

The Concord Daily Tribune J. B. SHERRILL Editor and Publisher W. M. SHERRILL, Associate Editor MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Special Representative FROST, LANDIS & KOHN 225 Fifth Avenue, New York Peoples' Gas Building, Chicago 1004 Candler Building, Atlanta

RAILROAD SCHEDULE In Effect Nov. 29, 1925. No. 40 to New York 9:28 P. M. No. 136 to Washington 5:05 A. M.

Southbound No. 45 to Charlotte 3:55 P. M. No. 35 to New Orleans 9:26 P. M. No. 29 to Birmingham 2:35 A. M.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY PRAISE THE GOOD GOD:—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving.

CONFISCATION SHOULD NOT BE TOLERATED. Editors, civic organizations and individuals throughout the South have entered protest against the Federal Inheritance Tax which rules that ten million dollars of the fund left by the late James B. Duke for hospital work in the two Carolinas must be paid to the federal government in taxes.

The Observer contends that taking candy from a child is mild when compared with the law which would take this money from humanitarian work. "For the Federal Government to take ten million dollars bequeathed by any philanthropist to an agency devoted exclusively to the alleviation of human suffering or charity," says The Observer, "is as reprehensible as taking candy from a child."

We have no idea that the framers of the present inheritance law and the men who passed it, ever intended for it to be effective in such cases as this. The law was intended, we are sure, to cover cases in which individuals received huge fortunes through inheritance. Surely the framers of the law and those members of Congress who voted for it did not intend for the government to take money bequeathed for charity.

The inheritance law is bad enough in any light but its defects become more apparent when such cases as this arise. The matter will be taken to Congress and it is to be hoped that it can be remedied. While Congressmen and Senators from the two Carolinas naturally would fight hardest for a revision of the law, effective last July, members of Congress from other States should be anxious to enter into the fight also. Their respective States and districts will not benefit directly from the fund, it is true, but they should be interested enough in humanity to want to see an injustice righted.

AGAIN THE FOOLISH MOTORIST New traffic signs, designed primarily for the protection of motorists, have been erected in Concord, yet some auto drivers are so careless about observing the law that police officers have to be stationed at the signs most of each day to see that the law is not violated. These traffic signs have not been erected by the city for the purpose of inconveniencing the auto driver. The city officials had them erected so that accidents would be fewer and so that traffic at congested and dangerous intersections could move faster and safer.

erage driver has the right to expect observance of the law on the part of other drivers, and when the others fail to observe the law, then they menace the lives not only of themselves but of the careful driver as well. It took the public some time to get accustomed to passing the signs, but the signals have been up long enough now not to be new. Most of the motorists in Concord know where they are located and the officers should arrest those persons who willfully disregard the law. We cannot say that every man who drives by one of the signs should be arrested. The officers can tell well enough when the violator means to be a violator. Ample time has been given the traveling public to become accustomed to the signals and those persons who make a habit of violating the traffic laws should be arrested.

That 1926 promises to be a good year for textile plants is forecast in the decision of the Cannon Manufacturing Company to add another mill to its huge plant at Kannapolis. The new plant will house 50,000 spindles and will be erected as a conservative cost of \$2,000,000. At present the Cannon Mills make about 45,000 dozen towels a day and the size of the plant would not be increased unless officials of the mill saw better conditions in the new year. As a matter of fact business is better with all textile plants in this part of the country and the textile men welcome the new year with optimism.

TODAY'S EVENTS. Thursday, December 17, 1925. Only one week to Christmas Eve. Birth-day anniversary of the poet Whittier. Centenary of the birth of Thomas Woolner, celebrated English sculptor and poet. Thirty years ago today President Cleveland sent to Congress his memorable message on Venezuela. William Lyon Mackenzie King, premier of the Dominion of Canada, reaches his fifty-first birthday anniversary today. And Tyrus R. Cobb, whose fame in baseball is second to none in his line for congratulations today on the beginning of his 40th year. The great British battleship Rodney, 35,000 tons and the first British vessel to mount the 16-inch gun, is to be launched today at Birkenhead. Something like 70,000 Holy Year pilgrims are expected to throng the Basilica of St. Peter's in Rome today to witness the solemn function of the public consistory to be held by the Pope. Shortly before adjournment last March, the U. S. senate appointed today as the day for beginning work in all likelihood will be the final consideration of the so-called Harding-Hughes-Coolidge World Court proposal, providing for American entry into the World Court. The measure is also called the Swanson resolution, inasmuch as the Virginia senator, the ranking member on the Foreign Relations Committee, introduced it.

The County Hospital. The committee, selected by the mass meeting of citizens of Cabarrus, to work out plans and methods of building a public hospital for Cabarrus county, met on the 5th organized. This organization is as follows: Mr. Chas. A. Cannon, Chairman; Mr. G. L. Patterson, Vice-Chairman; Dr. T. M. Spencer, Secretary; and Mrs. H. S. Williams, Treasurer. A number of expressions, favoring an active effort to secure said hospital, were made by Dr. J. C. Rowan, Messrs. D. B. Coltrane, G. L. Patterson, H. I. Woodhouse, W. R. Odell, J. P. Cook, and Madames H. S. Williams and G. M. Cress. A committee was appointed to whip into shape a proper petition to present to the County Commissioners, calling for an election on a bond issue to provide for the building of this much needed institution in the county. Sunday, in his sermon at the First Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. J. C. Rowan gave his unqualified opinion of the duty confronting our citizenship and, using as a text, "There was no room for them in the inn," advocated the proposed county hospital. In the course of his sermon he said, "The Christ was crowded out of the inn at Bethlehem because there was no Christianity in the inn. What man can lay any claim to Christianity who would not give up his room in a hotel or his berth on a train to a woman in travail. The people of today are crowding out the Christ and can lay no claim to Christianity, if they do not visit the sick. The visitation of the sick enjoined by Jesus and demanded by vital Christianity is not merely making social calls or paying social visits, but living a life of service and rendering assistance in the hour of need. I know of no wiser and better way of visiting the sick in Cabarrus county than building the proposed county hospital; and I proposed to be one of the ministers of this county to advocate for that institution. To fail in this worthy and Christian undertaking, saying thereby to those who are not only poor but also sick, helpless and dying, we are going to see that you do not get any help even from the benefaction of Him who thought of you and planned for you before he died, is to crowd the Christ out of the inn at Bethlehem and to bring upon ourselves the judgment of Him who will certainly say, 'I was sick, and ye visited me not, inasmuch as ye did not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.'"

The National Young Women's Christian Association of the United States has a total membership of more than 500,000. Out of the last forty women tried in Chicago for killing their husbands only nine were convicted and none hanged.

HOUDINI CHALLENGES MEDIUMS IN FAKIR WAR Declares Dealers in "Supernatural" Are Making Money by Defrauding the Poor. New York Mirror. The cloak of credibility is to be stripped from fake spiritualists, mediums, fortune tellers and clairvoyants of this city. Houdini, denouncing them as cruel chicaniers taking life savings from the poor, and large sums from the gullible rich, today challenges them through the Daily Mirror to come forward and prove their claims. Himself a "man of mysteries" whose feats of legendariness have astonished millions throughout the world, Houdini offers to make it worth while for any claiming supernatural, or mediumistic powers, to make good their pretensions before a reputable committee. Riches For Proof. In substance, he agrees to pay \$16,000 for proof that any such thing as real spiritualism, or a real foretelling of the future, exists, or is possible, provided a like amount is posted by those accepting the challenge. This is one of the biggest offers of its kind made in this city, and intended to tear the veil of hypocrisy from those who have been fattening on the savings of the deluded or easily misled—or, if such a thing as real spiritualism or fortune telling actually exist, to bring forth definite proof of them. After Fakirs. For Houdini, definitely states in making his offer through the Daily Mirror, that he is not warring war on the religion of spiritualism but only aiming to expose the fakirs. So, if there are any real supernaturally gifted persons in this city, all they need to do is to prove their claim and win the \$16,000, or lose a like amount. Here, then, is what Houdini agrees to do. He will pay \$1,000 to any person who will deliver a fortune teller or clairvoyant before a qualified committee and prove they possess the power to foretell events, it being understood he will be one of the committee. He will pay \$5,000 to any person who will present a medium before a qualified committee and prove there is intercommunication with the dead. It is understood that Houdini will be present when the test is given. He will pay \$10,000 if he loses under conditions explained in the challenge accompanying his article. Mr. Houdini, who is appearing this week at the 4th Street theatre, announced last night he is willing to post the \$16,000 with the Daily Mirror or the Mayor of the City. In connection with this offer, Houdini will write a series of articles, starting today in the Mirror, in which he will go fully into the subject of spiritualism and fortune-telling. Persons desiring to learn additional details of his challenge, or who desire to ask him questions concerning mediums by whom they have been defrauded, are invited to send their names to Houdini, care the Mirror, No. 55 Frankfort St., giving their names and addresses, and they will receive answers either through the newspaper, or by personal communication.

THE GREAT GOD RELEVANCY. Is Needed by Trial Lawyers, Say Heywood Brown, Columnist. Copywriters for lawyers were advocated by Heywood Brown, New York World columnist, in his "It Seems to Me," written last week prior to the close of the Rhineland trial. Mr. Brown said he once wanted to become a lawyer, but was glad he went into the newspaper business instead. "The ethics of Journalism seem to me far higher than the ethics of law. And we newspaper men have a god, jealously served, who is scorned by the lawyers. I am a referer to the great god relevancy. "Complaint is made at times that some case or other is being 'tried in the newspapers.' Of course, the phrase is not precise, for if we actually did try cases according to the standards and practices of our craft, they would certainly move faster, and I do not think anything of fairness would be sacrificed in the acceleration."

Theatre For Staging Student Dramatic Productions. Durham, Dec. 16.—(AP)—Plans for a theatre for staging student dramatic productions are now underway at Duke University here, it has been definitely learned, the new theatre to be a part of the present building program of that institution. The theatre, which will be chiefly for the use of the Taurian Players, a student Little Theatre group at Duke, will be located in the new Union hall, which is now being constructed on the campus, along with a group of eleven buildings, which will be completed at a cost of \$6,000,000. Much interest in dramatics is now being shown by the undergraduates at Duke. Recently the Taurian Players presented three one-act plays, which were well received by local theatre-goers. Hatred against the New York playwright, author of "Hell Bent for Heaven" and other nationally known plays, during a recent visit to Duke University, commented upon the keen interest which is being shown there in the development of the drama.

Sophomore Football Team at Duke. Durham, Dec. 16.—(AP)—The sophomore football team at Duke University was acclaimed champion of the class recently, after it had won its final game in the annual class championship series which is played each year at Duke, following the close of the regular gridiron season. Much interest centers in the annual class football games at the local university. Coaches for the various teams are selected from the ranks of the varsity squad. The coaches of the winning sophomore eleven were Bennett and Weaver, stars on the Blue Devil team under Coach Pat Herron.

DINNER STORIES Eddie: "Where is the manager's office?" Jimmy: "Follow the passage until you come to the sign reading, 'No Admittance.' Go upstairs till you see the sign, 'Keep Out.' Follow the corridor till you see the sign, 'Silence,' then yell 'for him.'"

Wife: "How can I drive a nail without hitting my fingers?" Hubby: "Hold the hammer in both hands!" Mrs. Cameron: "There's Chrighorn's row broken into our yard again. What shall I do?" Mr. Cameron: "Well, don't stand there doing nothing. Milk her and put her out."

Friends in Need. "Has your fraternity ever done anything for the college?" demanded the dean. "Why, replied the representative of the inter-collegiate brotherhood, 'if it wasn't for us what would you professors do with all the low marks they have to hand out?'"

The Last Straw. "Why did you divorce your husband?" asked Belle. "Well," replied Bella, "he got mad one morning and pulled my hair, hit me, and then threw me downstairs." "No wonder you divorced him!" "Oh, I didn't mind that so much, but to cap the climax, he walked off without kissing me good-bye."

"It will cost you about \$8.50 to get that filled," said the doctor to a patient handing him a prescription. "Say, Doc, I'm a little short," explained the patient. "Could you lend me \$3?" "Let me see that prescription again," said the M. D. "I'll cross off about \$3 worth I had in mind for your nerve."

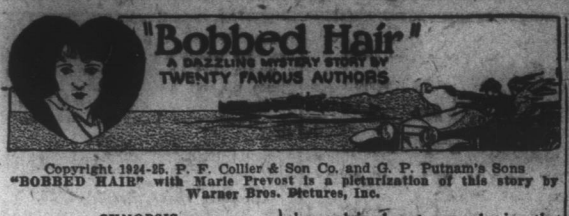
A Valuable Asset. Winston-Salem Journal. Unprecedented growth is the year's record for building and loan associations in this country. There is no more encouraging sign. When building and loan association thrive, it means that our people are taking more interest in home ownership. Total assets of building and loan associations during the year to over four and three-quarter billion dollars. This is an increase of over eight hundred million dollars over the previous year's assets. It indicates an increase of more than twenty per cent. One of North Carolina's most valuable assets is the building and loan association. This commonwealth is taking the lead in home ownership, particularly among the states of the South. For example, take one comparison: North Carolina, a state not twice as big as South Carolina, has a building and loan membership of 80,000, with total assets of \$70,000,000, or more than four times as much as South Carolina. North Carolina's gain during the year was \$12,000,000.

General Butler Quits. In the fight between crime and law, which was staged in Philadelphia, crime has won. It has won with the consent of the decent elements in that city, at least so charges Brigadier General Butler, of the Marines, who has been Philadelphia's police chief for several years. He says that when it came to a fight, every one ran away but the mayor of Philadelphia. The decent classes, says General Butler, lampooned him, ridiculed him, ostracized him, showered him with contempt and in every possible way neutralized his efforts. He leaves his work, he says, with disgust; nothing could induce him to undertake civil service again except in war-time.

Resort Town in California Closes the Jail—No Business. Lake Arrowhead, Calif., Dec. 16.—(AP)—Chief of Police Tom E. Johnson has placed a padlock on the door of this mountain resort's one-cell jail. With it went this sign: "Business indefinitely suspended." The official said the jail was not a paying proposition, since no arrests had been made in the last year and the villagers were running into debt keeping the institution. The chief added that if any offenders were apprehended, they would be placed in the blacksmith shop for safe keeping.

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she explained, not remembering that Sweetie's knowledge of Hindus and their turbans was probably nil. The little box that had held the sewing materials yielded several big pins regular iron size spikes of pins Connemara tucked the ends of the strip under at the side and secured them with two of these pins. A pin on the other side, and one in front held the rest of the turban perfectly taut and trim. "There," she said to Sweetie "what do you think of it?" Sweetie was moved to genuine admiration. "Kid, you're there!" she exclaimed. "If you didn't get into a strong light, anybody's say you looked like a million dollars. That's the nicest bonnet I've seen in a thousand years. Show me how to do that trick 'sometime, will you?" "I certainly will," said Connemara. "The best of this is it hides my hair completely, and that's what I want. There's a reason, Sweetie and though it seems remote now, during a night like this I feel that I must prepare for any contingency. But I haven't thanked you for making my dress. It's a wonderful dress, Sweetie, and you're the cleverest girl I ever met. And oh, how different I feel with it on!" "To say nothing of how wonderful you look," added Sweetie. "Say take a piece of the left-over goodie and use it for a scarf. A scarf's all you need to make you right up to the minute and a couple seconds beyond." She rummaged through the wreckage of the nun's costume once more. "There must be twenty yards of goods in this rig," she exclaimed. "Lucky there was too. Here, how's this?" She brought out a long piece and laid it over Connemara's shoulders. "Throw it round your neck sort of swell and careless. That's the idea. Well, come on, let's go and see what the babies on deck are up to. I'll bet their eyes will pop when they see us. Pants do give you such a good free feeling—I wisht women never wore skirts." They came out of the bunk room into the dimness of the deck, and as they did so David Lacy came toward. "I've missed your sweet society, dear ladies, very much," he started to say, and then his voice sharpened to amazement. He was staring at Connemara, metamorphosed from a nun into a modern girl, white frock, white turban, white scarf. "Why, you are—you are—I did see you at Auteuil—I could swear—but no, it's too, fantastic!" He broke off, aware that the girl was staring past him with puzzled eyes. "What's the matter with that little light on the mast?" she asked. "It's been giving the queerest flashes for the last two minutes—long and short ones like somebody signaling."

CHAPTER IX—Continued Connemara was obedient, and watched Sweetie, fascinated, as the girl shook out the ample breadths of the nun's robe. "Lot's of stuff here, even if it is kinda ragged out. Listen—I'm going to cut you a new dress, a one-piece slip, and sew it together so you'll look human. You can't go round here with all this mess flapping round your feet, specially when you got such good looking feet. Lemme hold this up to you. Gee, you certainly got swell underclo's." She held the stuff against Connemara, and then hacked away at it boldly. She seized the needle and thread, and made stitches so swift that Connemara's eyes could not follow them. She was fiercely concentrated, and did not speak, except once, to murmur, "Gee, this brings back the days at Madame's." Connemara, watching her, realized that Sweetie was really a very pretty girl, and that with her bold bandit manner laid aside she was



rather a nice one with considerable strength of character in her features. It took Sweetie hardly half an hour to do her work. She stood up and slipped the garment she had made over Connemara's head. She tore off a long strip of the stuff that was left and tied it deftly about her waist. "Course I haven't hemmed it, but fringe around the bottom of the skirt is good enough style. And it ain't got sleeves, but that's style too. And believe me, girlie, the sewing ain't any worse than lots I've seen in French models. Say, you look swell; honest you do. I always was the one to get good lines, if I do say it myself." Connemara craned her neck at her reflection in the little mirror. The dress in the essentials was exactly like many others hung in her wardrobe at home, a sleeveless one-piece slip, with a simple tie belt. "Pretty nifty, eh?" said Sweetie, "I'll tell the world it is. Say, you and me—we look like a high-class boating party now. This shingle bob of mine goes grand with my pants." Shingle bob! At the words Connemara turned and looked at her companion, her eyes distended—it might have been with fear, or perhaps merely excitement. Her hair—it must be hidden. But how? Sudden decision seized her. She stooped and gathered up the remains of her nun's costume, and tore another strip off it. "I need a hat to go with my dress," she said briefly. "Look—a woman in Paris showed me how to make a turban right on your head. She used tulle, but this will do." Deftly and carefully she folded the strip of white stuff. Deftly and carefully she bound it round her head with a clever twist over in the front that gave it character and shape. "It's on the same principle that the Hindus wind their turbans."

CHAPTER X By Robert Gordon Anderson "Flashes from the masthead!" Lacy's words were half startled ejaculation, half question, his glance following the direction of hers. Sure enough, the lantern winked once, then relapsed into its usual fixed white stare. The signaling, if signaling it was, had ceased. Perplexed, for he had never rigged up any such outfit on his boat, he looked around for the cause. McTish was again bending over his engine; Pooch and Doc were still lying hog-tied, forward. But not Doc had moved from his position—undoubtedly by rolling—several widths of him, aft to the heel of the mast. "Didn't I tell you to stay where you were put?" Lacy demanded of the recumbent Doc, and tried to prod him away. Doc, however, proved stubborn, and the young man drew back his leg in that arc which Charley O'Hearn—and the reporters—so gracefully describe, when he tries for goal in the Yale Bowl. But apparently the beauty of that line from heel to hip had no charms for Doc. Under its threat he moved reluctantly, and Lacy, bending over, discovered a button sunk a little below the level of the deck so that no passing heel could depress it.

"Big Jack" Caldwell Most Valuable Player. Durham, Dec. 16.—(AP)—At a recent meeting of the Order of Tombs, an athletic fraternity at Duke University, "Big Jack" (G. B.) Caldwell, of Monroe, was named the most valuable individual player on the 1925 varsity squad. Caldwell, who, for four seasons, has been picked by Tar Heel sports editors on their "all-state" eleven, played fullback on the Blue Devil team, winning much praise for his work. He completed his fourth year of college football with the close of the 1925 season. A New One. Newsboy (on million car to gentleman occupant): "Buy Edgar Guest's latest work, sir?" Gentleman: "No, I am Edgar Guest himself." Newsboy: "Well, buy 'Man in Lower Ten.' You ain't Mary Roberts Rhinehardt, is you?"

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