own county, is an independent candidate. And in addition he is "wet." The two should eliminate him without trouble.

And there is another matter that must be considered. Dr. Thomas attacks the medical profession, protesting against rules and regulations governing doctors. He is certain to be distasteful to members of that profession and their number is to be considered.

We have no idea that a "wet" candidate can be elected in North Carolina to Congress. Certainly such a candidate would have hard sledding in the eighth district. The majority of the people are "dry" and they want their Congressman to be "dry" too.

With the Democrats perfectly willing for him to hold the office again, Mr. Doughton should have no trouble with any other candidates that may offer themselves.

CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF THEM.

Seemingly we can't get enough automobiles in the United States. At present, statisticians tell us, there is one car in the United States for every 6.3 persons. Yet the output is steadily on the increase.

February production of motor vehicles in the United States and Canada is announced by the Department of Commerce as 334,527 passenger cars and 40,805 trucks, of which 318,632 passenger cars and 37,522 trucks were made in the United States, and 15,895 passenger cars and 3,283 trucks in Canada.

This represented an increase of 51,264 passenger cars as compared with revised figures for January, 1926, manufacture, and a decrease of 9,933 as compared with February, 1925. Trucks showed an increase of 8,184 over January, 1926, and an increase of 7,895 over February, 1925.

TODAY'S EVENTS

Wednesday, March 24, 1926. Centenary of the birth of Matilda J. Cage, noted reformer and one of the early presidents of the National Woman Suffrage Association.

Twenty-five years ago today died Charlotte M. Young, whose novels were favorite reading in our grandmothers' day.

Ten years ago today the British channel steamer Sussex was torpedoed with Americans on board, which event influenced in no small measure America's entry into the war.

Garrett P. Serviss, a scientist whose writings have done much to popularize the study of astronomy, celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday anniversary today.

Andrew W. Mellon, secretary of the treasury in the Coolidge cabinet, is another notable who has a birthday anniversary today—his seventy-first.

Voters in Atlanta at a special election today will be given opportunity to pass on a proposed bond issue of \$8,000,000 for schools and public improvements.

A Dispute.

Statesville Daily. The chaplain of the State prison, Rev. Mr. Shacklette, talking to a Kiwanis meeting recently, declared that State Pardon Commissioner Hoyle Sisk had said to him at that preachers' meeting that he should exercise in part the duties of pardon commissioner. He has been making recommendations which Mr. Sisk didn't approve. Mr. Sisk doesn't fall for a simple profession of repentance. He believes in punishment and it takes more than a profession of error and a promise of reform to convince him that the prison doors should open. The fact that he is practical rather than theoretical, conservative rather than emotional, is his best recommendation for his job. Possibly in resisting the chaplain's efforts to decide issue for him Mr. Sisk may, in a moment of irritation, have intimated that some preachers don't know a great deal about some things they profess to know about, or words to that effect. But evidence will be necessary to convince those who know him that the pardon commissioner included all the cloth in the generalization. Apparently he is too level-headed to be so rash in statement. Mr. Shacklette must have misunderstood him.

Going Too Far. The Baptists of Minnesota, as an organization, are asking legislation forbidding any teaching of the Darwinian theory of evolution in the state university. The cause of religion has in such friends its worst enemies. The right to restrict education in this manner, if logically extended, would preclude any information as to the theory of religion itself. It is part of the education of the modern man to know the elements of the theory of evolution, just as it is for him to know the "nebular hypothesis," which is another interesting but approved theory.

In earlier days religious denominations undertook the task of public education. The work of instruction was regarded as a sacred duty. Many of our greatest American secular universities were founded by religious individuals or bodies. There has never been any doubt about the duty of these institutions to explain all the philosophies that have commanded the intellectual respect of mankind. Theories must be understood to be

intelligently evaluated.

The evolutionary philosophy is no exception. Objection can only arise where acute partisan propagandism crams the philosophy down the student's throat as the final truth. Laws cannot dispose of a philosophy or scientific theory. Only fuller knowledge can do that.

When the theory of evolution is presented to the student, the off-side of the case should be stated. The case against evolution is of quite as great scientific respectability as the case for it; and an educated man is able to state both. By this test many if not most of our teachers of evolution have not been educators but propagandists.

The opportunity to analyze the merits and defects of the theory of evolution is the college student's due. The same is true of religion itself. For no principle is more a subject of dispute than is religion. If, however, evolution is being taught as a covert sort of anti-religion, the Baptists of Minnesota have the right to protest that the teaching of anti-religion has no place in a state university.

Sayings of the Times. There is no news in being happy.—Irving Berlin. War is a failure.—Ex-Solicitor-General Beck. The richest people in Europe are the French people.—Ex-Ambassador Harvey.

Christians are keeping Turkey wet.—Puffball Johnson. A law is a sword.—Premier Mussolini. The only place where you will get absolute agreement is in a cemetery.—Dr. Cornelius Wolfkin.

The citizen who would deny political privilege to his fellow citizen because of race or creed is exhibiting not his Americanism but his lack of it.—Ex-Secretary of State Hughes. A cigar named after me? Well, didn't the herring make Bismark famous?—George Bernard Shaw.

What tires people most is doing nothing.—Ex-Premier Poincare. Singing teaches the singer courage; and combined singing, funnily.—Sir Hugh Allen.

Few women are independent. Some gain it; they are; others pretend they do not want to be.—Care Sheridan. The public doesn't know what it wants until it gets it.—Israel Zangwill.

Marriage is like every other job; you have got to get used to it.—J. A. R. Cairns. Pistols are as common as lead pencils—they are the curse of America.—Chief Magistrate McAdoo, of New York.

There is no human trait so impossible to conceal as one's estimate of one's self.—Dr. Hartley Alexander.

Average Price of Tobacco at Durham, 23 Cents. Durham, March 23.—An average price of 23 cents a pound was paid for the 17,493,088 pounds of tobacco sold on the Durham market of the 1925 crop, distributed among the growers in the section of North Carolina and parts of Virginia, South Carolina and Georgia \$3,954,383.51, according to the official figures given out by Dewey Ray, secretary of the Durham Tobacco Board of Trade. This is about 7,000,000 pounds more than was sold on the Durham market last year.

Colds Fever Grippe Be Quick—Be Sure! Get the right remedy—the best men know. So quick, so sure that millions now employ it. The utmost in a laxative. Broadside Quinine in ideal form. Colds stop in 24 hours. La Grippe's days. The system is cleaned and toned. Nothing compares with Hill's.

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Hill's Antiseptic Oil. Known as Snake Oil STOPS PAIN From coast to coast men and women are singing the praise of "Snake Oil," a most powerful penetrating pain relieving liniment. It will penetrate thickest sole leather in 3 minutes.

Mrs. R. Werner, New Orleans, La., writes: "Thanks to your wonderful penetrating oil, it relieved me of Rheumatism and deep seated chest cold after other remedies failed."

"I had rheumatism so bad I had to walk on crutches for nine years," says H. C. Hendrix, old soldier of Minneapolis, Minn. "After three months' treatment with 'Snake Oil' I laid off my crutches and now can walk like a boy."

J. B. Moore, Pittsburgh, Pa., railroad man, says: "'Snake Oil' is the only liniment that ever gave me relief from rheumatism. I use it regular after being exposed to bad weather."

For rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, stiff joints, pain in back and limbs, corns, bunions, chafe, colds, sore throat, "Snake Oil" is said to be without an equal. Refuse imitations. This great oil a golden red color. Mfg. only by Herb Juice Medicine Co., U.S.A. Get it, your druggist's.—(Adv.)



CHAPTER XXIV. (Continued)

"What else would you have?" he wanted to know. "We have no wars to fight and no work to do. There is nothing left but pastime. People used to write poems and read Shakespeare. Rotten time they had of it. Today we invent pleasures to be built upon by our senses. That's more reasonable and it involves a learned knowledge of who belongs to who and what's the chances of taking her away from him? But we were talking of this architect fellow. Tell me about him, please. Seems to enjoy working at something."

"You'll have to satisfy my own curiosity first," Joanna declared. "Perhaps you'll send for the 'esteemed journal.' I'd like to know what is being said of him. He was a very struggling student when I saw him last."

An attendant quickly produced a copy of L'Echo which bore that morning's date. Michael pointed to a paragraph in the column of the new arrivals at the various resorts along the fashionable coast. Both Kenilworth and Yvonne watched her furtively, when, with a murmured "Pardon!" she fastened her eyes on the short item.

"Among the bookings on the Blue Express at Calais yesterday was the distinguished young American architect, John Wilmore, who comes from a visit to London for an indefinite stay. He has made reservations at the Las Palmiers. Mr. Wilmore's recent achievement of fame has been extremely interesting. It is understood that a year or so ago he was unknown. American capitalists suddenly appreciated the great merits of his daring conception of a war memorial in which are included some startling conventional features which have caused international discussion among artists and scholars generally. It is believed his work will be a valuable contribution not only to America but to society and the world in general."

The paragraph explained the knowledge of the other's that John was coming; that he had arrived, as the dream came in a twinkling on the morning. But it did not explain why he had not notified her. Something about it all quivered at her lips, briefly.

"Extraordinary," Kenilworth remarked when she put the paper aside, "how a chap with nothing but a dream can suddenly stumble upon recognition and success. We all remember Mr. Wilmore in New York. If I remember, Miss Manners took occasion to be provoked with him."

"Then it was more than an accident," Prince Michael declared, "one is never provoked with an acquaintance. We would intrude upon that aspect. Made no mistake," he added, to Joanna. "As you will probably present him, I'd like to know how he got on so well."

"I'm afraid I can't tell you much more than people generally know," she replied. "It came about after I left America with Yvonne. I ran away, you know, because no one I knew there had any confidence in me."

Prince Michael detected a seriousness as of some repressed pain, and thought it needed observation. He sought her hand, and would have put his over it, oblivious to the others at the table. Joanna brought her hand away. Quietly, she went on.

"Before then we had been quite good friends. I remember he had some plan for a memorial, some thing he wanted some day to build. I was never interested, much, because it wasn't anything I could understand, or wanted to remember, though, he objected to its being called a 'war memorial. It was to be something commemorating soldiers themselves. All kind of soldiers, I think—not only our own, but of other countries as well. Somehow he's made it known about, I suppose. Now when you have a mind to talk to him about it, you will know almost as much as I do."

"Morbid idea, though," the prince observed. "I can't imagine anything I'd run away from quicker than a reminder of that sort. Sentimental though, I suppose they'll always be doing things of the kind."

"The striking feature of his conception," Yvonne remarked, "seems to be his offering of a woman, a young woman, as the feature inspiration of all soldiers and putting her, instead of the customary fighting figure on his highest pedestal. Others have given tribute to the fighter himself. He proposes a monumental structure which shall draw attention to what soldiers fight for." Of Joanna she asked: "Isn't that the idea?"

"Yes," Joanna agreed. "That wasn't his original plan, but he seems to have adopted it. It's what has caught on. I've read that he contends that it is always a girl that soldiers fight for. They've always left a girl of some kind at home, one like me, perhaps, or the one they're married to—or at least a mother. And mothers and wives were girls in

their day. John has explained that he doesn't think girls change like fashions do. To soldiers who leave them to go to fight for them, they have always been quite the same reliable and worthwhile. It's a quaint sort of an idea, but I suppose it must be a good one."

Yvonne had shot a sudden glance at Joanna, and kept her eyes on her, intently, until she finished.

"If I remember correctly," she observed, "he did not always have the opinion that women don't change."

Joanna nodded at her. "Yes, I've been wondering if he's altered his theories, or just altered his scheme to make it pay."

"At any rate," Kenilworth remarked, "he is in a fair way to see his project materialize. It's becoming internationalized and there is talk already of duplicating the idea in other countries. The generation will go any length to draw a lesson or an undisturb-

ing memory out of the last upheaval."

Yvonne decided they had given enough of the tea hour to the merits of John's bid for popular fame. She had observed that Kenilworth, while he gave his part to the discussion, was uneasy. He had studied Joanna's face constantly, and watched every changing light in her eyes and line about her lips.

She proposed a turn about the Casino rooms. "We shall have time for an hour of play in trelente et quarante hall." Prince Michael appropriated her at once, much to Joanna's satisfaction, and led the way along the avenue of poplars through the Casino gardens to the white terrace.

Kenilworth, lagging behind with Joanna, went directly to the subject that concerned him deeply. "You are not going to let his turning up interfere with things, are you?" he asked.

"So far as I can remember," she returned, "he has never interfered much with me. Used to want to, of course, but couldn't then. I could hardly fancy him being much of an influence now."

"Have you, then, completely wiped him out? As you seemed to imply that night when you invited me to join you in a kiss?"

She laughed. "That was so many ages ago, Roddy! I'd lost track of that one."

"That is erasing the question," he rebuked her.

"John wouldn't have me then," she said simply. "When I thought he was the one thing in all the world I wanted to buy with my money, I doubt if he'd want me at all now. He's famous for ease, and well on the road to prosperity. I'm not as good a bet for him now as I was then. Am I Roddy?"

She was daring him with her smile. There was no wistfulness in it at all, just frank, open provocation.

"Do you know," he exclaimed, irritably, "you are the most fashionable creature within my experience?"

She was silent until they came up to the terrace steps. She answered him then as if there had been no lapse of time. "No, I'm not. I was thoroughly fathomed this morning. A man told me he wanted me however and whatever I am. If I could say just what I'd like to say about that, I'd say that would be a damn safe bargain for a man to make with any girl. But I can't say that, of course, for I must be a hypocrite and let on that I never swear."

CHAPTER XXV What? Joanna Gambles Kenilworth would have guided his companion around the big Casino building to the picnic field which lies between it and the sea, but Joanna, preferred to go onto the white terrace and into the gambling rooms.

In Roddy's manner there was every sign of the truth of Yvonne's observation in the Tribune summer house at Amette; that he was worried by the reappearance of John in the girl's schemes of things. Secretly she was disturbed by him. During the months in New York, before her departure for London and France, he had been a su-

pericious admirer, graceful in his devotions, impressing her as a man of the world who had decided to affect enthusiasm over a new toy. Then, suddenly, his attitude and his purpose had altered.

He had deliberately followed her and Yvonne to London. It was then that circle of men and women which revolved about men of his kind, young men who are old enough to be discreet and rich enough to be idle, began to take stock of the seriousness of Roddy Kenilworth in his pursuit of the young American millionaire, Joanna Manners. There was a great deal of boudoir grief over this state of affairs, for Kenilworth was known as one who went from one affair to another at slight provocation, but always magnificently and generously. It was felt that it was definitely lost to his world of sub rosa romance it would be disastrous.

It was generally wished that the young American, whose fresh youth had proved an irresistible charm, whose charm is translated in terms of flesh, would succumb to the inevitable—or, to Roddy's determination—and in the usual course, free him for his next feminine engagement. "For," said one young woman to her dancing partner at the fashionable Embassy Club, "Roddy looks as though he were going to be serious, this time; he hasn't had a serious affair since the early days of Yvonne Coutant. He won't be a free agent until he gets over this attack, and the American is delving matters."

Joanna liked Roddy Kenilworth. She had heard, as people do hear, that Yvonne had been of his making. How much to believe and what to discount she didn't know, nor care. She gloried in her ability, she who had come out from behind the silk counter, to bring the green tints into his eyes whenever she was of the whim to make him take note of her. She knew Roddy was in a continual fight with himself over her. Dominister was always her slave. Brandon served her whenever she asked, but he remained aloof; she couldn't sway him—or, rather, she wouldn't dare. But Roddy made an occasional effort to baffle the spell of her, and to thwart him was like quaffing champagne.

But, just now, with Prince Michael's sudden surrender to her creating a new undertone, and with the coming of John to irritate him, she was restless beneath Kenilworth's intent appraisals. And she didn't want to be cross examined about John. She hoped she was concealing from Roddy the constant searching of her eyes along the vistas of the Terrace and into the Casino Square which fronts the crowded tables of the Cafe de Paris, for a familiar figure.

"In the atrium, the red and gold hung fover of the Casino, Yvonne and Michael were awaiting them. The rooms were crowded. Yvonne observed, "I've decided to hunt a place at the roulette tables."

Around each of the tables were crowds four or five deep—the late afternoon company of curious visitors to the world's gayest shrine of sin, tourists, cocottes seeking monsieurs for the evening, and old women hangers-on holding chairs with the hope of selling them to after-dinner habitues. All of these last, the old women of the gambling rooms, knew each one of the party that crossed the wide polished floor of the splendidly decorated rooms and glanced about for places. Crumpers, too, gave the signs to each other at the entrance of the sleek Yvonne and the lovely young American. Both had been the heroines of sensational plays that had become Casino legends. Yvonne dropped into a chair Michael bought from an old hag for a fifty franc note. Kenilworth guided Joanna to another and won a curtesy from the ancient dame who surrendered it by the size of his tip. Joanna plunged immediately into her play, Kenilworth standing close behind her.

When Joanna gambled she lost herself entirely. The color came into her cheeks as the rouge at noir, the red and black, divided its favors.

Others played with gold louis, or franc notes, counting their stakes placques nervously after each turn of the wheel. Joanna tossed thousand franc notes out her colors or numbers or columns with feverish excitement. When she lost, and the crumpers' wooden rake drew her stake away from her, she made pretty grimaces. When she won, and the rake pushed toward her fingers its pile of gold and silver and notes, she clapped her hands and turned to smile up at the man who stood over her. On this afternoon she made her first play listlessly, as if her enthusiasm had been left with the bags of the men in the Atrium; but with one or two winnings she had forgotten everything, seemingly, but the cry of the crumpers and the spinning of the wheel.

Brandon, strolling through the rooms as was his daily afternoon custom, came upon them. He pushed his way among the spectators who always gathered about the Golden Girl when rumor spread through the rooms that she was playing, and stood with Kenilworth, Joanna, conscious of his presence, lifted her unglazed fingers over her shoulder for him to touch them. Kenilworth observed to the newcomer: "She's in a reckless mood. But she's winning!"

(To be continued)



Orange Blossoms Now is the time for all who have never seen this wonderful sight to go to the land of flowers FLORIDA AT ITS BEST The summer season at the all-year-round city of Hollywood-By-the-Sea will soon be open and now is a splendid time for you to inspect the wonderful \$3,000,000 Hotel on the Beach; the \$15,000,000 harbor, under construction, and other marvelous developments and to bathe in the invigorating waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Owing to the illness of so many who wanted to make this tour, I applied for and received permission from the company to extend the present price of the tour to April 1st. After that date the price will be \$110.00. Let's all get ready and go, Friday, March 26th while the price is \$57.50. See our representative, Miss Helen Marsh, 304 Cabarrus Bank Building, or phone 921 for information and reservations. G. E. BARNHARDT, District Representative Hollywood-By-the-Sea, Florida

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