

ON CAROLINA'S CREST



give the wife and kiddies a mountain home this summer

YOU will add life to her years and give health to growing youngsters.

Mountain air, water and play make ruddy complexions, and build character. Let us show you a splendid lake and residential park development near Blowing Rock. It's beauty will appeal to you. The altitude is from 1,800 to 2,100 feet. Splendid motor roads.

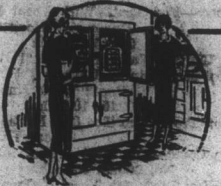
Complimentary tours are made from this city nearly every day. Take the good wife with you. She'll enjoy a day's outing. No expense.

Happy Valley Lake ESTATES

free tours

TAKE THIS COUPON TO THE ADDRESS BELOW. OUR REPRESENTATIVE WILL BE GLAD TO RESERVE TOUR ACCOMMODATIONS FOR YOU WITHOUT COST OR OBLIGATION ON YOUR PART

CHESLEY & DUNCAN, CARE HARTSELL REALTY COMPANY, CONCORD, N. C.



Better Refrigeration, Better Foods, Better Health

Melting ice means a fluctuating temperature—risk of tainted food—possible bacteria development—unsuspected danger.

Frigidaire temperature is always below the danger point—always SAFE. Let us show you the new low-priced models that can be installed on convenient purchase terms.

STANDARD BUICK CO. 85 S. Union St. Phone 373

Frigidaire ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

KELVINATOR

Oldest and Most Reliable Electric Refrigerating Machine

Forty-One Machines in Operation in Concord

Forty-One Boosters For Kelvinator

Ask Us For Detailed Information

J. Y. Pharr & Bros.

Phone 127 Concord, N. C.

BROKEN HEARTS OF HOLLYWOOD

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

SYNOPSIS

Betsy Terrellinger and Hal Chutney, in Hollywood as prize winners of newspaper contests for movie tryouts, are dismal failures in their attempts at screen acting. Old timers see a mysterious resemblance in Betsy to someone they cannot remember. Marshall, regarded to be responsible for many of the "broken hearts of Hollywood," is attracted to Betsy, arousing Hal's jealous anger. Grabbing around the Studios as extras they meet disheartening experiences. Hal, getting more work, shares his money with Betsy.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Each night, instead of taking his accustomed walk and talk with Betsy, Hal disappeared from the boarding house. He vouchsafed no explanation to Betsy, although she pressed him for one. Presently she grew restive and resentful at his secrecy, yet even then to her direct questions he returned evasive reassurances.

But Hal did manage to make her accept additional small loans at times, "for a hat, sweetheart," he would say, or "for stockings." Sometimes she found in her pocket-book more money than she thought she had there. In the old blind life she had known in Hoosac Falls Betsy would have died, sooner than accept these things. However, environment and necessity lend new viewpoints.

The one thing that troubled Hal most, before he departed each night on the mysterious errands from which he never returned until after Betsy had gone to bed—although he was always up on time in the morning to start out on the day's studio rounds with her—was that now Marshall had unwatched leeway with Betsy at night. His worries on this score came to a head one suppers time when he

heard that Marshall had invited Betsy to go to a so-called "bungalow party" with him that evening.

Immediately after supper, before hurrying away, Hal confronted Betsy and asked her not to go. But Betsy had been growing more and more pained by his unexplained absences. Also, the constant and never successful bawling against closed doorways to fame and fortune was wearing her out, mentally, physically and spiritually, and leaving her irritable and somewhat reckless. Hal saw all these things with anxiety, and heard with redoubled concern her reply.

"I don't see any reason why I can't go out sometimes without having to account for myself, when you go out every night without accounting for yourself. Mr. Marshall has promised to take good care of me, and he says that it's going to be a perfectly respectable party."

"None of them are respectable, Betsy, and you know it. They're a bum imitation of New York's so-called 'wild parties,' and only the riff-raff attend them."

"Furrier! Reform! Blue nose! she scoffed, outwardly light, but inwardly dizzy and unthinking. 'I'm going!'"

"I wish you wouldn't, dear," he said, kissing her humbly. "But please, if you do, take good care of yourself."

For some reason Betsy found herself laughing rather wildly. Things seemed to go to her head so much lately. It was as if the worry and disappointment had unpoised her. Hal looked deeply pained as she laughed. And Betsy, in the years to come, often remembered the peculiarly wistful note in the last look he turned full and pleadingly into her eyes that night, just before she quickly went out.

Betsy went to the party with Marshall, and at first it filled her with disgust. While Marshall was overcautious to study her emotional moods and not cross or offend them, he could not restrain the other guests. Presently, however, Betsy began to think that perhaps this aloofness of her was keeping her

from the contacts she needed to succeed. Perhaps she ought to be free and easy, like these people. She reflected with growing resentment that Hal dictated most of her opinions of what he was pleased to call the "fast crowd." Though she did not know it, the truth was that Betsy was cracking under the strain—she was hovering on the threshold of that downward flight of steps which in studioland separates honest and conscientious ambition and endeavor from the lax parade of those who no longer care.

Marshall cunningly watched the change in her attitude. "Good scouts, aren't they?" he asked, nodding toward the drinking guests. "Yes," she grinned, accepting her first cocktail.

Before she could put it to her lips, Clara hurried in with grave face. The carousers, knowing Clara did not rush; but an unnamed dread suddenly gripped Betsy as Clara approached her. Clara had not been invited, she knew.

"What is it, Clara?" she asked hollowly. "You've got to come home with me at once, Betsy. It's—it's Hal—he's been hurt."

In one moment of frightful anxiety the whole flood of her wretchedness was checked in its fall by the realization of love which she had been lightly brushing aside. "Hal was run over by a truck which he had been unloading—down town on one of those twenty-four hour a day construction jobs where he's been working nights in order to make enough to keep your board paid up, and to keep you looking decent," Clara explained bluntly.

Betsy closed her eyes and reeled; while Marshall steadied her. Clara took the cocktail glass from her hand and threw it contemptuously aside. "Oh, Clara," went Betsy, shrinking from the angry reproach in her chum's eyes, "you've known this all along and wouldn't tell me. Take—take me home at once." She grew frantic now and clutched at Marshall's sleeve. "Take me home at once, at once, do you hear—Hal needs me—do you hear?"

Marshall ran for their wraps. The rest of the guests, without pity other than morbid interest, sullenly watched now. Betsy's emotions melted in a gush of scalding tears.

"Oh, Clara, he isn't badly hurt, he can't be—God wouldn't punish me like that."

"He's dying," said Clara tonelessly.

CHAPTER XII

There are some things worse than to die. Hal Chutney found out in those black days that followed as he lay strapped and swathed on a bed of wracking pain. It was not the physical torture, however, that was his worst cross; but the in-finitely greater mental agony of having to lie aside, as one removed from the active world, and watch the inroads of worry, of fear, of actual want—and, worst, of crumbling morale—succeed one another in the panicky attrition of character reflected upon his loved one's face.

It had been many anxious hours before Hal opened his eyes and smiled weakly into Betsy's streaming face; hours in which the flame of his life's taper burned so low that the bedside watchers scarcely dared to breathe for fear of extinguishing it.

After the accident, Hal had retained consciousness long enough to beg that he be taken home instead of to a hospital. And upon reviving, one of his first injunctions—after the devoted little personal reassurances tended to allay Betsy's dreadful fears, and to halt her tears—had been:

"Don't send for my mother and my sister, Betsy dear, until we see how I'm going to be."

In the face of his quiet courage, his perpetual consideration for the feelings of others—herself, foremost—Betsy felt consecrated and purified in the deepest meaning of the service and sacrifice of love. Consequently, she felt herself growing calm and courageous, instead of panic stricken, as she accepted the mantle of responsibility that, willy-nilly, had settled upon her frail shoulders.

For the first three dangerous days she had never left his bedside, snatching there what sleep she could not fight for. When the tension relaxed somewhat, and there was renewed hope in the pronounced medical that, with the best medical care; Hal would likely pull through, Betsy sallied forth determined to wrest from the studios enough work to insure that proper care.

Clara redoubled her efforts to help. Clara saw with relief that Betsy's temporary tangent in the easiest direction had been drawn back into the wholesome, if hard, way; and Clara, who was cynical for herself and the world at large but not for the girl for whom she had developed a sisterly affection, rejoiced.

(To be continued)

Guilty and Not Guilty. (By International News Service) Miami Fla., June 28—Crisie Westman of Little River, got out of police court all right, but he was a sadly disillusioned young man.

Westman, arrested on a charge of having home brew in his home, was arraigned before Municipal Judge Stoneman to answer to a charge of illegal possession of liquor.

"Are you guilty?" the judge asked. "Not guilty," answered Westman. "I read somewhere that the govern-

ment had stopped prosecuting citizens who made beer for home use. I think the officer made a mistake."

The judge gave Westman the benefit of the doubt and a suspended sentence.

Minister (Making presentation to farmer, secretary of local agricultural society)—And we present this—er—bow as an appreciation of your—al-titude of office.

Farmer Hodson (correcting him)—Fifteen years, parson, not ten.

Brown lived between Gray and Green. Gray had a barking dog that was the torment of Brown's life. One day, in sheer desperation, he told Gray that if he would get rid of the dog he would give him \$25.



June Brides

—will find nothing in our prompt service and fine workmanship to be concerned about. Buy dry cleaning in preparation for the honeymoon * * * then appoint us for your new home.

SEND IT TO "BOB'S"



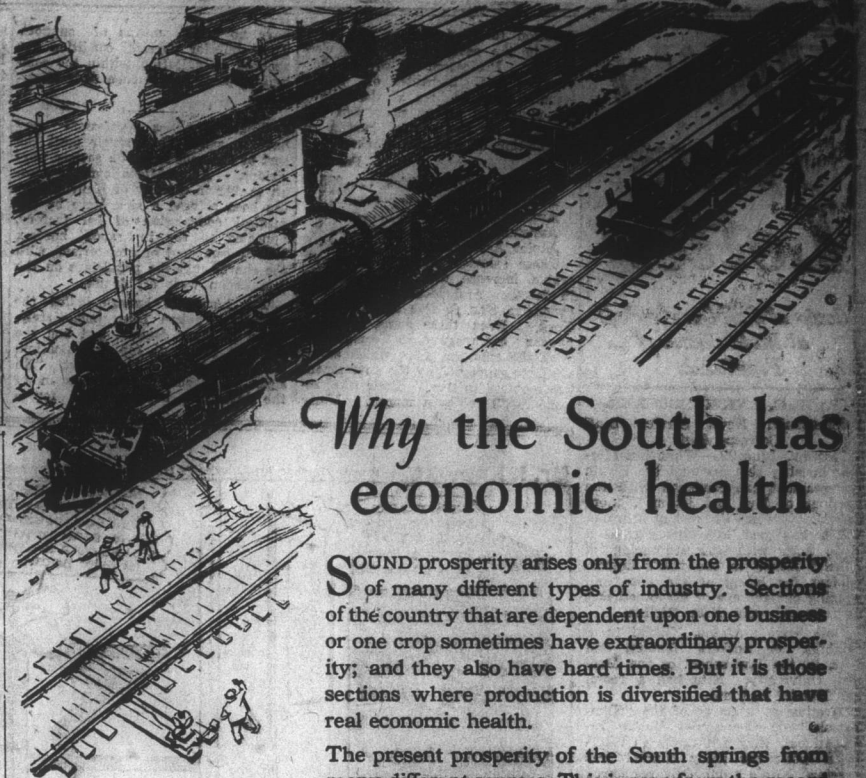
PHONE 787

Office 25-27 W. Depot St.



Electrically at Your Service A Live Wire

W. J. HETHCOX



Why the South has economic health

SOUND prosperity arises only from the prosperity of many different types of industry. Sections of the country that are dependent upon one business or one crop sometimes have extraordinary prosperity; and they also have hard times. But it is those sections where production is diversified that have real economic health.

The present prosperity of the South springs from many different sources. This is seen from the record of freight carried by the Southern. Last year this traffic was made up as follows:

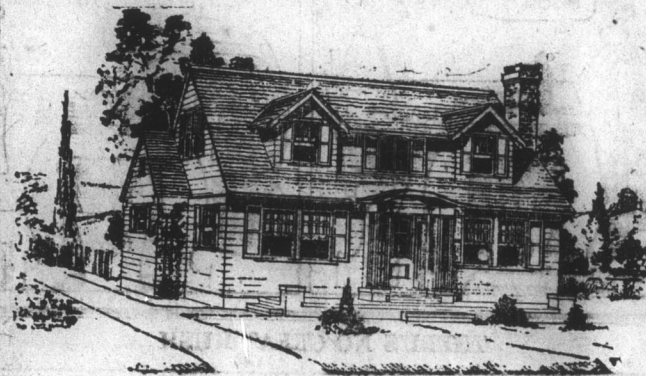
Table with 2 columns: Product type and Percentage of total tonnage handled. Includes items like Products of agriculture and animals, Coal, Clay, gravel, sand and stone, etc.

Just as the diversification of Southern industry has brought the South economic health, so also the diversification of the Southern's traffic should tend to stabilize its revenues and make its securities attractive to investors in the South.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

TIMES AND TRIBUNE PENNY ADS. ALWAYS GET RESULTS.



Patterned after the New England type, every detail in this cozy home is colonial.

The wide siding, the large, brick chimney, the quaint dormers and P-tiling terrace and entrance all go to make this home attractive.

The large living room, which really is living and dining rooms combined, is large and spacious; an artistic fireplace occupies one end of this room. A breakfast nook is provided just off the kitchen. The rear porch or basement is accessible from the kitchen entry. A small bedroom is also placed in the entry. One bedroom and a bath with handy linen closet is built in on the first floor.

The kitchen has numerous built-in features, among which is an ironing board. The sink and cupboard occupy the outer wall space, where there is plenty of light and ventilation.

The second floor is arranged for two good bedrooms; a sewing room or dressing room; and closet space and storage. There is a full basement, with furnace, fuel, laundry and storage space—an ideal arrangement for a modern home on a 50-foot lot.

F. C. NIBLOCK

OMOLINE SWEET FEED

TO FEED YOUR HORSES AND MULES

And you can feed one-third less and keep your stock up better on a Balanced Feed than you can on oats or corn.

Cash Feed Store

PHONE 128 SOUTH CHURCH ST.

DELCO LIGHT

Light Plants and Batteries

Deep and Shallow Well Pumps for Direct or Alternating current and Washing Machines for Direct or Alternating Current.

R. H. OWEN, Agent

Phone 669 Concord, N. C.

K. L. CRAVEN & SONS

PHONE 74

COAL

Wood Lime Cement Plaster Mortar Colors

Have your car greased with ALEMITE HIGH PRESSURE greasing system.

We Specialize in Car Washing, Polishing, Alemite Greasing and Crank Case Service.

Gas, Oil Tires, Tubes, Accessories, Tire and Tube repair.

CENTRAL FILLING STATION

PHONE 700