

The Concord Daily Tribune

J. B. SHERRILL
Editor and Publisher
W. M. SHERRILL, Associate Editor
MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper...

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
One Month .50
Outside of the State the Subscription is the Same as in the City...

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Table with columns for destination (Northbound, Southbound), time, and train number. Includes routes to Washington, New York, and other cities.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

A SURE SUPPORT:—The ternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. Deuteronomy 33:27.

SCHOOL PROGRESS.

In connection with the observance of American Education Week, proclamation of President Coolidge setting aside the week of November 16th for this purpose, the Bureau of Statistics in Washington has issued some figures showing the amazing rate of increase in public school work in the United States within recent years.

HOW THE SENATORS ARE PROTESTING.

Many newspapers in the South have been opposed for some time to the government method of issuing crop forecast figures. Other agencies have raised a voice of protest in recent weeks, and only the other day several Southern Senators came out in opposition to the practice.

The South may produce 15,000,000 bales of cotton but private estimates are not that high and no one but the government agents predict a crop of that size. We have maintained all along that the forecasts aid none but the gambler, and we see no reason for their publication.

Washington correspondents to North Carolina papers insist that A. M. Scates is going to be Max Gardner's opponent in the next Democratic gubernatorial race. It seems hard to reach the source of these rumors but his friends have had nothing to say.

ENCOURAGING NEWS

Lexington Dispatch. News in regard to the extension of the Piedmont & Northern is most encouraging. For a few days after the death of James B. Duke, father of the idea of a system of interurban electric railroads through this section, there was an apparent feeling of depression in regard to prospects for this road.

The Concord situation has in it a warning to Davidson county. As the survey now goes, Davidson county will get the longest mileage of road of any county between Winston-Salem and Charlotte. In fact nearly a third of the route as now proposed is through Davidson county.

The patriotic citizen has his test, of course, when he is confronted with the problem of what he will do in a given situation. When theory is tested and actually begins to deal with a man given the test of what he is willing to do for the good of his community? Here is something that landowners can do that will help the county without in fact injuring themselves.

Here is another matter to be considered by property owners, whether owners of farms or of town lots: If this railroad is built it will bring several million dollars worth of new property into the county. It will mean the immediate location of new industries, perhaps worth millions of dollars.

This paper has no selfish interest in the building of the Piedmont & Northern other than that it might expect to benefit proportionately through the growth of the county in wealth and population—a sort of indirect benefit as it were. It has no powerful friends in railroad circles whose interest it would serve. It would ask no more for the Piedmont & Northern than it would for anything else that would benefit the county.

Making Their Own Tags.

Camden, S. C., Chronicle. A new and ingenious method of avoiding paying the 1925 automobile state tax was discovered recently by Motorcycle Officer Fulmer and Officer Lindsay, of the state highway. A car belonging to E. C. Moseley, who resides near Aiken, was found to contain a seeming new license tag, but upon close inspection it was found that the number "47" had been beaten out on the license tag and a new impression made with a cast iron die in the shape of a number "5" and the green color of last year painted over with a yellow of 1925.



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

CHAPTER XXII. (Continued)

Once again he climbed the grade, once again he skidded downward, once again he went sprawling. Nor were his subsequent attempts more successful. After a final ingominous failure he sat where he had fetched up and ruefully took stock of the damage he had done himself. Seriously he announced: "I was mistaken. Women are entitled to vote—they're entitled to anything. I've learned something else too—Mr. Newton's interesting little theory is all wrong; falling bodies travel sixteen miles, not sixteen feet, the first second."

The girl demanded her skees, and without rising, Pierce surrendered them; then he looked on admiringly while she attached them to her feet and went zigzagging up the hill to a point much higher than the one from which he had dared to venture. She made a very pretty picture, he acknowledged, for she was vivid with youth and color. She was lithe and strong and confident, too; she was vibrant with the healthy vigor of the out-of-doors.

She descended with a terrific rush, and this time she took the air with grace and certainty. She cleared a very respectable distance and ricocheted safely down the landing-slope. Pierce applauded her with enthusiasm. "Beautiful! My sincere congratulations, O Bounding Fawn!" "That's the best I've done," she crowed. "You put me on my mettle. Now you try it again."

Pierce did try again; he tried manfully, but with a humiliating lack of success. He was puffing and blowing; his face was wet with perspiration; he had lost all count of time, when his companion finally announced it was time for her to be going. "You're not very fit, are you?" said she. Pierce colored uncomfortably. "Not very," he confessed. He was relieved when she did not ask the reason for his lack of fitness. Never had he experienced such relief he hardly knew, but suddenly he felt no great pride in himself nor in the life that had brought him to such a state of flabbiness. Nor did he care to have this girl know who or what he was. Plainly she was one of those "nice people" at whom Laure and the other denizens of the Rialto were wont to sneer with open contempt; probably that was why he had never chanced to meet her. He felt cheated because they had not met, for she was the sort of girl he had known at home, the sort who believed in things and in whom he believed. Despite all his recently acquired wisdom, in this short hour she had made him over into a boy again, and somehow or other the experience was agreeable. Never had he seen a girl so cool, so candid, so refreshingly unconscious and unaffected as this one. She was as limpid as a pool of glacier water; her placidity, he imagined, had never been stirred, and in that fact lay much of her fascination.

With her skees slung over her shoulder, the girl strode along beside Phillips, talking freely on various topics, but with no disposition to chatter. Her mind was alert, inquisitive, and yet she had that thoughtful gravity of youth, wisdom coming to life. That Pierce had made a good impression upon her she implied at parting by voicing a sincere hope that they would meet again very soon. "Perhaps I'll see you at the next dance," she suggested. "The word struck Pierce unpleasantly. The word struck Pierce unpleasantly. The word struck Pierce unpleasantly."

"Saturday night, at the Barracks." "I'd love to come," he declared. "Do. They're loads of fun. All the nice people go." With a nod and a smile she was gone, leaving him to realize that he did not even know her name. Well, that was of no moment; Dawson was a small place, and Saturday was no far off. He had heard about those official parties at the Barracks and he made up his mind to secure an invitation sufficiently formal to permit him to attend the very next one.

His opportunity came that night when one of the younger Mounted Police officers paused to exchange greetings with him. Lieutenant Rock was a familiar figure on the streets of Dawson and on the trails near by, a tall, upstanding Canadian with a record for unflinching good humor and relentless efficiency. He nodded at Pierce's casual reference to the coming dance at Headquarters. "Great sport," said he. "It's about the only chance we fellows have to play."

When no invitation to share in the treat was forthcoming Pierce told of meeting a most attractive girl that afternoon, and, having obtained his hearer's interest, he described the youthful goddess of the apnoeys with more than necessary enthusiasm. He became aware of a peculiar expression upon Rock's face. "Yes, I know her well," the latter said, quickly. "D'you mean to say she invited you to the ball?" "It wasn't exactly an invitation—" "Oh! I see. Well—Rock shook his head positively—"there's nothing doing, old man. It isn't your kind of a party. Understand?" "I—don't understand," Pierce confessed in genuine surprise. The officer eyed him with a cool, disconcerting directness. "We draw the lines pretty close—have to in a jump like this. No offense, I trust." With a smile and a careless wave of the hand he moved on, leaving Pierce to stare after him until he was swallowed up by the crowd in the gambling-room.

A blow in the face would not have amazed Pierce Phillips more, nor would it have more greatly angered him. So, he was ostracized! These men who treated him with such apparent good-fellowship really despised him; in their eyes he was a renegade; they considered him unfit to know their women. It was incredible!

This was the first deliberate slight the young man had ever received. His face burned, his pride withered under it; he would have bitten out his tongue rather than subject himself to such a rebuff. Who was Rock? How dared he? Rock knew the girl, oh yes! But he refused to mention her name—as if that name would be sullied by his, Pierce's, use of it. That hurt most of all; that was the bitterest pill. Society! Castel! On the Arctic Circle! It was to laugh!

But Phillips could not laugh. He could more easily have cried, or cursed, or raved; even to pretend to laugh off such an affront was impossible. It required no more than this show of opposition to fan the embers of his flickering desire into full flame, and now that he was forbidden to meet that flying goddess, it seemed to him that he must do so at whatever cost. He'd go to that dance, he decided, in spite of Rock; he'd go unbidden; he'd force his way in if needs be.

This sudden ardor died, however, as quickly as it had been born, leaving him cold with apprehension. What would happen if he took the bit in his teeth? Rock knew about Laure—those detestable redcoats knew pretty much everything that went on beneath the surface of Dawson life—and if Pierce ran counter to the fellow's warning he would probably speak out. Rock was just that sort. His methods were direct and forceful. What then? Pierce cringed inwardly at the contemplation. That snow-girl was so clean, so decent, so radically different from all that Laure stood for, that he shrank from associating them together even in his thoughts.

Well, he was paying the fiddler, and the price was high. Even here on the fringe of the Frontier society exacted penalty for the breach of its conventions. Pierce's rebellion at this discovery, his resentment at the whole situation, prevented him from properly taking the lesson to heart. The issue was clouded, too, by a wholly natural effort at self-justification. The more he tried this latter, however, the angrier he became and the more humiliating seemed his situation.

He was in no mood to calmly withstand another shock, especially when that shock was administered by Joe McCaskey, of all persons; nevertheless, it came close upon the heels of Rock's insult.

Pierce had not seen either brother since their departure for Hunker Creek, therefore Joe's black visage leering through the window of the cashier's cage was an unwelcome surprise.

"Hello, Phillips! How are you making it?" the man inquired. "All right." Despite this gruffness, Joe's grin widened. There was nothing of pleasure at the meeting, nor of friendliness behind it, however. On the contrary, it masked both malice and triumph, as was plain when he asked: "Did you hear about our strike?" "What strike?" "Why, it's all over town! Frank and I hit pay in our first shaft—three feet of twenty-cent dirt."

"Really?" Pierce could not restrain a movement of surprise. Joe nodded and chuckled, meanwhile keeping his malignant gaze focused upon the younger man's face. "It's big. We came to town to buy grub and a dog-team and to hire a crew of hands. We've got credit at the A. C. Company up to fifty thousand dollars."

There was a brief pause which Pierce broke by inquiring, as casually as he could: "Did Tom and Jerry have any luck?" "Sure thing! They've hit it, the same as you. You tossed off a home-stake, kid. Don't believe it, eh? Well, here's the proof—coarse gold from Hunker." With an ostentatious flourish the speaker flung down a half-filled poke, together with a bar check. "Cash me up, and don't let any of it stick to your fingers." Pierce was impelled to hurl the gold sack at Joe's head, but he restrained himself. His hands were shaky, however, and when he untied the things he was mortified at spill-

ing some of the precious contents. Mortification changed to anger when the owner cried, sharply: "Hey! Got cashier's ague, have you? Just cut out the slight-of-hand!"

Pierce smothered a retort; silently he brushed the dust back into the blower and set the weights upon his scales. But McCaskey ran on with an insulting attempt at banter: "I'm onto you short-weighters. Take your bit out of the drunks, I'm sober."

When Pierce had retied the sack and returned it he looked up and into Joe's face. His own was white, his eyes were blazing. "Don't pull any more comedy here," he said, quietly. "That short-weight joke doesn't get away with it. Well, I've spotted a lot of crooked cashiers in this town."

"No doubt. It takes a thief to catch a thief." McCaskey started. His sneer vanished. "Theft! Say—'D'you mean—' The clash, brief as it had been, had excited attention. Noting the fact that an audience was gathering, the speaker lowered his voice and, thrusting his black, scowling countenance closer to the cage opening, he said: "You needn't remind me of anything. I've got a good memory. Damn good!" After a moment he turned his back and moved away.

When Pierce went off shift he looked up Lars Anderson and received confirmation of the Hunker strike. Lars was in a boisterous mood and eager to share his triumph. "I knew that was a rich piece of ground," he chuckled, "and I knew I was handing those boys a good thing. But a fellow owes something to his friends, doesn't he?"

"I thought you said it was low grade?" "Low grade!" Big Lars threw back his head and laughed loudly. "I never said nothing of the kind. Me knock my own ground? Why, I'd have banked my life on Hunker!"

Toward the close of the show Laure found him braced against the bar; the face he turned upon her was cold, repellent. When she urged him to take her to supper he shook his head.

"What's the matter?" she inquired. "Big Lars never told you Hunker was low grade," he declared. "The girl flushed; she tossed her dark head defiantly. "Well, what of it?"

"Simply this—Tom and Jerry and the McCaskeys have struck rich pay."

"Indeed?" "You lied to me." Laure's lips parted slowly in a smile. "What did you expect? What would any girl do?" She laid a caressing hand upon his arm. "I don't care how much they make or how poor you are—"

Pierce disengaged her grasp. "I care!" he cried, roughly. "I've lost my big chance. They've made their piles and I'm—well, look at me."

"You blame me?" He stared at her for a moment. "What's the difference whether I blame you or myself? I'm through. I've been through for some time, but—this is certain."

"Pierce!" Impatiently he flung her off and strode out of the theater. Laure was staring blindly after him when Joe McCaskey spoke to her. "Have a dance?" he inquired. She undertook to answer, but her lips refused to frame any words; silently she shook her head.

"What's the idea? A lovers' quarrel?" McCaskey eyed her curiously, then he chuckled mirthlessly. "You can come clean with me. I don't like him any better than you do." "Mind your own business," stormed the girl in a sudden fury. "That's what I'm doing, and minding it good. I've got a lot of business—with that rat." Joe's sinister black eyes held Laure's in spite of her effort to avoid them; it was plain that he wished to say more, but he hesitated. "Maybe it would pay us to get acquainted," he finally suggested. "Frank and me and the Count are having a bottle of wine upstairs. Better join us." "I will," said Laure, after a moment. Together they mounted the stairs to the gallery above. (To be continued.)

DINNER STORIES

Mr. Henry Ford is making cheap engines for airplanes. Unwary pedestrians will soon know what it is to receive bolts from the blue.

"Myrtle, what is the proper costume to wear skating?" Myrtle (who has had experience): "An old-fashioned bustle."

"How would you give five dollars to bury a saxophone player?" "Here's thirty dollars. Bury six of 'em."

Mary had a little lamb Somebody shot him dead; Now she takes him to her school Between two pieces of bread.

Window cleaners are not the only men whose occupation is hazardous. We recently read of a magazine editor who dropped eleven stories into a waste basket.

"God heavens, man what is the matter with your face? Were you in an automobile accident?" "No, I was being shaved by a lady barber when a mouse ran across the floor."

Said the bank teller to the new girl who was making a new deposit: "You didn't fool it up." "No," she replied innocently, "I took a taxi."

Tom: "Sis, did you hear those roosters crowing early this morning?" "I wonder what they want to do that for?" "Sis: "Why, that's easy. I remember the morning you got up early, and crowed about it a week."

A Scottish countrywoman was taking her son to school the first time, and after impressing the schoolmaster with the necessity of the boy's having a thoroughly good education, she finished by saying: "Be sure he learns Latin." "But, my dear lady," said the schoolmaster, "Latin is a dead language." "So much the better. Ye ken he's going to be an under-aker," replied the woman.

Smith, being introduced to golf for the first time, had hit the ball a terrific whack, and sent it half a mile. "Now, where must I run to?" he cried excitedly.

Mrs. Norris: "In this book I have written down most of the little incidents of our married life." O'Blonder: "Ah, sort of a family scrap book, eh?"

"I knew that was a rich piece of ground," he chuckled, "and I knew I was handing those boys a good thing. But a fellow owes something to his friends, doesn't he?"

"I thought you said it was low grade?" "Low grade!" Big Lars threw back his head and laughed loudly.

"I never said nothing of the kind. Me knock my own ground? Why, I'd have banked my life on Hunker!"

Toward the close of the show Laure found him braced against the bar; the face he turned upon her was cold, repellent.

"What's the matter?" she inquired. "Big Lars never told you Hunker was low grade," he declared.

"The girl flushed; she tossed her dark head defiantly. "Well, what of it?"

"Simply this—Tom and Jerry and the McCaskeys have struck rich pay."

"Indeed?" "You lied to me." Laure's lips parted slowly in a smile.

"What did you expect? What would any girl do?" She laid a caressing hand upon his arm.

"I don't care how much they make or how poor you are—"

Pierce disengaged her grasp. "I care!" he cried, roughly. "I've lost my big chance. They've made their piles and I'm—well, look at me."

"You blame me?" He stared at her for a moment. "What's the difference whether I blame you or myself? I'm through. I've been through for some time, but—this is certain."

"Pierce!" Impatiently he flung her off and strode out of the theater.

Laure was staring blindly after him when Joe McCaskey spoke to her. "Have a dance?" he inquired.

She undertook to answer, but her lips refused to frame any words; silently she shook her head.

"What's the idea? A lovers' quarrel?" McCaskey eyed her curiously, then he chuckled mirthlessly.

"You can come clean with me. I don't like him any better than you do." "Mind your own business," stormed the girl in a sudden fury.

BELL-HARRIS FURNITURE CO. The October Victor Records Are Here.

- 19738—By the Light of the Stars, with Mandola and Guitar
19739—The King Isn't Kink Any More, with Mandola and Guitar
19740—Oh Say, Can I See You Tonight
19741—I Married the Bootlegger's Daughter with piano
19742—The Farmer Took Another Load Away! Hay! Hay! with mandolin and guitar
19743—Little Lindy Lou, with violin, guitar and ukulele
19744—When the Work's All Done This Fall, with guitar
19745—Dear Old Back Yard Days, with piano
19746—Sweet Little Mother of Mine
19747—I Miss My Swiss—Fox Trot, with vocal refrain
19748—The Kinky Kids Parade—Fox trot, with vocal refrain
19749—What a World This Would Be—Fox trot, (from George White's "Scandals")
19750—Yes, Sir! That's My Baby—Fox Trot (with vocal refrain)
19751—Sometime—Waltz
19752—Fooling—Fox Trot
19753—Are Lou Sorry?—Fox Trot
19754—Everything is Hot-Totey Now—Fox Trot with vocal refrain
19755—That's All There Is—Fox Trot, with vocal refrain
19756—Summer Nights—Fox Trot
19757—Fanny—Waltz
19758—Hong Kong Dream Girl—Fox Trot with vocal refrain
19759—Who Wouldn't Love You—Fox Trot, with vocal refrain
19760—The Promenade Walk—Fox Trot (from Artists and Models)

BELL-HARRIS FURNITURE CO. The finest imported Flower Bulbs, Narcissus Hyacinths, Choice Tulips and Lilies direct from France and Holland.

WIRING Charlotte Speedway Tickets Buy your tickets now. We have good seats in Grandstand A. STANDARD BUICK CO. Opposite City Fir Department

Better Service Add the Comforts of PLUMBING to Your Home Modern Plumbing will do as much or more than any other one thing toward making your home a comfortable and convenient place in which to live. It costs you nothing to get our cost estimate. PHONE 8 Wilkinson's Funeral Home CONCORD, N. C. Concord Plumbing Company North Kerr St. Phone 578

NOTICE Owing to our steadily increasing patronage, and for the convenience of our customers, we have added another telephone—number 676. We are always at your service and will be glad to have you call us at either Number—676 and 686.

Sanitary Grocery Company Realizing it is our duty to render better service, we have added the latest model ambulance to our equipment which is at your service day or night.

ITCH! Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap), fail in the treatment of Itch, Sores, Ringworm, Tetter or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk. ECZEMA Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap), fail in the treatment of Itch, Sores, Ringworm, Tetter or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk. FEARLE DRUG COMPANY