

The Concord Daily Tribune

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Table with columns for destination, time, and train number. Includes routes to New York, Washington, Danville, and Atlanta.

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

REMEMBER THE POOR.—If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof: if I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder blade, and mine arm be broken from the bones.—Job 31: 16, 17, 21

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Chapel Hill, Thanksgiving Day.—Three cities quartering great educational institutions have I visited this day and last night and I find within me on Thanksgiving Day a devout spirit of thanks for the vision of those men who first awakened the conscience of North Carolina to her educational needs; to those men and women who also caught the vision after it was presented by Charles B. Aycock and others and continued the fight; and to all Tar Heels who today are measuring up so admirably to the opportunities and needs of the State.

Greensboro, Durham and Chapel Hill I visited in the order named within the past 24 hours and it seemed particularly fitting to me that North Carolinians on this Thanksgiving Day should take stock of their educational progress and give thanks for the privilege of contributing their time, money and talents to an educational system that provides opportunity to persons in every walk of life.

In Greensboro last night the North Carolina College for Women was lighted with a thousand lights and I was told that each light represented a room in which were housed two young women who at a minimum of cost were securing educational advantages second to none in the Southland. Over vast acres stretch the buildings at the normal and we should give thanks that North Carolinians are willing and anxious in this era of money-making to devote valuable real estate and other material things to an undertaking primarily planned to create within the State a more sensitive soul—a soul seeing the finer, gentler things, a soul finding happiness in service to others, a soul developed to the need of placing first things first.

At Durham one feels a sense of awe when he surveys the plans for the Duke University of the future. When I was a student at Trinity College, we boasted of our material plant, challenging many educational institutions in the South to show a plant of greater merit. And now I try to realize that this plant is to be but part of the greater institution which is to rest its head on the old campus extended its influence and ownership to new acres and grow to a size equal to any in the United States. However, despite the millions that are available, despite the almost unlimited power at their command, I find officials of the new university carrying on with the same spirit of helpfulness that always has been characteristic of Trinity College. While they are planning for an educational plant that will command respect and praise the world over, these officials at the same time are planning an educational institution that will not limit its opportunities to any group or class of students. While millions will be expended for material possessions, other millions will be available for those desiring

young men and young women who find within their hearts a desire to acquire an education but who do not find the money necessary to pay all their expenses. We should be thankful, certainly, for a spirit within the State that refuses to be commercialized. Duke University not merely aims at a plant that will equal anything in the United States. It aims at a system of co-operation that will place millions of dollars at the disposal of the youth of the State who seek culture, educational facts and companionship that lead to broader lives and greater service.

This has been a glorious day for the University, a sort of informal homecoming day, thousands of the old students being attracted to the scene of their academic life by the annual Virginia-Carolina game. And it seems to me that any visitor here must be struck by the loyalty of the alumni and undergraduates. They believe not only in the University of their activity; they are just as confident that the institution will go on forever, playing in the past an even more important part in the building of a new and greater Carolina than it has done in the past. Than the University alumni there are no more loyal students anywhere. They believe in the institution with which they cast their lot and they have reason to be proud. During the past ten years, especially, the University of North Carolina has grown with startling rapidity, in material and educational ways both. The campus is filled with modern, commodious structures. There is dormitory space here for hundreds of students and there is a curriculum that is broad and elastic. Better still there is on this campus a spirit of loyalty to the State and the students take a peculiar pride in the fact that their university is the State University. It is a vital part of the State's resources and we should be thankful that it is just now at the point where it really can be of service to the new North Carolina.

Thousands of persons are here for the annual Virginia-Carolina game. From all sections of the State they have been attracted by the game recognized for years as the football classic of the year in this section of the State. Many of the former students of the University have succeeded brilliantly in the world for they came back to the game in handsome cars; others have not succeeded so well for they failed to show such evidences of prosperity; others are poorer than they were when here in school; but all showed a faith in their alma mater; all walked about the campus with the same spirit of possession. All felt they were a part in the great institution and the man without worldly goods was just as enthusiastic in his support for the Tar Heel team as was the man with the unlimited bank account. To all it was "my team" and that spirit is certain to carry forward forever the influence and work of the University. W. M. S.

South Georgia Against Unification. Macon, Ga., Nov. 25.—(AP)—The South Georgia Methodist Conference in session here voted 94 for, and 217 against the plan for unification with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

USE PENNY COLUMN—IT PAYS



Birthday Sale
Only once a year do we celebrate. Anniversary Sales do not come oftener. Because they are so seldom and infrequent, do we stress them. Here then is our way of saying "Thank You" for the loyal support and faithful patronage of the past year. We say it "With Bargains" in such a way that you can now buy two and three pairs of these shoes at a price ordinarily paid for one pair.
This is our way of appreciating your favors. All styles of the season in all sizes, materials and colors reduced for this sale.
ONE LOT OF LADIES' SHOES AND SLIPPERS AT \$1.00 PER PAIR
Ruth-Kesler Shoe Co.

FLEECED FOUR CHARLOTTE BANKS WITHIN AN HOUR

F. L. Mayes, Roanoke, Va., Man, Confesses Following Arrest at High Point, Nov. 25.—Arrested here today on a charge of passing a worthless check on a local bank, F. L. Mayes, white man from Roanoke, Va., confessed to the police tonight that he fleeced four Charlotte banks in less than an hour Saturday.

Using the name of W. L. Scott, he said he went first to the American Trust company at Charlotte, where the teller, Charles J. Miller, paid him \$15 on a check drawn on an account which he claimed to carry with the bank. It was during a busy hour and the teller paid the check without making any investigation. The same scheme was worked successfully for similar amounts on the Commercial National, the Charlotte National and the First National banks. All the transactions, he said, were completed in less than an hour.

The arrest of Mayes occurred today when he presented a check for \$15 to the Wachovia Bank and Trust company here. In this case he used the name of W. L. Wright. The teller, C. L. Smith, paid the check and then went to the bookkeeping department where he learned W. L. Wright had no account with the bank. The teller hurried into the street and overtook his man. Mayes was turned over to the police. Three Charlotte bank clerks, men who paid Mayes' checks, Charles J. Miller of the American Trust company; Frisco Brown, of the Charlotte National, and Carl Waters, of the First National bank, came here to night and positively identified Mayes. He emphatically denied the charges and after being questioned over an hour he stuck to his original story, declaring his name was W. L. Wright. When the police had him remove his collar, however, and the laundry mark tallied with the name found on an insurance policy in his baggage he broke down and confessed.

Mayes said he was married and that his family, a wife and 11 children, live at Roanoke, Va. He will be tried here Friday on a charge of giving a worthless check and then will be turned over to the Charlotte authorities to answer charges which will be brought there.

Mrs. M. M. Courtney Suffers Broken Bone

Lenoir, Nov. 26.—Word has been received here that Mrs. M. M. Courtney, who is spending the winter in Florida, has received a fall and suffered a broken thigh. It seems that Mrs. Courtney and her daughter, Miss Gertrude Courtney, who left here several weeks ago to spend the winter in Florida, were away from the hotel where they are stopping, and had started to return to the hotel. It was raining, the streets were slippery, and when Mrs. Courtney started to get on the street car, her foot slipped and she fell. She was helped on the car, went on to her hotel and later was sitting by a window writing a letter home. She was suffering right much pain, and she arose to see if she could stand on her foot, and as she did she would have fallen if Miss Courtney had not been present. Mrs. Courtney was examined immediately after the fall, but the physician did not think she had suffered any broken bones. Later, however, an X-ray picture was made which showed the break, and she was put in a hospital.

Luck and industry are closely related.

HARRISBURG.

If it stays as cold as it is this morning we'll have a real winter after all. Floyd Smith, of Charlotte, who is employed at the Ford plant, spent Monday afternoon with friends here. Eyer and here is planning a big time Thanksgiving. Jim Alexander and his crowd are contemplating catching all the rabbits in Cabarrus county.

C. L. Sims will soon have a chain of stores. He bought out W. W. Oglesby and is running two stores now.

Miss Ethel Senbrooks, of Charles City, S. C., is spending Thanksgiving with Miss Frances Sims. All the turkeys around here look as if they had the blues. Wonder why? Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Hall, of Spencer, N. C. are going to spend Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers Sims.

Almost all the boys here are working at the Ford plant. They sure must love it. Harrisburg Community meeting will be a week from Thanksgiving at 7 o'clock. Don't forget it. We like to read the Roberta items. So long.

"THE KRAZY KID."

STANFIELD. We are having some right pretty weather along now.

Miss Dora Hartzell, of Danville, Va., is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Martha Morgan, of Stanfield. Those visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Honeycutt Sunday were: Mr. and Mrs. Oates Floy and children, of Allen; Mr. Aaron Little and children, of Charlotte; Misses Frances and Myrtle Little, of Monroe.

Guss Boger spent the week-end with home folks in Albemarle. Mrs. J. A. Honeycutt and children spent Sunday with her brother, Wyatt Little, of Unionville.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Little and son, Bain, of Monroe, spent Sunday with relatives near Stanfield. J. S. Honeycutt and father spent Monday in Salisbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Zeb Honeycutt and children spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Furr. Mrs. John Love spent Saturday afternoon with her daughter, Mrs. T. C. Greene, of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Milas Love spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Rash Love. Misses Bertha and Annie Barbee spent the week-end with their uncle, Mr. Jim Linker.

Mr. and Mrs. George Furr spent Monday in Albemarle on business.

ROBERTA MILL.

Miss Allene Hatley is on the sick list. The Death Angel visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Yates Friday morning about 9 o'clock and took away little Sylvia. She was 18 months old. Death was caused by pneumonia. Funeral service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Cain at the Roberta Baptist Church. The pall bearers were Margia Verbe, Elmer Miller, Iva Dulin, Sadie Furr. The flower girls were: Virginia Cochrane, Virginia Canup, Margaret Smith, Lula Easley, Wilmer Billens, Junita Cochrane, Edna Canup, Pauline Alexander, Maxie Canup, Barbee Smith, Ivona Foster, Deris Billens, Vernie Bume and Louise Carter. The little grave was covered with beautiful flowers. The body was laid to rest in the cemetery of the church. The bereaved family has our sympathy.

"Bobbed Hair"
A DAZZLING MYSTERY STORY BY TWENTY FAMOUS AUTHORS

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"BOBBED HAIR" with Marie Prevost is a picturization of this story by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

SYNOPSIS
Connemara Moore promised that if she appeared at Aunt Celimena's party tonight with her hair bobbed, she would become engaged to Bingham Carrington. Otherwise she would accept Salsburgh Cabot Adams. The guests—including the two suitors—are assembled, but Connie aggravates them by wearing a headdress that conceals her auburn head. The decision must be made known before midnight or her aunt will disinherit her. And the minutes are flying by—rapidly.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"Oh, my dear Mr. Brewster, you've never known any woman except Miss Celimena, which misleads you frightfully. Of course, it's because she has decided that Connemara is so frightened now. Busted pushed from behind by her aunt and her aunt's lawyer, she has shut her eyes, jumped over the precipice—and then—well, behold her hanging by a slender branch." Mr. Brewster seemed unaffected by the picture. "She will have to drop before twelve o'clock," he said. "But that's nearly three hours away," mused Miss Glenn. "And so many things can happen in three hours."

"As for instance?" "Well, the world might come to an end at 11:30. Or Miss Celimena might weaken." "I agree with you," said Mr. Brewster, "that those two events are likely to occur at about the same time."

"Or a beautiful young ruffian might step out of the syzygia bushes and carry her off in his arms."

"I should think," said Mr. Brewster,

"I would like to know what is under that headdress of yours."

"That she would rather prefer rashing on the rocks below." "I told you," retorted Miss Glenn, "that you had never known any woman except Miss Celimena."

Meanwhile, this good lady, along whose path in life the syzygia bushes had given forth nothing but a refined fragrance, was restlessly in the prowl. The dances at Moorelands had begun at 8:30 in her youth, and they still began at 8:30 even if she alone was ready at that hour. Usually she drifted on the fringe of the dance floor, indicating with a skillful shoulder blade and an expert eyebrow that the daughters of her old neighbors were disporting themselves in an unseemly manner. But this evening she was alive to totting but the discomfort caused by the fact that, partly through her own unacknowledged fault, the peace of Moorelands was disturbed by the rowdy commotions of melodrama.

The heroine of this gaudy play was dancing with simple earnestness. As the orchestra paused for breath and just as the two suitors were starting to waste theirs on the hidden ears of Connemara, her aunt advanced upon her formidably, decked her from some timber but socially negligible partner, and led her out on to the veranda. A young and affectionate couple, who had retreated to some primeval instincts, scented the approach of a family scene and scuttled obligingly into the house.

Connemara, outwardly serene in the mild garb of the nun, sat on the rail of the veranda, leaned her secretive head against its weather-beaten pillar and looked out across the acres that could be hers at the drop of a hat—or at least of a bandeau, cap, and veil. The local fireflies were doing their best to make Moorelands seem festive. A mile or

so away there was a faint glow in the sky. That was Stamford. Nearer by there was an occasional twinkle in the darkness—one of the several battered farmhouses where tenants had once toiled for old Daniel Moore, but which had been taken over of late years by refugees from the pueblo cliffs of New York. The once orthodox countryside dotted with something like peasantry that had doffed respectful hats to young Miss Celimena as she drove smartly along the roads in her shining phaeton, was now infested with a strange riffraff of column conductors, feminist agitators, comedienues, and music critics. These not only did doff their hats; they didn't wear any. And even Miss Celimena knew that the pretentious names which adorned their reclaimed cottages were affixed in derision of that delusion of grandeur which had possessed her revered father when, after accumulating his fortune, he turned ducal on a surprised neighborhood and named his estate Moorelands—for all the world as though it were a shooting box in Devonshire.

Thus one of these new neighbors had named his tottering cottage "The Ricketts" and another—a brilliant young Jew from Harvard—had sardonically hung out a sign which announced to the offended Miss Moore that the name of his house was "The Hebrews." "My dear Constance," her aunt began in a tone which suggested that by "dear" she meant "expectative."

"Yes, aunt."

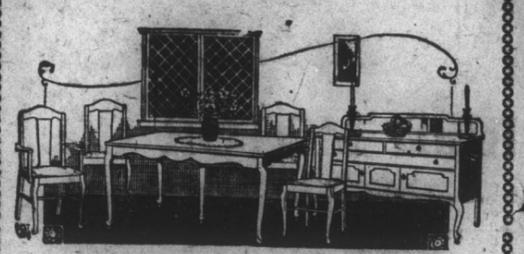
"You are so like your dear mother tonight. She could never merely come into a room. She always had to make what that actor friend of yours call's an entrance."

"Yes, aunt."

There was a pause. Miss Celimena broke it. "I would like to know what is under that headdress of yours."

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The Dayton Automatic Water Supply System is a sure cure for the old-fashioned "pump-back." Install this system at your well, spring or cistern and you'll never have to bother with a pump again.

Wilkinson's Funeral Home
CONCORD, N. C.

Heat Print Leads to Negro's Arrest.
Charlotte, Nov. 26.—Charged with larceny of \$900 from Harrison and Greer's filling station, No. 4, James Gordon, negro, was bound over to Superior Court by Judge E. M. A. Currie in Recorder's Court, Wednesday morning. Suspicion was directed towards Gordon, a former employe of the filling station, said Detective J. T. Manies, when that officer discovered the peculiar imprint of a heel in a smear of grease on the floor. The marks made by the heel were called to the attention of the station's manager, and he recalled that Gordon had been noticed to have had an extra piece of rubber on his shoe heel. The robbery was discovered Tuesday morning.