

The Concord Daily Tribune

J. H. SHERRILL
Editor and Publisher
W. M. SHERRILL, Associate Editor

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news credited to it or not, otherwise credited in this paper and also the latest news published herein.

All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Special Representative
FRONT LANDIS & KOHN
225 Fifth Avenue, New York
People's Gas Building, Chicago
1904 Candler Building, Atlanta

Entered as second class mail matter at the postoffice at Concord, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In the City of Concord by Carrier:
One Year \$3.00
Six Months \$1.50
Three Months .75
One Month .50

Outside of the City the Subscription is the Same as in the City

Out of the city and by mail in North Carolina the following prices will prevail:
One Year \$5.00
Six Months \$2.50
Three Months \$1.25
Less Than Three Months, 50 Cents a Month

All Subscriptions Must Be Paid in Advance

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. 84 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	2:55 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. 89 To Atlanta	9:50 A. M.
No. 37 To New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

Train No. 84 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.

IF MAY BE SOMETHING OF A RACE AFTER ALL.

There is no one in North Carolina who really believes Bob Reynolds can defeat Senator Overman for the United States Senate, yet there are lots of folks who will tell you the Asheville candidate is going to get a big vote in the June primary.

As a matter of fact we believe Mr. Reynolds seriously doubted his chances at first, yet we are convinced that he must be more hopeful now than he was when he started the fight. Instead of a run-away the junior Senator probably will know that he has been in a race before the votes are counted.

The Asheville candidate undoubtedly is laying plans for the future. He is building up a big acquaintance, is getting his name before the public and is getting set for something at some future date.

The Cabarrus County Board of Education is losing no time in getting its system of twenty high schools in operation. Two of the school buildings are being erected now and contracts for another is expected to be let in the near future. The contract will be for the school at Mt. Pleasant, plans calling for a plant that will offer high school facilities to graduates of 18 grammar schools. The school campus will contain 20 acres, given by persons who were interested enough in school matters to donate the land. When this high school is completed, together with those now in operation, practically the entire county will be covered.

GOVERNOR ISSUES MOTHERS' DAY PROCLAMATION

Calls Upon Our People to Give Outward Expression for Their Mothers.

Tribune Bureau, Sir Walter Hotel.

Raleigh, May 7.—(Calling upon the people of North Carolina to give some outward expression of their love and appreciation for their mothers, Governor A. W. McLean today issued formal proclamation setting aside Sunday, May 9, as Mothers' Day, to be so observed throughout the state as a day when "due reverence and appreciation of the blessings of Motherhood" be shown.

The Governor asks that the day be not made merely the outward expression of a beautiful sentiment, but that it be given a deeper and more vital significance, a "wholehearted and solemn celebration of those spiritual qualities for which motherhood has been glorified throughout the ages."

Each citizen is enjoined to wear a flower upon that day, a white one if his or her mother be dead and a red one if she be living, as a "token of sacred regard."

The Governor's proclamation in full follows:

By the Governor of North Carolina: A Proclamation: Mothers' Day, 1926:

In obedience to the sovereign will and laudable sentiment of the people of North Carolina, as expressed through the General Assembly, I hereby proclaim Sunday, May the ninth, 1926, Mothers' Day, and solemnly call upon all the people of North Carolina to observe the day with due reverence and appreciation of the blessings of Motherhood.

The observance of the day is not merely the outward expression of a beautiful sentiment; it has the deeper and more vital significance of being a generous, wholehearted and solemn celebration of those spiritual qualities for which motherhood has been glorified throughout the ages; it symbolizes unselfish sacrifice and personal suffering without which nothing worth while and enduring has ever been achieved; it means paying homage to gentleness, love, and all those finer emotions which constitute the God-given attributes of motherhood; moreover, it is a call to keep alive the sacred virtues that have made the mother the foundation stone of the home which, after all, is the bulwark of our Christian civilization.

If we approach the occasion not in a spirit of elaborate gesture, but with true humility and solemn contemplation, we shall find that the day will afford not only a rich measure of spiritual value, but a most practical and enduring value as well.

Each citizen of North Carolina is enjoined to wear a flower in honor of his or her mother, a red one if she be living, a white one if she be passed on to the Great Beyond, as a token of sacred regard for all the blessings which Motherhood has bestowed.

Done at our Capital City of Raleigh, this sixth day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six, and in the one hundred and fiftieth year of our American Independence.

ANGUS W. McLEAN, Governor.

NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF THE HOME.

There is no substitute for the influence of the home and religion, according to President Coolidge who has been quoted as saying "the very thing in his address to the National Council of Boy Scouts last Saturday in Washington.

Talking to the scouts, he said the Boy Scout movement "can never be a success as a substitute, but only as an ally of strict parental control and family life under religious influences."

"Parents cannot shift their responsibility," he added. "If they fail to exercise proper control, nobody else can do it for them."

Reminding his audience that much talk is heard of "the decline in the influence of religion, of the loosening of the home ties, of the lack of discipline—all tending to break down reverence and respect for the laws of God and of man," the President continued:

"Such thought as I have been able to give to the subject and such observations as have come within my experience, have convinced me that there is no substitute for the influence of the home and of religion. These take hold of the innermost nature of the individual and play a very dominant part in the formation of personality and character."

"This most necessary and most valuable service has to be performed by the parents, or it is not performed at all. It is the root of the family life. Nothing else can ever take its place. These duties can be performed by foster parents with partial success, but any attempt on the part of the government to function in these directions breaks down almost entirely."

MRS. PEMBERTON'S NEWEST HONOR.

While the election of Mrs. W. D. Pemberton to the leadership of the State War Mothers was not unexpected due to her former office, it was none the less deserving. Since the organization of the State association she has been one of the leaders, working just as hard as a private in the ranks as she has done since being elected to high office. Mrs. Pemberton's really efficient women. Although she has suffered in recent years from a fall which affected her physically, she has carried on with the fine spirit of a woman more interested in her fellowman than in her own infirmities.

Concord was honored by the election of three other of its mothers to State officers, Mrs. R. E. Ridenbach as Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. F. Goodson as Registrar and Mrs. John K. Patterson as Vice War Mothers. It is certain that affairs of the organization will be capably handled for another twelve months.

BOB REYNOLDS ON A HAND-SHAKING TOUR

Reports Most Encouraging Responses From Every Section of the State.

Tribune Bureau, Sir Walter Hotel.

Raleigh, May 7.—Robert B. Reynolds, better known as "Bob," was in Raleigh Wednesday evening, on his way to Norfolk, where he delivered an address last night.

Since he began his campaign against Senator Lee S. Overman for the Democratic nomination for United States senator, he has shaken hands with and taken names and addresses of more than 10,000 voters, he announced, and still is putting in an average of eighteen hours a day at the job he has laid out for himself. He reports most encouraging response from every section of the state which he has visited.

"I Reynolds should accomplish the unexpected (which) is becoming less unexpected daily," he claims of many) and defeat the junior senator for the nomination, he can claim the distinction of having defeated the well known "machine," in the opinion of local politicians, for there seems to be little doubt but that Senator Simmons now is behind his confederate, whatever may have been his attitude at the start of the campaign.

At the outset, it was freely predicted that Senator Simmons would decline to throw his well recognized influence one way or the other. Politicians who hazarded that guess were

Why Girls Go Back Home

CATHARINE BRODY

Copyright 1925 by Warner Bros. Pictures Inc.

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

SYNOPSIS
Marie Downey, innocently involved in scandal by Clifford Dudley, an actor, climbs to stardom because of the notoriety. For three years she lives a gay life with Sally, her chum. Then she invites Clifford to her birthday party and makes a fool of him in front of the guests. John, a former sweetheart, comes to see her unrepentant, confronts her at this moment, and tells her she is known in her home town as a prostitute. She resolves to "show the town up," and goes home.

CHAPTER XII—(Continued)

He dragged her up the back stairs and did not loose his hold until Marie stood in her own room, which was, she noticed absentmindedly, untouched.

"Father," Marie had been exclaiming all the way up the stairs, "what's the rush all about? What's the matter?"

But Joseph Downey did not answer till he had shut the door of her room. Then he groaned and wiped his forehead.

"Are you mad? This'll ruin me, I tell you. The minister is coming to see you. He called me this morning. He said he was going to preach a sermon about you. Oh, Lord, what have I done that you should humble me so? My own daughter! Why, the Klan'll get you, Marie. You'll be run out of town and me with you—and me with you!"

"It's you who are mad, I should say," remarked Marie with composure. "You aren't a bit glad to

see me, are you? You'd like me to take the next train back, wouldn't you?"

Joseph Downey saw light ahead. "Will you, Marie? That's what you should do. I'm telling you for your own good—"

"Unless you throw me out, father," said Marie, "I have no intention of leaving this hotel. And if you throw me out, I'll go and find another place to stay until I feel like leaving this town. There!"

Mr. Downey wrung his hands.

"But why have you come home? You're getting along well in New York. It's mad I tell you. Marie only looked at him furtively.

"Yes, so everyone tells me," she sighed. "It's no good prolonging our greetings, is it father? We're not very successful at it, are we? And I'm tired."

"But what'll I do about the minister? And how did he know you were coming home, Marie? Have you done anything wrong—again?"

"The minister? Oh, I sent him a telegram. And don't do anything about him. You wouldn't have me refuse to see a minister, would you?"

"You—you sent him a telegram!" marveled Mr. Downey, and the strangeness of this lovely and self-possessed and perfectly groomed young woman who was his daughter penetrated to him in full force. She would not look at him, principally because her eyes were full of tears. She only waved her hand impatiently, and Mr. Downey repeated, shaking his head, and groaning occasional groans.

"It's not so easy," reflected Marie gloomily, sitting down on the small, narrow bed. She looked about the room, trying to remember how it had been part of home to her. There was a bright calendar which she had stuck up on the wall ages ago. And there were high school pictures. And there was a snapshot of John in front of his store, which she had taken. And there was another snapshot of John and herself, his arm about her waist, as someone had snapped them to the accompaniment of such laughter and teasing. My

goodness! How badly the barber had cut her hair in those days!

It was a few minutes before Mr. Downey came back, this time in high excitement.

"Marie! It's the minister's wife. She wants you on the telephone. What do you think it's for?"

"I know what it's for," said Marie impatiently. "For goodness sake, don't fuss so, father. You'll drive me crazy."

The telephone was out in the hall. The voice of the minister's wife was a sweet whine, oh, so ingratiating.

"I know you must be tired, Marie—I know you won't mind an old friend calling you Marie, though you are so rich and famous—I know you must be tired, but I simply felt, you having done so much for Winesville, that I couldn't let your first day home pass without welcoming you back. I called up the Ladies' Aid Society members, and they feel just the same way about it, seeing how much you've done for us. So we thought we'd have a little gathering at my home tonight, just a little rather 'ing. Just to welcome you home."

"That's so good of you," said Marie just as sweetly.

"Oh, no! It's your who're good to us. I can't tell you how Mr. Parsons appreciates it. He'll tell you so himself. He meant to come and see you, but I said no, the poor child's spent a day on the train she must want to rest. And so we'll see you at the little gathering, and we'll be so glad to see you. I'll call on you myself this morning, but you know, I'll be so busy cooking, and I guess you'll appreciate some home cooked food for a change. New Yorkers don't get that anyway, do they, Marie?"

"What does she want you for?" agonized Mr. Downey, as Marie hung up the receiver.

"It's just a little gathering she's giving for me tonight," Marie informed him sweetly.

"Mrs. Parsons is giving—for you!" gasped Mr. Downey.

Marie turned on him with pity.

"You might as well know, father, that this town is out to kill the fat cat for me, or the fat cat chicken, or whatever you have out here. Mr. Parsons wrote me about the fund for building what they call the social extension to the church. So I wired him that I would give five thousand dollars. And you see how Winesville bites."

"Five thousand dollars!" whispered Mr. Downey. "Have you got so much money, Marie?"

"Oh, father! And don't ask me where I got it, which you're going to do in a minute. I earned it all every bit of it, with my little voice and my little legs and my little dimple. Imagine the profits of a leg show going to build an extension to the church. It's killing! Oh, if Sally were only here."

Squashing her little traveling hat down over her sleek head, she walked, still with that ironic smile about her lips, out into Main Street. Her objective was the Ross Department Store. This time, there was no loitering near the window, hoping that John would come out. Marie proceeded haughtily along the aisle to where John stood, rooted to the spot.

"How do you do, John," said Marie politely.

He could only swallow and nod.

"Are you going to be at the gathering tonight? I expect you, you know. It's in my honor."

A piteous flush rose to his cheeks.

"Don't go, Marie. I can't bear it. They only want to stare at you. They'll say nasty things to you—about you."

Marie threw back her head and laughed.

"Come and see. They'll be as sweet as sugar pie to me. They won't dare be otherwise. I've now done a year for years in most Parisian town."

"Oh, please, Marie, I couldn't bear it for you. I guess you know, I haven't slept for thinking of what I said to you. I—I guess I was too worked up—"

"I said I'd show you," said Marie sternly. "Now you must come and see. All you hypocrites, father and you too, you'll see how Winesville takes me to its bosom, hateful town. I never want to see it again!"

"Then why—why did you come back?" begged John. "Just to torture me?"

Marie shrugged.

"Oh, you flatter yourself. Why does any girl come back home when she succeeds? To show off!"

She walked out with a good imitation of carefree indifference. But she knew it was not true.

The very moment when, arriving a little late, as was proper, Marie stepped into the Parsons' crowded parlor, in her most Parisian evening dress, she had tasted the full sweetness of her revenge.

John needn't have been concerned about the dress, for it was so Parisian in its extreme modesty of chiffon that none in Winesville could detect the subtleness of that modesty.

(To Be Continued)

Likes His Golf

Of course I take my own medicine. All of the drugs sold in this store are up to the highest standards of purity. Our pure drugs promote good health. If you don't believe it ask your doctor. He likes the way we fill prescriptions.

Wilkinson's Funeral Home

Our well appointed Funeral Home is dedicated to memorial observances of deferential respect. It's use is sanctioned by custom and it adds no additional charge to the service.

PHONE 9
Open Day and Night
AMBULANCE SERVICE

Memorial

An old friend in a new role. In other words, we present the illustrious Mr. George Ade, world famous humorist, brushing up his game at French Lick Springs, Georgia, so they say, enjoys a round of golf just as much as the reading public does his funny yarns. That's saying plenty, too.

ATE TOO FAST

Ballentine, S. C.—Mr. W. B. Bouknight, of this place, gave the following account of his use of Theford's Black-Draught.

"Just after I married I had indigestion. Working out, I got in the habit of eating fast, for which I soon paid by having a tight, bloated feeling after meals. This made me very uncomfortable. I would feel stupid and drowsy, didn't feel like working. I was told it was indigestion. Some one recommended Black-Draught and I took it after meals. I soon could eat anything any time.

"I use it for colds and biliousness and it will knock out a cold and carry away the bile better and quicker than any liver medicine I have ever found."

Eating too fast, too much, or faulty chewing of your food, often causes discomfort after meals. A pinch of Black-Draught, washed down with a swallow of water, will help to bring prompt relief. Black-Draught has disappeared after Black-Draught has been taken for several days. NO-164

PEARL DRUG CO.

Phones 22-722

THE CONCORD DAILY TRIBUNE

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Why Girls Go Back Home

CATHARINE BRODY

Copyright 1925 by Warner Bros. Pictures Inc.

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

SYNOPSIS
Marie Downey, innocently involved in scandal by Clifford Dudley, an actor, climbs to stardom because of the notoriety. For three years she lives a gay life with Sally, her chum. Then she invites Clifford to her birthday party and makes a fool of him in front of the guests. John, a former sweetheart, comes to see her unrepentant, confronts her at this moment, and tells her she is known in her home town as a prostitute. She resolves to "show the town up," and goes home.

CHAPTER XII—(Continued)

He dragged her up the back stairs and did not loose his hold until Marie stood in her own room, which was, she noticed absentmindedly, untouched.

"Father," Marie had been exclaiming all the way up the stairs, "what's the rush all about? What's the matter?"

But Joseph Downey did not answer till he had shut the door of her room. Then he groaned and wiped his forehead.

"Are you mad? This'll ruin me, I tell you. The minister is coming to see you. He called me this morning. He said he was going to preach a sermon about you. Oh, Lord, what have I done that you should humble me so? My own daughter! Why, the Klan'll get you, Marie. You'll be run out of town and me with you—and me with you!"

"It's you who are mad, I should say," remarked Marie with composure. "You aren't a bit glad to

see me, are you? You'd like me to take the next train back, wouldn't you?"

Joseph Downey saw light ahead. "Will you, Marie? That's what you should do. I'm telling you for your own good—"

"Unless you throw me out, father," said Marie, "I have no intention of leaving this hotel. And if you throw me out, I'll go and find another place to stay until I feel like leaving this town. There!"

Mr. Downey wrung his hands.

"But why have you come home? You're getting along well in New York. It's mad I tell you. Marie only looked at him furtively.

"Yes, so everyone tells me," she sighed. "It's no good prolonging our greetings, is it father? We're not very successful at it, are we? And I'm tired."

"But what'll I do about the minister? And how did he know you were coming home, Marie? Have you done anything wrong—again?"

"The minister? Oh, I sent him a telegram. And don't do anything about him. You wouldn't have me refuse to see a minister, would you?"

"You—you sent him a telegram!" marveled Mr. Downey, and the strangeness of this lovely and self-possessed and perfectly groomed young woman who was his daughter penetrated to him in full force. She would not look at him, principally because her eyes were full of tears. She only waved her hand impatiently, and Mr. Downey repeated, shaking his head, and groaning occasional groans.

"It's not so easy," reflected Marie gloomily, sitting down on the small, narrow bed. She looked about the room, trying to remember how it had been part of home to her. There was a bright calendar which she had stuck up on the wall ages ago. And there were high school pictures. And there was a snapshot of John in front of his store, which she had taken. And there was another snapshot of John and herself, his arm about her waist, as someone had snapped them to the accompaniment of such laughter and teasing. My

goodness! How badly the barber had cut her hair in those days!

It was a few minutes before Mr. Downey came back, this time in high excitement.

"Marie! It's the minister's wife. She wants you on the telephone. What do you think it's for?"

"I know what it's for," said Marie impatiently. "For goodness sake, don't fuss so, father. You'll drive me crazy."

The telephone was out in the hall. The voice of the minister's wife was a sweet whine, oh, so ingratiating.

"I know you must be tired, Marie—I know you won't mind an old friend calling you Marie, though you are so rich and famous—I know you must be tired, but I simply felt, you having done so much for Winesville, that I couldn't let your first day home pass without welcoming you back. I called up the Ladies' Aid Society members, and they feel just the same way about it, seeing how much you've done for us. So we thought we'd have a little gathering at my home tonight, just a little rather 'ing. Just to welcome you home."

"That's so good of you," said Marie just as sweetly.

"Oh, no! It's your who're good to us. I can't tell you how Mr. Parsons appreciates it. He'll tell you so himself. He meant to come and see you, but I said no, the poor child's spent a day on the train she must want to rest. And so we'll see you at the little gathering, and we'll be so glad to see you. I'll call on you myself this morning, but you know, I'll be so busy cooking, and I guess you'll appreciate some home cooked food for a change. New Yorkers don't get that anyway, do they, Marie?"

"What does she want you for?" agonized Mr. Downey, as Marie hung up the receiver.

"It's just a little gathering she's giving for me tonight," Marie informed him sweetly.

"Mrs. Parsons is giving—for you!" gasped Mr. Downey.

Marie turned on him with pity.

"You might as well know, father, that this town is out to kill the fat cat for me, or the fat cat chicken, or whatever you have out here. Mr. Parsons wrote me about the fund for building what they call the social extension to the church. So I wired him that I would give five thousand dollars. And you see how Winesville bites."

"Five thousand dollars!" whispered Mr. Downey. "Have you got so much money, Marie?"

"Oh, father! And don't ask me where I got it, which you're going to do in a minute. I earned it all every bit of it, with my little voice and my little legs and my little dimple. Imagine the profits of a leg show going to build an extension to the church. It's killing! Oh, if Sally were only here."

Squashing her little traveling hat down over her sleek head, she walked, still with that ironic smile about her lips, out into Main Street. Her objective was the Ross Department Store. This time, there was no loitering near the window, hoping that John would come out. Marie proceeded haughtily along the aisle to where John stood, rooted to the spot.

"How do you do, John," said Marie politely.

He could only swallow and nod.

"Are you going to be at the gathering tonight? I expect you, you know. It's in my honor."

A piteous flush rose to his cheeks.

"Don't go, Marie. I can't bear it. They only want to stare at you. They'll say nasty things to you—about you."

Marie threw back her head and laughed.

"Come and see. They'll be as sweet as sugar pie to me. They won't dare be otherwise. I've now done a year for years in most Parisian town."

"Oh, please, Marie, I couldn't bear it for you. I guess you know, I haven't slept for thinking of what I said to you. I—I guess I was too worked up—"

"I said I'd show you," said Marie sternly. "Now you must come and see. All you hypocrites, father and you too, you'll see how Winesville takes me to its bosom, hateful town. I never want to see it again!"

"Then why—why did you come back?" begged John. "Just to torture me?"

Marie shrugged.

"Oh, you flatter yourself. Why does any girl come back home when she succeeds? To show off!"

She walked out with a good imitation of carefree indifference. But she knew it was not true.

The very moment when, arriving a little late, as was proper, Marie stepped into the Parsons' crowded parlor, in her most Parisian evening dress, she had tasted the full sweetness of her revenge.

John needn't have been concerned about the dress, for it was so Parisian in its extreme modesty of chiffon that none in Winesville could detect the subtleness of that modesty.

(To Be Continued)

Likes His Golf

Of course I take my own medicine. All of the drugs sold in this store are up to the highest standards of purity. Our pure drugs promote good health. If you don't believe it ask your doctor. He likes the way we fill prescriptions.

Wilkinson's Funeral Home

Our well appointed Funeral Home is dedicated to memorial observances of deferential respect. It's use is sanctioned by custom and it adds no additional charge to the service.

PHONE 9
Open Day and Night
AMBULANCE SERVICE

Memorial

An old friend in a new role. In other words, we present the illustrious Mr. George Ade, world famous humorist, brushing up his game at French Lick Springs, Georgia, so they say, enjoys a round of golf just as much as the reading public does his funny yarns. That's saying plenty, too.

ATE TOO FAST

Ballentine, S. C.—Mr. W. B. Bouknight, of this place, gave the following account of his use of Theford's Black-Draught.

"Just after I married I had indigestion. Working out, I got in the habit of eating fast, for which I soon paid by having a tight, bloated feeling after meals. This made me very uncomfortable. I would feel stupid and drowsy, didn't feel like working. I was told it was indigestion. Some one recommended Black-Draught and I took it after meals. I soon could eat anything any time.

"I use it for colds and biliousness and it will knock out a cold and carry away the bile better and quicker than any liver medicine I have ever found."

Eating too fast, too much, or faulty chewing of your food, often causes discomfort after meals. A pinch of Black-Draught, washed down with a swallow of water, will help to bring prompt relief. Black-Draught has disappeared after Black-Draught has been taken for several days. NO-164

PEARL DRUG CO.

Phones 22-722

THE CONCORD DAILY TRIBUNE

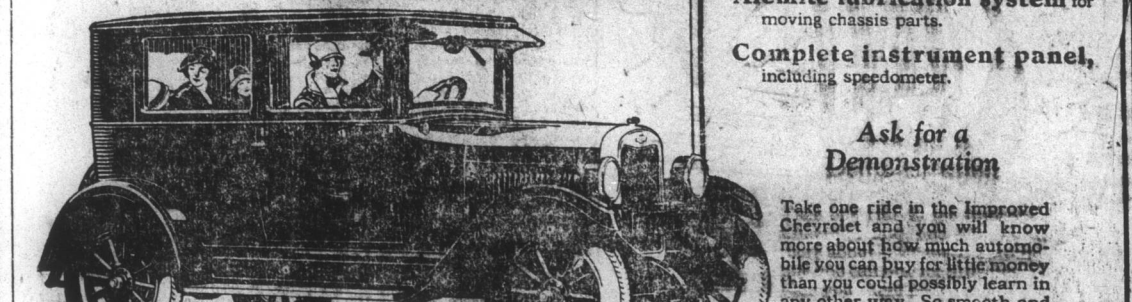
MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Only Chevrolet offers you this for \$645

f.o.b. Flint, Mich.



Powerful valve-in-head motor, famous for smoothness and economy.
Modern 3-speed transmission to assure easy flexible handling.
Fisher Body, of superior beauty and ruggedness.
Duco Finish, lustrous, lasting and attractive.
Semi-reversible steering gear, - positive, easy to handle and safe.
Rugged rear axle, with heavy spiral-bevel driving-gears and one-piece banjo housing.
Completely enclosed dry-plate disc clutch with light pedal action.
Remy electric starting, lighting and ignition.
Full balloon tires, demountable rims with spare rim.
Alumite lubrication system for moving chassis parts.
Complete instrument panel, including speedometer.

Ask for a Demonstration

Take one ride in the improved Chevrolet and you will know more about how much automobile you can buy for little money than you could possibly learn in any other way. So smooth and so powerful is its performance that this car is a revelation in low-priced transportation. Come in! Arrange for a ride today!

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Touring	\$510	Sedan	\$735
Roadster	510	Landau	765
Coupe	645	1/2 Ton Truck (Chassis Only)	395
Coach	645	1 Ton Truck (Chassis Only)	550

WHITE AUTO CO.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

in the Simmons machine. No force could have put him in that position if Simmons were not contributing his moral, if not his active support to the Overman candidacy, they reason.

The Secret Ballot.

Charity and Children.

North Carolina has good reason to be ashamed of herself that she has been so slow to adopt the secret ballot which has been in force for years in every state in the union except our town. Our politicians have so far prevented the enactment of a fair election law but we are glad to note a rising public sentiment that will compel them to show a decent regard for the wishes of the people, and whatever the consequences, enact an

election law that is fair and just to all. The women of the state are becoming thoroughly aroused on this question and they will be heard from in tones of thunder if voters are not allowed to cast their ballots as they please and without dictation from a party boss. It is a wonder that our people have patiently stood for this injustice so long, but they have at last come to the conclusion that they will tolerate the injustice of our present law no longer. After all, it is the fault of the people if they are imposed upon. They can have whatever they will, if they only assert their power. But they must unite and stand together in order to accomplish any reform in politics or elsewhere. The present defective and unfair election law is a case in point. The ballot is a sacred thing and it must be untrammelled and unpervert-

ed by any outside interference whatever. It is a crime to take advantage of ignorance at the ballot box and the state ought to protect its citizens against designing politicians who have axes to grind. The secret ballot will correct a grievous evil in our government which has long existed and which should be remedied by the incoming Legislature. And now is the time for the people to speak and let their wishes be known.

Gastonia Man Paid Judgment of \$12,000.

Gastonia, May 6.—The largest judgment ever collected in a damage suit in Gaston county was paid today when attorneys for Dick Jacobs, received a check from J. B. Frey and Company, Charlotte, for \$12,000. In addition to the face of the judgment, \$12,000, the defendant company paid the costs of the action and interest to date. A second suit against the concern for lost time and hospital costs was compromised by the payment of an additional sum which was not made public. Young Jacobs was injured last August when he was struck by a truck of the defendant. He spent several weeks in a hospital.

One sports manager and promoter of much experience declares that the famous women tennis stars are as a rule more temperamental than a grand opera prima donna.

THE CONCORD DAILY TRIBUNE