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ABOUT

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FIRST—They are scientifically constructed and with a constant circulation of pure, cold, dry air they save ice instead of melting it.

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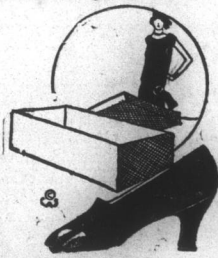
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When Trouble Comes, His Violin Comforts Him.

The Progressive Farmer. Our own feeling is that our best letter on "How We Have Found Increased Happiness Through Good Music" has come rather appropriately from "an old Kentucky home" being written by R. H. McCown of Christian County in the Bluegrass State, and we give his prize letter herewith:

"Personally my violin is the most indispensable part of my farm equipment. When puzzling and perplexing questions arise, sometimes we are too close to the situation to see it clearly. We need to stand back and get a far view, as that of a disinterested spectator, and let our minds relax. Then when we come back to the case, we can see more clearly, and with calmer judgment the solution is easy. Worry is the arch enemy of the farmer."

"When all is going well, the pigs fattening in the clover, the corn growing tall, the meadows yielding up a big harvest, the cows contented in the pasture, and all prospects flattering, I like to take my violin and for awhile lose myself from all thought of my daily labors. And, too, when the markets are declining day by day, when drought comes with hot winds, or summer floods cover the bottom cornfields, when everything seems to go wrong, then I need my violin. It is all there is left that can help. I can lose myself from it all in the cotton fields of Dixie. I can wander along the shore of the Wash or the Suvanee River. I can hear voices resonant with hope and faith in the sacred music sung by other men long ago who were sorely tried, or I can see the stern men who made and preserved us a nation, peer through the gray dawn to see if the old flag still waves, and in the notes of old masters I can find peace and contentment. I come back to my problems with a new vision, and a new faith in the land, and know there will be a turn in the long lane."

"It has been truly said that music is a universal language; though tongues may differ there is something understandable about music for all races. And there are classes of music adopted to every class of man, from the tom-toms of the Indian, the wailing notes of the Hawaiian's guitar, on to the soft, ribbon notes of the master's violin. For those who are not gifted so they can make their own music, the radio, player piano, and phonograph place within the reach of all whatever kind of music they may desire."

Indications point to a large entry list for the Canadian interscholastic track and field championships, which are to be held in Montreal May 29 under the auspices of McGill University.

To supply the newspapers of New York City with paper 9,000 spruce trees are cut down daily.

WHO IS "THE SLIDING GHOST"? War Vet, Robbed of Memory by Shell, Can't Even Recall Name



Jerry Tarbot



The knack of wiggling through 'No Man's Land' won him the nickname of "The Sliding Ghost"

A tremendous flare of light caused the 'ghost' to lose his memory

BY GEORGE BRITT

Washington, April 22.—If you could start out in life again with a clean slate, forgetting the past, would you do it?

"Better not," answers the "Sliding Ghost," an ex-soldier who for want of a better name is called Jerry Tarbot at the Mt. Alto Veterans' Hospital here.

The case of the "sliding ghost" is one of the most peculiar and baffling mysterious that has followed in the wake of the great war.

Can't Learn His Name. For three years the federal government has been trying to learn the real name of Jerry Tarbot. It has failed, but the Veterans' Bureau is convinced that the "Sliding Ghost," who won his nickname because of his ability to wiggle through some of the most dangerous parts of war-entangled No-Man's Land, lived through some of the most terrible days of the war.

Eight years ago Tarbot's memory was almost blotted out when a great shell exploded near him in France. "There was a tremendous flare of light and the sound of a million bees humming in my ears," he recalls.

From that time on, he can remember nothing about his past. In 1923 he was found in an asylum in Stockton, Cal. How he got there he does not know, but during the interval from 1918 to 1923 he apparently wandered all over the country, even trying a barren ranch.

Tarbot could start life again on a fresh, new page, but he needs his

past. His few scattered flashes of memory, gleaming through the haze of forgotten years, are not enough to guide him back to his real niche in society or to his real name.

Can't Get Compensation. If he could identify himself and connect himself with a war service record somewhere in the rolls of the Marine Corps, he would be several thousand dollars richer. He would have government compensation money for nearly eight years to which a disabled veteran is entitled. There is also a more important need for his past, he believes.

Starting over again now, about 37 years old, I can't take a place alongside the average man of my age," he says. "I must start out fresh with the younger lads. Other men have been building up into their jobs. I don't know where I did my building. If I could go back and begin where I left off, there would not be so much toll to do over again."

Served With French First. Most convincing are his memories of army life. He thinks he went to France in 1916, and for a time he was a dispatch carrier with French troops. He remembers, too, that he served with the Sixth Marines at Belleau Wood. This fact is confirmed by members of that famous outfit, a captain making affidavit that he must have been there, to know so much about the fight and the men in it, and an enlisted man saying he knew him, but only by the name of "Frenchy."

Remembers Boyhood. A handful of earlier memories he has, also. He grew up on New York's West Side. He remembers boyish mischief, such as selling a chicken to a sidewalk merchant, covering it through a hole in the coop and selling it over again. He thinks he once studied for the priesthood, and he can quote phrases of Latin and Greek such as might stick in a schoolboy's mind. His mother was Irish, he thinks, and his father was French. "I'd know my mother if I ever saw her," he declares. "I can't describe her, but I'd know her. I'd feel her presence if she were a mile away."

"What if a strange man should come up and say he was your brother?" Jerry was asked.

"If he could not prove it, I'd hit him on the nose," he answers with earnestness. "I've been claimed too much already."

Claimed Many Times. The business of being claimed as a long lost relative has become a comic relief in Jerry's distressing story. He has been claimed dozens of times. In California once a Mexican woman with four children insisted ardently that he was hers, and introduced him to the children as "Papa," but the police proved she was mistaken.

Yet Jerry wants to be claimed. He wants his past to catch up with him. At present he is being treated here for physical disabilities and cared for by the Veterans' Bureau. Mrs. Inez M. Pugh of the bureau has been most active in trying to help him, and she appeals to any one who may know of him or who may recognize his picture to communicate with her.



Here are Wilbert Robinson (left) and Joe McGinnity, president, manager and coach, respectively of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Years ago they were stars in the big tent, Robinson catching for the Baltimore Orioles and McGinnity hurling for the New York Giants. McGinnity was known as "Iron Man" Joe due to his ability to pitch double-headers.

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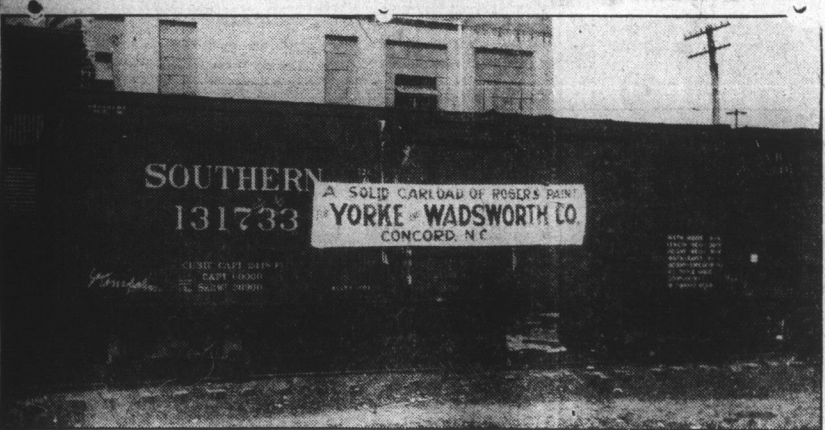
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TODAY'S EVENTS

Thursday, April 22, 1926. Centenary of the birth of General William H. Morris, who commanded a federal army corps at Spotsylvania.

Spain today will observe the 475th anniversary of the birth of Queen Isabella, the patroness of Columbus.

In Nebraska and New Hampshire this is the date fixed for the annual celebration of Arbor Day.

The thirty-sixth anniversary of the famous "run" into the "Oklahoma country" will be celebrated today at Oklahoma City.

John W. Van Zandt, of Blawenburg, N. J., the oldest postmaster in the United States in point of service, today celebrates his 60th anniversary in the service of the postal department.

The Republican campaign in Massachusetts is to be opened with a big meeting in Boston tonight at which the speakers will include Senator Leuroot, of Wisconsin and Assistant Secretary of War MacNider.

Many noted leaders of the bench and bar in the Southwest will assemble today at Texarkana, Ark., for a joint convention of the State bar associations of Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana.

Snow on the Border. Mount Airy, April 20.—Trucks and automobiles coming into this city this morning from the north side of the Blue Ridge in Carroll county, Virginia, were covered with a sheet of snow one to two inches deep, and biting winds were sweeping over this section. It is feared that the fruit crops may have been damaged by this unseasonable weather.

Rocky Kansas, the lightweight champion, is said to be one of the richest of pugilists, his bank roll being estimated at close to half a million dollars. The most of it was made in real estate speculation in Buffalo.

Marcel Leemput, the Belgian player who finished third in the recent international billiard tournament, is only nineteen years old.

WHAT'S SMART IN MEN'S WEAR

Remarkable popularity of gabardine sport coat observed at Palm Beach

A LATE and very cold spring in the North combined with the unusual interest in Florida affairs generally, caused Palm Beach to remain filled with the fashionable folk of the country later this year than usual.

Never before, probably, have so many really well dressed men been gathered together as have been seen at Palm Beach this season. Of course they are there to play, and when they play they dress the part.

This has given an unusual opportunity to see what kind of sport clothes will be worn at the country clubs this spring and summer, for the styles set at Palm Beach quickly spread over the country.

Style observers for Hart Schaffner & Marx report a remarkable popularity for the half-belted gabardine sport coat, worn with white or striped trousers.

The double-breasted blue jacket, with white or brass buttons, also is much seen. A new shade called Harrow blue, taking its name from the famous English school, also is observed.

Silver gray suits of Eton flannel, mostly in the double-breasted model, are much in vidence, as are sport coats of cedarwood, chamois or tan flannels, worn with the white or striped trousers.



Photograph by Fotogram. Col. Samuel Lit of Philadelphia, at Palm Beach, wearing gabardine sport coat and striped flannel trousers.



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