

The Concord Daily Tribune

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BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY: They Shall Not Be Weary.—They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.

BROOKHART TO KEEP HIS SEAT: After all the time and money representatives of the government have spent investigating the case, Senator Brookhart is going to be the dinner in his election contest with Steak purely for political reasons.

Post and Flag's Cotton Letter: New York, April 8.—Uncertainty is still the dominating characteristic of the market of sentiment, and fluctuations are minor.

ENERGIZE! Grown people often over-estimate their strength and do not realize that they are running short on energy.

Scott's Emulsion energizes and invigorates the body through its power to nourish. Re-energize, fortify your system, keep strong with Scott's Emulsion.

J.&H.CASH STORE SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY: DEAL NO. ONE: 15 Cans Pork and Beans—\$1.30 Regular Sized \$1.00.

DEAL NO. TWO: 6 Cans Pork and Beans—\$1.40, 3 Cans Thanksgiving Corn No. 2, 1 Pillsbury Buckwheat Flour all for \$1.00.

DEAL NO. THREE: 2 Cans No. Hominy—64c, 2 Cans No. 3 Corn, 1 Can Pork and Beans—all for 50c.

DEAL NO. FOUR: We have one other \$1.32 value for \$1.00. Call to see us. These bargains are advertised goods. You take no chance.

BUTLER'S FORCES ROUTED: Marion Butler got nothing at the State Republican convention but a narrow second place.

J.&H.CASH STORE PHONE 5 2 WEST DEPOT ST.

the county conventions and at caucuses before the convention started, but on the convention floor they could do nothing.

Marion Butler has served his day as a leader of the Republicans in this State. He is influential still, to be sure, but a new group of leaders is coming up and he is not known by that group.

So long as the chairman of the executive committee in North Carolina can keep on friendly terms with the administration in Washington just so long can he keep the power of his party.

WE'VE GOT TOO MANY NOW. One hears talk now about modification of the immigration law. The law is so drastic, it is argued, that many foreigners needed here can't get it.

If we are going to make any changes in the law let's make it more drastic so as to include the deportation of many immigrants we admitted before the new law became effective.

Fifth of Amount Will Be Placed in Trust For Various Charities. Charlotte, April 8.—The will of William Holt Williamson, disposing of an estate approximately \$1,000,000, is in the preliminary stages of being probated at Mecklenburg court house.

The document is not in the city, but is understood to direct that \$200,000 be placed in trust for Charlotte and North Carolina charities most of the remainder being for the two children, Miss Sara Williamson and William H. Williamson, Jr., both of Charlotte.

The Thompson Orphanage, the St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Davidson College and other institutions here and elsewhere are named as beneficiaries. The charity fund is to be placed in trust, the benefits to receive designated sums each year.

The American Trust Company is named as executor. The enumeration of the various properties held by Mr. Williamson caused the will to be an unusually long one, consisting of fifteen to twenty pages.

Mr. Williamson until his removal to Charlotte some time ago, lived in Raleigh and was heavily interested in Burlington property. His wife had been dead for some years. He lived in Myers Park. He died in Florida, and was buried in Raleigh.

Post and Flag's Cotton Letter. New York, April 8.—Uncertainty is still the dominating characteristic of the market of sentiment, and fluctuations are minor.

The crop is starting late and much of the available seed is reported of poor quality, which will germinate successfully only under highly favorable conditions.

Meanwhile the near month premium shows a tendency to increase rather than diminish, which is always been constructed as a symptom of a bullish rather than a bearish situation as a whole.

AT RETAIL DRUGGISTS: Price 50c and \$1.00. Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 23-29.

value than at present. The trade continues to buy new crops, and the mills continue to use up cotton in manufacturing goods.

POST AND FLAG. BLOWING ROCK ROAD IS TO BE IMPROVED. Engineers Expected to Go Over Highway From Lenoir School.

Lenoir, April 8.—At a meeting several days ago of the state highway commission in Raleigh it was decided to improve the Lenoir-Blowing Rock road this spring.

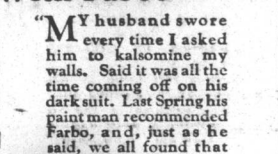
Crushed stone has already been secured for another coat of tar and oil on the section of this road from Lenoir to the end of the present pavement.

New Shoes For Nebuchadnezzar. St. Louis News-Herald. Bob Wilhoit says he is for Tom Byrd for the State senate.

W. H. WILLIAMSON LEAVES A MILLION. Fifth of Amount Will Be Placed in Trust For Various Charities.

Angry Wife: "What does that powder mean on your coat?" Hubby: "Trouble, dear, trouble."

Another Lady Tells Us Her Experience With Farbo— "My husband swore every time I asked him to kalsomine my face. Said it was all the time coming off on his dark suit. Last Spring his paint man recommended Farbo, and, just as he said, we all found that Farbo, won't rub off."



Why Girls Go Back Home. CATHARINE BRODY. CHAPTER I. Several things had made Clifford Dudley reluctantly take to the road that hot summer.

"Scene No. 1" said the manager under his breath. "What the blank, blank, blank!" cried "The Artist," working himself up to his most effective passion.

"New, Cliff, my boy, we'll have to give 'n' the ship here. Which is a good thing, for if you don't go out and show yourself to the sticks soon, my boy, the number of women deserting their husbands to come to New York and see the Great Lover'll be so large that the population of these United States will be set back a million years."

The Great Lover nodded upon the manager in the company thinks he's a wow! House's sold out.

"Not so worse," said Clifford. He had a neat mustache, grown for the purposes of the part. Ordinarily he ruffled against it, but he found the mustache useful when looking at a pretty girl—and he stroked it gently.

"Wonder how old she is? Doesn't look more than seventeen. Pretty kid!" he murmured.

A rude stagehand pushed a chair against his leg. Clifford stared. The rude stagehand glared back.

The rise of the curtain disclosed Clifford sitting at his easel. The model posed in the background. With many heaves of his manly bosom, Clifford took the audience into his confidence about the supposed depth of his love and its hopelessness.

"Say, the curtain goes up in two minutes!" Out in the audience, the pretty girl and her John leaned dreamily against each other. They blinked when the curtain rose, so suddenly, it seemed to them. For in the moment of darkness when their lips met, they had thought this was no playhouse.

"The Artist," as one might guess, told a tale of the love of an artist for his model, but it was a tale told with serious and solemnity, and filled with humorous observations of the life of a philanthropist. There were plenty of love scenes in it, of course, and one especially in the first act to whose passion censors had objected. Audience "ate it up."



Why Girls Go Back Home with Patsy Ruth Miller is a Warner production from this novel.

CHAPTER I. Several things had made Clifford Dudley reluctantly take to the road that hot summer. In those days, whenever you thought of Clifford Dudley, you thought of one of "The Artist," that seductive play of fifteenth century Italian morals or lack of morals, which had won for him his first starring sign on Broadway.

"The Great Dud's having another tantrum," sighed the old character actor to the grease paint in his dressing room.

"The Kid Himself is cuttin' up rough again," sang Sally Short. "The Artist," model, to the character woman who was helping her into her draperies.

"The company calmly went on dressing. Williams, the manager, calmly took out his knife, and, jerking the Great Lover's foot to his knee, neatly sliced off the gum.

"Sorry," he said pacifically. "You know these towns. No booze but plenty of gum. If you don't feel like going on, I'll put in D'Alvino. He can't touch you, I think, but the



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The rise of the curtain disclosed Clifford, sitting at his easel, while the model posed in the background. With many heaves of his manly bosom, Clifford took the audience into his confidence about the supposed depth of his love and its hopelessness.

It was hot. The audience chewed its gum unemotionally. Clifford, thought ahead of the love scenes with confidence. That would make them sit up.

Oh! He'd show her! This was his moment. He threw down his brush with a clatter. The pretty girl started.

Sally, the model, hearing her cue, pantomimed, as she always did, in spite of the Florentine atmosphere: "What's eating you?" She thought it was funny.

Clifford's voice came melodiously from his heart. It was passionate and said. The women in the audience began to move away a little from their men folks.

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everything. We can't disappoint the public, can we, Williams? We artists!" "Th-huh?" mumbled Williams.

Stepping carefully to avoid possible further deposits of prehistoric chewing gum, Clifford went back to his vantage point. He remembered he had been about to look through the peephole and see what the house held.

"Yokels," he muttered under his breath. And true enough, the population of Winesville, dressed for the occasion in its best hats imported by the Ross department store from the nearest Paris, which was Pittsburgh, rustling its best summer dresses (not indeed of organdy and calico, but of highly over-decorated silks) with the too tight-fitting suits of its sporting men, did not look very inviting to a pair of eyes inured to the panorama of Times Square and Fifth Avenue.

However, a gleam came into Clifford's eyes. There, in the front row, sat a really pretty girl next to a blond yokel who wore a pair of not too clean white flannel trousers. She sat very next to him indeed. Their shoulders touched. She was delicately round, with a round, demure face, bobbed and wavy chestnut hair, and eyes of the kind known as melting.

At this moment they were melting into the blue eyes of the boy next to her. She had a decided dimple. Clifford saw it when she took a candy with two coy fingers from the box on her lap and set it daintily into the mouth of the blond boy.

(To Be Continued)

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