The Concord Daily Tribune

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE
In Effect Jan. 30, 1926.

Northbound		
No. 40	To New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 136	To Washington	5:05 A. M.
No. 36	To New York	10:25 A. M.
No. 34	To New York	4:43 P. M.
No. 46	To Danville	3:15 P. M.
No. 12	To Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32	To New York	9:03 P. M.
No. 30	To New York	1:55 A. M.
Southbound		
No. 45	To Charlotte	3:45 P. M
No. 35	To New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No. 29	To Birmingham	2:35 A. M
No. 31	To Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No. 33	To New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No. 11	To Charlotte	8:00 A. M
No. 135	To Atlanta	8:37 P. M
No. 39	To Atlanta	9:50 A. M.
No. 37	To New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from beyond Washington.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

BIBLE THOUGHT —FOR TODAY—

Bible Thoughts memorized, will prove a priceless heritage in after years

GOD'S GOOD GIFTS:—The Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.—Psalm 84:11.

THE PEOPLE SHOULD BE CONSIDERED.

R. A. Doughton, who has charge of the State bureau which issues auto license tags, has ruled that many of the sub-stations maintained last year for the convenience of the auto owners of the State are to be discontinued this year.

Last year there were 62 towns and cities in which the licenses could be secured. That year the total has been cut to 22. The new ruling means that Concord and Cabarrus people must go to Charlotte or Salisbury to get their tags.

Commissioner Doughton argues, we believe, that the sub-stations were operated at great cost to the State. Practically everything at Raleigh is operated at expense, still the operations have not been halted. It seems to us that the people should be considered. The sub-stations were of great convenience to the people and after all these people pay the taxes. Certainly they pay the taxes by which the auto license bureau is operated and so long as they don't kick we don't see where the commissioner has any kick coming.

Somebody else is heard from on the matter of the automobile license tag distribution. The High Point Enterprise:

"If High Point must go to Greensboro for license plates, it were better that the local motorist have recourse by mail direct to Raleigh.

"The contract with the motor club for distribution has been signed. The expense allowance has been cut. Sixty-two offices were kept open last year; 20 will be kept open this. We suggest that the chamber of commerce take a hand in this matter of general interest now. High Point will be wanting to know promptly that the several thousands of license plates needed here will not require several thousand needless trips to Greensboro."

THE PRESIDENT'S COAL POLICY

The New York World, learning that President Coolidge and the Republican Steering Committee have agreed not to do anything about coal at this session of Congress, offers the following as "Mr. Coolidge's record on the subject of coal:"

1923—Strike. Recommends study of proposals made by Coal Commission.

1924. No strike. No recommendations.

1925—Strike. Recommends Coal Commission proposals.

1926—No strike. No recommendations.

The World contends that "there is a good chance of another strike soon, if not on anthracite, then in bituminous," and it predicts that when the strike comes "Mr. Coolidge will announce that he can do nothing because Congress has not given him the power to act." "If the public believes it," continues the world, "then the public will believe anything."

Coal is a rather dangerous subject for a politician, therefore the President is letting it alone. Of course during the anthracite strike, just when a settlement was certain, the "spokesman" of the White House came forth with the information that government agencies had been at work all along trying to bring about a settlement. This came the day after the same "spokesman" had told the world that despite a request from Congress, the President was going to do nothing. In other words, the White House tried to leave the impression that the Coolidge administration brought about the settlement when as a matter of fact the President has done nothing for fear of making somebody mad.

CAN SMITH QUIT?

Governor Al Smith announced some time ago that he was ready to quit politics. He is not going to be a candidate again, he said, for the governorship of New York.

It seems probable now that he will have to run again or quit in the face of Republican opposition. The Legislature of the State refuses to do anything the Governor wants, making it almost necessary for him to run again or leave undone those things he told the people he would try to get done.

Just why the New York Republicans want to keep Governor "Al" from quitting politics is rather hard for an outsider to understand. They have no chance in the world to defeat him, whereas they might defeat some other Democrat. Governor Smith wants to quit office, we believe, still we doubt that he will do it so long as the Republicans insist on defeating every proposition he sponsors.

DOESN'T LOOK GOOD.

R. R. Clark in Greensboro News.

The commissioner of internal revenue has ruled that the President's salary is not liable to the income tax, wherefore Mr. Coolidge receives a rebate of $7,000 and will pay no income taxes on his $75,000 per hereafter. The question of the liability of the presidential salary to the income tax was raised during Harding's term. Harding paid the tax and it is said the estate will receive a rebate of $26,000. The internal revenue commissioner's ruling is based on the decision of the Supreme court that the salaries of federal judges are not taxable. The North Carolina Supreme court held similarly, it will be recalled as to state judges and state tax. The court decisions as to judicial salaries was based in each case on the provision of the constitution which says that salaries of judges shall not be diminished during their continuance in office. Obviously that was intended to prevent hostile legislative bodies legislating judges out of office by cutting their pay. Just how taxing the judicial salary at the same rate that is imposed on all and sundry could be held as "diminishing" the salary within the meaning of the constitution only the judicial mind can fathom. But the judges have invariably found for themselves and as they are the last word in the matter, having the power to exempt themselves from taxes, the decision stands.

Just how the judicial salary decision is construed as exempting the President isn't explained, but it is presumed that the internal revenue commissioner acted on the ruling of the attorney general's office. But it doesn't look good, this exempting official salaries from taxes. It savors of preferential treatment that is contrary to the spirit of a democratic country.

"I AIN'T GOT NO MA"

The Uplift.

The other day The Concord Tribune carried a statement that there were nine boys in one of the city school rooms that did not have a change of underclothes and their condition was impressing itself upon the comfort and agreeableness of the room. The King's Daughters issued a distressed call.

Right on the heels of this call John J. Barnhardt, who rejoices in doing helpful deeds, and others, responded to the occasion. Cloth was secured from certain mills and carried to the school rooms. Little pants were fitted on the boys from the Kings' Daughters' closet (a great idea in itself), and then the boys were asked to carry home certain quantities of the cloth to their mothers to have it converted into proper underclothes.

All save one seemed gloriously happy as they held up their little hands in accepting the propositio—all, save one. "Well, Johnnie, do you not agree to carry home some of this cloth and have your mother to make you some nice, clean underclothing?" he was asked. The little fellow, poorly clad, dirty and unkept but with honesty in his eyes, sadly replied:

"'I ain't got no ma—she's dead—and my grandma can't do anything like that."

Here is a condition in the midst of an apparent plenty—some are troubled in knowing how to spend their money; others troubled in knowing how to get clothing to cover their nakedness and food to sustain their bodies. It makes no difference that somebody has failed to do his duty, these children are not responsible—they came into the world without being consulted—and it is a glorious thought that men and women among us, forgetful of their own comforts and conveniences, freely volunteer to right wrongs that occur here and everywhere.

The world is growing better—sometimes mightily slowly—but it has good impulses and right will some day prevail. We are our brother's keeper, is more and more being accepted.

He Didn't Trade.

Gee McGee, the humorist, of Anderson, S. C., says in The Daily Mail:

A man offered me a beautiful mountain lot only fifteen miles from Brevard last week for only $5,125. This price included the war tax and one telephone pole. This lot measured fifty feet in front and ran back into the mountain a distance of 92 feet and then up toward the sky 43 feet I have not decided whether I would have to tunnel a hole into it and build in the hole, or have all that dirt dug out and hauled off. Land was mighty scarce where this lot was being offered. You can stand at the foot of it and look in every direction and there was not a speck of real estate anywhere near there. I am sorry that land is getting so scarce up in the mountains. There seems to be plenty of it down here wher you can plow and hoe and make a living by working. I didn't trade.

A Hot Prayer.

The Roanoke News printes the following fervent prayer which a colored minister made in behalf of a brother minister: "O, Lord, gib him the eye ob de eagle dat he may spy out sin afar off. Lay his hands on the gospel plow. Tie his tongue on the line ob truth. Nail his heart on de gospel pole. Bow his head down between his knees and his knees down in some lonesome, dark and narrow valley where prayer is much wanted to be made. Noint him wid de kerosine ile of salvation and sot him on fire."

New York City has more than a hundred languages and over a thousand dialects.

Published by arrangement with First National Pictures, Inc.

THE STORY THUS FAR

Joanna, pretty, ultra-modern, shop girl is informed by her employer, Gordon, that an unknown man has given her a million dollars to spend as she wishes. There are no strings to the gift—no conditions to meet—she is not even to know the name of her benefactor. She endeavors in vain to learn more from banker, Eggleston, where she meets his nephew Brandon, a man-about-town, who helps her write her first check and tells Joanna that he intends to make love to her. Dazed with the amount of money, hurt by the fact that her shop girl companions and the merchants with whom she deals, spending her new found fortune, believe her to have gone the limit in securing the money, she returns home that night expecting to meet John, her hopelessly "old-fashioned" girlhood sweetheart.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued)

This had been Joanna. The very breath of her, the zest and the pretense of her. It was imitation fur, but good enough to serve its purpose. Its lines had the swagger, even if its lining was only mercerized cotton. Mrs. Adams had marvelled often at the uncomplaining patience with which a girl like Jo could put her hunger into a thing like this—the hungers that ten and fifteen cent lunches, and scantier breakfasts, piled. She shook her head dubiously. The trouble that had been in her eyes deepened to an inward sadness. She took the coat into her own room, laid it across the foot of her bed tenderly and then brought the $50C note, which she folded and slipped into the handkerchief pocket in the coat lining. Then she sat down to think, forgetting all about the flowers on the table in the "drawing room only.".

Upstairs Joanna was trying also to think. She sat down on the bed and put her chin in her hand, her elbow propped on a crossed knee. But the room imprisoned her too tightly. The walls, dotted here and there with photographs of boys, a movie star or two and a framed lithograph of Niagara Falls, pressed in on her and suffocated her. She needed more space. With all that money in her bag, and with more, all the money in the world, more than she ever possibly could get rid of, she must get out again, out onto the street where the crowds were, into the stores, and buy, buy, buy!

She'd never been able to buy, Joanna hadn't. Always she'd had to shop and haggle. The fellow who ran the store in the office district, where she bought filmy, sheer things of tinted crepe de chines, he'd collapse when she should walk in, call for his fanciest sets with real hand worked lace on them, the ones he hung in his showcases for the same reason Cohen hung the mink in his window—when she should walk in, call for these expensive sets and pay the price without haggling him down a dollar or two. She'd go around there now! Tomorrow after she'd talked with John tonight she could take an hour or two and think. Think what to do and how."

She slipped out without seeing Mrs. Adams. At the corner she hailed a taxi and went first to the shop where the dainty things in crepe were. But she was disappointed. The shopkeeper didn't collapse. He was calm. As if such a lavish purchasing were not at all unusual to one who dealt in such dainties. Joanna lost interest in his wares and in him. Suddenly this little shop with the gaudy, but enticing window display, and the racks filled with billowy, soft things in every conceivable tint and shade, became unpretty, uninviting. She completed her purchases, though, and went out to her waiting cab.

She remembered her first picnic. Strange how her thoughts were slipping backward during these hours! That picnic! Because she had been particularly good for a week her mother had permitted her to go with the other girls, older girls, without a guardian to restrain her. And she was in such a stew when the baskets were spread out and the girls and boys broke up into parties and hunted out the swings and wading places around the little lake. There was so much for her to do, so much sheer joy to garner in, that she ran about in circles unable to make up her mind where to begin. She was like that day, but it was funny that she should remember. And queer, too, that today she had something of that same old, silly feeling that had come to her during the picnic afternoon.

She had stopped for a minute that afternoon between racing from one excitement to another to catch her breath and to say to herself with childish eagerness that she was glad she's been—good. Today when she came out of the lingerie shop she was glad in a way that she had been—well, perhaps there were no medals hanging on her soul, but she was safe in wishing her mother and father were where she could go to them today. They'd give lots of room to give her an argument, of course—about skirts up to the knees and stockings so thin that her legs showed through and about some other things, but she could look them straight in the eyes just the same. It would be so splendid if they, or one of them, could be here now!

This climax to her reflections and her memories of the picnic occasion revived the glow in the slim, eager body. There wasn't anybody to share with her, except John, so she decided to just let it go at that. He'd help her, too, to reason out something about the thing that happened to her. She by herself simply couldn't.

By late afternoon that, with some hectic scrambling into and out of her taxicab, she was ready for her descent upon the silk counter. She tried to forego that logical detail of the day, but couldn't. Courageously she had slighted the shops and stores where girls of the counters and offices got their copies of avenue modes. She boldly went onto the avenue itself, even into the upper section, where to be admitted as a patron is an award of honor which, earned, brings a marvelous deference and where she was called "Mademoiselle." The result felt upon the

"I don't know why the money was given me, nor by whom. You must believe me John, and help me."

silk counter as a sudden breath of some exquisite narcotic that sweeps the senses into appalling ecstacy.

Joanna had timed her visit cleverly; she appeared during the lull between the leisurely shoppers who finish early and the last minute crush of the hurrying, belated ones. Trailing behind a spacious grande dame who was threading her way through the aisles, she suddenly stood at her old counter, only on the other side of it, her gray gloved fingers tapping sharply on the polished wood, in obvious imitation of the department buyer. With her roguery dancing out of her eyes at every face behind the counter—the faces of her workday friends—she purred sweetly:

"Good morning, young ladies!" At that moment Joanna's voice was the silver tinkle of ineffable inner harmonies.

Store patrons sitting at the counter turned curiously to scan the newcomer. In the attitudes of the girls who served them they sensed a drama.

It was Georgie, Joanna's best chum and also one of Mrs. Adams' flappers, who was first to find her tongue.

"Good Lord!" she breathed. "Look what the stork's dropped!"

Then there was a rush. Joanna without ceremony, oblivious to customers with bellows of vari-colored silk in their hands, stepped back into the aisle and swung around for inspection.

"Miss Twenty-seven" had become the slender wraith of a hothouse flower, all perfume, softness and delicate color; beneath her mink wrap she shone vaguely grey; smart grey tailleur that fell straight from underneath her shoulders, but hugged her hips; skirt that dropped into straight lines without a touch of trimming or vagrant pleats or colors; a thing that was infinitely and expensively "avenue;" grey sheer hose of a quality that echoed into the very souls of Georgie and the rest! Slippers, slippers that were wondrous things of some skin with the sheen of grey velvet! A ravishing little hat, grey with a splash of scarlet at the side. Georgie estimated the very simplicities of that hat as next door to being priceless.

A single flower, but that an orchid, nestled at Joanna's waist.

There was an immediate babel of voices, punctuated presently by the sharp reminder of an impatient customer that there were those with wants to be attended to.

"So you weren't fired after all?" Georgie exclaimed when she had summoned her wits. "Here we've been picking out the hymns for your funeral all day and you—you've pulled off whatever you've pulled off! Let the tidings loose, Jo! What's what—and who?" Georgie's tone had dropped to the confidential level.

Joanna's eyes narrowed immediately. There were times when Joanna could remind one of a lynx. This was one of them.

"Drop the 'who' thing, Georgie!" she warned.

Georgie stared at her. "Well, for the love of—" The girl on the other side of the counter, on the outside now, interrupted sharply:

"Yes, that's what I said. You're plugging in the wrong line!"

She had intended to let "Mr. Good Morning" feast his eyes also, but suddenly she lost the flavor of her play. She swung smartly about and without as much as a nod, leaving an endless volley of questions completely unanswered, she elbowed her way into the street.

She had thought of going up to let Mr. Gragdon see her and to ask of him some more wild questions, but she forgot.

Why did everyone, even Georgie, who, out of some very definite understandings between them, should know her pretty well—why did all of them think things? What was wrong with the world, the whole world? Was there no one who really knew about a girl? Not even among other girls?

Something very profound was stirring down below the surface of the deep brown eyes of Joanna, but it was still too abstract a confusion for her to grapple with. She was singing again when she reached home. The world for some unfathomable reason had picked her out to be good too.

When Georgie arrived, breathless from her rush from the store, Joanna was in the midst of her feverish unpacking of boxes. She had forgotten her pique, and Georgie had forgotten her offense apparently. She plunged in to help, vainly trying to get in questions between her squeals of delight over the procession of surprising new things. Whatever pertinent queries she had treasured up against opportunity to voice them were effectually silenced when Joanna remarked:

"Lay off tomorrow, Georgie. Get sick or have a boil or something. I'm going to take you to some place I found today and buy you some real things—whatever you want. But you've got to wear your dresses looser, little daughter! That black satin you affect is all right, I guess, but when you get the real things that have some honest-to-goodness style in them why you don't need to wear them so skimpy to look your best. If you don't know what I mean stay awake tonight and think it over, Georgie. I'm giving you something straight!"

"So straight it sounds like a sermon to me," the other girl retorted. "And this isn't Sunday, either! But you've got a license all right, I suppose." It was a sententious finish, but Joanna preferred not to take it up.

Joanna heard Mrs. Adams through half open doors tell other girls in the house that the drawing room has been assigned for the evening and heard the flippant rejoinders that there were lots of other wide open spaces in the world anyway. After awhile, after she had resigned outright one of her new gowns to Georgie as an installment of tomorrow's promise, she thought she heard John come in the front door. She listened eagerly, lips hot, eyes shining and body trembling, but there was no call from Mrs. Adams. She fell again to examining herself in her bit of mirror, twisting and squirming to glimpse as much at one time as possible of her gorgeously soft and glimmering evening gown, out of which her throat lifted round and white. She'd always had a frock without sleeves and a fairly low cut neck, but each of them, modest affairs, had made her hungry for something real—something that really would be a gown. At last! What the feel of that dress was to Joanna nobody but Joanna will ever know. She wouldn't admit it herself, and it's the sort of thing that can be painted on a canvas or put into music, but never said in words.

She heard the rattle of the door bell. She signed to Georgie to be quiet and opened her door an inch or two. She heard Mrs. Adams answering an inquiry, and the voice she heard then was not John's, but the quiet, modulated tones of the man she had met at the bank—Brandon.

She heard Mrs. Adams' confusion. "Why, yes, I'll tell her you're asking for her," the puzzled landlady was saying. "But I don't know whether to put you in the parlor to wait or not. There's someone—her friend—is in there. I've just been talking to him about her. She doesn't know he's here yet."

And then Brandon's suave voice:

"I am sure we will get on famously, her—her friend and I. We'll talk about her, too, you see, if she is very long coming down. I have brought her some flowers. Will you be good enough to hand them to her?"

Joanna heard Mrs. Adams herding him into the "drawing room only" and in her diffident, blundering way mumbling an introduction. So John had come in. She was right when she thought she heard him. And he and Mrs. Adams had been talking together all this time in muffled whispers so she would not know—talking of her. And now Brandon, a man who she thought knew what was a secret from her, had come, as he had lightly threatened, and John would see him. Brandon and John! She wanted to keep John. She'd never realized before how much.

She didn't know why, but Joanna was afraid as she went down stairs; so soft and young and beautiful in her costly new gown, and so flushed from the day's events, but afraid.

(To be continued)

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