

The Concord Daily Tribune.

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BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

SECRET OF PROSPERITY.—As long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper.—2 Chronicles 26:5.

PRESS AGENT.

North Carolinians seem to have taken
Irvin Cobb's statement about the need
of a press agent in the State to heart.
At least civic organizations and cities
in this section of this State and certain
parts of South Carolina seem to have
awakened to Mr. Cobb's hint and their
first concerted action was the securing
of sixteen pages in The New York Trib-

The front page of the Carolinas
section carries the headline, "Where the
Wheels of Industry Are Now turning
in the Carolinas and Where the Nation
Goes to Play." In addition the page
carries an attractive drawing showing
in the center industrial plants in full
operation and in one corner a golf course,
of which there are many famous ones
in North Carolina.

Greensboro, Winston-Salem, Concord,
High Point, Pinebluff and Greenville,
S. C., are the cities which carry space
in the edition and in addition there is
information and facts furnished by individuals
of the two Carolinas.

The money spent on this publicity
stunt by Concord and the other cities,
is money well invested. The cost seemed
large when first announced, but the value
of the publicity given cannot be estimated,
and the cost will be overshadowed by the results.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE AGE.

The Charlotte News under the above
caption says editorially:
An exchange, writing under this caption,
thinks that the greatest tragedy of
the age is not the crime wave that is
sweeping through the country, not the
wickedness that prevails in the high
places, not the flagrant violations of the
Volstead act, not the laziness with which
children are being reared, not the liberties
and licenses which the young people are
being allowed, and which are being largely
sanctioned by those who ought to know
better, but it believes the tragedy of
the age to be the divorcement which
has come about between fathers and sons.

We are not so sure but that its estimate
is correct. It is a pitiable sight to
see the spirit of estrangement that has
developed and continues to develop
between fathers and sons.

Many boys seem to be more familiar
with their dogs and ponies than with
their fathers, and also, some of them
may well be.

The Father and Son Banquet held at
the Y. M. C. A. Thursday night was
promoted by a desire to prevent such
conditions as expressed here. There is a
tendency in present life for the father
and son to be less of pals and comrades
than was the case at one time, and if for
no other reason than its effort to break
down such a condition, the banquet at
the Y was successful.

To protect the floor of the chapter
house at Westminster Abbey, fifty
pairs of sandals have been provided
for visitors.



BEGIN HERE TODAY
Paul Harley, criminal investigator,
receives a call from Sir Charles
Abingdon. Sir Charles tells Harley
he is being constantly followed by
persons unknown to him. He admits
that he is much disturbed and at a
loss to know the cause of the surveillance.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
"Yes, sir. He is attending Mr.
Chester Wilson on the other side of
the square, and Mr. Wilson's man
rang up a few moments ago request-

Refreshments were set invitingly
upon a table beside a deep lounge
chair. But Harley declined the
man's request to refresh himself
while waiting and began aimlessly
to wander about the room, apparently
studying the titles of the works
crowding the bookshelves.

Now, upon his musing there suddenly
intruded sounds of a muffled
altercation. That is to say, the
speakers, who were evidently in the
lobby beyond the library door, spoke
in low tones, perhaps in deference to
the presence of a visitor. Harley
was only mildly interested, but the
voices had broken his train of
thought, and when presently the
door opened to admit a very neat
but rather grim-looking old lady he
started, then looked across at her
with a smile.

Some of the grimness faded from
the wrinkled old face, and the
housekeeper, for this her appearance
proclaimed her to be, bowed in
a queer Victorian fashion which
suggested that a curtsy might fol-
low. One did not follow, however.
"I am sure I apologize, sir," she
said. "Benson did not tell me you
had arrived."

"That's quite all right," said Harley,
genially.
"Servants in these times," she in-
formed him, "are not what servants
were in my young days."

"Unfortunately, that is so," Harley
agreed.

The old lady tossed her head. "I
do my best," she continued, "but
that girl would not have stayed in
the house for one week if I had had
my way. Miss Phil is altogether too
soft-hearted. Thank goodness, she
goes tomorrow, though."

"I mean Jones, the new parlour-
maid. Four hours off has that girl
had today, although she was out on
Wednesday. Then she has the impu-
dence to allow someone to ring her
up here at the house; and finally
I discover her upsetting the table
after Benson had laid it and after I
had rearranged it."

Wandering from side to side of the
library, Harley presently found him-
self standing still before the mantel-
piece and studying a photograph in
a silver frame which occupied the
center of the shelf. It was the
photograph of an unusually pretty
girl.

"Presumably 'Miss Phil,'" he said
aloud.

He removed his gaze with reluc-
tance from the fascinating picture,
and dropping into the big lounge
chair, he lighted a cigar. He had
just placed the match in an ash tray
when he heard Sir Charles' voice in
the lobby, and a moment later Sir
Charles himself came hurrying into
the library.

"I was called ten minutes ago by
someone purporting to be the ser-

then, nastily pouring out a glass of
water he drank a sip or two and
Paul Harley noticed that his hand
was shaking nervously.
No longer able to conceal his con-
cern Harley stood up. "If the story
distresses you so keenly, Sir
Charles," he said, "I beg—"
He ceased abruptly, and ran to his
desk's assistance, for the latter, evi-
dently enough, was in the throes of
some sudden illness or seizure.

"Benson!" cried Harley, loudly.
"Quick! Your master is ill!"
There came a sound of swift foot-
steps and the door was thrown open.
"Too late," whispered Sir Charles
in a choking voice. He began to
clutch his throat as Benson hurried
into the room.
"Fire-Tongue," he said.
"Nicol Brinn."

A stifled shriek sounded from the
doorway, and in tottered Mrs. How-
ett, the old housekeeper, with other
servants peering over her shoulder
into the room.
"Fire-Tongue," he said.
"Nicol Brinn."

CHAPTER III
Shadows
HAD you reason to suspect any
cardiac trouble, Doctor Mc-
Murdoch? asked Harley.
Doctor McMurdoch, a local practi-
tioner who had been a friend of Sir
Charles Abingdon, shook his head
slowly.

"Was he consulting you profes-
sionally, Mr. Harley?" asked the
physician.
"His was," replied Harley, staring
fascinatedly at the photograph on
the mantelpiece. "I am informed,"
said he, abruptly, "that Miss Abing-
don is out of town?"

Doctor McMurdoch nodded in his
slow, gloomy fashion. "She is stay-
ing in Devonshire with poor Abing-
don's sister," he answered. "I am
wondering how we are going to
break the news to her."

Perceiving that Doctor McMur-
doch had clearly been intimate with
the late Sir Charles, Harley deter-
mined to make use of this oppor-
tunity to endeavor to fathom the
mystery of the late surgeon's fears.

"You will not misunderstand me,
Doctor McMurdoch," he said, "if I
venture to ask you one or two rather
personal questions respecting Miss
Abingdon?"

Doctor McMurdoch lowered his
shaggy brows and looked gloomily
at the speaker. "Mr. Harley," he
replied, "know you by repute for
a man of integrity, but before I an-
swer your questions will you answer
one of mine?"

"Certainly."

"Then my question is this: Does
not your interest cease with the
death of your client?"

"Doctor McMurdoch," said Harley,
sternly, "you no doubt believe your-
self to be acting as a friend of this
deceased family. You regard me,
perhaps, as a Paul Pry prompted by
idle curiosity. On the contrary, I
find myself in a delicate and em-
barrassing situation. From Sir
Charles' conversation I had gathered
that he entertained certain fears
on behalf of his daughter."

"Indeed," said Doctor McMur-
doch.

"If these fears were well found-
ed, the danger is not removed, but
merely increased by the death of
Miss Abingdon's natural protector.
I regret, sir, that I approached you
for information, since you have mis-
judged my motive."

"Oh," said Doctor McMurdoch,
gloomily, "I'm afraid I've offended
you. But I meant well, Mr. Har-
ley." A faint trace of human emo-
tion showed itself in his deep voice.

"Charles Abingdon and I were stu-
dents together in Edinburgh," he
explained. "I was maybe a little
strange."

His apology was so evidently sin-
cere that Harley relaxed at once.
"Please say no more, Doctor Mc-
Murdoch," he responded. "I fully
appreciate your feelings in the mat-
ter. At such a time a stranger can
only be an intruder; but—he fixed
his keen eyes upon the physician—
"there is more underlying all this
than you suspect or could readily
believe. You will live to know that
I have spoken the truth."

DINNER STORIES

His Defense.
"Now here," said the agent, "is a fine
farm of 100 acres of land in a fine dis-
trict, and—"
"Why do you say 'acres of land'?"
interrupted the fussy customer. "What
kind of acres are there except of
land?"

"Well," said the agent, "I once got
into a lot of trouble for selling a stran-
ger 100 acres of water, and now I'm tak-
ing no chances."

Young Female Clerk—Let me show
you some pretty stockings.
Young Male Customer—Now, now;
that's not nice. Papa spank.

Why did you tip that boy so hand-
somerly when he gave you your coat?
Look at the coat he gave me.

In Prohibition Hall.
"Supposing, friends, that I had here
a bucket of water and a bucket of beer,
and a mule was led in—which bucket
do you think he would drink?"
"Water—water—water."

Man from rear: "Because he's an
ass."

A farmer wrote to the editor of an
agricultural paper asking for a method
of ridding his orchard of the grasshop-
per plague. In the same mail the edi-
tor received a request for advice from
an anxious mother about her baby twins,
who were having a hard time feeding.
The farmer received this reply: "Wrap
flannel cloths around their throats. Rub
gums with castor oil and massage their
stomachs twice a day."

The anxious mother received this start-
ling reply: "Cover with dry straw. Soak
thoroughly with coal oil and apply a
match; the little pests will soon stop
bothering you."

How did you get that scar?
I got it jumping through a plate glass
window on Harvard-Yale night.
Why on earth did you do that?
Oh, I don't know. It seemed a splen-
did idea at the time.

Six-year-old Mary—Mama, where can
I trade my rabbit for a cat?
Mother—What makes you want to
trade, dear?
Mary—Well, I want something with
a handle on it.

Caftan Blue to Shape Measures.
Washington, Dec. 12.—A sub-com-
mittee of the "cotton blue" in Congress
will meet Friday to consider legislation
designed to improve the estimation of
cotton crops by the census bureau.
Headed by Senator Harris, Democrat,
Georgia, the committee includes Represen-
tative Wingo, Democrat, Arkansas,
and Representative Bulwinkle, Demo-
crat, North Carolina. Senator Harris
will lay before the meeting several bills
passed by the last senate but which
were not acted upon in the house. The
measure approved by the committee, he
said today, will be reintroduced and
actively supported on both sides of the
capitol.

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