

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. 138 To Washington 5:05 A. M.
No. 36 To New York 10:25 A. M.
No. 34 To New York 4:45 P. M.
No. 46 To Danville 3:15 P. M.
No. 12 To Richmond 7:10 P. M.
No. 32 To New York 9:05 P. M.
No. 30 To New York 1:55 A. M.

Southbound
No. 45 To Charlotte 3:45 P. M.
No. 85 To New Orleans 9:56 P. M.
No. 29 To Birmingham 2:35 A. M.
No. 81 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. 33 northbound.

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

IN HIM WE LIVE.—That they should seek the lord. For in him we live, and move, and have our being.—Acts 17:27, 28.

SHOULD BE IN VIRGINIA'S HALL OF FAME.
One of the strongest addresses that has been made in the country recently was delivered by Dr. George W. McDaniel, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Richmond, before the Virginia Senate, Dr. McDaniel defended the traditional separation of church and state in a speech that could well be placed in the hands of every citizen of the country.

The occasion was a bill offered in the Virginia legislature to require the reading of Biblical Scriptures in the public schools. It was defeated, and a reading of the exposition of Dr. McDaniel offers an explanation of why such a bill could be defeated.

Some excerpts from Dr. McDaniel's brochure will give an idea of the trend of his logic:
"The foundation of the state is force; the foundation of religion is choice. The state wields the strong arm; religion employs gentle methods. The state appeals to the militia to preserve order; religion appeals to free choice to win adherents. It is writ large on the pages of history that whenever the church joined with the state for any purpose, religion suffered. Religion and government are both strengthened when they are recognized as two distinct hemispheres."

"Religion is purely voluntary. That principle runs through all the New Testament. God does not compel any one to hear or believe. What God does not do, man dare not attempt. Religion is a thing between the soul and God. It is of such a personal spiritual, sacred nature that government must not touch it. It is so vital and vigorous that it does not lean upon the prop of the State. Attempts to have the State in some way advance religion are, in the last analysis, a confession of the weakness of religion, which some of us will not admit. Every time the State has touched the Church, it has tainted it."

"Observe, gentlemen of the committee, that this would be the only book read in a school upon which a teacher could make no comment. That would seem strange to thoughtful pupils. The would rightly conclude that the clause against comment was in the bill because the State was meddling in something with which it really had nothing to do. Oh, some one will say, 'That is to prevent secularism.' Why, the King James Bible is, in the mind of the Jew and the Roman Catholic, sectarian. That is the stubborn fact whether we like it or not. As citizens, we ought to respect their views; as legislators we are bound to regard their consciences. I would like to change their minds by reason and persuasion; but by law, never!"

Let the names of Patrick Henry, James Madison and John Marshall be moved over a little to make room for this true patriot and American in Virginia's hall of fame.

SEES "PAINLESS EXTRACTION" POLICY.

The New York World, intensely democratic as it is, father surprises that Mr. Andrew Mellon is right in his apprehension that the heavy tax cut this year may mean some increased taxes next year. It fears that when, and if, increased taxes are necessary, Congress will shy off from putting back on the tax rolls the two billions eliminated this year.

"The temptation to resort to indirect levies—to pluck the goose in such a way as to get the maximum of feathers with the minimum of squawk—will be hard to resist," it says.

One of the principal reasons for the present demand for government economy says The World, is that over 7,000,000 people pay something directly into the Federal Treasury—and know it. "To relieve a large portion of these people of direct payments and later to impose on them new taxes concealed in the prices of what they consume would be a distinctly backward step."

The politician will take a chance on this matter because he realizes that the average man thinks he is getting something when he pays indirect rather than direct taxes.

Take South Carolina, for example. Two years ago taxes were reduced somewhat, or rather they were not increased when the State budget was increased, so the people thought they were getting off with something. Here was a fine condition, they argued, more money being spent without an increase in taxes. All of the time they were paying taxes on soft drinks, tobacco, cosmetics and some other things. They were really paying more than they would have paid if taxes had been increased directly.

They are still after the Countess of Cathcart. A Federal Judge honored her writ of habeas corpus and she was allowed to enter the United States. Now the Department of Labor announces it's determination to ask the higher court to vacate the Judge's ruling. And in the meantime nothing is being done about hundreds of other persons, just as bad as the Countess, who are in this country.

KING'S SEA FLIGHT PLANS ROUSE SPAIN

Court Near Panic as Alfonso Announces He'll Fly With Queen to Argentina.

Special to New York World.
Paris, March 2.—The Spanish Court has been thrown into a condition bordering on panic by King Alfonso's announcement that he intends to fly to Argentina and other countries in South America with the Queen, Gen. Primo de Rivera and a number of court personages.

Reports from Madrid say Commandant Franco, hero of the recent trans-Atlantic flight, has been advised of his sovereign's project and agreed to accept responsibility for this. The King's intention is organizing a statesman of world-wide reputation and some of the details are printed here by Le Journal.

When Franco terminated his flight across the Atlantic no one was more enthusiastic than King Alfonso, who, congratulating him by cable, asked:

"Would you take me to Argentina by air?"
"it would be my greatest claim to glory."

"Are you sure of succeeding?"
cabled Alfonso, and Franco replied: "With absolute certainty and safety."

The King proposes to take off from Palos, where Christopher Columbus started on his great adventure. He is busy now, according to Le Journal's informant, organizing a flight on a grandiose scale worthy of the epoch-making visit of the sovereigns of the mother country to her daughter republics.

Ten planes would carry the royal party. Just before arriving at Buenos Ayres the King and Queen would change into the most sumptuous court attire—the King in full uniform, blaring with decorations, the Queen in a regal robe with crown of jewels and the royal diadem gleaming on her head.

It is proposed to make the landing of the aerial cortege such a gorgeous scene of pageantry as was never seen before. On machine would go ahead at the last minute and scatter clouds of roses from Spain on the crowd waiting to acclaim the sovereigns.

His friends are endeavoring to dissuade the King from carrying out his project, but Alfonso, whose impulsive nature is well known, is very keen, and difficulty is anticipated in convincing him their arguments are sound.

G. M. Adams, Tyler, Smith County, Texas, produced sixteen bales of fine cotton on five acres and sold it for \$2,484.46; in addition to winning prizes of \$1,500. He declared that he had exploded the theory that one and a half bales were the maximum that could be raised on one acre.

The wandering minstrel of the Swiss Alps skis from place to place with his musical instrument strapped to his back.

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TODAY'S EVENTS.

Monday, March 8, 1926.

Two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Earl Howe, the British admiral who commanded a fleet in American waters during the Revolution.

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, the oldest member of the Supreme Court of the United States, celebrates his eighty-fifth birthday anniversary today.

General Bramwell Booth, world head of the Salvation Army, is another notable in line for greetings today, this being the seventieth anniversary of his birth.

By an interesting coincidence it was just forty-five years ago today that the Salvation Army held its first service on this side of the Atlantic, in Philadelphia.

This is the day for the annual elections in Bangor, Biddeford, and several other of the principal cities in the State of Maine.

The Southwestern Cattle Raisers' Association, one of the largest organizations of its kind in the country, opens its annual convention today at Fort Worth.

Maj. Gen. Fox Conner today succeeds Maj. Gen. Dennis E. Nolan as deputy chief of staff, the second highest post in the military service of the United States.

An extraordinary session of the League of Nations Assembly has been convoked for Geneva today to take action on the application of Germany for membership.

The fate of the "bob" is expected to be determined in New York city today when 2,000 addressers from all sections of the United States come together for the annual convention of their national association.

Overman's Amendment.

The Elliott bill, recently passed by the house, has found small favor in the eyes of Senator Overman, and the junior North Carolina member is laying careful plans to insure the proposed measure a warm reception when it reaches the floor of the senate.

Instead of leaving the allotment of public building fund in the hands of the postoffice and treasury departments, Mr. Overman will offer an amendment appropriating the \$165,000,000 fund to the various states according to population. Through this method he would insure North Carolina her rightful share of the budget, and checkmate the opposition move to distribute the plum in direct ratio to the republican majorities rolled up by the various communities.

Senator Overman wisely holds that "without questioning the honesty and sincerity of the three officials upon whom the task of allocation would devolve under the Elliott measure, the temptation is too grave to be risked. Under his proposed amendment, the smaller cities and towns, into which general category the North Carolina communities will fall, will have equal rights with the larger centers of population which are favored under the house measure.

Mr. Elliott, author of the house bill, will probably concur in the amendment, "Washington" dispatches say, which will strengthen the Overman plan will receive from other sections of the south and southwest virtually precludes the possibility of its defeat.

CHARTER XII.

Joanna Visits Eggleston
So Joanna, a billow of snow white ermine, nestled in the cushions of Brandon's limousine, went happily to the place she had called home. Went to the rooming house where Mrs. Adams lost her sleep over bapper lodgers. She thought it would be for the last time.

Realization that she was rich, fabulously rich like Yvonne Coutant, like a movie star, like Mrs. Delancy Jordan, with whose son Bob Joanna once had a date, negotiated over his mother's shoulder at the silk counter, had settled at last in her groping brain. Her fight for understanding of the fantastic thing that had happened to her was over, soothed away by the retrospects of the evening. The feet of the ermine against her cheeks and throat and shoulders, the nearness of Brandon, who wore his evening clothes so smartly, the prospects of the evening when she would move into the sure of Yvonne the symbol of life, throbbled through her pulses and suffused her alert body with a gentle glow.

For the twentieth time she reposed to puzzle no more about the source of the money or the reason of it. Something would happen to her, of course. She'd meet it on tiptoes. One thing, though, she must square up. Brandon, whatever his part in her affairs, mustn't think she was—well, the kind of a bell that is all clapper and no ring. She taxed him suddenly:

"Why didn't you want me to go to Miss Coutant's tonight? It would have been much easier than tomorrow."

"A wholly selfish reason," Brandon informed her. "You're an important person to someone, you know, for some reason. Decisions you make now are of consequence. I'd rather not have the responsibility of delivering you into anybody's guidance. Then you will not be able to tell me about it later on, if you feel like it."

"Do you think I shall ever be sorry?"
"That doesn't follow. Certainly, though, Yvonne Coutant represents a distinct theory of what life is. I don't know what you mean, but I know you won't be able to tell me about it later on, if you feel like it."

"You arranged it?"
She said that she had struck home. For a brief moment Brandon was perturbed. Then he smiled to her. "When you begin to accuse me I know I'm getting on," he murmured.



CHAPTER XI. (Continued)

Joanna's pulses raced when Yvonne proposed to her that she come to her own place and make it her home. "For a time, anyway. You will want to get away from your old atmosphere, you know, and I shall love to have you with me—as long as you wish."

What Kenilworth had said flashed across her mind, his prediction of just this invitation. She glanced at the clock. A flicker of his eyelids when she glanced at him. For one brief instant the vision of John framed itself among her thoughts, but it faded quickly when she had shaken her head a little, to drive it away. Any thought of John had become unpleasant. It aroused defiance inside of her, rebelliousness. Always when he appeared in her mind, she saw herself, at first, going up to him, her face lifted, her lips held pleadingly, for the greeting that had been so customary between them. This sort of vision hurt, though. The phrase that ran so plain across her brain would come back—"Would that it in, now!"

This time it was the thought of John coming to her and finding her with Yvonne. There was something about that which wasn't right. So she gave that little shake of the head and drove John away.

"I'm afraid I would be awfully funny to you," she said to Yvonne, her excitement at the prospect playing in her voice. "I can't be still, for long, because there is so much I want to do but can't think of, that I just ran around in circles."

"But I'll help you, perhaps," Yvonne assured her. "I shall give as enjoyable a time about helping you launch yourself, as you yourself. There will be a motor car to buy—and I've never got over my fondness for picking out motor cars, and jewels, and clothes—it will be a lark, truly!"

Joanna would have yielded to Yvonne's suggestion that to-night would be as good as any other time, but while they waited in the foyer of the restaurant-club for Brandon's car and Yvonne's, Brandon murmured to her:

"Decisions made after midnight are not always wise. Yvonne will welcome you tomorrow so warmly as tonight. And tomorrow will do you just as well. I am going to drive you home."

"You mean," Joanna said, lightly, "to the rooming-house. What ever I do, or wherever I go, you must remember that I haven't any—!" She waited a while, while she bit at her lips. Then she finished: "That I haven't had any home, for a long time!"

lack of a better phrase, there was but one coin with which to reward them—the coin that passed frankly as currency. But she didn't want Brandon to take it, and he didn't.

He held her hands and looked down into her eyes silently. He met his gaze steadily, unafraid, but quivering a little. She had reasoned to herself that tonight she had discovered a clue to her fear and dislike of this cynical, good looking, perfectly poised man, who impressed her always as if he was taking charge of her. It would be woman, she thought. The woman in her leaped to the defensive before him, and with a sense of futility, Kenilworth she could battle on his own ground—Brandon tortured women, she had concluded. She wasn't ready yet to meet him fairly.

But he spoke softly. "Do you know," he said, "I shouldn't be surprised if you'd win through after all!"

She caught her breath. "Win through? Why—what?"

He dropped her hands instantly, and his manner changed. "You must forget that," he said, mockingly again. "It's another case of a funeral with nobody dead yet. At least don't remember it for a long time."

George, her own new hat and wraps and gowns. Joanna's shower of gifts, hung from the door top, the chandelier and either side of the mirror, so that she might prop back on the bed pillows and exclaim that she was awake and waiting. She refused all invitations for the evening, both sentimental and hilarious, frankly admitting she couldn't leave her wardrobe at home alone. Joanna threw off her momentary depression, the aftermath of Brandon's sentimentality, and plunged into a ray recital of the night's events. Then George broached her own news.

"John was here tonight," she announced. "He was at the bank today. Mr. Eggleston sent for him. Mr. Graydon at the store had told Mr. Eggleston what you had said—that John had suspected the place the money came from. The bank wanted to put him right. John's got it all through his half baked mind and he's like a bird dog that's been pointing the wrong way."

Joanna sank onto the bed, the witfulness haunting her eyes again. Her plans for the morning began to crumble, and in their place rose something else, vague and unshapen, but before it the stood side by side with John. Then with a petulant shake of her shoulders she reassembled her plans, and the arrogance came back into the tilt of her chin.

"But he hurt, George. I don't think—"

"Oh, you can arrange things to suit yourself," George assured her wisely. "He's got six cylinders under the hood maybe, but only one works. I've always told you he was full of carbon. He's frightfully out of it."

"That's not it. I know he would be some day. It wasn't me he suspected—so much as it was anybody. Any girl, I mean, who's got knees and isn't too ashamed to show them. I'm going to—"

"What?" George prompted her, but Joanna bit her lips and wouldn't finish her sentence. Still, light with benefit as much as she might, nothing seemed to



CHAPTER XII.

"Oh, I shall let you get on fast enough until I know what's what. Then—"

"And then what?"
"There's no use going to a funeral until somebody's dead, is there? We won't be downhearted now."

When he stood with her for parting minutes in the rooming house reception hall, where a dim light burned its grim reproach to young ladies who breezed in from midnight to four, Brandon suddenly took Joanna's hands in his and gently pressed her to him until she stood quite close, so that she had to lift her chin to look into his face. For a moment she was panic-stricken. It was the prelude of a kiss, she thought. She didn't want Brandon to kiss her. Her lips burned at the threat of it. She would not protest if he asked her to lift her chin to look into his face. For a moment she was panic-stricken. It was the prelude of a kiss, she thought. She didn't want Brandon to kiss her. Her lips burned at the threat of it. She would not protest if he asked her to lift her chin to look into his face. For a moment she was panic-stricken. It was the prelude of a kiss, she thought. She didn't want Brandon to kiss her. Her lips burned at the threat of it. She would not protest if he asked her to lift her chin to look into his face.

With little success, George was detached, her roving eyes engaging her attention with ever new splendors creeping out in the sheen or the trim or the drape of one of the new things hanging about the room. "He said he wanted to see you and square the deal, and that he'd hunt you up tomorrow," was all that George would vouchsafe.

With the morning Joanna had decided. She sent to John a brief "title note" that cost her an hour. She wanted him—as always and as usual. Everything was all right. They wouldn't talk about that night when he accused her. But he must come to her—at Yvonne's! This dispatch led to John's work room in the offices of the firm where he was working up to his career, she went to the bank.

The informed doorman remembered her. In his manner there was none of the subtlety with which he would have met any other of the bank's customers, even the most important, at the announcement that it was the Chairman of the Board himself, whom the caller wished to see. He led Joanna directly through the marble corridors, past the railings shutting in vice presidents, cashiers and other important functionaries, from whom the girl caught glances of interest. It seemed as if the entire institution was alert to her.

Eggleston rose to receive her. Again she saw a great gentleness beneath the grave, austere exterior of this man whose harshness was a tradition that even shop girls knew in his presence she trembled at her own audacity in coming to speak to him of her little matters.

"But you may always come to me—at any time," the banker assured her patiently.

"I have made up my mind what to do," she told him when she had sought some other opening and failed to find it. "It isn't very much, just that I have found a great friend who will help me how—I mean who will help me."

"You have the most disconcerting way of not finishing what you start to say," Eggleston protested. He spoke shortly, with none of the softness in his voice that had been there a moment before. Joanna realized that she could practice no evasions with the great man.

"I think I meant to say someone who will show me how to enjoy my money," she said unhesitatingly. "You see, you Mr. Graydon, Mr. Brandon will give me any advice. I don't know what to do. I feel there is so much I could do and should do. I tried to win a prize one time by thinking what I'd do if I had a thousand dollars. I knew all sorts of things. I think I built hospitals and started schools for girls to learn how to be Mary Pickfords, and even then I didn't win the prize. Now that I've all that you say is in the bank for me, I can't really think of a thing I guess I want a little fun too badly. So I'm going to learn from one who knows."

"Just a little fun, you call it. But you can buy a lot of pleasure with the money you have. Won't it pile up on you after awhile?"

"Perhaps, I don't know. I'm a little bit afraid I don't know much of anything, you see. So I want to learn. It's a lot of responsibility somebody has put onto my shoulders, isn't it?"

For a time he didn't answer. When he did he asked her abruptly, "Who is your confidante going to be?"

"I don't suppose you know her, Miss Coutant, Yvonne Coutant. She's very famous, you know, and she has a heap of money of her own. She's always in love with her. She's thrilling."

Again he was silent, and then Joanna thought there was something cold in his voice. "Yes, I know of her. I fancy almost every one does. Let's see—is she divorced now or married?"

"Divorced. But that doesn't make any difference, does it?"

"Not the slightest," he spoke briefly. She was sure now that he had gone cold. She decided not to dwell after all upon her plans. She spoke of John.

"(To be continued)

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