

Rainbow Reunion



Rev. Francis P. Duffy, Chaplain and idol of the famous Rainbow Division, as well as National President of the Rainbow Division Veterans, will greet his old warriors in New York at their three-day reunion, July 13, 14, 15.

S. Aoki, president of the National People's Prohibition Association, has said, "It will be only a few years until we have absolute prohibition in this country."



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WHAT DR. CADMAN SAYS

The Bible as a Whole Does Not Speak of Itself as the "Word of God." Dr. S. Parkes Cadman conducts a column in the New York Herald-Tribune entitled "Dr. Cadman's Daily Column." Some one from Foxboro, Mass., wrote to Dr. Cadman as follows: "The Bible affirms that 'in six days God made heaven and earth and all that in them is and rested on the seventh day.' 'Modern scientists claim that man gradually developed from lower animal life. Again, the Bible says 'God created man in his own image.' 'Evolutionists claim that man descended from the chimpanzee. Both teachings cannot be true. How can evolution and the Christian religion go hand in hand? 'If one is a profound believer in God's word how can he believe in evolution as it is scientifically propounded? 'Dr. Cadman replied to the above as follows: "The inquirer is tackling his problem from the surface instead of from the center and will never get his job lots of religious thinking patched together in this way. 'If, on the other hand, he will take the evolutionist's theory of man as a developing creature, and then apprehend St. Paul's theory of human development with its climax in Christ, his surface and technical difficulties may drop into the background. 'Those who frame such questions as the above have to reorganize their entire philosophy and should start with a carefully selected reading list. Hence it is futile to offer pat, one-sentence replies to their specific questions. A satisfactory answer can come only through a new mental growth for which several years of study should be allowed and planned. 'I may add that no respectable scientist affirms that man "descended from the chimpanzee." Nor does the Bible as a whole speak of itself as the "word of God." 'Millions of devout Christians and Jews believe in the theory of evolution as a theory, and also believe that the Bible contains the will of God revealed in the consummate spiritual experience of men. 'A Problem in Chemistry. He—"Dearest, our engagement is off. A fortune-teller just told me that I was to marry a blonde in a month." 'Right. Teacher: "Willie, what is an alchemical lamp?" Willie: "That's Pop's eye when it has a dark circle around it."

BROKEN HEARTS of HOLLYWOOD BY EDWARD CLARK

Copyrighted by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc. "BROKEN HEARTS OF HOLLYWOOD" with Louise Dresser is a Warner picturization of this novel.

SYNOPSIS Mutually attracted, beautiful Betsy Tervilliger and handsome Hal Chutney arrive in Hollywood as prize winners of newspaper contests for movie tryouts. Marshall, reputed to be responsible for many of the "broken hearts of Hollywood," takes an interest in Betsy. Hal and Betsy are depressed and amazed by the number of people seeking work. Movie oldtimers see a mysterious resemblance in Betsy to someone they cannot remember. Hal tops dizzily as a cowboy. Betsy, handed a scanty one-piece bathing suit to don, is shocked by the sophistication of the "bathing beauties."

CHAPTER VII—Continued With that, Pearl closed the door and left Betsy alone in the room with the girls who, for a meagre five dollars a day, were required to possess physical perfections surpassing those of the Venus de Milo; to such as these, the movies give little and demand much. During her informal introduction into their midst, the bathing girls had been languidly surveying Betsy, appraising her with the old wisdom of their young eyes. A blonde girl, balancing a gleaming cream body on one bare foot while she endeavored to thrust the

toes of the other into her half-ounce swimming suit, queried: "How come you rung in on this, kid? I thought Ruth Baker had the odd place clinched." Betsy, somehow, managed to keep her eyes open in the face of her questioner's unclad body. She replied with an inner twinge of guiltiness. "I—I—don't know, except I have a contract for a two-months' tryout, and this was the only place they had to give me."

"Tough break for Ruthie. She's been up against it," the tall blonde commented in a matter-of-fact way. "I'm—I'm sorry—" began Betsy unhappily. "What for? It ain't your funeral. It's the fault of this dumb game that we're all fools enough to stick to instead of beating it back to the farm."

Another girl spoke up, after lighting a fresh cigarette from the butt of the old one. "It ain't the game that's dumb. It's us. You can't blame it on the business that there's twelve thousand extras registered at the Union Booking Agency, and only work for twenty-five hundred at the most. Figure it out for yourself. It's the big salary that one in a million MIGHT get, and the kick we get out of seeing our mugs on the screen. That's the truth of it. If the Standard Oil or the Santa Fe railroad handed out a thousand iron men to their head stenographers and put their pictures on the bulletin boards, there'd be three hundred of us sopping around their offices for every job open. A lot for a little! Life's easiest virtue!" She blew a cynical smoke ring at the tall blonde, and laughed. The other girls laughed, too, rather sheepishly. "Aw, you ought to be writing scenarios, Clare!"

Clare bethought herself to take pity upon Betsy, who was still standing where she had entered and staring in bewilderment from one to another. "Don't mind these roughnecks, gister. Welcome in. Make yourself at home. Get your suit on, then I'll give you a hand with your make-up, if you're green."

Though all the girls now smiled at her in friendly fashion, Betsy was conscious of an undercurrent of resentment against her as a newcomer—and of hardboiled contempt for her obviously shocked modesty. This last worried her most, for she was dreading with leaden heart the ordeal of unrobing in the open dressing room, unattended by the least privacy. The girls made a place for her at the far end of the dressing table, and Betsy unloosed her frock with fingers that shook, and drew it over the head of her trembling little body. One thing partially reassured her tortured mind as she untied her shoes, then rolled down and took off her stockings; it was that none of the girls seemed to be watching her, or paying anything but the most casual attention to her. They were absolutely devoid of any consciousness of audacity, these girls; and of either morbid curiosity as to one another's figures or sensitiveness about their own.

There was a certain amount of protection, then, in their lack of interest; and with her wits hard applied to the task, Betsy managed to squirm into her bathing suit hall at a time, greatly aided in the process of concealment by a bath robe which she found on a chair and draped around her shoulders. Wriggling—edging—watching—hastening—there, the suit was on. With a sigh of pure relief she bent still flaming cheeks over the job of lacing the high, fancy bathing shoes. Of course the worst way yet to come—the moment when on the set she would surrender the flimsy shield of her bathrobe and stand there in front of many strange people, many staring eyes with most of her body exposed.

She could scarcely keep back tears of disappointment fathered by a wish that she had never come. Oh, if only she had quit the train while in that serene Iowa valley. There she could live without compromising all the things she held sacred in life—above all, her torch-like modesty. From this her thoughts turned wistfully to Hal. How was he faring? At least, she could be glad that he was in a different picture and would not witness her public embarrassment. It was great to be a man, she reflected ruefully, and get more clothes to put on instead of less.

The cynical girl, Clare, came now to help Betsy with her make-up, and as Betsy raised a grateful face to her experienced ministrations the girl saw its high color, saw the lurking tears, saw the bathrobe—and suddenly knew. "It's tough at first, honey, but not so bad—after a while. Never mind if the girls kid—just keep the robe on right up until they're ready to shoot the scene. I'll tip you off when to ditch it. Then stick in the back of the bunch. You'll be practically out of sight."

"Oh," said Betsy miserably, "I didn't expect to play a part like this. Is there much of this—this sort of thing to do?" "Much? Say, there's nothing else but it they were picturizin' the Lord's Supper, they'd stick in a scene of the Bathing Beauties doing a Morgan dance on the Mount of Olives, against the sunset! You've gotta blame it on those guys who are known in the dictionary as half-wits and in the movies as directors—"

Clare was interrupted at this moment by a thin, blowy voice from the doorway: "Give me a coffin nail, one of you kids, please." Betsy glanced with the others toward the door, through which there had just stepped a creature so forlorn that Betsy's heart beat fast with instantaneous pity. There was no way of judging the woman's age—she might as well have been thirty-five as sixty-five, for there are certain stages of feminine dissolution beyond which not only beauty and grace and charm are smudged out by the taint of sin and suffering, but where the years, too, become nondescript.

A queer, restrained hush had fallen over the ribald girls upon recognizing the newcomer; levity and sangfroid wilted before the living picture of what might as easily be ahead of any or every one of them. One of the girls respectfully held forth a cigarette, then a match, for the woman, who smoked avidly. She paused there to chat a moment with the girls and Clare, at the far end of the room with Betsy, called down to her warningly: "God, Mrs. Perry, you look like a wet rag. Better spruce up; the assistant's been looking for you."

Though Clare's speech was in the argot of the atmosphere in which she lived, her tone and manner were earnest and deferential; for there still lingered about this woman, like a spectre over old castle walls, something of the grand manner. And the smile she bent upon Clare was, for all the seaminess of her debauched face, graciously condescending. Her eyes, turning from Clare, met and rested for a moment upon Betsy's. Betsy never forgot that first meeting of glances. (To be continued.)

SEES DIVORCE AS GROWING DANGER

Charlotte Minister Says Situation is Especially Bad in Mecklenburg. Charlotte, June 16.—Divorce, as one of the growing evils of the day, was roundly flayed by the Rev. John W. Myers, pastor of the First Reformed church, before the Charlotte Ministerial Association Monday.

Reading from a prepared statement, Mr. Myers predicted a divorce for every marriage in Mecklenburg county if the county's divorce rate continues to increase until 1940. A national marriage law was urged as a probable solution for the divorce problem, says an article in the Charlotte Observer.

"What we need," said Mr. Myers, "is a federal law in keeping with the best of American traditions that will make definite and certain what marital standards and rights exist in the United States. 'The question before the American people is whether or not marriage shall be classed with the currency, naturalization, bankruptcy, interstate commerce, the postal system and like matters, as of supreme

national concern. If so, then Congress should be empowered by constitutional amendment to establish federal laws on marriage and divorce. Mr. Myers urged the ministerial association to petition Congress to adopt a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution providing that every State may refuse to grant divorces for any cause or for all of the causes mentioned in the uniform law.

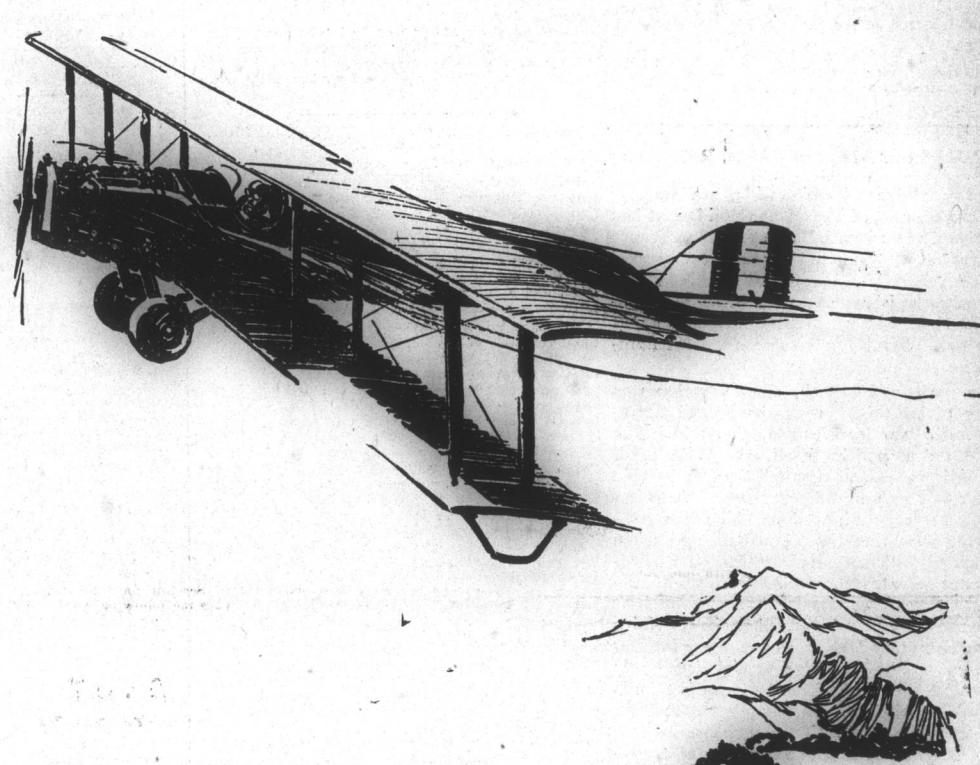
Ministers who perform the marriage ceremony for divorced persons were sharply criticized by Mr. Myers. Referring to an article in the Observer, citing 1880 as Mecklenburg county's last proud year in the matter of low divorce records, Mr. Myers named facts and figures tending to prove that the rate of divorce increase in the county by 1940 will make marriages and divorces equal.

There were 323 marriages to one divorce in 1880, Mr. Myers said, while there were 843 marriages in 1924 but 60 divorces during the same year. 'The county's record of 38 divorces for 1924 stood until the war marriages began to fall apart in 1922, when 88 divorce decrees were granted, which was the high record until 1925, when it again stood at 88," Mr. Myers' paper said. "Fifty-three of the couples given complete separation were married during the World War, 1914 to 1919, or in the ten years following that period, 1920 to 1923."

"Adultery," the paper continues, "was the greatest cause for divorce in this county, resulting in 48 matrimonial failures, while the five-year separation law came next by being the grounds on which 35 of the 83 unions were split. Bigamy was a low third and had five divorces to its credit."

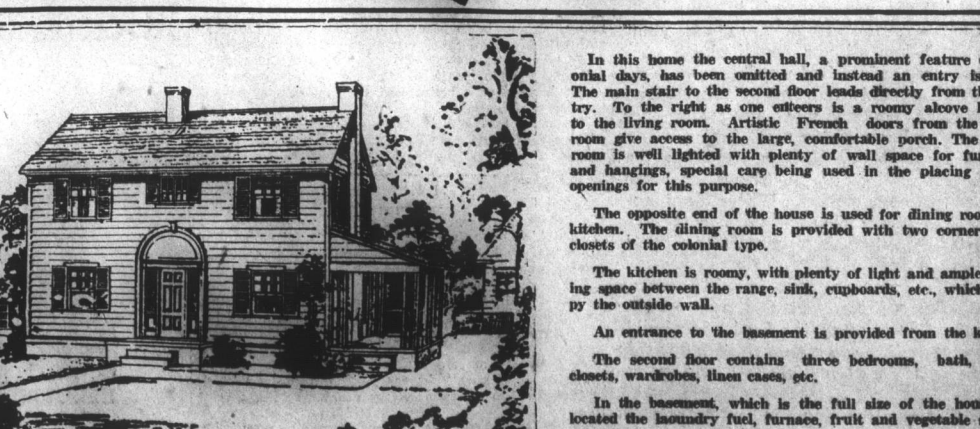
"Divorce is never the result of accident," the paper continues. "It can't just happen. Somebody must plan for it, work for it, pay for it. The very act of getting or granting absolute divorce, which sets both parties free to marry other mates at once is a crime and violates the best proved laws for home protection God ever gave to the human race."

Starting with only two cows, Mrs. Marie J. King now has a herd of 100 blooded cattle and is clearing \$500 a month from her dairy farm near Salmon, Idaho. Miss Natalie Maldonado, daughter of one of the leading architects of Guatemala, is studying architecture at the University of Southern California with a view to forming a professional partnership with her father when her studies are completed. W. L. Alexander Property Will Be Sold Next Thursday. Lenoir, June 16.—Mayview Manor



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F. C. NIBLOCK In this home the central hall, a prominent feature of colonial days, has been omitted and instead an entry is used. The main stair to the second floor leads directly from this entry. To the right as one enters is a roomy alcove leading to the living room. Artistic French doors from the living room give access to the large, comfortable porch. The living room is well lighted with plenty of wall space for furniture and hangings, special care being used in the placing of the openings for this purpose. The opposite end of the house is used for dining room and kitchen. The dining room is provided with two corner china closets of the colonial type. The kitchen is roomy, with plenty of light and ample working space between the range, sink, cupboards, etc., which occupy the outside wall. An entrance to the basement is provided from the kitchen. The second floor contains three bedrooms, bath, alcove, closets, wardrobes, linen cases, etc. In the basement, which is the full size of the house, are located the laundry, fuel, furnace, fruit and vegetable storage rooms.