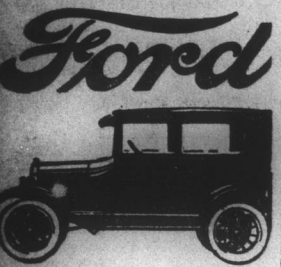


Wishing You a
Happy New Year
For
1927

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CLINE & MOOSE
Our Phone Is 339



Many people are now getting along without an automobile simply because they do not realize how easy it is to own a Ford.

If you have always believed that car ownership means a financial burden—see us! We have a plan of payment to suit your convenience.

All Ford cars are now finished in color

Reid Motor Co.



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Storage Battery Plants and Non-Storage Plants Deep and Shallow Well Pump and Washing Machines

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Phone 669 Concord, N. C.

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Do you like good things to eat?



If you do, come to the A&P stores. There you will find the finest nationally advertised foods—brand names that are veritable standards of quality—and at prices that are very low

- LARD** Finest Compound per pound **11c**
- TOMATOES** Red Ripe Full Pack 3 No. 2 Cans **25c**
- BEANS** Tender Cut Stringless No. 2 Can **10c**
- CORN** Fine Quality Crushed No. 2 Can **10c**
- SOUP** Campbell's Tomato 3 Cans **25c**
- PEACHES** Del Monte Yellow Cling, Lge **29c**
- LUX SOAP** Toilet Form 3 Cakes For **25c**
- GOLD DUST** Small Package **4 1/2c** Large Package **27c**

The Great **ATLANTIC & PACIFIC** Co.

PRE-INVENTORY SALE

Thrifty Women are taking advantage of This Sale. Its Great; the Values are Wonderful; the Prices are Cut Twenty-five to Fifty per cent OFF.

Coats - Dresses
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COME SHARE IN THE GOOD THINGS

Fisher's

DIVIDEND NOTICE
7 Per Cent Cumulative Preferred Stock

SOUTHERN GAS AND POWER CORPORATION
Division of
CENTRAL PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

The regular quarterly dividend of 1 3/4 per cent (\$1.75 per share) upon the outstanding Preferred Stock of this Corporation has been declared payable January 1, 1927 to stockholders of record at the close of business December 11, 1926.

W. S. McCOLLOUGH, Treasurer
Philadelphia, Pa., December 30, 1926

OUR PENNY ADS. ALWAYS GET RESULTS

WHAT IS A MASTER CLEANER?

A "Master" Cleaner is one who is specially chosen for his integrity, knowledge of the business, courtesy and the ability to make good any damage, shortage or inexperience within his control.

The National Association of Dyers & Cleaners of the United States and Canada selects the member, and when once he displays the "Master" emblem you may rest assured he is gilt-edged in working calibre and a very fit individual with whom to entrust cleaning work.

Phone 787 **Bob's**
DRY CLEANING CO.

EXCLUSIVE CLEANERS AND DYERS

WANTED TO CURE HIMSELF OF THE MORPHINE HABIT

Sentenced Himself to a Term in the Federal Penitentiary.

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 29.—Injuries sustained when he was thrown from a runaway team last year, started E. Ward on the "dope" habit and on Christmas Day, because he realized from seeing faces that he was "living in a world apart" from others—caused him to sentence himself to a term in the Federal Penitentiary in hope of being cured of the evil.

Ward, a farmer, and respected in his community, was pitched headlong from a wagon last year when his horse became frightened and ran away. There were three operators, one after another—and still he was left with a useless leg, and internal injuries.

And during his illness, morphine was prescribed for him to ease his pains. It did. But it also started Ward on the habit he realized soon he couldn't break "unless I went to the penitentiary."

So Christmas Day Ward came to Atlanta. He saw happy, smiling people. And the realization came to him that he was so far apart from them. But these same smiles caused him during the day to arrange to sell a grain of the "dope" to federal agents to be sentenced for violation of the Harrison narcotic act. He was arrested and spent Christmas Day in Fulton county tower while awaiting hearing in United States Federal court here.

"I came to Atlanta to get 'dope,'" Ward said, "but somehow the people smiling and happy at Christmas time gave me the nerve to ask to go to prison. I knew it would be hard without morphine, and I had never been arrested before, but the habit was getting me."

And, as Ward was led off to jail in his first Christmas in 14 years away from home—attaches of the prison were more by the nerve of the little farmer, so he left for his "cure" with his pockets full of coins to provide smokes and other comforts for the man who is "determined to cure myself."

VAN DYKE PRAISES THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Worth More Than Forts and Navy Yards, Says Minister.

Washington, Dec. 28.—Our public schools are worth more to the republic than all her forts and navy yards. They ought to cost more, declares Henry van Dyke in Democratic Aristocracy in the Journal of the National Education Association for January.

The schools deserve protection from scheming politicians, he believes. They are handicapped, perhaps, by an overload of educational fads and fancies; possibly by a lack of thoroughness in laying mental and moral foundations; certainly by the want of a more generous provision for the teacher on whom their life depends. But they have survived; they have improved; they are doing wonderfully in the world where he would rather dwell.

Dr. Van Dyke says there is no place here his books read than in the public schools of America. For it is there that the children of the people get power to conceive, bring forth, recognize and follow a native aristocracy of leadership.

RECEIVED SAME ARTICLE AT CHRISTMAS TWICE

Automobile Given Her Stolen and Recovered Just One Year Later.

(By International News Service.)

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 29.—Mrs. M. L. Hanlon, of this city, holds the unique distinction, of having received as a gift, for two successive Christmas the same identical article.

Christmas morning, 1925, she awoke and her husband told her to "go out front and see what you find." She did. And she found a spanking new coupe parked in front of the house—her hubby's gift. But her joy was short-lived, for before Christmas Day had passed, so had the automobile.

Christmas morning, 1926, Mrs. Hanlon was called on the phone. An hour later she again went out front "to see what she could find." And she found her husband's gift of a year ago—used quite a bit—but her gift. The automobile had been returned to her by officers who found the car Christmas Eve night.

VIRGINIA DARE NOT WORRIED BY STATUE

Living Model for Marble Conception Enjoying Christmas Holidays at Home.

Washington, Dec. 28.—While North Carolinians are engaging in artistic controversy over the marble conception of Virginia Dare in the Hall of History at Raleigh, the young lady in the flesh is having a happy Christmas holiday from the worries of college at her home in Alexandria, Virginia.

Virginia Dare is now a student at Wellesley College. Despite her name, however, the probability is that she was not the first white child of English parents to be born in America.

If Miss Dare is 339 years old she certainly does not look her age.

If she is, then despite her age, she is having a fine time with the younger set in Alexandria this Christmas. She is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Dare.

Northcliff's Spirit Talks

In the chancery court at London, Miss Louise Owens, who for 20 years was secretary to the late Lord Northcliff, newspaper publisher, testified that she regularly communicates with her former employer in the other world. She is one of the legatees of the late publisher and brought suit to stop the sale of some of the property at what she claimed was below its value.

Twins Less Than Year Ago, Now It's Triplets

Knoxville, Tenn., Dec. 29.—Five children born to her in a year is the record of Mrs. John Johnson of Knoxville. The work brought triplets today and twins arrived nearly a year ago. The triplets will be named

Don't Tell the Wife
BY WILLIAM S. COURTNEY
Copyright 1926 Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

"DON'T TELL THE WIFE," starring Irene Rich, is a Warner Bros. picturization of this novel.

SYNOPSIS
Ranny Fisher, star polo player, and his beautiful wife, Joan, are temperamental mismates. Joan wants a divorce. Ranny hesitates, loving her, although secretly knowing she loves Abner Graitman. While they are all guests on a week-end cruise on the yacht of Stivner, a lumber king, a widow, Clara, comes Ranny, arousing Stivner's jealousy. But when Ranny avows Clara means nothing to him, Stivner aids Ranny punish Abner, who is trapped with Joan. Abner is set in a dory toiled behind the yacht Joan defiantly joins Abner, who recklessly cuts adrift. Lost in a storm the dory capsizes.

CHAPTER XIV
All through that wild, long night the Speedwell cruised the turbulent waters off Montauk, and anxious eyes strained to follow every yard of the systematic sweeping of her searchlight.

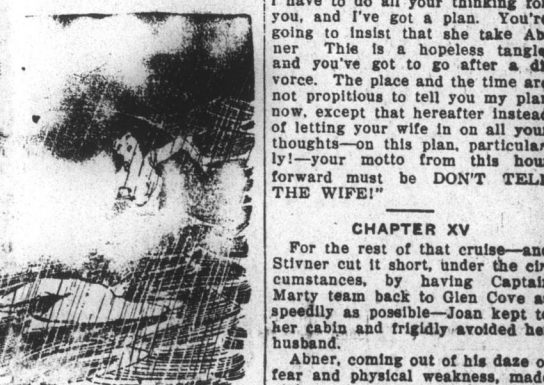
In vain.

Joan broke—or rather, the sea merged almost imperceptibly with the mist of grayness and darkness. The sea abated toward the distant strand.

No word went down from the bridge, yet somehow the news of what had happened permeated through the ship; and everyone of the guests, oblivious to the rain and lily-dressed against it, huddled along the forward rails—silently staring.

At a grave, a tragic, open grave, from the lightly rapturous who had started out the previous afternoon.

Their concern lent supernatural to Ranny's vision. A cry of his lips simultaneously



"Joan, Joan—are you all right?"

with a grunt from Captain Marty, whose trained eyes had also seen that far blotch upon the water. A shiny, dark spot with two bobbing specks beside it.

As the Captain shouted, after a rapid survey through his binoculars. He was generally except for perhaps the first time in his life. "The dory's capsized. They're clinging to it!"

"Thank God!" cried Ranny.

He, too, was unstrung, for the first time in his life. Trembling.

Clay took firm hold of his shoulders, and shook him encouragingly; while Stivner puffed furiously on a black cigar.

There had been enough excitement on this cruise to satisfy even a lumber king!

Within an incredibly brief time, Captain Marty maneuvered the big Speedwell alongside the casaways.

Abner, plain to behold was totally tucked.

While seamen let down a rope ladder Ranny went overboard in a shallow dive and took physical control of the situation in the water.

"Joan, Joan, are you all right?" he spluttered beseechingly as he came up beside her and swiftly relieved her of the practically dead weight of Abner who was apparently in a semi-conscious condition. "Oh, Joan, why did you do this? Why, why?—Oh, I'm so sorry."

Joan, a ghastly greenish white from nausea and fatigue, avoided his eyes—ignored him.

When the rope ladder fell within her reach, she scorned his helping hand, and dragged herself stiffly up until the willing hands on the yacht took hold of her. Then she collapsed; fainted dead away, as she was borne off to a cabin and the first aid of anxious women friends.

Ranny shifted Abner's sagging weight to his shoulder, and climbed up the rope ladder.

Captain Marty looked Abner over contemptuously. "Nothing much the matter with him, except a scarcity of guts!" he commented harshly. "He'll be all right after a hooker. But if it hadn't been for the woman, the fool would have drowned!"

Ranny was rushing down to Joan's cabin when he met Clay. Clay caught hold of him: "Here, now, Ranny, old son, take it easy!"

CHAPTER XV
For the rest of that cruise—and Stivner cut it short, under the circumstances, by having Captain Marty team back to Glen Cove as speedily as possible—Joan kept to her cabin and frigidly avoided her husband.

Abner, coming out of his daze of fear and physical weakness, made violent threats to have Ranny jailed—to prosecute all the conspirators, in fact, including Stivner and Captain Marty Wales.

Clay Varick, fat and foxy diplomat, soothed him out of that.

"I think you'll find a change," he said. "Forbes realizes that his wife no longer loves him, but loves you and won't even sacrifice her life for you. I think you will find him—errr, tractable!"

"I hope so, for it's the only thing that'll keep you all out of jail!" Abner growled, in the way a little and thoroughly frightened dog growls at big rough dogs from behind the safety of a high fence.

The yachting party had gone to smash, of course. Nobody could work up much fun in what was a cross between an armed camp and a morgue. A hearty laugh would have sounded as out of place there as at an inquest.

But the cruise, there were furtive snickers and a great deal of snob jabbering in the smoking room, in the drawing room, and on the lounge deck. Here was the first decent, downright sensation in a jaded Society since Mrs. German sloped with her chauffeur—and this was heaps more thrilling.

But most of the gatherings were by twos and threes. The community spirit was playing possum, until the eagerly awaited near future date when all could get together without the restraint of the nearness of the event and the presence of the principals.

Distance and time would lend color to the tales.

The embroidery, in fact, had started already; whispered rumors, when the actors did not appear, of outlandish developments. Rumors, rumors everywhere, but never a stop to think!

Speculation, too. No end of it. Particularly over the mysterious disappearance of the yacht. Clearly, a plot was in the hatching—plan was on the fire.

Mrs. Telfens added the final touch of gnawing misery to the all-consuming curiosity of the websters when she eagerly, yet furtively, broadcast the information that she had quite accidentally overheard Ranny warn Stivner:

"Remember, now, don't tell the wife!" (To be continued.)

Bachelors to be Taxed.

By the decree of Mussolini's cabinet, at the premier's own suggestion, bachelors in Italy will henceforth pay a tax on a progressive scale from 25 to 65 years of age. Unmarried women are exempted because, as the premier said "failure to contract matrimony often does not depend on the desire of women." The income from the tax will be used toward the protection of maternity and infancy. Premier Mussolini said that Italy must continue to be a prolific nation.

What Is Service?

It embodies sympathetic attention—efficient handling of all details—the foreseeing of all needs. Years of experience have fitted us to render all of these things—and more—to those who have lost a dear friend.

WILKINSON'S FUNERAL HOME
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AMBULANCE SERVICE
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CONCORD, N. C.

I'M THE MAN WHO WILL HELP YOU TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS!

We've got a line of Christmas goods that will help you to play Santa Claus. I can assure you that if you want to make a sensible gift to any member of your family or to any of your friends you'll miss a lot of Christmas-time joy if you don't visit this store.

Pearl Drug Company
22—PHONES—722

THANKS
It's a thankful soul, who has used our coal!

NO MAN has a chance to give thanks unless he is comfortable in mind and body. Our **COAL** will produce a mental and physical thanksgiving. THE BEST BY TEST. PHONE 74

Craven's Coal

We Have the Following Used Cars FOR SALE

- One Chevrolet Coupe, 1926 Model.
- 1 Ford Coupe, 1923 Model.
- 1 Ford Touring, 1926 Model.
- 1 Ford Touring, 1924 Model.
- 1 Ford Touring 1922 Model.

SYLER MOTOR Co.
S. Church St. Phone 400

THE CAROLINE
We are showing the Pump just as pictured, its a patent with a little color on apron. This is a Wonderful Pump. If you have trouble in getting a proper fit, drop in. We fit your foot as it should be fitted.

THE CAROLINE is **\$8.50**
Similar Styles Much Less.
"The Home of Good Shoes"

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"THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES"

Christmas Has Past

But we still have plenty of Good Home Made Candies at Christmas prices. For this week only we still have the following prices:

- Good Mixed Candy, 15c per lb. 2 for 25c
- Good Mixed Candy, 20c per lb. 3 for 35c
- Fancy Candy, 25c per lb. 3 for 45c
- Fancy Candy 30c per lb. 2 for 55c.
- Good Home Made Chocolates 30c per pound.
- Good Mixed Candy 75c per 5 pound box

Also plenty nice oranges and apples.

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Before Inventory on **ALL**
Pottery, Vases, Bowls, Candlesticks, Book Ends, Brass, Pictures, Plaques and Easel Picture Frames

MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS MONEY DO DOUBLE DUTY AT THIS SALE

1-3 Off on Everything
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