

The Concord Daily Tribune

J. B. SHERILL,  
Editor and Publisher  
W. M. SHERILL, Associate Editor

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect June 28, 1925

Northbound

No. 40 To New York 9:28 P. M.  
No. 138 To Washington 5:05 A. M.  
No. 36 To New York 10:25 A. M.  
No. 34 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 3:55 P. M.  
No. 35 To New Orleans 9:50 P. M.  
No. 29 To Birmingham 2:35 P. M.  
No. 31 To Augusta 5:51 A. M.  
No. 33 To New Orleans 8:25 A. M.  
No. 11 To Charlotte 8:45 A. M.  
No. 135 To Atlanta 8:25 P. M.  
No. 37 To New Orleans 10:45 A. M.  
No. 39 To New Orleans 9:55 A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord  
to take on passengers going to Wash-  
ington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to dis-  
charge passengers coming from be-  
hind Washington.

**BIBLE THOUGHT**  
—FOR TODAY—

Bible thoughts materialized, will prove a  
valuable heritage in after years.

**HUMILITY OF CHRIST**—Let  
this mind be in you, which was also  
in Christ Jesus. Let nothing be  
done through strife or vainglory; but  
in lowliness of mind let each esteem  
other better than themselves.—Philippi-  
ans 2:3, 4.

MUST WE LOSE THE P. & N.?

Must Concord lose its chance of be-  
ing served by the Piedmont & North-  
ern Railway because right of ways  
cannot be secured on the route from  
Charlotte to this city?

That is a question that challenges  
every citizen who wants to see Con-  
cord grow. It is a question that de-  
mands immediate solution unless we  
are to be content with discussing in  
after years conditions that "might  
have been" as we have done about  
Kannapolis. The late James W. Can-  
non tried to purchase land in Concord  
for the erection of the mills that have  
made Kannapolis the greatest unin-  
corporated town in the United States.  
He was forced to seek elsewhere be-  
cause he thought prices here were too  
high.

Much the same situation has arisen  
with regard to securing a line of  
the P. & N. in Concord. The company  
is ready to build its line from  
Charlotte to Winston-Salem, but is  
not so anxious to come through Con-  
cord that it will pay what appears to  
be unreasonable prices for right of  
way lands.

Quite a number of land owners  
have given the right of way free, yet  
we find others seeking as much as a  
thousand dollars an acre from the in-  
terurban companies. These people  
should realize that the company does  
not have to come through this city.  
And if they stick to their present de-  
mands it won't come this way. In-  
stead it will follow a straight line  
from Charlotte to Kannapolis, pass-  
ing through the Poplar Tent neighbor-  
hood and coming no nearer than six  
miles to this city.

We all see now what Concord lost  
when the Cannon and Cabarrus Mills  
were erected in Kannapolis. Seven  
or eight thousand persons now liv-  
ing in Kannapolis would live in Con-  
cord and instead of a census popula-  
tion of 9,903, we would have about  
20,000.

Surely, we are not going to wait  
too long before co-operating with  
the P. & N. officials. Surely we will  
not be content to sit back in after years  
and talk about how much better con-  
ditions in many respects would be if  
we had gotten the P. & N.

Now is the time for action. Now  
is the time for co-operation. Now is  
the time to remember that Concord  
and Cabarrus county should come be-  
fore personal ambitions. Self-sacrifice  
is an attribute of good citizenship.  
We should not let consideration for  
money stop a community project. We  
should put the good of the city, the  
county and this section of the State  
above self.

INDUSTRIES RAPIDLY IN-  
CREASING.

According to the Census Bureau  
the population of the cities in the  
United States now is larger than the  
population of the rural districts. Nev-  
er before in the history of the nation

has such a condition existed.  
Not only have we more people in  
the cities than in the rural districts,  
but according to the Bureau report,  
more of the people who are engaged  
in the industries than in agricultural  
pursuits, for wages and salaries con-  
stitute now 58 per cent. of the national  
income.

A report submitted by the National  
Bureau of Economic Research shows  
that wages and salaries paid in 1919  
amounted to \$38,400,000,000, the to-  
tal in the following year rising to  
\$41,600,000,000 due to inflation in ev-  
erything. However, the average is  
maintained around the figure for  
1919. An analysis of the report has  
been made by The Wall Street Jour-  
nal, and the disclosures show that  
manufacturing pays the largest share  
of the total. In 1919 that branch of  
our industry paid \$13,600,000,000 in  
wages and salaries, or 39 per cent. of  
the total. Agriculture, on the other  
hand, paid only four per cent. But  
this is not to be taken to mean that  
agriculture does but four per cent. of  
the Nation's work. The greater share  
of the work of agriculture is done by  
the farm family, and therefore is not  
included in the National payroll.

The Journal presents these figures  
for this great National payroll to  
call attention to the great change that  
is coming over this country. "We are  
still a great agricultural nation," it  
says, "but we are also becoming a  
great manufacturing Nation. A coun-  
try in which the wages of manufac-  
turing make up 39 per cent. of the to-  
tal income cannot be anything else  
than deeply interested in manufactur-  
ing. Invention is constantly releas-  
ing men from agriculture for manufac-  
turing and increasing the divisions  
thereof. The making of this  
great wage income is a constant pil-  
ing up of purchasing power that pre-  
vents congestion of production and  
calls for increasing output, making for  
a higher standard of living and lead-  
ing to a better citizenship."

BUS LINE MERGER IS BEING  
SOUGHT BY BIG COMPANY

Lexington Dispatch.

The J. G. Brill Company, of Balti-  
more, Md., is making efforts to ac-  
quire and consolidate the three bus  
companies operating lines between  
Greensboro and Raleigh, which would  
if successfully carried out make a  
reality of the dream of "one big com-  
pany."

The Safety Coach Company, the  
Southern Transit Company, and Carolina  
Coach Company are the three be-  
ing sought, it was said. "If negotia-  
tions with G. F. Elliott, owner of the  
majority of stock in the Southern  
Transit, formerly United States Lines,  
are carried through, it seems probable  
that the consolidation, with a new  
owner, will be consummated.

It is learned in Greensboro that  
the deal, if carried out, would involve  
about three hundred thousand dollars.  
It would mean the end of any bus  
"wars" and would give the valuable  
line between the capital and Green-  
sboro by way of Durham to one con-  
cern. The Safety Coach and Caro-  
lina Coach companies are willing to  
sell, it was said. The whole thing  
hinges on whether or not a deal is  
carried through for the Southern  
Transit Company.

The Bell company is a manufac-  
turer of street cars and like equip-  
ment and foundry products. It has  
bus lines in Maryland, it is stated,  
and has been successful in bus op-  
erations.

"A fortune for one concern," but  
little for three or more is the way  
bus men talk of the situation be-  
tween Greensboro and Raleigh.

Ultimately, it is expected, should  
the deal go through, the Bell com-  
pany would try to acquire and con-  
solidate bus companies operating from  
Greensboro to Charlotte.

ROBINSON APPOINTED  
TO RALSTON'S SEAT

Indianapolis Republican Lawyer  
Named By Indiana Governor to  
Fill Unexpired Term.

Indianapolis, Oct. 20.—Arthur R.  
Robinson, Indianapolis attorney, to-  
night was notified by United States  
senator from Indiana to succeed the  
late Samuel M. Ralston.

Mr. Robinson, Republican, was  
named by Governor Ed Jackson to  
serve until the state election in No-  
vember, 1926, when a senator will  
be elected to serve the remainder of  
Mr. Ralston's term, which would  
have expired March 3, 1929.

Did Not Cut on the Price of Job  
Printing.

Moore Enquirer.

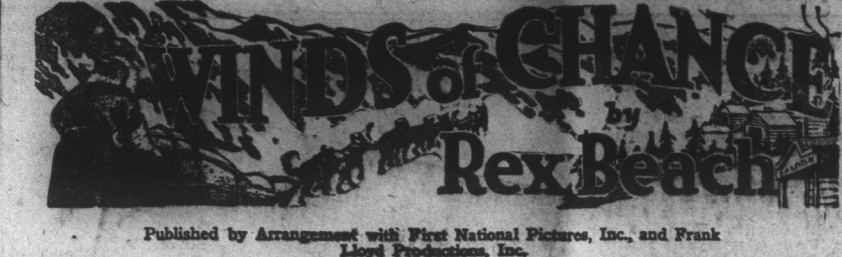
One day last week an old customer,  
a merchant of the county, asked The  
Enquirer to do some job printing. The  
price quoted was \$5 for the job—same  
as previously charged for the same  
work.

"No," said the merchant, "I can  
get it done elsewhere for \$4.50, and  
will pay you that price for the job."  
The Enquirer told him we were no  
price-cutters, but the price named was  
fair, and there were no hard feelings  
if he could get the work done else-  
where cheaper.

Now, if I had gone to this same  
merchant's store, and he had asked  
me \$5 for a pair of shoes, and I had  
told him \$4.50 was all I would pay,  
he would have reached up to his shelf  
and pulled down a \$4.50 pair of shoes  
—not quite so good as the \$5 pair—  
and that would have been right.

The boys in The Enquirer job shop  
could have substituted a little inferior  
grade of paper, cheaper ink, and had  
not gone to the trouble to have made  
a first-class job in every respect, and  
could have sold it for \$4.50. But we  
don't do it that way. As a matter of  
fact The Enquirer's presses are kept  
busy throughout the year because our  
motto has been: "Quality is re-  
membered long after price is forgot-  
ten."

Also we should remember we always  
get what we pay for—and no more.



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CHAPTER XV. (Continued)

Linton showed his contempt for  
this ridiculous assertion by silently  
pulling the bedding higher and snug-  
gly tucking it in. Jerry promptly  
tumbled him aside and pulled it lower.  
Tom made an angry gesture, and for  
a third time adjusted the covers to  
suit himself, whereupon Jerry imme-  
diately changed them to accord with  
his ideas.

Aggressively, violently, but with-  
out words this time, the partners ar-  
gued the matter. They were glar-  
ing at each other, they had almost  
come to blows when, with a start,  
Jerry looked at his watch. Swiftly  
he possessed himself of the medi-  
cine-glass and spoon; to Tom he  
whispered:

"Quick! Lift her up."  
Linton refused. "Don't you know  
anything?" he queried: "Never  
move a sick person unless you have  
to. Give it to her as she lays."

"How you goin' to feed medicine  
out of a spoon to anybody layin'  
down?" the other demanded.  
"Easy!" Tom took the glass and  
the teaspoon; together the two men  
bent over the bed.

But Linton's hands were shaky;  
when he pressed the spoon to Rou-  
letta's lips he spilled its contents. The  
girl rolled her head restlessly.  
"Shaw! She moved."

"She never moved," Jerry con-  
tended. "You missed her." From  
his nostrils issued that annoying,  
that insulting, snort of derision which  
so sorely tried his partner's patience.  
"You had a fair shot at her, layin'  
down, Tom, and you never touched  
her."

"Maybe I'd have had better luck  
if you hadn't jiggled me."

"Hell! Who jiggled?"

"Sh—h!" Once more Mr. Quirk  
had spoken aloud. "If you've got  
to holler, go down by the rapids."

After several clumsy attempts both  
men agreed that their patient had  
doubtless received the equivalent of  
a full dose of medicine, so Tom  
replaced the glass and spoon. "I'm  
a little out of practice," he explained.  
"I don't do this done fine."

Jerry spoke with what seemed to be  
genuine commendation. "You got it in-  
ter nose every time."

Tom exploded with wrath and it  
was Jerry's turn to command silence.  
"Why don't you hire a hall?" the  
latter cried. "Or maybe I better  
take a 'coon for you so you can  
bark as loud as you want to. Family  
business!" Linton bristled ag-  
gressively, but the whisperer con-  
tinued:

"One head of children don't make  
a family any more 'n one head of  
beifers makes a herd."

Tom paled; he showed his teeth  
beneath his gray mustache. Leaning  
forward, he thrust his quivering  
bearded face close to the hateful  
countenance opposite him. "D'you  
mean to call my daughter a heifer?"  
he demanded, in restrained fury.

"Keep them whiskers to yourself,"  
Jerry snapped. "You can't pick a  
row with me, Tom; I don't quarrel  
with nobody. I didn't call your  
daughter a heifer, and you know I  
didn't. No doubt she would of made  
a fine man if she'd of grown up—  
but— Say! I bet I know why you  
lost her. I bet you poured so much  
medicine in her crib that she  
drowned!" Jerry giggled at this  
thought.

"That ain't funny," the other rum-  
bled. "If I thought you meant to  
call a member of my family a  
heifer—"

"You've called your wife worse 'n  
that. I've heard you."

"I meant everything I said." She  
was an old catamount and—  
"Probably she was a fine woman,"  
Jerry had a discourteous habit of  
interrupting. "No wonder she  
walked out and left you flat—she  
was human. No doubt she had a  
fine character to start with. So did  
I for that matter, but there's a limit  
to human endurance."

"You don't have to put up with me  
any longer than you want to," Linton  
stormed, under his breath. "We can  
get a divorce easy. All it takes is a  
saw."

"You made that crack once before,  
and I called you a bluff!" Jerry's  
angry face was now outburst; only  
with difficulty did he maintain a tone  
indifferent to the sick girl. "Out of  
pity I helped you up and handed you  
back your crutches. But this time  
I'll let you lay where you fall. A  
hundred dollars a dozen for lemons!  
For a poor little sick girl! You  
ain't got the bowels of a shark!"

"It was your proposition!"  
"It was!"  
"Some folks lie faster 'n a goat  
can walk!"

"Meaning me?"  
"Who else would I mean?"  
"Why don't you call me a liar and  
be done with it?"

"I do. It ain't news to anybody  
but you!"

Having safely landed his craft be-  
low the rapids, Polon Dorset hur-  
ried back to his tent to find the par-  
ners sitting knee to knee, face to  
face, and hurling whispered inco-  
herencies at each other. Both men  
were in a poisonous mood, both were  
ripe for violence. They overflowed  
with wrath. They were glaring;  
they shook their fists; they were  
cracked with fury; insult followed  
abuse; and the sounds that issued  
from their throats were like the  
rustlings of a corn-field in an au-  
tumn gale. Nor did inquiry elicit a  
sensible explanation from either.

"Heifer, eh? Drowned my own  
child, did I?" Tom ground his teeth  
in a ferocious manner.

"Don't file your tusks for me,"  
Jerry chattered, "file the saw. We're  
gonna need it."

"You men ain't cut dat boat in two

again?" Polon inquired with aston-  
ishment.

"Sure. And everything we've got,"  
it was Linton who spoke; there  
was a light of triumph in his eyes,  
his face was ablaze with an unholy  
satisfaction. "We've been drawing  
lots for twenty minutes, and this  
time—I got the stool!"

CHAPTER XVI

Once again Tom and Jerry's skiff  
had been halved, once again its own-  
ers smarted under the memory of in-  
sults unwarranted, of gibes that no  
apology could atone for. This time  
it had been old Jerry who cooked his  
supper over an open fire and old  
Tom who stretched the tarpaulin over  
his stove. Neither spoke; both  
were sulky, avoiding each other's  
eye; there was an air of bitter, im-  
placable hostility.

Into this atmosphere of constraint  
came "Polon Dorset, and had it not  
been for his own anxieties, he would  
have derived much amusement from  
the situation. As it was, however,  
he was quite blind to it, showing  
nothing save his own deep feeling  
of concern.

"M'sieu's," he began, hurriedly,  
"dat gal she's gettin' more seckle.  
I'm scare' she's goin' die to-night.  
Mebbe you set up wit' me, eh?"

Tom quickly volunteered. "Why,  
sure! I'm family man. I—"

"Family man!" Jerry snorted, de-  
rively. "He had one head, mister,  
and he lost it inside of a month.  
I'm a better nurse than him."

"Bient! I tak' you both," said  
"Polon."

But Jerry emphatically declined  
the invitation. "Cut me out if you  
ain't make it three-handed—I'd Jim  
the deck sure. No. I'll set around  
and watch my grub-pile."

Tom addressed himself to "Polon,"  
but his words were for his late part-  
ner.

"That settles me," said he. "I'll  
have to stick close to home, for  
there's people I wouldn't trust near  
a loose outfit."

This was of course, a gratuitous  
affront. It was fathered in malice;  
it had its intended effect. Old Jerry  
hopped as if springs in his rheumatic  
legs had suddenly let go; he uttered  
a shrill war-whoop—a wordless bat-  
tle-cry in which rage and indigna-  
tion were blended.

"If a certain old buzzard-bait sets  
up with you, Frenchy, count your  
spoons, that's all. I know him. A  
hundred dollars a dozen for lemons!  
He'd rob a child's bank. He'd steal  
milk out of a sick baby's bottle."



"Dis ain't no tam for callin'  
names," he said.

The pilot frowned. "Dis ain't no  
tam for callin' names," said he. "To-  
night dat gal goin' die or—she's go-  
in' begin get well. Me, I'm mos'  
dead now. Mebbe you fellers for-  
get youtself lil' while an' he's me  
out."

Tom stirred uneasily. With ap-  
parently no effort, he undertook to  
evade the issue, but in his eyes was  
an expression of uncertainty. Jerry,  
too, was less obdurate than he had  
pretended. After some further ar-  
gument he avoided a weak surren-  
der by muttering:

"All right. Take him along, so I'll  
know my grub's safe, and I'll help  
you out. I'm a good hand with  
hoses, and hoses are like humans,  
only bigger. They got more sense  
and more affection, too. They know  
when they're well off. Now if a  
hoss gets down you got to get him  
up and walk him around. My idea  
about this girl—"

Mr. Linton groaned loudly, then  
to "Polon he cried: "Lead the way.  
You watch the girl and I'll watch  
this vet'rinary."

That was an anxious and a trying  
night for the three men. They were  
unskilled in the care of the sick;  
nevertheless, they realized that the  
girl's illness had reached its crisis  
and that, once the crisis had passed,  
she would be more than likely to re-  
cover. Hour after hour they sat be-  
side her, administering her medicine  
regularly, maintaining an even tem-  
perature in the tent, and striving, as  
best they could, to ease her suffer-  
ing. This done, they could only  
watch and wait, putting what trust  
they had in her youth and her vital-  
ity. Their sense of helplessness op-  
pressed the men heavily; their con-  
cern increased as the hours dragged  
along and the life within the girl  
flared up to a blaze or flickered down  
to a mere spark.

Dorset was in a pitiable state, on  
the verge of exhaustion, for his vigil  
had been long and faithful; it was  
a nightmare period of suspense for  
him. Occasionally he dozed, but  
only to start into wakefulness and to  
experience apprehensions keener  
than before. The man was beside  
himself, and his anxiety had its ef-

fect upon Tom and Jerry. Their  
compassion increased when they  
learned how Sam Kirby had been  
taken off and how Rouletta had been  
brought to this desperate pass. The  
story of her devotion, her sacrifice,  
roused their deepest pity, and in the  
heat of that emotion they grew soft.  
This mellowing process was not  
sudden; no spirit of forgiveness was  
apparent in either of the pair. Far  
from it. Both remained sullen, un-  
relenting; both maintained the same  
icy front. They continued to ignore  
each other's presence and they ex-  
changed speech only with Dorset.  
Nevertheless, their sympathy had  
been stirred and a subtle change had  
come over them.

This change was most noticeable  
in Linton. As the night wore on, dis-  
tressing memories, memories he con-  
sidered long dead and gone, arose  
to harass him. It was true that he  
had been unhappily married, but  
time had cured the sting of that ex-  
perience, or so he had believed. He  
discovered now that such was not  
the case; certain incidents of those  
forgotten days recurred with poi-  
gnant effect. He had experienced the  
dawn of a father's love, a father's  
pride; he lost himself in a melan-  
choly consideration of what might  
have been had not that dawn been  
darkened. How different, how full,  
how satisfying, if— As he looked  
down upon the fair, fever-flushed  
face of this girl he felt an unex-  
pected, a sudden, a throbbing pity  
and a yearning tenderness.

The hand with which he stroked the hair  
back from her brow and rearranged  
her pillow was as gentle as a woman's.

Jerry, too, altered in his peculiar  
way. As the hours lengthened, his  
bitter, his angry face became less ven-  
geful, between his eyes there appeared  
a deepening frown of apprehension.  
More than once he opened his lips  
to ask Tom's opinion of how the  
fight progressed, but managed in  
time to restrain himself. Finally he  
could maintain silence no longer, so  
he spoke to Dorset:

"Mister! It looks to me like she  
ain't doin' well."

"Polon rose from his position be-  
side the stove; he bent over the sick-  
bed and touched Rouletta's brow  
with his great hand. In a low voice  
he addressed her:

"Ma sœur! Ma petite sœur! It's  
Polon spik to you."

Rouletta's eyes remained vacant,  
her ceaseless whispering continued  
and she made no answer. Turning  
upon his elderly companion, Al-  
arm was in his face; his voice  
shook.

"M'sieu's! Wat shall we do?  
Queek! Tell me!"

But Tom and Jerry were helpless,  
hopeless. Dorset stared at them; his  
hands came slowly together over his  
head, his groping fingers inter-  
locked; he closed his eyes, and for  
a moment he stood awaying. Then  
he spoke again as a man speaks who  
suffers mortal anguish. "She mus'  
not die! She mus' not die! I tell  
you somethin' now: dis lil' gal she's  
come to mean whole lot for me. As  
firs' I'm sorry, de same lak you feel.  
Sure! But bimbeby I get to know  
her, for she talk, talk—all tam she  
talk, lak crabs parson an' I learn  
to know her soul, her life. Her soul  
is wite, m'sieu's, it's wite an' beauti-  
ful; her life—I fit 'im together in lit-  
tle piece, lak broken dish. Some  
piece I never fit, but I save 'nough  
to mak' picture here and dere. Some-  
tam I smile an' listen to her; more  
tam I cry. She mak' de tears splash  
on my face, lak de dew on a flower."

"Polon paused; the old men  
watched his working face.

"M'sieu's," he went on, "I'm  
lonely man. I got no frien's, no  
family; I live in dreams. Dat's all  
I got in dis whole worl'—jus'  
dreams. One dream is dis, dat  
some day I'm going find somethin'  
to love, somethin' dat will love me.  
De animals I tame dey run away;  
de birds I mak' play wit' dey fly  
south when de winter come. I say,  
'Dorset, dis gal she's poor, she's  
frienless, she's alone. She's very  
seckle, but you goin' mak' her well.  
She ain't goin' run away. She ain't  
goin' fly off lak dem birds. No.  
She's goin' love you lak a broder, an'  
mebbe she's goin' let you stay close  
by! Dieu! Dat's fine dream, eh?  
It mak' me sing inside; it mak' me  
warm an' glad. I wisper in her ear,  
'Ma sœur! Ma petite sœur! It's  
your beeg broder 'Polon dat spik.  
He's goin' mak' you well, an' every  
tam she understand. But now—"

A sob choked the speaker; he  
opened his light-shut eyes and stared  
miserably at the two old men. "I  
call to her an' she don't hear. Wat  
I'm goin' do, eh?"

Neither Linton nor Quirk made  
reply. "Polon leaned forward;  
fiercely he inquired:

"Which one of you feller is de  
bes' man? Which one is go to church  
de mos'?"

Tom and Jerry exchanged glances.  
It was the latter who spoke:

"Tom—this gentleman—knows  
more about churches than I do. He  
was married in one."

Mr. Linton nodded. "But that was  
thirty years ago, so I ain't what  
you'd call a regular attendant, I  
used to carry my religion in my  
wife's name, when I had a wife."

(To be continued)

DINNER STORIES

"Wha' brand o' bacca are ye smok-  
in', Jack?"  
"I dinna ask him!"

One afternoon a young man was  
wheeling a baby carriage back and  
forth in front of his house.

"My dear!" came a voice from an  
upper window of the house.  
"Now let me alone!" he called back.  
"We're all right."

An hour later the same voice, again,  
in earnest, pleading tones:  
"Arthur, dear!"  
"Well, what do you want?" he re-  
sponded. "Anything wrong in the  
house?"

"No, Arthur dear, but you have  
been wheeling Clara's doll all the af-  
ternoon. Isn't it time for the baby  
to have a turn?"

"Your husband has a clever-looking  
head. I suppose he knows practi-  
cally everything?"  
"Sh-sh-h! He doesn't even suspect  
anything!"

"Molly has just returned from the  
seaside."  
"Did she get brown?"  
"No—I think his name was Thomp-  
son."

"Can I see the secretary of agri-  
culture?"  
"Well, he is very busy, madam!  
What was it you wanted to see him  
about?"

"About a geranium of mine that  
isn't doing very well."

A dispute arose between two old  
ladies as to the name of the music  
the band was playing. Said the first:  
"It's the Overture from 'The Master-  
singers!'"

"Rubbish!" declared the second. "I  
should think I know the Prelude from  
'Lohengrin' when I hear it."  
As neither would give in, No. 1  
consulted a notice board. "We're  
both wrong," she announced on re-  
turning. "It's 'Hilfstein From Spitt-  
ing!'"

Visitor: "What are you drawing,  
Cora Anne?"  
Cora Anne: "I started to make  
your picture, but it didn't look pretty  
and so I put a tail on it and called  
it a dog."

Ohio Is Blanketed With 12-Inch  
Snow.

Youngstown, O., Oct. 20.—A 12-  
inch snow fell today blanketing the  
section around Kinsman, in northern  
Trumbull county. Telephone service  
was crippled.

Several inches of snow fell at  
Bloomington and four inches at  
Cordland.

Reporters said trees had been blown  
down across roads and considerable  
property damage done.

**awaken**

the sleeping beauty  
that lies underneath the  
soiled surface of furni-  
ture, floors, doors and  
woodwork. O-Cedar  
Polish will take off the  
marks of use and bring  
back a dry hard finish.  
Use it, too, on your au-  
tomobile. You just pour  
the O-Cedar on, then