

The Concord Daily Tribune
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RAILROAD SCHEDULE
 In Effect Jan. 30, 1926.

Northbound

No. 40 To New York	9:23 P. M.
No. 38 To Washington	10:25 A. M.
No. 34 To New York	4:45 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. 36 To New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No. 29 To Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No. 31 To Augusta	9:51 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.

at the same time they were parked on Spring street from its intersection with Depot to its intersection with Grove street. The cars were parked on both sides and since the street is so narrow moving vehicles could not pass in the narrow lane created by the parked cars.

We do not contend, of course, that anything should be done to hinder the Church goers, but just the same the streets should not be congested to such a degree that traffic is interrupted. The congestion at the intersection of Grove and Spring streets is as bad as it is at the intersection of Spring and Depot streets.

It seems probable that parking will have to be limited to one side of the street on Spring street between Depot and Grove streets if the public is to have the service it is entitled to. Three Churches are located near these two intersections and since 90 per cent of the Church goers use their cars and leave them parked during the services, some way will have to be found to relieve the congestion that is now a nuisance.

THE EASTER PARADE.

Atlantic City's board walk and New York's Fifth Avenue are the nation's most prominent promenades for the display of Easter finery, but the time has come when the most used streets in even the smallest towns boast of their Easter parades.

Stores in Concord were packed with Easter shoppers on Saturday. From 8 o'clock in the morning until closing time at night the clerks were kept busy by shoppers who visioned a clear day and a perfect setting for the Easter display of new clothing. And persons in all walks of life rubbed elbows during the promenade, and fully 90 per cent of the girls and women were bedecked in flowers, a condition that did not exist ten years ago.

SIMPLY AWFUL THAT ITALY MUST PAY UP

Roman Newspaper Hopes That "Terrible Injustices" Will Be Righted by Cancellation.

Rome, April 2.—The long discussion in the United States Senate over the debt settlements indicates to the semi-official newspaper, Tribuna, the possibility of reconsidering "the tremendous injustice of Italy's consenting to pay her debts at all."

The opponents of the accord in the American Senate, it says, are unable to call Italy to her small utility of those she is prepared to undertake, since she is so badly understood.

Moreover, it adds, it is not edifying as an example of perfect democracy that the opposition party, purposing to defeat the governing party, selects as its crowbar an international agreement touching the bases of relations between two nations.

"If they are willing to act thus in a perfect democracy they can not pretend at the same time to give ironic lessons and warnings to this old Europe, particularly fascist Italy, which has shown itself so serious and disciplined in settlement of the United States debt."

The newspaper bitterly points out that the opposition to the settlement is being carried out by the Democrats, whose leader, Woodrow Wilson, refused to settle the debt question globally (by mutual cancellation) and did not desire to impose indemnities upon the conquered according to the old, tyrannical European custom, instead offering a confused and unreliable reparation system.

Now, the same party, it points out, is denouncing the settlement with interest from America's allies. The paper concludes by remarking that it is unnecessary to answer the arguments of the senators opposing the debt settlement since the defending senators have already done so.

DR. DONNELLY HEADS TUBERCULAR HOSPITAL

Prominent Charlotte Specialist Will Be Superintendent of Mecklenburg Institution.

Charlotte, April 3.—Dr. John Donnelly, prominent Charlotte physician and tubercular specialist, has been elected superintendent of the Mecklenburg county tuberculosis sanatorium, which will be opened for the reception of patients about the first of June.

The sanatorium, which is located near Huntersville, 12 miles from Charlotte, will accommodate 121 patients. It was erected at a cost of \$100,000, the funds being derived from a bond issue approved by the taxpayers of the county at a special election last year.

The sanatorium modeled something along the lines of the Guilford county sanatorium is said to be of the most modern in the state.

The Charlotte Elks lodge, now located in the former home of the widow of Stonewall Jackson, will move into its handsome new home on North Popular street about April 15, it was announced today. An interesting program has been arranged for the formal opening of the new home of the lodge. John J. Morton was installed last night as exalted ruler of the lodge to serve for the ensuing year.

Growers' Association Organized in Mecklenburg.

Charlotte, April 5.—(AP)—Cotton growers of Mecklenburg county have organized a growers' association for the purpose of inducing farmers in the county to grow not more than two varieties of cotton, reports County Agent Howe Elias. This organization will be known as the Piedmont Cotton Growers' Association. Its members will aid the farmers in selling their seed and also will help other farmers in securing recommended seed that have been specially selected. Care will be taken in giving to keep the varieties separate.

Rhode Island where boxing has flourished continuously for many years, has now decided to put the sport under the control of a State commission.

A TRAFFIC PROBLEM THAT NEEDS A SOLUTION.

What is to be done with the autos of Church goers in Concord is a serious traffic problem.

Some of the Churches, fortunately, are located at points where streets are wide and where parking on both sides of the streets creates no problem. Others, unfortunately, are located on narrow streets and still others are at street intersections. The parking of cars near such Churches is a problem that must be solved for the benefit of the public.

Sunday traffic was halted for several minutes half a dozen times at the intersection of Spring and Depot streets. Cars were parked on Depot street for practically two blocks and

TODAY'S EVENTS.

Monday, April 5, 1926.

Opening of twelfth annual observance of National Negro Health Week.

Centenary of the birth of the late John R. Booth, the Canadian lumber king.

A general conference of home economics experts of all Southern States opens today at Pinehurst.

Oil will be the big theme at the spring convention of the American Chemical Society, opening today at Tulsa, Okla.

Many noted speakers are to be heard at the triennial meeting of the National Council of Education of Canada, which assembles today in Montreal.

Western railroad executives and officials of the railroad brotherhoods, the latter representing 300,000 employees, will begin negotiations on a new wage scale in Chicago.

Many fiddlers of renown, including the champions of Scotland and Ireland, are to take part in the world-wide fiddlers' contest which is to open today in Lewiston, Me.

Sixty-seven individual furniture manufacturers and eighty corporations face trial in Chicago today on indictments charging conspiracy to violate the Sherman act.

Public hearings on five proposals to modify the liquor laws are to begin today before a sub-committee of the U. S. Senate Judiciary Committee. The "wets" are to have this week and the "drys" next week.

Contract Is Let For Catawba Gymnasium.

Salisbury, April 4.—The building committee of Catawba College has awarded the contract for the building of the \$35,000 gymnasium for that institution. The building will be completed and ready for occupancy by July 15th. The building will be two stories and the main section will be 70 by 100 feet. Dr. Hoke, president of Catawba, has recently visited a large number of gymnasiums over the country and he says that with the exception of two or three at colleges where the students are numbered by the thousands, this will be one of the most modern to be found anywhere.

Stores in Concord were packed with Easter shoppers on Saturday. From 8 o'clock in the morning until closing time at night the clerks were kept busy by shoppers who visioned a clear day and a perfect setting for the Easter display of new clothing. And persons in all walks of life rubbed elbows during the promenade, and fully 90 per cent of the girls and women were bedecked in flowers, a condition that did not exist ten years ago.

Brand-new craft are used every year in the Oxford-Cambridge boat race.



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CHAPTER XXXV

The Fete

Puppets and mannequins—puppets in conventional evening black that uniforms eager and blasé men alike, and the mannequins of their joyous world in the peacock respicendence that levels the cheap and the superb; Pierrots and Columbinas, eyes shining with the thrill of youth that crosses every threshold with merry speculation—in endless stream they drove from every reach of the Riviera to the gates of Villa Amette.

Beyond the gates the gardens and terraces, miniature lakes and fairylike structures in delicately pink stucco, were bathed in a dull silver flood of artificial moonlight. On the lakes tiny gondolas floated lazily, through waves rippled by dimly illuminated fountains that spouted faint perfumes.

Hidden somewhere in a bower of orange trees an orchestra played its lamentations and its ecstasies of summer night passion. Tall palm trees topped, black and fantastic, made bowers around benches and tables; great stretches of the lawns had been carpeted with crush-blossoms—purple lilacs, rhododendrons, hyacinths and clematis. Now and then, from the branches of a popper or fig or pine tree, some fascinating bird of semi-tropic plumage, too curious to seek its acrobatic down upon the scene with gemberly, inquisitive eyes.

During the day the gates had been closed to all visitors. Only the workmen, caterers, electricians, and the spluttering, queer-mannered men who herded troops of dancers and more nondescript performers, had been allowed to enter the grounds. There had been frantic efforts in many quarters to break through the barrier so firmly guarded by watchmen, but none had been successful. Even the telephone, except that line which reached the offices of the servants, had been cut off. So it was that even the intimates of Villa Amette, those who had watched the preparations from day to day, were utterly amazed at the splendor, the lavishness, the consummate artistry of the spectacle into which they strolled.

Teddy Dorminster, who had been one of those whose call during the day had been futile, stood quazed when, with his sister, Betty Weymouth, at his side, he turned about on the highest terrace, to look over the sloping lawns. Betty exclaimed:

"Truly, an appropriate whim for a Golden Girl!"

"Darling, brilliant, extravagant!" Lord Teddy murmured. "But just the sort of thing we might expect—from her! It's not barbaric; there is nothing flaunting. It is a splash of countless money and magnificence but a mellow splash. Somehow I see a note of wastefulness in it all."

Betty Weymouth was silent a moment. Then she said:

"Do you know, Teddy, I think you're right. There's something in this scene tonight, this fete, that isn't mere extravagance; it's uncanny, I know, but I believe there's sadness in it, some place."

"Yes, but a beautiful woman! There's joy always but for someone, sadness, too!"

Betty looked at her brother quickly, and understandingly. The sadness he sensed would be for him—that the girl whose spirits were being given expression to-night was beyond his power to reach. "Come!" Betty said, "this is no time to be sentimental. There is Roddy Kenilworth, looking none the worse for that thrilling adventure he's rumored to have experienced last night with Joanna. Perhaps he'll tell us something. Nobody seems to know the straight of it!"

Kenilworth, who frankly admitted that he was provoked by Joanna's refusal to hear from him during the day, treated the inquiries by Lord Teddy and Betty whimsically. "Whatever you've heard isn't true," he said. "And what's true isn't interesting. Just a comic opera hold-up, with some thing fishy about it. The Monaco police notified me today that all valuables taken by the bandits had been mysteriously delivered to them in a package with the terse suggestion that they be returned to their owners."

"But Joanna?" Betty Weymouth asked. "You should never have taken her up La Turbie, Roddy. There are ugly hints about."

Kenilworth ignored the probing. "It is ten o'clock already," he observed, "and neither she nor Yvonne has appeared. Both of them have an admirable sense of the dramatic."

Footmen in scarlet and gold moved among the guests bearing trays on which cobwebby glasses and silver decanters clinked. Wines of Brittany and the more sensuous fluids of Bordeaux flowed freely. A young debutante from America, one of those whom Joanna used to copy but who, now planned long and earnestly to hit upon ways of copying her, exclaimed to her companion:

"It's like a scene in a stupendous movie only so different! A movie party is always so coarse and cheap. Here everything is on such a scale of splendor that it's romantic! There is so much wine and champagne about, but no one is silly!"

An English countess whirled away on the mimosa bowered dance floor with a partner borrowed for the moment from a



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celebrated beauty from the chorus of the Folies Bergeres. An Indian Prince, scornful of the rules of his caste, wrapped a spell with his sombre black eyes about a gentle girl in satin and pearls. A Deputy of France discussed his wife with a Monte Carlo mascot in whose saucy head reposed the secrets of many other wives.

Into this enchanted garden the Golden Girl walked at last, with Yvonne beside her. In no bit of her that the eye could discern was there a memory of the night before: of the bitter, disastrous hour in the little room at the club house on La Turbie; of the desperate drive down the mountain, or of the scene at the fireplace with Yvonne and John as the actors. The poise of her was regal, arrogant. The crowd that watched the turn of her head, the shimmer



John took her suddenly in his arms. She did not resist but yielded to him limply.

of her gold brown hair, the dancing of a thousand phantoms in her deep brown eyes, saw only the pride and consciousness of her golden aura and her self indulgence. It seemed to every one in that crowd that when Joanna had looked upon them, had accepted greetings and expressions of wonder, she gave her brown crowned head a merry toss and then plunged into the seething torrent her golden woad had conjured.

Kenilworth managed to reach her. He caught her hands and hurried into a cascade of questions about the outcome of the night after the bandit took her away, but she laughed at him. "I'll think and talk of no yesterday to-night, Roddy," she countered. "I'm living now just for the hour. Everyone who dislikes me; everyone who scorns me; everyone who loves me is here tonight—who knows? You may dance with me once—a waltz, I think. Roddy you may hold me close. I want every one to hold me close, tonight! But you mustn't talk of anything except of me just as I am tonight—'Come!'"

She led him to the nearest dance space. At every vision of her, wherever she went, orchestras burst into their melodies. She stopped the band that had essayed a fox trot and ordered a waltz, and danced it silently with Kenilworth. When the music died she turned to another waltz, waving her hand as she went away.

Dorminster also captured her for a fleeting moment. He found her standing at the side of one of the fairy pools, shut off from view by a cluster of columns which supported one of the arcs that spread the imitation moonlight. The little lake was one of those that were permanently part of the landscape scheme of the grounds, and the home of a group of swans. One of the majestic creatures, petulant at the noisy inroad upon accustomed hours of slumber, had approached the slender figure at the water's edge angrily, with a rasping protest. When it saw that the single form was that of its mistress it smoothed its wings and craned its neck toward her. She had offered it no crumbs but it did not withdraw its outstanding head. Its bead-like eyes remained fixed upon her. The appearance of Dorminster, who had trailed her, drove the water bird away. Joanna turned on the newcomer.

"Why did you come just then, Teddy?" she protested. "I think in another minute it would have sung. I've always wanted to know what a swan's song sounds like!"

"Then listen to me," he returned, gaily. "I'll make mine merry. I'm always singing when I'm with you, you know."

"Singing foolish rondselsays, Teddy. Only foolish ones. You mustn't do that, now. I'll permit you to be serious—or disconcerting!"

He wanted to talk of himself, and of her. It was the subject he always fell upon, but she outwitted him easily. She was about to command him to take her back to her guests, when she was suddenly pale. Teddy saw, and looked about quickly. John had trailed her, too, and was coming up to them. Teddy knew the significance of that sudden paleness, and went away with a gaily easy word over his shoulder.

"I've tried to get to you all day!" John exclaimed. He tried

to reach for her, but she eluded him.

"I have been busy," she explained, simply. "There's been so much to attend to—bills to be gathered up and put in a package before they're lost. And—other things to do. I've seen no one today."

"Will you give me time, Jo, to talk with you? I can't be frivolous like everyone else, tonight. I'm full of something that is different. It is something that is for you. Can't we have a half hour?"

"Some other time, John. Tomorrow or next week, perhaps. There's no room inside of me for anything but idle chatter. You may take me back to my guests."

"Tomorrow, then?"

"Tomorrow."

She let him have her hand for a moment, but withdrew it gently. Once or twice she stole a glance into his eyes and saw that they teemed with earnest things, just as his lips had spoken only inner anxieties. When they were about to move out of the shelter of the flower hung pillars he took her suddenly in his arms. She did not resist, but yielded to him limply. He felt no response in the slim little body and released her. He was conscious though, that in that embrace he had said much that he wanted to say, and that she would understand. He was more content, then, to wait until the morning.

The hours passed, gay, colorful hours, that were speeded by a continuous piling up of festival surprises. No grand duke in the old days had confounded his guests with a more stupendous program of senseless entertainment. But always there is a climax to such affairs—such for instance as that time when an oriental potentate endowed his favorite companion, during a celebration on the Amette grounds, with a marvelous coat of emeralds. The guests of Joanna and Yvonne knew this time had arrived when, shortly after two o'clock when the fragrance of mimosa was heaviest, the moonlight arcs were swung by invisible hands until their mellow glow was concentrated upon the long, low pavilion built behind the Trianon house. There had been a mystery about this pavilion, the footmen and caterers during the earlier portion of the night it had been wrapped in darkness. Now it was bathed in brilliance, and a hitherto unheard orchestra was playing symphonic strains that contrasted strangely with the more accustomed jazz.

With shrill laughter and delighted exclamations the guests swarmed down upon the lighted pavilion and surged between its columns into the little sea of sea's provided for them before a stage draped by a quivering curtain of flower petals. When the guests all had found their way inside the pavilion, the footmen and caterers began their task of gathering up the various paraphernalia of the night, and chauffeurs moved toward their waiting cars. What ever was to transpire within the arched pavilion, it would be the breaking up of the Golden Girl's fete.

Kenilworth and Yvonne walked together to the cluster of seats that had been reserved for Joanna and her closest intimates. They saw that Teddy Dorminster and Betty Weymouth, Prince Michael and others who would naturally be of their party, had found their places. Brandon's absence from the fete already had been commented upon. But both Kenilworth and Yvonne were curious when they saw that Joanna was not among her guests.

"More of mystery," Kenilworth observed. "Have you yet discovered what this personally arranged affair of hers is going to be?"

"She has guarded her secret tenaciously," Yvonne replied. "It has been the main thrill of her preparations—arranging something of which nobody but she has known anything. I have not tried to get her confidences."

They decided to look about for her, but Joanna had been spotted. When Yvonne looked, suddenly, into her face, she started. The Golden Girl's eyes were shining. Yvonne sensed the tenseness of a suppressed excitement. She advanced to meet the girl, and stood with her a moment.

"Stragglers brushed by them. They would have surrounded the two hostesses, but Joanna urged them all to join the crowd under the mimosa roof. When there was opportunity she took both of Yvonne's hands in hers.

"Waiter my little stanzas is a success & a failure," she said, very softly, "or whatever happens, I want you to know that I have understood many things right along, and the boat of them was—you and John!"

She dropped the older girl's hands, then, and went toward the hidden door that led from the outer lawn onto the stage behind the flower curtain. Yvonne reached out to catch at her, but was too late. She stood, undetermined, as Kenilworth approached her. She went with him to their seats before the stage. As if their arrival were a signal the leader of the orchestra raised his baton. The lights were extinguished. The curtain of flower petals parted. There was deathly stillness, then, like the breaking of a great wave into surfs that swept up from the audience.

(To be continued)

YOUR BEDROOM

It has been said that we spend one-third of our lives in bed asleep. When you add to that the time you spend in your boudoir in dressing or for a quiet hour now and then during the day, the bedroom really becomes one of the principal rooms in the home. Its furnishings should therefore be selected with care.

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