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

JESUS SAID:—And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.—John 12:32.

IT'S NOT FOR ECONOMIC REASONS APPARENTLY.

The Concord Chamber of Commerce has offered to operate a branch of the license bureau of the State in this city without cost to the State. Feeling that they could render a real service to the auto owners of the county and city, officers of the local chamber made the proposition to the State and their offer was rejected.

Under the plan proposed the State would send the license tags to Concord, just as they will to the twenty odd sub-stations in the State, and an attache of the local Chamber of Commerce would issue them to the auto owners of the county. The usual commission would not be claimed by the Chamber, the idea being that the local branch would be of great service to people living in and near this city.

Certainly that proposal seems fair and just enough, and the refusal of the State to accept it indicates that something more than economy is behind the decision to do away with the branch offices. More than sixty substations were operated last year and the number this year has been reduced to less than thirty. It has been contended by State officers that it cost too much to keep the stations in operation, yet there would be no cost under the Concord plan. In fact the plan would mean a saving to auto owners. Under the new ruling they will either have to drive to Charlotte or Salisbury, each city 20 miles from Concord, or send to Raleigh for their tags.

That means anything but economy to the local people. In such matters as this there should be no set rule. The auto license bureau should be operated for the best interest of the people, and Cabarrus and Concord people can best be served by the establishment of the branch office in Concord.

WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED HERE?

In England one Ignatius Lincoln was executed for the murder of a man whose home he entered. His father, an exiled former M. P., was on the continent when he heard that his son, 20 years of age, was to be executed by the government for the murder. He set out at once for London, determined if possible to see his son before the day of execution.

It is reported that 50,000 persons in England signed a petition asking that the day of execution be postponed until the boy's father reached London. The petition did not halt the verdict of the court.

Wonder what would have happened to such a prisoneer in this country. In the first place he probably would have escaped serious punishment because he was only 20 years of age, and if he had been sentenced to die all manner of pressure would have been brought to bear to stay the execution until the father arrived.

England has few murders for the simple reason that murderers there seldom escape the law. Sentiment does not enter into the matter at all. If a man there takes the law into his own hands he is almost certain to pay for his deed. That is the reason we have more murders in some of our cities than does the whole of England.

THE SOUTHERN EXPANDING.

Four million dollars are to be spent in the South soon by the Southern Railway system for improvements on six of its southern lines. The Southern is making money now with its service to the South and very wisely it is expending much of this profit on better facilities for a growing section.

Approximately 1,000 miles of trackage will be constructed to provide better passing facilities and roadways and structures will be strengthened to permit the use of heavier and more powerful locomotives.

The lines affected by the improvement program are: Chattanooga to Macon via Atlanta; Bristol to Chattanooga; Chattanooga to Memphis; Richmond to Danville; Winston-Salem to Charlotte; Selma to Suggsville, Ala.

On the line between Chattanooga and Macon, an important section of the Southern's route to Florida from the west, electric automatic signals will be installed, together with telephonic train dispatching circuits

The improvement between Winston-Salem and Charlotte will give an alternate line of heavy capacity between Greensboro and Charlotte. Those between Selma and Suggesville will increase train capacity between Selma and the port of Mobile. Those on other lines will work for general improvement of the service, the announcement said.

Praises Mr. Simmons on Work on the Tax Bill.

Washington, March 2.—Senator Simmons continues to receive words of commendation of his work in connection with the new revenue bill. E. S. Parker, Jr., of Greensboro, writes the senator:

"There are some of the administration features that I could wish changed, but of course the bill is a great improvement on any we have before, and in spite of the fact that you represent a minority party, the improved features, both in tax rates and in administration matters, are largely attributable to you. The great middle class of the people, who are the salt of the earth, should be grateful to you, and the Democratic party everywhere recognizes you as one of its leaders, and in North Carolina I believe every citizen feels a pride in your achievement."

The Chicago Federation of Labor has a membership of 400,000.

STANLY IS WINDING UP CONSOLIDATED PLAN

Contract Has Been Awarded For Last Three of the County's New Schools.

Albemarle, March 2.—The contract for the construction of three new consolidated school buildings has just been let by Stanly county's board of education. These buildings are all to be of brick and thoroughly modern. One is to be located at Oakboro, which will have twenty standard class rooms and an auditorium; another is to be located at New London, which will have twelve standard class rooms and an auditorium; the other will be located at Richfield and will have ten standard class room and an oduitorium.

With the completion of these three new buildings all of Stanly county's consolidated schools will be provided with substantial brick buildings with only one exception, and a four-year construction program in which 121 standard class rooms in substantial brick buildings have been provided for the children of rural consolidated schools will be completed. This construction program places Stanly county among the foremost in county school development in North Carolina. This building program has been carried out without the necessity of issuing even one dollar of school bonds. Community co-operation, a moderate tax levy for the purpose and Stanly county's allotment from the State's building fund have accomplished this result. The building cost has been only $2,000 per class room, which is said to be far below the average.

Consolidation in Stanly county's schools has been phenomenal and is now practically complete. Five years ago there were in the county thirty one-teacher, thirty two-teacher and four small high schools. Today there are only six one-teacher, six two-teacher schools, while there are fourteen consolidated schools of from six to more than twenty teachers. And how, according to a recent article in State School Facts, published at Raleigh, Stanly county ranks second in percentage of pupils in graded class rooms. Added to this record is the fact that Stanly county ranked second in school attendance last year. Thirty-nine trucks carry about 2,300 Stanly county children to school five days in the week and this is made possible in part by Stanly's wonderful system of highways. The county will be placed about second in rank for transportation of pupils this year.

Another distinction which the school authorities here claim, is the efficiency of the teaching force and according to a recent report of Dr. N. W. Walker, of Chapel Hill, to the president of the university out of a total of 549 teachers from about fifteen centers in the state enrolled in the extension course in education, 213 of them were in Stanly county. Stanly county also led in this work last year.

The value of Stanly county school property now, not including the city school property, amounts to over one-half million dollars.

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THE STORY THUS FAR

Joanna, a pretty, ultra-modern, shop girl is told by her employer that she has been given a million dollars to spend by an unknown benefactor. She is not even to know his name, there are no "conditions" to meet before she can get the money. Nothing more than this can be gained from banker Eggleston, nor his suave, man-about-town nephew, Brandon, who informs her that he intends to make love to her while helping her write her first check. Dazed by this sudden deluge of wealth, hurt because her friends and acquaintances will not believe in her she returns home happy after an orgy of buying to find John, her old-fashioned sweetheart and Brandon awaiting her. Brandon is suave, John silent—almost boorish. After Brandon leaves John informs Joanna that he does not believe she came by the money honorably. He is angry.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued)

"I haven't lost my head, Jo," he said. "It's you. And I was afraid. I was afraid it was coming, something like this. I knew you could never wear your skirts up to your knees, Jo, and flavor your kisses with cocktails, and be as you ought to be. You've laughed at me and called me a fool when I've told you that what you and your friends think is smart is only polished dirt. I wasn't old fashioned, Jo; it was only that I wanted my girl to be different, and better—and safer! I could never get away with it, though—so whatever it is, it's happened, hasn't it?"

He had not raised his voice. He had kept his even tone. The sorrowful, quizzical smile remained at his lips. Joanna was helpless; every fibre of her was wounded and useless.

All that she could say was: "You really don't mean it—John! You don't think that I would . . . !"

"Think?", he replied. "Think? Why, what I am thinking is, that even to-night, when you must have known that you would have to tell me something, some better lie than you planned, you meet me—meet me with this other man here too—in a gown like that! Half bare! True to the last to the morals of your kind, and your crowd!"

She heard her own voice, still pleading with him; but it sounded as if it were coming back to her from a great distance. The horror in her eyes had spread through her body and numbed it. She laughed, and cried out that he was playing with her. Then she fell into a chair and shook it with her sobs. But, so suddenly that it surprised the man who watched her, she got onto her feet and faced him. Her words were very distinct, now:

"You said, a while ago, John, that you couldn't get away with it when you wanted me to be different than I was—than my kind and my crowd. Well, there's a lot more just like you! You didn't have anything to get away with. And you're not getting away with anything now!"

She thought, secretly, that he would protest, and that after awhile he would be himself again, and take her into his arms, and ask to be forgiven, and believe and kiss her. She would explain about Brandon, about Graydon and Eggleston, and he would enter into her mystery with her. But he went out of the room, slowly, put on his hat and coat, and shut the door behind him.

Joanna sank to the floor, in the midst of the pretty pieces of the alabaster box in which she had treasured the only jewel she had.

CHAPTER VIII.

Joanna Makes a Decision

After a time the girl, huddled on the floor in a heap of bobbed brown hair and clinging gown and silver stockinged legs, stilled the birth of a new sob and stopped the convulsive tremble of her bare, velvet soft shoulders. Her eyes, as quick to dry as to dim with moisture, which is the way of youth, selected a spot on the parlor carpet, just beyond her toes, and fixed on it. So she sat very quiet, and stared, straightening out the jumble of her bitter, very bitter thoughts. She realized that that she couldn't think sensibly, for the things that had happened during the hectic day were not sensible things—any of them.

It was a trait of her's to rebel when things weren't right; she couldn't analyze, or probe for reasons, or ask herself if she were to blame. That is, she could ask if she were to blame when things got into a jumble, but her invariable answer was "No!" Time was when the spirit of Joanna was submissive and amenable to discipline, and to the learning of lessons out of experience. That was a long time ago—before she had to make her own way about and compete with other girls with the ones who were on the square, as well as those who weren't. She gradually lost her sense of submissiveness then. Whoever criticized her, except herself, was wrong. As her tongue grew smarter, more and more accustomed to giving than it received; and her lips grew redder and more provocative, and her skirts became shorter, everybody——!

Even John! The one thing she admittedly loved. Even he could never understand a girl—a real, square and above-board girl who had to fight like the devil to keep up with the other girls of this day and age! John had objected to almost everything she did or wore or said. He'd preach by the hour. Once, in this same parlor—this lingy, frayed heaven-will-protect-the-working-girl "drawing room only," John had brought her a lot of clippings from a newspaper. Some funny old bishop had said young women ought to wear mother hubbards or something like that, and somebody else so old-fashioned that he read bed time stories had told the newspapers that in his day girls didn't take an occasional drink out of their partner's flasks. Good Lord! In his day! He and Noah were so busy advertising a flood in their young days they couldn't appreciate having to take a nip of something else besides water just to keep up appearances! And John couldn't understand that neither she nor any

Brandon had come for her—he had chosen the brightest of the fashionable rendezvous for their evening.

girl she knew really liked the beastly stuff, nor cigarets. Simply had to go in for both or else go into dead storage.

John was wrong, then. Tonight, his insane suspicion of the money that had been given her for a reason she couldn't fathom, simply proved how wrong he had always been—about her. And he wasn't coming back, as she was sure that he would when he slammed the front door. Always, their quarrels had ended in a kiss and a few minutes of wonderful silence very close to each other. To-morrow, of course, she could go to him and straighten out his mind, easily. She could even take him to Mr. Graydon, or to Eggleston, himself. Then John would be contrite, they would have their silence together, and make their plans.

That was what she could do. But this had been a deep hurt. Being so utterly unjust, the bitterness of the wound was just a bit magnified by Joanna's admission to herself that other times she hadn't had near so much right to fight back. He'd come to her, now, would John. Come without calling, and say, "I'm sorry!"

When she had definitely sealed this bitter verdict in her rebellious mind, Joanna was conscious of Mrs. Adams, sitting on the sofa in a corner of the room. She had come in quietly and had not disturbed the reflections of the girl on the floor. Joanna smiled up at her wanly:

"Funny, isn't it?" she said. "Everybody thinks! It seems nobody can believe anything, these days, that's good to believe. About girls, I mean. First the chauffeur. He was earnest, too, because he thought he had a perfectly ripe date with me, and deliberately crabbed it. Then Cohen, who as much as told me that furs for maids were symbols of darkness. Now John! Funny, isn't it?"

The landlady, whose kindly old face was a mirror of all her mental transformations, nodded her head.

"Yes, Jo, it's funny, but maybe its not so funny, either. Sometimes I don't sleep nights thinking about you girls, you and Georgie and the others I've got and had. I'd try to be a mother to all of you, if you'd let me, but you never will. Georgie told me day before yesterday or, maybe, it was the day before, that mothers were too old-fashioned for up-to-date girls to be bothered with. She said that mothers who were any good were like flannel underwear. Wore well, I think she said, but didn't have class."

"Yes, that's like Georgie," Joanna agreed, from her place on the floor. "But I don't think she's really in bad. She's in with a crowd that travels pretty fast, and she hasn't got enough sense to know when she's skidding. But you don't always have a smash when you skid, you know."

Mrs. Adams knew only vaguely what Joanna was trying to say. She'd given up, long ago, her struggles against the language of her young lady boarders. "Are you really sore, Jo," she asked, her words coming slowly, "that you haven't had, what you call a smash? All that money you had in your pocketbook, and you say there's more besides. You know——!"

Before the steady gaze of the girl on the floor, the landlady faltered. The eyes that stared at her made her uncomfortable—uneasy with her doubts. "You see, Jo," she argued, plaintive in her self-justification," the things a girl like you talks about, and knows about, and the places you go! Georgie wears her clothes too tight and she says that's what girls are supposed to do nowadays. And you wear dresses that you ought to never cross your knees in—you oughtn't to sit down at all; it's worried me a lot. And you smoke, Jo, and I've heard you swear, too. That's why John was ready to believe——!"

"You mean that's why you believe, too?"

"I won't believe, if you tell me it isn't so, Jo. I'll just believe in you and I'll take back the money you gave me." Suddenly the landlady was confused. "I'm sorry, Jo but I put the five hundred dollars, and nobody knows what a god-send it would be to me, in the pocket of your old wrap. The coat's on your bed, now. If you say it come to you all right, like you say before, I'll take it, dear, and bless you for it.

Joanna scrambled onto her feet, straightened her frock, brought a strap that had fallen back, onto her shoulder and, without a word, ran up the stairs to her room. When she reappeared she held the bill. She put it into Mrs. Adams' hand and folded the worn fingers about it. Neither she nor the landlady spoke. Mrs. Adams pulled the bobbed head down and kissed it.

"For once," Joanna remarked when she straightened up, "I want a drink. I'm going to wait until Georgie comes in, if she makes it early enough, and if her boy doesn't get the air too quick I'll buy them a taxi while we hunt an all-night bootlegger."

Georgie arrived, early—one o'clock. Her companion of the evening was sufficiently equipped to supply Joanna's unaccustomed need, and glad of the excuse for lingering over his dismissal. Joanna's bitterness was mellowed, but far from banished, when a streak of gray, stealing across the court of sordid back yards, warned the two pajama-clad girls propped up in Joanna's bed, that if they were to have any sleep at all against the excitements of the day to come they must get between the covers and trust to the housemaid to awaken them. Many houses had been built, some of stone that were destined to stand forever, some cards that would be blown away.

With her awakening to the new day—the first full day of her new estate, varying emotions rushed in confusion into Joanna's mind. Her first thought was of John. With it came the surge of recollection of the scene in the "drawing room only." She winced at the sudden memory. She would get hold of him right away. She wouldn't lose a minute—before he went to his work! She buried her hand in the hair on the pillow beside her. Georgie had stubbordly shut her eyes, refusing to be ordered up by any housemaid, but opened them wide at the viciousness of Joanna's tug at her shingled head.

"Pile out and get dressed," Joanna commanded. "And be quick—you can make up afterwards. Bring some things in and we'll ask Mrs. Adams to let us cook them in the kitchen for breakfast—and I want you to telephone from down stairs on your way out."

Georgie, her wits not fully gathered, broke off short in a general remark to the effect that some people had their crust. Things came back to her, especially that she must send word to the store that she'd broke a leg, or her neck, and couldn't show up at the silk counter until the next day, and that Joanna was going to take her shopping. She blotted out her first remark with: "Surest thing you know." And, in her own conception of the way people kept their affairs straight, she added:

"I'll make the telephone in about two minutes. What did you say John's number is?"

But Joanna decided she wouldn't telephone to John. The hurt was too lively, and bitter. She didn't even want to ever hear from him again. Brandon had said she mustn't make mistakes. That her perspective was no longer that of the shop girl's. Brandon! Who, and what, was he? He must be mixed up in this strange affair of her's in some way, but he denied it. She didn't like him. Why? She was afraid of him. Why? Wasn't it because she was afraid of him, of his association with her unexplainable good fortune that she didn't like him? He had been so quick to begin his acquaintance with her, and he frankly said he was going to be devoted to her.

Yet Brandon had nothing to do with her amended command to Georgie who had whistled her way into the few clothes she habitually wore and who was asking what she'd say to John when she got him.

"Nothing," Joanna replied, tartly. "I don't want you to call him. Don't be silly. I was only joking. Just get the breakfast. Take a five hundred dollar bill and tell me what delicatessen men look like when they have fits."

(To be continued)

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