

False Note in Finance Ends His Music Hopes

Alan Dwan's Plan for a Great Association of Artists Gets Out on Time, Says Oklahoma Paper.

TELEGRAPHS HIMSELF UNLIMITED CREDIT

Writes Plans on Tuneful Scale, But Discard Followed When His Notes Didn't Ring True.

The following article appeared in the Oklahoma Daily Times of October 16, 1923:
ALAN DWAN AGAIN
Former Okmulgee Vocalist Has Adopted a Pseudonym in N. C.

LIES Tell Story.

When long story, fellow songbirds, but they do not fly. They are followed by references to certain New Yorkers, whom Mr. Dwan is said to have visited.

Mr. T. T. Blakely, vice president of the Association of American Artists, Care Rotary Club, Okmulgee, Okla.

Another \$100,000 for Methodist orphanage. New Administration Building is Made Possible by Gift of S. C. Vann.

The two hundred thousand dollar building program of the Methodist orphanage, approved by the board of trustees at the June meeting was supplemented yesterday by the \$100,000 given to the institution several years ago by S. C. Vann.

Wheat Regions of Canada Exceed Last Record Yield. Winnipeg Manitoba, Oct. 30.—The total wheat crop of the Canadian provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta is estimated by government officials at 425,503,109 bushels.

Freight Riders Sue. Salisbury, Oct. 30.—Three men have filed suits of \$10,000 each against the Southern Railway Company in Superior Court here, seeking damages as a result of being jolted on a charge of "beat-ridden" ride on the train without paying fare.

Such Splendid Letters. It seems there was no end to the splendid letters of endorsement which Mr. Dwan carried with him to New York and which were plentifully supplied with credit as evidenced by the following letter to Mr. Blakely from Mrs. Ida Geer.

Yours sincerely, OLA B. CAMPBELL. It seems there was no end to the splendid letters of endorsement which Mr. Dwan carried with him to New York and which were plentifully supplied with credit as evidenced by the following letter to Mr. Blakely from Mrs. Ida Geer.

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KANNAPOLIS DEPARTMENT

Kannapolis, Oct. 31.—Virginia Nolle, six-week-old infant of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Law, is improved following a slight indisposition at the home of Mrs. Laura Smith, of Oak Street, where Mrs. Law has been spending some time.

At the hotel he left a forwarding address, Hotel Severs, Muskogee. We wired him there, but no answer. Also find enclosed a letter from Mrs. Dwan, which explains itself. Now this man must be apprehended at once, he cannot be at large any longer.

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November 20th. The Woman's Club will hold its next meeting Monday night with Professor Robertson as speaker. He will lecture on a subject of his own choosing. On this occasion the meeting of the club is a week early.

The Cabarrus County Alumni Association of the N. C. State College will give a banquet at the Y. M. C. A. Thursday evening in honor of their wives and sweethearts.

Mr. Barr Fink, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fink, of Kannapolis, paid a weekend visit to home folks. Mr. Fink is engaged in daily extension work in Orange county, Virginia.

Mr. Russell Winecoff and bride, who recently spent some time with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Winecoff, parents of the groom, have returned to West Virginia. Mr. Robert Marshall spent the weekend in Charlotte.

Mr. Ralph Deal spent the weekend in Raleigh with home folks. Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Bost and Mr. Ralph Barringer attended the Reformation service Sunday evening at St. Andrew's L. Church, Concord.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Bost spent the weekend in Concord, guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Sappienfeld. Miss Thelma Horah spent the weekend in Salisbury with home folks.

Mr. L. E. Outen is able to be at work again after being confined to his room at the Mary Ella Hall for several days by illness. Mrs. Propst and Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Cook spent Sunday with Mrs. T. P.

Miss Mary Bradley Thompson and three friends, Misses Elizabeth Leight, Margaret Spears, and Pauline Hawkins, all of the N. C. C. W., spent the weekend with Miss Thompson's father.

Miss Flora McQueen and a number of young people from the Presbyterian Church attended the Christian Endeavor convention the past week.

Miss Alma McLaurin, former Sunday school worker of the Presbyterian Church, will be the guest of Mrs. H. D. McCerkle tonight.

Mrs. W. C. Jamison attended a reception in Mooresville the past week given by Mesdames Harry Mott and Eugene Hoib.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hoib sustained painful injuries Monday night when a car ran over his head. Mr. Hoib had crossed the street near the mill to speak to some one when the child started to follow his father, running into the car.

Miss Ethel Ketchie, of the North Carolina College for Women, spent the weekend with home folks.

Miss Eva Goblet spent Sunday in Concord, the guest of Miss Margie Elliott. Little Eleanor Jamison, youngest child of Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Jamison, who has not been well for some time, is being treated by a specialist in Charlotte.

Many of the Kannapolis people are interested in the Mel Trotter meeting which will be held at the Y. M. C. A. in the near future. Accompanying Mr. Trotter will be Mr. Hammondree, a singer of unusual ability. Kannapolis is fortunate, indeed, to be able to secure these men.

Mr. A. L. Brown left Sunday night for a business trip to Boston and New York. Master Edwin and little Miss Louise Lippe entertained at an interesting Halloween party last evening.

Mrs. Nella Lippard spent Sunday at Mill Bridge with her sister, Mrs. J. H. Smith. Mrs. A. C. Lockman spent yesterday in Charlotte.

Little Miss Beatrice Troutman underwent an operation Tuesday for the removal of her tonsils, the work being done by Dr. W. R. Brandon. The Concord-Kannapolis City Epworth League Union will meet at Mt. Olivet Thursday evening. The First Church of Kannapolis has held the banner on the score of efficiency for two months.

end with home folks near Mooresville. Mrs. Berler Beaver will entertain the Social Hour Club Thursday afternoon at her home on Ridge avenue.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of St. John's Church will give a barbecue supper in the social room of the church on Thursday evening. Supper will be served 50 cents per plate. Everybody come.

Miss Morrison Johnson is confined to her room at the Hall by illness. Mr. Ed. Younger, who is serving in the band with Sparks' circus, spent Sunday at the Mary Ella Hall as the guest of his sister, Miss Stella Younger.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wampler, of Salisbury, spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wampler. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Graham spent Sunday in Concord with Mrs. C. M. Sappienfeld.

Mr. Short, formerly of Kannapolis, but now of Graham, is soon to move to Albemarle. Mrs. Bena Thornburg, formerly of the Mary Ella Hall, who is now teaching in Gaston County, spent a few hours at the Hall Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Ed. Dellinger has resigned his position in the office of Mr. H. L. Lippe at the Cannon Mill. We regret seeing Mr. Dellinger leave Kannapolis. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Foil, of Mt. Pleasant, spent several hours in Kannapolis Monday.

Mrs. Lois Eshardt spent the weekend out of town. Mr. W. H. Walter is improving from injuries received in a recent accident, though he is unable to be out as yet. Mrs. L. E. Bost is indisposed at this time.

Everyone at the Mary Ella Hall has been looking forward to the Halloween social to be given this evening under the supervision of Mr. E. J. Sharp and Mrs. Norfolk. Mr. Sharp is liked by all and he does much to make the place homelike, and all the Mary Ella people appreciate his untiring efforts.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. SATTERTFIELD. © LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, 1923.

THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION. BEGIN HERE TODAY. Ned Cornet, Lenora Hardenworth and Bess Bess are shipwrecked. Ned is engaged to marry Lenora. The three take refuge on an island they find occupied solely by a man named Doomsdorf and his Indian wife.

TO FALL MEANT TO DIE. Ned had given up but a few moments before Bess had come, and her full voice carried clearly into the strange, misty realm of semi-consciousness into which he had drifted.

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"Can you stand up?" "Yes." Forcing himself to the last ounce of his nerve and courage, he drew himself erect. Reaching upward, his hands were less than a yard from the top of the crevice.

"Bess did not make the mistake of trying to reach down to him. She conquered the impulse at once, realizing that any weight at all, unsupported as she was, would draw her into the ravine. Even the rope would be of no use until she had something firm to which to attach it."

"I've dug holes most of the way up," he told her. "I might try to climb 'em, with a little help."

"Are you at the bottom of the crevice?" "The bottom is hundreds of feet below me. I'm on a ledge about three feet wide."

"Then stand still till I can really help you. I can't pull you now with one hand, but I can pull myself, and if you'll fall back you'll probably roll off the ledge. The ice is like glass. Ned, are you good for ten minutes more?"

"I don't know." "It's the only chance." Again her tone was pleading. "Keep the blood moving for ten minutes more, Ned. Oh, tell me you'll try!"

"Deep in the gloom she thought she heard him laugh—only a few, little syllables, wan and strange in the silence—and it was all the answer she needed. He would fight on for ten minutes more. He would struggle against the cold until she could rescue him."

"Here's a blanket," she told him swiftly. "Put it around you, if you can, without danger of rolling off." She dropped him the great covering she had brought; then in a single, deerlike motion, she leaped the narrow crevice. On the opposite side she procured Ned's axe; then she turned, and half running, half gliding on the ice, sped toward the nearest timber—a number of stunted spruce two hundred yards distant at the far edge of the glacier.

"Bess had need of her woodsman's knowledge now. Never before had her blows been so true, so telling on the tough wood. Almost at once she had done her work and was started back with a tough pole, eight feet long and four inches in diameter, balanced on her sturdy shoulder.

"Ned was still strong enough to answer her call when she returned, and the dim light still permitted him to see her lay the pole she had cut as a bridge across the crevice, cutting notches in the ice to hold it firm. Swiftly she tied one end of her rope to the pole and dropped the other to him.

"Can you climb up?" she asked him. "Just watch me," was the answer. From that instant, she knew that she had won. The spirit behind his words would never falter, with victory so near. He dug his moccasins into the holes he had hacked in the ice, meanwhile working upward, hand over hand. To fall meant to die—had Ned said that.

It was a hard fight, weakened as he was, but soon the girl's reaching hands caught his sleeve, then his coat; finally they were fastened firmly, lifting with all the girl's strength, under the great arms. His hand seized the pole, and he gave a great upward lunge. And then he was lying on the ice beside her, fighting for breath, not daring to believe that he was safe.

But the usual cool, half-irritable remark that, in many little crises, Ned had learned to expect from Bess, was not forthcoming tonight. Ned were the sounds in the twilight merely those of heavy breathing. The strain was over, and Bess had given way to the urge of her heart at last. Her tears flowed unchecked, whether of sorrow or happiness even she did not know.

The man crawled toward her, moved by an urge beyond him, and for a single moment his strong arms pressed her close. "Don't cry, little pal," he told her. He smiled, a strangely boyish, happy smile, into her eyes. Very softly, reverently, he kissed her wet eyelids, then tilted her trembling lips with his own. He smiled again, a great good-humor taking hold of him. "You're too big a girl to cry!"

(Continued in Our Next Issue)