

## Miss Nobody

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"I have no man—no man" fared Barbara. Nan rose and lifted a deprecating hand.

"Let's not fight. The point is that I should like to be able to tell the attorney downstairs that you are leaving."

"At once!" cried Barbara. "I shall pack now."

But when Nan left she was not at once energetic. A lassitude seized her.

"I'm not a good bo—any more," she whispered miserably, appalled to find herself cringing at the prospect of a return to the daily battle for bread.

She drifted to the nursery and knelt at the side of the crib. She touched the skimpy hair on the knobby little head on the pillow and the child notified her of a return to wakeful consciousness with a gurgle.

"I'm sorry I woke you, nameless dear one," murmured Barbara. She dreamed. The baby spluttered again. "For a gentleman," admonished mama, "whose grandmother was the reigning Queen of her day, you've got a raucous voice. You'll never make a name for yourself on the stage."

A shadow fell on her mind. "And, son, you'll have to make a name for yourself. I can't give you one."



"Forgive me, baby mine. I didn't mean it. I'm glad—glad!"

"Oh," cried Barbara. "I wish that a freight had passed—that day."

She reached for the tiny body with supplicating arms.

"Forgive me, baby mine. I didn't mean it. I'm glad—glad!"

In the door behind Nan stood a white-faced man. Barbara turned.

"You're wanted," she said to Barbara hoarsely—and added, wildly—"I wasn't wanted at all." She vanished from the embrasure.

Barbara rose from her knees slowly.

"What now?" her spirit groaned, as she walked back toward the drawing room. "More trouble?"

A strange man confronted her. He looked at the stranger apprecensively.

"Mr. Walden—the attorney?" she guessed aloud. She studied the lean, bald, solemn gentleman and reached out her hand.

"For the estate," said the human owl as he solemnly accepted the little hand.

"I told Mrs. Adams to tell you," said Barbara listlessly, "that I'll get out quick. I won't make trouble."

The attorney's hands expressed a state of apologetic dismay.

"But you must not leave too suddenly," he protested. "Very unbecoming for the mother of the heir to the estate."

Barbara gasped. "You said—" she began thinly.

"Mrs. Adams," said Mr. Walden, "is given a tidy sum, with the proviso that she rejoin her husband in Tokyo immediately and that she make no attack on the will's validity. A much greater sum is settled on your son."

He waited for Barbara's reaction. Stunned, she had none. Disappointed, he resumed. His talk was a meaningless buzzing in her ears. Five million. She caught that. Baby was to have five million! Astonishing! The man talked on and on, right through several passing centuries. When he rose, peeved by her lack of response, to make his departure, Barbara could summon from numbness nerves only a faint show of grateful gesture and smile. He went and she suffered a violent reaction.

Point up resentments welled in her. Hatred things struggled in her for expression. She had been submerged too long—too long. Too long had she suffered without protest. She could not help herself. Some foreign force drove her. She ran to her escritoire, seized paper and pen and scribbled:

"Dear Mrs. Adams:

"If you're without funds I'll be glad to assist.

"BARBARA BROWN.

"P. S.—To save scandal!"

Hardiman's Son

With the feeling that she was sleeping, Barbara wandered slowly up the broad stairs, making her room and solitude for thought her destination.

She was annoyed at the equanimity with which she had accepted her unexpected and amazing great fortune.

She thought of Bravo—Hardiman's son.

The first time he had kissed her she recalled vividly, her heart pounded.

This news she had received from the lawyer left her cold.

An hour before she had been a beggar. Now she was rich beyond her dreams of wealth. And it didn't seem to matter greatly. Why was that? Just human conceit? That was why people accepted the rarest, most unmerited good luck as fairly due.

"The only woman I could never buy!"

That was what Hardiman had called her. And that was why he had left her millions. But he hadn't. She wasn't the heiress. Her son was the heir. Why? And the other heir...

## High Man



George Burns, first baseman of the Cleveland Indians, is one of the high men in American League batting, keeping above the .360 point.

## Acid Victim



William J. Fallon, noted criminal lawyer, was severely burned when a woman entered his New York hotel room and threw acid on his face.

(International Newsreel.)

## Scolds Tourists



President Coolidge heard Rev. Albert E. Philips protest that tourists were stealing hymn books from the Union Church at Plymouth, Vt., when the President attended services in his home town.

(International Newsreel.)

"Exactly. During that five years you enjoy the income from that amount. And if the child isn't found within the specified time, the whole amount will revert to you, to control absolutely."

"A considerable sum, I suppose?"

"Roughly speaking, you'll enjoy, for five years, an income of your own of about \$250,000 a year, and will also administer a similar amount for your child."

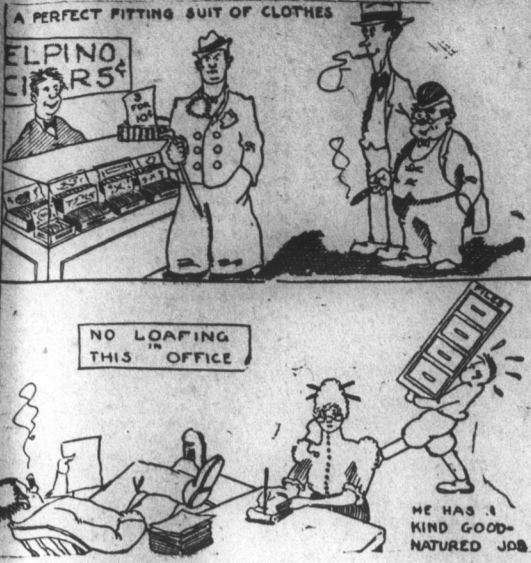
He paused.

"What was her duty here? For that matter, what was her inclination? Bravo's continued abandonment of her, she had now to admit, left no hope that he would ever return of his own accord. She had definitely to embrace the hateful idea that she had given all her love to a man who had returned none of it."

Mr. Walden was speaking again.

(Continued)

## Oh, For the Life of a Salesman!



Thrift Magazine.

"I see where some college professor hauls off an' says its salesmanship made this country," declared Fat Milton.

"Right as y'r best arm," agreed Cash Miller, eminent cigar shop philosopher. "It's not the countries with the biggest battleships that counts as much as the ones that knows how to sell the goods."

"Well, according to my charts an' diagrams, it don't take much to be a salesman," interposed Fat Milton, deprecatingly.

"Listen," replied Cash Miller. "Salesmanship is a gift like wiggling y'r ears. A guy may be as smart as old Grandpa Smart himself in other things, but unless he's got a natural instinct fr the dotted line he'll never earn his cokes as a salesman."

"I know a bird over in Pittsburgh that tune in' on the idea he's a perfect sure-fire. He has a kind, good nature job, but no, this baby must be off an' way where he can go-get. So he signs up as salesman with a life insurance company. He's in the air service, if y' get what I mean. Well, he goes into training till he's badly infected with statistics, an' then he starts out to shove orders."

"Well, it's just as easy fr that fish to sell his line as driving the wrong direction in a one-way street. The first prospect he calls on sells him a vacuum cleaner, an' the next one looks him fr a set of books on 'Salesmen's Success Secrets.' One by one his prospects gets to him fr a saxophone, sewing machine, set of parlor magic, 'One Hundred Orations,' an' a hairless dog."

"Which one takes his watch?" asked Fat Milton. "Is this boy wonder still wrapping up insurance?"

"A week from the following Monday our hero might have been seen deeply imbedded in his old job. The

only thing he's sure of is his hero didn't raise her boy to be no salesman.

"An' take it from me, that's life. Don't never try to be something old Mrs. Nature didn't intend. There's one little woman that'll always end up by having her own way."

"I think the main thing fr a salesman is scenery," suggested Fat Milton. "If I was one I'd have me a make-up that'd make the Prince of Wales look like a fashion suggestion from the Sears Roebuck catalogue of 1880."

"There's at lot of clever Clarencees just like you that thinks neckties soak louder than words," replied Cash Miller. "Take it right in here. There's a perfect fitting suit of clothes comes in here sometimes to try an' interest me in his line. Well, maybe his goods is all right but I never get in on no hard-headed facts. Instead of talking about his merchandise till the truth screams fr help his plan is to knock me fr a prize order with low beautiful his coat hangs at the waist-line, an' the bloomin' Londonish way he can make his hat look like it wanted to help God save the King. Every time he's here he's broke out with a new vest. As Slip Smith says, he certainly would be the correct answer to 'The Maiden's Prayer.'"

"But when it comes to broadcastin' enough facts an' figures to make my sales resistance break down an' cry this bozo is just stakin an' nothin' else but."

"Anyway," commented Fat Milton, "I don't think salesmen make the country. It's the boys we send to Washington."

"A politician," answered Cash Miller quickly, "is the best salesman of all. He's the only one that sells his goods an' then never has to deliver the merchandise."

Twin Man Weds Twin Woman.

Hertford county has issued a challenge to all comers in the matter of number of twins included in the families of husband and wife who were married in Ashokie the past week by Rev. Oscar Creech, pastor of the Baptist Church. Mike Vinson, a prosperous planter living between Ashokie and Murfreesboro, and Miss Mary Dailey, of Ashokie, were the contracting parties and the record of their families back just one generation is a record breaker so far as records go in that part of the country.

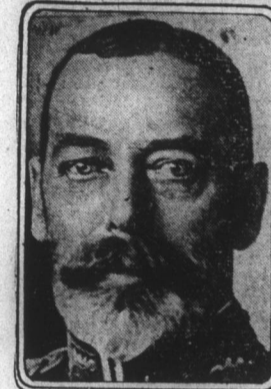
Mr. Vinson is one of twin brothers, and his wife is also one of twin sisters. Beta and Gamma Vinson, both well known business men of the town of Ashokie, are the twin sons of Mr. Vinson by a former marriage. And the two twin Vinson boys married twin sisters.

## Shortstop May Bring Big Price



Jack Monk Sherlock, star shortstop of the Seattle team of the Pacific Coast League, is much in demand, big league clubs having reported offered as much as \$100,000 for him. He is a great fielder and hitter.

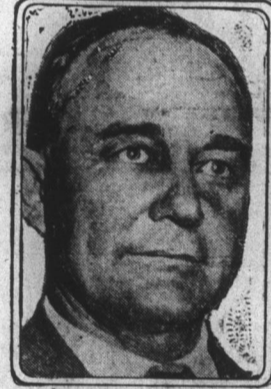
## Morals, Music and Politics



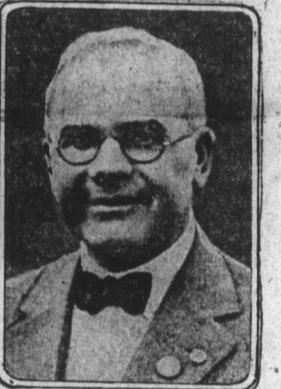
KING GEORGE



ROGER WOLFE KAHN



JONATHAN DAVIS



BEN S. PAULEN

King George, of England, indicated he did not approve of modern abbreviated fashions. Roger Wolfe Kahn, jazz-playing son of the millionaire, Otto H., announced his desire to compose classic music. Jonathan Davis and Ben S. Paulen will oppose each other for Governorship of Kansas, early primary returns indicated.

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