

The Concord Daily Tribune

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WHY THE TUMULT?
Winston-Salem Journal.
After hearing Dr. William Louis Potat discuss science and religion in Winston-Salem, one wonders what the tumult among the Baptists in North Carolina is all about.

BIBLE THOUGHT
FOR TODAY
Gladness in Service
Serve the Lord with gladness. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful into him, and bless his name.

FARMERS SHOULD ADVERTISE.
Business men as a whole agree that advertising pays. A study of facts shows that the best known business concerns are those which have spent millions to put their products before the people, and they are the concerns doing the largest business from year to year.

OPPORTUNITY TO SHOW CO-OPERATION.
Secretary Blanks is endeavoring to put on a community party on Halloween that will be a credit to Concord and he wants the public to co-operate.

Russian Builds Queer Craft.
The sea flea travels over the water of the ocean by leaping from wave to wave. Count de Hasenko, a Russian engineer working under the auspices of the French government, is attempting to use the principle of the flea's motion in a new device for water travel known as the "oceanplane."

One of the largest single hydro-electric plants in the United States is to be constructed at Louisville to utilize the enormous volume of water carried down the Ohio River for the development of electricity on a scale.

been so fortunate. We feel certain the announcement that Mr. Blanks needs the co-operation of the public in this worthy undertaking is sufficient to assure him the support he wants.

WOULD ELIMINATE AUTO TAX.

Automobile manufacturers of the country want Congress to cut out the tax on autos, and as a means of arousing public sympathy in their proposal they promise to pass on the reduction to the public if Congress will agree to their suggestion.

That is the kind of talk that will appeal to the public at right. People will buy autos when they can't get them for as little money as possible. The Congressman or Senator who publicly announces his approval of the plan could be counted on to get a big vote.

Of course manufacturers of everything else that carries a federal tax are just as anxious as the auto manufacturers to get the tax eliminated. It hurts their business and they are willing to make concessions to get rid of the tax.

Automobiles are more of a necessity now than they formerly were and for that reason Congress may give serious consideration to the proposal to eliminate the tax on them. Certainly trucks must be considered a necessity and the auto is a necessity to those persons who live far from their work or who are forced to use the motor for other reasons.

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Surely no man could be found for the presidency of Wake Forest College who could go stronger on faith in the Bible and the Bible's God than Dr. Potat went when he told more than a thousand men here that "the scientist who says there is no God, no spirit world, no miracle, is the fool of the Scriptures," and to prove his conviction quoted from the Bible, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

Please note that in this brief but all-inclusive statement the eminent educator and scientist put himself on record not only as one having faith in God and the spirit world, but as one who believes in miracles. What more can a Christian be asked to believe?

Dr. Potat said that he hears more about evolution in a day traveling over North Carolina than he hears in a year at Wake Forest College. And yet, to hear some well-meaning, but uninformed people talk, one would think that the students of Wake Forest and other higher institutions of learning in North Carolina, too, for that matter, are fed on evolution morning, noon and night.

It would be humorous, if it were not tragical, that Christian people could get themselves so wrought up over a theory or doctrine, when Jesus, Himself, never stopped to argue with anybody about theories. To Jesus, religion is not doctrine, or creed, or theory. It was life. And it is nothing short of tragedy when Christians take the emphasis of life where Jesus placed it and left it, and put it instead on pet theories and doctrines about life.

There is no authority anywhere in the New Testament for such change of emphasis. Paul never stopped to debate, not even with the scientists of Athens—the greatest of that day. He was too busy telling of the new Light that had come into the world. He was too thrilled with his experience at the Cross to go back of it to wrangle with men who had nothing more important to do than speculate concerning the origin and processes of life. God created the world and all that in it, he told the university professors at Athens, but did not stop to debate with them about God's process or method of creation.

Paul had no time for speculation on the details of creation. He had too much to do. "In the beginning God" was enough for him to know. Paul was not a scientist, primarily interested in the material world and the things of the physical realm. He was a preacher of the Gospel of salvation through Jesus—the Way, the Life, the Light—primarily interested in the spirit world and the things of the spiritual realm.

The device consists of an inclosed shell hanging from two airplane wings which have long, freely moving stabilizers suspended below. At the end of the wings are boat-like "feet" filled with helium gas. They are supposed to draw only a few inches of water when the craft is stationary; when it is in motion they are supposed to merely touch the waves as the boat skims along. An airplane propeller, it is believed, will drive the craft at a speed of 55 miles an hour. Altogether the boat weighs about a ton.

One of the largest single hydro-electric plants in the United States is to be constructed at Louisville to utilize the enormous volume of water carried down the Ohio River for the development of electricity on a scale.



Published by Arrangement with First National Pictures, Inc., and Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc.

CHAPTER XIX. (Continued)

Pierce had not tasted liquor since his last farewell to Laura. Three weeks of hard work in the open air had effected a chemical change in his make-up, a purification of his tissues, and as a result Best's liquor mounted quickly to his head and warmed his blood. When he had emptied his glass Laura saw that it was promptly refilled.

"So you've cut out the stampeding," Morris continued. "Good! You've got sense. Let the rough-necks do it. This here Front Street is the best pay-streak in the Klondike and it won't pinch out. Why? Because every miner empties his poke into it." The speaker nodded, and leaned more intimately against Phillips. "They bring in their Bonanza dust and their El Dorado nuggets and salt their sluices. That's the system. It's simpler as falling down a log. What?"

"Come to the good news," Laura urged. "The little woman hates you, don't she?" Best winked. "Just like

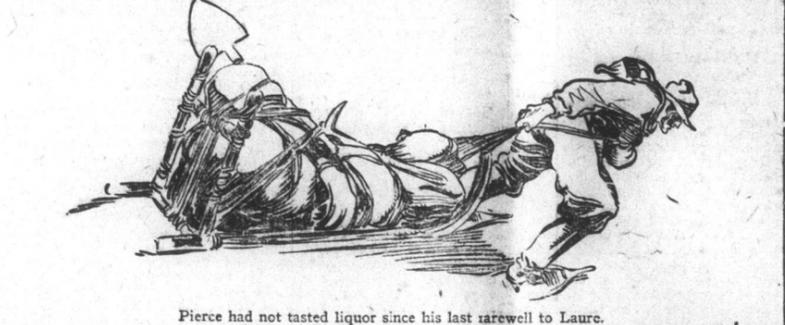
luck, and—I hope you strike it rich." When he had gone Tom shook his head. His face was clouded with regret and, too, with a vague expression of surprise. "Too bad," he said. "I didn't think he was that kind."

"Sure!" Jerry agreed. "I thought he'd make good." CHAPTER XX Morris Best's new partner was a square gambler, so-called. People there were who sneered at this description and considered it a contradiction as absurd as a square circle or an elliptical cube. An elementary knowledge of the principles of geometry and of the retail liquor business proved the non-existence of such a thing as a straight crook, so they maintained. Be that as it may, Ben Miller certainly differed from the usual run of sporting-men, and he possessed peculiar ideas regarding the conduct of his trade. Those ideas were almost puritanical in their nature. Proprietorship of

He motioned to the tiny little office which was curtained off from general view. "Kirby's kid don't have to deal nothing. She's good for any kind of a stake on his name."

"Dad would be glad to hear that. He was a great man. He ran straight." Roulette's eyes had become misty at Miller's indirect tribute to her father; nevertheless, she summoned a smile and went on: "He never borrowed, and neither will I. If you can't put me to work I'll try somewhere else."

"How did you get down from White Horse?" Miller inquired, curiously. "Poleon Doret brought me." "I know Doret. He's accs'." "Can you really deal?" Best broke in. "Come. I'll prove that I can." Roulette started for the gambling-



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she hates her right eye. You got her going, kid. Well, you can start work tomorrow. "Start work? Where?" Pierce was bewildered. "Miller's looking for a gold-wheigher. We'll put you out in the saloon proper."

"Saloon proper?" Pierce shook his head in good-natured refusal. "I dare say it's the sort of my bringing-up, but I don't think there's any such thing. I'm an out-door person, I'm one of the rough-necks who salts your sluice-boxes. I think I'd better stick to the hills. It's mighty nice of you, though, and I'm much obliged."

"Are you going to take that other offer?" Laura inquired. When Pierce hesitated she laid hold of his other arm. "I won't let you go," she cried. "I want you here."

"Nonsense!" he protested. "I can't do anything for you. I have nothing—"

"Have I ever asked you for anything?" she blazed at him. "I can take care of myself, but I want you. I sha'n't let you go."

"Better think it over," Best declared. "We need a good man."

"Yes!" Laura clung to Pierce's hand. "Don't be in a hurry. Anyhow, stay and dance with me while we talk about it. We've never had a dance together. Please!"

The proprietor of the theater was in a genial mood. "Stick around," he seconded. "Your credit is good and it won't worry me none if you never take up your tabs. Laura has got the right idea; play 'em safe and sure, and let the other feller do the work. Now we'll have another bottle."

recreation centers similar to the Rialto had bred in Mr. Miller a profound distrust of women as a sex and of his own ability successfully to deal with them; in consequence, he refused to tolerate their presence in his immediate vicinity. That they were valuable, nay, necessary, ingredients in the success of an enterprise such as the present one he well knew—Miller was, above all, a business man—but in making his deal with Best he had insisted positively that none of the latter's song-birds were ever to enter the front saloon. That room, Miller maintained, was to be his own, and he proposed to exercise dominion over it. As for the gambling-hall, that of necessity was neutral territory and he reluctantly consented to permit the girls to patronize it so long as they behaved themselves. For his part, he yielded all responsibility over the theater, and what went on therein, to Best. He agreed to stay out of it.

This division of power worked admirably, and Miller's prohibitions were scrupulously observed. He was angered, therefore, when one morning his rule was broken. At the moment he was engaged in weighing, checking up, and sacking his previous night's receipts, he looked up with a frown when a woman's—a girl's—voice interrupted him.

"Are you Ben Miller?" the trespasser inquired. Miller nodded shortly. He could be colder than a frog when he chose.

"I'm looking for work," explained the visitor. "You got the wrong door," he told her. "You want the dance-hall. We don't allow women in here."

"So I understand." Miller's frown deepened. "Well, then, beat it! Saloons' are masculine gender and—"

"I'm not a dance-hall girl, I'm a dealer," the other broke in. "You're a—what?" Ben's jaw dropped; he stared curiously at the speaker. She was pretty, very pretty, in a still, dignified way; she had a fine, intelligent face and she possessed a poise, a carriage, that challenged attention.

"A dealer? What the deuce can you deal?" he managed to ask. "Anything—the bank, the wheel, the tub, the cage—"

Disapproval returned to the man's countenance; there was an admonitory sternness to his voice when he said: "It ain't very nice to see a kid like you in a place like this. I don't know where you learned that wise talk, but—cut it out. Go home and behave yourself, sister. If you're broke, I'll stake you; so'll anybody, for that matter."

room and the two men followed. Best spoke to his partner in a low voice: "Say, Ben, if she can make a half-way bluff at it she'll be a big card. Think of the play she'll get."

But Miller was dubious. "She's nothing but a kid," he protested. "A dealer has got to have experience, and, besides, she ain't the kind that belongs in a dump. Somebody'd get fresh and—I'd have to bust him."

There was little activity around the tables at this hour of the day; the occupants of the gambling-room were, for the most part, house employees who were waiting for business to begin. The majority of these employees were gathered about the faro layout, where the cards were being run in a perfunctory manner to an accompaniment of gossip and reminiscence. The sight of Ben Miller in company with a girl evoked some wonder. This wonder increased to amazement when Miller ordered the dealer out of his seat; it became open-mouthed when the girl took his place, then broke a new deck of cards, deftly shuffled them, and slipped them into the box.

At this procedure the languid look-out, who had been comfortably resting upon his spine, uncurled his legs, hoisted himself into an attitude of attention, and leaned forward with a startled expression upon his face.

The gamblers crowded closer, exchanging expectant glances; Ben Miller and Morris Best helped themselves to chips and began to play. These were queer dealers; the case-hardened onlookers prepared to enjoy a mildly entertaining treat. Soon grins began to appear; the men murmured, they nudged one another, they slapped one another on the back, for what they saw astonished and delighted them. The girl dealt swiftly, surely; she handled the paraphernalia of the faro-table with the careless familiarity of long practice; but stranger still, she maintained a poise, a certain reserve and feminine dignity which were totally incongruous.

When, during a pause, she absent-mindedly shuffled a stack of chips, the Mocha Kid permitted his feelings to get the better of him. "Hang me for a horse-thief!" he snickered. "Will you look at that?" Now the Mocha Kid was a ribald character, profanity was a part of him, and blasphemy embellished his casual speech. The mildness of his exclamation showed that he was deeply moved. He continued in the same admiring undertone. "I seen a dame once that could deal a bank, but she couldn't pay and take. This gal can size up a stack with her eyes shut!"

Nothing could have more deeply intrigued the attention of these men than the sight of a modest, quiet, well-behaved young woman exhibiting all the technique of a finished faro-dealer. It was contrary to their experience, to their ideas of fitness, mastery of the gaming-table requires years of practice to acquire, and not one of these professionals but was as proud of his own dexterity as a fine pianist; to behold a mere girl possessed of all the knacks and tricks and mannerisms of the craft excited their keenest risibilities. In order the more thoroughly to test her skill several of them bought stacks of chips and began to play in earnest; they played their bets open, they coppeted, they split, they stringed them, and at the finish they called the turn. Roulette came out; she measured stacks of counters with unflinching facility, she overlooked no bets. She ran out the cards, upset the box, and began to re-shuffle the cards.

(To be continued)

DINNER STORIES

MacTavish, proprietor of a corner confectionery, was the proud owner of a new cash register. One day, when an old friend came into the shop and bought a five-cent cigar, the customer noticed that MacTavish pocketed the money instead of putting it into the drawer.

"Why not ring it up?" he asked. "You'll forget it," replied the wary Scot. "Ye ken I keep track in mah head until I get a dollar, an' then I ring it up. It saves the wear-and-tear on the machine."

"I don't see why jokes about our race being so close are continually being published," remarked a young Scotchman. "We are not close, jist thrifty."

"I think it's a shame, myself," agreed the Irishman with whom he was walking. "They proceeded in silence until they drew near a tobacco shop. 'Come in and have a cigar,' invited the Irishman."

"They stepped inside. The Irishman put his hand in his pocket, then withdrew it with an exclamation. 'By Jove,' said he, 'I left my money at home.' 'Well, the day is young,' commented the Scot. 'I don't naid walkin' back with you to get it.'"

"What is your chief worry?" "Money." "I didn't know you had any?" "I haven't."

Employer: "You say you had your last place three years? Why did you leave?" Applicant: "I was pardoned."

Ruth: "Do you know father has never spoken a nasty word to mother?" Tom: "How is that?" Ruth: "He stutter."

First Bricklayer: "Why did you give up riding to and from your work in your car?" Second Bricklayer: "My doctor says I need the exercise."

"Aren't you ready yet, dear?" called her husband from downstairs. "As soon as I fix my hair, Henry," came the reply.

"Haven't you fixed your hair yet? For gracious sakes?" came from Henry on an hour later. "Fixed it?" shouted the female voice. "I haven't found it yet!"

SEARCHING FOR TWO MAGAZINE SOLICITORS

They Use Auto to Get Away After Snatching Money From Their 'Wanted-Be-Subscribers.' Greensboro News.

Police are searching for two men posing as magazine subscription solicitors and operating a money-snatching game.

The method by which the men operate is to have their car parked on a street with the motor running. One man sits at the steering wheel, while the other accosts a passerby and asks if he would like to subscribe to a magazine for 25 cents.

If the subscriber hands over a quarter, the solicitor asks if he has a large bill so he could be relieved of change. When the bill is produced the man grabs it, jumps on the running board of the car and the pair speed away. If a bill is turned over in the first place to pay for the subscription, the thief takes that.

Riot at Customs Hearing.

Peking, Oct. 26.—(AP)—The demand of 2,000 Chinese students to be admitted to the customs conference today resulted in a riot outside the conference building in which more than thirty police and several students were injured.

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- 10738—By the Light of the Stars, with Mandola and Guitar. Jim Miller-Charlie Farrell. The King Isn't Kink Any More, with Mandola and Guitar. Jim Miller-Charlie Farrell. 10757—Oh Say, Can I See You Tonight. Billy Murray. Ukulele Baby, with mandola and guitar. 10739—I Married the Bootlegger's Daughter, with piano. Frank Crumit. How's Your Folks and My Folks, with piano. The Happiness Boys. 10744—The Farmer Took Another Load Away! Hay! Hay!, with mandolin and guitar. Jim Miller-Charlie Farrell. Little Lindy Loo, with violin, guitar and ukulele. Wendell Hall. 10747—When the Work's All Done This Fall, with guitar. Carl T. Sprague. Bad Companions (cowboy ballad) with guitar. Carl T. Sprague. 10748—Dear Old Back Yard Days, with piano. Bill Murray-Ed. Smalle. It's Just That Feeling For Home, with piano. Billy Murray-Ed. Smalle. 14740—Sweet Little Mother of Mine. Down Deep in an Irishman's Heart. Henry Burr. Sterling Trio. DANCE RECORDS 10708—I Miss My Swive—Fox Trot, with vocal refrain. Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra. The Kinky Kids Parade—Fox Trot, with vocal refrain. Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra. 10737—What a World This Would Be—Fox Trot, (from George White's "Scandals"). Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra. She's Got 'Em—Fox Trot. Fred Hamn and His Orchestra. 10745—Yes, Sir! That's My Baby—Fox Trot (with vocal refrain). Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawk Orchestra. Sometime—Waltz. Jack Shilkret's Orchestra. 10746—Fooling—Fox Trot. Meyer Davis Le Paradis Band. Are You Sorry?—Fox Trot. Don Bestor and His Orchestra. 10750—Everything is Hot—Trot—Now—Fox Trot with vocal refrain. Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawk Orchestra. That's All There Is—Fox Trot, with vocal refrain. Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawk Orchestra. 10751—Summer Nights—Fox Trot. Don Bestor and His Orchestra. Charleston Baby of Mine—Fox Trot. Don Bestor and Orch. 10752—Funny—Waltz. Jack Shilkret's Orchestra. Croom a Little Lullaby—Fox Trot, with vocal refrain. International Novelty Orchestra. 10754—Hong Kong Dream Girl—Fox Trot with vocal refrain. Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawk Orchestra. Who Wouldn't Love You—Fox Trot, with vocal refrain. Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawk Orchestra. 10756—The Promenade Walk—Fox Trot (from Artists and Models). Johnny Hamp's Kentucky Sereaders. Cecilia—Fox Trot with vocal refrain. Johnny Hamp's Kentucky Sereaders.

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