

The Concord Daily Tribune

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Special Representative
FROST, LANDIS & KOHN
225 Fifth Avenue, New York

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 \$6.00
Six Months 3.00
Three Months 1.50

RAILROAD SCHEDULE
In Effect June 28, 1925

Table with 3 columns: No., To, Time. Lists routes to various cities like Washington, New York, etc.

BIBLE THOUGHT
FOR TODAY
Bible thoughts memorized will prove a precious heritage in after years.

BIBLE THOUGHTS
FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT
The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, kindness, gentleness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law.

WHO WILL BE NATIONAL COMMITTEE?
The Republicans of the State seem to be having some difficulty in agreeing on a successor to Judge John J. Parker as National Committeeman.

TRIO OF PUNCH BOARD FRAUDS ARE IN JAIL
Men and Two Women Who Worked Scheme on Rural Stores Taken to Caswell.

THE UNION REPUBLICAN
The Union Republican in a recent issue, charged the Democrats with trying to stir up strife in the matter by suggesting several men who in the opinion of that newspaper are not "regular" enough to be considered.

THE DEMOCRATS
The Democrats are not in this controversy at all. Surely the Union Republican does not argue that Democratic newspapers cannot make suggestions concerning the Republican party.

LOSING INTEREST IN VOTING
Figures published recently showed that forty years ago 80 per cent. of the American people cast their ballots in the Presidential elections.

BRIDGE ACROSS YADKIN RIVER AT STOKES FERRY
The Press has just learned that Messrs. A. F. Biles and R. L. Smith have positively decided to build a bridge across the Yadkin river at Stokes Ferry.

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CHAPTER XXII
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the last one they voted 82 per cent. strong.
There is another surprising thing brought to light in connection with this question. Figures show that the foreign-born population of the United States vote more generally than the native-born.

In discussing such a condition The Charlotte News issues a timely warning. "A democracy cannot prevail as a democracy," says The Charlotte contemporary, "until a majority of the governed constitute a majority of those who are the rulers thereof."

We sit around and "cuss" and criticize our Governors, Senators, Representatives, Presidents, Sheriffs, Mayors and other officers, yet half of the people who do the cussing and criticizing took so little interest in the election in which these officers were selected that they didn't vote.

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I believe that a newspaper would not be worthy of the name of a newspaper if it did not feel it its duty to communicate the facts which it honestly believed to be true to its readers on such an important question as this was agitating the public on the occasion of these publications; and once the occasion is established to be a privileged one, then the presumption of law is that the defendant honestly, bona fide and without malice, published them.

Above are the words spoken by Justice H. Y. MacDonald of the King's bench, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, in dismissing the \$100,000 libel suit sought by Aaron Sapiro against two newspapers in that province, the Regina Leader and the Saskatchewan Star.

The suit was based principally upon the publication of a letter from Joseph Passonneau, former United States department of agriculture official and director of markets for Colorado, describing the methods employed by Sapiro in connection with the organization of the tobacco industry in Kentucky.

Scholar suits are pending against the Pacific Coast Parker for the publication of the Passonneau letters. The defendant newspapers claimed through their attorneys that the letters were published upon a "privileged occasion," in other words, that a similar situation to that which confronted the tobacco growers, existed with regard to the wheat growers of Saskatchewan. This was denied by Sapiro's counsel, but the court held that the publication was justified, without hearing any witnesses for the defense.

TRIO OF PUNCH BOARD FRAUDS ARE IN JAIL
Men and Two Women Who Worked Scheme on Rural Stores Taken to Caswell.

Danville, Va., Oct. 28.—The arrest has been effected in Smithfield of a trio eagerly sought by the Virginia authorities who have been successful in penetrating a punch board fraud in rural stores. A man and two women travelling in a closed car were those responsible.

Most of the rural stores in this section have punch boards on their counters. Payment is required for each change and there are locks numbers for which prizes are given. The stranger usually punched a few numbers, put the slips in his pocket and after noting the winning numerals posted on the board retired to his car, and changed the unlucky numbers in rural stores. The man and two women travelled in a closed car and played the board and drew the prizes.

C. K. Fowlkes operates a store at Hell's Half Acre on the Yanceyville road. He reads the paper and a few days ago read of the punch board scheme. When a stranger and two women entered his store and played the board he became suspicious. They punched a few numbers and then left. Fowlkes put his revolver where it was handy, referred to his "book" of the board which is not exposed to view and from the back of the board extracted all the winning numbers.

Then the stranger returned and punched the board again. With unfeigning glee he announced that he had punched all the winning numbers and as he presented the slips he had forged to Fowlkes he found himself looking down the business end of a revolver and Fowlkes told him he was acquainted with the fraud.

It was Fowlkes' intention to hold the party under the gun until Yanceyville officers arrived, but the swifter exhibited sangfroid, dared Fowlkes to shoot and shepherded his two companions out of the store and muttering curses left. Fowlkes was unwilling to fire under the circumstances. Yesterday afternoon word came that the trio had been arrested at Smithfield and they have been returned to Caswell county for trial.

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Pierce Phillips possessed the average young American's capacities for good or evil. Had he fallen among healthy surroundings upon his arrival at Dawson, in all probability he would have experienced a healthy growth. But, blown by the winds of chance, he took root where he dropped—in the low grounds. Since he possessed the youthful power of quick and vigorous adaptation, he assumed a color to match his environment. Of necessity this alteration was gradual; nevertheless, it was real; without knowing it he suffered a steady deterioration of moral fiber and a progressive change in ideals.

His new life was easy; hours at the Rialto were short and the pay was high. Inasmuch as the place was a playground where cares were forgotten, there was a wholly artificial atmosphere of gaiety and good providence about it. When patrons won at the gambling-games, they promptly squandered their winnings at the bar and in the theater; when they lost, they cheerfully ignored their loss, and even in the most desperate moments shared their recklessness with their prodigality; they made much money; nevertheless, they were usually broke. Most of them drank quite as freely as did the customers.

This was not a temperance country. Although alcohol was not considered a food, it was none the less regarded as a prime essential of comfort and well-being. It was inevitable, therefore, that Pierce Phillips, a youth in his growing age, should adopt a good deal of the same habits, as well as the same spirit and outlook, as the people with whom he came in daily contact.

Vice is erroneously considered hideous; it is supposed to have a visage so repulsive that the simplest stranger will shudder at sight of it and turn of his own accord to more attractive virtues. If that were only true, there comes also a freedom of individual conduct, an impatience at irksome restraints, that frequently offsets any benefits that accrue from such an environment.

So it was it Pierce's case. He realized, subconsciously, that he was changing, had changed; on the whole, he was glad of it. It filled him with contemptuous amusement, for instance, to look back upon his old puritanical ideas. They seemed queer, wavering parallel streets that led downward from the snowy turmoil to the level ground below. They resembled the tracks of some oddly fashioned sled.

Pierce halted, and with bent head was studying the phenomenon, when close above him he heard the rush of a swiftly approaching body; he looked up just in time to behold apparition utterly unexpected, utterly astounding. Swooping directly upon him with incredible velocity was what seemed at first glance to be a bird-woman, a Valkyrie out of the pages of Norse mythology. Wingless she was, yet she came like the wind, and at the very instant Pierce raised his eyes she took the air almost over his head—quite as if he had startled her as upon an upward flight. Upon her head was a pair of long, Norwegian skis, and upon these she had scudded down the mountain-side where the bank dropped away she had leaped, and now, like a meteor, she soared into space. This amazing creature was clad in a blue-and-white toboggan suit, short skirt, sweater jacket, and knitted cap.

As she hung outlined against the wintry sky, Pierce caught a snap-shot glimpse of a fair, flushed, youthful face set in a ludicrous expression of open-mouthed dismay at sight of him. He heard, too, a high-pitched cry, half of warning, half of fright; the next instant there was a mighty upheaval of snow, an explosion of feathery white, as the human projectile landed, then a blur of blue-and-white stripes as it went rolling down the declivity.

"Good Lord!" Pierce cried, aghast; then he sped after the apparition. Only for the evidence of that undignified tumble, he would have doubted the reality of this flying Venus and considered her some creature of his imagination. There she lay, however, a thing of flesh and blood, bruised, broken, helpless; apprehensively he pictured himself staggering back to town with her in his arms.

He halted, speechless, when the girl sat up, shook the snow out of her hair, gingerly felt one elbow, then the other, and finally burst into a peal of ringing laughter. The face she lifted to his, now that it wore a normal expression, was wholly charming; it was, in fact, about the freshest, the cleanest, the healthiest and the frankest countenance he had ever looked into.

"Glorious!" he stammered, "I thought you were—completely spoiled."

"I'm badly twisted," the girl managed to gasp, "but I guess I'm all here. Oh! What a bump!"

"You scared me, I never dreamed—I didn't hear a thing until—Well, I looked up and there you were. The sky was full of you. Cool! I thought I'd lost my mind. Are you quite sure you're all right?"

"Oh, I'll be black and blue again but I'm used to that. That's the funniest one I've had, the very funniest. Why don't you laugh?"

"I'm too rattled, I suppose. I'm not accustomed to flying girls. Never had them rain down on me out of the heavens."

DINNER STORIES

Policeman (to woman driver)—Hey, you! What's the matter? Woman (in traffic jam)—Well, you see I just had my car washed, and I can't do a thing with it.

The electrician was puzzled. "Hi!" he called to his assistant, "put your hand on one of those wires." The assistant did as he was told. "Feel anything?" "No."

"Good!" said the electrician. "I wasn't sure which was which. Don't touch the other or you'll drop dead."

They sat at the table, he and she, and gazed into each other's eyes, while she mechanically consumed the food which was set before him.

"Ah," she said, "I am glad you like it. Mother says there are only two things I can make properly—potato salad and marmalade tart."

"Indeed," said he, "and which is this?"

"The girl's face grew sadder. 'You're entirely to blame,' she cried, angrily. 'I was getting it beautifully until you showed up. You popped right out of the ground. What are you doing in the Queen's Park, anyhow? You've no business at the royal sports.'"

"I didn't mean to trespass," said he. "I think I'll call the guards."

"Call the court physician and make sure!"

"Pshaw! I'm not hurt." Ignoring his extended hand, she scrambled to her feet and brushed herself again. Evidently the queenly anger was short-lived, for she was beaming again, and in a tone that was boyishly intimate she explained:

"I'd made three dandy jumps and was going higher each time, but the sight of you upset me. Think of being upset by a perfectly strange man. Shows lack of social training, doesn't it? It's a wonder I didn't break a skee."

Pierce glanced apprehensively at the bluff overhead. "Hadin't we better move out of the way?" he inquired. "If the royal family comes dropping in, we'll be ironed out like a couple of handkerchiefs. I don't want to feel the divine right of the king, or his left, either."

"There isn't any king—nor any royal family. I'm just the Queen of Pretend."

"You're skee-jumping alone? Is that what you mean?"

"Isn't that a dangerous way to amuse yourself? I thought skees were tricky."

"Have you ever ridden them?" the girl inquired, quickly.

"Never."

"You don't know what fun it is. Here—The speaker stooped and detached her feet from the straps. 'Just have a go at it.' Pierce protested, but she insisted in a business-like way. 'They're long ones—too long for me. They'll just suit you.'"

"Really, I don't care to—"

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19757—Oh Say, Can I See You Tonight
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